



## **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**

XI. To Mrs. --- on the Earl of Oxford's Behaviour, apprehensions of commotions, army in Hyde-Park.

---

---

**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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

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,

creature, so blind to the other's excellencies and charms?

This then shall be a letter of News; and sure, if you did not think me the humblest creature in the world, you could never imagine a Poet could dwindle to a brother of Dawks and Dyer, from a rival of Tate and Brady.

The Earl of Oxford has behaved so bravely, that in this act at least he might seem above man, if he had not just now voided a stone to prove him subject to human infirmities. The utmost weight of affliction from ministerial power and popular hatred, were almost worth bearing, for the glory of such a dauntless conduct as he has shewn under it.

You may soon have your wish, to enjoy the gallant fights of armies, incampments, standards waving over your brother's corn-fields, and the pretty windings of the Thames stained with the blood of men. Your barbarity, which I have heard so long exclaim'd against in town and country, may have its fill of destruction. I would not add one circumstance usual in all descriptions of calamity, that of the many rapes committed, or to be committed upon those unfortunate women that *delight in war*. But God forgive me—in this martial age, if I could, I would buy a regiment for your sake and Mrs.

P—'s

P——'s and some others, whom, I have cause to fear, no fair means will prevail upon.

Those eyes, that care not how much mischief is done, or how great slaughter committed, so they have but a fine show; those very female eyes, will be infinitely delighted with the camp which is speedily to be formed in Hyde-park. The tents are carried thither this morning, new regiments with new cloaths and furniture (far exceeding the late cloth and linen designed by his Grace for the soldiery.) The sight of so many gallant fellows, with all the pomp and glare of war yet undeform'd by battles, those scenes which England has for many years only beheld on stages, may possibly invite your curiosity to this place.

By our latest account from Dukestreet, Westminster, the conversion of T. G. Esq. is reported in a manner somewhat more particular. That upon the seizure of his Flanders mares, he seem'd more than ordinarily disturbed for some hours, sent for his ghostly father, and resolv'd to bear his loss like a Christian; till about the hours of seven or eight the coaches and horses of several of the Nobility passing by his window towards Hyde-park, he could no longer endure the disappointment, but instantly went out, took the oath of Abjuration, and recover'd his dear horses, which carry'd him in  
triumph

triumph to the Ring. The poor distressed Roman Catholicks, now un-hors'd and unchariot-ed, cry out with the Psalmist, *Some in Chariots and some in Horses, but we will invoke the name of the Lord.*

I am, &c.

---

L E T T E R XII.

**T**HE weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this season; when every smile of the sun, like the smile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon: and I am so much in the taste of rural pleasures, I had rather see the sun than any thing he can shew me, except yourself. I despise every fine thing in town, not excepting your new gown, till I see you dress'd in it, (which by the way I don't like the better for the red; the leaves, I think, are very pretty.) I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow: for I doubt not but God's works here, are what come nearest to his works there; and that a true relish of the beauties of nature is the most easy preparation and gentlest transition to an enjoyment of those of heaven: as on the contrary, a true town-life of hurry, confusion,

N

noise,