



## **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**

VI. [In the Style of a Lady.]

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-56122](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-56122)

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.

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LETTER VI.

In the Style of a Lady.

**P**RAY 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



Don't you think they have got into the most preposterous fashion this winter that ever was, of flouncing the petticoat so very deep, that it looks like an entire coat of lutestring?

It is a little cool indeed for this time of year, but then, my dear, you'll allow it has an extreme clean pretty look.

Ay, so has my muslin apron; but I would not chuse to make it a winter suit of cloaths.

Well now I'll swear, child, you have put me in mind of a very pretty dress; let me die if I don't think a muslin flounce, made very full, would give one a very agreeable *Flirtation*-air.

Well, I swear it would be charming! and I should like it of all things—Do you think there are any such things as *Spirits*?

Do you believe there is any such place as the Elysian Fields? O Gad, that would be charming! I wish I were to go to the Elysian Fields when I die, and then I should not care if I were to leave the world to-morrow: But is one to meet there with what one has lov'd most in this world?

Now you must tell me this positively. To be sure you can, or what do I correspond with you for, if you won't tell me all? you know I abominate Reserve.