



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

Containing The First of his Letters

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

Letter XXVIII. From Mr. Cromwell.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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love; and not to laugh with honesty, when nature prompts, or folly (which is more a second nature than any thing I know) is but a knavish hypocritical way of making a mask of one's own face.—To conclude, those that are my friends I *laugh with*, and those that are not I *laugh at*; so am merry in company, and if ever I am wise, it is all by myself. You take just another course, and to those that are not your friends, are very civil; and to those that are, very endearing and complaisant: thus when you and I meet, there will be the *Risus & Blanditiæ* united together in conversation, as they commonly are in a verse. But without laughter on the one side, or compliment on the other, I assure you I am, with real esteem,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Oct. 26, 1711.

MR. Wycherley visited me at Bath in my sickness, and express'd much affection to me: hearing from me how welcome his letters would be, he presently writ to you; in which I inserted my scrall, and after, a second.

He

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He went to Gloucester in his way to Salop, but was disappointed of a boat, and so return'd to the Bath; then he shewed me your answer to his letters, in which you speak of my good-nature, but, I fear, you found me very froward at Reading; yet you allow for my illness. I could not possibly be in the same house with Mr. Wycherley, tho' I sought it earnestly; nor come up to town with him, he being engaged with others; but, whenever we met, we talk'd of you. He praises your ^a Poem, and even out-vies me in kind expressions of you. As if he had not wrote two letters to you, he was for writing every post; I put him in mind he had already. Forgive me this wrong; I know not whether my talking so much of your great humanity and tenderness to me, and love to him; or whether the return of his natural disposition to you, was the cause; but certainly you are now highly in his favour: now he will come this winter to your house, and I must go with him; but first he will invite you speedily to town.—I arrived on Saturday last much wearied, yet had wrote sooner, but was told by Mr. Gay (who has writ a pretty poem to Lintot, and who gives you his service) that you was gone from home. Lewis shewed me your Letter, which set me right, and your next let-

^a Essay on Criticism. P.

ter is impatiently expected from me. Mr. Wycherley came to town on Sunday last, and kindly surprized me with a visit on Monday morning. We dined and drank together; and I saying, *To our Loves*, he reply'd, *'Tis Mr. Pope's health*: He said he would go to Mr. Thorold's and leave a letter for you. Tho' I cannot answer for the event of all this, in respect to him; yet I can assure you, that, when you please to come, you will be most desirable to me, as always by inclination, so now by duty, who shall ever be

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XXIX.

Nov. 12, 1711.

I Received the entertainment of your letter the day after I had sent you one of mine, and I am but this morning returned hither. The news you tell me of the many difficulties you found in your return from Bath, gives me such a kind of pleasure as we usually take in accompanying our friends in their mix'd adventures; for, methinks, I see you labouring thro' all your inconveniencies of the rough roads, the hard saddle, the trotting horse, and what not? What an agreeable surprize would it have been to me,

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