



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

XV. On the same subject.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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sure? what in the grotto? what upon the Thames? I would know how all your hours pass, all you say, and all you do; of which I should question you yet farther, but my paper is full and spares you. My brother Ned is wholly yours, so my father desires to be, and every soul here whose name is Digby. My sister will be yours in particular. What can I add more?
I am, &c.

L E T T E R X V.

October 10.

I Was upon the point of taking a much greater journey than to Bermudas, even to that *undiscover'd country, from whose bourn No traveller returns!*

A fever carried me on the high gallop towards it for six or seven days — But here you have me now, and that is all I shall say of it: since which time an impertinent lameness kept me at home twice as long; as if fate should say (after the other dangerous illness) “ You shall neither go into the other world, nor any where you like in this.” Else who knows but I had been at Hom-lacy?

I conspire in your sentiments, emulate your pleasures, wish for your company. You are
all

all of one heart and one soul, as was said of the primitive Christians: 'tis like the kingdom of the just upon earth; not a wicked wretch to interrupt you, but a set of try'd, experienced friends, and fellow-comforters, who have seen evil men and evil days, and have by a superior rectitude of heart set yourselves above them, and reap your reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end such a millenary year in London? transmigrate (if I may so call it) into other creatures, in that scene of folly militant, when you may reign for ever at Hom-lacy in sense and reason triumphant? I appeal to a third Lady in your family, whom I take to be the most innocent, and the least warp'd by idle fashion and custom of you all; I appeal to her, if you are not every soul of you better people, better companions, and happier, where you are? I desire her opinion under her hand in your next letter, I mean Miss Scudamore's^a. I am confident if she would or durst speak her sense, and employ that reasoning which God has given her, to infuse more thoughtfulness into you all; those arguments could not fail to put you to the blush, and keep you out of town, like people sensible of your own felicities. I am not without hopes, if she

^a Afterwards Duchess of Beaufort, at this time very young. P.

can detain a parliament man and a lady of quality from the world one winter, that I may come upon you with such irresistible arguments another year, as may carry you all with me to Bermudas^b, the seat of all earthly happiness, and the new Jerusalem of the righteous.

Don't talk of the decay of the year, the season is good where the people are so: 'tis the best time of the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves, the prospects begin to open, thro' the thinner woods, over the valleys; and thro' the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven: the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and scatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the frosts are fresh and wholesome: what would you have? the Moon shines too, tho' not for Lovers these cold nights, but for Astronomers.

Have ye not reflecting Telescopes^c, whereby ye may innocently magnify her spots and blemishes? Content yourselves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting Telescopes, and where those of

^b About this time the Rev. Dean Berkley conceived his project of erecting a settlement in Bermudas for the Propagation of the Christian

faith, and introduction of Sciences into America. P.

^c These instruments were just then brought to perfection. P.

all others are equally such upon their neighbours. Stay you at least (for what I've said before relates only to the ladies: don't imagine I'll write about any Eyes but theirs) stay, I say, from that idle, busy-looking Sanhedrin, where wisdom or no wisdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

If, after all, you will despise good advice, and resolve to come to London, here you will find me, doing just the things I should not, living where I should not, and as worldly, as idle, in a word as much an Anti-Bermudanist as any body. Dear Sir, make the ladies know I am their servant, you know I am

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R XVI.

Aug. 12.

I Have been above a month strolling about in Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, from garden to garden, but still returning to Lord Cobham's with fresh satisfaction. I should be sorry to see my Lady Scudamore's, till it has had the full advantage of Lord B* improvements; and then I will expect something like the waters of Risksin, and the woods of Oakley together, which (without flattery) would be at least as good as any thing in our world:

For