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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

XCVI. An account of his ill state of health in his last illness.

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ful persons, to see if they have any of the best sort of pride left, namely, to serve learning and merit, and by that means distinguish themselves from their predecessors.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R X C V I .

Mr. P O P E to Mr. A L L E N .

March 6.

I Thank you very kindly for yours. I am sure we shall meet with the same hearts we ever met; and I could wish it were at Twickenham, tho' only to see you and Mrs. Allen twice there instead of once. But, as matters have turned out, a decent obedience to the government has since obliged me to reside here, ten miles out of the capital; and therefore I must see you here or no where. Let that be an additional reason for your coming and staying what time you can.

The utmost I can do, I will venture to tell you in your ear. I may slide along the Surrey side (where no Middlesex justice can pretend any cognizance) to Battersea, and thence cross the water for an hour or two, in a close chair, to dine with you, or so. But to be in town, I
fear,

fear, will be imprudent, and thought insolent. At least, hitherto, all comply with the proclamation ^a.

I write thus early, that you may let me know if your day continues, and I will have every room in my house as warm for you as the owner always would be. It may possibly be, that I shall be taking the secret flight I speak of to Battersea, before you come, with Mr. Warburton, whom I have promised to make known to the only great man in Europe, who knows as much as He. And from thence we may return the 16th, or any day, hither, and meet you, without fail, if you fix your day.

I would not make ill health come into the scale, as to keeping me here (tho', in truth, it now bears very hard upon me again, and the least accident of cold, or motion almost, throws me into a very dangerous and suffering condition.) God send you long life, and an easier enjoyment of your breath than I now can expect, I fear, &c.

^a On the Invasion, at that time threatened from France and the Pretender.