

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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Nutzungsbedingungen

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Aunt, and that her journey thither was something facilitated by my writing to that lady as pressingly as possible, not to let any thing what-soever obstruct it. I sent her obliging answer to the party it most concern'd; and when I hear Mrs. W. is certainly there, I will write again to my Lady, to urge as much as possible the effecting the only thing that in my opinion can make her niece easy. I have run out my extent of paper, and am

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

The Answer.

May 28, 1712.

It is not only the disposition I always have of conversing with you, that makes me so speedily answer your obliging letter, but the apprehension lest your charitable intent of writing to my Lady A. on Mrs. W.'s affair should be frustrated, by the short stay she makes there. She went thither on the 25th with that mixture of expectation and anxiety, with which people usually go into unknown or half-discover'd countries, utterly ignorant of the dispositions of the inhabitants, and the treatment they

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are to meet with. The unfortunate of all people are the most unfit to be left alone; yet, we fee, the world generally takes care they shall be fo: whereas, if we took a confiderate prospect of the world, the bufiness and study of the happy and eafy should be to divert and humour, as well as comfort and pity, the diffressed. I cannot therefore excuse some near Allies of mine for their conduct of late towards this Lady, which has given me a great deal of anger as well as forrow: all I shall fay to you of them at prefent is, that they have not been my Relations these two months. The confent of opinions in our minds, is certainly a nearer tye than can be contracted by all the blood in our bodies; and I am proud of finding I have fomething congenial with you. Will you permit me to confess to you, that all the favours and kind offices you have shewn towards me, have not fo strongly cemented me yours, as the discovery of that generous and manly compasfion you manifested in the case of this unhappy Lady? I am afraid to infinuate to you how much I esteem you: Flatterers have taken up the ftyle which was once peculiar to friends, and an honest man has now no way left to express himself besides the common one of knaves: fo that true friends now-a-days differ in their address from flatterers, much as right mastiffs

do from spaniels, and show themselves by a dumb surly sort of sidelity, rather than by a complaisant and open kindness.—Will you never leave commending my poetry? In fair truth, Sir, I like it but too well myself already: expose me no more, I beg you, to the great danger of Vanity, (the rock of all men, but most of young men) and be kindly content for the suture, when you would please me thoroughly, to say only you like what I write.

Yours, &c.

LETTER VII.

Dec. 5, 1712.

Quest I have often made you, for you have shown me, I must confess, several of my faults in the sight of those letters. Upon a review of them, I find many things that would give me shame, if I were not more desirous to be thought honest than prudent; so many things freely thrown out, such lengths of unreserved friendship, thoughts just warm from the brain, without any polishing or dress, the very dishabile of the understanding. You have proved yourself more tender of another's embryo's than the fondest mothers are of their own, for you have