



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 Second of his Letters

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

XII. On Mr. Blount's recovery from an illness: Advice to sell his estate.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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FROM EDW. BLOUNT, Esq. 31

quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and consequently them mine. I still see them walking on my green at Twickenham, and gratefully remember, not only their green-gowns, but the instructions they gave me how to slide down and trip up the steepest slopes of my mount.

Pray think of me sometimes, as I shall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XII.

Oct. 21, 1721.

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of enquiring after me, among the first concerns of life, at your resuscitation, should have been sooner answer'd and acknowledged. I sincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illness which gave me less pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply afflicted, in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a letter of Montaigne's publish'd by P. Coste, giving an account of the last words of an intimate friend of his: "Adieu, my friend!
" the

“ the pain I feel will soon be over ; but I grieve
 “ for that you are to feel, which is to last you
 “ for life.”

I join with your family in giving God thanks
 for lending us a worthy man somewhat longer.
 The comforts you receive from their attend-
 ance, put me in mind of what old Fletcher of
 Saltoune said one day to me. “ Alas, I have
 “ nothing to do but to die ; I am a poor indivi-
 “ dual ; no creature to wish, or to fear, for
 “ my life or death : ’Tis the only reason I have
 “ to repent being a single man ; now I grow
 “ old, I am like a tree without a prop, and
 “ without young trees to grow round me, for
 “ company and defence.”

I hope the gout will soon go after the fever,
 and all evil things remove far from you. But
 pray tell me, when will you move towards us ?
 If you had an interval to get hither, I care not
 what fixes you afterwards except the gout.
 Pray come, and never stir from us again. Do
 away your dirty acres, cast them to dirty people,
 such as in the Scripture-phrase possess the land.
 Shake off your earth like the noble animal in
 Milton,

*The tawny lyon, pawing to get free
 His hinder parts, he springs as broke from bonds,
 And rampant shakes his brinded main : the ounce,*
I
The

FROM EDW. BLOUNT, Esq. 33

*The lizard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks!*

But, I believe, Milton never thought these fine verses of his should be apply'd to a man selling a parcel of dirty acres; tho' in the main, I think, it may have some resemblance. For, God knows! this little space of ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did those creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our affections and desires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you: let Mrs. Blount know that she is in the list of my *Memento, Domine, famulorum famularumque's*, &c. My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring taper, that even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole air of this letter) not in the gayest nor easiest humour, but always with sincerity,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XIII.

June 27, 1723.

YOU may truly do me the justice to think no man is more your sincere well-wisher than myself, or more the sincere well-wisher of
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