



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

IX. Assurances of remembrance in absence.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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

I have not forgot yours to Lord Bolingbroke, tho' I hope to have speedily a fuller opportunity, he returning for Flanders and France next month.

Mrs. Howard has writ you something or other in a letter, which, she says, she repents. She has as much good nature as if she had never seen any ill nature, and had been bred among lambs and turtle-doves, instead of Princes and court-ladies.

By the end of this week, Mr. Fortescue will pass a few days with me: we shall remember you in our potations, and wish you a fisher with us, on my grass plat. In the mean time we wish you success as a fisher of women at the Wells, a rejoycer of the comfortless and widow, and a play-fellow of the maiden. I am

Your, &c.

L E T T E R IX.

Sept. 11, 1722.

I Think it obliging in you to desire an account of my health. The truth is, I have never been in a worse state in my life, and find whatever I have try'd as a remedy so ineffectual, that I give myself entirely over. I wish your health may be set perfectly right by the waters,

waters; and, be assured, I not only wish that, and every thing else for you, as common friends wish, but with a zeal not usual among those we call so. I am always glad to hear of, and from you; always glad to see you, whatever accidents or amusements have interven'd to make me do either less than usual. I not only frequently think of you, but constantly do my best to make others do it, by mentioning you to all your acquaintance. I desire you to do the same for me to those you are now with: do me what you think justice in regard to those who are my friends, and if there are any, whom I have unwillingly deserved so little of as to be my enemies, I don't desire you to forfeit their opinion, or your own judgment in any case. Let time convince those who know me not, that I am an inoffensive person; tho' (to say truth) I don't care how little I am indebted to Time, for the world is hardly worth living in, at least to one that is never to have health a week together. I have been made to expect Dr. Arbuthnot in town this fortnight, or else I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, seems to forget me, I consider I do the same seemingly to him, and yet I don't believe he has a more sincere friend in the world than I am: therefore I will think him mine. I am
his, Mr. Congreve's, and Your, &c.