



## **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**

IX. From Mr. Digby. On the same subject.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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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 of them, tho' assisted by this encrease: 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 genius's, for none has ever produced better subjects.

Your, &c.

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L E T T E R IX.

From Mr. DIGBY.

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 common-wealth. 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

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<sup>a</sup>; since they have shewn 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 shew you to my eye in so much splendor. 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 in my 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

<sup>a</sup> See Note on § 139. of the second Satire, ii. Book of Horace.

her,

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.

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L E T T E R X.

Sept. 1, 1722.

**D**OCTOR 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 observ'd 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,