



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

XI. Character of the Digby-Family.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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LETTER XI.

I Have belief enough in the goodness of your whole family, to think you will all be pleas'd that I am arriv'd in safety at Twickenham; tho' it is a sort of earnest that you will be troubled again with me, at Sherburne, 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 comprize 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 journey, and I hope one day to try if she lives as well as you do: tho' 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 birth-days, 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, further business and further employment. Besides all this, there dwells on the one side of her the Lord 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

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, and to tell Mr. W* that I am dead and buried.

I wish the young Ladies, whom I almost robb'd 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.

L E T T E R X I I .

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