

## 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

V.	From	Mr.	Digby.	Answer	to	the	former	
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Nutzungsbedingungen

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it will afford me a few pleafant 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.

The moment I am writing this, I am furprized with the account of the death of a friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a mere jest! Building, 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,

## LETTER V., From Mr. DIGBY.

May 21, 1720.

I found

I am, &cc.

OUR 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,

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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 receiv'd any with greater joy than this of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be assured of some there are the some there are the some there are the some the some there are the some the

of some share of your affections.

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

fong,

fong of birds we hear as well as you. But tho' I hear and fee 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 uneafy thought would difappoint all my proposed pleasures; the same circumstance will prevent my prospect of many happy hours with you in Lord Bathurst's wood, and I fear of feeing you till winter, unless Lady Scudamore comes to Sherburne, in which cafe I shall press you to see Dorsetshire, as you proposed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite Portico.

Your, &c.

## LETTER VI. From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 9, 1720.

I HE London language and conversation is, I find, quite changed fince I left it, tho' it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever astonished