



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

XIII. On his recovery, and Mr. Congreve's death.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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L E T T E R XIII.

I Am glad to hear of the progress of your recovery, and the oftner I hear it, the better, when it becomes easy to you to give it me. I so well remember the consolation you were to me in my Mother's former illness, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I lost her, I would have been no where else but with you during your confinement. I have now past five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely stretch their kindness so far as ten miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to visit me: the rest (except Mrs. Blount once) were contented to send messages. I never passed so melancholy a time, and now Mr. Congreve's death touches me nearly. It was twenty years and more that I have known him: Every year carries away something dear with it, till we outlive all tenderesses, and become wretched individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my birth-day, and this is my reflection upon it.

*With added days if life give nothing new,
But, like a Sieve, let ev'ry Pleasure thro' ;*

Some

*Some Joy still lost, as each vain Year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad Reflection more!
Is this a Birth-day? — 'Tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former Year.*

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XIV.

To the Honourable Mrs. ———

June 20.

WE cannot omit taking this occasion to congratulate you upon the encrease of your family, for your Cow is this morning very happily deliver'd of the better sort, I mean a female calf; she is as like her mother as she can stare. All Knights Errants Palfreys were distinguish'd by lofty names: we see no reason why a Pastoral Lady's sheep and calves should want names of the softer sound; we have therefore given her the name of Cæsar's wife, Calpurnia: imagining, that as Romulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf, this Roman lady was suckled by a cow, from whence she took that name. In order to celebrate this birth-day, we had a cold dinner at Marble-hill^a, Mrs. Susan offered us wine upon the occasion,

^a Mrs. Howard's house.