



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 The First of his Letters

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

IV.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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forget yourself in that thought, for you are almost the only woman to whom one can safely address the praises of another. Besides, can you imagine a man of my importance so stupid, as to say fine things to you before your husband? Let us see how far Lady M. herself dares do any thing like it, with all the wit and address she is mistress of. If Sir Robert can be so ignorant (now he is left to himself in the country) to imagine any such matter, let him know from me, that here in town every thing that lady says, is taken for satire. For my part, every body knows it is my constant practice to speak truth, and I never do it more than when I call myself

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

YOU have put me into so much gayety of temper, that there will not be a serious word in this day's letter. No more, you'll say, there would, if I told you the whole serious business of the town. All last night I continued with you, tho' your unreasonable regularity drove me out of your doors at three a clock. I dreamed all over the evening's conversation, and saw the little bed in spite of you. In the morning

morning I waked, very angry at your phantom for leaving me so abruptly.—I know you delight in my mortification. I dined with an old Beauty; she appear'd at the table like a Death's head enamell'd. The Egyptians, you know, had such things at their entertainments; but do you think they painted and patched them? However, the last of these objections was soon remov'd; for the lady had so violent an appetite for a salmon, that she quickly eat all the patches off her face. She divided the fish into three parts; not equal, God knows; for she helped Gay to the head, me to the middle, and making the rest much the largest part took it herself, and cried very naively, I'll be content with my own tail.

My supper was as singular as my dinner. It was with a great Poet and Ode-maker (that is, a great poet out of his wits, or out of his way.) He came to me very hungry; not for want of a dinner (for that I should make no jest of) but, having forgot to dine. He fell most furiously on the broil'd relics of a shoulder of mutton, commonly call'd a blade-bone: he profess'd he never tasted so exquisite a thing! begged me to tell him what joint it was; wondered he had never heard the name of this joint, or seen it at other tables; and desir'd to know how he might direct his butcher to cut out the same

I

for

for the future? And yet this man, so ignorant in modern butchery, has cut up half an hundred heroes, and quartered five or six miserable lovers in every tragedy he has written. I have nothing more to tell you to day.

LETTER V.

The Answer.

YOU should have my Day too, Sir, but indeed I slept it out, and so I'll give you all that was left, my last Night's entertainment. You know the company. I went in late, in order to be better received; but unluckily came in, as Deuce-ace was flinging (Lord H. would say I came in the Nick.) The Lady colour'd, and the men took the name of the Lord in vain: No body spoke to me, and I sat down disappointed; then affecting a careless air, gap'd, and cried seven or eight times, *D'ye win or lose?* I could safely say at that moment I had no temptation to any one of the seven, lively sins; and in the innocent way I was, happy had it been for me if I had died! Moralizing sat I by the hazard-table; I looked upon the uncertainty of riches, the decay of beauty, and the crash of worlds with as much contempt as ever

M

Plato