THE

WORKS

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY

MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

INCLUDING

HER CORRESPONDENCE, POEMS AND ESSAYS.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION FROM HER GENUINE PAPERS.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

As a preliminary observation, it may be necessary to assure the Public, that no single production, either in prose or verse, already printed and attributed to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, had ever received the sanction of herself, or her representatives. It is for that important reason, a respect due to the literary world, to inform them, that no letter, essay, or poem, will find a place in the present edition, the

original manuscript of which is not at this time extant, in the possession of her grand-son, THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF BUTE.

The high sense of obligation which the Editor begs to express to that distinguished Nobleman for so great a confidence as that which he has reposed in him, in the present instance, will continue to demand his latest gratitude; and the Public will be no less sensible of Lord Bute's liberality, in so complete a gratification of long-excited curiosity, by permitting an access to the stores of literary amusement, which have descended to him, from one

of the most accomplished of her sex, in any age or country. It is not to discriminate Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's epistolary writings with unmerited commendation, to assert that in them are combined the solid judgment of Rochfoucault, without his misanthropy, and the sentimental elegance of the Marchioness Sevigné, without her repetition and feebleness.

J. DALLAWAY.

Herald's College, London,
June 4, 1803.

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MEMOIRS

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY

MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

BY

THE EDITOR.

MEMOIRS

OF

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

LADY Mary Pierrepont was the eldest daughter of Evelyn duke of Kingston, and the Lady Mary Fielding daughter of William Earl of Denbigh*. She was

* Lady Mary had two sisters. Lady Frances, who married John Ereskine of Mar, and Lady Evelyn, the wife of John Leveson Lord Gower, who was the mother of the present Marquis of Stafford. The late duke of Kingston was her nephew.

born at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire, about the year 1690, and lost her mother in 1694. The first dawn of her genius opened so auspiciously, that her father resolved to cultivate the advantages of nature by a sedulous attention to her early instruction. A classical education was not usually given to English ladies of quality, when Lady Mary Pierrepont received one of the best. Under the same preceptors, as Viscount Newark her brother, she acquired the elements of the Greek, Latin, and French languages with the greatest success. When she had made a singular proficiency, her studies were superintended by Bishop Burnet, who fostered her superior talents with every expression of dignified praise. Her translation of

the Enchiridion of Epictetus received his emendations *.

For so complete an improvement of her mind she was much indebted to uninterrupted leisure and recluse habits of life. Her time was principally spent at Thoresby and at Acton, near London, and her society confined to a few friends, among whom the most confidential appears to have been Mrs. Anne Wortley, a lady of sense and spirit, the heiress of the Wortley estate in Yorkshire. She was the wife of the honorable Sidney Montagu, second son of the heroic Earl of Sandwich, who died in the arms of victory during the

* Preserved with her other MSS. Epictetus has been obliged for translation to another English classical lady, Mrs. Carter.

memorable battle of Solebay, in the reign of Charles the second.

In this intimacy originated her connection with Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq. the eldest son of the Lady abovementioned. After a correspondence of about two years they were privately married by special licence, which bears date August 12, 1712. He had received a classical education, and had travelled through Germany to Venice, in 1703, where he remained about two years. For more than three years after their marriage, as the duke of Kingston and Mr. Sidney Montagu were both living, their establishment was limited; and Lady Mary resided chiefly at Warncliffe Lodge, near Sheffield, where her son Edward Wortley Montagu was born, and his father was principally engaged

in London, in his attendance upon his parliamentary duties, and his political friends *. In his cousin Charles Montagu Mr. Wortley found an able patron, who, as he was the universal protector of men of genius, was strictly associated with Addison and Steele. The temper of Addison did not admit of unreserved intimacy, and Mr. Wortley had not to regret that any man was favoured with a greater share of his friendship than himself.

Mr. Wortley was possessed of solid rather than of brilliant parts. The soundness of his judgment and the

* Mr. Wortley, at different periods of life, represented in parliament the cities of Westminster and Peterborough, and the boroughs of Huntingdon and Bossiney.

gracefulness of his oratory, commanded the attention of the House of Commons, where he distinguished himself, as having introduced several bills, which were formed on a truly patriotic basis. On the 5th of February, 1708, he brought in a bill "for the naturalization of foreign protestants;" January 25, 1709, "for limiting the number of officers in the House of Commons, and for securing the freedom of parliament;" and another, December 21, "for the encouragement of learning, and the securing the property of copies of books to the right owners thereof." The second of these bills was agitated for five successive years, till 1713, when it was finally lost. Several of his speeches, in which his knowledge of parliament-

ary business is distinguishable, are still extant *. Of his intimacy and correspondence with Mr. Addison, subjoined letters, selected from many, are a sufficient evidence.

"TO EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"Being very well pleased with this "day's Spectator, I cannot forbear send- "ing you one of them, and desiring "your opinion of the story in it. "When you have a son I shall be "glad to be his Leontine †, as my "circumstances will probably be like "his. I have within this twelvemonth

* In the Parliamentary Register and the Gentleman's Magazine.

† Spectator, No. CXXIII. v. ii.

"lost a place of 2000l. per annum,
"an estate in the Indies of 14,000l. and
"what is more than all the rest, my
"mistress. Hear this, and wonder at my
"philosophy. I find they are going to
"take away my Irish place from me too;
"to which I must add, that I have just
"resigned my fellowship, and the stocks
"sink every day. If you have any hints
"or subjects pray send me a paper full.
"I long to talk an evening with you. I
"believe I shall not go for Ireland this
"summer, and perhaps would take a
"month with you, if I knew where.
"Lady Bellasise is very much your
"humble servant. Dick Steele and I
"often remember you.

"I am, dear sir, your's eternally, &c.

"J. ADDISON."

July 21, 1711.

TO JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

Wortley, July 28, 1711.

"NOTWITHSTANDING your disap-
"pointments, I had much rather be in
"your circumstances than my own. The
"strength of your constitution would
"make you happier than all who are
"not equal to you in that, though it
"contributed nothing towards those
"other advantages that place you in
"the first rank of men. Since my for-
"tune fell to me I had reason to fancy
"I should be reduced to a very small
"income; I immediately retrenched my
"expences, and lived for six months
"on fifty pounds as pleasantly as ever
"I did in my life, and could have lived
"for less than half that sum, and often

" entertained myself with the speech
" of Ofellus, in the second satyr of the
" second book, and still think no man of
" understanding can be many days un-
" happy, if he does not want health; at
" present I take all the care I can to
" improve mine. This air is as proper for
" that as any I know, and we are so re-
" mote from all troublesome neighbours
" and great towns, that a man can think
" of nothing long but country amuse-
" ments, or his books; and if you would
" change the course of your thoughts,
" you will scarce fail of effecting it here.
" I am in some fear I shall be forced to
" town for four or five days, and then we
" may come down together; if I stay I
" shall let you know it in a week or ten
" days, and hope to see you very soon.

"You were never in possession of any
"thing you love but your places, and
"those you could not call your own.
"After I had read what you say about
"them, I could not take pleasure in the
"Spectator you sent, but thought it a
"very good one. In two months, or a
"little more, I think I must go the
"Newcastle journey. You told me you
"should like it, if you do not, perhaps
"we may contrive how you may pass
"your time here. I am not sure we shall
"easily have leave to lodge out of this
"house; but we may eat in the woods
"every day, if you like it, and nobody
"here will expect any sort of ceremony.

"Your's ever,

"EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU."

Upon the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, Charles Montagu, who had been sent on an embassy to the Elector of Hanover, whose seat in the House of Lords, as Duke of Cambridge, he had solicited, was immediately distinguished by the new sovereign, George the First, and created Earl of Halifax. To the high honour of the Order of the Garter, was added the important and lucrative appointment of First Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Wortley was now a confidential supporter of administration, and became one of the commissioners, (October 13, 1714); which circumstance introduced him to the court of George the First, and occasioned Lady Mary to quit her retirement at Warncliffe. Her first appearance at St. James's was hailed

with that universal admiration, which beauty, enlivened by wit, incontestibly claims; and while the tribute of praise, so well merited, was willingly paid in public to the elegance of her form, the charms of her conversation were equally unrivalled in the first private circles of the nobility. She was in habits of familiar acquaintance with Addison and Pope, who contemplated her uncommon genius, at that time, without envy. How enthusiastic an admirer of Lady Mary was Mr. Pope, the whole of their correspondence, given in this edition, will sufficiently evince, while it reflects indelible disgrace on his subsequent conduct.

In the year 1716, the embassy to the Porte became vacant, and as the war

between the Turks and Imperialists raged with almost incredible violence, the other powers of Europe were ardently desirous of a mediation between them. Mr. Wortley resigned his situation, as a Lord of the Treasury; and his appointment as ambassador under the great seal bears date June 5, 1716. Sir Robert Sutton was removed from Constantinople to Vienna, and instructions were given them by the British court to arrange a plan of pacification. Mr. Stanyan, who afterward succeeded Mr. Wortley in his embassy, was intrusted with a similar commission, and nominated a coadjutor.

Early in the month of August, the new ambassador commenced an arduous journey over the continent of Europe to

Constantinople, accompanied by Lady Mary, whose conjugal affection reconciled her to the dangers, unavoidably to be encountered, in traversing the savage Turkish territory, the native horrors of which were then doubled by those of war. Pope, in his letter written after she had left England, exclaims, "May that person, for whom you have left all the world, be so just as to prefer you to all the world! I believe his good understanding has engaged him to do so hitherto, and I think his gratitude must for the future."

It has been said that Lady Mary was the first English woman who had the curiosity and spirit to visit the Levant; but the Editor recollects seeing an ac-

count at Constantinople, that both Lady Paget and Lady Winchelsea were included in the suite of their Lords, during their several embassies. Whilst on her journey, and residing in the Levant, Lady Mary amused herself, and delighted her friends by a regular correspondence, chiefly directed to her sister, the Countess of Mar, Lady Rich*,

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* Fenton, in his epistle to Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, mentions Lady Rich in the following high encomium:

"And like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene,
In sweet assemblage all their graces joined
To language, mode, and manners more refined.
That angel form, with chaste attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-eyed morn awakes the May;
Of noblest youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair."

and Mrs. Thistlethwaite, both ladies of the court, and to Mr. Pope.

Of the accuracy of her local descriptions, and of the justness of portrait in which she has delineated European and Turkish manners, the Editor has had the good fortune to form a comparative opinion, and to bear the fullest testimony of their general truth. Eighty years after her he followed nearly the same route, over the Continent to Constantinople, and resided nearly the same space of time, as Lady Mary had done, in the palace at Pera, part of which had been contemporary with her. He may now be allowed to remember the pleasure with which he perused her animated letters, in the very places from which they were originally sent, and the

ample satisfaction he received in finding them reflect, in faithful colours, the scenes which he was then viewing, and the society with which he was, at that time, conversant. As the oriental nations are not, like the European, liable to the fluctuation of fashion, the traveller into the Levant, a century since, will not have noticed a single custom, or peculiarity of dress, which is not equally familiar to modern eyes.

The embassy to Constantinople was formerly of great commercial importance, when the treasures of the east were brought by caravans to the different ports of the Levant, and the Turkey company monopolized the merchandize, which now finds its way to England by other channels. Added to his political

concerns, Mr. Wortley had the appointment of consul-general of the Levant, which gave considerable influence and emolument to the British mission. Previously to Lady Mary's arrival at the destined point of her journey, the ambassador and his suite rested about two months at Adrianople, to which city the Sultán Achméd the Third had removed his court from the capital of his dominions. It was there that she first became acquainted with the customs of the Turks, and was enabled to give so lively and just a picture of their domestic manners and usages of ceremony. Many persons, on the surreptitious appearance of the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, already published,

were inclined to question their originality, or, if that were allowed, the possibility of her acquiring the kind of information she has given respecting the interior of the Harém. It may be replied to them, that no one of the Turkish emperors was so willing to evade the injunctions of the Koran as Achméd the Third, and that he hazarded the love of his people by retiring to Adrianople, that he might more frequently and freely indulge himself in the habits of life adopted by the other European nations. That access has since been denied to the Seraglio at Constantinople, in the instance of the ambassadors' ladies, is no proof that Lady Mary did not obtain an unrestrained admis-

sion, when the court was in retirement, and many ceremonies were consequently dispensed with.

A slight account of the publication alluded to may not be uninteresting, or may be forgiven as a pardonable digression. In the later periods of Lady Mary's life, she employed her leisure in collecting the copies of the letters she had written during Mr. Wortley's embassy, and had transcribed them herself, in two small volumes in quarto. They were without doubt sometimes shewn to her literary friends. Upon her return to England for the last time, in 1761, she gave these books to a Mr. Sowden, a clergyman at Rotterdam, and wrote the subjoined memorandum on the cover of one of them. "These two volumes

are given to the Reverend Benjamin Sowden, minister at Rotterdam, to be disposed of as he thinks proper. This is the will and design of M. WORTLEY MONTAGU, December 11, 1761."

After her death, the late Earl of Bute commissioned a gentleman to procure them, and to offer Mr. Sowden a considerable remuneration, which he accepted. Much to the surprise of that nobleman and Lady Bute, the manuscripts were scarcely safe in England, when three volumes of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters were published by Beckett; and it has since appeared, that Mr. Cleland was the Editor *. The same gentleman, who had

* Letters of Lady M——y W——y M——, in three vols. 12mo. published in 1763, by Beckett and

Written on the cover of her MS. book of letters.

These 2 Volmes are given to the Rd
Berejamin Sowdon minister at
Rotterdam, to be dispos'd of as he Esq
thinks proper. This is the will &
design of M. Wortley Montagu
Dec. 11. 1761.

negotiated before, was again dispatched to Holland, and could gain no farther intelligence from Mr. Sowden, than that a short time before he parted with the MSS. two English gentlemen called on him to see the Letters, and obtained their request. They had previously contrived, that Mr. Sowden should be

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De Hondt. When doubts were entertained concerning the authenticity of these Letters, Mr. Cleland did not discourage the idea, that the whole was a literary fiction of his own. Pope Ganganelli's Letters were likewise edited by him in two volumes, formed, at least, if not translated, from the French publication. This work succeeded with the public, and he was induced to invent two more. As the MSS. of the fourth volume of Lady M. W. M——'s Letters, published in 1767. are not extant, a conjecture is allowable, that the first mentioned was not his first attempt at this species of imitation.

called away during their perusal, and he found on his return that they had disappeared with the books. Their residence was unknown to him, but on the next day they brought back the precious deposit, with many apologies. It may be fairly presumed, that the intervening night was consumed in copying these Letters by several amanuenses. Another copy of them, but not in her own hand-writing, Lady Mary had given to Mr. Molesworth, which is now in the possession of the Marquis of Bute. Both in the original MS. and the last-mentioned transcript, the preface, printed by Beckett, is inserted, purported to have been written in 1728 by a lady of quality, and signed M. A. It is given in this edition as having been at least

approved of by her ladyship. When she arrived at Constantinople, her active mind was readily engaged in the pursuit of objects so novel as those which the Turkish capital presented. Whilst they excited her imagination, she could satisfy her curiosity, in her ideas of its former splendor as the metropolis of the Roman empire. Her classical acquirements rendered such investigations interesting and successful. Among her other talents was an extraordinary facility in learning languages; and in the assemblage of ten embassies from different countries, of which the society at Pera and Belgrade was composed, she had daily opportunities of extending her knowledge and practice of them. The French and Italian were familiar to her

before she left England; and we find in her Letters that she had a sufficient acquaintance with the German to understand a comedy, as it was represented at Vienna. She even attempted the Turkish language, under the tuition of one of Mr. Wortley's dragomans, or interpreters, who compiled for her use a grammar and vocabulary in Turkish and Italian *. Of her proficiency in that very difficult dialect of the Oriental tongues, specimens are seen in her Letters, in which a translation of some popular poetry appears.

The heat of Constantinople during the summer months is excessive, and the European embassies usually retire to

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* Among her MSS.

the shores of the Bosphorus, or the village of Belgrade, about fourteen miles distant. In these delicious shades, and most beautiful forest scenery, Lady Mary was happy to pass her days. No English traveller visits Belgrade without participating her pleasure in her description, and enquiring after the site of her residence. At present no part of the house remains, for such is the fragility of Turkish structures, excepting their mosques, that they seldom last a century.

There was a custom prevalent among the villagers, and, indeed, universal in the Turkish dominions, which she examined with philosophical curiosity, and at length became perfectly satisfied with its efficacy. It was that of ingrafting,

or as it is now called, inoculating with variolous matter, in order to produce a milder disease, and to prevent the ravages made by the small-pox on the lives and beauty of European patients. The process was simple, and she did not hesitate to apply it to her son, at that time about three years old. She describes her success in a letter from Belgrade to Mr. Wortley at Pera.

"Sunday, March 23, 1718.

"The boy was engrafted last Tues-
"day, and is at this time singing and
"playing, very impatient for his supper,
"I pray God my next may give as
"good an account of him. I cannot
"engraft the girl, her nurse has not
"had the small-pox."

Extracts from a letter written by Lady M.W.M. from Belgrade to M.r Wortley, at Pera, describing the effects of inoculation, for the small pox.

Moirch 23 1717/18 Sunday.

ye Boy was engrafted Last Tusday, & is at yt time singing & playing & very impatient for his Supper, I pray God my next may give as good an Account of him.

I can not engraft y.r Girl, her Nurse has not had y.e Small Pox.

As a primary object in Mr. Wortley's mission was to effect a reconciliation between the Turks and Imperialists, and to act in concert with other ambassadors for that purpose, it was necessary that he should have a personal interview with Sultan Achméd, who was then in his camp at Philipopoli. Having been invited by the Grand Visier, he made his public entry into that city with a retinue of one hundred and sixty persons, besides the guards, one hundred of whom wore the richest liveries.

Lord Paget, in 1698, had made a similar procession to Belgrade on the frontiers of Turkey, in which nothing was omitted to impress the Turks with ideas of the splendor of the nation he represented, the expence of that single

mission amounting to 3000l. Both these ambassadors travelled with 300 horses, and had their tents placed nearest to that of the Grand Visier.

These negotiations failed of their intended effect, because the preliminary requisition of the Imperialists tended to the complete cession of the territory acquired by the present war.

Mr. Wortley received letters of recall under the privy seal, October 28, 1717, which are countersigned by his friend Mr. Addison, then secretary of state. A private letter on that occasion, which is subjoined, will shew how far Mr. Addison had acquired the tenor of official correspondence, without betraying the partiality of friendship.

September 28, 1717.

"Dear Sir,

"Having been confined to my cham-
"ber for some time by a dangerous fit
"of sickness, I find upon my coming
"abroad, that some things have passed
"which I think myself obliged to
"communicate to you, not as the secre-
"tary to the ambassador, but as an
"humble servant to his friend. Mr.
"Benson being convinced that forms of
"law would in their ordinary course be
"very tedious and dilitory in the affair
"of the auditors, has procured the grant
"of a reversion for those places to you
"and himself, after which, if an eject-
"ment ensues, you are in immediate
"possession. This ejectment, he be-
"lieves, may be soon brought about by

"law, unless a voluntary surrender
"makes such a proceeding unnecessary.
"Our great men are of opinion, that
"upon your being possessed (which
"they look upon as sure and sudden),
"it would be agreeable to your inclina-
"tions, as well as for the King's service,
"which you are so able to promote in
"parliament, rather to return to your
"own country than to live at Constan-
"tinople. For this reason they have
"thoughts of relieving you by Mr.
"Stanyan, who is now at the Imperial
"court, and of joining Sir Robert Sut-
"ton with him in the mediation of a
"peace between the Emperor and the
"Turks. I need not suggest to you,
"that Mr. Stanyan is in great favour at
"Vienna, and how necessary it is to

"humor that court in the present "juncture. Besides, as it would have "been for your honor to have acted "as sole mediator in such a negotia- "tion, perhaps it would not have been "so agreeable to you to act only in "commission. This was suggested to "me the other day by one of our first "ministers, who told me that he be- "lieved Sir R. Sutton's being joined in "a mediation, which was carried on "by my Lord Paget singly, would be "shocking to you, but that they could "be more free with a person of Mr. "Stanyan's quality. I find by his Ma- "jesty's way of speaking of you, that "you are much in his favor and "esteem, and I fancy you would find "your ease and advantage more in being

" nearer his person than at the distance
" you are from him, at present. I omit
" no opportunity of doing you justice
" where I think it is for your service,
" and wish I could know your mind as
" to these several particulars, by a more
" speedy and certain conveyance, that I
" might act accordingly to the utmost
" of my power. Madame Kilmansech and
" my Lady Harvey desire me to forward
" the enclosed to my Lady Mary Wort-
" ley, to whom I beg you will deliver
" them, with my most humble respects.
" I am ever, Sir,

" your most obedient
" and most humble servant,
" J. ADDISON."

" Mr. Chevalier tells me since the writ-
" ing of this, that he has stated to you

"Mr. Benson's and your own case, who, "I find, is better acquainted with it than "I am, that affair having been trans- "acted by my Lord Sunderland during "my illness."

On this subject he was honored with two letters from Prince Eugene of Savoy, dated February 19, 1718 *. The private letter expresses the most perfect satisfaction with his conduct in the negotiation on the part of the Emperor Charles the Sixth. Mr. Wortley now turned his attention to re-visiting England, but his journey did not commence till the 6th of June, 1718. During his residence at Constantinople he collected

* Preserved among the official papers of Mr. Wortley's embassy.

some very curious Oriental MSS.* and investigating the classical shores of the Hellespont, he procured an inscribed marble, which he presented on his arrival in England to Trinity College, Cambridge.

Pursuing their voyage through the Archipelago they landed at Tunis, and having crossed the Mediterranean, arrived at Genoa, and from thence passed Turin to Lyons and Paris. They did not reach England before October 30, 1718.

In a short time after her return, Lady Mary was solicited by Mr. Pope to fix

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* Particularly six volumes in quarto of Arabian Tales, including most of those translated by Messrs. Galand and Petit La Croix, and many others not to be found in their publications.

her summer residence at Twickenham, and it will appear from the following letters, that he negotiated with Sir Godfrey Kneller for his house in that celebrated village with great assiduity.

"Madam,

"You received, I suppose, the epistle "Sir Godfrey dictated to me, which "(abating some few flowers) was word "for word. My own concern, that you "should be settled in my neighbour-"hood, has since put me upon farther "enquiries, and I find there is a pretty "good house in the town opposite to "that which my Lord William Pawlet "has taken; 'tis the same that Lord "Coventry lately had. If Mr. Wortley "would come and see it, he would

"know all the particulars, which I am "not able to give an exact account of, "having sent you this notice the mo- "ment I heard of it. Though still, "that which I believe you both would "like best is the house in the field I "spoke to him about, and which I "think the prettiest situated thing ima- "ginable.

"Lord Bathurst told me you had "given orders that the book of Eclogues "should be trusted to my hands to re- "turn it to you. I am sensible of the "obligation, and had been the faithful "ambassador between you, had I not "been forced to leave the town the minute "he told me of it. I cannot perform "impossibilities, therefore I will not

" pretend to tell you the esteem with
" which I always have been,
" dear madam,
" your most faithful humble servant,
" A. POPE."

To the Right Honourable the Lady Mary Wortley, in the Piazza, Covent-garden.

When Lady Mary was settled at Twickenham, it might be presumed, from the ardent expressions of admiration and friendship which glow in Pope's letters to her during Mr. Wortley's embassy in the Levant, printed in this edition, that their intercourse would not have been interrupted by the influence of those passions by which inferior minds are governed, and the stability of human happiness so frequently destroyed. That

the change in Mr. Pope's sentiments was not immediately consequent on their becoming neighbours, is certain from these notes, which profess as much anxiety as any ever dictated by friendship.

"It is not in my power (dear madam) "to say what agitation the two or three "words I wrote to you the other morn- "ing have given me. Indeed, I truly "esteem you, and put my trust in you. "I can say no more, and I know you "would not have me.

"I have been kept in town by a vio- "lent head-ache, so that if I might see "you any time to day (except two, "three, or four o'clock, when I am en- "gaged to dinner) I should be pleased

"and happy, more indeed than any "other company could make me.

"Your most faithful obliged servant,

"A. POPE."

To the Right Honorable Lady
M. W. M. &c.

"I might be dead or you in York-"shire for any thing that I am the better "for your being in town. I have been "sick ever since I saw you last, and "now have a swelled face, and very "bad; nothing will do me so much "good as the sight of dear Lady Mary; "when you come this way let me see "you, for indeed I love you.

"A. P."

The Right Honorable Lady
M. W. M.

In the court of George the First, Lady Mary was received, with particular distinction by the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, and her beauty and conversation were rendered more interesting by the celebrity she had acquired in her travels. In the year 1720, when the South Sea scheme encouraged adventurers, of every rank and description, to hazard much for visionary thousands, Lady Mary, in common with others, entered into the speculation, and was not among the ill-informed on a subject which was so ruinous in its event.

Cockpit, July 28, 1720.

"Madam,

"I will not fail to insert your Lady-
"ship's name in my list for the next

"South Sea subscription, though I am "not sure whether the directors will "receive another from me. I am, with "great respect,

"madam,

"your Ladyship's

"most obedient humble servant

"J. CRAGGS *."

To the Honorable the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, at Twickenham.

Twickenham, August 22, 1720.

"Madam,

"I was made acquainted late last "night, that I might depend upon it as

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* Mr. Craggs, who was secretary of state, was deeply implicated in the South Sea scheme, and died before its detection. His father was censured by parliament.

"a certain gain to buy the South Sea
"stock at the present price, which will
"certainly rise in some weeks, or less.
"I can be as sure of this, as the nature
"of any such thing will allow, from
"the first and best hands, and therefore
"have dispatched the bearer with all
"speed to you. I am sincerely,

"dear madam,

"your most faithful humble servant,

"A. POPE."

To the Right Honorable the Lady M. W.
Montagu, at Twickenham.

Mr. Pope, during his intimacy with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, made her a request to sit for her portrait to Sir Godfrey Kneller, with which she complied, and received these complimentary epistles on that occasion.

"Madam,

"Sir Godfrey happening to come from "London yesterday (as I did myself) "will wait upon you this morning at "twelve, to take a sketch of you in "your dress, if you will give leave. He "is really very good to me: I heartily "wish you will be so too. But I sub- "mit to you in all things, nay in the "manner of all things; your own plea- "sure, and your own time. Upon my "word I will take yours, and under- "stand you as you would be under- "stood, with a real respect and resigna- "tion when you deny me any thing, and "a hearty gratitude when you grant "me any thing. Your will be done!

"but God send it may be the same "with mine!

"I am most truly yours,

"A. POPE."

P. S. I beg a single word in answer, because I am to send to Sir Godfrey accordingly.

To the Right Honorable the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, at Twickenham.

"Indeed, dear madam, it is not pos- "sible to tell you whether you give me, "every day I see you, more pleasure, or "more respect; and, upon my word, "whenever I see you after a day or "two's absence, it is in just such view "as that you yesterday had of your own "writings. I find you still better than

"I could imagine, and think I was "partial before to your prejudice.

"The picture dwells really at my "heart, and I have made a perfect "passion of preferring your present face "to your past. I know and thoroughly "esteem yourself of this year: I know "no more of Lady Mary Pierrepont, "than to admire at what I have heard "of her, or be pleased with some frag- "ments of hers, as I am with Sappho's. "But now—I cannot say what I would "say of you now. Only still give me "cause to say you are good to me, and "allow me as much of your person as "Sir Godfrey can help me to. Upon "conferring with him yesterday, I find "he thinks it absolutely necessary to "draw your face first, which, he says, "can never be set right on your figure,

" if the drapery and posture be finished
" before. To give you as little trouble
" as possible, he purposes to draw your
" face with crayons, and finish it up, at
" your own house in a morning; from
" whence he will transfer it to canvas,
" so that you need not go to sit at his
" house. This, I must observe, is a
" manner they seldom draw any but
" crowned heads, and I observe it with
" a secret pride and pleasure. Be so kind
" as to tell me if you care he should do
" this to-morrow at twelve. Though if
" I am but assured from you of the
" thing, let the manner and time be
" what you best like: let every decorum
" you please be observed. I should be
" very unworthy of any favor from your
" hands, if I desired any at the expence

56

Sunday

Indeed, dr Madam, 'tis no possible to tell you, whether you gave me every day I see you more pleasure, or more respect? And upon my word, whenever I see you after a day or two's absence, it is in just such a View as that you yesterday Tax'd y[r] own nothing I find you still better than I could imagine & think I was partial, before, to y[r] prejudice.

The Picture dwells really at my heart and I have made a perfect Passion of preferring y[r] present Face to y[r] past. I know, & thoroughly esteem, Your Self of this year: I know no more of Lady Mary Pierrepoint, than to admire at what I have heard of her, or be pleased with some Fragments of Lets, as I am w[t] Say's

But now — I can't say what I wd say of you now — Only still give me cause to say you are good to me, & allow me as much of your Person as Sir Godfrey can help me to.

Upon conferring with him yesterday I find he thinks it absolutely necessary to draw ye Face first, wch he says can not be set right on ye figure if ye Drapery & Posture be finish'd before. To give you as little trouble as possible, he proposes to draw your face with Crayons, & finish it up, at his own house in a morning; from whence he will transfer it to ye Canvas, so that you need not go to Sit at his house. This I assure, is a manner in wch they seldom draw any but Crown'd Heads; & I observe with secret pride & pleasure.

Be so kind as to tell me if you care he
should do this to morrow at twelve. Tho'
If I am but assured from you of the thing,
let ye manner & time be what you best
like: Let every Decorum you please, be ob-
serv'd. I should be very unworthy of any
favor from yr hands, if I desird any at
ye expence of yr Quiet, or Conveniency, in
any degree.

I have just receivd this Pamphlet, wch
may divert you.

I am sincerely
Yours.

Anne

" of your quiet and conveniency in any " degree.

" I have just received this pamphlet, " which may divert you.

" I am sincerely yours,

" A. POPE."

To the Right Honorable the Lady M. W. Montagu, at Twickenham.

His satisfaction with the picture when finished inspired this extemporaneous praise, in couplets, which were immediately written down, and given to Lady Mary, by whom they were preserved.

The playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,
That happy air of majesty and truth,
So would I draw, (but oh! 'tis vain to try
My narrow genius, does the power deny.)
The equal lustre of the heavenly mind,
Where every grace with every virtue's joined,

Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe.
With greatness easy, and with wit sincere,
With just description shew the soul divine,
And the whole princess in my work should shine.

From such a reciprocation of kindness, we shall turn with regret to contemplate the unprovoked and insatiable asperity with which the poet of Twickenham could blacken the fame of a genius, who avowed no competition but equality of talents, which was a crime not to be forgiven by him.

National gratitude, if directed by justice, will not overlook in favor of more recent discoveries, the original obligation to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu for the introduction of the art of inoculation into this kingdom. Mr. Maitland, who had attended the embassy in a medical character, first endeavoured

On Lady M. W. Montagu's Portrait

ye play full smiles around ye dimpled Mouth
That happy air of Majesty & Youth.
So would I draw (but Oh. 'tis vain to try
my narrow Genius does ye power deny)
The Equal Lustre of ye Heavenly mind
Where every grace with Every Virtue's join'd
Learning not Vain, & Wisdom not severe
With Greatness easy, & with Wit sincere.
With Just Description shew ye Soul Divine
And ye whole Princess in my work should shine

to establish the practice of it in London, and was encouraged by her patronage *. In 1721, as its expediency had been much agitated among scientific men, an experiment, to be sanctioned by the College of Physicians, was allowed by government. Five persons under condemnation willingly encountered the danger, with the hopes of life. Upon four of them the eruption appeared on the seventh day; the fifth was a woman, on whom it never appeared, but she confessed that she had it when an infant. With so much ardour did Lady Mary enforce this salu-

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* Mottraye's Travels into the Levant, v. iii.

Account of Inoculation in the Gentleman's Magazine, v. xxvii. p. 409.

Philosophical Transactions, 1757, No. LXXI.

tary innovation among mothers of her own rank in life, that, as we find in her Letters, much of her time was necessarily dedicated to various consultations, and in superintending the success of her plan *.

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* The following calculation is made in the Annual Register, 1762, p. 78. "If one person in "*seven* die of the small-pox in the natural way, and "one in *three hundred and twelve* by inoculation, "as proved at the Small-Pox Hospital, then as "1,000,000, divided by seven, gives 142,857$\frac{1}{2}$, "1,000,000, divided by 312, gives 3205$\frac{46}{312}$. The "lives saved in 1,000,000 by inoculation must be "139,652 $\frac{32}{21}$84. In Lord Petre's family, 18 indi- "viduals died of the small-pox in 27 years. The "present generation, who have enjoyed all the advan- "tages of inoculation, are inadequate judges of the "extremely fatal prevalence of the original disease, "and of their consequently great obligations to Lady "M. W. M."

In the Plain Dealer, (No. XXX, July 3, 1724), a periodical paper, published under the direction of Steele, is a panegyric which precludes the necessity of any other *.

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* This was the compliment of the day. A modern bard has likewise added his suffrage:

The triumph was reserved for female hands,
Thine was the deed accomplished Montagu!
What physic ne'er conjectured, what described
By Pilarini, by Temone * sketched,
Seemed to philosophy an idle tale,
Or curious only. *She* by patriot love
Inspired, and England rising to her view,
Proved as a truth, and proved it on *her son.*
A manly mind, whose reason dwelt supreme,
Was hers, the little terrors of her sex

* Dissertatio Dris. Temone pro variolis, published in Mottraye's Travels.

"It is an observation of some histo-
"rian, that England has owed to women
"the greatest blessings she has been dis-
"tinguished by.

"In the case we are now upon, this
"reflection will stand justified. We are
"indebted to the reason and the courage
"of a lady for the introduction of *this*
"*art*, which gains such strength in its

Despising, by maternal fondness swayed,
Yet bold, where confidence had stable grounds.
How far superior to the turban'd race,
With whom she sojourned—scrupulous and weak!
Yet this is *she*, whom Pope's illiberal verse
Hath dared to censure with malicious spleen,
And meanly coward soul.
She hath been the cause
Of heartfelt joy to thousands, thousands live,
And still shall live *through her*.

Infancy; a Didactic Poem. By Dr. Downman.

" progress, that the memory of its illus-
" trious foundress will be rendered sacred
" by it to future ages. This ornament
" to her sex and country, who ennobles
" her own nobility by her learning, wit,
" and virtues, accompanying her con-
" sort into Turkey, observed the benefit
" of this practice, with its frequency
" even amongst those obstinate predes-
" tinarians, and brought it over for the
" service and the safety of her native Eng-
" land, where she consecrated its first
" effects on the persons of her own fine
" children. And has already received
" this glory from it, that the influence
" of her example has reached as high as
" the blood royal, and our noblest and
" most ancient families, in confirmation
" of her happy judgment, add the daily

" experience of those who are most dear
" to them. It is a godlike delight that
" her reflection must be conscious of,
" when she considers to whom we owe,
" that many thousand British lives will
" be saved every year to the use and
" comfort of their country, after a gene-
" ral establishment of this practice. A
" good so lasting and so vast, that none
" of those wide endowments and deep
" foundations of public charity which
" have made most noise in the world
" deserve at all to be compared with it."

" High o'er each sex in double empire sit
" Protecting beauty and inspiring wit!"

The court of George the First was modelled upon that of Louis the Fifteenth, and gallantry, or at least the reputation of it, was the ambition and

employment of the courtiers of either sex. Lady Mary had the pre-eminence in beauty and in wit, and few follies passed unmarked by her satirical animadversions, which were not detailed in her letters to her sister Lady Mar, and other correspondents, with inimitable raillery. But those who were delighted with her sarcasms were not always secure from their force, when directed against themselves; and she numbered among her acquaintance more admirers than sincere friends. There were many who, in repeating her bon mots, took much from the delicate poignancy of her wit to add their own undisguised malevolence. In her letters she frequently betrays her disappointment in the great world, and declares that her happy hours

were dedicated to a few intimates. Of these, were the Countess of Oxford, the Duchess of Montagu, and particularly the Countess of Stafford, who was a daughter of the celebrated Count de Grammont, (the agreeable historian of the court of Charles the Second), and "La Belle Hamilton," whose beauty still blooms in the unfading tints of Lely, at Windsor. Lady Stafford appears, from her Letters, written in French, to have inherited the sprightliness of her father, and to have been capable of friendship, of a much more durable texture than that of many others, with whom Lady Mary was equally conversant. In her retirement at Twickenham she enjoyed the literary society which resorted to Pope's Villa; and was re-

ceived by them with every mark of high respect.

Gay, in his verses in imitation of Spenser, entitled a "Welcome from "Greece to Mr. Pope upon finishing his "translation of the Iliad." (written in 1727), imagines all his friends assembled to greet his arrival on the English shore, and exclaims, (perhaps with sincerity, as far as his own opinion was concerned),

"What lady's that to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? ah! those are Wortley's eyes,
How art thou honored, numbered with her friends,
For she distinguishes the good and wise."

STANZA, v. i.

Upon the accession of George II. the Countess of Bristol and her son Lord Hervey, possessed great influence in the

new court, and were the favorites of Queen Caroline. The political sentiments of Lady Mary were conformable with those of Sir Robert Walpole, and his administration; and she was much connected with the courtiers of that day. With Lord Hervey she seems to have formed an alliance of genius, as well as politics; and, as both were poets, they were in habits of literary communication, and sometimes assisted each other in joint compositions.

Pope, who had been the original promoter of Lady Mary's residence, at Twickenham, now became jealous of her partiality to the Herveys; and insinuated many severe criticisms against verses, which were admired at court. He had now mixed politics with his

poetry, and was so firmly attached to Bolingbroke and Swift, that he held the Whigs in a detestation which he was careless to conceal. There was still a common friend, Lady Oxford, at whose house they frequently met, but rarely without opening their batteries of repartee, and that with so many personalities, that Pope's petulance, "willing to wound, and yet afraid to "strike," sought to discharge itself, by abrupt departure from the company. Seeming reconciliation soon followed, out of respect to Lord and Lady Oxford, but the wound was rankling at his heart. Lady Mary had long since omitted to consult him upon any new poetical production; and when he had been formerly very free with her emen-

dations, would say, "Come, no touching Pope, for what is good the world will give to you, and leave the bad for me!" and she was well aware that he disengenuously encouraged that idea. She had found too, another inconvenience in these communications, which was, that many poems were indiscriminately imputed to Pope, his confederates, and to herself. Swift, on one of these occasions, sent her "the Capon's Tale," published in Sheridan's edition of his works, and concluding *there*

"Such Lady Mary are your tricks,
"But since you hatch, pray own your chicks."
V. 17. p. 424.

In the original copy now before the Editor, four more very abominable lines are added. The apparent cause of that

dissention, which was aggravated into implacability, was a satire in the form of a pastoral, entitled "Town Eclogues." They were certainly some of the earliest of Lady Mary's poetical essays, and it is proved by the following extract from one of Pope's letters, addressed to her at Constantinople, that they had been written previously to the year 1717, when she left England: "The letters of gold, "and the curious illuminating of the "Sonnets, was not a greater token of "respect than what I have paid to *your* "*Eclogues;* they lie enclosed in a mo- "nument of Turkey, written in my "fairest hand; the gilded leaves are "opened with no less veneration than "the pages of the Sybils; like them, "locked up and concealed from all pro- "fane eyes, *none but my own* have be-

" held these sacred remains of yourself;
" and I should think it as great a wick-
" edness to divulge them, as to scatter
" abroad the ashes of my ancestors."

After her return, the veil of secrecy was removed, and they were communicated to a favored few. Both Pope and Gay suggested many additions and alterations, which were certainly not adopted by Lady Mary; and as copies, including their corrections, have been found among the papers of these poets, their editors have attributed three out of six to them. " The Basset " Table," and the " Drawing-Room," are given to Pope, and the " Toilet" to Gay. It is therefore singular, that Pope should himself be subject to his own satire on Philips, and

" The Bard whom pilfered pastorals renown."

The Town Eclogues contained that kind of general satire which rendered them universally popular, and as the sagacity of every reader was prompted to discover whom he thought the persons characterized, the manuscript was multiplied by many hands, and was in a short time committed to the press by the all-grasping Curl. Characters thus appropriated soon became well known; Pope and his friends were willing to share the poetical fame, but averse from encountering any of the resentment, which satire upon powerful courtiers necessarily excites. He endeavoured to negotiate with the piratical bookseller, and used threats, which ended in no less than Curl's publishing the whole in his name. Irritated by Pope's cease-

less petulance, and disgusted by his subterfuge, Lady Mary now retired totally from his society, and certainly did not abstain from sarcastic observations, which were always repeated to him. One told him of an epigram,

> " Sure Pope and Orpheus were alike inspired,
> " The blocks and beasts flock'd round them and admired."

and another, how Lady Mary had observed, that " some called Pope, little " nightingale—all sound, and no sense."

He was, by the consent of all his biographers, the most irritable of men, and in possession of a weapon, which he could wield with matchless dexterity; and from the use of which he was never deterred by power, nor dissuaded by concession.

The Italians have a proverb, (which he has himself versified), " Chi offende " perdona mai," and as being the aggressor in fact, his stratagem was to excite in the public mind, by horrid imputations, the idea of an injury and a provocation which he had previously received, but which had never existed.

A memorable epoch, in Lady Mary's life, was her avowed quarrel with Pope; and his former partial conduct having been shewn, the frequent invective he afterward introduced into his satires, sometimes under the name of " Sappho," and as often under that of " Lady Mary," deserves to be pointed out *. In the eighty-third line of his

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* Epistle on the Characters of Women, l. 21. 24. Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, l. 95.

imitation of Horace (Satire I. book ii.) an execrable couplet occurs, too gross to be admitted into any decent poem, in which he likewise stigmatizes Lord Hervey's poetical genius;

"The lines are weak another's pleas'd to say,
"Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day."

This wanton attack could not fail to excite in the noble personages, so openly alluded to, the most just and poignant indignation, and they were jointly concerned in "Verses addressed "to the Translator of the first Satire of

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Epistle to Lord Bathurst, l. 119.

Dr. Donne's second Satire versified, l. 1.

Imitation of the first Epistle of the first book of Horace, l. 161.

Dunciad, b. ii. l. 133.

" the second book of Horace *." Upon the circulation of this poem in MS. Pope wrote a prose letter to Lord Hervey, in which he exculpates himself with seeming candor †.

" In regard to the right honorable " Lady (says he, in the letter to Lord " Hervey), your Lordship's friend, I " was far from designing a person of " her condition by a name so deroga- " tory to her as that of Sappho, a name " prostituted to every infamous creature " that ever wrote verse or novels. I " protest I never *applied* that name to " her in any verse of mine, public or

* Lord Hervey likewise wrote and circulated " an " Epistle from a Doctor in Divinity to a Nobleman " at Hampton Court;" Aug. 28, 1733.

† Warton's Edition, v. iii. p. 339.

"private, and I firmly believe not in "any letter or conversation. Whoever "could invent a falsehood to support an "accusation I pity; and whoever can "believe such a character to be their's "I pity still more. God forbid the "court or town should have the com- "plaisance to join in that opinion! "Certainly I meant it only of such mo- "dern Sapphos as imitate much more "the lewdness, than the genius of the "antient one, and upon whom their "wretched brethren frequently bestow "both the name, and the qualification "there mentioned."

Dr. Joseph Warton * and Dr. John-

* Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, v. ii. p. 258.

son * concur in condemning the prevarication with which Pope evaded every direct charge of his ungrateful behaviour, to those whose patronage he had once servilely solicited; and even his panegyrical commentator, Dr. Warburton †, confessed that there were allegations against him, which "he was not quite "clear of."

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* Prefaces to the Poets, vol. iv. p. 159.

† Life of Pope in the Biographia Britannica, vol. v. p. 3413, written by Warburton. In his edition of the letters, written by Pope to several ladies, the 10th, 20th, 21st, and 22d, are addressed to Lady M. W. M.; and letter 11th to the Duke of Buckingham, as far as relates to the description of the old house, is exactly the same as one of Pope's to Lady Mary published in Warton's edition.

The opinion of Dr. Johnson, from his known love of truth, in most instances, carries an assurance with it. He allows that "Pope was sometimes wanton in "his attacks, and before Chandos *, "Lady Mary Wortley, and Hill †, was "mean in his retreat." Does not the falsity of the exculpatory declaration after the wanton attack constitute the *meanness* imputed to him, since, had his biographer believed Pope innocent of a slanderous intention, he could never have considered his flat denial of any such intention as *mean*. Pope avers,

* James Duke of Chandos, and his house at Cannons, as Timon in the Epistle on Taste.

† Aaron Hill, a dramatic writer, whose Zara still keeps its place upon the stage.

that he was far from designing a lady of Lady Mary's condition by a name so derogatory to her as *Sappho*; yet that very *Sappho* is said "to wear "diamonds *." And he talks of meaning many *Sappho*'s, yet in the epistle to Doctor Arbuthnot, he has

"Still Sappho"——
and
"Why she and Sappho rose that monstrous sum."

by which quotation, and several others, the question of unity or plurality is decided. It only, therefore, remains to ascertain the person whom he intended to satirise, and it would not be difficult to

* See this argument pursued farther in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1791, p. 420, to which the Editor is indebted.

select many passages, in which Lady Mary is expressly mentioned by name.

Pope proceeds in his own vindication. "I wonder yet more (says he) how a "lady, of great wit, beauty, and fame "for her poetry, (between whom and "your lordship there is a natural, a just, "and a well-grounded esteem,) could "be prevailed upon to take a part in "that proceeding. Your resentments "against me, indeed, might be equal, "as my offence to you both was the "same; for neither had I the least mis-"understanding with that lady till after "I was the author of my own misfortune, "in discontinuing her acquaintance. "I may venture to own a truth, which "cannot be unpleasing to either of you; "I assure you my reason for so doing "was merely that you had *both too*

"*much wit for me*, and that I could "not do with mine, many things, which "you could with yours."

The explanatory note to the words, *too much wit for me*, in Warburton's edition, consists of the following couplet, from his epistle to Arbuthnot, among the variations.

* "Once and but once his heedless youth was bit,
"And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit."

Pope's avowed reason for discontinuing Lady Mary's acquaintance was, therefore, that she had *outwitted* him, and the truth by the corrected lines,

"Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
"Sappho can tell you how this man was bit †."

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* Epistle to Arbuthnot, l. 368.

† And in the variations.

is most fairly proved. For if he were *outwitted* by a female wit, and by *Sappho*, and yet outwitted but *once*, *Sappho* and Lady Mary must of course be the same identical person, "Still "he did not hesitate to assert, in the same letter, "I can truly affirm, that, "ever since I lost the happiness of your "conversation, I have not published or "written one syllable of, or to either of "you, never hitched your names into "a verse, or trifled with your good "names in company."

But more attention is not due to the investigation of this controversy, which may now be dispassionately viewed. Time has annihilated their animosities, and the liberality of the present age will allow, how much any character may

suffer, or may command, under the authority of a great name. The magic of Pope's numbers makes us unwilling to know, that they were not always the vehicle of truth.

John Lord Hervey was vice-chamberlain and privy seal to George II. and well known by his duel with Mr. Pulteney, his writings and his eloquence in the senate. After he became obnoxious to Pope, both as a politician and a poet, he was satirised under the name of Sporus. It is said, that in his person he was effeminate, and he appears to have been of the sect of modern philosophers, who first called themselves "free thinkers;" but he was a man of talents, and all his literary remains are much above "florid impotence." The

subjoined original letters are a specimen of his wit, and the airy style of his epistolary compositions.

Bath, October 8, 1728.

"I had too much pleasure in receiving your Ladyship's commands to "have any merit in obeying them, and "should be very insincere if I pre-"tended that my inclination to con-"verse with you, could ever be a second "motive to my doing it; I came to "this place but yesterday, from which "you may imagine, I am not yet suffi-"ciently qualified to execute the com-"mission you gave me; which was, to "send you a list of the sojourners and "inmates of this place; but there is

"so universal an affinity and resem-
"blance among these individuals, that
"a small paragraph will serve amply to
"illustrate what you have to depend
"upon; the Duchess of Marlborough,
"Congreve, and Lady Rich, are the
"only people whose faces I know,
"whose names I ever heard, or who, I
"believe, have any names belonging to
"them; the rest are a swarm of wretched
"beings, some with half their limbs,
"some with none, the ingredients of
"Pandora's box *personifié*, who stalk
"about, half-living remembrancers of
"mortality; and by calling themselves
"human, ridicule the species more than
"Swift's Yhahoues. I do not meet a
"creature without saying to myself as
"Lady —— did of her femme de

"chambre, *regardez cet animal, con-*
"*siderez ce neant, voilà un bel ame*
"*pour être immortel.* This is giving
"you little encouragement to venture
"among us; but the sincerity with
"which I have delineated this sketch of
"our coterie at Bath, will at least per-
"suade you, I hope, madam, to think,
"I can give up my interest to my
"truth, and induce you to believe I
"never strain the latter, when I assure
"you, in the strongest terms, I am
"with the greatest warmth and esteem,

"madam,

"your ladyship's

"most obedient humble servant,

"HERVEY."

I write from Lindsey's in more noise than the union of ten cock-pits could

produce, and Lady Rich teazing me at every word to have done, and begin a quadrille, which she cannot make up without me.

Bath, October 28, 1728.

"Your suspicions with regard to the "Duchess of Marlborough are utterly "groundless; she neither knew to whom "I was writing, nor that I ever had the "pleasure of a letter from you in my "life. The speech you had cooked up "for her was delightful, exactly her "style, and word for word what she "would infallibly have said, had she "been in the situation you supposed. "How far I made free with your letter "I will nakedly confess: I read two

" or three things to her, out of it, re-
" lating to the coronation; but upon
" my honor, without giving the least
" hint from whence it came, and by a
" thing she said three days afterwards,
" I found she guessed Lord Chesterfield
" to be my correspondent. If I went
" farther in this step than you would
" have me, give me absolution upon
" my confession of my fault, and I will
" give you my word never to repeat it.
" This preliminary article settled, I beg
" for the future our commerce may be
" without any restraint; that you would
" allow me the liberty of communi-
" cating my thoughts naturally; and
" that you would conclude yourself
" safe in doing so to me, till I cease to
" have the least grain of natural, grate-

" ful, or political honesty in my whole
" composition. I will not make the
" common excuse for a dull letter, of
" writing from a dull place; it is one
" I never allowed, and one I never will
" make use of: if people have the gift
" of entertaining belonging to them,
" they must be so, when writing to you,
" be it from what place it will; and when
" they fail of being so, it is no more
" for want of materials, than materials
" could make them so without genius.
" Boileau can write upon a *Lutrin* what
" one can read with pleasure a thousand
" times, and Blackmore cannot write
" upon the *Creation* any thing that one
" shall not yawn ten times over, before
" one has read it once. You see I am
" arguing fairly, though against myself,

" and that if I am stupid I have at least
" candor enough to own it an inherent
" defect, and do not (as ill gamesters
" complain of their luck) impute the
" faults of my understanding to ac-
" cident or chance. I cannot say neither
" that my manner of passing my time
" here is at all disagreeable, for you
" must know I have an ungenteel hap-
" piness in my temper that gives me
" a propensity to be pleased with the
" people I happen to be with, and the
" things I happen to be doing. As to
" your manner of living at Twicken-
" ham I entirely disapprove it. Na-
" ture never designed you to perform
" the offices of a groom and a nursery-
" maid; if you would be sincere, you
" must own, *riding* is inverting her dic-

" tates in your search of pleasure, or
" you must confess yourself an ex-
" ample of the maxim which I laid
" down, and you controverted so warmly
" two nights before I left London. I
" have met with several accumulated
" proofs, since I saw you, that confirm
" me more and more in that faith; and
" I begin to think it impossible I
" should change my religion, unless
" you will be so good to take my con-
" version into your own hands. I must
" tell you too that Thomas of Didymus
" and I are so alike in our way of think-
" ing, that * * * * * * * * I must
" be confuted in the same manner, that
" Daphne, in the Aminta, says she was,
" ' Mi mostrava piu l'ombra d'una
" breve notte, che mille giorni di piu

" chiari soli: & la piu forte prova di
" quell' argumento, si trova nelle pa-
" role, no, ma in silenzio' It is so long
" since I read this, that it is more than
" possible I may quote it false, but to
" speak in her grace of Marlborough's
" style, *you know what I mean.* If you do
" not dislike long letters, and an unstu-
" died galimatias of tout ce que se trouve
" au bout de la plume (comme dit Mad.
" de Sevigné), let me know it; and if
" you would not have me think it flat-
" tery, when you tell me you do not,
" encourage the trade, not only by ac-
" cepting my bills, but making quick
" returns. Adieu, I am staid for to
" dinner; but if the omitting a respect-
" ful conclusion with three or four half
" lines to express warmth, truth, obe-

" dience, humility, &c. shocks your
" pride, give me a hint of it in your
" next, and I will take care never again
" to retrench those fees, due to ladies of
" your wit, beauty, and quality."

Among celebrated characters of the nobility, Lady Mary could rank Sarah Duchess of Marlborough as one of her correspondents. Their curiosity will plead for the admission of these two letters.

Windsor Lodge, Sept. 25, 1722.

" Your letter (dear Lady Mary) is so
" extremely kind upon the subject of
" poor dear Lord Sunderland, that I

" cannot help thanking you, and as-
" suring you that I shall always remem-
" ber your goodness to me in the best
" manner that I can. It is a cruel mis-
" fortune to lose so valuable a young
" man in all respects, though his suc-
" cessor has all the virtues that I could
" wish her, but still it is a heavy afflic-
" tion to me to have one droop so un-
" timely from the only branch that I
" can ever hope to receive any comfort
" from, in my own family. Your con-
" cern for my health is very obliging,
" but as I have gone through so many
" misfortunes, some of which were very
" uncommon, it is plain that nothing
" will kill me but distempers and phy-
" sicians.

ur letter Dear Lady Mary it is s
xtreamly kind upon the subject of
ear Lord Sunderland that I can
ly Thanking you & assuring you
hat I shall allways retain your
ndness to me in the best manner
hat I can it is a cruell misfortune
loose so valuable a young
an in all respects & his success
all the nearest that I could
ish for but still it is a heavy
fliction to me to have one
roys so untimely from the com
ranch that I can enjoy hope
receive any comfort in my
wn family your concern for
all is very obliging, but as
ame you know to many misfor
e of which we are every one

"Pray do me the favor to present "my humble service to M. Wortley, "and to your agreeable daughter, and "believe me as I am very sincerely,

"dear madam,

"your most faithful

"and most humble servant,

"S. MARLBOROUGH."

To the Right Honorable the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, at Twickenham.

Blenheim, Sept. 28, 1731.

"You are always very good to me, "dear Lady Mary, and I am sensible "of it as I ought to be. All things are "agreed upon, and the writings draw- "ing for Dy's marriage with my Lord

"John Russel, which is in every parti-
"cular to my satisfaction; but they can-
"not be married till we come to London.
"I propose to myself more satisfaction
"than I thought there had been in store
"for me. I believe you have heard me
"say, that I desired to die when I had
"disposed well of her; but I desire that
"you would not put me in mind of it,
"for I find now I have a mind to live
"till I have married my Torismond,
"which name I have given long to
"John Spencer. I am in such hurries
"of business that I must end, when I
"assure you that I am

"your most faithful
"and most obedient humble servant,
"S. MARLBOROUGH."

My hand is lame, and I cannot write myself, which is the better for you.

To the Right Honorable the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, at her house in Cavendish-square, London.

Free, Harborough.

Her high birth, of course, intitled Lady Mary to the society and respect of her equals, but her influence in the literary world attracted to her many of the best authors of that day, who solicited not only her patronage, but her critical opinions of the works, they were about to offer to the public. A more satisfactory proof does not occur, than the following letters from Dr. Young relative to his Tragedy of

The Brothers, in how high a degree of estimation he placed her judgment in dramatic matters.

" Madam,

" I have seen Mr. Savage, who is ex-
" tremely sensible of the honor your
" ladyship did him by me. You was,
" I find, too modest in your opinion of
" the present you pleased to make him,
" if Mr. Savage may be allowed to be a
" judge in the case. I am obliged to
" go down to-morrow to *Wycombe elec-*
" *tion*, which is on Thursday; as soon
" as I return I will wait on your lady-
" ship with the trifle you pleased to
" ask, which I had done before, but I

" have been, and still am, in all the un-
" easiness a cold can give.

" I am, madam, with great esteem,
" your ladyship's most obedient,
" and obliged humble servant,
" E. YOUNG."

March 1, 1725-6.

" Madam,

" A great cold and a little intempe-
" rance has given me such a face, as I
" am ashamed to shew, though I much
" want to talk with your ladyship. For
" my theatrical measures are broken;
" *Marianne* brought its author above
" 1500l. *The Captives*, above 1000l. and
" *Edwin*, now in rehearsal, has already,
" before acting, brought its author

"above 1000l. Mine, when acted, will "not more than pay for the paper on "which it is written. I will wait on "your ladyship, and explain farther. "Only this at present, for the reason "mentioned, I am determined to sup- "press my play for this season at least. "The concern you shewed for its suc- "cess is my apology for this account, "which were otherwise very imperti- "nent. I am, madam,

"your ladyship's much obliged,

"and most obedient humble servant,

"E. YOUNG."

"Madam,

"The more I think of your criti- "cisms, the more I feel the just force of "them; I will alter those which are

"alterable, those which are not I beg
"you to make a secret of, and to make
"an experiment on the sagacity of the
"town, which I think may possibly
"overlook what you have observed, for
"the players and Mr. Doddington,
"neither of whom were backward in
"finding fault, or careless in attention,
"took no notice of the flaw in De-
"metrius's honor or Erixene's conduct,
"and I would fain have their blindness
"continue till my business is done; the
"players are fond of it, and as it has
"been said on a point of a little more
"importance, 'si populus vult decipi,
"decipiatur'. I am, madam,

"your most obedient,

"and most humble servant,

"E. YOUNG."

"Madam,

"Your alteration in the fourth act "will be of exceeding advantage in "more views than one; I will wait on "your ladyship with it as soon as I "have done it, which will be, I believe, "Monday morning. But that I am "satisfied you want no inducement to "assist me as much as you can, I should "add that I have more depending on "the success of this particular piece, "than your ladyship imagines."

Friday, noon.

It appears from one of these letters, that she liberally assisted Savage, whose misfortunes had engaged Pope to promote a subscription for him, and to Henry

Madam.

I have sen Mr. Savage, who is extreamly troubld of the Honour yr Ladyp did him by me. You was I find his model in your opinion of the portrait you plead to make him, if Mr. Savage may be allowd to be a judge in the case. Im obligd to go downe tomorrow to Wicomb Exchor where is on Thursday, as soon as I return I will wait on yr Ladyp with the Inside you plead to ask. wch I had done before but I have been & still am in all yr uneasinys a Cold can give. I am Madam with great Devotion

March ye 2, 1725/6

Yr Ladyps most Obedient & Obligd Humble Servt

E Young

Fielding she was at all times a sincere friend. It is one of the most pleasing tasks of the genealogist, to be enabled to trace the affinity of genius; and we learn that Lady Mary and Fielding were second cousins, being descended in the same degree from George Earl of Desmond. He dedicated to her his first Comedy of "Love in several "Masks," in 1727; and addressed her on the subject of "The Modern Hus-"band," which was acted at Drury-lane Theatre, in 1731.

SKETCH OF DESCENT.

William Fielding, Earl of Denbigh. Ob. 1655.

George Fielding, Earl of Desmond.

William Fielding Earl of Desmond and Denbigh.

Mary Fielding = Evelyn Duke of Kingston.

Lady Mary Pierrepont, afterward Wortley Montagu. Ob. 1762.

John Fielding, fifth son.

Edmund Fielding, third son.

Henry Fielding, only son by the first wife. Ob. 1754.

"Madam,

"I have presumed to send your lady-
"ship a copy of the play which you
"did me the honor of reading three acts
"of last spring, and hope it may meet
"as light a censure from your lady-
"ship's judgment as then; for while
"your goodness permits me (what I
"esteem the greatest, and indeed only
"happiness of my life), to offer my un-
"worthy performance to your perusal,
"it will be entirely from your sentence
"that they will be regarded, or dis-es-
"teemed by me. I shall do myself the
"honor of calling at your ladyship's
"door to-morrow at eleven, which, if
"it be an improper hour, I beg to know
"from your servant what other time
"will be more convenient. I am with

" the greatest respect and gratitude,
" madam,

" your ladyship's most obedient,
" most devoted humble servant,

" HENRY FIELDING."

To the Right Honorable the Lady Mary
Wortley Montagu.

" I hope your ladyship will honor
" the scenes, which I presume to lay
" before you, with your perusal. As
" they are written on a model I never
" yet attempted, I am exceedingly
" anxious least they should find less
" mercy from you, than my lighter pro-
" ductions. It will be a slight compen-
" sation to "The Modern Husband,"
" that your ladyship's censure of him,

ope your Ladyship will honour
I presume to lay upon you with
el. As they are written on a Mode
tempted, I am exceedingly anxious
could find Up Mercy from you tha
Productions. It will be a Sight
modern Husband, that your Ladys
will defend him from the Possibil
ther Reproof. Since your least Appro
always give me a Pleasure infini
ours to the Coldest Applauses of a

109

whatever has past your Judgemen
ink without any Imputation of
Want of Sense to Want of Jud
n Audience. I shall do my self
of waiting on your Ladyship
enham next Monday to receive m

m Madam with the most devoted

Your Ladyship's most
most humble Serv

Henry Fe

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" will defend him from the possibility
" of any other reproof, since your least
" approbation will always give me plea-
" sure, infinitely superior to the loudest
" applauses of a theatre. For whatever
" has past your judgment, may I think
" without any imputation of immodesty,
" refer want of success to want of judg-
" ment in an audience. I shall do my-
" self the honor of waiting on your
" ladyship at Twickenham next Mon-
" day, to receive my sentence, and am,
" madam,

" with most devoted respect,
" your ladyship's most obedient
" most humble servant,
" HENRY FIELDING."

London, Sept. 4,
1731.

Such for many years was the life of Lady Mary Wortley in the world of fashion and of literature, still it afforded no incidents worthy of biographical notice, which materially distinguished it from the monotony of theirs, who enjoy a full portion of rank and fame.

In the year 1739, her health declined, and she took the resolution of passing the remainder of her days on the Continent. Having obtained Mr. Wortley's consent, she left England in the month of July, and hastened to Venice, where she formed many connections with the noble inhabitants, and determined to establish herself in the north of Italy. Having been gratified by a short tour to Rome and Naples, she returned to

Brescia, one of the palaces of which city she inhabited, and appears not only to have been reconciled to, but pleased with, the Italian customs. She spent some months at Avignon and Chamberry. Her summer residence she fixed at Louverre, on the shores of the lake of Isco, in the Venetian territory, whither she had been first invited on account of the mineral waters, which she found greatly beneficial to her health. There she took possession of a deserted palace, she planned her garden, applied herself to the business of a country life, and was happy in the superintendance of her vineyards and silk-worms. Books, and those chiefly English sent her by Lady Bute, supplied the deficiency of society. Her letters from this retreat breathe a

truly philosophic spirit, and evince that her care of her daughter and her family was ever nearest to her heart. No one appears to have enjoyed her repose more sincerely, from the occupations of the gay world. Her visits to Genoa and Padua were not unfrequent; but about the year 1758, she quitted her solitude, and settled entirely at Venice *, where she remained till the death of Mr. Wortley, in 1761. She then yielded to the solicitations of her daughter, the late Countess of Bute, and, after an absence of two-and-twenty years, she

* The English travellers at Venice, who, she presumed, might have been induced to visit her from curiosity, she received in a mask and domino, as her dress of ceremony.

began her journey to England, where she arrived in October. But her health had suffered much, and a gradual decline terminated in death, on the 21st of August, 1762, and in the seventy-third year of her age. In the cathedral at Litchfield, a cœnotaph is erected to her memory, with the following inscription:—

The monument consists of a mural marble, representing a female figure of Beauty, weeping over the ashes of her preserver, supposed to be inclosed in the urn, inscribed with her cypher M. W. M.

Sacred to the memory of
The Right Honorable
Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU,
who happily introduced from Turkey,
into this country,
the salutary art
of inoculating the small-pox.
Convinced of its efficacy,
she first tried it with success
on her own children,
and then recommended the practice of it
to her fellow-citizens.
Thus by her example and advice
we have softened the virulence,
and escaped the danger of this malignant disease.
To perpetuate the memory of such benevolence,
and to express her gratitude,
for the benefit she herself received
from this alleviating art;
this monument is erected by
HENRIETTA INGE,
relict of THEODORE WILLIAM INGE, Esq.
and daughter of Sir JOHN WROTTESLEY, Bart.
in the year of our Lord M,DCC,LXXXIX.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu appears now as an author more fully before the public. How her letters, written from the Levant became known, has been already detailed, and of their reception even "in that questionable shape," the opinion of Dr. Smollett, who had established, and then conducted the Critical Review, bears an honorable testimony. "The publication of these letters will be an immortal monument to the memory of Lady M. W. M. and will shew, as long as the English language endures, the sprightliness of her wit, the solidity of her judgment, the elegance of her taste, and the excellence of her real character. These letters are so bewitchingly entertaining, that we defy the most phlegma-

tic man on earth to read one without going through with them, or after finishing the third volume, not to wish there were twenty more of them *.

† The late Lord Orford had been shewn in manuscript her letters to Lady Mar only, and not those of a more grave and sententious cast to her daughter. He might in candor, in that case, have retracted his comparison of Lady M. W. M. with the Marchioness de Sevigné, and not have so peremptorily given the palm of epistolary excellence to the foreigner ‡. He yet allows that

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* Critical Review, 1763.

† Reminiscences.

‡ Does not her ladyship seem to anticipate publication in this extract? "The last pleasure that fell in my way was Madame Sevigné's letters; very pretty,

the letters to Lady Mar (those only he had seen) were not unequal in point of entertainment to others, which had been then published. The vivacity with which they exhibit a sketch of court manners, resembles the style so much admired in the Memoirs of the Count de Grammont, half a century before; and the trait she has given of that in which she was herself conspicuous, becomes equally interesting to us, as it

"Shews the very age, and body of *that* time,
"Its form and pressure." HAMLET.

Of her poetical talents it may be observed, that they were usually com-

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they are, but I assert, without the least vanity, that mine may be full as entertaining forty years hence. I advise you, therefore, to put none of them to the use of waste paper." Letters to Lady Mar, 1724.

manded by particular occasions, and that when she had composed stanzas, as any incident suggested them, little care was taken afterwards; and she disdained the scrupulous labour, by which Pope acquired a great degree of his peculiar praise. But it should be remembered, that the ore is equally sterling, although it may not receive the highest degree of polish of which it is capable. She attempted no poem of much regularity or extent. In the Town Eclogues, which is the longest, a few illegitimate rhymes and feeble expletives will not escape the keen eye of a critic. The epistle of Arthur Gray has true Ovidian tenderness, the ballads are elegant, and the satires abound in poignant sarcasms, and just reflections on the folly and vices of

those, whom she sought to stigmatize. There is little doubt, but that if Lady Mary had applied herself wholly to poetry, a near approximation to the rank of her contemporary bards would have been adjudged to her, by impartial posterity.

The æra, in which she flourished, has been designated by modern envy or liberality "the Augustan in Eng-"land," and in the constellation of wit by which it was illuminated, and so honorably distinguished from earlier or successive ages, her acquirements and genius entitled her to a very eminent place. During her long life, her literary pretensions were suppressed by the jealousy of her contemporaries, and her indignant sense of the mean conduct of Pope and his phalanx, the self-consti-

tuted distributors of the fame and obloquy of that day, urged her to confine to her cabinet and a small circle of friends, effusions of wisdom and fancy, which otherwise had been received by society at large, with equal instruction and delight.

A comparison with her ladyship's predecessors of her own sex and quality, will redound to her superiority. Lady Jane Grey read Plato in Greek, and the two daughters of the last Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, the Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Lumley, translated and published books from that language; but theirs was the learning of the cloister, and not that of the world. Nearer her own time, the Duchess of Newcastle composed folios of romances, but her ima-

ginary personages are strangers to this lower sphere, and are disgusting by their pedantry and unnatural manners. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu applied her learning to improve her knowledge of the world. She read mankind as she had read her books, with sagacity and discrimination. The influence of a classical education over her mind was apparent in the purity of her style, rather than in the ambition of displaying her acquirements, whilst it enabled her to to give grace of expression and novelty to maxims of morality or prudence, which would have lost much of their usefulness, had they been communicated in a less agreeable manner.

Her letters present us with as faithful portrait of her mind as Sir Godfrey

Kneller's pencil did of her person*. The delicacy of her style, in early youth, corresponded with the soft and interesting beauty, which she possessed. In the perspicuity and sprightliness, which charm and instruct us in the zenith of her days, we have an image of confirmed and commanding grace. As she advanced to a certain degree of longevity, the same mind vigorous, and replete with the stores of experience, both in life and literature, maintains its original powers. The "Mellow Hangings" have more of richness and greater strength, if less of brilliancy; and the later writings

* There is an original portrait of Lady M. W. M. at Welbeck, and a miniature, by Zincke, at Strawberry Hill.

of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu bear that peculiar characteristic, while they offer the precepts of a female sage, which lose all their severity in the eloquence peculiar to her sex.

Respecting her letters, as they are now given to the public, the Editor thinks it necessary to add, that having considered how extremely unsettled orthography was, at the period when they were written, he has ventured, in certain instances, to accommodate that of Lady M. W. Montagu to modern usage.

Many idioms and a peculiar phraseology, to be found even in the Spectator, and other popular authors of her day, which the refinement of the present age might reject, are scrupulously retained, with an opinion that Lady Mary's

genuine thoughts are best cloathed in her own language; and that all attempts to improve it would tend to destroy the character of her style, and discredit the authenticity of this publication.

J. D.

125 to 144 page missing in book

LETTERS

WRITTEN

BEFORE THE YEAR 1717.

LETTERS

WRITTEN

BEFORE THE YEAR 1717.

TO LADY —— ——

HAVING (like other undeserving people) a vast opinion of my own merits, and some small faith in your sincerity, I believed it impossible you should forget me, and therefore very impudently expected a long letter from you this morning; but Heaven, which you know delights in abasing the proud, has, I find, decreed no such thing; and notwithstanding my vanity and your vows, I begin to fancy myself forgotten; and this epistle comes, in humble manner, to kiss your hands, and petition for the scanty alms of one little visit, though never so

short: pray, Madam, for God's sake, have pity on a poor prisoner—one little visit—so may God send you a fine husband, continuance of beauty, &c.; but if you deny my request, and make a jest of my tenderness (which, between friends, I do think a little upon the ridiculous), I do vow never to ——; but I had better not vow, for I shall certainly love you, do what you will—though I beg you would not tell some certain people of that fond expression, who will infallibly advise you to follow the abominable maxims of, no answer, ill-treatment, and so forth, not considering that such conduct is full as base as beating a poor wretch who has his hands tied; and mercy to the distressed is a mark of divine goodness. Upon which godly consideration I hope you will afford a small visit to your disconsolate

M. PIERREPONT.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

Ash Wednesday, 1709.

THIS comes to inquire after your health in the first place? and if there be any hopes of the recovery of my diamond? if not, I must content myself with reckoning it one of the mortifications proper to this devout time, and it may serve for a motive of humiliation. Is not this the right temper with which we ought to bear losses which ——— ?

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

July 21, 1709.

How often (my dear Mrs. Wortley,) must I assure you that your letters are ever agreeable, and, beyond expression, welcome to me? Depend upon it, that I reckon the correspondence you favour me with, too great a happiness, to neglect it; there is no dangers of your fault, I rather fear to grow troublesome by my acknowledgments. I will not believe you flatter me, I will look upon what you say as an obliging mark of your partiality. How happy must I think myself when I fancy your friendship to me even great enough to overpower your judgment? I am afraid this is one of the pleasures of the imagination, and

I cannot be so very successful in so earnest and important a wish. This letter is excessively dull. Do you know it is from my vast desire of pleasing you, as there is nothing more frequent than for the voice to faulter when people sing before judges, or, as those arguments are always worst where the orator is in a passion. Believe me, I could scribble three sheets to —— (I must not name), but to twenty people, that have not so great a share of my esteem, and whose friendship is not so absolutely necessary for my happiness, but am quite at a loss to you. I will not commend your letters (let them deserve never so much), because I will shew you 'tis possible for me to forbear what I have mind to, when I know 'tis your desire I should do so. My dear, dear, adieu! I am entirely yours, and wish nothing more than that it may be some time or other in my power

to convince you that there is nobody dearer than yourself to

M. PIERREPONT.

I AM horridly ashamed of this letter, pray Heaven you may not think it too inconsiderable to be laughed at—that may be.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

August 8, 1709.

I SHALL run mad—with what heart can people write, when they believe their letters will never be received? I have already writ you a very long scrawl, but it seems it never came to your hands; I cannot bear to be accused of coldness by one whom I shall love all my life. This will, perhaps, miscarry as the last did; how unfortunate am I if it does? You will think I forget you, who are never out of my thoughts. You will fancy me stupid enough to neglect your letters, when they are the only pleasures of my solitude; in short, you will call me ungrateful and insensible, when I esteem you as I ought, in esteeming you above all the world. If I am not quite so unhappy as I imagine, and you do receive

this, let me know it as soon as you can; for till then I shall be in terrible uneasiness; and let me beg you for the future, if you do not receive letters very constantly from me, imagine the post-boy killed, imagine the mail burnt, or some other strange accident; you can imagine nothing so impossible as that I forget you, my dear Mrs. Wortley. I know no pretence I have to your good opinion but my hearty desiring it; I wish I had that imagination you talk of, to render me a fitter correspondent for you, who can write so well on every thing. I am now so much alone, I have leisure to pass whole days in reading, but am not at all proper for so delicate an employment as chusing you books. Your own fancy will better direct you. My study at present is nothing but dictionaries and grammars. I am trying whether it be possible to learn without a master; I am not certain (and dare hardly hope,) I

shall make any great progress; but I find the study so diverting, I am not only easy, but pleased with the solitude that indulges it. I forget there is such a place as London, and wish for no company but yours. You see, my dear, in making my pleasures consist of these unfashionable diversions, I am not of the number who cannot be easy out of the mode. I believe more follies are committed out of complaisance to the world, than in following our own inclinations—Nature is seldom in the wrong, custom always; it is with some regret I follow it in all the impertinencies of dress; the compliance is so trivial, it comforts me; but I am amazed to see it consulted even in the most important occasions of our lives; and that people of good sense in other things can make their happiness consist in the opinions of others, and sacrifice every thing in the desire of appearing in fashion. I call all

people who fall in love with furniture, clothes, and equipage, of this number, and I look upon them as no less in the wrong than when they were five years old, and doated on shells, pebbles, and hobby-horses; I believe you will expect this letter to be dated from the other world, for sure I am you never heard an inhabitant of this talk so before. I suppose you expect, too, I should conclude with begging pardon for this extreme tedious and very nonsensical letter; quite contrary, I think you will be obliged to me for it. I could not better shew my great concern for your reproaching me with a neglect I knew myself innocent of, than proving myself mad in three pages.

My sister says a great deal about Mrs. K.; but besides my having forgot it, the paper is at an end.

TO THE LADY MARY PIERREPONT.

August 20th, 1709.

DEAR Lady Mary will pardon my vanity, I could not forbear reading to a Cambridge Doctor that was with me, a few of those lines that did not make me happy till this week: where you talk of dictionaries and grammars, he stopped me, and said, "the reason why you had more wit than any man, was, that your mind had never been encumbered with any of these tedious authors; that Cowley never submitted to the rules of grammar, and therefore excelled all of his own time in learning, as well as in wit; that without them, you would read with pleasure in two or three months; but that if you persisted in the use of

them, you would throw away your Latin in a year or two, and the commonwealth would have reason to mourn; whereas if I could prevail with you, it would be bound to thank you for a brighter ornament than any it can boast of." It is not because I am public-spirited, that I could not delay telling you what I believed would make you succeed in your attempt; nor can I positively affirm it proceeds from fondness, but rather admiration. I think I love you too well to envy you; but the love of one's self is in all so powerful, that it may be a doubt whether the most violent passion would prevail with me to forward you in the pursuit, did I imagine you wanted that accomplishment to set you above me. But since, without any addition, as you now are I know there is so little hopes of coming near you, that if I loved you not at all, I should not be averse to raising you higher; nor can all the good things you say of me make

me think the distance to be less, and yet I must own they are very pleasing, notwithstanding you say that when you wrote this last you were *mad*, which brings to my mind the other in which you say you are *dull*, so that you own when you are *yourself*, you have no such thoughts of me. Nay, should you in another, to convince me that you are in an interval, by being sensible that those shining qualities in you were designed to give splendour to a court, please the multitude, and do honour to nature,—should you tell me your recovery of your reason had not altered your opinion of me, there would still be a scruple; and yet in spite of that too, your compliments would please. You may remember you once told me it was as easy to write kindly to a hobby horse as to a woman, nay, or a man. I should know too how diverting a scene it is (I forgot where I met with it, but you can tell me) to make a ploughman sit

on a throne, and fancy he is an emperor. However, 'tis a cheat so pleasing I cannot help indulging it; and to keep off the evil day as long as I can of being deceived, shall remain, with truth and passion,

Yours,

ANNE WORTLEY.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

Aug. 21, 1709.

WHEN I said it cost nothing to write tenderly, I believe I spoke of another sex, I am sure not of myself, 'tis not in my power (I would to God it was) to hide a kindness where I have one, or dissemble it where I have none. I cannot help answering your letter this minute, and telling you I infinitely love you, though, it may be, you'll call the one impertinence, and the other dissimulation; but you may think what you please of me, I must eternally think the same things of you.

I hope my dear Mrs. Wortley's shewing my letter is in the same strain as her compliments, all meant for raillery, and

I am not to take it as a thing really so; but I'll give you as serious an answer as if 'twas all true.——

When Mr. Cowley, and other people, (for I know several have learnt after the same manner,) were in places where they had opportunity of being learned by word of mouth, I don't see any violent necessity of printed rules; but being where from the top of the house to the bottom not a creature in it understands so much as even good English, without the help of a dictionary or inspiration, I know no way of attaining to any language. Despairing of the last, I am forced to make use of the other, though I do verily believe I shall return to London the same ignorant soul I went from it; but the study is a present amusement. I must own I have vanity enough to fancy, if I had any body with me, without much trouble perhaps I might read.

What do you mean by complaining

I never write to you in the quiet situation of mind I do to other people? My dear, people never write calmly, but when they write indifferently. That I should ever do so to you, I take to be entirely impossible; I must be always very much pleased or in very great affliction: as you tell me of your friendship, or unkindly doubt mine, I can never allow even prudence and sincerity to have any thing to do with one another, at least I have always found it so in myself, who being devoted to the one, had never the least tincture of the other. What I am now doing, is a very good proof of what I say, 'tis a plain undesigning truth, your friendship is the only happiness of my life; and whenever I lose it, I have nothing to do but to take one of my garters and search for a convenient beam. You see how absolutely necessary it is for me to preserve it. Prudence is at the very time saying to me,

are you mad, you won't send this dull, tedious, insipid, long letter to Mrs. Wortley, will you? 'tis the direct way to tire out her patience; if she serves you as you deserve, she will first laugh very heartily, then tear the letter, and never answer it, purely to avoid the plague of such another: will her good nature for ever resist her judgment?—I hearken to these counsels, I allow 'em to be good, and then—I act quite contrary: no consideration can hinder me from telling you, my dear dear Mrs. Wortley, no body ever was so entirely, so faithfully yours as

A. P.

I put in your lovers, for I don't allow it possible for a man to be so sincere as I am; if there was such a thing, though, you would find it; I submit therefore to your judgment.

I had forgot to tell you that I writ a long letter directed to Peterborough, last post; I hope you'll have it:—you see I forgot your judgment, to depend upon your goodness.

TO LADY MARY PIERREPONT.

Sept. 27, 1709.

THERE cannot be a stronger proof of inconstancy than your severity to me for using the word. Whoever should read over those inestimable kind things you writ just before, and see this cruel reprimand come immediately after it, would bewail the uncertainty of human happiness. A change like this is not to be met with in tragedy. If it is anywhere, the Poet cannot but be condemned for going out of nature, by all but myself. I had infallibly raved ere now, if this letter had not gone round by Peterborough, and met the other on the road in which your indignation seems a little abated. This I had the good fortune to

open first, so that I escaped the fright that your anger would have given me; and viewing a passion I knew half extinguished, I had only the displeasure of seeing how soon you could be offended at me, and how easy your affection was to be lost, which I always knew was hard to be obtained. I heartily wish those plains of Nottingham, that have given me all this pain, may be turned by some earthquake into mountains and rocks, that none of its rivulets may ever receive the tears, nor its breezes the sighs, of a lover; nay, let them be inaccessible both to man and beast. But how can my dearest Lady Mary think it so wild (though an unhappy) thought in me to mention that race. You may easily recollect how either or another rallied you upon one you met last year in that field, or—where you dined together after the diversion was over—well—henceforward I will have done with

all jealous tricks. I did not imagine I could have paid so dearly for this—But henceforward I will not dare to speak, no, nor so much as to think, any thing of my dearest Lady Mary in a laughing way, nor will I ever presume to meddle with so high a subject as your pity to any of the other sex, which you outshine so far; but shall be satisfied if I am admitted into your lower entertainments, if I have the same rank among your admirers that your grammars and dictionaries have among your books; if I serve only to assist you in procuring pleasures without the least hope of ever being able to give them. Let me send you what stories I collect, which you will be sure to make diverting; choose your ribbands and heads on which you will bestow the power of enchanting. I will be contented in transmitting to you the best rules I hear of acquiring languages, which, though it can't raise a genius already so high, yet

may very much enlarge your dominions, by adding all that can possibly disobey you—the ignorant—who are taught to believe that learning is wit. Make what you will of me, 'tis enough that you own me to be

Yours,

A. WORTLEY.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

Aug. 21, 1709.

I AM infinitely obliged to you, my dear Mrs. Wortley, for the wit, beauty, and other fine qualities, you so generously bestow upon me. Next to receiving them from Heaven, you are the person from whom I would chuse to receive gifts and graces; I am very well satisfied to owe them to your own delicacy of imagination, which represents to you the idea of a fine lady, and you have good nature enough to fancy I am she. All this is mighty well, but you do not stop there, imagination is boundless. After giving me imaginary wit and beauty, you give me imaginary passions, and you tell me I'm in love; if I am, 'tis a perfect sin of

ignorance, for I don't so much as know the man's name: I have been studying these three hours, and cannot guess who you mean. I passed the days of Nottingham races into Thorsby, without seeing or even wishing to see one of the sex. Now if I am in love, I have very hard fortune to conceal it so industriously from my own knowledge, and yet discover it so much to other people. 'Tis against all form to have such a passion as that, without giving one sigh for the matter. Pray tell me the name of him I love, that I may (according to the laudable custom of lovers) sigh to the woods and groves hereabouts, and teach it to the echo. You see, being I am in love, I am willing to be so in order and rule; I have been turning over God knows how many books to look for precedents. Recommend an example to me; and, above all, let me know whether 'tis most proper to walk in the woods, encreasing the

winds with my sighs, or to sit by a purling stream, swelling the rivulet with my tears; may be, both may do well in their turns:—but to be a minute serious, what do you mean by this reproach of inconstancy? I confess you give me several good qualities I have not, and I am ready to thank you for them, but then you must not take away those few I have. No, I will never exchange them; take back the beauty and wit you bestow upon me, leave me my own mediocrity of agreeableness and genius, but leave me also my sincerity, my constancy, and my plain dealing; 'tis all I have to recommend me to the esteem either of others or myself. How should I despise myself if I could think I was capable of either inconstancy or deceit? I know not how I may appear to other people, nor how much my face may belie my heart, but I know that I never was or can be guilty of dissimulation or inconstancy—you will think this

vain, but 'tis all that I pique myself upon. Tell me you believe me and repent of your harsh censure. Tell it me in pity to my uneasiness, for you are one of those few people about whose good opinion I am in pain. I have always took so little care to please the generality of the world, that I am never mortified or delighted by its reports, which is a piece of stoicism born with me; but I cannot be one minute easy while you think ill of

Your faithful

A. P.

This letter is a good deal grave, and, like other grave things, dull; but I won't ask pardon for what I can't help.

TO MRS. WORTLEY

Sept. 5, 1709.

My dear Mrs. Wortley, as she has the entire power of raising, can also, with a word, calm my passions. The kindness of your last recompenses me for the injustice of your former letter; but you cannot sure be angry at my little resentment. You have read that a man who, with patience, hears himself called heretic, can never be esteemed a good Christian. To be capable of preferring the despicable wretch you mention to Mr. Wortley, is as ridiculous, if not as criminal, as forsaking the Deity to worship a calf. Don't tell me any body ever had so mean an opinion of my inclinations; 'tis among the number of those

things I would forget. My tenderness is always built upon my esteem, and when the foundation perishes, it falls: I must own, I think it is so with every body—but enough of this, you tell me it was meant for raillery—was not the kindness meant so too? I fear I am too apt to think what is amusement designed in earnest—no matter, 'tis for my repose to be deceived, and I will believe whatever you tell me.

I should be very glad to be informed of a right method, or whether there is such a thing alone, but am afraid to ask the question. It may be reasonably called presumption in a girl to have her thoughts that way. You are the only creature that I have made my confidante in that case: I'll assure you, I call it the greatest secret of my life. Adieu, my dear, the post stays, my next shall be longer.

M. P.

TO THE LADY MARY PIERREPONT.

Sept. 15, 1709.

It is as impossible for my dearest Lady Mary to utter a thought that can seem dull, as to put on a look that is not beautiful. Want of wit is a thought that those who envy you most would not be able to find in your kind compliments. To me they seem perfect, since repeated assurances of your kindness forbid me to question their sincerity. You have often found that the most angry, nay, the most neglectful air you could put on, has made as deep a wound as the kindest; and these lines of yours, which you tax with dullness, (perhaps because

they were not written when you were in a right humour, or when your thoughts were elsewhere employed) are so far from deserving the imputation, that the very turn of your expression, had I forgot the rest of your charms, would be sufficient to make me lament the only fault you have—your inconstancy.

But upon second thoughts, how can this be a fault? no—'tis none, and you are altogether perfect. 'Tis to this happy disposition of being pleased with a variety of new objects, that we owe that wit of yours, which is so surprising; and to this alone I am indebted for the inexpressible delight in the present enjoyment of your favour; and it would be extravagant in me to call it either your fault or my misfortune. I wish the most happy person[1] now in being, whom I have often

[1] Alluding to her son, E. Wortley Montagu, Esq. and his future connection with Lady Mary Pierrepont.

discovered to be so, in spite of your art to hide it, may be as able to make this reflection at the Nottingham Race, as I am not subdued by so strong a passion of that sort (for Hinchinbroke air, from whence I am just come, has not so kind an influence on all as upon Lord Sandwich). Such passions as those, where there is an object like Lady Mary, leave no room for cool reflections; and I wish he may not be so far overcome by his fears for the future, as to forget what a favourite of fortune he is in the present possession of so great a bliss. You will want to know how this race comes into my head. This country, out of which many go thither, affords no other tittle tattle at this time; besides, that yesterday, as I was talking of it to Mrs. Sherrard, she said, "Lady Mary would be well diverted, for Nicolini would be there"—one that was by said, "There would be much better diversion there, looking at me, as if he insinuated you

would have pleasures less imaginary than those Nicolini could give. When that race is over, and your thoughts free again, I shall be glad to hear you have been well entertained. Every one but yourself will be, I am very sure. The sight of you is a satisfaction I envy them heartily. There is not a man among them that would be content to be any thing, to be the man I have named, to enjoy the prosperous gale that one of them does. I will be sure to conceal your letter, not for the faults you say you are ashamed of, but to give no pangs to him, nor any other, by discovering your kind assurance, that none is dearer to you than myself, which would make the dullest letter that ever was written, subscribed by Lady Mary, more valuable than all I ever received. Don't think so long a letter as this is inexcusable from so fond an admirer of charming Lady Mary as

ANNE WORTLEY.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

London, Dec. 7, 1709.

My knight-errantry is at an end, and I believe I shall henceforward think freeing of galley-slaves and knocking down windmills more laudable undertakings than the defence of any woman's reputation whatever. To say truth, I have never had any great esteem for the generality of the fair sex; and my only consolation for being of that gender, has been the assurance it gave me of never being married to any one among them; but I own, at present, I am so much out of humour with the actions of Lady H***, that I never was so heartily ashamed of my petticoats before. You know, I suppose, that by this discreet

match, she renounces the care of her children; and I am laughed at by all my acquaintance for my faith in her honour and understanding. My only refuge is the sincere hope that she is out of her senses, and taking herself for Queen of Sheba, and Mr. Mildmay for King Solomon, I do not think it quite so ridiculous; but the men, you may well imagine, are not so charitable, and they agree in the kind reflection, that nothing hinders women from playing the fool but not having it in their power. The many instances that are to be found to support this opinion, ought to make the few reasonable more valued—but where are the reasonable ladies?

Dear Madam, come to town, that I may have the honour of saying there is one in St. James's-place.

* TO THE LORD BISHOP OF SALISBURY

[WITH HER TRANSLATION OF EPICTETUS].

MY LORD, July 20, 1710.

YOUR hours are so well employed, I hardly dare offer you this trifle to look over; but then, so well am I acquainted with the sweetness of temper which accompanies your learning, I dare ever assure myself of a pardon. You have already forgiven me greater impertinencies, and condescended yet farther in giving me instructions, and bestowing some of your minutes in teaching me. This surprising humility has all the effect it ought to have on my heart; I am sensible of the gratitude I owe to so much goodness, and how much I am

* Dr. Gilbert Burnet.

ever bound to be your servant. Here is the work of one week of my solitude—by the many faults in it your Lordship will easily believe I spent no more time upon it; it was hardly finished when I was obliged to begin my journey, and I had not leisure to write it over again.—You have it here without any corrections, with all its blots and errors; I endeavoured at no beauty of style, but to keep as literally as I could to the sense of the author. My only intention in presenting it, is to ask your Lordship whether I have understood Epictetus? The fourth chapter particularly, I am afraid I have mistaken. Piety and greatness of soul set you above all misfortunes that can happen to yourself, except the calumnies of false tongues; but that same piety which renders what happens to yourself indifferent to you, yet softens the natural compassion in

your temper to the greatest degree of tenderness for the interests of the Church, and the liberty and welfare of your country; the steps that are now made towards the destruction of both, the apparent danger we are in, the manifest growth of injustice, oppression, and hypocrisy, cannot do otherwise than give your Lordship those hours of sorrow, which, did not your fortitude of soul, and reflections from religion and philosophy, shorten, would add to the national misfortunes, by injuring the health of so great a supporter of our sinking liberties. I ought to ask pardon for this digression; it is more proper for me in this place to say something to excuse an address that looks so very presuming. My sex is usually forbid studies of this nature, and folly reckoned so much our proper sphere, that we are sooner pardoned any excesses of that, than the

least pretensions to reading or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged, and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason, or fancy we have any. We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted, without reproach, to carry that custom even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected, and, by disuse of reflections, filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. This custom, so long established and industriously upheld, makes it even ridiculous to go out of the common road, and forces one to find as many excuses, as if it were a thing altogether criminal not to play the fool in concert with other women of quality, whose birth and leisure only serve to

render them the most useless and most worthless part of the creation. There is hardly a character in the world more despicable, or more liable to universal ridicule, than that of a learned woman; those words imply, according to the received sense, a talking, impertinent, vain, and conceited creature. I believe nobody will deny that learning may have this effect, but it must be a very superficial degree of it. Erasmus was certainly a man of great learning, and good sense, and he seems to have my opinion of it, when he says, *Fœmina quæ vere sapit, non videtur sibi sapere; contra, quæ cum nihil sapiat sibi videtur sapere, ea demum bis stulta est.* The Abbé Bellegarde gives a right reason for women's talking over-much, that they know nothing, and every outward object strikes their imagination, and produces a multitude of thoughts, which, if they knew more,

they would know not worth their thinking of. I am not now arguing for an equality of the two sexes. I do not doubt but that God and nature have thrown us into an inferior rank, we are a lower part of the creation, we owe obedience and submission to the superior sex, and any woman who suffers her vanity and folly to deny this, rebells against the law of the Creator, and indisputable order of nature; but there is a worse effect than this, which follows the careless education given to women of quality, its being so easy for any man of sense, that finds it either his interest or his pleasure, to corrupt them. The common method is, to begin by attacking their religion; they bring them a thousand fallacious arguments, which their excessive ignorance hinders them from refuting; and I speak now from my own knowledge and conversation among them, there are more

Athiests among the fine ladies than the loosest sort of rakes; and the same ignorance that generally works out into excess of superstition, exposes them to the snares of any who have a fancy to carry them to t'o t e r extream. I have made my excuses already too long, and will conclude in the words of Erasmus, *Vulgus sentit quod lingua Latina non convenit fœminis, quia parum facit ad tuendam illarum pudicitiam, quoniam rarum et insolitum est, fœminam seire Latinam, attamen consuetudo omnium malarum rerum magistra. Decorum est fœminam in Germania natam discere Gallice, ut loquatur cum his qui sciunt Gallice, cur igitur habetur indecorum discere Latine, ut quotidie confabuletur cum tot autoribus tam facundis, tam eruditis, tam sapientibus, tam fidis consultoribus. Certe mihi quantulumcunque cerebri est, malim in bonis studiis*

consumere, quam in precibus sine mente dictis, in pernoctibus conviviis, in exhaucendis, capacibus pateris, &c.

I have tired your Lordship, and too long delayed to subscribe myself

Your Lordship's

Most respectful and obliged

M. PIERREPONT.

TO LADY MARY PIERREPONT.

1710.

DEAR Lady Mary grows very cool. If I could write a hundredth part as well as you, I should dispatch the coach as often as I do the coachman to St. James's; but as it is, you will exchange pearl for glass, and I shall think mine well bestowed. I am just come into the country, where I have met with nothing but what you have in perfection; and could I have any part of your imagination, I should write perpetually. I am now in the room with an humble servant of yours, who is arguing so hotly about marriage, that I can not go on with my letter: I should be very glad to bring you into the argument, being sure you would

soon convince us in what disturbs so many. Every body seeks happiness; but though every body has a different taste, yet all pursue money, which makes people choose great wigs because their neighbour sinks under them, and they dare not be out of the fashion. But you have dared to have wit joined with beauty, a thing so much out of fashion, that we fly after you with as much interestedness as we see the birds do when one superior comes near them. If you would give me a receipt how to divert you, I would try to practice it, but find it impossible to be pleased with myself or with any thing I do. Send me word what books to read, &c.

Yours ever,

ANNE WORTLEY.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

1710.

I RETURN you a thousand thanks, my dear, for so agreeable an entertainment as your letter in our cold climate, where the sun appears unwillingly—Wit is as wonderfully pleasing as a sun-shiny day; and, to speak poetically, Phœbus is very sparing of all his favours. I fancied your letter an emblem of yourself: in some parts I found the softness of your voice, and in others the vivacity of your eyes: you are to expect no return but humble and hearty thanks, yet I can't forbear entertaining you with our York lovers. (Strange monsters you'll think, love being as much forced up here as melons.)

In the first form of these creatures, is even Mr. Vanbrug. Heaven, no doubt, compassionating our dullness, has inspired him with a passion that makes us all ready to die with laughing: 'tis credibly reported that he is endeavouring at the honourable state of matrimony, and vows to lead a sinful life no more. Whether pure holiness inspires his mind, or dotage turns his brain, is hard to find. 'Tis certain he keeps Monday and Thursday market (*assembly* day) constantly; and for those that don't regard worldly muck, there's extraordinary good choice indeed. I believe last Monday there were two hundred pieces of woman's flesh (fat and lean): but you know Van's taste was always odd: his inclination to ruins has given him a fancy for Mrs. Yarborrough: he sighs and ogles so, that it would do your heart good to see him; and she is not a little pleased in so small a pro-

portion of men amongst such a number of women, that a whole man should fall to her share.

My dear, adieu.

My service to Mr. Congreve.

M. P.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

I AM convinced, however dear you are to me, Mrs. Anne Wortley, I am no longer of any concern to you, therefore I shall only trouble you with an insignificant story, when I tell you, I have been very near leaving this changeable world; but now, by the Doctor's assistance, and Heaven's blessing, am in a condition of being as impertinently troublesome to you as formerly. A sore throat, which plagued me for a long while, brought me at last to such a weakness, that you had a fair chance of being released from me: but God has not yet decreed you so much

happiness; though I must say this, you have omitted nothing to make yourself so easy, having strove to kill me by neglect: but destiny triumphs over all your efforts; I am yet in the land of the living, and still yours.

M. P.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

May 2, 1707.

I HOPE, my dear Mrs. Wortley, that you are so just to me, to believe I could not leave the town without seeing you; but very much against my own inclination, I am now at Thorsby. Our journey has been very bad; but, in my opinion, the worst part of it was—going from you. I hope you intend to be kinder to me this summer, than you were the last. There needs nothing to keep up the remembrance of you in my heart; but, I would not think of you, and think you forget me. Farewell, my dear. My letter should be longer, if it were possible

to make it so without repetition; but I have already told you I love you, and implored you not to forget me, which (as I hope to breathe) is all I have to say.

M. P.

TO E. WORTLEY MONTAGU, ESQ.

READING over your letter as fast as ever I could, and answering it with the same ridiculous precipitation, I find one part of it escaped my sight, and the other I mistook in several places. Yours was dated the 10th of August; it came not hither till the 20th: you say something of a packet-boat, &c. which makes me uncertain whether you'll receive my letter, and frets me heartily. Kindness, you say, would be your destruction. In my opinion, this is something contradictory to some other expressions. People talk of being in love just as widows do of affliction. Mr. Steele has observed, in one of his plays, "that the most passionate

among them have always calmness enough to drive a hard bargain with the upholders." I never knew a lover that would not willingly secure his interest as well as his mistress; or, if one must be abandoned, had not the prudence (among all his distractions) to consider, that a woman was but a woman, and money was a thing of more real merit than the whole sex put together. Your letter is to tell me, you should think yourself undone, if you married me; but if I would be so tender as to confess I should break my heart if you did not, then you'd consider whether you would or no; but yet you hoped you should not. I take this to be the right interpretation of—even your kindness can't destroy me of a sudden—I hope I am not in your power—I would give a good deal to be satisfied, &c.

As to writing—that any woman would do who thought she writ well. Now I

say, no woman of common good sense would. At best, 'tis but doing a silly thing well, and I think it is much better not to do a silly thing at all. You compare it to dressing. Suppose the comparison just:—perhaps the Spanish dress would become my face very well; yet the whole town would condemn me for the highest extravagance if I went to court in it, though it improved me to a miracle. There are a thousand things, not ill in themselves, which custom makes unfit to be done. This is to convince you I am so far from applauding my own conduct, my conscience flies in my face every time I think on't. The generality of the world have a great indulgence to their own follies: without being a jot wiser than my neighbours, I have the peculiar misfortune to know and condemn all the wrong things I do.

You beg to know whether I would not be out of humour. The expression is modest enough; but that is not what you mean. In saying I could be easy, I have already said I should not be out of humour: but you would have me say I am violently in love; that is, finding you think better of me than you desire, you would have me give you a just cause to contemn me. I doubt much whether there is a creature in the world humble enough to do that. I should not think you more unreasonable if you were in love with my face, and asked me to disfigure it to make you easy. I have heard of some nuns that made use of that expedient to secure their own happiness; but, amongst all the popish saints and martyrs, I never read of one whose charity was sublime enough to make themselves deformed, or ridiculous, to restore their lovers to

peace and quietness. In short, if nothing can content you but despising me heartily, I am afraid I shall be always so barbarous as to wish you may esteem me as long as you live.

M. P.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

I INTENDED to make no answer to your letter; it was something very ungrateful, and I resolved to give over all thoughts of you. I could easily have performed that resolve some time ago, but then you took pains to please me: now you have brought me to esteem you, you make use of that esteem to give me uneasiness; and I have the displeasure of seeing I esteem a man that dislikes me. Farewell then: since you will have it so, I renounce all the ideas I have so long flattered myself with, and will entertain my fancy no longer with the imaginary pleasure of pleasing you. How much wiser

are all those women I have despised [illegible] myself? In placing their happi[illegible] in trifles, they have placed it in [illegible]t is attainable. I fondly thought [illegible] clothes and gilt coaches, balls, [illegible]ras, and public adoration, rather [illegible] fatigues of life; and that true hap[illegible]ess was justly defined by Mr. Dry[illegible]n (pardon the romantic air of re[illegible]ting verses), when he says,

> Whom Heav'n would bless it does from pomp remove,
> And makes their wealth in privacy and love.

These notions had corrupted my judgment as much as Mrs. Biddy Tipkins. According to this scheme, I proposed to pass my life with you. I yet do you the justice to believe if any man could have been contented with this manner of living, it would have been you. Your indifference to me does not hinder me from thinking you capable of ten-

derness and the happinesses of friendship: but I find it is not in me you'll ever have them: you think me all that is detestable; you accuse me of want of sincerity and generosity. To convince you of your mistake, I'll shew you the last extremes of both.

While I foolishly fancied you loved me, (which I confess I had never any great reason for, more than that I wished it,) there is no condition of life I could not have been happy in with you, so very much I liked you—I might say loved, since it is the last thing I'll ever say to you. This is telling you sincerely my greatest weakness; and now I will oblige you with a new proof of generosity—I'll never see you more.—I shall avoid all public places; and this is the last letter I shall send. If you write, be not displeased if I send it back unopened. I shall force my inclinations to oblige yours;

and remember that you have told me I could not oblige you more than by refusing you. Had I intended ever to see you again, I durst not have sent this letter. Adieu.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

I THOUGHT to return no answer to your letter, but I find I am not so wise a I thought myself. I cannot forbear fixing my mind a little on that expression, though perhaps the only insincere one in your whole letter—I would die to be secure of your heart, though but for a moment:—were this but true, what is there I would not do to secure you?

I will state the case to you as plainly as I can; and then ask yourself, if you use me well. I have shewed, in every action of my life, an esteem for you, that at least challenges a grateful regard. I have trusted my reputation in

your hands; I have made no scruple of giving you, under my own hand, an assurance of my friendship. After all this, I exact nothing from you: if you find it inconvenient for your affairs to take so small a fortune, I desire you to sacrifice nothing to me; I pretend no tie upon your honour: but, in return for so clear and so disinterested a proceeding, must I ever receive injuries and ill usage?

I have not the usual pride of my sex; I can bear being told I am in the wrong, but tell it me gently. Perhaps I have been indiscreet; I came young into the hurry of the world; a great innocence and an undesigning gaiety may possibly have been construed coquetry and a desire of being followed, though never meant by me. I cannot answer for the observations that may be made on me: all who are malicious attack the careless and defenceless: I own

myself to be both. I know not any thing I can say more to shew my perfect desire of pleasing you and making you easy, than to proffer to be confined with you in what manner you pleased. Would any woman but me renounce all the world for one? or would any man but you be insensible of such a proof of sincerity?

M. P.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

E this minute received your two . I know not how to direct to whether to London, or the coun- or if in the country, to Durham, or Wortley. 'Tis very likely you'll never receive this. I hazard a great deal if it falls into other hands, and I wrote for all that. I wish with all my soul I thought as you do; I endeavour to convince myself by your arguments, and am sorry my reason is so obstinate, not to be deluded into an opinion, that 'tis impossible a man can esteem a woman. I suppose I should then be very easy at your thoughts of me; I should thank you for the wit and beauty you give me,

and not be angry at the follies and weaknesses; but, to my infinite affliction, I can believe neither one nor t'other. One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad, as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed both ways; you would find an easy equality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think if you married me, I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next: neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend, but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me. You judge very wrong of my heart, when you suppose me capable of views of interest, and that any thing could oblige me to flatter any body. Was I the most indigent creature in the world, I should answer you as I do now, without

adding or diminishing. I am incapable of art, and 'tis because I will not be capable of it. Could I deceive one minute, I should never regain my own good opinion; and who could bear to live with one they despised?

If you can resolve to live with a companion that will have all the deference due to your superiority of good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them.

As to travelling, 'tis what I should do with great pleasure, and could easily quit London upon your account; but a retirement in the country is not so disagreeable to me, as I know a few months would make it tiresome to you. Where people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would be

soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects; which would encrease in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness, which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy; and the more, because I know a love may be revived, which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity, has extinguished; but there is no returning from a dégoût given by satiety.

I should not chuse to live in a croud: I could be very well pleased to be in London, without making a great figure, or seeing above eight or nine agreeable people. Apartments, table, &c. are things that never come into my head. But I will never think of any thing without the consent of my family, and advise

you not to fancy a happiness in entire solitude, which you would find only fancy.

Make no answer to this, if you can like me on my own terms. 'Tis not to me you must make the proposals: if not, to what purpose is our correspondance?

However, preserve me your friendship, which I think of with a great deal of pleasure, and some vanity. If ever you see me married, I flatter myself you'll see a conduct you would not be sorry your wife should imitate.

M. P.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

I AM going to comply with your request, and write with all the plainness I am capable of. I know what may be said upon such a proceeding, but am sure you will not say it. Why should you always put the worst construction upon my words? Believe me what you will, but do not believe I can be ungenerous or ungrateful. I wish I could tell you what answer you will receive from some people, or upon what terms. If my opinion could sway, nothing should displease you. Nobody ever was so disinterested as I am. I would not have to reproach myself (I don't suppose you would) that I had any ways made you

uneasy in your circumstances. Let me beg you (which I do with the utmost sincerity) only to consider yourself in this affair; and since I am so unfortunate to have nothing in my own disposal, do not think I have any hand in making settlements. People in my way are sold like slaves; and I cannot tell what price my master will put on me. If you do agree, I shall endeavour to contribute, as much as lies in my power, to your happiness. I so heartily despise a great figure, I have no notion of spending money so foolishly, though one had a great deal to throw away. If this breaks off, I shall not complain of you; and as whatever happens, I shall still preserve the opinion, that you have behaved yourself well. Let me entreat you, if I have committed any follies, to forgive them; and be so just as to think I would not do an ill thing.

I say nothing of my letters: I think them entirely safe in your hands.

I shall be uneasy till I know this is come to you. I have tried to write plainly: I know not what one can say more upon paper.

M. P.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

INDEED I do not at all wonder that absence, and variety of new faces, should make you forget me; but I am a little surprized at your curiosity to know what passes in my heart, (a thing wholly insignificant to you,) except you propose to yourself a piece of ill natured satisfaction, in finding me very much disquieted. Pray which way would you see into my heart? You can frame no guesses about it from either my speaking or writing; and supposing I should attempt to shew it you, I know no other way.

I begin to be tired of my humility: I have carried my complaisances to you

farther than I ought. You make new scruples: you have a great deal of fancy; and your distrusts being all of your own making, are more immovable than if there were some real ground for them. Our aunts and grandmothers always tell us that men are a sort of animals, that if ever they are constant, 'tis only where they are ill used. 'Twas a kind of paradox I could never believe: experience has taught me the truth of it. You are the first I ever had a correspondence with, and I thank God I have done with it, for all my life. You needed not to have told me you are not what you have been: one must be stupid not to find a difference in your letters. You seem, in one part of your last, to excuse yourself from having done me any injury in point of fortune. Do I accuse you of any?

I have not spirits to dispute any longer with you. You say you are not yet determined: let me determine for you, and

save you the trouble of writing again. Adieu for ever: make no answer. I wish among the variety of acquaintance, you may find some one to please you; and can't help the vanity of thinking, should you try them all, you won't find one that will be so sincere in their treatment, though a thousand more deserving, and every one happier. 'Tis a piece of vanity and injustice I never forgive in a woman, to delight to give pain; what must I think of a man that takes pleasure in making me uneasy? After the folly of letting you know it is in your power, I ought in prudence to let this go no farther, except I thought you had good nature enough never to make use of that power. I have no reason to think so: however, I am willing, you see, to do you the highest obligation 'tis possible for me to do; that is, to give you a fair occasion of being rid of me.

M. P.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

29 Mar.

THOUGH your letter is far from what I expected, having once promised to answer it, with the sincere account of my inmost thoughts, I am resolved you shall not find me worse than my word, which is (whatever you may think) inviolable.

'Tis no affectation to say, that I despise the pleasure of pleasing people whom I despise: all the fine equipages that shine in the ring never gave me another thought, than either pity or contempt for the owners, that could place happiness in attracting the eyes of strangers Nothing touches me with satisfaction but what touches my heart,

and I should find more pleasure in the secret joy I should feel, at a kind expression from a friend I esteemed, than at the admiration of a whole playhouse, or the envy of those of my own sex, who could not attain to the same number of jewels, fine clothes, &c. supposing I was at the very summit of this sort of happiness.

You may be this friend if you please: did you really esteem me, had you any tender regard for me, I could, I think, pass my life in any station, happier with you, than in all the grandeur of the world with any other. You have some humours, that would be disagreeable to any woman that married with an intention of finding her happiness abroad. That is not my resolution. If I marry, I propose to myself a retirement; there is few of my acquaintance I should ever wish to see again; and the pleasing one, and only one, is the way in which

I design to please myself. Happiness is the natural design of all the world; and every thing we see done, is meant in order to attain it. My imagination places it in friendship. By friendship, I mean an intire communication of thoughts, wishes, interests, and pleasures, being undivided; a mutual esteem, which naturally carries with it a pleasing sweetness of conversation, and terminates in the desire of making one or another happy, without being forced to run into visits, noise, and hurry, which serve rather to trouble, than compose the thoughts of any reasonable creature. There are few capable of a friendship such as I have described, and 'tis necessary for the generality of the world to be taken up with trifles. Carry a fine Lady or a fine Gentleman out of town, and they know no more what to say. To take from them plays, operas, and fashions,

is taking away all their topics of discourse; and they know not how to form their thoughts on any other subjects. They know very well what it is to be admired, but are perfectly ignorant of what it is to be loved. I take you to have sense enough, not to think this science romantic; I rather choose to use the word friendship, than love; because in the general sense that word is spoke, it signifies a passion rather founded on fancy than reason: and when I say friendship, I mean a mixture of friendship and esteem, and which a long acquaintance increases, not decays; how far I deserve such a friendship, I can be no judge of myself: I may want the good sense, that is necessary to be agreeable to a man of merit, but I know I want the vanity to believe I have; and can promise you shall never like me less, upon knowing me better; and that I shall never forget that you

have a better understanding than myself.

And now let me entreat you to think (if possible) tolerably of my modesty, after so bold a declaration: I am resolved to throw off reserve, and use me ill if you please. I am sensible, to own an inclination for a man is putting one's self wholly in his power: but sure you have generosity enough not to abuse it. After all I have said, I pretend no tie but on your heart: if you do not love me, I shall not be happy with you; if you do, I need add no farther. I am not mercenary, and would not receive an obligation that comes not from one who loves me.

I do not desire my letter back again: you have honour, and I dare trust you.

I am going to the same place I went last spring. I shall think of you there: it depends upon you in what manner.

M. P.

TO LADY MARY PIERREPONT.

Saturday Morning.

EVERY time you see me, gives me a fresh proof of your not caring for me: yet I beg you will meet me once more. How could you pay me that great compliment of your loving the country for life, when you would not stay with me a few minutes longer. Who is the happy man you went to? I agree with you, I am often so dull, I cannot explain my meaning; but will not own that the expression was so very obscure, when I said if I had you, I should act against my opinion. Why need I add, I see what is best for me, I condemn what I do,

and yet I fear I must do it. If you can't find it out, that you are going to be unhappy, ask you sister, who agrees with you in every thing else, and she will convince you of your rashness in this. She knows you don't care for me, and that you will like me less and less every year; perhaps every day of your life. You may, with a little care, please another as well, and make him less timorous. It is possible I too may please some of those that have but little acquaintance; and if I should be preferred by a woman, for being the first among her companions, it would give me as much pleasure as if I were the first man in the world. Think again, and prevent a misfortune from falling on both of us.

When you are at leisure, I shall be as ready to end all, as I was last night, when I disobliged one, that will do me

hurt, by crossing his desires, rather than fail of meeting you. Had I imagined you could have left me, without finishing, I had not seen you. Now you have been so free before Mrs. Steele*, you may call upon her, or send for her, to-morrow, or next day. Let her dine with you, or go to visit shops, Hide Park, or other diversions. You may bring her home, I can be in the house, reading, as I often am, though the master is abroad. If you will have her visit you first, I will get her to go to-morrow. I think a man, or a woman, is under no engagement till the writings are sealed; but it looks like indiscretion, even to begin a treaty, without a probability of concluding it. When you hear of all my objections to you, and to myself, you will resolve against

* The wife of Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Steele.

me. Last night you were much upon the reserve: I see you can never be thoroughly intimate with me; 'tis because you have no pleasure in it. You can be easy, and complaisant, as you have sometimes told me; but never think that enough to make me easy, unless you refuse me.

Write a line this evening, or early to-morrow. If I don't speak plain, do you understand what I write? Tell me how to mend the stile, if the fault is in that. If the characters are not plain, I can easily mend them. I always comprehend your expressions, but would give a great deal to know what passes in your heart.

In you I might possess youth, beauty, and all things that can charm. It is possible that they may strike me less, after a time; but I may then consider I have once enjoyed them in perfection;

that they would have decayed as soon in any other. You see this is not your case. You will think you might have been happier. Never engage with a man, unless you propose to yourself the highest satisfaction from him and none other.

E. W. MONTAGU.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, Esq.

Tuesday 10 o'Clock.

I AM in pain about the letter I sent you this morning: I fear you should think, after what I have said, you cannot, in point of honour, break off with me. Be not scrupulous on that article, nor affect to make me break first, to excuse your doing it. I would owe nothing but to inclination: if you do not love me, I may have the less esteem of myself, but not of you: I am not of the number of those women that have the opinion of their persons Mr. Bayes had of his play, that 'tis the touchstone of sense, and they are to frame their judgment of people's understand-

ing according to what they think of them.

You may have wit, good humour, and good nature, and not like me. I allow a great deal for the inconstancy of mankind in general, and my own want of merit in particular. But 'tis a breach, at least, of the two last, to deceive me. I am sincere; I shall be sorry if I am not now what pleases; but if I (as I could with joy) abandon all things to the care of pleasing you, I am then undone if I do not succeed—Be generous.

M. P.

To E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Walling Wells, Oct. 22.

I DON'T know very well how to begin; I am perfectly unacquainted with a proper matrimonial stile. After all, I think 'tis best to write as if we were not married at all. I lament your absence as if you were still my lover, and I am impatient to hear you have got safe to Durham, and that you have fixed a time for your return.

I have not been very long in this family; and I fancy myself in that described in the Spectator. The good people here look upon their children with a fondness that more than recompenses

their care of them. I don't perceive much distinction in regard to their merits; and when they speak sense or nonsense, it affects the parents with almost the same pleasure. My friendship for the mother, and kindness for Miss Biddy, make me endure the squalling of Miss Nanny and Miss Mary with abundance of patience; and my foretelling the future conquests of the eldest daughter, makes me very well with the family—I don't know whether you will presently find out, that this seeming impertinent account is the tenderest expressions of my love to you; but it furnishes my imagination with agreeable pictures of our future life; and I flatter myself with the hopes of one day enjoying with you the same satisfactions; and that, after as many years together, I may see you retain the same fondness for me as I shall certainly do for you, when the noise of a nursery may have more charms for us, than the music of an opera.

Amusements such as these are the sure effect of my sincere love, since 'tis the nature of the passion to entertain the mind with pleasures in prospect, and I check myself when I grieve for your absence, by remembering how much reason I have to rejoice in the hope of passing my whole life with you. A good fortune not to be valued!—I am afraid of telling you that I return thanks for it to Heaven, because you will charge me with hypocrisy: but you are mistaken; I assist every day at public prayers in this family, and never forget in my private ejaculations how much I owe to Heaven for making me yours.

M. W. MONTAGU.

'TIS candle light or I should not conclude so soon. Pray my love begin at the top, and read till you come to the bottom.



TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

YOUR short letter came to me this morning; but I won't quarrel with it, since it brought me good news of your health. I wait with impatience for that of your return. The Bishop of Salisbury writes me word that my Lord Pierrepont* declares very much for us. As the Bishop is no infallible prelate, I should not depend much on that intelligence; but my sister Frances tells me the same thing. Since it is so, I believe you'll think it very proper to pay him a visit, if he is in town,

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* Gervase Pierrepont, created Baron Pierrepont of Hanslope 1714, great uncle of Lady M. W. M. being, at that time, an Irish Baron.

and give him thanks for the good offices you hear he has endeavoured to do me, unasked. If his kindness is sincere, 'tis too valuable to be neglected. However, the very appearance of it must be of use to us. I think I ought to write him a letter of acknowledgment for what I hear he has already done. The Bishop tells me he has seen Lord Hallifax, who says, besides his great esteem for you, he has particular respect for me, and will take pains to reconcile my father, &c. I think this is nearly the words of my letter, which contains all the news I know, except that of your place; which is, that an unfortunate burgess of the town of Huntingdon was justly disgraced yesterday in the face of the congregation, for being false to his first lover, who, with an audible voice, forbid the banns published between him and a greater fortune. This accident causes as many disputes here as the duel could do where you are.

Public actions, you know, always make two parties. The great Prudes say the young woman should have suffered in silence; and the pretenders to spirit and fire would have all false men so served, and hope it will be an example for the terror of infidelity throughout the whole country. For my part I never rejoiced at any thing more in my life. You'll wonder what private interest I could have in this affair. You must know it furnished discourse all the afternoon, which was no little service, when I was visited by the young ladies of Huntingdon. This long letter, I know, must be particularly impertinent to a man of business; but idleness is the root of all evil; I write and read till I can't see, and then I walk; sleep succeeds; and thus my whole time is divided. If I were as well qualified all other ways as I am by idleness, I would publish a daily paper called the *Meditator*. The terrace is my place

consecrated to meditation, which I observe to be gay or grave as the sun shews or hides his face. Till to-day I have had no occasion of opening my mouth to speak, since I wished you a good journey. I see nothing, but I think of every thing, and indulge my imagination, which is chiefly employed on you.

M. W. MONTAGU.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Dec. 9, 1711.

I AM not at all surprised at my Aunt Cheyne's conduct: people are seldom very much grieved (and never ought to be) at misfortunes they expect. When I gave myself to you, I gave up the very desire of pleasing the rest of the world, and am pretty indifferent about it.—I think you are very much in the right for designing to visit Lord Pierrepont. As much as you say I love the town, if you think it necessary for your interest to stay some time here, I would not advise you to neglect a certainty for an uncertainty; but I believe if you pass the Christmas here, great matters will be expected from your hospitality:

however, you are a better judge of that than I am.—I continue indifferently well, and endeavour as much as I can to preserve myself from spleen and melancholy; not for my own sake; I think that of little importance; but in the condition I am, I believe it may be of very ill consequence; yet passing whole days alone as I do, I do not always find it possible; and my constitution will sometimes get the better of my reason. Human nature itself, without any additional misfortunes, furnishes disagreeable meditations enough. Life itself, to make it supportable, should not be considered too nearly: my reason represents to me in vain the inutility of serious reflections. The idle mind will sometimes fall into contemplations that serve for nothing but to ruin the health, destroy good humour, hasten old age and wrinkles, and bring on an habitual melancholy. 'Tis a maxim with me to be young as long as one can: there is

nothing can pay one for that invaluable ignorance which is the companion of youth: those sanguine groundless hopes, and that lively vanity, which make all the happiness of life. To my extreme mortification I grow wiser every day. —I don't believe Solomon was more convinced of the vanity of temporal affairs than I am: I lose all taste of this world, and I suffer myself to be bewitched by the charms of the spleen, though I know and foresee all the irremediable mischiefs arising from it.—I am insensibly fallen into the writing you a melancholy letter, after all my resolutions to the contrary; but I do not enjoin you to read it: make no scruple of flinging it into the fire, at the first dull line. Forgive the ill effects of my solitude, and think me, as I am,

Ever yours,

M. W. MONTAGU.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

I CANNOT forbear taking it something unkindly that you do not write to me, when you may be assured I am in a great fright, and know not certainly what to expect upon this sudden change. The archbishop of York has been come to Bishopthorp but three days. I went with my cousin-to day to see the King proclaimed, which was done; the archbishop walking next the lord-mayor, and all the country gentry following, with greater crowds of people than I believed to be in York, vast acclamations, and the appearance of a general satisfaction. The Pretender afterwards dragged about the streets, and burned. Ringing of bells, bonfires, and illumi-

nations; the mob crying liberty and property, and long live King George! This morning all the principal men of any figure took post for London, and we are alarmed with the fear of attempts from Scotland, though all the Protestants here seem unanimous for the Hanover succession. The poor young ladies at Castle Howard* are as much alarmed as I am, being left all alone without any hopes of seeing their father again (though things should prove well) this eight or nine months. They have sent to desire me very earnestly to come to them, and bring my boy: 'tis the same thing as pensioning in a nunnery, for no mortal man ever enters the doors in the absence of their father, who is gone post. During this uncertainty, I think it will be a safe retreat; for Middlethorp stands exposed to plunderers, if there be any

* The daughters of the Earl of Carlisle.

at all. I dare say, after the zeal the archbishop has shewed, they'll visit his house (and consequently this) in the first place. The archbishop made me many compliments on our near neighbourhood, and said he should be overjoyed at the happiness of improving his acquaintance with you. I suppose you may now come in at Alburgh, and I heartily wish you were in parliament. I saw the archbishop's list of the Lords Regents appointed, and perceive Lord W*** is not one of them; by which I guess the new scheme is not to make use of any man grossly infamous in either party; consequently, those that have been honest in regard to both, will stand fairest for preferment. You understand these things much better than me; but I hope you will be persuaded by me and your other friends (who I don't doubt will be of my opinion), that 'tis necessary for the common good, for an

honest man to endeavour to be powerful, when he can be the one without losing the first more valuable title; and remember that money is the source of power. — I hear that parliament sits but six months: you know best whether 'tis worth any expence or bustle to be in it, for so short a time.

M. W. MONTAGU.

27th Oct.

I AM told that you are very secure at Newark: if you are so in the West, I cannot see why you should set up in three different places, except it be to treble the expence. I am sorry you had not opportunity of paying Ld. Pierrepont that compliment, though I hope that it will not weigh much with him in favour of another. I wish you would remember the common useful maxim, whatever is to be done at all, ought to be done as soon as possible. I consider only your own interest when I speak, and I cannot help speaking warmly on that subject. I hope you will think of what I hinted in my last letters; and if you

think of it at all, you cannot think of it too soon.

Adieu. I wish you would learn of Mr. Steele to write to your wife.

M. W. MONTAGU.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

THOUGH I am very impatient to see you, I would not have you, by hastening to come down, lose any part of your interest. I am surprized you say nothing of where you stand. I had a letter from Mrs. Hewet last post, who said she heard you stood at Newark, and would be chose without opposition; but I fear her intelligence is not at all to be depended on. I am glad you think of serving your friends; I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of money; every thing we see and every thing we hear, puts us in remembrance of it. If it were possible to restore

liberty to your country, or limit the encroachments of the prerogative, by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a poverty with you; but, as the world is and will be, 'tis a sort of duty to be rich, that it may be in one's power to do good; riches being another word for power, towards the obtaining of which the first necessary qualification is impudence, and (as Demosthenes said of pronunciation in oratory) the second is impudence, and the third, still, impudence. No modest man ever did or ever will make his fortune. Your friend Lord Halifax, R. Walpole, and all other remarkable instances of quick advancement, have been remarkably impudent. The Ministry is like a play at Court; there's a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoveing and thrusting who shall be foremost; people who knock others with their elbows,

disregard a little kick of the shins, and still thrust heartily forwards, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd, is shoved about by every body, his clothes torn, almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him, that don't make so good a figure as himself.

I don't say it is impossible for an impudent man not to rise in the world; but a moderate merit, with a large share of impudence, is more probable to be advanced, than the greatest qualifications without it.

If this letter is impertinent, it is founded upon an opinion of your merit, which, if it is a mistake, I would not be undeceived; it is my interest to believe (as I do) that you deserve every thing, and are capable of every thing; but nobody else will believe it if they see you get nothing.

M. W. M.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

You do me wrong in imagining (as I perceive you do) that my reasons for being solicitous for your having that place, was in view of spending more money than we do. You have no cause of fancying me capable of such a thought. I don't doubt but Lord Halifax will very soon have the staff, and it is my belief you will not be at all the richer: but I think it looks well, and may facilitate your election; and that is all the advantage I hope from it. When all your intimate acquaintance are preferred, I think you would have an ill air in having nothing;

upon that account only, I am sorry so many considerable places are disposed of. I suppose, now, you will certainly be chosen somewhere or other; and I cannot see why you should not pretend to be Speaker. I believe all the Whigs would be for you, and I fancy you have a considerable interest amongst the Tories, and for that reason would be very likely to carry it. 'Tis impossible for me to judge of this so well as you can do; but the reputation of being thoroughly of no party, is (I think) of use in this affair, and I believe people generally esteem you impartial; and being chose by your country is more honourable than holding *any* place from *any* king.

M. W. M.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

I CANNOT imagine why you should desire that I should not be glad, though from a mistake, since, at least, it is an agreeable one. I confess I shall ever be of opinion, if you are in the treasury, it will be an addition to your figure, and facilitate your election, though it is no otherwise advantageous; and that if you have nothing when all your acquaintance are preferred, the world generally will not be persuaded that you neglect your fortune, but that you are neglected.

M. W. M.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

I CANNOT be very sorry for your declining at Newark, being very uncertain of your success; but I am surprized you do not mention where you mean to stand. Dispatch, in things of this nature, if it is not a security, at least delay is a sure way to lose, as you have done, being easily chosen at York, for not resolving in time, and at Alburgh, for not applying soon enough to Lord Pelham. There are people who had rather choose Fairfax than Jenkins, and others that prefer Jenkins to Fairfax; but both parties, separately, have wished to me, that you would have stood, with assurances of

having preferred you to either of them. At Newark, Lord Lexington has a very considerable interest. If you have any thoughts of standing, you must endeavour to know how he stands affected; though I am afraid he will assist Brigadier Sutton, or some other Tory. Sir Matthew Jenison has the best interest of any Whig; but he stood last year himself, and will perhaps do so again. Newdigate will certainly be chosen there for one. Upon the whole, 'tis the most expensive and uncertain place you can stand at. 'Tis surprizing to me, that you are all this while in the midst of your friends without being sure of a place, when so many insignificant creatures come in without any opposition. They say Mr. Strickland is sure at Carlisle, where he never stood before. I believe most places are engaged by this time. I am very sorry, for your sake, that you spent so

much money in vain last year, and will not come in this, when you might make a more considerable figure than you could have done then. I wish Lord Pelham would compliment Mr. Jesson with his Newark interest, and let you come in at Alburg.

M. W. M.

TO W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

YOUR letter very much vexed me. I cannot imagine why you should doubt being the better, for a place of that consideration, which it is in your power to lay down, whenever you dislike the measures that are taken. Supposing the commission lasts but a short time, I believe those that have acted in it will have the offer of some other considerable thing. I am perhaps the only woman in the world that would dissuade her husband (if he were inclined to it) from accepting the greatest place in England, upon the condition of his giving one vote, disagreeing with his

principles, and the true interest of my country; but when it is possible to be of service to your country by going along with the ministry, I know not any reason for declining an honourable post. The world never believes it possible for people to act out of the common tract; and whoever is not employed by the publick, may talk what they please, of having refused or slighted great offers; but they are always looked upon, either as neglected or discontented, because their pretensions have failed; and, whatever efforts they make against the court, are thought the effect of spleen and disappointment, or endeavours to get something they have set their heart on. As now Sir T. H——n is represented (and I believe truly) as aiming at being Secretary, no man can make a better figure than when he enjoys a considerable place. Being for the Place-bill,

and if he finds the ministry in the wrong, withdrawing from them, when 'tis visible that he might still keep his places, if he had not chose to keep his integrity. I have sent you my thoughts of places in general, I solemnly protest, without any thought of any particular advantage to myself; and if I were your friend, and not your wife, I should speak in the same manner, which I really do, without any consideration, but that of your figure and reputation, which is a thousand times dearer to me than splendour, money, &c.——I suppose this long letter might have been spared; for your resolution, I don't doubt, is already taken.

M. W. M.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

You seem not to have received my letters, or not to have understood them; you had been chosen undoubtedly at York, if you had declared in time; but there is not any gentleman or tradesman disengaged at this time; they are treating every night. Lord Carlisle and the Thompsons have given their interest to Mr. Jenkins. I agree with you, of the necessity of your standing this parliament, which, perhaps, may be more considerable than any that are to follow it; but as you proceed, 'tis my opinion, you will spend your money, and not be chosen. I believe, there is hardly a borough disengaged. I expect every letter should tell me you are sure of some place; and as

far as I can perceive, you are sure of none. As it has been managed, perhaps it will be the best way to depositе a certain sum in some friend's hands, and buy some little Cornish borough: it would, undoubtedly, look better to be chosen for a considerable town; but I take it to be now, too late. If you have any thoughts of Newark, it will be absolutely necessary for you to enquire after Lord Lexington's interest; and your best way to apply to Lord Holdernesse, who is both a Whig and an honest man. He is now in town; and you may enquire of him, if Brigadier Sutton stands there; and if not, try to engage him for you. Lord Lexington is so ill at the bath, that it is a doubt if he will live 'till the election; and if he dies, one of his heiresses and the whole interest of his estate will probably fall on Lord Holdernesse.

'Tis a surprize to me, that you can-

not make sure of some borough, when a number of your friends bring in so many Parliament-men without trouble, or expence. 'Tis too late to mention it now, but you might have applied to Lady Winchester, as Sir Joseph Jekyl did last year, and by her interest the Duke of Bolton brought him in for nothing; I am sure she would be more zealous to serve me, than Lady Jekyl. You should understand these things better than I. I heard, by a letter last post, that Lady M. M*** and Lady H*** are to be bedchamber ladies to the Princess, and Lady T*** groom of the stole. She must be a strange Princess, if she can pick a favourite, out of them; and as she will be one day a Queen, and they say has an influence over her husband, I wonder they don't think fit to place women about her, with a little common sense.

M. W. M.

THE ENCHIRIDION OF EPICTETUS.

[The Editor has been induced to print this Translation of the Enchiridion of Epictetus, by Lady Mary Pierrepont, as a great literary curiosity, no less than on account of its intrinsic merit. When she presented it to Bishop Burnet, for his emendations, she was scarcely twenty years old, and at so early an age had merited a place among the learned English ladies of quality. Her pretensions are not invalidated, even should it be thought that her Translation is of the Latin version rather than of the Greek original.—Bishop Burnet's corrections are printed in italics.]

EPICTETI ENCHIRIDION.

CHAP. I.

CERTAIN things are in our power, there are others that are not. Opinion, appetite, desire, aversion, are in our power, and in one word, whatsoever we act ourselves. Our bodies, wealth, fame, and command, are not in our power, and finally all things which we do not act.

CHAP. II.

Those things which obey us, are really free in their own nature, neither can any one deprive us of them, nor prohibit us the use of them; but those things over which we have no power, are subject to servitude and to other impediments.

CHAP. III.

Therefore remember, if you think those things to be free which, in their own nature, are subject to power, and look upon the goods of others to be your own, you will be deprived of them, you will lament, be disordered, and accuse both gods and men of injustice. But if you only esteem those things to be your own which are really so, and those to belong to others, which are subject to the power of others, nobody will ever deprive you of them, nobody will hinder you in the use of them; you will exclaim against nobody, you will blame nobody, you will do nothing by force, nobody will hurt you, and you will have no enemy. Neither will you ever look upon any thing as a misfortune.

CHAP. IV.

When therefore you desire any thing very earnestly, remember so to undertake it, that you may be *to a good degree* agitated, *and that you do utterly abandon things of one kind, and omit other things.* For if you *both pursue these, and at the same time do* very much wish power or

riches, or the raising of your family, perhaps, in the too eager pursuit, you will *not attain* them *through the eagerness of desire*, and most certainly you will *entirely* lose *those things* by which only true happiness and liberty is obtained*.

CHAP. V.

If any misfortune seems to have happened to you, endeavour to be able presently to make this reflection—this seems to be unhappy, it may not be so, to the degree it seems: upon farther enquiry, make use of those rules that you have, especially this first and greatest, think whether is this thing subject to your power or that of another? If to another, the answer follows—it does not touch you at all.

CHAP. VI.

Desire always promises to us the end of our desire, and aversion flatters us; we shall never fall into what we hate; he that hearkens to these

* In order to shew, that lady Mary Pierrepont did not translate ignorantly this dubious passage, it may be worthy observation, that the correction made by the Bishop is the translation of a different reading, adopted by the learned commentator Simplicius.—Consult. Wolfi. Annotat. in Enchiridion Epicteti. in cap. 4.

flatteries, is unhappy when he is frustrated of his wishes, or miserable, if what he is averse to happens to him. But if you are only averse to those things in your power to hinder, nothing will ever happen cross to you; but if you place your aversion on sickness, death, or poverty, it is in the power of fortune to make you wretched.

CHAP. VII.

Remove therefore from yourself all aversion to things that are not placed in your own power, and transfer it to those things which in their nature are subject to your government. But especially subdue your wishes, for if you desire things out of your power, of course, you will not be disappointed, for those things that obey our wills, although they may be justly sought, you have not yet learned after what manner they may reasonably be sought. But even pursue them with such a temper of mind that you may obtain, or quit them easily, and without disturbance or trouble.

CHAP. VIII.

All things which are pursued serve either to use, or pleasure. Remember to consider of

what nature they are, beginning from the very least of thy wishes. If you love a vase, love it as a vase, and if it is broke, do not disturb yourself; if a little son or a wife, love it as a human thing, for then if it dies you will not be troubled.

CHAP. IX.

Whatever you are going to undertake, think within yourself of what kind that thing is. If you go to wash, figure to yourself what they do in the bath. Some are dashed with the water, some are driven from their places, some are reproached, and others are robbed. So you will not safely enter upon the business, if you say to yourself I shall presently wash, and I shall keep my mind in its ordinary temper. Observe the same rule in every undertaking, for so whatever hinderance you may meet with in your washing, it will presently come into your thoughts. This is not exactly what I would have it, but I will go on in my business in the manner as agreeable to the nature of the thing and my own design. But if I suffer impatiently what is done, I hinder myself in the execution of what I intend.

CHAP. X.

It is not real things that disturb the minds of men, but the opinions that they have of things. For instance, death is no evil in itself, or so it would have seemed to Socrates, but it is the opinion we conceive of death, renders it an evil. When therefore, we are disappointed or disturbed, let us accuse nobody but ourselves; that is, our own opinions. A fool condemns others for his own misfortunes; he that is half-witted accuses only himself, but the wise man neither complains of himself nor others.

CHAP. XI.

Be not pleased with any outward good that you enjoy. If a horse should say boasting, I am handsome, it would be sufferable; but for you to boast you have a handsome horse, know you boast of your horses' good qualities. What merit, therefore, does that give to you? Your merit is only in the use of those goods fortune has given you; only then boast yourself when you use what you have in the best and properest manner, for then you boast yourself of an excellency that is properly and really your own.

CHAP. XII.

As when a ship is at anchor, it is excusable in a passenger to amuse himself with gathering shells and herbs by the sea-side; yet he ought always to have his mind fixed upon the ship, and be careful to be ready when the master of the ship calls to him to proceed in his voyage, that he may presently leave you all, and not be hurried unwillingly back to his vessel as a sheep bound and dragged to the slaughter. So it is in life, if instead of a shell or an herb, a little wife or a son be given you for amusement, they must not stop you; and if the master calls, run back to the ship, leaving all them things, neither look behind you. If you are an old man, beware ever to be long from the ship, least when you are called you should not be ready.

CHAP. XIII.

Do not desire that every thing should happen after your fancy, but if you are wise, make all things that happen agreeable to your fancy. Sickness is a disturbance to the body, but not the same to the mind, except you will have it so yourself. Lameness is a trouble to the feet,

but none to the soul. The same maxim is just in all circumstances, if you consider whatever happens, nothing can happen that truly touches the mind.

CHAP. XIV.

Whatsoever happens, presently consult with your own thoughts how far it lies in your own power to make it *useful* to you: if your desires are excited by any beautiful *man or woman*, the tempering of those desires are immediately in your power. If bodily labour is imposed on you, a quiet sufferance may lessen the pain; if you are innocently reproached, patience comes in to your rescue. If you accustom yourself to this turn of thought, you are beyond the power of *all false conceptions.*

CHAP. XV.

Never say you have lost any thing, but restored it to the giver. Is your son dead? he is restored. Is your farm taken from you? is not that also restored? But he is a villain that has defrauded you of it. What is that to thee, whom it is the Great Bestower has employed to take it back from thee? As long as he permits thee the use of them, look upon them *not as thy*

own, but as the traveller does the conveniences he makes use of in an inn.

CHAP. XVI.

If you study your own happiness, leave off all these kind of thoughts. If I neglect my estate, I shall have nothing to live on. If I do not chastise my servant, I shall be ill-served. It is better to perish with hunger, free from care and trouble, than to live in universal plenty with a troubled mind; and it is better your servant be bad, than you unhappy, in too solicitous a watchfulness over him.

CHAP. XVII.

Begin to govern your passions in the smallest things. Is your oil spilt? Is your *wine stolen* from you? Submit with patience—*say to yourself at this rate, do I purchase* tranquillity and constancy of mind. Why, there is nothing acquired without labour. When you call your servant, imagine that he may be out of the way, or employed in something you will all have him *do*. But do not make him so great as to have it in his power to give you disturbance.

CHAP. XVIII.

If you would be really wise, neglect outward and superfluous things, though you may be looked upon as mad, or a fool for so doing. Be not over-forward to appear learned, and if you should be thought so by others, distrust yourself, and the praises that are given you. Know it is no easy thing in your situation in the world, to preserve your mind in the temper it ought to be, and yet to pursue external goods or pleasures, it is impossible to be done, but that you must in some degree neglect either the one or the other.

CHAP. XIX.

If you endeavour that your children, wife, and friends, should live and prosper for ever, *you become* ridiculous, for they are not in your power, and you will have those things to be under your command, which are subject to fortune; in the same manner if you wish your servant faultless, you are a fool, you wish against the nature of the thing, and what can never be. But if you will not be disappointed, desire only

what is within your power. Endeavour therefore what is in your power to perform.

CHAP. XX.

He is the *master of a man* who has it in his power *to* preserve, *or take from him those things that he desires or is averse to*. Whosoever therefore, desires to be perfectly free, *must* never wish for nor dislike any of those things under the command of *another, otherwise he* must be *a* slave.

CHAP. XXI.

Remember to behave yourself in life as you would at a public entertainment. If a dish is proffered to you, take your share modestly. If it passes by you, do not stop it. If it does not presently come to your turn, fall into no impatience; but wait *till it is* brought to you. In this manner wish not over-earnestly for whatever moves your desire; whether children, a wife, or power, or riches, for so thou shalt *at last* be worthy *to* feast *with* the gods. But *when* these pleasures *are* offered, if you do not only refuse but dispise them, you will not be only worthy of partaking the joys of the gods, but sharing their power, for so did Diogenes,

Heraclitus, and others, and they merited *to be called* divine *persons, as they were indeed.*

CHAP. XXII.

When you see any one weeping, and in grief, whether for parting with his son, or the loss of his goods, be not so far moved by this object as to esteem those things that have happened to him real evils, but consider with thyself, and it will presently come into thy mind, it is not the thing itself afflicts this man, but the opinion he has conceived of it, *for another person would not be so afflicted for it.* However endeavour to alleviate his troubles by your discourse, and if the thing deserves it *groan* with him; but take care *that you be not inwardly grieved.*

CHAP. XXIII.

Remember so to act your part upon this stage, as to be approved by the master, whether it be a short or a long one, that he has given you to perform. If he will have you to represent a beggar, endeavour to act that well; and so, a lame man, a prince, or a plebian. It is your part to perform well what you represent; it is his to choose what that shall be.

CHAP. XXIV.

If you hear an inauspicious crow croak, be not moved at the omen; but say within yourself, the evil this threatens cannot hurt my mind, it must either fall upon my own body, my estate, my reputation, my children, or my wife, this may however portend good to me if I please, for whatsoever shall happen to any of these, it is in my power to draw an advantage from it.

CHAP. XXV.

You will be invincible if you engage in no strife, where you are not sure that *it is in your power* to conquer.

CHAP. XXVI.

If you see any man affected with his great titles, or an ample estate, or any other prosperity, call not him happy, *upon the opinion that* happiness *consists* in outward things. If thou place thy felicity in these things, subject only to yourself, there will be no room in thy breast for either emulation or envy. You will *not desire to* be a senator, a consul, or an emperor, *but* a FREE MAN. To this freedom there is but one way, the contempt of all things *that are not in our own power*.

CHAP. XXVII.

Remember that *it is* not he who slanders or *beats* you, *who* is guilty of the contumely, but the opinion you conceive of it *as a thing truely reproachful.* When any one raises your anger, know it is only the opinion you have of the affront that provokes you; therefore, in the first place, take care *that outward appearances do not impose upon you, and force your assent to them;* if you can get time and delay, you will *more* easily *have the power over yourself.*

CHAP. XXVIII.

Place daily before your eyes, death, exile, and all things that are accounted evils, but of all chiefly death. So you will never have *mean thoughts,* or an eager desire for any thing.

CHAP. XXIX.

When you begin to undertake the study of wisdom, imagine that you shall be ridiculed, that many will laugh at you, that they will say, Whence proceeds this new fancy to be a philosopher? Whence this piece of supercilious pride? But *let not your behaviour* be *haughty,* but continue in that practice which seems *the best,* as if God had placed you in *the station you*

are in; and be assured if you continue to preserve that character, even those that ridiculed you at first will be your admirers; but if their censures make you *sink under them,* you will be a double jest to them.

CHAP. XXX.

If *it happens that you must* shew yourself in the world, or to approve yourself to another, *do not think* that you are *to depart* from your *own* character. Let it be glory enough for you, *that* you are a philosopher; appear so to yourself, and be not solicitous to be thought so by any other.

CHAP XXXI.

Never let these considerations give you disquiet, that you live without any title, and that you have no great post in the world; if to want honor be an evil, there is no greater evil than vice; and it is better to suffer an evil from fortune than your own faults. *Does it belong to your station to gain* an empire? *Or to be called to* a feast? *Not at all.* Where then is the shame of being without these things? Why should you be said to be *in no esteem, whereas you ought to distinguish yourself only by those*

things that are in your own power, and these you may arrive at in the highest degree. But you can be no way serviceable to your friends. Which way do you take this? You have no money to give them; you cannot make them citizens of Rome. These are things out of your power, and *are* gifts of fortune. But how can one help another to what he wants himself. Obtain these goods, therefore (say *some*) that you may bestow them *on us.* If I am able to obtain these advantages, with *the* preservation of my *modesty*, my faith, and the greatness of my soul, and you can shew me the way to it, I will endeavour to obtain them; but if you require me to lose my own proper goods, that I may obtain for you things *that are* not simply good in themselves, see of *how* unjust and rash an action you *are guilty!* Which would you rather wish for, money, or a *modest* and honest friend? Aid me in this—do not ask me to do these things by which I shall *lose these good characters;* but think, Can you make me of no use to my country? They answer me, of what use I beseech you? You can build neither *portico's nor* baths, for the use of your country. But what of that? The blacksmith makes no shoes, nor the taylor arms;

it is enough for every one to do the duty of his station. A man that gives his country a truly *modest and* honest citizen, is not useless. But what place have I, (perhaps you will say) in the city? Whatever post you are able to maintain without injuring your truth or *modesty*; but *if you lay aside these on the design of serving your country, of what real use can you be to it when you are become a shameless and perfidious person.*

CHAP. XXXII.

Is any one preferred to you at an entertainment, in salutations, *or in councils,* and *these are* good things *that* happen to him, you ought to congratulate him; *but if they are on the contrary* evil, there is no occasion of being sorry *that they* did not happen to you. Always remember, *that when you do not things by which, that which is not in your own power is to be acquired, you ought not to look for them; you that do not make your court to a man, nor flatter him, ought not to expect to be used at the same rate with one who makes his court constantly, and is ever flattering him.* For every merchandize there is a price to be given. Have you a mind to buy *herbs,* lay down your halfpenny; *for* without laying down your money, you will not

have *them:* do not think *you are worse used than he who had them given; he paid the price for them which you did not; he has the herbs, and you have not paid for them.* You are not invited to an entertainment, it is because you have not bought the invitation, *which he who makes it, sells to those who flatter him, and are obsequious to him.* Give therefore the price *it is set at, if it is your interest to* obtain the thing. If you will not pay *the price,* and yet receive the benefit, you are covetous, and *are as a man without sense.* Instead of a good supper, then I have nothing. Yes; you have the pleasure of knowing you have not commended the man you disliked, nor endured *his* insolent *behaviour.*

CHAP. XXXIII.

We learn the nature of things by what is most common, and happens equally to all the world. If a neighbour's boy breaks an earthen cup, *or any such thing,* you will presently think this is an usual accident; you ought to think the same whenever that accident happens to yourself, *as you did when it happened to your neighbour.* Look upon greater misfortunes *with the same measure.* If the son, or the wife of

another dies, every body is ready to cry out, it is the common fate of mortals; but if their own dies, they presently exclaim, alas for me! Wretch that I am! People ought to remember, *on such occasions, how they were affected when they heard of the like accidents, that happened to* their neighbours.

CHAP. XXXIV.

As land-marks are not placed to lead travellers out of their way, so neither has nature put evils into the world to lead them to temptations; and it is every man's own fault that he makes them so. You would disdain to have it in the power of every one you meet, to beat or abuse your body; do not you blush then, to suffer all men to disturb the quiet of your mind, and make you grieved or angry, whenever they please to speak ill of you? Consider both the *beginnings* and *the* consequences of every thing *before* you undertake *it*, otherwise you will begin many things cheerfully, without having weighed what is to follow, that in the end, you *will* be ashamed *of*.

CHAP. XXXV.

Would you overcome at the Olimpic games? With all my heart, the conquest is great and

honorable. Consider what you must endure before them, and what is to come after, and with *these* thoughts undertake them. You must enter into a regular way of life; you must eat what is disagreeable, and abstain from delicacies; you must inure yourself to hard exercise, and excessive heats and colds; you must drink no cooling drinks, *nor* wine, *as at other times;* and finally, observe the orders of your fencing-master, as if he was a doctor; at length, you *must* enter the combat, sometimes your hands will be crushed, perhaps, your feet sprained, you may swallow *great quantities of* dust down your throat, and *be beaten and overcome after all this.* Consider all this, and if it yet pleases you, list yourself among the champions. If you act in another manner, you act as boys. Now they play the part of champions, sometimes *of* musicians, and sometimes *of* gladiators; they sing to the pipe, and presently after represent tragedies. With the same childish inconstancy, now you will be a fighter, afterwards an orator, by and by a gladiator, and at length a philosopher, like a monkey that imitates every thing he sees done. You will first love one thing and then another, and nothing as you ought.

to do, *for you do not* enter upon a thing *after* you have *considered it well, but have been guilty* of rashly following the levity of your own *appetites*. Some, upon seeing a philosopher, *or hearing one say how well did Socrates express this, who can reason so well as he did? They presently* will also become philosophers.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Whatever you undertake, consider first the nature of the thing, *and then* your own nature; and *whether* you are able to perform *it*. Would you be *conqueror in all the four games*, a quinquerian, or a wrestler? Look upon the strength of your limbs, and the make of your body. Nature has fitted people for different employments. Do you think you shall be able *so* to eat and drink, *to abstain*, and endure as the other champions do? You must labour, break your rest, and abstain from the company of your family; *so you must resolve to be despised;* to be less than *your* companions in whatever business *you* undertake, *whether in honor and authority, in a suit of law, or in any other affair.* Consider these things, and always weigh with yourself, whether what you are going about, will *balance* liberty, constancy, and tranquil-

lity of mind; *if otherwise, see that you be not* as, *are sometimes, a philosopher, a tale gatherer, an orator, and at last, one of the Emperor's officers. These things do not agree together; you must maintain one part, and be either a good or a bad man;* either apply yourself to *improve your reason and mind, or to pursue external advantages.* It is your part to choose, whether you had rather be internally, or externally *employed,* that is, *maintain* the character of a philosopher, *or of a private person.*

CHAP. XXXVII.

The measures we ought to keep throughout our lives, are according to the duties required of us in the station we are placed. You have a father, it is enjoined you, to take care of him, to yield to him in all things, if he chide or beat you, it must be endured. But he is an ill father—Nature has not commanded to obey a good father, but a father. My brother is an enemy to me, you ought to preserve your duty to him, neither consider what he does, but what you are, by nature, obliged to do. You cannot be hurt by another, except you are yourself consenting to it. You are then only injured, when you fancy yourself to be injured. So

shall you be able to bear the office of a neighbour, a citizen, or a commander, if you always regard, what you ought to do in every station of life.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

This ought to be the first principle of your religion, to think rightly of the immortal gods; to believe their being, with a firm faith, and that they justly and well dispose of the universe, and all that is in it. Secondly, to obey them, and in every thing to submit without murmuring to their administration, and to follow willingly the orders that proceed from a wise and perfect Being; so will you never repine, nor complain that you are neglected by them; otherwise you will accuse the gods, or their decrees, for those errors which proceed from your own wrong judgment, and endeavor at other times, by your own strength or management to attain to those blessings which they only dispose of. If you suppose the gods authors of all that happens in the world, good or evil, if you are disappointed in your wishes, or fall into misfortunes, it is impossible but you must accuse them, as authors of those things. For it is woven in the nature of all creatures, to

hate and complain of whatever seems to them to be the cause of their unhappiness; and on the other hand, to serve and love whatever is useful to their prosperity. It is unreasonable to be pleased with what hurts us, and nobody ever can be satisfied to be a loser; from hence it is, the son reproaches his father, when he does not bestow on him what he thinks good; and this kindled the war between Etrocles and Polynices, that they both esteemed empire to be a good, from this reason, the husbandman, the sailor, the merchant, or those that lose a wife or children, even curse the gods, as authors of their losses. But when they are happy, they are then pious. Let your piety be more stedfast; endeavor to remove from yourself, all desires and aversions that are not becoming, and use the same endeavors to preserve an even piety. Offer libations, sacrifices, and first-fruits, after the custom of your country. Chastly and not luxuriously, neither idly, nor covetously, nor yet liberally beyond the bounds of your estate.

CHAP. XXXIX.

When you go to a prophet, or oracle, remember that you are ignorant of the event of the business, and for that reason you go to learn it. Enquire of him with that temper which belongs to a philosopher; for if it is of the number of those things which is not in our power, it ought not to affect you as a real good or evil. Carry therefore not with you a violent desire or fear, otherwise you will approach him trembling; it is the wisest and best, never to be very much interested concerning any event. Let it not touch your mind which way soever it happens; it is your duty to make a good use of every accident, and suffer it not to be an injury to yourself or any other. When you consult the gods, do it with a steady mind, and if there be any counsel given you, remember whom you have consulted, and whose authority you slight, except you obey it. So receive the oracle, after the example of Socrates, as concerning things, to put off all consideration to the event, since neither reason, nor art, can help them to understand the meaning of the

gods. When therefore your country or your friend, stand in need of your defence, do not consult the priest whether you shall defend them. If he tell you the victims predict the undertaking shall be unhappy, that unhappiness must either signify death, loss of your limbs, or exile. Yet the same reason remains for your undertaking. Danger ought to be shared with your country or friends. Go to that Great Prophet, who would not suffer him in the temple—who refused to succour his friend in hazard of his life.

CHAP. XL.

Prescribe to yourself a form of laws, and observe them, both in your own mind, and in your intercourse with the world.

CHAP. XLI.

Generally, silence is the best; but if you must speak, speak in few words, there are times when we ought to talk, but then, not to talk every thing. Avoid speaking of the gladiators, the Circensian games, the prize-fighters, and all common and idle subjects, and chiefly take care how you praise men, or make comparisons between them.

CHAP. XLII.

In your own family, or to your friends, endeavor to make them wiser or better by your discourses; but among strangers, be silent.

CHAP. XLIII.

Do not laugh much, nor from many causes, nor extravagantly.

CHAP. XLIV.

Swear not at all, if you can wholly avoid it, if not, however, avoid it as much as you are able.

CHAP. XLV.

Avoid popular and great entertainments. But if you are called to one, let your meditations not be altered or relaxed, but rather excited, least you fall into a common practice of frequenting those assemblies. Know that if your companion be dissolute, that corruption will also reach you at length, though your mind was altogether pure and honest before.

CHAP. XLVI.

Provide every thing necessary for the body, as far as it is necessary for the mind, as meat, drink, cloaths, house and servants. Put away all things that belong to ostentation, or delicacy.

CHAP. XLVII.

Preserve yourself from all pollutions, without a pride in so doing, or a censoriousness of others; suffer them to follow their inclinations, without blame or boasting of your abstinence.

CHAP. XLVIII.

If any body tells you, such a one has spoken ill of you, do not refute them in that particular; but answer, had he known all my vices, he had not spoken only of that one.

CHAP. XLIX.

It is not necessary, commonly to frequent the theatre, but if any occasion calls you there, let it only appear to yourelf, if your thoughts are otherwise employed, and seem satisfied with the diversions there. Among the prize-fighters, wish him conqueror, who overcomes, so you shall

cause no disturbance. Do not you distinguish yourself by shouting or hissing; after it is over, make no disputes concerning what is done, which are of no use to render you wiser or better; if you act in another manner, your mind will seem affected by outward shows.

CHAP. L.

Be not easily persuaded to go to public orations, but if you do go, preserve your gravity, and an equal temper of mind, and at the same time, take care that you are not troublesome to any other.

CHAP. LI.

When you have any dealings with men, especially the nobility, propose to yourself the same manner of behaviour which Socrates or Zeno, would in the like case. Let outward shew no way effect you, and then you will not want clearness of reason, to act rightly, the business you have undertaken.

CHAP. LII.

When you go to visit any great man, imagine with yourself, that, perhaps, he will be gone abroad, perhaps he will not be to be seen, it may be the doors may be shut against, or he

neglect you, when he sees you. So that if any of these things happen, you will endure them patiently, and not go away exclaiming, or railing; for that is like a plebian, to cry out against external things.

CHAP. LIII.

In familiar conversation with your intimate friends, have a care of entertaining them with long recitations of your own past dangers, or rogueries of your youth. For it should be no pleasure to you, to remember your ill actions, nor can it be agreeable to others, to listen to what has happened to you.

CHAP. LIV.

Beware of making the company merry; this silly inclination the most easily makes us fall into the manners of the common people, and will have the force of making the respect lessen, which is due to you, from your acquaintance.

CHAP. LV.

It is dangerous to fall into impure conversation, when any thing of the kind is said before you; if the place and person permits, reprove him that spoke; if that is not convenient, by

your silence and your blushes shew, at least, that you are displeased.

CHAP. LVI.

If the image of any pleasure strikes upon your mind, moderate your desires, and suffer them not to hurry you away, but, examine the thing, and allow yourself time for consideration. Remember every time when you enjoyed your wishes, and how you have afterwards found reason of grief, by those very pleasures, and you will chide your hasty desires, and compare this wish with those that have gone before it. If you deny yourself, by abstinence, you will one day rejoice at the conquest, and praise yourself, within yourself. When therefore at any time pleasure shews itself to you, have a care of being vanquished by its blandishments, sweetnesses, and its enchantments, but oppose to it, the joy you will receive from the consciousness of a victory over your passions.

CHAP. LVII.

When you have resolved upon any undertaking, do not be ashamed to be seen doing it,

although the world should judge otherwise of it than you do. If the thing is in itself evil, avoid an ill action because it is ill. But if a good one, why should you be afraid of being accused with out reason ?

CHAP. LVIII.

As to say it is day, or it is night, at different times is sense. But to say at one time, it is both day and night, is the nonsense. So it is a contradiction for a man to think to please his own appetite by snatching whatever is set before him, and at the same time be agreeable to the rest of these invited at an entertainment. Remember therefore, when you are at any feast, not to look upon the dishes, as they are pleasant to your taste; but that in helping yourself there is a decency to be preserved, and a respect due both to the inviter, and the rest of the company.

CHAP. LIX.

If you emulate a man of greater merit than yourself, you will succeed ill in that, and also lose the merit of those excellencies you might be able to attain.

CHAP. LX.

As in walking, you take care least you set your foot upon a stump, and strain your ancle. Beware, in the course of your life, you hurt not your mind; the governor of your actions, which, if we observe diligently, we shall undertake every thing cautiously.

CHAP. LXI.

Your expences ought to be as well proportioned to your necessity, as your shoe to your foot. If you keep to that rule, it will be a moderate measure, if you go beyond it, you certainly fall down a precipice, in your very shoe if you wilfully exceed what is necessary, you will then have a gold one, after that it must be the tyrian die, and at length embrodiery. There is no end of his extravagancy who once passes the bounds of reason.

CHAP. LXII.

Women, after fourteen, are presently called mistresses; afterwards, when they see themselves

without any place or employment, except they are married; they begin to dress, and place all their hope in outward ornaments. A man ought therefore to do his endeavours to shew them, they have but one way to be honored, to behave themselves modestly, soberly, and chastly.

CHAP. LXIII.

It is the sign of a low genius to be very much concerned, or long in doing, the necessary actions of ordinary life, either to sustain or delight their bodies; all these things are to be done slightly, and only because they must; the chief care and business is to be transferred to the soul.

CHAP. LXIV.

When any one does you an ill office, or speaks ill of you, remember that he thinks himself in the right, in so doing, or saying, and it is not to be expected he should act according to your opinion, but his own. If he judges wrong, the injury is his, who is deceived. If appearances are at any time deceitful, or truth

obscured, so as to be taken for a falsehood, the truth is not hurt by it, but he is injured who is mistaken: being instructed in this, you will bear slander with an even mind, and when you hear any reflection made on you, you will answer,—so it appeared to the reflector.

CHAP. LXV.

Every thing has two handles, the one tolerable, the other intolerable; if your brother does you an injury, think not of the injury for that is intolerable, but think he is your brother, and educated along with you, and that is taking it the best way.

CHAP. LXVI.

These conclusions are not just. I am thy superior in wealth, therefore thy superior in merit, I am more eloquent, therefore more deserving; but it is right to say, I am richer, and therefore my money is more than yours; I speak better, and therefore my language is purer. But neither your wealth, or eloquence, can render you better or more estimable.

CHAP. LXVII.

If any one go early to the bath, say not, he does ill to go early, say only, he did go there early. If any one drinks much wine, make no reflections when you say, he drinks much. The thing may not be evil, which you may rashly judge so. So you may disuse yourself from passing any judgment, till you are thoroughly acquainted with the motives of every action.

CHAP. LXVIII.

Never profess yourself a philosopher, nor dispute concerning maxims and precepts with the ignorant and simple, as at an entertainment, never preach how people ought to eat, but eat you, as becomes you; and remember Socrates in this manner avoided all ostentation, for they came to him to shew them to philosophers, and he carried them to them, so easily did he endure their contempt of his learning.

CHAP. LXIX.

If there happens amongst fools any dispute concerning learning, for the most part, be silent. It is dangerous to speak what comes first into your mind. If any one calls you ignorant, be not moved at the reproach; and when you have learned this, then know you begin to be learned. A sheep does not shew she has had a good pasture, by throwing up the grass she has eaten, but when she has well digested it, and has wool and milk in plenty: do you in the same manner not boast your reading to fools, but shew you have read and profited by the actions that follow, a true improvement.

CHAP. LXX.

If you have learned to be moderate in your appetites, and cares, for what concerns your body, do not be pleased with yourself upon that account; if you drink only water, say not upon all occasions, you abstain from every thing but water; if you inure yourself to labour, do it not publicly; if you forbear to drink

when you thirst, forbearance is a virtue, but tell nobody of it.

CHAP. LXXI.

It is the mark of a thoughtless vulgar mind, to expect neither pleasure, nor pain from any thing, but external things: but it is the express sign of a philosopher, to place all his grief and satisfaction within his own mind.

CHAP. LXXII.

These are the signs of a wise man. To reprove nobody, praise nobody, blame nobody, nor ever to speak of himself, as if he was some uncommon man, or know more than the rest of the world. If he fails in any thing, he accuses only himself; if any one praises him, in his own mind he contemns the flatterer; if any one reproves him, he looks with care, that he may not be unsettled in that state of tranquillity he has entered into. All his desires depend on things within his own power, he transfers all his aversion to those things Nature commands us to avoid. His appetites are always moderate; he is indifferent, whether he

be thought foolish or ignorant. He observes himself, with the nicety of an enemy, or a spie, and looks on his own wishes as betrayers.

CHAP. LXXIII.

If you hear a man boast, he understands, and can explain the books of Chrysippus, say within yourself, if Chrysippus had not wrote obscurely, this man would have had nothing to boast of; but what do I sudy to know? Nature, and to follow her precepts. I seek, therefore, who is her interpreter, when I hear it is Chrysippus, I will consult him. But I do not understand his writings, I will therefore seek me a master; there is no great excellence in that, but when I have found an interpreter, it remains to obey his precepts, and that only is excellent. If I only admire the style, and the interpretation, I do no otherwise than leave the place of a philosopher for a grammarian, excepting that instead of Homer I translate Chrysippus. I ought rather to blush, when any one asks me if I have read Chrysippus, that I am not able to shew them;

yet my actions are agreeable to all his precepts.

CHAP. LXXIV.

Observe these rules, as if not to be violated without a punishment, neither care what judgment men pass on you, for what they shall say is not in your power to help.

CHAP. LXXV.

How long, I desire to know, will you defer the choice of those things you think most deserving, and cease violating the dictates of your own reason? You have heard the precepts you ought to embrace, and you have embraced them. What master do you yet expect, and for whose coming do you defer the amendment of your manners? You are no longer a youth, but are come to the mature age of a man. If you now grow neglectful and idle, you will put delay upon delay, add purpose to purpose, and put it off eternally from one day to another. Will you not consider you have learned nothing, and at this

rate will both live and die a vulgar man. This minute, therefore, begin the life of a wise man, and one worthy of that name; and whatever seems best to your unprejudiced reason, make that an inviolable rule to you, whether it be laborious, sweet, glorious, or infamous. Remember, the choice is to be now made, the combat is now beginning, neither is it permitted you to defer it; one hour of neglect will make all your virtue perish, or one firm resolution retain it for ever. So Socrates became what he was; in all things he carried himself agreeably to reason, and never harkened to any other counsellor; and though as yet you are no Socrates, yet, if you are willing to become one, you must live in that manner.

CHAP. LXXVI.

The most necessary part of philosophy is the use of its maxims; as, for instance, not to lie: the second is the demonstration, Why should we not lie? The third, is the confirmation, as, Why it is a demonstration? What is a demonstration? What a consequence? What

a contradiction? What is truth? What is falsehood? The third depends upon the second, and the second upon the first, but it is most necessary to dwell upon the first. But our practice is different from this, we rest upon the third part, and there we employ our studies, neglecting the first altogether. While we can very readily demonstrate why we ought not to lie, we make no scruple of speaking falsehood.

CHAP. LXXVII.

In the beginning of every undertaking this ought to be our prayer: 'Lead me, oh Jupiter, and thou Fate, wheresoever ye have destined me. I will chearfully follow; if I refused, it would be the part of an impious man, and notwithstanding I should follow.'

CHAP. LXXVIII.

He is a wise man, who submits himself to necessity, and is conscious of the Divine Providence.

CHAP. LXXIX.

And this, O Crito, is the wisest prayer, if so it seems best to the gods, so be it. Anglus and Melitus have the power to kill me, but they have not the power to hurt me.

END OF VOL. I.

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