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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 Third of his Letters

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

XCIII. On the Queen's death.

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LETTER XCIII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Nov. 24, 1737.

THE event^a of this week or fortnight has filled every body's mind and mine so much, that I could not get done what you desired as to Dr. P. but as soon as I can get home, where my books lie, I will send them to Mr. K. The death of great persons is such a sort of surprize to *all*, as every one's death is to himself, tho' both should equally be expected and prepared for. We begin to esteem and commend our superiors, at the time that we pity them, because then they seem not above ourselves. The Queen shewed, by the confession of all about her, the utmost firmness and temper to her last moments, and thro' the course of great torments. What character historians will allow her, I do not know; but all her domestic servants, and those nearest her, give her the best testimony, that of sincere tears. But the Public is always hard; rigid at best, even when just, in its opinion of any one. The only pleasure which any one, either of high or low rank, must depend upon receiving, is in the candour or partiality of friends, and that small circle we are conversant in: and it is therefore the greatest satisfaction to such as wish us well,

^a The Queen's death.

to

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 319

to know we enjoy that. I therefore thank you particularly for telling me of the continuance, or rather increase of those blessings which make your domestic life happy. I have nothing so good to add, as to assure you I pray for it, and am always faithfully and affectionately, &c.

L E T T E R XCIV.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Twickenham, April 28, 1738.

IT is a pain to me to hear your old complaint so troublesome to you; and the share I have borne, and still bear too often, in the same complaint, gives me a very feeling sense of it. I hope we agree in every other sensation besides this; for your *heart* is always right, whatever your body may be. I will venture too to say, my body is the worst part of me, or God have mercy on my soul. I can't help telling you the rapture you accidentally gave the poor woman (for whom you left a Guinea, on what I told you of my finding her at the end of my garden) I had no notion of her want being so great, as I then told you, when I gave her half a one. But I find I have a pleasure to come, for I will allow her something yearly, and that may be but one year, for, I think, by her looks she is not less than eighty. I am determin'd to
take