



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

XLVI. Concern for the loss of friends.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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

few good Examples not to lay hold on any I can find. You see what an interested man I am. Adieu.

LETTER XLVI.

To ———^a

Sept. 7, 1733.

YOU cannot think how melancholy this place makes me; every part of this wood puts into my mind poor Mr. Gay, with whom I past once a great deal of pleasant time in it, and another friend who is near dead, and quite lost to us, Dr. Swift. I really can find no enjoyment in the place; the same sort of uneasiness as I find at Twit'nam, whenever I pass near my Mother's room.

I've not yet writ to Mrs.*. I think I should, but have nothing to say that will answer the character they consider me in, as a Wit; besides, my eyes grow very bad (whatever is the cause of it) I'll put them out for no body but a friend; and, I protest, it brings tears into them almost to write to you, when I think of your state and mine. I long to write to Swift, but cannot. The greatest pain I know, is to say

^a Mrs. B.

things

things so very short of one's meaning, when the heart is full.

I feel the going out of life fast enough, to have little appetite left to make compliments, at best useless, and for the most part unfelt, speeches. 'Tis but in a very narrow circle that Friendship walks in this world, and I care not to tread out of it more than I needs must; knowing well, it is but to two or three (if quite so many) that any man's welfare, or memory, can be of consequence: The rest, I believe, I may forget, and be pretty certain they are already even, if not before-hand with me.

Life, after the first warm heats are over, is all down-hill: and one almost wishes the journey's end, provided we were sure but to lie down easy, whenever the Night shall overtake us.

I dream'd all last night of—. She has dwelt (a little more than perhaps is right) upon my spirits: I saw a very deserving gentleman in my travels, who has formerly, I have heard, had much the same misfortune; and (with all his good breeding and sense) still bears a cloud and melancholy cast, that never can quite clear up, in all his behaviour and conversation. I know another, who, I believe, could promise, and easily keep his word, never to laugh in his life. But one must do one's best, not to be used by
the

the world as that poor lady was by her sister; and not seem too good, for fear of being thought affected, or whimsical.

It is a real truth, that to the last of my moments, the thought of you, and the best of my wishes for you, will attend you, told or untold: I could wish you had once the constancy and resolution to act for yourself, whether before, or after I leave you (the only way I ever shall leave you) you must determine; but reflect, that the first would make me, as well as yourself, happier; the latter could make you only so. Adieu.

L E T T E R XLVII.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Hampstead, July 17, 1734.

I Little doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the Lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my friends with at present, but prayers and good wishes. I have the satisfaction to find that I am as officiously serv'd by my friends, as he that has thousands to leave in legacies; besides the assurance of their sincerity. God almighty has made my bodily distress as easy as a thing of that nature can be. I
have