

A N  
EPISTLE

F R O M

Mr. P O P E,

T O

Dr. A R B U T H N O T.

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*Neque sermonibus Vulgi dederis te, nec in Præmiis humanis spem  
posueris rerum tuarum: suis te oportet illecebris ipsa Virtus  
trahat ad verum decus. Quid de te alii loquantur, ipsi vide-  
ant, sed loquentur tamen.*

TULLY.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HIS Paper is a Sort of Bill of Complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several Occasions offer'd. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleas'd some Persons of Rank and Fortune [the Authors of Verses to the Imitator of Horace, and of an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court,] to attack in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which being publick the Publick judge) but my Person, Morals, and Family, whereof to those who know me not, a truer Information may be requisite. Being divided between the Necessity to say something of Myself, and my own Laziness to undertake so awkward a Task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be That by which I am most desirous to please, the Truth and the Sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the Vicious or the Ungenerous.

Many will know their own Pictures in it, there being not a Circumstance but what is true; but I have, for  
the



# ADVERTISEMENT.

the most part spar'd their Names, and they may escape being laugh'd at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the Request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However I shall have this Advantage, and Honour, on my side, that whereas by their proceeding, any Abuse may be directed at any man, no Injury can possibly be done by mine, since a Nameless Character can never be found out, but by its Truth and Likeness.



Many will know their own Picture in it, there being not a Circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the Sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only by which I am most desirous to please, the Truth and Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that I thought it the last hand to the and my own avoided between not, a true Moral, and which being put in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of from a Nobleman at Hampton Court) to attack in Horace, and of an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity Fortune (the Authors of Verses to the Imitator of publishing it, till it pleas'd some Persons of Rank and as the several Occasions offer'd. I had no thought of





A N

# EPISTLE

Dr. *A R B U T H N O T.*

**S**HUT, shut the door, good *John*! fatigu'd I said,  
Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead,  
The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,  
All *Bedlam*, or *Parnassus*, is let out :  
Fire in their eye, and Papers in their hand, 5  
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What Walls can guard me, or what Shades can hide?  
They pierce my Thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,  
By land, by water, they renew the charge,  
They stop the Chariot, and they board the Barge. 10

B

No



No place is sacred, not the Church is free,  
 Ev'n *Sunday* shines no *Sabbath-day* to me :  
 Then from the *Mint* walks forth the Man of Ryme,  
 Happy ! to catch me, just at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parson, much be-mus'd in Beer, 15  
 A maudlin Poetess, a ryming Peer,  
 A Clerk, foredoom'd his Father's soul to cross,  
 Who pens a Stanza when he should *engross* ?  
 Is there, who lock'd from Ink and Paper, scrawls  
 With desp'rate Charcoal round his darken'd walls? 20  
 All fly to *Twit'nam*, and in humble strain  
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

*Arthur*, whose giddy Son neglects the Laws,  
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause :  
 Poor *Cornus* sees his frantic Wife elope, 25  
 And curses Wit, and Poetry, and *Pope*.

Friend to my Life, (which did not you prolong,  
 The World had wanted many an idle Song)  
 What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this Plague remove?  
 Or which must end me, a Fool's Wrath or Love? 30  
 A dire Dilemma ! either way I'm sped,  
 If Foes, they write, if Friends, they read me dead.

Seiz'd



[ 3 ]

Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I !  
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lye ;  
 To laugh, were want of Goodness and of Grace, 35  
 And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of Face.  
 I sit with sad Civility, I read  
 With honest anguish, and an aking head ;  
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,  
 This saving counsel, "Keep your Piece nine years." 40

Nine years ! cries he, who high in *Drury-lane*  
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken Pane,  
 Rymes e're he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,  
 Oblig'd by hunger and Request of friends :

"The Piece you think is incorrect ? why take it, 45  
 "I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,  
 My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten Pound.

*Pitholeon* sends to me : "You know his Grace,  
 "I want a Patron ; ask him for a Place." 52

*Pitholeon* libell'd me — "but here's a Letter

"Informs you Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

"Dare you refuse him ? *Curl* invites to dine,

"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn *Divine*."

Bless



Bless me! a Packet. — "'Tis a stranger fues, b'si's  
 "A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."  
 If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"  
 If I approve, "Commend it to the Stage."  
 There (thank my Stars) my whole Commission ends,  
 The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends. 60  
 Fir'd that the House reject him, "'Sdeath I'll print it  
 "And shame the Fools—your Int'rest, Sir, with *Lintot*!"  
*Lintot*, dull rogue! will think your price too much.  
 "Not Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."  
 All my demurrs but double his attacks, 65  
 At last he whispers "Do, and we go snacks."  
 Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,  
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more.  
 "'Tis sung, when *Midas*' Ears began to spring,  
 (*Midas*, a sacred Person and a King) 70  
 His very Minister who spy'd them first,  
 (Some say his \* Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst  
 And is not mine, my Friend, a forer case,  
 When ev'ry Coxcomb perks them in my face?

\* The Story is told by some of his Barber, but by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See  
 Wife of Bath's Tale in *Dryden's Fables*.

"Good



"Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things,  
 "I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;  
 "Keep close to Ears, and those let Affes prick,  
 "Tis nothing"—Nothing? if they bite and kick? 76  
 Out with it, *Dunciad*! let the secret pass,  
 That Secret to each Fool, that he's an Ass:  
 The truth once told, (and wherefore shou'd we lie?)  
 The Queen of *Midas* slept, and so may I! 80  
 You think this cruel? take it for a rule,  
 No creature smarts so little as a Fool,  
 Let Peals of Laughter, *Codrus*! round thee break,  
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty Crack.  
 Pit, Box and Gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd, 85  
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting World.  
 Who shames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',  
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew;  
 Destroy his Fib, or Sophistry; in vain,  
 The Creature's at his dirty work again;  
 Thron'd in the Centre of his thin designs;  
 Proud of a vast Extent of flimzy lines. 90  
 Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,  
 Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or *Parnassian* sneer?



And has not *C—ly* still his Lord, and Whore?  
 His Butchers *H—ley*, his Free-masons *M—r*?  
 Does not one Table *Bavius* still admit?  
 Still to one Bishop *Ph—ps* seem a Wit?  
 Still *Sapho*—"Hold! nay see you, you'll offend:  
 "No Names—be calm—learn Prudence of a Friend:  
 "I too could write, and I am twice as tall,  
 "But Foes like these! — One Flatt'rer's worse than all;  
 Of all mad Creatures, if the Learn'd are right,  
 It is the Slaver kills, and not the Bite.  
 A Fool quite angry is quite innocent,  
 Trust me, 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.

One dedicates, in high Heroic prose,  
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes;  
 One from all *Grubstreet* will my fame defend,  
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.  
 This prints my Letters, that expects a Bribe,  
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my Person pay their court,  
 I cough like *Horace*, and tho' lean, am short,

*Am-*



*Ammon's* great Son one shoulder had too high,  
 Such *Ovid's* nose, and "Sir! you have an *Eye* —  
 Go on, obliging Creatures, make me see  
 All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me: 115  
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,  
 "Just so immortal *Maro* held his head:  
 And when I die, be sure you let me know  
 Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown 120  
 Dipt me in Ink, my Parent's, or my own?  
 As yet a Child, nor yet a Fool to Fame,  
 I lisp'd in Numbers, for the Numbers came.  
 I left no Calling for this idle trade,  
 No Duty broke, no Father dis-obey'd. 125  
 The Muse but serv'd to ease some Friend, not Wife,  
 To help me thro' this long Disease, my Life,  
 To second, ARBURTHNOT! thy Art and Care,  
 And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? *Granville* the polite, 130  
 And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;

Well-



Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,  
 And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my Lays;  
 The Courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,  
 Ev'n mitred *Rocheſter* would nod the head,  
 And *St. John's* ſelf (great *Dryden's* friends before †)  
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.  
 Happy my Studies, when by theſe approv'd!  
 Happier their Author, when by theſe belov'd!  
 From theſe the world will judge of Men and Books,  
 Not from the \* *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*. 141  
 Soft were my Numbers, who could take offence  
 While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe?  
 Like gentle *Damon's* was my flow'ry Theme,  
 A painted Miſtreſs, or a purling Stream. 145  
 Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;  
 I wiſh'd the man a dinner, and fate ſtill:  
 Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;  
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt:  
 If want provok'd, or madneſs made them print, 150  
 I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

† All theſe were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. *Dryden*, tho' a ſcandalous Libel againſt him, entituled, *Dryden's Satyr to his Muſe*, has been printed in the Name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

\* Authors of ſecret and ſcandalous Hiſtory.



Did some more sober Critics come abroad?  
 If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.  
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,  
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 155  
 Comma's and points they set exactly right,  
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their Mite.  
 Yet ne'r one sprig of Laurel grac'd these ribalds,  
 From flashing *B—ley* down to pidling *T—ds*.  
 The Wight who reads not, and but scans and spells, 160  
 The Word-catcher that lives on syllables,  
 Such piece-meal Critics some regard may claim,  
 Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespear's* name.  
 Pretty! in Amber to observe the forms  
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms; 165  
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
 But wonder how the Devil they got there?  
 Were others angry? I excus'd them too;  
 Well might they rage; I gave them but their due.  
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find, 170  
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,  
 That Casting-weight Pride adds to Emptiness,  
 This, who can gratify? for who can guess?

D

The



The Bard whom pilf' red Pastorals renown,  
 Who turns a *Persian* Tale for half a crown, 175  
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,  
 And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a-year:  
 He, who still wanting tho' he lives on theft,  
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:  
 And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning, 180  
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:  
 And he, whose *Fustian's* so sublimely bad,  
 It is not Poetry, but Prose run mad:  
 All these, my modest Satire bid *translate*,  
 And own'd, that nine such Poets made a *Tate*. 185  
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe?  
 How did they swear, not *Addison* was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires  
 True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires,  
 Blest with each Talent and each Art to please, 190  
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:  
 Shou'd such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
 Bear, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne,  
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
 And hate for Arts that caus'd himself to rise; 195

Damn



Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;  
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 200  
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend,  
 Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,  
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;  
 Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause; 205  
 While Wits and Templers ev'ry sentence raise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise.  
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?  
 Who would not weep, if *Atticus* were he!

What tho' my Name stood rubric on the walls?  
 Or plaister'd posts, with Claps in capitals? 210  
 Or smoaking forth, a hundred Hawkers load,  
 On Wings of Winds came flying all abroad?  
 I sought no homage from the Race that write;  
 I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their sight: 215  
 Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd so long)  
 No more than Thou, great *GEORGE*! a Birth-day Song.



I ne'r with Wits and Witlings past my days,  
 To spread about the Itch of Verse and Praise;  
 Nor like a Puppy daggled thro' the Town,  
 To fetch and carry Sing-song up and down;  
 Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,  
 With Handkerchief and Orange at my side:  
 But sick of Fops, and Poetry, and Prate,  
 To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* State.

Proud, as *Apollo* on his forked hill,  
 Sate full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;  
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,  
*Horace* and he went hand in hand in song.  
 His Library, (where Busts of Poets dead  
 And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)  
 Receiv'd of Wits an undistinguish'd race,  
 Who first his Judgment ask'd, and then a Place:  
 Much they extoll'd the Pictures, much the Seat,  
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat:  
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,  
 He pay'd some Bards with Port, and some with Praise,  
 To some a dry Rehearsal was assign'd,  
 And others (harder still) he pay'd in kind.



May some choice Patron bleſſe each gray gooſe quill!  
 May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* ſtill!  
 So, when a Statesman wants a Day's defence, 240  
 Or Envy holds a whole Week's war with Senſe,  
 Or ſimple Pride for Flatt'ry makes demands;  
 May Duncce by Duncce be whiſtled off my hands!  
 Bleſt be the *Great*! for thoſe they take away,  
 And thoſe they leave me — For they left me *GAY*,  
 Left me to ſee neglected Genius bloom, 246  
 Neglected die! and tell it on his Tomb;  
 Of all thy blameleſs Life the ſole Return  
 My Verſe, and *QUEENSB'RY* weeping o'er thy Urn!

Give me on *Thames's* Banks, in honeſt Eaſe, 250  
 To ſee what Friends, or read what Books I pleaſe;  
 There let me live my own, and die ſo too,  
 “To live and die is all I have to do!”  
 Above a Patron, tho' I condeſcend  
 Sometimes to call a Miniſter my Friend: 255  
 I was not born for Courts or great Affairs,  
 I pay my Debts, believe, and go to Pray'rs,  
 Can ſleep without a Poem in my head,  
 Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead.

Why am I aſk'd, what next ſhall ſee the light?  
 Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write? 260



Has Life no Joys for me? or (to be grave)  
 Have I no Friend to serve, no Soul to save?  
 "I found him close with *Swift* — Indeed? no doubt  
 (Cries prating *Balbus*) "something will come out."  
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will. 266

"No, such a Genius never can lye still,"  
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes  
 The first Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes.  
 Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile, 270  
 When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style*?

Curst be the Verse, how well foe'er it flow,  
 That tends to make one worthy Man my foe,  
 Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,  
 Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear! 275  
 But he, who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,  
 Insults fal'n Worth, or Beauty in distress,  
 Who loves a Lye, lame slander helps about,  
 Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:  
 The Fop whose pride affects a Patron's name, 280  
 Yet absent, wounds an Author's honest fame;  
 Who can your Merit selfishly approve,  
 And show the Sense of it, without the Love;  
 Who has the Vanity to call you Friend,  
 Yet wants the Honour injur'd to defend; 285

Who



Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,  
 And, if he lyes not, must at least betray:  
 Who to the \* *Dean* and *silver Bell* can swear,  
 And fees at *Cannons* what was never there:  
 Who reads but with a Lust to mis-apply, 290  
 Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction, Lye.  
 A Lash like mine no honest man shall dread,  
 But all such babling blockheads in his stead.

Let *Paris* tremble — "What? that Thing of silk,  
 "*Paris*, that mere white Curd of Ais's milk?" 295  
 "Satire or Shame alas! can *Paris* feel?"  
 "Who breaks a Butterfly upon a Wheel?"  
 Yet let me flap this Bug with gilded wings,  
 This painted Child of Dirt that stinks and stings;  
 Whose Buzz the Witty and the Fair annoys, 300  
 Yet Wit ne'er tastes, and Beauty ne'er enjoys,  
 So well-bred Spaniels civilly delight  
 In mumbling of the Game they dare not bite.  
 Eternal Smiles his Emptiness betray,  
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way. 305  
 Whether in florid Impotence he speaks,  
 And, as the Prompter breathes, the Puppet squeaks;

\* See the Epistle to the Earl of *Burlington*.



Or at the Ear of \* *Eve*, familiar Toad,  
 Half Froth, half Venom, spits himself abroad,  
 In Puns, or Politicks, or Tales, or Lyes, 310  
 Or Spite, or Smut, or Rymes, or Blasphemies.  
 Did ever Smock-face act so vile a Part?  
 A trifling Head, and a corrupted Heart!  
*Eve's* Tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,  
 A Cherub's face, a Reptile all the rest;  
 Beauty that shocks you, Parts that none will trust,  
 Wit that can creep, and Pride that licks the dust. 315  
 Not Fortune's Worshipper, nor Fashion's Fool,  
 Nor Lucre's Madman, nor Ambition's Tool,  
 Nor proud, nor servile, be one Poet's praise  
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways;  
 That Flattery, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame, 320  
 And thought a Lye in Verse or Prose the same:  
 In Fancy's Maze that wand'ring not too long,  
 He stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:  
 That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,  
 He stood the furious Foe, the timid Friend, 325  
 The damning Critic, half-approving Wit,  
 The Coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;

\* In the fourth Book of *Milton*, the Devil is represented in this Posture. It is but justice to own, that the Hint of *Eve* and the *Serpent* was taken from the *Verses on the Imitator of Horace*.



Laugh'd at the loss of Friends he never had,  
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;  
 The Tales of Vengeance; Lyes so oft o'erthrown;  
 The imputed Trash, the Dulness not his own;  
 The Morals blacken'd when the Writings scape;  
 The libel'd Person, and the pictur'd Shape; 335  
 Th' Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,  
 A Friend in Exile, or a Father, dead;  
 The Whisper that to Greatness still too near,  
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOVEREIGN'S Ear —  
 Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past: 340  
 For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *last*!

“But why insult the Poor, affront the Great?”  
 A Knave's a Knave, to me, in ev'ry State,  
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,  
*Glencus* at Court, or *Japhet* in a Jayl, 345  
 A hireling Scribler, or a hireling Peer,  
 Knight of the Post corrupt, or of the Shire,  
 If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,  
 He gain his Prince's Ear, or lose his own.

*Lies so oft o'erthrown.*] Such as those in relation to Mr. A—, that Mr. P. writ his Character after his death, &c. that he set his Name to Mr. Broom's Verses, that he receiv'd Subscriptions for *Shakespeare*, &c. which tho' publicly disprov'd by the *Testimonies* prefix'd to the *Dunciad*, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the Libels, and even in the Paper call'd, *The Nobleman's Epistle*.

*Th' imputed Trash.*] Profane *Psalms*, *Court Poems*, and many Libellous Things in his Name, printed by *Curl*, &c.

*Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him spread.*] Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Burlington, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspers'd in printed Papers.



Yet soft by Nature, more a Dupe than Wit, 350  
*Sapho* can tell you how this Man was bit:  
 This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess  
 Foe to his Pride, but Friend to his Distress:  
 So humble, he has knock'd at *T-b-l'd's* door,  
 Has drank with *C—r*, nay has rym'd for *M—r*. 395  
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?  
 Three thousand Suns went down on *Welsted's* Lye:  
 To please a *Mistress*, One aspers'd his life;  
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his *Wife*:  
 Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill, 360  
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his *Will*;  
 Let the *Two Curls* of Town and Court, abuse  
 His Father, Mother, Body, Soul, and Muse.

Yet

*Ten Years.*] It was so long, before the Author of the *Dunciad* published that Poem, till when, he never writ a word of the many Scurrilities and Falsehoods concerning him.

*Welsted's Lye.*] This Man had the Impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasion'd a *Lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also publish'd that he had libell'd the Duke of *Chandos*; with whom (it was added) that he had liv'd in familiarity, and receiv'd from him a Present of *five hundred pounds*: The Falsehood of which is known to his Grace, whom Mr. P. never had the honour to see but *twice*, and never receiv'd any Present farther than the Subscription for *Homer*, from him, or from Any Great Man whatsoever.

*Budgel* in a Weekly Pamphlet call'd the *Bee*, bestow'd much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, in the *Grubstreet Journal*; a *Paper* wherein he never had the *least Hand, Direction, or Supervisal*, nor the *least knowledge of its Authors*. He took no notice of so frantick an Abuse; and expected that any man who knew himself Author of what he was slander'd for, would have justify'd him on that Article.

*His Father, Mother, &c.*] In some of *Curl's* and other Pamphlets, Mr. *Pope's* Father was said to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But, what is stranger, a *Nobleman* (if such a Reflection can be thought to come from



Yet why? that Father held it for a rule  
 It was a Sin to call our Neighbour Fool, 370  
 That harmless Mother thought no Wife a Whore,—  
 Hear this! and spare his Family, *James M* \*  
 Unspotted Names! and memorable long,  
 If there be Force in Virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle Blood (part shed in Honour's Cause, 370  
 While yet in *Britain* Honour had Applause)  
 Each Parent sprung—"What Fortune, pray?—Their own,  
 And better got than *Bestia's* from a Throne.  
 Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,  
 Nor marrying Discord in a Noble Wife, 375  
 Stranger to Civil and Religious Rage,  
 The good Man walk'd innoxious thro' his Age.  
 No Courts he saw, no Suits would ever try,  
 Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye:  
 Un-learn'd, he knew no Schoolman's subtle Art, 380  
 No Language, but the Language of the Heart.

from a Nobleman) has dropt an Allusion to this pitiful Untruth, in his *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity*: And the following Line,

*Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth Obscure,*  
 had fallen from a like Courtly pen, in the *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*.  
 Mr. *Pope's* Father was of a Gentleman's Family in *Oxfordshire*, the Head of  
 which was the Earl of *Downe*, whose sole Heiress married the Earl of *Lind-*  
*sey*.—His Mother was the Daughter of *William Turnor, Esq;* of *York*: She  
 had three Brothers, one of whom was kill'd, another died in the Service of  
 King *Charles*, the eldest following his Fortunes, and becoming a General Of-  
 ficer in *Spain*, left her what Estate remain'd after the Sequestrations and For-  
 feitures of her Family — Mr. *Pope* died in 1717, aged 75; She in 1733,  
 aged 93, a very few Weeks after this Poem was finished.

By



By Nature honest, by Experience wise,  
 Healthy by Temp'rance and by Exercise:  
 His Life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,  
 His Death was instant, and without a groan. 385  
 Oh grant me thus to live, and thus to die!  
 Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.  
 O Friend! may each Domestick Bliss be thine!  
 Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:  
 Me, let the tender Office long engage 390  
 To rock the Cradle of reposing Age,  
 With lenient Arts extend a Mother's breath,  
 Make Languor smile, and smooth the Bed of Death,  
 Explore the Thought, explain the asking Eye,  
 And keep a while one Parent from the Sky! 395  
 On Cares like these if Length of days attend,  
 May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my Friend,  
 Preserve him social, chearful, and serene,  
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN!  
 Whether that Blessing be deny'd, or giv'n, 410  
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

