



## **The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.**

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And  
Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his  
Death

Containing The First of his Letters

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

Letter I. From the Reverend Dean Berkley to Mr. Pope. Of the Rape of the  
Lock; the state of learning in Italy.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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# LETTERS

TO AND FROM

## SEVERAL PERSONS.

From 1714, to 1721.

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### LETTER I.

The Rev. Dean BERKLEY to Mr. POPE.

Leghorn, May 1, 1714.

AS I take ingratitude to be a greater crime than impertinence, I chuse rather to run the risque of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you just now gave me. I have accidentally met with your Rape of the Lock here, having never seen it before. Style, painting, judgment, spirit, I had already admired in other of your writings; but in this I am charm'd with the magic of your invention, with all those images, allusions, and inexplicable



explicable beauties, which you raise so surpris-  
ingly, and at the same time so naturally, out  
of a trifle. And yet I cannot say that I was  
more pleas'd with the reading of it, than I am  
with the pretext it gives me to renew in your  
thoughts, the remembrance of one who values  
no happiness beyond the friendship of men of  
wit, learning, and good-nature.

I remember to have heard you mention some  
half-form'd design of coming to Italy. What  
might we not expect from a Muse that sings  
so well in the bleak climate of England, if she  
felt the same warm sun and breathed the same  
air with Virgil and Horace?

There are here an incredible number of  
Poets, that have all the inclination, but want  
the genius, or perhaps the art, of the An-  
cients. Some among them, who understand  
English, begin to relish our Authors; and I  
am informed, that at Florence they have  
translated Milton into Italian verse. If one  
who knows so well how to write like the old  
Latin poets, came among them; it would pro-  
bably be a means to retrieve them from their  
cold, trivial conceits, to an imitation of their  
predecessors.

As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleasure,  
&c. have all different views in travelling; I  
know not whether it might not be worth a  
Poet's



Poet's while, to travel, in order to store his mind with strong images of Nature.

Green fields and groves, flowery meadows and purling streams are no where in such perfection as in England: but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy: and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps.

You will easily perceive that it is self-interest makes me so fond of giving advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into these parts I should fly to see you. I am here (by the favour of my good friend the Dean of St. Patrick's) in quality of Chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough; who about three months since left the greatest part of his family in this town. God knows how long we shall stay here.

I am, Your, &c.

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L E T T E R II.

Mr. POPE to Mr. JERVAS in Ireland.

July 9, 1716.

**T**H O', as you rightly remark, I pay my tax but once in half a year, yet you shall see by this letter upon the neck of my last, that  
I pay