



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

XXXIV. From the Earl of Peterborow Stowe-gardens: Temper of women: His love of laziness, and the reason.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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LETTER XXXIV.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

I Must confess that in going to Lord Cobham's, I was not led by curiosity. I went thither to see what I had seen, and what I was sure to like.

I had the idea of those gardens so fix'd in my imagination by many descriptions, that nothing surprized me; Immensity and Van Brugh appear in the whole, and in every part. Your joining in your letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me use this expression: I confess the stately Sacharissa at Stow, but am content with my little Amoret.

I thought you indeed more knowing upon the subject, and wonder at your mistake: why will you imagine women insensible to Praise, much less to yours? I have seen them more than once turn from their Lover to their Flatterer. I am sure the Farmerefs at Bevis in her highest mortifications, in the middle of her Lent^a, would feel emotions of vanity, if she knew you gave her the character of a reasonable woman.

You have been guilty again of another mistake, which hinder'd me showing your letter to

^a The Countess of Peterborow, a Roman-catholic.

a friend; when you join two ladies in the same compliment, tho' you gave to both the beauty of Venus and the wit of Minerva, you would please neither.

If you had put me into the Dunciad, I could not have been more disposed to criticise your letter. What, Sir, do you bring it in as a reproach, or as a thing uncommon to a Court, to be without Politics? With politics indeed the Richlieu's and such folks have brought about great things in former days; but what are they, Sir, who, without policy, in our times, can make ten Treaties in a year, and secure everlasting Peace?

I can no longer disagree with you, tho' in jest. Oh how heartily I join with you in your contempt for Excellency and Grace, and in your Esteem of that most noble title, Loiterer. If I were a man of many plums, and a good heathen, I would dedicate a Temple to Laziness: No man sure could blame my choice of such a Deity, who considers, that, when I have been fool enough to take pains, I always met with some wise man able to undo my labours.

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R