



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

XXI. More of the same. Concern for his friend's absence, affection to his person, and wishes for his happiness.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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to others as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My Fair-weather friends of the summer are going away for London, and I shall see them and the butterflies together, if I live till next year; which I would not desire to do, if it were only for their sakes. But we that are writers, ought to love posterity, that posterity may love us; and I would willingly live to see the children of the present race, merely in hope they may be a little wiser than their Parents.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXI.

IT is true that I write to you very seldom, and have no pretence of writing which satisfies me, because I have nothing to say that can give you much pleasure: only merely that I am in being, which in truth is of little consequence to one from whose conversation I am cut off by such accidents or engagements as separate us. I continue, and ever shall, to wish you all good and happiness: I wish that some lucky event might set you in a state of ease and independency all at once! and that I might live to see you as happy, as this silly world and fortune can make any one. Are we never to live together more, as once we did? I find my life
 ebbing

ebbing apace, and my affections strengthening as my age encreases; not that I am worse, but better, in my health than last winter; but my mind finds no amendment nor improvement, nor support to lean upon, from those about me: and so I feel myself leaving the world, as fast as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, and those too warm in the concerns of the world, for me to bear pace with; or else so divided from me, that they are but like the dead whose remembrance I hold in honour. Nature, temper, and habit from my youth made me have but one strong desire; all other ambitions, my person, education, constitution, religion, &c. conspired to remove far from me. That desire was, to fix and preserve a few lasting, dependable friendships: and the accidents which have disappointed me in it, have put a period to all my aims. So I am sunk into an idleness, which makes me neither care nor labour to be noticed by the rest of mankind; I propose no rewards to myself, and why should I take any sort of pains? here I sit and sleep, and probably here I shall sleep till I sleep for ever, like the old man of Verona. I hear of what passes in the busy world with so little attention, that I forget it the next day: and as to the learned world, there is nothing passes in it. I

have no more to add, but that I am with the same truth as ever,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XXII.

Oct. 23, 1730.

Y Our letter is a very kind one, but I can't say so pleasing to me as many of yours have been, thro' the account you give of the dejection of your spirits. I wish the too constant use of water does not contribute to it; I find Dr. Arbuthnot and another very knowing physician of that opinion. I also wish you were not so totally immers'd in the country; I hope your return to Town will be a prevalent remedy against the evil of too much recollection. I wish it partly for my own sake. We have lived little together of late, and we want to be physicians for one another. It is a remedy that agreed very well with us both, for many years, and I fancy our constitutions would mend upon the old medicine of *Studiorum similitudo*, &c. I believe we both of us want whetting; there are several here who will do you that good office, merely for the love of wit,

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