



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

V. [The Answer.]

Nutzungsbedingungen

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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

Plato did. But ah! the frailty of human nature! some ridiculous thought came into my head, wakened my passions, which burst forth into a violent laughter: I rose from my seat, and not considering the just resentments of the losing gamesters, hurl'd a ball of paper cross the table, which stop'd the dice, and turn'd up seven instead of five. Curs'd on all sides, and not knowing where to fly, I threw myself into a chair, which I demolish'd and never spoke a word after. We went to supper, and a lady said, *Miss G. looks prodigiously like a Tree.* Every body agreed to it, and I had not curiosity to ask the meaning of that sprightly fancy: Find it out, and let me know. Adieu, 'tis time to dress, and begin the business of the day.

L E T T E R VI.

In the Style of a Lady.

PRAY what is your opinion of *Fate*? for I must confess I am one of those that believe in Fate and Predestination.—No, I can't go so far as that, but I own I am of opinion one's stars may incline, tho' not compel one; and that is a sort of free-will; for we may be able to resist inclination, but not compulsion.

Don't