



## **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**

XVI.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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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.

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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



For as to the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Paradise of Cyrus, and the Sharawaggi's of China, I have little or no ideas of them, but, I dare say, Lord B\* has, because they were certainly both very great, and very wild. I hope Mrs. Mary Digby is quite tired of his Lordship's *Extravagante Bergerie*: and that she is just now sitting, or rather reclining on a bank, fatigued with over much dancing and singing at his unwearied request and instigation. I know your love of ease so well, that you might be in danger of being too quiet to enjoy quiet, and too philosophical to be a philosopher; were it not for the ferment Lord B. will put you into. One of his Lordship's maxims is, that a total abstinence from intemperance or business, is no more philosophy, than a total confopition of the senses is repose; one must feel enough of its contrary to have a relish of either. But, after all, let your temper work, and be as sedate and contemplative as you will, I'll engage you shall be fit for any of us, when you come to town in the winter. Folly will laugh you into all the customs of the company here; nothing will be able to prevent your conversion to her, but indisposition, which, I hope, will be far from you. I am telling the worst that can come of you; for as to vice, you are safe; but folly is many an honest man's, nay every  
every



every good-humour'd man's lot : nay, it is the seasoning of life ; and fools (in one sense) are the salt of the earth : a little is excellent, tho' indeed a whole mouthful is justly call'd the Devil.

So much for your diversions next winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at present, than I shall then ; for if there be on earth an image of paradise, it is in such perfect Union and Society as you all possess. I would have my innocent envies and wishes of your state known to you all ; which is far better than making you compliments, for it is inward approbation and esteem. My Lord Digby has in me a sincere servant, or would have, were there any occasion for me to manifest it.

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L E T T E R XVII.

Decemb. 28, 1724.

**I**T is now the season to wish you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another : but both these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such a life as you have been long accustomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do them not ; the first are too modest, and the latter