



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

XIV. From Mr. Digby. A Letter of friendship: The disadvantages of an ill constitution. Consolation in friends of integrity. Their manner of life in the country preferred to that in the town.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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

LETTER XIV.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburne, Aug. 14, 1723.

I Can't return from so agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country, without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new agreeable idea of life you there gave me; it will remain long with me, for it is very strongly impressed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often, and shall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the power it gives me of being entertained in your villa, when absent from it. As you are possessed of all the pleasures of the country, and, as I think, of a right mind, what can I wish you but health to enjoy them? This I so heartily do, that I should be even glad to hear your good old mother might lose all her present pleasures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing them it is unnecessary.

I am troubled and shall be so till I hear you have received this letter: for you gave me the greatest pleasure imaginable in yours, and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I any ways deserve that friendly warmth and affection with

which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and esteem for you : so truly, that I should lose the greatest pleasure of my life if I lost your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the class of honest men ; for tho' I am not troubled overmuch about the opinion most may have of me, yet, I own, it would grieve me not to be thought well of, by you and some few others. I will not doubt my own strength, yet I have this further security to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your esteem with it.

Perpetual disorder and ill health have for some years so disguised me, that, I sometimes fear I do not to my best friends enough appear what I really am. Sickness is a great oppressor ; it does great injury to a zealous heart, stifling its warmth, and not suffering it to break out in action. But, I hope, I shall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that please me too, tho' not so well grounded ; these are, that you may yet make a journey westward with Lord Bathurst ; but of the probability of this I do not venture to reason, because I would not part with the pleasure of that belief. It grieves me to think how far I am removed from you, and from that excellent Lord, whom I love ! Indeed I remember him, as one
that

that has made sickness easy to me, by bearing with my infirmities in the same manner that you have always done. I often too consider him in other lights that make him valuable to me. With him, I know not by what connection, you never fail to come into my mind, as if you were inseparable. I have, as you guess, many philosophical reveries in the shades of Sir Walter Raleigh, of which you are a great part. You generally enter there with me, and like a good Genius, applaud and strengthen all my sentiments that have honour in them. This good office which you have often done me unknowingly, I must acknowledge now, that my own breast may not reproach me with ingratitude, and disquiet me when I would muse again in that solemn scene. I have not room now left to ask you many questions I intended about the *Odyssy*. I beg I may know how far you have carried Ulysses on his journey, and how you have been entertained with him on the way? I desire I may hear of your health, of Mrs. Pope's, and of every thing else that belongs to you.

How thrive your garden plants? how look the trees? how spring the Brocoli and the Fenchio? hard names to spell! how did the poppies bloom? and how is the great room approved? what parties have you had of pleasure?

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