



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

Containing His Miscellaneous Pieces In Verse and Prose

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

The Basset Table, an Eclogue

Nutzungsbedingungen

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T H E
BASSET-TABLE.
 A N
E C L O G U E.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE *Basset-Table* spread, the *Tallier* come;
 Why stays SMILINDA in the Dressing-
 Room?

Rise, pensive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you;

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, since my SHARPER is untrue,
 I joyless make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.
 I saw him stand behind OMBRELIA'S Chair,
 And whisper with that soft, deluding air,
 And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning
 Fair.

NOTES.

The Basset-Table.] Only this of all the Town Eclogues was Mr. Pope's; and is here printed from a copy corrected by his own hand.—The humour of it consists in this, that the one is in love with the *Game*, and the other with the *Sharper*.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your Romantick strains?
 A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains. 10
 As You by Love, so I by Fortune cross't;
 One, one bad *Deal*, Three *Septleva's* have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
 With ease, the smiles of Fortune I resign:
 Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone;
 Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone. 16

CARDELIA.

A Lover lost, is but a common care;
 And prudent Nymphs against that change prepare:
 The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice lost: Oh! who
 could guess
 This fatal stroke, this unforeseen Distress? 20

SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET! very *à propos*,
 She all the cares of *Love* and *Play* does know:
 Dear BETTY shall th' important point decide;
 BETTY, who oft the pain of each has try'd;
 Impartial, she shall say who suffers most, 25
 By *Cards' Ill Usage*, or by *Lovers lost*.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Tho' Time is precious, and I want some Tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *Equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought, 29
With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth) bought.
See on the Tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive;
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright Face;
A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble-Case.
Jove, Jove himself, does on the Scizars shine; 35
The Metal, and the Workmanship, divine!

SMILINDA.

This *Snuff-Box*,—once the pledge of SHARP-
ER'S love,
When rival beauties for the Present strove;
At *Corticelli's* he the Raffle won;
Then first his Passion was in public shown: 40
HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her Head aside,
A Rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *Snuff-Box*, — on the Hinge see Brilliants
shine:
This *Snuff-Box* will I stake; the Prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far leffer losses than I bear, 45
 Have made a Soldier fight, a Lover swear.
 And Oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
 'Twas my own Lord that drew the *fatal Card*.
 In complaisance, I took the *Queen* he gave;
 Tho' my own secret wish was for the *Knave*. 50
 The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had chose;
 And the next *Pull*, my *Septleva* I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
 The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;
 This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing Fair, 55
 By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
 She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
 She owes to me the very charms she wears.
 An aukward Thing, when first she came to Town;
 Her Shape unfashion'd, and her Face unknown:
 She was my friend; I taught her first to spread 61
 Upon her fallow cheeks enliv'ning red:
 I introduc'd her to the Park and Plays;
 And by my int'rest, *Cozens* made her Stays.

Ungrateful wretch, with mimick airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my Fav'rite Lover's heart. 66

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,
When WINNALL *tally'd*, I would *punt* no more?
I know the Bite, yet to my Ruin run;
And see the Folly, which I cannot shun. 70

SMILINDA.

How many Maids have SHARPER'S vows de-
ceiv'd?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
Yet his known Falshoods could no Warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a Maid in Love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
To gaze on *Basset*, and remain unwarm'd? 76
When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are set in decent
rank;

Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting Bank,
Guineas, Half-Guineas, all the shining train;
The Winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain: 80
In bright Confusion open *Rouleaus* lye,
They strike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.

Fir'd by the fight, all Reason I disdain;
 My Passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
 Look upon *Basset*, you who Reason boast; 85
 And see if Reason must not *there* be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,
 Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER'S VOWS?
 Then, when he trembles! when his Blushes rise!
 When awful Love seems melting in his Eyes! 90
 With eager beats his Mechlin Cravat moves:
He Loves,—I whisper to myself, *He Loves!*
 Such unfeign'd Passion in his Looks appears,
 I lose all Mem'ry of my former Fears;
 My panting heart confesses all his charms, 95
 I yield at once, and sink into his arms:
 Think of that moment, you who Prudence boast;
 For such a moment, Prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-Porter's*, batter'd Bullies play,
 Some DUKES at *Mary-Bone* bowl Time away.
 But who the Bowl, or rattl'ing Dice compares
 To *Basset's* heav'nly Joys, and pleasing Cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a Beau;
 PRUDINA likes a Man, and laughs at Show.
 Their several graces in my SHARPER meet; 105
 Strong as the Footman, as the Master sweet.

LOVET.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;
 I grow impatient, and the Tea's too strong.
 Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
 The *Equipage* shall grace SMILINDA's Side: 110
 The *Snuff-Box* to CARDELIA I decree,
 Now leave complaining, and begin your *Tea*.