



## **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**

XIX. Complaints of his absence, and some envy at his situation.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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always speaks of you : he is at Tunbridge, wondering at the superior carni-voracity of our friend : he plays now with the old Duchefs, nay dines with her, after ſhe has won all his money. Other news I know not, but that Counſellor Bickford has hurt himſelf, and has the ſtrongeſt walking-ſtaff I ever ſaw. He intends ſpeedily to make you a viſit with it at Amefbury. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Duchefs's, Mr. Dormer's, General Dormer's, and

Your, &c.

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L E T T E R XIX.

Sept. 11, 1730.

**I** May with great truth return your ſpeech, that I think of you daily ; oftener indeed than is conſiſtent with the character of a reaſonable man, who is rather to make himſelf eaſy with the things and men that are about him, than uneaſy for thoſe which he wants. And you, whoſe abſence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembered as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here, to be laid up in a more bleſſed ſtate with ſpirits of a higher kind : ſuch I reckon his Grace and her  
Grace,



Grace, since their banishment from an earthly court to a heavenly one, in each other and their friends; for, I conclude, none but true friends will consort or associate with them afterwards. I can't but look upon myself (so unworthy as a man of Twitnam seems, to be rank'd with such rectify'd and sublimated beings as you) as a separated spirit too from Courts and courtly fopperies. But, I own, not altogether so divested of terrene matter, nor altogether so spiritualized, as to be worthy admision to your depths of retirement and contentment. I am tugg'd back to the world and its regards too often; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the capital. I am within ear-shot of reports, within the vortex of lies and censures. I hear sometimes of the lampooners of beauty, the calumniators of virtue, the jokers at reason and religion. I presume these are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty orb are to the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter; except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the post, from two or three of your zealous votaries at this distance; as one Mrs. H. who lifts up her heart now and then to you, from the midst of the Colluvies and sink of human greatness at W—r; one Mrs. B. that fancies you may remember her while you liv'd in your mortal and too transitory state



at Peterſham; one Lord B. who admir'd the Duchefs before ſhe grew a Goddeſs; and a few others.

To deſcend now to tell you what are our wants, our complaints, and our miſeries here; I muſt ſeriously ſay, the loſs of any one good woman is too great to be born eaſily: and poor Mrs. Rollinſon, tho' a private woman, was ſuch. Her huſband is gone into Oxfordſhire very melancholy, and thence to the Bath, to live on, for ſuch is our fate, and duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and (to encourage you) I will write as ſeldom as if you did not. Believe me

Your, &c.

L E T T E R   X X .

D E A R   S I R ,

Oct. 1, 1730.

**I** Am ſomething like the ſun at this ſeaſon, withdrawing from the world, but meaning it mighty well, and reſolving to ſhine whenever I can again. But I fear the clouds of a long winter will overcome me to ſuch a degree, that any body will take a farthing candle for a better guide, and more ſerviceable companion. My friends may remember my brighter days, but will think (like the Irifhman) that the  
moon