



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

XXXVII. From the Earl of Peterborow from his garden: his idea of the Golden Age, and unwillingness to come to town.

Nutzungsbedingungen

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-55314](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-55314)

You seem to think it vexatious that I shall allow you but one woman at a time, either to praise, or love. If I dispute with you upon this point; I doubt every jury will give a verdict against me. So, Sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you pluralities, the favourite privilege of our church.

I find you do not mend upon correction; again I tell you, you must not think of women in a reasonable way: you know we always make Goddeses of those we adore upon earth; and do not all the good men tell us, we must lay aside Reason in what relates to the Deity?

'Tis well the Poets are preparing songs of joy: 'tis well to lay in antidotes of soft rhyme, against the rough prose they may chance to meet with at Westminster. I should have been glad of any thing of Swift's: pray, when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd and as much out of the way, as himself. Yours.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

From the same.

WHenever you apply as a good Papist to your female Mediatrix, you are sure of success; but there is not a full assurance of your
entire

entire submission to Mother-church, and that abates a little of your authority. However, if you will accept of country letters, she will correspond from the hay-cock, and I will write to you upon the side of my wheelbarrow: surely such letters might escape examination.

Your Idea of the Golden Age is, that every shepherd might pipe where he pleased. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wishes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleased.

Oh how I wish, to myself and my friends, a freedom which Fate seldom allows, and which we often refuse ourselves! why is our Shepherdess^a in voluntary slavery? why must our Dean submit to the Colour of his coat, and live absent from us? and why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I seldom venture to give accounts of my journeys before-hand, because I take resolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon you, to be sprinkled with holy water, before I enter the place of Corruption.

Your, &c.

^a Mrs. H.

L E T T E R