

HANDBOUND
AT THE







THE WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.

THE WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.

NEW EDITION.

INCLUDING

SEVERAL HUNDRED UNPUBLISHED LETTERS, AND OTHER
NEW MATERIALS.

COLLECTED IN PART BY THE LATE

RT. HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER.

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES BY

REV. WHITWELL ELWIN,

AND

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE, M.A.

VOL. IX.

CORRESPONDENCE.—VOL. IV.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1886.

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24/11/19

LONDON :
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

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PREFACE TO VOLUMES IX. AND X.

THE letters contained in these two volumes are very miscellaneous. A large proportion of them have never before appeared in any edition of Pope's collected Works. Some of them have been gathered from various quarters, such as the Memoirs of Lyttelton, the Marchmont Papers, Lady Suffolk's Correspondence, the European and Gentleman's Magazines: others, again, such as the correspondence with the Richardsons, with Slingsby Bethel, and a few others, are now published for the first time from transcripts made from the originals, either by Mr. Croker and Mr. Cunningham, or by the owners. The great extent and variety of Pope's acquaintance is exhibited in them, and besides contributing materially to our knowledge of the social life of the period, they help to illustrate the features of his subtle and many-sided mind. Many slight but significant indications of character will be noticed by the careful reader in the alterations or omissions made from the original by the poet in the editions published by his own authority.

The collection might indeed have been considerably increased, as among both the Warburton MSS.

and the Homer MSS. in the British Museum there are a number of letters which are not included in this edition. In the one case I found that Warburton had selected from the correspondence all the letters that were really interesting; in the other the matter of the letters was so slight as not to be worth reproduction.

I have endeavoured to some extent to classify the materials with which I had to deal, grouping together Pope's correspondence (A) with his more intimate friends; (B) with various ladies; (C) with his relations and some of his neighbours in Windsor Forest; (D) with *virtuosi* and artists; (E) with different publishers; (F) with men of letters; (G) with noblemen and statesmen, and (H) with a large number of persons who cannot be readily arranged in any particular class. On a final survey of the contents of the two volumes, I find a few letters in this last group which I might perhaps have distributed appropriately among the other divisions; but I do not think that much would have been gained by a different arrangement.

I have taken considerable pains to arrange the letters correctly in point of time. It is exceptional for the letters of Pope or his correspondents to bear the date of the year; hence, in previous editions, many of them are obviously placed in their wrong order, so that the true sequence of events is obscured and confused, much to the perplexity of Pope's biographers. In parts of the correspondence with Teresa and

Martha Blount, for instance, it is obviously of the greatest importance that there should be no mistake about the date. Generally speaking there is sufficient internal evidence to fix certainly the real date; and where doubt exists, a comparison of phrases and expressions in letters to other correspondents will often enable us to form at least a plausible conjecture.

In the 'Prose Works' there is comparatively little that calls for notice. Following the example of Roscoe, I have, for obvious reasons, omitted the XIIIth Chapter in the 'Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus.'

'The Character of Katharine, Duchess of Buckinghamshire,' and the 'Letter to Lord Hervey,' I have reserved for the volume containing the Life of the Poet. This will form Volume V., and will include a General Index.

W. J. C.

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LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND DEAN BERKLEY.

FROM 1714 TO 1722.

1. THE REV. DEAN BERKLEY TO POPE.¹

LEGHORN, *May* 1, 1714.

As I take ingratitude to be a greater crime than impertinence, I choose rather to run the risk 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 charmed with the magic of your invention, with all those images, allusions, and inexplicable beauties, which you raise so surprisingly, and at the same time so naturally out of a trifle. And yet I cannot say that I was more pleased 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-formed design of coming to Italy. What might we not expect from a Muse that sings so well in the bleak climate of England, if

¹ First appeared in Edition 1735. of Derry till 1724. He made Pope's
Not in 4to. Reproduced in Cooper, acquaintance in Steele's house in
1737. Berkeley did not become Dean 1713.

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 ancients. 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 probably 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 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;¹ who above 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.

¹ The Earl had been sent as ambassador to Sicily.

2. THE REV. DEAN BERKLEY TO POPE.¹

(EXTRACT.)

July 7, 1715.

— SOME days ago, three or four gentlemen and myself, exerting that right which all readers pretend to over authors, sate in judgment upon the two new translations of the first Iliad. Without partiality to my countrymen, I assure you, they all gave the preference where it was due; being unanimously of opinion, that yours was equally just to the sense with Mr. Tickell's, and without comparison more easy, more poetical, and more sublime. But I will say no more on such a thread-bare subject, as your late performance is at this time. I am, &c.

3. THE REV. DEAN BERKLEY TO POPE.²*NAPLES, Oct. 22, 1717.*

I HAVE long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is such an exhausted subject that I dare say you would easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the imagination of a poet is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy matter to find out images capable of giving pleasure to one of the few, who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am nevertheless lately returned from an island, where I passed three or four months; which, were it set out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The island Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, containing, within the compass of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains,

¹ First appeared in Edition 1735. 1737.
Not in 4to. Reproduced in Cooper,

² First appeared in Edition 1735.

and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is in the hottest season constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are mostly covered with vineyards intermixed with fruit trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie everywhere open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chestnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. The fields in the northern side are divided by hedgerows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren spots, and naked rocks. But that which crowns the scene is a large mountain, rising out of the middle of the island (once a terrible volcano, by the ancients called Mons Epomeus); its lower parts are adorned with vines, and other fruits; the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep, and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying, at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus; the greater part of which hath been sung by Homer and Virgil, as making a considerable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes. The islands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miseno, the habitations of Circe,¹ the Syrens, and the Læstrigones, the bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagna Felice, make but a part of this noble landscape; which would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing as your own, to describe it.

¹ All this description, as Thomson nobly calls it, is "the portrait-painting of nature." No one can better exemplify his own ideas than

Dean Berkley, in his lively, distinct, and picturesque descriptions.—
BOWLES.

The inhabitants of this delicious isle, as they are without riches and honours, so are they without the vices and follies that attend them; and were they but as much strangers to revenge, as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happiness, an ill habit of murdering one another on slight offences. We had an instance of this the second night after our arrival, a youth of eighteen being shot dead by our door: and yet by the sole secret of minding our own business, we found a means of living securely among those dangerous people. Would you know how we pass the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours: besides the gaiety of their churches (where folks go to see what they call *una bella devotione*,¹ i.e., a sort of religious opera) they make fireworks almost every week, out of devotion; the streets are often hung with arras, out of devotion; and (what is still more strange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houses, and treat them with music and sweetmeats, out of devotion; in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little else to recommend it, beside the air and situation. Learning is in no very thriving state here, as indeed no where else in Italy; however, among many pretenders, some men of taste are to be met with. A friend of mine told me not long since, that, being to visit Salvini² at Florence, he found him reading your Homer: he liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the version, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphrase; which shows him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our language. I wish you health to go on with that noble work, and when you have

¹ Milton's idea:

Gay religions, full of pomp and gold.

—BOWLES.

² Antonio Maria Salvini, Professor of Greek at Florence, born 1653, died 1729. He translated the Iliad and Odyssey, and many other works of

the Greek poets, besides Addison's 'Cato.' His fidelity in translation was so exact that he did not omit a single epithet of Homer; and was therefore obliged to coin several compound Italian words never before used.

that, I need not wish you success. You will do me the justice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is sincerely wished by your, &c.

4. POPE TO THE REV. DEAN BERKLEY.¹

[1722] *Sunday.*

DEAR SIR,—My Lord Bishop Atterbury was very much concerned at missing you yesterday. He desired me to engage you and myself to dine with him this day; but I was unluckily pre-engaged. And (upon my telling him I should carry you out of town to-morrow, and hoped to keep you till the end of the week) he has desired that we will not fail to dine with him the next Sunday, when he will have no other company.

I write you this to entreat you will provide yourself of linnen and other necessaries sufficient for the week; for as I take you to be almost the only friend I have, that is above the little vanities of the town, I expect you may be able to renounce it for one week, and to make trial how you like my Tusculum; because, I assure you, it is no less yours, and hope you will use it as your own country villa the ensuing season. I am yours, &c.

¹ First appeared in Warton, 1797.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND ATTERBURY.

FROM 1716 TO 1731.

1. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.¹

December, 1716.

I RETURN your preface,² which I have read twice with pleasure. The modesty and good sense there is in it, must please every one that reads it. And since there is nothing that can offend, I see not why you should balance a moment about printing it—always provided, that there is nothing said there which you may have occasion to unsay hereafter: of which you yourself are the best and the only judge. This is my sincere opinion, which I give, because you ask it; and which I would not give, though asked, but to a man I value as much as I do you; being sensible how improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpose in things of this nature, which I never understood well, and now understand somewhat less than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing: especially since you have had the goodness often, and patiently, to hear what I have said against rhyme, and in behalf of blank verse; with little discretion, perhaps, but, I am sure, with-

¹ First appeared in 4to, 1737.

after the date of this letter.—Note to 4to, 1737.

² The general preface to Mr. Pope's Poems, first printed 1717, the year

out the least prejudice: being myself equally incapable of writing well in either of those ways, and leaning therefore to neither side of the question, but as the appearance of reason inclines me. Forgive me this error, if it be one; an error of above thirty years' standing, and which therefore I shall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I shall seldom differ from you: or, if I do, shall, I hope, have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am, as much as I ought to be, that is, as much as any man can be, your, &c.

2. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.

Feb. 18, 1717.¹

I HOPED to find you last night at Lord Bathurst's, and came but a few minutes after you had left him. I brought *Gorboduc*² with me; and Dr. Arbuthnot telling me he should see you, I deposited the book in his hands: out of which, I think, my Lord Bathurst got it before we parted, and from him therefore you are to claim it. If *Gorboduc* should still miss his way to you, others are to answer for it; I have delivered up my trust. I am not sorry your *Alexander*³ is burnt; had I known your intentions, I would have interceded for the first page, and put it, with your leave, among my curiosities. In truth, it is the only instance of that kind I ever met with, from a person good for any thing else, nay, for every thing else to which he is pleased to turn himself.

Depend upon it, I shall see you with great pleasure at

¹ First appeared in Cooper, 1737. The date is probably 1717-18.

² A tragedy written in the reign of Edward the Sixth (and much the best performance of that age), by Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset, and Lord Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth. It was then very scarce, but lately reprinted by R. Dodsley in Pall-Mall.—Note to Cooper's Edition, 1737.

The book, a present from Mr.

Warton of Magdalen, the father of Pope's editor. See letter to Digby, June 2, 1717.

³ An Heroic Poem, writ at fifteen years old.—Note to Cooper's Edition, 1737.

Dr. Johnson says this poem was burnt by the persuasion of Atterbury. The present letter implies the reverse.—CHALMERS.

Bromley ; and there is no request you can make to me, that I shall not most readily comply with. I wish you health and happiness of all sorts, and would be glad to be instrumental in any degree towards helping you to the least share of either. I am always, every where, most affectionately and faithfully, your, &c.

3. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.¹

BROMLEY, *Nov.* 8, 1717.

I HAVE nothing to say to you on that melancholy subject,² with an account of which the printed papers have furnished me, but what you have already said to yourself.

When you have paid the debt of tenderness you owe to the memory of a father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own ease and happiness. You have it now in your power to pursue that method of thinking and living which you like best.³ Give me leave, if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind, to congratulate you upon it ; and to assure you that there is no man living who wishes you better, or would be more pleased to contribute any ways to your satisfaction or service.

I return you your *Milton*, which, upon collation, I find to be revised and augmented in several places, as the title-page of my third edition pretends it to be. When I see you next, I will show you the several passages altered, and added by the author, beside what you have mentioned to me.

I protest to you, this last perusal of him has given me such new degrees, I will not say of pleasure, but of admiration and astonishment, that I look upon the sublimity of Homer, and the majesty of Virgil, with somewhat less reverence than I used to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to show

¹ First appeared in 4to, 1737.

² Pope's father's death.

³ Alluding to Pope's conforming to

the church of England ; a subject on which Atterbury was particularly earnest with him.—ROSCOE.

me in the first of these any thing equal to the Allegory of Sin and Death, either as to the greatness and justness of the invention, or the height and beauty of the colouring. What I looked upon as a rant of Barrow's, I now begin to think a serious truth, and could almost venture to set my hand to it:

Hæc quicunque legit, tantum cecinisse putabit
Mæonidem Ranas, Virgilium Culices.¹

But more of this when we meet. When I left the town the Duke of Buckingham continued so ill that he received no messages; oblige me so far as to let me know how he does: at the same time I shall know how you do, and that will be a double satisfaction to your, &c.

4. POPE TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.²

Nov. 20, 1717.

MY LORD,—I am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true, I have lost a parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie: I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature. *Genetrix est mihi*; and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a

¹ The last couplet of the verses prefixed to the second edition of *Paradise Lost*, published in 1674. The writer

was Samuel Barrow, M.D.

² First appeared in 4to, 1737.

virtuous one. At least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

Ignaram hujus quodeunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam ?

For she, my lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other, and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure; for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity. Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows: this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one the part of *joining* with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so, to *renounce* the other.

Your lordship has formerly advised me to read the best controversies between the churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old, for I loved reading, and my father had no other books; there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of King James the Second. I warmed my head with them, and the consequence was, that I found myself a Papist and a Protestant by turns, according to the last book I read. I am afraid most seekers are in the same case, and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another; and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day, and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the *temporal* side of the question, I can have no

dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But, if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have less inclination (if possible) than ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that the world call ambition. I do not know why it is called so, for to me it always seemed to be rather *stooping* than *climbing*. I will tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over princes and states. I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see, are not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic: not a king of Whigs, or a king of Tories, but a King of England; which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and all future Majesties. You see, my lord, I end like a preacher: that is *Sermo ad Clerum* not *ad Populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever your, &c.

5. POPE TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.¹*Sept. 8, 1718.*

MY LORD,—I have long had a desire to write to your lordship, though I cannot imagine to what end, since it is not any thing I can say upon paper that can give you any title to me, which you have not already, or I hope tell you any part of my respect and esteem, which you know not already. But I have gotten a sort of a subject for blotting this, by means of an accident; which has happened here. A young man and woman were destroyed by one stroke of lightning, who were contracted in marriage some days before. They were people of a very good character; yet the country here are ready to rise against their Minister for allowing them Christian burial. They cannot put it out of their heads, but that so remarkable a death was a judgment from God. It is pleasant enough to consider that people who imagine themselves good Christians, should be so absurd as to think the same misfortunes, when they befall others, a punishment of vice, when they happen to themselves, an exercise of virtue. I would try to do some service in procuring the following epitaph, to be set over them, or something to this purpose. I send it to your Lordship for your opinion both as to the doctrine and to the poetry, as I am very certain nothing is either fit for the Church or for the Public, which is not agreeable to your sentiments:—

Think not by rigorous judgment seiz'd,
 A Pair so faithful could expire;
 Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleas'd,
 And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

Live well and fear no sudden fate:
 When God calls Virtue to the grave,
 Alike 'tis justice soon or late,
 Mercy alike to kill or save.

Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
 And face the flash that melts the ball.

I beg you, my Lord, not to spare me one word that is put in

¹ First appeared in Atterbury Correspondence, ii. 63.

for the sake of rhyme. I know you will be so gentle to the modern Goths and Vandals as to allow them to put a few rhymes upon tombs or over doors, where they have not room to write much, and may have hopes to make rhyme live by the material it is graved upon. In return I promise your Lordship, as soon as Homer is translated, to allow it unfit for long works, but to say so at present, would be what your *second* thoughts could never approve of, because it would be a profession of repentance and conviction, and yet a perseverance in the sin.

I have lived, where I have done nothing but sinned, that is, rhymed these six weeks.¹ I dare not approach you till the fit is over. I thank God, I find the symptoms almost gone; and may therefore soon expect to pass my time much more agreeably in London or at Bromley. I beg you to think me (what I am most proud and pleased to be thought), my lord, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant.

6. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.²

BROMLEY, *Sept.* 12, 1718.

DEAR SIR,—I received here this morning a letter from you without any account of the place from whence it was written. I suppose you thought this a notable contrivance to escape an answer. I have ill-nature enough to take a pleasure in

¹ At Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire. On the first blank leaf of a fine copy of the *Iliad* of Homer (Turnebus, 1554), in the editor's possession, the following elegant compliment to Pope appears in the handwriting of Atterbury:—

“Fra. Roffen
Homeri *Iliadem*,
Typis nitidissimis Græce editam
Dono mihi dedit
Quam quidem Carmine Anglicano,
Musis Gratiisque faventibus, expressam
Genti nostræ prius donaverat,
Alexander Pope.

—quantum Instar in ipso est!

Ilud fuerit quanquam, quem Tu sequeris, Homere:
Est tamen, est qui Te posset, Homere sequi.”

In the tower at Stanton Harcourt on a pane of glass was inscribed:—

In the year 1718, Alexander Pope finished here the Fifth Volume of Homer.—NICHOLS.

² First appeared in Atterbury Correspondence, ii. 71.

defeating that design ; and will therefore guess, as well as I can, where you are, and venture a letter at random, but I hope, through my Lord Harcourt's cover, it may reach you. If it does, I have my revenge ; a principle which, on this particular occasion, I am not ashamed to own.

In good earnest, sir, I was pleased to see a letter from you, and pleased with the subject of that letter. Christianity is the best natured institution in the world, and is so far from allowing such harsh censures in the world that it hath directly forbidden them, and expressly decided against them. You know the passage—"Suppose ye that these Galilæans were sinners above all other Galilæans because they suffered such things ? I tell you nay ; but except ye repent, ye shall likewise perish." What think you of letting the Minister of the parish contribute this as his share towards an inscription on the grave-stone, and as a proper rebuke to his censuring neighbours, worthy of being inscribed, not on such a monument only, but on the heart of every one that owns himself a Christian ? How far this prose and your poetry, a verse of scripture, and the stanzas you sent me, are fit to keep company with each other, I pretend not to say, but sure I am that the words are weighty.

You are too good to me to think that my relish of such performances is sufficient to make me capable of advising you, or if I were, yet my partiality, in behalf of whatever you write, would steal away my judgment. However, since you are so civil and seem sincere, I will try for once to divest myself of such prejudices, and will venture to tell you my mind of what you know so much better than I do. If I show the unskilfulness, I shall yet give you a proof of my friendship and an instance of the power you have over me. Perhaps there is nobody but you, that could so easily have led me into so great a mistake. Use your influence gently if you intend to preserve it. I like the lines well ; they are yours, and they are good ; and on both these accounts are very welcome to me. You know my opinion that poetry without a moral is a

body without a soul. Let the lines be ever so finely turned, if they do not point to some useful truth—if there is not instruction at the bottom of them, they can give no true delight to a reasonable mind. They are *versus inopes rerum, nugæque canora*, and as such they may tinkle prettily in the ears, but they will never reach the heart or leave a durable impression behind them.

Nobody that reads what you have written will blame you in this respect, for it is all over morality from the beginning to the end of it, and it pleases me the better, because I fancy it drawn from the sources of Horace, for I cannot help thinking that his

“Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ”

was (whether you attended to it or not) the original from which our two last verses were copied. I wish you had prepared the way for the latter of them as he has done for the idea given us by *fractus illabatur orbis*, which is strong enough to support that which follows—*impavidum ferient ruinæ*—whereas you melt the ball at once without giving us any warning, and are led on the sudden from a particular account to the general conflagration, and that, too, is to be effected by a *flash*—a word not equal to the work on which it is employed.

Pardon this freedom, but my old Master Roscommon has an expression which I always looked upon as very happy and significant—

He who proportioned numbers can disclose,

and without that just proportion nothing is truly admissible. Will you forgive me if I add that *melting the ball*, without the preparation I mentioned, is too apt to lead us into the image of a snow ball? Waller, I am persuaded, for the sake of the F and the B (of which he was remarkably fond) would have chosen to say

And gave the flash that *burns* the ball.

I am far from proposing this as an improvement. I do not

think it such, or, if it were, I would not offer it, for where the images themselves are not well suited it is in vain to alter a particular expression. I know not whither I am going in this track of criticism, to which I have been long a stranger, but since I am in for it, *Pergite, Pierides!*

In the first stanza I must take the liberty to object against *so faithful and so pure*; because they are so near to one another, and yet belong to different sentences. Nor can I approve that confusion of ideas which seems to be in the two last lines. Elijah indeed was snatched up in a chariot of fire, but *pure victims* consumed by fire from heaven cannot be said to be snatched up in it. Has the word *celestial* in the fourth line any force? If heaven snatches them up in fire, that fire must needs be celestial, *i.e.* heavenly.

Your second stanza is full of good sense shortly expressed, but methinks there is some absurdity in it, *quo vitio eximie teneri soles*, as Suetonius says of Horace. For when God calls the virtuous to the grave, though he be alike just, whether he calls him soon or late, yet it should not be said that he is alike merciful, whether he kills or saves him; because if he saves him, the very supposition of his being called to the grave is destroyed. Nor am I perfectly satisfied with the phrase—

“When God calls virtue to the grave :”

though if the connection of it with the fourth line were exact in point of sense, the expression itself would not shock me.

Virtue unmoved. Should you not say *goodness*, than repeat the word *virtue* which you had used the three lines before? So you had *calls* also, but that repetition is graceful, the verb being changed into a substantive and becoming by that means a new word which echoes to the former and yet differs from it,

“ . . . aliusque et idem
Nasceris.”

says he, who says everything better than anybody else, but Virgil,

Hæc ego dictabam sylvas saltusque peregrans
 Bromleios, urbes urbanaque gaudia vitans,
 Excepto, quod non simul esses, cætera lætus.
 Hæc latebræ dulces, etiam (si credis) amœnæ,
 Incolumem tibi me præsent Septembribus horis.

You see, sir, I have obeyed your commands because they are yours, with a frankness which I should like in another, and therefore hope you will not dislike in me. I have ventured to object to what I could not have written and cannot mend. I was pleased with the thought of writing to you, though upon a subject which did not altogether please me; for experience has taught me that it is a wiser and a better pleasure to taste the beauties of good writers than to find out their faults, especially since it is great odds that when we are playing the critic we commit more real mistakes than we pretend to find. That I doubt not is my case; however, *jacta est alea!*

I say nothing to you about *rhyme*, because it is a subject on which I have so much to say. Why should you forego an advantage, which you enjoy in perfection, and own that way of writing not to be the best in which you write better than any can? I am not so unreasonable as to expect it. But I know I have the testimony of your poetical conscience on my side, though you are wise enough not to own so unpopular and unprofitable a truth.

When I see you here, as you seem to promise, more of these matters. In the meantime I am yours, &c.

FRA. ROFFEN.

7. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.¹

[RELATING TO DRYDEN'S TOMB,] *August*, 1720.

SIR,—I have sent the officer to view the place, and find upon his report that no objection lies against erecting a tomb where part of the screen of the chapel next Cowley's monument stands, but there must be a smooth freestone wall behind it,

¹ First appeared in Atterbury's Correspondence. Edited by Nichols.

both to support the tomb backwards, and to remove the eyesore there would otherwise be to those who go into that chappel to see the tomb there, but I do not find that the extraordinary expense of such a stone wall will come to so much as ten pounds, and such a trifling expense therefore is not to be regarded. All doubts being removed (I know not how any came to be entertained), I wish you would now hasten the execution of the design for some reasons which did not occur to me when I saw you last. The mention of that naturally puts me upon acknowledging the kindness of your last visit, as I do very heartily. The lazier or the lazier I am, the more I must value the visits of any of my friends, and particularly yours. You took a memorandum or two with you, of which I shall have an account at your leisure. Chapman lies clasped up for you when I know whither to send it. I wish you a pleasant employment of those after summers which I am going back to make the most of at Bromley. The sun owes us a great deal of good weather, and if he is an honest planet will pay us. I hope his September and October will make amends for his June and July, and then I may happen to walk with you a turn or two in my gallery this winter without a cane. I am or well, in bed or in my chair, in my coach or in my garden, I am everywhere and always, sir, your very affectionate and humble servant.

8. POPE TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.¹

Sept. 23, 1720.

I HOPE you have some time ago received the sulphur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as instances (how small ones soever) that I wish you both health and diversion. What I now send for your perusal, I shall say nothing of; not to forestal by a single word what you promised to say upon that subject. Your lordship may criticise from Virgil to these

¹ First appeared in 4to, 1737.

tales'; as Solomon wrote of every thing, from the cedar to the hyssop. I have some cause, since I last waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wise enough to go thither to consult you: the fate of the South-sea scheme has, much sooner than I expected, verified what you told me. Most people thought the time would come, but no man prepared for it; no man considered it would come *like a thief in the night*; exactly as it happens in the case of our death. Methinks God has punished the avaricious, as he often punishes sinners, in their own way, in the very sin itself: the thirst of gain was their crime; that thirst continued became their punishment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune to remain, with half of what they imagined they had, (among whom is your humble servant,) I would have them sensible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Hesiod's maxim, who, after half of his estate was swallowed by the *directors* of those days, resolved that *half* to be *more than the whole*.

Does not the fate of these people put you in mind of two passages, one in Job, the other from the Psalmist?

*Men shall groan out of the CITY, and hiss them out of their PLACE.*¹

They have dreamed out their dream, and awaking have found nothing in their hands.

Indeed the universal poverty, which is the consequence of universal avarice, and which will fall hardest upon the guiltless and industrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The universal deluge of the S. Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few *unrighteous* men: but it is some comfort to me that I am not one of them, even

¹ The Arabian Tales, mentioned in the following letter.—BOWLES.

² The reader will search in vain for this last passage in the book of Job. The first clause occurs in chap. xxiv.

ver. 12. "They have dreamed," &c., is not in the book of Psalms, although something like it is in the prophecy of Isaiah.—CHALMERS.

though I were to survive and rule the world by it. I am much pleased with a thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's; he says the government and South-Sea company have only locked up the money of the people, upon conviction of their lunacy, (as is usual in the case of lunatics,) and intend to restore them as much as may be fit for such people, as fast as they shall see them return to their senses.

The latter part of your letter does me so much honour, and shows me so much kindness, that I must both be proud and pleased in a great degree; but I assure you, my Lord, much more the last than the first. For I certainly know and feel, from my own heart, which truly respects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality, one way; but I find not the least symptoms in my head, of any foundation for the other.

In a word, the best reason I know for my being pleased is, that you continue your favour toward me; the best I know for being proud would be, that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be such a physician, as does not only *repair*, but *improve*. I am, with the sincerest esteem, and most grateful acknowledgment, your, &c.

9. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.¹

THE Arabian Tales and Mr. Gay's books I received not till Monday night, together with your letter; for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever since I returned hither from Westminster on Saturday night last: it has found its way into my hands as well as legs, so that I have been utterly incapable of writing. This is the first letter that I have ventured upon; which will be written, I fear, *vacillantis literis*, as Tully says Tyro's letters were, after his recovery from an illness. What I said to you in mine about the Monument, was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you. It is not

worth your while to know what I meant by it: but when I see you, you shall. I hope you may be at the Deanery towards the end of October, by which time I think of settling there for the winter. What do you think of some such short inscription as this in Latin, which may, in a few words, say all that is to be said of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deserves?

IOHANNI DRYDEN O,
CVI POESIS ANGLICANA
VIM SVAM AC VENERES DEBET;
SI QVA IN POSTERVM AVGEBITVR LAVDE,
EST ADHUC DEBITVRA:
HONORIS ERGO P., &c.

To show you that I am as much in earnest in the affair, as you yourself, something I will send you too of this kind in English. If your design holds of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his busto above, may not lines like these be graved just under the name?

This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's ashes just,
Here fix'd his name, and there his laurel'd bust;
What else the Muse in marble might express,
Is known already; praise would make him less.

Or thus:

More needs not; where acknowledg'd merits reign,
Praise is impertinent, and censure vain.

This you will take as a proof of my zeal at least, though it be none of my talent in poetry. When you have read it over, I will forgive you, if you should not once in your lifetime again think of it.

And now, Sir, for your *Arabian Tales*. Ill as I have been, almost ever since they came to hand, I have read as much of them as ever I shall read while I live. Indeed they do not please my taste; they are writ with so romantic an air, and, allowing for the difference of eastern manners, are yet, upon any supposition that can be made, of so wild and absurd a

contrivance, (at least to my northern understanding,) that I have not only no pleasure, but no patience, in perusing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian screens, which at first glance may surprise and please a little; but when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear so extravagant, disproportioned, and monstrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him seek for relief from some other object.

They may furnish the mind with some new images, but I think the purchase is made at too great an expense: for to read those two volumes through, liking them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance; and to read them with pleasure would be dangerous on the other side, because of the infection. I will never believe, that you have any keen relish of them, till I find you write worse than you do, which I dare say I never shall. Who that *Petit de la Croix* is, the pretended author of them,¹ I cannot tell: but observing how full

¹ Not the *pretended author*, but the real translator, of an Arabic MS. in the French King's library. What he has given in ten small volumes, is not more than the tenth part of the original. The Eastern people have been always famous for this sort of Tales, in which much fine morality is often conveyed; not indeed in a story always representing real life and manners, but what the eastern superstitions have made pass for such amongst the people. Their great genius for this kind of writing appears from what the translator has here given us. But the policy of some of the latter princes of the east greatly hurts the elegance and use of the composition, by setting all men upon composing in this way, to furnish matter for their coffee-houses and public places of resort; which were enjoined to entertain their customers with a rehearsal of these works, in order to divert them from politics, and matters of state. The collection

in question is so strange a medley of sense and nonsense, that one would be tempted to think it the compilation of some coffee-man, who gathered indifferently from good and bad. The contrivance he has invented of tying them together is so blunderingly conducted, that after such an instance of the want of common sense one can wonder at no absurdity we find in them. The tales are supposed to be told to one of the Kings of Persia of the dynasty of the Sassanides, an ancient race before Mahomet, and yet the scene of some of them is laid in the Court of *Haroun Alraschid*, the 26th caliph, and the 5th of the race of the *Abassides*. These, where the scene is so laid, are amongst the best; and it may be easily accounted for. *Alraschid* was one of the most magnificent of the caliphs, and the greatest encourager of letters; so that it was natural for men of genius in after-times to do this honour to his memory. But the Bishop talks of *Petit de la*

they are in the descriptions of dress, furniture, &c., I cannot help thinking them the product of some woman's imagination: and, believe me, I would do anything but break with you, rather than be bound to read them over with attention.

I am sorry that I was so true a prophet in respect of the S. Sea; sorry, I mean, as far as your loss is concerned: for in the general I ever was and still am of opinion, that had that project taken root and flourished, it would by degrees have overturned our constitution. Three or four hundred millions was such a weight, that whichsoever way it had leaned, must have borne down all before it. But of the dead we must speak gently; and therefore, as Mr. Dryden says somewhere, *Peace be to its manes!*

Let me add one reflection, to make you easy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have lost beyond what you have ventured, consider that your superfluous gains would have sprung from the ruin of several families that now want necessities! A thought, under which a good and good-natured man that grew rich by such means, could not, I persuade myself, be perfectly easy. Adieu, and believe me, ever yours, &c.

10. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.¹

March 26 [1721].

You are not yourself gladder you are well than I am; especially since I can please myself with the thought, that when you had lost your health elsewhere, you recovered it here. May these lodgings never treat you worse, nor you at any time have less reason to be fond of them!

I thank you for the sight of your Verses,² and with the

Croix. M. Galland was the translator of the *Arabian Tales*. The name of the other is to the collection called the *Persian Tales*, of which I have

nothing to say.—WARBURTON.

¹ First appeared in 4to, 1737.

² Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt.—Note to 4to, 1737.

freedom of an honest, though perhaps injudicious friend, must tell you, that though I could like some of them, if they were any body's else but yours, yet as they are yours, and to be owned as such, I can scarce like any of them. Not but that the four first lines are good, especially the second couplet; and might, if followed by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a less established fame: but from you I expect something of a more perfect kind, and which the oftener it is read, the more it will be admired. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath yourself: it is your misfortune now to write without a rival, and to be tempted by that means to be more careless, than you would otherwise be in your composures.

Thus much I could not forbear saying, though I have a motion¹ of consequence in the House of Lords to-day, and must prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worse, having no other at hand. I wish you the continuance of your health most heartily; and am ever your, &c.

I have sent Dr. Arbuthnot the Latin MS.² which I could not find when you left me; and I am so angry at the writer for his design, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear sending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief reasoner of that philosophic farce is a *Gallo-Ligur*, as he is called—what that means in English or French, I cannot say—but all he says is in so loose and slippery and trickish a way of reasoning, that I could not forbear applying the passage of Virgil to him:

Vane Ligur, frustra que animis elate superbis,
Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes!

To be serious, I hate to see a book gravely written, and in all

¹ An appeal of Atterbury, as Dean of Westminster—respecting the building of a new dormitory in Westminster School—against a decree obtained in Chancery by Friend, Master of the

School. Atterbury was successful, and the new dormitory was built.

² Of Huetius, left after his death.
—Note to 4to, 1737.

the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which says nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of distrusting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of truth and falsehood can in any case be distinguished from each other. Could that blessed point be made out, (as it is a contradiction in terms to say it can,) we should then be in the most uncomfortable and wretched state in the world; and I would in that case be glad to exchange my reason with a dog for his instinct, to-morrow.

11. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.

BROMLEY, *Aug. 2, 1721.*

DEAR SIR,—I hear nothing of the pictures yet, nor I believe shall hear anything of them till you send new messages to quicken the frame-makers. I should be glad now to have them down here as soon as can be, and beg you to give your orders accordingly. As soon as I hear they are lodged at the Deanery they shall not be long without a proper conveyance hither.

The Parliament will, it seems, be up next week, after which I will begin to form the route of my excursions towards your parts, hoping not long after to thank you at Twickenham for the favour of your company here at Bromley, where my lameness, I thank God, wears off faster than I imagined it would, so that I shall be able in a fortnight to walk out of my coach into your house with ease, and perhaps take a short turn in your gardens. I have found time to read some parts of Shakespeare, which I was least acquainted with. I protest to you in a hundred places I cannot construe him: I do not understand him. The hardest part of Chaucer is more intelligible to me than some of those scenes, not merely through the faults of the edition, but the obscurity of the writer, for obscure he is, and a little (not a little) inclined now and then to bombast, whatever apology you may have contrived on that

head for him. There are allusions in him to an hundred things, of which I knew nothing and can guess nothing. And yet without some competent knowledge of those matters there is no understanding him. I protest Æschylus does not want a comment to me more than he does. So that I begin to despair of doing you any considerable service. I depend upon your destroying that part of Homer which I margined with my scrawls, and am most affectionately yours.

12. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.

BROMLEY, *Aug.* 20, 1721.

DEAR SIR,—This is the first time I have been able to use my right hand since this new fit of the gout: you see how scurvily. However I was willing to put myself and you to this trouble as soon as I could in order to do justice to a person whom I have in some measure wronged. You remember the character I gave you of Catron? It was a just one as far as I had read him, which was on the Eclogues only. His performance on that part no ways answers the expectations he had raised, nor did he at that time understand his author. But my late illness has given me an opportunity of perusing him throughout upon the Georgics and the Æneid, and I find he mends upon his reader, and having studied his author well towards this edition, which he had not done when he wrote upon the Eclogues, has struck out observations, especially in the Æneid, which well deserve your perusal. You smile when I tell you that one reason for my thus determining in his favour is my finding two or three thoughts in him which I had lighted on before, and was pleased with; and it is a piece of self-flattery to begin now to think that he is not an inconsiderable writer, for if he is, I, who have been already in the same strain of thinking, must be contented to share the reflection. In short, you will find him worth reading, and therefore pray thank Mr. Fenton for the discovery he

made of this book. There is a great character given in him of Maubrun's piece of epic poetry that I know not. If you do, give me some account of it, whether it be in French or Italian, and how long ago published, that I may make proper enquiries after it. And if you can tell me the title of the book, let me have it *in terminis*. I suppose this finds you upon the wing for Gloucestershire, whither Lord Bathurst, by a letter I received this morning, tells me he is going out of London. Wherever you are, let me hear from you, and believe me most affectionately, yours.

I forgot to thank you for the Reflections on Pastoral Poetry. I never saw that part of them you doubled down. In good earnest, as to that wanton way of ridiculing serious writers, you and I differ.

Ad cætera penè gemelli.

13. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.¹

September 27, 1721.

I AM now confined to my bed-chamber, and to the matted room wherein I am writing, seldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner, unless when company to whom I cannot excuse myself comes, which I am not ill pleased to find is now very seldom. This is my case in the sunny part of the year : what must I expect, when

Inversum contristat Aquarius annum ?

“if these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry ?” Excuse me for employing a sentence of scripture on this occasion ; I apply it very seriously. One thing relieves me a little under the ill prospect I have of spending my time at the Deanery this winter ; that I shall have the opportunity of seeing you oftener ; though, I am afraid, you will have little pleasure in seeing me there. So much for my

¹ First appeared in 4to, 1737.

ill state of health, which I had not touched on, had not your friendly letter been so full of it. One civil thing, which you say in it, made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller ;¹ and possessed of that image at the end of his copy, *à la malade*, had you not bestowed it on one who has no right to the least part of the character. If you have not read the verses lately, I am sure you remember them, because you forget nothing.

With such a grace you entertain,
And look with such contempt on pain, &c.

I mention them not upon account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very same rhymes and words (*appear* and *clear*) that the couplet but one after that does; and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the first of these couplets; for there it runs thus;

So lightnings in a stormy air,
Scorch more than when the sky is fair.

You will say that I am not very much in pain, nor very busy, when I can relish these amusements, and you will say true; for at present I am in both these respects very easy.

I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior² to his grave, else I would have done it, to have shown his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me.³ He is

¹ Whom the bishop so happily imitated in his lines on *Flavia's Fan*.

—WARTON.

² Prior died 18th September, 1721.

³ Two severe epigrams against Atterbury, have been ascribed to Prior, and are both inserted in his works:—

Meek Francis lies here, friend. Without
stop or stay,
As you value your peace, make the best of
your way.

Though at present arrested by Death's
cattiff paw,
If he stirs, he may still have recourse to
the law:
And in the King's Bench should a verdict
be found
That by livery and seisin his grave is his
ground,
He will claim to himself what is strictly
his due,
And an action of trespass will straightway
ensue,
That you, without right, on his premises
tread,
On a simple surmise that the owner is
dead.

buried, as he desired, at the feet of Spenser, and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living; particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while we were in good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Westminster.

I am pleased to find you have so much pleasure, and (which is the foundation of it) so much health at Lord Bathurst's: may both continue till I see you! May my Lord have as much satisfaction in building the house in the wood,¹ and using it when built, as you have in designing it! I cannot send a wish after him that means him more happiness, and yet, I am sure, I wish him as much as he wishes himself. I am, &c.

14. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.²

BROMLEY, *October 15, 1721.*

NOTWITHSTANDING I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning, yet, I foresee, it will not reach you till Wednesday morning. And before set of sun that day I hope to reach my winter-quarters at the deanery. I hope, did I say? I recal that word, for it implies desire; and, God knows, that is far from being the case. For I never part with this place but with regret, though I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worst of com-

The other was occasioned by the funeral of the Duke of Buckingham, whom Prior survived but a few months.

"I have no hopes," the Duke he says, and dies;

"In sure and certain hopes," the prelate cries:

Of these two learned peers, I pr'ythee, say, man,

Who is the lying knave, the priest or layman?

The duke he stands an infidel confess'd;

"He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly priest.

The duke, though knave, still "Brother dear," he cries,

And who can say, the reverend prelate lies?

¹ The rough sketch of this design is in the British Museum.—BOWLES.

² First appeared in 4to, 1737.

pany in the world, my own ; and see either none beside, or what is worse than none, some of the *Arrii*, or *Sebosi* of my neighbourhood ; characters, which Tully paints so well in one of his Epistles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named those gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and by pointing it out to you, give you the pleasure of perusing the epistle, which is a very agreeable one, if my memory does not fail me.

I am surprised to find that my Lord Bathurst and you are parted so soon ; he has been sick, I know, of some late transactions ; but should that sickness continue still in some measure, I prophesy, it will be quite off by the beginning of November. A letter or two from his London friends, and a surfeit of solitude, will soon make him change his resolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleasure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the "London Journal," or some such trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, absolutely require, my attendance at Westminster ; where I hope the prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candlestick. In short, I long to see you, and hope you will come, if not a day, at least an hour sooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that satisfaction. I am now, I thank God ! as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk scarce at all without crutches : and would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worse, but that is a vain thought ; I expect a new attack long before Christmas. Let me see you therefore while I am in a condition to relish you, before the days (and the nights) come, when I shall (and must) say, I have no pleasure in them.

I will bring your small volume of Pastorals along with me, that you may not be discouraged from lending me books, when you find me so punctual in returning them. Shakespear shall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear

and as fair as it came out of them, though you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with the text. I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing standing just as I found it. However, I thank you for the pleasure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I shall scarce repeat that pleasure any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of, but none that will interfere with the offices of friendship, in the exchange of which with you, sir, I hope to live and die your, &c.

P.S. Addison's works came to my hands yesterday. I cannot but think it a very odd set of incidents, that the book should be dedicated by a dead man¹ to a dead man;² and even that the new patron³ to whom Tickell chose to inscribe his verses, should be dead also before they were published. Had I been in the editor's place I should have been a little apprehensive for myself, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You see, when I am conversing with you, I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admonishes me once more to bid you adieu.

15. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, BROMLEY.⁴

SIR,—My son desires me to forward the enclosed new year's gift, but has not the courage to write to you about it himself. He has ventured to translate two odes of Horace that are

¹ Addison.

² Craggs.

³ Lord Warwick died 16th July, 1721.

⁴ Not dated, but placed between a letter of September, 1721, and a letter of February, 1722.

every one's favourites, and he now ventures to send these translations to you, not out of any opinion he has of their value, but a desire of making you some little present in poetry, and an inability to write anything from his own invention. He hopes that if you see anything in them of Horace's spirit and turn you will, for the sake of it, forgive whatever else is amiss. He wishes you would touch them over with your pen, and believes that in a quarter of an hour you could make these translations worth reading, which, as they stand now, must be read by no other eye but your own. He would fain have had me do something to them, before they went out of his hands, but I told him I was too old, too ill, and too busy. However I found time enough to make several objections, and will be impertinent enough to give you his answers.

In the Dialogue I excepted against the last line of the first stanza, where he has put Phraates for *Persarum rege*. I thought it would not be understood. "Why that is strange," says the boy; "sure every body knows that to be the name of the king of Persia," and then pertly quoted to me a line out of another Ode,

Redditum Cyri solio Phraatem.

"However," says he, "it is easy to alter that verse, and it may run if you please,

"Not Eastern kings were half so blest."

I did not like that neither, but not being able to suggest anything better myself, passed on to the other stanzas. The beginning of the third I told him was not exactly suited to Horace's turn of words.

Me Chloë now possesses whole,
Her voice and lyre command my soul.

He confessed it, and said he had for that reason translated at first,

Now Chloë reigns, my new desire,
Expert to sing, and touch the lyre.

But he thought the other verses had more spirit in them than these, and were not very remote from the poet's manner of

speaking. "Don't you think so, too, Papa?" says he. I was willing to humour him, and therefore quitted the objection.

In the fifth stanza I for the same reason excepted against these two verses :

Should banished Chloe cease to reign,
And Lydia her lost power regain,

and he was presently at me with two others,

Should Chloe banished leave the door
Open to Lydia as before.

"This," says he, "is close, but methinks it is flat. The metaphor of a door will never do well on this occasion in English." By the same way he justified the change of *cork* into *down* in the last stanza, and there I agreed with him. But upon the last verse he told me one particular which I confess I was pleased with, that he had balanced for half a quarter of an hour whether it should run as it does or in this manner :

Would with thee live and with thee die,

I thought this verse the smoother of the two, and he owned it was, but said the accent was there improperly placed on the word *with*, whereas the word *thee* would much better support it. I encouraged him wherever he doubted to try everything by his ear with equal nicety, and assured him however the doubt in most cases might be of no great importance, yet that way of poisoning words would bring him at last to write with some exactness. Did I not venture too far out of my depth in saying so? If I did, yet is there nobody but us three that knows of it.

I went back again from the last to the first verse of the Ode,

Whilst I was fond and you were kind.

I showed him that he set out wrong, and that his English did not answer rightly to Horace's words, but he insisted that it answered to his meaning. I could not deny that, and

therefore let him enjoy his turn, though I looked upon it as a sin against simplicity.

As to the second Ode he has got a whim into his head which I think not very improbable, that it was written by Horace upon the honour that was done him in placing his bust among the heads of the other poets in the Palatine library; and he has gotten together some seraps from Suetonius, the old commentator, and other parts of Horace which he thinks clears this point, as well as the diction and turn of the Ode itself. He observed that the verses *inter amabiles* and *Vatum ponere me choros*, could no way so naturally be interpreted, and that the word *ponere* there was a turn of art, relating to statues. Nay the young critic ventured to affirm that unless this were the foundation of the Ode, the four last lines would not be intelligible, for what, says he, means *Quod spiro*, etc., after he had allowed himself to be pointed out by passengers when he walked the streets? But if the three first verses relate to notice taken of his bust by those who walked in the Vatican gallery, the *Quod spiro et placeo* that follows is an improvement, since it was not usual to place the heads of living poets there, especially by public order, as the ode seems to insinuate this was done. I found upon reading his translation that it had an eye to this conjecture all the way, and was turned accordingly, and so easily saw why he was so fond of his new criticism—particularly in the last stanza he has left the phrase of Horace, and expressed what he thinks his sense upon this supposition, for he tells me he can produce authorities to show that the statue of Apollo was set up on a golden base at the upper end of the library, and that the poets' heads were placed round him. But if that were the case, I said, and the *digito prætereuntium* did certainly relate to those who resorted to that library, yet it was not allowable to depart so far from the expression of his author, and therefore advised him by all means to alter that line,

Now see me near Apollo's throne.

He did so, and put the other in the room of it.

My skill in lyric numbers own,

or rather, said he,

My new unrivalled honour own.

That I allowed was nearer to the Latin, but still not near enough. However I could not persuade him to try again, for he said the *digitus prætereuntium*, if strictly followed, would never appear graceful in English. But then I asked him what became of that parenthesis *si placeo*? He said he looked upon it as improper, and as an ill-timed piece of modesty and therefore had wholly omitted it. I frowned upon him, but he justified himself by observing that after Horace had declared in the former part of the ode that he was acknowledged by the Romans to be the prince of lyric poets, and pointed out as such by the fingers of the passengers, it was too late for him to say *si placeo*, and inconsistent with what he had said before. I could not but allow him to have some reason in what he said, and yet I doubt not but that the true secret of the matter was that he left out the parenthesis because he had not room for it.

You see how free I make with you in relating this chit chat between me and my son, with whose prose as well as verse I have now tired you, and am, I own, sufficiently tired myself. I add only that as you are the best poet living, so I wish you would be the best friend to him too, and either burn his verses or make them worth preserving. I am ever affectionately yours.

When you come to London any time after the 12th be so good as to call at the Deanery.

Once more let me be so impertinent as to tell you that upon asking Obby how he came to pitch upon these two particular odes his answer was because they were of so different a kind—the one sweet, the other noble—the one in dialogue, the other not, and therefore, says he, I have translated them in a different sort of verse (he meant rhyme), best suited as I

thought to each of them. "But, Papa," says he, "will you give me leave to ask you a question? Do you observe nothing particular in my rhymes?" I was at a loss. "Why," says he, "I have heard you object against this sort of writing, because the same rhyme returned too often upon the ear—sometimes more than once in short copies written by great hands. Now I have not repeated the same rhyme in all these verses, except one in the Dialogue, where it was necessary to repeat the same words in two different stanzas."

I shall have trouble with this boy as he and I grow older. I see he will be an arrant patron of rhyme, and justify his opinion of it to my teeth. He has told me already that it was no constraint upon a good pen, for Mr. Dryden and Mr. Pope write as easily with rhyme as others do without it. But I will fold up this long letter, and plague you no further.

HORACE, L. III. O. 9.

Donec gratus eram tibi.

- H.* Whilst I was fond, and you were kind,
Nor any dearer youth reclined
On your soft bosom, sunk to rest,
Phraates was not half so blest.
- L.* Whilst you adored no other face,
Nor loved me in the second place,
My happy celebrated name
Outshone ev'n Ilia's envied fame.
- H.* Me Chloe now possesses whole,
Her voice and lyre command my soul;
Nor would I death itself decline,
Could her life ransomed be with mine.
- L.* For me young lovely Calais burns,
And warmth for warmth my heart returns.
Twice I would life with ease resign,
Could his be ransomed once with mine.
- H.* What if sweet Love whose bands we broke
Again should tame us to the yoke!
Should banished Chloe cease to reign,
And Lydia her lost power regain.
- L.* Though Hesperus be less fair than he,
Thou wilder than the raging sea,
Lighter than down, yet gladder I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

HORACE, L. IV., O. 3.

Quem tu Melpomene semel, etc.

He on whose birth the Lyric Queen
Of numbers smiles, shall never grace
The Isthmian gauntlet, nor be seen
First in the famed Olympic race.

He shall not after toils of war,
And taming haughty monarch's pride,
With laurelled brows, conspicuous far
To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride.

But him the streams that warbling flow,
Rich Tiber's flowery vale along,
And shady groves his haunts shall know
The Master of Æolian song.

The sons of Rome, majestic Rome,
Have fix'd me on the poet's quire.
And envy now or dead, or dumb,
Forbears to blame what they admire.

Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute,
Which thy harmonious touch obeys,
Who canst the finny race though mute
To cygnet's dying accents raise,
Thy gift it is that all with ease
Now see me near Apollo's throne
My new, unrivalled honours own :
That still I live, and living, please,
O Goddess, is thy gift alone.

16. POPE TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.¹

Feb. 8, 1721-2.

MY LORD,—It is so long since I had the pleasure of an hour with your lordship, that I should begin to think myself no longer *Amicus omnium horarum*, but for finding myself so in my constant thoughts of you. In those I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wish and hope one day to see you really) in my garden at Twitnam. When I went last to town, and was on wing for the deanery, I heard your lordship was gone the day before to Bromley, and there you continued till after my return hither. I sincerely wish you whatever you wish yourself, and all you wish

¹ First appeared in Cooper, 1737.

your friends or family. All I mean by this word or two, is just to tell you so, till in person I find you as I desire, that is, find you well. Easy, resigned, and happy you will make yourself, and (I believe) every body that converses with you; if I may judge of your power over other men's minds and affections, by that which you will ever have over those of yours, &c.

17. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.¹

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

PERMIT me, dear sir, to break into your retirement, and to desire of you a complete copy of these verses on Mr. Addison;² send me also your last resolution, which shall punctually be observed in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again solicited by another lord, to whom I have given the same answer as formerly. No small piece of your writing has been ever sought after so much. It has pleased every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed. For my part I should be so glad to see you finish something of that kind, that I could be content to be a little sneered at in a line or so, for the sake of the pleasure I should have in reading the rest. I have talked my sense of this matter to you once or twice, and now I put it under my hand, that you may see it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you, I cannot say. But it pleases me to have an opportunity of showing you how well I wish you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I desire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing, to which you will please to turn your pen. Not

¹ First appeared in 4to, 1737.

² An imperfect copy was got out, very much to the author's surprise, who never would give any.—NOTE to the 4to, 1737. This is the first

mention of the famous verses on 'Atticus.' The person intended was originally indicated by the initial and final letters of his name, A——n.

but that I have some little interest in the proposal, as I shall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in such different manners, and did such honour to his country and language; and yet was not displeased sometimes to read what was written by his humble servant.

18. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.

BROMLEY, *Wednesday Night*.

DEAR SIR,—I can give no judgment in the affair recommended to me by the enclosed, having no clear remembrance of those writings, though I once read them over with attention enough,—only in general I think that if that which is entirely new be in itself good it should come in first, because it will please most, and then the credit of that will carry off the other, which, perhaps, has less to recommend it, the Duchess's judgment in that case being right, I think, that the approbation given to it thus altered will center in the original author, and will derive no credit to what is to succeed it. But I speak at random. I think of being in town on Monday or Tuesday evening next—I hope by Monday, and to stay one or two days there. If it suits with your convenience to come to town I should be glad to have the affair of the inscription over. I am always yours.

19. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.

BROMLEY, *Friday Evening, 1722*.

DEAR SIR,—After you left me this morning Lord Bathurst came in, and he being in very good humour, I took the opportunity of recommending my gardener to him, who was then in the house, and has accepted upon the same terms that he served me. So I hope you did not see Lord B. to-day, nor will see him before this reaches you on Sunday morning. If, unluckily, that shall have proved the case, let

me know the particulars that passed that I may make amends for my mistake as far and as soon as possible.

I found on my coming hither, a riddle of the Duchess's,¹ which you only can explain. I send it you in her own words and hand, and expect the solution. You must seriously think of that matter of the dedication, and give her an explicit answer. It must be delayed no longer than till we meet at the Deanery. In order to it you shall know (if I myself have due notice) at what time I next come to town. And pray get me the sheets of both volumes² stitched up that I may cast my eye over them.

You are the first man I sent to and saw this morning, and the last man I desire to converse with this evening, though at 20 miles' distance from you.

Te veniente die, te decedente requiro.

Mrs. Robⁿ.³ haunts Bononcini, you follow her, and I plague you, which, with the liberty he sometimes took, Virgil has thus translated :—

*Torva læana lupum sequitur : lupus ipse capellum :
Te Corydon, ô Alexi.*

So much to show you that both in English and Latin, in verse and in prose, I am ever yours.

20.

POPE TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.⁴

March 14, 1721-2.

I WAS disappointed (much more than those who commonly use that phrase on such occasions) in missing you at the Deanery, where I lay solitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you, and I wish every thing may succeed as you desire in your own family,

¹ The Duchess of Buckingham.

² Of the late Duke's collected works, which the Duchess was then publishing.

³ Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, the singer, afterwards married to Lord Peterborough.

⁴ First appeared in 4to, 1737.

and in that which, I think, you no less account your own, and is no less your family, the whole world. For I take you to be one of the true friends of it, and to your power its protector. Though the noise and daily bustle for the public be now over, I dare say, a good man is still tendering its welfare; as the sun in the winter when seeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better season. No man wishes your lordship more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you should understand the value of it. But I do not wish you a jot less concerned or less active than you are, in all sincere, and therefore warm, desires of public good.

I beg the kindness (and it is for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as soon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper visit of a day or two: for hitherto I have not been your visitor, but your lodger, and I accuse myself of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no small satisfaction to me) but the best reason, the seeing a friend. As long, my lord, as you will let me call you so, (and I dare say you will, till I forfeit what, I think, I never shall, my veracity and integrity,) I shall esteem myself fortunate, in spite of the South-sea, Poetry, Popery, and Poverty.

I cannot tell you how sorry I am, you should be troubled anew by any sort of people. I heartily wish, *Quod superest, ut tibi vivas*—that you may teach me how to do the same: who without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as foolishly as if I were a great man. I am, &c.

21. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.¹

March 16, 1721-2.

As a visitant, a lodger, a friend, or under what other denomination soever, you are always welcome to me; and will

¹ First appeared in 4to, 1737.

be more so, I hope, every day that we live: for, to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myself, best when we have both of us least business. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the stations in which I was placed: but God, that knows my heart, knows I never loved it; and am still less in love with it than ever, as I find less temptation to act with any hope of success. If I am good for any thing, it is *in angulo cum libello*; and yet a good part of my time has been spent, and perhaps must be spent, far otherwise. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in my post, or in any respect, how little soever I may like my employment, and how hopeless soever I may be in the discharge of it.

In the mean time the judicious world is pleased to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart despise; let them think as they will, so I might be at liberty to act as I will, and spend my time in such a manner as is most agreeable to me. I cannot say I do so now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them could not use them to my satisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy manner;¹ and how long, or how little a while it may be so taken up God only knows, and to his will I implicitly resign myself in every thing. I am, &c.

22. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.²

BROMLEY, *March* [27],³ 1722.

DEAR SIR,—I am here still attending on my melancholy work, which is not likely to last long. Whenever the event happens I shall immediately exchange this place for the Deanery, and after staying there a few days, shall be willing to go to some other place where I may be more alone than

¹ In his lady's last sickness. —Note to the 4to, 1737.

² First appeared in the 4to, 1737.

³ So apparently dated in the

original. But the 17th must be intended, as Pope's letter of the 19th is evidently an answer to this.

I can be, either there or here. I know not how far it may be convenient for you to let me be with you on that occasion. If it be not, let me know your mind frankly. If it be I will endeavour to be as little troublesome to you as I can, for I will send my coach back, and keep only one, or at most two, servants with me whom one bed will hold. Your mother must be consulted in this case, but I desire that neither she nor you would mention it to any other person living. I am yours always most affectionately.

23. POPE TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.¹

March 19, 1721-2.

MY LORD,—I am extremely sensible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in absence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourself on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your good will, and of the warmth which is in you inseparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twitenham is a fresh instance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine season will set you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a mount, in a point of view to show you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I shall be in danger to boast, like Nebuchadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be turned to converse, not with the beasts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I shall take to be no great punishment. For indeed I heartily despise the ways of the world, and most of the great ones of it.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great !

And you may judge how comfortably I am strengthened in this opinion, when such as your lordship bear testimony to its

¹ First appeared in 4to, 1737.

vanity and emptiness. *Tinnit, inane est*; with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the best thing I have the luck to remember, in that great poet Quarles: not that I forget the devil at bowls, which I know to be your lordship's favourite cut, as well as favourite diversion.

The situation here is pleasant, and the view rural enough, to humour the most retired, and agree with the most contemplative. Good air, solitary groves, and sparing diet, sufficient to make you fancy yourself (what you are in temperance, though elevated into a greater figure by your station) one of the fathers of the desert. Here you may think (to use an author's words, whom you so justly prefer to all his followers, that you will receive them kindly, though taken from his worst work ¹)

That in Elijah's banquet you partake,
Or sit a guest with Daniel, at his pulse.

I am sincerely free with you, as you desire I should, and approve of your not having your coach here, for if you would see Lord C * * * or any body else, I have another chariot, besides that little one you laughed at when you compared me to Homer in a nut-shell. But if you would be entirely private, nobody shall know anything of the matter. Believe me, my Lord, no man is with more perfect acquiescence, nay, with more willing acquiescence (not even any of your own sons of the Church), your obedient, &c.

24. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.²

April 6, 1722.

UNDER all the leisure in the world, I have no leisure, no stomach to write to you. The gradual approaches of death

¹ The *Paradise Regained*. I suppose this was in compliment to the bishop. It could never be his own

opinion.—WARBURTON.

² First appeared in 4to, 1737.

are before my eyes.¹ I am convinced that it must be so ; and yet make a shift to flatter myself sometimes with the thought that it may possibly be otherwise. And that very thought, though it is directly contrary to my reason, does for a few moments make me easy—however, not easy enough in good earnest to think of any thing, but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not answer your kind letter : I shall answer it too soon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do so, no conveniences will be wanting : for I will see nobody but you and your mother and the servants. Visits to statesmen always were to me, and are now more than ever, insipid things ; let the men that expect, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage ; I am free. When I want them they shall hear of me at their doors : when they want me, I shall be sure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will despise me so much, and I shall court them so little, that we shall both of us keep our distance.

When I come to you, it is in order to be with you only ; a president of the council, or a star and garter, will make no more impression upon my mind, at such a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the sight of a puppet-show. I have said to Greatness some time ago—*Tuas tibi res habeto : Egomet curabo meas*. The time is not far off when we shall all be upon the level ; and I am resolved, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now ; for he is so, that neither seeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue and less pride, and then I will court them as much as any body. But till they resolve to distinguish themselves some way else than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and I think, I have a right) to be as proud as they are ; though I trust to God, my pride is neither of so odious a nature as theirs, nor of so mischievous a consequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking.

¹ His lady's last illness. She died April 26, 1722.—BOWLES.

When I sat down to write I intended only to excuse myself for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer, when I must dislodge. I am preparing for it; for I am at this moment building a vault in the Abbey, for me and mine. It was to be in the Abbey, because of my relation to the place; but it is at the west door of it; as far from kings and Cæsars as the space will admit of.

I know not but I may step to town to-morrow, to see how the work goes forward; but, if I do, I shall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this letter but that they tell me it will cost you nothing, and that our privilege of franking¹ (one of the most valuable we have left) is again allowed us. Your, &c.

25. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.²

BROMLEY, *May 25, 1722.*

I HAD much ado to get hither last night, the water being so rough that the ferry-men were unwilling to venture. The first thing I saw this morning after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindness of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aside between us for the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wishes you all manner of happiness. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleasing impression upon me that will not soon be effaced.

Lord Bolingbroke has pressed me terribly to see him at Dawley, and told me in a manner betwixt kindness and resentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twittenham.

¹ Dr. Warton says, "This is a peevish sentiment; surely more privileges were left; or rather, what privileges were taken away?" But Atterbury alludes here only to the temporary suspension of the privilege

of franking, by a dissolution of Parliament. This has not escaped Mr. Nichols's accurate research.—CHALMERS.

² First appeared in 4to, 1737.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it : and must expect that ill health will render a good share of it useless ; and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cherished, and not thrown away in compliment. You know the motto of my sun-dial, *Virite, ait, fugio*. I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unnecessary avocations and amusements. There are those that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like : if they persist in their intentions, I must apply myself to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that shall not hinder me from employing myself also in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one day shall have their share of it another ; that at last they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myself with the few (the very few) friends I like ; for that is the point, the single point I now aim at : though, I know, the generality of the world who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverse of this character belongs to me. I do not know how I have rambled into this account of myself ; when I sat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been sure without my telling you, that my right hand is at ease ; else I should not have overflowed at this rate. And yet I have not done, for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I understood, because it seems to tend towards employing me in something that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourself, and believe that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earnest on such an occasion than I, for I love you, as well as esteem you.

All the while I have been writing, Pain and a fine thrush have been severally endeavouring to call off my attention, but both in vain ; nor should I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me resolve to break through a new temptation, before it has taken too fast hold on me. I am, &c.

26. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.¹

June 15, 1722.

You have generally written first, after our parting; I will now be before-hand with you in my inquiries, how you got home, and how you do, and whether you met with Lord * * *, and delivered my civil reproach to him, in the manner I desired; I suppose you did not, because I have heard nothing either from you, or from him on that head; as, I suppose, I might have done if you had found him.

I am sick of these men of quality; and the more so, the oftener I have any business to transact with them. They look upon it as one of their distinguishing privileges, not to be punctual in any business, of how great importance soever; nor to set other people at ease, with the loss of the least part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpose? or how can I alter it?

I long to see the original MS. of Milton; but do not know how to come at it without your repeated assistance.

I hope you will not utterly forget what passed in the coach about Samson Agonistes. I shall not press you as to time, but, some time or other, I wish you would review, and polish² that piece. If upon a new perusal of it (which I desire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very spirit of the ancients, it deserves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and standard of tragic poetry—always allowing for its being a story taken out of the Bible; which is an objection that at this time of day I know is not to be got over. I am, &c.

¹ First appeared in 4to, 1737.

² What are we to think of a poem of Milton, *polished* even by Pope? Pope, however, did not *presume* to touch it; but the request of Atterbury must ever remain a monument,

I will not say of his *want* of taste, (for no one seems more pleased with Milton,) but of the *submission* of his taste, and almost faculties, where poetry was concerned, to Pope.—BOWLES.

27. POPE TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.¹

July 27 [1722].

I HAVE been as constantly at Twitenham as your lordship has at Bromley, ever since you saw Lord Bathurst. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lie at the Deanery, and moralize one evening with you on the vanity of human glory.

The Duchess's² letter concerns me nearly, and you know it, who know all my thoughts without disguise. I must keep clear of flattery; I will, and as this is an honest resolution, I dare hope your lordship will not be so unconcerned for my keeping it, as not to assist me in so doing. I beg therefore you would represent thus much at least to her Grace, that as to the fears she seems touched with, [That the Duke's memory should have no advantage but what he must give himself, without being beholden to any one friend,] your lordship may certainly, and agreeable to your character, both of rigid honour

¹ First appeared in 4to, 1737.

² The Duchess of Buckingham.—WARBURTON.

The Duchess of Buckingham was natural daughter of James II. "Atterbury, when at Paris," says Mr. Coxe, "frequently met her in the Bois de Boulogne, for the *ostensible* purpose of giving her his advice concerning the education of her son.* The real object of these conferences was not discovered until her arrival at Rome, when she prevailed on her brother† to remove Hay and Murray, and invest Atterbury with the principal management of his affairs."—BOWLES.

Of this lady the late Lord Orford has left a very amusing character, in his *Reminiscences*. The following

anecdote relates to the subject of her correspondence with Atterbury and Pope. She made a funeral for her husband, as splendid as that of the great Marlborough. She renewed that pageant for her only son, a weak lad, who died under age, and for herself; and prepared and decorated waxen dolls of him, and of herself, to be exhibited in glass-cases, in Westminster Abbey. It was for the procession at her son's burial, that she wrote to old Sarah of Marlborough, to borrow the triumphal car that had transported the corpse of the duke. "It carried my Lord Marlborough," replied the other, "and shall never be used for any body else." "I have consulted the undertaker," replied the Duchess of Buckingham, "and he tells me I may have a finer for twenty pounds." Orford's Works, vol. iv., p. 317.—CHALMERS.

* The "Patriot" youth on whom Pope wrote the epitaph.

† The Pretender.—BOWLES.

and Christian plainness, tell her, that no man can have any other advantage: and that all offerings of friends in such a case pass for nothing. Be but so good as to confirm what I have represented to her, that an inscription¹ in the ancient way, plain, pompous, yet modest, will be the most uncommon, and therefore the most distinguishing manner of doing it. And so, I hope, she will be satisfied, the Duke's honour be preserved, and my integrity also: which is too sacred a thing to be forfeited, in consideration of any little (or what people of quality may call great) honour or distinction whatever, which those of their rank can bestow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to over-rate, but never so much, as when they imagine us under any obligation to say one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you, my lord, for the kind transition you make from common business, to that which is the only real business of every reasonable creature. Indeed I think more of it than you imagine, though not so much as I ought. I am pleased with those Latin verses extremely, which are so very good that I thought them yours, till you called them an Horatian Cento, and then I recollected the *disjecta membra poetæ*. I will not pretend I am so totally in those sentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to be: you tell me I have them, as the civillest method to put me in mind how much it fits me to have them. I ought, first, to prepare my mind by a better knowledge even of good profane writers, especially the moralists, &c., before I can be worthy of tasting that supreme of books, and sublime of all writings; in which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may (if your friendship and charity toward me continue so far) be the best guide to your, &c.

¹ No doubt for the Duke's monument in Henry the 7th's Chapel.

28. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.¹

July 30, 1722.

I HAVE written to the duchess just as you desired, and referred her to our meeting in town for a further account of it. I have done it the rather because your opinion in the case is sincerely mine ; and if it had not been so, you yourself should not have induced me to give it. Whether, and how far she will acquiesce in it, I cannot say, especially in a case where she thinks the duke's honour concerned ; but should she seem to persist a little at present, her good sense (which I depend upon) will afterwards satisfy her that we are in the right.

I go to-morrow to the Deanery, and, I believe, I shall stay there, till I have said dust to dust, and shut up that last scene² of pompous vanity.

It is a great while for me to stay there at this time of year : and I know I shall often say to myself, while I am expecting the funeral :

O Rus, quando ego te aspiciam ! quandoque licebit
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivæ vitæ !

In that case I shall fancy I hear the ghost of the dead, thus entreating me :

At tu sacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Ossibus et capiti inhumato
Particulam dare——
Quamquam festinas, non est mora longa ; licebit.
Injecto ter pulvere, curras.

There is an answer for me somewhere in *Hamlet* to this request, which you remember, though I do not. *Poor ghost ! thou shalt be satisfied !*——or something like it. However that be, take care that you do not fail in your appointment, that the company of the living may make me some amends for my attendance on the dead.

¹ First appeared in 4to, 1737.

² This was the funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which the Bishop

colliated as Dean of Westminster, in August, 1722.—Note to 4to, 1737.

I know you will be glad to hear that I am well : I should always, could I always be here—

Sed me

Imperiosa trahit Proserpina : vive, valeque.

You are the first man I sent to this morning, and the last man I desire to converse with this evening, though at twenty miles distance from you :

Te, veniente die, te, decedente, requiro.

29. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.¹

THE TOWER, *April* 10, 1723.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before, and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me ; and will please myself with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection, as much as ever I did ; and that no accident of life, no distance of time, or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me ; who have loved and valued you, ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so ; as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if anything can be said to be to the purpose, in a case that is already determined. Let him know my Defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the despatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both ! and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you ! I know not but I may call upon

¹ First appeared in 4to, 1737.

you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the Deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider.¹ You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter, with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily and not without some degree of concern apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

Some natural tears he dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before him, where to choose
His place of rest, and *Providence* his guide.²

30. POPE TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.³

April 20, 1723.

It is not possible to express what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for some time past: and shall think of nothing so long for the time to come. The greatest comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey, to which I had brought that person⁴ to consent, who only could have hindered me, by a tie which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more strong than that of friendship. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or secret conveyance to secure it; which no bills can preclude, and no kings prevent; a way that

¹ Pope was called upon, and examined before the House of Lords, on the point above referred to.

The best report of Pope's evidence is to be found in Mr. Wynne's (counsel for the Bishop) summary of Pope's evidence, which is alluded to by the counsel for the Bill, and not

having been contradicted is admitted to be true.

² He repeated these lines to some of the upper scholars of Westminster school, who went to visit him in the Tower.—WARTON.

³ First appeared in 4to, 1737.

⁴ Pope's mother.—BOWLES.

can reach to any part of the world where you may be, where the very whisper or even the wish of a friend must not be heard, or even suspected. By this way I dare tell my esteem and affection of you, to your enemies, in the gates, and you, and they, and their sons, may hear of it.

You prove yourself, my lord, to know me for the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your defence, and your reputation by it, is a point of the highest concern to me: and assuring me, it shall be such, that none of your friends shall blush for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourself the best and most lasting justice; the instruments of your fame to posterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to some great and useful work, and calls you to it this severe way? You may more eminently and more effectually serve the public even now, than in the stations you have so honourably filled. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon.¹ Is it not the latter, the disgraced part of their lives, which you most envy, and which you would choose to have lived?

I am tenderly sensible of the wish you express, that no part of your misfortune may pursue me. But, God knows, I am every day less and less fond of my native country (so torn as it is by party-rage), and begin to consider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleasing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I shall think oftener or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a state between both, in which you will have from me all the passions and

¹ Clarendon indeed wrote his best works in his banishment; but the best of Bacon's were written before

his disgrace; and the best of Cicero's after his return from exile.—WARBURTON.

warm wishes that can attend the living, and all the respect and tender sense of loss, that we feel for the dead. And I shall ever depend upon your constant friendship, kind memory, and good offices, though I were never to see or hear the effects of them : like the trust we have in benevolent spirits, who though we never see or hear them, we think are constantly serving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me. And every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten (nay, to be but faintly remembered) the honour, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguished me, how cordially you have advised me ! In conversation, in study, I shall always want you, and wish for you ; in my most lively and in my most thoughtful hours I shall equally bear about me the impressions of you ; and perhaps it will not be in this life only, that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester.

31. POPE TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.¹

[May], 1723.

MY LORD,—While yet I can write to you I must and will correspond with you, till the very moment that it is felony,² and when I can no longer write to you I will write of you. To tell you that my heart is full of your defence is no more than I believe the worst enemy you have must own of his. You have really without a figure, had all the triumph that ancient eloquence boasts of. Their passions and consciences have done you right, though their votes will not. You have met with the fate, frequent to great and good men, to gain applause where you are denied justice. Let me take the only

¹ First appeared in 4to, 1737.

² See following note,

occasion I have had in the whole series of your misfortunes to congratulate you—not you only, but posterity, on this noble defence. I already see in what lustre that innocence is to appear to other ages, which this has overborne and oppressed. I know perfectly well what a share of credit it will be to have appeared on your side, or to have been called your friend. I am far prouder of that word you publicly spoke of me than of anything I have yet heard of myself in my whole life. Thanks be to God that I, a private man, concerned in no judicature, and employed in no public cause, have had the honour, in this great and shining incident (which will make the first figure in the history of this time), to enter as it were my protest to your innocency, and my declaration of your friendship. Be assured, my dear lord, no time shall ever efface the memory of that from my heart, should I be denied the power of expressing it evermore with my pen in this manner. But could that permission be obtained which you had once the extreme goodness to think of asking (even of those from whom you would ask nothing, I believe, but what lies very near your heart), could the permission of corresponding be obtained, I do assure you I would leave off all other writing and apply it wholly to you, where it would please me best, and to the amusement, or, if I could be so happy as to say comfort of your exile, till God and your innocence, which will support you in it, restore you from it, than which there is not a sincerer, or warmer prayer, my lord, in the breast of your ever obliged and affectionate friend.

32.

POPE TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

[May], 1723.¹

ONCE more I write to you as I promised, and this once, I

¹ First appeared in 4to, 1737; there dated 2nd May, 1723; May, 1723, in Cooper 1737, and so in Warburton; 17th May, 1723, in Warton

and Bowles. But, looking to the first words of the preceding letter, which in the Atterbury Correspondence (published by the Camden

fear, will be the last !¹ The curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go ! If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best ; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future ; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies ; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all posterity : and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critic on the past ? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it : the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility ; and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents not to serve a party or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it ; to shine abroad

Society, and edited by Mr. Nichols), is dated *June*, it would seem probable that both letters were written in the latter month. See the following note.

¹ If the date be *May*, he must

mean that he fears this will be the last letter because the Bill was sure to pass, as it did pass on the 26th May ; but the penalties on corresponding,* &c., did not commence until 25th June.

and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time, that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death. But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished in the noblest minds; but revenge never will harbour there. Higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men, whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life,¹ as one just upon the edge of immortality; where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views, and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

I am with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame as well as happiness, your, &c.

¹ The Bishop of Rochester went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which

happened at Paris, on the fifteenth day of February in the year 1732.—Note to 4to, 1737.

33. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE,¹

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

MONTPELIER, Nov. 20, 1729.²

I AM not yet master enough of myself, after the late wound I have received, to open my very heart to you, and I am not content with less than that, whenever I converse with you. My thoughts are at present vainly, but pleasingly employed, on what I have lost, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reason, to call them off to other subjects, but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and suffering them to spend their force, I hope in some time to check and subdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus percussus, huic uni me imparem sensi, et pæne succubui.* This is weakness, not wisdom, I own; and on that account fitter to be trusted to the bosom of a friend, where I may safely lodge all my infirmities. As soon as my mind is in some measure corrected and calmed, I will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it to something of use and moment; if I have still life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preserving. In the meantime I shall be pleased to hear that you proceed in what you intend, without any such melancholy interruptions as I have met with. Your mind is as yet unbroken by age and ill accidents, your knowledge and judgment are at the height: use them in writing somewhat that may teach the present and future times, and if not gain equally the applause of both, may yet raise the envy of the one, and secure the admiration of the other.³ Employ not your precious moments and great talents on little men and

¹ Warburton, viii. 138.

² The original of this letter, as published by Mr. Nichols, begins thus: "Yes, dear Sir, I have had all you designed for me, and have read all (as I read whatever you write) with esteem and pleasure. But your last

letter, full of friendship and goodness, gave me such impressions of concern and tenderness, as neither I can express, nor you, perhaps, with all the force of your imagination, fully conceive."

³ In the original: "Remember,

little things; but choose a subject every way worthy of you, and handle it as you can, in a manner which nobody else can equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any, are not what they were: and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

—— gelidus tardante senectâ
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effæto in corpore vires.

However, I should be ungrateful to this place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the gout in the south of France, much more than I did at Paris; though even there I sensibly improved.¹ I believe my cure had been perfected, but the earnest desire of meeting one I dearly loved,² called me abruptly to Montpellier; where after continuing two months, under the cruel torture of a sad and fruitless expectation, I was forced at last to take a long journey to Toulouse; and even there I had missed the person I sought, had she not, with great spirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to see me, which she above all things desired to do before she died. By that means she was brought where I was, between seven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterwards; which time was not lost on either side, but passed in such a manner as gave great satisfaction to both, and such as, on her part, every way became her circumstances and character. For she had her senses to the very last gasp, and exerted them to give me in those few hours, greater marks of duty and love than she had done in all her lifetime, though she had never been wanting in either.³ The last words she said to me were the kindest of all; a reflection on the goodness of God, which had allowed us in this manner to

Virgil died at 52, and Horace at 58; and as bad as both their constitutions were, yours is yet more delicate and tender."

¹ In the original is a long paragraph, giving an account of his case having been mismanaged by a phy-

sician, who prescribed a milk diet.

² His daughter, Mrs. Morice.

³ This passage probably suggested Pope's epitaph in dialogue between the Bishop and his daughter, on which Dr. Johnson has made so unjust and unfeeling a remark.—ROSCOE.

meet once more, before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, she laid herself on her pillow, in a sleeping posture,

Placidâque ibi demum morte quievit.

Judge you, sir, what I felt, and still feel on this occasion, and spare me the trouble of describing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter strangers, how shall I find out proper reliefs and supports? I can have none, but those with which Reason and Religion furnish me, and those I lay hold on, and grasp as fast as I can. I hope that He, who laid the burden upon me (for wise and good purposes no doubt), will enable me to bear it, in like manner as I have borne others, with some degree of fortitude and firmness.

You see how ready I am to relapse into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter. I shall probably again commit the same fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I stop short here, and with all sincerity, affection, and esteem, bid you adieu! till we meet either in this world, if God pleases, or else in another.¹ I am, &c.

34.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO POPE.²

PARIS, Nov. 23, 1731.

You will wonder to see me in print; but how could I avoid it? The dead and the living, my friends and my foes, at home and abroad, called upon me to say something; and the

His body was brought to England, and interred on May 12, 1732, in his vault in Westminster Abbey: his bowels were in an urn thus inscribed:

"In hæc urnâ depositi sunt cineres
"FRANCISCI ATTERBURY Episcopi Rof-
fensis."

The Inscription was intended to be longer, containing very severe sarcasms on his trial and banishment, and ending thus:

"Cavete, Posterî!
Hoc Facinus, conscivit, aggressus est, per-
petravit, (Episcoporum præcipuè suf-
fragiis adjutus,) Robertus iste
Walpole,
"Quem nulla nesciet Posteritas!"

—Epistolary Correspondence published by Mr. Nichols, vol. i. p. 302.

² Cooper's Edition, 1735. Not in 4to. Re-appears in Warburton.

In Cooper, 1735, it is dated 23rd Nov. 1732; but Atterbury died May

reputation of an History¹ which I and all the world value, must have suffered, had I continued silent. I have printed it here, in hopes that somebody may venture to reprint it in England, notwithstanding those two frightening words at the close of it.² Whether that happens or not, it is fit you should have a sight of it, who, I know, will read it with some degree of satisfaction, as it is mine, though it should have (as it really has) nothing else to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto*; for that may well be the case, considering that within a few months I am entering into my seventieth year: after which, even the healthy and the happy cannot much depend upon life, and will not, if they are wise, much desire it. Whenever I go, you will lose a friend who loves and values you extremely, if in my circumstances I can be said to be lost to any one, when dead, more than I am already whilst living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr. Morice, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himself in a fault, for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiss that you forbore writing, on a head wherein I promised more than I was able to perform. Disgraced men fancy sometimes that they preserve an influence, where, when they endeavour to exert it, they soon see their mistake. I did so, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You sounded the coast, and found out my error, it seems, before I was aware of it: but enough on this subject.

What are they doing in England to the honour of letters: and particularly what are you doing? *Iipse quid audes? Quæ circumvolitas agilis Thyra?* Do you pursue the moral plan you marked out, and seemed sixteen months ago³ so intent upon? Am I to see it perfected it ere I die, and are

1732; it is corrected in Warburton, 1751.

¹ E. of Clarendon's.—WARBURTON.

² The Bishop's name set to his Vindication of Bishop Smaulridge, Dr. Aldrich, and himself from the scanda-

lous reflections of Oldmixon, relating to the publication of Lord Clarendon's History. Paris, 1731, 4to, since reprinted in England.—POPE.

³ So that the plan for the Essay on Man was laid 1729.—WARTON.

you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? Or do you rather choose to leave the marks of your friendship, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by those who survive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I should hope to peep into the manuscript before it was finished. But, alas! there is, and will ever probably be, a great deal of land and sea between us. How many books have come out of late in your parts, which you think I should be glad to peruse? Name them: the catalogue, I believe, will not cost you much trouble. They must be good ones indeed, to challenge any part of my time, now I have so little of it left. I, who squandered whole days heretofore, now husband hours when the glass begins to run low, and care not to misspend them on trifles. At the end of the lottery of life, our last minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, rise in their valuation. They are not of so much worth perhaps in themselves as those which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with reason. I do so, my dear friend, and yet think the most precious minutes of my life are well employed in reading what you write. But this is a satisfaction I cannot much hope for, and therefore must betake myself to others less entertaining. Adieu! dear Sir, and forgive me engaging with one, whom you, I think, have reckoned among the heroes of the Dunciad.¹ It was necessary for me either to accept of his dirty challenge, or to have suffered in the esteem of the world by declining it.

My respects to your mother; I send one of these papers for Dean Swift, if you have an opportunity, and think it worth while to convey it. My country at this distance seems to me a strange sight, I know not how it appears to you, who are in the midst of the scene, and yourself a part of it; I wish you would tell me. You may write safely to Mr. Morice, by the honest hand that conveys this, and will return into these parts before Christmas; sketch out a rough draught of it, that I may be able to judge whether a return to it be really eligible,

¹ Oldmixon.

or whether I should not, like the chemist in the bottle, upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain, desire to be corked up again.

After all, I do and must love my country, with all its faults and blemishes; even that part of the constitution which wounded me unjustly, and itself through my side, shall ever be dear to me. My last wish shall be like that of father Paul, *Esto perpetua!* And when I die at a distance from it, it will be in the same manner as Virgil describes the expiring Peloponnesian,

Sternitur——et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

Do I still live in the memory of my friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of your paper-squabbles about me, and am glad to see such free concessions on that head, though made with no view of doing me a pleasure, but merely of loading another. I am, &c.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY.

FROM 1717 TO 1726.

ROBERT DIGBY was second son of William, fifth Lord Digby, by Jane, second daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough. He was born at Sherborne, and was educated at Magdalen College, where his elder brother, his father, grandfather, and other ancestors, had been admitted members.

His brother John died unmarried in 1717, and was buried in Sherborne church. As it appears from the Lords' Journals, that he must have been of a far different character and temper from his brother, the hopes of the family, and of his friends, rested upon the amiable young man who is the subject of the following letters.

He took the degree of Master of Arts, October 17, 1711; and, in 1722, was returned to parliament for the county of Warwick; but owing to a weak constitution, which, it appears from the date of this letter, must have been for many years gradually undermining his health, he, after nearly ten years of intermingled hope and anxiety, sunk at last, and was buried at Sherborne. The epitaph written by Pope, for him, and his sister Mary, eldest daughter of Lord Digby, who died soon afterwards, is inscribed on a black marble tablet.—BOWLES.

1. POPE TO THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY.

June 2, 1717.¹

I HAD pleased myself sooner in writing to you, but that I had been your successor in a fit of sickness, and am not yet so much recovered, but that I have thoughts of using your physicians.² They are as grave persons as any of the faculty,

¹ In the edition of 1735, the letter was dated: "Chiswick, Jan. 2, 1717." In the 4to Chiswick was omitted, and the date altered to June 2.

In the edition of 1735, the letter

concludes thus: "Know me to be always (whether I live, die, or am damn'd as a poet) Yours," &c.

² Asses.—Note to the Edition of 1735.

and (like the ancients) carry their own medicaments about with them. But, indeed, the moderns are such lovers of raillery, that nothing is grave enough to escape them. Let them laugh, but people will still have their opinions : as they think our doctors asses to them, we will think them asses to our doctors.

I am glad you are so much in a better state of health, as to allow me to jest about it. My concern, when I heard of your danger, was so very serious, that I almost take it ill Dr. Evans' should tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more such people were to leave the world, I would not give sixpence to stay in it.

I am not so much concerned as to the point whether you are to live fat or lean ; most men of wit or honesty are usually decreed to live very lean : so I am inclined to the opinion that it is decreed you shall ; however, be comforted, and reflect, that you will make the better busto for it.

It is something particular in you, not to be satisfied with sending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance, continue the frolic. Mr. Warton² forced me to take *Gorboduc*, which has since done me great credit with several people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham some diskindness, in showing there is as much difference between their *Gorboduc* and this,

¹ Dr. Evans, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. See *Dunciad*, Bk. II. 116, and note.

² The person here mentioned was my father, a fellow of Magdalen College in Oxford, and afterwards Professor of Poetry ; who was an intimate friend of Mr. Digby, of whose piety and goodness of heart he used to relate many instances. *Gorboduc* was the first drama in our language that was like a regular tragedy. It was first exhibited in the hall of the Temple, and afterwards before Q. Elizabeth, 1561. It was written by Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst ; the ori-

ginal contriver of the *Mirror of Magistrates*. He was assisted in it by Thomas, a translator of some of the Psalms. Mr. Spence, who succeeded my father as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, printed an edition of *Gorboduc* from this very copy of Pope, 1736, with a dedication to his friend Lord Middlesex ; a man of taste, and descendant of Lord Buckhurst. From this letter of Pope it appears how little at that time was known of our ancient poets. For a full account of *Gorboduc*, see the *History of English Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 536, by Mr. Thomas Warton.—WARTON.

as between Queen Anne and King George. It is truly a scandal, that men should write with contempt of a piece which they never once saw, as those two poets did, who were ignorant even of the sex, as well as sense, of Gorboduc.¹

Adieu! I am going to forget you: this minute you took up all my mind; the next I shall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briseïs. I shall be Achilles's humble servant these two months (with the good leave of all my friends). I have no ambition so strong at present, as that noble one of Sir Salathiel Lovel, recorder of London, to furnish out a decent and plentiful execution of Greeks and Trojans.² It is not to be expressed how heartily I wish the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preserve me in the day of battle, which is just approaching! Join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always. Your, &c.

2. POPE TO THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY.³

LONDON, *March 31, 1718.*

To convince you how little pain I give myself in corresponding with men of good nature and good understanding, you see I omit to answer your letters till a time, when another man would be ashamed to own he had received them. If therefore you are ever moved on my account by that spirit which I take to be as familiar to you as a quotidian ague, I mean the spirit of goodness, pray never stint it, in any fear of obliging me to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare trust you, sir,

¹ He refers to Dryden's dedication to the "Rival Ladies," in which the latter mistook Gorboduc's sex. Oldham, following him, says in his 'Horace':—

When Bussy d'Ambois and his fustian took,
And men were ravished with Queen Gorboduc."

² This allusion, whether in jest or earnest, is obscure. Sir Salathiel Lovel was made Recorder in 1692, and held that office until 1708, when he was promoted to be a Baron of the Exchequer. During his time, the laws against the Papists were frequently enforced.—CHALMERS.

³ First appeared in edition 1735.

not only with my folly when I write, but with my negligence when I do not; and expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you through the rest of this paper, it should be spotted and diversified with conceits all over: you should be put out of breath with laughter at each sentence, and pause at each period, to look back over how much wit you have passed. But I have found by experience that people now-a-days regard writing as little as they do preaching:¹ the most we can hope is to be heard just with decency and patience, once a week, by folks in the country. Here in town we hum over a piece of fine writing, and we whistle at a sermon. The stage is the only place we seem alive at. There indeed we stare, and roar, and clap hands for K. George and the government.² As for all other virtues but this loyalty, they are an obsolete train, so ill-dressed, that men, women, and children, hiss them out of all good company. Humility knocks so sneakingly at the door, that every footman out-raps it, and makes it give way to the free entrance of pride, prodigality, and vain-glory.

My Lady Scudamore,³ from having rusticated in your company too long, really behaves herself scandalously among us: she pretends to open her eyes for the sake of seeing the sun, and to sleep because it is night; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have said her prayers before; talks, without any manner of shame, of good books, and has not seen Cibber's play of the Nonjuror.⁴ I rejoiced the other day

¹ This paragraph is in some places verbatim from a letter to Caryll of 29 March [1718].

² Cibber says in his letter to Pope: "This could be meant of no play but the Non-Juror, because no other had made the enemies of the King and Government so ridiculous."

³ Frances, only daughter of Simon, fourth Lord Digby, married James, third and last Viscount Scudamore, who died 1716, leaving an only

daughter, married first to Henry Duke of Beaufort, by whom she had no issue, and secondly to Colonel Charles Fitzroy. "My Lady Scudamore" of the letter died in May, 1729.

She appears in Gay's poem, "Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece: "

See next the decent Scudamore advance.

⁴ Produced at Drury Lane, 6 Dec. 1717. "I presume, at least," says Cibber, "she had heard Mr. Pope's

to see a libel on her toilet, which gives me some hope that you have, at least, a taste of scandal left you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wish you well; but as I cannot entirely desire the ruin of all the joys of this city, so all that remains is to wish you would keep your happiness to yourselves, that the happiest here may not die with envy at a bliss which they cannot attain to. I am, &c.

3.

THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY TO POPE.¹COLESHILL, *April 17, 1718.*

I HAVE read your letter over and over with delight. By your description of the town, I imagine it to lie under some great enchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining, since you do not fly those horrible monsters, rapine, dissimulation, and luxury, that a magic circle is drawn about you, and you cannot escape. We are here in the country in quite another world, surrounded with blessings and pleasures, without any occasion of exercising our irascible faculties; indeed we cannot boast of good-breeding and the art of life, but yet we do not live unpleasantly in primitive simplicity and good humour. The fashions of the town affect us but just like a raree-show; we have a curiosity to peep at them, and nothing more. What you call pride, prodigality, and vain-glory, we cannot find in pomp and splendour at this distance; it appears to us a fine glittering scene, which if we do not envy you, we think you happier than we are, in your enjoying it. Whatever you may think to persuade us of the humility of virtue, and her appearing in rags amongst you, we can never believe: our uninformed minds represent her so noble to us, that we necessarily annex splendour to her: and we could as soon

opinion of it, and then indeed the lady might be in the right (Cibber's

Letter to Pope, p. 29).

¹ First appeared in the 4to, 1737.

imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I cannot forbear telling you we indeed read the spoils of Rapine as boys do the English Rogue, and hug ourselves full as much over it; yet our roses are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleasure of hearing (when you are at leisure) how soon I may expect to see the next volume of Homer. I am, &c.

4. POPE TO THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY.¹

May 1, 1720.

You will think me very full of myself, when after long silence (which however, to say truth, has rather been employed to contemplate of you, than to forget you) I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finishing a book, as in concluding a session of Parliament, one always thinks it will be very soon, and finds it very late. There are many unlooked-for incidents to retard the clearing any public account, and so I see it is in mine. I have plagued myself, like great ministers, with undertaking too much for one man; and with a desire of doing more than was expected from me, have done less than I ought.

For having designed four very laborious and uncommon sort of indexes to Homer, I am forced, for want of time, to publish two only: the design of which you will own to be pretty, though far from being fully executed. I have also been obliged to leave unfinished in my desk the heads of two Essays, one on the Theology and Morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they must wait for future editions, or perish: and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem*. I think of you every day, I assure you, even without such good memorials of you as your sisters, with whom I sometimes talk of you, and find it one of the most agreeable of all subjects to them. My

¹ First appeared in the edition of 1735.

Lord Digby must be perpetually remembered by all who ever knew him, or knew his children. There needs no more than acquaintance with your family, to make all elder sons' wish they had fathers to their lives' end.

I cannot touch upon the subject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old woman, who has a sincere, hearty, old-fashioned respect for you, and constantly blames her son for not having writ to you oftener to tell you so.

I very much wish (but what signifies my wishing? My Lady Scudamore² wishes, your sisters wish) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful contrast this season affords us, of the town and the country. No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is (and what your friend Mr. Johnston³ of Twickenham is) in this warmer season. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded sun, at the same time that its banks retain the verdure of showers; our gardens are offering their first nosegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour; the birds are paying their thanksgiving songs for the new habitations I have made them: my building rises high enough to attract the eye and curiosity of the passenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he inquires what house is falling, or what church is rising? So little taste have our common Tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their streams,⁴ my Tuscan porticos, or Ionic pilasters.

- But (to descend from all this pomp of style) the best account of what I am building is, that it will afford me a few pleasant

¹ The elder son dying in 1717, Robert was now the heir apparent to the title and property.—BOWLES.

² Lady Scudamore, I apprehend, had a house at Twickenham, where Digby's sisters sometimes resided.—BOWLES.

³ Old Secretary Johnston, for whom see *Moral Essay*, i. 158, and Pope's *Imitation of Spenser*, vol. iv. p. 428.

⁴ In the British Museum, the various designs and elevations, by his own hand, on the backs of letters, may be seen.—BOWLES.

rooms for such a friend as yourself, or a cool situation for an hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when she will do me the honour (at this public house on the road) to drink her own cyder.¹

The moment I am writing this, I am surprised with the account of the death of a friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a mere jest! Buildings, gardens, writings, pleasures, works of whatever stuff man can raise! None of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a creature that is mortal, or of satisfying a soul that is immortal! Dear sir, I am, &c.

5. THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY TO POPE.²

May 21, 1720.

YOUR letter, which I had two posts ago, was very medicinal to me; and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was sick of the thoughts of my not having in all this time given you any testimony of the affection I owe you, and which I as constantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troublesome ill to me, till, after reading your letter, I found it was a most idle weak imagination to think I could so offend you. Of all the impressions you have made upon me, I never received any with greater joy than this of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be assured of some share of your affections.

I had many other pleasures from your letter; that your mother remembers me, is a very sincere joy to me: I cannot but reflect how alike you are; from the time you do any one a favour, you think yourselves obliged as those that have received one. This is indeed an old-fashioned respect, hardly to be found out of your house. I have great hopes, however,

¹ The same Scudamore is well known in the annals of Cyder; an excellent apple being still called by that name, which is mentioned with due honour in Phillips's poem. This

may appear insignificant; but it illustrates Pope's meaning, which every one may not understand.—BOWLES.

² First appeared in the 4to, 1737.

to see many old-fashioned virtues revive, since you have made our age in love with Homer ; I heartily wish you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of seeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I should congratulate your having finished Homer, while the two essays you mention are not completed ; but if you expect no great trouble from finishing these, I heartily rejoice with you.

I have some faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here see round me. The verdure of showers is poured upon every tree and field about us ; the gardens unfold variety of colours to the eye every morning ; the hedges' breath is beyond all perfume, and the song of birds we hear as well as you. But though I hear and see all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you was here. I found the want of these at Twickenham while I was there with you, by which I guess what an increase of charms it must now have. How kind is it in you to wish me there, and how unfortunate are my circumstances that allow me not to visit you ! If I see you, I must leave my father alone, and this uneasy thought would disappoint all my proposed pleasures ; the same circumstances will prevent my prospect of many happy hours with you in Lord Bathurst's wood, and I fear of seeing you till winter, unless Lady Seudamore comes to Sherborne, in which case I shall press you to see Dorsetshire, as you proposed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite portico ! Your, &c.

6. THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY TO POPE.¹

SHERBORNE, *July 9, 1720.*

THE London language and conversation is, I find, quite changed since I left it, though it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever astonished a philosopher so much as this does me. I hope

¹ First appeared in the 4to, 1737.

this will calm all party rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late obtained in conversation. All scandal will sure be laid aside, for there can be no such disease any more as spleen in this new Golden Age. I am pleased with the thoughts of seeing nothing but a general good humour when I come up to town; I rejoice in the universal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me, you was soon content; and that you cared not for such an increase as others wished you. By this account I judge you the richest man in the South-Sea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wish you only an increase of health, for of riches and fame you have enough. Your, &c.

7. POPE TO THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY.¹

July 20, 1720.

YOUR kind desire to know the state of my health had not been unsatisfied so long, had not that ill state been the impediment. Nor should I have seemed an unconcerned party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from Lady Scudamore, whose short *échantillon* of a letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the short glimpse of a vision afforded to some devout hermit; for it includes (as those revelations do) a promise of a better life in the Elysian groves of Cirencester,² whither, I could say almost in the style of a sermon, the Lord bring us all, &c. Thither may we tend, by various ways, to one blissful bower: thither may health, peace, and good humour wait upon us as associates; thither may whole cargoes of nectar (liquor of life and longevity!) by mortals called spa-water, be conveyed; and there (as Milton has it) may we, like the deities,

On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh garlands crown'd,
Quaff immortality and joy!

When I speak of garlands, I should not forget the green

¹ First appeared in the edition of 1735.

² At Lord Bathurst's.

vestments and scarfs, which your sisters promised to make for this purpose. I expect you, too, in green, with a hunting-horn by your side and a green hat, the model of which you may take from Osborne's description of King James the First.¹

What words, what numbers, what oratory, or what poetry, can suffice to express how infinitely I esteem, value, love, and desire you all, above all the great ones of this part of the world; above all the Jews, jobbers, bubblers, [subscribers, projectors, directors, governors, treasurers, &c., &c., &c., in *sæcula sæculorum*.

Turn your eyes and attention from this miserable mercenary period; and turn yourself, in a just contempt of these sons of Mammon, to the contemplation of books, gardens, and marriage; in which I now leave you, and return (wretch that I am) to water-gruel and Palladio. I am, &c.

8. THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY TO POPE.²

SHERBORNE, July 30.

I CONGRATULATE you,³ dear sir, on the return of the Golden Age; for sure this must be such, in which money is showered down in such abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral Golden Age to us. I have some omens to induce me to believe it may; for when the muses delight to be near a court, when I find you frequently with a first-minister, I cannot but expect from such an intimacy an encouragement and revival of the polite arts. I know, you desire to bring them into honour, above the golden image which is set up and worshipped; and, if you cannot effect it, adieu to all such hopes. You seem to intimate in yours another face of things from this inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour would no more engage our passions in the pleasurable pursuit

¹ Francis Osborne, author of 'The Secret History of the Court of James I.'

³ Written during the delusion of the famous South-sea scheme.—WARTON.

² First appeared in 4to, 1737.

of them, though assisted by this increase ; if so, and if monsters only as various as those of Nile arise from this abundance, who that has any spleen about him will not haste to town to laugh ? What will become of the play-house ? who will go thither while there is such entertainment in the streets ? I hope we shall neither want good satire nor comedy ; if we do, the age may well be thought barren of geniuses, for none has ever produced better subjects. Your, &c.

9. THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY TO POPE.¹

COLESHILL, Nov. 12, 1720.

I FIND in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the public spirit so much admired in old Rome, of sacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the commonwealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have suffered in the S. Sea, than for the public, which is said to be undone by it. But, I hope, the reason is, that I do not see so evidently the ruin of the public to be a consequence of it, as I do the loss of my friends. I fear there are few besides yourself that will be persuaded by old Hesiod, that *half is more than the whole*. I know not whether I do not rejoice in your sufferings;² since they have shown me your mind is principled with such a sentiment, I assure you I expect from it a performance greater still than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind :

Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus alumno ?

Believe me, dear sir, no equipage could show you to my eye in so much splendour. I would not indulge this fit of philosophy so far as to be tedious to you, else I could prosecute it with pleasure.

I long to see you, your mother, and your villa ; till then I will say nothing of Lord Bathurst's wood, which I saw on my

¹ First appeared in 4to, 1737.

Satire, Book ii. of Horace.—WAR-

² See note on v. 139 of the second

BURTON.

return hither. Soon after Christmas I design for London, where I shall miss Lady Scudamore very much, who intends to stay in the country all winter. I am angry with her, as I am like to suffer by this resolution, and would fain blame her but cannot find a cause. The man is cursed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen, yet I can use it with pleasure to send my services to your good mother, and to write myself, your, &c.

10.

POPE TO THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY.¹

Sept. 1, 1722.

DOCTOR ARBUTHNOT is going to Bath, and will stay there a fortnight or more : perhaps you would be comforted to have a sight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. Mary Digby : she needed only to follow his hints, to be in eternal business and amusement of mind, and even as active as she could desire. But indeed, I fear she would out-walk him ; for (as Dean Swift observed to me the very first time I saw the doctor) "He is a man that can do every thing but walk." His brother, who is lately come into England, goes also to the Bath ; and is a more extraordinary man than he, worth your going thither on purpose to know him. The spirit of philanthropy, so long dead to our world, is revived in him : he is a philosopher all of fire ; so warmly, nay, so wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own vortex. He is a star that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world that would serve a friend, yet he is the only one, I believe, that could make even an enemy serve a friend.

¹ First appeared in the edition of 1735 ; the year 1722 was added in the 4to, 1737. Arbuthnot was at Bath in Sept. 1722. In the edition of 1735 the letter begins, "*Your doctor is going to Bath.*"

As all human life is chequered and mixed with acquisitions and losses, (though the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former lasting or satisfactory,) so at the time I have gained the acquaintance of one worthy man, I have lost another, a very easy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour, Mr. Stonor.¹ It is certain the loss of one of this character puts us naturally upon setting a greater value on the few that are left, though the degree of our esteem may be different. Nothing, says Seneca, is so melancholy a circumstance in human life, or so soon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and prospect of one friend after another dropping round us. Who would stand alone, the sole remaining ruin, the last tottering column of all the fabric of friendship once so large, seemingly so strong, and yet so suddenly sunk and buried? I am, &c.

11. POPE TO THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY.²

1722.

YOUR making a sort of apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I know I did not intend to be so, and (what is the happiest knowledge in the world) I know you will forgive me; for sure nothing is more satisfactory than to be certain of such a friend as will overlook one's failings, since every such instance is a conviction of his kindness.

If I am all my life to dwell in intentions, and never to rise to actions, I have but too much need of that gentle dispo-

¹ Thomas Stonor, Esq.—BOWLES. There were two Thomas Stonors known to Pope—Stonor of Bedfordshire and Stonor of Twickenham. My "gentlemanly neighbour" applies rather to the Twickenham Stonor. The Thomas Stonor of Bedfordshire was probably the subscriber to the *Iliad* and the person mentioned in Gay's 'Welcome.'

² First published in the edition of 1735. The letter to Martha Blount describing Sherborne is dated 22nd June. The *Whitchall Evening Post* of 8th May announces, "That the ground was yesterday marked out for the camp in Hyde Park," &c., therefore the letter must have been written between these two dates.

sition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myself, and fully purpose to make you a visit this summer at Sherborne. I am told, you are all upon removal very speedily, and that Mrs. Mary Digby talks in a letter to Lady Seudamore, of seeing my Lord Bathurst's wood in her way. How much I wish to be her guide through that enchanted forest is not to be expressed. I look upon myself as the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the recesses of those sacred shades. I could pass whole days, in only describing to her the future, and as yet visionary beauties that are to rise in those scenes; the palace that is to be built, the pavilions that are to glitter, the colonnades that are to adorn them. Nay more, the meeting of the Thames and the Severn,' which (when the noble owner has finer dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's embraces through secret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they rise and celebrate their marriage in the midst of an immense amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration of posterity a hundred years hence. But till the destined time shall arrive that is to manifest these wonders, Mrs. Digby must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the finest wood in England.

The objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different nature. Women of quality are all turned followers of the camp in Hyde Park this year, whither all the town resort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, &c. The Scythian ladies that dwelt in the waggons of war, were not more closely attached to the luggage. The matrons, like those of Sparta, attend their sons to the field, to be the witnesses of their glorious deeds; and the maidens, with all

¹ Such has been the rapid improvement in every thing relating to general and public utility, in the course of much less than a hundred years, that what Pope and Bathurst considered as "such things as dreams are made

of," the junction of the Thames and Severn, has actually taken place; and the "admiration" is, that it could be so long before it was effected.—BOWLES.

their charms displayed, provoke the spirit of the soldiers. Tea and coffee supply the place of Lacedemonian black broth. This camp seems crowned with perpetual victory, for every sun that rises in the thunder of cannon, sets in the music of violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the constant presence of the Princess, to represent the *Mater Exercitus*.

At Twickenham the world goes otherwise. There are certain old people who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other company. They were introduced here by a man of their own sort, who has made me perfectly rude to all contemporaries, and would not so much as suffer me to look upon them. The person I complain of is the Bishop of Rochester. Yet he allows me (from something he has heard of your character and that of your family, as if you were of the old sect of moralists) to write three or four sides of paper to you, and to tell you (what these sort of people never tell but with truth and religious sincerity) that I am, and ever will be, your, &c.

12. POPE TO THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY.¹

Saturday Night.

I HAVE belief enough in the goodness of your whole family, to think you will all be pleased that I am arrived in safety at Twickenham; though it is a sort of earnest that you will be troubled again with me at Sherborne or Coleshill; for however I may like one of your places, it may be in that as in liking one of your family; when one sees the rest, one likes them all. Pray make my services acceptable to them. I wish them all the happiness they may want, and the continuance of all the happiness they have; and I take the latter to comprise a great deal more than the former. I must separate Lady Scudamore from you, as, I fear, she will do herself before this letter reaches you. So I wish her a good

¹ First appeared in the edition of 1735.

journey, and I hope one day to try if she lives as well as you do; though I much question if she can live as quietly: I suspect the bells will be ringing at her arrival, and on her own and Miss Scudamore's birthdays, and that all the clergy in the country come to pay respects; both the clergy and their bells expecting from her, and from the young lady,¹ further business and further employment. Besides all this, there dwells on the one side of her the Lady Conningsby, and on the other Mr. W * * *. Yet I shall, when the days and the years come about, adventure upon all this for her sake.

I beg my Lord Digby to think me a better man, than to content myself with thanking him in the common way. I am, in as sincere a sense of the word, his servant, as you are his son, or he your father.

I must in my turn insist upon hearing how my last fellow-travellers got home from Clarendon, and desire Mr. Philips to remember me in his Cyder,² and to tell Mr. W * * * that I am dead and buried.

I wish the young ladies, whom I almost robbed of their good name, a better name in return; even that very name to each of them, which they shall like best, for the sake of the man that bears it. Your, &c.

¹ "The young lady" was married, June 28, 1729, to Henry Somerset, Duke of Beaufort. She bore, notwithstanding, pursuant to a settlement made by her father, the arms and name of Scudamore. She remarried, as has been said, on the death of his Grace without issue, in 1744, Charles Fitzroy Scudamore, and died in childbirth, 1749. Her daughter Frances, born at that time, was married to the present Duke of Norfolk. She was divorced from the Duke her first husband.—BOWLES.

² He frequently expressed his total dislike of this poem; though its author was patronized by Bolingbroke, who also induced Philips to write the poem on *Blenheim*.—WARTON.

Pope cannot possibly be alluding to John Philips the author of 'Cider,' as the latter died in 1708. He is probably only referring to some gentleman in the neighbourhood, who, he hopes, will remember him over his cider, though no doubt a play upon words is intended.

13. POPE TO THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY.¹

THE same reason that hindered your writing, hindered mine, the pleasing expectation to see you in town. Indeed, since the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother, (whom it is natural and reasonable I should rejoice with, as well as grieve,) I could the better bear your absence from London, for I could hardly have seen you there; and it would not have been quite reasonable to have drawn you to a sick room hither, from the first embraces of your friends. My mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, though not so much as yet to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the good nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we sit in, upon one (and that a favourite) account, that it is the very warmest in the house; we and our fires will equally smile upon your face. There is a Persian proverb that says (I think very prettily), "The conversation of a friend brightens the eyes." This I take to be a splendour still more agreeable than the fires you so delightfully describe.

That you may long enjoy your own fire-side in the metaphorical sense; that is, all those of your family who make it pleasing to sit and spend whole wintry months together; a far more rational delight, and better felt by an honest heart, than all the glaring entertainments, numerous lights, and false splendours, of an Assembly of empty heads, aching hearts, and false faces; this is my sincere wish to you and yours.

You say you propose much pleasure in seeing some new faces about town, of my acquaintance. I guess you mean Mrs. Howard's and Mrs. Blount's. And I assure you, you ought to take as much pleasure in their hearts, if they are what they sometimes express with regard to you.

Believe me, dear sir, to you all, a very faithful servant.

¹ First appeared in the edition of 1735.

Aug. 12.

I HAVE been above a month strolling about in Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, from garden to garden, but still returning to Lord Cobham's with fresh satisfaction. I should be sorry to see my Lady Scudamore's till it has had the full advantage of Lord B[athurst]'s² improvements: and then I will expect something like the waters of Riskins, and the woods of Oakley together, which (without flattery) would be at least as good as anything in our world: for as to the hanging gardens of Babylon, the paradise of Cyrus, and the Sharawaggis of China,³ I have little or no ideas of them, but I dare say, Lord Bathurst⁴ has, because they were certainly both very great and very wild. I hope Mrs. Mary Digby is quite tired of his lordship's *Extravagante Bergerie* at Riskins: and that she is just now sitting, or rather reclining on a bank, fatigued with overmuch dancing and singing at his unwearied request and instigation. I know your love of ease so well, that you might be in danger of being too quiet to enjoy quiet, and too philosophical to be a philosopher; were it not for the ferment Lord B[athurst] will put you into. One of his lordship's maxims is, that a total abstinence from intemperance or business is no more philosophy, than a total consopiation⁵ of the senses is repose; one must feel enough of its contrary to have a relish of either. But, after all, let your temper work, and be as sedate and contemplative as you will, I will engage you shall be fit for any of us, when you come to town in the winter. Folly will laugh you into all the customs of the company here; nothing will be able to

¹ First appeared in the edition of 1735.

² 'Bathurst' in full in the edition of 1735.

³ See Sir W. Temple's account of them, vol. iii. of his Essays; but above

all Sir W. Chambers's description of them, and the Heroic Epistle addressed to him.—WARTON.

⁴ In the edition of 1735 it is B. only.

⁵ One of the few new words he ever used.—WARTON.

prevent your conversion to her, but indisposition, which, I hope, will be far from you. I am telling the worst that can come of you; for as to vice, you are safe; but folly is many an honest man's, nay, every good-humoured man's lot: nay, it is the seasoning of life; and fools (in one sense) are the salt of the earth: a little is excellent, though indeed a whole mouthful is justly called the devil.

So much for your diversions next winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at present, than I shall then; for if there be on earth an image of paradise, it is such perfect union and society as you all possess. I would have my innocent envies and wishes of your state known to you all; which is far better than making you compliments, for it is inward approbation and esteem. My Lord Digby has in me a sincere servant, or would have, were there any occasion for me to manifest it.

15. THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY TO POPP.¹

SHERBORNE, *August 14, 1723.*

I CANNOT return from so agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country, without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new agreeable idea of life you there gave me; it will remain long with me, for it is very strongly impressed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often, and shall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the power it gives me of being entertained, in your villa, when absent from it. As you are possessed of all the pleasures of the country, and, as I think, of a right mind, what can I wish you but health to enjoy them? This I so heartily do, that I should be even glad to hear your good old mother might lose all her present pleasures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing them it is unnecessary.

¹ First appeared in the 4to, 1737.

I am troubled, and shall be so, till I hear you have received this letter : for you gave me the greatest pleasure imaginable in yours, and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I any ways deserve that friendly warmth and affection with which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and esteem for you : so truly, that I should lose the greatest pleasure of my life if I lost your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the class of honest men : for though I am not troubled over much about the opinion most may have of me, yet, I own, it would grieve me not to be thought well of by you and some few others. I will not doubt my own strength, yet I have this further security to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your esteem with it.

Perpetual disorder and ill health have for some years so disguised me, that I sometimes fear I do not to my best friends enough appear what I really am. Sickness is a great oppressor ; it does great injury to a zealous heart, stifling its warmth, and not suffering it to break out into action. But I hope I shall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that please me too, though not so well grounded : these are, that you may yet make a journey westward with Lord Bathurst ; but of the probability of this I do not venture to reason, because I would not part with the pleasure of that belief. It grieves me to think how far I am removed from you, and from that excellent Lord, whom I love ! Indeed, I remember him, as one that has made sickness easy to me, by bearing with my infirmities in the same manner that you have always done. I often too consider him in other lights that make him valuable to me. With him, I know not by what connexion, you never fail to come into my mind, as if you were inseparable. I have, as you guess, many philosophical reveries in the shades of Sir Walter Raleigh,¹ of which you

¹ Sherborne Castle was granted by Elizabeth, to the amiable, brave, learned, and most injured Sir Walter Raleigh ; all things considered, per-

are a great part. You generally enter there with me, and like a good genius, applaud and strengthen all my sentiments that have honour in them. This good office, which you have often done me unknowingly, I must acknowledge now, that my own breast may not reproach me with ingratitude, and disquiet me when I would muse again in that solemn scene. I have not room now left to ask you many questions I intended about the *Odyssey*. I beg I may know how far you have carried Ulysses on his journey, and how you have been entertained with him on the way. I desire I may hear of your health, of Mrs. Pope's, and of every thing else that belongs to you.

How thrive your garden plants? How look the trees? How spring the brocoli and the fenocchio? Hard names to spell! How did the poppies bloom? And how is the great room approved? What parties have you had of pleasure? What in the grotto? What upon the Thames? I would know how all your hours pass, all you say, and all you do; of which I should question you yet farther, but my paper is full and spares you. My brother Ned¹ is wholly yours, so my father desires to be, and every soul here whose name is Digby. My sister will be yours in particular. What can I add more? I am, &c.

haps, the greatest character on English record.

About three miles from the eastern entrance to the park, in the great western road, between Shaftesbury and Sherborne, there is an inn, at the village of Henstridge, called the "Virginia Inn;" so called from the discovery of Virginia in America by Raleigh. It is a fact, that when in this inn *tobacco*, at this time unknown in England, was smoked, the

gentleman, from whose mouth the smoke appeared issuing, was supposed to deal with *the Devil*, or to be *the Devil himself!!* This is the tradition of Henstridge at this time,—1804.—BOWLES.

¹ Edward Digby, third son of William, Lord Digby. After the death of his brother, he supplied his seat in Parliament, and married Charlotte, daughter of Sir Stephen Fox.—BOWLES.

16. POPE TO THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY.¹*October 10 [1723].*

I WAS upon the point of taking a much greater journey than to Bermudas, even to

That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns !

A fever carried me on the high gallop towards it for six or seven days—but here you have me now, and that is all I shall say of it: since which time an impertinent lameness kept me at home twice as long; as if Fate should say, (after the other dangerous illness,) “You shall neither go into the other world, nor any where you like in this.” Else who knows but I had been at Homelacy?²

I conspire in your sentiments, emulate your pleasures, wish for your company. You are all of one heart and one soul, as was said of the primitive Christians: it is like the kingdom of the just upon earth; not a wicked wretch to interrupt you, but a set of tried, experienced friends, and fellow-comforters, who have seen evil men and evil days, and have, by a superior rectitude of heart, set yourselves above them, and reap your reward. Why will you ever of your own accord, end such a millenary year in London? transmigrate (if I may so call it) into other creatures, in that scene of folly militant, when you may reign for ever at Homelacy in sense and reason triumphant? I appeal to a third lady in your family, whom I take to be the most innocent, and the least warped by idle fashion and custom of you all; I appeal to her, if you are not every soul of you better people, better companions, and happier, where you are? I desire her opinion under her hand in your next letter, I mean Miss Seudamore's.³ I am confident if she would or durst speak her sense, and employ

¹ First appeared in edition 1735.

² Homelacy, in Herefordshire, the seat of the Seudamores.

³ Afterwards Duchess of Beaufort; at this time about twelve years old.
—Note to the Edition of 1735.

that reasoning which God has given her, to infuse more thoughtfulness into you all, those arguments could not fail to put you to the blush, and keep you out of town, like people sensible of your own felicities. I am not without hopes, if she can detain a parliament man and a lady of quality from the world one winter, that I may come upon you with such irresistible arguments another year, as may carry you all with me to the Bermudas,¹ the seat of all earthly happiness, and the New Jerusalem of the righteous.

Do not talk of the decay of the year; the season is good when the people are so. It is the best time in the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves; the prospects begin to open, through the thinner woods over the valleys, and through the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven: the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and scatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the frosts are fresh and wholesome: what would you have? The moon shines too, though not for lovers these cold nights, but for astronomers.

Have you not reflecting telescopes,² whereby ye may innocently magnify her spots and blemishes? Content yourselves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting telescopes, and where those of all others are equally such upon their neighbours. Stay you at least, (for what I have said before relates only to the ladies; do not imagine I will write about any eyes but theirs;) stay, I say, from that idle, busy-looking Sanhedrim, where wisdom or no wisdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

If, after all, you will despise good advice, and resolve to come to London, here you will find me, doing just the things

¹ About this time the Rev. Dean Berkley conceived his project of erecting a settlement in Bermudas for the propagation of the Christian faith, and introduction of sciences

into America.—Note to the Edition of 1735.

² These instruments were just then brought to perfection.—Note to the Edition of 1735.

I should not, living where I should not, and as worldly, as idle, in a word, as much an Anti-Bermudanist as any body. Dear sir, make the ladies know I am their servant, you know I am, yours, &c.

17,

MISS DIGBY TO POPE.¹SHERBORNE, *July 18, 1724.*

D^r S^r,—I am sure this will want no Excuse to you, for it carries good News of a friend. My Brother has not had any fit of his ague, since Sunday last; he has slept a little every night, but with some interruptions by y^e Cramp.

Last night he began to drink Asses Milk; w^h had its usual effect in giving him a good night's rest free from pain. I am, D^r S^r, in great haste but with great Truth, y^r friend and Serv^t, E. DIGBY.

All here are y^r Servants.

18.

POPE TO THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY.²*December 28, 1724.*

It is now the season to wish you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but both these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such a life as you

¹ From the Homer MSS. This letter appears to have been written by Elizabeth, the second daughter of Lord Digby, who was afterwards married to Sir John Dolben.

² In the edition of 1735, a letter was published addressed to Digby, and dated "Sept. 10, 1724." In the 4to the letter was addressed to Arbuthnot, and dated only "Sept. 10." It was not in truth addressed to either, but made up for publication, out of paragraphs taken from letters to Caryll. So that the letter

to Digby of Dec. 28, 1724, contains nothing but extracts from letters to Caryll of Dec. 28 (1717), and of March 29 (1718), some trifling alterations having been made to adapt it to circumstances—such as Coleshill substituted for Grinsted. Even the place of these "antiquated charities" was left blank in edition 1735, published while Caryll was living, and Coleshill first appeared in the 4to, 1737, published after his death.

have been long accustomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do them not; the first are too modest, and the latter too selfish, to bear the mention of what are become either too old-fashioned, or too private, to constitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the present age. However, it were to be wished people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in case any of them should by chance come into fashion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hooped petticoats, which may be properly compared to charities, as they cover a multitude of sins.

They tell me that at Coleshill certain antiquated charities and obsolete devotions are yet subsisting: that a thing called Christian cheerfulness, (not incompatible with Christmas-pies and plum-broth,) whereof frequent is the mention in old sermons and almanacks, is really kept alive and in practice: that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good house-keeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourscore miles: and lastly, that prayers and roast beef actually made some people as happy as a whore and a bottle. But here in town, I assure you, men, women, and children have done with these things. Charity not only begins, but ends, at home. Instead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones: we have cunning for prudence, rapine for justice, time-serving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy, where you live in a state of ignorance, and see nothing but quiet, religion, and good-humour, the case is just as I tell you where people understand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wish that heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them sensible which of these is right; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high-feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your

country way; or you to leave prayers, and almsgiving, and reading, and exercise, and come into our measures. I wish (I say) that this matter was as clear to all men as it is to your affectionate, &c.

19.

THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY TO POPE.¹HOLM LACY, *near Hereford*,*July 2nd, 1725.*

DEAR SIR, — Whilst you were reflecting last night on our late entertainment with yourself and John Gay at Riskins, I received your double letter. Your unexpected coming in upon us and making part of our company when we thought you a hundred miles off, made the rest of the night very joyful to us. I must do an odd thing for once, and give you an account of your own reception; for though we knew ourselves to be in company with you, yet you knew not the same of us. There was as general a joy and your names were echoed in the same manner as is usual at the first entrance of a candidate for Member of Parliament into a Borough. We drink your healths often and heartily, and commended much your not forgetting us who so often remembered you, and have made you part, though an invisible one, of our society. Observing in your letter that you have joined hands, I will not separate you, but will write to you as one person; and I shall think myself obliged to do so till I see you divorced from the same pen and paper. Though you may say you shall think of us at Riskins, yet we know the company, whoever they are, that you shall wait on thither, will wipe out of your memory that of which we were part. New pleasures in the temple, in the greenhouse and grotto, will only hereafter be remembered by you with those fair faces that accompany them.

How rural we are! is an exclamation should have come

¹ From Carruthers' Life of Pope, p. 433.

hence to you, for from you to us it sounds not serious. If you are really fond of all which that word signifies, you must come away with the innocence you rejoice in hither a hundred miles in the country, where I am authorized by the lady of the place to tell you you will be ever welcome, and where I will say you are both more wished-for than a gondola by Lord Bathurst. Had I been with you and John Gay when the ducks lately invaded you, my stomach would have been more up, I find, at such an enemy than his, and I think I should have given in to the kitchen an account of some prisoners. The salmon he expected old Thames should bring into the kitchen, I should have expected from him to call himself a fisherman. How indolent does he picture himself to us active spirits here, where his art may take, if fortune cross him not, some huge salmon of dimensions worthy to be recorded by his own pencil on the kitchen wall, and where it may remain a trophy of his skill in fishery. So shall his name be as great among the cooks and fishermen as Cæsar's among the men of war! He knows not how, in this sphere of life, such works as these immortalize a man.

I hope Lord Bathurst, whose intentions were soon to survey these parts, will seduce you both to come with him. Yet I would not wish Gay so far from Richmond, to the ruin of any interest he may have begun to make there by a close attendance. You must expect when you come here profound tranquillity. There is no noise of coaches, horses, or chariots—the silence of the fields and woods surpasses imagination. Pray, when you next see Mrs. Howard, give my humble service to her, and ask whether she knows that a scene like this is properly the country when she wishes to live in it; or whether she loves the country as you do, and would exclaim with you, How rural we are at Twittenham! I send you no news hence; for though the fooleries of the town are good entertainment, those of the country are not. I find the Mrs. Blounts are in possession of their Richmond house, and find

all imaginable pleasure there. I shall ever remember your good mother, Mrs. Pope, and have you in my heart, whose health and prosperity in all things, with the same hearty wishes to John Gay, shall conclude this, that already is too long, and a sincere adieu to both of you from your friend and servant.

20.

POPE TO THE HON. EDWARD DIGBY.¹*April 29, 1726.*²

DEAR SIR,—I have a great inclination to write to you, though I cannot by writing, any more than I could by words, express what part I bear in your sufferings. Nature and esteem in you are joined to aggravate your affliction: the latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tie of friendship approaches near to the tenderness of nature; yet, God knows, no man living is less fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply sensible than myself of the greatness of the loss. That very virtue which secures his present state from all the sorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandize our sensation of its being removed from our sight, from our affection, and from our imitation; for the friendship and society of good men does not only make us happier, but it makes us better. Their death does but complete their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arrived to that degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was so, I take his very removal to be a proof; Providence would certainly lead virtuous men to a world that so much wants them, as long as

¹ This was written, it appears very clearly, to Edward Digby, on the death of his brother Robert, Pope's correspondent. He became Lord Digby, and was father of Edward and Henry, the late Lords, of Robert, the present Admiral Digby, of William, the late Dean of Durham, and grand-

father to the present Lady Ilchester, Mrs. Newbolt, &c.—BOWLES.

² First appeared in the 4to, 1737. The letter was dated 29th in 4to: the 21st, in Cooper, 1737, probably by a type error, which was repeated down to Roscoe: but Digby only died on the 19th or 20th.

in its justice to them it could spare them to us. May my soul be with those who have meant well, and have acted well to that meaning! And, I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I shall be with him. Let us preserve his memory in the way he would best like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been, in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each just as we think he would have done; so we shall have him always before our eyes, and in our minds, and (what is more) in our lives and manners. I hope when we shall meet him next, we shall be more of a piece with him, and consequently not to be evermore separated from him. I will add but one word that relates to what remains of yourself and me, since so valued a part of us is gone; it is to beg you to accept, as yours by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart, which (while he could fill it with such hopes, wishes, and affections, for him as suited a mortal creature) was truly and warmly his; and shall (I assure you in the sincerity of sorrow for my own loss) be faithfully at your service while I continue to love his memory, that is, while I continue to be, A. P.¹

¹ It is signed after this fashion in the 4to.

Mr. Digby died in the year 1726, and is buried in the church of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, with an epitaph written by the author.—Note to 4to

of 1737.

Pope had his portrait taken after death. His sister Mary died of the small-pox, 1729. Elizabeth, married Sir John Dolben: died 1730.

LETTERS

TO

WILLIAM FORTESCUE, Esq.

FROM 1720 TO 1743.

WILLIAM FORTESCUE, Esq., an eminent barrister, afterwards a Judge, and, finally, Master of the Rolls, was one of the early and intimate friends of Pope, whose attachment to him remained uninterrupted through life. To him Pope has addressed his first Satire of the second book of Horace, in which he applies to Mr. Fortescue as his legal adviser : a character not wholly imaginary, as Pope was accustomed to consult him on all difficult occasions, as well on behalf of his friends, as himself.

“ You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free
Advice ; and (as you use) without a fee.”

The Letters to Mr. Fortescue, now published, have been derived through two separate channels. The first portion of them was originally published by Mr. Polwhele in his History of Devonshire, by whose permission Mr. Bowles inserted them in his edition of the works of Pope. “ These Letters,” says Mr. Bowles, “ are valuable in one point of view, as they prove, clearer than a thousand arguments, that the letters which Pope published, were polished and laboured for the press. It may be amusing to compare these unvarnished and unaffected effusions of friendship, with his elegant and more elaborate epistolary compositions.” The second series is derived from a collection of original letters, which had been reserved for several years amongst the papers of “ the venerable, great, and good Richard Reynolds, Esq.,” of Bristol, on whose death they came into the hands of his only daughter ; by whose permission they were published by Miss Rebecca Warner, in her excellent Collection of Original Letters : 8vo. Lond. 1817. They are now, with the consent of the owner, for the first time inserted in the works of Pope.

As a great part of these letters have been deprived of their dates, it is impossible to arrange them in any certain order. Some attempt has, however, been made for that purpose, so far at least as to avoid incongruities : in other respects the date is in many of them of little importance. Those which retain their dates are now given in their chronological series.—ROSCOE.

1.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.

Sept. 17.¹

THE gaiety of your letter proves you not so studious of wealth as many of your profession are, since you can derive matter of mirth from want of business. You are none of those lawyers who deserve the motto of the devil, "*Circuit quærens quem devoret.*" But your *circuit* will at least procure you one of the greatest of temporal blessings, *health*. What an advantageous circumstance is it, for one that loves rambling so well, to be a grave and reputable Rambler; while (like your fellow-circuiteer, the sun) you travel the round of the earth, and behold all the iniquities under the heavens! You are much a superior genius to me in rambling: you, like a pigeon (to which I would sooner compare a lawyer than to a hawk), can fly some hundred leagues at a pitch; I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot; my little excursions are but like those of a shop-keeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business. Your letter of the cause lately before 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.

¹ First appeared in the 4to, 1737.

2.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.

*June 24, 1720.*¹

DEAR SIR,—I have a great many obligations to you, and I may say, the lampreys are of the fresh water, since they are very fresh and good. I am really piqued at the stocks, which put a stop at present to all trade and all friendship, and, I fear, all honour too. I am sure, however, they do you as little prejudice, and your morals, as any man's; your memory of your friends is proved by the good offices you continue to do them; and I assure you I heartily wish some occasion may offer itself of my proving to you my sense of this which I say. Pray, if it is possible to remember a mere word of course in such a place as Exchange-alley, remember me there to Gay; for any where else (I deem) you will not see him as yet. I depend upon seeing you here now the books are closed. Dear sir, adieu!

3.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.²*July 3, 1720.*

DEAR SIR,—From an information given me by Mr. Gay, correspondent with what I formerly heard from you that estates were yet to be had in Devonshire at twenty and twenty-five years' purchase, I beg it of you, as a particular kindness, to interest yourself so much in my affairs as to get (if possible) about the yearly value of two hundred ll. entirely or in parcells (as it falls out, and as to your judgment shall seem meet). If Mr. Gay and I by this means become effectually your countrymen, we hope (in conjunction with you) to come in time to

¹ This is an early edition, probably written when Pope was at Bath, in 1714.—Roscoe.

It is placed by Pope himself (Letters, 4to, 1737) among Letters

from several Persons "from 1717 to 1721."

² First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

represent Devonshire itself. To which happy county, fertile in its productions, abounding in its witts, delicious in its cyders, be all honour, praise and glory, &c. I am, ever sincerely, dear sir, yours.

4.

FORTESCUE TO POPE.¹

DEAR SIR,—I am renewing my old labour of employing you one way or other to your trouble, the moment you are got to town. I sent yesterday all about after you, in hopes to fix an hour for us to meet and chat, not upon business, but joy and society. To-day, I believe, I must go to Twitnam, to get rid of a violent cold: in the mean time I beg you to draw up a draught of an article on the enclosed head, between Mr. L.² and me, and to speak to him to give you his former agreement for the Iliad, which will help the wording of some part better than this scroll. The purport, however, of this is clear. I am ever, dear sir, your most faithful, affectionate servant.

5.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.³

DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Howard will be glad to see you either Thursday or Friday, which suits your conveniency; but it must be at the hour of eleven (as I fancied before), and not sooner. I should be glad to have you in your whole self (*i.e.*, your family and posterity), dine here that day, and will not meet you, therefore, at Richmond, where you would be alone with her, but attend the ladies here at any hour you will direct. I thank you for your last kind visit, and am sincerely, dear sir, your affectionate friend and obliged servant.

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

² Lintot.

³ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

6. [FORTESCUE] TO POPE.¹

25 July, 1724.

" * * to Mrs. Blount's, let me know. Let me know or Gay shall be in town to-day or to-morrow. I am in great haste, dear sir, your most sincere friend and servant.

INNER TEMPLE, 25 July, 1724.

P.S. My sister and Miss Fortescue join best thanks and services to Mrs. Pope and commendations likewise to Gay and desire Barnstaple and the great B."

7. POPE TO FORTESCUE.²

DEAR SIR,—I have been twice or thrice at your door, but found it locked, and was told since you were gone into the country, which (till I met your man this morning) I took to be Devonshire. I rejoice at your being still among us, as at a friend's being alive, whom one had thought departed. I very earnestly desire you to spend a day or two at Twitnam; I shall be there to-night, for some days. Pray do not deny that favour to your faithful, obliged, affectionate servant.

Saturday. Gay is, and will be at Chiswick.

8. POPE TO FORTESCUE.³

Sept. 10, 1724.

DEAR SIR,—I heartily thank you for yours; and the rather, because you are so kind as to employ me, though but in little matters; I take it as an earnest you would do so in greater.

As to the house of preparation for the small-pox, why

¹ Fragment from the Homer MSS.

² First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

³ First appeared in "Original Letters, edited by Rebecca Warner, 1817."

should it not be my own? It is entirely at your service, and I fancy two beds, or three upon necessity (besides, your servants may be disposed of in the next house to me), will amply furnish your family.

It is true, the small-pox has been in Twitnam, but is pretty well gone off. I cannot find any village more free from it so near London, except that of Petersham, where I hear it has not been; but I will further inform myself, upon your next notice.

As to the receipt of Sir Stephen Fox's eye-water, which I have found benefit from, it is very simple, and only this: take a pint of camphorated spirit of wine, and infuse therein two scruples of elder flowers. Let them remain in it, and wash your temples, and the nape of your neck, but do not put it into your eyes, for it will smart abominably.

When you have taken breath for a week or two, and had the full possession of that blessed indolence which you so justly value, after your long labours and peregrinations, I hope to see you here again; first exercising the paternal care, and exemplary in the tender offices of a *pater familias*, and then conspicuous in the active scenes of business, eloquent at the bar, and wise in the chamber of council, the future honour of your native Devon; and to fill as great a part in the history of that county for your sagacity and gravity of the laws, as Esquire Bickford is likely to do for his many experiments in natural philosophy.

I am forced to despatch this by the post, which is going, or else I could not have forborne to expatiate upon what I last mentioned. I must now only give Mr. Bickford my services, and join them to those I shall ever offer to your own family. Believe me, dear sir, your faithfullest, affectionate servant.

Gay was well five days ago at Chiswick.

9.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹

TWITNAM, Sept. 17, 1724.

DEAR SIR,—Your friendly and kind letter I received with real joy and gladness, to hear, after a long silence, of the welfare of a whole family which I shall ever unfeignedly wish well to in all regards. I know not in what part of the land to level a letter at you, or else you had heard first from me. My mother, indeed, is very ill; but as it seems only the effect of a cold, which always handles her severely, I hope not in any danger. I am in the old way,—this day well, however, and the past and future are not in my power, so not much in my care. Gay is at the Bath with Dr. Arbuthnot. Mrs. Howard returns your services, and Marble-hill waits only for its roof,—the rest finished. The little Prince William² wants Miss Fortescue, or, to say truth, any body else that will play with him. You say nothing at what time we may expect you here; I wish it soon, and thought you talked of Michaelmas. I am grieved to tell you that there is one Devonshire man not honest; for my man Robert proves a vile fellow, and I have discarded him: *auri sacra fames* is his crime; a crime common to the greatest and meanest if any way in power, or too much in trust! I am going upon a short ramble to my Lord Oxford's and Lord Cobham's, for a fortnight, this Michaelmas; and the hurry I am at present in, with preparing to be idle (a common case), makes it difficult for me to continue this letter, though I truly desire to say many things to you. Homer is advanced to the eighth book; I mean printed so far. My gardens improve more than my writings; my head is still more upon Mrs. Hd. and her works, than upon my own. Adieu! God bless you; an ancient and Christian, therefore an unmodish and unusual salutation. I am ever, sincerely and affectionately, yours.

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

² Afterwards Duke of Cumberland, of Culloden fame.

10.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹DOWN-HALL, IN ESSEX, *Jan. 5.*

DEAR SIR,—I had writ the post after my receipt of yours, but it followed me thirty miles beyond London, where I have spent part of the Christmas. I yet hope this will find you; and I wish that the very next day you may begin your journey, because sincerely I cannot see you too soon. I am rejoiced that your gout left you the day after I did: may it never return! though it bring many compliments along with it: for, let my friends wish me as long a life as they please, I should not wish it to myself with the allay of great or much pain. My old Lord Dorset said very well in that case, the tenure is not worth the fine. I hope the joys of a marriage, both to those who possess, and to you who procure (modestly speaking), will obliterate all those melancholy thoughts. I wish the new couple all felicity. And pray make haste to town with the remainder of your family, and put them into the like happy condition with all speed. I had lately an opportunity of telling my Lord Harcourt what we had missed of, when at Sir W.'s, and of making him the compliment of his cider merchants. His reply was, that he desired to treat with you further, both in that capacity and in your other of a lawyer. To which purpose I have promised to bring you to dine with him as soon as you return to town, which I earnestly expect, and doubt not you will improve the acquaintance with each other. After thanking you for your kind letter, and returning you my mother's services (who is pretty well), I have only to add, that I will not fail, upon my return to town, to make all your compliments to Mrs. Howard, and to assure you I am, with truth, dear sir, your ever affectionate friend and servant.

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

11.

GAY AND POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹

Sept. 23, 1725.

DEAR SIR,—I am again returned to Twickenham, upon the news of the person's death you wrote to me about. I cannot say I have any great prospect of success; but the affair remains yet undetermined, and I cannot tell who will be his successor. I know I have sincerely your good wishes upon all occasions. One would think that my friends use me to disappointments, to try how many I could bear; if they do so, they are mistaken; for as I do not expect much, I can never be much disappointed. I am in hopes of seeing you in town the beginning of October, by what you writ to Mr. Pope; and sure your father will think it reasonable that Miss Fortescue should not forget her French and dancing. Dr. Arbuthnot has been at the point of death by a severe fit of illness, an imposthuation in the bowels; it hath broke, and he is now pretty well recovered. I have not seen him since my return from Wiltshire, but intend to go to town the latter end of the week.

I have made your compliments to Mrs. Howard this morning: she indeed put me in mind of it, by inquiring after you. Pray make my compliments to your sisters and Mrs. Fortescue; Mr. Pope desires the same. Yours, most affectionately, J. G.

"Blessed is the man who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed," was the ninth beatitude which a man of wit (who, like a man of wit, was a long time in gaol) added to the eighth; I have long ago preached this to our friend; I have *preached* it, but the world and his other friends *held it forth*, and exemplified it. They say, Mr. Walpole has friendship, and keeps his word; I wish he were our friend's friend, or had ever promised him any thing.

¹ First appeared in Warner's Letters, 1817.

You seem inquisitive of what passed when Lord Peterborough spirited him hither, without any suspicion of mine. Nothing extraordinary, for the most extraordinary men are nothing before their masters; and nothing, but that Mr. Walpole swore by G—n, Mrs. Howard should have the grounds she wanted from V—n.¹ Nothing would be more extraordinary, except a statesman made good his promise or oath, as very probably he will. If I have any other very extraordinary thing to tell you, it is this, that I have never since returned Sir R. W.'s visit. The truth is, I have nothing to ask of him; and I believe he knows that nobody follows him *for nothing*. Besides, I have been very sick, and sickness (let me tell you) makes one above a minister, who cannot cure a fit of a fever or ague. Let me also tell you, that no man who is lame, and cannot stir, will wait upon the greatest man upon earth; and lame I was, and still am, by an accident which it will be time enough to tell you when we meet, for I hope it will be suddenly. Adieu, dear sir, and believe me a true well-wisher to all yours, and ever your faithful, affectionate servant, A. POPE.

12.

FORTESCUE TO POPE.²

DEAR S^r,—The account Bowery³ left at my house yesterday, of Mrs. Pope's continuing ill, and your being out of order likewise, gives me the greatest uneasiness in the world. I would have waited upon you myself, but that I fear any Company may be troublesome. I have sent John to know how you both doe, and hope he will bring me a better acct than I had yesterday.

Pray consider how m^{ch} all your friends are interested in your health, and how much their happiness depends upon it;

¹ Vernon. Referring to the house and grounds of Marble Hall.

² From the Homer MSS.

³ Pope's waterman.

for all our sakes, therefore, as well as your own, let me beg you to take all possible care of it.¹

13.

FORTESCUE TO POPE.²

DEAR S^r,—I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter, and am glad to hear that Mrs. Pope is something better; considering how ill she is, you can't expect her to recover but by degrees;³ and therefore you ought to hope the best; but above all, let me renew my request to you to be carefull of your own health. I have sent John for the lead, and I hope he will be able [to] procure some to send with this. I am in the greatest hast. Dear S^r. Yours, W. F.

Munday morning.

Remember me kindly to Gay.

14.

FORTESCUE TO POPE.³

DEAR S^r,—Be so good as to deliver the enclosed to Gay as soon as you see him. I am, your most affect. W. F.

Wensday.

15.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.⁴

TWITENHAM, *Feb. 17, 1726.*

DEAR SIR,—I was sorry I missed of you the other day when you called; I was gone to Mrs. Howard's, as I told

¹ These four letters are among the MSS. in Brit. Mus. In both "Additions" and Supp. Vol. they are assumed to have been written by Dr. Arbuthnot, signed *W. A.*, though his christian name was John. Examination leads me to say they are signed *W. F.* If so, no doubt they are written by *Fortescue*.—DILKE.

² From Homer MSS.

³ From Homer MSS. The severe illness of his mother suggests

that No. 13 should follow No. 12 — the mention of Bowery — residence at Twickenham — the position in Homer MSS. indicate the date as about December, 1724. In December, Mrs. Pope was dangerously ill, and, as Pope writes to Oxford on 22nd December, "beyond all expectation, recovered in that year."—DILKE.

⁴ First appeared in Warner's Letters, 1817.

you. I send you part of what wholly belongs to you, and, as the world's justice goes, that is a fair composition ; I mean some of the Devonshire pease. If the ring be done, pray give it the bearer. I intend to wear it for life, as a melancholy memorandum of a most honest, worthy man. I told you I dined the other day at Sir Robert Walpole's. A thing has happened since which gives me uneasiness, from the indiscretion of one who dined there at the same time ; one of the most innocent words that ever I dropped in my life, has been reported out of that conversation, which might reasonably *seem* odd, if ever it comes to Sir R.'s ears. I will tell it you the next time we meet ; as I would him, if I had seen him since ; and it was not (otherwise) of weight enough to trouble him about. We live in unlucky times, when half one's friends are enemies to the other, and consequently care not that any equal moderate man should have more friends than they themselves have. Believe me, dear sir, most affectionately yours.

16.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹TWITNAM, *April 2* (1726).

DEAR SIR,—I began a letter to you about a fortnight past, which Gay was to finish, and accordingly put it in his pocket, I believe ; for I never since could find it here. If you received it, it would look oddly enough ; for intending to fill a page, I had left a large blank, and probably he sent it you just as it was. I have ever since been engaged in country-houses and gardens, with one friend or other, and know nothing of the town, but that Bowry gave my mother sometimes an account of the state of the family, and of their drink. Dr. Swift is come into England, who is now with me, and with whom I am to ramble again to Lord Oxford's and Lord Bathurst's, and other places. Dr. Arbuthnot has led him a

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

course through the town, with Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Pulteney, &c. Lord Peterborough and Lord Harcourt propose to carry him to Sir R. Walpole, and I to Mrs. Howard, &c. I wish you were here to know him. I have just now a very ill-timed misfortune, a lame thigh, which keeps me from these parties; but I hope, since so many of my friends' prayers are on this occasion joined to my own, that I may be blessed with a speedy recovery, and make one amongst them. Many good wishes of mine attend you! May no similar accident, such as a fall from your horse by day, or a sprain in your back by night, retard your return to us! Pray acquaint me, more largely than you did in your last concise letter, and in a style more suitable to the length and duration of a pleader and writer in law, of all your fortunes since we parted. In each and all of which, be assured, no man takes a truer part, and more wishes your welfare and prosperity, than, dear sir, your faithful, ever affectionate servant.

17.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹TWITNAM, *May 16 (1726).*

DEAR SIR,—I should, without compliment, come to town any day you desired, on any account, as well as on so agreeable an one as you propose; but (which I wonder my communicative waterman never told your people) my mother has been and is extremely ill, and dangerously so, of an intermittent fever, which requires my constant attendance. There is nobody with me but the Dean of St. Patrick's, who would hardly be here if he were not the best-natured and indulgent man I know; it is so melancholy a way of passing his time. I could be glad to see you, if you have a day of leisure, and indeed there are few friends to whom I could make this request. I wish you and yours well and happy in every circumstance of life, and am truly, dear sir, yours.

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's *History of Devonshire*.

18.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹TWITNAM, *May* 10.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your constant memory of me, which upon every occasion you show ; when (God knows) my daily infirmities make me hardly capable of showing, though very much so of feeling, the concerns of a friend. I am glad your family are well arrived ; and your taking care first to tell me so, before I inquired, is a proof you know how glad I am of yours and their welfare. I intended to tell you first how kind Sir R. Walpole has been to me ; for you must know he did the thing with more despatch than I could use in acknowledging or telling the news of it.² Pray thank him for obliging *you* (that is, *me*) so readily, and do it in strong terms, for I was awkward in it, when I just mentioned it to him. He may think me a worse man than I am, though he thinks me a better poet perhaps ; and he may not know I am much more his servant, than those who would flatter him in their verses. I have more esteem for him, and will stay till he is out of power (according to my custom), before I say what I think of him. It puts me in mind of what was said to him once before by a poet : “ In power, your servant ; out of power, your friend : ” which a critic (who knew that poet’s mind) said, should be altered thus : “ In power, your friend ! but out of power, your servant ; such most poets are ! ”³ But if Sir R. ever finds me the first low character, let him expect me to become the second. In the mean time I hope he will believe me his, in the same sincere disinterested manner that I am, dear sir, yours.

¹ First appeared in Warner’s Letters, 1817.

² This probably refers to Sir Robert’s having interfered at the request of Pope, to obtain an abbacy in France for Mr. Southcote, to whom

Pope considered himself as under obligations which have been alluded to in his Life, chap. i.—ROSCOE.

³ The poet was Bubb Dodington. See Epilogue to the Satires, Dialogue ii., v. 160.

Next Sunday I expect some company here, but that need not hinder you from a night's lodging in the country, if you like it.

19.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*September 13.*

DEAR SIR,—I take your letter the more kindly, as I had not written to you myself; at least it must have been so, for all you could know; for, though, indeed, I did write once, yet I know it never reached you. I am sorry for poor White, who died just then. I could wish, if you are not fixed on a successor, you had a relation of mine in your eye; but this, I fear, is a hundred to one against my hopes. I am truly glad you have safely performed your revolution, and are now turning round your own axle in Devonshire; from whence may we soon behold you roll towards our world again! I can give you no account of Gay, since he was raffled for, and won back by his Duchess,² but that he has been in her vortex ever since, immoveable to appearance, yet I believe with his head turning round upon some work or other. But I think I should not in friendship conceal from you a fear or a kind-hearted jealousy, he seems to have entertained, from your never having called upon him in town, or corresponded with him since. This he communicated to me in a late letter, not without the appearance of extreme concern on his part, and all the tenderness imaginable on yours. This whole summer I have passed at home; my mother eternally relapsing, yet not quite down; her memory so greatly decayed, that I am forced to attend to every thing, even the least cares of the family, which you will guess, to me is an inexpressible trouble, added to the melancholy of observing her condition.

I have seen Sir R. W.³ but once since you left. I made him then my confidant in a complaint against a lady, of his,

¹ First appeared in Warner's Letters, 1817.

² The Duchess of Queensberry.

³ Sir Robert Walpole.

and once of my acquaintance, who is libelling me, as she certainly one day will him, if she has not already. You will easily guess I am speaking of Lady Mary. I should be sorry if she had any credit or influence with him, for she would infallibly use it to belie me; though my only fault towards her was, leaving off her conversation when I found it dangerous. I think you too vastly ceremonious to Mrs. Patty, but I showed her what you wrote. I beg your family's acceptance of my heartiest services, and their belief that no man wishes them and you more warmly all prosperity, than, dear sir, your ever affectionate friend and servant.

I have only seen Mrs. Howard twice since I saw you, but hear she is very well, since she took to water-drinking. If you have any correspondence at Lincoln or Peterborough, a friend of mine desires to procure a copy of Mr. ——'s last will.

20.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹

DEAR SIR,—I quite forgot, in the place of business where I last saw you, to mention a commission of Lady Walpole's, that you will not forget her laver. I shall readily speak to Cheselden what you desire, and to St. Andre,² if you will; the others I have not the least knowledge of: I will put Mrs. Howard also in mind of it: that lady is now better; she has been in some danger of a fever, and in extreme pain, since you saw her on Sunday; she has hitherto kept her bed since that day. I will see her as soon as I can. If Dr. Arbuthnot knows Mr. Boucher, I will speak to him on his return to town; or in any thing, any way in my power, do my utmost that you can suggest: being, with lasting truth, and all good wishes for you and yours, ever your affectionate friend.

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

² Both celebrated surgeons of the day.

Pray leave me a memorandum where Mr. C——s¹ is to be found, and give him all directions needful. I heartily wish you health, and a good journey. *Sit tibi cura mei; sit tibi cura tui.*

21.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.²

Thursday.

DEAR SIR,—I was one day in town, but could not find you in the evening. I have been ill, but nothing would make me better than the sight of a friend. Several of mine are ill also: I hope you will hold up to comfort me. I must beg you to inform me carefully, and to bid your clerk also mind it, whenever Mr. Roberts comes to town (the person whose annuity Mrs. Blount purchased), that she may have his life insured, which, it seems, cannot be done but when he is present. This is a very material point to her, and she entreats you to give me the first notice. Mr. White told Mr. Bethel he would be in town soon. I must also desire you to let me have a copy from Mr. C——s of Abbot's account, what moneys he paid to Mr. Essington, &c. Next Sunday I am engaged; any other day I am at your service wholly, as I am entirely, dear sir, and affectionately, your friend.

22.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.

[1729.]³

DEAR SIR,—You see by the inclosed my sister⁴ is in an alarm, I suppose, occasioned by a mere mistake of Mr. C——'s clerk; or by her own too much haste in running to administer before him. I beg you will cause that mistake forthwith to be removed, that she may, without loss of time, proceed with full powers. I must entreat your vigilance as to

¹ Curwys. So throughout these letters.

² First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

³ First appeared in Polwhele's His-

tory of Devonshire.

⁴ Mrs. Racket, who was left a widow in 1728. Compare letter to Mrs. Racket of July 9, 1729.

her great affair, that it may be done with all convenient speed. It seems C——s says there is some difference in the account, as kept by Mr. Racket, and by the other party in the chancery suit. If you please to have a meeting with Mr. Essington, and examine this account of what has been paid into his hands, it will be the readiest way, and is very necessary. I am glad you had not the mortification of seeing the country this sad and gloomy day. I heartily wish myself with you. Adieu! dear sir. I hope better luck next Sunday; till then, *vive memor nostri*; dear sir, your true friend, and obliged faithful servant.

My mother sends you her hearty services.

23.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*Thursday.*

DEAR SIR,—I am heartily glad to hear of your safe arrival in town, and doubt not you will be pleased that I am as safe at Twitnam. I came from Bath two days since hither, and find my mother tolerably well, as I hope you left all yours. I should be glad to see you in town, but having been so long absent, have some necessary matters here for a few days, which I would pursue, if you could find it suitable to your convenience to lie here on Saturday, and pass the Sunday together, otherwise I will wait on you. In the mean time, pray convey this letter to Mr. Howard: it is a case that requires despatch, as you will see: and I beg, if you can, to favour it with any of the Board of Admiralty that you know, for I am convinced that he is ill used. Adieu! dear sir, till we meet. Pray give me a line by Bowry. I have a thousand things to say to you. Your ever affectionate servant.

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

24.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*Wednesday.*

DEAR SIR,—The very melancholy situation I have been in, from the very day you begun the journey to Devonshire made me not willing to break the enjoyment and peace of your domestic satisfactions in your family there; and poor Mr. Gay's great danger added to my concern. My mother still keeps her bed, and, I fear, is very unlikely to rise again: the distemper, which probably will finish all her decays, holds upon her, and does not yield to any remedies; the most is an interval from pain into weakness and slumbers. God knows when I shall see you or any body; in the meantime I thank you for many offices of your friendship, and beg you will continue to assist my sister's affairs: I presume Essington is now in town, and would send you his account, if demanded. Mrs. Blount has charged me with many speeches to be made you upon your care in her annuity. But I am unable to say, or almost do any thing, my own spirits are so sunk. I wish you sincerely joy of what I am told is given you, and shall always make it my wish to heaven for you, *Det vitam, det opes, æquam animam tibi ipse parabis*. Your very faithful servant.

Pray make my compliments to Mr. Horace Walpole, whom I would have waited on with my thanks, but for this confinement on account of my mother.

25.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.²*TWITNAM, Feb. 22.*

DEAR SIR,—I am very much pleased that poor Barclay's scruples are removed, and will be gratefully and honestly your paymaster for what you expend on his account. You know the Scripture says, "he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

² First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

Lord." I heartily thank you for remembering me as to the escalops, which are in perfection, and will be responsible to you for them when we meet next, which I beg may be as soon as possible. I have seen our friend Dr. Arbuthnot spend some hours in writing directions for us against the plague, which, when finished, I will take care to communicate to you. I am, most faithfully and affectionately, dear sir, yours.

Your purse is left with the Doctor's man, for you. My mother is better, and your servant.

26.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹

DEAR SIR,—I am so ill to-day with the head-ache and wind, that I am utterly incapable of company or supping, or even conversing with any comfort. I must lie in an arm-chair till bed-time, and the motion of a chair makes me quite sick. I am sorry to be now twice disappointed of you. I will come to-morrow afternoon or night, and take my chance. I am ever truly yours.

27.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.²*August 24, 1730.*

DEAR SIR,—I had no sooner received your kind letter, with the ill news of your being seized with the gout, at Buckland, but your clerk acquainted me that you were extremely ill, which gives me unexpressible concern. My fears of your being distant from your family, and what help by physicians may be to be procured in a lone country, do sincerely much trouble me. I beg to know by the first opportunity, by a line either from yourself, or any other hand, how you are; and

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

² First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

that you are not in so much danger as I apprehended. I will add no more words, since none can tell you how much I am in pain about you, and since they can only be troublesome to yourself, if you are very ill. But God and my own heart know with what warm affection, and wishes for your recovery, and for your every happiness and comfort, I am ever, dear sir, yours.

28.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*Thursday Morn.*

DEAR SIR,—You may reasonably wonder to have not heard of me so long; but for four or five days I intended to see you in town, and have been prevented by a terrible cold, which yet confines me to my chamber. The first day I can get to you I will; in the meantime I write to tell you I cannot forget you and yours. I hope you and they are well. I just now hear Mr. Gay is come to town. I hope to meet all together about Sunday at farthest, for I have three or four days' business, which is very inconveniently put off by my present indisposition. Mrs. Blount sends you her services, and will be in town on Saturday. Believe no man more affectionately yours. I am your faithful friend and servant.

29.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.²

DEAR SIR,—I first thank you for your kind visit, and hope you are not the worse for the cold day. I find by the inclosed that there must be more money somewhere to be found of my sister's affair; for the principal sum was 1700*l.* beside interest: and, as I understand no part of the principal ever was paid, I therefore beg you to cause inquiry to be speedily made of Mr. Thurston, the master in chancery. Pray, ought

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

² First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

you not to require a sight of Essington's books themselves, where the account was kept, if his extract prove not satisfactory? The question my sister asks about one Abbot I cannot answer, unless you find it in the writings and papers she sent you. I have troubled you with the parcel for New England. For all your kindnesses I thank you cordially, and am, with sincere esteem, your faithful friend and servant.

My mother is rather worse than better.

30.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹TWITNAM, *Sept. 6.*

DEAR SIR,—I cannot express the joy your letter gives me. I was in great fears after I had written, learning no further of your state, when I sent three days to Mr. Thory. Your giving me these lines under your hand is a kindness I shall long remember. I hope in God your recovery increases as fast as I really wish it; one of my great apprehensions was, you might not have a skilful physician in a distant country place, of which you have eased me; I hope you keep him near, or with you. I desire earnestly to hear of you soon again, though I hope the danger of a relapse is over; but surely you must not hazard cold, by too quick a removal. Without pretences I am and have been so long and so sincerely your friend, that this alarm was a lively and deep-felt one to me. God forbid it should ever be renewed! I may now have spirits enough to quote Homer to you, who says "a friend is better than a kinsman." Your sister, I hope, is well; and as she ought to receive no harm from so virtuous an enterprize, so I trust she will have her reward complete in seeing you perfectly restored. I am ever, dear sir, your truly affectionate and faithful friend.

Is there any thing at this distance that I can procure

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire,

for you, or any corroborative advice that I can get for you from any of our physicians, or any business I could ease you the care of, or anything you would have said or done?

31.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹

DEAR SIR,—It is in the utmost hurry I send this, not to omit a post: my mother has had a most unfortunate accident of a fall, which has much bruised her, and almost had burned her, but for a great escape.² Mr. Cheselden had no sooner writ me the inclosed (for I sent a letter to his house but just before, as soon as I read yours), but he came hither to assist her. What he further tells me is, that he has the power of putting in four in a year: for the next two he stands indispensably engaged, but will make Mr. Wise the third, which will be in about half a year: he will then certainly serve him. The terms, it seems, are 29*l*. for the course of the hospitals and the anatomy; he assures me he will forward and assist him all he can. Pardon my haste, I am really in great trouble, and she in great pain; God knows the event of such a shock at her years. God prosper you all. Pray write how you continue recovering. Adieu! Yours.

32.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.³

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Gay and I are here, reading (but not writing) all day long. He is the reverse of you, and hates exercise; nay, I cannot so much as get him into the garden. I employ myself yet a little there, and a little in casting my eye upon the great heap of fragments and hints before me, for my large and almost boundless work, to remove as much of which

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

² The accident "within the month," before 22nd October, 1730 (see letter to Caryll of that date). Therefore the

date of this must be about the end of September or beginning of October, 1730.

³ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

as is in any method, out of the rest, is so much clearing the way: therefore it is that I trouble you with so much transcribing. I send the third of the first part, relating to society and government, which I believe Mr. Doves may pick out. And if he has transcribed what last I left with you, pray send it by the bearer. I have no thought of going to town these five days. All health attend you and yours. Ever your affectionate friend and servant.

Pray send some of your styptic.

33.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹

March 18, 1732.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry you partook of the trouble of the Excise Bill; and as sorry I did not know of your coming, though but for two days, for I would have come up just to see you. It had been very kind, if you could have lain here in your way; but this is past, and may all the future be prosperous with you as I wish it! As to that poem, which I do not, and must not, own, I beg your absolute and inviolable silence.² You will see more of it in another week, and that too I shall keep private. It is so far from a mortification to do *any good thing* (if this be so, and indeed I mean it so), and enjoy only one's own consciousness of it, that I think it the highest gratification. On the contrary, the *worst things* I do, are such as I would constantly own, and stand the censure of. It is an honest proceeding, and worthy a guiltless man. You may be certain I shall never reply to such a libel as Lady Mary's.³ It is a pleasure and comfort at once to find, that with so much mind as so much malice must have to accuse or blacken my character, it can fix upon no one ill or immoral thing in my life, and must content itself to say, my poetry is

¹ First appeared in Warner's Letters, 1817. The year is 1732-3.

² The first part of the *Essay on Man*.—Roscoe.

³ I suppose this refers to 'A Pop upon Pope,' in which his person was described.

dull, and my person ugly. I wish you would take an opportunity to represent to the person¹ who spoke to you about that lady, that her conduct no way deserves *encouragement* from him, or any other great persons; and that the good name of a private subject ought to be as sacred, even to the highest, as his behaviour towards them is irreproachable, legal, and respectful. What you writ of his intimation on that head, shall never pass my lips.

Mrs. Bl——² is your faithful servant, and much obliged to your care. My mother, I thank God, is free and easy. I never had better health than of late, and hope I shall have long life, because I am much threatened. Adieu! and know me ever for, dear sir, your most sincerely affectionate servant.

34.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.³*Sunday, Six o'clock.*

DEAR SIR,—I have often wished, but twice only been, to see you. After an engagement of four or five days to a particular friend (for whom I was confined entirely), I now beg the first days I have had to myself, that you will pass what time you can with us at Twitnam. I received a promise from Gay to be with us. I go home to-morrow evening, to stay all the week. Gay and I have been all about the Temple after you in vain. I wish you would sacrifice a few days to me, who am as sincerely (I faithfully assure you) as any man living, dear sir, yours, most affectionately.

35.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.⁴*Friday Night.*

DEAR SIR,—You may think I have forgot you, and I may think you have forgot me; but I believe neither of us will

¹ Sir R. Walpole. See letter of September 13, p. 110.

² Mrs. Blount.

³ First appeared in Polwhele's His-

tory of Devonshire.

⁴ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

think so wrong. The truth is, I have been neither at home nor at London a day together; for my Lord Peterborough came very ill from Hantshire to Kensington a fortnight since, and has ever since kept his chamber, where I have been to help him pass his time almost daily. It was but yesterday that I left him well enough to stay at Twitnam for a few days. If this reach you in time, and at leisure, I hope it will bring you hither for a night. As soon as I return to town, you shall be troubled with me. Adieu! and may all health attend you, as I wish. Yours always.

36.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*Sunday, Feb., 1732-3.*

DEAR SIR,—I had written to you before, as well as sent, had I not hoped this day or last night, to have seen you here. I am sorry for your complaints of ill health, and particularly of your eyes; pray be very careful not to increase your cold. I will infallibly, if I cannot see you sooner, be with you in the middle of the week. I am at all times desirous to meet you, and have this winter been often dissatisfied to do it so seldom. I wish you a judge that you may sleep and be quiet; *ut in otia tute recedas*, but *otium cum dignitate*. Have you seen my imitation of Horace?² I fancy it will make you smile; but though, when first I began it, I thought of you, before I came to end it, I considered it might be too ludicrous, to a man of your situation and grave acquaintance, to make you Trebatius, who was yet one of the most considerable lawyers of his time, and a particular friend of a poet. In both which circumstances I rejoice that you resemble him, but am chiefly pleased that you do it in the latter.

Dear sir, adieu! and love me as I do you. Your faithful and affectionate servant.

¹ First appeared in Warner's Letters, 1817.

rendered in a Dialogue between Pope and Fortescue.

² The 1st Satire of the 2nd Book,

37.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹

March 8 [1732-3].

DEAR SIR,—Your most kind letter was a sensible pleasure to me : and the friendship and concern shown in it, to suggest what you thought might be agreeable to a person whom you know I would not disoblige, I take particularly kindly. But the affair in question of any alteration is now at an end, by that lady's² having taken her own satisfaction in an avowed libel, so fulfilling the veracity of my prophecy. There has been another thing, wherein Pigott³ is abused as my learned counsel, written by some Irish attorney ; and Curll has printed a parody on my words, which he is proud of as his own production, saying he will pay no more of his authors, but can write better himself. The town, since you went, has entered much into the fashion of applauding the *Essay on Man* ; and in many places it is set up as a piece far excelling any thing of mine, and commended, I think, more in opposition to me, than in their real judgment it deserves.

I congratulate with you for being got out of the noise and debate about the excises, getting money and health at once, and doing justice too. I think yours is much the better part. I must beg you to remind Mr. C——s of Mr. Bethel's affair, not to let slip this Lady-day, in making the demand on the premises in Wales ; it is certainly now high time he should write to the attorney there. Having done with all law matters, the rest of this paper should be filled with all expressions of esteem and friendship, if such expressions could be of any use or grace after the experience and habit (the two

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

² Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

³ Nathaniel Pigott—whose epitaph in Twickenham Church was written by Pope—"To the memory of Nathaniel Pigott, Barrister-at-Law ; possessed of the highest character by his

learning, judgment, experience, integrity ; deprived of the highest stations only by his conscience and religion. Many he assisted in the law ; more he kept from it. A friend to peace, a guardian to the poor, a lover of his country. He died July 5, 1737 ; aged 76 years."

strongest of things) of many years. Believe me, you have the essentials; and the ceremonials, therefore, are laid aside. Such a practice, continued where it is needless, is like keeping up the scaffolding after the building is finished: what helped to raise it at first will but disgrace it at last. Adieu! and write at your leisure. *Sit tibi cura mei; sit tibi cura tui.* Yours ever.

38.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*Monday, April.*

DEAR SIR,—I was two nights in town, and aimed at seeing you on both; but the cursed attendance on the Excise Bill deprived me of it, and I grumble with the rest, upon that score, at it. Your present life is labour; I hope your future will be in more repose, and that you may sleep either on the bench or off, just as you please. Twickenham will be as much at the service of my Lord Judge, as it was of my learned Counsel; and I flatter myself in the imagination that your hours and days in general will be more mine when they are more yours. Adieu! and keep my secret as long as it will keep. I think myself so happy in being approved by you, and some few others, that I care not for the public a jot.

39.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.²

DEAR SIR,—If this reaches you, I beg we may meet at the doctor's about six to-night. I must run again out of town, for my mother is very ill of a jaundice, and I come to speak to the doctor chiefly. I am afraid she will be too ill to let me have the pleasure of seeing you on Sunday, but the first day I can, I will send to beg it of you; being, with great truth and esteem, dear sir, ever yours.

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

² First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

Two o'clock. I have been every where about to find you; about your lodgings, chambers, Dutton's, Merin's, Tom's, Lintot's. Pray try if you can find Gay.

40.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹

DEAR SIR,—I am forced to write to you upon this red-lined paper, for I have not a sheet in the house beside. I sent Bowry to ask you when I might hope to see you. I really want it, for I am very near sunk in melancholy, having been full six weeks here, attending a very melancholy care. I would otherwise have tried to fix a day to meet you at Sir R. W.'s (with his permission, and your coadjutorship). I have a particular reason to desire to know a thing, which I believe he will tell me if you ask it.—Who was author of a book called *An Essay on the Taste and Writings of this Age*,² dedicated to him, as a libel upon me. I formerly sent it to Sir R. by you (as I think). Pray ask him, and assure him of my respectful services. I am ever, dear sir, yours.

Pray send me some paper: it is all I can get by you men in place.

41.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.³June 7, 1733.⁴

DEAR SIR,—It is indeed a grief to me, which I cannot express, and which I should hate my own heart, if I did not feel, and yet wish no friend I have ever should feel. All our passions are inconsistencies, and our very reason is no better.

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

² "An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the Present Times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C., Oxford. Printed for J. Roberts. 8vo." It is among the list of books

prefixed to the Dunciad. There is a copy among the George III. pamphlets in the British Museum.

³ First appeared in Warner's Letters, 1817.

⁴ The day on which his mother died.

But we are what we were made to be. Adieu! it will be a comfort to me to see you on Saturday night. Believe me, dear sir, yours.

42.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹TWITNAM, *Nov. 13, 1733.*

DEAR SIR,—I had fully hoped to have seen you ere now; but though I was in town two days and half, I could find no evening; and am now unwilling to be there till all the bustle of the wedding is over. In the mean time I hope you will secure Mrs. Blount, by insuring Roberts's life the moment he comes to town; if it were but for two or three months, or less, if the money be not actually paid sooner. I have sent the last assurance, in case it can be any direction to the next. I employ these few days in putting the last hand to my Essay,² and I will then immediately print it. I meditate a fine edition of the whole, which I will soon have the pleasure to see in your library, with an inscription of the love the author bears you. Sincerely, dear sir, I am always yours.

I am told that Miss Fortescue is perfectly well. (I hope truly.)

43.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.³*Friday, 1733.*

DEAR SIR,—I have been hindered by an accident of ceremony, which could not be waived, from lying at your house last night or this. I must just look at my own home tomorrow, and, as it is Saturday, wish for your company. I am to be conveyed by a party of your friends. Miss Patty

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

² The fourth Epistle of the Essay on Man was published 15th January,

1733-4.

³ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

Blount, never having seen you of late, desires you will be of it. We go to pass some hours at Chiswick Gardens, and set out by water from Whitehall at eight to-morrow morn: thence I would attend you home. I should be glad you had leisure to do this, which would be a true pleasure to your ever obliged friend and faithful servant.

A word in answer will find me at Lord Bathurst's.

44.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*Oct. 5, 1734.*

DEAR SIR,—I should have told you, that if you have any occasion to direct to Mr. Bethel, it must be at Bestwick, near Beverley, Yorkshire; this I had told you last Saturday, when I intended to have passed the evening with you; but one of my fits of illness sent me to bed at eight o'clock, after a tiresome day. I came to Twitnam, where I am in my garden, amused and easy: this is a scene where one finds no disappointment; the leaves of this year that are fallen, are sure to come on again the next: it is far otherwise in the great world (I mean the little world) of a court, &c. Get to be a judge, the sooner the better, and go to rest. Adieu! Believe me truly yours. I think to see you at the end of the week. In the mean time, if you have anything satisfactory from Eadnell or Roberts, tell me; for my friend's concerns are more than my own; or if you have not, at least tell me you are well, and when I may be securest to find you at home. I am, most affectionately, yours.

45.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.²*Friday morning, Nov., 1734.*

DEAR SIR,—Your letter (by the negligence of our post, which often delivers them not here till ten o'clock) came too

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's *History of Devonshire*.

² First appeared in Polwhele's *History of Devonshire*.

late for me to get any conveyance to town to-day. But certainly you have just as much authority as I, as a friend of Mrs. Blount, to determine in this affair, as to the quarter's rent; or if you scruple it, apply to her: you and I, I am sure, shall be of the same opinion of it. As to the bill of charges, I think that is out of the question of their rent and principal, and may be decided separately, but doubtless to be insisted on. I want to see you very much: shall you come this way on Saturday? For though I intended to be in town, I find I must take physie, being in a very ill way this week; though if I had found a coach to-day, I had come; as I often have for my friends, when really I have been little able. Adieu! I am truly, dear sir, yours.

Have you lately seen Lady Suffolk? She was ill when I left the town.

46.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*Friday, Dec. 1734.*

DEAR SIR,—I fully intended to have dined with you yesterday, and the day before; but the first of them I was taken in at Court, and yesterday and to-day am so ill of a most troublesome cold, which has brought down the uvula of my mouth, that I cannot dine at all. Would you go to-morrow to Twitnam, and could you spare the coach, I would go gladly with you; if not, I must stay, perforce, till Sunday morning. I hope all your fireside are well, and growing merrier and merrier as Christmas approaches. I shall have no rest nor joy till I get to my mum again. Adieu! dear sir, yours.

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

47.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*Sunday, Dec. 1734.*

DEAR SIR,—I was so far from being able yesterday to dine with you that I kept my bed all day, and to-day have done the same till now at two o'clock. If (as it is a leisure day with you) you can pass an hour here in the afternoon or evening, pray do. I think, as soon as I get out, to go home where I am more easy. My services to you all. Your ever affectionate friend and servant.

48.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.²*Monday, Jan., 1734-5.*

DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Blount's party with Mrs. Knight, to pay your family a visit, is desired to be to-morrow, if it suit with your conveniency; and if so, they choose to dine with you. The evenings they are engaged for all this week. I, who know your spirit of hospitality, conclude, you will like the dinner best. Adieu, and let them have your answer to-night, or *per* bearer. Believe me ever with true affection, dear sir, yours.

49.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.³*Thursday, One o'clock, Jan., 1734-5.*

DEAR SIR,—I have been not only in and out of town so often, but so ridiculously employed (as I tell you at large), that I could not get one hour to see you. Pray tell me when I shall be sure of you at home. This day, at any hour? Mrs. Blount has now disposed very well of her money, which a friend of ours will pay at 4 *per cent.* for, from this day. Therefore, if you will order it me, I will take it for her forth-

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

tory of Devonshire.

² First appeared in Polwhele's His-

³ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

with, and bring you any proper receipt you shall send me. I write this from her house. Adieu! All happiness attend you; dear sir, yours.

50.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹LONDON, *March 22, 1734-5.*

DEAR SIR,—I deferred this two or three posts to send you an answer from Dr. Mead, of the truth of what you heard. But he knows no example that can quite be depended on, of the pulvis A. curing, after any one began to rave, or otherwise than if taken very soon after the wound. I gave Mr. Bl. the account, which will be paid as soon as you please, if your clerk have the receipts from the attorneys; or if not, when you return. Mr. Bethel has been with Mr. C——s about it, who told him to defer it till you come. I have seen your family twice, once at Mr. Jervas's, and last night at home; they are all well, except a little cold which Miss Fortescue has, but was very merry. I hope you have this week seen Buckland with pleasure, and in a state of improvement; and that you will see Fallapit with the same. Twitnam is very cold these easterly winds; but I presume they do not blow in the happy regions of Devonshire. My garden, however, is in good condition, and promises fruits not too early. I am building a stone obelisk, making two new ovens and stoves, and a hot-house for ananas, of which I hope you will taste this year. The public news and votes tell you all the business of the season: it is generally thought the Parliament will be up in the middle of April. Adieu! May success, health, and money attend you in all your circulations! I am faithfully and affectionately, dear sir, yours.

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

51.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*August 2, 1735.*

DEAR SIR,—I had sooner written to you, but that I wished to send you some account of my own and of your affairs in my letter. This day determines both; for we cannot find out who is the pirater of my works, therefore cannot move for an injunction, though they are sold over all the town. That injury I must sit down with, though the impression cost me above 200*l.* as the case yet stands, there being above half the impression unsold. Curll is certainly in it, but we can get no proof. He has done me another injury, in propagating lies in *Fog's Journal* of Saturday last,² which I desire you to see, and consider if not matter for an information. One Mr. Gandy, an attorney, writes me word, Mr. Curwys is too busy to attend my little affairs, and that you approve of his being employed for him. Now, as to your business, I write this from your house; the windows will be done, and a stone chimney-piece up, by the end of next week. I will see all effected, and order the painting after. I have paid the fisherman.

I have exercised hospitality plentifully these twenty days, having entertained many of mine, and some of Lady Suffolk's friends. There is a greater court now at Marble-hill than at Kensington, and God knows when it will end. Mrs. Blount is your hearty humble servant, and Lady Suffolk returns you all compliments. Make mine to your whole family, when you write. I dine to-day with some of your friends, and shall give your services in the evening to Lord Hay.³ The town has nothing worth your hearing or care; it is a wretched place to me, for there is not a friend in it. The news is supposed to be very authentic, that the Persians have killed sixty thousand Turks. I am sorry that the sixty thousand Turks

¹ First appeared in Warner's Letters, 1817.

² That is of the 26th July, 1735. It is in vol. ii. (*second edition*) of

Curll's Pope, 1735, p. xxiv.

³ Probably a misprint for 'Ilay.' So throughout these letters.

are killed, and should be just as sorry if the sixty thousand Persians had been killed; almost as sorry as if they had been so many Christians.

Dear sir, adieu! As soon as you get home, pray contrive (if you can) to send what letters you have been so partial to me as to keep, especially of an early date, before the year 1720. I may derive great service from seeing them in the chronological order; and I find my collection, such as it is, must be hastened, or will not be so effectual. May all health and happiness follow you in your circuit, and, at the end of it, with repose to join them! and then I think you will have all that is worth living for in this world; for as for fame, it is neither worth living for, or dying for. I am truly, dear sir, your faithful friend, and affectionate servant.

Pray, when you write to Mr. Curwys, inquire if he has not forgot Mrs. Blount's arrear from her brother of 25*l.* due last Lady-day.

52.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*Aug. 23, 1735.*

DEAR SIR,—I am summoned unexpectedly to Southampton, to take leave (I fear my last) of Lord Peterborough; from whence I return in a week, he going for France at the month's end. But I first took care of your house; the window is done, and the other bricked up; as to the back window, I think it will do as it is; the painters have done, and next week the upholsterer sets up the beds. I have not had one quiet day to possess my soul there in peace. I shall die of hospitality, which is a fate becoming none but a patriarch, or a parliament man in the country. Those who think I live in a study, and make poetry my business, are more mistaken than if they took me for a Prince of Topinambou. I love my particular friends as much as if I knew no others, and I

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

receive almost everybody that comes near me as a friend : this is too much ; it dissipates me when I should be collected ; for though I may be of some (not much) value to a few, yet, divided among so many, I must be good for nothing. Life becomes a mere pastime. When shall you and I sit by a fire-side without a brief or a poem in our hands, and yet not idle, not thoughtless, but as serious, and more so, than any business ought to make us, except the great business, that of enjoying a reasonable being, and regarding its end ? The sooner this is the case the better. God deliver you from law, me from rhyme, and give us leisure to attend to what is more important. Believe me, dear Sir, with all affection, but in great hurry, for my foot is in the coach the moment my hand is off this paper : [May all happiness wait on Buckland, and Fallapit !] Entirely yours.

53.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*Friday Morning.*

DEAR SIR,—I was the other day in town, but could not find you at any hour of it, except at night, when I could not be disengaged. I have got Gay with me here, to pass two or three days ; we are quite alone and uninterrupted. If you can come to us on Saturday, and stay Sunday, it will be highly delightful to us both, and Gay will return with you. I am so much better in health here than in town, that I think to pass my time almost entirely at home, for the remainder of the winter. I shall be much pleased if I find myself so much remembered by two or three (which is the most I either hope or wish) of my friends, as to be visited by them now and then ; and, as I have experimentally known you to be one of those, I beg you to continue thus mindful of him who will always be so of you. Your true friend and affectionate servant.

I received your enclosed some days since. If his informa-

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

tion be right, I think him honest in his profession, industrious, and able ; besides which, he will work cheap.

54.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*Sunday Night.*

DEAR SIR,—Since I left you, I am informed Curll has served a process upon Cooper (the publisher of the letters which I told you I connived at, who entered them in the Hall book), for what I know not, only I am told he put an advertisement into a newspaper against Curll. I bid him send you the process, that you may judge what is to be done in it. If anything be necessary, pray acquaint me. I send Mrs. Blount's receipt, as you ordered. God prosper you, protect you, bless you, as I love you, and shall ever do. Dear sir, write me a line of your health.

55.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.²*Friday Night, Nov., 1735.*

DEAR SIR,—I hope this finds you well arrived. I was put into more solicitude than I expected, for your health, by Dr. Hollings,³ who the other day told me you had been out of order, of which I knew nothing. I hope in God it is quite over. Give me a line when I may see you most at leisure. I think to be in town on Monday or Tuesday. The man whom Curll served with a process, just before you went out of town, I suppose should have the assistance of an attorney, to appear for him the first day of term, to know what it is for. I am always impatient to see you, dear sir, and always faithfully yours.

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

tory of Devonshire.

² First appeared in Polwhele's His-

³ See First Imitation of Horace, v. 19.

56.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*Dec. 1735.*

DEAR SIR,—This is only to tell you, I love you not the less for not seeing you more. Ever since we dined in the Park, I have been planting at home, have catched two colds on the neck of one another, but still plant on, being resolved to finish this fine season. My alterations are what you would not conceive. Besides, my shell temple is fallen down; and yet I live! Whether I shall see you before the end of the week in town, I know not. I dare not cross the water to lie abroad, with this cold upon me. I hope you are well; I heartily love you, and wish you so. Adieu.

57.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.²*March 26, 1736.*

DEAR SIR,—Your very kind letter was not more kind than entertaining, in the agreeable description of Monmouth and its situation. And what you tell me of your own temper of mind, in the present discharge of your office,³ I feel very livelily with and for you. It is a dreadful duty, yet a noble one; and the hero you thought so much of at Monmouth, had, or ought to have had, his glory overcast and saddened, with the same reflection: how many of his own species he sentenced to death in every battle he gave. I am not so clear in his character as in that of Edward the Third. There seems a little too much of a turn to vanity, and knight (king errantry I would say) in his motives of quarrel with the Dauphin of France. And it appears by some of the monkish historians that he was much a bigot, and persecuted hotly for religion. After all, your office of a judge is more conscientious, and

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

² First appeared in Warner's Letters, 1817.

³ Fortescue was made one of the Barons of the Exchequer in January, 1736.

tends much more directly to public welfare. You may certainly, with a better title than any conqueror, sleep heartily, provided it be not upon the bench. You guessed rightly, (I should now say rather, you judged rightly,) when you supposed this weather was too fine to be sacrificed in London, where the sun shines on little else than vanity; but I have paid for taking my pleasure in it too exorbitantly. The sun at this season, and in this climate, is not to be too much depended on. *Miseri quibus intentata nites!* may be applied to the favours and smiles of the English planet, as properly as to those of an Italian lady.

The matter of my complaint is, that it has given me a rheumatism in one arm to a violent degree, which lies useless and painful on one side of this paper, while the other is endeavouring to converse with you at this distance. God knows, if your family be across the water just now, I shall not be able once to see them there. But it is not five days ago that they were in London, at that filthy old place, Bell-yard, which you know I want them and you to quit. I was to see them one of the only two days I have been in town this fortnight. Your too partial mention of the book of Letters, with all its faults and follies, which Curll printed and spared not, (nor yet will spare, for he has published a fourth sham volume yesterday,¹) makes one think it may not be amiss to send you, what I know you will be much more pleased with than I can be, a proposal for a correct edition of them; which at last I find must be offered, since people have misunderstood an advertisement I printed some time ago, merely to put some stop to that rascal's books, as a promise that I would publish such a book. It is therefore offered in this manner; but I shall be just as well satisfied, (if the public will,) without performing the offer. I have nothing to add, but that Mrs. Blount, whose health you show a kind regard to, is better,

¹ The third and fourth volume of *Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence*, as surreptitiously published by Curll.

and Lady S. well. May health attend you, and quiet ; and a good conscience will give you every other joy of life, how many rogues soever you sentence to death. It is a hard task ! but a harder to mankind were they unpunished, and left in society. I pity you, and wish it may happen as seldom as possible. Yours, sincerely.

58.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹TWITNAM, *Tuesday, April, 1736.*

DEAR SIR,—I need not tell you I am heartily glad of your return : my rheumatism having left me is not a greater joy. But I cannot leave this place at this important time, when every hour of my being here gives it a new improvement, as you will see when you come (I hope on Saturday). I inquired, but did not find the ladies were so early at Richmond as you writ me word : indeed, the easterly wind was enough to discourage them. I send you the paper, which I see, by what you said, you like better than I do. I hope the subscription will fail, so far at least as to excuse me from the thing I never liked, and have been over-persuaded to do. I am truly, and always, yours.

If you take any subscribers in, you must give them a receipt in this form : Received of — one guinea, being the whole payment for a volume of Mr. Pope's works, in prose, which, if the impression does not go on, I promise to return, on demand, after Midsummer next. W. F.

59.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.²TWICKENHAM, *Friday.*

DEAR SIR,—I am in the condition of an old fellow of three-score, with a complication of diseases upon me, a constant

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

² First appeared in Warner's Letters, 1817.

head-ache, ruined tone of the stomach, &c. Some of these succeed the moment I get quit of others; and upon the whole, indeed, I am in a very uncomfortable way. I could have wished to see you, but cannot. I wish you all health, wherever you are. Pray, if you can, do not forget to try to procure the annuity for life for 1000*l.*, which I recommend to you in behalf of a lady of our acquaintance. Make my sincere services to all yours as acceptable as they are sincere. I am, dear sir, yours affectionately.

If you have an opportunity, pray give my services to Sir R. W. whom I will wait upon the first Sunday I am able.

60.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹

DEAR SIR,—The only day I had I came hither, and was unlucky in missing you. I go away this moment; if you come on Saturday, Lady Suffolk dines with me, and you will find her even after dinner, if you cannot come sooner. On Sunday I shall be at home: why cannot you lie at Twitnam Saturday night? I want to ask and tell you many things; some of business. I hope Mr. C——s has got the remainder of Mrs. Blount's debt from her brother, the whole 75*l.*, which she has occasion enough for. Adieu! and know me for yours ever faithfully.

61.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.²*Sunday, May, 1736.*

DEAR SIR,—I am gone (before this can reach you) to Southampton, where my stay will be a fortnight. I was sorry to have no opportunity of passing a day with you and yours; but I propose it often after my return. In the mean time the purpose of this letter is to desire you and them to make what

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

² First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

use you will of my house and gardens, which are large enough to lodge you all, and to try if they can bear a country life anywhere but in Devonshire. Dear sir, believe me ever sincerely, your most affectionate, faithful friend, and servant.

62.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹TWICKNAM, *Tuesday Night, May, 1736.*

DEAR SIR,—It is very long that I have not heard anything of you. The illness you left me under at Chiswick continued violently five whole days, two of which I was in London, and returned as ill hither. Upon the whole, I have had headaches most of the time I have passed since. I enquired, and find you have been but one night at Richmond. Where are you? and how are you? I fancy you have been in Essex, or on some excursion. I think to be in London for two days at the end of this week, and then at home all the next. Pray let me know at which place I may see you most to your conveniency; who, while I live, shall be always truly, dear sir, yours.

63.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.²

Wednesday, May, 1736.

DEAR SIR,—My days are become so uncertain, that I find I shall not have *to-morrow* in my power. This moral sentence is too true in my regard; for I see my proposal of Mr. Crank's dining here will not be. I therefore beg to lay hold of the present day, and that you will all come and dine here directly; for, after this day, I must be held down to two successive parties for morning, noon, and night. The Prince's³ marriage influencing others, has this effect on me, to reverse what was

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

story of Devonshire.

² First appeared in Polwhele's His-

³ Frederick Prince of Wales was married 27th April, 1736.

before promised. Pray, if you cannot dine here to-day, come in the afternoon and sup, or come on Friday evening. Adieu ! I am ever, sincerely, your most faithful servant.

I have but pickled pork and pease in readiness for dinner.

64.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹

DEAR SIR,—I have just received a note from Mrs. Blount, that she and Lady Gerard² will dine here to-day, which puts off my intention on Lord Hay. I wish you would dine with them, and we may go to Lord Hay's in the evening. But this, you see, hinders my being wholly at your service till to-morrow, when I will certainly be so at any place or time. Yours affectionately ever.

65.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.³

DEAR SIR,—Lady Gerard was to see Chiswick gardens (as I imagined), and therefore forced to go from hence by five : it was a mortification to Mrs. Blount to go, when there was a hope of seeing you and Mrs. Fortescue. I cannot get back to-night for want of a vehicle, but will be at home by eleven or twelve by water, ready to go with you to Jervas, unless you all care to come and see Chiswick in the morning by ten, which, if you do not, I will set out on my voyage. Adieu ! dear sir.

66.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.⁴

Two o'clock, June, 1736.

DEAR SIR,—I have been detained by two or three accidents from dining with you ; one of which is, the rebuilding of the

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

² Daughter of Thomas Clifford, of Lytham, Lancashire, married to Sir William Gerard, of New Hall, Lancashire, 6th Baronet of the name.

Her husband, the head of a Catholic family, was dead.

³ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

⁴ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

temple, which I hope will in glory equal the first. I wish the ladies and you would come this afternoon, and give their assistance. If you go to Marble-hill, you will easily come on and sup with me on Westphalia ham, &c., or drink tea at least. I will, if you please, go with you to-morrow to Lord Hay's, and afterwards dine with you, if it suit your other engagements. Adieu! but I hope not for many hours. Yours entirely.

67.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*September 3, 1737.*

DEAR SIR,—It is long that I have not writ to you; but want of materials is a good reason for not writing at any time; and that which I never want, friendship and affection, have not much to say, though they feel much. The knowledge you will not fail, from long experience, to have of mine for you, though it has had few means to prove itself; and the opinion which, I flatter myself, you have of my being no ungrateful man to those who have proved theirs to me, will sufficiently convince you I am always thinking of, and wishing well to you. I have this summer contrived to make a circuit, almost as long as yours, though less useful; from which I am not yet returned. I have been now a full month on the ramble, first to Southampton and Portsmouth, but the stormy weather prevented my design on the Isle of Wight; thence to Oxford, and Cirencester, and Bath. It will be near Michaelmas before I shall see Richmond, or Mrs. Blount, who went thither (as I hear by the last post) but two days ago, to enjoy the palace you left her, being much rejoiced to be at repose after a ramble she has also made. I hope Mrs. Spooner is now in perfect health, though she had been ailing when I last saw her before her journey. I hope you are altogether by this time, or will about the time this letter reaches you; which comes to

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

congratulate you on the sabbath of your labours, and to exhort you to concert this Michaelmas some improvements of your wood, &c. at Buckland, *factura nepotibus umbras*. But cut out some walks for yourself, while you yet have legs, and make some plain and smooth under your trees, to admit a chaise or chariot when you have none. I find myself already almost in the condition, though not the circumstances, of an aged judge, and am forced to be carried in that manner over Lord Bathurst's plantations. Do not be discouraged from giving me, once more at least, an account of yourself. If directed to Twittenham, it will find its way to me. Be assured, I am, with old sincerity, and ever shall be, dear sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and servant.

68.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*July 31, 1738.*

DEAR SIR,—It was my intention sooner to have told you of what, I know, is the news a friend chiefly desires, my own state of health. But I waited these three weeks almost, to give you a better account than I can yet do; for I have suffered a good deal from many little ailments, that do not altogether amount to a great disease, and yet render life itself a sort of one.

I have never been in London but one day since I parted from you, when I saw Mr. Spooner and the rest of yours; and this day I took it into my head they might be at the Vineyard. I went thither, but Mrs. Shepherd told me, in a voice truly lugubrious, that nobody had seen her walls since you were last there. I comforted her over a dish of tea, and recommended her to read Milton on all such occasions of worldly disappointments.

I went home, and drank Sir Robert's health with T. Gordon; for that day I was left alone, my Lord Bolingbroke

¹ First appeared in Warner's Letters, 1817.

being sent for to London, who has stayed with me otherwise constantly since his arrival in England, and proposes (to my great satisfaction) to do so, while he remains on this side the water. It is great pleasure to me that I never saw him better, and that quiet and hunting, together, have repaired his health so well. Your friend Sir Robert has but one of these helps; but I remember when I saw him last, which was the last time he sent to desire me, he told me he owed his strength to it. You see I have made him a second compliment in print in my second Dialogue, and he ought to take it for no small one, since in it I couple him with Lord Bol—. As he shows a right sense of this, I may make him a third, in my third Dialogue.

I should be glad to hear of any place, or thing, that pleases you in your progress. Lord Burlington was very active in issuing orders to his gardener to attend you with pine-apples: he goes into Yorkshire next week.

Pray remember me to Mr. Murray. You need not tell him I admire and esteem him, but pray assure him that I love him. I am, sincerely, dear sir, yours.

69.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹ROUSHAM, *July 26, 1739.*

DEAR SIR,—I write this much out of humour to find it impossible for me to get to London in time before your journey. I had written to my servant to send my chaise and horses to it about the middle of this week; and wrote to Mrs. Blount that I hoped to see both you and her here, the moment after I received your most kind letter. I find by one from her, that you have met at last, and that you have complimented her with the shepherd's tabernacle, of which I doubt not she is very glad, and for which I thank you too. The day before I was to set out, my Lord Cornbury came hither to General

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

Dormers, and insists so urgently that he did so purely to get me to Cornbury for some days, (where I formerly made, and am to make some alterations,) that I cannot refuse it; or must take another journey expressly, which, indeed, I am not able to do, my weak frame being almost shook to pieces with this. I am within a mile of your brother Page,¹ who threatens to come hither: and it is very probable I may see him at dinner to-morrow. If we were well enough acquainted, I might be tempted to go the circuit with you as far as Southampton. I fancy no coaches are so easy as the judges', and no journeys more gradual: then I might be sure of reposing some days between whiles, and keeping sober and sad company. To be serious, I wish yours may contribute to your health, more than I fear it will to your entertainment. Let me hear now and then how you continue; and be assured, all the effects of an old and experienced friendship dwell about me, and will ever wait upon you; whatever be the events of a world I am daily weaning myself from, as I think it less and less lovely, and less worthy either remembrance or concern. Adieu! dear sir, and think (as you truly may) he is a disinterested man who makes you this profession, and who will ever be your most affectionate, faithful, humble servant.

I beg you to send the inclosed letter to Mrs. Blount. I never received that which you mention to have written to me to Twitnam.

¹ Sir Francis Page, one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench, who had a seat at Steeple Aston, near Rousham, from whence this letter is written. He died 18th December, 1741. In the church at Steeple Aston is a monument to him and his wife by Scheemakers. This was the Judge

who tried Savage—and whose character Pope had, previous to this letter, described in a couplet in the Imitation of Horace, addressed to Fortescue:—

Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging if your judge be
Page.

70.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*August 17, 1739.*

DEAR SIR,—I was truly concerned, at my return from my rambles, (which was a whole week longer than I intended, or could prevent,) to hear from Mrs. Blount how ill you had been; worse than really you had told me in your kind letter. I called at your house a day or two, but missed the ladies; but the servants told me they had heard twice from you, and that you was much better. I hope it proved so; and that as your journey advanced, your strength did the same. I wished to hear more of you; and now desire it, that I may no longer want the knowledge how you find yourself. I dined yesterday with Jervas upon a venison pasty, where we drank your health warmly, but as temperately, as to the liquor, as you could yourself: for neither he nor I are well enough to drink wine; he for his asthmatic, and I for another complaint that persecutes me much of late.

Mrs. Blount is not yet at Richmond, which she is sorry for, as well as I; but I think she goes to-morrow: and she told me she would give you some account of herself the moment she was under your roof. She expected I could have informed her of your state of health, and almost quarrelled with me that I had not writ sooner. Indeed I forget no old friend a day together; and I bear you, in particular, all the goodwill and goodwishes I can harbour for any one; though, as to writing, I grow more and more remiss. The whole purpose of it is to only to tell now and then one is alive, and to encourage one's friends to tell us the same, in the consciousness of loving and being loved by each other. All news, if important, spreads of itself; and if unimportant, wastes time and paper; few things can be related as certain truths, and to hunt for pretty things belongs to fops and Frenchmen. Party stories are the business of such as serve their own interests by them, or their own

¹ First appeared in Warner's Letters, 1817.

passions. Neither of all these is my ease, so that I confine myself to mere howd'yes, and repeated assurances that I am concerned to know what I ask of my friends. Let me, then, sometimes be certified of your ways and welfare; mine are pretty uniform, neither much mended nor worse. But such as I ever was, I am; and I ever was, and shall be, dear sir, faithfully yours.

71.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹*Sunday Evening, Feb. 1743.*

I HAVE been disappointed much to-day in not being able to wait on you; as I apprehend you sit every other day, so that you are not at leisure in the afternoon, and I dare not be abroad at night, I beg to know, if I may dine with you to-morrow? No man is with more respect or affection, dear sir, yours always.

72.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.²*Monday, Seven o'clock, March, 1743.*

DEAR SIR,—It is indeed very long since we have met; but I do not forget you, nor do I think you forget me, since you were so kind as to call yesterday. I did not expect you while Lord Bolingbroke was with me (though I saw any friend alone). Since he left me I have been in Kent for some time, and had Mr. West's family here a fortnight; have never been two days in town, nor one Sunday at home, without being confined to company. This is the truth; and I had written as much to you, but for the hope every week of seeing you the next. If this find you, dear sir, at Richmond, I will take boat instantly. I truly am, and ever shall be, as I ever have been, your most obliged and faithful, humble servant.

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

² First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

73.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.¹TWITNAM, *Wednesday, April, 1743.*

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your kind invitation to dine with you, but I have not dined this long while, so as to be fit or any man's table or food. I am not yet free from a fever, and yet must be carried in a coach to-morrow to London, to be the nearer the doctor. If you could as well take the air this way, I would get you a chicken, and enjoy here what I wish I could there, an hour or two of your company. The waterman gives me but an imperfect account of the state of your health, which I answer no man desires with more sincerity, than, dear sir, your most affectionate and ever faithful servant.

74.

POPE TO FORTESCUE.²*Saturday Night, June, 1743.*

DEAR SIR,—I have twice had the ill fortune to miss you when I went to the Rolls; the last time Mr. Solicitor³ and I were together; and now that he and I are at Twitenham (for one day only), my Lord Bolingbroke happens to be so, which hinders us from seeing you. I shall be in town again in two or three days, and hope then to dine and sup with you. I am really troubled to meet you so rarely, as I preserve the memory of so many hours and days formerly passed together; and am, with that sort of truth, which was to be found in old-fashioned friendships, dear sir, your faithful and ever most affectionate servant.

¹ First appeared in Polwhele's History of Devonshire.

² First appeared in Polwhele's His-

tory of Devonshire.

³ Murray.

LETTERS

TO

HUGH AND SLINGSBY BETHEL.

FROM 1723 TO 1744.

HUGH BETHEL, the representative of a good family in Yorkshire, was one of Pope's earliest friends.

On the publication of the first edition of his Poems in 1717, Pope presented a copy (being one of 100 copies printed in quarto for presents to his friends) to him with the following inscription :

Viro, antiquâ probitate et amicitia prædito,
 Hugoni Bethel,
 Munusculum Alexandri Pope.
 To mihi junxerunt nivei sine crimine mores,
 Simplicitas sagax, ingenuusque pudor,
 Et bene nota fides. et candor frontis honestæ,
 Et studia studiis non aliena meis.

He pays him a very graceful compliment in the 'Essay on Man' when he says :

" Shall burning Etna, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
 On air and sea new motions be impress'd,
 O blameless BETHEL, to relieve thy breast?"

Bethel also appears as the English Ofella, in the Imitation of Horace, Book II. Satire ii., where he is described as

— " One not versed in schools ;
 But strong in sense, and wise without the rules."

The friendship between him and Pope remained firm till the latter's death ; almost the last letter Pope wrote was to Bethel, who was also among those to whom the poet sent a copy of the volume of Ethic Epistles containing the character of Atossa, published when he was dying. He was M.P. for Beverley, and lived at Beswick, near Baynton, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. He died at Ealing, in Middlesex, 16 January, 1748. His estate of £2,000 a year went to his brother, Slingsby Bethel, M.P. for London.

Slingsby Bethel, who was a merchant, and lived on Tower Hill, died on the 8th of May, 1772. The letters from Pope to him, now first published, are from originals collected by Mr. Croker.

1.

POPE TO HUGH BETHEL.¹*July 12, 1723.*

I ASSURE you unfeignedly any memorial of your good-nature and friendliness is most welcome to me, who knew those tenders of affection from you are not like the common traffic of compliments and professions, which most people only give that they may receive ; and is at best a commerce of vanity, if not of falsehood. I am happy in not immediately wanting the sort of good offices you offer ; but, if I did want them, I should not think myself unhappy in receiving them at your hands. This really is some compliment, for I would rather most men did me a small injury, than a kindness. I know your humanity, and, allow me to say, I love and value you for it: it is a much better ground of love and value, than all the qualities I see the world so fond of: they generally admire in the wrong place, and generally most admire the things they do not comprehend, or the things they can never be the better for. Very few can receive pleasure or advantage from wit which they seldom taste, or learning which they seldom understand, much less from the quality, high birth, or shining circumstances of those to whom they profess esteem, and who will always remember how much they are their inferiors. But humanity and sociable virtues are what every creature wants every day, and still wants more the longer he lives, and most the very moment he dies. It is ill travelling either in a ditch or on a terrace ; we should walk in the common way, where others are continually passing on the same level, to make the journey of life supportable by bearing one another company in the same circumstances. Let me know how I may convey over the *Odysseys* for your amusement in your journey, that you may compare your own travels with those of *Ulysses* : I am sure yours are undertaken upon a more disinterested, and therefore a more heroic motive. Far be the omen from you, of returning as he did, alone, without saving a friend.

¹ First appeared in 4to, 1737.

There is lately printed a book¹ wherein all human virtue is reduced to one test, that of truth, and branched out in every instance of our duty to God and man. If you have not seen it, you must, and I will send it, together with the *Odyssey*. The very women read it, and pretend to be charmed with that beauty which they generally think the least of. They make as much ado about *truth*, since this book appeared, as they did about *health* when Dr. Cheyne's came out; and will doubtless be as constant in the pursuit of one, as of the other. Adieu.

2.

POPE TO HUGH BETHEL.²

August 9, 1726.

I NEVER am unmindful of those I think so well of as yourself; their number is not so great as to confound one's memory. Nor ought you to decline writing to me, upon an imagination, that I am much employed by other people. For though my house is like the house of a Patriarch of old standing by the highway side, and receiving all travellers, nevertheless I seldom go to bed without the reflection, that one's chief business is to be really at home: and I agree with you in your opinion of company, amusements, and all the silly things which mankind would fain make pleasures of, when in truth they are labour and sorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your relation, the Earl of C.,³ as on the fate of a mortal man. Esteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had: the latter was due

¹ Mr. Wollaston's excellent book of the *Religion of Nature delineated*. The queen was fond of it, and that made the reading of it, and the talking of it, fashionable.—WARBURTON.

If this be so, the date of the letter must be wrong, as Wollaston's book was not published till 1724, and Dr. Cheyne's book on Health came out after Wollaston's in 1725. Moreover, the first part of the *Odyssey*

was not published till 1725. Probably the year should be 1725.

² First appeared in 4to, 1737, p. 294.

³ William, Earl of Cadogan, Viscount Caversham. He died July 17, 1726. C.—BOWLES.

Compare Moral Essay, iii. 89, where he is satirised under the name of Narses.

to the infirmity of his last period, though the former was not due to the triumphant and vain part of his course. He certainly knew himself best at last, and knew best the little value of others, whose neglect of him, whom they so grossly followed and flattered in the former scene of his life, showed them as worthless as they could imagine him to be were he all that his worst enemies believed of him. For my own part, I am sorry for his death, and wish he had lived long enough to see so much of the faithlessness of the world, as to have been above the mad ambition of governing such wretches as he must have found it to be composed of.

Though you could have no great value for this great man, yet acquaintance itself, the custom of seeing the face, or entering under the roof, of one that walks along with us in the common way of the world, is enough to create a wish at least for his being above ground, and a degree of uneasiness at his removal. It is the loss of an object familiar to us: I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child. And add to this the reflection (in the case of such as were not the best of their species) what their condition in another life may be, it is yet a more important motive for our concern and compassion. To say the truth, either in the case of death or life, almost every body and every thing is a cause or object for humanity, even prosperity itself, and health itself; so many weak, pitiful incidentals attend on them.

I am sorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be, for you do not name the person. But I conclude it is one of those to whose houses, you tell me, you are going, for I know no invitation with you is so strong as when any one is in distress, or in want of your assistance: the strongest proof in the world of this was your attendance on the late earl. I have been very melancholy for the loss of Mr. Blount.¹

¹ Mr. Ed. Blount died July 17, 1726. See note to Letter to Blount, 13 Sept., 1725.

Whoever has any portion of good-nature will suffer on these occasions: but a good mind rewards its own sufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as possible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am of old Ennius's mind, *Nemo me decoret lachrymis*. I am but a *lodger* here: this is not an abiding city, I am only to stay out my lease; for what has perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? But I could be glad you could take up with an inn at Twitenham, as long as I am host of it: if not, I would take up freely with any inn of yours. Adieu, dear sir: let us while away this life; and (if we can) meet in another.

3.

POPE TO HUGH BETHEL.¹

June 24, 1727.

You are too humane and considerate; things few people could be charged with. Do not say you will not expect letters from me; upon my word I can no more forbear writing sometimes to you, than thinking of you. I know the world too well, not to value you who are an example of acting, living, and thinking, above it, and contrary to it.

I thank God for my mother's unexpected recovery, though my hope can rise no higher than from reprieve to reprieve, the small addition of a few days to the many she has already seen. Yet so short and transitory as this light is, it is all I have to warm or shine upon me; and when it is out, there is nothing else that will live for me, or consume itself in my service. But I would have you think this is not the chief motive of my concern about her. Gratitude is a cheap virtue, one may pay it very punctually, for it costs us nothing, but our memory of the good done. And I owe her more good than ever I can pay, or she at this age receive, if I could. I do not think the tranquillity of the mind ought to be disturbed for many things in this world; but those offices that

¹ First appeared in 4to, 1737, p. 296,

are necessary duties, either to our friends or ourselves, will hardly prove any breach of it ; and as much as they take away from our indolence and ease of body, will contribute to our peace and quiet of mind by the content they give. They often afford the highest pleasure ; and those who do not feel that, will hardly ever find another to match it, let them love themselves ever so dearly. At the same time it must be owned, one meets with cruel disappointments in seeing so often the best endeavours ineffectual to make others happy, and very often (what is most cruel of all) through their own means. But still, I affirm, those very disappointments of a virtuous man are greater pleasures than the utmost gratifications and successes of a mere self-lover.

The great and sudden event which has just now happened,¹ puts the whole world (I mean this whole world) into a new state. The only use I have, shall, or wish to make of it, is to observe the disparity of men from themselves in a week's time ; the desultory leaping and catching of new motions, new modes, new measures ; and that strange spirit and life, with which men broken and disappointed resume their hopes, their solicitations, their ambitions ! It would be worth your while as a philosopher, to be busy in these observations, and to come hither to see the fury and bustle of the bees this hot season, without coming so near as to be stung by them. Your, &c.

4.

POPE TO HUGH BETHEL.²

June 17, 1728.

AFTER the publishing my boyish letters to Mr. Cromwell, you will not wonder if I should forswear writing a letter again while I live ; since I do not correspond with a friend upon the terms of any other free subject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be silent, or reserved ; and, I am sure, my opinion

¹ The death of K. George the First, 1727.—WARBURTON.
which happened the 11th of June,

² First appeared in the 4to, 1737.

of your heart is such, that I could open mine to you in no manner which I could fear the whole world should know. I could publish my own heart too, I will venture to say, for any mischief or malice there is in it; but a little too much folly or weakness might (I fear) appear, to make such a spectacle either instructive or agreeable to others.

I am reduced to beg of all my acquaintance to secure me from the like usage for the future, by returning me any letters of mine which they may have preserved; that I may not be hurt, after my death, by that which was the happiness of my life, their partiality and affection to me.

I have nothing of myself to tell you, only that I have had but indifferent health. I have not made a visit to London. Curiosity and the love of dissipation die apace in me. I am not glad nor sorry for it, but I am very sorry for those who have nothing else to live on.

I have read much, but writ no more. I have small hopes of doing good, no vanity in writing, and little ambition to please a world not very candid or deserving. If I can preserve the good opinion of a few friends, it is all I can expect, considering how little good I can do even to them to merit it. Few people have your candour, or are so willing to think well of another from whom they receive no benefit, and gratify no vanity. But of all the soft sensations, the greatest pleasure is to give and receive mutual trust. It is by belief and firm hope, that men are made happy in this life, as well as in the other. My confidence in your good opinion, and dependance upon that of one or two more, is the chief cordial drop I taste, amidst the insipid, the disagreeable, the cloying, or the dead-sweet, which are the common draughts of life. Some pleasures are too pert, as well as others too flat, to be relished long; and vivacity in some cases is worse than dulness. Therefore indeed for many years I have not chosen my companions for any of the qualities in fashion, but almost entirely for that which is the most out of fashion, sincerity. Before I am aware of it, I am making your panegyric, and perhaps my

own too; for next to possessing the best qualities, is the esteeming and distinguishing those who possess them. I truly love and value you, and so I stop short.

5.

POPE TO HUGH BETHEL.¹*August 9, 1733.*

You might well think me negligent or forgetful of you, if true friendship and sincere esteem were to be measured by common forms and compliments. The truth is, I could not write then, without saying something of my own condition, and of my loss of so old and so deserving a parent, which really would have troubled you; or I must have kept a silence upon that head, which would not have suited that freedom and sincere opening of the heart which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well; but my home is uneasy to me still, and I am therefore wandering about all this summer. I was but four days at Twickenham since the occasion that made it so melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Essex,² and am now at Dawley, (whose master is your servant,) and going to Cirencester to Lord Bathurst. I shall also see Southampton with Lord Peterborough. The court and Twitenham I shall forsake together. I wish I did not leave our friend,³ who deserves more quiet, and more health and happiness, than can be found in such a family. The rest of my acquaintance are tolerably happy, in their various ways of life, whether court, country, or town; and Mr. Cleland is as well in the park,⁴ as if he were in Paradise. I heartily hope Yorkshire is the same to you; and that no evil, moral or physical, may come near you.

I have now but too much melancholy leisure, and no other care but to finish my Essay on Man. There will be in it one

¹ First appeared in the 4to, 1737.² Probably at Gosfield, with Mr. and Mrs. Knight.³ Mrs. B.—WARBURTON.⁴ St. James's Park. Cleland had rooms in St. James's Palace.

line which may offend you, I fear;' and yet I will not alter or omit it, unless you come to town and prevent me before I print it, which will be in a fortnight in all probability. In plain truth, I will not deny myself the greatest pleasure I am capable of receiving, because another may have the modesty not to share it. It is all a poor poet can do, to bear testimony to the virtue he cannot reach; besides that, in this age, I see too few good examples not to lay hold on any I can find. You see what an interested man I am. Adieu.

6.

POPE TO HUGH BETHEL.²

19 Nov., 1738.

DEAR SIR,—I often think of you, and am quite vexed at the distance we live at. It frets me to think I must be writing to tell you how much I esteem and love you from time to time, when all the common proof, the little offices and attentions of friendship are intercepted between us which so much better express, and so much better reward and continue real affection. Half the life of my heart (if I may so call it) feels numbed. I'm like one who has received a paralytic stroke and lies dead on one side when half the friends that warmed me are absent. I would faith have *you* see how happy I am in the acquiring my Lord Bolingbroke, though but for a few months. 'Tis almost like recovering one from the grave whom we gave for gone; however one can't expect to keep him long, one rejoices in the present moments.

It seems hard that when two friends are in the same sentiments and with the same things they should not be happy together: but *Habit* is the mistress of the world: and whatever is generally said has more sway than *opinion*. Yours confines you to the Wolds of Yorkshire, mine to the banks of

¹ Essay on Man, Book iv., 125. See note to that passage.

² The letter as published in the European Mag., Jan. 1788, is without

address; Ruffhead, however, in his Life of Pope, 1769, p. 500, quotes the concluding paragraph as from a letter "to Mr. Bethel."

the Thames. And yet I think I have less dependance on others, and others less on me than most men I have ever known; so that I should be free. So should a female friend of ours, but Habit is her goddess, I wish I could not say worse, her *tyrant*. She not only *obeys* but *suffers* under her, and reason and friendship plead in vain. Out of Hell and out of Habit there is no Redemption.

I hope the season is now coming that drives friends together, as it does birds, into warm coverts and close corners, that we may meet over a fire and tell the stories of the year. Indeed the town hours of the day suit as ill with my stomach, as the country and dark nights do with my carcase, which I must either expose abroad, or sit and blind my eyes with reading at home. I wish your eyes may grow no worse; mine do, and make me more concerned for you.

Take care of your health. Follow not the feasts (as I have done) of lords, nor the frolics of ladies; but be composed yet cheerful; complaisant, yet not a slave. I am with all truth and affection.

7.

POPE TO SLINGSBY BETHEL.

TWICKENHAM, 14 Sept., 1736.

DEAR SIR,—I lately received a very good account from your brother of his health. I should be glad to have as good an one of your own, of which I have not heard, since you told me you wanted it. I am sorry your affairs would not permit you to have tried to improve it here; and I fear they will rarely suffer you to call this way. I write this to give you a trouble, in case you can help me to some good dry Madeira, fit for present use, which I would be glad to have half a hoghead of, or in the meantime a few dozen: your brother's telling me it often fell in your way made me presume so far on your good nature. If any subscribers to my Prose works have fallen in your way (of which Mr. Bethel

lately sent me his list) be pleased to tell me, and whether for the guinea or half-guinea books? The number will be sufficient without the names, for which I must speedily issue out receipts. I am, sir, your most obliged and affectionate humble servant.

8.

POPE TO SLINGSBY BETHEL.

TWITENHAM, *Nov.* 12 [1737].

SIR,—I have been some months rambling in the country, from whence I am but lately returned into these parts. I have not forgot my debts of some claret and Madeira you procured for me, and I desire you to help me to five dozen Madeira, when you think it perfectly good, and to one dozen more of l'Eglise's best claret. But in the mean time let me know what I owe you for the last, that I may send or wait on you with the money. I have a letter from your brother last week, who is pretty well. He speaks of Mrs. Blount's interest, but she gives her service to you, and says she is in no haste at all. If I was sure to find you any day by a line I would come to your house. I shall be in town the most part of next week, and lye at Lord Cornbury's, by Oxford Chappel, but generally go out early, unless I expect any friend, and that is too unreasonable a distance to expect you who have more business than I. Therefore I would meet you anywhere else where you appoint, and when you are most at leisure. Adieu, and believe me sincerely, sir, your obliged and very affectionate humble servant.

9.

POPE TO SLINGSBY BETHEL

31 *October*, 1739.

DEAR SIR,—I have not been in London but one day these three months, and not one day in the city (I think) since I saw you. This day I intended to have made you a visit at Tower Hill, being to pass most of the day in the city upon

business. But so it is, that the person I am ingaged to requires me to goe as far as Highgate, which prevents me. I wanted to know how your good brother does, it being long that neither Mrs. Blount nor I have heard a word of him, and a lady tells her, that as misfortune has happened in the family where he generally resides in Yorkshire, we are in pain for him and his health. Another thing I had to beg of you was on Mrs. B.'s account, who wants three or four dozen of Madeira : if you can't help her, she does not know where to gett any good, and she drinks almost no other wine which agrees with her. If you can send some to her in Welbeck Street, near Oxford Chapel, Cavendish Square (where they now live), you'll oblige both her and me. I hope, Sir, you enjoy your own health, which I sincerely wish you, as all other happiness. I hope you wish me mine, and therefore I must tell you it is pretty good at present. I am, with all truth, dear sir, your most affectionate and obedient humble servant.

10.

POPE TO SLINGSBY BETHEL.

LONDON, *March 15* [1741].

DEAR SIR,—I have been so long out of town, that I apprehend you may have sent to Lord Bathurst's, and mist to know where to find me, and if you writ, no letter reaches Twitnam by the penny post, only by the general post.¹ I hope you have sold my South Sea annuities, for I fancy they will fall rather than rise. And any day that you can execute the bond I will meet you at Lady Codrington's, which I believe

¹ The penny post for the delivery of letters in the Metropolis and the suburbs was set up in 1683 by Robert Murray, an upholsterer. All letters and parcels not exceeding a pound in weight, or any sum of money not exceeding £10 in value, or parcel not worth more than £10, might be con-

veyed at a charge of one penny in the city and suburbs, and of twopence to any distance within a ten mile circuit. Pope must mean that Bethel may have sent a letter by mistake through the penny post, and therefore it had miscarried, as that post did not go to Twickenham.

will be the least trouble to you, as you go thither sometimes. A line from you will find me all this week at the Honourable Mr. Murray's, next door to Lord Talbot's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. I am ever sincerely, dear sir, your faithfull and affectionate servant.

11.

POPE TO SLINGSBY BETHEL.

TWITNAM, *June 16, 1742.*

DEAR SIR,—Colonel Moyser¹ acquaints me that you are soon to send a parcell of goods to your brother at Rome: I intreat you to add in it the inclosed.

I troubled you lately with a letter by post to him, but did not write to you, intending the next day to have waited on you at Tower Hill, and to have seen Lady Cox, but was told at night she was gone for Oxford.

If you could find any occasion for taking 300 pd. more of me to make the 700 up a 1,000, I should think it very safe in your hands. But let this be as is, or is not, convenient to yourself, I have nothing to add but my own hearty services and Mrs. Patty Blount's, who charged me with them when I thought of seeing you. I am sincerely, dear sir, your faithful affectionate servant.

If I knew any time that you would make a bed here this fine weather, I would be sure to be at home

12.

POPE TO SLINGSBY BETHEL.

TWITNAM, *Saturday.*

DEAR SIR,—Pray tell me by a line, per Bearer, whether it will be any way inconvenient if I draw upon you for £500, on your brother's account, in ten days' time or a fortnight? Believe me always, dear sir, your obliged and affectionate servant.

¹ See vol. x. p. 216.

13.

POPE TO SLINGSBY BETHEL.

Wednesday.

DEAR SIR,—I must repeat the enquiry after your brother, and beg, that whenever you have any further account, you will communicate it to me or Mrs. Blount, at Lady Gerard's in Marlborow Street: no people can be more truly concerned in his health, which that God may preserve, is the sincere prayer of, sir, your most affectionate, faithful servant.

14.

POPE TO HUGH BETHEL.¹*March 20, 1743.*

My landlady Mrs. Vernon being dead, this house and garden are offered me in sale; and I believe (together with the cottages on each side my grass-plot next the Thames) will come at about a thousand pounds. If I thought any very particular friend would be pleased to live in it after my death (for, as it is, it serves all my purposes as well, during life), I would purchase it; and more particularly could I hope two things; that the friend who should like it, was so much younger and healthier than myself, as to have a prospect of its continuing his, some years longer than I can of its continuing mine. But most of those I love are travelling out of the world, not into it; and unless I have such a view given me, I have no vanity nor pleasure that does not stop short of the grave.

15.

POPE TO SLINGSBY BETHEL.

TWICKENHAM, Oct. 28 [1743].²

DEAR SIR,—I am very lately returned home after two or three long journeys. I writ to your brother about a servant

¹ First appeared in Warburton's edition of Pope, 1751, iv. 94.

² The year is not given, but is ascertained by the next letter, in

which the receipt of the hamper of wine for Mrs. Blount is acknowledged.

which he seemed to want, but have not in three weeks heard a word. I fear he is ill, and beg to know what you know of him. I am to send him this parcel, but know not how. I wish you could forward it, either to him or Colonel Moyser. I would give you still another trouble, to get for Mrs. Blount three dozen of Madeira of Colonel Tomlinson, or the best hand you can, fit for present drinking, and send it directed to Holmes, the Twickenham waterman, at the "Globe," at Hungerford Stairs. I should be glad to have any opportunity sometimes of meeting you for an hour or two in town (whither I think soon of removing), or here, if you had a day and night at any time to spare, and let me know, I would be in your way with pleasure. Believe me, sir, I wish you all prosperity, and am sincerely your affectionate and ever obliged servant.

16.

POPE TO SLINGSBY BETHEL.

Nov. 23rd, 1743.

DEAR SIR,—I ought to have acknowledged the receipt of your hamper of Madeira which came very safe, and I caused to be delivered, as directed, to Mrs. Blount. You will please to charge it to her account when you send to her next. She is now at Lady Gerard's house¹ (within three doors of that in which she formerly lived) in Welbeck Street, Oxford Chappel. I heard last post but two from your brother, who is not so well as before. God send him better! I hope soon to find some opportunity of meeting you, who am always, dear sir, your obliged and affectionate servant.

17.

HUGH BETHEL TO POPE.²*BESWICK, ye 25 March, 1744.*

DEAR SIR,—I hope I need not tell you it gave me no small pleasure the account I received of your amendment, which I

¹ See note (2) on p. 139.² From the original in Mr. Murray's possession.

pray God to continue, and I am glad you did not write to me sooner. I have heard of several instances where bleeding has given immediate relief, and it did so to me once or twice formerly; but of late it has failed me. Dr. Cheyne was of Mr. Cheselden's opinion, that it might be frequently repeated with safety, for he advised me to take four or five ounces every full moon. Looking over some papers I met with the prescription of Dr. Burton's pills, which upon comparing I find to be the same with the pills of squills of the Edinburgh Dispensatory, which Cheyne advised me to, but they have not Assafœtid., Arum, Diagred. and Sulph, as they have ordered them for you, and are not therefore so healing, and if you told them of it, they probably would make some alteration in that respect. As they are so earnest with you to go on with them, and have great experience, I would persevere a little longer, though, to speak truth, three months is a fair trial. I found formerly good by half a spoonful of gas of sulphur in a glass of water. I think you ventured to Twitnam too soon, where you must be lonely, and that it would have been more comfortable to have been in town nearer your friends and advice. Every one that lives in the world any time will meet with some of the disagreeablenesses you mention, and the best way not to be disappointed is to expect little: but that is thinking ill of mankind, and those that mean well are apt still to go on in being deceived. I am sorry you are likely to lose Lord Bo. so soon, I was in hopes he had been come to stay. When I have a good day I travel fast towards you, at other times I know not how I shall compass it. I have been but indifferent since my last, but am now better again. Like you, catching the least cold throws me quite down.

The picture I ordered to be sent you was done by a painter at Rome, who was reckoned to hit a likeness the best of anybody there. I remembered your having your friend Mr. Digby drawn after his death, and as I had then little reason to expect

to return to England, I thought I would save you that trouble if you should be so minded. I have got a copy here of that I like best of those I have seen of you—Sir God. Kneller's. Vanloe's I never saw, but I much question if I should like it better. I saw Colonel Moyser yesterday, who enquired after you, and desired his compliments to you, as does Mr. Key, who is now with me. I am sorry to hear Mrs. P. Blount has had such bad colds. Pray tell her from me nothing will answer the neglect of her health. My compliments to her and Lord Bo. Thus far I had writ when I received the disagreeable account of your relapse. Bleeding gave you a very short respite. You are too thin and weak for an issue, and it would be very painfull to you. Lord Shel.,¹ who has more flesh than you, was obliged to dry them up, upon that account, and, I believe, by Dr. Mead's advice. I had one formerly, but found no good by it. Asses' milk is good if it do not increase phlegm. Alkalized mercury is only crude quicksilver with crabs' eyes and in case of a fever I should think the same objection is * * *² But last night I slept well, which has recruited me, and I am much better this morning. If I am able I would go to town about May or June, but as yet I am confined to my room. Living or dying believe me, yours affectionately.

I have heard of a great cure one Dr. Thompson³ has made upon Sir John Eyles, who had a violent asthma.

18.

POPE TO HUGH BETHEL.⁴

[April, 1744.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I continue ill, and have been the worse for the same northerly winds that have affected you so much. This day they are getting into another quarter, and I

¹ Probably Shelburne.

² A portion of the third page of the sheet has perished, leaving the sentence incomplete.

³ The quack, whom Pope consulted,

perhaps in consequence of Bethel's recommendation, in his last illness, and who probably hastened his end.

⁴ First published in Roscoe's edition.

hope will continue out of the bad one. I have had the bishop's book as a present, and have read it with a good deal of pleasure ; but my own doctors having disagreed with your Yorkshire Dr. Thompson, on the use of waters in a dropsical asthma, I am at present confined only to gum ammoniac, sal volatile, and senna, in small quantities, and to take comfortable things, rather than much physic. I have severely suffered, but am obliged to your brother for the wine, which was very good. I long to see you, whenever you can come. I am utterly unable to come to you. I am now so weak, that I can hardly read or write at present,¹ but shall as soon as I can. I feel all my friendship for all my friends as strongly as ever, and for you as much as any. Heaven preserve you !

¹ In this letter Pope has been obliged to have recourse to the pen of a friend. It is in all probability the last of his correspondence, and was written in reply to Bethel's letter, dated Beswick, 25 March, 1744.

EXTRACTS FROM POPE'S LETTERS TO HUGH
BETHEL, QUOTED IN RUFFHEAD'S LIFE OF
POPE.

"A TESTIMONY of friendship and good opinion has been left me by an old friend, from whom I had not the least imagination of such a thing, Mr. Jervas ; but it takes no effect unless I out-live his widow, which is not very likely : however, I think him absolutely in the right in giving nothing from her, to whom he owed almost every thing ; and the sum is considerable, viz., a *thousand pounds*. It is the first legacy I ever had, and I hope I shall never have another at the expense of any man's life, who would think so kindly of me."—P. 190.

"I am writing an epistle on the true happiness of man, in which I shall prove the best man the happiest ; and consequently you should pull off your hat to me, for painting you as the happiest man in the universe."—P. 256.

"I much better understand the beauties of friendship and the merits of virtue in private life, than those of public ; and should never love my country, if I did not love the best men in it."—P. 257.

"I have been so pleased when I meet with a good example or character (as it is a curiosity now) that I have sent express enquiries after the particulars, to be exact in the celebration of it ; and with great contentment find, that what I write of the good works of the Man of Ross, is to a tittle true."—P. 297.

"You mention," says he, "the fame of my old acquaintance, Lady Mary, as spread over Italy. Neither you delight in telling, nor I in hearing, the particulars which acquire such a reputation ; yet, I wish you had just told me, if the character be more avaricious, or amatory ? And which passion has got the better at last."—P. 315.

"One of my amusements has been writing a poem, part of which is to abuse *Travelling* ; you have made me have a quarrel to it, even when it was for a good reason, and (I hope) will be attended with a good effect, which it rarely is in the cases I have satirised it for. I little thought three months ago to have drawn the whole polite world upon me (as I formerly did the Dunces of a lower species) as I certainly shall, whenever I publish this poem. An army of Virtuosi, Medalists, Ciceroni, Royal Society-men, Schools, Universities, even Florists, Free-thinkers, and Free-masons, will encompass me with fury : It will be once more *concurrere bellum atque virum*. But a good conscience, a bold spirit, a zeal for truth, at whatsoever expense, of whatever pretenders to science, or of all imposition, either literary,

moral, or poetical, these animated me, and these will support me.”—P. 388.

“That poem [the Dunciad] has not done me, or my quiet, the least harm, only it provoked Cibber to write a very foolish and impudent letter; which I have no cause to be sorry for; and perhaps next winter I shall be thought to be glad of: but I lay in my claim to you, to testify for me, that if he should chance to die before a new and improved edition of the Dunciad comes out, I have already actually written (before, and not after his death) all I shall ever say about him.”—P. 390.

“Cibber is here to celebrate her [the Princess], and he writes his verses now in such a manner that nobody can use them as they were wont to do; for nobody will, on certain occasions, use a pane of glass.”—P. 390.

“To give you ease, in relation to the event of my poem [4th Book of the Dunciad], which dealing much in general, not particular satire, has stirred up little or no resentment, though it be levelled much higher than the former; yet men not being singled out from the herd, bear chastisement better, like galley-slaves, for being all linked in a string, and on the same rank.”—P. 393.

“Half the effects of my friendship for her [M. Blount] God knows are rendered impracticable or disagreeable to her, by malicious insinuations; and I cannot be of the use I wish to be to her.”—P. 404.

“The Duchess of Buckingham has thought otherwise, who ordered all manner of vanities for her own funeral, and a sum of money to be squandered on it, which is but necessary to preserve from starving many poor people, to whom she is indebted. I doubt not Mrs. Pratt is as much astonished as you or I, at her leaving Sir Robert Walpole her trustee, and Lord Hervey her executor, with a marriage-settlement on his daughter, that will take place of all the prior debts she has in the world. All her private papers, and those of her correspondents, are left in the hands of Lord Hervey; so that it is not impossible another volume of my letters may come out. I am sure they make no part of her treasonable correspondence (which they say she has expressly left it him), but sure this is infamous conduct towards any common acquaintance. And yet this woman seemed once a woman of great honour, and many generous principles.”—P. 407.

“I know you are one of those that will burn every scrap I write to you at my desire, or I really should be precluded from performing the most common offices of friendship, or even writing that I esteem and love any man.”—P. 469.

“I am tied down,” says he, “from any distant flights; a horse hereabouts must needs be like a carrier’s horse, always in a road, for my life (as you know) is perpetually carrying me between this place

and London; to this narrow horizon my course is confined; and I fancy it will end here; and I shall soon take up my inn, at Twickenham church or at Westminster, as it happens to be my last stage."—P. 473.

"I would be very glad," says he, "methinks, if after a friendship of so many years, in the whole course of which no one mistake, no one passion, no one interest has arisen, to interrupt our constant, easy and open commerce, if it were yet reserved for us to pass a year or two together in a gentle walk down the hill, before we lie down to rest: the evening of our days is generally the calmest, and the most enjoyable of them."—P. 473.

"A few honest people is all the world is worth: but you shall never find them agree to stand by one another and despise the rest; which, if they would, they would prevail over the follies and the influence of the world: but they comply with what is round about them, and that being almost sure to be folly or misery, they must partake of both."—P. 487.

"I am so awkward at writing letters, to such as expect me to write like a wit, that I take any course to avoid it. 'Tis to you only, and a few such plain honest men, I like to open myself with the same freedom, and as free from all disguises, not only of sentiment, but of style, as they themselves."—P. 495.

"Since I came to London, I am not so much in spirits, nor in the same quiet, as at Bath. The irregular hours of dining (for as to nights, I keep the same) already have disordered my stomach, and bring back that heaviness and languor upon me after dinner, which I was almost entirely free from; though I still continue to make water my ordinary drink, with as little mixture of wine as before. I am determined to fix my dining to two o'clock, though I dine by myself; and comply afterwards with the importunities and civilities of friends, in *attending*, not *partaking*, their dinners."—P. 501.

"The Doctor [Cheney]," says he, "magnified the Scarborough waters, and indeed all waters, but above all, common water. He was greatly edified with me, for having left off suppers: and upon my telling him, that most of my acquaintance had not only done so, but had not drank out three dozen of wine in my house in a whole twelvemonth; he blessed God, and said, my conversation was with angels."—P. 501.

"I thank you for your repeated offer in relation to my sister, I have furnished her with 150*l*. and she has lost it, being cast in the law-suit (or rather, I believe *I* have lost it), but I shall be able to make a shift till more of my rents come in. It is right sometimes to love our neighbour, not only as well, but better than one's self, and to retrench from our own extravagancies, to assist them in their's, for it was mere folly of not making proper articles, that subjected her to this loss."—P. 502.

"I have lived long enough, when I have lived to despise and lament the worthliness, perfidiousness, and meanness of half my acquaintance ; and to see the dirtiness and dishonesty of those we thought best of. I dare say you feel the same shock, and that neither of us would chuse to stay an hour more on the earth for their sakes or company.

"It is a comfort," he adds, to me, "that my old and long experienced friend Lord Bolingbroke is here, in case this should be my last winter."—P. 520.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND LYTTTELTON.

FROM 1736 TO 1741.

GEORGE LYTTTELTON, eldest son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, was born in 1709, and as was common with young men of ability in that age, developed an early taste for letters. His first published verses were the Epistle to Dr. Ayscough, his tutor, written from Paris, whence he started on 'the grand tour' in 1728. He seems to have made Pope's acquaintance before he started on his travels, and he submitted to the judgment of the poet his four Eclogues or Pastorals, one of which he afterwards dedicated to him. Pope, in his double-edged manner, makes the compliment which he pays him in the Epilogue to the Satires, a vehicle for a bitter satire on Bubb Dodington, who was Secretary to Frederic Prince of Wales, before Lyttelton. The correspondence is of interest as illustrating the attitude of the Opposition in the declining years of Walpole's Ministry, at the time when Pope's Villa was the centre of all the intrigues of which the Heir Apparent was the object.

1.

LYTTTELTON TO POPE.

BATH, 4th Dec. [1736].¹

DEAR SIR,—You judged very right that I should suffer a great deal of uneasiness from your letter coming to me in another hand, and the reason given for it by Lord Cornbury, but Lord Burlington very soon relieved me, by telling me he had received the following post a very long and cheerful one in your own. I was just sitting down to return you thanks when your second letter came, and made me happy by giving me a further assurance of your health, and of that friendship, which though I never doubt, I can't receive a new mark of without delight. I am so vastly recovered by these waters, that I can now enjoy the kindness of my friends without fearing they

¹ First appeared in *Memoirs of Lyttelton*, i. 126. The date assigned to this letter by Sir R. Phillimore is 1739, but it is impossible that this can be correct, as it appears that Lord

Orkney was alive when it was written, and he died 29th January, 1736-7. In all probability, therefore, the date should be 1736.

should suffer by their concern for me. I can hardly think of being ever ill again, after drinking down health another month, and must desire you for the future to consider me as being, next to the Royal Family, the most incapable of sickness, pain, or any bodily infirmity of all the men you ever knew, excepting only the immortal Doctor Cheyney, who desires his compliments to you, and bids me tell you that he shall live at least two centuries, by being a real and practical philosopher, while such gluttonous pretenders to philosophy as you, Dr. Swift, and my Lord Bolingbroke, die of eating and drinking at four score. The doctor is the greatest singularity and the most delightful I ever met with. I am not his patient, but am to be his disciple, and to see a manuscript of his which comprehends all that is necessary, salutary, or useful, either for the body or the soul !¹

Lord Burlington has left Bath a great deal sooner than I had hoped or he intended, for fear of my Lady's catching the small-pox, which is very much here, and a bad sort. I refer you to him for all the news this place affords, which he will give you much more agreeably than I can, and must beg you to make my compliments to Lady Suffolk, Mr. Murray, and Mrs. Blount, the last of whom I am particularly obliged to, and would always have her see with your eyes, that she may not only be very partial to me, but perceive, notwithstanding all her modesty, that there is none of her sex upon whose friendship I set a greater, or perhaps an equal value.

George Grenville² is in a fair way of recovery ; the waters agree with him, and he mends in all respects. Cheyney says he is a giant, a son of Anak, made like Gilbert, the late Lord Bishop of Sarum,³ and may, therefore, if he pleases, live for

¹ George Cheyne or Cheyney, born 1671. He took to milk diet in consequence of the fatness (he weighed at one time 32 stone) brought on by his convivial habits, and reduced himself to one-third of the weight just

mentioned. He died at Bath on the 12th April, 1743.

² Afterwards Secretary of State and author of the Stamp Act.

³ The 'leaden Gilbert' of Dunciad, 4, 603.

ever; his present sickness being nothing but a fillup, which Providence gave him for his good to make him temperate and put him under the care of Dr. Cheyney. When we tell the Doctor that he always has been temperate, a water drinker, and eater of white meats, he roars like a bull, and says we are all liars; for had he been so he could not have had an inflammation, which he is ready to prove by all the rules of philosophy, mathematics, and religion. Lord Orkney may just keep life enough to be in pain a year or two longer. I am sorry for him with all my soul, for he is a man of great merit to the public, and who has been little rewarded in proportion to the services he has done.

Adieu, my dear Pope, take care of yourself that we may have some eminent men left among us, and to make a great part of the happiness of your most faithful and obliged humble servant.

2.

POPE TO LYTTTELTON.

BATH, Dec. 12th [1736].¹

DEAR SIR,—I write to you soon, because I know it will please you to hear I am not ill, nor ill at ease; either my Lord Cornbury mistook my letter, or you him. I think that ever since I was a Poet—nay, ever since I have ceased to be one—I have not experienced so much quiet as at this place. Though I let the world alone, from my very entrance into it, I found as much envy and opposition as if my ambition had

¹ First appeared in *Memoirs of Lyttelton*, i. 128. The date and place assigned to this letter in the *Memoirs* are of doubtful correctness. If, as would at first sight appear, it was written in answer to Lyttelton's of December 4th, it can scarcely have been written from Bath itself. It was probably sent from Allen's house near Bath, and the reference to Lyttelton's brother means

that Pope would 'seek him out' as he passed through Bath on his way home. On the other hand, it may of course have reference to some other 'misunderstanding' of Lord Cornbury's, a hypothesis which is to some extent corroborated by the allusions in Lyttelton's next letter to matters about which Pope seems to have written to him, but which are not touched on in this letter.

designed to overturn it; and since I chanced to succeed in my own Long Walk as much solicitation and vile flattery, as if I had places and preferments to bestow; I never deserved or desired either. If I deserve anything, it is from a constancy to my first philosophical principles, a general benevolence, and fixed friendships, wherever I have had the luck to know any honest or meritorious men. I am yours by every tie; few have or ought to have so great a share of me, if I say two or three more, I should correct myself, and say, rather, one or two. Were it not for a hankering ('tis a good expressive English word) after these, I could live with honest Mr. Allen all my life.

Though I enjoy deep quiet, I can't say I have much pleasure, or even any object that obliges me to smile, except Dr. Ch.,¹ who is yet so very a child in true simplicity of heart, that I love him as he loves Don Quixote, for the most moral and reasoning madman in the world. For I maintain, and I know it, that one may smile at those one loves—nay, esteems—and with no more malice or contempt than one bears to an amiable schoolboy. He is, in Scripture language, an *Israelite in whom there is no guile*, or in Shakespeare's, as *foolish a good kind of Christian* creature as one shall meet with.

(*Here follow three erased lines.*)

I am told your brother is come to Bath, and I will seek him out diligently, because I am also told that he is related to you.²

Adieu, I wish you all earthly blessings; all you enjoy, or can wish; your own welfare, and your country's, Lord Chesterfield's health, Lord Polwarth's success,³ and every good that can befall you in yourself or in any other. Dear Sir, yours.

¹ Dr. Cheyney, who may have come on a visit to Allen from Bath, where he was on December 4th. See Lyttelton's letter to Pope of that date.

² There is here some blunder or omission. Some other person must have been also named.

³ Lord Polwarth was returned for

3.

LYTTELTON TO POPE.

BATH, *December 22nd, 1736.*¹

DEAR SIR,—My cold is gone, and I am now so much recovered that I grow very impatient to get away from Bath. You need not be told that the desire of seeing you is one great cause of that impatience; but to show you how much I am master of my passions, I will be quiet here for a week or ten days longer, and then come to you in most outrageous spirits, and overturn you like Bounce, when you let her loose after a regimen of physic and confinement. I am very glad that his Royal Highness has received two such honourable presents at a time, as a whelp of *hers*² and the freedom of the city.

Poor Lord Orkney is gone away from hence, so weak and ill that I scarce think he can reach London.³ I made your compliments to him, which he received with all the pleasure which one in his condition feels from the praise of a wise and virtuous man; with more, I dare say, than he would have received as kind a message from a Minister of State:

Nam veræ voces tum demum pectore ab imo
Ducuntur.

I am sorry Mrs. Blount has any complaint, and that Lady Suffolk can't get rid of hers; but your continuing well and in good spirits is good news, that it makes amends for all the rest; it even comforts me for the loss of that sweet foetus, which had it lived might have been a Princess Royal. Mr. Grenville, who is very much recovered,⁴ and Mr. Hammond,

Berwick in the Parliament of 1734, and soon made his power in debate felt in the House.

¹ First appeared in *Memoirs of Lyttelton*, i. 129. It is incorrectly dated 1739, having been written before Lord Orkney's death in Jan. 1737. The true date is 1736, as the Prince received the freedom of the City on the 17th December in that year.

² This was no doubt the dog for

whose collar he wrote the inscription:

"I am his Highness's dog at Kew,
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?"

³ Lord Orkney died 29th January, 1737. Compare Lord Orrery's letter to Pope of February 5, 1736-7.

⁴ See Lyttelton's letter to Pope of December 4th. This mention of Grenville seems to fix certainly the date of that letter as 1736.

who is the joy and dread of Bath,¹ join in compliments to you with your most affectionate.

4.

LYTTELTON TO POPE.

STOWE, *July ye 13th, 1738.*²

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry I was so unlucky to be gone from London before your packet came, and that his R. H. was thereby deprived of the pleasure of seeing it so soon as you intended.

You compliment me on my sincerity where it deserves no compliment. To tell truth to an indifferent author is a mark of sincerity, for he is sure to be angry and unable to mend the faults you find; but in works so near perfection, to point out some accidental blemishes, is no more than telling a fine woman you dislike some little part of her dress, which by altering a pin or two she can easily correct.³

All here are well, and much your friends. Last night's papers say Lord Bolingbroke is arrived from France; if it be true, I wish you joy. I shall leave this place Sunday or Monday. Believe that I am the sincerest man alive when I assure you nobody can esteem and love you more than your most faithful, humble servant.

¹ James Hammond, the poet, author of "Elegies;" he was Equerry to the Prince of Wales. He fell in love with Kitty Dashwood, whom Horace Walpole calls "the famous old beauty of the Oxfordshire Jacobites," and Mr. Croker says in his Preface to Lord Hervey's Memoir, that he has it on the authority of Lady Corke, who knew Miss Dashwood, that her refusal of him really caused his death.

He is described in Cibber's "Lives of the Poets" as "unextinguishably amorous, and his mistress inexorably cruel."

² Transcribed from the original by Mr. P. Cunningham.

³ This probably refers to some criticism of Lyttelton's on '1738,' now known as the 'Epilogue to the Satires.'

5.

POPE TO LYTTTELTON.

TWITENHAM, *August 15th* [1738].¹

DEAR SIR,—I hope this will find you in all those pleasures which a good man takes in its duties and affections, which in such an one go together. The satisfaction of a father, who loves you not more tenderly than you love him, and of such brothers as you make glad, though their elder, and such sisters, whom you count as riches, not taxes upon your estate. I wish you all joy of one another. I am truly sorry to want the joy I proposed, and had placed in my heart, of seeing this in person. You do me justice, I doubt not, and know 'tis a concern to me not to be able to reach you before you are obliged to leave that agreeable scene. What puts it past any hope I had is that yesterday my guest here was seized with a sort of fever, the concomitant of a bilious distemper, which has formerly attacked him, and generally holds some weeks.² He is unable to leave this place, and that will retard his business in town a week or two longer than I imagined when we parted. I can have no prospect of seeing you sooner than at Stowe, if then: but I desire to know by a line six or seven days before you go thither.

My Lord Burlington has not had a pine-apple to spare till my Lady's going to Yorkshire, which I sent to your lodging the night before you left London. You did not tell me where to direct to the carrier who is to bring them to Hayley. When I can get two or three together to send to Sir Thomas, will it do to send them boxed up to the Admiralty, or to your lodgings? I have bid the gardener enquire at both places, and also what day the carrier goes out, of which you forgot to leave me a memoranda in paper (in which case he should

¹ First appeared in Lyttelton's *Memoirs*, i. 116. Mr. Peter Cunningham says that there is "in an old hand on

the original 'about 1738.' "

² Lord Bolingbroke stayed with Pope after his arrival from France.

have sent them directly to you). Send me any instructions to Twickenham, and I will do all I can.

Lord Cornbury yesterday set out for Spa in a ticklish state of health, and extreme low spirits. If all honest men die, there will be great joy at —, ¹ and if all ingenious men lose their mettle, the Gazetteer will be inestimable. I have had but very bad health since you left me, but 'tis no matter, 'tis all in the way to immortality. However, I advise you to live for the sake of this pretty world, and the prettiest things in it. Adieu.

I am Sir Thomas's most obliged servant, for getting such a son as you, and your most faithful, and ever truly most affectionate friend.

6.

LYTTELTON TO POPE.²

BATH, October 25, 1739.³

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter to the Dean. It is a sensible pleasure to me to receive any mark of your affection, and this is one which you have made kinder by your manner of giving it me. If the person I recommended be not the better for it, as I hope he will, yet I shall be the happier.⁴

We are just returned from my Lord Bathurst's, where his R. H. gave and received much satisfaction. I wish you had been of the party, because I know he wishes it, and because he cannot be too often in your company. Don't complain of your being *useless* to him: a friend is never so, especially to a Prince. When the power of pleasing in conversation is directed to the purpose of instructing, and a right understanding joined to a good heart, one *in his station* may draw the

¹ There is in the original the commencement smeared over of 'St.' [St. James].—P. CUNNINGHAM.

² Transcribed from the original by Mr. P. Cunningham.

³ This is the date on the letter in

an old hand.—P. CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ See Pope to Swift, October 12th, 1739. Pope had asked the Dean, on Lyttelton's behalf, to give the next vacancy in his choir to the son of Lyttelton's old nurse.

greatest services, as well as the greatest delight, from one in *yours*. Be therefore as much with him as you can: animate him to virtue—to the virtue least known to Princes, though most necessary for them—love of the publick; and think that the morals, the liberty, the whole happiness of this country depends on your success.

If that sacred fire, which by you and other honest men has been kindled in his mind, can be preserved, we may yet be safe. But if it go out it is a presage of ruin, and we must be lost.¹ For the age is too far corrupted to reform itself: it must be done by those upon or near the throne, or not at all. They must restore what we ourselves have given up; they must save us from our own vices and follies; they must bring back the taste of honesty, and the sense of honour, which the *fashion of knavery* has almost destroyed. In doing this they will pursue their real interest, and therefore, though it is a great deal to expect, it is not too much to desire; and where dispositions to it appear, they ought to be cultivated with as much application as if success were certain; nor is it wise or honest to despair too soon. Why should the industry of knaves to corrupt exceed the diligence of honest men to guard from corruption? Why should the flatterers of a Prince be more alert and indefatigable than his friends? I say this to you, my dear Pope, because I know how difficult it is to draw you to a Court, even to a Court without guards and under persecution. You may remember that I was forced to compell you to go and dine at Kew the last time you was there. And yet there never was a morning better spent by you—no, not in conversing with Lord Bolingbroke. In short, if you had any spirit in you, you would come to Bath, and let the Prince hear every day from the man of this age, who is the greatest dispenser of fame, and will be best heard by posterity, that if he would immortalize himself, the only way he can take is to

¹ Compare the exhortation to the Prince in the unfinished Satire, '1740,' ver. 85-98.

deserve a place by his conduct *in some writings*, where he will never be admitted only for his rank.

Lord Chesterfield is well, and much yours, and so is Pitt. If Lord Bolingbroke be returned to you, I beg my compliments. I am most affectionately yours.

Direct for me at Mr. Basset's, near the Cross-bath.

7.

POPE TO LYTTTELTON.¹[1739.]²

DEAR SIR,—Of all the kind opinions you entertain of me there is one which I deserve—the opinion that I am sincerely yours, and that I love Virtue, for I love you and such as you: such are listed under her banners; they fight for her. Poets are but like heralds, they can only proclaim her, and the best you can make of me, is that I am her poor trumpeter.

The Prince's visit to Lord Bathurst was too quick for a letter which I intended him on that occasion. It was a letter of instructions in what manner a great man should treat a Prince when Fortune gives him the leading of one, especially if the Prince happens to be a little short-sighted: *what* things one should make him see and *how far*? what kind of notion to give him of the extent, nature, and situation of the *land* about him? Above all, the two great arts so successfully practised by my lord on other people, and so much more useful to be practis'd on a Prince: that of making him imagine what is a highway or common field to all his subjects, to be his own walks and royalties, and that of imposing upon him what was the work of our own hands but yesterday, for the venerable structure of our ancestours.

¹ First appeared in *Memoirs of Lyttelton*. It is wrongly dated in the *Memoirs*, 1741. The Prince's visit to Lord Bathurst was in 1739. The letter appears to be an answer to

the preceding one from Lyttelton to Pope.

² The original is addressed 'To Mr. Lyttelton, Secretary to His Royal Highness at Bath.'

But I have something at present to tell you which is more material: the result of the conference with Sir W. W., and the disposition in which it left him.¹

He seem'd strongly touch'd with a sense of the indignity, the folly, and the danger that attend the present state and conduct of the Opposition. He feels (though a little unwilling to own it), that these are ow'd to a neglect of harkening five or six years ago to the warning a friend then gave him, who apprehended then what is now evident, viz. that the Opposition would be drawn off from the original principle on which it was founded by two persons:² one of whom never meant, and the other meant only by fits and starts, the public good; and to that end a change of measures as well as of men. That these two persons would by their own overbearing and the indolence of others, get a sort of prescriptive right to a negative in all proceedings; and that the Opposition by consequence would become nothing more than a bubble-scheme, wherein multitudes which intended the publick service, would be employed to no other purpose than to serve private ambition.

He is fully persuaded that the part taken by his R. H. opens an opportunity of rectifying these errors by retrieving and preventing these mischiefs: but thinks his R. H. should exert his whole influence, first to prepare and then to back the new measure: who the moment it takes place will be the head of the party, and those two persons cease so to be that instant.

That it is proper to continue to live with them, however, in all the same terms of friendly intercourse, and with the same appearance of intimacy, may so strengthen the plea to it by showing how extremely they have been trusted, deferred to, and comply'd with.

¹ This conference is no doubt alluded to in the line of the Verses on the Grotto:

Here patriot sighs from dying Wyndham stole.

Compare Vol. IV. p. 494.

² Pulteney and Carteret. Compare '1740,' v. 31, and note. The 'friend' was no doubt Bolingbroke:

That all persons (many of which there certainly are) as may be determined to join in the pursuit of the original measures of the Opposition, should be so determined by all sorts of private application (whether Whigs or Tories), but by no means apply'd to in the collective body, or too generally, but in separate conversations and arguments.

That upon every important occasion the things resolv'd upon should be pushed by the persons in this secret, how much soever the others may hang off, which will reduce them to the dilemma of joyning with the Court or of following their friends with no good grace.

Sir W. declared he had no difficulty of proceeding in this manner, nay, thought on the contrary, that if Sir Tho. San.¹ himself, and any two or three old members more, with the phalanx of young members, led on such an opposition in a debate, they would be followed by numbers even at first, that these numbers would increase every day, that a new Opposition would be thus created (or rather the old one reviv'd), and, in a word, that this must be done, or nothing can be done by any man of sense or virtue.

This you may depend is the present disposition of Sir W., in which you and Lord Ch.² may certainly confirm him, if you throw oil not water on it. That such a spirit should be raised in him, was the hint given me by the person in whose room you and I parted last. I see no harm if you had told him *who* has done thus much; but surely he must strongly be told *who* only can corroborate and render practicable the effects of it.

Pray assure your master of my duty and service: they tell me he has everybody's love already. I wish him popular but not familiar, and the glory of being beloved, not the vanity of endeavouring it too much. I wish him at the head of the only good party in the kingdom—that of honest

¹ *i.e.*, Sir Thomas Lyttelton, Sandys, and Wyndham himself.

² Lord Chesterfield.

men. I wish him head of no other party, and I think it a nobler situation to be at the head of the best men of a kingdom than at the head of any kingdom upon earth. For one is only a proof of his birth, the other of his merit. And God knows *meerly* to be popular, that is, to be at the head of a mob (for parties are but higher and more interested mobs) is as much below a Prince as keeping low company is below a gentleman, though the first of the club. And our people of England admire a king, but as a clown does a squire. "They are enough to spoil a gude king," as the Scotsman said of them when they followed James the First (this quotation Lord Bathurst sent me in a letter t'other day, and it is a good one). Adieu, make my services to Lord Chesterfield, and take them yourself from, your obedient servant.¹

8.

LYTTELTON TO POPE.²

[1740.]

DEAR SIR,—Since my last I have received his Royal Highness's commands to let you know that he has a mind to present you with some urns or vases for your garden, and desires you would write me word what number and size will suit you best. You may have six small ones for your Laurel Circus, or two large ones to terminate points, as you like best. He wants to have your answer soon. Adieu, my dearest friend ! Yours, most affectionately.

¹ The original is unsigned.

² First appeared in Ruffhead's *Life of Pope*, 8vo, 1769, p. 198. The date is ascertained with probability from a letter of Lyttelton's to Warburton, dated June 10, 1740, in which he says : "I came to-day from your friend Mr.

Pope. He is very well and very busy in making his Grotto, which, you know, is a curious collection of ores, minerals, marbles, and all the wealth of the subterraneous world. You cannot imagine how eager he is at it."

9.

LYTTELTON TO POPE.

*June ye 13th [1741].*¹

DEAR SIR,—I am much concerned it is impossible for me to come to Twitnam either to-day or to-morrow, as I should have much wish'd to have had a parting look of you. I am sorry to tell you, too, that I have not succeeded in my negotiation for Mrs. Blount, all the lodgings at Kew that are furnished being already engaged for the whole summer. You are desir'd to send the waterman you recommended to Lord Baltimore, who will admit him into the Prince's service upon hearing he comes from you. His lordship is our Admiral upon the Thames, and all naval preferments are to pass through his hands. My humble service to Mr. Warburton. I am very glad he finds anything to be pleas'd with in the manuscript I lent him,² and shall beg his assistance in the prosecution of the work to make it more worthy of his approbation. If when he is at Cambridge he should find anything in the library there relating to Henry II. or Becket, that may be of use to me, I will take the liberty to desire him to communicate it. It will be two or three years before my book is finished, so I hope he may have leisure to think a little upon the subject of it, without taking him from his own studies or amusements. Ld. Boling., you and he, have engrost philosophy, poetry, antiquity, and modern history, so that nothing remains for me, "*quâ me quoque possim tollere humo*," but to endeavour to draw something like history out of the rubbish of monkish annals—a disagreeable task—but yet if I can execute it well, there are materials enough to make it a work of some instruction and pleasure to my countrymen, and I hope to the

¹ First appeared in *Memoirs of Lyttelton*. The editor says that the date of this letter is uncertain, but the year is ascertained by the reference to Warburton's approval of "the manuscript lent him." See the

following note.

² The MS. of the 'Life of Cicero.' See Warburton's letter to Lyttelton of 22 October, 1741. *Memoirs of Lyttelton*, vol. i., p. 163.

Prince, my master, for whose service I chiefly design it. Certain I am, that such an architect as you, or Mr. Warburton, could out of these Gothic ruins, rude as they are, raise a new edifice that would be fit to enshrine the greatest of our English Kings, and last to eternity.

There is no design of putting anybody as yet about Prince George. I will say more to you upon that subject at our next meeting. I am extremely grieved that I must give up all my hopes of seeing you at Hagley this year, for when you are there with me, "*Gratior it Dies et soles melius nitent.*" But my poor father's ill health incapacitates him from receiving company, and me from enjoying it. I hope to God by next year, retirement and a country life will have mended his health, and then, if Lord Bathurst will honour us with a visit, and bring you and Mr. Warburton along with him, it will highly oblige, your most affectionate humble servant.

10.

POPE TO LYTTTELTON.¹

BATH, Nov. 3rd, 1741.

DEAR SIR,—I have lately received a letter, in which are these words: "Suffer not Mr. Lyttelton to forget me." It made me reflect I am as unwilling to be forgotten by you, though I did not deserve to be so well remembered, on any account, but that of an early, a well grounded, and (let me add) a well judged esteem of you. I do not ask what you are doing? I am sure it is all the good you can do. I do not ask anything but to know that you are well. I see no use to be drawn from the knowledge of any public events: I see most honest men melancholy, and that's enough to make me enquire no more. When I can do anything, either to assist, or not assisting to comfort them, I will; but I fear I live in vain—that is, must live only to myself. Yet I feel every day what the Puritans call *outgoings* of my soul, in the concern I

¹ First appeared in Memoirs of Lyttelton.

take for some of you, which upon my word is a warmer sensation than any I feel in my own, and for my own, being. Why are you a courtier? Why is Murray a lawyer? It may be well for other people, but what is that to your own enjoyment, to mine? I would have you both pass as happy and as satisfied a life as I have done; you will both laugh at this, but I would have you know had I been tempted by nature and Providence with the same talents that he and you have, I would have done as you do. But if either of you ever become tired or stupid, God send you my quiet and my resignation. I think I've nothing more to say, but to add with how full a heart I am, dear sir, ever yours.

Pray let Mr. West know I am alive, and while alive warmly his.¹

11.

LYTTTELTON TO POPE.²

LONDON, 7 Nov., 1741.

DEAR SIR,—I received your obliging letter with that pleasure and pride I always feel in every mark of your friendship. As much a courtier as I am, I have no higher ambition than to deserve your esteem, and that of a few honest men more, among whom I desire you to tell Mr. Allen I reckon him, though he is so little in my way that I cannot cultivate his friendship as I wish to do. I envy you the quiet and happiness you enjoy at his house, where you are escaped from the vice, the folly, and the noise of the world, almost as much as if you were dead and in the region of pure and happy spirits. What a different scene am I forced to sit in! But I won't recall even your thoughts to it. I will only tell you that I am well, and that I have lately³ heard from Mr.

¹ Gilbert West the poet.² First appeared in *Memoirs of Lyttelton*,³ See Warburton's letter to Lyttelton of October 22, 1741.

Warburton, who desires me to acquaint you that he has dropped his dispute with Dr. Middleton, as you advised him to do ;¹ though he has convinced me he could well have maintained it if he had not loved peace and friendship better than victory, which is a temper of mind so becoming in a divine, and so rare in an author, that I think you should express your approbation of it the first time you write to him.⁴ If the person who told you *not to suffer me to forget him* was Lord Bolingbroke, I beg you would say in your answer that I gave a letter two months ago to Mr. Brindsden to be conveyed to him, which by those words to you I should apprehend he has not received. If you add that I always remember his lordship with the highest veneration and kindest regards, you will do me but justice. I wish he was in England upon many accounts, but for nothing more than to exhort and animate you not to bury your excellent talents in a philosophical indolence, but to employ them, as you have often done, in the service of virtue. The corruption and hardship of the present age is no excuse, for your writings will last to ages to come, and do good a thousand years hence if they can't now : but I believe they would be of great present benefit. Some sparks of public virtue are yet alive which such a spirit as yours might blow into a flame, among the young men especially ; and even granting an impossibility of reforming the public, your writings may be of use to private society. The moral song may steal into our hearts and teach us to be as good sons as good friends, as beneficent, as charitable as Mr. Pope, and sure that would be serving your country, though you can't raise her up such ministers or such senators as you desire. In short, my dear friend, though I am far from supposing that if you don't write *you live in vain*, though the influence of your virtues is felt among all your friends and acquaintance, and the whole

¹ The dispute arose out of some remarks made by Warburton on Middleton's theory that Popish cere-

monies were copied from those of Paganism.

circle of society within which you live, yet as your writings will have a still more extensive and permanent influence, as they will be an honour to your country at a time when it has hardly anything else to be proud of, and may do good to mankind in better ages and countries if not in this, I would have you write till a decay of your parts, or at least weakness of health, shall oblige and authorize you to lay down your pen. But though in my zeal for your glory I tell you this, I shall love and esteem you just as well, whether you mind it or not. I have long since forgot the author in the companion and friend, and though I shall read whatever you write with a great deal of pleasure, and feel a sort of pride for you in hearing it praised, I had rather you should tell me, as you do in your last letter, that you are *happy and satisfied* than be told you had written the finest thing in the world. I was last night at West's. He and his wife are much yours. I wish I could write to you longer. I feel those same *outgoings of the soul* which you speak of very strong in me now, and should like to prate to you through a page or two more; but here are people breaking in upon me, so I can only assure you I am most sincerely, dear sir, your very affectionate, humble servant.

LETTERS

TO

RALPH ALLEN, Esq.

FROM 1736 TO 1744.

1.

POPE TO ALLEN.¹

TWITNAM, *April 30, 1736.*

I SAW Mr. M. yesterday, who has readily allowed Mr. V.² to copy the picture. I have inquired for the best originals of those two subjects, which, I found, were favourite ones with you, and well deserve to be so, the discovery of Joseph to his Brethren, and the Resignation of the Captive by Scipio. Of the latter, my Lord Burlington has a fine one done by Ricci, and I am promised the other in a good print from one of the chief Italian painters. That of Scipio is of the exact size one would wish for a basso relievo, in which manner, in my opinion, you would best ornament your hall, done in chiaro oscuro.

A man not only shows his taste, but his virtue, in the choice of such ornaments: and whatever example most strikes us, we may reasonably imagine, may have an influence upon others. So that the history itself, if well chosen, upon a rich man's walls, is very often a better lesson than any he

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Ralph Allen was born in 1694. His father kept a small inn called 'The Duke William' or 'The Old Duke' at St. Blazey, Cornwall. He was employed in the Post Office of that place, and afterwards in the Post Office, Bath, where he obtained the patronage of General Wade, by detect-

ing a Jacobite conspiracy. He married Miss Earl, natural daughter of General Wade. His fortune was made by the system of cross posts which he devised and farmed himself. The profits amounted to £12,000 a year. Prior Park, where he lived, was begun in 1736 and finished in 1743.

² Vertue.

could teach by his conversation. In this sense, the stones may be said to speak when men cannot, or will not. I cannot help thinking (and I know you will join with me, you who have been making an altar-piece) that the zeal of the first reformers was ill-placed in removing *pictures* (that is to say, examples) out of churches; and yet suffering *epitaphs* (that is to say, flatteries and false history) to be the burden of church walls, and the shame, as well as derision, of all honest men.

I have heard little yet of the subscription.¹ I intend to make a visit for a fortnight from home to Lady Peterborough at Southampton about the middle of May. After my return I will inquire what has been done; and I really believe, what I told you will prove true, and I shall be honourably acquitted of a task I am not fond of.² I have run out my leaf, and will only add my sincere wishes for your happiness of all kinds. I am, &c.

2.

POPE TO ALLEN.³SOUTHAMPTON, *June 5, 1736.*

I NEED not say I thank you for a letter, which proves so much friendship for me. I have much more to say upon it than I can, till we meet. But, in a word, I think your notion of the value of those things⁴ is greatly too high, as to any service they can do to the public; and as to any advantage they may do to my own character, I ought to be content with what they have done already. I assure you, I do not think it the least of those advantages that they have occasioned me the good will (in so great a degree) of so worthy a man.⁵ I fear (as I must rather retrench than add to their number, unless I would publish my own commendations) that the

¹ For his own edition of the first volume of his letters, undertaken at Mr. Allen's request.—WARBURTON.

² The printing his letters by subscription.—WARBURTON.

³ First appeared in Warburton, 1751.

⁴ His letters.—WARBURTON.

⁵ Mr. Allen's friendship with Mr. Pope was contracted on the reading his volume of Letters, which gave the former the highest opinion of the other's general benevolence and goodness of heart.—WARBURTON.

common run of subscribers would think themselves injured by not having every thing, which discretion must suppress; and this, they (without any other consideration than as buyers of a book) would call giving them an imperfect collection: whereas the only use to my own character, as an author, of such a publication, would be the suppression of many things: and as to my character as a man, it would be but just where it is; unless I could be so vain, for it could not be virtuous, to add more and more honest sentiments; which, when done *to be printed*, would surely be wrong and weak also.

I do grant it would be some pleasure to me to expunge several idle passages, which will otherwise, if not go down to the next age, pass, at least, in this, for mine; although many of them were not, and God knows, none of them are my present sentiments, but, on the contrary, wholly disapproved by me.

And I do not flatter you when I say, that pleasure would be increased to *me*, in knowing I should do what would please *you*. But I cannot persuade myself to let the whole burden, even though it were a public good, lie upon you, much less to serve my private fame entirely at another's expense.¹

But, understand me rightly: did I believe half so well of them as you do, I would not scruple your assistance; because I am sure, that to occasion you to contribute to a real good would be the greatest benefit I could oblige you in. And I hereby promise you, if ever I am so happy as to find any just occasion where your generosity and goodness may unite for such a worthy end, I will not scruple to draw upon you for any sum to effect it.

As to the present affair, that you may be convinced what weight your opinion and your desires have with me, I will do what I have not yet done: I will tell my friends I am as willing to publish this book as to let it alone. And, rather

¹ Mr. A. offered to print the Letters at his own expense.—WARBURTON.

than suffer you to be taxed at your own rate, will publish, in the news, next winter, the proposals, &c.

I tell you all these particulars to show you how willing I am to follow your advice, nay, to accept your assistance in any moderate degree; but I think you should reserve so great a proof of your benevolence to a better occasion.

Since I wrote last, I have found, on further inquiry, that there is another fine picture on the subject of Scipio and the captive, by Pietro da Cortona, which Sir Paul Methuen has a sketch of: and, I believe, is more expressive than that of Ricci,¹ as Pietro is famous for expression. I have also met with a fine print of the discovery of Joseph to his Brethren, a design which, I fancy, is of Le Sueur, and will do perfectly well. I am, &c.

3.

POPE TO ALLEN.²

November 6, 1736.

I do not write too often to you for many reasons; but one, which I think a good one, is, that friends should be left to think of one another for certain intervals without too frequent memorandums. It is an exercise of their friendship, and a trial of their memory; and moreover to be perpetually repeating assurances, is both a needless and suspicious kind of treatment with such as are sincere; not to add the tautology one must be guilty of, who can make out so many idle words as to fill pages with saying one thing. For all is said in this word, *I am truly yours.*

I am now as busy in planting for myself as I was lately in planting for another³; and I thank God for every wet day and for every fog that gives me the head-ache, but prospers my works. They will indeed outlive me (if they do not die in their

¹ His colouring, says Walpole, was chalky and without force. He painted the Hall at Burlington House, and the Chapel at Chelsea College.—

WARTON.

² First appeared in Warburton 1751.

³ Lord Bathurst.

travels from place to place ; for my garden, like my life, seems to me every day to want correction, I hope, at least, for the better) ; but I am pleased to think my trees will afford shade and fruit to others, when I shall want them no more. And it is no sort of grief to me, that those others will not be things of my own poor body : but it is enough, they are creatures of the same species, and made by the same hand that made me. I wish (if a wish would transport me) to see you in the same employment : and it is no partiality even to you, to say it would be as pleasing to the full to me, if I could improve your works as my own.

Talking of works, mine in prose are above three quarters printed, and will be a book of fifty and more sheets in quarto. As I find, what I imagined, the slowness of subscribers, I will do all I can to disappoint you in particular, and intend to publish in January, when the town fills, an advertisement, that the book will be delivered by Lady-day,¹ to oblige all that will subscribe, to do it. In the meantime I have printed receipts, which put an end to any person's delaying upon pretence of doubt, by determining that time. I send you a few, that you may see I am in earnest, endeavouring all I can to save your money, at the same time that nothing can lessen the obligation to me.

I thank God for your health and for my own, which is better than usual. I am, &c.

4.

POPE TO ALLEN.²

14 May, 1737.

"THE bill,³ about which some honest men, as well as I, took some pains, is thrown out, for this sessions. I think I told you it was a better bill when it *went into* the House of Commons, than when it *came out*. They had added some clauses, that

¹ That is 1737. The registration by Dodsley (of the whole) was on the 17th May, 1737.

² Ruffhead's Life, p. 482.

³ The Bill for the Encouragement of Learning.—RUFFHEAD.

were prejudicial, as I think, to the true intention of encouraging learning ; and I was not sorry the House of Lords objected to them : but it seemed reasonable, that if *particulars* only were objected to, they should be referred to a committee to amend them, and not to *reject* the *whole* for them. But human passions mingle with public points too much ; and every man's private concerns are preferred by himself to the whole. 'Tis the case in almost every thing. It really was not mine, in the part I had herein ; and therefore I am not, in my own particular, the worse, for the miscarriage of the bill, and yet I am sorry for it : though if the general purport of it be again brought in, another sessions, without those clauses which were added by the Commons to the original draught, I should be gladder that it was now thrown out."

5.

POPE TO ALLEN.¹

June 8, 1737.

I WAS very sorry to hear how much concern your humanity and friendship betrayed you into upon the false report which occasioned your grief. I am now so well, that I ought not to conceal it from you, as the just reward of your goodness which made you suffer for me. Perhaps when a friend is really dead (if he knows our concern for him), he knows us to be as much mistaken in our sorrow as you now were : so that, what we think a real evil is, to such spirits as see things truly, no more of moment than a mere imaginary one. It is equally as God pleases : let us think or call it good or evil.

I wish the world would let me give myself more to such people in it as I like, and discharge me of half the honours which persons of higher rank bestow on me ; and for which one generally pays a little too much of what they cannot bestow, time and life. Were I arrived to that happier circumstance, you would see me at Widcombe, and not at Bath.

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751.

But whether it will be as much in my power as in my wish, God knows. I can only say, I think of it with the pleasure and sincerity becoming one who is, &c.

6.

POPE TO ALLEN.¹*November 24, 1737.*

THE event of this week or fortnight² has filled every body's mind, and mine so much, that I could not get done what you desired as to Dr. P., but as soon as I can get home, where my books lie, I will send them to Mr. K.³ The death of great persons is such a sort of surprise to all, as every one's death is to himself, though both should equally be expected and prepared for. We begin to esteem and commend our superiors, at the time that we pity them, because then they seem not above ourselves. The Queen showed, by the confession of all about her, the utmost firmness and temper to her last moments, and through the course of great torments. What character historians will allow her, I do not know; but all her domestic servants, and those nearest her, give her the best testimony, that of sincere tears. But the public is always hard; rigid at best, even when just, in its opinion of any one. The only pleasure which any one, either of high or low rank, must depend upon receiving, is in the candour or partiality of friends, and that small circle we are conversant in: and it is therefore the greatest satisfaction to such as wish us well, to know we enjoy that. I therefore thank you particularly for telling me of the continuance or rather increase of those blessings which make your domestic life happy. I have nothing so good to add, as to assure you I pray for it, and am always faithfully and affectionately, &c.

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751.

TON. Queen Caroline died 20 Nov., 1737.

² The Queen's death.—WARBUR-

³ Mr. Knapton.

7.

POPE TO ALLEN.¹TWICKENHAM, *April 28, 1738.*

IT is a pain to me to hear your old complaint is so troublesome to you : and the share I have borne, and still bear too often, in the same complaint, gives me a very feeling sense of it. I hope we agree in every other sensation besides this : for your *heart* is always right, whatever your body may be. I will venture to say, my body is the worst part of me, or God have mercy on my soul. I cannot help telling you the rapture you accidentally gave the poor woman (for whom you left a guinea, on what I told you of my finding her at the end of my garden) ; I had no notion of her want being so great, as I then told you, when I gave her half a one. But I find I have a pleasure to come, for I will allow her something yearly, and that may be but one year, for, I think, by her looks she is not less than eighty. I am determined to take this charity out of your hands, which, I know, you will think hard upon you. But so it shall be.

Pray tell me if you have any objection to my putting your name into a poem of mine, (incidentally, not at all going out of the way for it,) provided I say something of you, which most people will take ill, for example, that you are no man of high birth or quality ? You must be perfectly free with me on this, as on any, nay, on every other occasion.

I have nothing to add but my wishes for your health ; every other enjoyment you will provide for yourself, which becomes a reasonable man. Adieu. I am, &c.

8.

POPE TO ALLEN.²TWIT., *Novr. 2* [1738].

I AM going to insert in the body of my Works, my two last poems in quarto.³ I always profit myself of the opinion of the

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751.

² First appeared in Warburton, 1751.

³ The two Dialogues entitled 'Seventeen Hundred and Thirty Eight ;' now called the Epilogue to the Satires.

public, to correct myself on such occasions ; and sometimes the merits of particular men, whose names I have made free with, for examples either of good or bad, determine me to alterations. I have found a virtue in you more than I certainly knew before, till I had made experiment of it, I mean humility. I must therefore in justice to my own conscience of it, bear testimony to it, and change the epithet I first gave you of *low-born* to *humble*. I shall take care to do you the justice to tell everybody, this change was not made at yours, or at any friend's request for you, but my own knowledge you merited it, &c.¹

9.

POPE TO ALLEN.²

[October, 1740.]

My vexation about Dean Swift's proceeding has fretted and employed me a great deal, in writing to Ireland, and trying all the means possible to retard it ;³ for it is put past preventing, by his having (without asking my consent, or so much as letting me see the book) printed most of it.—They at last promise me to send me the copy, and that I may correct and expunge what I will. This last would be of some use ; but I dare not even do this, for they would say I revised it. And the bookseller writes, that he has been at great charge, &c. However, the Dean, upon all I have said and written about it, has ordered him to submit to any expunctions I insist upon ; this is all I can obtain, and I know not whether to make any use of it or not. But as to your apprehension, that any suspicion may arise of my own being any way consenting or concerned in it, I have the pleasure to tell you, the whole thing is so circumstanced and so plain, that it can never be the case. I shall be very desirous to see what the letters are at all events ; and I think that must determine my future

¹ See Warburton's note to Epilogue to Satires, Dialogue 1, 135. p. 467

² From Ruffhead's Life of Pope, ³ See the letters to Lord Orrery on this subject in vol. viii.

measures ; for till then I can judge nothing. The excessive earnestness the Dean has been in for publishing them, makes me hope they are castigated in some degree ; or he must be totally deprived of his understanding. They now offer to send me the originals [which have been so long detained], and I will accept of them, (though they have done their job,) that they may not have them to produce against me, in case there be any offensive passages in them. If you can give me any advice, do. I wish I could show you what the Dean's people, the women and the bookseller, have done and writ, on my sending an absolute negative, and on the agency I have employed of some gentlemen to stop it, as well as threats of law, &c. The whole thing is too manifest to admit of any doubt in any man, how long this thing has been working ; how many tricks have been played with the Dean's papers ; how they were secreted from him from time to time, while they feared his not complying with such a measure ; and how, finding his weakness increase, they have at last made him the instrument himself for their private profit ; whereas I believe, before, they only intended to do this after his death.

10.

POPE TO ALLEN.¹*Jan. 20 [1744].*

I OUGHT sooner to have acknowledged yours ; but I have been severely handled by my asthma, and, at the same time, hurried by business that gave an increase to it by catching cold. I am truly sorry to find that neither yours nor Mrs. A.'s disorder is totally removed : but God forbid your pain should continue to return every day, which is worse by much than I expected to hear. I hope your next will give me a better account. Poor Mr. Bethel too is very ill in Yorkshire. And, I do assure you, there are no two men I wish better to. I have known and esteemed him for every moral virtue these

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751.

twenty years and more. He has all the charity, without any of the weakness of —; and, I firmly believe, never said a thing he did not think, nor did a thing he could not tell. I am concerned he is in so cold and remote a place, as in the wolds of Yorkshire, at a hunting seat. If he lives till spring, he talks of returning to London, and, if I possibly can, I would get him to lie out of it at Twickenham, though we went backward and forward every day in a warm coach, which would be the properest exercise for both of us, since he is become so weak as to be deprived of riding a horse.

L. Bolingbroke stays a month yet, and I hope Mr. Warburton will come to town before he goes. They will both be pleased to meet each other: and nothing in all my life has been so great a pleasure to my nature, as to bring deserving and knowing men together. It is the greatest favour that can be done, either to great geniuses or useful men. I wish too, he were a while in town, if it were only to lie a little in the way of some proud and powerful persons, to see if they have any of the best sort of pride left, namely, to serve learning and merit, and by that means distinguish themselves from their predecessors. I am, &c.

11.

POPE TO ALLEN.¹*March 6 [1744].*

I THANK you very kindly for yours. I am sure we shall meet with the same hearts we ever met;² and I could wish it were at Twickenham, though only to see you and Mrs. Allen twice there instead of once. But, as matters have turned out, a decent obedience to the government has since obliged me to reside here, ten miles out of the capital; and therefore I must see you here or nowhere. Let that be an additional reason for your coming and staying what time you can.

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751.

² Alluding to the unhappy dis-

agreement which had occurred between them, and to the reconciliation which had taken place.—BOWLES.

The utmost I can do, I will venture to tell you in your ear. I may slide along the Surrey side (where no Middlesex justice can pretend any cognizance) to Battersea, and thence cross the water for, an hour or two, in a close chair, to dine with you, or so. But to be in town, I fear, will be imprudent, and thought insolent. At least hitherto, all comply with the proclamation.¹

I write thus early, that you may let me know if your day continues, and I will have every room in my house as warm for you as the owner always would be. It may possibly be, that I shall be taking the secret flight I speak of to Battersca, before you come, with Mr. Warburton, whom I have promised to make known² to the only great man in Europe who knows as much as He. And from thence we may return the 16th,³ or any day, hither, and meet you, without fail, if you fix your day.

I would not make ill health come into the scale, as to keeping me here (though, in truth, it now bears very hard upon me again, and the least accident of cold, or motion almost, throws me into a very dangerous and suffering condition). God send you long life, and an easier enjoyment of your breath than I now can expect, I fear, &c.

¹ On the invasion, at that time threatened from France and the Pretender.—WARBURTON.

² He brought these two eminent men together, but they soon parted

in mutual disgust with each other.—WARTON.

³ See last letter to Warburton: 'Mr. Allen comes not till the 16th.'

THE FOLLOWING ARE EXTRACTS FROM POPE'S LETTERS
TO ALLEN, QUOTED IN RUFFHEAD'S LIFE OF POPE,
AND NO DOUBT FURNISHED TO HIM BY WAR-
BURTON.

"I AM at a full stop at present, for a reason that has put many a man to a full stop, the having no more stock to spend ; for till I can procure more materials from the mines, and from the quarries, my *mine-adventure*—

Like the adventure of the bear and fiddle,
Must end, and break off in the middle.

"However, it is some satisfaction, that as far as I have gone, I am content ; and that is all a mortal man can expect ; for no man finishes any view he has, or any scheme he projects, but by halves—

And life itself can nothing more supply,
Than just to plan our projects, and to die.

"Those men, indeed, who marry and settle, undertake for more ; they undertake for future ages. I am content to leave nothing but my works behind me : which, whether good or evil, will follow me, as *St. John* expresses it. As to my *mines* and my *treasures*, they must go together to God knows who ! A sugar-baker or a brewer may have the house and gardens, and a booby, that chanced to be my heir-at-law, the other : except I happen to disperse it to the poor in my own time."—P. 199.

"Indeed, I think all my vanities of this sort at an end ; and I will excuse them to the connoisseurs, by setting open my door, in conclusion of them, *Parvum parva decent*. I must charge you for encouraging some of them ; and others of my friends for encouraging others : but I have had my share too of discouragement and censure from enemies ; nevertheless, upon the whole, I neither repent much, nor am very proud, but tolerably pleased with them."—P. 200.

"To be at ease is the greatest of happiness (at ease, I mean, both of mind and body), but to be *idle* is the greatest of unhappiness, both to the one and the other."—P. 247.

"I thank you for the account of your safe arrival at home ; there is the end of all your wishes : than which, there can be no greater happiness on this side of the grave. Unhappy is the man who must ramble in search of it ! I can pray for no greater blessing for a friend, than that he may love his own home, his own family, and next his neighbour ; yet be resigned to leave his present residence, whenever Providence

ordains : and love his own family, yet consider the *whole world* as his relations, though more distant."—P. 258.

"You must assure judge Fortescue of *my* friendship, and admit him to yours ; so justice and righteousness will meet."—P. 310.

"I have just seen Mr. Justice Fortescue, who is very mindful of your kind distinction, and reckons the notice of a man of worth, no small one. Every man bears respect to virtue, even a *lawyer* and a *courtier*. The wonder is, when an honest, disinterested man will descend to take notice of *them*, which really nothing but charity could make us do."—P. 310.

"I am sure, if you thought they [his letters] would be of any service to virtue, or answer any one good purpose, whether (considered as writings) they brought me any credit or not, they should be given to the world :¹ and let them make me a worse writer, provided they could but make one better man."—P. 345.

"I have two great tasks on my hands ; I am trying to benefit myself and to benefit posterity ; not by works of my own, God knows : I can but skirmish, and maintain a flying fight with vice ; its forces augment, and will drive me off the stage, before I shall see the effects complete, either of divine providence or vengeance : For sure we can be quite saved only by the one, or punished by the other : the condition of morality is so desperate, as to be above all human hands."—P. 345.

"Though they call Kings the fountains of honour, I think them only the bestowers of titles."—P. 347.

"I will put the book² to the press in three weeks' time, and determine to leave out every syllable, to the best of my judgment, that can give the least ill example to an age too apt to take it, or the least offence to any good or serious man. This being the sole point for which I have any sort of desire to publish the Letters at all, is, I am persuaded, the chief point which makes you, in friendship to my character, so zealous about them : and therefore how small soever be the number so printed, provided I do not lose too much (for a man of more prudence than fortune) I conclude *that work* will be done, and that *end* answered, were there but one or two hundred books in all."—P. 465.

"These letters will never come into our collection, therefore let us commend ourselves honestly, when we do or suffer any thing in a good cause."—P. 469.

"It will please you to know that I have received the packet of letters from Ireland safe by the means of Lord Orrery."—P. 469.

"I am in no pain, my case is not curable, and must in course of time, as it does not diminish, become painful at first, and then fatal.

¹ Relates probably to the reprinting the edition of 1735.

² Certainly relates to the 4to, 1737.

And what of all this? Without any distemper at all, life itself does so, and is itself a pain, if continued long enough. So that providence is equal, even between what seems so wide extremes as health and infirmity."—P. 472.

"I am very sure I have not much strength left, nor much life; all it can allow me will be to see you, and (if I can stretch it so far) one friend more abroad: In either of your houses if I drop, I drop contented; otherwise Twickenham will see the last of me."—P. 472.

"I am trying to serve that gentleman with a great man, who declares the greatest esteem for him, and presses much to be brought acquainted with him: but I never trust entirely in great men, though this has much of that, which generally animates them most to do any good, *vanity*."—P. 489.

"I can never enough thank you, my dear and true friend, for every instance of your kindness. At present, I am loaded with them, but none touch me more sensibly than your attempts for Mr. Hooke; for I am really happier in seeing a worthy man eased of the burthen which fortune generally lays such men under, as have no talents to serve the bad and the ambitious; than in any pleasures of my own, which are but idle at the best."—P. 491.

"Now you'll laugh, and ask me, why I will make these things troubles to me, which will probably soon be at an end, and are so little so to them? I am so much the more concerned, as I see them less so. But enough of this. I should forget them, and I will whenever God pleases; but I conclude it is not his pleasure, till he makes me of another disposition."—P. 492.

"I hope, dear sir, I need not tell you the pleasure it will always be to me, to hear you are well and happy: Those words only, without form, without ornament, without all affected circumstance and compliment, are sufficient to make an honest man's letter to an honest man agreeable; and worth a thousand of the prettiest things that can be said by all the courtiers and wits of the world."—P. 495.

"I will allow you to remit the forty-five guineas, which, you say, some of your friends, and Leake, have *really subscribed*."¹—P. 499.

"Pray forward the inclosed to the simple man [Savage] it is directed to. I could not bring myself to write to him sooner, and it was necessary to tell him how much I disapproved his language and conduct. What a pleasure it had been to me, had he been a better man, whom my small charity had been a true relief to; or were he less miserable, that I might bestow it better, without abandoning him to ruin."—P. 506.

"My last short letter, says he, showed you I was peevish. Savage's

¹ Probably 1736, relating to the subscription for Letters, 4to., 1737.

strange behaviour made me so, and yet I was in haste to relieve him, though I think nothing will relieve him."—P. 506.

"The face of public affairs is very much changed, and this fortnight's vacation very busy. It is a most important interval; but I never in my life wrote a letter on these subjects: I content myself, as you do, with honest wishes for honest men to govern us, without asking for any party or denomination beside. This is all the distinction I know."—P. 511.

"The public is, indeed, more my concern than it used to be, as I see it in more danger; but your reflection and advice ought to alleviate those uneasy thoughts, when, to trust providence, is all I can do; and since my sphere is resignation not action."—P. 512.

"As this world is a place of no stability, of no dependance, I believe there is no honest man who has any affections out of himself, but will always find more or less to be sorry for, or to wish otherwise; so I own my mind troubled, whenever I reflect on public disappointments, and the prevalence of corrupt and selfish counsels."—P. 512.

"I have nothing," says he, "to tell you of public affairs. I never, I think, in my life was guilty of one letter upon those subjects, though no man wishes the public better. But I find all those that seem to design it best, better contented than ever."—P. 512.

"My mind at present is as dejected as possible; for I love my country and I love mankind; and I see a dismal scene opening for our own and other nations, which will not long be a secret to you."—P. 513.

"DEAR SIR,—For you are always truly so to me; and I know your goodness so well, that I need not be put in mind of it by your benefactions. A man is not amiable because he is good to ourselves only, but the more so the more he is good to; therefore, when we hear of benefits, we ought to be as sensible of them as when we feel them: yet this is seldom the case: we apply the terms of good, benevolent, just, &c., merely as relative to ourselves, and are in this as unjust to men, as philosophers and divines are to God, whose ways and workings they magnify or disapprove, according to the effect they have on themselves only."—P. 514.

— "I am now alone; Lord Bolingbroke executed his deeds for the sale of Dawley on Friday, and set sail the next day for France from Greenwich. God knows if ever I may see again the greatest man I ever knew, and one of the best friends. But this I know, that no man is so well worth taking any journey to see, to any man who truly knows what he is. I have done so these thirty years, and CANNOT BE DECEIVED IN THIS POINT, whatever I may be in any other man's character."—P. 530. [17 April, 1739.]

LETTERS
TO
WILLIAM WARBURTON, D.D.
FROM 1739 TO 1744.

1. POPE TO WARBURTON.¹

*April 11, 1739.*²

I HAVE just received from Mr. R[obinson] two more of your letters.³ It is in the greatest hurry imaginable that I write this; but I cannot help thanking you in particular for your third letter, which is so extremely clear, short, and full, that I think Mr. Crousaz⁴ ought never to have another answer, and deserved not so good a one. I can only say, you do him too much honour, and me too much right, so odd as the expression seems, for you have made my system as clear as I ought to have done, and could not. It is indeed the same system as mine, but illustrated with a ray of your own, as they say our natural body is the same still when it is glorified.⁵ I am sure I like it better than I did before, and so will every man else. I know I meant just what you explain, but I did not explain

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in British Museum. The additions to Warburton's text are printed in brackets []. There are letters from Pope to Warburton among the Egerton MSS. in the British Museum which Warburton did not publish, but as they are of no special interest it has not been thought necessary to add to what he selected.

² Date of year not in MS.

³ Commentaries on the Essay on Man.—WARBURTON.

⁴ A Swiss professor who wrote remarks upon the philosophy of that Essay.—WARBURTON.

⁵ From Cowley to Sir W. Davenant :

So will our God rebuild man's perish'd
frame,
And raise him up much better, yet the
same !
—WARTON.

my own meaning so well as you. You understand me as well as I do myself, but you express me better than I could express myself. Pray accept the sincerest acknowledgments [of, sir, your most obliged and real humble servant].

I cannot but wish these letters were put together in one book, and intend (with your leave) to procure a translation of part at least of them into French; but I shall not proceed a step without your consent and opinion.

2.

POPE TO WARBURTON.¹*May 26, 1739.*

THE dissipation in which I am obliged to live, through many degrees of civil obligation, which ought not to rob a man of himself who passes for an independent one, and yet make me everybody's servant more than my own, this, sir, is the occasion of my silence to you, to whom I really have more obligation than to almost any man. By writing, indeed, I proposed no more than to tell you my sense of it. As to any corrections of your letters, I could make none, but what resulted from inverting the order of them, and those expressions relating to myself which I thought exaggerated. [It was truly from this, not a pretended modesty, and from a respect to your own character, because I think any character truly respectable (and, above all, that of a clergyman), is lessened by the least appearance of too great complaisance. Therefore I request seriously that you would leave them out.] I could not find a word to alter in the last letter, which I returned immediately to the bookseller. [He has not yet sent it me in print, nor have I heard of him in relation to the edition of the whole, of which I desired to see and revise the sheets to prevent any errors that might escape him if printed at this distance from you. But if they are sent to your own hands I am content.] I must particularly thank you for the

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in British Museum.

mention you have made of me in your Postscript¹ to the last edition of the *Legation of Moses*. I am much more pleased with a compliment that links me to a virtuous man, and by the best similitude, that of a good mind (even a better and a stronger tie than the similitude of studies), than I could be proud of any other whatsoever. May that independency, charity, and competency attend you, which sets a good priest above a bishop, and truly makes his fortune,—that is, his happiness in this life as well as in another. [I have nothing to add but the assurance of my being desirous to deserve half what you think of me, and of my continuing always, sir, your most faithful and affectionate servant.]

3.

POPE TO WARBURTON.²

TWITENHAM, *Sept.* 20, 1739.

[SIR,]—I received with great pleasure the paper you sent me: and yet with greater, the prospect you give me of a nearer acquaintance with you when you come to town. I shall hope what part of your time you can afford me, among the number of those who esteem you, will be passed rather in this place than in London; since it is here only I live as I ought, *mihi et amicis*. I therefore depend on your promise; and so much as my constitution suffers by the winter, I yet assure you, such an acquisition will make the spring much the more welcome to me, when it is to bring you hither, *cum zephyris et hirundine primâ*.

As soon as Mr. R[obinson] can transmit to me an entire copy of your Letters,³ I wish he had your leave so to do; that

¹ He means, a *Vindication of the Author of the Divine Legation*, against some papers in the *Weekly Miscellany*; in which the editor applied to himself those lines in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot:

Me let the tender office long engage, &c.
—WARBURTON.

The writer of the papers against the *Divine Legation* was Webster. See note 3 to *Dunciad*, ii. 258.

² First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in British Museum.

³ In reply to M. de Crousaz on the *Essay on Man*.—WARBURTON.

I may put the book into the hands of a French gentleman to translate, who, I hope, will not subject your work to as much ill-grounded criticism as my French translator¹ has subjected mine. In earnest, I am extremely obliged to you, for thus espousing the cause of a stranger whom you judged to be injured; but my [own] part, in this sentiment, is the least. The generosity of your conduct deserves esteem, your zeal for truth deserves affection from every candid man; and as such, were I wholly out of the case, I should esteem and love you for it. I will not therefore use you so ill as to write in the general style of compliment. It is below the dignity of the occasion: and I can only say (which I say with sincerity and warmth) that you have made me [really, sir, your faithful and affectionate friend].

4.

POPE TO WarBURTON.²

January 4, 1739.

[SIR,]—It is a real truth that I should have written to you oftener, if I had not a great respect for you, and owed not a great debt to you. But it may be no unnecessary thing to let you know that most of my friends also pay you their thanks; and [that] some of the most knowing, as well as most candid judges think me as much beholden to you as I think myself. Your Letters meet from such with the approbation they merit, and I have been able to find but two or three very slight inaccuracies in the whole book, which I have, upon their observation, altered in an exemplar which I keep against a second edition. My very uncertain state of health, which is shaken more and more every winter, drove me to Bath and Bristol two months since; and I shall not return towards London till February. But I have received nine or ten letters

¹ Resnel, on whose faulty and absurd translation Crousaz founded his most plausible objection.—WARBURTON.

² First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in Brit. Museum.

from thence of the success of your book,¹ which they are earnest to have translated. One of them is begun in France. A French gentleman, about Monsieur Cambis, the ambassador, hath done the greatest part of it here. But I will retard the impression till I have your directions, or till I can have [a] pleasure I earnestly wish for, to meet you in town, where you gave me some hopes you sometimes passed a part of the spring, for the best reason I know of ever visiting it, the conversation of a few friends. Pray suffer me to be what you have made me, one of them, and let my house have its share of you : or, if I can any way be instrumental in accommodating you in town during your stay, I have lodgings and a library or two in my disposal ; which, I believe, I need not offer to a man to whom all libraries ought to be open, or to one who wants them so little ; but that it is possible you may be as much a stranger to this town, as I wish with all my heart I was. I see by certain squibs in the *Miscellanies*,² that you have as much of the uncharitable spirit poured out upon you as the author you defended from Crousaz. I only wish you gave them no other answer than that of the sun to the frogs, shining out, in your second book, and the completion of your argument. No man is, as he ought to be, more, or so much a friend to your merit and character, as, sir, [your truly obliged and faithful servant].

5.

POPE TO WARBURTON.³[BATH], January 17, 1739-40.⁴

[SIR,]—Though I writ to you two posts ago, I ought to acknowledge now a new and unexpected favour of the Remarks

¹ The commentary on the *Essay on Man*.—WARBURTON.

² The *Weekly Miscellany*, by Dr. Webster, Dr. Waterland, Dr. Stebbing, Mr. Venn, and others.—WARBURTON.

³ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in Brit. Museum.

⁴ The date of the year is not in the original.

on the fourth Epistle ;¹ which (though I find by yours attending them, they were sent last month) I received but this morning. This was occasioned by no fault of Mr. R[obinson], but the neglect, I believe, of the person to whose care he consigned them. I have been full three months about Bath and Bristol, endeavouring to amend a complaint which more or less has troubled me all my life : I hope the regimen this has obliged me to, will make the remainder of it more philosophical, and improve my resignation to part with it at last. I am preparing to return home, and shall then revise what my French gentleman has done, and add this to it. He is the same person who translated the *Essay* into prose, which Mr. Crousaz should have profited by, who, I am really afraid, when I lay the circumstances all together, was moved to his proceeding in so very unreasonable a way, by some malice, either of his own or some other's, though I was very willing at first to impute it to ignorance or prejudice. I see nothing to be added to your work ; only some commendatory deviations from the argument itself, in my favour, I ought to think might be omitted.

I must repeat my urgent desire to be previously acquainted with the precise time of your visit to London ; that I may have the pleasure to meet a man in the manner I would, whom I must esteem one of the greatest of my benefactors. I am, with the most grateful and affectionate regard,² [sir, your faithful servant].

¹ Of the *Essay on Man*.—WARBURTON.

² What led M. de Crousaz and others, who have raised objections to the *Essay on Man*, into their misapprehensions respecting that poem, is the taking too narrow a view of the subject, and attributing too positive a meaning to particular passages which the author has afterwards modified, and which were intended by him to be taken with a reference to the whole. Thus in vindicating the course of Providence, and the established harmony of the universe, he rejects the conclusion which his adversaries have

attempted to force upon him, of a compulsory and absolute necessity, and asserts the freedom of the human mind, and the consequent existence of *vice* and *virtue* ; thereby considering the omniscience of the Deity and the freedom of human action as perfectly (although to us inexplicably) compatible with each other—a sentiment which he has also expressed in his Universal Prayer :

Yet taught us in this dark estate
To know the good from ill ;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

—WARBURTON.

6.

POPE TO WARBURTON.¹

[SPRING GARDENS], April 16, 1740.

[DEAR SIR],—You could not give me more pleasure than by your short letter, which acquaints me that I may hope to see you so soon. Let us meet like men who have been many years acquainted with each other,² and whose friendship is not to begin, but continue. All forms should be past, when people know each other's mind so well. I flatter myself you are a man after my own heart, who seeks content only from within, and says to greatness, *Tuas habeto tibi res, egomet habebo meas*. But as it is but just your other friends should have some part of you, I insist upon on my making you the first visit in London, and thence, after a few days, to carry you to Twickenham, for as many as you can afford me. If the press be to take up any part of your time, the sheets may be brought you hourly thither by my waterman: and you will have more leisure to attend to any thing of that sort than in town. I believe also I have most of the books you can want, or can easily borrow them. I earnestly desire a line may be left at Mr. R[obinson's], where and when I shall call upon you, which I will daily inquire for, whether I chance to be here or in the country. Believe me, sir, with the truest regard, and the sincerest wish to deserve [yours, your faithful and affectionate servant].

7.

POPE TO WARBURTON.³TWITENHAM, June 24, 1740.⁴

[DEAR SIR],—It is true that I am a very unpunctual correspondent, though no unpunctual agent or friend; and that in

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in Brit. Museum.

² Their very first interview was in Lord Radnor's garden, just by Mr. Pope's at Twickenham. Dodsley was present; and was, he told me, astonished at the high compliments

paid him by Pope as he approached him.—WARTON.

³ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in Brit. Museum.

⁴ Written after Warburton's visit to Pope at Twickenham, where he stayed nearly a fortnight.

the commerce of words, I am both poor and lazy. Civility and compliment generally are the goods that letter-writers exchange, which, with honest men, seems a kind of illicit trade by having been for the most part carried on, and carried furthest, by designing men. I am therefore reduced to plain inquiries, how my friend does, [or] what he does; and to repetitions, which I am afraid to tire him with, how much I love him. Your two kind letters gave me real satisfaction, in hearing you were safe and well; and in showing me you took kindly my unaffected endeavours to prove my esteem for you, and delight in your conversation. Indeed my languid state of health, and frequent deficiency of spirits, together with a number of dissipations, *et aliena negotia centum*, all conspire to throw a faintness and cool appearance over my conduct to those I best love; which I perpetually feel, and grieve at. But in earnest, no man is more deeply touched with merit in general, or with particular merit towards me, in any one. You ought therefore in both views to hold yourself what you are to me in my opinion and affection; so high in each, that I may perhaps seldom attempt to tell it you. The greatest justice and favour too that you can do me, is to take it for granted.

Do not therefore commend my talents, but instruct me by your own. I am not really learned enough to be a judge in works of the nature and depth of yours. But I travel through your book as through an amazing scene of ancient Egypt or Greece; struck with veneration and wonder; but at every step wanting an instructor to tell me all I wish to know. Such you prove to me in the walks of antiquity; and such you will prove to all mankind: but with this additional character, more than any other searcher into antiquities, that of a genius equal to your pains, and of a taste equal to your learning.

I am obliged greatly to you, for what you have projected at Cambridge in relation to my Essay;¹ but more for the motive

¹ Mr. Pope desired the Editor to procure a good translation of the *Essay on Man* into Latin prose.—WARBURTON.

which did originally, and does consequentially in a manner, animate all your goodness to me,—the opinion you entertain of my honest intention in that piece, and your zeal to demonstrate me no irreligious man. I was very sincere with you in what I told you of my own opinion of my own character as a poet, and, I think, I may conscientiously say, I shall die in it. I have nothing to add, but that I hope sometimes to hear you are well, as you shall certainly now and then hear the best I can tell you of myself. [I am, with true regard and affection, dear sir, yours.]

8.

POPE TO WARBURTON.¹

October 27, 1740.

[DEAR SIR],—I am grown so bad a correspondent, partly through the weakness of my eyes, which has much increased of late, and partly through other disagreeable accidents (almost peculiar to me), that my oldest as well as best friends are reasonable enough to excuse me. I know you are of the number, who deserve all the testimonies of any sort, which I can give you of esteem and friendship; and I confide in you as a man of candour enough to know it cannot be otherwise, if I am an honest one. So I will say no more on this head, but proceed to thank you for your constant memory of whatever may be serviceable or reputable to me. The translation² you are a much better judge of than I, not only because you understand my work better than I do myself,³ but as your continued familiarity with the learned languages makes you infinitely more a master of them. I would only recommend that the translator's attention to Tully's Latinity may not preclude his

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in British Museum.

² Of his *Essay on Man* into Latin prose.—WARBURTON.

³ This is one of the most singular concessions ever made by any author.—WARTON.

Pope has certainly carried his acknowledgments to Warburton too far. Warburton might perhaps understand the *subject* better than Pope, but it can scarcely be said that he understood *Pope's meaning* better than Pope himself.—ROSCOE.

usage of some *terms* which may be more *precise* in modern philosophy than such as he could serve himself of, especially in matters metaphysical. I think this specimen close enough and clear also, as far as the classical phrases allow; from which yet I would rather he sometimes deviated, than suffered the sense to be either dubious or clouded too much. You know my mind perfectly as to the intent of such a version, and I would have it accompanied with your own remarks translated, such only I mean as are general, or explanatory of those passages which are concise to any degree of obscurity, or which demand perhaps too minute an attention in the reader.

I have been unable to make the journey I designed to Oxford, and Lord Bathurst's, where I hoped to have made you of the party. I am going to Bath for near two months. Yet pray let nothing hinder me sometimes from hearing you are well. I have had that contentment from time to time from Mr. G[yles].

[The incendiary you mention attempted not mine, but a lady's house of the same name, unsuccessfully.]

*Scriblerus*¹ will or will not be published, according to the event of some other papers coming, or not coming out, which it will be my utmost endeavour to hinder.² I will not give you the pain of acquainting you what they are. Your simile of B[entley] and his nephew would make an excellent epigram. But all satire is become so ineffectual (when the last step that virtue can stand upon, *shame*, is taken away) that epigram must expect to do nothing even in its own little province, and upon its own little subjects. Adieu. Believe I wish you nearer us; the only power I wish, is that of attaching, and at the same time supporting, such congenial bodies as you are to, dear sir, [your ever affectionate, faithful servant].

¹ The *Memoirs of Scriblerus*.—
WARBURTON.

² The Letters published by Dr.
Swift.—WARBURTON.

9.

POPE TO WARBURTON.¹

BATH, Feb. 4, 1740-1.

[DEAR SIR,]—If I had not been made by many accidents so sick of letter writing, as to be almost afraid of the shadow of my own pen, you would be the person I should oftenest pour myself out to: indeed for a good reason, for you have given me the strongest proofs of understanding, and accepting my meaning in the best manner; and of the candour of your heart, as well as the clearness of your head. My vexations I would not trouble you with, but I must just mention the two greatest I now have. They have printed in Ireland my letters to Dr. Swift, and (which is the strangest circumstance) by his own consent and direction,² without acquainting me till it was done. The other is one that will continue with me till some prosperous event to your service shall bring us nearer to each other. I am not content with those glimpses of you, which a short spring visit affords; and from which you carry nothing away with you but my sighs and wishes, without any real benefit.

I am heartily glad of the advancement of your second volume;³ and particularly of the *Digressions*, for they are so much more of you; and I can trust your judgment enough to depend upon their being pertinent.⁴ You will, I question not, verify the good proverb, that the furthest way about, is the nearest way home: and much better than plunging through thick and thin, *more Theologorum*, and persisting in

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in British Museum.

² N.B. This was the strongest resentment he ever expressed of this indiscretion of his old friend, as being persuaded that it proceeded from no ill-will to him, though it exposed him to the ill-will of others.—WAR-

BURTON. As to the truth of Pope's statement, see vol. i. Introduction, ciii.

³ Of *The Divine Legation*.—WARBURTON.

⁴ The *Digressions* are many of them learned, curious, and entertaining; but some good judges will not allow them to be pertinent.—WARTON.

the same old track, where so many have either broken their necks, or come off very lamely.

This leads me to thank you for that very entertaining, and, I think, instructive story of Dr. W., who was, in this, the image of all [true divines], who never admit of any remedy from a hand they dislike. But I am sorry he had so much of the modern christian rancour, as, I believe, he may be convinced by this time, that the kingdom of heaven is not for such.

I am just returning to London, and shall the more impatiently expect your book's appearance, as I hope you will follow it; and that I may have as happy a month through your means as I had the last spring. [I am, most truly, dear sir, your ever obliged and ever faithful servant.]

¹ "This story concerning Dr. Waterland, is related with much pleasantry by Dr. Middleton, in the following words: 'In his last journey from Cambridge to London, being attended by Dr. Plumtree, and Dr. Cheselden the surgeon, he lodged the second night at Hodsden; where being observed to have been costive on the road, he was advised to have a clyster, to which he consented. The apothecary was presently sent for, to whom Dr. Plumtree gave his orders below stairs, while Dr. Waterland continued above; upon which the apothecary could not forbear expressing his great sense of the honour which he received, in being called to the assistance of so celebrated a person, whose writings he was well acquainted with. The company signified some surprise to find a country apothecary so learned; but he assured them, that he was no stranger to the merit and character of the Doctor,

but had lately read his ingenious book with much pleasure, *The Divine Legation of Moses*. Dr. Plumtree, and a Fellow of Magdalen there present, took pains to convince the apothecary of his mistake, while C[h eselden] ran up stairs with an account of his blunder to Waterland, who, provoked by it into a violent passion, called the poor fellow a puppy, and blockhead, who must needs be ignorant in his profession, and unfit to administer any thing to him, and might possibly poison his bowels; and notwithstanding Dr. Plumtree's endeavours to moderate his displeasure, by representing the expediency of the operation, and the man's capacity to perform it, he would hear nothing in his favour, but ordered him to be discharged, and postponed the benefit of the clyster till he reached his next stage.'"—Nichols, Lit. Anec. vol. v. p. 563.

10.

POPE TO WARBURTON.¹

[March, 1741.]

DEAR SIR,—I ought to thank you for what Mr. Gyles² tells me, that you will not fix the time of your journey to town till you know the certainty of my being at Twitenham. My answer is, that I will not stir from Twitenham, to any distance further than to be within call at a day's warning whenever you come. You are sure of me all the months of May and June. I ought also to thank you for the very great instruction and pleasure I receive from you in the perusal of the sheets of your second part, particularly for the Dissertations on the Hieroglyphics and the Book of Job. I have no time to add more, Mr. Gyles acquainting me his packet stays for me. You will read too much of me in the letter which he will send you. I am unfeignedly and unalterably, dear sir, yours.

11.

POPE TO WARBURTON.³

April 14, 1741.

[DEAR SIR,]—You are every way kind to me; in your partiality to what is tolerable in me; and in your freedom where you find me in an error. Such, I own, is the instance given of [Julius Cæsar]. You owe me much friendship of this latter sort, having been too profuse of the former.

I think every day a week till you come to town, which Mr. G[yles] tells me, will be in the beginning of the next month, when, I expect, you will contrive to be as beneficial to me as

¹ First appeared in Roscoe. The original of this letter was in the collection of Dawson Turner, Esq. of Yarmouth.

² Fletcher Gyles, bookseller, of Holborn, was Warburton's publisher. He died 8 November, 1741. There is reason to believe either that his

wife was a cousin of Pope's, or that Pope's cousin, Collet Mawhood, married Gyles's sister (see Notes and Queries, January 23, 1858). See *post*, 12 Nov. 1741.

³ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in Brit. Museum.

you can, by passing with me as much time as you can : every day of which it will be my fault if I do not make of some use to me, as well as pleasure. This is all I have to tell you, and be assured, my sincerest esteem and affection are yours. [I am, dear sir, your most faithful and obliged servant.

You will find at Mr. Gyles's a simple book of letters left for you].

12.

POPE TO WARBURTON.¹

TWITENHAM, *Aug.* 12 [1741].²

[DEAR SIR,]—The general indisposition I have to writing, unless upon a belief of the necessity or use of it, must plead my excuse in not doing it to you. I know it is not (I feel it is not) needful to repeat assurances of the true and constant friendship and esteem I bear you. Honest and ingenuous minds are sure of each other's ; the tie is mutual and solid. The use of writing letters resolves wholly into the gratification given and received in the knowledge of each other's welfare : unless I ever should be so fortunate (and a rare fortune it would be) to be able to procure, and acquaint you of, some real benefit done you by my means. But Fortune seldom suffers one disinterested man to serve another. It is too much an insult upon her to let two of those who most despise her favours, be happy in them at the same time, and in the same instance. I wish for nothing so much at her hands, as that she would permit some great person or other to remove you nearer the banks of the Thames ; though very lately a nobleman whom you esteem much more than you know, had destined [you a living you never dreamt of, in the neighbour-

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in Brit. Museum.

² The date of the year is not in the original. Pope's letters to Lord Orrery would suggest that the affair of the

degree took place in 1742. Nevertheless, 1741 must be the year, for this letter alludes to the matter, and speaks of the fourth book of the *Dunciad* as unfinished, and this was published March, 1742.

hood you now are, but the incumbent was graciously preserved by fortune].

I thank you heartily for your hints; and am afraid if I had more of them, not only on this, but on other subjects, I should break my resolution, and become an author anew: nay, a new author, and a better than I yet have been; or God forbid I should go on jingling only the same bells!

I have received some chagrin at the delay [for Dr. King tells me it will prove no more,] of your degree at Oxon.¹ As for mine, I will die before I receive one, in an art I am ignorant of, at a place where there remains any scruple of bestowing one on you, in a science of which you are so great a master. In short, I will be doctored with you, or not at all. I am sure, wherever honour is not conferred on the deserving, there can be none given to the undeserving; no more from the hands of priests, than of princes. Adieu. God give you all *true blessings*.² [I am faithfully yours.]

¹ This relates to an accidental affair which happened this summer, in a ramble that Mr. P. and Mr. W. took together, in which Oxford fell in their way, where they parted; Mr. P., after one day's stay, going westward, and Mr. W., who stayed a day after him, to visit the Dean of C. C., returning to London. On this day the Vice-Chancellor, the Rev. Dr. L., sent him a message to his lodgings, by a person of eminence in that place, with an unusual compliment, to know if a Doctor's degree in Divinity would be acceptable to him: to which such an answer was returned as so civil a message deserved. About this time, Mr. Pope had the same offer made him of a Doctor's degree in Law. And to the issue of that unasked and unsought compliment these words allude.—WARBURTON.

² What Pope says in this letter

relating to a nobleman, and his hopes that Warburton might be removed to the banks of the Thames, seems to be explained by a conversation said by Ruffhead to have taken place between Pope and Warburton.

"It was," says he, "but the other day, that a noble lord in my neighbourhood, whom till then I had much mistaken, told me in conversation, that he had a large benefice to bestow, which he did not know what to do with. 'Give it to me,' said I, 'and I will promise to bestow it on one who will do honour to your patronage.' He said I should have it. I believed him: and, after waiting some time without hearing farther of it, I reminded him of what had passed; when he said with some confusion, that his steward had disposed of it, unknown to him or his lady."—Ruffhead, p. 488.—BOWLES.

13.

POPE TO WARBURTON.¹*September 20, 1741.*²

[DEAR SIR,]—It is not my friendship, but the discernment of that nobleman³ I mentioned, which you are to thank for his intention to serve you. And his judgment is so uncontroverted, that it would really be a pleasure to you to owe him any thing; instead of a shame, which often is the case in the favours of men of that rank. I am sorry I can only wish you well, and not do myself honour in doing you any good. But I comfort myself when I reflect, few men could make you happier, none more deserving than you have made yourself.

I do not know how I have been betrayed into a paragraph of this kind. I ask your pardon, though it be truth, for saying so much, [and come to the business of your letter. I think in the new edition of your answer to Crousaz you should not cite those discarded verses of mine, but rather reserve them to be made a confirmation of the opinion in the commentary on the poems themselves; and I think it will better appear there and more naturally, than to be insisted on here, especially as you are known to have written that vindication before you had any acquaintance with me, or any sight of those papers. The alteration you have made in the position of them is certainly right, and I thank you for it].

If I can prevail on myself to complete⁴ the Dunciad, it will be published at the same time with a general edition of all my Verses (for poems I will not call them); and, I hope, your friendship to me will be then as well known, as my being an author, and go down together to posterity;—I

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in Brit. Museum.

² The date of the year is not in the original.

³ Lord Chesterfield.—WARBURTON.

⁴ He had then communicated his intention to the editor, of adding a fourth book to it, in pursuance of the editor's advice.—WARBURTON.

mean to as much of posterity as poor moderns can reach to, where the commentator, as usual, will lend a crutch to the weak poet to help him to limp a little further than he could on his own feet. We shall take our degree together in fame, whatever we do at the university: and I tell you once more,¹ I will not have it there without you.

[I intend about the end of October to go to Mr. Allen's at Bath, and stay with him till Christmas. I hope to hear of your health, as you shall of mine, if I have any, till the next spring restores you to me, and me to myself. Adieu, and employ me freely, in anything but poetry. I am faithfully yours.]

14.

POPE TO WARBURTON.²

BATH, Nov. 12, 1741.

[DEAR SIR,]—I am always naturally sparing of my letters to my friends, for a reason I think a great one; that it is needless after experience, to repeat assurances of friendship; and no less irksome to be searching for words to express it over and over. But I have more calls than one for this letter. First, to express a satisfaction at your resolution not to keep up the ball of dispute with Dr. M[iddleton], though, I am satisfied, you could have done it; and to tell you that Mr. L[yttleton] is pleased at it too, who writes me word upon this

¹ This was occasioned by the editor's requesting him not to slight the honour ready to be done him by the University; and especially, not to decline it on the editor's account, who had no reason to think the affront done him of complimenting him with an offer, and then contriving to evade it, the act of that illustrious body, but the exploit of two or three particulars, the creatures of a man in power, and the slaves of their

own passions and prejudices. However, Mr. P. could not be prevailed on to accept of any honours from them, and his resentment of this low trick gave birth to the celebrated lines, of Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen in the fourth Dunciad.—WARBURTON.

² First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in British Museum.

occasion, that he must infinitely esteem a divine, and an author, who loves peace better than victory. Secondly, I am to recommend to you, as an author, a bookseller in the room of the honest one you have lost, Mr. G[yles];¹ and I know none who is so worthy, and has so good a title in that character to succeed him as Mr. Knapton.² But my third motive of now troubling you is my own proper interest and pleasure. I am here in more leisure than I can possibly enjoy ever in my own house, *vacare literis*. It is at this place, that your exhortations may be most effectual to make me resume the studies I have almost laid aside, by perpetual avocations and dissipations. If it were practicable for you to pass a month or six weeks from home, it is here³ I could wish to be with you: and if you would attend to the continuation of your own noble work, or unbend to the idle amusement of commenting upon a poet, who has no other merit than that of aiming by his moral strokes to merit some regard from such men as advance truth and virtue in a more effectual way; in either case, this place and this house would be an inviolable asylum to you, from all you would desire to avoid in so public a scene as Bath. The worthy man who is the master of it, invites you in the strongest terms; and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than what the world calls civility and regard. He is sincerer and plainer than almost any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. If the waters of the Bath may be serviceable to your complaints, (as I believe from what you have told me of them), no opportunity can ever be better. It is

¹ Gyles died of an apoplexy on the 8th Nov. 1741.

² See letter to Bathurst, Nov. 15 [1741] on p. 534. Warburton's Critical and Philosophical Commentary on Mr. Pope's Essay on Man was "printed for John and Paul Knapton at the Crown in Ludgate Street, 1742." 12mo.

³ This was the letter which brought Dr. Warburton to Mr. Allen's house at Bath; which visit laid the found-

ation of his fortune. Bishop Hare, having recommended him to Queen Caroline, 1737, a little before her death, desired him, as we are informed by Dr. Hurd, to alter or omit a passage in the first volume of the *Divine Legation*, which contained a stroke of pleasantry on Woollaston's Religion of Nature, because her majesty affected to be fond of that treatise.—WARTON.

just the best season. We are told the Bishop of Salisbury¹ is expected here daily, who I know is your friend: at least, though a bishop, is too much a man of learning to be your enemy. You see I omit nothing to add to the weight in the balance, in which, however, I will not think myself light, since I have known your partiality. You will want no servant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will serve us. Here is a library and a gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me. Mr. Allen tells me, you might on horseback be here in three days; it is less than one hundred miles from Newark,² the road through Leicester, Stow in the Wold in Gloucestershire, and Cirencester by Lord Bathurst's. I could engage to carry you to London from hence, and I would accommodate my time and journey to your conveniency.

Is all this a dream? or can you make it a reality? can you give ear to me?

Audistin' ? an me ludit amabilis
Insania ?

Dear Sir, adieu; and give me a line to Mr. Allen's at Bath. God preserve you ever. [I am yours faithfully.

Mr. Allen's house (where I am and hope you may be) is less than two miles from Bath, but his brother, the post-master, lives at Bath, and takes care of the letters to me.]

15.

POPE TO WARBURTON.³

[BATH], November 22, 1741.

[DEAR SIR,]—Yours is very full and very kind; it is a friendly and satisfactory answer, and all I can desire. Do but

¹ Sherlock.

Some years afterwards Mr. Towne, the intimate friend of Warburton, published some severe remarks on Sherlock's incomparable Sermons, who had contradicted some tenets in

the *Divine Legation*.—WARTON.² Warburton was a native of Newark.³ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in British Museum.

instantly fulfil it. Only I hope this will find you before you set out; for I think (on all considerations) your best way will be to take London in [the] way. It will secure you from accidents of weather to travel in the coach, both thither, and from thence hither. But, in particular, I think you should take some care as to Mr. G[yles's] executors. And I am of opinion, no man will be more serviceable in settling any such accounts than Mr. Knapton, who so well knows the trade, and is of so acknowledged a credit in it. [I ought to have told you when I wrote, that he did not desire to be employed in your books if Mr. Gyles's children carried on the business to your satisfaction, which is a piece of honourable dealing not common to all booksellers.]¹ If you can stay but a few days there, I should be glad; though I would not have you omit any necessary thing to yourself. I wish too you would just see [Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Lyttleton, &c.], though when you have passed a month here, it will be time enough for all we have to do in town, and they will be less busy, probably, than just before the session opens, to think of men of letters.

When you are in London I beg a line from you, in which pray tell us what day you shall arrive at Bath by the coach, that we may send to meet you, and bring you hither. [Be pleased to go, when you arrive, to the postmaster's house in Bath, where you shall find a coach, and your chamber here ready aired, &c., with all possible care.] You will owe me a real obligation by being made acquainted with the master of this house;² and by sharing with me, what I think one of the chief satisfactions of my life, his friendship. But whether I shall owe you any in contributing to make me a scribbler again,³ I know not; [for what I have done I do not like. I am with truth, dear sir, yours faithfully.

Pray bring with you, if not too troublesome, the strictures

¹ Compare p. 534, note (2).

² Allen.

³ He had concerted the plan of the fourth book of the *Dunciad* with the

editor the summer before; and had now written a great part of it; which he was willing the editor should see.—WARBURTON.

upon my papers, which you suffered yourself to be troubled with. They may make a winter's evening amusement, when you have nothing better.]

16.

POPE TO WARBURTON.¹*April 23, 1742.*²

[DEAR SIR,]—My letters are [so] very short, partly because I could by no length of writings (not even by such as lawyers write) convey to you more than you have already of my heart and esteem; and partly because I want time and eyes. I cannot sufficiently tell you both my pleasure and my gratefulness, in and for your last two letters, which show your zeal so strong for that piece of my idleness, which was literally written only to keep *me* from sleeping in a dull winter, and perhaps to make others sleep unless awakened by my commentator; no uncommon case among the learned. [But my expectation of hearing justice was done you another way (though they do it you as much too little, as you do it me too much,) is still disappointed,—I mean an account of Mawhood's³ payment of your arrears. I have been so hurried of late, *alienis negotiis*, that I have not seen Mr. Knapton, nor know what he has proposed about the Shakespeare. And] I am every day in expectation of Lord Bolingbroke's arrival, [on his father's death], with whom I shall seize all the hours I can: for his stay (I fear by what he writes) will be very short.⁴ [Yet, as I shall be near, or in London, no commission of yours should be neglected if you have occasion to employ me.

I shall make my profit of what you observe in a passage or two of the Essay on Man. I do not intend to set Bowyer yet upon anything but the first part of the Dunciad, to which if

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in Brit. Museum.

² The date of the year not in the original.

³ Gyles's executor. Compare note (")

on p. 215.

⁴ Lord Bolingbroke's father died on the 8th April, 1742, and was buried at Battersea on the 16th. Lord Bolingbroke inherited from him £4000 a year.

anything occurs to you which you think a necessary note I know you will tell me.]

I do not think it impossible but [Lord Bolingbroke] may go to Bath for a few weeks, to see (if he be then alive, as [he] yet is) his old servant [Brinsden]. In that case I think to go with him, and if it should be at a season when the waters are beneficial, (which agree particularly with him too,) would it be an impossibility to meet you at Mr. Allen's? whose house you know, and heart, are yours. Though this is a mere chance, I should not be sorry you saw so great a genius, though he and you were never to meet again. [You never saw a *man* before, if I know what a man is.] Adieu. The world is not what I wish it; [but] I will not repent being in it while two or three live. [I am truly yours.]

17.

POPE TO WARBURTON.¹BATH, Nov. 27 [1742].²

[DEAR SIR,]—This will show you I am still with our friend, but it is the last day; and I would rather you heard of me pleased, as I yet am, than chagrined, as I shall be in a few hours. We are both pretty well. I wish you had been more explicit if your leg be quite well. You say no more than that you got home well. I expect a more particular account of you when you have reposed yourself a while at your own fire-side. I shall inquire as soon as I am in London, which of my friends have seen you? There are two or three who know how to value you: I wish I was as sure they would study to serve you, [though the mediocrity of your desires, and the turn of your affections, may make you, as I should myself, prefer the plain friendship of Mr. Allen to all the honour your men of higher rank can do us. Mr. Murray wrote me word of his receipt of the £100. It is a very small instance of the

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in British Museum.

² The date of the year is not in the original.

service I would do you,—£5 a year, but if in anything of that sort I ever can be assistance, or ease to you, freely tell me. I could put out a larger sum when you will, or be glad to add to any to make the principal even, till you had more to dispose of, in which case you ought to have my bond at least, and I intend to send it to you even for this, in case of accidents.]

A project has arisen in my head to make you, in some measure, the editor of this new edition of the *Dunciad*,¹ if you have no scruple of owning some of the graver notes, which are now added to those of [Mr. Cleland and] Dr. Arbuthnot. I mean it as a kind of prelude or advertisement to the public, of your Commentaries, on the *Essay on Man*, and on *Criticism*, which I propose to print next in another volume proportioned to this. [I have scratched out a sort of *avis au lecteur*, which I will send you to this effect, which if you disapprove not, you will make your own.] I have a particular reason to make you interest yourself in me and my writings. It will cause both them and me to make the better figure to posterity. A very mediocre poet, one Drayton,² is yet taken some notice of, because Selden writ a [very] few notes on one of his poems.

[Your next will find me probably with Bowyer, who does not quite answer my impetuosity for getting this poem out of my hands. If you direct either to him or to Twitnam there will be an equal chance of my quick receipt of it.] Adieu. May every domestic happiness make you unwilling to remove from home; and may every friend you do that kindness for, treat you so as to make you forget you are not at home! [I am ever cordially, though not effectually, dear sir, your faithful, though not useful servant.

—— but do you consider or whether with any initial letter at the end or no? I only doubt whether an avowal of these

¹ That is, of the four books complete.—WARBURTON.

² Drayton deserves a much higher character. He abounds in many beautiful and natural descriptions,

and some very harmonious lines. And Selden's notes are full of curious antiquarian researches. Pope was as much superior to Drayton, as Selden was to Warburton.—WARTON.

notes to so ludicrous a poem, be suitable to a character so established as yours for more serious studies. It was a sudden thought since we parted, and I would have you treat it as no more; and tell me if it is not better to be suppressed freely and friendlily.¹]

18.

POPE TO WarBURTON.²*December 28, 1742.*

[DEAR SIR,]—I have always so many things to take kindly of you, that I do not know which to begin to thank you for. I was willing to include our whole account of the *Dunciad*, at least, and therefore stayed till it was finished. The encouragement you gave me to add the fourth book first determined me to do so; and the approbation you seemed to give it was what singly determined me to print it. Since that, your Notes and your Discourse in the name of Aristarchus have given its last finishings and ornaments.³ [* * * son (and also not to lay any unbecoming stress on anything he writes) I have ordered the cancelling of a leaf or two more. In a word, I cannot bear to be thought serious in anything relating to him, because I am incapable of being so.

I shall forthwith give Bowyer the Essay to print with your Commentary, after which the Pastorals, and Essay on Criticism, and therefore I need not hasten you. I should be much more pleased you first carried on your great work of the *Divine Legation*. Above all things I wish to see it completed.

¹ The part of this postscript which was printed by Warburton was inserted by him in the text where none of it appears in the original letter. A scrap of paper pasted on the back of the letter has all but the last sentence, and as the paper is cut away, the rest probably followed. It may have been written by Pope on a separate scrap of paper after he had

completed his letter.

² First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in the Brit. Museum.

³ The original letter is in a very fragmentary state. The foregoing part is written on a piece of a cut letter, on the back of which are the words that follow in brackets [].

Shakespeare and I may follow at leisure, but I think that * * * only tells me.]¹ I am glad you will refresh the memory of such readers as have no other faculty to be readers, especially of such works as the Divine Legation. But I hope you will not take too much notice of another and duller sort; those who become writers through malice, and must die whenever you please to shine out in the completion of the work: which I wish were now your only answer to any of them: except you will make use of that short and excellent one you give me in the story of the reading-glass.

The world here grows very busy. About what time is it you think of being amongst us? My health, I fear, will confine me, whether in town or here, so that I may expect more of your company, as one good resulting out of evil. [Adieu, dear Sir, yours.]

I never read a thing with more pleasure than an additional sheet to Jervas's² preface to Don Quixote. Before I got over two paragraphs I cried out, *Aut Erasmus aut Diabolus!* I knew you as certainly as the ancients did the Gods, by the first pace and the very gait. I have not a moment to express myself in, but could not omit this which delighted me so greatly.

My law-suit with L[intot] is at an end [and the edition in quarto of the Dunciad is half printed]. Adieu! Believe no man can be more yours. Call me by any title you will, but a Doctor of Oxford. *Sit tibi cura mei, sit tibi cura tui!*³

¹ This paragraph also is on a cut piece of letter, but if it belonged to the former part, the piece on which it was written must have been the second leaf, and other matter must have intervened.

² On the Origin of the Books of Chivalry.—WARBURTON.

³ The last two paragraphs are in the Warburton MSS., but on a cutting which also appears to have been part of a distinct letter.

19.

POPE TO WARBURTON.¹[TWITNAM,] *January 18, 1742-3.*²

[DEAR SIR],—I am forced to grow every day more laconic in my letters, for my eyesight grows every day shorter and dimmer. Forgive me then that I answer you summarily. I can even less bear an equal part in a correspondence than in a conversation with you. But be assured once for all, the more I read of you, as the more I hear from you, the better I am instructed and pleased. And this misfortune of my own dullness, and my own absence, only quickens my ardent wish that some good fortune would draw you nearer, and enable me to enjoy both, for a greater part of our lives in this neighbourhood; and in such a situation, as might make more beneficial friends than I, esteem and enjoy you equally.

[I consulted Mr. Murray on the question as to writing to Sir T[homas] H[anmer]. We agreed you should not, as it was a thing not even to be surmised, that any man of honour could dream of. But I have enquired further, and am assured from one who has seen the copy that there are no notes whatsoever to it, but a removal only of one word for another, as he thinks fitting. The heads of some houses have subscribed for 100, and 50, at three guineas the book, which they refund by putting them off to the gentlemen commoners, and this way the press is paid. One good consequence will attend the printing it, which is, that it will determine the book to be no bookseller's property if Tonson does not contest it, and the way will be open to any whom you choose to deal with, or to yourself if you prefer to take the whole on yourself.³

You might be certain I omitted not to write to Lord Orrery, but I retarded it, till I had spoken again to Dr. King, who

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in Brit. Museum.

² No date of year in the original.

³ The occasion of the dispute between Warburton and Sir Thomas

perhaps should hear again from you, though I hope it is not necessary.]

I have again heard from Lord [Bathurst] and another hand, that the lord ¹ I writ to you of, declares an intention to serve you. My answer (which they related to him) was, that he would be sure of your acquaintance for life if once he served or obliged you; but that I was certain you would never trouble him with your expectation, though he would never get rid of your gratitude.

[I have delayed a while longer the publication of the Dunciad, but shall put Bowyer directly on the edition of the Ethic Epistles; and I think it will be a more dignified method of declaring that intention of a general commentary before than before this poem.]

Dear sir, adieu, and let me be sometimes certified of your health. My own is as usual; and my affection the same, always yours.²

Hanmer is explained in Nichols' 'Literary Anecdotes,' vol. v. 588. Warburton accused Hanmer of having plagiarised his notes. Compare Dunciad, iv. 105, and note (u).

¹ Granville.—WARBURTON.

² At the back of the letter Pope has written as follows:—"Pray will the following lines answer your idea? or can you bring them to it with a little alteration?"

Ask of the learn'd the way, the learn'd
are blind,
This bids to serve, and that to shun
mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in
ease,

Those call it pleasure,¹ and { apathy }
these;² { content- }
ment

Some sunk to beasts find pleasure end in
pain,³

Some swelled to Gods, confess ev'n virtue
vain;⁴

Or indolent,⁵ to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt
of all.

One trusts the senses, and one } Query:
doubts of all. } Pope.

Who thus { describe } it, say they more
define }
or less,

Than this, that happiness is happiness?
Take Nature's path, &c.

. . . . in no extreme they dwell, &c."

¹ Epicureans.—POPE.

² Stoics.—POPE.

³ Epicureans.—POPE.

⁴ Stoics.—POPE.

⁵ Sceptics.—POPE.

20.

POPE TO WARBURTON.¹TWITENHAM, *March 24, 1743.*²

[DEAR SIR,]—I write to you among the very few I now desire to have my friends, merely, *Si valeas, valeo*. It is in effect all I say: but it is very literally true, for I place all that makes my life desirable in their welfare. I may truly affirm, that vanity or interest have not the least share in any friendship I have; or cause me now to cultivate that of any one man by any one letter. But if any motive should draw me to flatter a great man, it would be to save the friend I would have him serve from doing it. Rather than lay a deserving person under the necessity of it, I would hazard my own character and keep his in dignity though, in truth, I live in a time when no measures of conduct influence the success of one's applications, and the best thing to trust to is chance and opportunity.

I only meant to tell you, I am wholly yours, how few words soever I make of it: a greater pleasure to me is [the thought] that I chanced to make Mr. Allen so, who is not only worth more than [half the greatest men in the kingdom] intrinsically, but, I foresee, will be effectually more a comfort and glory to you every year you live. My confidence in any man less truly great than an honest one is but small, [and it has been long that I have preached to all my worthiest acquaintance of such men, "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed."]

I have lived much by myself of late, partly through ill-health, and partly to amuse myself with little improvements in my garden and house, to which possibly I shall, if I live, be soon more confined. [Bowyer is going on with the quarto edition of the *Essay*.] When the *Dunciad* may be published, I know not, [there being some contest about the expiration of Lintot's

¹ First appeared in Warburton, Museum.
1751. Collated with MS. in Brit.

² No date of year in the original.

date,¹ nor am I much concerned at the delay.] I am more desirous of carrying on the best, that is your edition of the rest of the Epistles and Essay on Criticism, &c. I know it is there I shall be seen most to advantage. But I insist on one condition, that you never think of this when you can employ yourself in finishing that noble work of the Divine Legation (which is what, above all, *iterum iterumque monebo* ²), or any other useful scheme of your own. It would be a satisfaction to me at present only to hear that you have supported your health among these epidemical disorders, which, though not mortal to any of my friends, have afflicted almost every one. [Adieu, and know me for yours.

You guessed right as to the verses sent that silly fellow.³ It was done by a friend of mine who had your opinion of his impenetrability, and judged more truly of him than I confess I did. I begin to be more scrupulous of hurting him, and wish him more conscientiously impudent.]

21.

POPE TO WARBURTON.⁴[TWITNAM,] June 5 [1743].⁵

[DEAR SIR,]—I wish that instead of writing to you once in two months, I could do you some service as often; for I am arrived to an age when I am as sparing of words as most old men are of money, though I daily find less occasion for any. But I live in a time when benefits are not in the power of an honest man to bestow; nor indeed of an honest man to receive, considering on what terms they are generally to be had. It is certain you have a full right to any I could do you, who not only

¹ Compare p. 543, note (3).

² Either his friendship for the editor, or his love of religion, made him have this very much at heart; and almost the last words he said to the editor as he was dying, was the conjuring him to finish the last volume; which indignation, as he

supposed, at the scurrilities of a number of nameless scribblers, had retarded. —WARBURTON.

³ No doubt Colley Cibber.

⁴ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in Brit. Museum.

⁵ The year is not in original.

monthly, but weekly of late, have loaded me with favours of that kind, which are most acceptable to veteran authors; those garlands which a commentator weaves to hang about his poet, and which are flowers both of his own gathering and painting too; not blossoms springing from the dry author. [However, I will one day make a Roman Catholic compliment to Dr. Middleton, and shine out in all the dress of the old heathen, like a modern Christian maypole. And all this shall be laid at your door.]

* It is very unreasonable after this, to give you a second trouble in revising the *Essay on Homer*.¹ But I look upon you as one sworn to suffer no errors in me: and though the common way with a commentator be to crect them into beauties, the best office of a critic is to correct and amend them. There being a new edition coming out of *Homer*, I would willingly render it a little less defective, and the bookseller will not allow me time to do so myself.

[I can find no fault in your epistle to Mr. Allen, but two or three single words I would expunge in favour to his modesty, or rather, his real humility, and the last sentence softened, or changed into something more familiar.

What is become of Mawhood's arrear to you?² I hope you have received it, or why is it delayed? I fear I shall not be in town, or near it long, unless I have your orders soon.] Lord B[olingbroke] returns to France very speedily, and it is possible I may go for three weeks or a month to Mr. Allen's in the summer; of which I will not fail to advertise you, if it suits your conveniency to be there and drink the waters more beneficially.

Forgive my scribbling so hastily and so ill. My eyes are at least as bad as my head, and it is with my heart only that I can pretend to be, to any real purpose, [your faithful, affectionate servant.]

¹ The editor did revise and correct it as it now stands in the last edition.

—WARBURTON.

² See note (³) on p. 223.

22.

POPE TO WARBURTON.¹July 18 [1743].²

[DEAR SIR,]—You may well expect letters from me of thanks; but the kind attention you show to every thing that concerns me is so manifest, and so repeated, that you cannot but tell yourself how necessarily I must pay them in my heart, which makes it almost impertinent to say so. Your alterations to the Preface and Essay³ are just; and none more obliging to me than where you prove your concern that my notions in my first writings should not be repugnant to those in my last. And you will have the charity to think, when I was then in an error, it was not so much that I thought wrong or perversely, as that I had not thought sufficiently. What I could correct in the dissipated life I am forced to lead here, I have; and some there are which still want your help to be made as they should be.

[I have yet had no commission as to Mawhood. I am sorry for it, because by the end of this month, or beginning of the next, I believe I must go from hence for three weeks or a month.] Mr. Allen depends on you at the end of the next [month], or in September, and I will join him as soon as I can return from the other party; I believe not till September at soonest.

[I have received a letter from Dr. Oliver some time ago, written express to justify himself from all knowledge of Tillard's book,⁴ and all previous consent for its being dedicated to him. On the contrary he gave him first his opinion against writing the book at all; then used the strongest arguments against printing it; and never knew the least syllable of the

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751, ix. 258. Collated with MS. in Brit. Museum.

² No date of year in original.

³ Prefixed to his *Homer's Iliad*.—WARBURTON.

⁴ 'Future Rewards and Punish-

ments believed by the ancients, particularly the philosophers, wherein some objections of the Rev. Mr. Warburton in the *Divine Legation of Moses* are considered.' John Tillard was a free-thinking lawyer.

contents, either of that or the dedication, till it was delivered to him by the bookseller. "I was then,"—these are his words,—"really sorry for him and for myself." I think I need not add my opinion of that treatise. You have made a man angry, and there I think you should leave him.] You will¹ pardon me (dear sir) for writing to you but just like an attorney or agent. I am more concerned for your finances² than your fame; because the first, I fear, you will never be concerned about yourself; the second is secure to you already, and (whether you will or not) will follow you.

I have never said one word to you of the public. I have known the greater world too long to be very sanguine. But accidents and occasions may do what virtue would not; and God send they may! Adieu. Whatever becomes of public virtue, let us preserve our own poor share of the private. Be assured, if I have any, I am with a true sense of your merit and friendship, [dear sir, ever yours.]

23.

WARBURTON TO POPE.

[1743 ?]³

I have known this gentleman about twenty years. I have been greatly and in the most generous manner obliged to him. So I am very capable and you will readily believe very much disposed to apologise for him. Yet for all that, if I did not really believe him to be an honest man, I would not venture to excuse him to you. Nothing is more notorious than the great character he had acquired in the faithful and humble discharge of a long embassy at Constantinople, both in the public part, and the private one of the merchant's affairs. The first reflection on his character was that unhappy affair of the Charitable corporation. I read carefully all the reports of the com-

¹ From "You will," etc., to the end is on another half sheet of paper, and it probably belongs to another letter.

² His debt from the executor of Mr. Gyles.—WARBURTON.

³ This extract of a letter is given by Bishop Hurd as the representation which induced Pope to omit Sir Robert Sutton's name from the passages in his Satires. (See *ante*, vol. iii., pp. 13, 139, note (3).)

mittee concerning it; and as I knew Sir Robert Sutton's temper and character so well, I was better able than most to judge of the nature of his conduct in it. And I do, in my conscience believe, that he had no more suspicion of any fraud, carrying on by some in the direction, than I had. That he was guilty of neglect and negligence, as a Director, is certain; but it was only the natural effect of his temper (where he has no suspicion), which is exceedingly indolent. And he suffered sufficiently for it, not only in his censure but by the loss of near £20,000. And at this very juncture he lost a considerable sum of money (through his negligence) by the villainy of a land-steward, who broke and ran away. Dr. Arbuthnot knew him well; and I am fully persuaded, though I never heard so, that he had the same opinion of him in this affair that I have. But parties ran high, and this became a party matter. And the violence of parties no one knows more of than yourself. And his virtue and integrity have been since fully manifested. Another prejudice against him, with those who did not know him personally, was the character of his brother, the General, as worthless a man, without question, as ever was created. But you will ask, Why should a man in his station be engaged in any affair with such dirty people? 'Tis a reasonable question; but you, who know human nature so well, will think this a sufficient answer. He was born to no fortune, but advanced to that station in the Levant, by the interest of his cousin Lord Lexington; besides the straitness of his circumstances, the usual and constant business of that embassy gave him, of course, a mercantile turn. He had seen in almost every country, where he had been, societies of this kind, subsisting profitably to themselves, and beneficially to the public. For not to think he came amongst them with a view to his own profit principally, would indeed be absurd. Yet I am sure with a view of an honest profit. For he is very far from an avaricious man. He lives up to his fortune without being guilty of any vice of luxury. He is an extreme good and faithful husband, and

with reason indeed, for it is to one of the finest women in England. He is a tender and indulgent father to very hopeful children; a kind master and one of the best landlords to his tenants. I speak all this of my own knowledge. He has a good estate in this place. My parishioners are good people. The times (till very lately) for this last fifteen years have been extreme bad for the grasiers; I got of him for them, two abatements in their rents at two several times. I will only beg leave to give you one more instance that relates to myself, and is not equivocal in his character. I chanced to know him, when I was very young, by means of my neighbourhood to Lord Lexington (whom I never knew), where he oft came. And without any consideration to party or election interest, he seemed to have entertained an early esteem for me. He had two good livings on estates he had lately bought; and without the least intimation or solicitation he told me I should have the first that fell. He was as good as his word. But this was not all. As soon as I became possessed of the living he told me that (from what he had been informed by my predecessor, who at his death was going to commence a suit for his just dues) the living was much injured by a low and illegal composition. That he thought I ought to right myself, and he would join with me against the other freeholders (for his estate is something more than one-half of the parish). I replied that as he paid all the tithes for his tenants, the greatest loss, in my breaking the composition, would fall upon himself, who must pay me half as much more as he then did. He said he did not regard that; I was his friend, and it was my due. I answered that, however, I could not do it yet, for that the world would never conceive it to be done with his consent, but would say that I had no sooner got his living, than I had quarrelled with him, But, when I came to my parish, I found them so good a sort of people, that I had as little an inclination to fall out with them. So (though to my great injury) I have deferred the matter to this day. Though the thing, in the opinion of Sir

R. Raymond, who gave it on the case, as drawn up by the parishioners themselves, is clear and indisputable, yet they won't give it up without a law-suit. In a word, there is nothing I am more convinced of than the innocence of Sir R. S. in the case of the Charitable corporation, as to any fraud or connivance at fraud. You, who always follow your judgment, free from prejudice, will do so here. I have discharged my duty of friendship both to you and him.

24.

POPE TO WarBURTON.¹*October 7 [1743.]*²

[DEAR SIR,]—I heartily thank you for yours, from which I learned your safe arrival. And that you found all yours in health was a kind addition to the account; as I truly am interested in whatever is, and deserves to be, dear to you, and to make a part of your happiness. I have many reasons and experiences to convince me, how much you wish health to me, as well as long life to my writings. Could you make as much a better man of me, as you can make a better author, I were secure of immortality both here and hereafter by your means. [I have given Bowyer your comment on the Essay on Criticism this week, and he shall lose no time in the rest.] The Dunciad I have ordered to be advertised [the last of October] in quarto. Pray order [him to send you] as many of them as you will; and know that whatever is mine is yours.

[I went to Cornbury with the lord of that place, and lay one night at Oxford. I looked in at the printing-house. All I could see was one Hanmer's Shakespeare sheet, in the margins of which were no various readings or marks for any references of any sort, but a fine, well-printed text that covered a multitude of faults, for it was in the worst of his plays, the "Love's Labour Lost."³ I am yours faithfully.

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in Brit. Museum.

² No date of year in the original.

³ See p. 228, note (3).

Mr. Arbuthnot is with me and sends you his very particular services, with his desire that if, in his way, he can be ever of any service to you, you will freely make use of him.]

25.

POPE TO WARBURTON.¹January 12, 1743-4.²

[DEAR SIR,]—An unwillingness to write nothing to you, whom I respect, and worse than nothing ([what] would afflict you) to one who wishes me so well, has hitherto kept me silent. Of the public I can tell you nothing worthy the reflection of a reasonable man; and of myself only an account that would give you pain; for my asthma has increased every week since you last heard from me, to the degree of confining me totally to the fireside; so that I have hardly seen any of my friends but two,³ who happen to be divided from the world as much as myself, and are constantly retired at Battersea. There I have passed most of my time, and often wished you of the company, as the best I know to make me not regret the loss of all others, and to prepare me for a nobler scene than any mortal greatness can open to us. I fear by the account you gave me of the time you design to come this way, one of them⁴ (whom I much wish you had a glimpse of [as a being, *paullo minus ab angelis*]) will be gone again, unless you pass some weeks in London before Mr. Allen arrives there in March. My present indisposition takes up almost all my hours, to render a very few of them supportable: yet I go on softly to prepare the great edition of my things with your notes, and as fast as I receive any from you, I add others in order [determining to finish the Epistles to Dr. Arbuthnot and two or three of the best of Horace, particularly that to Augustus, first, which will fall into the same volume with the

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in Brit. Museum.

² Date of year not in original.

³ Lord and Lady Bolingbroke.

⁴ Lord Bolingbroke.

Essay on Man. I determined to have published a small number of that Essay, and of the other on Criticism, ere now, as a sample of the rest, but Bowyer advised to delay, though I now see I was not in the wrong.]

I am told the Laureat is going to publish a very abusive pamphlet.¹ That is all I can desire; it is enough if it be abusive and if it be his. He threatens you;² but, I think, you will not fear or love him so much as to answer him, though you have answered one or two as dull. He will be more to me than a dose of hartshorn: and as a stink revives one who has been oppressed with perfumes, his railing will cure me of a course of flatteries.

I am much more concerned to hear that some of your clergy are offended at a verse or two of mine,³ because I have respect for your clergy (though the verses are harder upon ours). But if they do not blame *you* for defending those verses, I will wrap myself up in the layman's cloak, and sleep under your shield.

[Have you forgot, as I did in my two last letters, the debt I owed you ever since November was twelvemonth? and some little matter you undertook to pay for a saddle, and pothecarie's bill when I left you at Bath? Pray send me word if I shall pay the whole, or the interest, to any person before you come to town.]

I am sorry to find by a letter two posts since from Mr. Allen that he is not quite recovered yet of all remains of his indisposition, nor Mrs. Allen quite well. Do not be dis-

¹ Pope was early and accurate in his intelligence, the printed date to Cibber's second letter is 9 January, 1743-4.

² And made good his threat, the letter concluding "with an Expostulatory Address to the Reverend Mr. W. W—n, Author of the new Preface, and Adviser in the curious Improvements of that Satire."

³ Ver. 355 to 358, second book of

the Dunciad.—WARBURTON.

It was surely impossible for them *not* to take offence at one of the severest, and, we hope, undeserved sarcasms ever cast on their order. And it is not a little surprising that the friend under whose guidance our Poet had now placed himself, did not prevail on him to suppress these injurious lines.—WARTON.

couraged from telling me how you are : for no man is more yours than.

26.

POPE TO WARBURTON.¹

Feb. 21 [1743-4].

[DEAR SIR,]—If I was not ashamed to be so behind-hand with you, that I can never pretend to fetch it up (any more than I could, in my present state, to overtake you in a race), I would particularise which of your letters I should have answered first. It must suffice to say I have received them all ; and whatever very little respites I have had from the daily care of my malady, have been employed in revising the papers *On the Use of Riches*, which I would have ready for your last revise against you come to town, that they may be begun with [by Bowyer] while you are here. [I would also defer till then the publication of the two Essays with your notes in quarto, that (if you thought it would be taken well) you might make the compliment to any of your friends (and particularly of the great ones, or of those whom I find most so) of sending them as presents from yourself. For what I writ of the forwarding the Satires and Imitations, which I agree with you to add to the Epistles,] I own, the late encroachments upon my constitution make me willing to see the end of all further care about me or my works. I would rest for the one, in a full resignation of my being to be disposed of by the Father of all mercy ; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be some example) I would commit them to the candour of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and censorious reader. And no hand can set them in so good a light, or so well turn their best side to the day, as your own. This obliges me to confess I have for some months thought myself going, and that not slowly, down the hill,—the rather

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with MS. in Brit. Museum.

as every attempt of the physicians, and still the last medicines more forcible in their nature, have utterly failed to serve me. I was at last, about seven days ago, taken with so violent a fit at Battersea, that my friends Lord [Bolingbroke] and Lord [Marchmont] sent for present help to the surgeon, whose bleeding me, I am persuaded, saved my life, by the instantaneous effect it had; and which has continued so much to amend me, that I have passed five days without oppression, and recovered, what I have three months wanted, some degree of expectoration, and some hours together of sleep. I am now got to Twickenham, to try if the air will not take some part in reviving me, if I can avoid colds: and between that place and Battersea with my Lord B[olingbroke] I will pass what I have of life, while he stays, which I can tell you, to my great satisfaction, will be this fortnight or three weeks yet. What if you came before Mr. Allen, and staid till then, instead of postponing your journey longer? Pray, if you write, just tell him how ill I have been, or I had wrote again to him: but that I will do, the first day I find myself alone with pen, ink, and paper, which I can hardly be, even here, or in any spirits yet to hold a pen. You see I say nothing, and yet this writing is labour to me. I am [most faithfully yours].

27.

POPE TO WARBURTON.¹[TWICKENHAM], *April*, 1744.²

[DEAR SIR,]—I am sorry to meet you with so bad an account of myself, who should otherwise with joy have flown to the interview. I am too ill to be in town; and within this week so much worse, as to make my journey thither, at present, impracticable, even if there was no proclamation in my way. I left the town in a decent compliance to that; but this additional prohibition from the highest of all powers I must

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751. Collated with the original in

Brit. Museum.

² No date in original.

bow to without murmuring. I wish to see you here. Mr. Allen comes not till the 16th,¹ and you will probably choose to be in town chiefly while he is there. I received yours just now, and I writ to hinder [Bowyer] from printing the Comment on the *Use of Riches* too hastily, since what you write me, intending to have forwarded it otherwise, that you might revise it during your stay. Indeed, my present weakness will make me less and less capable of anything. I hope at least, now at first, to see you for a day or two here at Twittenham, and concert measures how to enjoy for the future what I can of your friendship.² I am, [with sincerity, dear sir, affectionately yours].

¹ Compare letter to Allen at p. 198.

² He died May 30, following.—
WARBURTON.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS PUBLISHED IN
RUFFHEAD'S LIFE.

28.

POPE TO WARBURTON.¹

I CANNOT forbear to return you my thanks for your animadversion on Mr. Crousaz : though I doubt not it was less a regard to me than to candour and truth, which made you take this pains to answer so mistaken a man. I fear, indeed, he did not attack me on quite so good a principle ; and whenever I see such a vein of uncharitableness and vanity in any work, whether it concerns me or another, I am always ready to thank God to find it accompanied with as much weakness. But this is what I should never have exposed myself, and therefore I am the more obliged to you for doing it.

29.

POPE TO WARBURTON.²

I HAVE just received yours, and as I have no words to express, farther than you already know, my sincere desire to merit your friendship, I will not employ any. I thank you for what you so speedily have done, and shall put it to the press with all haste, the rest of the book being ready.

If any thing more can be done for the *Dunciad*, it must be to acquaint the public, that you have thought it worth your care, by bestowing some notes upon it, to make it more important and serious.

¹ Ruffhead, 262.

² From Ruffhead's Life, p. 392.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND MARTHA AND TERESA BLOUNT.

FROM 1712 TO 1743.

[TERESA and Martha Blount were the daughters of Lister Blount, Esq., of Mapledurham, Berkshire. Teresa was born October 15, 1688; Martha, June 15, 1690. They were educated first at a school in Hammersmith, and afterwards in Paris. It does not appear when Pope's acquaintance with them began. He speaks, however, of having been "ever since his infancy in love with one after the other of them week by week." This, of course, may be only a figure of speech; but it is to be remembered that the intimacy between all the Catholic families was close, so that Pope may have seen the two girls when they were at home for their holidays. The letters in this group, which are undated, are arranged inferentially from internal evidence.]

1. POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

May 25, 1712.

MADAM,—At last I do myself the honour to send you the *Rape of the Lock*; which has been so long coming out, that the lady's charms might have been half decayed, while the poet was celebrating them, and the printer publishing them. But yourself and your fair sister must needs have been surfeited already with this trifle; and therefore you have no hopes of entertainment but from the rest of this book,¹ wherein (they tell me) are some things that may be dangerous to be looked upon: however, I think you may venture, though you should blush for it, since blushing becomes you the best of any lady in England, and then the most dangerous thing to be looked upon is yourself. Indeed Madam, not to flatter you,

¹ The "rest of this book" means Lintot's Miscellany, in which the 'Rape of the Lock' first appeared.

Pope had evidently shown the sisters the poem in MS.

our virtue will be sooner overthrown by one glance of yours, than by all the wicked poets can write in an age, as has been too dearly experienced by the wickedest of them all, that is to say, by, Madam, your most obedient, &c.

2.

POPE TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.¹

[1714.]

[MADAM,]—The chief cause I have to repent my leaving the town, is the uncertainty I am in every day of your sister's state of health. I really expected by every post to have heard of her recovery, but on the contrary each letter has been a new awakening to my apprehensions, and I have ever since suffered alarms upon alarms on her account. A month ago I should have laughed at any one who had told me my heart would be perpetually beating for a lady that was thirty miles off from me; and, indeed, I never imagined my concern would be half so great for any young woman whom I have been no more obliged to than to so innocent an one as she. But, Madam, it is with the utmost seriousness I assure you no relation you have can be more seriously touched at this than I, nor any danger, if any I have, could affect me with more uneasiness (though as I never had a sister, I can't be quite so good a judge as you how far human nature would carry me). I have felt some weaknesses of a tender kind, which I would not be free from; and I am glad to find my value for people so rightly placed, as to perceive them on this occasion.

I cannot be so good a Christian as to be willing to resign my own happiness here, for hers in another life. I do more than wish for her safety, for every wish I make I find immediately changed into a prayer, and a more fervent one than I had learned to make till now.

May her life be longer and happier than perhaps herself may desire, that is, as long and as happy as you can wish:

¹ From the MS. at Mapledurham, transcribed by Mr. Carruthers,

may her beauty be as great as possible, that is, as it always was, or as yours is. But whatever ravages a merciless distemper may commit, I dare promise her boldly, what few (if any) of her makers of visits and compliments dare to do:—she shall have one man as much her admirer as ever.¹ As for your part, Madam, you have me so more than ever, since I have been a witness to the generous tenderness you have shown upon this occasion.

I beg Mrs. Blount and Mr. Blount to believe me very faithfully their servant, and that your good mother will accept of a thousand thanks for the favour of her maid's letters, and oblige me with the continuance of them every post. I entreat her pardon that I did not take my leave of her; for when I parted from you I was under some confusion which I believe you might perceive. I thought at that moment to have snatched a minute or two more to have called again that night. But when I know I act uprightly I depend upon forgiveness from such as I think you are. I hope you will always be just, and that is always look upon me as, Madam, your most obedient, faithful, and humble servant.

3.

POPE TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

BATH, *Sept.* [1714].²

MADAM,—I write to you for two reasons: one is because you commanded it, which will be always a reason to me in anything; the other, because I sit at home to take physic, and they tell me I must do nothing that costs me great application or great pains, therefore I can neither say my prayers nor write verses. I am ordered to think but slightly of anything,

¹ This shows the probable date, 1714, being the year in which M. Blount was attacked by small pox. Pope refers to her illness in *Moral Essay* ii., 267.

² An imperfect copy of this letter appeared in the edition of 1735, was not re-published in the 4to, but was

re-produced in Cooper of 1737, and in all subsequent editions. Bowles gave the original from the Mapledurham MSS. which is here followed. It must have been written in 1714, as Pope speaks of Dr. Radcliffe as living, and he died 1 Nov. 1714.

and I am practising, if I can think so of you, which if I can bring about, I shall be above regarding anything in nature for the future; I may then think of the world as a hazel nut, the sun as a spangle, and the king's coronation as a puppet show. When my physic makes me remember those I love, may it not be said to work kindly? (Hide, I beseech you, this pun from Miss Patty, who hates them in compliance to the taste of a noble earl, whose modesty makes him detest double meanings).

Pray tell that lady all the good qualities and virtuous inclinations. She has never gave me so much pleasure in her conversation as that one vice of her obstinacy will give me mortification this month. Ratcliffe commands her to the Bath and she refuses! Indeed if I were in Berkshire, I should honour her for this obstinacy, and magnify her no less for disobedience than we do the Barcelonians.¹ I should be charmed with this glorious rebel to Ratcliffe, whom all the great and the fair obey as a tyrant, and from the same servile principle, the fear of death. But people change with the change of places (as we see of late), and virtues become vices when they cease to be for one's interest, with me as with other folks.

Yet let me tell her she will never look so finely while she is upon earth as she would in the water. It is not here, as in most other instances, but those ladies that would please extremely must go out of their own element. She does not make half so good a figure on horseback as Christina, Queen of Sweden; but were she once seen in the Bath, no man would part with her for the best mermaid in Christendom. Ladies, I have you so often, I perfectly know how you look in black and white. I have experienced the utmost you can do in *any* colours; but all your movements, all your graceful steps, all your attitudes and postures, deserve not half the glory you

¹ Barcelona had been long besieged by the French under Marshal Berwick. It was taken after a desperate

resistance on the 12th of the month in which this letter was written.

might here attain of a moving and easy behaviour in buckram; something betwixt swimming and walking; free enough, yet more modestly half naked than you appear anywhere else. You have conquered enough already by land; show your ambition, and vanquish also by water. We have no pretty admirers on these seas, but must strike sail to your white flags were they once hoisted up. The buckram I mention is a dress particularly useful at this time, when the Princess is bringing over the fashion of German ruffs. You ought to dress yourselves to some degrees of stiffness beforehand; and when our ladies' chins have been tickled awhile with a starched muslin and wires, they may possibly bear the brush of a German beard and whisker.

Having told you that I am here, I will acquaint you how I got hither. Dr. Parnelle detained me at Binfield some days longer than I proposed when I left Maple Durham, though he came to the country on the day of his appointment. We gave the slip to everybody, as you may imagine, when we could pass by your house within two miles of it. The gay Archdeacon had violent yearnings towards you. Thrice he stopped his steed, and thrice he spurred him away; love and inclination pushed him on, but despair withheld: not to add, that the very hairs of his head stood on end with fear of your eyes—that is to say, he was not shaved. Had he given the parting salute it had been the most masculine one you ever received. As for me, I had the like palpitation of heart towards your sister, for it happened on a day when I defied you and all your works.

You are to understand, madam, that my *violent* passion for your fair self and your sister has been divided with the most wonderful regularity in the world. Even from my infancy I have been in love with one after the other of you, week by week, and my journey to Bath fell out in the three hundred seventy-sixth week of the reign of my sovereign lady Martha. At the present writing hereof it is the three hundred and eighty ninth week of the reign of your most serene Majesty, in whose

service I was listed some weeks before I beheld her. This information will account for my writing to either of you hereafter, as she shall happen to be queen regent at that time.

I could tell you a most delightful story of Dr. Parnelle, but want room to display it in all its shining circumstances. He had heard it was an excellent cure for love, to kiss the aunt of the person beloved, who is generally of years and experience enough to damp the fiercest flame. He tried this course in his passion for you, and kissed Mrs. Englefield at Mrs. Dan-easter's [Dancastle's]. This recipe he hath left written in the style of a divine as follows: "*Whoso loveth Miss Blount shall kiss her aunt and be healed; for he kisseth her not as her husband, who kisseth and is enslaved for ever as one of the foolish ones, but as a passenger who passeth away and forgetteth the kiss of her mouth, even as the wind saluteth a shower in his passage, and knoweth not the odour thereof.*"

When this letter is printed for the wit of it, pray take care that what is underlined be printed in a different character.

4. POPE TO MRS. [MARTHA] BLOUNT.

[BATH, 1714.]¹

IF you ask how the waters agree with me, I must tell you so very well, that I question how you and I should agree if we were in a room by ourselves. Mrs. T.² has honestly assured me, that but for some whims which she cannot entirely conquer she would go and see the world with me in man's clothes, Even you, Madam, I fancy, (if you would not partake in our

¹ This letter appeared in the edition of 1735, was not reproduced in the 4to, but reappeared in Cooper, 1737, and has been published in all subsequent editions. The latter half is the conclusion of the letter to Martha Blount, dated "Bath, Oct. 6th [1714]," published by Bowles from the Mapledurham MSS.

² "Mrs. T.," in edit. 1735. Roscoe, following Bowles, who had seen the original letter, reads "Mrs. Thomas;" but Mr. Carruthers, who also saw it, says that the MS. was "Teresa," and that the letter is to Martha. Certainly this seems from the context more probable.

adventures,) would wait our coming in at the evening with some impatience, and be well enough pleased to hear them by the fireside. That would be better than reading romances, unless Lady M. would be our historian. What raises these desires in me, is an acquaintance I am beginning with my Lady Sandwich, who has all the spirit of the last age, and all the gay experience of a pleasurable life.¹ It were as scandalous an omission to come to the Bath and not see my Lady Sandwich, as it had formerly been to have travelled to Rome without visiting the Queen of Sweden. She is, in a word, the best thing this country has to boast of; and as she has been all that a woman of spirit could be, so she still continues that easy and independent creature that a sensible woman always will be.

I must tell you the truth, which is not, however, much to my credit. I never thought so much of yourself and your sister as since I have been fourscore miles distant from you. In the Forest I looked upon you as good neighbours, at London as pretty kind of women, but here as divinities, angels, goddesses, or what you will. In the same manner I never knew at what rate I valued your life till you were upon the point of dying. If [Mrs. T.] and you will but fall very sick every season, I shall certainly die for you. Seriously, I value you both so much, that I esteem others much the less for your sakes; you have robbed me of the pleasure of esteeming a thousand pretty qualities in them, by showing me so many finer in yourselves. There are but two things in the world which could make you indifferent to me, which, I believe, you are not capable of, I mean ill nature and malice. I have seen enough of you, not to overlook any frailty you could have, and nothing less than a vice could make me like you less. I expect you should discover by my conduct towards you both, that this is true, and that therefore you should pardon a thousand things in me for that one disposition. Expect

¹ Lady Sandwich was Elizabeth, second daughter of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

nothing from me but truth and freedom, and I shall always be thought by you what I always am, your, &c.

5.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.¹

BATH, Oct. 6th [1714.]

MADAM,—If I may ever be allowed to tell you the thoughts I have so often of you in your absence, it is at this time, when I neglect the company of a great number of ladies, to write this letter. From the window where I am seated I command the prospect of twenty or thirty, in one of the finest promenades in the world, every moment that I take my eye off from the paper. If variety of diversions and new objects be capable of driving our friends out of our minds, I have the best excuse imaginable for forgetting you: for I have slid, I cannot tell how, into all the amusements of this place: my whole day is shared by the pump-assemblies, the walks, the chocolate-houses, raffling-shops, plays, medleys, &c. We have no ladies who have the face, though some of them may have the impudence, to expect a lampoon. The prettiest is one I had the luck to travel with, who has found out so far as to tell me, that whatever pretences I make to gaiety, my heart is not at Bath. Mrs. Gage came hither the other day, and did me a double honour, in speaking to me, and asking publicly, when I saw you last? I endeavour (like all awkward fellows) to become agreeable by imitation; and observing who are most in favour with the fair, I sometimes copy the civil air of Gascoin, sometimes the impudent one of Nash,² and sometimes,

¹ Bowles, from the MS. at Mapledurham.

² Richard Nash—Beau Nash as he was called—the celebrated Master of the Ceremonies at Bath. He was a complete despot, and refused to allow a deviation from his laws, even at the request of the Princess Amelia. His “impudence” may be inferred from the account which Goldsmith gives

of him: “I have known him on a ball night strip even the Duchess of Queensbury, and throw her apron at one of the hinder benches among the ladies’ women, observing that none but abigails appeared in white aprons. This from another would be an insult, in him it was considered a just reprimand, and the good-natured Duchess acquiesced in his censure.”

for vanity, the silly one of a neighbour of yours, who has lost to the gamesters here that money, of which the ladies only deserve to rob a man of his age. This mistaken youth is so ignorant as to imagine himself as agreeable in the eyes of the sex to-day, as he was yesterday, when he was worth three or four hundred pounds more. Alas! he knows not, that just as much is left of a mistress's heart, as is emptied from one's own pocket! My chief acquaintance of my own sex are the aforesaid Mr. Gascoin and Mr. Nash; of the other, Dame Lindsey and Jenny Man. I am so much a rake as to be ashamed of being seen with Dr. Parnelle. I ask people abroad who that Parson is? We expect better company here next week; and then a certain Earl shall know what ladies drink his health every day since his disgrace, that you may be in the public pamphlets, as well as your humble servant. They say, here are cabals held, under pretence of drinking waters; and this scandal, like others, refreshes me, and elevates my spirits. I think no man deserves a monument that could not be wrapped in a winding-sheet of papers writ against him. If women could digest scandal as well as I, there are two that might be the happiest creatures in the universe. I have in one week run through whatever they call diverting here; and I should be ashamed to pass two just in the same track. I will therefore take but a trip to Longleat, which is twelve miles hence, to visit my Lord Lansdown,¹ and return to London. I must tell you a truth, which is not, however, much to my credit. I never thought so much of yourself and your fair² sister as since I have been fourscore miles distant from you. At Binfield I look upon you as good neighbours, at London as pretty kind of women, and here as divinities, angels, goddesses, or what you will. In like manner, I never knew at what a rate I valued your life, till you were upon the point

¹ The poet, who married Lady Mary Villiers, widow of Mr. Thynne.

² *Fair* was omitted on publication,

which was long after the quarrel with Teresa. There are other slight differences.

of dying. If Mrs. Teresa and you will but fall sick every season, I shall certainly die for you. Seriously, I value you both so much, that I esteem others much the less for your sakes: you have robbed me of the pleasure of esteeming a thousand fine qualities in them, by showing me so many in a superior degree in yourselves. There are but two things in the world which can make you indifferent to me, which I believe you are not capable of; I mean, ill-nature and malice. I have seen enough of you not to resent any frailty you could have, and nothing less than a vice can make me like you less. I expect you should discover, by my common conduct towards you both, that this is true; and that therefore you should pardon a thousand things in me for that disposition. Expect nothing from me but truth and freedom, and I shall be always thought by you, what I always am, your faithful, obliged, humble servant.

6. POPE TO TERESA AND MARTHA BLOUNT.¹

[1714.]

FAIR LADIES,—I returned home as slow and as contemplative after I had parted from you, as my Lord² retired from the Court and glory to his country-seat and wife, a week ago. I found here a dismal desponding letter from the son of another great courtier who expects the same fate, and who tells me the great ones of the earth will now take it very kindly of the mean ones, if they will favour them with a visit by day-light. With what joy would they lay down all their schemes of glory, did they but know you have the generosity

¹ Published in the edition of 1735, not in 4to, but reproduced in Cooper, 1737, with date of 1714, and in all subsequent editions. Mr. Carruthers (2nd edit., i. 421) says it begins "Fair ladies (I would call you dear ladies if I durst," and concludes, "Your admirer and humble servant,

A. POPE." With this postscript, "My faithful service to Mrs. Blount, Mr. Blount, and Mr. Holman." Bowles says that the address on the outside is, "Aux Mademoiselles de Maple-Durham."

² Bolingbroke.—BOWLES.

to drink their healths once a day, as soon as they are fallen ! Thus the unhappy, by the sole merit of their misfortunes, become the care of Heaven and you. I intended to have put this last into verse, but in this age of ingratitude my best friends forsake me, I mean my rhymes.

I desire Mrs. Patty¹ to stay her stomach with these half hundred plays, till I can procure her a romance big enough to satisfy her great soul with adventures. As for novels, I fear she can depend upon none from me but that of my life, which I am still, as I have been, contriving all possible methods to shorten, for the greater ease both of the historian and the reader. May she believe all the passion and tenderness expressed in these Romances to be but a faint image of what I bear her, and may you (who read nothing) take the same truth upon hearing it from me ! You will both injure me very much, if you do not think me a truer friend than ever any romantic lover, or any imitator of their style, could be.

The days of beauty are as the days of greatness, and so long all the world are your adorers. I am one of those unambitious people, who will love you forty years hence when your eyes begin to twinkle in a retirement, and without the vanity, which every one now will take to be thought your, &c.

7.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.²

[1714.]

MOST DIVINE !—It is some proof of my sincerity towards you, that I write when I am prepared by drinking to speak truth ; and sure a letter after twelve at night must abound with that noble ingredient. That heart must have abundance of flames, which is at once warmed by wine and you : wine

¹ 'Mrs. P——,' as published. 'Patty' is added on the authority of Carruthers.

² Bowles, from the MS. at Maple-

durham. Mr. Carruthers says, "considerable passages are necessarily left out of this letter."

awakens and refreshes the lurking passions of the mind, as varnish does the colours that are sunk in a picture, and brings them out in all their natural glowings. My good qualities have been so frozen and locked up in a dull constitution at all my former sober hours, that it is very astonishing to me, now I am drunk, to find so much virtue in me. In these overflowings of my heart I pay you my thanks for those two obliging letters you favoured me with of the 18th and 24th instant. That which begins with "My charming Mr. Pope!" was a delight to me beyond all expression: you have at last entirely gained the conquest over your fair sister. It is true you are not handsome, for you are a woman, and think you are not: but this good-humour and tenderness for me has a charm that cannot be resisted. That face must needs be irresistible, which was adorned with smiles even when it could not see the coronation.¹ I do suppose you will not show this epistle out of vanity, as I doubt not your sister does all I write to her. Indeed, to correspond with Mr. Pope, may make any one proud who lives under a dejection of heart in the country. Every one values Mr. Pope, but every one for a different reason: one for his adherence to the Catholic faith; another for his neglect of Popish superstition; one for his grave behaviour, another for his whimsicalness; Mr. Titcomb,² for his pretty atheistical jests; Mr. Caryll, for his moral and Christian sentences; Mrs. Teresa, for his reflections on Mrs. Patty; and Mrs. Patty, for his reflections on Mrs. Teresa. It was but the other day I heard of Mrs. Fermor's being actually and directly married.³ I wonder how the couple at — look, stare, and simper, since that grand secret came out, which they so well concealed before. They concealed it as well as the barber does his utensils, when he goes to trim upon

¹ Of George I., in September 1714.
—Roscoe.

² Tydcombe. See letter to Cromwell, July 12, 1707; 'Tidcombe take oaths on the Communion,' and note.

³ Mrs. Arabella Fermor, the hero-

ine of the 'Rape of the Lock,' now married to Francis Perkins, of Upton Court. Among the letters published in 1735, was one formally addressed to this lady 'On her marriage.' (See vol. x. p. 252).

a Sunday, and his towels hang out all the way. You know your Doctor is gone the way of all his patients, and was hard put to it how to dispose of an estate miserably unwieldy and splendidly unuseful to him. Dr. Shadwell¹ lately told a lady, he wondered she could be alive after him : she made answer, she wondered at it too, both because Dr. Radcliffe was dead, and because Dr. Shadwell was alive.² I am your most faithful admirer, friend, servant, any thing, &c.

I send you Gay's poem on the princess.³ She is very fat. God help her husband.⁴

8.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

[1714-15.]⁵

[MADAM,]—I am not at all concerned to think that this letter may be less entertaining than some I have sent : I know you

¹ Physician extraordinary to Queen Anne, and created a knight by being appointed physician in ordinary to George the 1st. Pope had more than one hit at Dr. Shadwell. The origin of his dislike is probably to be found in Arbuthnot's letter to Swift, Oct. 19, 1714.

² This letter, be it remembered, was not among those published by Pope ; but the paragraph announcing the death of your doctor—Dr. Radcliffe—was thought too good to be thrown away, and was therefore inserted in one of the published letters, which letter—of course, without the paragraph—is still preserved among the Mapledurham MSS., and as Mr. Carruthers informs us, is dated 13 Sept. 1717 ! Dr. Radcliffe died on the 1st Nov., 1714, and Gay's poem 'To a Lady. Occasioned by the arrival of Her Royal Highness' (afterwards Queen Caroline) was announced by advertisement as "this day published," on the 20th Nov. Lintot's accounts record that he

paid Gay, "11 Nov. 1714," for "Letter to a Lady, £5 7s. 6d." If we may trust to any letter published by Pope, he, 23 Sept. 1714, suggested to Gay to "write something on the king, or prince, or princess."—DILKE.

³ 'To a Lady, occasioned by the arrival of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.'

⁴ The last words Mr. Carruthers says are "God keep her husband."

⁵ This letter first appeared in the 4to, 1737 ; but the closing paragraph and the epigram first in Cooper's edition of 1737, with the following note : "From hence to the end of the letter is left out of the author's edition." Bowles says that the letter was addressed "to Martha Blount," leading to the inference that he had seen the original. It probably was so addressed, but no original is now to be found at Mapledurham, at least it is not referred to by Mr. Carruthers, who has published a list of all existing MS. letters. Roscoe affixes conjecturally 1714 at the date, and Mr.

are a friend that will think a kind letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his mirth makes a much less present than he that gives you his heart; and true friends would rather see such thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they squander about to all the world. They who can set a right value upon anything, will prize one tender, well-meant word, above all that ever made them laugh in their lives. If I did not think so of you, I should never have taken much pains to endeavour to please you, by writing, or anything else. Wit, I am sure, I want; at least in the degree that I see others have it, who would at all seasons alike be entertaining; but I would willingly have some qualities that may be (at some seasons) of more comfort to myself, and of more service to my friends. I would cut off my own head, if it had nothing better than wit in it; and tear out my own heart if it had no better dispositions than to love only myself, and laugh at all my neighbours.

I know you will think it an agreeable thing to hear that I have done a great deal of Homer. If it be tolerable, the world may thank you for it: for if I could have seen you every day, and imagined my company could have every day pleased you, I should scarce have thought it worth my while to please the world. How many verses could I gladly have left unfinished, and turned into it, for people to say what they would of, had I been permitted to pass all those hours more pleasingly? Whatever some may think, fame is a thing I am much less covetous of than your friendship; for that I hope will last all my life; the other I cannot answer for. What if they should both grow greater after my death? Alas! they would both be of no advantage to me! Therefore, think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

Carruthers says that the 'Temple of Fame' here mentioned as "just come out" was published in 1714. But Lintot's accounts show that it was not till the "1 Feby., 1714-15" that

he paid for 'The Temple of Fame £32 5s.,' and on that same day he entered his work at Stationers' Hall.
—DILKE.

Now I talk of fame, I send you my *Temple of Fame*,¹ which is just come out; but my sentiments about it you will see better by this epigram:

What's fame with men, by custom of the nation,
Is called in women only reputation;
About them both why keep we such a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

9.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

*Friday, 3rd June [1715].*²

MADAM,—I dare not pretend to instruct a lady when to take any thing kindly. Their own hearts are always the best directors. But if I might, I would tell you, that if ever I could have any merit with you, it is in writing to you at a time when I am studying to forget every creature I ever loved or esteemed; when I am concerned for nothing in the world but the life of one or two who are to be impeached, and the health of a lady that has been sick; when I am to be entertained only with that jade whom every body thinks I love as a mistress, but whom in reality I hate as a wife,—my Muse. Pity me, madam, who am to lie in of a poetical child for at least two months. As soon as I am up again, I will wait upon you; but in the mean time I beg to hear if you are quite recovered from your ague,—the only thing I desire to hear from any one in my present state of oblivion.

Not that I am so vain as to expect a favour from your hands, which I never yet received; I do not say, never merited to receive; for I know both how little, and how much I deserve at your hands, though it is impossible you should. But if you will send those books of mine, which you are weary of, by one of your servants, he may at the same time inform me of your health. He may add to my satisfaction, by acquainting me of that of Mr. Blount, Mrs. Blount, and your fair sister. This letter may very possibly be the only thing that hinders you

¹ Published Feb. 1714–15.² Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS.

from a total forgetfulness of me. I would to God I could as easily forget Maple-Durham is within ten miles of me.' I am just in the condition of the poor people in purgatory: Heaven is in sight, and the pain of loss the greatest I endure. I hope to be happy in a little time, and live in that hope. Yours and Mrs. Teresa's most obedient, faithful servant.

I desire Mr. Blount not to send for his first volume of Homer to London.² I shall have one for him on a better paper than ordinary, by Thursday next.

10.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.³*Friday [27 July, 1715].*

MADAM,—I have long been sensible of your foreknowledge of the will of Heaven, which (as I have often told you) I can attribute to nothing but a secret correspondence with your fellow-beauties, the angels of light. In very deed my rambling associates have deserted me. Jervas has ladies to paint, and Duke Disney must visit a bishop, in hopes of his conversion. The Duke is too sedate for me, notwithstanding he has so much mercury in him.⁴ Only Dr. Arbuthnot and I travel soberly

¹ This letter was therefore evidently written from Binfield.

² Michael Blount, the brother, was a subscriber to the 'Iliad.' As the first volume of the translation of the 'Iliad' was published in 1715, the date of the year attached by Roscoe to this letter is no doubt correct.

³ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. The reference to Mr. Blount's contemplated marriage, would lead to the inference that the letter was written late in July, 1715. See also Jervas to Pope [1715]. If so, the visit to Oxford with Arbuthnot alone was merely prospective, for the treaty was on foot for the whole party as late as 12 August. See Jervas to

Pope of that date.

⁴ Colonel Disney, often mentioned in the Pope and Swift letters, and familiarly called 'Duke Disney.' He was one of Swift's Club, and when dangerously ill in March, 1712-13, Swift wrote to Stella: "Colonel Disney, one of our society, is ill of a fever, and we fear, in great danger. We all love him mightily, . . . a fellow of abundance of humour, an old battered rake, but very honest: not an old man, but an old rake." Swift mentions that he lived with General Withers, Pope's "last true Briton," and we learn from Gay, who calls him 'facetious Disney,' that when 'Pope's Welcome' was written, they

and philosophically to Oxford, &c., inquiring into natural causes, and being sometimes wise, sometimes in the spleen. It is very hard, this world is a thing which every unfortunate thinking creature must necessarily either laugh at, or be angry at; and if we laugh at it, people will say we are proud; if we are angry at it, they will say we are ill-humoured. I beg your pardon for my spleen, to which you showed so much indulgence, and desire yourself and your fair sister to accept of these fans as a part of my penalty. I desired Mr. Jervas to choose two of the best he had;¹ but if these do not chance to hit your fancy, you will oblige me by taking your own choice out of twenty, when you go to London. What little discomposure they may receive by rumpling, will be recovered if you keep them laid up smooth (as modest women do their petticoats).

I cannot tell to whom I am obliged for two bottles of the white elder wine, which were given to our boy, unknown to me. But it looks like the good-natured trick of a kind, hearty, motherly gentlewoman; and therefore I believe I owe it to Mrs. Blount, whom I entreat to think me her most faithful servant. Mr. Blount may esteem me so too, if he knows I cannot heartily wish him married.² What to wish for Mrs. Teresa and you I know not, but that I wish as sincerely as I do for myself, and that I am in love with you both, as I am with myself, and find myself most so with all three when I least suspect it. I am, madam, &c.

lived at Greenwich. Lady M. W. Montagu's reference to him in her 'Unfinished Sketch,' is no doubt coloured by Whig prejudice, as the colonel was a strong Tory. She tells how—

'Ponderous dullness'

Ended and assum'd Duke Disney's grin,
With broad plump face, pert eyes, and
ruddy skin,
Which show'd the stupid joke which lurk'd
therein.

Disney died in 1731. See Gay and Pope to Swift, Dec. 1, 1731.

¹ See Jervas to Pope, Letter No. 10.

² It may be inferred from letters to Caryll (see 20 March, 1715-16) that Pope could not heartily wish Mr. Blount married, because his mother and sisters would have to leave Mapledurham.

11. POPE TO THE MISSES BLOUNT.¹*Thursday.*

DEAR LADIES,—You have here all the fruit Mr. Danecastle's garden affords, that I could find in any degree of ripeness. They were on the trees at eleven o'clock this morning, and I hope will be with you before night. Pray return, sealed up, by the bearer, every single bit of paper that wraps them up; for they are the only copies of this part of Homer. If the fruit is not so good as I wish, let the gallantry of this wrapping paper make up for it. I am yours.

12. POPE TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.²

[1715.]

You have asked me news a hundred times at the first word you spoke to me, which some would interpret as if you expected nothing better from my lips: and truly it is not a sign two lovers are together, when they can be so impertinent as to inquire what the world does. All I mean by this is, that either you or I are not in love with the other. I leave you to guess which of the two is that stupid and insensible creature, so blind to the other's excellences and charms?

This then shall be a letter of news; and sure, if you did not think me the humblest creature in the world, you would never imagine a poet could dwindle to a brother of Dawks and Dyer,³ from a rival of Tate and Brady.

The Earl of Oxford has behaved so bravely, that in this act at least he might seem above man, if he had not just now

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. Probably written at Binfield, early in the autumn of 1715.

² Published in the edition of 1735, and reproduced in 4to with the date 1715. It appears from the Mapledurham MSS. (Bowles, x. 25), that the first paragraph is taken from a suppressed letter dated Aug. 7 [1716]; and a collation of the edition of 1735 and the 4to, shows that the passages about

the Duke of Marlborough and the soldiers' cloth and linen, Mr. Nelson and the Pretender the adventure of T. G.—(which here appear among the 'Chit-chat' in the notes), were omitted in the 4to. Some of these passages were restored, and reappeared in Cooper, 1737. See note (³) to letter of Aug. 7.

³ Dawks and Dyer were two celebrated news-letter writers,

voided a stone to prove him subject to human infirmities. The utmost weight of affliction from ministerial power¹ and popular hatred, were almost worth bearing, for the glory of such a dauntless conduct as he has shown under it.

You may soon have your wish, to enjoy the gallant sights of armies, encampments, standards waving over your brother's corn-fields, and the pretty windings of the Thames² stained with the blood of men. Your barbarity, which I have heard so long exclaimed against in town and country, may have its fill of destruction. I would not add one circumstance usual in all descriptions of calamity, that of the many rapes committed, or to be committed, upon those unfortunate women that *delight in war*. But God forgive me—in this martial age, if I could, I would buy a regiment for your sake and Mrs. Patty's and some others, whom, I have cause to fear, no fair means will prevail upon.

Those eyes that care not how much mischief is done, or how great the slaughter committed, so they have but a fine show; those very female eyes, will be infinitely delighted with the camp which is speedily to be formed in Hyde Park. The tents are carried thither this morning, new regiments, with new clothes and furniture, far exceeding the late cloth and linen designed by his Grace for the soldiery.³ The sight of so many gallant fellows, with all the pomp and glare of war, yet undeformed by battles, those scenes which England has for many years only beheld on stages, may possibly invite your curiosity to this place.⁴

¹ 'Princely power,' in edit. 1735. Altered in 4to.

² "Thames about M——" [Mapledurham. Altered in 4to.

³ *i.e.*, the Duke of Marlborough. The Guards were dissatisfied with the clothing supplied to them; they threw their shirts into the gardens at St. James's Palace and at Marlborough House, and a detachment from the Duke's own regiment exhibited their

shirts on their march through the city, exclaiming "These are Hanover shirts." On the 2nd June the Duke reviewed the regiment, acknowledged that the complaints were just, threatened vengeance against the contractors, ordered every man a new suit of clothing, and this, as Cox says, with "a liberal donation of beer," won them to a sense of duty.

⁴ The following articles of chit-chat

By our latest account from Duke-street, Westminster, the conversion of T. G. Esq.¹ is reported in a manner somewhat more particular. That upon the seizure of his Flanders mares, he seemed more than ordinarily disturbed for some hours, sent for his ghostly father, and resolved to bear his loss like a Christian; till about the hours of seven or eight the coaches and horses of several of the nobility passing by his window towards Hyde-Park, he could no longer endure the disappointment, but instantly went out, took the oath of abjuration, and recovered his dear horses, which carried him in triumph to the Ring. The poor distressed Roman Catholics, now unhorsed and uncharioted, cry out with the psalmist, *Some in chariots and some on horses, but we will invoke the name of the Lord.*² I am, &c.

intelligence are in the original. "My Lady Lansdown held her *last* assembly yesterday, where was *not* present the Earl of D—d.

"I met my lord Finch in red, trimmed with gold, correspondent to the gravity of the Nottingham family, so that he may be said (with Mrs. Patty's leave) to be as gay as a gold-finch.

"The prince's secretary, M—x (Molineux), has been so employed in writing despatches, that his weary hand could hardly shake the box and dice the other day at Mr. Gage's. The ladies blamed his indolence, and he made that excuse.

"Mrs. Nelson expects the Pretender at her lodgings by Saturday se'nnight. She has bought a picture of Madam Maintenon to set her features by, against that time. Three priests of your acquaintance are very positive, by her interest, to be his father confessors.

"It is reported that the Honourable Thomas Gage, Esq. having renounced the errors of the Romish communion, is to be created groom-porter, and that Alexander Pope, gent., being ready to do the same, will

be chosen city-poet.

"The Lord Viscount Dunbar is married to the daughter of the Lord Clifford. One of the agents in this affair was Mr. Edward Blount, who (it was thought) might have provided for that noble viscount much better out of his own family. The said Mr. Blount is this morning gone off for Devonshire, without daring to call at Maple-Durham in his way. Some people sigh, and say Mr. Holman stands fair.

"Sir Samuel Garth's journey into Italy is put off for three days; that of some others into Devonshire is neither off nor on, like most modern matches, though all the parties are agreed.

"I must stop here till further advices, which are expected from the Lady Mary Wortley this afternoon." C.—BOWLES.

¹ Thomas Gage.

² "There are several other advices from the Lady M. W. which you shall have in our next. So much for the present; and as for the future, I neither know what will become of myself, nor of the nation." Orig.—BOWLES.

13.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

[1716.]

MADAM,—I am here studying ten hours a day, but thinking of you in spite of all the learned. The Epistle of Eloisa grows warm, and begins to have some breathings of the heart in it, which may make posterity think I was in love.¹ I can scarce find in my heart to leave out the conclusion I once intended for it.

I am to pass three or four days in high luxury, with some company, at my Lord Burlington's. We are to walk, ride, ramble, dine, drink, and lie together. His gardens are delightful, his music ravishing; yet I shall now and then cast a thought on Charles-street.

May you have all possible success both in your devotions this week, and your masquerade the next.² Whether you repent or sin, may you do all you wish; and when you think of me, either laugh at me or pray for me, which you please.

14.

POPE TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

Aug. 7 [1716].³

MADAM,—I have so much esteem for you, and so much of the other thing, that were I a handsome fellow, I should do

¹ His anticipation has been entirely fulfilled. Yet passionate and pathetic as is the language of this poem and of the 'Elegy on the Unfortunate Lady,' it is sufficiently evident that both were mere exercises of the imagination. It is surprising to think that, with such proofs of his creative powers, there should still be any critics disposed to deny in Pope the existence of poetic genius of a high order.

² Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. He refers probably to Passion week and Easter.

³ From the Mapledurham MSS.,

as published by Bowles (x. 24). The paragraph which opens the published letter, *ante* [1715], was taken from this letter.

It is however to be observed, that Mr. Carruthers, in proof of Pope's "elaboration" of his letters on publication, gives us a specimen, the introductory paragraph of the letter of [1715], and thus continues:

"The original is destitute of the above preliminary flourish: it stands as follows:

LADIES,—It is a difficult task you have imposed upon me, that of writing news, and if you did not think me the

you a vast deal of good : but as it is, all I am good for, is to write a civil letter, or to make a fine speech. The truth is, that considering how often and how openly I have declared love to you, I am astonished (and a little affronted) that you have not forbid my correspondence, and directly said, *See my face no more*. It is not enough, Madam, for your reputation, that you have your hands pure from the stain of such ink as might be shed to gratify a male correspondent : alas ! while your heart consents to encourage him in this lewd liberty of writing, you are not (indeed you are not) what you would so fain have me think you,—a prude ! I am vain enough to conclude (like most young fellows), that a fine lady's silence is consent, and so I write on.

But, in order to be as innocent as possible in this epistle, I will tell you news. You have asked me news a thousand times, at the first word you spoke to me ; which some would interpret as if you expected nothing better from my lips : and truly it is not a sign two lovers are together, when they can be so impertinent as to inquire what the world does. All I mean by this is, that either you or I cannot be in love with the other : I leave you to guess which of the two is that stupid and insensible creature, so blind to the other's excellences and charms.

But to my news.—My Lord Burlington's and my journey to the north is put off till September. Mr. Gay has had a fall from his horse, and broken his fine snuff-box. Your humble servant has lost his blue cloak. Mr. Edmund Curll has been exercised in a blanket, and whipped at Westminster school by the boys, whereof the common prints have given some account.¹

humblest creature in the world, you could never imagine a poet would dwindle to a brother of Dyer and Dawkes, and an associate of Tate and Brady. At this time, indeed, I might allege many excuses for disobeying you in that point—as first, that I have too much news to warrant the writing

any ; secondly, that it is dangerous ; and thirdly, and principally, that it is troublesome to me."

¹ This circumstance fixes the date of the year which we have given to this letter. Curll's well-earned whipping took place in the beginning of August, 1716, as appears by a

If you have seen a late advertisement, you will know that I have not told a lie (which we both abominate), but equivocated pretty genteelly: you may be confident it was not done without leave from my spiritual director. My next news is a trifle. I will wait upon you at Whiteknight's in a fortnight or three weeks, unless you send me word to the contrary; which I beg you to do if I shall not find you there. Would to God you could go to Grinstead¹ or the Bath, I would attend you to either.

As I always am impertinent in my questions concerning you, to every body that has seen or heard from you, so I have lately received much gladness, in the belief that you might do so, from the late entertainments of the Lord Cadogan in your neighbourhood.² I heartily wish many times you led the same course of life which I here partly enjoy and partly regret; for I am not a day without what they call elegant company. I have not dined but at great entertainments these ten days, in pleasant villas about the Thames, whose banks are now more populous than London, through the neighbourhood of Hampton-Court——

[*A part of this letter torn off.*]

—— Upon the whole, I am melancholy, which, to say truth, is (*all one*) gets by pleasures themselves. Yet as I believe melancholy (*hurts*) me as little as any one, so I sincerely wish much (*rather to*) be so myself, than that those I value should partake (*of it*). In particular, your ease and happiness would be a great part (*of my*) study, were I your guardian angel: as I am, a poor * * * *, it is one of my most earnest wishes. Believe me, dear madam, your most faithful humble servant, &c.

Pray tell Miss Patty, that, though she will not write to me,

humorous letter, copied by Mr. Nichols in 'Atterbury's Correspondence,' from the St. James's Chro-

nicle, and dated Aug. 3.—CHALMERS.

¹ To the Carylls.

² At Caversham, near Reading.

I hear she writes for me, which I ought to take as kindly ; this I was informed of by Mr. Caryll.

15.

POPE TO TERESA BLOUNT.¹

MADAM,—Since you prefer three hundred pounds to two true lovers, I presume to send you the following epitaph [unfit for publication]. I hope you have had with this four letters from me. Don't I write often enough ?

16.

POPE TO THE MISSES BLOUNT.²

BUT I assure you, as long as I have any memory, I shall never forget that piece of humanity in you. I must own I should never have looked for sincerity in your sex, and nothing was so surprising as to find it, not only in your sex, but in two of the youngest and fairest of it. If it be possible for you to pardon this last folly of mine, 'twill be a greater strain of goodness than I expect even from yourselves. But whether you can pardon it or not, I think myself obliged to give you this testimony under my hand that I must ever have that value for your characters as to express it for the future on all occasions, and in all the ways I am capable of.

17.

POPE TO TERESA BLOUNT.³

DEAR MADAM,—I am going to Kensington, which makes me desire you'll let George secure a coach and four of your neighbour, Angel, against to-morrow. I must tell you, in fulness of heart, I am with much gratitude, yours.

Pray let me know to-night your hour. I'll try for Mrs. Glanvil to-night. I can't avoid going out of town to-day. Put a wafer into the enclosed and return it to the bearer.

¹ Carruthers, from the Mapledurham MSS.

³ Carruthers, from Mapledurham

² Carruthers, from Mapledurham MSS.

18. POPE TO MARTHA AND TERESA BLOUNT.¹*Sept. 17.*

DEAR LADIES,—I am in the case which many a man is in with your sex, not knowing where to have you : so I direct this with great respect to the most discreet of servitors, whom I dare hardly call George,² even within the folds of this letter. I hope, if you are in London, that you find company ; if you are in the country, that you do not want it. I heartily wish you luck at cards ; not only as it is said to be a token of luck in better things, but as it doth really and effectually save money, and sometimes get it. I also wish you good husbands, and think Mr. Caryll, who has the interest of our Catholic religion at heart, ought, if possible, to strengthen it, by allying to some of the supports thereof two such lovely branches as yourselves. Pray tell him so from me, and let me advise you in your ear. It is full as well to marry in the country as in the town, provided you can bring your husbands up with you afterwards, and make them stay as long as you will. These two considerations every wise virgin should have in her head, not forgetting the third, which is,—a separate allowance. O Pin-money ! dear, desirable Pin-money ! in thee are included all the blessings of woman ! In thee are comprised fine clothes, fine lodgings, fine operas, fine masquerades, fine fellows. Foh ! says Mrs. Teresa, at this last article—and so I hold my tongue.

Are you really of opinion you are an inconvenient part at present of my friend's family ? Do ye fancy the best man in England is so very good, as not to be fond of ye ? Why, St. Austin himself would have kissed ye—St. Jerome would have shaved against your coming—St. Peter would have dried his

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS.

² Bowles rather capriciously supposes this to be George Arbuthnot, the solicitor, who was much in the confi-

dence of Pope and M. Blount. But it seems naturally to refer to the Blounts' servant, and the same person is mentioned in the last letter.

eyes at the sight of you—and St. Thomas would have been for touching and trying you. If you fancy yourself troublesome at Grinstead, you are too humble indeed ; you need not talk of wanting to be humbled ! Every place will be proud of you ; except Gotham, and the wise men of Gotham. May the Devil take every one that thinks you should be humbled ! For me, I sincerely wish to see you exalted, when it shall please heaven, above the cherubims ; but first, upon earth, above six horses in a handsome coach.

After all, if it be wholesome for you both to be humbled, ladies, let me try to do it. I will freely tell you two or three of your faults.

First, if you are handsome, you know it. This people have unluckily given you to understand, by praising you every day of your lives. The world has abundance of those indiscreet persons who admire you ; and the mischief of it is, you can go no where but you meet with them.

Secondly, you are the greatest self-lovers alive. For ever since you were children, it was preached to you, that you should know yourselves. You have complied with this idle advice, and, upon examining, find a great many qualities, which those who possess cannot but like themselves the better for : and it is your misfortune to have them all !

Thirdly, it is insupportable impudence and lying in you to pretend, as you do, to have no passion or tendency to love and good-nature. For can any thing be so preposterous, as to say you care for nobody, at the same time that you oblige and please everybody ?

For these, and all other your grievous offences, the Lord afford you his mercy, as I do heartily absolve you. *In nomine, &c.*

Mr. Gay was your servant yesterday : I believe to-day he may be Mrs. Lepell's.

19. POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.¹

[1716?].

It is usual with unfortunate young women to betake themselves to romances, and thereby feed and indulge that melancholy which is occasioned by the want of a lover I presume it may be so far your present case, as to render the five volumes of the Grand Cyrus no unreasonable [unseasonable] present to you. My dear Madam, if you are disposed to wander upon adventures, suffer the unhappy Artamenes to be your companion. Great as he afterwards was, he would rather have chose to rule your heart than the empires of Persia and Media. Let your faithless sister triumph in her ill-gotten treasures; let her put on new gowns to be the gaze of fools and pageant of a birth-day, while you, with all your innocence, enjoy a shady grove, and dwell with a virtuous aunt in a country paradise.² . . . I have been at home besieged by fifty Greek books. . . . As soon as I am able to attend to the things of this world, I'll consult the elders of the city concerning her [Teresa's] profits in the Mammon of iniquity, and I will then write to her on the grovelling subject.

20. POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.³

[1716-17?].

MADAM,—This is purely to give you the satisfaction of knowing, that I have not been unmindful of your affairs, and that I shall omit no occasion of doing what you order me. I find, from those whose judgment I myself most depend upon, that

¹ Carruthers, from Mapledurham MSS. As to the date, see note (3) to the next letter.

² Compare 'Epistle to Teresa Blount. On her leaving town after the Coronation,' v. 12.

³ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. We learn from Mr. Carruthers

that it is addressed "À Mesdemoiselles Teresa and Martha Blount." The letter must have been written not long before the meeting of Parliament, and the reference to Gay's "play" points to the probability of its date being December, 1716, or January, 1716-17.

it is thought the South Sea will rather fall than rise, toward the sitting of the parliament; and upon this belief I have myself kept a thousand five hundred pounds lying by me, to buy at such a juncture. The general opinion is, that the parliament will tax the funds; and if so, one may certainly make advantages of money then in one's hands, which will more than answer its lying dead these two months.

However, I have given orders to buy 500*l.* for myself, as soon as South Sea falls to 103, which you shall have if you have a mind to it.¹ It will amount to near six per cent.; and my broker tells me he thinks it will fall to that.

But if you order me to do otherwise, with part or all of the sum I have of yours, I will obey you. Hitherto I have only acted in your affair as I have done in my own.

I hope you had the Grand Cyrus by the Reading coach, above a week ago. I am in London almost constantly, and every hour in company; have renewed all my idle and evil haunts; am not very well; sit up very late, &c. I have lately been told, my person is in some danger; and (in any such case) the sum of 1121*l.* will be left for you in Mr. Gay's hands. I have made that matter secure against accidents.

Gay is well at court, and more in the way of being served than ever. However, not to trust too much to hopes, he will have a play acted in four or five weeks, which we have driven a bargain for.²

I long to see you both: and love you so very well, that I wish I were the handsomest fellow in England for your sakes. I dined yesterday with Jacky Campbell³ at the Duke of Argyle's. Gay dines daily with the Maids of Honour. Adieu. I am melancholy,—and drunk.

Tuesday night.

¹ The prices of South Sea in Dec. 1716 were 104; Jan., 1716-17, 103½; March, 1716-17, 100½.

² The play was no doubt 'Three

Hours after Marriage,' acted 17 Feb., 1716-17.

³ Colonel John Campbell, who married Mary Bellenden.

21.

POPE TO THE MISSES BLOUNT.¹

[1717?].

If my memory had not deceived me, this was the volume of Clarendon which you commanded. It is accompanied with a book which I think a very pretty one, and I believe you have never read. I cannot express the desire I have of being happy with you a few days (or nights, if you would give me leave) at Maple-Durham; where, I dare say, you relish the delights of solitude and shades, much better than I can be able to do till I see you. For, in very deed, ladies, I love you both, very sincerely and passionately, though not so romantically (perhaps) as such as you may expect, who have been used to receive more complimentary letters and high flights from your own sex, than ever I am like to reach to. In earnest, I know no two things I would change you for, this hot weather, except two good melons.

I have hitherto been detained here by a doctor of Divinity, whom I am labouring to convert from the Protestant religion; and in two days I must be at Hampton Court, and (for all I know) at London. Upon my return, Mr. Harcourt has promised me to be here; after which, I will try if you will admit me. I am without any more nonsense than I was born to; that is to say, without any ceremony, I am (I say) before the Lord, ladies, your most faithful, insignificant, humble servant.

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. The "pretty book," which he pretends the ladies had never read, was probably the 4th edit. of his Poems, published 3 June, 1717; and we learn from Carruthers (2nd edit., p. 427), that there is still a copy in the library at Mapledurham, richly bound in morocco, inscribed in Pope's hand, "Teresa Martha Blount, given by the Author." He here also refers

to an expected visit from Mr. Harcourt, and in a letter to Caryll, 7 June, he says "Mr. Harcourt is expected to spend a few days with me." The visit to Hampton Court was probably deferred, as the Court did not remove there until the end of July, and on the 13 Sept. he wrote an account of his "pilgrimage" to the Misses Blount. (See letter of that date.)]

22.

POPE TO TERESA AND MARTHA BLOUNT.¹

[Sept. 13, 1717.]

You cannot be surprised to find him a dull correspondent, whom you have known so long for a dull companion. And though I am pretty sensible, that if I have any wit, I may as well write to show it, as not; yet I will content myself with giving you as plain a history of my pilgrimage, as Purchas himself, or as John Bunyan could do of his *walking through the wilderness of this world, &c.*

First then I went by water to Hampton Court, unattended by all but my own virtues, which were not of so modest a nature as to keep themselves, or me, concealed: for I met the Prince² with all his ladies on horseback coming from hunting. Mrs. B.³ and Mrs. L.³ took me into protection (contrary to the laws against harbouring papists), and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. H[oward].³ We all agreed that the life of a Maid of Honour was of all things the most miserable: and wished that every woman who envied it, had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from an uneasy hat! all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for foxhunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-complexioned children. As soon as they can

¹ Published in the edition of 1735, not republished in 4to, but reappeared in Cooper, 1737. The original, Mr. Carruthers states, exists at Mapledurham, and is dated Sept. 13, 1717. It must be remembered that there were not only omissions and alterations, but interpolations in the letter when published; for example, the account of the death of Dr. Radcliffe which took place on the 1st of Nov. 1714, and which was here inserted

from a suppressed letter written in 1714. Compare Letter No. 7, note (²), p. 256.

² Afterwards George II.

³ Mary Bellenden, Mary Lepell, maids of honour to the princess; Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk. It is well known that at the time this was written, unmarried ladies were called generally Mrs's. Miss Bellenden and Lepell have been before spoken of.—BOWLES.

wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simper an hour, and catch cold, in the princess's apartment: from thence (as Shakespear has it) to *dinner, with what appetite they may*—— and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please. I can easily believe, no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this court; and as a proof of it, I need only tell you, Mrs. L[epel] walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain, all alone, under the garden-wall.¹

In short, I heard of no ball, assembly, basset-table, or any place where two or three were gathered together, except Madam Kilmansegg's; to which I had the honour to be invited, and the grace to stay away.

I was heartily tired, and posted to —— park:² there we

¹ See a passage on the same subject curiously like this, but written after the "rupture of the two Courts," in a letter to Lady M. W. Montagu.

² Mr. Carruthers notes (2nd edit., Life, p. 47), that in the original the passage runs thus:—

"I was heartily tired, and glad to be gone by eight o'clock next morning; hired no d——d horses, galloped to Staines; kept Miss Griffin from church all the Sunday, and lay at my brother's near Bagshot that night. Col. Butler (who is as well known by the name of fair Butler as ever fair Helen was), came to complain of me to my Lady Arran. That gentleman chanced to keep his word in calling at Hampton Court, but I was too quick by an hour or two. I met him here, and there ensued an excellent discourse of quackery: Dr. Shadwell was mentioned with honour. Lady Arran walked a whole hour abroad without dying after it, at least in the time I stayed, though she seemed to be fainting, and had convulsive

motions several times in her head. I arrived at Mr. Dancastle's by Tuesday noon, having fled from the face (I wish I could say the horned face) of Mr. Weston, who dined that day at my brother's. I passed the rest of the day in those woods where I have so often enjoyed an author and a book. I made a hymn as I passed through, which ended with a deep sigh that I will not tell you the meaning of.

All hail! once pleasing, once inspiring
shade,
Scene of my youthful loves, and happier
hours!

Where the kind Muses met me, as I stray'd,
And gently press'd my hand, and said,
be ours.

Take all thou e'er shalt have, a constant
Muse;

At Court thou may'st beliek'd, but nothing
gain;

Stocks thou may'st buy and sell, but always
lose;

And love the brightest eyes, but love in
vain.

"On Thursday I went to Stonor, which I long have had a mind to see since the romantic description you gave

had an excellent discourse of quackery; Dr. S[hadwell] was mentioned with honour. Lady [Arran] walked a whole hour abroad without dying after it, at least in the time I stayed, though she seemed to be fainting, and had convulsive motions several times in her head. I arrived in the Forest by Tuesday noon, having fled from the face (I wish I could say the horned face) of Moses,¹ who dined in the midway thither. I passed the rest of the day in those woods where I have so often enjoyed a book and a friend; I made a hymn as I passed through, which ended with a sigh, that I will not tell you the meaning of.

Your doctor is gone the way of all his patients, and was hard put to it how to dispose of an estate miserably unwieldy, and splendidly unuseful to him. Sir Samuel Garth says, that for Radcliffe to leave a library, was as if an eunuch should found a seraglio. Dr. S[hadwell] lately told a lady, he wondered she could be alive after him: she made answer, she wondered at it for two reasons, because Dr. Radcliffe was dead, and because Dr. S[hadwell] was living. I am your, &c.

23.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.²

[1717.]

NOTHING could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than my last day's journey; for after having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with

me of it. The melancholy which my wood and this place have spread over me, will go near to cast a cloud upon the rest of my letter, if I don't make haste to conclude it here. I know you wish my happiness so much, that I would not have you think I have any other reason to be melancholy; and after all he must be a beast that is so with two such fine women for his friends. 'Tis enough to make any creature easy, even such an one as your humble servant."

¹ *i. e.*, Mr. Weston.

² First published in the edition of 1735. There were some unimportant alterations on republication in the 4to, which are noticed in the notes. The original is at Mapledurham. It appears to have been written from Lord Harcourt's, and Roseoe conjectures in 1716; but there is reference in the original to the Blounts as residing in Bolton Street, to which they did not remove until late in the summer of 1717. The subject is probably a continuation of the journey in his last letter.

a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below; and the murmuring of the winds above: the gloomy verdure of the Stonor succeeded to these; and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth (some in deeper, some a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since, among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticoes, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the university. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myself to the college hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the university, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain, when the monks of *their own order* extolled their piety and abstraction. For I found myself received with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here, as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

Indeed I was treated in such a manner, that I could not but sometimes ask myself in my mind, what college I was founder of, or what library I had built? Methinks, I do very ill to return to the world again, to leave the only place where I make a figure, and, from seeing myself seated with dignity on the most conspicuous shelves of a library, put myself into the abject posture of lying at a lady's feet in St. James's Square.¹

¹ "Go to contemplate this wretched lying at a lady's feet in Bolton Street."
 person in the abject condition of Orig.—BOWLES.

I will not deny, but that, like Alexander, in the midst of my glory I am wounded, and find myself a mere man. To tell you from whence the dart comes, is to no purpose, since neither of you will take the tender care to draw it out of my heart, and suck the poison with your lips.

Here, at my Lord H——'s,¹ I see a creature nearer an angel than a woman (though a woman be very near as good as an angel); I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs. T——² as a credit to the Maker of angels; she is a relation of his lordship's, and he gravely proposed her to me for a wife; being tender of her interests, and knowing (what is a shame to Providence) that she is less indebted to fortune than I. I told him, it was what he never could have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune to be blind; and what I never could think of, while I had eyes to see both her and myself.

I must not conclude without telling you, that I will do the utmost in the affair you desire. It would be an inexpressible joy to me if I could serve you, and I will always do all I can to give myself pleasure. I wish as well for you as for myself; I am in love with you both, as much as I am with myself, for I find myself most so with either, when I least suspect it.³

¹ Harcourt's.

² This passage was omitted from the 4to, and it appears from Bowles that "Mrs. T—" is "Mrs. Jennings" in the original.

³ The following, Mr. Carruthers says (N. and Q., xii. 377), is the conclusion of the original:—

"Now I am talking of beauty, I shall see my Lady Jane Hyde to-morrow at Cornbury. I shall pass a day and night at Blenheim Park, and will then hasten home, taking Reading by the way. I have everywhere made enquiry if it be possible to get any annuities or sound security. It would really be an inexpressible joy

to me if I could serve you, and I will always do my utmost to give myself pleasure.

"I beg you both to think as well of me—that is to think me as much yours as any one else. What degree of friendship and tenderness I feel for you I must be content with being sure of myself, but I shall be glad if you believe it in any degree. Allow me as much as you can and think as well of me as you are able, of one whose imperfections are so manifest, and who thinks so little of himself as to think ten times more of either of you."

24.

MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT TO POPE.¹

[1717.]

S^r—We shall be at home all friday, & expect you soon after dinner.

Your dangers on the water that night I can immagine from what George told us; y^e wine is come saffe.

25.

POPE TO THE MISSES BLOUNT.²

[1717.]

LADIES,—I have repented and can't find in my heart to go if you care to let me see you again to-day. Whatever company you thought of having I shall be glad to make one, provided you'll promise not to be confined from any on my account. If Mrs. Scrope be come, pray give me a word's notice, and I'll call first at her door to pay her a visit. I'll write to-night by candlelight what I should have writ to-morrow, and finish it to-morrow night at Chiswick. From Dr. Arbuthnot's.

26.

MRS. TERESA BLOUNT TO POPE.³*Wensday.* [1717 ?]

DEAR SIR,—This is only to let you know we expect you either to-morrow or Friday. We have told Mrs. Scroop that we should be at her house one of these evenings. Let me know if it cannot be. I hope you are all well. Mrs. Scroop expects [*torn off*].

¹ From the Homer MSS. Mr. Carruthers (1st edit. i. 187) says that the letter is in the handwriting of Martha, and he is of opinion that "your dangers on the water" refers to Pope's accident when returning from Dawley in Bolingbroke's carriage. But that accident occurred in Sept., 1726, and there is no letter of so late a date in the Homer MSS. Pope, who was in the habit of ordering wine from Caryll, says in

one of his letters (Aug. 25, 1717), "half is for your good god-daughter," and it was probably some delivery of this wine, by Pope, which is herein referred to.

² Carruthers, from the Mapledurham MSS.

³ From the Homer MSS. The address, "To Mr. Pope, at his house in the New Buildings at Chiswick," shows that it must have been written in or before 1718.

27.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

[24 October, 1717.]

My poor Father died last night.¹—Believe, since I do not forget you this moment, I never shall.

28.

MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT TO POPE.²*Sunday Morning* [? 27 October, 1717.]

SIR,—My sister and I shall be at home all day. If any company comes that you do not like, I'll go up into my room with you. I hope we shall see you. Yours.

29.

POPE TO MARTHA AND TERESA BLOUNT.³

[? 1717.]

DEAR LADIES,—I think myself obliged to desire you would not put off any diversion you may find in the prospect of seeing me on Saturday, which is very uncertain. I take this occasion to tell you once for all, that I design no longer to be a constant companion when I have ceased to be an agreeable one. You only have had, as my friends, the privilege of knowing my unhappiness, and are therefore the only people

¹ Pope's father died on Wednesday, the 23rd Oct., 1717. This letter was first published by Bowles. Carruthers says the original is lost.

² From the Homer MSS. It is addressed to "Mr. Pope, at Mr. Jervas's in Cleveland Court." The Blounts did not remove to London before August, 1717. It is probable that immediately after his father's funeral—Saturday the 26th Oct.—Pope was obliged to come to London. He was at Jervas's on the 5th Nov., when he wrote to Caryll, and his father's will was proved on the 12th

of that month. Bowles says: "This letter, it has been observed, is short, but very much to the purpose." Assuming that it was written in anticipation of Pope's first visit after his father's death, Martha's proposal shows feeling and delicacy, which makes Bowles's insinuation as to the meaning of her short letter as shameful as it is in itself intrinsically ridiculous.

³ Mr. Carruthers, from Mapledurham MSS. It was addressed "To the Young Ladies in Bolton-street."

whom my company must necessarily make melancholy. I will not bring myself to you at all hours like a skeleton, to come across your diversions and dash your pleasures. Nothing can be more shocking than to be perpetually meeting the ghost of an old acquaintance, which is all you can ever see of me.

You must not imagine this to proceed from any coldness, or the least decrease of friendship to you. If you had any love for me, I should be always glad to gratify you with an object that you thought agreeable. But as your regard is friendship and esteem, those are things that are well—perhaps better—preserved absent than present. A man that loves you is a joy to your eyes at all times. A man that you esteem is a solemn kind of thing, like a priest, only wanted at a certain hour, to do his office. 'Tis like oil in a salad—necessary, but of no manner of taste.

And you may depend upon it, I will wait upon you on every occasion at the first summons as long as I live. Let me open my whole heart to you. I have sometimes found myself inclined to be in love with you, and as I have reason to know, from your temper and conduct, how miserably I should be used in that circumstance, it is worth my while to avoid it. It is enough to be disagreeable without adding food to it by constant slavery. I have heard, indeed, of women that have had a kindness for men of my make I love you so well that I tell you the truth, and that has made me write this letter. I will see you less frequently this winter, as you'll less want company. When the gay part of the world is gone, I'll be ready to stop the gap of a vacant hour whenever you please. Till then I'll converse with those who are more indifferent to me, as you will with those who are more entertaining. I wish you every pleasure God and man can pour upon ye; and I faithfully promise you all the good I can do, which is the service of a friend who will ever be, ladies, entirely yours.
[No signature.]

30.

POPE TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.¹

[? 1717.]

MADAM,—I ought to acknowledge so much civility when my sincerity so little deserves it. My mother has been in racking pains of the rheumatism, has had no rest but by laudanum, and no spirits but by drops and hartshorn these five days. This is the first morning we have thought her better. If your echo be like other echoes, words without meaning, I need not take notice of it. If it be otherwise, we are both in the right, and I hope you will continue so in regard to, madam, your humble servant.

Pray tell your sister how much you think me her servant.

31.

POPE TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.²

CHISWICK, 4 o'clock, *Tuesday*,
Dec. 31 [1717].

DEAR MADAM,—It is really a great concern to me, that you mistook me so much this morning. I have sincerely an extreme esteem for you; and, as you know I am distracted in one respect, for God's sake do not judge and try me by the methods of unreasonable people. Upon the faith of a man who thinks himself not dishonest, I mean no disrespect to you. I have been ever since so troubled at it, that I could not help writing the minute I got home. Believe me, much more than I am my own, yours.

¹ Carruthers, from Mapledurham MSS. Addressed to Bolton-street.

² Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. The place—Chiswick—proves

that it must have been written in or between 1716 and 1718, and therefore on the 31st Dec., 1717, which fell on a Tuesday.

32.

POPE TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.¹*Feb. 21 [1717-18.]*

MADAM,—I am too much out of order to trouble you with a long letter. But I desire to know what is your meaning, to resent my complying with your request, and endeavouring to serve you in the way you proposed, as if I had done you some great injury? You told me, if such a thing was the secret of my heart, you should entirely forgive, and think well of me. I told it, and find the contrary. You pretended so much generosity, as to offer your service in my behalf. The minute after, you did me as ill an office as you could, in telling the party concerned, it was all but an amusement, occasioned by my loss of another lady.²

You express yourself desirous of increasing your present income upon life. I proposed the only method I then could find, and you encouraged me to proceed in it.³ When it was done, you received it as if it were an affront; since, when I find the very thing in the very manner you wished, and mention it to you, you do not think it worth an answer.

If your meaning be, that the very things you ask and wish, become odious to you, when it is I that comply with them, or bring them about, pray own it, and deceive me no longer with any thought, but that you hate me. My friendship is too warm and sincere to be trifled with: therefore, if you have any meaning, tell it me, or you must allow me to take away that which perhaps you do not care to keep. Your humble servant.

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS.

² The only meaning which it appears possible to attach to this passage is that in 1717 Pope had thoughts of marriage; that he confided his feelings in outline to Teresa, who led him on to speak more plainly; and that, after he had told her the name of the lady, she did him the ill turn he describes. It would certainly appear as

if the 'party concerned' was Martha.

³ The 'method proposed' may have been an annuity secured to her by Pope. This, as laying her under too obvious an obligation, may have been resented by Teresa as an affront. The bond which Pope executed in her favour is dated March, 1717 [*i.e.*, 1717-18.]

⁴ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS.

I shall speedily obey you, in sending the papers you ordered ; which, when I do, be pleased to sign the inclosed receipt, and return it by the bearer of them.

33.

POPE TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.¹

[1718.]

MADAM,—I wonder you should imagine I thought you had done any thing amiss ; when the letter I sent you last so fully explained my meaning. I think that shews you it is unreasonable I should trouble you so frequently ; and I cannot think you so much a woman, as to expect I should continue to act unreasonably, only because I have done so too long already.

I will wait upon you before noon ; and am very truly and honestly what I profess myself, madam, your most faithful friend, and sincere humble servant.

34.

POPE TO THE MISSES BLOUNT.¹*Thursday Morn.* [1718.]

LADIES,—Pray think me sensible of your civility and good meaning, in asking me to come to you.

You will please to consider, that my coming or not is a thing indifferent to both of you. But God knows it is far otherwise to me with respect to one of you.

I scarce ever come but one of two things happens, which equally afflicts me to the soul : either I make her uneasy or I see her unkind.

If she has any tenderness, I can only give her every day trouble and melancholy. If she has none, the daily sight of so undeserved a coldness must wound me to death.

It is forcing one of us to do a very hard and very unjust thing to the other.

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS.

My continuing to see you will, by turns, teaze all of us. My staying away can at worst be of ill consequence only to myself.

And if one of us is to be sacrificed, I believe we are all three agreed who shall be the person.

35.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.¹[STANTON HARCOURT,] *August 6, 1718.*

MADAM,—The only news you can expect to have from us here, must be news from heaven; for we are separated from the earth, and there is scarce any thing can reach us except the noise of thunder: which you have heard too, for nobody in Christendom has a quicker ear for thunder than yourself. We have read in old books how thunder levels high towers which the humble valley escapes; and how proud oaks are blasted, while the lowly shrub remains unsinged. They say, the only thing that escapes it is the laurel, which yet we take not to be a sufficient security to the brains of modern poets. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that here, in our neighbourhood, Blenheim, the most proud and extravagant heap of towers in the nation, stands untouched; while a cock of corn in the next field is miserably reduced to ashes.

Would to God that cock of corn had been all that suffered! for, unhappily beneath that little shelter sate two lovers, no way yielding to those you so often find in a romance, under a beechen shade. The name of the one was John Hewet, and of the other Sarah Drew. John was black, of about five-and-twenty; Sarah was of a comely brown, near the same age. John had for several months borne the sweat of the day, and divided the labour of the harvest with Sarah: he took a par-

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. A letter substantially the same, was sent by Gay to Fortescue

Aug. 9; to Lord Bathurst (see Bathurst, 14th Aug.); and by Pope to Lady M. W. Montagu, 1st Sept.

ticular delight to do her all the little offices that might please her: it was but last fair he brought her a present of green silk to line her straw hat, and that too he had bought for her but the market-day before. Whenever she milked, it was his care to bring the cows to her pail, and after to attend her with them to the field, upon pretence of helping to drive them. In short, their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood: for all he aimed at was the blameless possession of her in marriage. It was but this very morning he obtained the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes, and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field-flowers to Sarah's complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon), the clouds grew black, a terrible storm of thunder and lightning ensued; the labourers who were in the field, made the best of their way to what shelter the hedges or trees afforded. Sarah frightened and out of breath, sunk down on a heap of wheat-sheaves; and John, who never separated from her, raked two or three heaps together, to protect her, and sate down by her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, that Heaven seemed burst asunder: every one was solicitous for the safety of his next neighbour, and called to one another. Those who were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer stepped to the sheaves. They first spied a little smoke, and then saw this faithful pair, John with one arm about her neck, and the other extended over her face, as to shield her from the lightning, both stiff and cold in this tender posture: no mark or blemish on the bodies, except the left eyebrow of Sarah a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts.

The evening I arrived here I met the funeral of this unfortunate couple. They were both laid in one grave, in the parish-church of Stanton Harcourt. I have prevailed on my Lord Harcourt to erect a little monument over them, of plain

stone, and have writ the following epitaph, which is to be engraved on it.

When eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile their faithful fair expire ;
Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

After all that we call unfortunate in this accident, I cannot but own, I think next to living so happy as these people might have done, was dying as they did. And did any one love me so well as Sarah did John, I would much rather die thus with her than live after her. I could not but tell you this true and tender story, and should be pleased to have you as much moved by it as I am. I wish you had some pity for my sake ; and I assure you I shall have for the future more fear for yours ; since I see by this melancholy example, that innocence and virtue are no security for what you are so afraid of. May the hand of God, dear madam, be seen upon you, in nothing but in your beauties and his blessings ! I am firmly and affectionately for ever, yours.

August 9th.

This letter has been ready three days ; but disappointed by the post-boy's not calling, for we lie in a cross road. Your sister gave me hopes of a line from you ; but I have received none. I am more vexed at Mrs. Cary's¹ than I believe you can be. I would give the world if you had the courage, both of you, to pass the fortnight in and about my wood.² I would secure you of a good house within an hour of it, and a daily entertainment in it. I go thither very speedily. I am sure

¹ It would seem from the general context—"damn Grinstead," &c.—as if 'Cary' should be 'Caryll.' The Blounts were expecting an invitation from Ladyholt, but none came in con-

sequence of the loss of Mr. Caryll's eldest son.

² 'My wood,' meaning Oakley wood—Lord Bathurst's at Cirencester. See letter to Bathurst [1718].

of your sister at least, that she would do this, or any thing else, if she had a mind to it. Let her take trial of some of Angel's horses, and a coach, for me. Upon the least hint I will send to Prince to conduct them. My mother, Gay, and I will meet you, and shew you Blenheim by the way. I dare believe Mrs. Blount would not stick out at my request. And so damn Grinstead and all its works. Our roads are very good all September ; come, stay, and welcome.

36.

POPE TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.¹

[1718.]

DEAR MADAM,—I send you your book, and have not forgot to give commission about the lavender. I find I shall stay a little longer than I intended, my mother being so much mended by change of air, both as to her cough and her spirits, that she will meet me at Oxford, where she will see the place, and return with me.

I could be glad to know certainly, whether you will have the coach I bought, or not? that I may either dispose of it, or keep it accordingly. If your objection be to the standing, or care of it, this summer, you shall not be troubled with any thought of it till winter. Upon this, and all other such occasions, I can say but just this,—either you would have me your friend, or you would not. If you would, why do you refuse any service I can do you? If you would not, why do you ever receive any?

I have nothing to add, but to wish you all happiness, and to assure you, I am, &c.

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. Most likely written from Stanton Harcourt. Pope probably means that his mother was to meet him at Oxford and return with him to Stan-

ton Harcourt. She was there with him in Aug., 1718. See letter to the Misses Blount [Aug., 1718], and a letter from Lady Harcourt to Mrs. Pope.

37. POPE TO MARTHA AND TERESA BLOUNT.¹

[Aug., 1718.]

DEAR LADIES,—The minute I find there is no hope of you, I fly to the wood. It is as fit for me to leave the world, as for you to stay in it; and to prefer a wood to any acquaintance or company, as for you to prefer any cousin, even the gravest relation you have, to a wood. Perhaps you may think your visit as melancholy as my retirement: if you have not as much time to think as I shall have, you will have more to pray which some think as melancholy. What I shall gather from thence I know not, except nuts, which I believe Gay and I shall oftener crack, than jokes. But you shall hear more of our life there, when we have experienced it longer.

I send this letter to answer a few friendly questions you have made. My mother is, and has been, in as good health as I have known her these many years. She is mighty well acquainted with all Lord Harcourt's² family—children and all. I shall not leave her seven days together, whatever excursions I make. I have felt my arm more within these three days than I did when I left you. I have gone a good way in Homer every day I was at Stanton-Harcourt. I will shortly send you a particular description of that place. It was no small grief to me that the fine nectarines there were not ripe enough by a fortnight to send you. Should any thing keep you longer in town than a week, or bring you back in three, I could accommodate you with very good ones upon the least hint. I have not forgot the strong beer. I writ to Mr. Caryll³ some posts ago, and told him he ought to treat you like the husbandman in the Scripture,—give you as much as those who came earliest, since you had borne the sweat and labour of the whole summer for his sake. I write very dully. I must send a better letter

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS.

² See Lady Harcourt's letter to Mrs. Pope, written, it is presumed, at

the time.

³ The letter is dated 11th Aug., 1718.

next; but I snatch a quarter of an hour for this, just while our horses bait before our journey. It was time for me to get away a-while, for all Oxford was coming upon me, with Duke Hamilton at the head of them. I had done a whole book of Homer before any creature knew I was here.

I once more thank you both for your letters. Pray continue to oblige me as often as ever you can. Those I send shall come free to London; but may not I as well send sometimes directly to Grinstead with franks? Yours, if given by George to Jervas's, cannot fail of being sent right. Mr. Gay is much yours, I always so.

God bless you, or I must be an ill Christian.

38. POPE TO MARTHA AND TERESA BLOUNT.¹

OAKLEY BOWER, Oct. 8 [1718].

DEAR LADIES,—Nothing but your having bid me write to you often, would make me do it again without an apology. I do not know where you are, or whether you have received my letters; but conclude this cannot be disagreeable to you, unless you have altered your minds,—a thing which in women I take to be impossible. It will serve, if for nothing else, to give my services to Mr. Caryll, supposing you with him; if not, keep them yourselves: for services (you know) are of that nature, that, like certain other common things, they will fit every body.

I am with Lord Bathurst, at my bower;² in whose groves we had yesterday a dry walk of three hours. It is the place that of all others I fancy; and I am not yet out of humour with it, though I have had it some months: it does not cease to be agreeable to me so late in the season; the very dying of the leaves adds a variety of colours that is not unpleasant. I look

¹ Bowles, from Mapledurham MSS.
 "Some passages," Mr. Carruthers
 says, "are necessarily omitted."

² Pope's seat at Cirencester is still
 shown.—BOWLES.

upon it, as upon a beauty I once loved, whom I should preserve a respect for in her decay ; and as we should look upon a friend, with remembrance how he pleased us once, though now declined from his gay and flourishing condition.

I write an hour or two every morning, then ride out a hunting upon the Downs, eat heartily, talk tender sentiments with Lord B., or draw plans for houses and gardens, open avenues, cut glades, plant firs, contrive water-works, all very fine and beautiful in our own imagination. At night we play at commerce, and play pretty high : I do more, I bett too ; for I am really rich, and must throw away my money if no deserving friend will use it. I like this course of life so well, that I am resolved to stay here till I hear of somebody's being in town that is worth coming after.

Since you are so silent in the country, I cannot expect a word from you when you get to London. The first week must needs be wholly employed in making new gowns, the second in showing them, the third in seeing other people's, and fourth, fifth, and so on, in balls, plays, assemblies, operas, &c. How can a poor translator and hare-hunter hope for a minute's memory ? Yet he comforts himself, to reflect that he shall be remembered when people have forgot what colours you wore, and when those at whom you dress shall be dust ! This is the pride of a poet : let me see if you dare own what is the pride of a woman ; perhaps one article of it may be, to despise those who think themselves of some value, and to show your friends you can live without thinking of them at all. Do keep your own secrets, that such fellows as I may laugh at ye in the valley of Jehoshaphat, where cunning will be the foolishhest thing in nature. But I forget myself. I am talking as to women things that walk in the country, when possibly by this time you are got to London, and are goddesses. For how should ye be less when you are in your heaven ? If so, most adorable deities ! most celestial beauties ! hear the often-repeated invocation of a poet expecting immortality ! So may no complaints of unhappy mortals ever more disturb your

eternal diversions! Maintain your dignity, blessed saints! and scorn to reveal yourselves to fools (though it be but fair play, for they reveal themselves to every body). Goddesses must be all-sufficient; they can neither want a friend, nor a correspondent. How arrogant a wretch am I then, who resolve to be one of these (if not both) to you, as long as I have a day to live!

39.

POPE TO THE MISSES BLOUNT.¹

[1718.]

DEAR LADIES,—If you are inclined to go to-morrow to Sir Richard Child's I shall be very glad to attend you; otherwise I would take Mr. Fenton with me to Chiswick very early. To-day I have been in the utmost engagements of business, and as soon as I can get from Mr. Dormer's, where I dine at three, must be with my architect.² If you send a note to-night to my lodging, I'll take all other necessary cares upon me. I hope you are both well. I am sincerely yours.

40.

POPE TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.³*Two o'clock.*

DEAR MADAM,—I am glad my righteous labours at last proved effectual—the lady will be to-night at the play. I'll not fail to mention your confinement by a town cold. I hope for my reward about seven in the evening in finding you at home. I am, very honestly, dear madam, yours ever.

¹ Carruthers, from the Mapledurham MSS.

² Pope thought of building a house in London in 1718.—See Letter to Caryll of June, 1718, and Lord Bath-

urst to Pope, Aug. 14th, 1718.

³ Carruthers, from the Mapledurham MSS. It was addressed to Bolton-street.

41.

POPE TO THE MISSES BLOUNT.¹

[1719 ?].

Dr. LADIES,—I find myself obliged to dine to-day at Battersea, so that I can't meet you till you are at Parson's Green,² where I will not fail to meet you between five and six, and stay till you come. If this letter does not find you in ———³ Street, it will be left at Mrs. Floyd's.⁴ Pray think me, with all sincerity, your most affectionate, most humble servant.

LONDON, 11 *a clock*.

42.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.⁵

October 30, [? 1719].

You must needs know, dearest madam, how kindly, how very kindly, I take your letter. I am sure there is scarce an hour in which I am not thinking of you, and of every thing relating to you; and therefore every least notice given me of you, is to me the most important news in the world. I am truly concerned for your head-ache, and for your finding the town disagreeable: but I hope both of these uneasinesses will be transitory, and that you will soon (even the very next day after your complaint) find both yourself and the town mightily well again. I do sincerely, and from my soul, wish you every pleasure and contentment the world can give; and do assure you at the same time, the greatest I can receive will always be in hearing of yours, and in finding, by your communicating it to me, that you know how much I partake of it. This will satisfy my conscience better, than if I continued to trouble

¹ From the Homer MSS. Mr. Secretary Craggs resided at Battersea in 1719. See Craggs letter, 1st Oct., 1719.

² Lord Peterborough resided at Parson's Green.—See Note to Imitation of Horace, Sat. i. 125.

³ Probably 'Bolton.'

⁴ Probably Swift's friend, 'Biddy Floyd,' on whom he wrote the 'Receipt to Form a Beauty.' She resided generally with Lady Betty Germaine, and is supposed to have been related to her.

⁵ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS.

you daily : though there is really no day of my life that I do not long to see you.

As to my health, I am in a very odd course for the pain in my side : I mean a course of brickbats and tiles, which they apply to me piping hot, morning and night ; and sure it is very satisfactory to one who loves architecture at his heart, to be built round in his very bed. My body may properly at this time be called a human structure. My mother too is fallen ill of her rheumatism, but was not the worse, but better, for your stay the other night. You left her in high humour with you. Pray give hers and my faithful services to your mother and sister.

Shall I congratulate or condole with you on my Lady Kildare's account? I heartily wish her very happy with any able Divine, whenever you have no mind to her company. I thank you for your kind admonition to consult the doctor, and faithfully promise to take care of myself at your desire, whenever you will take the least care of yourself at mine. You may be confident the master-builder will come to survey your house the first day he is able : if he does not soon recover, I will send to another, whom I believe I can find at Kensington.

Pray, have you heard farther of Bertie? I have not. I writ yesterday to Cleveland-Court,¹ to deliver you what letters came from the lottery-office. God give you good fortune (the best thing he can give in this world to those who can be happy). You know I have no palate to taste it, and therefore am in no concern or haste to hear whether I gain or lose. But I will not release you from your engagement of sending me word of the tickets, because every word of yours is unfeignedly a great satisfaction to yours, &c.

If I am not able to come soon to London I will epistolize your sister speedily.

¹ Jervas's house.

43.

POPE TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.¹

[? 1720.]

MADAM,—Your letter gives me a concern, which none, but one who (in spite of all accidents) is still a friend, can feel. I am pleased, however, that any thing I said explains my past actions or words in a better sense than you took them. I know in my heart (a very uncorrupt witness), that I was constantly the thing I professed myself to be, to you; that was something better, I will venture to say, than most people were capable to be, to you, or any body else.

As for forgiveness, I am approaching, I hope, to that time and condition, in which every body ought to give it, and to ask it of all the world. I sincerely do so with regard to you; and beg pardon also for that very fault of which I taxed others, my vanity, which made me so resenting.²

We are too apt to resent things too highly, till we come to know, by some great misfortune or other, how much we are born to endure: and as for me, you need not suspect of resentment a soul which can feel nothing but grief.

I desire extremely to see you both again: yet I believe I shall see you no more; and I sincerely hope, as well as think, both of you will be glad of it. I therefore wish you may each of you find all you desired I could be, in some one whom you may like better to see. In the mean time, I bear testimony of both of you to each other, that I have certainly known you truly and tenderly each other's friend, and wish you a long enjoyment of each other's love and affectionate offices. I am piqued at your brother, as much as I have spirits left to be piqued at any one: and I promise you I will prove it, by doing every thing I can in your service. I am sincerely.

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS.

never more depressed than in 1719–20. See letter to Caryll [Feb., 1719–20].

² Pope, always an invalid, was

44.

POPE TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.¹

[1720.]

I TAKE it kindly whenever you command any thing of me : I shall not want the horses all day, being to have our party with Mrs. Lepell.² I wish to God I were as fit to keep you company as those who love you far less. Nothing could be so bitter to a tender mind, as to displease most, where he would (and ought in gratitude) to please best. I am faithfully yours : unhappy enough to want a great deal of indulgence ; but sensible I deserve it less and less from my disagreeable carriage. I am truly grateful to you for pardoning it so often, not able to know when I can overcome it, and only able to wish you could bear me better.

45.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.³*Sunday [March, 1720].*

MADAM,—This is just to let you know, that being again in the city yesterday, I was obliged to stay so late, that I could not go home : so that, if you have anything to say to me, here I am ; and here shall stay, till the matter of your annuities is decided, on purpose to do as you commission me. I expected some answer to my last.

Your other business is at last brought about. I have borrowed money upon ours and Mr. Eckershal's orders, and bought 500*l.* stock S. Sea, at 180. It is since risen to 184.

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS.

² Mary Lepell was staying with the Popes in March, 1720, about the time when she is believed to have been privately married to Lord Hervey. (See Pope's letter to Broome of March 24, 1720.)

³ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. There is a letter from Pope to Eckershall, 2nd March [1720] on this subject, the price of South Sea Stock determining the date. On March the 2nd, 1720, the price quoted is 176½, and it rose rapidly.

I wish us all good luck in it, and am very glad to have done what you seemed so desirous of. I am, &c.

My faithful services to your mother and sister.

46.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.¹

[1720.]

DEAR MADAM,—I find, upon coming to town, that Mrs. Robinson's² tickets are not given out till to-morrow. I hope this notice will arrive in time, before you are engaged otherwise.

If you will give this bearer your Exchequer orders for 500*l*. I will get them registered, and the interest received; this being a proper time to send them to the Exchequer.

I heartily wish you all the amusements and pleasures I must be (for a time at least) deprived of. I beg you to think me not the worst of your friends, who, after so many mistakes, and so many misfortunes, am resolved to continue unalterably, madam, yours.

47.

POPE TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.³

DEAR MADAM,—Understanding you are yet unfurnished of a ticket, I beg you will oblige me in the acceptance of this. I had sent it before if I had not understood you were sure of one. Pray let me make use of this opportunity of assuring you I am as much, and as truly as ever I was, your most faithful and ever obedient servant.

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS.

² Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, the celebrated singer, afterwards Lady

Peterborough.—BOWLES.

³ Carruthers, from the Mapledurham MSS.

48. POPE TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.¹

DEAR MADAM,—I am agreeably waked by your billet, and shall be extremely pleased and obliged to you both if you will give me this evening. If in this you sacrifice any other company, it is really too much, and I beg you to add them to ours by appointing anybody else to meet us. I'll call this morning, however. My faithful service to your sister. I am sorry I have not the packet; but, if the enclosed will save you any trouble, I send 'em to be in the way. I am, to both of you, most truly your servant.

49. POPE TO THE MISSES BLOUNT.²

DEAR LADIES,—If you'll take an airing this fine morning in Kensington Gardens, I'll carry you thither at eleven o'clock, by which time my visit to the D. of B.³ will be performed. I have sent the bearer for the haunch of venison; so you may spare George's gravity that trouble. I am faithfully yours.

50. POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.⁴

MADAM,—I cannot but put you once more in mind of your appointment on Sunday; but I find I cannot return with you, and therefore let you know it, that you may, if you like it, fill up your number in the coach with anybody you would bring, as any one you like must, of course, be agreeable to, madam, your most obliged and obedient servant.

Tuesday.—If you can drink nothing but claret, you must bring a bottle with you.

¹ Carruthers, from the Mapledurham MSS.

² Carruthers, from the Mapledurham MSS.

³ Perhaps the Duchess of Buckingham.

⁴ Carruthers, from the Mapledurham MSS.

51.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.¹LONDON, *Tuesday* [1720].

I AM very glad I did not defer seeing Mr. Bethel. I found him last night so bad, and panting for breath, that I can scarce imagine he ever will recover.² Yet this morning he is quite another man, and so much mended, that it is scarce conceivable he is the same person. So it seems it is with him, but much worse in town than on the road. It was impossible to get him to Twitnam: he stays but one day more, and sets out on Thursday morning. I wish to God you could borrow Lady A——'s chariot to-morrow, just to look at him in the morning, and return to her to dinner. He lodges next door to Lord Shelburne's. He does not expect this; but I think it would be a satisfaction to your own mind, and perhaps we shall never see him more. God's will must be obeyed; but I am excessively wounded by it. Adieu.

52.

POPE TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.³

[1720.]

As the weather proves very blustering and uncertain, we would by no means give you all the trouble or the ceremony of taking leave of us. But my mother will wait upon you in a chariot soon after dinner, if you are not otherwise engaged. I am engaged to be with Mr. Craggs till five or six; after which I shall be very glad to pass the evening with you, if you have

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. Mr. Carruthers says it is addressed to Mrs. B., at "Mr. Thos. Reeves, in Sion Row, Twickenham," and as may be inferred from the next letter, in 1720.

² Compare 'Essay on Man,' iv. 123:—

Shall burning Etna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires,

On air or sea new motions be imprest,
O blameless Bethel; to relieve thy
breast?

³ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. Apparently written at Twickenham while the Blounts were staying in the neighbourhood. See note (¹). This must have been in 1720, as Craggs only resided there after May of that year.

nothing to do. But if you prefer coming hither, the same chariot may carry you back. I beg you to do just what is most convenient to yourselves; for ceremony is to no purpose, I think, either with those that are friends, or with those that are not. We are very much your humble servants.

53.

POPE TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.¹TWICKENHAM, *Dec. 11, 1720.*

MADAM,—I send you this Christmas present, which I hope you will like, though it is not so properly brawn as I wish, for want of horn. I cannot be positive that it will be any recommendation to your goût, to say it has the pure country taste. I cannot tell but you may prefer even town brawn to country brawn.

I found our house exactly like Noah's ark, in everything, except that there is no propagation of the species in it. As to the waters, we ride safe above them as yet. The prospect is prodigiously fine. It is just like an arm of the sea; and the flood over my grass-plot, embraced between the two walls whose tops are only seen, looks like an open bay to the terrace. The opposite meadow, where you so often walked, is covered with sails; and, not to flatter you, I believe the flowers in it next spring will be rather attributed to the production of the waters, than of your footsteps, which will be very unpoetical after all. We see a new river behind Kingston, which was never beheld before; and that our own house may not be void of wonders, we pump up gudgeons, through the pipe in the kitchen, with our water. Having finished my description, I conclude. Your, &c.

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. Carruthers says, "a passage in this note, necessarily omitted."

Pope gives an account of this inundation in letter to Caryll, 12th Dec.

54.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.¹*June 22 [1722].*

MADAM,—I promised you an account of Sherborne before I had seen it, or knew what I undertook. I imagined it to be one of those fine old seats of which there are numbers scattered over England. But this is so peculiar, and its situation of so uncommon a kind, that it merits a more particular description.

The house is in the form of an H. The body of it, which was built by Sir Walter Rawleigh, consists of four stories, with four six-angled towers at the ends. These have since been joined to four wings, with a regular stone balustrade at the top, and four towers more that finish the building. The windows and gates are of a yellow stone throughout; and one of the flat sides toward the garden has the wings of a newer architecture, with beautiful Italian window-frames, done by the first Earl of Bristol, which, if they were joined in the middle by a portico covering the old building, would be a noble front. The design of such an one I have been amusing myself with drawing; but it is a question whether my Lord Digby will not be better amused than to execute it. The finest room is a saloon fifty feet long, and a parlour hung with very excellent tapestry of Rubens, which was a present from the King of Spain to the Earl of Bristol, in his embassy there.

This stands in a park, finely crowned with very high woods on all the tops of the hills, which form a great amphitheatre sloping down to the house. On the garden sides the woods approach close, so that it appears there with a thick line and depth of groves on each hand, and so it shows from most parts of the park. The gardens are so irregular, that it is very hard to give an exact idea of them, but by a plan. Their beauty arises from this irregularity; for not only the several parts of

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. In a letter to Digby, dated 1722, Pope announces his intention of visiting him at Sherborne, and in another

letter, dated "Saturday night," his safe arrival from Sherborne. This letter was evidently written on his first visit.

the garden itself make the better contrast by these sudden rises, falls, and turns of ground; but the views about it are let in, and hang over the walls in very different figures and aspects. You come first out of the house into a green walk of standard limes, with a hedge behind them, that makes a colonnade; hence into a little triangular wilderness, from whose centre you see the town of Sherborne, in a valley interspersed with trees. From the corner of this you issue at once upon a high green terrace, the whole breadth of the garden, which has five more green terraces hanging under each other, without hedges, only a few pyramid yews and large round honeysuckles between them. The honeysuckles hereabouts are the largest and finest I ever saw. You will be pleased when I tell you the quarters of the above-mentioned little wilderness are filled with these, and with cherry trees of the best kinds, all within reach of the hand. At the ends of these terraces run two long walks under the side walls of the garden, which communicate with the other terraces that front these, opposite. Between the valley is laid level, and divided into two irregular groves of horse-chesnut, and a bowling-green in the middle of about one hundred and eighty feet. This is bounded behind with a canal, that runs quite across the groves, and also along one side, in the form of a T. Behind this is a semicircular *berceau*, and a thicket of mixed trees, that completes the crown of the amphitheatre, which is of equal extent with the bowling-green. Beyond that runs a natural river through green banks of turf, over which rises another row of terraces, the first supported by a slope wall planted with vines; so is also the wall that bounds the channel of the river. A second and third appeared above this; but they are to be turned into a line of wilderness, with wild winding walks, for the convenience of passing from one side to the other in shade, the heads of whose trees will lie below the uppermost terrace of all, which completes the garden, and overlooks both that and the country. Even above the wall of this the natural ground rises, and is

crowned with several venerable ruins of an old castle, with arches and broken views, of which I must say more hereafter.

When you are at the left corner of the canal, and the chesnut groves in the bottom, you turn of a sudden, under very old trees, into the deepest shade. The walk winds you up a hill of venerable wood, overarched by Nature, and of a vast height, into a circular grove, on one side of which is a close high harbour, on the other a sudden open seat, that overlooks the meadows and river with a large distant prospect. Another walk under this hill winds by the river side, quite covered with high trees on both banks, overhung with ivy; where falls a natural cascade, with never-ceasing murmurs. On the opposite hanging of the bank (which is a steep of fifty feet) is placed, with a very fine fancy, a rustic seat of stone, flagged, and rough, with two urns in the same rude taste, upon pedestals on each side; from whence you lose your eyes upon the glimmering of the waters under the wood, and your ears in the constant dashing of the waves. In view of this is a bridge, that crosses the stream, built in the same ruinous taste: the wall of the garden hanging over it is humoured so as to appear the ruin of another arch or two above the bridge. Hence you mount the hill, over the Hermit's seat (as they call it) described before, and so to the highest terrace again.

On the left, full behind these old trees, which makes this whole part inexpressibly awful and solemn, runs a little, old, low wall, beside a trench covered with elder trees and ivies; which being crossed by another bridge, brings you to the ruins, to complete the solemnity of the scene. You first see an old tower penetrated by a large arch, and o' hers above it, through which the whole country appears in prospect, even when you are at the top of the other ruins; for they stand very high, and the ground slopes down on all sides. These venerable broken walls, some arches almost entire of thirty or forty feet deep, some open like porticoes with fragments of pillars, some circular or inclosed on three sides, but exposed at top, with

steps, which time has made of disjointed stones, to climb to the highest points of the ruin; these, I say, might have a prodigious beauty, mixed with greens and parterres from part to part; and the whole heap standing as it does on a round hill, kept smooth in green turf, which makes a bold basement to show it. The open courts from building to building might be thrown into circles or octagons of grass or flowers; and even in the gaping rooms you have fine trees grown, that might be made a natural tapestry to the walls, and arch you over-head, where time has uncovered them to the sky. Little paths of earth or sand might be made up the half-tumbled walls, to guide from one view to another on the higher parts; and seats placed here and there to enjoy those views, which are more romantic than imagination can form them. I could very much wish this were done, as well as a little temple built on a neighbouring round hill, that is seen from all points of the garden, and is extremely pretty. It would finish some walks, and particularly be a fine termination to the river, and be seen from the entrance into that deep scene I have described by the cascade, where it would appear as in the clouds between the tops of some very lofty trees that form an arch before it, with a great slope downward to the end of the said river.

What should induce my Lord Digby the rather to cultivate these ruins, and do honour to them, is, that they do no small honour to his family; that castle, which was very ancient, being demolished in the civil wars, after it was nobly defended by one of his ancestors in the cause of the King. I would set up at the entrance of them an obelisk, with an inscription of the fact; which would be a monument erected to the very ruins; as the adorning and beautifying them in the manner I have been imagining, would not be unlike the Egyptian finery, of bestowing ornaments and curiosity on dead bodies. The present master of this place (and I verily believe I can engage the same for the next successors) needs not to fear the record,¹

¹ This is an allusion to the Sherborne Curse, which may be seen in

Peck's *Desiderata*, vol. ii. b. xiv. No. 6, p. 5. Osmond, who from a

or shun the remembrance of the actions of his forefathers. He will not disgrace them, as most modern progeny do, by an unworthy degeneracy of principle or of practice. When I have been describing his agreeable seat, I cannot make the reflection I have often done upon contemplating the beautiful villas of other noblemen, raised upon the spoils of plundered nations, or aggrandized by the wealth of the public. I cannot ask myself the question, "What else has this man to be liked? What else has he cultivated or improved? What good, or what desirable thing appears of him, without these walls?" I dare say his goodness and benevolence extend as far as his territories; that his peasants live almost as happy and contented as himself; and that not one of his children wishes to see this seat his own.

I have not looked much about since I was here. All I can tell you of my own knowledge is, that, going to see the cathedral¹ in the town hard by, I took notice, as the finest things, of a noble monument and a beautiful altar-piece of architecture; but if I had not inquired in particular, he nor his had never told me, that both the one and the other was erected by himself. The next pretty thing that caught my eye, was a neat chapel for the use of the towns-people, who are too numerous for the cathedral. My Lord modestly told me he was glad I liked it, because it was of his own architecture.

I hope this long letter will be some entertainment to you. I was pleased not a little in writing it; but do not let any lady from hence imagine that my head is so full of any gardens as

Norman knight became a bishop, gave Sherborne Castle, with other lands, to the church of Salisbury, and laid a curse on all who should alienate or diminish his donation. In Peck may be found the instances in which it has been verified.—CHALMERS.

¹ Sherborne was formerly the see of a bishop. The bishops of Sherborne were so named till the year

1041, when they were intitled bishops of Salisbury, to which the see was removed. When Henry VIII. erected the see of Bristol, Sherborne was attached to it. The noble monument mentioned by Pope is that of John Digby, Earl of Bristol, who died in 1698. It is said to have cost £1,500.—CHALMERS.

to forget hers. The greatest proof I could give her to the contrary is, that I have spent many hours here in studying for hers, and in drawing new plans for her. I shall soon come home, and have nothing to say when we meet, having here told you all that has pleased me: but Wilton is in my way, and I depend upon that for new matter. Believe me ever yours, with a sincerity as old-fashioned, and as different from modern sincerity, as this house, this family, and these ruins, are from the Court, and all its neighbourhood. Dear Madam, adieu.

55.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.¹

[15th June, 1724.]

THIS is a day of wishes for you, and I hope you have long known, there is not one good one which I do not form in your behalf. Every year that passes, I wish some things more for my friends, and some things less for myself. Yet were I to tell you what I wish for you in particular, it would be only to repeat in prose, what I told you last year in rhyme (so sincere is my poetry): I can only add, that as I then wished you a friend,² I now wish that friend were Mrs. —.

Absence is a short kind of death; and in either, one can only wish that the friends we are separated from may be happy with those that are left them. I am therefore very solicitous that you may pass much agreeable time together. I am sorry to say I envy you no other companion; though I hope you have others that you like; and I am always pleased in that hope, when it is not attended with any fears on your own account.

I was troubled to leave you both, just as I fancied we

¹ First published in Cooper, 1737.Long health, long youth, long pleasures,
and a friend.² To Mrs. Blount on her Birth-day.O be thou blest with all that Heaven can
send,

—WARBURTON.

should begin to live together in the country. It was a little like dying the moment one had got all one desired in this world. Yet I go away with one generous sort of satisfaction, that what I part with, you are to inherit.

I know you would both be pleased to hear some certain news of a friend departed; to have the adventures of his passage, and the new regions through which he travelled, described; and, upon the whole, to know that he is as happy where he now is, as while he lived among you. But indeed I (like many a poor unprepared soul) have seen nothing I like so well as what I left: no scenes of Paradise, no happy bowers, equal to those on the banks of the Thames. Wherever I wander, one reflection strikes me: I wish you were as free as I; or at least had a tie as tender, and as reasonable as mine, to a relation that as well deserved your constant thought, and to whom you would be always pulled back (in such a manner as I am) by the heart-string. I have never been well since I set out: but do not tell my mother so; it will trouble her too much: and as probably the same reason may prevent her sending a true account of her health to me, I must desire you to acquaint me. I would gladly hear the country air improves your own; but do not flatter me when you are ill, that I may be the better satisfied when you say you are well: for these are things in which one may be sincerer to a reasonable friend, than to a fond and partial parent. Adieu.

56.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.¹

[1727 ?]

THE weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this season; when every smile of the sun, like the smile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon: and I am so much in the taste of rural pleasures, I had rather see

¹ First published in the 4to with date of 1715, but the date was left out in Cooper, 1737.

the sun than any thing he can show me, except yourself. I despise every fine thing in town, not excepting your new gown, till I see you dressed in it (which by the way I do not like the better for the red; the leaves, I think, are very pretty).

I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow: for I doubt not but God's works here are what come nearest to his works there; and that a true relish of the beauties of nature is the most easy preparation and gentlest transition to an enjoyment of those of heaven: as, on the contrary, a true town-life of hurry, confusion, noise, slander, and dissension, is a sort of apprenticeship to hell and its furies. I am endeavouring to put my mind into as quiet a situation as I can, to be ready to receive that stroke, which, I believe, is coming upon me, and have fully resigned myself to yield to it. The separation of my soul and body is what I could think of with less pain; for I am very sure he that made it will take care of it, and in whatever state he pleases it shall be, that state must be right: but I cannot think without tears of being separated from my friends, when their condition is so doubtful, that they may want even such assistance as mine. Sure, it is more merciful to take from us after death all memory of what we loved or pursued here: for else what a torment would it be to a spirit, still to love those creatures it is quite divided from? Unless we suppose, that in a more exalted life, all that we esteemed in this imperfect state will affect us no more, than what we loved in our infancy concerns us now.

This is an odd way of writing to a lady, and I am sensible, would throw me under a great deal of ridicule, were you to show this letter among your acquaintance. But perhaps you may not yourself be quite a stranger to this way of thinking. I heartily wish your life may be so long and so happy, as never to let you think *quite so far* as I am now led to do: but to think *a little towards it*, is what will make you the happier and the easier at all times.

There are no pleasures or amusements that I do not wish you, and therefore it is no small grief to me that I shall for the future be less able to partake with you in them. But let Fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, as long as she never makes us lose our honesty and our independence; I despise from my heart whoever parts with the first, and pity from my soul whoever quits the latter.

I am grieved at Mr. Gay's condition in this last respect of dependence. He has merit, good-nature, and integrity, three qualities that I fear are too often lost upon great men; or at least are not all three a match for one which is opposed to them, flattery. I wish it may not soon or late displace him from the favour he now possesses, and seems to like.¹ I am sure his late action deserves eternal favour and esteem: Lord Bathurst was charmed with it, who came hither to see me before his journey.² He asked and spoke very particularly of you. To-morrow Mr. Fortescue comes to me from London about B——'s suit *in formâ pauperis*. That poor man looks starved: he tells me you have been charitable to him. Indeed it is wanted; the poor creature can scarce stir or speak; and I apprehend he will die, just as he gets something to live upon. Adieu.

57.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.³

CIRENCESTER [1728 ?].

It is a true saying that misfortunes alone prove one's friendship; they show us not only that of other people for us, but

¹ What follows, was added to Cooper, 1737.

² Roscoe thinks this refers to Gay's refusal of the post of gentleman usher to the Princess Louisa. If so, the date of this letter would be 1727.

³ This letter first appeared in the 4to, as one of a group entitled "Letters to and from Mr. Gay." In Cooper, 1737, it was transferred to a group of 'Letters to and from several Per-

sons.' This arrangement was followed down to Bowles. Warburton in a note suggested that it was addressed "to Mrs. B.," and Bowles prefixed "To Martha Blount." It seems probable that this conjecture is correct, and the tone of the letter agrees with Pope's feelings in 1728. The date must, however, remain in uncertainty.

our own for them. We hardly know ourselves any otherwise. I feel my being forced to this Bath journey as a misfortune ; and to follow my own welfare preferably to those I love, is indeed a new thing to me : my health has not usually got the better of my tendernesses and affections. I set out with a heavy heart, wishing I had done this thing the last season : for every day I defer it, the more I am in danger of that accident which I dread the most, my mother's death (especially should it happen while I am away). And another reflection pains me, that I have never, since I knew you, been so long separated from you, as I now must be. Methinks we live to be more and more strangers, and every year teaches you to live without me. This absence may, I fear, make my return less welcome and less wanted to you, than once it seemed, even after but a fortnight. Time ought not in reason to diminish friendship, when it confirms the truth of it by experience.

The journey has a good deal disordered me, notwithstanding my resting place at Lord Bathurst's. My Lord is too much for me, he walks, and is in spirits all day long ; I rejoice to see him so. It is a right distinction, that I am happier in seeing my friends so many degrees above me, be it in fortune, health, or pleasures, than I can be in sharing either with them : for in these sort of enjoyments I cannot keep pace with them, any more than I can walk with a stronger man. I wonder to find I am a companion for none but old men, and forget that I am not a young fellow myself. The worst is, that reading and writing, which I have still the greatest relish for, are growing painful to my eyes. But if I can preserve the good opinion of one or two friends, to such a degree, as to have their indulgence to my weaknesses, I will not complain of life : and if I could live to see you consult your ease and quiet, by becoming independent on those who will never help you to either, I doubt not of finding the latter part of my life pleasanter than the former or present. My uneasiness of body I can bear ; my chief uneasiness of mind is in your regard.

You have a temper that would make you *easy* and *beloved*, (which is all the happiness one needs to wish in this world,) and content with moderate things. All your point is not to lose that temper by sacrificing yourself to others, out of a mistaken tenderness, which hurts you, and profits not them. And this you must do soon, or it will be too late: habit will make it as hard for you to live independent, as for L * * * to live out of a court.

You must excuse me for observing what I think any defect in you: you grow too indolent, and give things up too easily: which would be otherwise, when you found and felt yourself your own: spirits would come in, as ill-usage went out. While you live under a kind of perpetual dejection and oppression, nothing at all belongs to you, not your own *humour*, nor your own *sense*.

You cannot conceive how much you would find resolution rise, and cheerfulness grow upon you, if you would once try to live independent for two or three months. I never think tenderly of you but this comes across me, and therefore excuse my repeating it, for whenever I do not, I dissemble half that I think of you. Adieu, pray write, and be particular about your health.

58.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.¹BATH, *Sept.* 4 [1728].

DEAR MADAM,—I thank you for many things, and particularly for your letters. That which gave me an account of my mother's tolerable health, told me no more than three others told me; yet it satisfied me much more, as being from you. To think that a person whom we wish so much our friend as to take a concern in all that concerns us, should be cordially affected with things, is a greater and more tender pleasure than any of the same cares or testimonies from others. I

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS.

left Lord Cobham's, as I told you, not without a wish that yourself and Mrs. Howard had seen it with me. I passed by the door of my Lord Deloraine's, which is a neat stone house, with a view to the Downs, but low situated. I cannot help telling you one circumstance, that, as I travelled all alone, made me contemplative. I was drawn by a horse now employed by Lord C. in rolling the gardens, which was the same in former days on which the Earl of Derwentwater rid at Preston. It made me reflect that man himself is as blind and unknowing of his fate, as the beast he bestrides: equally proud and prancing in his glory, and equally ignorant whither or to what he is running. I lay one night at Rousham,¹ which is the prettiest place for water-falls, jets, ponds inclosed with beautiful scenes of green and hanging wood, that ever I saw. I lay next at Mr. Howe's, in Gloucestershire; a fine thing of another kind, where Nature has done everything, and luckily, for the master has ten children. But it might be made very grand, merely by taking away part of what is there already.

I called at Sir William Codrington's,² designing but for half a day, and it not being a mile out of the way; but found it impossible (without more violence than ought ever to be offered to good nature) to get from thence till just now. My reception there will furnish matter for a letter to Mr. Bethel. It was perfectly in his spirit: all his sisters, in the first place, insisted I should take physie, preparatory to the waters, and truly I made use of the time, place, and persons, to that end. My Lady Cox, the first night I lay there, mixed my electuary, Lady Codrington pounded sulphur, Mrs. Bridges Bethel ordered broth. Lady Cox marched first up-stairs with the physie in a gallipot; Lady Codrington next, with the vial of oil; Mrs. Bridget third, with pills; the fourth sister, with spoons and tea-cups. It would have rejoiced the ghost of

¹ Near Oxford, the seat of Colonel Dormer.

² A beautiful seat at Durhams,

eight miles from Bath, on the Oxford road.—BOWLES.

Dr. Woodward¹ to have beheld this procession ; and I should be inclined to think it might bring Mr. Bethel this way two hundred miles about, if I would promise but to do the same thing on my return home. By this means I have an opportunity of astonishing Dr. Arbuthnot, to see me begin the waters without any physic, and to set him^r and Mr. Gay in an uproar about me, and my wilfulness : I may even hope to be as famous as yourself. I was much pleased with what happened on Mr. B.'s sisters all taking physic some days together (which I was told there, and gives a perfect character of the great taste of the family to it). A country wench in the house thanked God heartily that she was not born a gentlewoman, and declared she would not be one for the world. Their house is pretty enough, the situation romantic, covered with woody hills stumbling upon one another confusedly, and the garden makes a valley betwixt them, with some mounts and waterfalls.

I have experienced the fate of many promises, and many friends. Before I came hither, it was matter of contention who should carry me the journey ! and at last, when it came to the point, I travelled every step of the way all alone. However, it was some comfort to me, that I really amused myself, and found not the length of the journey : it is a satisfaction to find that power in oneself, which one would not always owe to other helps and contingencies. I think I never passed a pleasanter, abating a few thoughts, with which I will not trouble you or any other friend ; and which sit too near me to be totally banished by any company, amusement, or distance whatever.

When you say Mrs. Howard is well, I fear you do not speak of the pain in her face, but in general. I cannot but think that Bath might give her blood a new turn, of which the doctors here, I believe, will not despair. But I have yet seen none of them, nor any other creature. The first thing I have

¹ Dr. Woodward died April 25, 1728.—CHALMERS,

done is to sit down to write this. My next shall tell you who is here, &c., and what I find in the place. I am ever yours, &c.

Wednesday.—Lord Peterborough is just arrived. I have writ you two letters before this.

59.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.¹

[Dec., 1732.]

YOUR letter dated at nine a clock on Tuesday (night as I suppose) has sunk me quite. Yesterday I hoped; and yesterday I sent you a line or two for our poor friend Gay, inclosed in a few words to you; about twelve or one o'clock you should have had it. I am troubled about that, though the present cause of our trouble be so much greater. Indeed I want a friend, to help me to bear it better. We want each other. I bear a hearty share with Mrs. Howard,² who has lost a man of a most honest heart; so honest an one, that I wish her master had none less honest about him. The world after all is a little pitiful thing; not performing any one promise it makes us for the future, and every day taking away and annulling the joys of the past. Let us comfort one another, and, if possible, study to add as much more friendship to each other, as death has deprived us of in him: I promise you more and more of mine, which will be the way to deserve more and more of yours.

I purposely avoid saying more. The subject is beyond

¹ First published in the 4to, without date, and among 'Letters to several Persons.' Warburton suggested the address, and of the date there can be no doubt.

² Mrs. Howard had become Countess of Suffolk in June of the preceding year. The letter when published had a note by Pope giving

the date of Gay's death as Nov., 1732, and his age as 46, whereas he really died on the 4th December, and his age was 44. That the bulk of the letter was addressed to Martha Blount there can be little doubt, but the first part may have been a subsequent interpolation.

writing upon, beyond cure or ease by reason or reflection, beyond all but one thought, that it is the will of God.

So will the death of my mother be! which now I tremble at, now resign to, now bring close to me, now set farther off: every day alters, turns me about, and confuses my whole frame of mind. Her dangerous distemper is again returned, her fever coming onward again, though less in pain; for which last however I thank God.

I am unfeignedly tired of the world, and receive nothing to be called a pleasure in it, equivalent to countervail either the death of one I have so long lived with, or of one I have so long lived for. I have nothing left but to turn my thoughts to one comfort; the last we usually think of, though the only one we should in wisdom depend upon, in such a disappointing place as this. I sit in her room, and she is always present before me, but when I sleep. I wonder I am so well: I have shed many tears, but now I weep at nothing. I would above all things see you, and think it would comfort you to see me so equal-tempered and so quiet. But pray dine here; you may, and she know nothing of it, for she dozes much, and we tell her of no earthly thing, lest it run in her mind, which often trifles have done. If Mr. Bethel had time, I wish he were your companion hither. Be as much as you can with each other: be assured I love you both, and be farther assured, that friendship will increase as I live on.

60.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

*Sept. 7, 1733.*¹

You cannot think how melancholy this place makes me. Every part of this wood puts into my mind poor Mr. Gay,

¹ First appeared in the 4to with this exact date. Roscoe assumes that it was written from Cirencester; making the inference, perhaps, from a letter to Bethel, also first published

in the 4to, and also with an exact date of Aug. 9, 1733, in which Pope announces his intention of going to Lord Bathurst's.

If he did pay a visit to Cirencester

with whom I passed once a great deal of pleasant time in it, and another friend, who is near dead, and quite lost to us, Dr. Swift. I really can find no enjoyment in the place; the same sort of uneasiness as I find at Twickenham, whenever I pass [near] my mother's room.

I have not yet writ to Mrs. ——. ¹ I think I should, but have nothing to say that will answer the character they consider me in, as a wit; besides, my eyes grow very bad, (whatever is the cause of it,) I will put them out for nobody but a friend: and, I protest, it brings tears into them almost to write to you, when I think of your state and mine. I long to write to Swift, but cannot. The greatest pain I know, is to say things so very short of one's meaning, when the heart is full.

I feel the going out of life fast enough, to have little appetite left to make compliments, at best useless, and for the most part unfelt speeches. It is but in a very narrow circle that friendship walks in this world, and I care not to tread out of it more than I needs must; knowing well, it is but to two or three (if quite so many) that any man's welfare, or memory, can be of consequence: the rest, I believe, I may forget, and be pretty certain they are already even, if not beforehand with me.

Life, after the first warm heats are over, is all downhill: and one almost wishes the journey's end, provided we were sure but to lie down easy whenever the night should overtake us.

it must have been a hurried one, for on the 24th of August, 1733, he wrote to Caryll that he intended to pay him a visit as soon as the latter could send his chariot to meet him at Guildford. Caryll arranged to do this for the 9th of Sept., and Pope accepted the proposal on the 4th Sept. On the 24th Sept. he wrote to Caryll from Bevis Mount, thanking him for his hospitality, and saying that he

was on the wing either for London or Cirencester. However, he seems to have stayed on, for on the 20th Oct. he writes to Lord Oxford: "I am returned a week since from my Lord Peterborough, with whom I passed three weeks." It is pretty plain, therefore, that Pope was not at Cirencester in either September or October, 1733.

¹ 'G' in 1737.

I dreamed all last night of ——. She has dwelt (a little more than perhaps is right) upon my spirits. I saw a very deserving gentleman in my travels, who has formerly, I have heard, had much the same misfortune; and (with all his good breeding and sense) still bears a cloud and melancholy cast, that never can quite clear up, in all his behaviour and conversation. I know another, who, I believe, could promise, and easily keep his word, never to laugh in his life. But one must do one's best, not to be used by the world as that poor lady was by her sister; and not seem too good, for fear of being thought affected or whimsical.

It is a real truth, that to the last of my moments, the thought of you, and the best of my wishes for you, will attend you, told or untold.

I could wish you had once the constancy and resolution to act for yourself; whether before or after I leave you, (the only way I ever shall leave you,) you must determine; but reflect, that the first would make me, as well as yourself, happier; the latter could make you only so. Adieu.

61.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.¹*Tuesday the — [1734].*

I HOPE this will find you both settled in peace and joy at Bath; that your court is numerous enough to keep a court and town lady in spirits, and yet not so importunate as to deprive you of rest. Your health, nevertheless, is my chief concern; which to ladies or gentlewomen, young, or advancing into wisdom (but never above pleasures), is a most comfortable and necessary thing, with or without admirers, even from Lady W——y, to her great granddaughter born last week.

¹ Bowles, from Mapledurham MSS. As Pope promises to be at Bath on Sunday night, the date is probably Sept., 1734, when Lady Suffolk and

Martha Blount were certainly at Bath, and Pope went there with Lord Bolingbroke.

I saw Dr. Arbuthnot, who was very cheerful. I passed a whole day with him at Hampstead; he is at the Long Room half the morning, and has parties at cards every night. Mrs. Lepell,¹ and Mrs. Saggioni the singer, and his son and his two daughters are all with him. He told me he had given the best directions he could to yourself, and to Lady Suffolk separately; that she ought to bleed, and you not; that it is his opinion the waters will not be of service to you, and that there can be no ill consequence if they should heat you; it could only bring out the rash at worst, which he says might be the means to free your blood from it a long time.

I hope by this time the pink-coloured riband in your hat is pulled off, and the pink-coloured gown put on. I will not joke upon that, though I did upon the riband, because, when people begin to sin, there may be hopes of amendment; but when the whole woman is become red as scarlet, there is no good to be done.

Lady Suffolk has a strange power over me. She would not stir a day's journey either east or west for me, though she had dying or languishing friends on each quarter, who wanted and wished to see her. But I am following her chariot-wheels three days through rocks and waters, and shall be at her feet on Sunday night. I suppose she will be at cards, and receive me as coldly as if I were archdeacon of the place. I hope I shall be better with you, who will doubtless have been at mass (whither Mr. Nash at my request shall carry you constantly when I come), and in a meek and Christian-like way. I have no more to say to either of you, but that which we are all obliged to say even to our enemies. The Lord have mercy on you! and have you in his *keeping*. Adieu.

I intended you this by the last post, but it was too late; so that you will hardly receive it sooner than we shall come. I

¹ This must, I suppose, be the mother of Mary Lepell, who had long been Lady Hervey.

was willing just to have told Lady Suffolk before, that one of my chief motives was to see her in a place of liberty and health, and to advertise you, Madam, not to be discouraged if the waters did heat you, but to lose no time in them.

62.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.¹*Tuesday, Aug. 25, 1735.*

MADAM,—I found my Lord Peterborough on his couch, where he gave me an account of the excessive sufferings he had passed through, with a weak voice, but spirited. He talked of nothing but the great amendment of his condition, and of finishing the buildings and gardens for his best friend to enjoy after him; that he had one care more, when he went into France, which was, to give a true account to posterity of some parts of history in Queen Anne's reign, which Burnet had scandalously represented; and of some others, to justify her against the imputation of intending to bring in the Pretender, which (to his knowledge) neither her ministers, Oxford and Bolingbroke, nor she, had any design to do. He next told me, he had ended his domestic affairs, through such difficulties from the law, that gave him as much torment of mind, as his distemper had done of body, to do right to the person to whom he had obligations beyond expression: that he had found it necessary not only to declare his marriage to all his relations,² but (since the person who had married them was

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. Mr. Carruthers says it is addressed "to Mrs. Blount, at the Countess of Suffolk's, Marble Hill, in Twickenham."

² Lord Peterborough married Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, a celebrated singer, of whom Dr. Burney has given a very interesting account in vol. iv. of his *History of Music*. The marriage was long kept secret, and, we learn from this letter, divulged only about this time. His Lordship did not

survive this interview with his old correspondent many weeks. He persisted in going to Lisbon, but died in the passage, Oct. 15. He was born about the year 1658, and was in his seventy-seventh year when he died. At the time of his connexion with Mrs. Robinson, he must have been considerably beyond his prime. She survived him fifteen years, residing in an exalted station, partly at Bevis Mount, near Southampton (whence Mr. Pope's interesting letter is dated),

dead) to re-marry her in the church at Bristol, before witnesses. The warmth with which he spoke on these subjects, made me think him much recovered, as well as his talking of his present state as a heaven to what was passed. I lay in the next room to him, where I found he was awake, and call[ing] for help most hours of the night, sometimes crying out for pain. In the morning he got up at nine, and was carried into his garden in a chair: he fainted away twice there. He fell, about twelve, into a violent pang, which made his limbs all shake and his teeth chatter; and for some time he lay cold as death. His wound was dressed (which is done constantly four times a day), and he grew gay, and sat at dinner with ten people. After this he was again in torment for a quarter of an hour; and as soon as the pang was over, was carried again into the garden to the workmen, talked again of his history, and declaimed with great spirit against the meanness of the present great men and ministers, and the decay of public spirit and honour. It is impossible to conceive how much his heart is above his condition: he is dying every other hour, and obstinate to do whatever he has a mind to. He has concerted no measures beforehand for his journey, but to get a yacht in which he will set sail, but no place fixed on to reside at, nor has determined what place to land at, or provided any accommodation for his going on land. He talks of getting towards Lyons, but undoubtedly he can never travel but to the sea-shore. I pity the poor woman who is to share in all he suffers, and who can in no one thing persuade him to spare himself. I think he must be lost in this attempt, and attempt it he will.

and partly at Fulham, or perhaps at Peterborough House on Parson's Green (Lysons' Environs of London, vol. ii.). The only Life extant of Lord Peterborough is that by Dr. Birch, which accompanies the Earl's portrait in Houbraken's Heads. He had written his own Memoirs, which

his Lady destroyed, from a regard to his reputation. Tradition says, that in these Memoirs he confessed his having committed three capital crimes before he was twenty years of age. Such Memoirs may be spared. — CHALMERS.

He has with him, day after day, not only all his relations, but every creature of the town of Southampton that pleases. He lies on his couch and receives them, though he says little. When his pains come, he desires them to walk out, but invites them to stay and dine or sup, &c. Sir Wilfred Lawson and his Lady, Mrs. Mordaunt and Colonel Mordaunt, are here: to-morrow come Mr. Poyntz, &c., for two days only, and they all go away together. He says he will go at the month's end, if he is alive. I believe I shall get home on Wednesday night. I hope Lady Suffolk will not go sooner for Stowe, and, if not, I will go with her willingly. Nothing can be more affecting and melancholy to me than what I see here: yet he takes my visit so kindly, that I should have lost one great pleasure, had I not come. I have nothing more to say, as I have nothing in my mind but this present object, which indeed is extraordinary. This man was never born to die like other men, any more than to live like them. I am ever yours, &c.

63.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.¹STOWE, *July 4* [1739].

THE post after I writ to you, I received, with great pleasure, one from you; and it increased that pleasure to hope you would be in a little time in the country, which you love so well, and when the weather is so good. I hope it will not be your fate, though it commonly proves that of others, to be deserted by *all* your friends at court. I direct to your own house, supposing this will be sent after you, and having no surer way. For the same reason, I have directed a haunch of venison to be sent Mrs. Dryden, in case you are out of town. It will arrive next Monday early at Lord Cobham's in Hanover-

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. Roscoe affixes the year 1742; but the close of the letter shows it

was written on "Wednesday," and Wednesday the 4th July was in 1739.

square; but if you are in town, and would have it otherwise disposed of, you may prevent it, by sending thither over night a new direction to the porter. I will send you another from Hagley, if you appoint beforehand where it shall be left. Your next direction is to Sir Thomas Lyttelton, at Hagley near Stowerbridge, Worcestershire, where I hope to be on the tenth, or sooner, if Mr. Lyttelton come. Mr. Grenville was here, and told me he expected him in two or three days; so I think we may travel on the eighth or ninth. Though I never saw this place in half the beauty and perfection it now has, I want to leave it, to hasten my return towards you; or otherwise I could pass three months in agreeable rambles and slow journeys. I dread that to Worcester and back; for every one tells me it is perpetual rock, and the worst of rugged roads: which really not only hurt me at present, but leave consequences very uneasy to me. The Duke of Argyle was here yesterday, and assures me what Mr. Lyttelton talks of as one day's journey must be two, or an intolerable fatigue. He is the happiest man he ever was in his life. This garden is beyond all description in the new part of it. I am every hour in it, but dinner and night, and every hour envying myself the delight of it, because not partaken by you, who would *see* it better, and consequently enjoy it more. Lady Cobham and Mrs. Speed,¹ who (except two days) have been the sole inhabitants, wish you were here, as much at least as they wished for their gowns, which are not yet all recovered, and therefore I fear yours is not. You might be more at your own disposal than usually; for every one takes a different way, and wanders about till we meet at noon. All the mornings we breakfast and dispute; after dinner, and at night, music and harmony; in the garden, fishing; no politics and no cards, nor much reading. This agrees exactly with me; for the want of cards sends us early to bed. I have no complaints, but that I wish

¹ Henrietta Jane Speed, for whom, with Lady Cobham, Gray's 'Long Story' was written.

for you and cannot have you. I will say no more—but that I think *of* and *for* you, as I ever did and ever shall, present or absent. I can really forget everything besides.

I do not see that anything can be done as to Mr. Russel, except having the lease carried to Mr. Arbuthnot, and the alterations added. He will correct the draft; and if it be ready for signing, so much the better: for else I fear the lawyers will be all out of town before she returns.¹

I desire you will write a post-letter to my man John,² at what time you would have the pine-apples to send Lady Gerard, and whither he is to send them in town? I have had none yet; but I bade him send you the very first that ripened,—I mean for yourself. But if you are out of town, pray tell him to whom he shall send it? I have also ordered him, as soon as several of them ripen, to inquire of you where and when you would have any, which I need not say are wholly at your service.

The post comes in crossly here, and after I have written for the most part: but I keep this to the last, in case I have any letter to-night, that I may add to it, as I sincerely shall, my thanks, whenever you oblige me by writing, but still more by thinking me, and all I say, sincere; as you safely may, and always may.—

Wednesday, 12 o'clock.

Adieu. I am going to the Elysian fields, where I shall meet your idea.

The post is come in without any letters which I need answer; which is a pleasure to me, except with regard to yours. I did not expect another from you, but as you said in your first that you might send one; and I thank you for the intention. I hope the more that you are out of town for it,

¹ The 'she' is not mentioned, but is probably the Lady Gerard of the next sentence. See letter to George Arbuthnot, Aug. 3 [1739].

² His servant, John Searle, the "good John" addressed in the first line of the 'Epistle to Arbuthnot.'

and shall rejoice the more when I have one. Pray take care of yourself. Mr. Bethel is got well home.

Adieu, once more. I am going to dream of you.

Nine at night.

64.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.¹

STOWE, *Saturday* [1739].

DEAR MADAM,—I think you will not complain again that I do not write often enough; but as to long letters, it is hard to say much, when one has nothing to tell you but what you should believe of course, and upon long experience. All is repetition of one great truth, which is lessened, when it really is so, by too frequent professions. And then the other things are of places and persons that little or not at all affect you, or interest you. You have often rebuked me for talking too much of myself and my own motions; and it is surely more trifling and absurd to write them, than to talk them; considering too that the clerks of the post-office read these letters. But I am not at all ashamed, that they and all the world know how much I esteem you, or see that I am one who continue to live with men out of favour at court, with the same regard as if they were in power. Mrs. Blount's friend, and Lord Cobham's friend, and Mr. Lyttelton's friend, does not envy them, nor their master's best friends; and has more honour, and less impertinent curiosity, than to open any of their letters, did they fall in his way. Nor does he think they have any secrets more worth inquiry than what they will find in this letter. So I go on to tell you, that I am extremely well, as well as ever I expect to be in every thing, or desire to be, except my constitution be mended, or you made happier. Yet I think we have both of us the ingredients about us to make us happy. Your natural moderation is

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. The letter is addressed to Welbeck-street. It appears to have

followed closely on the preceding letter.

greater than mine; yet I have no sort of ambition or vanity, that costs me an uneasy moment. Your temper is much more cheerful; and that temper joined with innocence, and a consciousness of not the least inclination to hurt, or disposition to envy another, is a lasting security of that calm state of mind, which nothing can take from you, not sickness nor age itself. But the skill of your conduct would be, to avoid and fly as far as possible from all occasions of ruffling it; or such vexations, which, though they cannot destroy it, can and will cloud it, and render you the more liable to be uneasy for being more tender, and less inclined to make or see others uneasy. That way they will get your very temper into their power, and you will grow, in appearance, the worse woman, for being really at your heart the better. Unkindness and ungrateful returns are therefore the things you should get out of the way of, and by so doing, you will preserve all your good-will for them, which though they do not merit, yet you would preserve; and avoid seeing what they cannot but wish you did not see, though they cannot help showing. It is certain, both they and you would be easier, were you quite removed from them. However, while you stay with them, I am glad you can find any circumstance of satisfaction, and particularly that you like so well the situation of the house, fields, &c.; but do not be like the swallow, and, because it is pleasant in the summer, lie still and be frozen to death in the winter; for you will certainly find it no winter habitation, and would do well to provide a better against that season.

I wonder you have not heard from Mr. Fortescue. I wrote to him just after, and mentioned the same thing, and to me he has yet returned no answer, at least John has sent me no letter. I think he is more to be depended on than a direct courtier, though a judge. I was disappointed in not finding you gone with Mr. Schutz.¹ As a German, I think it possible

¹ If honest S—z take scandal at a spark,
That less admires the Palace than the Park.—*Imit. of Hor.*, B. 1. Ep. 1.

he may be dull enough not to care for you ; but be that as it will, as a courtier, if his duty to Madam V * * comes in the way, he must prefer it to any other request whatsoever. I had directed the venison beforehand just as you wished, I see, and that was a pleasure to me. I had sent also two lines to Mrs. Dr * * *,¹ to tell her it came by your order, in case you had been out of town. As to the pine-apple, I wish I had had it myself, or that you had sent it to any better friend—Mrs. Price, or any honest body.

Mr. Lyttelton is just arrived, and I set forward on Monday. On Tuesday I hope to get to his house ; and if able, to get to General Dormer's in ten days (including journey and all).

I thank you for what you told Lord Cornbury. He writ to me very warmly, and talks of finding me wherever I am. I have given him the best account I can of my return to General Dormer's, about the 20th, I believe. I wish you would go with Mrs. Greville to Astrop² (it is but fifteen miles off), and stay with Lady Cobham till Lady Gerard returned from Lancashire, and called you. She and Mrs. Speed wish extremely for any honest company at present, and you would be quite easy. But this I know is a dream ; and almost every thing I wish, in relation to you, is so always ! Adieu. I hope you take Spa waters, though you mention it not. God keep you ! and let me hear from you.

65.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.³BRISTOL, *Monday* [1739].

I AM glad I sent you my last letter on Saturday, without expecting yours, which did not come till the day after the post, by passing first through Mr. Allen's hands at Bath. I thank you for it, and must now give you some account of this place. I rise at seven, drink at the well at eight, breakfast at

¹ Mrs. Dryden. See previous letter.² Astrop Wells, in Oxfordshire.³ Bowles, from the Mapledurham

MSS. Roscoe affixes 1742, but it must have been written before Sept., 1741, when Cleland died.

nine, dine at two, go to bed at ten, or sooner. I find the water very cold on my stomach, and have no comfort but in the asses' milk I drink constantly with it, according to Dr. Meade's order. The three days I was at Mr. Allen's I went for two or three hours to Bath, but saw no public place, nor any persons, but the four or five I writ you word of. It grieved me to miss twice of Lady Cox in that time. I had a line from Mr. Slingsby Bethel, to acquaint me his brother was well; and I will write to him from hence, as soon as I can give him a physical account of myself.

I hardly knew what I undertook when I said I would give you some account of this place. Nothing can do it but a picture, it is so unlike any scene you ever saw. But I will begin at least, and reserve the rest to my next letter. From Bath you go along the river, or its side, the road lying generally in sight of it: on each bank are steep rising hills clothed with wood at top, and sloping toward the stream in green meadows, intermixed with white houses, mills, and bridges; this for seven or eight miles: then you come in sight of Bristol (the river winding at the bottom of steeper banks to the town), where you see twenty odd pyramids smoking over the town (which are glass-houses), and a vast extent of houses red and white. You come first to Old Wells, and over a bridge built on both sides like London Bridge, and as much crowded with a strange mixture of seamen, women, children, loaded horses, asses, and sledges with goods, dragging along all together, without posts to separate them. From thence you come to a key along the old wall, with houses on both sides, and, in the middle of the street, as far as you can see, hundreds of ships, their masts as thick as they can stand by one another, which is the oddest and most surprising sight imaginable. This street is fuller of them than the Thames from London Bridge to Deptford, and at certain times only, the water rises to carry them out; so that, at other times, a long street, full of ships in the middle, and houses on both sides, looks like a

dream. Passing still along by the river, you come to a rocky way on one side, overlooking green hills on the other: on that rocky way rise several white houses, and over them red rocks, and, as you go further, more rocks above rocks, mixed with green bushes, and of different-coloured stone. This, at a mile's end, terminates in the house of the Hot Well, whereabouts lie several pretty lodging-houses open to the river, with walks of trees. When you have seen the hills seem to shut upon you, and to stop any further way, you go into the house, and looking out at the back door, a vast rock of an hundred feet high, of red, white, green, blue, and yellowish marbles, all blotched and variegated, strikes you quite in the face; and turning on the left, there opens the river at a vast depth below, winding in and out, and accompanied on both sides with a continued range of rocks up to the clouds, of an hundred colours, one behind another, and so to the end of the prospect, quite to the sea. But the sea nor the Severn you do not see: the rocks and river fill the eye, and terminate the view, much like the broken scenes behind one another in a playhouse. From the room where I write, I see the tide rising and filling all the bottom between these scenes of rocks; on the sides of which, on one hand, are buildings, some white, some red, every where up and down like the steepest side of Richmond to the Thames, mixed with trees and shrubs, but much wilder; and huge, shaggy marbles, some in points, some in caverns, hanging all over and under them in a thousand shapes. I have no more room, but to give Lady Gerard my hearty services, and to wish you would see, next summer or spring, what I am sure would charm you, and fright most other ladies. I expect Mr. Allen here in a four or five days. I am always desiring to hear of you. Adieu. Remember me to Mr. Lyttelton, Lord Cornbury, Mr. Cleland.

66.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.¹*Saturday the 24th [1739].*

DEAR MADAM,—I have just received yours, for which I most kindly thank and love you. You will have this a post the sooner, by Mr. Allen's messenger coming hither. I have had a kind letter from the judge,² with very friendly mention of you, and concern that he could not see you. As he expects a particular account of myself, I inclose it, to save the trouble of writing it over again to you, who I know desire as much or more to know it: and I proceed in my description.

Upon the top of those high rocks by the Hot Well; which I have described to you, there runs on one side a large down of fine turf, for about three miles. It looks too frightful to approach the brink, and look down upon the river; but in many parts of this down, the valleys descend gently, and you see all along the windings of the stream, and the opening of the rocks, which turn and close in upon you from space to space, for several miles on toward the sea. There is first near Bristol a little village upon this down, called Clifton, where are very pretty lodging-houses, overlooking all the woody hills; and steep cliffs and very green valleys, within half a mile of the Wells; where in the summer it must be delicious walking and riding, for the plain extends one way many miles: particularly, there is a tower that stands close at the edge of the highest rock, and sees the stream turn quite round it; and all the banks one way are wooded in a gentle slope for near a mile high, quite green; the other bank, all inaccessible rock, of a hundred colours and odd shapes, some hundred feet perpendicular.

I am told that one may ride ten miles further on an even turf, on a ridge that on one side views the river Severn, and the banks steeper and steeper quite to the open sea; and, on

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. The 24th Nov., 1739, was a

Saturday.

² Mr. Baron Fortescue.

the other side, a vast woody vale, as far as the eye can stretch ; and all before you, the opposite coast of Wales beyond the Severn again. But this I have not been able to see ; nor would one but in better weather, when one may dine, or lie there, or cross a narrow part of the stream to the nearest point in Wales, where Mr. Allen and Mr. Hook last summer lay some nights in the cleanest and best cottage in the world, with excellent provisions, under a hill on the margin of the Severn. Let him describe it to you ; and pray tell him we are much in fear for his health, not having had a line since he left us.

The city of Bristol itself is very unpleasant, and no civilized company in it : only the collector of the customs would have brought me acquainted with merchants, of whom I hear no great character. The streets are as crowded as London ; but the best image I can give you of it is, it is as if Wapping and Southwark were ten times as big, or all their people ran into London. Nothing is fine in it but the Square, which is larger than Grosvenor-square, and well builded, with a very fine brass statue in the middle, of King William on horseback ; and the key, which is full of ships, and goes round half the Square. The College Green is pretty, and (like the Square) set with trees, with a very fine old cross of Gothic curious work¹ in the middle, but spoiled with the folly of new gilding it, that takes away all the venerable antiquity. There is a cathedral, very neat, and nineteen parish churches.

Once more my services to Lady Gerard. I write scarce to any body, therefore pray tell any body you judge deserves it, that I inquire of, and remember myself to, them. I shall be at Bath soon ; and if Dr. Mead approves of what I asked him of the Bath water mixed, I will not return to Bristol ; otherwise I fear I must : for indeed my complaint seems only intermitted, while I take larger quantities than I used of water, and no wine ; and it must require time to know whether I might not just as well do so at home. Not but that

¹ Since removed, and now at Stourhead.

I am satisfied the water at the Well is very different from what it is any where else ; for it is full as warm as new milk from the cow ; but there is no living at the Wells without more conveniences in the winter. Adieu. I write so much that I have no room to tell you what my heart holds of esteem and affection. Pray write to me every Thursday's post, and I shall answer on Saturday ; for it comes and goes out the same day, and I can answer no sooner what you write on Tuesday.

67.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.¹*December 27 [1739].*

I AM sorry you are so engaged and dissipated, as you say. If your friends would but do as most other people's, invite you once to dinner, and then not care if you were hanged, it would be better. But to be all day, first dressing one's body, then dragging it abroad, then stuffing the guts, then washing them with tea, then wagging one's tongue, and so to bed ; it is the life of an animal, that may, for all that I know, have reason in it (as the country girl said a fiddle had a tune in it), but wanted somebody to fetch it out : and ladies indeed so seldom learn to play this way, or show what is in them at all, till they meet with some clever fellow, to wind them well up, and fret their fiddle-strings. But as next to action is contemplation, so women unmarried betake themselves wisely to thinking ; as I doubt not you do sometimes, when, after the fatigues of the day, you get to bed, and then how must every considerate woman be struck, when she hears the watchman every hour telling how *time is past* ! If you think I write a little extravagantly, you are mistaken ; for this is philosophy : I am just come from hearing Dr. Cheyne ; and besides I have the head-ache, which heats my brain, and he assures me I might be inspired, if it had but one turn more. I must just say a

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. No doubt from Bath, in 1739.

word or two in the usual form, to let you know I have been once at Bath, and dined with Mrs. Arbuthnot, who sends you many services. I will not fail to speak of what you desire to Lady Peterborough. Mrs. Arbuthnot tells me she is very great with Mrs. Nugent, and so am I (to be) with Mrs. P. but I have not seen her, and she has no coach, and cannot get at me. I thank God for all his benefits. Pray tell me of any thing that pleases you, or any thing that vexes you : and give Lady Gerard my humble service ; and take care of your health, and finish the picture when you go into the city, or to Judge Fortescue's, and do not mind Mr. Price.¹

You tell me very few of my friends in town remember to ask about me. You shall see how I remember them, and how I ask about them. Pray tell my Lady Suffolk, in the first place, that I think of her every night constantly, as the greatest comforter I have, under her eider-down quilt : I wish Mr. Berkley lay as easy, who, I hear (and I am sorry for it), has had the gout. Pray ask the Duchess of Queensbury, (if you can contrive to ask her without seeing her,) what she means by forgetting you are as good a dancer as some she invites ? and ask my Lady Marchmont to carry you to see how well her Lord performs. Pray tell Mr. Lyttelton to tell a friend of his that of all the princes in Europe, I admire the King of Prussia, because he never tells any body any thing he intends to do. Pray tell Mrs. Price how kindly I take her remembrance of me, and desire her to tell my Lord Cornbury² so. And those who love writing letters, and those who can write a-bed, should write, for the same reason that those who

¹ Grandfather of the present Uvedale Price, Esq. See letter to Mrs. Price at Spa, in this collection, communicated by Mr. Price, p. 401.—BOWLES.

² Lord Cornbury was grandson of the great Lord Clarendon, and of course nearly related to Mary, consort of William III., and sister to Queen

Anne. He was, notwithstanding, a Nonjuror, and for that reason was, no doubt, more respected by Pope ; but he was a most amiable man, and well merited the elegant compliment paid him in verse :

Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains.
—BOWLES.

hate writing letters, and those that cannot lie or sit still, should not write : and tell Mr. Nugent that I will sit for my picture for him, as I once did for his lady ;¹ and that I believe it will be a very excellent picture, because I am very much altered for the better. Pray assure Mr. Cleland that I am reading Don Quixote ; and assure Lady Fanny that I have writ no verses this year at Bath. I wish Lord Chesterfield knew that a very scandalous paper is handed about in his name upon Lady Thanet, which I am glad of, because he gave copies of an incorrect libel of mine against pride and covetousness.

Among the rest of my friends, I wish you had told me what is become of Moratt. Is it not for him that your sister has cried out her eyes ?

68.

MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT TO POPE.²

[BATH, 1743.]

I HOPE you are well. I am not. My spirits are quite down, though they should not, for these people deserve so much to be despised. One should do nothing but laugh. I packed up my things yesterday ; the servants knew it. Mr. and Mrs. Allen never said a word, nor so much as asked me how I went, where, or when. In short, from every one of them much greater inhumanity that [than] I could conceive anybody could show. Mr. Warburton took no notice of me—'tis most wonderful. They have not one of them named your name, nor drunk your health, since you went. They talk to one another without putting me at all in the conversation. Lord Archibald [Lord Archibald Hamilton] is come to Lincoln [Lincombe]. I was to have gone this morning in his

¹ Formerly Mrs. Knight. She was re-married March 23, 1736-7.

² First published by Mr. Carruthers, from the Mapledurham MSS.,

in Notes and Queries, xii. 378. The letter, without signature, is addressed "To Mr. Pope, to be left with Mr. Pyne, the postmaster, Bristol."

coach, but, unluckily, he keeps it here. I shall go and contrive something with them to-day, for I do really think these people would shove me out, if I did not go soon. I would run all inconveniences, and drink the waters, if I thought they would do me good. My present state is deplorable—I'll get out of it as soon as I can. Adieu. My compliments to Mr. Br—— (*illegible*).

Thursday morning, eight o'clock.

69.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.¹

[1743.]

So strange a disappointment as I met with, the extreme sensibility which I know is in your nature, of such monstrous treatment, and the bitter reflection that I was wholly the unhappy cause of it, did really so distract me, while with you, that I could neither speak, nor move, nor act, nor think. I was like a man stunned or stabbed, where he expected an embrace; and I was dejected to death, seeing I could do or say nothing to comfort, but every thing rather to hurt you. But for God's sake, know that I understood it was goodness and generosity you showed me, under the appearance of anger itself. When you bid me first go to Lord B.'s from them, and then hasten thither, I was sensible it was in resentment of their conduct to me, and to remove me from such treatment, though you stayed alone to suffer it yourself. But I depended you would not have been a *day* longer in the house after I left you last; and of all I have endured, nothing gave me so much pain of heart, as to find by your letters you were still under their roof. I dread their provoking you to any expression unworthy of you. Even *laughter* would be taking too much notice; but I more dread your spirits, and falling under such a dejection as renders you incapable of resolving

¹ First published by Bowles, from Mapledurham MSS.

on the means of getting out of all this. You frighten yourself more than, were you in any other house, you would be sensible you need do. If you would go directly to London, you may, without the least danger, go in a coach and six of King's horses (with a servant on horseback as far as Marlborough, writing to John to meet you there), for 6*l.* or 7*l.* as safe, no doubt, as in any nobleman or gentleman's coach. If you would stay a few days at Lady Cox's, you might, as many do, be carried in a chair to Lincomb, and be all day among people who either love you, or have civility and humanity. Or if you cared to pass that time at Holt, where Lady Cox and Lady Bp. are; and as soon as the Duchess of Qu(*eensberry*) comes, you may depend upon it, if you write, she will send her coach for you thither. Lady Archibald (I cannot doubt) would lend you her coach to go, if they have not sent back their horses, which I do not suppose from your letter. Another easy way of going to Amesbury is to Sandy Lane, in a morning, to which place the Duchess can easily send, and you will be there before night. Or, lastly, Mr. Arbuthnot and I will come in a very good coach from hence any day you name, take you up at Lincomb, or Lady Cox's, by nine in the morning, and carry you and your maid safe, either to London or Amesbury. He has a friend who lives by Salisbury, with whom he and I would gladly pass a day or two, Sir Edward Deboover; and then carry you on to London from Amesbury, which is within six miles of him.

All I beg is, that you will not stay a moment at the only place in England (I am satisfied) where you can be so used; and where, for your sake and for my own too, I never will set foot more. However well I might wish the man,¹ the woman is a minx, and an impertinent one, and he will do what she would have him. I do not wonder they do not speak a word of me; (*but*) some words I have spoken to him. I shall not write till (*I*) get home, if then; but show my

¹ Ralph Allen.

resentment without lessening myself. For God's sake do the same. Leave them without a word, and send for your things.

But I hope you have, I am sure you have, surely you must have done this already. In any other house you will breathe, and recover yourself. The Bethels are good. The ladies are well-bred, and you will be in a state both of body and mind not to intimidate your poor soul to death, but consult on the easiest means either to stay or go. All I insist upon is, that you do not directly go to London, without a servant who may come back to give an account how you got that part of the way, and that John may be with you the rest, unless (which I think best, if you do not except to it) you write to him to come quite to you. I have drawn up an order, which you may fill up as you like for either purpose, and date and fix the day and place.

Pray make me easy, with the news that you have left their house. I fully hoped it when I writ to you last post (for your letter I did not receive till night, by the postmaster's great care, who, instead of letting it be at the post-house where we ordered our letters to be left, had found out our lodgings, and sent them while we were abroad thither). I hope you had a little box, with some wine; and Lord Chest(erfield) did as he promised me, as to franks. Sir John Swinburn and his lady, and Mr. Southwell, asked much of you. I have not been at the Long Room or Wells, and seen no company more; so I cannot say anything about the venison; but I doubt not they had it, or will have the other. I think it best still to enclose, to Mr. Edwyn. I should not wonder if listeners at doors should open letters. W. is a sneaking parson,¹ and I told him he flattered.

¹ Warburton, no doubt.

70.

POPE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

[25 March, 1744.]¹

DEAR MADAM,—Writing is become very painful to me, if I would write a letter of any length. In bed, or sitting, it hurts my breast; and in the afternoon I can do nothing, still less by candle-light. I would else tell you everything that passed between Mr. Allen and me. He proposed to have stayed only to dinner; but recollecting the next day was Good Friday, he said he would take a bed here, and fast with me. The next morning I desired him to come into my room before I rose, and opened myself very freely upon the subject requiring the same unreserve on his part. I told him what I thought of Mrs. Allen's conduct to me before you came, and both hers and his after. He did pretty much what you expected; utterly denied any unkindness or coolness, and protested his utmost desire, and answered for hers, to have pleased you; laid it all upon the *mutual dissatisfaction* between you and her, and hoped I would not be altered toward him by any *misrepresentation* you might make; not that he believed you would tell an untruth, but that you saw things in a mistaken light. I very strongly told him you never made any such; nor, if he considered, was it possible, since all that had passed I saw with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears. I told him I did not impute the unkindness shown me, in behaving so coldly, to him originally, but to Mrs. Allen; and fairly told him I suspected it to have proceeded from some jealousy she had of some designs we had upon his house at Hampton, and confirmed it by the reports I had heard of it from several hands. But he denied this utterly too. I

¹ Bowles, from the Mapledurham MSS. The jealousy about the house at Hampton did not arise before July, 1743. The day before Good Friday

was therefore the 22nd of March, 1744, and the letter was written on Easter Day, the 25th March.

pressed then, that she must have had some very unjust or bad thing suggested to her against you; but he assured me it all rested upon a *mutual misunderstanding* between you two, which appeared in two or three days, and which he spoke to his wife about, but found he could not make her at all easy in; and that he never in his whole life was so sorry at any disappointment. I said much more, being opener than I intended at first; but finding him own nothing, but stick to this, I turned to make slighter of it, and told him he should not see my behaviour altered to Mrs. Allen so much as hers had been to me (which he declared he did not see); and that I could answer for it, Mrs. Blount was never likely to take any notice of the whole, so far from misrepresenting any particular.

There were some other particulars, which I may recollect, or tell when we meet. I thought his behaviour a little shy; but in mine, I did my very best to show I was quite unconcerned what it was. He parted, inviting himself to come again at his return in a fortnight. He has been very ill, and looks so. I do not intend to see them in town. But God knows whether I can see any body there; for Cheselden is going to Bath next Monday, with whom at Chelsea¹ I thought to lodge, and so get to you in a morning.

My own condition is much at one: and to save writing to you the particulars, which I know you desire to be apprized of, I inclose my letter to the Doctor.

I assure you I do not think half so much what will become of me, as of you; and when I grow worst, I find the anxiety for you doubled. Would to God you would quicken your haste to settle, by reflecting what a pleasure it would be to me just to see it, and to see you at ease; and then I could contentedly leave you to the providence of God in this life, and resign myself to it in the other! I have little to say to you when we meet, but I love you upon unalterable principles,

¹ Cheselden was surgeon to Chelsea Hospital.

which makes me feel my heart the same to you as if I saw you every hour. Adieu.

Easter day.

Pray give my services to Lady Gerard; and pray get me some answer to Dr. King, or else it will cost me a letter of excuse to have delayed it so long.

I do not understand by your note, not by Mrs. Arbuthnot's, whether you think of coming hither to-morrow, or when. Mr. Murray's depends on his recovery, which is uncertain; and Lord Bolingbroke, the end of the week.

address the praises of another. Besides, can you imagine a man of my importance so stupid, as to say fine things to you before your husband? Let us see how far Lady M. herself dares do any thing like it, with all the wit and address she is mistress of. If Sir Robert can be so ignorant (now he is left to himself in the country) to imagine any such matter, let him know from me, that here in town every thing that lady says is taken for satire. For my part, every body knows it is my constant practice to speak truth, and I never do it more than when I call myself, your, &c.

3. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.¹

Aug. 18, 1716.

MADAM,—I can say little to recommend the letters I am beginning to write to you, but that they will be the most impartial representations of a free heart, and the truest copies you ever saw, though of a very mean original. Not a feature will be softened, or any advantageous light employed to make the ugly thing a little less hideous, but you shall find it in all respects most horribly like. You will do me an injustice if you look upon any thing I shall say from this instant, as a compliment either to you or to myself: whatever I write will be the real thought of that hour, and I know you will no more expect it of me to persevere till death, in every sentiment or notion I now set down, than you would imagine a man's face should never change after his picture was once drawn.

The freedom I shall use in this manner of thinking aloud

¹ This letter was published without date or address, and with some variations in the edition of 1735, in Pope's 4to, and all subsequent editions. In the table of contents to the 4to, it is said to be 'To a Lady Abroad.' It was first published from the original by Mr. Dallaway in his edition of the works of Lady M. W. Montagu in 1803, where it is dated "Twick'nam,

Aug. 18, 1716." The date is probably correct, except the word "Twick'nam," which could not have been inserted by Pope, who did not remove to Twickenham till 1718. See note on letter to Jervas, 12th December, 1718. The letter was forwarded through Mr. Methuen. See note (2) on p. 357.

(as somebody calls it), or talking upon paper, may indeed prove me a fool, but it will prove me one of the best sort of fools, the honest ones. And since what folly we have will infallibly buoy up at one time or other in spite of all our art to keep it down, it is almost foolish to take any pains to conceal it at all, and almost knavish to do it from those that are our friends. If Momus's project had taken, of having windows in our breasts, I should be for carrying it further, and making those windows casements: that while a man showed his heart to all the world, he might do something more for his friends, e'en take it out, and trust it to their handling. I think I love you as well as king Herod could Herodias (though I never had so much as one dance with you), and would as freely give you my heart in a dish as he did another's head. But since Jupiter will not have it so, I must be content to show my taste in life, as I do my taste in painting, by loving to have as little drapery as possible, "not that I think everybody naked altogether so fine a sight as yourself and a few more would be;" but because it is good to use people to what they must be acquainted with; and there will certainly come some day of judgment to uncover every soul of us. We shall then see how the prudes of this world owed all their fine figure only to their being a little straiter laced, and that they were naturally as arrant squabs as those that went more loose, nay, as those that never girded their loins at all.

But a particular reason to engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me, is, that I am confident no one knows you better. For I find, when others express their opinion of you, it falls very short of mine, and I am sure, at the same time, theirs is such as you would think sufficiently in your favour.

You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of correspondence with a person who had taught me long ago, that it was as possible to esteem at first sight, as to love: and who has since ruined me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible,

through your means, that the company of men wants a certain softness to recommend it, and that of women wants every thing else.¹ How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquillity and indolence I had so long found in the country, when one evening of your conversation has spoiled me for a *solitaire* too!² Looks have lost their effect upon me; and I was convinced since I saw you, that there is something more powerful than philosophy, and, since I heard you, that there is one alive wiser than all the sages. A plague of female wisdom! it makes a man ten times more uneasy than his own. What is very strange, Virtue herself, when you have the dressing her, is too amiable for one's repose. What a world of good might you have done in your time, if you had allowed half the fine gentlemen who have seen you to have but conversed with you! They would have been strangely caught,³ while they thought only to fall in love with a fair face, and you had bewitched them with reason and virtue; two beauties that the very fops pretend to have an acquaintance with.

The unhappy distance at which we correspond, removes a great many of those punctilious restrictions and decorums that oftentimes in nearer conversation prejudice truth to save good breeding. I may now hear of my faults, and you of your good qualities, without a blush on either side. We converse upon such unfortunate generous terms as exclude the regards of fear, shame, or design in either of us. And methinks it would be as ungenerous a part to impose even in a single thought upon each other, in this state of separation, as for spirits of a

¹ Compare Spectator, No. 158.

² Pope afterwards wrote to Judith Cowper in the same rapturous strain and partly in the same words. See letter beginning "I could not play."

³ In this passage, on its first publication, the word 'bit' was substituted for 'caught'—probably a sly allusion to his couplet:

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit;

or as originally written:

Once, and but once, his heedless youth
was bit,
And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit.

—THOMAS.

different sphere, who have so little intercourse with us, to employ that little (as some would make us think they do), in putting tricks and delusions upon poor mortals.

Let me begin, then, madam, by asking you a question, which may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than most instances of my life. In what manner did I behave the last hour I saw you? What degree of concern did I discover when I felt a misfortune, which I hope you never will feel, that of parting from what one most esteems? For if my parting looked but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greatest of all the hypocrites that ever decency made.

I never since pass by the house but with the same sort of melancholy that we feel upon seeing the tomb of a friend, which only serves to put us in mind of what we have lost. I reflect upon the circumstances of your departure,¹ your behaviour in what I may call your last moments, and I indulge a gloomy kind of satisfaction in thinking you gave some of those last moments to me. I would fain imagine this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration which I know you have in finding out the truth of people's sentiments, and that you were not unwilling the last man that would have parted with you should be the last that did. I really looked upon you then, as the friends of Curtius might have done upon that hero in the instant he was devoting himself to glory, and running to be lost out of generosity. I was obliged to admire your resolution in as great a degree as I deplored it; and could only wish that Heaven would reward so much merit as was to be taken from us, with all the felicity it could enjoy elsewhere.² May

¹ This passage, as published in the 4to, was slightly altered, with the obvious purpose of showing a greater familiarity than would be inferred from the letter as written and sent. The text in that edition is as follows:

"I reflect upon the circumstances of your departure, *which I was there a witness of* (your behaviour in what I may call your last moments), and I

indulge a gloomy kind of pleasure in thinking *that those last moments were given to me*. I would fain imagine that this was not accidental," &c., "and that you *are willing* the last man," &c.

² All the remainder of the letter was omitted on publication in the edition of 1735, and the 4to.

that person for whom you have left all the world, be so just as to prefer you to all the world ! I believe his good understanding has engaged him to do so hitherto, and I think his gratitude must for the future. May you continue to think him worthy of whatever you have done ; may you ever look upon him with the eyes of a first lover, nay, if possible, with all the unreasonable happy fondness of an unexperienced one, surrounded with all the enchantments and ideas of romance and poetry ! In a word, may you receive from him as many pleasures and gratifications as even I think you can give ! I wish this from my heart, and while I examine what passes there in regard to you, I cannot but glory in my own heart, that it is capable of so much generosity. I am, with all unalterable esteem and sincerity, madam, your most faithful, obedient, humble servant.

4. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.¹

[Aug. 20, 1716.]

MADAM,—You will find me more troublesome than ever Brutus did his evil Genius ; I shall meet you in more places than one, and often refresh your memory before you arrive at your Philippi. These shadows of me (my letters) will be haunting you from time to time, and putting you in mind of the man who has really suffered by you, and whom you have robbed of the most valuable of his enjoyments, your conversation. The advantage of learning your sentiments by discovering mine, was what I always thought a great one, and even worth the risk I run of manifesting my own indiscretion. You then rewarded my trust in you the moment it was given, for you pleased and informed me the minute you answered. I must now be contented with more slow returns. However, it is some pleasure, that your thoughts upon paper will be a more lasting possession to me, and that I shall no longer have

¹ First published by Dallaway in 1803.

cause to complain of a loss I have so often regretted, that of anything you said, which I happened to forget. In earnest, Madam, if I were to write to you as often as I think of you, it must be every day of my life. I attend you in spirit through all your ways, I follow in books of travels through every stage; I wish for you, fear for you through whole folios; you make me shrink at the past dangers of dead travellers; and when I read of an agreeable prospect, or delightful place, I hope it yet subsists to give you pleasure. I inquire the roads, the amusements, the company of every town and country you pass through, with as much diligence, as if I were to set out next week to overtake you. In a word, no one can have you more constantly in mind, not even your guardian-angel (if you have one); and I am willing to indulge so much popery as to fancy some Being takes care of you, who knows your value better than you do yourself: I am willing to think that Heaven never gave so much self-neglect and resolution to a woman, to occasion her calamity; but am pious enough to believe those qualities must be intended to conduce to her benefit and her glory.

Your first short letter¹ only serves to show me you are alive: it puts me in mind of the first dove that returned to Noah, and just made him know it had found no rest abroad.

There is nothing in it that pleases me, but when you tell me you had no sea-sickness. I beg your next may give me all the pleasure it can, that is, tell me any that you receive. You can make no discoveries that will be half so valuable to me as those of your own mind. Nothing that regards the countries you pass through engages so much of my curiosity or concern, as what relates purely to yourself. You can make no discoveries that will be half so valuable to me as those of your own mind, temper, and thoughts; and your welfare, to say truth, is more at my heart than that of Christendom.

I am sure I may defend the truth, though perhaps not the virtue, of this declaration. One is ignorant, or at best

¹ From Dort. This letter is wanting.

doubtful, of the merits of differing religions and governments : but private virtue one can be sure of. I can therefore judge what particular person deserves to be happier than others, but not what nation deserves to conquer another. You'll say, I am not *public-spirited* ; let it be so : I may have too many tendernesses, particular regards, or narrow views ; but at the same time I am certain that whoever wants these, can never be public-spirited ; for how is it possible for him to love a hundred thousand men, who never loved one ?

I communicated your letter to Mr. Congreve ; he thinks of you and talks of you as he ought, I mean as I do (for one always thinks that to be just as it ought). His health and my own are now so good, that we wish with all our souls you were a witness of it. We never meet but we lament over you : we pay a kind of weekly rites to your memory, where we strow flowers of rhetoric, and offer such libations to your name as it were a profaneness to call toasting. I must tell you, too, that the Duke of Buckingham has been more than once your high priest in performing the office of your praises ; and upon the whole, I believe there are as few men who do not deplore your departure, as women that sincerely do. For you, who know how many of your sex want good sense, know also they must want generosity. And I know how much of that virtue is requisite to make the very best not to enjoy you, but you have enough of both to pardon whatever you despise. For my part, I hate a great many women for your sake, and undervalue all the rest. 'Tis you are to blame, and may God revenge it upon you, with all those blessings and earthly prosperities, which, the divines tell us, are the cause of our perdition ; for if he makes you happy in this world, I dare trust your own virtue to do it in the other. I am, with the most unfeigned truth, madam, your most faithful and most obliged humble servant.

P.S. This letter is written on the 20th of August, though it will scarce reach you in a month, at my Lord James Hay's

arrival at Leghorn.¹ I shall then be in a particular manner solicitous for you, on your going again by sea; and therefore beg the earliest notice of your safe landing on the other side.

5. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU TO POPE.²

VIENNA, *Sept.* 14, 1716.

PERHAPS you will laugh at me, for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you express for me. It is certain that I may, if I please, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery, and, it may be, it would be taking them right. But I never, in my life, was half so well disposed to believe you in earnest, as I am at present, and that distance which makes the continuation of your friendship improbable, has very much increased my faith in it. I find that I have (as well as the rest of my sex), whatever face I set on it, a strong disposition to believe in miracles. Do not fancy, however, that I am infected by the air of these popish countries; I have, indeed, so far wandered from the discipline of the church of England, as to have been last Sunday at the opera, which was performed in the garden of the *Favorita*, and I was so much pleased with it, I have not yet repented my seeing it.

¹ Mr. Wortley Montagu originally intended to proceed to Constantinople by sea from Leghorn.—THOMAS.

² First published by Dallaway in 1803. Lady Louisa Stuart in her *Introductory Anecdotes to the works of Lady M. W. Montagu*, observes, “in justice to Lady Mary’s taste,” that her answers to Pope treat his “high heroic fustian” with “tacit contempt.” It must, however, be borne in mind that no original of any one of her letters to Pope has been found. Some were certainly suppressed, as appears from various allusions in Pope’s letters to letters received from Lady Mary, of which he frequently quotes the words. All the published letters of Lady Mary to Pope, save two of very doubtful authenticity from

the ‘Additional Volume’ of 1767, were prepared by Lady Mary herself for publication, and must therefore, looking to the fact of her quarrel with Pope, be considered doubtful. In the present letter the passage “I have indeed so far wandered from the discipline of the Church of England,” appears to allude to a similar passage in a letter of Pope. The letter referred to is undated, and might, therefore, have presented to Lady Mary, who possessed the original, no inconsistency; but it must have been written as late as October, 1716.—DILKE.

The passage alluded to above is on p. 362.

² First published by Dallaway in 1803.

Nothing of that kind ever was more magnificent ; and I can easily believe, what I am told, that the decorations and habits cost the emperor thirty thousand pounds sterling. The stage was built over a very large canal, and at the beginning of the second act, divided into two parts, discovering the water, on which there immediately came, from different parts, two fleets of little gilded vessels, that gave the representation of a naval fight. It is not easy to imagine the beauty of this scene, which I took particular notice of. But all the rest were perfectly fine in their kind. The story of the opera is the enchantment of *Alcina*, which gives opportunities for a great variety of machines and changes of the scenes, which are performed with a surprising swiftness. The theatre is so large, that it is hard to carry the eye to the end of it, and the habits in the utmost magnificence, to the number of one hundred and eight. No house could hold such large decorations ; but the ladies all sitting in the open air, exposes them to great inconveniences ; for there is but one canopy for the imperial family ; and the first night it was represented, a shower of rain happening, the opera was broken off, and the company crowded away in such confusion, that I was almost squeezed to death. But if their operas are thus delightful, their comedies are, in as high a degree, ridiculous. They have but one playhouse, where I had the curiosity to go to a German comedy, and was very glad it happened to be the story of *Amphitryon*. As that subject has been already handled by a Latin, French, and English poet, I was curious to see what an Austrian author would make of it. I understand enough of that language to comprehend the greatest part of it, and besides I took with me a lady who had the goodness to explain to me every word. The way is to take a box which holds four, for yourself and company. The fixed price is a gold ducat. I thought the house very low and dark ; but I confess the comedy admirably recompensed that defect. I never laughed so much in my life. It began with Jupiter's falling in love out of a peep-hole

in the clouds, and ended with the birth of Hereules. But what was most pleasant was the use Jupiter made of his metamorphosis, for you no sooner saw him under the figure of Amphitryon, but instead of flying to Alemena, with the raptures Mr. Dryden puts into his mouth, he sends for Amphitryon's tailor, and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a Jew of a diamond ring, and bespeaks a great supper in his name; and the greatest part of the comedy turns upon poor Amphitryon's being tormented by these people for their debts. Mercury uses Sosia in the same manner. But I could not easily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with not only indecent expressions, but such gross words as I do not think our mob would suffer from a mountebank. Besides, the two Sosias very fairly let down their breeches in the direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the first rank, that seemed very well pleased with their entertainment, and assured me this was a celebrated piece. I shall conclude my letter with this remarkable relation, very well worthy the serious consideration of Mr. Collier.¹ I will not trouble you with farewell compliments, which I think generally as impertinent as courtesies at leaving the room when the visit has been too long already.

6. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.²

[1716.]

MADAM,—I no more think I can have too many of your letters, than that I could have too many writings to entitle me to the greatest estate in the world; which I think so valuable a friendship as yours is equal to. I am angry at every scrap of paper lost, as at something that interrupts the history of

¹ Jeremy Collier. Alluding to his famous dispute with Congreve and others on the 'Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage.'

² First published by Dallaway in 1803. Some delay probably took place in the receipt of this letter. It ap-

pears to have been the one forwarded by Lord James Hay to Leghorn when it was believed that Lady Mary would proceed by that route. See p. 364. The letter published in Pope's version is a compound of this and the succeeding one.

my title; and though it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine lady to Sibyl, your leaves, methinks, like hers, are too good to be committed to the winds; though I have no other way of receiving them but by those unfaithful messengers. I have had but three, and I reckon in that short one from Dort,¹ which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter.² But I have so great an opinion of your goodness that had I received none, I should not have accused you of neglect or insensibility. I am not so wrong-headed as to quarrel with my friends the minute they do not write. I would as soon quarrel at the sun the minute he did not shine, which he is hindered from by accidental causes, and is in reality all that time performing the same course, and doing the same good offices as ever.

You have contrived to say in your last, the two most pleasing things to me in nature; the first is, that whatever be the fate of your letters, you will continue to write in the discharge of your conscience. This is generous to the last degree, and a virtue you ought to enjoy. Be assured in return, my heart shall be as ready to think you have done every good thing, as yours can be to do it; so that you shall never be able to favour your absent friend, before he has thought himself obliged to you for the very favour you are then conferring.³

The other is, the justice you do me in taking what I writ to you in the serious manner it was meant: it is the point upon which I can bear no suspicion, and in which, above all, I desire to be thought serious: it would be the most vexatious of all tyranny, if you should pretend to take for raillery, what is

¹ This letter does not appear in the manuscript book prepared by Lady Mary.—THOMAS.

² The sentences that follow down to the end of the paragraph, are omitted in Pope's published version.

³ The third and sixth paragraphs appear to relate to passages in a letter from Lady Mary, dated "Vienna, Sept.

14 (O. S.), 1716," and the fact that Pope has only heard that she is "going to Hanover" shows that the letter must have been written early in the correspondence, but no passage similar to that quoted in the second paragraph appears earlier than her letter dated "Belgrade, 12 Feby., 1717."—THOMAS.

the mere disguise of a discontented heart, that is unwilling to make you as melancholy as itself; and for wit, what is really only the natural overflowing and warmth of the same heart, as it is improved and awakened by an esteem for you: but since you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expressions have not at least been entirely unfaithful to those thoughts, to which I am sure they never can be equal. May God increase your faith in all truths that are as great as this! and depend upon it, to whatever degree your belief may extend, you can never be a bigot.

If you could see the heart I talk of, you would really think it a foolish good kind of thing, with some qualities as well deserving to be half laughed at, and half esteemed, as any in the world: its grand foible, in regard to you, is the most like reason of any foible in nature. Upon my faith, this heart is not, like a great warehouse, stored only with my own goods, with vast empty spaces to be supplied as fast as interest or ambition can fill them up; but it is every inch of it let out into lodgings for its friends, and shall never want a corner at your service; where I dare affirm, Madam, your idea lies as warm and as close as any idea in Christendom.¹

If I do not take care, I shall write myself all out to you; and if this correspondence continues on both sides at the free rate I would have it, we shall have very little curiosity to encourage our meeting at the day of judgment. I foresee that the further you go from me, the more freely I shall write; and if (as I earnestly wish) you would do the same, I cannot guess where it will end: let us be like modest people, who, when they are close together, keep all decorums; but if they step a little aside, or get to the other end of a room, can untie garters or take off shifts without scruple.²

¹ In Pope's published version: as close as any idea in Christendom."
 "And shall never want a corner where
 your idea will always lie as warm and

² This paragraph is omitted in Pope's published version.

If this distance (as you are so kind as to say) enlarges your belief of my friendship, I assure you it has so extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious on your account, and to wish that even slaughter, ruin, and desolation, might interpose between you and Turkey; I wish you restored to us at the expense of a whole people: I barely hope you will forgive me for saying this, but I fear God will scarce forgive me for desiring it.

Make me less wicked then. Is there no other expedient to return you and your infant¹ in peace to the bosom of your country? I hear you are going to Hanover; can there be no favourable planet at this conjuncture, or do you only come back so far to die twice? Is Eurydice once more snatched to the shades? If ever mortal had reason to hate the king, it is I; for it is my particular misfortune to be almost the only innocent man whom he has made to suffer, both by his government at home, and his negotiations abroad.²

7. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.³

[1716.]

If you must go from us, I wish at least you might pass to your banishment by the most pleasant way! Might all your road be roses and myrtles, and a thousand objects rise round you, agreeable enough to make England less desirable to you! I am glad, Madam, your native country uses you so well as to justify your regret for it. It is not for me to talk of it with tears in my eyes. I can never think that place my country, where I cannot call a foot of paternal earth my own. Indeed it may seem some alleviation, that when the wisest thing I can do is to leave my country, that which was most agree-

¹ Lady Mary's son, Edward Wortley, born 1713.

² Alluding to the circumstance of her husband being sent to Constantinople as a negociator, and the double taxes he himself paid as a

Catholic.—BOWLES.

³ First published by Dallaway in 1803. This probably formed one letter with the preceding, or was forwarded in the same enclosure.—THOMAS.

able in it should be taken from thence beforehand. I could overtake you with pleasure in Italy, (if you took that way,) and make that tour in your company. Every reasonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly instructive when you talked of it. I should at least attend you to the sea-coast, and cast a last look after the sails that transported you, if I liked Italy enough to reside in it. But I believe I should be as uneasy in a country where I saw others persecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was so myself by those of yours. And it is not impossible but I might run into Turkey in search of liberty; for who would not rather live a free man among a nation of slaves, than a slave among a nation of free men?

In good earnest, if I knew your motions towards Italy (on the supposition you go that course) and your exact time, I verily think I should be once more happy in a sight of you next spring. I will conclude with a wish, God send you with us, or me with you!

By what I have seen of Mons. Rousseau's¹ works, I should envy you his conversation. But I am sure I envy him yours.

Mr. Addison² has not had one Epithalamium that I can hear of, and must even be reduced, like a poorer and a better poet, Spenser, to make his own.

Mr. Congreve is entirely yours, and has writ twice to you; he is not in town, but well: I am in great health, and sit up all night; a just reward for a fever I just come out of, that kept me in bed seven days.

How may I send a large bundle to you?

I beg you will put dates to your letters; they are not long enough.

¹ Jean Baptiste Rousseau. He was banished from France for life, and is said to have resided three years at Vienna.

² Addison's marriage to the Countess of Warwick took place 2nd of August, 1716.

8. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU TO POPE.¹VIENNA, *October 10, O.S., 1716.*

I DESERVE not all the reproaches you make me. If I have been some time without answering your letter, it is not that I do not know how many thanks are due to you for it; or that I am stupid enough to prefer any amusements to the pleasure of hearing from you; but after the professions of esteem you have so obligingly made me, I cannot help delaying, as long as I can, showing you that you are mistaken. If you are sincere, when you say you expect to be extremely entertained by my letters, I ought to be mortified at the disappointment that I am sure you will receive, when you hear from me; though I have done my best endeavours to find out something worth writing to you.

I have seen every thing that was to be seen with a very diligent curiosity. Here are some fine villas, particularly the late Prince of Litchtenstein's, but the statues are all modern and the pictures not of the first hands. It is true, the Emperor has some of great value. I was yesterday to see the repository, which they call his treasure, where they seem to have been more diligent in amassing a great quantity of things than in the choice of them. I spent above five hours there, and yet there were very few things that stopped me long to consider them. But the number is prodigious, being a very long gallery filled on both sides, and five large rooms. There is a vast quantity of paintings, among which are many fine miniatures, but the most valuable pictures are a few of Corregio, those of Titian being at the Favorita.

The cabinet of jewels did not appear to me so rich as I expected to see it. They showed me here a cup, about the size of a tea-dish, of one entire emerald, which they had so particular a respect for, that only the Emperor has the liberty

¹ First published among Letters of the Right Honourable Lady M—y W—y M—u, 1763.

of touching it. There is a large cabinet full of curiosities of clockwork, only one of which I thought worth observing; that was a crawfish, with all the motions so natural, that it was hard to distinguish it from the life.

The next cabinet was a large collection of agates, some of them extremely beautiful, and of an uncommon size, and several vases of lapis lazuli. I was surprised to see the cabinet of medals so poorly furnished; I did not remark one of any value, and they are kept in a most ridiculous disorder. As to the antiques, very few of them deserve that name. Upon my saying they were modern, I could not forbear laughing at the answer of the profound antiquary that showed them, that *they were ancient enough; for, to his knowledge, they had been there these forty years.* But the next cabinet diverted me yet better, being nothing else but a parcel of wax babies, and toys in ivory, very well worthy to be presented to children of five years old. Two of the rooms were wholly filled with these trifles of all kinds, set in jewels, amongst which I was desired to observe a crucifix, that they assured me had spoken very wisely to the Emperor Leopold. I will not trouble you with a catalogue of the rest of the lumber; but I must not forget to mention a small piece of loadstone that held up an anchor of steel too heavy for me to lift. This is what I thought most curious in the whole treasure. There are some few heads of ancient statues; but several of them are defaced by modern additions.

I foresee that you will be very little satisfied with this letter, and I dare hardly ask you to be good-natured enough to charge the dulness of it on the barrenness of the subject, and to overlook the stupidity of, yours, &c.

9. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.¹

[Oct. 1716.]

AFTER having dreamed of you several nights, besides a hundred reveries by day, I find it necessary to relieve myself by writing ; though this is the fourth letter I have sent ; two by Mr. Methuen² and one by Lord James Hay, who was to be your convoy from Leghorn. In all I can say, I only make you a present in many words of what can do you no manner of good, but only raises my own opinion of myself,—all the good wishes and hearty dispositions I am capable of forming or feeling for a deserving object. But mine are indeed so warm that I fear they can proceed from nothing but what I cannot very decently own to you, much less to any other ; yet what, if a man has, he cannot help it.

For God's sake, madam, let not my correspondence be like a traffic with the grave, from whence there is no return. Unless you write to me, my wishes must be like a poor papist's devotions to separate spirits, who, for all they know or hear from them, either may or may not be sensible of their addresses. None but your guardian angels can have you more constantly in mind than I ; and if they have, it is only because they can see you always. If ever you think of those fine young beaux of Heaven, I beg you to reflect, that you have just as much consolation from them as I at present have from you.

While all people here are exercising their speculations upon the affairs of the Turks, I am only considering them as they may concern a particular person ; and, instead of forming

¹ First published by Warton from original. This is, no doubt, the letter forwarded by Mr. Stanyan, mentioned in Letter No. 10. It appears from the 'London Gazette' of Dec. 4—8, 1716, that Mr. Stanyan arrived in Vienna on the 17th November, O.S., a few days after Lady Mary and her

husband had started thence for Hanover. This letter, therefore, was probably written in October, 1716.

² That is *through* Mr. Methuen, the Secretary of State, who corresponded with Mr. Wortley on the affairs of the Embassy.—THOMAS.

prospects of the general tranquillity of Europe, am hoping for some effect that may contribute to your greater ease: above all, I would fain indulge an imagination, that the nearer view of the unquiet scene you are approaching to may put a stop to your further progress. I can hardly yet relinquish a faint hope I have ever had, that Providence will take some uncommon care of one who so generously gives herself up to it; and I cannot imagine God Almighty so like some of his vicegerents, as absolutely to neglect those who surrender to his mercy. May I thus tell you the truth of my heart? or must I put on a more unconcerned person, and tell you gaily that there is some difference between the court of Vienna and the camps in Hungary; that scarce a Basha living is so offensive a creature as Count Volkra; that the wives of ambassadors are as subject to human accidents and as tender as their skins; that it is not more natural for glass to cut, than for Turks and Tartars to plunder (not to mention ravishing, against which I am told beauty is no defence in those parts); that you are strangely in the wrong to forsake a nation that but last year toasted Mrs. Walpole, for one that has no taste of beauty after twenty, and where the finest woman in England would be almost superannuated? Would to God, Madam, all this might move either Mr. Wortley or you; and that I may soon apply to you both what I have read in one of Harlequin's comedies. He sees Constantinople in a raree-show, vows it is the finest thing upon earth, and protests it is prodigiously like. "Ay, Sir," says the man of the show, "you have been at Constantinople, I perceive." "No, indeed," says Harlequin, "I was never there myself, but I had a brother I loved dearly, who had the greatest mind in the world to have gone thither."

This is what I really wish from my soul, though it would ruin the best project I ever laid, that of obtaining through your means my fair Circassian slave; she whom my imagination had drawn more amiable than angels, as beautiful

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

FROM 1716 TO 1721.

I. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.¹

Tuesday Morning [1716].

MADAM,—So natural as I find it is to me to neglect every body else in your company, I am sensible I ought to do anything that might please you ; and I fancied upon recollection, our writing the letter you proposed was of that nature. I therefore sate down to my part of it last night, when I should have gone out of town. Whether or no you will order me, in recompense, to see you again, I leave to you ; for indeed I find I begin to behave myself worse to you than to any other woman, as I value you more ; and yet, if I thought I should not see you again, I would say some things here, which I could not to your person. For I would not have you die deceived in me ; that is, go to Constantinople² without knowing that I am to some degree of extravagance, as well as with the utmost reason, madam, your, &c.

¹ First published by Dallaway in
a
the by Mary left England, with

her husband, on his embassy to Constantinople about the end of July, 1716.

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ment the

2. POPE TO A LADY [LADY RICH].¹

Written on one column of a letter, while Lady M. wrote to the Lady's Husband on the other.

THE wits would say, that this must needs be a dull letter, because it is a married one. I am afraid indeed you will find what spirit there is must be on the side of the wife, and the husband's part, as usual, will prove the dullest. What an unequal pair are put together in this sheet! in which, though we sin, it is you must do penance. When you look on both sides of this paper, you may fancy that our words (according to a Scripture expression) are as a two-edged sword, whereof Lady M. is the shining blade, and I only the handle. But I cannot proceed without so far mortifying Sir Robert as to tell him, that she writes this purely in obedience to me, and that it is but one of those honours a husband receives for the sake of his wife.

It is making court but ill to one fine woman to show her the regard we have for another; and yet I must own there is not a period of this epistle but squints towards another over-against it. It will be in vain to dissemble: your penetrating eyes cannot but discover, how all the letters that compose these words lean forward after Lady M.'s letters, which seem to bend as much from mine, and fly from them as fast as they are able. Ungrateful letters that they are! which give themselves to another man, in the very presence of him who will yield to no mortal, in knowing how to value them.

You will think I forgot myself, and am not writing to you; but, let me tell you, it is you forget yourself at thought, for you are almost the only woman to

¹ This letter was published among Letters to Ladies in the edition of 1735, without date or address. Roseoe surmises that it was Pope's portion of the joint letter referred to in the prefatory note, and his surmise is pro-

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Sir
"

1803
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was written
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obtaining
e whom my
s, as beautiful

as the lady who was to choose her by a resemblance to so divine a face ; she whom my hopes had already transported over so many seas and lands, and whom my eager wishes had already lodged in my arms and heart ; she, I say, upon this condition, may remain under the cedars of Asia, and weave a garland of palms for the brows of a Turkish tyrant, with those hands which I had destined for the soft offices of love, or at worst for transcribing amorous madrigals : let that breast, I say, be now joined to some savage heart, that never beat with lust or rage ; that breast, inhabited by far more truth, fidelity, and innocence than those that heave with pride and glitter with diamonds ; that breast, whose very conscience would have been love, where duty and rapture made but one thought, and honour must have been the same with pleasure.

I cannot go on in this style : I am not able to think of you without the utmost seriousness ; and, if I did not take a particular care to disguise it, my letters would be the most melancholy things in the world. I believe you see my concern through all this affectation of gaiety, which is but like a fit of laughing in the deepest spleen or vapours. I am just alarmed with a piece of news that Mr. Wortley thinks of passing through Hungary, notwithstanding the war there. If ever any man loved his wife, or any mother her child, this offers you the strongest reason imaginable for staying at Vienna, at least this winter. For God's sake value yourself a little more ; and do not give us cause to imagine that such extravagant virtue can exist anywhere else than in a romance. I tremble for you the more, because (whether you believe it or not) I am capable myself of following one I love, not only to Constantinople, but to those parts of India, where, they tell us, the women best like the ugliest fellows, as the most admirable productions of nature, and look upon deformities as the signatures of divine favour. But (so romantic as I am) I should scarce take these rambles, without greater encouragement than I fancy any one who has been long married can

expect. You see what danger I shall be in if ever I find a fair one born under the same planet with Astolfo's wife. If, instead of Hungary you passed through Italy, and I had any hopes that lady's climate might give a turn to your inclinations, it is but your sending me the least notice, and I will certainly meet you in Lombardy, the scene of those celebrated amours between the fair princess and her dwarf.¹ From thence, how far you might draw me and I might run after you, I no more know than the spouse in the song of Solomon: this I know, that I could be so very glad of being with you in any pleasure, that I could be content to be with you in any danger. Since I am not to partake either, adieu: but may God, by hearing my prayers, and preserving you, make me a better Christian than any modern poet is at present. I am, madam, most faithfully yours.

10. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.²

[Nov., 1716].

THE more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myself. Methinks it is a noble spirit of contradiction to fate and fortune, not to give up those that are snatched from us, but follow them with warmer zeal, the further they are removed from the sense of it. Sure flattery never travelled so far as three thousand miles; it is now only for truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this distance. It is a generous piece of popery that pursues even those who are to be eternally absent, into another world; let it be right or wrong, the very extravagance is a sort of piety. I cannot be satisfied with strewing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing lost; but must consider you as a glorious though remote being, and be sending addresses and prayers after you. You have carried away so much of my es-

¹ This story forms the subject of a tale in verse entitled 'Woman,' published in 1709 in Jacob Tonson's Miscellany, to which Pope contri-

buted some of his early poems.—
THOMAS.

² First published in the edition of 1737.

teem,¹ that what remains of it is daily languishing and dying over my acquaintance here; and, I believe, in three or four months more, I shall think Aurat-bassar as good a place as Covent-Garden. You may imagine this but raillery, but I am really so far gone as to take pleasure in reveries of this kind. Let them say I am romantic; so is every one said to be that either admires a fine thing or praises one: it is no wonder such people are thought mad, for they are as much out of the way of common understanding as if they were mad, because they are in the right. On my conscience, as the world goes, it is never worth anybody's while to do a noble thing for the honour of it; glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other just debts are; and neither Mrs. Macfarland² for immolating her lover, nor Lady Mary for sacrificing herself,³ must hope to be ever compared with Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in some anger; for, having frequented those people most, since you went, who seemed most in your favour. I heard nothing that concerned you talked of so often as that you went away in a black full-bottom; which I did but assert to be a bob, and was answered,—love is blind. I am persuaded your wig had never suffered this criticism, but on the score of your head, and the two fine eyes⁴ that are in it.

For God's sake, madam, when you write to me, talk of yourself; there is nothing I so much desire to hear of: talk a great deal of yourself, that she who I always thought talked best may speak upon the best subject. The shrines and reliques you tell me of no way engage my curiosity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to see your face, than St. John Baptist's head. I wish you had not only all those fine

¹ In the edition of 1737, "Of me."

² Mrs. Macfarland shot Captain Cayley for an attempt upon her chastity at Edinburgh, 2nd October, 1716, as appears by the narrative pub-

lished in the 'Weekly Journal' of October 13.—THOMAS.

³ In the edition of 1737, "Nor you for constancy to your lord."

⁴ In the edition of 1737, "The two eyes that are in it."

statues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar set up, provided you were to travel no further than you could carry it.

The court of Vienna is really very edifying: the ladies, with respect to their husbands, seem to understand that text very literally, that commands us to *bear one another's burthens*: but I fancy many a man there is, like Issachar, *an ass between two burthens*. I shall look upon you no longer as a Christian when you pass from that charitable court to the land of jealousy, where the unhappy women converse with none but eunuchs, and where the very cucumbers are brought to them cut. I expect to hear an exact account how, and at what places, you leave one article of faith after another, as you approach nearer to Turkey.¹ Pray, how far are you gone already? Amidst the charms of high-mass and the ravishing trills of Sunday-opera, what think you of the doctrine and discipline of the church of England? Have you from your heart a reverence for Sternhold and Hopkins? How do your Christian virtues hold out in so long a voyage? You have already (without passing the bounds of Christendom) out-travelled the sin of fornication, and are happily arrived at the free region of adultery: in a little time you will look upon some other sins with more impartiality than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon you will time it so well as to make your faith serve out just to the last verge of Christendom; that you may discharge your chaplain (as humanity requires) in a place where he may find some business, and not be out of the way of all trade.

I doubt not but I shall be told (when I come to follow you through those countries) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourself to the customs of the true believers. At this town they will say, she practised to sit on the sofa; at that village she learned to fold the turban; here she was bathed and anointed; and there she parted with her black full-

¹ In the edition of 1737, "As you approach to the land of infidelity."

bottom ;¹ at every Christian virtue you lost, and at every Christian habit you quitted, it will be decent for me to fetch a holy sigh ; but still I shall proceed to follow you. How happy will it be, for a gay young woman, to live in a country where it is a part of religious worship to be giddy-headed ! I shall hear at Belgrade how the good Basha received the fair convert with tears of joy ; how he was charmed with her pretty manner of pronouncing the words Allah and Muhammed ; and how earnestly you joined with him in exhorting Mr. Wortley to be circumcised ;² but he satisfies you, by demonstrating, how, in that condition, he could not properly represent his Britannic Majesty. Lastly, I shall hear, how, the very first night you lay at Pera, you had a vision of Mahomet's paradise, and happily awaked without a soul ; from which blessed instant, the beautiful body was left to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for. But if my fate be such,³ that this body of mine (which is as ill matched to my mind as any wife to her husband) be left behind in the journey, let the epitaph of Tibullus be set over it :

Hic jacet immiti consumptus morte Tibullus,
Messalam, terrâ, dum sequiturque mari.

Here, stopped by hasty death, Alexis lies,
Who crossed half Europe, led by Wortley's eyes.⁴

I shall at least be sure to meet you in the next world, if there be any truth in our new doctrine of the day of judgment. Since your body is so full of fire, and capable of such solar motions as your letter describes, your soul can never be long going to the fixed stars, where I intend to settle ; or else you

¹ The words "at every Christian virtue," to the end of the sentence, are omitted in the edition of 1737.

² In the edition of 1737, "Exhorting your friend to embrace the religion."

³ From these words down to the end of the paragraph was omitted in the edition of 1737.

⁴ Compare :

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends ?

Who knows not her ? Ah, those are Wortley's eyes.

—GAY (*Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece*).

And,

And other beauties envy Wortley's eyes.

—*Epistle to Jervas* (First edition).

may find me in the milky way ; because Fontenelle assures us, the stars are so crowded there, that a man may stand upon one and talk to his friend on another. From thence, with a good telescope, what do you think one should take such a place as this world for ? I fancy, for the devil's rookery, where the inhabitants are ready to deafen and destroy one another with eternal noise and hunger.

I see I have done in this letter, as I have often done in your conversation, talked myself into a good humour, though I begun in an ill one : the mere pleasure of addressing you makes me run on, and it is in your own power to shorten this letter by giving over where you please, so I will make it no longer by apologies.¹

The rapidity of your journeys is what I have been imitating, though in a less sphere. I have been at York and Bath² in less than a fortnight ; all that time your letter (for which you have a thousand thanks from me) lay in London ; I had just before sent one by Mr. Stanyan,³ giving another for lost that went by Lord James Hay to Leghorn, where you was then expected. Mr. Congreve had written some time before, as I acquainted you in that, who, I assure you, no way deserves to be thought forgetful of you. I obey your orders, in sending inclosed two little pieces ; the printed one has made much noise and done some good at court : I am wrongfully suspected to be the author of it. They talk of some alterations there, which affect a man who never asked for anything but your pastorals. Lady Rich is brought to bed. I can only add my desire of being always thought yours, and of being told I am

¹ The rest of the letter is omitted in the edition of 1737.

² Pope in a letter to Teresa Blount of 7 August, 1716, says : " Lord Burlington's and my journey to the north is put off till September," and the 'Weekly Journal' of Saturday, 27 October, announces that "On Thursday last" the "Earl of Bur-

lington set out for the Bath." If Pope's journey to "York and Bath" was with Lord Burlington, the date of this letter must be as late as November.

³ From this passage and another in the preceding letter, it appears that this was the fifth letter written by Pope to Lady Mary since her departure,

thought so by yourself whenever you would make me as happy as I can be at this distance. Your, &c.

Mr. Craggs is very much yours.

I am just now told you are to go by way of Italy : I hope to God this is true, and that you will stay this winter to refresh yourself for new travels at Vienna. The seas will show no respect to merit or beauty in the winter season. To give you a convincing proof how romantic I am, if you pass through Italy next spring, and will give me timely notice and direction, it is very possible I may meet you there, and attend you till you take sea again for Constantinople.

11. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU TO POPE.¹

VIENNA, Jan. 16 [O.S.], [1716-17].

I HAVE not time to answer your letter, being in the hurry of preparing for my journey ; but I think I ought to bid adieu to my friends with the same solemnity as if I was going to mount a breach, at least, if I am to believe the information of the people here, who denounce all sorts of terrors to me ; and, indeed, the weather is at present such, as very few ever set out in. I am threatened, at the same time, with being frozen to death, buried in the snow, and taken by the Tartars, who ravage that part of Hungary I am to pass. It is true, we shall have a considerable *escorte*, so that possibly I may be diverted with a new scene, by finding myself in the midst of a battle.

How my adventures will conclude, I leave entirely to Providence ; if comically, you shall hear of them. Pray be so good as to tell Mr. Congreve I have received his letter. Make him my adieus ; if I live I will answer it. The same compliment to my Lady Rich.

¹ First published in edition of 'Letters,' &c., 1763. It appears from the 'London Gazette,' Feb. 2, Feb. 5,

1716-17, that Lady Mary and her husband left Vienna this day, N.S., January 27th.

12. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.¹*February 3 [1716-17].*

MADAM,—I wish I could write any thing to divert you, but it is impossible in the very unquiet state I am put into by your letter. It has grievously afflicted me without affectation; and I think you would hardly have writ it in so strong terms, had you known to what a degree I feel the loss of those I value (it is only decency that hinders me from saying, of her I value). From this instant you are doubly dead to me; and all the vexation and concern I endured at your parting from England, was nothing to what I suffer the moment I hear you have left Vienna. Till now, I had some small hopes in God, and in fortune; I waited for accidents, and had at least the faint comfort of a wish, when I thought of you; I am now—I cannot tell what—I will not tell what, for it would grieve you. This letter is a piece of madness that throws me after you in a distracted manner. I do not know which way to write, which way to send it, or if ever it will reach your hands: if it does, what can you infer from it, but what I am half afraid and half willing you should know,—how very much I was yours, how unfortunately well I knew you, and with what a miserable constancy I shall ever remember you?

If this falls into any other hands, it will say nothing I shall be ashamed to own, when either distance or death (for aught I can tell) shall have removed you for ever from the scandal of so mean an admirer.

What you say of your illness frightens me with a prospect I can never so much as dream of without horror. Though I am never to see you again, may you live to please other eyes, and improve other minds than mine; may you appear to distant worlds like a sun that is sunk out of the sight of our hemisphere, to gladden the other. It is no figure of speech when I tell you, that those mountains of snow, and woods laid

¹ First published by Warton from the original.

in ashes, you describe, are what I could wish to traverse with you. I find I flattered myself when I thought Italy had pleasures that could allure me to have met you there; I see it was only the view of meeting you that made that country appear charming to me; and I now envy the deserts and devastations of Hungary more than any parts of the polite world. It is seriously true, that I have not, since your last letter, the least inclination to see Italy, though, before I received it, I longed for your summons thither:—but it is foolish to tell you this;—did I say foolish? It is a thousand times worse, it is in vain!

You touch me very sensibly, in saying you think so well of my *friendship*; in that you do me too much *honour*. Would to God you would (even at this distance) allow me to correct this period, and change these phrases according to the real truth of my *heart*. I am foolish again; and methinks I am imitating, in my ravings, the dreams of splenetic enthusiasts and solitaires, who fall in love with saints, and fancy themselves in the favour of angels and spirits, whom they can never see or touch. I hope indeed that you, like one of those better beings, have a benevolence towards me; and I, on my part, really look up to you with zeal and fervour, not without some faint expectation of meeting hereafter, which is something between piety and madness.

Madam, I beg you to be so just to my impatience and anxiety for your sake, as to give me the first notice possible of your health and progress. This letter takes its chance from Mr. Stanhope's office.¹ Though you direct me to the merchantships bound for Constantinople, I could not stay so long as till one of those sets out. Whether you receive letters from me or not, you may depend upon my having writ, as the consequence of my thinking so often and so warmly of you. May Providence overshadow you, and that virtue and spirit which exposes you to dangers, protect you from them. I am the most earnest of

¹ Mr. Stanhope, afterwards Earl Stanhope, was then Secretary of State.

your well-wishers, and was going to say, your most faithful servant, but am angry at the weakness of all the terms I can use to express myself. Yours.

13. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU TO POPE.

BELGRADE, *Feb.* 12, 1717.¹

I DID verily intend to write you a long letter from Peterwaradin,² where I expected to stay three or four days, but the Bassa here was in such haste to see us, that he despatched the courier back (which Mr. W. had sent to know the time he would send the convoy to meet us), without suffering him to pull off his boots. My letters were not thought important enough to stop our journey, and we left Peterwaradin the next day, being waited on by the chief officers of the garrison, and a considerable convoy of Germans and Rascians. The Emperor has several regiments of these people; but to say the truth, they are rather plunderers than soldiers; having no pay, and being obliged to furnish their own arms and horses; they rather look like vagabond gypsies, or stout beggars, than regular troops. I cannot forbear speaking a word of this race of creatures, who are very numerous all over Hungary. They have a patriarch of their own at Grand Cairo, and are really of the Greek Church, but their extreme ignorance gives their priests occasion to impose several new notions upon them. These fellows letting their hair and beard grow inviolate, make exactly the figure of the Indian Brahmins. They are heirs general to all the money of the laity; for which, in return, they give them formal passports signed and sealed for heaven; and the wives and children only inherit the house and cattle. In most other points they follow the Greek Church.—This little digression has interrupted my telling you we passed over

¹ First published in 'Letters, &c.,' 1763.

² Yet see the next letter from Pope (No. 15) in the sixth paragraph of

which he acknowledges the receipt of a letter from Peterwaradin, and makes particular allusion to its contents.

the fields of Carlowitz, where the last great victory was obtained by Prince Eugene over the Turks. The marks of that glorious bloody day are yet recent, the field being yet strewed with the skulls and carcases of unburied men, horses, and camels. I could not look without horror on such numbers of mangled human bodies, nor without reflecting on the injustice of war, that makes murder not only necessary, but meritorious. Nothing seems to be a plainer proof of the *irrationality* of mankind (whatever fine claims we pretend to reason) than the rage with which they contest for a small spot of ground, when such vast parts of fruitful earth lie quite uninhabited. It is true, custom has now made it unavoidable; but can there be a greater demonstration of want of reason, than a custom being firmly established, so plainly contrary to the interest of man in general? I am a good deal inclined to believe Mr. Hobbes, that the *state of nature* is a *state of war*; but thence I conclude human nature not rational, if the word reason means common sense, as I suppose it does. I have a great many admirable arguments to support this reflection; I will not however trouble you with them, but return, in a plain style, to the history of my travels.

We were met at Betsko (a village in the midway between Belgrade and Peterwaradin) by an Aga of the Janizaries, with a body of Turks, exceeding the Germans by one hundred men, though the Bassa had engaged to send exactly the same number. You may judge by this of their fears. I am really persuaded that they hardly thought the odds of one hundred men set them even with the Germans; however, I was very uneasy till they were parted, fearing some quarrel might arise, notwithstanding the *parole* given. We came late to Belgrade, the deep snows making the ascent to it very difficult. It seems a strong city, fortified, on the east side, by the Danube, and on the south by the river Save, and was formerly the barrier of Hungary. It was first taken by Solyman the Magnificent; and since by the Emperor's forces, led by the Elector of Bavaria. The Emperor held it only two years, it

being retaken by the Grand Vizier. It is now fortified with the utmost care and skill the Turks are capable of, and strengthened by a very numerous garrison of their bravest Janizaries commanded by a Bassa Seraskier (*i.e.*, general); though this last expression is not very just; for to say truth, the Seraskier is commanded by the Janizaries. These troops have an absolute authority here, and their conduct carries much more the aspect of rebellion, than the appearance of subordination. You may judge of this by the following story, which at the same time will give you an idea of the *admirable* intelligence of the governor of Peterwaradin, though so few hours distant. We were told by him at Peterwaradin, that the garrison and inhabitants of Belgrade were so weary of the war, they had killed their Bassa about two months ago, in a mutiny, because he had suffered himself to be prevailed upon by a bribe of five purses (five hundred pounds sterling) to give permission to the Tartars to ravage the German frontiers. We were very well pleased to hear of such favourable dispositions in the people, but when we came hither, we found the governor had been ill informed, and the real truth of the story to be this. The late Bassa fell under the displeasure of his soldiers, for no other reason but restraining their incursions on the Germans. They took it into their heads from that mildness, that he had intelligence with the enemy, and sent such information to the Grand Signior at Adrianople; but, redress not coming quick enough from thence, they assembled themselves in a tumultuous manner, and by force dragged their Bassa before the Cadi and Mufti, and there demanded justice in a mutinous way; one crying out, Why he protected the infidels? another, Why he squeezed them of their money? The Bassa, easily guessing their purpose, calmly replied to them, that they asked him too many questions, and that he had but one life, which must answer for all. They then immediately fell upon him with their scimitars (without waiting the sentence of their heads of the law), and in a few moments cut him in pieces. The present Basha has

not dared to punish the murderer; on the contrary, he affected to applaud the actors of it, as brave fellows, that knew how to do themselves justice. He takes all pretences of throwing money among the garrison, and suffers them to make little incursions into Hungary, where they burn some poor Rascian houses.

You may imagine, I cannot be very easy in a town which is really under the government of an insolent soldiery. We expected to be immediately dismissed, after a night's lodging here; but the Basha detains us till he receives orders from Adrianople, which may, possibly, be a month a-coming. In the mean time, we are lodged in one of the best houses, belonging to a very considerable man amongst them, and have a whole chamber of Janizaries to guard us. My only diversion is the conversation of our host Achmet-beg, a title something like that of Count in Germany. His father was a great Basha, and he has been educated in the most polite Eastern learning, being perfectly skilled in the Arabic and Persian languages, and an extraordinary scribe, which they call *effendi*. This accomplishment makes way to the greatest preferments; but he has had the good sense to prefer an easy, quiet, secure life, to all the dangerous honours of the Porte. He sups with us every night, and drinks wine very freely. You cannot imagine how much he is delighted with the liberty of conversing with me. He has explained to me several pieces of Arabian poetry, which, I observe, are in numbers not unlike ours, generally of an alternate verse, and of a very musical sound. Their expressions of love are very passionate and lively. I am so much pleased with them, I really believe I should learn to read Arabic, if I was to stay here a few months. He has a very good library of their books of all kinds; and as he tells me, spends the greatest part of his life there. I pass for a great scholar with him, by relating to him some of the Persian tales, which I find are genuine. At first, he believed I understood Persian. I have frequent disputes with him, concerning the difference of our customs, particularly the confinement of

women. He assures me, there is nothing at all in it; only, says he, we have the advantage, that when our wives cheat us, nobody knows it. He has wit, and is more polite than many Christian men of quality. I am very much entertained with him. He has had the curiosity to make one of our servants set him an alphabet of our letters, and can already write a good roman hand. But these amusements do not hinder my wishing heartily to be out of this place; though the weather is colder than I believe it ever was any where but in Greenland. We have a very large stove constantly kept hot, and yet the windows of the room are frozen on the inside. God knows when I may have an opportunity of sending this letter; but I have written it for the discharge of my own conscience; and you cannot now reproach me, that one of yours makes ten of mine. Adieu.

14. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU TO POPE.¹ADRIANOPLE, *April 1, 1717.*²

I DARE say you expect, at least, something very new in this letter, after I have gone a journey not undertaken by any Christian for some hundred years. The most remarkable accident that happened to me, was my being very near overturned into the Hebrus; and, if I had much regard for the glories that one's name enjoys after death, I should certainly be sorry for having missed the romantic conclusion of swimming down the same river in which the musical head of Orpheus repeated verses so many ages since:

“Caput a cervice revulsum,
Gurgite cum medio, portans Œgrius Hebrus
Volveret, Euridicen vox ipsa, et frigida lingua,
Ah! miseram Euridicen! animâ fugiente, vocabat;
Euridicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.”

¹ First published in ‘Letters,’ &c., 1763.

² It appears from the official cor-

respondence in the State Paper Office that Mr. Wortley arrived at Adrianople 13th March, O.S.—DILKE.

Who knows but some of your bright wits might have found it a subject affording many poetical turns, and have told the world, in an heroic elegy, that,

As equal were our souls, so equal were our fates.

I despair of ever hearing so many fine things said of me, as so extraordinary a death would have given occasion for.

I am at this present moment writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is full of tall cypress trees, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning till night. How naturally do *boughs* and *vows* come into my mind at this minute! And must not you confess, to my praise, that it is more than an ordinary discretion that can resist the wicked suggestions of poetry, in a place where truth, for once, furnishes all the ideas of pastoral? The summer is already far advanced in this part of the world; and, for some miles round Adrianople, the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers are set with rows of fruit trees, under which all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening, not with walking, that is not one of their pleasures; but a set party of them choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick, and there they spread a carpet, on which they sit drinking their coffee, and are generally attended by some slave with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument. Every twenty paces you may see one of these little companies, listening to the dashing of the river; and this taste is so universal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often seen them and their children sitting on the banks of the river, and playing on a rural instrument, perfectly answering the description of the ancient *Fistula*, being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but agreeable softness in the sound.

Mr. Addison might here make the experiment he speaks of

in his travels ;¹ there not being one instrument of music among the Greek or Roman statues, that is not to be found in the hands of the people of this country. The young lads generally divert themselves with making garlands for their favourite lambs, which I have often seen painted and adorned with flowers, lying at their feet, while they sung or played. It is not that they ever read romances. But these are the ancient amusements here, and as natural to them as cudgel-playing and football to our British swains ; the softness and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exercises, which were never so much as heard of amongst them, and naturally inspiring a laziness and aversion to labour, which the great plenty indulges. These gardeners are the only happy race of country people in Turkey. They furnish all the city with fruits and herbs, and seem to live very easily. They are most of them Greeks, and have little houses in the midst of their gardens, where their wives and daughters take a liberty, not permitted in the town, I mean to go unveiled. These wenches are very neat and handsome, and pass their time at their looms under the shade of the trees.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer ; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country, who before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I do not doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his *Idylliums* had been filled with descriptions of threshing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trod out by oxen ; and butter (I speak it with sorrow) unheard of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained, that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of : many of the customs, and

¹ "It would, perhaps, be no impertinent design to take off all their models in wood, which might not only give us some notion of the

ancient music, but help us to pleasanter instruments than are now in use."—ADDISON'S '*Remarks on Several Parts of Italy.*'

much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained. I do not wonder to find more remains here, of an age so distant, than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners, as has been generally practised by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you, that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil, that Helen throws over her face, is still fashionable; and I never see half a dozen of old Bashas (as I do very often) with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *sung* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troupe of young girls, who imitate her steps, and if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead; these are the Greeian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the Eastern manners give a great light into many scripture passages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoke at court, or amongst the people of figure; who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their

discourse, that it may very well be called another language. And it is as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire, or Somersetshire, in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction, they have what they call the *sublime*, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact scripture style. I believe you would be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Basha, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse, you may be sure that on such an occasion, he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry, and I do not doubt you will be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling the Song of Solomon, which also was addressed to a royal bride.

Turkish Verses addressed to the Sultana, eldest daughter of Sultan Achmet III.

STANZA I.

- Ver. 1. The nightingale now wanders in the vines;
Her passion is to seek roses.
2. I went down to admire the beauty of the vines;
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.
3. Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag;

STANZA II.

1. The wished possession is delayed from day to day;
The cruel Sultan Achmet will not permit me
To see those cheeks more vermilion than roses.
2. I dare not snatch one of your kisses;
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.
3. Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

STANZA III.

1. The wretched Ibrahim sighs in these verses ;
One dart from your eyes has pierced through my heart.
2. Ah ! when will the hour of possession arrive ?
Must I yet wait a long time ?
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.
3. Ah ! Sultana ! stag-eyed—an angel amongst angels !
I desire,—and my desire remains unsatisfied.
Can you take delight to prey upon my heart ?

STANZA IV.

1. My cries pierce the heavens !
My eyes are without sleep !
Turn to me, Sultana ! let me gaze on thy beauty.
2. Adieu—I go down to the grave.
If you call me—I return.
My heart is—hot as sulphur ;—sigh, and it will flame.
3. Crown of my life, fair light of my eyes !
My Sultana ! my princess !
I rub my face against the earth ;—I am drowned in scalding tears—
I rave !
Have you no compassion ? will you not turn to look upon me ?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses in a literal translation ; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you, that they have received no poetical touches from their hands. In my opinion (allowing for the inevitable faults of a prose translation into a language so very different) there is a good deal of beauty in them. The epithet of *stag-eyed* (though the sound is not very agreeable in English) pleases me extremely ; and I think it a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress's eyes.—Monsieur Boileau has very justly observed, that we are never to judge of the elevation of an expression in an ancient author, by the sound it carries with us ; since it may be extremely fine with them, when, at the same time, it appears low or uncouth to us. You are so well acquainted with Homer, you cannot but have observed the same thing, and you must have the same indulgence for all oriental poetry. The repetitions at the end of the two first stanzas are meant for a

sort of chorus, and are agreeable to the ancient manner of writing. The music of the verses apparently changes in the third stanza, where the burden is altered; and I think he very artfully seems more passionate at the conclusion, as it is natural for people to warm themselves by their own discourse, especially on a subject in which one is deeply concerned; it is certainly far more touching, than our modern custom of concluding a song of passion, with a turn which is inconsistent with it. The first verse is a description of the season of the year; all the country now being full of nightingales, whose amours with roses is an Arabian fable, as well known here, as any part of Ovid amongst us, and is much the same as if an English poem should begin, by saying,—“Now Philomela sings.” Or what if I turned the whole into the style of English poetry, to see how it would look?

STANZA I.

- “Now Philomel renews her tender strain,
Indulging all the night her pleasing pain;
“I sought the groves to hear the wanton sing,
There saw a face more beauteous than the spring;
“Your large stag-eyes, where thousand glories play,
As bright, as lively, but as wild as they.

STANZA II.

- “In vain I’m promis’d such a heavenly prize.
Ah! cruel Sultan! who delay’st my joys!
While piercing charms transfix my amorous heart,
I dare not snatch one kiss, to ease the smart.
“Those eyes like, &c.

STANZA III.

- “Your wretched lover in these lines complains:
From those dear beauties rise his killing pains.
“When will the hour of wish’d-for bliss arrive?
Must I wait longer?—Can I wait and live?
“Ah! bright Sultana! maid divinely fair!
Can you unpitying see the pains I bear?

STANZA IV.

- “The heavens relenting hear my piercing cries,
I loath the light, and sleep forsakes my eyes;
Turn thee, Sultana, ere thy lover dies;

and all its circumstances, I suppose you will have from Lady Rich or Miss Griffith.¹ The political state is under great divisions, the parties of Walpole² and Stanhope as violent as Whig and Tory. The K. and P.³ continue two names; there is nothing like a coalition, but at the masquerade; however, the princess is a dissenter from it, and has a very small party in so unmodish a separation.

The last I received from your hands was from Peterwaradin: it gave me the joy of thinking you in good health and humour; one or two expressions in it are too generous ever to be forgotten by me.⁴ I writ a very melancholy one just before, which was sent to Mr. Stanyan,⁵ to be forwarded through Hungary. It would have informed you how meanly I thought of the pleasures of Italy, without the qualification of your company, and that mere statues and pictures are not more cold to me than I to them. I have had but four of your letters; I have sent several, and wish I knew how many you have received. For God's sake, madam, send to me as often as you can; in the dependance that there is no man breathing more constantly, or more anxiously mindful of you. Tell me that you are well, tell me that your little son is well, tell me that your very dog (if you have one) is well. Defraud me of no one thing that pleases you: for whatever that is, it will please me better than any thing else can do. I am always yours.

Colonel Charles Mordaunt, a nephew of Pope's friend, Lord Peterborough. Mordaunt was her third husband, and was much younger than his wife.—THOMAS.

¹ This may refer to Anne, daughter of Lady Mohun, by Colonel Edward Griffith, but it is probably a *lapsus pennæ* for Miss Griffin, Lady Rich's sister, mentioned elsewhere, in conjunction with her in these letters.

² Walpole resigned 10 April, 1717, and his friends about the same

time.

³ i.e., 'the King and Prince.' George the First, and his son the Prince of Wales, who were at this time at open rupture.

⁴ See note (2) to Letter 13.

⁵ This letter appears to be missing.—THOMAS.

Unless, as seems to me probable, he is confusing it in his memory with No. 12 sent 'from Mr. Stanhope's office.'

16. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU TO POPE.¹BELGRADE VILLAGE, *June 17, 1717.*

I HOPE before this time, you have received two or three of my letters. I had yours but yesterday, though dated the third of February, in which you suppose me to be dead and buried. I have already let you know that I am still alive; but to say truth, I look upon my present circumstances to be exactly the same with those of departed spirits. The heats of Constantinople have driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian fields. I am in the middle of a wood consisting chiefly of fruit trees, watered by a vast number of fountains, famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many shady walks, upon short grass, that seems to me artificial; but, I am assured, is the pure work of nature [and] within view of the Black Sea, from whence we perpetually enjoy the refreshment of cool breezes, that make us insensible of the heat of the summer. The village is only inhabited by the richest amongst the Christians, who meet every night at a fountain, forty paces from my house, to sing and dance. The beauty and dress of the women exactly resemble the ideas of the ancient nymphs, as they are given us by the representations of the poets and painters. But what persuades me more fully of my decease, is the situation of my own mind, the profound ignorance I am in, of what passes among the living (which only comes to me by chance), and the great calmness with which I receive it. Yet I have still a hankering after my friends and acquaintances left in the world, according to the authority of that admirable author,

That spirits departed are wondrous kind
To friends and relations left behind,
Which no body can deny.

Of which solemn truth I am a *dead* instance. I think Virgil

¹ First published in 'Letters,' &c., 1763.

is of the same opinion, that in human souls there will be still some remains of human passions :

— Curæ non ipsæ in morte relinquunt.

And it is very necessary to make a perfect Elysium, that there should be a river Lethe, which I am not so happy as to find. To say truth, I am sometimes very weary of the singing and dancing, and sunshine, and wish for the smoke and impertinences in which you toil; though I endeavour to persuade myself that I live in more agreeable variety than you do; and that *Monday*, setting of partridges; *Tuesday*, reading English; *Wednesday*, studying in the Turkish language (in which, by the way, I am already very learned); *Thursday*, classical authors; *Friday*, spent in writing; *Saturday*, at my needle; and *Sunday*, admitting of visits, and hearing of music, is a better way of disposing of the week, than *Monday*, at the drawing-room; *Tuesday*, Lady Mohun's; *Wednesday*, at the opera; *Thursday*, the play; *Friday*, Mrs. Chetwynd's, &c., a perpetual round of hearing the same scandal, and seeing the same follies acted over and over, which here affect me no more than they do other dead people. I can now hear of displeasing things with pity and without indignation. The reflection on the great gulf between you and me, cools all news that come hither. I can neither be sensibly touched with joy or grief, when I consider that, possibly, the cause of either is removed, before the letter comes to my hands. But (as I said before) this indolence does not extend to my few friendships; I am still warmly sensible of yours and Mr. Congreve's, and desire to live in your remembrance, though dead to all the world beside. I am, &c. &c.

17. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU TO POPE.¹

Sept. 1, 1717.

WHEN I wrote to you last, Belgrade was in the hands of the Turks; but, at this present moment, it has changed masters, and is in the hands of the Imperialists. A Janissary, who in nine days, and yet without any wings but what a panic terror seems to have furnished, arrived at Constantinople from the army of the Turks before Belgrade, brought Mr. W. the news of a complete victory obtained by the Imperialists, commanded by Prince Eugene, over the Ottoman troops. It is said the prince has discovered great conduct and valour in this action, and I am particularly glad that the voice of glory and duty has called him from the —— (*here several words of the manuscript are effaced*).——Two days after the battle the town surrendered. The consternation, which this defeat has occasioned here, is inexpressible; and the Sultan apprehending a revolution from the resentment and indignation of the people, fomented by certain leaders, has begun his precautions, after the goodly fashion of this blessed government, by ordering several persons to be strangled who were the objects of his royal suspicion. He has also ordered his treasurer to advance some months pay to the Janissaries which seems the less necessary, as their conduct has been bad in this campaign, and their licentious ferocity seems pretty well tamed by the public contempt. Such of them as return in straggling and fugitive parties to the metropolis, have not spirit nor credit enough to defend themselves from the insults of the mob; the very children taunt them, and the populace spit in their faces as they pass. They refused during the

¹ This letter was first published in the 'Additional Volume' of 1767, said to have been edited by the notorious John Cleland. No manuscript authority has been produced, and the authenticity of the letter, as of all others in that volume, is extremely doubtful. The compliments to Pope,

at the expense of Addison, are such as Lady Mary was not likely to have written, and the allusion to 'Twickenham' was impossible, as Pope did not remove to Twickenham till more than twelve months later. (See note on letter to Jervas of 12 December, 1718.)

battle to lend their assistance to save the baggage and the military chest, which however were defended by the Bashas and their retinue, while the Janissaries and Spahis were nobly employed in plundering their own camp.

You see here that I give you a very *handsome* return for your obliging letter. You entertain me with a most agreeable account of your amiable connexions with men of letters and taste, and of the delicious moments you pass in their society under the rural shade; and I exhibit to you in return, the barbarous spectacle of Turks and Germans cutting one another's throats. But what can you expect from such a country as this, from which the Muses have fled, from which letters seem eternally banished, and in which you see, in private scenes, nothing pursued as happiness but the refinements of an indolent voluptuousness, and where those who act upon the public theatre live in uncertainty, suspicion, and terror! Here pleasure, to which I am no enemy when it is properly seasoned and of a good composition, is surely of the cloying kind. Veins of wit, elegant conversation, easy commerce, are unknown among the Turks; and yet they seem capable of all these, if the vile spirit of their government did not stifle genius, damp curiosity, and suppress a hundred passions, that embellish and render life agreeable. The luscious passion of the seraglio is the only one almost that is gratified here to the full, but it is blended so with the surly spirit of despotism in one of the parties, and with the dejection and anxiety which this spirit produces in the other, that to one of my way of thinking it cannot appear otherwise than as a very mixed kind of enjoyment. The women here are not, indeed, so closely confined as many have related; they enjoy a high degree of liberty, even in the bosom of servitude, and they have methods of evasion and disguise that are very favourable to gallantry; but, after all, they are still under uneasy apprehensions of being discovered; and a discovery exposes them to the most merciless rage of jealousy, which is here a monster that cannot be satiated but with blood. The magnificence and riches that

reign in the apartments of the ladies of fashion here, seem to be one of their chief pleasures, joined with their retinue of female slaves, whose music, dancing, and dress amuse them highly ; but there is such an air of form and stiffness amidst this grandeur, as hinders it from pleasing me at long run, however I was dazzled with it at first sight. This stiffness and formality of manners are peculiar to the Turkish ladies ; for the Greeian belles are of quite another character and complexion ; with them pleasure appears in more engaging forms, and their persons, manners, conversation, and amusements are very far from being destitute of elegance and ease.

I received the news of Mr. Addison's being declared secretary of state with the less surprise, in that I know that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it, and [I] really believe that he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a post as that, and such a wife as the Countess, do not seem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is asthmatic ; and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both. It is well that he laid aside the thoughts of the voluminous dictionary, of which I have heard you or somebody else frequently make mention. But no more on that subject ; I would not have said so much, were I not assured that this letter will come safe and unopened to hand. I long much to tread upon English ground, that I may see you and Mr. Congreve, who render that ground *classic ground* ; nor will you refuse our present secretary a part of that merit, whatever reasons you may have to be dissatisfied with him in other respects. You are the three happiest poets I ever heard of ; one a secretary of state, the other enjoying leisure with dignity in two lucrative employments ; and you, though your religious profession is an obstacle to court promotion, and disqualifies you from filling civil employments, have found the *philosopher's stone*, since by making the Iliad pass through your poetical crucible into an English form, without losing aught of its original beauty, you have drawn the golden current of Pactolus to Twickenham. I call this finding the

philosopher's stone, since you alone found out the secret, and nobody else has got into it. A[ddiso]n and T[icke]l tried it, but their experiments failed; and they lost, if not their money, at least a certain portion of their fame in the trial; while you touched the mantle of the divine Bard, and imbibed his spirit. I hope we shall have the *Odyssey* soon from your happy hand, and I think I shall follow with singular pleasure the traveller Ulysses, who was an observer of men and manners, when he travels in your harmonious numbers. I love him much better than the hot-headed son of Peleus, who bullied his general, cried for his mistress, and so on. It is true, the excellence of the *Iliad* does not depend upon his merit or dignity, but I wish, nevertheless, that Homer had chosen a hero somewhat less pettish and less fantastic; a perfect hero is chimerical and unnatural, and consequently uninformative: but it is also true that while the epic hero ought to be drawn with the infirmities that are the lot of humanity, he ought never to be represented as extremely absurd. But it becomes me ill to play the critic; so I take my leave of you for this time, and desire you will believe me, with the highest esteem, your, &c.

18. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.¹

[October, 1717.]

MADAM.—I could quarrel with you quite through this paper, upon a period in yours, which bids me remember you if possibly I can. You would have shown more knowledge both of yourself and of me, had you bid me forget you if possibly I could. When I do, may this hand (as the Scripture says) forget its cunning; and this heart its—folly, I was going to say—but I mean, its reason, and the most rational sensation it ever had—that of your merit.

¹ First published by Warton from the original. The date must have been October, 1717, for Pope, in his next letter, evidently referred to this

as written within a few days of the death of his father, which took place 23rd October, 1717.

The poetical manner in which you paint some of the scenes about you, makes me despise my native country, and sets me on fire to fall into the dance about your fountain in Belgrade village. I fancy myself, in my romantic thoughts and distant admiration of you, not unlike the man in the Alchymist, that has a passion for the queen of the fairies; I lie dreaming of you in moonshiny nights, exactly in the posture of Endymion gaping for Cynthia in a picture; and with just such a surprise and rapture should I awake, if, after your long revolutions were accomplished, you should at last come rolling back again, smiling with all that gentleness and serenity peculiar to the moon and you; and gilding the same mountains from which you first set out on your solemn melancholy journey. I am told that fortune (more just to us than your virtue) will restore the most precious thing it ever robbed us of.¹ Some think it will be the only equivalent the world affords for Pitt's diamond,² so lately sent out of our country; which, after you was gone, was accounted the most valuable thing here. Adieu to that toy! let the costly bauble be hung about the neck of the baby king it belongs to, so England does but recover that jewel, which was the wish of all her sensible hearts, and the joy of all her discerning eyes. I can keep no measures in speaking of this subject. I see you already coming; I feel you as you draw nearer; my heart leaps at your arrival. Let us have you from the east, and the sun is at her service.

I write as if I were drunk, the pleasure I take in thinking of your return transports me beyond the bounds of common sense and decency. Yet believe me, Madam, if there be any circumstance of chagrin in the occasion of that return, if there be any public or private ill fortune that may give you a displeasure, I must still be ready to feel a part of it, notwithstanding the joy I now express.

¹ Addison's letter to Mr. Wortley announcing his recall is dated 28 September, 1717.

² Governor Pitt's celebrated dia-

mond was purchased for the young King of France in 1717. See *Daily Courant*, June 5, 1717.—THOMAS.

I have been mad enough to make all the inquiry I could at what time you set out, and what route you were to take. If Italy run yet in your thoughts, I hope you will see it in your return. If I but knew you intended it, I would meet you there, and travel back with you. I would fain behold the best and brightest thing I know, in the scene of ancient virtue and glory; I would fain see how you look, on the very spot where Curtius sacrificed himself for his country; and observe what difference there would be in your eyes, when you ogled the statue of Julius Cæsar, and a Marcus Aurelius. Allow me but to sneak after you in your train, to fill my pockets with coins, or to lug an old busto behind you, and I shall be proud beyond expression. Let people think, if they will, that I did all this for the pleasure of treading on classic ground; I would whisper other reasons in your ear. The joy of following your footsteps would as soon carry me to Mecca as to Rome; and let me tell you as a friend, if you are really disposed to embrace the Mahometan religion, I will fly on pilgrimage with you thither, with as good a heart, and as sound devotion, as ever Jeffery Rudel, the Provençal poet, went after the fine Countess of Tripoly to Jerusalem. If you never heard of this Jeffery, I will assure you he deserves your acquaintance. He lived in our Richard the First's time; put on a pilgrim's weed, took his voyage, and when he got a-shore, was just upon the point of expiring. The Countess of Tripoly came to the ship, took him by the hand: he lifted up his eyes, said he had been blest with a sight of her, he was satisfied, and so departed this life. What did the Countess of Tripoly upon this? She made him a splendid funeral, built him a tomb of porphyry; put his epitaph upon it in Arabic verse; had his sonnets curiously copied out, and illumined with letters of gold; was taken with melancholy, and turned nun.¹ All

¹ The story of "Jauffre Rudel and the Countess of Tripoli" will be found in Sismondi's 'Histoire de la Litté-

rature du Midi de l'Europe,' tom. i. chap. iii.

this, madam, you may depend upon for a truth, and I send it to you in the very words of my author.

I do not expect all this should be punctually copied on either side, but methinks something like it is done already. The letters of gold, and the curious illumining of the sonnets, were not a greater token of respect than what I have paid to your *Eclogues*:¹ they lie enclosed in a monument of red Turkey, written in my fairest hand;² the gilded leaves are opened with no less veneration than the pages of the sibyls; like them, locked up and concealed from all profane eyes; none but my own have beheld these sacred remains of yourself; and I should think it as great a wickedness to divulge them, as to scatter abroad the ashes of my ancestors. As for the rest, if I have not followed you to the ends of the earth, it is not my fault; if I had, I might possibly have died as gloriously as Jeffery Rudel; and if I had so died, you might probably have done every thing for me that the Countess of Tripoly did, except turning nun.

But since our romance is like to have a more fortunate conclusion, I desire you to take another course to express your favour towards me; I mean by bringing over the fair Circassian we used to talk of. I was serious in that request, and will prove it by paying for her, if you will lay out my money so well for me. The thing shall be as secret as you please, and the lady made another half of me, that is, both my mistress and my servant, as I am both my own servant, and my own master. But I beg you to look oftener than you used to do in your glass, in order to choose me one I may like. If you have any regard to my happiness, let there be something as near as possible to that face; but, if you please, the colours a little less vivid, the eyes a little less bright (such as reflection will show them); in short, let her be such an one as you seem in

¹ Lady M. W. Montagu's '*Town Eclogues*.' They had been published in 1716 under the title of '*Court Eclogues*.'

² This copy, in Pope's early, print-hand, and bound in red Turkey, is still existing among the Wortley manuscripts.—THOMAS.

your own eyes, that is, a good deal less amiable than you are. Take care of this, if you have any regard to my quiet: for otherwise, instead of being her master, I must be only her slave.

I cannot end this letter without asking if you have received a box of books, together with letters from Mr. Congreve and myself? It was directed to Mr. Wortley at Constantinople, by a merchant ship that set sail last June. Mr. Congreve, in fits of the gout, remembers you. Dr. Garth makes epigrams in prose when he speaks of you. Sir Robert Rich's lady loves you, though Sir Robert admires you. Mr. Craggs commemorates you with honour, the Duke of Buckingham with praise, I myself with something more. When people speak most highly of you, I think them sparing: when I try myself to speak of you, I think I am cold and stupid. I think my letters have nothing in them, but I am sure my heart has so much, that I am vexed to find no better name for your friend and admirer, than your friend and admirer.

19. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.¹

[1718.]

I WRITE this after a very severe illness, that had like to have cost you a friend: and in writing I rebel against a despotic doctor, whose tyranny the greatest here obey, and from the same servile principles that most men obey tyrants—the fear of death. He says I must think but slightly of anything: now I am practising if I can think so of you, which if I can I shall be above regarding any thing in nature for the future: I may then look upon the sun as a spangle, and the world as a hazel-nut. But in earnest, you should be pleased at my recovery, as it is a thing you will get something by. Heaven has renewed a lease to you of a sincere servant: abundance of

¹ First published by Warton from original. The allusions to the death of his father “last winter,” and the

“fine evenings,” indicate the date to be the summer of 1718.

good wishes and grateful thanks will be added to those you have had from me already ; and Lady Mary will be spoken of with respect and tenderness some years longer.

This last winter has seen great revolutions in my little affairs. My sickness was preceded by the death of my father, which happened within a few days after I had writ to you, inviting myself to meet you in your journey homewards. I have yet a mother of great age and infirmities, whose last precarious days of life I am now attending, with such a solemn pious kind of officiousness as a melancholy recluse watches the last risings and fallings of a dying taper. My natural temper is pretty much broke, and I live half a hermit within five miles of London.¹ A letter from you soothes me in my reveries ; it is like a conversation with some spirit of the other world, the least glimpse of whose favour sets one above all taste of the things of this : indeed, there is little or nothing angelical left behind you ; the women here are—women. I cannot express how I long to see you face to face ; if ever you come again, I shall never be able to behave with decency, I shall walk, look, and talk at such a rate, that all the town must know I have seen something more than human. Come, for God's sake ; come, Lady Mary ; come quickly !

I extremely regret the loss of your oriental learning, for that letter I never had, but am heartily glad you kept a copy. I believe one of mine had the same fate, wherein I begged a Circassian woman of you, the likeliest yourself that could be purchased.² Do not think to put me off with a little likeness of you ; the girl which I hear you have some way or other procured, and are bringing with you, is not fit for me ;³—whatever you may fancy, Molyneux is married, and I am past a boy.⁴

At Chiswick, where Pope resided at this time.

² See preceding letter.

³ Lady Mary's daughter, afterwards Lady Bute, born at Constantinople in February, 1716–17.

⁴ Samuel Molyneux, son of Locke's friend, and secretary to the Prince of Wales. He married Lady Elizabeth Capel, April 5, 1717. He was born in 1689, and died in 1728.—THOMAS.

I must tell you a story of Molyneux: the other day, at the prince's levee, he took Mr. Edgecomb aside, and asked, with an air of seriousness, What did the Czar of Muscovy, when he disinherited his son, do with his secretary? To which Edgecomb answered, He was sewed up in a football, and tossed over the water.

Now I am got among your acquaintance, you must be content to hear how often I talk of you with Mr. Craggs, Mr. Methuen, Mr. Congreve, D. of Buckingham, Sir R. Rich, Miss Griffin, &c. I am almost angry to go into any body's company where I ever saw you; I partly enjoy and partly regret it. It is not without vexation that I roam on the Thames in a fine evening, or walk by moonlight in St. James's Park; I can scarce allow any thing should be calm, or any thing sweet without you. Give me leave at this distance to say that I am something so much between a philosopher and a lover, that I am continually angry at fortune for letting me enjoy those amusements which I fancy you want; and I seldom receive any pleasure, but it is got into my head, why has she not a share of it? This is really true; and yet you are not so prodigiously obliged to me neither, because I wish almost every vanity that can delight them.

Our gallantry and gaiety have been great sufferers by the rupture of the two courts here: scarce any ball, assembly, basset-table, or any place where two or three are gathered together. No lone house in Wales, with a rookery, is more contemplative than Hampton Court. I walked there the other day by the moon, and met no creature of any quality but the king, who was giving audience all alone to the birds under the garden wall.¹

¹ Pope sent the same anecdote to the Miss Blounts in letter dated 13 September, 1717, but with variations that are curious. "I can easily believe no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this Court, and

as a proof of it I need only tell you Mrs. L. walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience to the vice chamberlain all alone under the garden-

How many hundred things have I to say to you, not ten of which, perhaps, I shall remember when we meet. I have seen many fine things, many vile things, and many ridiculous things, all which are an amusement to those who can think; though one emulates the first sort, one is hurt by the second, and vexed at the third. If one laughs at the world they will say he is proud; if one rails at it they will say he is ill-natured; and yet one or other of these one must do upon the whole. I am melancholy, which (to say truth) is all one gets by pleasures themselves; but I should not tell you this, if I did not think you of opinion, that melancholy does me as little hurt as any man; and after all he must be a beast that can be melancholy with such a fine woman as you to his friend. Adieu. Were I your guardian spirit, your happiness would be my whole care. As I am a poor mortal, it is one of my most earnest wishes. Yours.

I beg you to write to me soon. You are now come into the region of posts, and under the care of secretaries, the whole succession of whom are your servants, and give me more than pensions and places when they give me your letters.

20. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.¹

September 1, 1718.

MADAM,—I have been (what I never was till now) in debt to you for a letter some weeks. I was informed you were at sea, and that it was to no purpose to write till some news had been heard of your arriving somewhere or other. Besides, I have had a second dangerous illness, from which I was more diligent to be recovered than from the first, having now some hopes of seeing you again. If you make any tour in Italy, I shall not easily forgive you for not acquainting me soon

¹ First published by Warton from the original.

enough to have met you there. I am very certain I can never be polite unless I travel with you ; and it is never to be repaired, the loss that Homer had sustained for want of my translating him in Asia. You will come hither full of criticisms against a man who wanted nothing to be in the right but to have kept you company. You have no way of making me amends but by continuing an Asiatic when you return to me, whatever English airs you may put on to other people.

I prodigiously long for your sonnets, your remarks, your Oriental learning ; but I long for nothing so much as your Oriental self. You must of necessity be *advanced* so far *back* into true nature and simplicity of manners, by these three years' residence in the East, that I shall look upon you as so many years younger than you was, so much nearer innocence, (that is, truth,) and infancy (that is, openness). I expect to see your soul as much thinner dressed as your body ; and that you have left off, as unwieldy and cumbersome, a great many damned European habits. Without offence to your modesty be it spoken, I have a burning desire to see your soul stark naked, for I am confident it is the prettiest kind of white soul in the universe. But I forget whom I am talking to ; you may possibly by this time believe, according to the prophet, that you have none ; if so, show me that which comes next to a soul ; you may easily put it upon a poor ignorant Christian for a soul, and please him as well with it ;—I mean your heart ; —Mahomet, I think, allows you hearts ; which (together with fine eyes and other agreeable equivalents), are worth all the souls on this side the world. But if I must be content with seeing your body only, God send it to come quickly : I honour it more than the diamond-casket that held Homer's Iliads ; for in the very twinkle of one eye of it there is more wit, and in the very dimple of one cheek of it there is more meaning, than all the souls that ever were casually put into women since men had the making of them.

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great

impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. It overlooks a common-field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man about five and twenty, Sarah a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July,) a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sate by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair;—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in

the parish of Stanton Harcourt in Oxfordshire ; where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one : I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better ; I think it was what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile their faithful fair expire ;
Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

I.

Think not, by rigorous judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire ;
Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleas'd,
And snatched them in celestial fire.

II.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate :
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I cannot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument ; unless you will give them another,—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness ; you must have it ; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue ; the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.¹

¹ The story of the “lovers struck dead by lightning” was first told in a letter from Gay “to Mr. F—.” [Fortescue], dated 9 Aug., and pub-

lished in the 4to of 1737. On the publication of the present letter by Warton, it appeared that the same story, substantially in the same

But when you are reflecting upon objects of pity, pray do not forget one, who had no sooner found out an object of the highest esteem, than he was separated from it; and who is so very unhappy as not to be susceptible of consolation from others, by being so miserably in the right as to think other women what they really are. Such an one cannot but be desperately fond of any creature that is quite different from these. If the Circassian be utterly void of such honour as these have, and such virtue as these boast of, I am content. I have detested the sound of *honest woman*, and *loving spouse*, ever since I heard the pretty name of Odaliche. Dear madam, I am for ever your, &c.

My most humble services to Mr. Wortley. Pray let me hear from you soon, though I shall very soon write again. I am confident half our letters are lost.

21. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.¹

DEAR MADAM,—It is not possible to express the least part of the joy your return gives me; time only and experience will convince you how very sincere it is. I excessively long to meet you, to say so much, so very much to you,—that I believe I shall say nothing. I have given orders to be sent for, the first

words, had been woven into a letter by Pope to Lady Mary, and Thackeray concluded that Gay's was the original, and that "the great Mr. Pope admired it so much that he thought proper to steal it." There is no ground for this assertion, so far as appears, but the priority of date; and indeed if dates are to determine the question, the author would seem to have been Pope. See Pope's letter to Martha Blount, of the 6th of August, with "P.S." of the 9th. The fair presumption is that the story was considered so strange, and

so interesting, that one or the other, or both together, drew up the account, which was sent by each to his particular friend, and in some instances to joint friends, in their joint names. Thus in a letter from Cirencester to Pope of the 14th of August, now first published, Lord Bathurst writes: "I must now return my thanks to Mr. Gay and you for the melancholy novel you sent me of the two unhappy lovers."

¹ First published by Warton from the original.

minute of your arrival (which I beg you will let them know at Mr. Jervas's). I am fourscore miles from London, a short journey compared to that I so often thought at least of undertaking rather than die without seeing you again. Though the place I am in is such as I would not quit for the town if I did not value you more than any, nay everybody else there; and you will be convinced how little the town has engaged my affections in your absence from it, when you know what a place this is which I prefer to it. I shall therefore describe it to you at large, as a true picture of a genuine ancient country seat.

You must expect nothing regular in my description of a house that seems to be built before rules were in fashion; the whole is so disjointed and the parts so detached from each other and yet so joining again one cannot tell how, that (in a poetical fit) you would imagine it had been a village in Amphion's time, where twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who should ever think to get into this house the right way; one would expect after entering through the porch to be let into the hall; alas! nothing less; you find yourself in a brewhouse. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. On each side our porch are two chimneys, that wear their greens on the outside, which would do as well within, for whenever we make a fire, we let the smoke out of the windows. Over the parlour window hangs a sloping balcony, which time has turned to a very convenient pent-house. The top is crowned with a very venerable tower, so like that of the church just by, that the jackdaws build in it as if it were the true steeple.

The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hospitality; ornamented with monstrous horns, about twenty broken pikes, and a match-lock

musquet or two, which they say were used in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass. There seems to be great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glass, ancient families being like ancient windows, in the course of generations, seldom free from cracks. One shining pane bears date 1286. The youthful face of Dame Elinor owes more to this single piece, than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory? For in another pane you see the memory of a knight preserved, whose marble nose is moulded from his monument in the church adjoining. And yet, must not one sigh to reflect, that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a stone? In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered knights and courtly dames, with ushers, sewers and seneschals; and yet it was but the other night that an owl flew in hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you up (and down), over a very high threshold into the parlour. It is furnished with historical tapestry, whose marginal fringes do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about them. These are carefully set at the further corner; for the windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard-seed in, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour lies (as I said before) the pigeon-house; by the side of which runs an entry that leads, on one hand and the other, into a bedchamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study. Then follow a brewhouse, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy. A little further on the right, the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has

a lattice into the said hall, that while she said her prayers, she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground-floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names; among which I must not forget a chamber, that has in it a large antiquity of timber, which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cyder-press.

Our best room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a handbox: it has hangings of the finest work in the world, those, I mean, which Arachne spins out of her own bowels: indeed the roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower of rain, we may (with God's blessing) expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floors.

All this upper story has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient seat are grey. Since these had not quitted it, we hope at least this house may stand during the small remainder of days these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another: they have still a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

I had never seen half what I have described, but for an old starched greyheaded steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not, as we passed from room to room, to relate several memoirs of the family, but his observations were particularly curious in the cellar: he showed where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent for toasts in the morning: he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragment of an unframed picture: "This (says he, with tears in his eyes) was poor Sir Thomas, once master of the drink I told you of: he had two sons (poor young masters!) that never arrived to the age of this beer; they both fell ill in this very cellar, and never went out upon their own legs." Ho

could not pass by a broken bottle, without taking it up to show us the arms of the family on it. He then led me up the tower, by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another; one of these was nailed up, and my guide whispered to me the occasion of it. It seems, the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken with a neighbouring prior; ever since which, the room has been made up, and branded with the name of the adultery-chamber. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk here; some prying maids of the family formerly reported that they saw a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole; but this matter was hushed up, and the servants forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long letter; but what engaged me in the description was a generous principle to preserve the memory of a thing that must itself soon fall to ruin; nay, perhaps, some part of it before this reaches your hands. Indeed, I owe this old house the same gratitude that we do to an old friend, that harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his last extremities. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even any body that would visit me dares not venture under my roof. You will not wonder I have translated a great deal of Homer in this retreat; any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a fitter or more likely place to converse with the dead. As soon as I return to the living, it shall be to converse with the best of them. I hope therefore very speedily to tell you in person how sincerely and unalterably I am, madam, yours, &c.¹

I beg Mr. Wortley to believe me his most humble servant.

¹ It is remarkable, that this description of an old mansion is the very same with that he sent to the Duke of Buckingham, in answer to

22. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU TO POPE.¹LYONS, *Sept.* 28, 1718.

I RECEIVED yours here, and should thank you for the pleasure you seem to enjoy from my return, but I can hardly forbear being angry at you, for rejoicing at what displeases me so much. You will think this but an odd compliment on my side. I will assure you, it is not from insensibility of the joy of seeing my friends; but when I consider that I must at the same time see and hear a thousand disagreeable impertinents; that I must receive and pay visits, make curtesies, and assist at tea-tables where I shall be half killed with questions; and on the other part, that I am a creature that cannot serve anybody but with insignificant good wishes; and that my presence is not a necessary good to any one member of my native country, I think I might much better have stayed where ease and quiet made up the happiness of my indolent life. I should certainly be melancholy, if I pursued this theme one line further. I will rather get the remainder of this paper with the inscriptions on the tables of brass that are placed on each side of the town house.

* * * * *

I was also showed without the gate of St. Justinus some remains of a Roman Aqueduct, and behind the monastery of St. Mary there are the ruins of the Imperial Palace where the

one the Duke had given him of Buckingham-house.—WARTON.

We find from a preceding letter, that Pope had just passed part of the summer of 1718, at an old romantic seat of Lord Harcourt's, which he lent him.—This mansion, situated in the parish of Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire, appears to have afforded the groundwork of the present description, and of that contained in the letter to the Duke of Buckingham, vol. vi. p. 226; which vary only in a few trifling particulars.

—BOWLES.

Mr. Carruthers remarks that this description of Stanton Harcourt is almost wholly fanciful. The observation is probably equally applicable to the stories of Sir Thomas and his sons and "Lady Frances." No Sir Thomas had been the possessor of Stanton Harcourt for several centuries preceding the date of this letter.

¹ First published in 'Letters,' &c., 1763.

Emperor Claudius was born, and where Severus lived. The great cathedral of St. John is a good Gothic building; and its clock much admired by the Germans. In one of the most conspicuous parts of the town is the late King's statue set up trampling upon mankind. I cannot forbear saying one word here of the French statues (for I never intend to mention any more of them) with their gilded full-bottomed wigs. If their king had intended to express in one image, *ignorance, ill taste, and vanity*, his sculptors could have made no other figure so proper for that purpose, as this statue, which represents the odd mixture of an old *beau*, who had a mind to be a *hero*, with a bushel of curled hair on his head, and a gilt truncheon in his hand. The French have been so voluminous on the history of this town, I need say nothing of it. The houses are tolerably well built, and the *Belle cour* well planted, from whence is seen the celebrated joining of the Soane and Rhone.

“ Ubi Rhodanus ingens amne prærapido fluit,
Ararque dubitans quo suos fluctus agat.”

I have had time to see every thing with great leisure, having been confined several days to this town by a swelling in my throat, the remains of a fever occasioned by a cold I got in the damps of the Alps. The doctors here threaten me with all sorts of distempers, if I dare to leave them; but I, that know the obstinacy of it, think it just as possible to continue my way to Paris with it, as to go about the streets of Lyons, and am determined to pursue my journey to-morrow, in spite of doctors, apothecaries, and sore throats.

When you see Lady Rich, tell her I have received her letter, and will answer it from Paris, believing that the place that she would most willingly hear of. I am, &c.

23. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU TO POPE.¹

[October, 1718.]

I HAVE been running about Paris at a strange rate with my sister,² and strange sights have we seen. They are, at least, strange sights to me, for after having been accustomed to the gravity of Turks, I can scarcely look with an easy and familiar aspect at the levity and agility of the airy phantoms that are dancing about me here, and I often think that I am at a puppet-show amidst the representations of real life. I stare prodigiously, but nobody remarks it, for everybody stares here; staring is *à-la-mode*—there is a stare of attention and *intérêt*, a stare of curiosity, a stare of expectation, a stare of surprise, and it would greatly amuse you to see what trifling objects excite all this staring. This staring would have rather a solemn kind of air, were it not alleviated by grinning, for at the end of a stare there comes always a grin, and very commonly the entrance of a gentleman or a lady into a room is accompanied with a grin, which is designed to express complacence and social pleasure, but really shows nothing more than a certain contortion of muscles that must make a stranger laugh really as they laugh artificially. The French grin is equally remote from the cheerful serenity of a smile, and the cordial mirth of an honest English horse-laugh. I shall not perhaps stay here long enough to form a just idea of French manners and characters, though this I believe would require but little study, as there is no great depth in either. It appears on a superficial view, to be a frivolous, restless, and agreeable people. The abbot is my guide, and I could not easily light upon a better; he tells me that here the women form the character of the men, and I am convinced in the persuasion of this by every company into which I enter. There seems here to be no intermediate state between infancy and manhood; for

¹ First published in the 'Additional Volume,' 1767. The authenticity of this letter is doubtful. See

remarks on the volume referred to in note (1) Letter 17.

² The Countess of Mar.

as soon as the boy has quit his leading-strings, he is set agog in the world ; the ladies are his tutors, they make the first impressions, which generally remain, and they render the men ridiculous by the imitation of their humours and graces, so that dignity in manners is a rare thing here before the age of sixty. Does not king David say somewhere, that *man walketh in a vain show* ? I think he does, and I am sure this is peculiarly true of the Frenchman ; but he walks merrily, and seems to enjoy the vision, and may he not therefore be esteemed more happy than many of our solid thinkers, whose brows are furrowed by deep reflection, and whose wisdom is so often clothed with a misty mantle of spleen and vapours ?

What delights me most here is a view of the magnificence, often accompanied with taste, that reigns in the king's palaces and gardens ; for though I do not admire much the architecture, in which there is great irregularity and want of proportion, yet the statues, paintings, and other decorations afford me high entertainment. One of the pieces of antiquity that struck me most in the gardens of Versailles, was the famous colossean statue of Jupiter, the workmanship of Myron, which Mark Antony carried away from Samos, and Augustus ordered to be placed in the Capitol. It is of Parian marble, and though it has suffered in the ruin of time, it still preserves striking lines of majesty. But surely, if marble could feel, the god would frown with a generous indignation to see himself transported from the Capitol into a French garden ; and after having received the homage of the Roman emperors, who laid their laurels at his feet when they returned from their conquests, to behold now nothing but frizzled beaus passing by him with indifference.

I propose setting out soon from this place, so that you are to expect no more letters from this side of the water ; besides, I am hurried to death, and my head swims with that vast variety of objects which I am obliged to view with such rapidity, the shortness of my time not allowing me to examine

them at my leisure. There is here an excessive prodigality of ornaments and decorations, that is just the opposite extreme to what appears in our royal gardens; this prodigality is owing to the levity and inconstancy of the French taste, which always pants after something new, and thus heaps ornament upon ornament without end or measure. It is time, however, that I should put an end to my letter; so I wish you good night, and am, &c.

24. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU TO POPE.

DOVER, *Nov. 1, 1718.*

I HAVE this minute received a letter of yours sent me from Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you and Mr. Congreve; but as I am here in an inn, where we stay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I shall employ some of my leisure time in answering that part of yours that seems to require an answer.

I must applaud your good nature in supposing that your pastoral lovers (vulgarly called haymakers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine that John Hughes and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking that had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow-parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from a storm was a natural action, and what he would have certainly done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reproved for thinking a village destroyed by fire, more wicked than those that had escaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try

my skill in an epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more just, though not so poetical as yours :

Here lie John Hughes and Sarah Drew ;
 Perhaps you'll say, what's that to you ?
 Believe me, friend, much may be said
 On that poor couple, that are dead.
 On Sunday next they should have married ;
 But see how oddly things are carried !
 On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd,
 These tender lovers, sadly frighten'd,
 Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay
 In hopes to pass the time away.
 But the *bold thunder* found them out
 (Commission'd for that end, no doubt)
 And, seizing on their trembling breath,
 Consign'd them to the shades of death.
 Who knows if 'twas not kindly done ?
 For had they seen the next year's sun,
 A beaten wife and cuckold swain
 Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain ;
 Now they are happy in their doom,
For Pope has wrote upon their tomb.

I confess these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours ; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honour you have done them ; though I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid, *living*, humble servant, than be *celebrated* by all the pens in Europe.

I would write to Mr. Congreve ; but suppose you will read this to him, if he inquires after me.

25. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.¹

[1719].

I MIGHT be dead, or you in Yorkshire, for any thing that I am the better for your being in town. I have been sick ever since I saw you last, and now have a swelled face, and very bad ; nothing will do me so much good as the sight of dear Lady Mary ; when you come this way let me see you, for indeed I love you.

¹ First published by Dallaway, 1803.

26. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.¹

[1719].

It is not in my power (dear madam) to say what agitation the two or three words I wrote to you the other morning have given me. Indeed, I truly esteem you, and put my trust in you. I can say no more, and I know you would not have me.

I have been kept in town by a violent headache, so that if I might see you any time to-day (except two, three, or four o'clock, when I am engaged to dinner), I should be pleased and happy, more indeed than any other company could make me.² Your most faithful obliged servant.

27. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.³*Sunday* [1719].

INDEED, dear madam, it is not possible to tell you, whether you give me every day I see you more pleasure or more respect. And upon my word, whenever I see you after a day or two's absence, it is in just such a view as that you yesterday had of your own writings. I find you still better than I could imagine, and I think I was partial before, to your prejudice.

The picture dwells really at my heart, and I have made a perfect passion of preferring your present face to your past. I know and thoroughly esteem yourself of this year. I know no more of Lady Mary Pierrepont than to admire what I have heard of her, or be pleased with some fragments of hers as I am with Sappho's. But now—I cannot say what I would say of you now. Only still give me cause to say you are good to me, and allow me as much of your person as Sir Godfrey can help me to. Upon conferring with him yesterday, I find he

¹ First published by Dallaway, 1803.

² Lady Mary Wortley Montagu lived several years in the house which

is now [1795] Dr. Morton's.—Horace Walpole, quoted in Lysons' *Twickenham*.

³ First published by Warton.

thinks it absolutely necessary to draw the face first, which he says can never be set right on the figure, if the drapery and posture be finished before. To give you as little trouble as possible, he proposes to draw your face with crayons, and finish it up at your own house in a morning, from whence he will transfer it to the canvas, so that you need not go to sit at his house. This, I must observe, is a manner in which they seldom draw any but crowned heads; and I observe it with secret pride and pleasure.

Be so kind as to tell me, if you care he should do this to-morrow at twelve. Though I am but assured from you of the thing, let the manner and time be what you best like; let every decorum you please be observed. I should be very unworthy of any favour from your hands if I desired any at the expense of your quiet or conveniency, in any degree.

I have just received this pamphlet which may divert you. I am sincerely, yours, &c.

28. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.¹

[1719.]

MADAM,—Sir Godfrey happening to come from London yesterday, (as I did myself,) will wait upon you this morning at twelve, to take a sketch of you in your dress, if you will give leave. He is really very good to me. I heartily wish you will be so too. But I submit to you in all things; nay in the manner of all things; your own pleasure, and your own time. Upon my word I will take yours, and understand you as you would be understood, with a real respect and resignation when you deny me any thing, and a hearty gratitude when you grant me any thing. Your will be done! but God send it may be the same with mine! I am most truly yours.

P.S. I beg a single word in answer, because I am to send to Sir Godfrey accordingly.

¹ First published by Dallaway, 1803.

29.

MR. WORTLEY TO POPE.¹*Wednesday evening* [1719].

SIR,—I am hindered by business from being at Twitnam either to-morrow or Friday ; so that Saturday will be the first day we can be there. I desire you will give yourself the trouble of excusing us to Sir Godfrey for not coming sooner. I believe we shall accept of the kind offer of your house. I am sir, your most obedient humble servant.

30.

POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.²

[1719.]

MADAM,—You received, I suppose, the epistle Sir Godfrey dictated to me, which (abating some few flowers) was word for word. My own concern, that you should be settled in my neighbourhood, has since put me upon farther inquiries, and I find there is a pretty good house in the town opposite to that which my Lord William Pawlett has taken ; it is the same that Lord Coventry lately had. If Mr. Wortley would come and see it, he would know all the particulars, which I am not able to give an exact account of, having sent you this notice the moment I heard of it. Though still, that which I believe you both would like best, is the house in the field I spoke to him about, and which I think the prettiest situated thing imaginable.

Lord Bathurst told me you had given orders that the book of Eclogues should be trusted to my hands to return it to you. I am sensible of the obligation, and had been the faithful ambassador between you, had I not been forced to leave the town the minute he told me of it. I cannot perform impossibilities ; therefore I will not pretend to tell you the esteem

¹ From the original among the Homer MSS. in the British Museum.

² First published by Dallaway, 1803.

with which I always have been, Dear madam, your most faithful humble servant.

31. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.¹

TWICKENHAM, *Aug.* 22, 1720.

MADAM,—I was made acquainted last night that I might depend upon it as a certain gain to buy the South Sea Stock at the present price, which will certainly rise in some weeks, or less. I can be as sure of this, as the nature of any such thing will allow, from the first and best hands, and therefore have despatched the bearer with all speed to you. I am sincerely, dear madam, your most faithful humble servant.

32. POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.²

CIRENCESTER, *Sept.* 15, 1721.

MADAM,—I write this purely to confess myself ingenuously what I am, a beast; first, for writing to you without gilt paper; and secondly, for what I said and did about your harpsichord. For which (and for many other natural reasons) I am justly turned as a beast to grass and parks. I deserve no better pillow than a mossy bank, for that head which could be guilty of so much thoughtlessness, as to promise what was not in my power, without considering first whether it was or not. But the truth is, I imagined you would take it merely as an excuse, had I told you I had the instrument under such conditions; and I likewise simply thought I could obtain leave to lend it; which failing on the trial, I suffer now, I find, in your opinion of my veracity, partly from my over-forward desire to have gratified you. The next thing I can do, is to entreat you, since you have not your harpsichord, that you would have that and the gallery together, for your

¹ First published by Dallaway, 1803.

² First published by Warton from the original.

concerts; which I sincerely wish you could make use of, and which I take to be mine to lend, unless my mother knows some conditions against it, to Mr. Vernon.¹

I very much envy you your musieal company, which you have a sort of obligation to believe, in return to a man, who singly asserts your fine taste that way, in contradiction to the whole world.

It must be sure from that piece of merit (for I have no other that I know of toward you) that you can think of flattering me at a hundred miles distance, in the most affecting manner, by a mention of my trees and garden. What an honour is it to my great walk, that the finest woman in this world cannot stir from it! That walk extremely well answered the intent of its contriver, when it detained her there. But for this accident, how had I despised and totally forgot my own little *Colifichies*, in the daily views of the noble scenes, openings, and avenues, of this immense design at *Cirencester*? No words, nor painting, nor poetry, (not even your own,) can give the least image proportionable to it. And my Lord Bathurst bids me tell you, and the young lady with you, that the description would cost me much more time than it would cost you to come hither; which, if you have any regard, either for my pains or reputation, you will do to save me that trouble, as well as to take to yourself the glory of describing it.

For lodging, you need be under no manner of concern; for he invites thither every woman he sees, and every man; those of a more ærial or musical nature, may lodge upon the trees with the birds; and those of a more earthy or gross temperature, with the beasts of the fields upon the ground. Your, &c.

¹ The landlord of Pope's house at Twickenham.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND JUDITH COWPER.

FROM 1722 TO 1723.

JUDITH COWPER, to whom these letters are addressed, was the only daughter of Spencer Cowper, Esq. (d. 1728), brother of the Lord Chancellor Cowper (d. 1723) and grandfather of William Cowper the poet.

She died in Stafford Row, Westminster, 7 Dec., 1781, aged 80, having married, 7 Dec., 1723, Martin Madan, Esq. (d. 1756), of Hertingfordbury, in Hertfordshire, M.P. for Wootton Bassett, and Groom of the Bedchamber to Fred. Prince of Wales.

Their son, the Rev. Martin Madan (d. 1790) published a book in defence of polygamy, entitled 'Thelyphthora' (1780), to which Cowper replied in 'Anti-Thelyphthora, a Tale in Verse.'

Judith Cowper was the author of several poems—'Abelard to Eloisa' (8vo., 1725), 'The Progress of Poetry,' 'Verses on the Death of Mr. Hughes,' (1719—20), prefixed to his Works, 2 vols. 12mo. 1735. Her acquaintance with Pope was evidently due to the compliments she had paid him in her 'Progress of Poetry,'—

High on the radiant list see Pope appears,
With all the fire of youth and strength of years ;
Where'er supreme he points the nervous line,
Nature and art in bright conjunction shine.
How just the turns, how regular the draught,
How smooth the language, how refined the thought !
Secure beneath the shade of early bays
He dared the thunder of great Homer's lays ;
A sacred heat informed his heaving breast,
And Homer in his genius stands confess'd :
To heights sublime he raised the ponderous lyre,
And our cold isle grew warm with Grecian fire.

1. POPE TO MRS. JUDITH COWPER.¹TWITENHAM, *Sept.* 30, 1722.

MADAM,—No confidence is so great, as that one receives from persons one knows *may be* believed, and in things one is *willing* to believe. I have (at last) acquired this; by Mrs. H[oward]'s repeated assurances of a thing I am unfeignedly so desirous of, as your allowing me to correspond with you. In good earnest, there is sometimes in men as well as in women, a great deal of unaffected modesty: and I was sincere all along when I told her personally, and told you by my silence, that I feared only to seem impertinent, while perhaps I seemed negligent to you. To tell Mrs. [Cowper] any thing like what I really thought of her, would have looked so like the common traffic of compliment, that pays only to receive; and to have told it her in distant or bashful terms, would have appeared so like coldness in my sense of good qualities, (which I cannot find out in any one, without feeling, from my nature, at the same time, a great warmth for them,) that I was quite at a loss what to write, or in what style, to you. But I am resolved, plainly to get over all objections, and faithfully to assure you, if you will help a bashful man to be past all preliminaries and forms, I am ready to treat with you for your friendship. I know (without more ado) you have a valuable soul; and wit, sense, and worth enough, to make me reckon it (provided you will permit it) one of the happinesses of my life to have been made acquainted with you.

I do not know, on the other hand, what you can think of me; but this, for a beginning, I will venture to engage, that whoever takes me for a poet, or a wit, (as they call it,) takes me for a creature of less value than I am: and that wherever I profess it, you shall find me a much better man, that is, a much better friend, or at least a much less faulty one, than I

¹ All the letters following were published for the first time by Dodsley, 1769, with the inscription 'Letters to a Lady.'

am a poet. That whatever zeal I may have, or whatever regard I may show, for things I truly am so pleased with as your entertaining writings, yet I shall still have more for your person, and for your health, and for your happiness. I would, with as much readiness, play the apothecary or the nurse, to mend your head-aches, as I would play the critic to improve your verses. I have seriously looked over and over those you entrusted me with ; and assure you, madam, I would as soon cheat in any other trust, as in this. I sincerely tell you, I can mend them very little, and only in trifles, not worth writing about ; but will tell you every tittle when I have the happiness to see you.

I am more concerned than you can reasonably believe, for the ill state of health you are at present under : but I will appeal to time, to show you how sincerely I am, (if I live long enough to prove myself what I truly am,) madam, your most faithful servant.

2.

POPE TO MRS. JUDITH COWPER.

TWITENHAM, Oct. 18 [1722].

MADAM,—We are indebted to heaven for all things, and, above all, for our sense and genius (in whatever degree we have it); but to fancy yourself indebted to any thing else, moves my anger at your modesty. The regard I must bear you, seriously proceeds from myself alone; and I will not suffer even one I like so much as Mrs. H[oward], to have a share in causing it. I challenge a kind of relation to you on the *soul's* side, which I take to be better than either on a father's or mother's; and if you can overlook an ugly *body* (that stands much in the way of any friendship, when it is between different sexes), I shall hope to find you a true and constant kinswoman in Apollo. Not that I would place all my pretensions upon that poetical foot, much less confine them to it; I am far more desirous to be admitted as yours, on the more

meritorious title of friendship. I have ever believed this as a sacred maxim, that the most ingenious natures were the most sincere; and the most knowing and sensible minds made the best friends. Of all those that I have thought it the felicity of my life to know, I have ever found the most distinguished in capacity the most distinguished in morality; and those the most to be depended on, whom one esteemed so much as to desire they should be so. I beg you to make me no more compliments. I could make you a great many, but know you neither need them, nor can like them: be so good as to think I do not. In one word, your writings are very good, and very entertaining; but not so good, nor so entertaining, as your life and conversation. One is but the effect and emanation of the other. It will always be a greater pleasure to me to know you are well, than that you write well; though every time you tell me the one, I must know the other. I am willing to spare your modesty; and therefore, as to your writing, may perhaps never say more (directly to yourself) than the few verses I send here; which (as a proof of my own modesty too) I made so long ago as the day you sate for your picture, and yet never till now durst confess to you.

Tho' sprightly Sappho force our love and praise,
A softer wonder my pleas'd soul surveys,
The mild Erinna, blushing in her bays. }
So, while the sun's broad beam yet strikes the sight,
All mild appears the moon's more sober light,
Serene, in virgin majesty, she shines;
And, unobserved, the glaring sun declines.¹

The brightest wit in the world without the better qualities of the heart, must meet with this fate; and tends only to endear such a character as I take yours to be. In the better discovery, and fuller conviction of which, I have a strong opinion I shall grow more and more happy the longer I live your acquaintance, and (if you will indulge me in so much pleasure) your faithful friend, and most obliged servant.

¹ The last four lines were afterwards inserted in the Second Moral Essay.

3.

POPE TO MRS. JUDITH COWPER.

TWITENHAM, Nov. 5 [1722].

MADAM,—Though I am extremely obliged by your agreeable letter, I will avoid all mention of the pleasure you give me, that we may have no more words about compliments; which I have often observed people talk themselves into, while they endeavour to talk themselves out of. It is no more the diet of friendship and esteem, than a few thin wafers and marmalade were of so hearty a stomach as Sancho's. In a word, I am very proud of my new relation, and like Parnassus much the better, since I found I had so good a neighbour there. Mrs. H[oward], who lives at court, shall teach two country-folks sincerity; and when I am so happy as to meet you, she shall settle the proportions of that regard or good-nature, which she can allow you to spare me, from a heart which is so much her own as yours is.

That lady is the most trusty of friends, if the imitation of Shakespear be yours; for she made me give my opinion of it with assurance it was none of Mrs. [Cowper's]. I honestly liked and praised it, whosoever it was; there is in it a sensible melancholy, and too true a picture of human life: so true a one, that I can scarce wish the verses yours at the expense of your thinking that way, so early. I rather wish you may love the town (which the author of those lines cannot *immoderately* do) these many years. It is time enough to like, or affect to like, the country, when one is out of love with all but oneself, and therefore studies to become agreeable or easy to oneself. Retiring into oneself is generally the *pis-aller* of mankind. Would you have me describe my solitude and grotto to you? What if, after a long and painted description of them in verse (which the writer I have just been speaking of could better make, if I can guess by that line,

No noise but water, ever friend to thought).¹

what if it ended thus?

What are the falling rills, the pendant shades,
The morning bowers, the evening colonnades,
But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind,
To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind !
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart) ;
There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

If these lines want poetry, they do not want sense. God Almighty long preserve you from a feeling of them ! The book you mention, *Bruyère's Characters*, will make any one know the world ; and I believe at the same time despise it, which is a sign it will make one know it thoroughly. It is certainly the proof of a master-hand, that can give such striking likenesses, in such slight sketches, and in so few strokes on each subject. In answer to your question about *Shakespear*, the book is a quarter printed, and the number of emendations very great. I have never indulged my own conjectures, but kept merely to such amendments as are authorized by old editions, in the author's life-time : but I think it will be a year at least before the whole work can be finished.² In reply to your very handsome (I wish it were a very true) compliment upon this head, I only desire you to observe, by what natural gentle degrees I have sunk to the humble thing I now am : first, from a pretending poet to a critic ; then, to a low translator ; lastly, to a mere publisher. I am apprehensive I shall be nothing that is of any value long, except, madam, your most obliged, and most faithful humble servant.

I long for your return to town ; a place I am unfit for, but shall not be long out of, as soon as I know I may be permitted to wait on you there.

¹ A misquotation of some lines by Dr. Ibbot : ' A Fit of the Spleen ; in Imitation of Shakespeare,' which Pope believed to have been written by Judith Cowper :

" No noise be there
But that of falling water, friend to
thought."

² It was not published till March, 1724-5.

4.

POPE TO MRS. JUDITH COWPER.

[1722.]

MADAM,—I could not play the impertinent so far as to write to you, till I was encouraged to it by a piece of news Mrs. H[oward] tells me, which ought to be the most agreeable in the world to any author, that you are determined to write no more. It is now the time then, not for me only, but for every body, to write without fear or wit ; and I shall give you the first example here. But for this assurance, it would be every way too dangerous to correspond with a lady, whose very first sight and very first writings had such an effect upon a man used to what they call fine sights, and what they call fine writings. Yet he has been dull enough to sleep quietly, after all he has seen, and all he has read ; till yours broke in upon his stupidity and indolence, and totally destroyed it. But, God be thanked, you will write no more ; so I am in no danger of increasing my admiration of you one way ; and as to the other, you will never (I have too much reason to fear) open these eyes again with one glimpse of you.

I am told, you named lately in a letter a place called Twitenham with particular distinction. That you may not be mis-constructed, and have your meaning mistaken for the future, I must acquaint you, madam, that the name of the place where Mrs. H[oward] is, is not Twitenham, but Richmond ; which your ignorance in the geography of these parts has made you confound together. You will unthinkingly do honour to a paltry hermitage (while you speak of Twitenham) where lives a creature altogether unworthy your memory or notice, because he really wishes he had never beheld you, nor yours. You have spoiled him for a solitaire and a book, all the days of his life ; and put him into such a condition, that he thinks of nothing, and inquires of nothing but after a person who has nothing to say to him, and has left him for ever without hope of ever again regarding, or pleasing, or entertaining him, much

less of seeing him. He has been so mad with the idea of her, as to steal her picture, and passes whole days in sitting before it, talking to himself, and (as some people imagine) making verses: but it is no such matter; for as long as he can get any of hers, he can never turn his head to his own, it is so much better entertained.

5. POPE TO MRS. JUDITH COWPER.

Five o'clock [1722].

MADAM,—I think it a full proof of that unlucky star, which upon too many occasions I have experienced, that this first, this only day that I should have owned happy beyond expectation (for I did not till yesterday hope to have seen you so soon) I must be forced not to do it. I am too sick (indeed very ill) to go out so far, and lie on a bed at my doctor's house, as a kind of force upon him to get me better with all haste.

I am scarce able to see these few lines I write; to wish you health and pleasure enough not to miss me to-day, and myself patience to bear being absent from you as well as I can being ill. I am truly, your faithful servant.

6. POPE TO MRS. JUDITH COWPER.

Jan. 17, 1722-3.

MADAM,—After a very long expectation and daily hopes of the satisfaction of seeing and conversing with you, I am still deprived of it in a manner that is the most afflicting, because it is occasioned by your illness and your misfortune. I can bear my own, I assure you, much better: and thus to find you lost to me, at the time that I hoped to have regained you, doubles the concern I should naturally feel in being deprived of any pleasure whatever.

Mrs. H[oward] can best express to you the concern of a friend, who esteems and pities: for she has the liberty to express it in her actions, and the satisfaction of attending on you in your indisposition.

I wish sincerely your condition were not such as to debar me from telling you in person how truly I am yours. I wish I could do you any little offices of friendship, or give you any amusements, or help you to what people in your present state most want, better spirits. If reading to you, or writing to you, could contribute to entertain your hours, or to raise you to a livelier relish of life, how well should I think my time employed! indeed I should, and think it a much better end of my poor studies, than all the vanities of fame or views of a character that way, which engage most men of my fraternity.

If you thoroughly knew the zeal with which I am your servant, you would take some notice of the advice I would give you, and suffer it to have a weight with you proportionable to the sincerity with which it is given.

I beg you to do your utmost to call to you all the succours which your own good sense and natural reflection can suggest to avoid a melancholy way of thinking, and to throw up your spirits by intervals of moderate company; not to let your dis-temper fix itself upon your mind at least, though it will not entirely quit your body. Do not indulge too much solitariness. Though most company be not proper or supportable during your illness, force yourself to enter into such as is good and reasonable, where you may have your liberty, and be under no restraint.

Why will you not come to your friend Mrs. H[oward], since you are able to go out, and since motion is certainly good for your health? Why will you not make any little sets of such as you are easiest with, to sit with you, sometimes?

Do not think I have any interested aim in this advice: though I long to see you, and to try to amuse you, I would not for the world be considered as one that would ever require, for my own gratification, anything that might either be improper or hurtful to you.

Pray let me know, by our friend Mrs. H[oward], if there can be any thing in my power to serve, or to amuse you. But use

me so kindly, as not to think ever of writing to me till you are so well as that I may see you, and then it will be needless. Do not even read this, if it be the least trouble to your eyes or head.

Believe me, with great respect, and the warmest good wishes for your speedy recovery, madam, your most faithful, and most humble servant.

7.

POPE TO MRS. JUDITH COWPER.

TWITENHAM, *June 2, 1723.*

MADAM,—It was an inexpressible pleasure to me to see your letter, as I assure you it had long been a great trouble to reflect on the melancholy reason of your silence and absence. It was that only which hindered my writing, not only again, but often, to you; for fear your good-nature should have been prompted to oblige me too much at your own expense, by answering. Indeed I never expressed (and never shall be able to express) more concern and good wishes for you, than I shall ever feel for one of your merit.

I am sorry, the moment you grow better, to have you snatched from those, who I may say deserve the pleasure of seeing you in health, for having so long lamented and felt your illness.

Mrs. H[oward], I hope, will find it not impossible to draw you to Richmond; and if not, I dare say, will not be long out of Hertfordshire. I want nothing but the same happy pretence she has, of a title through your friendship, and the privilege of her sex, to be there immediately. I cannot but wonder you have not heard from her, though I should wonder if any body else had; for I am told by her family she has had much of the headache at Bath, besides the excuse of a great giddiness, occasioned naturally by the waters. I writ to her at the first going, and have not had a word from her; and now you tell me the same thing. I conclude she has been

worse than I imagined. I hear she returns on Wednesday, when I shall have the satisfaction (I doubt not) to talk and hear a great deal of Mrs. C[owper.]

I wish I could say any thing, either to comfort you when ill, or entertain you when well. Though nothing could, in the proper proportion of friendship, more affect me than your condition, I have not wanted other occasions of great melancholy, of which the least is the loss of part of my fortune by a late act of parliament.¹

I am at present in the afflicting circumstance of taking my last leave of one of the truest friends² I ever had, and one of the greatest men in all polite learning, as well as the most agreeable companion, this nation ever had.

I really do not love life so dearly, or so weakly, as to value it on any other score, than for that portion of happiness which a friend only can bestow upon it; or, if I must want that myself, for the pleasure which is next it, of seeing deserving and virtuous people happy. So that indeed I want comfort; and the greatest I can receive from you (at least unless I were so happy as to deserve what I never can) will be to hear you grow better till you grow perfectly well, perfectly easy, and perfectly happy, which no one more sincerely wishes than, madam, your faithful and obliged friend and servant.

8.

POPE TO MRS. JUDITH COWPER.

Thursday night [1723].

MADAM,—It was an agreeable surprise to me, to hear of your settlement in town. I lie at my Lord Peterborough's in Bolton-street, where any commands of yours will reach me to-morrow, only on Saturday evening I am pre-engaged. If Mrs. H[oward] be to be engaged (and if she is by any creature, it is by you), I hope she will join us. I am, with great truth, madam, your most faithful friend, and obliged servant.

¹ The Act imposing double taxes on the Roman Catholics.

Lord Chancellor Cowper had spoken in the House on behalf of Atterbury.

² Bishop Atterbury. — BOWLES.

9.

POPE TO MRS. JUDITH COWPER.

[1723.]

MADAM,—I am touched with shame when I look on the date of your letter. I have answered it a hundred times in my own mind, which I assure you has few thoughts, either so frequent or so lively, as those relating to you. I am sensibly obliged by you, in the comfort you endeavour to give me upon the loss of a friend. It is like the shower we have had this morning, that just makes the drooping trees hold up their heads, but they remain checked and withered at the root: the benediction is but a short relief, though it comes from heaven itself. The loss of a friend is the loss of life; after that is gone from us, it is all but a gentler decay, and wasting and lingering a little longer. I was the other day forming a wish for a lady's happiness,¹ upon her birth-day; and thinking of the greatest climax of felicity I could raise, step by step, to end in this—a friend. I fancy I have succeeded in the gradation, and send you the whole copy to ask your opinion, or (which is much the better reason) to desire you to alter it to your own wish; for I believe you are a woman that can wish for yourself more reasonably than I can for you. Mrs. H[oward] made me promise her a copy; and to the end she may value it, I beg it may be transcribed, and sent her by you.

To a Lady, on her Birthday,

[15 June,] 1723.

Oh! be thou blest with all that heaven can send;
 Long life, long youth, long pleasure—and a friend!
 Not with those toys the woman-world admire,
 Riches that vex, and vanities that tire:
 Let joy or ease, let alluence or content,
 And the gay conscience of a life well-spent,
 Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face!
 Let day improve on day, and year on year,
 Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear!

¹ Martha Blount's.

And ah ! (since death must that dear frame destroy,)
 Die by some sudden extasy of joy ;
 In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,
 And be thy latest gasp, a sigh of love !

Pray, madam, let me see this mended in your copy to Mrs. H[oward] ; and let it be an exact scheme of happiness drawn, and I hope enjoyed, by yourself ; to whom I assure you I wish it all, as much as you wish it her. I am always, with true respect, madam, your most faithful friend, and most humble servant.

10.

POPE TO MRS. JUDITH COWPER.

TWITENHAM, *Aug.* 29 [1723].

MADAM,—Your last letter tells me, that if I do not write in less than a month, you will fancy the length of yours frightened me. A consciousness that I had upon me of omitting too long to answer it, made me look (not without some fear and trembling) for the date of it, but there happened to be none ; and I hope, either that you have forgot how long it is, or at least that you cannot think it so long as I do, since I writ to you. Indeed a multitude of things (which singly seem trifles, and yet altogether make a vast deal of business, and wholly take up that time which we ought to value above all such things) have from day to day made me wanting, as well to my own greatest pleasure in this, as to my own greatest concerns in other points. If I seem to neglect any friend I have, I do more than seem to neglect myself, as I find daily by the increasing ill constitution of my body and mind. I still resolve this course shall not, nay, I see it cannot, be long ; and I determine to retreat within myself to the only business I was born for, and which I am only good for, if I am entitled to use that phrase for anything. It is great folly to sacrifice oneself, one's time, one's quiet (the very life of life itself), to forms, complaisances, and amusements, which do not inwardly please me, and only please a sort of people who regard me no

further than a mere instrument of their present idleness or vanity. To say truth, the lives of those we call great and happy, are divided between those two states; and in each of them, we poetical fiddlers make but part of their pleasure, or of their equipage. And the misery is, we, in our turns, are so vain (at least I have been so) as to choose to pipe without being paid, and so silly to be pleased with piping to those who understand music less than ourselves. They have put me of late upon a task before I was aware, which I am *sick* and *sore* of: and yet engaged in honour to some persons whom I must neither disobey nor disappoint (I mean two or three in the world only) to go on with it. They make me do as mean a thing as the greatest man of them could do; seem to depend, and to solicit, when I do not want; and make a kind of court to those above my rank, just as they do to those above theirs, when we might much more wisely and agreeably live of ourselves, and to ourselves. You will easily find I am talking of my translating the *Odyssey* by subscription:¹ which looks, it must needs look, to all the world as a design of mine both upon fame and money, when in truth I believe I shall get neither; for one I go about without any stomach, and the other I shall not go about at all.

This freedom of opening my mind upon my own situation will be a proof of trust, and of an opinion your goodness of nature has made me entertain, that you never profess any degree of good-will without being pretty warm in it. So I tell you my grievances; I hope in God you have none, wherewith to make me any return of this kind. I hope that was the only one which you communicated in your last, about Mrs. H[oward's] silence; for which she wanted not reproaches from me; and has since, she says, amply atoned for. I saw a few lines of yours to her, which are more obliging to me than I could have imagined: if you put *my welfare* into the small number of things which you heartily wish (for a sensible

¹ His printed Proposals are dated 10th Jan., 1724-5.

person, of either sex, will never wish for many), I ought to be a happier man than I ever yet deserved to be. •

Upon a review of your papers, I have repented of some of the trivial alterations I had thought of, which were very few. I would rather keep them till I have the satisfaction to meet you in the winter, which I must beg earnestly to do; for hitherto methinks you are to me like a spirit of another world, a being I admire, but have no commerce with. I cannot tell but I am writing to a fairy, who has left me some favours which I secretly enjoy, and shall think it unlucky, if not fatal, to part with. So pray do not expect your verses till further acquaintance.

11.

POPE TO MRS. JUDITH COWPER.

TWITENHAM, *Sept.* 26, 1723.

MADAM,—It would be a vanity in me to tell you why I trouble you so soon again. I cannot imagine myself of the number of those correspondents whom you call favourite ones; yet I know it is thought, that industry may make a man what merit cannot; and, if an old maxim of my Lord Oxford's be true, that in England if a man resolve to be any thing, and constantly stick to it, he may (even a lord treasurer): if so, I say, it shall not be want of resolution that shall hinder me from being a favourite. In good earnest, I am more ambitious of being so to you, madam, than I ever was, or ever shall be, of being one to any prince, or (which is more) any prince's minister, in Christendom.

I wish I could tell you any agreeable news of what your heart is concerned in; but I have a sort of quarrel to Mrs. H[oward] for not loving herself so well as she does her friends: for those she makes happy, but not herself.

There is an air of sadness about her, which grieves me, and which I have learnt by experience, will increase upon an indolent (I will not say an affected) resignation to it. It will

do so in men, and much more in women, who have a natural softness that sinks them even when reason does not. This I tell you in confidence; and pray give our friend such hints as may put her out of humour with melancholy: your censure, or even your raillery, may have more weight with her than mine: a man cannot either so decently, or so delicately, take upon him to be a physician in these concealed distempers.

You see, madam, I proceed in trusting you with things that nearly concern me. In my last letter I spoke but of a trifle myself: in this I advance farther, and speak of what touches me more, a friend.

This beautiful season will raise up so many rural images and descriptions in a poetical mind, that I expect you, and all such as you (if there be any such), at least all who are not downright dull translators, like your servant, must necessarily be productive of verses.

I lately saw a sketch this way on the bower of Bennington.¹ I could wish you tried something in the descriptive way on any subject you please, mixed with vision and moral; like pieces of the old Provençal poets, which abound with fancy, and are the most amusing scenes in nature. There are three or four of this kind in Chaucer admirable: "the Flower and the Leaf" every body has been delighted with.

I have long had an inclination to tell a fairy tale, the

¹ The lines here alluded to are the following:

In Tempe's shades the living lyre was strung,
And the first Pope (immortal Phœbus) sung.
These happy shades, where equal beauty reigns,
Bold rising hills, slant vales, and far-stretch'd plains,
The grateful verdure of the waving woods,
The soothing murmur of the falling floods,
A nobler boast, a higher glory yield,
Than that which Phœbus stamp'd on Tempe's field:

All that can charm the eye or please the ear,
Says, Harmony itself inhabits here.

J. DODSLEY, 1769.

Part of the rough draft of the 10th book of Pope's *Odyssey* is written on a letter from Mr. Cæsar, of Bennington, in Hertfordshire, to Pope, dated Sept. 10, 1723, transmitting "this beautiful description of Bennington."

more wild and exotic the better ; therefore a *vision*, which is confined to no rules of probability, will take in all the variety and luxuriancy of description you will ; provided there be an apparent moral to it. I think, one or two of the Persian tales would give one hints for such an invention :¹ and perhaps if the scenes were taken from real places that are known, in order to compliment particular gardens and buildings of a fine taste (as I believe several of Chaucer's descriptions do, though it is what nobody has observed), it would add great beauty to the whole.

I wish you found such an amusement pleasing to you : if you did but, at leisure, form descriptions from objects in nature itself, which struck you most lively, I would undertake to find a tale that should bring them all together : which you will think an odd undertaking ; but in a piece of this fanciful and imaginary nature I am sure is practicable. Excuse this long letter ; and think no man is more your faithful and obliged servant.

12.

POPE TO MRS. JUDITH COWPER.

TWITENHAM, Nov. 9 [1723].

MADAM,—It happened that when I determined to answer yours, by the post that followed my receipt of it, I was prevented from the first proof I have had the happiness to give you of my warmth and readiness, in returning the epitaph,² with my sincere condolences with you on that melancholy subject. But nevertheless I resolved to send you the one, though unattended by the other : I begged Mrs. H[oward] to enclose it, that you might at least see I had not the power to delay a moment the doing what you bid me ; especially when

¹ "After reading the Persian Tales (and I had been reading Dryden's Fables just before them) I had some thought of writing a Persian Fable in which I would have given full loose to description and imagination. It

would have been a very wild thing if I had executed it ; but might not have been unentertaining."—SPENCE'S *Anecdotes*, p. 140.

² On Lord Chancellor Cowper.

the occasion of obeying your commands was such, as must affect every admirer and well-wisher of honour and virtue in the nation.

You had it in the very blots, the better to compare the places; and I can only say it was done to the best of my judgment, and to the extent of my sincerity.

I do not wonder that you decline the poetical amusement I proposed to you at this time. I know, from what little I know of your heart, enough at least to convince me, it must be too deeply concerned at the loss, not only of so great, and so near a relation, but of a good man; 'a loss this age can hardly ever afford to bear, and not often can sustain. Yet perhaps it is one of the best things that can be said of poetry, that it helps us to pass over the toils and troubles of this tiresome journey, our life; as horses are encouraged and spirited up, by the jingling of bells about their heads. Indeed, as to myself, I have been used to this odd cordial so long, that it has no effect upon me: but you, madam, are in your honeymoon of poetry; you have seen only the smiles, and enjoyed the caresses of Apollo. Nothing is so pleasant to a muse as the first children of the imagination; but when once she comes to find it mere conjugal duty, and the care of her numerous progeny daily grows upon her, it is all a sour tax for past pleasure. As the Psalmist says on another occasion, the age of a muse is scarce above five and twenty: all the rest is labour and sorrow. I find by experience that his own fiddle is no great pleasure to a common fiddler, after once the first good conceit of himself is lost.

I long at last to be acquainted with you; and Mrs. H[oward] tells me you shall soon be in town, and I blest with the vision I have so long desired. Pray believe I worship you as much, and send my addresses to you as often, as to any female saint in heaven: it is certain I see you as little, unless it be in my

¹ Her uncle, Lord Chancellor Cowper, died 10th Oct., 1723.

sleep ; and that way too, holy hermits are visited by the saints themselves.

I am, without figures and metaphors, yours : and hope you will think, I have spent all my fiction in my poetry ; so that I have nothing but plain truth left for my prose ; with which I am ever, madam, your faithful humble servant.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE, MR. KNIGHT,¹ AND MRS. NEWSHAM,
AFTERWARDS MRS. KNIGHT.

FROM 1724 TO 1736.

THE lady to whom most of these letters were addressed was the sister of Pope's friend Secretary Craggs. She married first, in 1712, John Newsham, Esq., of Chadshunt, in Warwickshire, who died in 1724; secondly, John Knight, Esq., M.P. successively for St. Germain's and Sudbury, who died 2nd October, 1733; thirdly, Robert Nugent, Esq., created Baron Nugent and Viscount Clare, and afterwards Earl Nugent, who died at Dublin in 1788, and was buried at Gosfield in Essex. Mrs. Nugent died 22nd November, 1756.

There is a white marble tablet in Gosfield Church with an inscription to her second husband, John Knight, said to have been written by Pope, and perhaps the one alluded to in the letter to Mrs. Knight of May 17 [1736], No. 20.

O ! fairest pattern to a falling age,
Whose public virtue knew no party rage;
Whose private name all titles recommend,
The pious son, fond husband, faithful friend.
In manners plain, in sense alone refin'd,
Good without show and without weakness kind;
To reason's even dictates ever true;
Calm to revolve and constant to pursue:
In life with every social grace adorn'd,
In death by Friendship, Honour, Virtue, mourn'd.

Those letters in this correspondence which have not hitherto been published were transcribed in 1850 by Mr. Peter Cunningham, from originals lent to Mr. Murray by the Duke of Buckingham. The letters which are without date are arranged inferentially from internal evidence.

¹ Of Bellows or Bellhouse, or Gosfield-hall; was born at Weymouth, educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and Gray's Inn; elected M.P. for St. Germain's, in Cornwall, in 1710, 1713, and 1714, and for Sudbury in 1727. He was Justice of the Peace, and Deputy Lieutenant for the county of

Essex. He married, as his second wife, Mrs. Newsham, to whom the following letters are addressed. His only son, John Knight, Esq., dying in June, 1727, he bequeathed by will all his estates to his wife, who became possessed of them upon his decease, Oct. 2, 1733.—CHALMERS.

1.

MR. KNIGHT TO POPE.¹*Sept. 4, 1724.*

SIR,—According to my promise, this is to acquaint you that last night Mrs. Newsham came to town, and having been to wait on her to-day, she tells me that having but a week to stay and many things to do, she would be glad you would send her word what day you intend her y^e favour of a visit, that you may be sure of finding her at home. I am, sir, your most humble servant.

2.

POPE TO MRS. NEWSHAM.²*Twittenham, Dec. 21 [1724].*

MADAM,—Having been long and closely confined at home in attending a most dangerous illness of my mother (whose life was wholly despaired of, and, through several relapses since, very precarious), I never heard till last week what I sincerely condole with you upon.³ I cannot help breaking through the ceremony of the world, and writing as if I had the title of a relation to you. I thank God I am of that frame, that I can and do feel very sensibly for my friends in such circumstances. I cannot express how much; nor will worlds lessen whatever you feel. I will leave this subject. When you care to hear more from me, I shall wish to write to you; and am, indeed with all the good wishes of a friend, sincerely.

3.

POPE TO MRS. NEWSHAM.⁴*Twittenham, July 9 [1727]*

MADAM,—You would have had a very free companion and correspondent of me, and have inherited that open and unreserved behaviour, which I both learned from your brother, and practised to him. But the day that you passed at Twitnam, you did a thing that took away all my liberty, and made me a

¹ From the Homer MSS.

husband.

² First published by Bowles.⁴ First published by Bowles.³ Probably the death of her first

much less easy acquaintance than I hoped to have been to you. Methinks this period looks like a love-letter, to tell a lady she has taken away my liberty : but you will understand it in a more serious sense : and I assure you, I am, instead of your friend, so much your enemy for this, that I will live to be revenged of you. And in the meantime (like one that is very much intent upon revenge), I will say not a word more about it, but seem entirely to forget it.

The Italian sculptor¹ has not yet finished his clay model. Indeed it is a vast disadvantage as to the likeness, not to be able to see the life. What would not you and I give that that were possible ? But at last, by comparing the two other pictures and the print, (together with my own memory of the features of that friend who had often looked so kindly upon me,) he has brought it to a greater degree of resemblance than I could have thought. If you happened to come to town, I could wish you saw the model yet, before the marble be begun : for if you were not satisfied, I would have another sculptor make a model in clay after the pictures, for a further chance of likeness. If the artist were a worse carver than this man, yet it might be a help to improve his statue in this respect, since all the rest he cannot fail to perform excellently. I am really in pain to have you pleased in a point that I am sure is a tender one, since it is all you can do for the best of brothers, and I for the best of friends.

What can I write to you about ? Of him, we think alike, and (I dare say) we shall think always. His very memory more engages my mind, than the present enjoyment of almost all that remains in the world to strike my senses. These things appear but as a dream, and that as a reality. A friend gone, is like youth gone, never to be recalled, and leaves all that follows insipid and spiritless.

I will add no more upon this subject, though I know we shall never meet, or perhaps never write, without repetition of

¹ Guelfi, who was employed on a statue of Secretary Craggs.

this kind. I heartily wish well to all that he would have wished well to, had he been yet among us. The wound is eternal, but it is some ease to us to give it air, by showing it to one another, and pitying one another. I hope to hear from you at your leisure, and be assured, as the only reasonable motive you can have for your favour to me, that you cannot correspond with one more his admirer, his lover, and deplorer than, madam, &c.

My humble services to Mr. Newsham.¹ My mother begs your acceptance of hers.

4.

POPE TO MRS. NEWSHAM.²* TWITENHAM, *Aug. 8* [1727].

MADAM,—I should not tell you I have been so disagreeably employed as in taking care of my own health, which too much sickness makes me value more than otherwise I would, if I did not really believe you intend to have some concern about me, and that therefore I owe you some apology for writing no sooner, to one who wishes me so well. I have no answer to make to one part of yours, but that your manner of doing things does not (nor did in the instance I mentioned) displease me, it is so like your own brother's manners, and nothing like him can ever displease me. But you will yet more oblige me, if you will let me use you as I did him, and transfer a part of the favours you designed me, to the benefit of some objects I may recommend to you, whom one sort of favours may make happier; though the other, of friendliness and good will, I covet from you, and would not give a grain of as much as you allow me from myself. I have met with an object of extreme charity, to whom I will venture to give some of the money you have left in my hands, whose story I will take another time to tell you, and only now say, that if your brother had

¹ If the date assigned to this letter is correct, this must be young News-

ham.

² First published by Bowles.

lived, she would not have wanted relief. I have paid but as far yet as 60% to the statuary: the model I begin to be satisfied with, and he is to proceed upon the statue forthwith. You are very just to me in your thoughts of that affection that will prompt me in every thing relating to him. But I must also think you are very kind in them: in this age, justice is kindness. Yet I doubt not your mind is of a better sort, as his was, and forward to judge favourably of such as on any account deserve regard or belief. I shall use no ceremonial with you, on no occasion, but take you for what you are pleased to profess yourself toward me; and only assure you I shall think (if ever I found myself tempted to be too complaisant, or in the least degree insincere to you,) that I am offending the remains of the sincerest man I ever knew in the world, and growing ungrateful to him after his death.

Believe me therefore, madam, sensible of the obligation of being thought well of, and yet more sensible of that which occasioned your good opinion, your tenderness for him, and your acquiescence in his judgment, which was so favourable (indeed so partial) to me. In a word, I esteem you more for loving him, than for liking me; nay, I not only esteem, but love you the more for that very reason: and I will be always, dear madam, yours, &c.

Pray desire Mr. Newsham to accept my services. I hope the young gentleman is well.

5.

POPE TO MRS. NEWSHAM.¹TWITNAM, *Oct.* 13 [1727].

MADAM,—I [know] you are so good a relation as to think it a reasonable impediment to my writing to you (which I purposed as soon as you got into Warwickshire), that my mother was very ill. She is now so much better, that I begin to look with more cheerfulness on the coming part of my life. Con-

¹ First published by Bowles.

trary to most sons, I think, of all friends, a friend of one's family is the best; they are generally the surest, for merit seldom gets the better of blood. The world of late has been so bad, that it has seemed unwilling to attribute much merit to those who love us naturally, as kindred (and above all, parents) do: the true reason of which I fear is, that we are too ready to depreciate the kindnesses we receive, to excuse our own careless, if not ungrateful, returns to them. But though our relations *be obliged* to be kind to us, are we therefore *not obliged* to be grateful to them? For my part I am so unfashionable as to think my mother the best friend I have, for she is certainly the most partial one. Therefore as she thinks the best of me, she must be the kindest to me. And I am morally certain she does that without any difficulty or art, which it would cost the devil and all of pains for any body else to do.

In this domestic way of thinking, you will not take me too much for a complimentary person, if I, seriously and heartily, wish to know from you that Mr. Newsham is in a better state of health.¹ I am truly sorry that you cannot pass the winter here, especially when it is occasioned by such an obstacle: but I know from myself (who am like on the same account to see very little of the town this winter), that there is more true satisfaction in doing right, and in acting tenderly, than in all the vain, empty things, which the lovers of the town (the Cornishes² of the world) can call pleasures. They hate the very thoughts of Paradise, because it is described as a garden: and have no opinion of heaven, but as they fancy it like an opera.

I would not say this before Mr. Elliot,³ who has bought (at

¹ See note (1), p. 438.

² Henry Cornish, Esq., was (1727) Clerk of the Pipe in the Exchequer. He was a subscriber to Pope's *Iliad*. "He was son of Henry Cornish, Esq., Sheriff of London, who was executed in Cheapside for high treason, Oct. 23, 1685."—*Historical Register*. Compare the references to Mrs. Cornish in

letter 10.

³ Either Richard Eliot, of Port Eliot, Esq., who married Harriet, the natural daughter of Mr. Secretary Craggs, or (more probably) Edward Eliot, who married Elizabeth the second of the three sisters and co-heiresses of Secretary Craggs. She re-married the Hon. John Hamilton, and

my instigation) the marble for the statue,¹ upon which the Italian is now at work. I will not forget those cautions about the forehead, hair, &c., which we observed when we met on that occasion. You know that I have enough of yours in my hands, to answer the statuary's demands for the future. I have made the Latin inscription as full, and yet as short, as I possibly could. It vexes me to reflect how little I must say, and how far short all I can say is, of what I believe and feel on that subject; like true lovers' expressions, that vex the heart from whence they come, to find how cold and faint they must seem to others, in comparison of what inspires them inwardly in themselves. The heart glows while the tongue falters.

I shall try my interest with Mr. Nicols, in behalf of the young gentleman, who is so much a part of you. I had once an interest with him: and (because he is a good man) I will believe I have it still, for the same cause that I have some with you: one² whom he loved and respected, happened to love me, though now removed from us for ever. That will be a reason with grateful and reflecting minds, to devolve benevolences, and continue good wishes, from generation to generation. I am [sincerely, madam, yours, &c.].

6.

POPE TO JOHN KNIGHT, ESQ.³

TWITNAM, Oct. 30 [1727].

DEAR SIR,—I have this day received your second letter, with the note of 55*l.*, at Twitnam, and will next week go to town, where, as soon as the figure is set up, I will pay the statuary. Your excess of punctuality has cost you and me this alarm and trouble: for I might as well else have done it myself, and stayed till you came to town for the money.

was the mother of the first Marquis of Abercorn. She died 25th April, 1765. Richard, who died 19th Nov., 1748, was the father of Edward Craggs, first Baron Eliot.

¹ The statue of Secretary Craggs by Guelfi.

² Secretary Craggs.

³ First published by Bowles.

I must now express to you, with great truth, my concern for Mrs. Knight's danger ; which I first heard of the day after I had sent you my first letter. I hope in God her recovery is more and more confirmed : and I must tax you with a second piece of forgetfulness, in not saying one word of it when you writ last those three lines with the note. Let me trouble you for one letter more, at your next leisure, about her. If I get more health than indeed I yet have, and if she recovers fast enough to bear one additional infirmity, that of a philosophical companion, half sour and half sick, I intend, in less than a fortnight, to make you and her a short visit. In which case I will first go to Lees (the Duchess of Buckingham's), and send you an information when I am there, that you either may take notice of, or not, as it shall be most convenient to you at that time.

I went to Burlington House two days ago, where the statue is boxed up, ready for carriage, by Guelfi :¹ he had sent me two letters in one day about Bird² again ; that he would not make the box for it, &c. Whereupon I bid him, if Mr. B. did not come for it soon, to take the care upon himself of erecting it. But I since understand Guelfi is fallen sick : so Mr. Bird's care will be the more necessary. I wish to God it were once well set up : it will make the finest figure, I think, in the place ; and it is the least part of honour due to the memory of a man who made the best in his station ; and would, questionless, have made yet a better, had God allowed, what all mortals who rightly knew his virtues earnestly desired—his longer stay among us.

I have nothing to add, but my sincerest wishes for the welfare of two of the nearest parts of him, his friend and his

¹ "Guelfi," says H. Walpole, "was a scholar of Camillo Rusconi. He was invited to England by Lord Burlington, for whom he did many works in London and at Chiswick. His tomb of Mr. Craggs in Westmin-

ster Abbey is graceful and simple, but shows that he was a very indifferent sculptor."

² Francis Bird, a statuary, whose principal work is the monument of Busby.—CHALMERS.

sister. I am truly, dear sir, your affectionate, faithful servant.

My mother is Mrs. Knight's humble servant: so is Mrs. Patty Blount.

7. POPE TO JOHN KNIGHT, ESQ.¹

TWITENHAM, *Nov.* 24 [1727].

DEAR SIR,—I had some view of seeing you in the country: but the weather proved so cold, that the Duchess of Bucks came back to town before I was ready to go to Lees. I am forced now to content myself with such informations of Mrs. Knight's state of health, as your people gave me in Dover Street. If these be true, she is pretty well; and I hope the cheerfulness you two can give one another, will make all that bad seasons, ill air, and uncomfortable prospects can do, ineffectual to molest or cloud you. Here the most unhappy gay people are reduced to mere children's play, and childish sights, to divert them. They go every day to stare at a mock coronation on the stage, which is to be succeeded by a more ridiculous one of the Harlequins (almost as ridiculous a farce as the real state one of a coronation itself²). After that, they hope for it again in a puppet-show, which is to recommend itself by another qualification, of having the exact portraits of the most conspicuous faces of our nobility in wax-work, so as to be known at sight, without Punch's help, or the master's pointing to each with his wand as they pass. So much for news! It is what passes most material in this metropolis, till you, sir, with your fellow-members, come to find us greater business after Christmas.

At last I have seen the statue³ up, and the statuary down at the same time. The poor man has not been out of bed since.

¹ First published by Bowles.

³ Of Craggs.

² Of George II., on the 11th Oct., 1727.

I sent part of the money to him, and offered him more, which he refused, till he has been at the Abbey, to do some little matter more to the hair (as I understand) and feet. The inscription on the urn is not done yet, though they (*promised*) it two months ago, and had the draught :¹ but yesterday they sent to me again for it, which I cannot conceive the meaning of, for I saw it scored on in the Abbey. I have sent it over again to Mr. Bird this day, however.

I shall think it a favour to hear of you both, when your leisure permits. Believe me a sincere well-wisher to you both, and (if you will allow me a higher title) dear sir, a faithful friend and affectionate servant.

My mother is well, and very much yours and Mrs. Knight's.

8.

POPE TO JOHN KNIGHT, ESQ.²

[1727.]

SIR,—I had very long ago found a day liable to no accident of preventing me from seeing yourself and Mrs. Knight, but for a very tedious series of wretched ill health, that almost renders every day of my life wearisome and vexatious. My mother too has relapsed twice or thrice ; and it is so melancholy to her to be quite alone, that I have in a manner kept home entirely. Twice I endeavoured to find you, as I think, since we last met. I wish it now ; and, if I am not downright ill, will wait on you both next week. Guelfi sent me a letter this post, to whom I owed an arrear, thinking some things were wanting to be done, particularly to conceal better the joining of the urn. Pray send to him about it, and tell him (it will save me writing, and my head aches extremely) that, as soon as that is done, or if it be already done, I will pay him.

Be assured, dear sir, of our hearty services to yourself and your lady. I am, &c.

¹ See Pope's letter to Bird on the subject, vol. x. p. 250.

² First published by Bowles.

I hope you have read the book of the Bathos, and the last volume of our Miscellanies.

9.

POPE TO JOHN KNIGHT, ESQ.¹

Nov. 8, 1729.

DEAR SIR,—I have several times had cursory informations, at your door in Dover-street, of your health, and your several motions. I hoped you had intended to have moved this way before the year was so far advanced ; but I find you are yet in Warwickshire. I am desirous (in the epidemical distemper that now afflicts us all, and, I am told, all over the nation) to know how Mrs. Knight and yourself have escaped it, or have you escaped it? I have lain-in these three weeks, and narrowly missed a fever. Mrs. Blount hitherto has been free from it, but is going next week to London, with open arms to receive that and all other town blessings. She very often commemorates Gosfield, and you and Mrs. Knight. Her love for the place she banished herself from in so few days, resembles Eve's passion for Paradise, in Milton, when she had got herself turned out of it. However, like Eve, who raves upon tying up the rose-trees, and cultivating the arbours in the midst of her grief, this lady too talks much of seeing the lawn enlarged, and the flocks feeding in sight of the parterre, and of administering grass to the lambs, and crowning them with flowers, &c. In order whereto, she had got two beauties in their kind ready to send thither at your first order. The season, I have several times admonished her, would be too cold for such tender creatures to travel, unless she made her friend give them her forthwith. So, in short, whenever you will direct your servant in town, or her (who will be your servant in town in a few days), they shall be delivered, and sent in what manner you appoint.

My mother still remembers Mrs. Knight, though it is not

¹ First published by Bowles.

to be told how much she is decayed since you saw her. I thank God she lives, and lives not in pain, though languid and void of pleasure. I wish for you both, and all my friends, a life extended no longer than the enjoyment of it, and the possession of that understanding which will make us contented to part with the one, when we cannot preserve the other.

I am, with sincerity, and all good wishes to each of you, dear sir and dear madam, your, &c.

10.

POPE TO JOHN KNIGHT, ESQ.¹*July 30, 1730.*

SIR,—I have long intended to tell you and Mrs. Knight, that I live, and live very faithfully, a servant to you both. Accidents prevented my seeing you before you left London; and I had (after many inquiries, which would have seemed impertinent, had I not thought Mrs. Knight in extreme danger) the satisfaction of hearing she was recovered enough to go a journey, almost the same day that she went: for the very next I got to town, and found you had left it. Since that, your servant told me she continued well: I hope it, but should be better satisfied to be ascertained by yourself. I hope you both enjoy whatever is to be enjoyed in the country, and where two, well gathered together, make a thousand: for Mrs. Knight's sake, indeed, I wish a little quadrille in the midst of you. I am stuck at Twitnam, as fast as my own plants, scarce removable at this season. So is Mrs. Patty Blount; but not stuck with me, but removable to all other gardens hereabouts. Women seldom are planted in the soil that would best agree with them; you see carnations fad[ed] and dirty in Cheapside, which would blush and shine in the country. Mrs. Cornish is just now going to some such soft

¹ First published by Bowles.

retreat, at Hampstead, or Richmond, or Islington, having read the following epigram :

When other fair-ones to the shades go down,
Still Chloe, Flavia, Delia, stay in town :
Those ghosts of beauty wandering here reside,
And haunt the places where their honour died.¹

Mrs. Blount bids me assure you she is faithfully your servant; and I have only to add, that my mother is much better this summer than she ought to be, not having seen Mrs. Knight; and that I am sick every other day as usual, and this day for one; but truly and always, dear sir, your most affectionate and most humble servant.

11.

POPE TO JOHN KNIGHT, ESQ.²TWITENHAM, *June 20.*

DEAR SIR,—It was my intention and my hope to have been able to see Mrs. Knight and yourself before you left London, which now I fear will not be in my power, if my sober waterman's account be true. I received to-day the enclosed, which gives you a farther picture of my friend's desire to serve you: I am satisfied it is all he can do towards it. And really I wish it could answer your purposes, because there lives not a more moral, laborious, nor (I believe) one more proper to educate youth this way, considering the difficulty of finding people willing, able, and inoffensively tractable in such a situation. I hope you both enjoy good health, as (at this very present point of time) I do. That you may long and together enjoy that and all other earthly felicities is truly the wish of, dear sir, &c.

¹ Compare Moral Essay ii. v. 241.
See the character of 'the Cornishes'
given in letter 5.

² Transcribed by Mr. Peter Cunningham from the Stowe MSS.

12.

POPE TO JOHN KNIGHT, ESQ.¹STOWE, *Aug. 23, 1731.*

SIR,—The place from which I write to you will be a proof alone, how incapable I am of forgetting you and your Gosfield: for if any thing under Paradise could set me beyond all earthly cogitations, Stowe might do it. It is much more beautiful this year than when I saw it before, and much enlarged, and with variety: yet I shall not stay in it, by a fortnight, so long as I did (with pleasure) with you. You must tell Mrs. Knight she had been spoken of, and her health toasted here; and that Lord Cobham sends his services, with a memorandum to perform her promise of seeing this place. If she keeps it, I do not despair to live (partly by my own exemplary temperance, and partly by the assistance of mother Vincent) to meet you both here another season. I shall yet think it a diminution to my happiness to miss of half our companions and compotators of syllabub, not to have Mr. Newsham and his dogs, and his preceptors, and his dearly-beloved cousin, and his mathematics, and his Greek, and his horses. Without a compliment to all, or any of them, I never passed an easier and more agreeable month, in spite of some ill health, and some melancholy, than that of July last. I hope you will long enjoy that tranquillity and that satisfaction, which is spread over all that is about you. I often wish Mr. Mallett² joy, in my own heart, of his having exchanged such a whining, valetudinary, cloudy, journalier companion, as myself, for the good humour, and serenity, and indulgence of your family. I am pretty sure he will deserve it all. Mrs. Patty languishes in town, and diets there on fools in defect of friends. I am sorry to forsake her at such a time; and she is more sorry you live at such a distance. His sister affirms,

¹ First published by Bowles.² David Mallet, the poet, who ap-

pears to have been tutor to young Newsham.

nobody of sense can live six miles out of London ; and indeed I know nothing that can set her right, but the free use of the cane you bestowed upon me, and which I could wish to bestow upon her. I cannot say my rambles contribute much to my health ; yet I take no corporeal medicaments, but wholly apply to remedies of the mind : if human philosophy will not do, I must desire Mrs. Elliot to pray for me. My next journey is to Southampton, to my Lord Peterborough ; where also I have a Catholic friend, who will take care of my soul ; and shall dine with a Jesuit, thrice a week, worth all the priests in Essex, if you except Mr. Tripsack.

I desire you all to accept of my faithful services, and to know no man is more mindful of you than, dear sir, your, &c.

13.

POPE TO JOHN KNIGHT, ESQ.¹*Tuesday, 7 in the Morning.*

THERE has arisen such a tempest to-night, and the morning is so blustering, that I think it unreasonable to tax Mrs. Knight's good nature at such a rate, so as to expect her here to-day. If she were one of those fine ladies who *goes* no where but for her own sake, and for her own dear amusements, and visits those whom she would hang in her passion, or beggar in her play ; why then I should not be sorry to see her soused and mortified one wet day in the country for it. But as she intends to please me, and as I gratefully wish her to be pleased, I will not expect her if the weather does not perfectly change, so as you may be here before one o'clock : and pray name any day whatever else (after to-morrow, on which I am indispensably engaged). Nevertheless, as for you, sir, if you fear neither wind, nor thunder, nor storm, according to your wonted alacrity, come on horseback, forthwith, and appoint your other day yourself in person. I am very truly Mrs. Knight's, and, dear sir, your, &c.

¹ First published by Bowles.

14.

POPE TO MRS. KNIGHT.¹

MADAM,—I was unlucky not to be able to find you the only day I have been in town : and the season now keeps me to the country, where all the business I have in the world is to be. I was, if I could have seen you, to have informed you of some curiosities (as I know you to like things of that nature) in shells, corals, and mineral ores, and congelations, which, I am told, are very beautiful, and to be had at a very reasonable rate. I heard of them by chance : they belong to one Mrs. Dering, who brought them from the Indies, and lives at Mrs. Le Grand's. If you care to see them, Mrs. Patty Blount will wait upon you thither, and be glad of the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with you. I said something from you to her, which I have forgot, and was to say something from her to you since, which I have also forgot ; but you may take my word it was very civil, very reasonable, and very well intended. I hope you will meet some way or other upon better terms than silly civilities (as you desired, I know, to do) : if you do not meet at your own houses, let it be at mine. Pray acquaint me how soon you can do me the favour you promised of a day. Assure Mr. Knight of my hearty services, and believe me sincerely, madam, your, &c.

15.

POPE TO MRS. KNIGHT.²SOUTHAMPTON, *Aug. 5* [1734].

MADAM,—If I did not know you must take it for granted that I am always mindful of you, I should have been earlier in telling you such a piece of news. But the truth is, that all I ever think letters good for, is to convey to those who love one another the news of their welfare, and the knowledge that they continue in each other's memory. The first of these I heard by inquiries in London, which have been transmitted to me ;

¹ First published by Bowles.

Knight was now a second time a

² First published by Bowles. Mrs. widow.—CHALMERS.

and the last, I think so well both of you and myself, as to think unnecessary. It was very certain Mrs. Elliot's company would be an equivalent to you for all you could leave in town, and yours would be so to her. Indeed, I had a wish to make you a short visit by surprise, and see this with my own eyes; but the account given me at Stowe (where I had but one week to stay, and given me after I had been half-jumbled to death, and just before I was to be jumbled again in the abominable stony roads thereabouts) gave me a terror I could not overcome; especially when, chancing to see a clergyman who lives by you, and whose name I have forgot, he told me the way was farther and worse than ever my fears had imagined. I have been but in a poor state of health, ever since I set out from home; and can scarce say I have found rest till (where you would least expect it) under my Lord Peterborough. This place¹ is beautiful beyond imagination, and as easy as it is beautiful. I wish you and Mrs. Elliot saw it. Here is a very good Catholic lady in the house,² and she and I might pray together for you. One motive, which perhaps may one time or other draw you, is, that the Duchess of Montague is within ten miles of us, at Bewley, which, I am told, is a fine situation on the sea, and I shall see it to-morrow: Lord Peterborough carries me thither. I had the satisfaction to hear this week from Mrs. Patty Blount, that you were well. She is got into Surrey to another Papist lady, and stays some time with her. I design to steer towards London before the end of this month. We expect here Mr. and Mrs. Poyntz. What can I say to you? I wish you very happy. I wish Mr. Newsham all that you wish him to have, and to be. Where is he, and Mr. Mallet? When shall you return to town? I desire you to be very kind to me, and very just to me; that is, to let me know you continue well, now, when I can no other way be sure of it, than by a line hither; and to believe me sincerely ever, with all esteem, madam, your, &c.

¹ Bevis Mount.

² Lady Peterborough.

I think I need not send Mrs. E.¹ my services, for they will do her no good; but desire her prayers, which may do me some.

16.

POPE TO MRS. KNIGHT.²*Sept. 1 [1734].*

DEAR MADAM,—Idle as I am, no opportunity can offer that puts me in mind of you, but I comply with that mind, which is always yours. It therefore must tell you, by this gentleman, how much I think of you; and that, if the body belonging to this mind were worth one farthing, it would follow it, and go to see you. But those wretched infirmities, which set it forward toward the blessings of another life, keep it back from doing what it likes in this. I am next week going from Southampton to London, where I shall impatiently expect you. I fancy you will be as impatient to be in London, especially if Mrs. Elliot be not with you. I had the most entertaining letter imaginable from Mr. Mallet,³ from Wales. I sent it to our friend Patty; and she (if she is not stupid) will keep it, to show to you when we all meet. God send it, and the sooner the better. Believe me, without more words, yours.⁴ First, the post told you so, when I had no other messenger, then Harte⁵ had a line to tell you so, and now Mr. Newsham.

17.

POPE TO MRS. KNIGHT.⁶*Saturday [1734].*

DEAR MADAM,—It was my intention to have returned to town this day to meet Mr. Mallet, but a good deal of indis-

¹ Mrs. Elliot.² First published by Bowles.³ Mallet's letter from Chester of 2d August.⁴ There is no signature, but it was intended no doubt to be here.⁵ Rev. Walter Harte. He had the living of Gosfield.—CHALMERS.

This was the author of the 'Essay on Reason.'

⁶ Transcribed by Mr. Peter Cunningham from the Stowe MS.

position obliged me to take a little physick to-night to enable me to live another day or two in London. If Lord Bolingbroke be in Dover Street, I wish Mr. M. would wait on him first and tell him of his journey. He would be sure to find me here to-morrow, but the first day I can I will be with you. I have nothing to add, but a very sincere assurance that I wish to be any way useful to you as being with truth, madam, your most obliged and faithful servant.

18.

POPE TO MRS. KNIGHT.¹SOUTHAMPTON, *Aug.* 29 [1735].

MADAM,—I must keep my old custom of giving my friends now and then, once or twice a year, my testimony in writing that I love and esteem them, and that they have a place in my memory when I have been longest absent from them. I have never anything else to say, and it is all that friendship and good-will can, or ought to say: the rest is only matter of curiosity, which a newspaper can better gratify. I desire no more, madam, from you, than to tell me just the thing that most concerns me, and therefore is not impertinent to ask, that you are well, and in a peaceful or happy state of mind or body. I hope Mrs. Elliot is with you, to contribute to yours, and increase her own happiness. It will not displease you to hear, that you are remembered at this distance, and in a place where you are not much acquainted: but when you know that I am here, and that Mr. Poyntz is here, you will easily expect it should be so; and not wonder that your health and Mr. Newsham's are drank at Lord Peterborough's table. I am taking my leave (a melancholy office) of a friend I have long had a true regard for, and one of the most obliging turn, and the finest talents to make others easy and pleased, of any that I ever knew. There will not be many finer gentlemen left in

¹ First published by Bowles.

the world, unless Mr. Newsham, and some other of the second generation, be very much bent upon it to rival him.

Pray let Mr. Harte know I am always his sincere well-wisher. I wish I were a day or two with you, to see how happy he is, beside making myself so; but fate keeps me far from you. At Stowe will be my next stage, where, if I can be soon enough, I would meet my Lady Suffolk, who is to stay there but a few days. Mrs. Blount is yet with her, and not less your *sincere* servant (I can tell you, though perhaps she may not), than the finest lady in Christendom; nay, I take her to be as sincere as Lady S. herself, though she is now no courtier. I desire you to think of me as you used to do, which I am sensible is as well as I deserved, and I deserve just the same now, for I am just the same, that is, faithfully, madam, your most obliged (why not affectionate?) humble servant.

Mrs. Elliot will believe me sincerely her servant, when I assure her so in all Christian truth, not in worldly compliment.

19.

POPE TO MRS. KNIGHT.¹

TWITENHAM, Nov. 25, 1735.

MADAM,—You will not think my silence any evidence of my forgetting you, after what I have declared to you long ago. It is a pain to me to be writing things I cannot express, to friends I cannot see; for both my zeal for them, and my concern not to be nearer them, puts me into an uneasiness not to be told. I was much disappointed in not finding Mrs. Elliot: I was at her door the day before I left London, and the first day that I returned to it, which was the morning after she went. If a desire to be with you some days would transport me beyond such necessary business as my relations and friends

¹ First published by Bowles.

find for me, I assure you my own business would not hinder my complying with it.

I have not, for I cannot forget what you mention in relation to Mr. Harte: one of the livings I can have no possible view of, knowing nothing towards the Duke of Rutland. The other, of Lord Essex, I will speak to Lord Cornbury upon, who is but just returned from abroad. I have hopes of seeing him soon: but God knows, these are remote views.

To prove to you how little essential to friendship I hold letter-writing, after the experience of thirty years (for so long Mr. Curll tells you I kept a regular correspondence), I have not yet written to Mr. Mallet, whom I love and esteem greatly, nay whom I know to have as tender a heart, and that feels a friendly remembrance as long as any man. Pray send him the inclosed: it is all I can say, for (as I told you before) it makes me quite sick to be put upon the pikes, to be saying such things as can only be felt, not said. When do you come to town? The rascally *builders*, as you call them, do not deserve that name; they pull down more than they build up, and will keep you out of your house for ever, if you do not come and drive them out. Mrs. Patty loves you, and hopes no woman of quality can love you better; for then she would wish to be a woman of quality. I love you (modestly speaking), and I love Mrs. Elliot (Christianly speaking); so pray love and forgive him who is truly and morally hers, and, dear madam, your, &c.

20.

POPE TO MRS. KNIGHT.¹

TWICKNAM, May 17 [1736].

MADAM,—Though I forget all the town at this season, I would not have you think I forget your commissions; but (to put it upon a truer foot) I can't forget a person I so really loved and esteemed as the subject of the enclosed inscription.²

¹ Transcribed by Mr. Peter Cunningham from the Stowe MSS.

² Probably that given in full on p. 435.

It is now as I think it ought to be, and the sooner it is engraved the better. As soon as I can leave this place I shall wait upon you, and try if I can persuade you to take any country-seat beside Godsfield, though but for a day. I am sincerely your most faithful servant.

21.

POPE TO MRS. KNIGHT.¹

Sept. 6, 1736.

MADAM,—I take your rebuke in Mrs. Blount's letter kindly; but indeed I know nothing so fruitless as letter-writing. It can amount only to this, to be certified that our friends live, and that we live mindful of them; the first of which one may generally know otherwise, and the latter no friend can or ought to doubt. I have often heard of you; and, without hearing particulars, am satisfied, that while you are alive, you are doing some good, and remembering those of whom you have the same opinion. Indeed, I know but one circumstance in which it is very pleasing, (if not very reasonable,) on both sides, to demand, and to tell, all particulars of, and to one another: it is, when two people are in love. Now you see, madam, that whenever I write to you often, it will amount to a direct declaration, which I fear would immediately make you yourself put a stop to it. Therefore, not to be impertinent at my age, I will be content with putting you in mind (though I think myself happy enough not to believe it necessary) that I wish to be your servant in any thing. But it would be downright impudence to imagine your regard for me extended to a desire of knowing a thousand things about a person so little significant to your real service or welfare.

I like better the Christian language, of saying *I pray* for yours here and hereafter; which is true, and which is, in

¹ First published by Bowles.

This letter has been hitherto addressed to "Mrs. Nugent," but Mrs.

Knight was not remarried till March 23, 1736-7.

reality, all we can do for one another, for the most part : and I think Mrs. Elliot will be on my side.]

If we both join in these prayers, I hope more good may accrue to your soul, than I dare name, or than the Rev. Mr. Harte may allow of.

In the mean time, I will only pray that you may be delivered from all evil, and particularly, in the first place, from all evil workers, or workmen, who are as dirty and as noisy as devils, in your house. But you may wish me joy of workmen in my garden ; which I think as delightful, as the others are dreadful. You may as much expect to see a new garden, when you come to Twitnam, as I to see a new house when I go to Gosfield. I hope they will drive you out to London, since I shall be kept hereabouts all the autumn. I guess Mr. Harte is in his element, among builders and bookcases : I wish him happy sincerely in every thing.

I foresee Mr. Newsham's return is approaching. I doubt not he will bring you back the completion of your happiness ; and if he does, I must say you will owe something to Mr. Mallet, in not only restoring you a son as good as he carried him out (which few tutors do), but in a great degree making and building up, as well as strengthening and improving, what is the greatest work man or woman ought to be proud of, a worthy mind and sound body. May the just occasion of so much pride and pleasure to you, ever continue ! Nothing on earth better than this can be wished you by, &c.

22.

POPE TO MRS. KNIGHT.¹*Saturday [Oct. 30, 1736].*

DEAR MADAM,—After hoping to be able to dine with you this day, my very uneasy indisposition of cholic and headache rendered it impracticable : and it has continued in such a manner all this day too, that I find I must never attempt to

¹ First published by Bowles.

dine so late as a fashionable hour. I really dread the consequences of doing it at Marble Hill;¹ when you set out thence after twelve, it will be three before you can be there, and four before they will dine. I can, therefore, upon serious consideration, no more propose any enjoyment in waiting on you on Monday; but rather will meet you at Lady Suffolk's that day or the next, and go home in the mean time as I can, dreading a fresh cold. You see what an unable man you have to do with! Well may he call himself a humble, very humble servant.

23. MARTHA BLOUNT AND POPE TO MRS. KNIGHT.²

December 10, 1736.

I RESOLVE to write to you once before you come to town, though you make ever so much haste, as I think both by inclination and necessity you will; and though I have nothing to say to you but to Mrs. Elliot, and nothing to say to her but about horses. Mr. Noell hears she no longer hires horses of the man she employed last year, therefore begs me to desire he may have her custom again. I hope this petition will operate soon, as I hope her devotion this Christmas will bring her hither, and that you will not be able to stay behind her. Lady Suffolk and Mr. Berkley are well, and in town; the King is expected on Sunday. Though there is so little in this letter, you will take it not the less kindly, since it contains so great a truth as the assurance of being to you both a faithful and ever mindful servant.

I HAVE hindered Mrs. B. from making her letter longer, and now find I have as little to say myself. But about Christmas time there is great plenty of good wishes sent about the kingdom, and I should be ashamed if Gosfield had not mine. It is a place I have been very happy in, and abounds with plenty, peace, and cheerful countenances. I doubt not at this

¹ The seat of Lady Suffolk.

² First published by Bowles.

season all people *round it* are happy ; God forbid any one *in it* should not ! when it is considered that nothing has been done but by his ordination.

I am naturally led, from a Christian sentence, to think of Mrs. Elliot, for whose welfare of body and mind I sincerely wish, not to say pray. I hope, as Mrs. B. does, that the motive she mentions cannot fail to bring her to town, and then you cannot stay long, if at all, behind. Believe, among all those who desire this, none does it more than your, &c.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

1717 OR 1718.

1. POPE TO THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.¹

LONDON, *October* — [1717 or 1718],
[*The writer drunk,*] *between day and night.*

MADAM,—Mrs. Whitworth² (who as her epitaph on Twit'nam Highway assures us, had attained to as much perfection and

¹ First published in *Annual Register*, 1766.

Relict of the Duke of Hamilton, who was killed in a duel with Lord Mohun in the year 1712, which arose from a meeting concerning a lawsuit, that had long depended between them, when the Duke, speaking of one of Lord Mohun's witnesses, said, "he had neither truth nor justice in him;" to which Lord Mohun replied, "that he had as much truth and justice as his Grace." Lord Mohun was mortally wounded, and while the Duke stood over him, he shortened his sword and stabbed him to the heart. Parnell wrote some lines on his death :—

——— Ah, sadly slain !
'Tis grief to name him when we mourn in vain.
No warmth of verse repairs the vital flame,
For verse can only grant a life in fame.
Yet could my praise, like spiey odours shed,
In everlasting song embalm the dead,

To realms that weeping heard the loss, I'd tell
What courage, sense, and faith with Brandon fell !

The Duchess was a woman of wit and spirit, and corresponded with Swift, who took a great interest in her distress on the death of her husband. His account of her conduct on this occasion does not, however, represent her in the most amiable light. "I then went," says he, "to the Duchess of Hamilton, who never grieved, but raged and stormed, and railed. She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper." A short letter from her to the Dean is given in *Swift's Works*, vol. xvii. p. 59.—ROSCOE.

The Duchess of Hamilton was daughter and heiress of Digby, Lord Gerrard of Bromley.

² Roscoe, following the *Annual Register*, prints the name thus. But the following extract seems to show that it was really 'Whitrow.'

"I cannot dismiss this subject

purity as any since the Apostles) is now deposited according to her own order between a fig-tree and a vine, there to be found at the last resurrection.

I am just come from seeing your Grace in much the like situation, between a honey-suckle and a rose-bush; where you are to continue as long as canvas can last. I suppose the painter by those emblems intended to intimate, on the one hand, your Grace's sweet disposition to your friends; and, on the other, to show you are near enough related to the thistle of Scotland to deserve the same motto with regard to your enemies. *Nemo me impunè lacescit.*¹

The two foregoing periods, methinks, are so mystical, learned, and perplexed, that if you have any statesmen or divines about you, they cannot choose but be pleased with them. One divine you cannot be without, as a good Christian; and a statesman you have lately had, for I hear my Lord Selkirk has been with you. But (that I may not be unintelligible quite to the bottom of this page) I must tell your Grace in English, that I have made a painter bestow the aforesaid ornaments around about you (for upon you there needs none), and I am, upon the whole, pleased with my picture beyond expression. I may now say of your picture, it

without taking notice of a monument which has more ostentation in it than is decent on these occasions. It is erected on the side of a garden wall, on the entrance to the town of Twickenham, under which are laid the ashes of Mrs. Whitrow, a Quaker, over which this inscription is engrav'd on a stone:—

Nosce Teipsum.

Here, at her Desire,
are deposited in a Vault the
Remains of Mrs. Joane Whitrow:
Whose Soul on the 8th of Septemb. 1707
left this World, and ascended
into the glorious Joys of the Just
having liv'd about 78 years.
She was Eminent for her
Great ABSTINENCE;
Her Charity was universal.

She lov'd all good Persons
without Regard to Party.
She was favour'd by Heaven
with Uncommon Gifts.
She wrote several pious Books,
She was an extraordinary Person,
and came as near Perfection
As the brightest Saints
that ever adorned the Church
since the Apostolick Age.
Examine yourselves,
2 Cor. 13, 5.
Death and Judgment
will come."

[From "The Censor," No. 27, for Friday,
June 10, 1715.]

¹ Lord William will conster this
Latine if you send it to Isleworth.—
POPE.

Note in Annual Register: Lord
William was the second son of the
Duchess.

is the thing in the world the likest you, except yourself; as a cautious person once said of an elephant, it was the biggest in the world, except itself.

You see, madam, it is not impossible for you to be compared to an elephant; and you must give me leave to show you one may carry on the simile.

An elephant never bends his knees; and I am told your Grace says no prayers. An elephant has a most remarkable command of his snout, and so has your Grace when you imitate my lady O——y.¹ An elephant is a great lover of men, and so is your Grace for all I know, though from your partiality to myself, I should rather think you loved little children.

I beg you not to be discouraged in this point. Remember the text which I'll preach upon, the first day I am a parson. *Suffer little children to come to me: and Despise not one of these little ones.*

No, madam, despise great bears, such as Gay; who now goes by the dreadful name of *The Beast of Blois*, where Mr. Pulteney and he are settled, and where he shows tricks gratis, to all the beasts of his own country (for strangers do not yet understand the voice of the beast).² I have heard from him but once, Lord Warwick twice, Mrs. Lepell thrice: if there be any that has heard from him four times, I suppose it is you.

I beg Mr. Blondel may know, Dr. Logg³ has received ordination, and enters upon his function this winter at Mrs. Blount's. They have chosen this innocent man for their confessor; and I believe most Roman Catholic ladies, that have any sins, will follow their example. This good priest will be of the order of

¹ In Annual Register, 'Orkney.'

² Pulteney seems to have gone abroad on the breaking up of the Townshend Ministry in 1717. Gay went with him. See Pope to Gay, 1717, where Pope rejoices after his

fashion at the birth of the young Prince, no doubt George William, born 2nd November, 1717.

³ The name is probably 'Legg.' See the next letter, containing the Duchess's answer.

Melchisedec, a priest for ever, and serve a family from generation to generation. He will stand in a corner as quietly as a clock, and being wound up once a week, strike up a loud alarum to sin on a Sunday morning. Nay, if the Christian Religion should be abolished (as indeed there is great reason to expect it from the wisdom of the legislature), he might at worst make an excellent bonfire, which is all that, upon a change of religion, can be desired from a heretic. I do not hope your Grace should be converted, but however I wish you would call at Mrs. B.'s out of curiosity. To meet people one likes, is thought by some the best reason for going to church, and I dare promise you will like one another. They are extremely your servants, or else I should not think them my friends.

I ought to keep up the custom, and ask you to send me something. Therefore pray, madam, send me yourself, that is, a letter; and pray make haste to bring up yourself, that is all I value, to town. I am, with the truest respect, the least ceremony, and the most zeal, madam, your Grace's most obedient, faithful, and most humble servant.

Mr. Hamilton, I am yours.

There is a short letter for you.

2. THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON TO POPE.¹

I HAVE obey'd y^r orders, & was in so great hast to do it, y^t I did not stay to walk down stairs, but came tumbling to you in y^e utmost hurry to attend you in St. Albans-street, where I hope you'l not keep me long under y^e impatience of wanting to see you. father Leggs friend, who is come on purpose to be one of his flock, greets you; as do's Mr. Hamilton and

¹ From the Homer MSS. The letter has been assigned to Lord Orrery, but there can be no doubt it is from the Duchess of Hamil-

ton. Though unsigned, and the seal defaced, the motto 'Through' is clear enough.

Mumper. don't think I'm any thing short of y^e above mentioned, in being your sincere serv^t.

Fryday.

My snout¹ has been exercised since [my] arrivall.

3.

MR. MADDISON TO POPE.²

SIR,—My Lady Dutchess being drunk at this present,³ & not able to write herself, has commanded me to acquaint you that there is to be musick on the water on Thursday next, therefore desires you to be y^t evening at her house in Bond Street by Six a Clock at farthest, and her Grace will call of you there to take you in her barge, which she has ordered to be ready at that time at White Hall with Provisions, and shall land you [on] the wish'd for shoare. I am, Y^r most humble Servant,

EAST ACTON, *Tuesday Night.*

⁴ Out of y^e abundance of y^e heart y^e mouth speaketh, so Pope is the word, a disappointment is not to be endured.

¹ See Pope's allusions to the Duchess's 'snout' in the preceding letter. There appears to have been some standing joke between them on the subject.

² From the Homer MSS.

On the assumption that the postscript was written by the Duchess of Hamilton, and Maddison was her amanuensis, the letter is inserted

here.

³ See the superscription to Letter 1.

⁴ The handwriting of the postscript is different, and the same as in the preceding letter. The Duchess referred to is therefore probably the Duchess of Hamilton, who lived at East Acton, and the postscript is probably by her.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND MRS. HOWARD.

1. POPE TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. HOWARD.¹

June 20 (1726).

WE cannot omit taking this occasion to congratulate you upon the increase of your family, for your cow is this morning very happily delivered of the better sort, I mean a female calf; she is as like her mother as she can stare. All knights errants' palfreys were distinguished by lofty names; we see no reason why a pastoral lady's sheep and calves should want names of the softer sounds: we have therefore given her the name of Cæsar's wife, Calphurnia: imagining, that as Romulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf, this Roman lady was suckled by a cow, from whence she took that name. In order to celebrate this birth-day, we had a cold dinner at Marble Hill.² Mrs. Susan offered us wine upon the occasion, and upon such an occasion we could not refuse it. Our entertainment consisted of flesh and fish, and the lettuce of a Greek island called Cos. We have some thoughts of dining there to-morrow, to celebrate the day after the birth-day, and on

¹ Afterwards Countess of Suffolk.
First published by Cooper, 1737.

BURTON. It was given to Mrs.
Howard by the King.

² Mrs. Howard's house. — WAR-

Friday to celebrate the day after that, where we intend to entertain Dean Swift; because we think your hall the most delightful room in the world, except that where you are. If it was not for you, we would forswear all Courts; and really it is the most mortifying thing in nature, that we can neither get into the Court to live with you, nor you get into the country to live with us; so we will take up with what we can get that belongs to you, and make ourselves as happy as we can in your house.

I hope we shall be brought into no worse company when you all come to Richmond: for whatever our friend Gay may wish as to getting into Court, I disclaim it, and desire to see nothing of the Court but yourself, being wholly and solely your, &c.

2.

POPE TO MRS. HOWARD.¹*Friday Oct. [1727].*

MADAM,—Your letter unfeignedly gives me great disquiet. I do not only say that I have a true concern for you: indeed, I feel it many times, very many, when I say it not. I wish to God any method were soon taken to put you out of this uneasy, tormenting situation.² You, that I know feel even to delicacy upon trifling occasions, must (I am sensible) do it to a deep degree, upon one so near and so tender to you. And yet, as to the last thing that troubles you (the odd usage of Mr. H[oward] to his son) I would fain hope some good may be derived from it. It may turn him to a reflection, that possibly his mother may be yet worse used than himself; and make him think of some means to comfort himself in comforting her. If any reasonable creature (any creature more reasonable than his horses or his hounds, or his country gentleman) were but about him, sure some good might arise from it.

¹ From the Suffolk Letters, 2 vols. 8vo, 1824.

indelicate proceedings of Mr. Howard.
—CROKER.

² Pope alludes to the violent and

It is a trouble to me not to be able to see and talk to you while you stay at Kensington. I will not fail to wait on you at London the next week; and yet God knows, when I reflect how little use or good I can be to you, but merely in wishes, it is a sort of vexation to me to come near you.

As for Mrs. Blount, I verily believe she thinks you would take little satisfaction, much less comfort, in seeing her; I am otherwise very confident she would have been with you (though I also remember she has talked of getting to see you by any method she could modestly propose for a week past). In earnest, she is so much your sincere servant, to my certain knowledge, that she would prefer it to all she can do here.

I should not have put any more troublesome things into your mind than you already have, and therefore wish I had not mentioned Mrs. V.'s¹ paper, which (after all) she has since sent to me: it amounts to about £23 more than I believe you have any cause to pay. This is the matter so important. But sure it is a family fault; and the widow, like a good woman, is very solicitous to perform the will of the dead, which was to impose upon you every way.

The Dean surely thinks me much more his friend than you are, since he has not told his melancholy to me as he has to you, which (considering his longer knowledge of me) he might have judged would affect me with more uneasiness, and therefore suppressed.

I am truly afflicted about him. I really feel for my friends. What does Gay do? or what will be done for him? I am very sincerely, your well wisher, &c.

Pray let me have some authority to tell your maid at Marble-hill that you will continue her, because I promised her to intercede with you (as you remember by your own order).

¹ Mrs. Vernon's.

3.

POPE TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Endorsed May, 1729.]

MADAM,—The first word I heard of this vexatious thing was on Saturday at three o'clock. I went to Lord Ilay's¹ by five, thinking he might be in the country as usual on Saturday. Next morning I was engaged to Lord Burlington at Chiswick, from whence I sent you my letter. I was obliged to go on by water to London to see a sick friend, and returned not home till last night late. I then found your letter, which gave me, besides the uneasiness I partake with you, an additional one in finding you seem to dislike the word or two I spoke to the steward. It was no more than to express my surprise after his having been satisfied fully with your paying thirty shillings a year for the two acres wherever they lay (and if I remember right you have a receipt from him for the last year's rent to that purpose) that Mrs. Vernon should take this course without giving any notice, whereas it's certain from what Pigot told me, that the trustees for the Charity could no way legally pretend to an *ejectment* unless the rent were stopped by the tenant, which was not here the case, and could therefore be only Mrs. Vernon's act and deed. In this I am since confirmed by your servant Safford, who says, when the men came to measure, they brought one Parson with them, the churchwarden, whom they told they did *this only for the satisfaction of Mrs. Vernon*.

I should fancy the trustees might be influenced, from the

¹ Lord Islay, afterwards Duke of Argyll, as trustee for Mrs. Howard (whose husband was still living) bought the grounds of Marble Hill in several small lots, from John Gray, Esq., Robert Parsons, and Thomas Vernon, gents. One lot of two acres and of uncertain position, was held under a charity, and the lease was assigned to Lord Islay by Mr. Vernon,

whose widow seems to have attempted to exercise some rights over it, and Mrs. Howard no doubt disapproved of a proposition which she understood Pope to have made that she should rent it, as that would be an admission that the land in question had not been included in the original assignment.—CROKER.

Dean of Paul's or some proper person, to take no ejectment while your rent is continued, or to take any security for the value of the two acres, or exchange them : since their whole business is but to see the Charity paid on. And if they do not prosecute the matter, Mrs. Vernon sure cannot, in her own name, for shame. The fact is that these two acres, in the lease which I remember to have read some years since, are said to lie *between Capt. Gray's ground and the west side* (toward the alehouse), so that it may be anywhere among those grounds beyond the horse chestnuts, for anything said in the writings. The old man's evidence is all they have for it.

What you seem to disapprove, as of my speaking to the steward *for you to rent it*, is a mistake, for it was not *my* proposal, but *his* ; and I was so far from entering into it readily, that I told him I thought the proceeding very extraordinary, and would not so much as propose it to you, but whatever he had to say about renting either the whole or part, he might write to you, or Mrs. Vernon might write to you, themselves.

They expect Capt. Gray every day here. As soon as he comes, I will see him. I hope I need not tell you how much I detest dirty doings in general, and how much I partake in being vexed at any that affect you in particular—that is, in other words, how much I would deserve to be, your most real, humble servant.

My mother is but in a bad state of health, nor I in a good one : I would wait on you at any time ; I wish it could be to any purpose.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND MRS. OR MISS MARRIOT.

FROM 1712 TO 1714.

1.

POPE TO MRS. MARRIOT.

LONDON, *July the 19th* [1712?].¹

MADAM,—The same cause that commonly occasions all sorts of negligence in our sex to yours has hindered thus long my answering your most obliging letter: I mean a rambling way of life which I have run into these two months and upwards. It is some kind of commendation to bear our duty long in mind, and I assure you I have every day thought of writing to you. But, madam, you ought to consider, that to reply to a very witty epistle, such as yours, requires of necessity a good deal of time. If I were so wise as to proceed cautiously, I should summon a council of all the witts at Button's Coffee-house before I attempted it. In plain terms, madam, I am but a lone man, and no way a match for you. Therefore, for God's sake, and for my comfort, write a dull letter next, which, considering it comes from your hands, will be the greatest rarity in the world.

After all I have said, let me whisper you in your ear, and

¹ Transcribed from the original by Mr. Croker. Pope was frequently in Button's Coffee House during 1712. The letter was written before

Broome had the living of Sturston, or he would probably have been mentioned.

tell you a little truth. Faith, madam, I have never seen nor read your letter. It came to Binfield when I was in town, and my politick father detained it there to be a motive of drawing me into the country. I have manfully resisted the temptation these three weeks, but find I must see your letter or dye. I believe 'tis with impatience for this that I have neither eat nor slept of late, for upon my word I have scarce layn four hours asleep nor received the nourishment natural to me all this time. I have during those short slumbers dreamt of so many fine things in your letter that I almost fear 'twill hardly answer my idea of it when I read it. Methought t'other night Mrs. Betty Marryot (like a wagg as she is) snatched it out of my hand and offered me a kiss to part with it, which I refused, though, in my conscience, she looked more amiable in that dream than I had ever thought her awake; she was then handsomer than herself, and before she was only handsomer than all others. Dreams, they say, are often propheticall, and I can't but fancy they have told me truth in what they represent to be the contents of your letter. You railly me cruelly upon my solitary life in the country; while I am distributing myself all about the towne, you set before my eyes the entertainments of balls and masquerades, parties of pleasure in Spring Gardens, plays and music meetings, raffling-shops, and all those things which your fair daughter hates in her heart, and is so very glad to avoid in y^e shades of Suffolk. But since you insult me to such a degree (as I am sure you do in that cursed letter), I'll return you such thanks as it deserves, that is, I'll curse you and your daughter heartily.

In y^e first place, then, may Providence consent to my wishes, and cause you both to forsake your house and home; may your possessions be alienated and put into the hands of strangers; may your fields bear harvests for other people, and those who are now your tenants be the dependants of new possessours; may you quit the country, the seat of innocence and pure delights, and live in the very sink of all wickedness, this

towne, in the midst of vices and follies—nay, may you be deprived of the best companion and comfort you have—your fair daughter above mentioned; may she forsake you for a man, and love that man as well or better than yourself all her days; and to cutt you off for ever from any prospect of a return of her whole affection to you, may that man love her so well as to engage her eternally to himself.

After all these heavy curses, for the accomplishment of which I sincerely pray to Heaven, I have yet so good an opinion of your Christianity as to believe you will be so charitable as to forgive me—nay, as to think me, dear madam, your most faithfull and obedient humble servant.

I beg your continuance of the favour of your correspondence. If you can't write yourself at any time, let Mrs. Betty do it in your stead; and I'll be so good humour'd as to answer her, let her say whatever she pleases.

2.

POPE TO MRS. OR MISS MARRIOT.

February, the last Day, 1713.

I HAVE of late been so much a man of business that I have almost forgot to write (as I used to do) long letters about nothing. Indeed, I see people every day so very busy about nothing, that I fancy I am no improper historian to write their actions. It would be but filling the paper as they do their lives, no manner with what. [I do not do this] when I write to you who are much too good to have such tricks put upon you. Nor ought I to endeavour to make you pass one quarter of an hour of all your life ill in reading such impertinence, as is but too natural for me to write. What excuse, then, can I offer for the poem that attends this letter,¹ where 'tis a chance but you are diverted from some very good action or useful reflection for more hours than one. I know it is no sin to laugh,

¹ Evidently the 'Rape of the Lock.'

but I had rather your laughter should be at the vain ones of your own sex than at me, and therefore would rather have you read my poem than my letter. This whimsical piece of work, as I have now brought it up to my first design, is at once the most a satire, and the most inoffensive, of anything of mine. People who would rather it were let alone laugh at it, and seem heartily merry, at the same time that they are uneasy. 'Tis a sort of writing very like tickling. I am so vain as to fancy a pretty complete picture of the life of our modern ladies in this idle town from which you are so happily, so prudently, and so philosophically retired. My friend, Mr. Rowe, in his new play¹ has a description that puts me exceedingly in mind of Sturston:—

Far from the crowd and the tumultuous city
There stands a lonely but a healthful dwelling
Built for convenience, and the use of Life.
Around it, fallows, meads, and pastures fair,
A little garden, and a limpid brook,
By Nature's own contrivance, seem dispos'd ;
No neighbours but a few poor simple clowns,
Honest and true ; with a well-meaning priest.

By this well-meaning priest, I mean Mr. Bromc, who, Mr. Marriot tells me, is to minister unto you.

3.

POPE TO MISS MARRIOT.

LONDON, *Feb. 10th*, 1714.²

DEAR SISTER,—If you have not a chaste ear and a pure heart, do not peruse this letter. For as Jeremy Taylor says in his 'Holy Living and Dying,' the first thing a virgin ought to endeavour is to be ignorant of the distinction of sexes and their proper instruments. It is in the confidence I have that you are thus innocent that I endeavour to gratify your curiosity in a point in which I am sensible none but a brother could do it with decency.

¹ 'Jane Shore,' produced at Drury Lane, 2nd February, 1713-14.

² Transcribed from the original by Mr. Dilke.

[*Torn off.*]

My dear sister will immediately conclude that I mean a riding-dress.

I think it not material to tell you whether the doctor, the divine, or myself peeped first. The priest (you may be sure) was in his nature most an infidel, and doubted most of the truth of this miracle. We therefore proposed to him to imitate the method of the Apostle Thomas, to the end he might not be incredulous, but believe. He complied with our

[*Torn off.*]

till an impertinent fellow in a female disguise mingled with a party of ladies and impudently overheard their modest and improving speculations.

Notwithstanding this he promised me with great civility that my sister should have admittance at the back door, whenever you would do him the honour of your consideration.

How agreeable, soever, this sight has been to me, I assure you it will not be so pleasing as the sight of you in town. And whatever you may see in the country I dare affirm

[*Torn off. Probably about half the letter wanting.*]

4.

POPE TO MRS. * * *.ⁱ

It is too much a rule in this town, that when a lady has once done a man a favour, he is to be rude to her ever after. It becomes our sex to take upon us twice as much as yours allow us: by this method I may write to you most impudently, because you once answered me modestly; and if you should never do me that honour for the future, I am to think (like a true coxcomb) that your silence gives consent. Perhaps you wonder why this is addressed to you rather than to

ⁱ Transcribed from the original by Mr. Dilke. First appeared in the edition of 1735—not in the 4to; re-appeared in Cooper, 1737.

Mrs. M——,¹ with whom I have the right of an old acquaintance, whereas you are a fine lady, have bright eyes, &c. First, madam, I make choice of you rather than of your mother, because you are younger than your mother. Secondly, because I fancy you spell better, as having been at school later. Thirdly, because you have nothing to do but to write if you please, and possibly it may keep you from employing yourself worse: it may save some honest neighbouring gentleman from three or four of your pestilent glances. Cast your eyes upon paper, madam; there you may look innocently: men are seducing, books are dangerous; the amorous ones soften you, and the godly ones give you the spleen: if you look upon trees, they clasp in embraces; birds and beasts make love: the sun is too warm for your blood; the moon melts you into yielding and melancholy. Therefore I say once more, cast your eyes upon paper, and read only such letters as I write, which convey no darts, no flames, but proceed from innocence of soul, and simplicity of heart. Thank God, I am a hundred miles off from those eyes! I would sooner trust your hand than them for doing me mischief; and though I doubt not some part of the rancour and iniquity of your heart will drop into your pen, yet since it will not attack me on a sudden and unprepared, since I may have time while I break open your letter to cross myself and say a Pater-noster, I hope Providence will protect me from all you can attempt at this distance. I am told² you are at this hour as handsome as an angel; for my part, I have forgot your face since two winters. You may be grown to a giantess for all I know. I cannot tell in any respect what sort of creature you are, only that you are a very mischievous one whom I shall ever pray to be defended from. But when your Minister³ sends me word you have the small-pox, a good many freckles, or are very pale, I will desire him to give thanks for it in your parish church; which as soon as he shall

¹ Mrs. Marriot, the mother.

³ "When Mr. B— sends me," in

² Mr. B[roome] tells me. Edit. edit. 1735.
1735.

inform me he has done, I will make you a visit without armour ; I will eat anything you give me without suspicion of poison, take you by the hand without gloves, nay, venture to follow you into an arbour without calling the company. This, madam, is the top of my wishes, but how differently are our desires inclined ! You sigh out in the ardour of your heart, Oh playhouses, parks, operas, assemblies, London ! I cry with rapture, Oh woods, gardens, rookeries, fishponds, arbours, Mrs. M—— !¹

¹ "Mrs. Betty M—," edition 1735.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND HIS FATHER AND MOTHER,
SISTER AND BROTHER-IN-LAW.

1. POPE TO HIS FATHER.¹

DEAR SIR,—This is to beg you would inquire of Mrs. Clark, if she will board a family for the summer in her house, and at what rate? Be pleased also to ask at the house over-against ours, Mr. Gascoin's sister, if she will board, &c., and how many beds there are to be let there, and the lowest rate? and send word by the first post you can to me. I am very well, and beg you both to believe me most affectionately, your most dutiful and obedient son.

2. POPE TO HIS BROTHER.²

Saturday.

DEAR BROTHER,—I hope to be with you on Monday next: if you do not see me that night, I desire you to send a man and horse (such a one as I may ride safely) on Tuesday morning to the Toy by Hampton-Court gate by ten o'clock, and I will not fail to wait upon you; which being all the business of this letter, I shall add no more, than that I am my sister's and yours most affectionately.

¹ From Homer MSS.

² Homer MSS.

3.

POPE TO HIS FATHER.¹*Wednesday 25th.*

DEAR SIR,—I design to see you to morrow or on Friday : and shall now only add that I am my dear Mothers & your most dutiful son.

4.

POPE TO HIS FATHER.²

Dⁿ SIR,—I have recover'd the ten guineas at S^r Rich. Hoare's, D^r Arbuthnot says, since my Mother is better, to cure the bitterness she complains of, she should chew Rhubarb Root, about half a dram each morning for 2 or 3 days, [instead] of a vomit. But if she will venture a vomit, Carduus Tea can do no harm even if she should not vomit.

I have sold 500^l. at 100^l, w^{ch} [is bad] luck, since it might have been sold yesterday & to day at 101 & a half. I hope soon to see you, but desire [first] an acct. how my Mother does. I am hers and y^r most obed^t. and aff. Son.

5.

POPE TO HIS FATHER.³*Sept. 17th [1717].*

DEAR SIR,—I came to Oxford on Friday last, and shall continue here and at my Lord Harcourt's about a week, after which I hope to return to you, calling at Reding and at Halgrove as I return. My journey [in]to Herefordshire, I have [up]on second thoughts put off, the season being so far advanced.

¹ Homer MSS.² From Homer MSS.

³ From the Homer MSS. This letter in the Supplement, 1825, is conjecturally dated 1714, but among the Homer MSS. it immediately follows one of Oct. 16, 1717, and 1717 is no doubt the correct date. From the letter to the Blounts of 13 Feb., 1717

(from Mapledurham MSS.) it appears that Pope on the 9th Sept. was at Hall Grove, on Tuesday the 10th at Dancastle's, on Thursday 12th went to Stowe, and he here reports that on Friday he came to Oxford.

⁴ Probably on a visit to Lady Scudamore at Home-lacy.

All y^r acquaintance were well where I passed, and I have been so ever since my coming out. I beg to have a line of your healths directed to Dr. Evans's, [in] St. John's College, Oxon, which will reach me in a day or two wherever I am. I writ to you from Henley a week agoe, and to Mr. Rollinson.¹ I live here very regularly in College hours, [or] have——

6. TO POPE FROM HIS MOTHER.²

Tuesday, 12 o'clock [Feb. 1719-20].

MY DEARE,—A letter from your sister yust now is come and gone, Mr. Mannock and Charls Rackitt, to take his leve of us, but being nothing in it doe not send it. He will not faile to cole here on Friday morning, and take ceare to cearrie itt to Mr. Thomas Doncaster. He shall dine wone day with Mrs. Dune, in Ducke-street; but the day will be unsirton, soe I thinck you had better to send itt to me. He will not faile to cole here, that is Mr. Mannock. Your sister is very well, but your brother is not. Theres Mr. Blunt, of *mapill Durom*, is ded; the same day that Mr. Inglefield died.³ My sirvis to Mrs. Blunts, and all that ask of me. I hope to here from you, and that you are well, which is my dalye prayers; this, with my blessing. I am, etc.

¹ William Rollinson. See vol. x. p. 230.

² From the Homer MSS.

It appears from manuscripts of Mr. Pope that he occasionally indulged his affectionate and amiable mother in transcribing some part of his *Iliad* for the press; and the numerous corrections made in his own hand, sufficiently show, that her mode of spelling gave him more trouble than the subsequent inaccuracy of his printers. The pleasure such a good

old woman must have felt in writing over verses, which she justly thought would confer immortality on her son, is more easy to be conceived than expressed; while his willingness to support her in the enjoyment of a fancied consequence, affords a glimpse of that filial tenderness which forms perhaps the most captivating trait in his whole character.—ADDITIONS TO POPE.

³ See letter from Pope to Caryll, February, 1719-20.

7.

POPE TO HIS SISTER.¹TWICKENHAM, *August 1.*

DEAR SISTER,—The business of this is to acquaint you with my intentions of sending for you with the chariot on Thursday or Friday next, in order to get you hither. I have named the latest day that I could possibly allow you to stay from us, being obliged to lend the chariot upon a journey on Saturday. We will take no denial, and therefore expect no excuse, or answer to the contrary, from you. If I hear nothing (as I hope I shall not) it shall certainly come one of the days aforesaid: so pray be in readiness. My hearty love to you both, and my mother's kindest remembrances. I am always, dear sister, your, &c.

8.

POPE TO HIS MOTHER.²

[1723.]

DEAR MOTHER,—I hope you continue, as I do, pretty well. To-morrow I believe we conclude the trial,³ but 'twill be late first. On Thursday at soonest, if not Friday, I hope to see you. If any body comes with me yⁿ shall be informed. I have not been able to see L^d Harley. All here are your servants, particularly Mr. Fortescue, who is at supper with me. It is late and the Post stays [so that] I can only add, that I am, your most affectionate Dutiful Son.

Tuesday.

9.

POPE TO MR. RACKETT.⁴TWITENHAM, *July 13.*

DEAR BROTHER,—Every day past we had a designe to [see] yourself & my Sister at Hallgrove; and every day I have

¹ From the Homer MSS.² From the Homer MSS.³ Probably the trial of Bishop

Atterbury, on which occasion Pope gave evidence.

⁴ Homer MSS.

been prevented. My mother is now not so well as she was ; and quite afray'd of y^e Dust, w^{ch} this excessive Dry weather has made insupportable to her, especially attended with such a shortness of Breath as she is troubled with. We do yet resolve to be with you after y^e first good Rain (except it should happen at y^e end of this week, for then I am obliged to be at home upon business). If any of you can come this way, we hope to see you & very much desire it, in y^e mean time, Pray be assured of our hearty Loves & Services. I am ever yours.

10.

POPE TO HIS SISTER.¹*Thursday Night [1729].*

D^r SISTER,—I have been agen with Mr. Fortescue. He desires you first to tell me, whether you took out letters of administration on Mr. Racket's death? It will be necessary, too, to send y^e mortgage deeds to Mr. Fortescue. He says you cannot divide the sum from the principal, whatever y^e mony be you take up : but y^e *whole* must be made over in trust, and then a Declaration of Trust again given to you, to repay you and be accountable for as much as is y^e remainder of it. In this case, if you do not care to make it over to Mr. *Jervas*, you may do it to *me*, and I'll take up y^e mony on *my own account*, and let y^e security pass between you and me only. Send me y^r answer to L^d Oxfords to morrow. Y^{rs} ever.

11.

POPE TO HIS SISTER.²*July 9, 1729.*

DEAR SISTER,—I am glad to hear so good an account of y^e money from Barekam and Mrs. Walpole, &c. You have nothing more to do but to see the Bond Smith talks of. If it be Mr. Racket's hand, it must be pay'd. I do not see Curwys³

¹ Transcribed from the original by Mr. Dilke.

³ See letter to Fortescue, No. 22,

² Transcribed from the original p. 112.

has any thing more to do, if Mrs. Walpole owns it, but to get Abbot's answer, w^{ch} you y^rself may also write for, if it comes not soon.

As to taking y^e principal money from L^{dy} Carington, I directly advis'd you agst it; and you say it is a loss of 15 a year, to change it into East Indian. I writ a week ago to dissuade you from any such thought, and do absolutely disapprove of it. You may send an attorney forthwith to Mr. Mackenzie¹ & enter on y^e estate.² This is y^e best advice I can give you: and I will write so to my Cozen Michael.³ The rent of Hallgrove will soon be due, and doubtless they will pay Barkham's money. I am y^r affect. Broth^r.

12.

POPE TO HIS SISTER.⁴*July 28 [1734].*

DEAR SISTER,—Tho I have very little to say, I write this to tell you I am just arrived at L^d Peterborow's at Southampton, to which place you may direct to me. I hope your fears are removed by this time, by some letter from my nephew Michael. Pray let me know what you hear. When did my cosen John set out? and are you all well? My love to my cos. Harry.⁵

I am better than I have been, and upon the whole, much in y^e old way. I am always ready to do y^u any service I can, and always desirous to know your welfare. I shall continue here these three weeks. Adieu, and believe me ever y^r affectionate Brother.

Mrs. Robinson gives her service to you.

¹ See note to Caryll, April 8, 1729.

² Lady Carrington owed Mrs. Rackett £1000. It is supposed that she was married to Kenneth Mackenzie, a lawyer with chambers in Gray's Inn.

³ This is probably his *nephew*

Michael, as in other letters he speaks of his 'cousin Henry' and 'cousin John;' John, Henry, and Michael being the names of Mrs. Rackett's three sons.

⁴ Transcribed from the original by Mr. Dilke.

⁵ See note (3) above.

13.

POPE TO HIS SISTER.

BATH, Nov. 22 [1739].

D^r SISTER,—This is only to keep my word and acquaint you that I am safe here; shall be either here, or at Bristol, for near a month more. My health is as usual, but I hope benefit from y^e Bristol waters, and drink 'em daily with other medicines. I found Mr. Brown here had no thoughts of purchasing Hallgrove but for his son, who will not, I sec, resolve, tho' he has been tempted to have it at one thous^d p^d only for his part of payment. So I hope my Cosen Henry will find some others to be more in ear[nest. . . .]d.¹ Some hopes of a lawyer, a friend of Mr. Murray's, but he promised to send to you if he went on. Pray tell me if you hear of any, or any thing that you w^d inform me of by a line directed to me, under cover to Ralph Allen, Esq., at Bath. Pray give my love to my Cos. Harry, and my services to Mr. and Mrs. Cheselden. I saw her kinsman at Bristol. Let me know how you have y^r health, w^{ch} is with all other happiness, sincerely wished by, D^r Sister, y^r affectionate Brother.²

14.

POPE TO HIS SISTER.³

[1741.]

D^r SISTER,—I thank you for yours kindly. I am pretty well and constantly at home for some time, expecting Mr. Allen from Bath daily to stay here a week. Whenever I am in town, I see you; I've never been there since. Do not give Holms any thing for y^e venison: I always pay him. Pray now and then tell me how you do, and believe I am ever, and will be ever, y^r affectionate Brother.

My love to my Cos. Harry.

¹ See the following note.

the letter.

² The signature has been cut out; and hence also the hiatus on the other side of the page, as shown in

³ Transcribed from the original by Mr. Dilke.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND THE DANCASTLES.¹

1. THOMAS DANCASTLE TO POPE.²

DR. SR.,—We are here in continuall apprehensions of being Visited,³ and do not think it proper to be from home, at any other time I or my brother will accompany you. I am, D^r Sir, y^r most affectionate humble Servant.

2. POPE TO THOMAS DANCASTLE.⁴

August ye 7th, 1716.

DEAR SIR,—Several reasons and accidents, too long and too inconsiderable to enumerate, have hindered my writing to you for some time. And another which I take for a better reason than all these, had like to have done it now; which is that I hope in a very short time to see you at Binfield. A

¹ The Dancastles were an old Catholic family, lords of the manor of Binfield from the time of Elizabeth. There is a monument in Binfield church to John Dancastle, described as the last of the family, who died 29 Jan., 1780, aged 53.

² From the Homer MSS.

³ Probably by persons with search warrants under the proclamation of 1715.

⁴ First published in the Gentleman's Magazine for Oct. 1831. The letter was franked by Lord Burlington.

journey into the North which my Lord Burlington proposed I should take with him this month, being deferred till the next. And I have resolved not to lose a whole season (and a season of fruit, too) without waiting on your brother and yourself. As to my method of travelling, I will not give him the trouble, which I hear by more hands than one, he is ready to take, of sending my horse lither; since I am equipped otherwise. I only want to know if both of you shall be at home about the 20th of this month, without which precaution I would not begin my rambles, the first design of which is to have some happy hours in your company.

Notwithstanding this, if you have had leisure to transcribe the book¹ I troubled you with, I would rather it were conveyed hither by some safe hand than given me at your house, since I should choose to leave it with a critic or two during my journeys.

I have been here in a constant course of entertainment and visits ever since I saw you, which I partly delight in, and partly am tired with; the common case in all pleasures. I have not dined at home these fifteen days, and perfectly regret the quiet indolence, silence, and sauntering that made up my whole life in Windsor Forest. I shall therefore infallibly be better company, and better pleased than ever you knew me, as soon as I can get under the shade of Priest Wood, whose trees I have yet some concern about. I hope whatever license the free-born subjects of your Commons may take, there will yet be groves enough left in those forests to keep a pastoral writer in countenance. Whatever belongs to the Crown is indeed as much trespassed upon at this time in the Court as in the country. While you are lopping his timber we are lopping his prerogative.

I desire you to take notice how naturally I talk like a man at St. James's end of the town, and how entirely I have put off the airs of a country gentleman. Thus it is, we are always

¹ The rough draft of his translation of Homer

proud of the last thing we do, and the condition we put ourselves into, though it be the worst in the world, and immediately treat our old acquaintance as odd people of an inferior sphere. I ought upon this principle to rally you upon your harvest-time, make pictures of my friends tossing wheat-sheaves and raising ricks, imagine I see you in a great sweat and hurry, and all that. But this I reserve till I see you, unless I should then on a sudden affect the fine gentleman, and extol the innocence and exercise of the rural life. I know, however I behave myself, and whatever I say or write to you, you will take in good part upon the knowledge how truly and affectionately I am your good brother's, and, dear sir, your faithful and humble servant.

3.

THOMAS DANCASTLE TO POPE.¹

Sunday [in heast].

I HAD writ to you before to have acquainted you that Mr. Raquett having told me of an opportunity he had of selling the palfrey, accordingly I let him have him who sold him for 5 guineas. I told him that was the lowest price he was to sell him for. Mr. Raquett acquainted me of the selling of him,² as likewise that he had sent you word of it, and told me that you had promised to be at his house in 3 or 4 days, which rejoiced me very much. I was in hopes every day of seeing

¹ From the Homer MSS. The words "[in heast]" are from the Supplementary Volume, and are not now in the MSS.

² It seems probable from the following from Fortescue to Gay (Homer MSS.) that Pope's palfrey was, by a circuitous channel, sold to Gay :—

"DEAR GAY,—Not having hear'd any thing of you to day, I suppose this may find you at Chiswick; pray give my humble service to Mrs. Pope,

Mr. Alexander Pope y^e elder, and Mr. Alexander Pope y^e younger. And I'me just going to forget the chief end of my letter, w^{ch} is, y^t Mr. Racket has (as he says) got a very easy riding little nag, w^{ch} you may have for 5 guineas; he rid him up himself, and says he knows no fault in him; so if you don't succeed with my L^d Burlington, You may at least with him. my head aches. I am Your most affect. W. F."

you. I beg of you, though you have delayed your coming, you will make [us] so happy at last. I beg the favour of your father, Mr. Pope, to please to come with you. I will make him my head gardener, & that he will think a very great preferment. I wish Mrs. Pope would come too, then we should be entirely happy. I wish her conveniency may permit. I would write much more to you, but having this day more company than usually, I will only say, which I can with much truth, that I am sincerely your very affectionate obliged humble Servant.

My brother desires me to give his humble service to you, and Mr. Pope and your good mother.

4. POPE TO THOMAS DANCASTLE.¹

[CHICHESTER ?], Oct. 18 [1717].

DEAR SIR,—I deferred to trouble you with any of my impertinent commissions or exhortations to a winter journey when I heard you had a great cold, an obstacle which I hope, may by this time be removed.² The weather is very inviting, and I wait only for notice by a letter from Ladyholt³ to sally

¹ This letter was first published in the Gentleman's Magazine for Oct. 1835, and was there dated Chichester. The letter, however, would seem to be written from Chiswick.

² The meaning of this exhortation to a winter journey may be learned from a letter of the Dancastles to Pope's father, existing among the Homer MSS. :—

MR. DANCASTLE TO POPE'S FATHER.

Octo. 3rd 7th, 1717.

SIR,—I have enquired of Mr. Tanner for some white Strabery plants, who told me he has now planted his, so that he has none to spare, and mine are now planted, so that I could not send you any this

day, as I promised ; I will endeavour to send you some by the coach on this day sennight, I am in hopes to have some from Mr. [Nevills ?] garden. my Brother and Mr. Philips joine with me in our service to you, Mrs. Pope, and Mr. Alexander Pope. I am, Sir, Your most affectionate humble servant, JOHN DANCASTLE.

Pray acquaint my great Master his book is ready. I shall wait his orders how to send it him. Our River Dry looks frightful, is fordable in no place, I believe the very sight of it would deter the young Gentleman from the thoughts of a Winter Journey. Y^r most Obedient, T. DAN.

³ From Caryll.

forth on that expedition. But I don't intend to tie you to an old promise, which I take to be the worst sort of tie in the world except one (which you may probably guess at). Therefore, as I can contrive matters pretty easily to myself as to this journey, so I beg you to use me, in regard to it, with all the freedom of a friend, and a due regard to your own ease.

I entreat the favour of you to send the 14th Book,¹ as you have done me the pleasure to copy it fair, by the Ockingham coach next Monday, when I shall send to meet it. But be pleased to keep by you the original for fear of any accident.

I have just ended the 15th, which must wait a better opportunity, and may perhaps by that delay grow the more correct. If it travels too young, it may come again like most young travellers, very unfinished and unentertaining.

I have no more to add, but my hearty services to yourself and brother, our thanks for his last visit, our hopes of another, either from him or you, our acknowledgments for the strawberry plants, *cum multis aliis*. And (what I shall never neglect either to profess myself or to be with all sincerity), dear sir, your most affectionate friend and servant.

I beg our kind loves to Hallgrove,² and a line from you of your health.

5.

POPE TO THOMAS DANCATTLE.³

CHISWICK, Oct. 25 [1718].

DEAR SIR,—This last fine week has made me go about from village to village in my flying chariot to take my last leave of the country for this year, and that hindered my writing to thank you for the copies you sent me. I have those of the 17th and 18th,⁴ with the odd leaves brought by my sister,

¹ Of his translation of the Iliad.

² The Rackets' house.

³ First appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for October, 1831.

⁴ The 17th and 18th Books suggest the date, and further, Pope was residing at Chiswick, to which place he did not remove until 20th April,

which will be returned you at her return. In the mean time you will oblige me by sending the foul papers of the two first books by the Oakingham coach.¹

As soon as I have acknowledged a favour from one of you I receive one from another. The grapes from your brother came safely t'other day, and are no more (to speak poetically), that is, they are eaten; but the gratitude due for such fine fruit is not departed with them. I most thankfully acknowledge his and their great goodness.

I very much want to see you both, and it was against my conscience I passed lately through Maidenhead without deviating into the Forest. But it was in a stage-coach, wherein no man ought to be accounted a free agent.

Here is good Mrs. Racket in a melancholy way for want of your good company. She says Chiswick is a very lonely place in comparison of Hallgrove, where and whereabouts there are kept above twenty coaches, besides stages on the Heath which are without number. This very moment she is in great distress, the spout of her teapot being stopped, and she in impatient expectation of that due benevolence it ought to dispense for her breakfast.

You will hereby perceive that this is written in that part of the day which the ancients accounted holy, namely, early in the morning. Breakfast (a sacred rite and of great antiquity) calls upon me, the coffee smokes less and less, and tells me it will speedily be cold, unless I conclude this letter, which I obediently do in assuring you of a sincere truth that I am Mr. Dancastle's and, dear sir, your most faithful, affectionate servant.

1716. The first October after his residence there was 1717, but as this letter is dated 25th Oct., and his father died the 23rd Oct., 1717, that is impossible from the tone of the letter, and therefore 1718 is here assigned as the date, which agrees with the progress of the Homer. In

Oct., 1719, Pope had removed to Twickenham.

¹ It is to be presumed that Pope had sent Dancastle the "foul copies" of the first two books to copy for the press, and now asked for them to be returned. He afterwards carefully preserved them.

6. THOMAS DANCATTLE TO POPE.¹BINF., *July 27* [1719].

DEAR SIR,—At my return home last night out of Somersetshire, I expected nothing less than that I should find a severe reprimand from you for my long neglect of Service, indeed, I cannot sufficiently extol your admirable Patience; but presume you have heard the Occasion of my long Ramble. I recd, when in London, two letters in one Day, to acquaint me that my nephew Carew was fallen down wth y^e Small Pox, and was very desirous I would come to him. At first sight I thought his life in some danger, he had travelled into Essex in the heat of Weather, and was seized the next day after he reach'd home, taking y^e distemper in this manner, he had a very plentiful share; more than I could have imagined, being almost as free from fat as Mr. Pope himself. I left him in perfect safety.

Y^e 21th Book will be ready before you can send me another, & your Order how I may convey my Copy to you. I am now much at leisure to dispatch the whole set. I wait y^r comands, & am, Dear S^r, your most obliged humble Servant.

Be pleas'd to p^rsent my humble service to mrs. Pope. my sister Moore & Molly Carew join with me in the same Request, & my bro : to you both.

7. POPE TO JOHN DANCATTLE.²TWITENHAM, *January 5*.

DEAR SIR,—I give you the trouble of this to recommend what needs no recommendation to you, an act of charity in

¹ From the Homer MSS.

The reader will easily perceive, from this letter, that a copy of the translation had been made by Dancastle for

the press from Pope's manuscript.

² First appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for Oct., 1831.

this holy time. It is in behalf of the poor girl I formerly spoke to you of, and to whom you have been formerly charitable sometimes, Betty Fletcher. She is so deplorable an object, as well as in regard of sickness and disability, as of poverty, that if, out of Mrs. Moore's¹ beneficences of this kind, which are many and great, she would please to allow her any small matter, as a weekly salary, though never so little, it would help her necessities much more than any larger gifts at uncertain times. I know you will make this your request, since I make it mine; and I almost hope you know me enough to be assured I would rather do this than ask it. But I am become like many other too covetous people, one of the poor of my parish, who have learned, very much on the sudden, and very much against my will (which is just contrary this time to the Lord's will) that charity begins at home. However, I will promise you one thing, that is of consequence to any friend at this season, that I'll not beg or borrow of you myself, provided you will take some care of Betty Fletcher. I make you no apology for this letter, and so bluntly conclude, your brother's and your faithful, affectionate servant.

¹ Presumably "my sister Moore" of Dancastle's last letter.

LETTERS
BETWEEN
POPE AND RICHARDSON.
FROM 1722 TO 1744.

1. POPE TO RICHARDSON.

TWITNAM, *Feb.* 6 [1722?].¹

DEAR SIR,—I write this to desire a thing of you which I mentioned when last I saw you, but I believe may be forgot, that you will tell your friend Mr. Chiseldon, I shall be obliged to him if he will put upon a paper those conjectures of some passages of Shakspeare which he mentioned to Dr. Arbuthnot, or any others that may have occurred to him. The edition of that author being reprinted, and from all hands (especially from a man of his good will and abilities) information or elucidation being welcome to me. Pray send me these as soon as you can, even before I see you, though I will do that as soon as I can.² Your affectionate friend and faithful servant.

2. POPE TO RICHARDSON.

June 10, 1725.³

DEAR SIR,—I was much pleased at the receiving your kind letter after an involuntary absence of above a month, for I

¹ From Richardson's Transcript. The letters being almost all without the date of the year, are arranged inferentially.

Jonathan Richardson was born in 1665; was taught painting by Riley; and after the death of Kneller and Dahl became head of his profession as a portrait painter. He died May

28, 1745.

² The edition of Shakespeare was published in 1725, but it was completed in October, 1724. See letter to Broome of October 31, 1724. It appears to have been undertaken in 1722.

³ From Richardson's Transcript.

was thrice at your door. I am just returned from the Duchess of Buckingham's in Essex,¹ and shall be heartily glad you will take a bed at my house when you come to Bushy. Homer, whom I hope you will read, for that is the best way of thanking one, will tell you that hospitality is the glory of friendship, and that in his days no man visited a friend without passing the night as well as the day with him, and making a libation to Mercury, *d bon repos*. If nothing else calls you out of town, why not make your Sunday holy to friendship? Let me know first. You seem to me a poet no less than a painter in forgetting to tell me what new house you have taken. However, I will try to find you the next, and I believe only time, I shall see London this summer, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Dear sir, adieu, yours faithfully.

3.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.

TWITENHAM, Nov. 4 [1725].²

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the agreeable present of your book, of which I can say no better than that it is worthy Mr. R. and his son,—worthy two such lovers of one another, and two such lovers of the fine arts. It will certainly be a most useful book to all such, and to me in particular a most delightful one, who think the saying of the Psalmist yet stronger if applied to parents and children: *Behold how good and how pleasant it is for them to dwell in unity*. I am ever your obliged affectionate humble servant.

¹ Pope had gone to the Duchess of Buckinghamshire to help her to prepare her case against Ward.

² From Richardson's Transcript.

The year must be 1725, as the letter refers to the second edition of Richardson's 'Theory of Painting,' printed in that year.

4.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.

[1724 or 1725].¹

DEAR SIR,—I think you were directed by Providence, which took care both to show your kindness in a full light, and to prevent the uneasiness you would have had, to have found me lamenting by the side of a sick mother, and our whole family in confusion. Besides this, it was lucky that your friendship was not *a light shining in darkness*, as it must have been if you resolved to return home that evening. Your reasons both for going out, and for going home, were equally good, and agreeable to a good friend and good husband, father, &c. I can add no more. I am confined, and likely to be so for some time. Whenever I can be a day in town, a part of it shall be spent with you. I was once there since I saw you, but it was only to confer with Dr. Arbuthnot upon my mother. Adieu. Yours.

5.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.

TWITENHAM, Jan. 20.

DEAR SIR,—I had written you a letter by my waterman before I received that melancholy one from your son, to which there can be no answer in words, but I assure you my heart is sorrowful for you. I cannot but break through all the forms of the world so far as to tell you just thus much. For the rest you will remember the words of Job, which include all, on these sad submissive subjects. “God has given and God has taken.” I am confined by a severe illness to take physic every day; I would not have told you that I am so bad, but that I am troubled to be kept from you at a time when friendship is most felt. God send you and preserve to you other

¹ First published by Roscoe. The date may be the end of either 1724 or of 1725, in both of which years

Pope wrote to several of his friends under the belief that his mother was dying.

comforts to extenuate the bitter sense of your present loss.¹ It is the hearty prayer of, dear sir, your faithful affectionate friend and servant.

6.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.²

TWICKENHAM, Oct. 3 [1731].

DEAR SIR,—If I was not much mistaken you told me you wanted this edition of Milton. I made it my endeavour, at least, upon that supposition to procure and send it you. If I erred, you have only to return it by the bearer. I am ready when you will to look over your notes, as I truly am (at any time) to please you, and to please myself, both which I think I shall on reading them. I am with my services to your son, dear sir, your affectionate friend.

7.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.

TWITNAM, Nov. 2, [1731].³

IT is true that some accident, as well as some bad health, have conspired to hinder me from seeing London and you. But I am now in a tollerable (*sic*) way, and taken up also with some friends here. I shall be one day in town this week, but fear it will not be in my power to see you. If it is, I shall not fail. You will give the bearer those notes on Milton which I want to read, and also the second edition, which I committed a piece of violence (not to call it injustice) to procure for you, in the mistake I was under about it.⁴ My services attend your son, and my most hearty wishes are yours. Believe me, dear sir, yours.

¹ Presumably of his wife. From Pope's letter to Cheselden (vol. x. p. 235) it appears that Richardson was a widower.

² From Richardson's Transcript.

³ From Richardson's Transcript.

⁴ See note (1) to the letter of Feb., 1731-2.

8.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.¹TWITENHAM, *Wednesday, the 13th Jan., 1732.*²

I HAVE at last got my mother so well, as to allow myself to be absent from her for three days. As Sunday is one of them I do not know whether I may propose [it] to you to employ in the manner you mentioned to me once? Sir Godfrey called employing the pencil the prayer of a painter, and affirmed it to be his proper way of serving God, by the talent he gave him. I am sure, in this instance, it is serving your friend; and you know we are allowed to do that (nay, even to help a neighbour's ox or ass) on [a Sunday]; which though it may seem a general precept, yet in one sense particularly applies to you, who have helped many a human ox, and many a human ass, to the likeness of man, not to say of God.

[If you will let me dine with you I'll get to you by one or very soon after: otherwise if that hour be inconvenient let it be another day.]

Be pleased to give me a line to Lord Peterboro's in Bolton Street, where I shall either be or at least from whence it will be conveyed to me in time.]

Believe me, dear sir, with all good wishes for yourself and your family, (the happiness of which ties I know by experience, and have learned to value from the late danger of losing the best of mine,) [your affectionate friend and servant].

9.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.

February [or March], 1731-2.³

DEAR SIR,—Many and necessary attendances have long made my intention and desires to see you impracticable. The

¹ First appeared in Warburton, 1751.

² In Warburton the date is given "Jan. 13, 1732." In Richardson's Transcript the date is "Wednesday, the 13th." The year is first given in

the edition of Pope's Works published in 1742.

³ From Richardson's Transcript. The date is inserted in the margin by Richardson.

only time I hoped it I was unlucky, and to have given you notice before, was not in my power, my call to London was so sudden. I have arrived here this very hour, and send you the edition of Milton you desire.¹ As to your question what I am doing?² I answer, just what I have been doing some years: first, my duty; secondly, relieving myself with necessary amusements or exercises which shall serve me instead of physic as long as they can; thirdly, reading till I am tired; and lastly, writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friend to entertain in company.

My mother is, I thank God, the easier if not the better for my cares, and I am happy in that regard, as well as in the consciousness of doing my best. My next felicity is in retaining the good opinion of honest men, who know me not quite undeserving of it, and in finding no injuries from others hurt me as long as I know myself. I will add the sincerity with which I act towards good and ingenious men, and which makes me always (even by a natural bond) their friend. Therefore believe me very affectionately, dear sir, yours.

10.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.³TWITNAM, *Nov. 2, 1732.*

SIR,—The Essay on Man has many faults; but the poem you sent me has but one, and that I can easily forgive. Yet I

¹ Richardson notes in the margin: "This was Tonson's 4to, two vol."

It would appear from the letter of Nov. 2 [1731], that Pope had in the first place sent Richardson another edition which the latter did not want. He now sent the right one.

² From this sentence to the end of the letter is a duplicate of a letter professedly written to Fenton on 5th May, 1720, and published in the 4to of 1737. Either therefore the letter to Fenton was concocted, or

Pope must have been in the habit of keeping copies of what he considered his best letters, and using them to various correspondents. We know that in some instances he sent copies of one letter to several people about the same date; but I do not remember any instance of his repeating the exact words of a letter written to one correspondent twelve years afterwards to another.

³ First published in Roscoe.

It would appear that Pope had

would not have it printed for the world; and yet I would not have it kept unprinted neither—but all in good time. You will see another poem next week to employ more of your speculations, which the author likewise does not own.¹ I thank you for all. Your prudence I never doubt, nor your son's; to whom my services, and sincere ones. I am glad you publish your Milton.² B——ly³ will be angry at you, and at me too shortly, for what I could not help; a satirical poem on verbal Criticism, by Mr. Mallet, which he inscribed to me before I knew anything of it. But the thing itself is good (another cause of anger to any critic). As for myself, I resolve to go on in my quiet, calm, moral course, taking no sort of notice of men's, or women's anger, or scandal,⁴ with virtue in my eyes, and truth upon my tongue. Adieu, dear sir. Yours.

repeated some passages from the 'Essay on Man' to Richardson on some occasion when the latter had called to see him, and that Richardson had afterwards sent him some laudatory verses on the subject. The Essay was not published till February, 1732-3, and then was not owned by the author. See Richardson's note to Pope's letter of Sunday, February, 1732-3.

¹ He must mean the 'Epistle to Bathurst on the Use of Riches,' for he writes to Caryll on December 14, 1732: "I hoped every week to have sent you a poem of mine, which has been in the press a month, but most unexpected accidents have still retarded it." It would seem therefore that he originally intended to publish this poem anonymously, being afraid of the consequences after the reception which had been given to the character of 'Timon.' He tells Caryll

that he expects "whenever it does come out, much noise and calumny will attend it."

² Richardson published his 'Explanatory Notes and Remarks on Milton' in 1734. Nichols says: "In apology for this last performance, and not being conversant with classic literature, the father said that 'he had looked into them through his son.' Hogarth, whom a quibble could furnish with wit, drew him looking through the nether end of a telescope, with which his son was perforated, at a Virgil aloft on a shelf."

³ Bentley.

⁴ Alluding either to Lady M. W. Montagu, whom he suspected of having written 'A Pop upon Pope,' or to Teresa Blount, whom he believed to have circulated scandalous reports as to his relations with Martha.

11.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.¹*Nov. [1732].*

DEAR SIR,—I have with much ado contrived to get to this end of the town to see you, but stopped, it being too late to dine with you, at Mr. Cheselden's, where I beg to see yourself and your son, as he likewise does. I must be going before night, back again to St. James's, and to home to-morrow, from whence I came but last night, being engaged in building (a much better thing than poetry). Adieu, but come instantly.

12.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.

9th November [1732].²

DEAR SIR,—I send you back these verses, not knowing if you gave them me. Your notes I have read over attentively, and like: in the view you intend them, I think they are much to the purpose. Two or three trifles I have marked, I could no more. Adieu, and send me the rest, and believe me truly yours.

At my next journey to town I will come and tell you so.

13.

RICHARDSON, JUN., TO POPE.³*[November, 1732.]*

DEAR SIR,—I was heartily vexed when I came home and found I had lost an opportunity of your company, but have since seen your observations on the notes with great pleasure,

¹ From Richardson's Transcript. The letter was apparently despatched by hand from Cheselden's house to Richardson's, on the chance of finding the latter at home.

² From Richardson's Transcript. The date of the month is added by Richardson in the margin. If these

letters are rightly arranged, it would seem as if Pope had brought back Richardson's notes with his own comments, meaning to deliver them to the painter in person, but that as the latter did not come to Cheselden's, the parcel was despatched to him.

³ From Richardson's Transcript.

only we beg of you to let us know (if you recollect) some instances of an epithet that expresses any sort of smell for the gourd or cucumis among the ancients, which may very well be, but I can find none either in the *gradus*, or dictionaries, or indexes, and because that would be a main proof for the present reading, though there are indeed reasons for changing *smelling* to *swelling* (however scrupulous one should certainly be in such alterations), and however lawful and usual it is for a poet to derive epithets from any natural quality; in the first place the word was used but two lines before, and that in general, so that giving immediately after this particular instance, seems a little remiss.¹ But then what is abundantly more considerable is that Milton has particularised all the productions that go in the same period with this by circumstances that offer themselves to the *sight*.² He has given the pictures of them, but specified no one natural quality. Forth flourished—clustering—crept—smelling—upstood—embattled, &c. *Humi repit—jacent crescent* (Plin. xix. 45). My father gives his humble service to you, and I am your most obliged humble servant.

14.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.

[November, 1732].²

SIR,—You will think it odd to see your letter returned instead of an answer. But the reasons you here give for the new reading are so strong (especially the last), that I would have you put these very words into the notes, in the room of what I writ there. You are of Bentley's mind, but for better reasons. My head aches, or I would say more.

¹ The passage referred to is in 'Paradise Lost,' Book VII., 317:—

There herbs of every leaf, that sudden
flower'd,
Opening their various colours, and made
gay

Her bosom smelling sweet: and there
scarce blown

Forth flourish quick the clustering vine,
forth crept

The smelling gourd.

'Swelling' is however found in some editions, and it can hardly be doubted that this is the true reading.

² From Richardson's Transcript. It is evidently an answer to Richardson's letter about the reading in Milton.

15.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.

Tuesday, Jan. 8 [1732-3].¹

DEAR SIR,—According to your kind request I will dedicate myself to you on Thursday morning from ten to one, and then dine with our friend Cheselden at two, whose hour better agrees with my stomach than yours. Adieu, and know me for your affectionate servant.

16.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.²*Saturday [1732-3].*

DEAR SIR,—I have continued ill ever since I wrote to you, nor once stirred out till the doctor obliged me to be removed hither to watch me more narrowly. I have been confined three days in town, still hoping daily to be able to get out to see you. In vain, I am still a prisoner. If it were any way reasonable or feasible to expect, what I can only wish, to see you here this evening, I should be very much pleased. But if that cannot be I will do my utmost towards you (though it be so long a way in my condition) in a few days. Dear sir, adieu. Yours, &c.

17.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.³*Sunday [February, 1732-3].*

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your kind and facetious epistle, and particularly for your simile in it. But I must tell you it was not that idle poem⁴ which I meant my caution of, in my letter to your neighbour Cheselden. That was the work of two mornings, after my brain was heated by a fever. But the thing I apprehend is of another nature, viz., a copy of part of another work, which I have cause to fear may be

¹ From Richardson's Transcript.² From Richardson's Transcript.³ First appeared in Roscoe.⁴ 'Imitation of Horace,' Sat. 1,

lib. 2, addressed to Fortescue. He tells the same story in a letter to Swift, 16th Feb., 1732-3.

got out underhand; but of how much, or what part, I know not.¹ In that case pray conceal entirely your having any knowledge of its belonging, either wholly or partly, to me; it would prejudice me both in reputation and profit. My services attend your son and your neighbour. I want much to see you all; but though I was ten days together in town, I could not bring it about, unless I had sent for you to Lord Oxford's, while I lay sick, which I thought not proper even in your regard. Adieu, and all health attend you. I think I have made a panegyric of you all in one line, saying of myself that I am

'To Virtue only, and her friends, a friend.'²

18.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.³

Monday, 7 o'clock [February, 1733].

DEAR SIR,—It was a sensible mortification that I could not find you and your son yesterday (the only time I have had to endeavour it this long time). I had a hundred things to talk to you of; and among the rest of the *Essay on Man* which I hear so much of. Pray what is your opinion of it? I hear some cry it extremely up; others think it obscure in part; and some (of whom I am sure you are not one) have said it is mine. I think I could show you some faults in it, and believe you could show me more, though upon the whole 'tis allowed to have merit, and I think so myself. I am so uncertain when I can be so near you again as I wish, that I desire to hear from you. I am this morning setting out for the country. Adieu! and commend me sincerely to your

¹ Richardson says in a marginal note: "This, I reckon, was the first part of the '*Essay on Man*,' which he might apprehend we remembered some passages of, and think we might safely say or insinuate was his, he then not owning it." The '*Essay on*

Man' was published in February, 1733.

² This is line 121 of the '*Imitation of Horace*' addressed to Mr. Fortescue.

³ First published by Roscoe.

good son. He deserves to be called so ; and believe me to be, your really affectionate friend.

19.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.

TWITNAM, *March 2* [1733].

DEAR SIR,—I see that a glut of praise succeeds to a glut of reproach. I am as much overpaid this way now, as I was injured that way before. But you, Sir, kindly temper your praise with your rebuke. Indeed, I deserve the one as little as the other, for so far from neglecting one honest friend, that I may truly say I never thought of you more frequently than since I have been unable to see you. I am sorry, though we are true friends, that we agree in one thing, for my continued indispositions keep me in almost a continued inability of going to my friends. It is a serious truth that I went equally with an intent of seeing yourself and Mr. Chiselden. It was a warm impulse that carried me, when I had but three hours to do it in, from the waterside to Ormond Street at two, being obliged by too pressing business to return by five o'clock to St. James's. I was at the corner of the square on my way to your house past Mr. Chiselden's, when he met me and his dinner waiting. I knew it was too early for your dinner, and he told me you could hardly come to us, therefore you see it was no excuse ; but I further assure you it was a real *complaint* I felt at my ill fortune, and an *inward concern* that I felt for it which I testified by that message.

Your very kind letter lay three days at Twitnam, while I was absent in the country near Windsor. I went to London then, and lay sick most part of a day. In the evening I resolved to go to you, but it rained so hard that I could not have a chair procured till near eight o'clock, which I thought too late to go from Dover Street to Bloomsbury and back again. This gave me more vexation than I can express, for I was compelled to return hither next morning by my mother's desire, whom I had been absent from almost seven days, and

now this day I see her first, and am very sick, so truly answer you who writ to me in pain. I am sensible, and ever will be, of your kind regard and great partiality towards me. I am unfeignedly troubled for your uneasy distemper and rheumatism, and wish you as truly as any man alive ease of body and mind. I will pass a whole day with you after this week whenever you will. Excuse my bad writing; I can hardly see or think clearly, but I feel myself sincerely, dear sir, yours.

My services attend your amanuensis¹ and our friend Chiselden.

20.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.²TWITENHAM, *June 10, 1733.*

As I know you and I [always] mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor mother is dead.³ I thank God, her [end] was as easy, as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that [that it is so far from horrid] it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired, that ever painter drew: and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow on a friend, if you could come and sketch it for me.⁴ I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I hope to see you this evening as late as you will, or to-morrow morning

¹ No doubt the younger Richardson.

² First appeared in 4to, 1737, p. 314.

³ Mrs. Pope died the 7th of June, 1733, aged 93.—POPE, 1737, 4to, p.

314.

⁴ A drawing was accordingly made, and a print has been engraved from it; in which she is called by mistake, "daughter of Samuel Cooper, painter."—ROSCOE.

as early, before this winter flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written thus—I could not (at this time) have written at all.—Adieu! May you die as happily! [I am] Your [faithful and affect. servt.]

21.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.

[1733.]¹

It is hardly possible to tell you the joy your pencil gave me in giving me another friend, so much the same! and which (alas, for mortality!) will outlast the other. Posterity will, through your means, see the man² whom it will for ages honour, vindicate, and applaud, when envy is no more, and when (as I have already said in the Essay to which you are so partial)

The sons shall blush [their] fathers were his foes.

22.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.

TWITENHAM, *March 3* [1736-7].³

D^r SIR,—I hope your Friend has done justice to your Work, in rolling off that excell^t etching in my Titlepage, w^{ch} will be the most Valuable thing in the book.⁴ As soon as they, together with y^e Headpieces and Initial Letter to y^e Preface are done, and y^e Sheets are dry, I must desire y^r care again to cause them to be very cleanly packed up, and sent to y^e Printer's, Mr. Wright, on S^t Peter's hill, who sh^d give his receipt for y^m; and return him also y^e Copper Headpiece and Letter to y^e Preface. You know the *least Dirt* thrown on y^e best work, or best character will spoil y^e whole Grace of it. And pray acquaint Mr. Knapton, that I will satisfy him in y^e

¹ From Pope's Works, edition of 1742. First appeared in Cooper, 1739.

² Lord Bolingbroke. — WARBURTON, 1753.

³ From the original. The year is filled in from Richardson's Transcript.

⁴ The profile of his own head on the title-page to his Letters, 4to, 1737.

amplest manner he pleases, as well as be obliged for his care. I am at present ill, in the Country, and not able to be in town, I fear, soon enough to have told you this in person, or have taken any part of the trouble off y^r hands. But we know one another. Adieu, my service to y^r son. Y^r ever affectionate.

23.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.¹*June 17 [1737].*

DEAR SIR,—Nothing is more true than what you observe, that a friend is happy in finding all resemblances in himself to the other. This is just my case at this moment, for I was actually sate down to put you in mind of me, when I received your letter to put me in mind of you. Be assured, we think alike, and alike warmly. It was my very ill fortune that has never let me remain a quiet week in town or in the country, this long time. Law and sickness and company have conspired to alienate me from my friends, from my pleasures, from my studies, from myself. I intend to be my own master again and your servant next week. If you can pass Sunday sennight here (by which time I hope your good companion and son may be able to attend you), let it be so; if not, tell me any other day, or take two days, when he may lie here to fatigue him less. It was by my order that book was sent you, as a small token only that I distinguish you from the common race of men, as much as the best royal paper is distinguished from common foolscap. I have a particular book here for your son of all my works together, with large margins, knowing how good an use he makes of them in all his books, and remembering how much a worse writer by far than Milton has been marked, collated, and studied by him.

Adieu! Even this I write in haste, but am never forgetful

¹ From the original. The year 1737 is filled in from Richardson's Transcript.

of you. Dear sir, his and your affectionate friend and servant.

24.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.¹

*Five o'clock Wednesday, in the Morning,
29th June, 1737.*

DEAR SIR,—If yourself and your son can mount this day, and enjoy my groves all to ourselves all this day, and as much of the night as the fine moon now allows, I am wholly yours for this day, and till noon to-morrow. This being the first vacancy I have been able to obtain, I offer it you before courts and crowds and confusion come upon me. Good morrow! I am truly yours.

25.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.²

Found in a Glass Window in the Village of Chalfont, Bucks.

“ Fair mirror of foul times! whose fragile sheen
Shall, as it blazeth, break ; while Providence,
Aye watching o’er his saints with eye unseen,
Spreads the red rod of angry pestilence,
To sweep the wicked and their counsels hence ;
Yea, all to break the pride of lustful kings,
Who Heaven’s lore reject for brutish sense ;
As erst he scourg’d Jessides’ sin of yore
For the fair Hittite, when, on Seraph’s wings,
He sent him war, or plague, or famine sore.”

July 18 [1737].

DEAR SIR,—I have been in Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire these ten days, and return to Twitnam by Thursday, when I hope to see you, and to fix a day after Sunday next, or on Friday or Saturday, if you can send me word to Lord Cornbury’s. The above was given me by a gentleman as I travelled. I copied it for you. You’ll tell me more of it perhaps than I can. Yours ever.

¹ First published by Roscoe.

(from Mr. Rogers’s Collection).

² First published by Carruthers

26.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.¹[QUEEN'S SQUARE,] *November 21* [1739].

DEAR SIR,—Every thing was welcome to me in your kind letter, except the occasion of it, the confinement you are under. I am glad you count the days when I do not see you : but it was but half an one that I was in town upon business with Dr. Mead, and returned to render an account of it.

I shall in the course of the winter probably be an evening visitant to you, if you sit at home, though I hope it will not be by compulsion or lameness. We may take a cup of sack together, and chatter like two parrots, which are (at least) more reputable and manlike animals than the grasshoppers, to which Homer likens old men.

I am glad you sleep better. I sleep in company, and wake at night,² which is vexatious : if you did so, you at your age would make verses. As to my health, it will never mend ; but I will complain less of it, when I find it incorrigible.

But for [your] news of my quitting Twit'nam for Bath, inquire into my years, if they are past the bounds of dotage ? Ask my eyes, if they can see, and my nostrils, if they can smell ? To prefer rocks and dirt to flowery meads and silver Thames, and brimstone and fogs to roses and sunshine. When I arrive at these sensations, I may settle at Bath, of which I never yet dreamt, further than to live just out of the sulphurous pit, and at the edge of the fogs at Mr. Allen's, for a month or so. I like the place so little, that health itself should not draw me thither, though friendship has twice or thrice.

Having answered your questions, I desire to hear if you have

¹ First published by Warton.

² Compare Epistle to Arbuthnot :

I was not born for courts or great affairs ;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my
prayers ;

Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.

However, in his First Satire of the

Second Book of Horace he says, in reply to his friend Fortescue's advice, that he should write no more :—

Not write? but then I think,
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

any commands. If the first be to come to you, it is probable I shall, before you can send them so round about as to Twit'nam, for I have lived of late at Battersea. Adieu. Yours, &c.

27.

POPE TO RICHARDSON.¹*26th March, 1744.*

You had seen me had I been well. Ill news I did not care to tell you, and I have not been abroad this month, not out of my chamber, nor able to see any but nurses. My asthma seems immovable, but I am something easier. God preserve you. Yours ever.

¹ A small scrap, written in pencil, from the original in the collection of and first printed by Roscoe, Life, Mr. Upcott.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

1. SIR GODFREY KNELLER TO POPE.¹

DEAR FRIEND,—I hope your genus dos and will know myn is with the most acceptable and most accomplished company to-morrow ; for my body is in no condition to stirr out [not so much as out] of my bed as jet, and has had no rest these two nights but what it snatches and gets in the day-times by fits ; and I believe my left lag will be out of order a good wyle. Pray give my hearty good will to the compa. for the deeds, and my most humble servis, being ever yours.

2. SIR GODFREY KNELLER TO POPE.²

DEAR FRIEND,—I find them pictures are so very fresh, being painted in three collers, and aught to be near a fier severall days ; for as they are, it is impracticable to put them where you intend 'em. It would be pittty they should take dust. Jinny stays here 8 or 10 days, and will not fail of sending them when reddy, and I am (giving my humble and hearty service to your dear mother), Dear Mr. Pope, your most sincere, and in reality humble and faithful, Servant.

¹ From the Homer MSS.

² From the Homer MSS.

3. SIR GODFREY KNELLER TO POPE.¹

DEAR MR. POPE,—I believe this will be card plays [enough] and we may do how we please. If you come about four o'clock, you may see me paint. To-morrow I am engaged to goe to Harrow the Hill² with company, being ever, dear friend, your, &c.

4. POPE TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

February 18th, 1717-18.

SIR,—It was not the least of my misfortunes (and Poets, you know, generally think they have many) that I mist of seeing you so often. My Stars were to blame, or if it were true, that *A wise man can govern his Stars*, Indeed I would teach them better manners. But I can scarce repent my loss of y^r Company, when it was the occasion of y^e pleasure of y^r letter, which convinces me that whatever another wise man can be, a wise and great Painter at least can be above the Stars, when he pleases. The Elevation of such a Genius is not to be measured by the Object it flies at, it soars far higher than its Aim, and carries up y^e Subject along with it. Like the Arrow in Virgil, that intending only to hit a common Mark, kindled in its flight and blaz'd into a Comet. Such is y^r praise of so unworthy a subject as I, when you raise me to such a degree, that (like most other pitiful Fellows of my race) I think myself *paulo minus ab Angelis*. But this is no more than you daily do upon Canvass; I thought, to compliment upon Paper had been left to Poets and Lovers. Dryden says he has seen a Fool Think, in y^r picture of him: And I have reason to say I have seen the least of mankind appear one of y^e greatest under y^r hands. I really believe (from y^e conviction I have how much better you make things than Nature

¹ From the Homer MSS.

² No doubt to Garth's.

herself) that even a Man in love would think his Mistress improved by you. For you are the only one in y^e world, whom the most jealous Lover would beg to touch his Mistress. For my part, when I am in love, I will desire you only to assist me as a Friend, or as a Christian; for if she encourages my passion, you could Reward her by painting her, and give as much beauty to her as she bates in me; if she rejects me, you can paint for me a finer creature in her own kind, that w^d put her out of countenance.

You will perceive, sir, that I am as much at a loss how to express myself, as you pretend to be. But a Genius like yours never fails to express itself well to all the world. And in y^e warmth with which it is agitated, let it but throw y^e Pen or Pencil with never so careless a dash, all people w^d see 'tis a noble Frenzy, a Vaghezza, like the *Foam* of a Great Master. I am, sir, y^r most obedient obligd servant.

5.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER TO POPE.¹*From GREAT QUEEN STREET, June 16, 1719.*

SIR,—I am in towne, and have louck'd for beds and bedsteads, which must cost ten pounds a year. When I promised to provide them you had maid no mention of the towne rates, which I am to pay, and will be 5 pounds a year at least, and which would be 15 pounds *per annum* with the beds; and that house did let for 45 a year when I bought it; so that all I have laid out being near 400 pound, would be done for nothing, of which you will consider and let me know your mind. The stables are fitted as you gentlemen ordered them to be, and all the painting will be done to-morrow or Thursday, with whenscoating in the quickest manner and best; and if you can stay till Saturday [the rooms shall be aired, and pray] let me know your pleasure about the beds and bedsteads, for them I cannot provide. You may have 6,

¹ From the Homer MSS.

of which two are to have courtins, for 10 pounds a year : and am, giving my most humble respects to my Lady Mery Whortly, your, &c.

I thought one might have such beds and bedsteads for 4 or 5 pounds a-year; and which I would have done if no rates prop.¹

¹ The word illegible.

LETTERS
BETWEEN
POPE AND SIR HANS SLOANE.

1742.

1. POPE TO SIR HANS SLOANE.¹

TWICKENHAM, *March 30, 1742.*

SIR,—I am extremely obliged to you for your intended kindness of furnishing my grotto with that surprising natural curiosity,² which indeed I have ardently sought some time. But I would much rather part with everything of this sort, which I have collected, than deprive your most copious collection of one thing that may be wanting to it. If you can spare it, I shall be doubly pleased in having it, and in owing it to you.

The further favour you offer me, of a review of your curiosities, deserves my acknowledgment. Could I hope that among the minerals and fossils which I have gathered, there was anything you would like, it would be esteemed an obligation (if you have time as the season improves) to look upon them and command any. I shall take the first favourable opportunity to enquire when it may be least inconvenient to wait on you, which will be a true satisfaction to, sir, your most obliged and most humble servant.

¹ Transcribed by Mr. Croker from the original in the British Museum. First appeared in Warton.

² The next letter seems to explain this as a fragment of the Giants' Causeway.—CROKER.

2.

POPE TO SIR HANS SLOANE.¹TWICKENHAM, *May 22, 1742.*

SIR,—I have many true thanks to pay you for the two joints of the Giants' Causeway, which I found yesterday at my return to Twitnam, perfectly safe and entire. They will be a great ornament to my grotto, which consists wholly of natural productions, owing nothing to the chisel or polish; and which it would be much my ambition to entice you one day to look upon. I will first wait on you at Chelsea, and embrace with great pleasure the satisfaction you can better than any man afford me, of so extensive a view of Nature in her most curious works. I am, with all respect, Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant.

¹ Transcribed by Mr. Croker from the original in the British Museum. First appeared in Warton.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND BRIDGEMAN.

1724.

1.

BRIDGEMAN TO POPE.¹

BROADSTREET, *Sept. 28th*, 1724.

S^a,—Since I waited on Mrs. Howard and you at Twickenham, I have been continually abroad on business that I then knew not of;² but of great moment, & of which you shall know more when I have the Hon^r to see you.

I came home on Fryday night, and had your kind letter.

On Saturday morning I begun on the Plann,³ & have not stirr'd from that time to this, so long as I could see, nor shall I leave it till 'tis finished, which I hope will be about to-

¹ From the Homer MSS.

² Bridgeman was surveyor of the Royal Gardens. See note, Suffolk Corr., i. 383.

³ No doubt some part of the plan of the Marble Hillestate. Mr. Croker says in the Preface to his edition of Lady Suffolk's Letters :

“Eminently disinterested, the only pecuniary favour she seems to have derived from her royal master and mistress, for so long and assiduous a service, was some assistance towards the acquisition of the little villa of Marble Hill, near Twickenham ; the original cost of which, however, with the subsequent buildings, did not ex-

ceed ten or twelve thousand pounds ; but what it may have wanted in magnificence, was supplied in comfort and taste. Lords Burlington and Pembroke designed the house ; Lord Bathurst and Mr. Pope laid out the gardens ; and Gay, Swift, and Arbuthnot, had constituted themselves superintendents of the household. To this retreat Lady Suffolk frequently retired, and every fresh visit rendered her more reluctant to leave it for the fastidious formality, or the more intolerable *tracasseries* of the court ; which, even in the days of her youth and her dependence, were repugnant to her habits and feelings.”

morrow noon, but the affair I mention to you above will not let me move from Home this fortnight, so shall be glad if your affairs call you to Towne on Tuesday or any other day this week, that I may a little explain it to you, or if not I will send it to you by my man on Wednesday morning. I am, Sr, y^r most obliged humble Servant.

2.

POPE TO BRIDGEMAN.¹

DAWLEY, *Thursday* [1724].

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry it is not possible for me to go to Lord Oxford's with you, so soon: for a hundred objections lye in my way just now. But pray assure my lord faithfully of my truest respects, and earnest desires to see him. I wish you a good journey, and total recovery of your health, being faithfully, dear sir, yours.

I hope you will fix that matter with Mrs. Howard. My Lord Bolingbroke received yours, and shall be glad to see you at your conveniency.

¹ From the Harley Papers.

LETTERS

FROM

GIBBS TO POPE.¹

1.

GIBBS TO POPE.²

S^a,—I had y^e honor of yours last night leate, so could not answear it sooner. I am obliged to get out by tymes this morning, but to-morrow if you will doe me the honor to call at my house by tymes, or if you'l be pleased to send me word by the bearer if I [may] wait upon you, the designs shall be ready for you to aprove or disaprove of, according as you shall finde them to your purpose ; as for making me loose [an hour] in your company, I should always be proud of y^e honor of spending my tyme so agreeably, and believe me to be with all respect, Honored S^r, your most humble and most obedient serv^t.

Monday morning, 8 a Clock.

¹ James Gibbs, the architect. Walpole says of him : " About the year 1720 he became the architect most in vogue, and the next year gave the design of St. Martin's church, which was finished in five years, and cost thirty-two thousand pounds. His likewise was St. Mary's in the Strand, a monument of the piety more than of the taste of the

nation. The new Church at Derby was another of his works ; so was the new building at King's College, Cambridge, and the Senate house there ; the latter of which was not so bad as to justify erecting the middle building, in a style very dissonant. The Ratcliffe Library is more exceptionable, and seems to have sunk into the ground ; or, as Sarah Duchess of

² From the Hemer MSS.

2.

GIBBS TO POPE.¹

GERARD STREET, 4 a Clocke.

S^r,—Mr. Rysbracks² house is in the further end of Bond Street, [just] cross Tyburn Rode in L^d Oxfords grownd upon

Marlborough said of another building, it looks as if it was making a curtsy. Gibbs, though he knew little of Gothick architecture, was more fortunate in the quadrangle of All Souls, which he has blundered into a picturesque scenery, not void of grandeur, especially if seen through the gate that leads from the schools. The assemblage of buildings in that quarter, though no single one is beautiful, always struck me with singular pleasure, as it displays such a vision of large edifices, unbroken by private houses, as the mind is apt to entertain of the renowned cities that exist no longer. In 1728, Gibbs published a large folio of his own designs, which I think will confirm the character I have given of his works. His arched windows, his rustick-laced windows, his barbarous buildings for gardens, his cumbrous chimney-pieces, and vases without grace, are striking proofs of his want of taste. He got £1,500 by this publication, and sold the plates after for £400 more."

¹ From the Homer MSS.

² J. Michael Rysbrack, the best sculptor that has appeared in these islands since Le Sœur, was born at Antwerp. His father was a landscape painter, and had been in England, but quitted it with Largelliere, and went to Paris, where he married, and returning to Brussels and Antwerp, died at the latter in 1726, at the age of four-score.

Michael, his son, arrived here in 1720, then about the age of twenty-six, and began by modelling small

figures in clay to show his skill. The Earl of Nottingham sat to him for his bust, in which the artist succeeded so well, that he began to be employed on large works, particularly monuments. For some time he was engaged by Gibbs, who was sensible of the young man's merit, but turned it to his own account, contracting for the figures with the persons who bespoke the tombs, and gaining the chief benefit from the execution. Thus, Gibbs received £100 a-piece for the figures on Prior's monument, yet paid Rysbrack but £35 each. The statuary, though no vain man, felt his own merit, and shook off his dependence on the architect, as he became more known and more admired. Business crowded upon him, and for many years all great works were committed to him: and his deep knowledge of his art and singular industry gave general satisfaction. His models were thoroughly studied and ably executed; and as a sculptor capable of furnishing statues was now found, our taste in monuments improved, which till Rysbrack's time, had depended more on masonry and marbles, than statuary.

Besides numbers more, Rysbrack executed the monuments of Sir Isaac Newton and of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, and the equestrian statue in bronze of King William at Bristol, in 1733, for which he received £1,800. Scheemaker's model, which was rejected, was, however, so well designed, that the city of Bristol made him a present of £50 for his trouble. Rysbrack made also a

the right hand, going to his Chaple—but I will waite on you at Williames coffie house near St. James's, about five on thursday, who am, Sr, your most humble Serv^t.

I beg my most dutyfull respect to My Lord Bathurst.

great many busts, and most of them very like, as of Mr. Pope, Gibbs, Sir R. Walpole, the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lord Bolingbroke, Wootton, Ben Jonson, Butler, Milton, Cromwell, and

himself; the statue of King George I. and of King George II. at the Royal Exchange; the heads in the Hermitage at Richmond, and those of the English worthies in the Elysian fields at Stowe. — *Walpole's Lives of Painters.*

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND BOWYER.¹

1743.

1.

POPE TO BOWYER.²

3rd March, 1743.

MR. BOWYER,—On second thoughts let the proofs of the Epistle to Lord Cobham I. be done in the quarto, not the octavo size. Contrive the capitals and everything exactly to correspond with that edition. The first proof send me. The number of the whole but 1,000, and the royal over and above. Yours.

¹ From additional MSS. in British Museum. William Bowyer, whom Nichols calls "confessedly the most learned printer of the eighteenth century," was born in Dogcock Court, in the extra-parochial precinct of Whitefriars, Dec. 19, 1699. He had a dispute with Pope about the publication of a volume of Swift's 'Miscellanies,' in 1732; and this, says Nichols, "served to confirm that good opinion of his abilities and integrity which Mr. Pope had long before entertained." He died Nov. 18, 1777.

² Spence says (p. 318) Pope sent

out copies of some of his Ethic Epistles about three weeks before he died. Bolingbroke, in a letter to Marchmont (see Preface to Marchmont Papers, ii. 334), says an edition of the four Epistles is ready. "I have a copy." A single copy of this quarto edition (which was destroyed) containing the character of Atossa, in the Second Epistle, survives, and is in the British Museum. It seems probable, however, that Pope meant to include the First Epistle in the volume containing the Essays on Man and Criticism, published in March, 1743-4.

2.

POPE TO BOWYER.¹

Nov. 3 [1743].

I AM for a few days at Battersea at Lord Marchmont's, whither I've left orders with the waterman to bring me everything from you. I doubt not you'll be upon the watch, or set any other, in case of any piracy of the *Dunciad* to inform me, who shall be ready to prosecute.² As to the little edition, they have still not separated it aright. The second volume must (as the title you'll see implies) contain the fourth book as well as the memoirs and index. Pray close your account with Mrs. Cooper of the octavos, second volume (no more of which should now be sold) and make all that remain correspond with the present edition, ready to be republished, as we shall find occasion, the two together. And let me know when you have vended 500 of the quarto. I thank you for all your care, and shall be ever your affect. humble servant.

3.

POPE TO BOWYER.³

Thursday, Feb. 23 [1743-4].

SIR,—I hope you have entered the *Essay on Man* and the *Essay on Criticism* with the *Commentary* and *Notes* of W. Warburton, printed for Wm. Bowyer, in the Hall Book.⁴ I desire you to remember exactly and minute down what Mr. Lintot has said to you of printing anything of mine, &c. There may be occasion for it, if ever he ventures at it, and I must beg you would be particularly watchful, if it can be done,

¹ Additional MSS., British Museum. The letter is addressed to "Mr. Bowyer, Printer, Whitefriars," and has a memorandum, "Sent out 250 copies to Mrs. C." *i.e.*, Mrs. Cooper.

² Respecting the copyright of the *Dunciad* Pope had already filed a bill

against Lintot.—See Lintot, Jany. 31, 1740, note (3).

³ Additional MSS. in British Museum.

⁴ On February 17, 1743-4, Mary Cooper entered for her copy, 'Essay on Man,' &c., with *Commentary* and *Notes* by Warburton.

at his press. I would have you write him word, and keep a copy of your letter, that “you have published but *so N^o many* books to try the taste of the town, that the proportion of sheets belonging to them, being the whole text of the Essay on Criticism, makes four sheets, a sixth part of the book; that you enclose him a bill of the costs of paper and print of *so many* books as you have published, and have them ready to be delivered to him on payment. Or if he would pay no money, to deduct it out of the number, without asking him ever to allow for any books more than as they shall sell; but that he may either take his proportion, whenever Mrs. Cooper takes a number from time to time, or I will allow it to him, and account with him for it as they are sold; without ever hurrying him for the remainder.”

Let Wright immediately send you in what he has done, gathered (*sic*) of the *little* Essay on Man. As I remember, one or two sheets at the beginning were first done by you, so that you must put them and his together; he has finished it, but possibly a title leaf may be wanting to the whole, which pray supply, and have it ready gathered. Pray write to Mr. Warburton to send you a list of as many persons in town as he would send the Essays to, as compliments from himself; tell him the more the better—Lord Chesterfield, Lord Bathurst, Lord Carteret, Mr. Murray, put him in mind of from me. Adieu. I thank you and am yours. [Not signed.]

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND MOTTE.

FROM 1727 TO 1732.

1.

POPE TO MOTTE.¹

TWITNAM, *June 30* [1727].

S^r,—Send me next (after the sheet R and this) the last sheet of Cadenus and Vanessa. As to the first, and the title to vol. 4, &c., let that alone to the last next winter; only let them print one half sheet for me of the beginning of Cadenus. For we will let the table alone, and leave room for some new additions to the verses. As to the poem which I will have to end the volume, it will make three sheets at least, and I will take time till winter to finish it. It may then be published, singly first if proper. I'm sure it will be advantageous so to do—but say not a word of it to any man.

The advertisement of Curll is a silly piece of impertinence, not worth notice, and it serves to tell everybody what makes for my purpose and reputation—"That those letters to Mr. Cromwell were printed without my consent or knowledge."²

¹ First appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1855. Benjamin Motte was the successor to Benjamin Tooke, a bookseller and publisher, whose shop was opposite to St. Dunstan's Church, and who

was also publisher to Swift and Pope. He died March 12, 1758.

² In what he called a republication of the Cromwell letters, Curll advertises "Mr. Pope's familiar letters to Henry Cromwell, Esq. (given

The fact of cabinets being broken open, and dead people's closets ransacked, is nevertheless true, which this scoundrel wishes to have applied to Cromwell's letters only to advance their sale, although it was spoken of other instances relating to the Dean's as well as mine.

You shall begin printing the next volume of prose when you will. The last new treatise which I formerly told you of relating to Rhetoric and poetry being in great forwardness,¹ and the rest ready. I am very sincerely (and so is the Dean) your affect. servant.

I am afraid you have not sent the books to Mr. Congreve at Bath, for I received a letter from him without mention of them. Pray enquire about it. Pray send one set of the *Miscellanies* to Wm. Fortescue, Esq., at his house in Bell Yard, in my name.

2.

POPE TO MOTTE.²*Nov. the 9th* [1728].

MR. MOTTE,—This is to acquaint you, in order that I may not be disappointed a third time in the manner I last was, that at the time you desired I will draw a bill of £25 on you, namely the 16th of this instant, which I promised the payment of, as of the remainder, the beginning of next month. I found it very troublesome to borrow it the morning you left me, and I must acquaint you that trying to procure it of Dr. Arbuthnot he told me (what had I known before I should have been more vexed) that his family were made to wait for the payment of his £50 six or seven times after he was at Bath. I am ashamed of it.³

by him to a gentlewoman, but not stolen, as Mr. Pope has had the assurance lately to assert.)"

¹ Part of the *Treatise on the Bathos*.

² First appeared in the *Gentleman's*

Magazine, October, 1855.

³ The agreement with Motte for the *Miscellanies* was that £50 was to be paid down for the first volume, £100 within two months of the publication

As I would do anything in reason to make you easy, this was ill done of you. The Dean does not come to England this winter as I was made to hope. As to what I promised you of the Miscellanies, I will keep my word as you do with me, since it presupposed your observing the conditions. It will be necessary to give Mr. Gay a note for the remainder due, and what patience he pleases he may have, but since what I heard of Dr. Arbuthnot, I will take it upon myself no further I am your sincere well wisher and servant.

3.

POPE TO MOTTE.¹Jan. 14, 1728-9.²

S^r,—Your letter pretty much surprises me. What I accorded you as a *free gift* you seem to take as a condition of an agreement which was made long before. And what I gave you, my word, you seem unwilling to have no further *security* for. I shall certainly keep it, and that is your security; and be assured I will give you no other; nor shall I think you much deserved a good-natured concession, given upon honour, if you dared not trust it. As to the *note* I asked of you, even to ask *that* was a concession; for the money is due and hath been some time. I am quite indifferent as to the time of printing the third volume, nor do I know what bulk it will make till the Dean is consulted; so that whenever you have performed your part of what is a *covenant* and *past* it will be time enough to make demands of my performance of what is but a *voluntary kindness* on mine and *to come*. Once more

of the second and third volumes; a second £100 within four months, and in case of the publication of a fourth volume, the same rates of payment. The £50 was paid to Pope on the 10th of April. The first instalment of £100 was due in May, but Pope gave the publisher some grace,

the sale of the 'Miscellanies' having been slow. In June he accepted a promissory note for £50, payable to Dr. Arbuthnot.

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, October, 1855.

² The date is in the handwriting of Mr. Motte.

I assure you I will do it, and I will do it without being bound any way but by my word. I am, sir, yours.

That you may not mistake me I mean thus. When you have paid the £100 either to Mr. Gay or me, or given him or me a note for it for value received—as when the agreement for the former volumes will be made good, I will give you a full discharge, and give you a title to the other volume for £25 (to which you shall have liberty on my word to add the poem).

If you don't understand this, you are very blind to my good will to you, which I assure you is very great.

4.

POPE TO MOTTE.¹

8 March, 1728-9.

S^r,—I've received a letter from the Dean, who desires I would send to you to send the balance of your account to the widow Hyde in Dame Street, Dublin, and she will pay it as to our account. I am concerned I spake a passionate word or two to you the other day: the truth is I thought myself very ill-used in your complaining of me to Mr. Lewis, and I was also provoked at finding from him (some time before) how you had been as backward with the Dean's note. It looks a little insensible of the good will which I'm sure both he and I bore you; and there could be no shadow of an excuse on any pretence of that book's not selling, which had so extraordinary a run. I desire therefore that you will tell me by a line when I may draw upon you for the rest of the fifty (*i.e.*, £35), and entreat you to put me no more out of countenance to Mr. Gay, but that you'll send me a note of fifty payable to him on demand. Upon which I will finish our whole account, and observe punctually what I promised you after; which till then you have no right to claim, as it is no way due, but an act of free good will. Y^r O. Serv^t.

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, Oct. 1855.

5.

POPE TO MOTTE.¹*March 28, 1729.*

MR. MOTTE,—I hope you have done as I have desired so often to Mr. Gay. You have now had time enough to determine on the matter I left to your choice. However, in the meantime, pray pay ten pound to the bearer which he wants, and place it on account for part of your debt. We will settle the rest as soon as you please. Y^r affect. serv^t.

6.

POPE TO MOTTE.²*May the 8th.*

S^r,—Being so constantly taken up when I was in town, I have been twice or thrice disappointed of signing what you desired. Upon reading carefully the copy of the agreement, I think (to express both our purposes) this following will be proper to the form which you may write, if you wish it, on the back of the agreement, and if you'll send it me per bearer, or when you please, I will return it to you signed. I am always your affect. servant

"I, Alexander Pope, hereby acknowledge that I and the other persons mentioned in this agreement have received full satisfaction for the same. That Mr. Motte hath the entire title and property of the three volumes of Dr. Swift's and our Miscellanies now printed. But it is between us agreed in consideration of £25, which I, Benjamin M., hereby acknowledge to be paid to me by Mr. Pope, that if Mr. Pope or Dr. Swift shall publish any other volume or volumes of Miscellanies besides the three above said, the right and sole property of such additional volume remains wholly their own,

¹ First appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, Oct. 1855.

² First appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, Oct. 1855.

anything in these articles to the contrary notwithstanding.
Witness our hands this —— day of —— in the year ——.

A. P.

B. M.”

7.

POPE TO MOTTE.¹

Aug. 16, 1732.

SIR,—Had I had the least thought you would have now desired what you before so deliberately refused, I would certainly have preferred you to any other bookseller. All I could now do was to speak to Mr. Gilliver, as you requested, to give you the share you would have in the property, and to set aside my obligation and covenant with him so far, to gratify the Dean and yourself. You cannot object, I think, with any reason, to the terms which he pays, and which at the first word he agreed to. I am, sir, your friend and servant.

¹ First appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for January, 1804.

LETTERS
BETWEEN
POPE AND BATHURST.
FROM 1740 TO 1741.

1. POPE TO BATHURST.¹

Feb. 1740.

SIR,—I desired Mr. Knapton to mention a thing to you ; and I sent you a catalogue of some additional pieces yet unprinted which might be inserted in the two or three vols. of Miscellanies instead of Dean Swift's, and those removed into my volume. I have heard nothing from you about it, but shall be in town soon, and willing to do as you like. I am, sir, your humble servant.

2. POPE TO BATHURST.²

15 June [1741].

SIR,—I thank you for your care, and Mr. Edwards also, in regard to the minerals.³ I have received them at last safe. I am gone to Lord Bathurst's in Gloucestershire for a week or two. As soon as I return I'll put the Miscellanies in order

¹ From the Gentleman's Magazine, Dec. 1855. Charles Bathurst succeeded to the business of Benjamin Motte, and had therefore the copyright of the 'Miscellanies.' He died July, 1786, aged 77.

² From the Gentleman's Magazine, Dec. 1855. See Edwards to Pope, July 18th, 1741.

³ See Edwards' letter to Pope on the subject.

for Wright, as I promised, which I am pretty sure will be of service to you, otherwise I would not trouble myself more about them ; but I am sincerely, sir, your friend and servant.

3.

POPE TO BATHURST.¹

TWITNAM, *Thursday, July 19, 1741.*

SIR,—I received the enclosed very obliging letter from your friend Mr. Edwards. Pray thank him for it, and write, as he proposes, for a hamper or two more of those minerals, which I shall make use of as soon as I can receive them.

I beg you when Mr. Edwards returns to you to let me know, that we may fix a day for yourself and him to come hither, and see the use I have made of his kind present.

I wish you would resolve upon printing in the manner I mentioned your Miscellanies, for I am now perfectly at leisure, which I shall not be a month longer. I am sure it will turn out much to their advantage ; and as for mine, I have no terms to make with you, but only to serve you in the little improvements that I shall make. By putting all the verse into the last vol. (as was originally intended, as you'll see by the first paragraph of Dr. Swift's and my preface) you will be enabled (if you prefer it) to leave out whatever is another's claim or property ; for as I have cast the volumes it will be of equal size when you have so done. I shall be here for some days constantly ; I think till Sunday. Yours.

4.

POPE TO BATHURST.²

ARLINGTON ST., *Monday* [1741].

SIR,—I forgot to desire you to send me a line of what Corbett says to you hither. And if he persists in his design of printing, pray watch his motions, and I'll file a bill. 'Twill

¹ From the Gentleman's Magazine,
Dec. 1855.

² From the Gentleman's Magazine,
Dec. 1855.

be best of all if you can find at what press he does it. Sir,
your humble servant.

5.

POPE TO BATHURST.¹TWITNAM, *Aug.* 29 [1741].

SIR,—I had many things to say to you when I sent, but there's no haste. I shall print some things more of Scriblerus, and add to what is already done; but it will be in 4to, and the new part of the vol. be above two-thirds of the old. I don't care to alienate the property, but if you have any mind to treat for the impression I will give you the refusal.

I have endeavoured to serve you as to a volume of all Dr. Swift's pieces collected, and more selected than the present. It would be for his honour, and when I can be in town for a day or two, I will tell you the event of my negociations. I believe Dr. King has mentioned it to you. I am your very affectionate servant.

Pray deliver the enclosed to Mr. Lintot.

6.

POPE TO BATHURST.²*Sept.* 5 [1741].

SIR,—I have put Mr. Wright in a way to go on with the Miscellanies when I shall be at Bath. In the meantime I would not trouble you for the little note of £26, which was due the beginning of last month, if it be any way inconvenient to you. But I would desire you to pay it by small bills which I will draw upon you to one or two tradesmen I owe money to in London. At present I wish you would pay Mr. Vaughan, the chairmaker, £6 odd, which I'll order him next week if you write me a line. I was sorry I could not see Mr. Edwards,

¹ From the Gentleman's Magazine,
Dec. 1855.

² From the Gentleman's Magazine,
March, 1855.

not being able to appoint any day, my servant having been at the point of death. I am, your affectionate friend and servant.

7.

POPE TO BATHURST.¹TWITNAM, *Oct.* 18 [1741].

SIR,—If you are returned to London, and will send to Mr. Cheselden's, the surgeon, in Spring-garden, they will deliver you the books of *Miscellanies*, with my note how to rectify several mistakes for the future when you reprint. Pray observe them, and when I am next in town I shall be glad to meet you and settle the other matter, I believe to your satisfaction. Yours.

8.

POPE TO BATHURST.²TWITNAM, *Oct.* 23 [1741].

SIR,—I should be glad to see you at dinner on Sunday at this place. You'll meet nobody that I know of, except by chance Mr. Knapton should call from Marsh-gate,³ where he is generally on a Sunday. I thought this would be the most convenient day to you. I am, sir, your humble servant.

9.

POPE TO BATHURST.⁴*Nov.* 15, *Sunday* [1741].

SIR,—I write this very post because I hate to keep any one in any sort of suspense. I should be willing to serve you, but

¹ From the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Dec. 1855.

² From the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Dec. 1855.

³ Marsh Gate, situated at the entrance of Richmond Park from East Sheen, where Knapton resided. An edition of Pope's Works, 9 vols. 8vo,

1740, was some time since in a book-seller's Catalogue, with a note that shows it was "The gift of Alexander Pope to the Society at Marsh Gate, 1741."—*Notes and Queries*, x. 417.

⁴ From the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Dec. 1855.

cannot in this instance. Probably Mr. Gyles's family¹ continue the business, in which case Mr. W. [Warburton] would favour them. But otherwise he told me formerly he liked Mr. Knapton so well that I believe he would naturally succeed; and indeed I encouraged it lately by mentioning him at his request previous to yours.² I know you are a reasonable man enough to think I could not do otherwise than favour Mr. Knapton herein; as I would yourself in the like situation, who am, sir, your affectionate humble servant.

Mr. Arbuthnot will not have the Sermon at the Cross at Edinburgh printed in the Miscellanies, intending a general edition of all his father's Political and Physical Works.³

¹ Gyles died on the 8th Nov.

² See letter to Warburton, Nov. 12, 1741. The Knaptons bore a high character in the publishing world. Dunton, in his 'Life and Errors,' calls James Knapton "a very accomplished person; not that sort of animal that flutters from tavern to play-house, and back again; all his life made up of wig and cravat; but

a person made up with sound worth, brave and generous, and shows by his purchasing 'Dampier's Voyages' he knows how to value a good copy." He died in 1736. The person here referred to must be one of his brothers, John or Paul.

³ Compare letter to George Arbuthnot of October 29, 1741, note (⁴), vol. vii. p. 498.

LETTER

FROM

POPE TO DODSLEY.

1732-3.

1.

POPE TO DODSLEY.

5 Feb. 1732-3.¹

SIR,—I was very willing to read your piece, and do freely tell you I like it, so far as my particular judgment goes. Whether it has action enough to please on the stage, I doubt; but the morality and satire ought to be relished by the reader. I will do more than you ask me: I will recommend it to Mr. Rich. If he can join it to any play, with suitable representations, to make it an entertainment, I believe he will give you a benefit night; and I sincerely wish it may be turned any way to your advantage, or that I could shew you my friendship in any instance. I am, &c.²

¹ First appeared in Swift's Works, by Nichols. Robert Dodsley was born in 1703 at Mansfield in Nottinghamshire. 'The Toyshop' was his second literary effort. It was acted in 1735 with great success, and with the profits derived from its performance, Dodsley set up his bookseller's shop. He was a generous publisher, and it was through his publication of 'London' that Johnson was first brought

into notice. Among other enterprises he started in 1758 'The Annual Register.' He died 25 Sept., 1764.

² Dodsley's account of the matter is interesting. "You may remember, long before I had the honour of being known to Mr. Pope, the regard I had for him; and it was a great mortification to me, that I used to think myself too inconsiderable ever to merit his notice or esteem. How-

ever, some time after I wrote the Toy-Shop, hoping there was something in it which might recommend me to him in a moral capacity at least, though not in a poetical one, I sent it to him and desired his opinion of it; expressing some doubt that though I designed it for the stage, yet unless its novelty would recommend it, I was afraid it would not bear a public representation, and therefore had not offered it to the actors. In answer to this I received the following instance of Mr. Pope's

good-nature and humanity.

[*Letter as above.*]

“He was as good as his word; he recommended it to Mr. Rich; by his interest it was brought upon the stage; and by the indulgence of the town it was favourably received. This is the history of the Toy-Shop; and I shall always think myself happy in having wrote it, since it first procured me the favour and acquaintance of Mr. Pope.” — R. DODSLEY.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND BUCKLEY.¹

FROM 1733 TO 1737.

1.

POPE TO BUCKLEY.

[1733.]

SIR,—I am very much obliged, and (which is, as y^e world goes, something extraordinary) very much pleased at the same time, by y^r Present: I have read y^e Account of y^r intended edition of Thuanus with great satisfaction. It is some comfort (I fancy) to great Genius's and honest transmitters of Facts to posterity, to see so much worthy Pains taken, to right them after their Deaths, & set their labours in the fullest and fairest light: and I believe the care of such an Editor as y^rself is all the reward an honest & faithful Historian ever did, or could, hope to receive for his integrity: The *Iniquitas Temporum* w^{ch} you mention will generally deprive him of all other.

These men write for Posterity, and are of use to all ages: But such Authors as He, whose poor present you set too great

¹ Transcribed by the Rev. W. H. Bliss from the originals, which are in his possession. Samuel Buckley was the publisher of the 'Daily Courant and Monthly Register.' According to Dunton ('Life and Errors'),

he was "an excellent linguist; understanding the Latin, French, Dutch, and Italian tongues, and is master of a great deal of wit." He had by Act of Parliament sole privilege of printing 'Thuanus.'

a value upon, write only for y^e present Ear, & are (as St. Paul expresses it) only as a Tinkling Cymbal.

I am, with thanks for y^r kind remembrance, S^r, your very humble servant.

TWITNAM, Jan. 26.

2.

POPE TO BUCKLEY.

TWITENHAM, Sunday 13 [July, 1735].

DEAR SIR,—I am every day applying to you, as to one whose friendship is a thing secured to me at all events. I know my self to have long born you so much both of esteem and good will, that I will think you perceived my inclination toward you, and have as much toward me. Some of my most considerate friends are clear in the opinion that I should advertize what you see inclosed. If you join in their opinion, do it in the Gazette forthwith: if you depart from it, be so friendly to tell me your sentiment. The correspondence I had with the Bishop¹ was entirely within the limits y^e Law prescribed, and of a nature extremely innocent, in some degree so reputable to my own character as a subject that to divulge it will confound my Detractors or Inspectors. A line from you will truly oblige, dear sir, your very sincere servant.

3.

POPE TO BUCKLEY.

FROM LORD CORNBURY'S, *Wensday Night* [Nov. 1737].²

DEAR SIR,—It is so long since we have met, and it is so sincerely my desire that we may sometimes renew our old correspondence (for I think it's near twenty years that I have had occasions to know you for my friend) that I can

¹ Atterbury.

1737. See letter to Cole of that date, vol. x. p. 237.

² Pope was at Lord Cornbury's, by Oxford Chapel, on the 18th November,

no longer hold from trying at an appointment. If Saturday next you and Mr. Cole¹ and Mr. Knapton can dine together at any place within my verge,² I will be with you. I will come to Mr. Knapton's³ by ten in y^e morning that day, and desire then to find your commands to him who is truly and sincerely yours.

I shall lie at Cheselden's on Friday night.

¹ Solicitor to the Stationers' Company. See vol. x. p. 236.

² At any place more than ten miles out of London. Compare letter to Allen of March 6, 1744, p. 193, note (1). The supervision of the movements of the Catholics in the last years of Walpole's Administration, and as late as 1745, was very strict in

consequence of the fear of invasion from France. Though Pope often paid flying visits to London, and sometimes stayed in the town houses of men of position, it would appear from this passage that he did not venture himself to entertain guests within the forbidden limits.

³ At Marsh Gate, Richmond Park.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND THE LINTOTS.

FROM 1715 TO 1740-1.

1. BERNARD LINTOT TO POPE.¹

June 10, 1715.

SIR,—You have Mr. Tickell's book to divert one hour.—It is already condemned here, and the malice and juggle at Button's is the conversation of those who have spare moments from politics.

Sir John Germain has his book.

All your books [were] delivered pursuant to [your] directions, the middle of the week after you left us.

The princess is extremely pleased with her book.

You shall have your folios preserved.

Mr. Broome I have not heard from.

Pray detain me not from publishing my own book, having delivered the greatest part of the subscribers already upwards of four hundred.

I designed to publish Monday sevensnight. Pray interrupt me not [by] an errata.

¹ Bernard Lintot, son of John Lintot, a yeoman of Sussex. He was bound apprentice at Stationers' Hall to Thomas Lingard, Dec. 4, 1790,

and began business as a bookseller at the Cross Keys, between the Temple Gates. He died Feb. 3, 1735-36.

From the Homer MSS.

I doubt not the sale of Homer, if you do not disappoint me by delaying publication. Your, &c.

Service to Mr. Gay.

Lord Bolingbroke is impeached this night.

The noise the report makes does me some present damage.

2.

BERNARD LINTOT TO POPE.¹

June 22; 1715.

SIR,—The hurry I have been in by the report from the Committee of Secrecy, to get it published, has prevented the publication of Homer² for the present, till the noise be over: and those whom I expected to be very noisy on account of your translation, are buried in politics.

Mr. Thornhill³ sent to me for his own book, which he paid for to you, as he says, and paid me eight guineas [for] the subscriptions of,

Sarah, Countess of Winchelsea.

Mrs. Seymour.

Berkeley Seymour, Esq.

Charles Frotherby, Esq.

Mr. Harcourt and Lord Harcourt have had thirteen books [sent] to their house, ten of which were of the finest paper.

I will observe your directions about Mr. Broome. The second volume of Homer shall be sent in a day or two.

The project for printing the first book of Homer, with Mr. Dryden's and Mr. Tickel's, and Mr. Manwarring's, together, is well thought of. I proposed it to Mr. Tonson, but it will not do. I will consider further of it.

The Duke of Ormond is to be impeached for high-treason, and Earl of St[r]afford for high crimes and misdemeanours.

¹ Homer MSS.

² 'Send it w^t ed. of Tickel's.'
Marginal note by Pope.

³ 'Thomas Thornhill, Esq.,' and

'Richard Thornhill, Esq.,' are subscribers to the Iliad. The painter of that name was Sir James Thornhill.

May success attend your studies, is the hearty prayer of yours, to command.

3. POPE TO BERNARD LINTOT.¹

SIR,—Pray deliver the bearer two books for the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, one in fine paper, the other in common, and place 'em to my account. I having made use of one of Mr. Jervas's books, desire you also to give the bearer another instead of it, from y^r serv^t.

[*In Jervas's hand.*]

This you may file for a receipt of three books.

Mr. Lintott sent yesterday six books, out of which you designed one of the best for the Duke of Montagu, which you gave to Sir John Shadwell. Therefore I must have one [in] its room for his Grace, which makes this a receipt for four.

4. POPE TO BERNARD LINTOT.²

SIR,—Pray send Mr. Broome the sheets of all the notes [from the first] that are printed, that he may avoid the repetitions, &c., but I would not have the poetry sent, knowing the consequences of its being shown about to every body before it is published, which I will not have done; nor, I suppose, would you. I am [always] your[s], &c.

5. BERNARD LINTOT TO POPE.³

SIR,—Please to read this sheet,⁴ that I may have it when I call to morrow. Yours.

Saturday ye 11th, 1719.

¹ From additional MSS., Brit. Mus.

² From the Homer MSS.

³ From the Homer MSS.

⁴ Probably one of the proofs of the Translation.

6. BERNARD LINTOT TO POPE.¹

LONDON, 7th Jany., 1724[5].

SIR,—I have transcrib'd your 14th book of the *Odyssey*² myself, not caring to trust it out of my House. Many places seem not to be finish'd, and there are several omissions which you'll supply.

I wrote on one side only, that you might not want room for corrections. I am, sir, your most humble servant.

7. POPE TO HENRY LINTOT.³

Jan. 31, 1740-1.

S^r,—I received y^{rs} of this last post, but it does not mention one I wrote to you some time since w^{ch} I desired Mr. Cole to deliver to y^u with a State of that Affair upon w^{ch} I troubled you last summer at Mr. Murray's, and as to which I wonder you have given me no answer. I hope Mr. Wright has returned you y^e 50 Books in exchange for yours, as he was directed to do some weeks ago. When you purchas'd the Shares in the *Dunciad*, I hope Mr. Gilliver delivered you his title under y^e Hands of y^e Lords as well as mine to them, of w^{ch} I

¹ From a copy of the original made by Mr. Croker.

² This would seem to imply that Pope had translated a part of the 14th Book. In the translation the 14th is by Broome.

³ H. Lintot, born Aug. 1709; was High Sheriff for Sussex in 1736: died in 1758. This letter is copied from proceedings in Chancery. On the 16th Feb. 1742, Pope filed a bill against Henry Lintot, in which he states that he wrote a poem called the *Dunciad*, and that in or about 1728 he prepared the same for the press, and sold the copyright to Gilliver for fourteen

years, which expired Dec. 1742. That many years after Henry Lintot purchased the copyright of Gilliver, due notice being given by Gilliver, Pope, Woodfall, and others of the term when the copyright would expire; notwithstanding which Lintot had printed many copies, and claims a right to reprint. Lintot replies that he claims a right to sell such copies of the work as remain unsold. That he has printed only one edition, which edition was printed with consent of complainant, who corrected the work, and the above letter is submitted in proof.

wish you w^d acquaint me, for he told me he could not find it, and without it yours w^d be (I apprehend) insufficient. I am y^r most Humble Serv^t.—A. POPE. Pleas to direct to Twitnam, tho' I am at present at Bath. I will revise the new edit. of y^e Dunciad or do anything y^t may be of service to you wch is not very greatly to my own Injury.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND THE TONSONS.

FROM 1706 TO 1735.

1. TONSON TO POPE.¹

GRAY'S-INN-GATE, *April 20, 1706.*

SIR,—I have lately seen a Pastoral of yours in Mr. Walsh's and Congreve's hands, which is extremely fine, and is [generally] approved of by the best judges in poetry. I remember I have formerly seen you at my shop, and am sorry I did not improve my acquaintance with you. If you design your poem for the press, no person shall be more careful in the printing of it, nor no one can give [a] greater encouragement to it than, sir, your, &c.

[Pray give me a line per post.]

2. TONSON TO POPE.²

July 11, 1719.

S^r,—Having mislaid y^r letter, I have forgott the name of the Book which you want. Be pleased to lett me know what

¹ From the Homer MSS. Jacob Tonson was apprenticed in 1670 to T. Bassett. Besides being the father of English publishing, he was one of the founders of the Kit-Cat Club, of which he was secretary. He died in

1736, about the age of 80. He had considerable estates in Hertfordshire, His shop was opposite Catherine Street, in the Strand.

² From the Homer MSS.

the Book is, & I will endeavour to procure it for you. I am, sir, y^r most humble servant.

3.

TONSON TO POPE.¹

[1722.]

SIR,—You have enclosed the account of the profit of [D. of Bucks] works. For the books sold I have allowed you all the money I have received, and the binding, &c. I have charged at the price it cost me. [The Balance, £197 9s.,² is ready when] you will please to call and bring with you the agreement between us, which may be [cancelled as] I will [mine, and I will] give you my note to deliver the books left when required. I wish you would send me the Merchant of Venice by the waterman. Your [most obliged humble servant].

4.

TONSON TO POPE.³*Thursday, Eleven at night [1724?].*

DEAR SIR,—I have just now received yours, and indeed it is not my fault I have not seen you, having been hindered by business I could not help minding, but I will not fail seeing you on Sunday morning early, but must return to [Barnes to] dinner, having a little company to dine with me that day. Do but excuse me till I see you, and I will satisfy you that I have not neglected you. As for Shakespear, Watts's brother died lately, which has hindered his business a little; but now things will go on better. Your, &c.

¹ From the Homer MSS.

² Pope, it seems, must have shared in the profits arising from the sale of the Duke of Buckingham's works. Lintot notes in his accounts, 1722 :—"Oct. 22. A copy of an agreement

for purchasing 250 of the Duke of Buckingham's Works. Afterwards jockeyed by Alderman Barber and Tonson together" (Nichols, Anec., viii. 303). Barber printed the Works

³ From the Homer MSS.

5.

TONSON TO POPE.¹*December 23, 1724.*

SIR,—I cannot possibly see you at Twit'nam myself, I have therefore sent you the preface² from Lord Cobham, and a proof of the Monument with the draft. I request the favour of you to settle the inscription as you would have it, and return it to me; th[at] the plate may be worked. I do assure you I shall always be very glad to oblige and serve you all in my power, and am your, &c.

I was with the Speaker yesterday;³ he told me [that] you had promised to dine with him at Chiswick in the holidays, and bring your preface (with some alterations) with you. After that, I beg to have it, for I am impatient to publish. [Yours, &c.]

6.

POPE TO JACOB TONSON, JUN.⁴*TWICKENHAM, November [1731].*

SIR,—I learn from an article published in a late daily journal, that Tibbald is to have the *text* of Shakspeare, *together* with his remarks printed by *you*. As I have heard nothing of this from you, I presume it is not so; at least that you, with whom I have lived ever upon amicable terms, will not be the publisher of any impertinencies relating any way to my character, of which you cannot but know, that man's specimens and letters concerning them have been full. In a word I doubt not but you would in some way have acquainted me with any design of yours concerning Shakspeare. I desire you will tell me the truth of this matter, though I believe it is no more than some idle report crept into the News, or perhaps

¹ From the Homer MSS.

Lord Wilmington.

² To the edition of Shakspeare.⁴ From the Gentleman's Magazine³ Spencer Compton, afterwards

for Jan., 1836.

put into it by himself. I am, dear sir, your affect. humble servant.

When did you hear of your uncle?

7.

J. TONSON, JUN., TO POPE.¹

13 Nov., 1731.

SIR,—I have received yours, wherein you desire me to tell you the truth whether I have agreed with Theobald to print the text of Shakespeare together with his Remarks. The truth is this. Other persons being concerned in the text of Shakespeare with myself, Mr. Theobald treated with them to print it, and as I found the work would go on by the other parties concerned (though I had not come into the agreement), so I could not avoid being concerned in the edition: this is the truth. I am sensible of the many instances of your friendship, and shall never do any act to forfeit your opinion of me; and since Theobald's Shakespeare must come out, I cannot think you will like it the worse that a friend of yours is one of the printers. As for the advertisement or piece of news in the Daily Journal, I knew nothing of it till I read it in the paper, nor ever thought it worth my time to enquire how it came there. I had a letter from my uncle last post, who is well and will be very glad to hear that you are so. I am, sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant.

8.

POPE TO TONSON.²

Nov. 14th, 1731.

SIR,—I had a letter from your nephew, who tells me what I am pleased always to hear, that you are well, but not a word when you return to Barnes. Your stay has been much longer than I hoped, and you proposed. I was almost ready to be angry with your nephew on hearing he was to be the publisher of Tibbald's Shakspear, who according to the laudable

¹ From the Gentleman's Magazine for January, 1836.

² From the Gentleman's Magazine for January, 1836.

custom of commentators, first served himself of my pains, and then abused me for 'em. But I am satisfied since he tells me other proprietors in the copy of Shakspear could have printed it without him : and I am the better pleased he has a share in it ; because if any slander on my personal character should be inserted in the book, he doubtless would be enabled to testify in the same book any such truth in my justification as I could call upon him to witness. I never understood when I was concerned in his edition that any other proprietors could be balanced with himself in it. This you must know too. But if an edition of the text can be printed without his consent, and if the propriety to this author be so wandering, I'm very sure, however my edition or Tibbald's may sell, I know a way to put any friend upon publishing a new one that will vastly outsell them both (of which I will talk with you when we meet) ; and not of this author only, but of all the other best English poets ; a project which I am sure the public would thank me for, and which none of the Dutch-headed Scholiasts are capable of executing.

I think I should congratulate your cousin¹ on the new trade he is commencing, of publishing English Classics with huge Commentaries. Tibbald's will be the follower of Bentley, and Bentley of Scriblerus. What a glory will it be to the Dunciad, that it was the first modern work published in this manner ! In truth I think myself myself happier in my Commentator than either Milton or Shakspear, and shall be very well content if the same hands proceed to any other man's works but my own. And in this I depend upon your friendship, and your intercession with your cousin, that you will not let the Tibbald's ever publish notes upon such things of mine as are your property yet or shall be hereafter. *Oh, shade those laurels which descend to you !*²

¹ He seems to mean "nephew." He uses the word in this sense in his letter to Mrs. Rackett of July 9, 1729. See p. 482, note (3).

² From Dryden's Epistle to Congreve :
Let not the insulting foe my shade pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you.

I writ you a long letter about two months since, since when I have not heard from you. If you are now upon returning, you will probably find Lord Bathurst at Cirencester, who I know would rejoice to show you all his works there. I passed a week lately with Lord Cobham and Mr. Stanyan. I think all your friends are well. Lord Wilmington I dined with the day he left Chiswick for the season. My mother is pretty well, and remembers you. I know nothing more to tell you but that I am, with sincere good will, ever, dear sir, your affectionate friend and servant.

I have a very pretty poem to show you of a near relation of Lord Cobham's, which he has inscribed to me and some others.¹

You live not far from *Ross*. I desire you to get me an exact information of the Man of *Ross*: what was his christian and surname? what year he died, and at what age? and to transcribe his epitaph if he has one, and any particulars you can procure about him. I intend to make him an example, in a poem of mine.

9.

POPE TO JACOB TONSON, JUN.²

Nov. 14, 1731.

DEAR SIR,—You may guess how far I am from being unwilling that Tibbald's Notes should come out, when I long since desired and commissioned you to try to procure them against our second edition. The worst I wish is that Shakspear and you may be served by 'em. But all I should be sorry for would be, if *you* were made the *publisher* of any falsity relating to my *personal character*, who not only am a man that wish

¹ Perhaps a poem called 'Stowe, the Gardens of the Right Honourable Richard, Lord Viscount Cobham, addressed to Mr. Pope.' It was published by L. Gilliver, at Homer's Head, Fleet Street, in 1732. If this

is the poem referred to, Pope must have intended to show it to Tonson in MS.

² From the Gentleman's Magazine for January, 1836.

you well, but have suffered a little on your account, by one lie of this man's venting. Having a mind to write to your uncle, I've taken this for part of a subject of a letter, where you will see what further I have to say of it. I am fully satisfied by what you tell me, and always ready to be truly, sir, your affectionate humble servant.

10.

J. TONSON, JUN., TO POPE.¹

18 Nov. 1731.

SIR,—I have fully answered your first about Shakespeare. As to any other matters, I shall be so far from doing or suffering anything to be done to make you uneasy, that on the contrary I shall be glad of any opportunity of obliging, and, if possible, serving you; and in the plainest words I tell you that whoever I employ in publishing any of the copies I am entitled unto (more especially any pieces of yours), I will conclude on nothing till I have your opinion. I am much obliged to you for the compliment of sending your letter to my uncle open to me; but as (in my humble opinion) it will look much better for that letter (or any other of yours) to come immediately from yourself than under my cover, so I return it as I received it, and am, sir, your most humble servant.

11.

POPE TO TONSON.²TWICKENHAM, *June 7, 1732.*

DEAR SIR,—Before I received your last, I intended to write to you my thanks for the great diligence (or let me give it a higher title, zeal) you have shown in giving me so many particulars of the *Man of Ross*. They are more than sufficient

¹ From the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1836.

² First appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1836.

for my honest purpose of setting up his fame, as an example to greater and wealthier men, how they ought to use their fortunes. You know, few of these particulars can be made to shine in verse, but I have selected the most affecting; and have added two or three which I learned from other hands. A small exaggeration you must allow me as a poet; yet I was determined the ground-work at least should be *truth*, which made me so scrupulous in my enquiries, and sure, considering that the world is bad enough to be always extenuating and lessening what virtue is among us, it is but reasonable to pay it sometimes a little over measure, to balance that injustice, especially when it is done for example and encouragement to others. If any man shall ever happen to endeavour to emulate the Man of Ross, it will be no manner of harm if I make him think he was something more charitable and more beneficent than really he was, for so much more good it would put the imitator upon doing. And farther, I am satisfied in my conscience (from the strokes in two or three accounts I have of his character) that it was in his will, and in his heart, to have done every good a poet can imagine.

My motive for singling out this man was two-fold: first, to distinguish real and solid worth from showish or plausible expense, and virtue from vanity; and, secondly, to humble the pride of greater men, by an opposition of one so obscure and so distant from the sphere of public glory, this proud town. To send you any of the particular verses will be much to the prejudice of the whole; which if it has any beauty, derives it from the manner in which it is *placed*, and the *contrast* (as the painters call it) in which it stands, with the pompous figures of famous, or rich, or high-born men.

I was not sorry he had no monument, and will put that circumstance into a note, perhaps into the body of the poem itself (unless you entreat the contrary in your own favour, by your zeal to erect one). I would however in this case spare the censure upon his heir (so well as he deserves it), because I

dare say, after seeing his picture, every body will turn that circumstance to his honour, and conclude the Man of Ross himself would not have any monument in memory of his own good deeds.

I have no thoughts of printing the poem (which is an epistle on the 'Use of Riches') this long time, perhaps not till it is accompanied with many others, and at a time when telling truths and drawing exemplary pictures of men and manners can be of no disservice to the author, and occasion no slanderer to mistake them, and apply them falsely, as I was lately served in the character of Timon. But I wish for nothing more than to see you here, on these quiet banks of the Thames, where any of these things should be frankly shown to you.

My portrait by Dahl, I have sent a week ago to your nephew. You oblige me in the copy of my old friend Dr. Garth; and you will always oblige me in continuing to write to me. As to Dr. Bentley and Milton, I think the one *above* and the other below all criticism. Adieu, and health and peace and fair weather attend you. Yours.

12.

POPE TO TONSON.¹

TWITNAM, Dec. 4, 1735.

DEAR SIR,—I condole with you in the first place for the death of your nephew,² between whom and me a matter passed a short time before, which gave me concern, as I believe it will you when I tell it you. I presume this occasion may have brought you to town once more, and I hope it will not be without our seeing each other. Whether your deafness will allow our conversation to be on equal terms, or whether I can

¹ From the Gentleman's Magazine for January, 1836.

² Of the same name—Jacob Tonson, jun., the writer of the previous

letters, to which his name is prefixed. He died at Barnes in Surrey, 25th October, 1735, worth, it is said, £100,000.

only hear you, that will be a great pleasure to me, and I shall only be sorry to give you none on my part. Yet I think you love me well enough to find it some, merely to be face to face. As soon as you can, pray write me a line when and where we shall pass a day and a night together. I can shew you papers if you can't hear me talk, and I can ask you questions at least in writing, and I don't care how prolix you are in answering. I've often thought of writing to you, but I believe you may have read too many of my letters of late, which is a favour you owe to Curll. I took very kindly the paragraph in yours, which your nephew communicated to me. I am glad if any of my writings please you, who have been used to so much better; and I am glad if the writer pleases you, who have known so many better. Let me be what I will, I assure you I am very sincerely, dear sir, your affectionate friend and humble servant.

13.

POPE TO TONSON.¹

SIR,—I desire you will take these five sets of the *Odyssey*, and do what you can with them.

I desire also you will cause the packet I send to be bound together, as many in a volume as are tied together. Let the octavo be made to match in colour and size this which is already bound, and letter it *LIBELS ON POPE, &c.*, Vol. II.

Pray bind the duodecimos also in another vol., the same colour, lettered *CURLL AND COMPANY*.

And bind the *Gulliveriana* and letter it (same colour) thus, *LIBELS ON SWIFT AND POPE*.

In this you will oblige, sir, your very faithful servant.

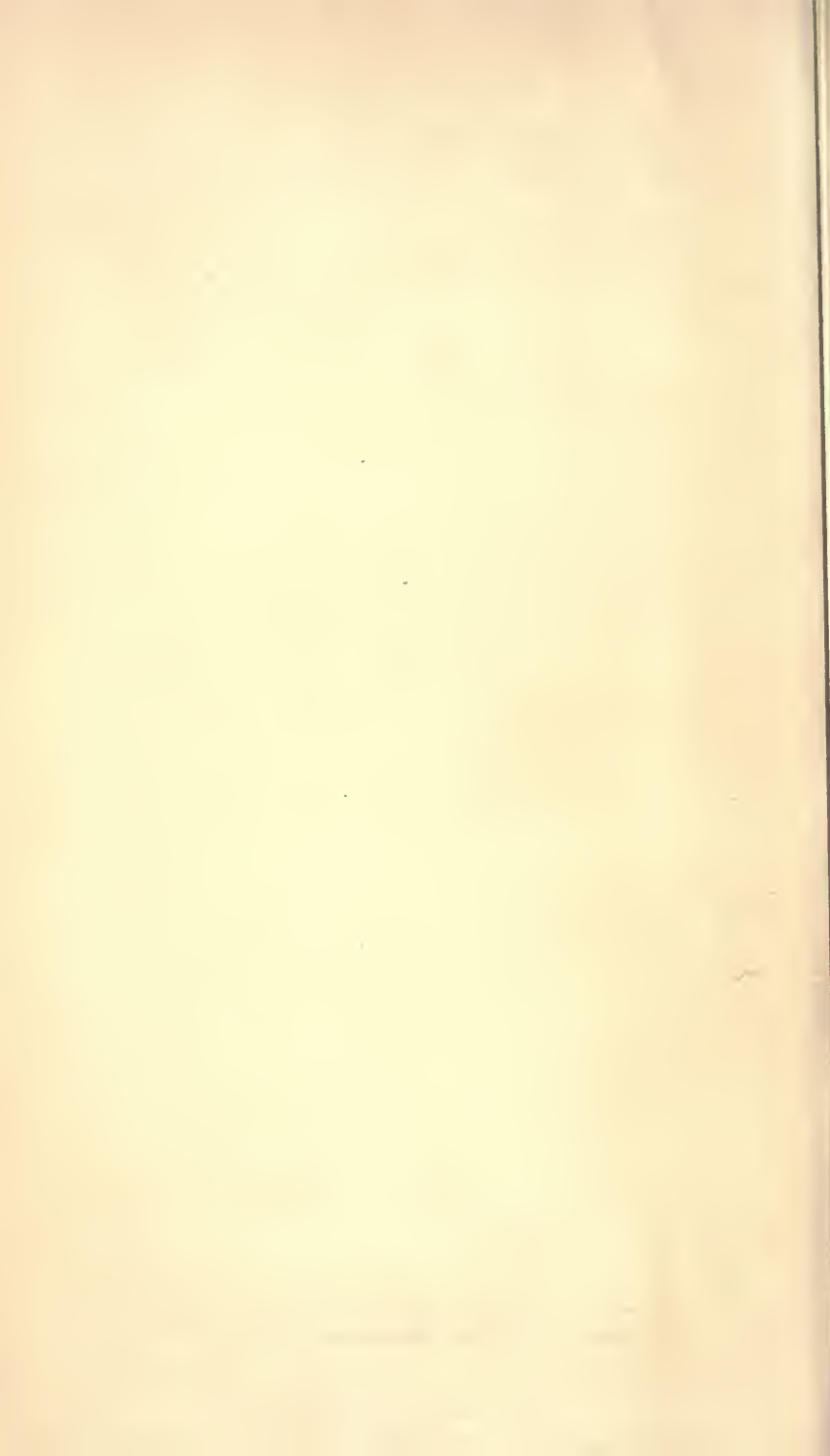
I don't know but soon we may have some better business together.

¹ From the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1836.

Pray send me Phillips's Freethinkers, and the first or second vol. of Blackmore's Essays, in which is his piece of heroic poetry.

One of these pamphlets is imperfect at the end, of which I desire you will procure an entire one.

END OF VOL. IV.











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