



## **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**

X. To the Earl of Burlington, an account of a journey to Oxford with Bernard Lintott, a bookseller.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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fore you, I could not but communicate to some ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion, if you continued a correspondence of the same sort during a whole Circuit, it could not fail to please the sex, better than half the novels they read; there would be in them what they love above all things, a most happy union of Truth and Scandal. I assure you the Bath affords nothing equal to it: It is on the contrary full of *grave and sad* men, Mr. Baron S. Lord chief Justice A. Judge P. and Counsellor B. who has a large pimple on the tip of his nose, but thinks it inconsistent with his gravity to wear a patch, notwithstanding the precedent of an eminent judge. I am, dear Sir, Your, &c.

## L E T T E R X.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

MY LORD,

**I**F your Mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprizing Mr. Lintott, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse (no disagreeable companion to  
your

your Lordship's mare) overtook me in Windsor-forest. He said, he heard I design'd for Oxford, the seat of the Muses, and would, as my bookseller, by all means, accompany me thither.

I ask'd him where he got his horse? He answer'd, he got it of his Publisher: "For that  
 "rogue my Printer (said he) disappointed me:  
 "I hoped to put him in good-humour by a  
 "treat at the tavern, of a brown fricassée of  
 "rabbits, which cost two shillings, with two  
 "quarts of wine, besides my conversation. I  
 "thought myself cocksure of his horse, which  
 "he readily promis'd me, but said that Mr.  
 "Tonson had just such another design of going  
 "to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of  
 "a new kind of Horace from Dr.—, and if Mr.  
 "Tonson went, he was preingaged to attend  
 "him, being to have the printing of the said  
 "copy.

"So in short, I borrow'd this stonehorse of  
 "my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon  
 "for a debt; he lent me too the pretty boy you  
 "see after me: he was a smutty dog yesterday,  
 "and cost me near two hours to wash the ink  
 "off his face; but the Devil is a fair-condition'd  
 "Devil, and very forward in his Catechise: if  
 "you have any more baggs, he shall carry  
 "them."

Z

I thought

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an instant proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner. "Now damn them! what if they should put it into the news-paper, how you and I went together to Oxford? what would I care? If I should go down into Suffex, they would say I was gone to the Speaker. But what of that? If my son were but big enough to go on with the business, by G—d I would keep as good company as old Jacob."

Hereupon I enquir'd of his son. "The lad (says he) has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly, much as you are— I spare for nothing in his Education at Westminster. Pray, don't you think Westminster to be the best school in England? most of the late Ministry came out of it, so did many of this Ministry; I hope the boy will make his fortune."

Don't you design to let him pass a year at Oxford? "To what purpose? (said he) the Universities do but make Pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observ'd he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I express'd some

some sollicitude: Nothing, says he, I can bear it well enough; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest a-while under the woods. When we were alighted, "See here, what a mighty  
 " pretty Horace I have in my pocket! what if  
 " you amus'd yourself in turning an ode, till  
 " we mount again? Lord! if you pleas'd, what  
 " a clever Miscellany might you make at leisure  
 " hours?" Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy, a round trot very much awakens my spirits: then jog on a pace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugg'd the reins, stop'd short, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far have you gone?  
 " I answer'd, Seven miles. Z—ds, Sir, said  
 " Lintot, I thought you had done seven stanza's. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimble-  
 " ton-hill, would translate a whole ode in half  
 " this time. I'll say that for Oldsworth (tho'  
 " I lost by his Timothy's) he translates an ode  
 " of Horace the quickest of any man in Eng-  
 " land. I remember Dr. King would write  
 " verses in a tavern three hours after he could  
 " not speak: and there's Sir Richard, in that  
 " rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet-  
 " ditch and St. Giles's pound, shall make you  
 " half a Job."

Pray, Mr. Lintot (said I) now you talk of Translators, what is your method of managing them? " Sir (reply'd he) those are the saddest  
 " pack of rogues in the world: in a hungry  
 " fit, they'll swear they understand all the lan-  
 " guages in the universe: I have known one of  
 " them take down a Greek book upon my  
 " counter and cry, Ay, this is Hebrew, I must  
 " read it from the latter end. By G—d I can  
 " never be sure in these fellows, for I neither  
 " understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian  
 " myself. But this is my way; I agree with  
 " them for ten shillings per sheet, with a pro-  
 " viso, that I will have their doings corrected  
 " by whom I please; so by one or other they  
 " are led at last to the true sense of an author;  
 " my judgment giving the negative to all my  
 " translators." But how are you secure those  
 correctors may not impose upon you? " Why  
 " I get any civil gentleman, (especially any  
 " Scotchman) that comes into my shop, to  
 " read the original to me in English; by this  
 " I know whether my first translator be defi-  
 " cient, and whether my corrector merits his  
 " money or not?

" I'll tell you what happen'd to me last  
 " month: I bargain'd with S\* for a new ver-  
 " sion of Lucretius to publish against Tonson's;  
 " agreeing to pay the author so many shillings  
 " at

“ at his producing so many lines. He made a  
 “ great progress in a very short time, and I  
 “ gave it to the corrector to compare with the  
 “ Latin ; but he went directly to Creech’s trans-  
 “ lation, and found it the same word for word,  
 “ all but the first page. Now, what d’ye think I  
 “ did? I arrested the translator for a cheat ; nay,  
 “ and I stopt the corrector’s pay too, upon this  
 “ proof that he had made use of Creech instead  
 “ of the original.”

Pray tell me next how you deal with the  
 Critics? “ Sir (said he) nothing more easy. I  
 “ can silence the most formidable of them : the  
 “ rich ones for a sheet a piece of the blotted ma-  
 “ nuscript, which costs me nothing ; they’ll  
 “ go about with it to their acquaintance, and  
 “ pretend they had it from the author, who  
 “ submitted to their correction : this has given  
 “ some of them such an air, that in time they  
 “ come to be consulted with, and dedicated to,  
 “ as the top Critics of the town.—As for the  
 “ poor critics, I’ll give you one instance of my  
 “ management, by which you may guess at  
 “ the rest. A lean man, that look’d like a very  
 “ good scholar, came to me t’other day ; he  
 “ turn’d over your Homer, shook his head,  
 “ shrug’d up his shoulders, and pish’d at every  
 “ line of it : One would wonder (says he) at  
 “ the strange presumption of some men ; Ho-  
 “ mer

“mer is no such easy task, that every stripling,  
 “every versifier—He was going on, when my  
 “wife call’d to dinner: Sir, said I, will you  
 “please to eat a piece of beef with me? Mr.  
 “Lintot, said he, I am sorry you should  
 “be at the expence of this great book, I am  
 “really concern’d on your account—Sir, I am  
 “much obliged to you: if you can dine upon  
 “a piece of beef, together with a slice of pud-  
 “ding—Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr.  
 “Pope, if he would condescend to advise with  
 “men of learning—Sir, the pudding is upon  
 “the table, if you please to go in—My critic  
 “complies, he comes to a taste of your poetry,  
 “and tells me in the same breath, that the  
 “book is commendable, and the pudding ex-  
 “cellent.

“Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot) in return  
 “to the frankness I have shewn, pray tell me,  
 “Is it the opinion of your friends at court that  
 “my Lord Lansdown will be brought to the  
 “bar or not?” I told him I heard he would  
 not, and I hop’d it, my Lord being one I had  
 particular obligations to, “That may be (re-  
 “ply’d Mr. Lintot) but by G-d if he is not,  
 “I shall lose the printing of a very good  
 “Trial.”

These, my Lord, are a few traits by which  
 you may discern the genius of Mr. Lintot,  
 which

which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropt him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carleton at Middleton.

The conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to be equal'd when I meet your Lordship. I hope in a few days to cast myself from your horse at your feet.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R X I.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

(In answer to a Letter in which he inclosed the Description of Buckingham-house, written by him to the D. of Sh.)

**P**LINY was one of those few author, who had a warm house over his heads nay two houses, as appears by two of his epistles. I believe, if any of his contemporary authors durst have inform'd the public where they lodged, we should have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited, as those of Fleet-street; but 'tis dangerous to let creditors into such a secret, therefore we may presume that then, as well as now-a-days, no body knew where they lived but their Booksellers.