



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

X. To Mr. Gay in a dangerous sickness.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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L E T T E R X.

I Faithfully assure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long encompassed, in an hourly expectation almost of my Mother's death; there was no circumstance that render'd it more insupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present escape from so imminent danger, I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor Mother's can be; whose life at best can be but a short reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will please to grant me; for, these two days past, her most dangerous symptoms are returned upon her; and, unless there be a sudden change, I must in a few days, if not in a few hours, be depriv'd of her. In the afflicting prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may encrease!) of your recovery. In the sincerity of my Heart, I am excessively concern'd, not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very gratefully remember, I owe you on a like sad occasion, when you was here comforting me in her last great Illness. May your health augment as fast as, I fear, hers must decline: I believe that would be very fast — may the Life
that

that is added to you be past in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourself, than from any expectations or trust in others. May you and I live together, without wishing more felicity or acquisitions than Friendship can give and receive without obligations to Greatness. God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my Mother. Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live and while I live)

Your, &c.

As I told you in my last letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Blount give me daily accounts of you.

L E T T E R X I.

Sunday Night.

I Truly rejoiced to see your hand-writing, though I fear'd the trouble it might give you. I wish I had not known that you are still so excessively weak. Every day for a week past I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to see you. But my Mother advances not at all, gains no strength, and seems but