



## **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**

XV. To Dr. Arbuthnot, on his return from France, and on the calumnies  
about the Odyssey.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover-street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnelle, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half pint of claret. It is with some pleasure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work for him. I have seen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit, and tho' like a man knock'd down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries. I will add no more, being in haste, only that I will never forgive you if you don't use my aforesaid house in Dover-street with the same freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, so I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckon'd amongst the number of your friends and humble servants.

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L E T T E R XV.

To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Sept. 10.

**I** Am glad your Travels delighted you; improve you, I am sure, they could not; you are not so much a youth as that, tho' you run about with a King of sixteen, and (what makes him



him still more a child) a King of Frenchmen. My own time has been more melancholy, spent in an attendance upon death, which has seized one of our family: my mother is something better, though at her advanced age every day is a climacteric. There was joined to this an indisposition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a slight one compared with my mother's because my life is not of half the consequence to any body that her's is to me. All these incidents have hinder'd my more speedy reply to your obliging letter.

The article you enquire of, is of as little concern to me as you desire it should; namely the railing papers about the *Odyssey*. If the book has merit, it will extinguish all such nasty scandal; as the Sun puts an end to stinks, merely by coming out.

I wish I had nothing to trouble me more; an honest mind is not in the power of any dishonest one. To break its peace, there must be some guilt or consciousness, which is inconsistent with its own principles. Not but malice and injustice have their day, like some poor short-lived vermine that die in shooting their own stings. Falshood is Folly (says Homer) and liars and calumniators at last hurt none but themselves, even in this world: in the next, 'tis charity to say, God have mercy on them! they were



were the devil's vicegerents upon earth, who is the father of lies, and, I fear, has a right to dispose of his children.

I've had an occasion to make these reflections of late more justly than from any thing that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good character of another very innocent person, who I'm sure shares your friendship no less than I do. No creature has better natural dispositions, or would act more rightly or reasonably in every duty, did she act by herself, or from herself; but you know it is the misfortune of that family to be governed like a ship, I mean the Head guided by the Tail, and that by every wind that blows in it.

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L E T T E R XVI.

Mr. P O P E to the Earl of O X F O R D.

M Y L O R D,

O c t. 21, 1721.

**Y**O U R Lordship may be surpriz'd at the liberty I take in writing to you; tho' you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with some others who better deserved it. I  
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