



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

Containing The First of his Letters

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

IX. To Mr. --- on the circuit.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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LETTER IX.

To Mr. ****

Sept. 17.

THE gaiety of your letter proves you not so studious of Wealth as many of your profession are, since you can derive matter of mirth from want of business. You are none of those Lawyers who deserve the motto of the devil, *Circuit quærens quem devoret*. But your *Circuit* will at least procure you one of the greatest of temporal blessings, Health. What an advantageous circumstance is it, for one that loves rambling so well, to be a grave and reputable Rambler? while (like your fellow Circuiteer, the Sun) you travel the round of the earth and behold all the iniquities under the heavens? You are much a superior genius to me in rambling; you, like a Pigeon (to which I would sooner compare a Lawyer than to a Hawk) can fly some hundred leagues at a pitch; I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot: my little excursions are but like those of a shop-keeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while. Your letter of the Cause lately be-
fore

fore you, I could not but communicate to some ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion, if you continued a correspondence of the same sort during a whole Circuit, it could not fail to please the sex, better than half the novels they read; there would be in them what they love above all things, a most happy union of Truth and Scandal. I assure you the Bath affords nothing equal to it: It is on the contrary full of *grave and sad* men, Mr. Baron S. Lord chief Justice A. Judge P. and Counsellor B. who has a large pimple on the tip of his nose, but thinks it inconsistent with his gravity to wear a patch, notwithstanding the precedent of an eminent judge. I am, dear Sir, Your, &c.

L E T T E R X.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

MY LORD,

IF your Mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprizing Mr. Lintott, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse (no disagreeable companion to
your