



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

XII. Lord Bathurst's Wood; the camp in Hyde-Park; the Bishop of Rochester's conversation.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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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.

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If I am all my life to dwell in intentions, and never to rise to actions, I have but too much need of that gentle disposition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myself, and fully purpose to make you a visit this summer at Sherburne. I'm told you are all upon removal very speedily, and that Mrs. Mary Digby talks in a letter to Lady Scudamore, of seeing my Lord Bathurst's wood in her way. How much I wish to be her guide thro' that enchanted forest, is not to be exprest: I look upon myself as the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the recesses of those sacred shades. I could pass whole days, in only describing to her the future, and as yet visionary beauties, that are to rise in those scenes: the palace that is to be built, the pavillions that are to glitter, the colonades that are to adorn them: nay more, the meeting of the Thames and the Severn, which (when the noble owner has finer dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's embraces thro' secret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they rise and celebrate their marriage in the midst of an immense amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration of posterity, a hundred years hence. But till the destin'd time shall arrive that is to manifest these wonders, Mrs. Digby must content herself with see-

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ing what is at present no more than the finest wood in England.

The objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different nature. Women of quality are all turn'd followers of the camp in Hyde-Park this year, whither all the town resort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, &c. The Scythian Ladies that dwelt in the waggons of war, were not more closely attached to the luggage. The matrons, like those of Sparta, attend their sons to the field, to be the witnesses of their glorious deeds; and the maidens with all their charms display'd, provoke the spirit of the Soldiers: Tea and Coffee supply the place of Lacedemonian black broth. This Camp seems crown'd with perpetual victory, for every sun that rises in the thunder of cannon, sets in the musick of violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the constant presence of the Princess, to represent the *Mater Exercitus*.

At Twickenham the world goes otherwise. There are certain old people who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other company. They were introduced here by a man of their own sort, who has made me perfectly rude to all contemporaries, and won't so much as suffer me to look upon them. The person I complain of is the Bishop of Rochester.

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Yet he allows me (from something he has heard of your character and that of your family, as if you were of the old sect of moralists) to write three or four sides of paper to you, and to tell you (what these sort of people never tell but with truth and religious sincerity) that I am, and ever will be,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XIII.

THE same reason that hinder'd your writing, hinder'd mine, the pleasing expectation to see you in town. Indeed since the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother (whom it is natural and reasonable I should rejoice with, as well as grieve) I could the better bear your absence from London, for I could hardly have seen you there; and it would not have been quite reasonable to have drawn you to a sick room hither from the first embraces of your friends. My mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, tho' not so much as yet to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the good nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we sit in, upon one (and that a favourite) account,

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