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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

CXX. The increase of his disorder, and the foresight of its consequences.

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horn: and as a stink revives one who has been oppressed with perfumes, his railing will cure me of a course of flatteries.

I am much more concerned to hear that some of your Clergy are offended at a verse or two of mine^a, because I have a respect for *your* Clergy, (though the verses are harder upon *ours*.) But if they do not blame *you* for defending those verses, I will wrap myself up in the layman's cloak, and sleep under your shield.

I am sorry to find by a letter two posts since from Mr. Allen, that he is not quite recovered yet of all remains of his indisposition, nor Mrs. Allen quite well. Don't be discouraged from telling me how you are: for no man is more yours than, &c.

L E T T E R C X X .

IF I was not ashamed to be so behind hand with you, that I can never pretend to fetch it up (any more than I could in my present state, to overtake you in a race) I would particularize which of your letters I should have answered first. It must suffice to say I have received them all; and whatever very little re-

^a Ver. 355 to 358. second book of the Dunciad.

spites

spites I have had, from the daily care of my malady, have been employed in revising the papers *on the use of Riches*, which I would have ready for your last revise, against you come to town, that they may be begun with while you are here.—I own, the late encroachments upon my constitution make me willing to see the end of all further care about me or my works. I would rest for the one, in a full resignation of my Being to be disposed of by the Father of all mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be some example) I would commit them to the candour of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and censorious reader. And no hand can set them in so good a light, or so well turn their best side to the day as your own. This obliges me to confess I have for some months thought myself going, and that not slowly, down the hill. The rather as every attempt of the physicians, and still, the last medicines more forceable in their nature, have utterly fail'd to serve me. I was at last, about seven days ago, taken with so violent a fit at Battersea, that my friends Lord M. and Lord B. sent for present help to the surgeon; whose bleeding me, I am persuaded, saved my life, by the instantaneous effect it had; and
which

FROM DR. SWIFT, etc. 363

which has continued so much to amend me, that I have pass'd five days without oppression, and recovered, what I have three months wanted, some degree of expectoration, and some hours together of sleep. I am now got to Twickenham, to try if the air will not take some part in reviving me, if I can avoid colds; and between that place and Battersea with my Lord B. I will pass what I have of life, while he stays (which I can tell you, to my great satisfaction will be this fortnight or three weeks yet.) What if you came before Mr. Allen, and staid till then, instead of postponing your journey longer? Pray, if you write, just tell him how ill I have been, or I had wrote again to him: But that I will do, the first day I find myself alone with pen, ink, and paper, which I can hardly be even here, or in any spirits yet to hold a pen. You see I say nothing, and yet this writing is labour to me.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXXI.

April 1744.

I Am sorry to meet you with so bad an account of myself, who should otherwise with joy have flown to the interview. I am too ill
to