



The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.

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

Being The Second of his Letters

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

XIII. Of his manner of life in the country, and of the author's near the town.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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FROM EDW. BLOUNT, Esq. 33

*The lizard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks!*

But, I believe, Milton never thought these fine verses of his should be apply'd to a man selling a parcel of dirty acres; tho' in the main, I think, it may have some resemblance. For, God knows! this little space of ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did those creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our affections and desires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you: let Mrs. Blount know that she is in the list of my *Memento, Domine, famulorum famularumque's*, &c. My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring taper, that even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole air of this letter) not in the gayest nor easiest humour, but always with sincerity,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XIII.

June 27, 1723.

YOU may truly do me the justice to think no man is more your sincere well-wisher than myself, or more the sincere well-wisher of
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my whole family; with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one another so well; and for enjoying the sweets of that life, which can only be tasted by people of good-will.

*They from all shades the darkness can exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.*

Torbay is a paradise, and a storm is but an amusement to such people. If you drink Tea upon a promontory that over-hangs the sea, it is preferable to an Assembly: and the whistling of the wind better music to contented and loving minds, than the Opera to the spleenful, ambitious, diseas'd, distast'd, and distracted souls which this world affords; nay, this world affords no other. Happy they, who are banish'd from us! but happier they, who can banish themselves; or more properly banish the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very sublime, and to include more than a hundred sentences that might be writ to express distraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual business of having no business to do. You'll wonder I reckon translating the Odysey as nothing. But whenever I think seriously (and of late I have met with so many occasions
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of thinking seriously, that I begin never to think otherwise) I cannot but think these things very idle; as idle as if a beast of burden should go on gingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever serving his master.

*Life's vain Amusements, amidst which we dwell;
Not weigh'd, or understood, by the grim God of
Hell!*

said a heathen poet; as he is translated by a christian Bishop, who has, first by his exhortations, and since by his example, taught me to think as becomes a reasonable creature — but he is gone!

I remember I promis'd to write to you, as soon as I should hear you were got home. You must look on this as the first day I've been myself, and pass over the mad interval un-imputed to me. How punctual a correspondent I shall hence-forward be able or not able to be, God knows: but he knows, I shall ever be a punctual and grateful friend; and all the good wishes of such an one will ever attend you.