



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

XI. To Mr. Gay in a dangerous sickness.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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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 XI.

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

upon the whole to wait for the next cold day to throw her into a Diarrhœa, that must, if it return, carry her off. This being daily to be fear'd, makes me not dare to go a day from her, lest that should prove to be her last. God send you a speedy recovery, and such a total one as, at your time of life, may be expected. You need not call the few words I writ to you either kind, or good; that was, and is, nothing. But whatever I have in my nature of kindness, I really have for you, and whatever good I could do, I would, among the very first, be glad to do to you. In your circumstance the old Roman farewell is proper, *Vive memor nostri.*

Your, &c.

I send you a very kind letter of Mr. Digby, between whom and me two letters have pass'd concerning you.

L E T T E R XII.

NO words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I assure you it was not, and is not lessened, by the immediate apprehension I have now every day lain under of losing my mother. Be assur'd, no duty less than that should have kept me one day from attending
your