

## 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

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I apprehend he will die, just as he gets something to live upon. Adieu.

## LETTER XIII.

HIS is a day of wishes for you, and I hope you have long known, there is not one good one which I do not form in your behalf. Every year that passes, I wish some things more for my friends, and some things less for myself. Yet were I to tell you what I wish for you in particular, it would be only to repeat in prose, what I told you last year in rhyme (so sincere is my poetry:) I can only add, that as I then wish'd you a friend a, I now wish that friend were Mrs.—

Absence is a short kind of death; and in either, one can only wish, that the friends we are separated from, may be happy with those that are left them. I am therefore very sollicitous that you may pass much agreeable time together: I am forry to say I envy you no other companion; tho' I hope you have others that you like; and I am always pleas'd in that hope, when it is not attended with any fears on your own account.

a To Mrs. - on her Birth-day.

O be thou bleft with all that heav'n can fend,

<sup>&</sup>quot;Long health, long life, long pleasure, and a friend."

## SEVERAL LADIES. 181

I was troubled to leave you both, just as I fancy'd we should begin to live together in the country. 'Twas a little like dying the moment one had got all one desir'd in this world. Yet I go away with one generous fort of satisfaction, that what I part with, you are to inherit.

I know you would both be pleas'd to hear some certain news of a friend departed; to have the adventures of his passage, and the new regions thro' which he travell'd, described; and, upon the whole, to know, that he is as happy where he now is, as while he liv'd among you. But indeed I (like many a poor unprepar'd foul) have feen nothing I like fo well as what I left: No scenes of Paradise, no happy bowers, equal to those on the banks of the Thames. Whereever I wander, one reflection strikes me: I wish you were as free as I; or at least had a tye as tender, and as reasonable as mine, to a relation that as well deserved your constant thought, and to whom you would be always pull'd back (in fuch a manner as I am) by the heart-string. I have never been well fince I fet out : but don't tell my mother fo; it will trouble her too much: And as probably the fame reason may prevent her fending a true account of her health to me, I must desire you to acquaint me. I would gladly hear the country air improves

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your

your own; but don't flatter me when you are ill, that I may be the better fatisfy'd when you fay you are well: for these are things in which one may be sincerer to a reasonable friend, than to a fond and partial parent. Adieu.

## LETTER XIV.

YOU can't be furpriz'd to find him a dull correspondent whom you have known so long for a dull companion. And tho' I am pretty sensible, that, if I have any wit, I may as well write to show it, as not; yet I'll content myself with giving you as plain a history of my pilgrimage, as Purchas himself, or as John Bunyan could do of his walking through the wilderness of this world, &c.

First then I went by water to Hampton-Court, unattended by all but my own virtues; which were not of so modest a nature as to keep themselves, or me, conceal'd: For I met the Prince with all his ladies on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. B\* and Mrs. L\* took me into protection (contrary to the laws against harbouring Papists) and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. H\*. We all agreed that the life of a Maid of honour was of all things