



## **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**

X.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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The days of beauty are as the days of greatness, and so long all the world are your adorers. I am one of those unambitious people, who will love you forty years hence when your eyes begin to twinkle in a retirement, and without the vanity which every one now will take to be thought

Your, &c.

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LETTER X.

**T**HE more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myself. Methinks it is a noble spirit of contradiction to Fate and Fortune, not to give up those that are snatched from us; but to follow them the more, the farther they are remov'd from the sense of it. Sure, Flattery never travelled so far as three thousand miles; it is now only for Truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this distance. 'Tis a generous piece of Popery, that pursues even those who are to be eternally absent, into another world; whether you think it right or wrong, you'll own the very extravagance a sort of piety. I can't be satisfied with strowing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing lost: but must consider you as a glorious tho' remote being, and be sending addresses



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addresses after you. You have carried away so much of me, that what remains is daily languishing and dying over my acquaintance here, and, I believe, in three or four months more I shall think *Aurat Bazar* <sup>a</sup> as good a place as *Covent Garden*. You may imagine this is rallery, but I am really so far gone as to take pleasure in reveries of this kind. Let them say I am romantic, so is every one said to be, that either admires a fine thing or does one. On my conscience, as the world goes, 'tis hardly worth any body's while to do one for the honour of it: Glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other just debts; and neither Mrs. Macfarland for immolating her lover, not you, for constancy to your lord, must ever hope to be compared to Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in some anger; for having, since you went, frequented those people most, who seemed most in your favour, I heard nothing that concerned you talked of so often, as that you went away in a black full-bottom'd wig; which I did but assert to be a bob, and was answered, *Love is blind*. I am persuaded your wig had never suffered this criticism, but on the score of your head, and the two eyes that are in it.

<sup>a</sup> At Constantinople.

Pray



Pray when you write to me, talk of yourself; there is nothing I so much desire to hear of: talk a great deal of yourself; that she who I always thought talked best, may speak upon the best subject. The shrines and reliques you tell me of, no way engage my curiosity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to see one such face as yours, than both St. John Baptist's heads. I wish (since you are grown so covetous of golden things) you had not only all the fine statues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar set up, provided you were to travel no farther than you could carry it.

The court of Vienna is very edifying. The ladies, with respect to their husbands, seem to understand that text literally, that commands to *bear one another's burthens*: but, I fancy, many a man there is like *Issachar*, an *ass* between *two burthens*. I shall look upon you no more as a Christian, when you pass from that charitable court to the land of jealousy. I expect to hear an exact account how, and at what places, you leave one of the thirty-nine articles after another, as you approach to the lands of infidelity. Pray how far are you got already? amidst the pomp of a high mass, and the ravishing trills of a Sunday opera, what did you think of the doctrine and discipline of the church of England? had you from your heart a reverence for Sternhold



hold and Hopkins? How did your Christian virtues hold out in so long a voyage? you have, it seems (without passing the bounds of Christendom) out-travelled the sin of fornication: in a little time you'll look upon some others with more patience, than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon, you'll time it so well as to make your religion last to the verge of Christendom, that you may discharge your Chaplain (as humanity requires) in a place where he may find some business.

I doubt not but I shall be told (when I come to follow you through those countries) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourself to the customs of the true Muslemen. They will tell me at what town you practised to sit on the Sopha, at what village you learned to fold a Turbant, where you was bathed and anointed, and where you parted with your black full-bottom. How happy must it be for a gay young woman, to live in a country where it is a part of religious worship to be *giddy-beaded*? I shall hear at Belgrade how the good Bashaw received you with tears of joy, how he was charmed with your agreeable manner of pronouncing the words *Allah* and *Muhamed*; and how earnestly you joined with him in exhorting your friend to embrace that religion. But I think his objection was a just one, that it was attended



with some circumstances under which he could not properly represent his Britannic Majesty.

Lastly, I shall hear how, the first night you lay at Pera, you had a vision of Mahomet's Paradise; and happily awaked without a soul, from which blessed moment the beautiful body was left at full liberty to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for.

I see I have done in this letter as I often have done in your company, talk'd myself into a good humour, when I begun in an ill one; the pleasure of addressing to you makes me run on, and 'tis in your own power to shorten this letter as much as you please, by giving over when you please; so I'll make it no longer by apologies.

## L E T T E R   X I.

**Y**OU have asked me news a hundred times at the first word you spoke to me, which some would interpret as if you expected nothing better from my lips: and truly 'tis not a sign two lovers are together, when they can be so impertinent as to enquire what the world does? All I mean by this is, that either you or I are not in love with the other: I leave you to guess which of the two is that stupid and insensible creature,