



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

VIII. To the same.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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tickled a-while with starched muslin and wire, they may possibly bear the brush of a German beard and whisker.

I could tell you a delightful story of Doctor P, but want room to display it in all its shining circumstances. He had heard it was an excellent cure for love, to kiss the Aunt of the person beloved, who is generally of years and experience enough to damp the fiercest flame: he try'd this course in his passion, and kissed Mrs. E— at Mr. D—'s, but, he says, it will not do, and that he loves you as much as ever.

Your, &c.

L E T T E R VIII.

To the same.

IF you ask how the waters agree with me, I must tell you, so very well, that I question how you and I should agree if we were in a room by ourselves. Mrs.— has honestly assured me, that but for some whims which she can't entirely conquer, she would go and see the world with me in man's cloaths. Even you, Madam, I fancy (if you would not partake in our adventures) would wait our coming in at
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the evening with some impatience, and be well enough pleas'd to hear them by the fire-side. That would be better than reading romances, unless lady M. would be our historian. What raises these desires in me, is an acquaintance I am beginning with my lady Sandwich, who has all the spirit of the last age, and all the gay experience of a pleasurable life. It were as scandalous an omission to come to the Bath and not to see my lady Sandwich, as it had formerly been to have travelled to Rome without visiting the Queen of Sweden. She is, in a word, the best thing this country has to boast of; and as she has been all that a woman of spirit could be, so she still continues that easy and independent creature that a sensible woman always will be.

I must tell you a truth, which is not, however, much to my credit. I never thought so much of yourself and your sister, as since I have been fourscore miles distance from you. In the Forest I look'd upon you as good neighbours, at London as pretty kind of women, but here as divinities, angels, goddeses, or what you will. In the same manner I never knew at what rate I valued your life, till you were upon the point of dying. If Mrs. — and you will but fall very sick every season, I shall certainly die for you. Seriously I value you both so much, that I esteem others much the less for your sakes;

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you

you have robb'd me of the pleasure of esteeming a thousand pretty qualities in them, by showing me so many finer in yourselves. There are but two things in the world which could make you indifferent to me, which, I believe, you are not capable of, I mean ill-nature and malice. I have seen enough of you, not to overlook any frailty you could have, and nothing less than a vice can make me like you less. I expect you should discover by my conduct towards you both, that this is true, and that therefore you should pardon a thousand things in me for that one disposition. Expect nothing from me but truth and freedom, and I shall always be thought by you what I always am,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R IX.

To the same.

1714.

I Return'd home as slow and as contemplative after I had parted from you, as my Lord * retired from the Court and glory to his Country seat and wife, a week ago. I found here a dismal desponding letter from the son of another great courtier who expects the same fate, and who