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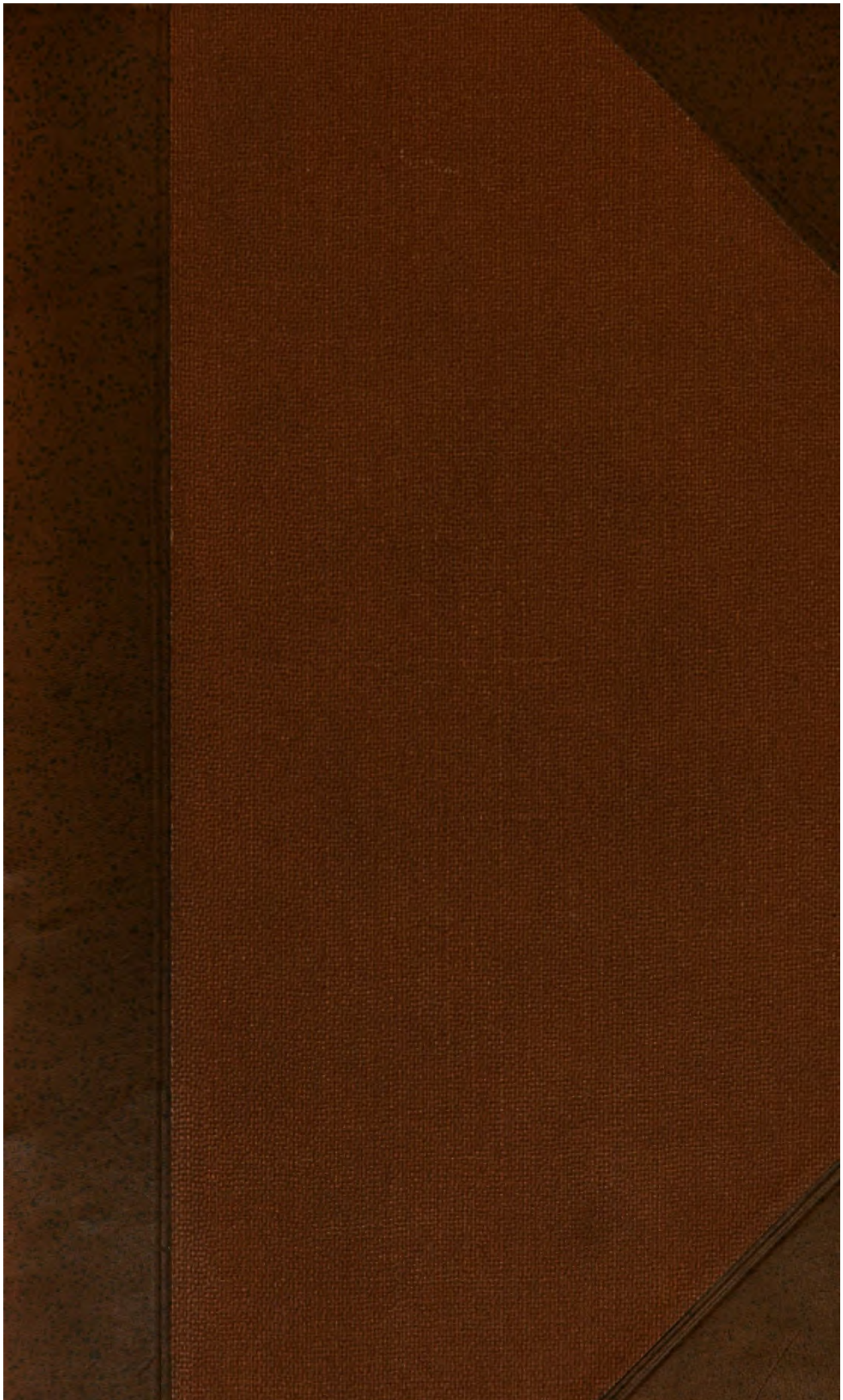
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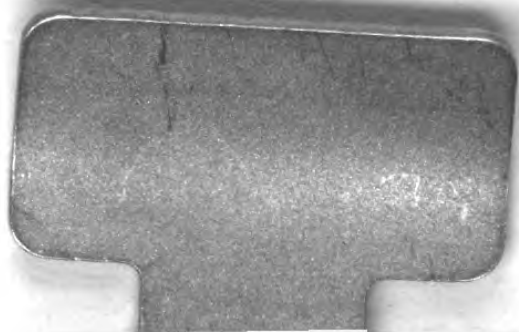
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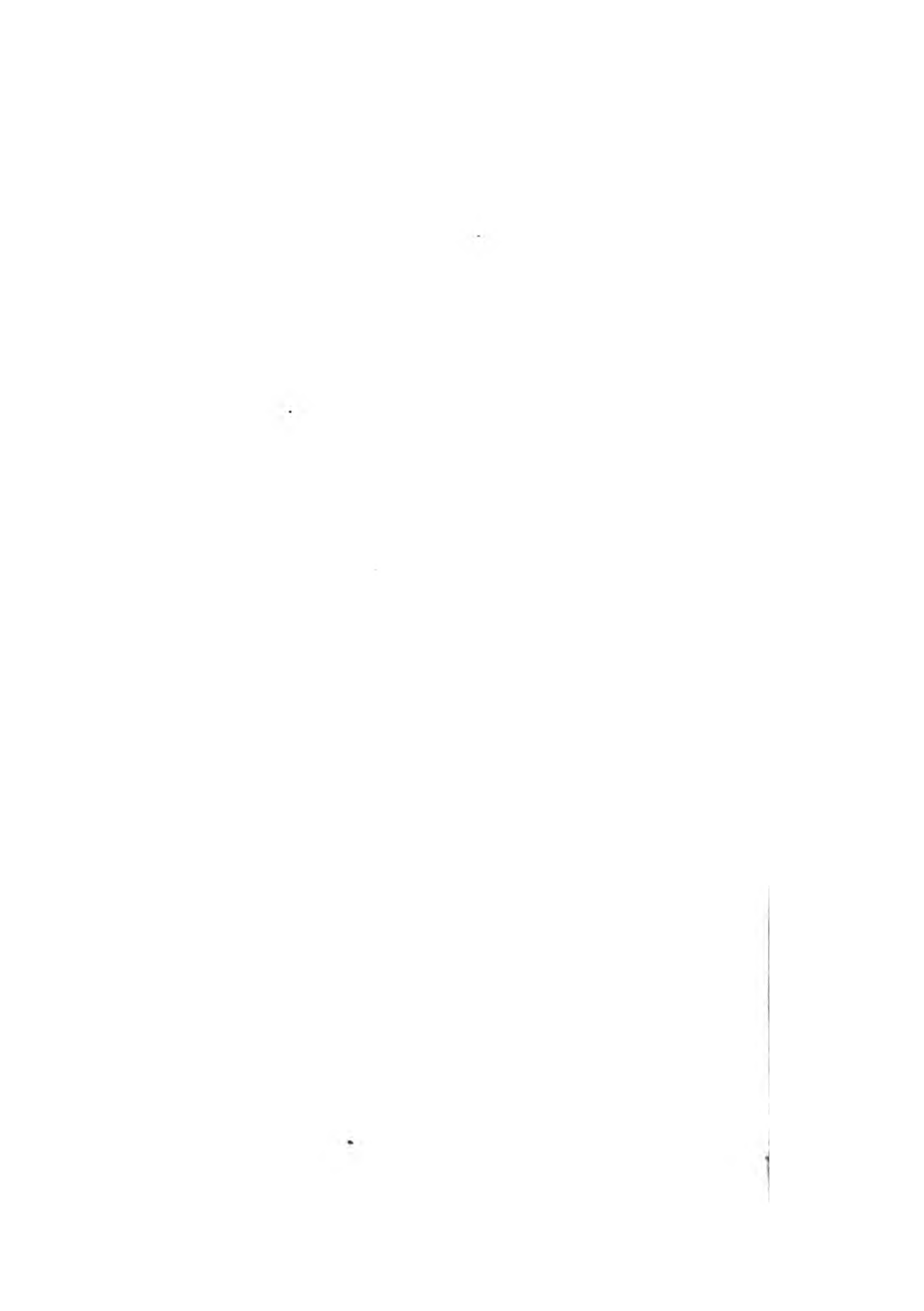


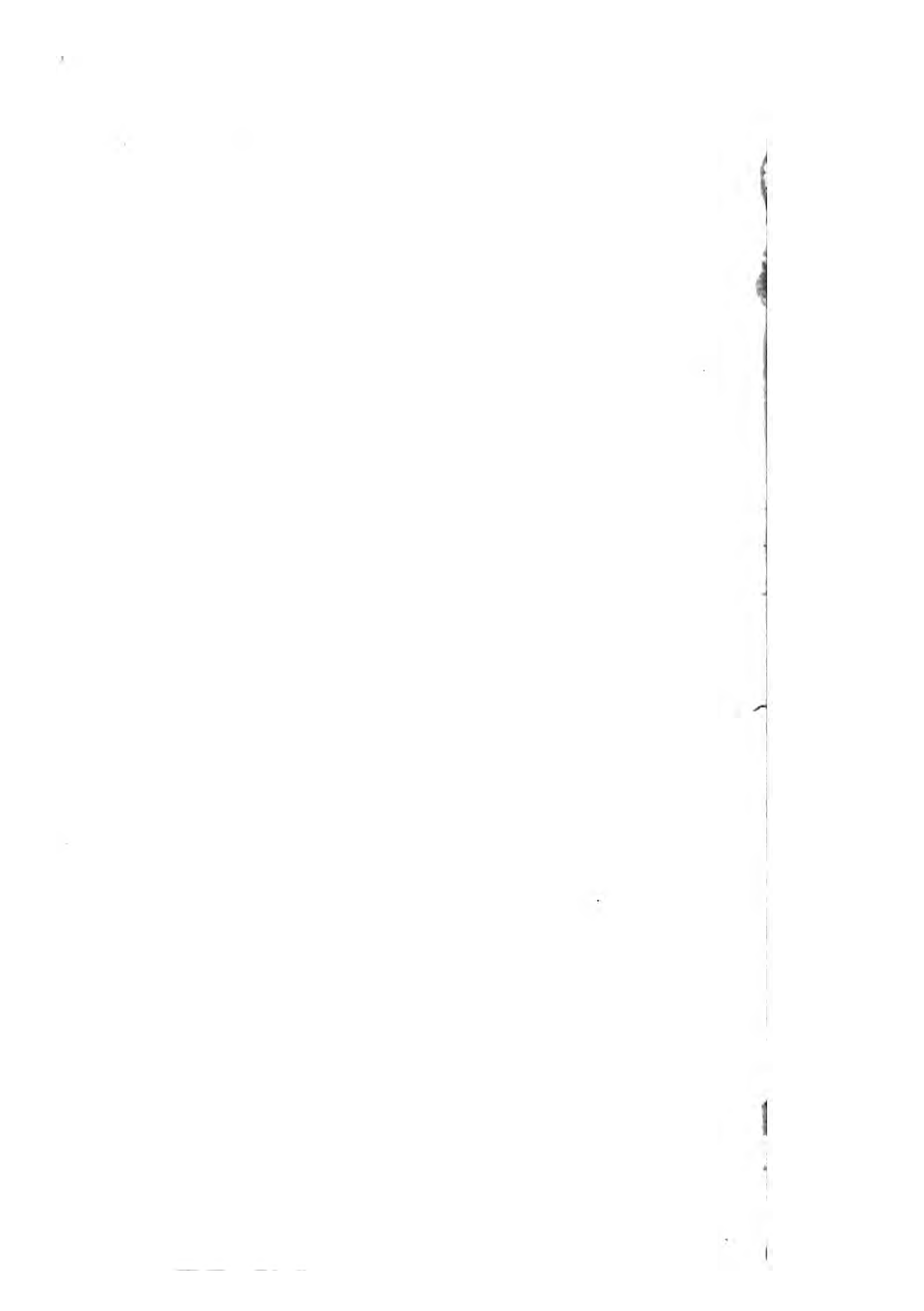
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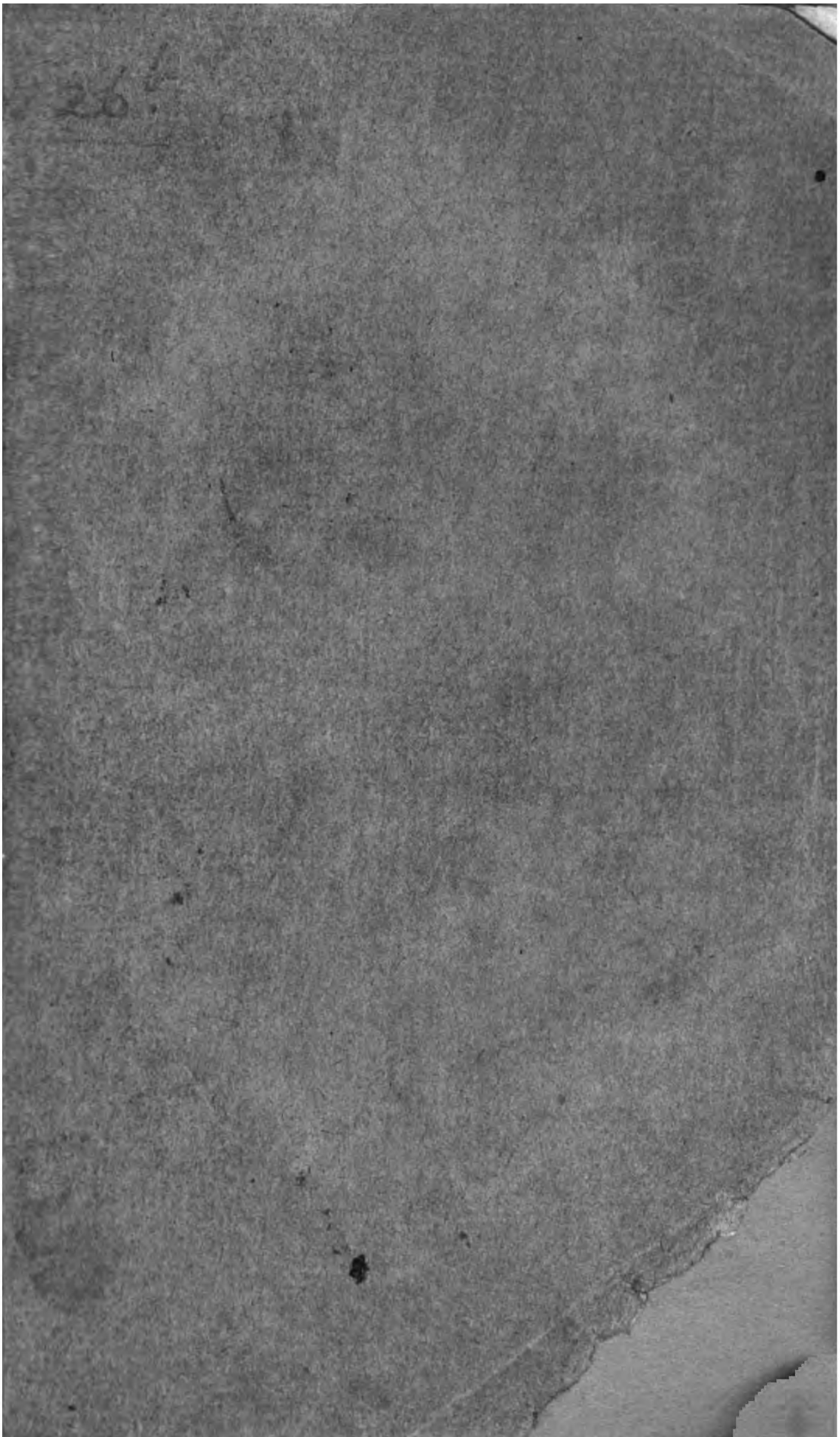








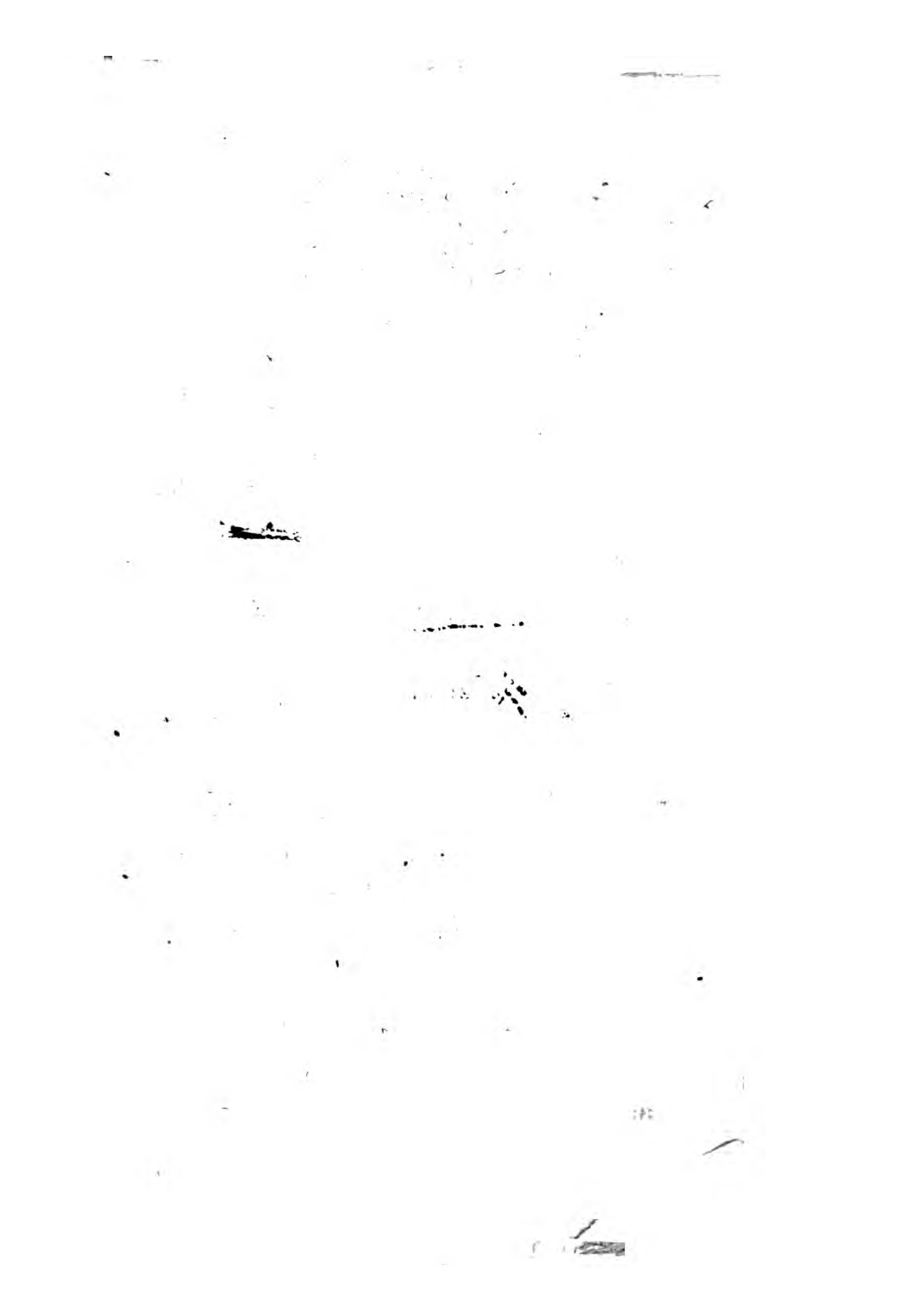






~~128~~

~~Году. 126~~  
Году. 126 \* Subt.





A'N  
ADDITIONAL VOLUME  
TO THE  
LETTERS

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady M---y W----y M-----e:

Written, during her TRAVELS in

EUROPE, ASIA AND AFRICA,

T O

Persons of Distinction, Men of Letters, &c.  
in different PARTS of EUROPE.

WHICH CONTAIN,

Among other CURIOUS Relations,  
ACCOUNTS of the POLICY and MANNERS  
of the TURKS;

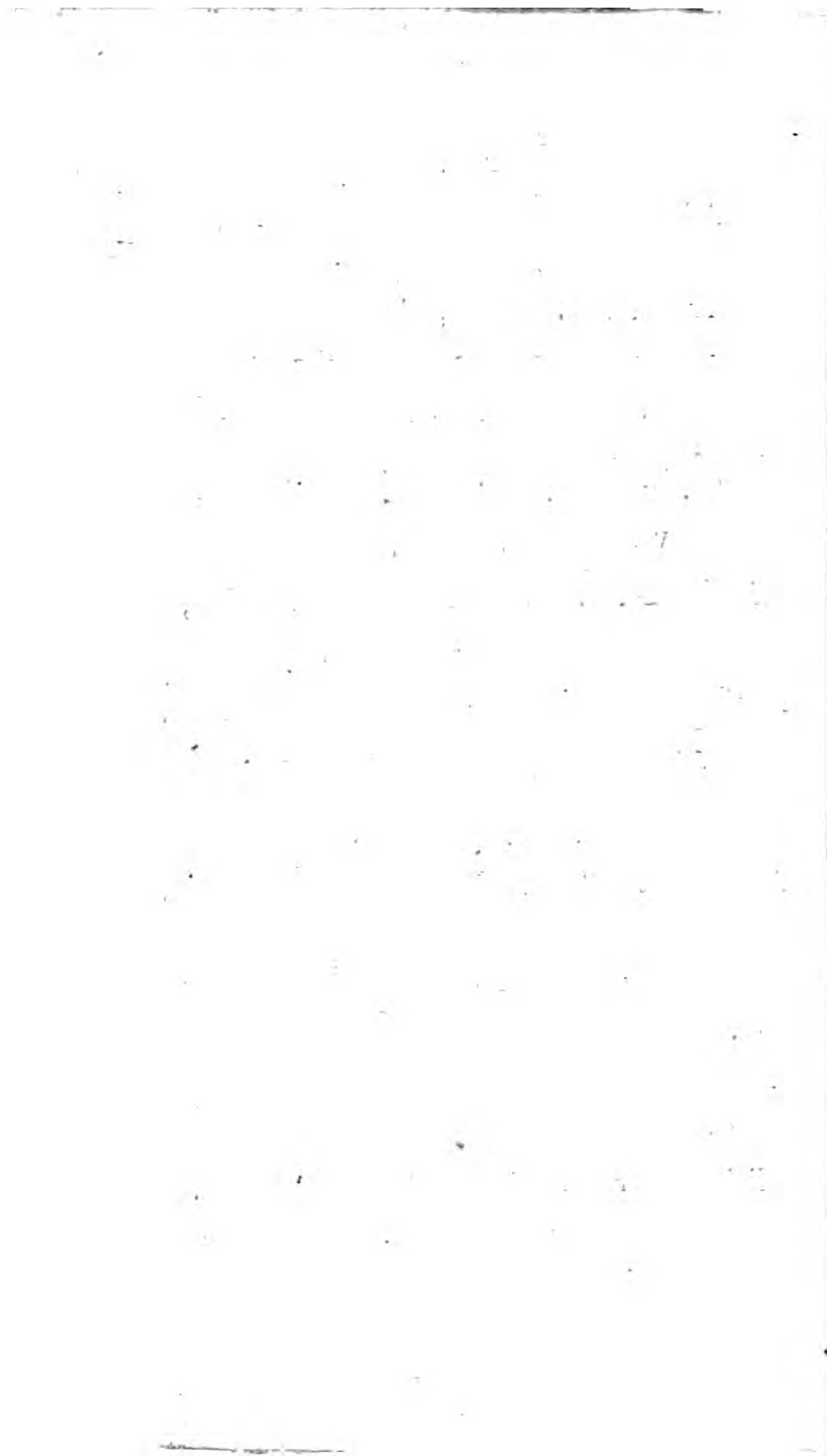
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other Travellers.



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L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE  
HONDT, in the Strand. MDCCLXVII.



## \* L E T T E R LIII.

To Lady —.

January 13, 1715-16.

**I** FIND after all, by your letter of yesterday, that Mrs. D— is resolved to marry the old greasy Curate. She was always High Church in an excessive degree, and you know she used to speak of Sacheverel as an Apostolick Saint, who was worthy to sit in the same place with St. Paul, if not a step above him. It is a matter however very doubtful to me, whether it is not still more the *man* than

\* This and the following Letters are now first published.

the *apost'e* that Mrs. D—— looks to in the present alliance. Tho' at the age of forty, she is, I assure you, very far from being cold and insensible; her fire may be covered with ashes, but it is not extinguished.—Don't be deceived, my dear, by that prudish and sanctified air—— Warm devotions is no equivocal mark of warm passions; besides I know it is a fact, (of which I have proofs in hand, which I will tell you by word of mouth) that our learned and holy prude is exceedingly disposed to use the *means*, supposed in the primitive command, let what will come of the end. The Curate indeed is very filthy—Such a red, spongy,

gy, watry nose! Such a squint! In short, he is ugly beyond expression; and what ought naturally to render him peculiarly displeasing to one of Mrs. D——'s constitution and propensities, he is stricken in years. Nor do I really know how they will live. He has but forty-five pounds a year—the but a trifling sum; so that they are likely to feast upon love and ecclesiastical history, which will be very empty food without a proper mixture of beef and pudding. I have, however, engaged our friend, who is the curate's landlord, to give them a good lease; and if Mrs. D——, instead of spending whole days in reading Collier,



Hicks, and vile translations of Plato and Epictetus, will but form the resolution of taking care of her house and minding her dairy, things may go tolerably. It is not likely that their *tender loves* will give them many *sweet babes* to provide for.

I met the lover yesterday, going to the ale-house in his dirty night-gown, with a book under his arm to entertain the club; and as Mrs. D—— was with me at the time, I pointed out to her the charming creature: she blushed and looked prim; but quoted a passage out of Herodotus, in which it is said that the  
 Persians

Perfians wore long night-gowns. There is really no more accounting for the taste in marriage of many of our sex, than there is for the appetite of your neighbour Miss S—y, who makes such waste of chalk and charcoal when they fall in her way.

As marriage produces children, so children produce care and disputes, and wrangling, as is said (at least by old bachelors and old maids) is one of the *sweets* of the conjugal state: you tell me that your friend Mrs. —— is, at length, blessed with a son; and that her husband, who is a great philosopher, (if his own testimony is to be depended upon) insists

on her suckling it herself. You ask my advice on this matter; and to give it you frankly, I really think that Mr. ——'s demand is unreasonable, as his wife's constitution is tender, and her temper fretful. A true philosopher would consider these circumstances, but a pedant is always throwing his system in your face, and applies it equally to all things, times and places, just like a taylor who would make a coat out of his own head, without any regard to the bulk or figure of the person that must wear it. All those fine-spun arguments that he has drawn from nature to stop your mouths, weigh, I must own to you, but very  
little

little with me. This same *Nature* is indeed a specious word, nay there is a great deal in it, if it is properly understood and applied, but I cannot bear to hear people using it to justify what common sense must disavow. Is not Nature modified by art in many things? Was it not designed to be so? And is it not happy for human society, that it is so? Would you like to see your husband let his beard grow until he would be obliged to put the end of it in his pocket, because this beard is the gift of Nature? The instincts of Nature point out neither taylor, nor weaver, nor mantua-makers, nor sempsters, nor milliners:

And

And yet I am very glad that we do not run naked like the Hottentots. But not to wander from the subject—I grant that Nature has furnished the mother with milk to nourish her child; but I maintain at the same time, that if she can find better milk elsewhere, she ought to prefer it without hesitation. I don't see why she should have more scruple to do this, than her husband has to leave the clear fountain, which Nature gave him to quench his thirst, for stout October, Port, or Claret. Indeed if Mrs. ——— was a buxom, sturdy woman, who lived on plain food, took regular exercise, enjoyed proper returns of rest, and was free  
from

from violent passions (which you and I know is not the case) she might be a good nurse for her child; but as matters stand, I do verily think that the milk of a good comely cow, who feeds quietly in her meadow, never devours ragouts, nor drinks ratafia, nor frets at quadrille, nor sits up till three in the morning elated with gain or dejected with loss, I do think that the milk of such a cow, or of a nurse that came as near it as possible, would be likely to nourish the young squire much better than hers. If it be true that the child sucks in the mother's passions with her milk, this is a strong argument in favour of the cow, unless  
you

you may be afraid that the young squire may become a calf; but how many calves are there both in state and church, who have been brought up with their mother's milk?

I promise faithfully to communicate to no mortal the letter you wrote me last—What you say of two of the rebel Lords, I believe to be true; but I can do nothing in the matter.—If my projects don't fail in the execution, I shall see you before a month passes. Give my service to Dr. Black-beard—He is a good man, but I never saw in my life such a persecuting face cover a humane and tender heart. I  
 imagine

imagine (within myself) that the Smithfield priests, who burned the protestants in the time of Queen Mary, had just such faces as the doctor's. If we were papists I should like him very much for my confessor; his seeming austerity would give you and I a great reputation for sanctity, and his good, indulgent heart would be the very thing that would suit us in the affair of penance and ghostly direction.

Farewel, my dear Lady, &c. &c.



## L E T T E R L I V .

To the Abbot —.

*Vienna, January 2, O. S. 1717.*

**I** AM really almost tired with the life of Vienna. I am not, indeed, an enemy to dissipation and hurry, much less to amusement and pleasure; but I cannot endure long even pleasure, when it is fetter'd with formality, and assumes the air of system. 'Tis true, I have had here some very agreeable connexions, and what will perhaps surprize you, I have particular pleasure in my Spanish

acquaintances, Count Oropeza and General Puebla. These two noblemen are much in the good graces of the Emperor, and yet they seem to be brewing mischief. The court of Madrid cannot reflect without pain upon the territories that were cut off from the Spanish monarchy by the peace of Utrecht, and it seems to be looking wishfully out for an opportunity of getting them back again. That is a matter about which I trouble myself very little; let the court be in the right or in the wrong, I like mightily the two Counts and Ministers. I dined with them both some days ago at Count Wurmbrand's, an Aulic counsellor and  
a man

a man of letters, who is universally esteemed here. But the first man at this court in point of knowledge and abilities, is certainly Count Schlick, High Chancellor of Bohemia, whose immense reading is accompanied with a fine taste and a solid judgment; he is a declared enemy to Prince Eugene, and a warm friend to the honest hot-headed Marshal Staremberg. One of the most accomplished men I have seen at Vienna is the young Count Tarrocco, who accompanies the amiable Prince of Portugal. I am almost in love with them both, and wonder to see such elegant manners, and such free and generous sentiments in two  
young

young men that have hitherto seen nothing but their own country. The Count is just such a Roman Catholick as you ; he succeeds greatly with the devout beauties here ; his first overtures in gallantry are disguised under the luscious strains of spiritual love, that were sung formerly by the sublimely voluptuous Fenelon and the tender Madam Guion, who turned the fire of carnal love to divine objects ; thus the Count begins with the *spirit*, and ends generally with the *flesh*, when he makes his addresses to holy virgins.

I made acquaintance yesterday with the famous poet Rousseau, who lives here

under the peculiar protection of Prince Eugene, by whose liberality he subsists. He passes here for a free-thinker, and, what is still worse in my esteem, for a man whose heart does not feel the encomiums he gives to virtue and honour in his poems. I like his odes mightily; they are much superior to the lyric productions of our English poets, few of whom have made any figure in that kind of poetry. I don't find that learned men abound here; there is indeed a prodigious number of Alchymists at Vienna; the *philosophers stone* is the great object of zeal and science; and those who have more reading and capacity than the vulgar,

gar,

gar, have transported their superstition (shall I call it?) or fanaticism from religion to chymistry ; and they believe in a new kind of transubstantiation, which is designed to make the laity as rich as the other kind has made the priesthood. This pestilential passion has already ruined several great houses. There is scarcely a man of opulence or fashion, that has not an Alchymist in his service, and even the Emperor is supposed to be no enemy to this folly in secret, tho' he has pretended to discourage it in publick.

Prince Eugene was so polite as to shew me his library yesterday ; we found him

attended by Rousseau, and his favourite Count Bonneval, who is a man of wit, and is here thought to be a very bold and enterprising spirit. The library, tho' not very ample is well chosen; but as the Prince will admit into it no editions but what are beautiful and pleasing to the eye, and there are nevertheless numbers of excellent books that are but indifferently printed, this finikin and foppish taste makes many disagreeable chasms in this collection. The books are pompously bound in Turkey leather, and two of the most famous bookbinders of Paris, were expressly sent for to do this work. Bonneval pleasantly told me that there

were several quartos on the art of war, that were bound with the skins of *Spabis* and *Janissaries*; and this jest, which was indeed elegant, raised a smile of pleasure on the grave countenance of the famous warrior. The prince, who is a connoisseur in the fine arts, shewed me, with particular pleasure, the famous collection of portraits that formerly belonged to Fouquet, and which he purchased at an excessive price. He has augmented it with a considerable number of new acquisitions, so that he has now in his possession such a collection in that kind as you will scarcely find in any ten cabinets in Europe. If I told you the number,



you will say that I make an indiscreet use of the permission to lie, which is more or less given to travellers by the indulgence of the candid.

Count Tarracco is just come in—He is the only person I have excepted this morning in my general order to receive no company.—I think I see you smile,—but I am not so far gone as to stand in need of absolution; tho' as the human heart is deceitful, and the Count very agreeable, you may think that even tho' I should not want an absolution, I would nevertheless be glad to have an indulgence.—No such thing.—However, as  
I am

I am a heretick, and you no confessor, I shall make no declarations on this head.

—The design of the Count's visit is a ball;—more pleasure.—I shall be forfeited.

Adieu, &c.

## L E T T E R LV.

To Mr. P——.

Sept. 1, 1717.

**W**HEN I wrote to you last, Belgrade was in the hands of the Turks; but, at this present moment, it has changed masters, and is in the hands of the Imperialists. A Janissary who in nine days, and yet without any wings but what a pannick terror seems to have furnished, arrived at Constanti- nople from the army of the Turks before Belgrade, brought Mr. W—— the news of a compleat victory obtained by  
the

the Imperialists, commanded by Prince Eugene, over the Ottoman troops. It is said, the Prince has discovered great conduct and valour in this action, and I am particularly glad that the voice of glory and duty has call'd him from the  
 ——(here several words of the manuscript are effaced.)——Two days after the battle the town surrendered. The consternation, which this defeat has occasioned here, is inexpressible; and the Sultan apprehending a revolution from the resentment and indignation of the people, fomented by certain leaders, has begun his precautions, after the goodly fashion of this blessed government, by  
 ordering

ordering several persons to be strangled who were the objects of his royal suspicion. He has also ordered his Treasurer to advance some months pay to the Janissaries, which seems the less necessary, as their conduct has been bad in this campaign, and their licentious ferocity seems pretty well tamed by the publick contempt. Such of them as return in straggling and fugitive parties to the metropolis, have not spirit nor credit enough to defend themselves from the insults of the mob; the very children taunt them, and the populace spit in their faces as they pass. They refused during the battle to lend their assistance

stance to save the baggage and the military chest, which however were defended by the Bashaws and their retinue, while the Janissaries and Spahis were nobly employed in plundering their own camp.

You see here that I give you a very *handsome* return for your obliging letter. You entertain me with a most agreeable account of your amiable connexions with men of letters and taste, and of the delicious moments you pass in their society under the rural shade; and I exhibit to you in return, the barbarous spectacle of Turks and Germans cutting one another's

another's throats. But what can you expect from such a country as this, from which the muses have fled, from which letters seem eternally banished, and in which you see, in private scenes, nothing pursued as happiness but the refinements of an indolent voluptuousness, and where those who act upon the publick theatre live in uncertainty, suspicion, and terror. Here pleasure, to which I am no enemy when it is properly seasoned and of a good composition, is surely of the cloying kind. Veins of wit, elegant conversation, easy commerce, are unknown among the Turks; and yet they seem capable of  
all

all these, if the vile spirit of their government did not stifle genius, damp curiosity, and suppress an hundred passions, that embellish and render life agreeable. The lascivious passion of the Seraglio is the only one almost that is gratified here to the full, but it is blended so with the surly spirit of despotism in one of the parties, and with the dejection and anxiety which this spirit produces in the other, that to one of my way of thinking it cannot appear otherwise than as a very mixed kind of enjoyment. The women here are not, indeed, so closely confined as many have related; they enjoy a high degree of liberty



erty even in the bosom of servitude, and they have methods of evasion and disguise that are very favourable to gallantry; but after all, they are still under uneasy apprehensions of being discovered; and a discovery exposes them to the most merciless rage of jealousy, which is here a monster that cannot be satiated but with blood. The magnificence and riches that reign in the apartments of the ladies of fashion here, seem to be one of their chief pleasures, joined with their retinue of female slaves, whose music, dancing and dress amuse them highly; but there is such an air of form and stiffness amidst this grandeur, as hinder it  
from

from pleasing me at long run, however I was dazzled with it at first sight. This stiffness and formality of manners are peculiar to the Turkish ladies; for the Grecian belles are of quite another character and complexion; with them pleasure appears in more engaging forms, and their persons, manners, conversation and amusements are very far from being destitute of elegance and ease.—

I received the news of Mr. Addison's being declared Secretary of State with the less surprize, in that I know that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it, and really believe that he would have done well to  
have

have declined it now. Such a post as that, and such a Wife as the Countess, do not seem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is astmatick; and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both. It is well that he laid aside the thoughts of the voluminous dictionary, of which I have heard you or somebody else frequently make mention. But no more on that subject; I would not have said so much, were I not assured that this letter will come safe and unopened to hand. I long much to tread upon English ground, that I may see you and Mr. Congreve, who render that ground *classick ground*; nor will you  
 refuse

refuse our present Secretary a part of that merit, whatever reasons you may have to be dissatisfied with him in other respects. You are the three happiest poets I ever heard of; one a secretary of state, the other enjoying leisure with dignity in two lucrative employments; and you, tho' your religious profession is an obstacle to court promotion, and disqualifies you from filling civil employments, have found the *Philosophers stone*, since by making the *Iliad* pass through your poetical crucible into an English form without losing aught of its original beauty, you have drawn the golden current of Pactolus to Twickenham. I

call this finding the Philosophers stone, since you alone found out the secret, and nobody else has got into it. A——n and T——l tried it, but their experiments failed; and they lost if not their money, at least a certain portion of their fame in the trial——while you touched the mantle of the divine Bard, and imbibed his spirit. I hope we shall have the Odyfsey soon from your happy hand, and I think I shall follow with singular pleasure the traveller Ulyfſes, who was an obſerver of men and manners, when he travels in your harmonious numbers. I love him much better

than the hot-headed son of Peleus, who bullied his general, cried for his mistress, and so on. It is true, the excellence of the Iliad does not depend upon his merit or dignity, but I wish nevertheless that Homer had chosen a hero somewhat less pettish and less fantastick : a perfect hero is chimerical and unnatural, and consequently uninstruative ; but it is also true that while the epic hero ought to be drawn with the infirmities that are the lot of humanity, he ought never to be represented as extremely absurd. But it becomes me ill to play the critick ;

[ 36 ]

so I take my leave of you for this  
time, and desire you will believe me,  
with the highest esteem,

Yours, &c.

## \* L E T T E R LVI.

To the Countess of —.

*Saturday—Florence.*

**I** SET out from Bologne the moment I had finished the letter I wrote you on Monday last, and shall now continue to inform you of the things that have struck me most in this excursion. Sad roads—hilly and rocky—between Bologna and Fierenzuola. Between this

*\* As this letter is the supplement to a preceding one which is not come to the hands of the Editor, it was, probably on that account, sent without a date. It seems evidently to have been written after lady M. W. M. had fixed her residence in Italy.*



latter place and Florence I went out of my road to visit the monastery of *La Trappe*, which is of French origin, and one of the most austere and self-denying orders I have met with. In this gloomy retreat it gave me pain to observe the infatuation of men, who have devoutly reduced themselves to a much worse condition than that of the beasts. Folly, you see, is the lot of humanity, whether it arises in the flowery paths of pleasure or the thorny ones of an ill-judged devotion. But of the two sorts of fools, I shall always think that the merry one has the most eligible fate ; and I cannot well form a notion of that spiritual and  
 extatick

extatick joy, that is mixed with sighs, groans, hunger and thirst, and the other complicated miseries of monastick discipline. It is a strange way of going to work for happiness to excite an enmity between soul and body, which nature and providence have designed to live together in an union and friendship, and which we cannot separate like man and wife when they happen to disagree. The profound silence that is enjoined upon the Monks of *La Trappe*, is a singular circumstance of their unsociable and unnatural discipline; and were this injunction never to be dispensed with, it would be needless to visit them in any other

character than as a collection of statues ; but the superior of the convent suspended, in our favour, that rigorous law, and allowed one of the mutes to converse with me, and answer a few discreet questions. He told me that the monks of this order in France are still more austere than those of Italy, as they never taste wine, flesh, fish or eggs ; but live entirely upon vegetables. The story that is told of the institution of this order is remarkable, and is well attested, if my information be good. Its founder was a French nobleman whose name was *Bouthillier de Rancé*, a man of pleasure and gallantry, which were converted into  
the

the deepest gloom of devotion by the following incident. His affairs obliged him to absent himself, for some time, from a lady with whom he had lived in the most intimate and tender connexions of successful love. At his return to Paris he proposed to surprize her agreeably, and, at the same time, to satisfy his own impatient desire of seeing her, by going directly and without ceremony to her apartment by a back stair, which he was well acquainted with—but think of the spectacle that presented itself to him at his entrance into the chamber that had so often been the scene of love's highest raptures! his  
mis-

mistress dead—dead of the small pox—disfigured beyond expression—a loathsome mass of putrified matter—and the surgeon separating the head from the body, because the coffin had been made too short! He stood for a moment motionless in amazement, and filled with horror—and then retired from the world, shut himself up in the convent of *La Trappe*, where he passed the remainder of his days in the most cruel and disconsolate devotion.—Let us quit this sad subject.

I must not forget to tell you that before I came to this monastery I went to  
see

see the burning mountains near Fierenzuala, of which the naturalists speak as a great curiosity. The flame it sends forth is without smoke, and resembles brandy set on fire. The ground about it is well cultivated, and the fire appears only in one spot where there is a cavity, whose circumference is small, but in it are several crevices whose depths are unknown. It is remarkable that when a piece of wood is thrown into this cavity, though it cannot pass thro' the crevices, yet it is consumed in a moment, and that though the ground about it be perfectly cold, yet if a stick be rubbed with any force against it, it emits a flame, which,

which, however, is neither hot nor durable like that of the Volcano. If you desire a more circumstantial account of this phenomenon, and have made a sufficient progress in Italian to read farther Carazzi's description of it, you need not be at a loss, for I have sent this description to Mr. F——, and you have only to ask it of him. After observing the Volcano, I scrambled up all the neighbouring hills, partly on horseback, partly on foot, but could find no vestige of fire in any of them; though common report would make one believe that they all contain volcano's.

I hope

I hope you have not taken it in your head to expect from me a description of the famous gallery here, where I arrived on Thursday at noon; this would be requiring a volume instead of a letter; besides I have as yet seen but a part of this immense treasure, and I propose employing some weeks more to survey the whole. You cannot imagine any situation more agreeable than Florence. It lies in a fertile and smiling valley watered by the Arno, which runs thro' the city, and nothing can surpass the beauty and magnificence of its public buildings, particularly the cathedral, whose grandeur filled me with  
astonish-



astonishment. The palaces, squares, fountains, statues, bridges, do not only carry an aspect full of elegance and greatness, but discover a taste quite different, in kind, from that which reigns in the publick edifices in other countries. The more I see of Italy, the more I am persuaded that the Italians have a stile (if I may use that expression) in every thing, which distinguishes them almost essentially from all other Europeans. Where they have got it,—— whether from natural genius or ancient imitation and inheritance, I shall not examine; but the fact is certain. I have been but one day in the gallery,  
that

that amazing repository of the most precious remains of antiquity, and which alone is sufficient to immortalize the illustrious house of Medicis, by whom it was built, and enriched as we now see it. I was so impatient to see the famous Venus of Medicis, that I went hastily thro' six apartments in order to get a sight of this divine figure, purposing when I had satisfied this ardent curiosity, to return and view the rest at my leisure. As I, indeed, passed thro' the great room which contains the ancient statues, I was stopped short at viewing the Antinous, which they have placed near that of Adrian, to revive the remembrance of  
their

their preposterous loves, which I suppose, the Florentines rather look upon as an object of envy, than of horror and disgust. This statue, like that of the Venus de Medicis, spurns description: such figures my eyes never beheld—I can now understand that Ovid's comparing a fine woman to a statue, which I formerly thought a very disobliging similitude, was the nicest and highest piece of flattery. The Antinous is entirely naked, all its parts are bigger than nature; but the whole, taken together, and the fine attitude of the figure, carry such an expression of ease, elegance and grace, as no words can describe. When  
I saw

I saw the Venus I was rapt in wonder,  
 —and I could not help casting a thought  
 back upon Antinous. They ought to  
 be placed together. They are worthy  
 of each other.—If marble could see and  
 feel, the separation might be prudent,—  
 if it could only *see*, it would certainly  
 lose its coldness and learn to feel, and in  
 such a case the charms of these two  
 figures would produce an effect quite  
 opposite to that of the Gorgon's head,  
 which turned flesh into stone. Did I  
 pretend to describe to you the Venus, it  
 would only set your imagination at work  
 to form ideas of her figure, and your  
 ideas would no more resemble that figure,

than the Portuguese face of Miss N—— who has enchanted our knights, resembles the sweet and graceful countenance of lady —— his former flame. The description of a face or figure is a needless thing, as it never conveys a true idea, it only gratifies the imagination with a fantastick one, until the real one is seen. So, my dear, if you have a mind to form a true notion of the divine forms and features of the Venus and Antinous, come to Florence.

I would be glad to oblige you and your friend Vertue by executing your commission with respect to the sketches

of Raphael's cartoons at Hampton-Court; but I cannot do it to my satisfaction. I have, indeed, seen in the Grand Duke's collection, four pieces, in which that wonderful artist had thrown freely from his pencil the first thoughts and rude lines of some of these compositions; and as the first thoughts of a great genius are precious, these pieces attracted my curiosity in a particular manner; but when I went to examine them closely, I found them so damaged and effaced, that they did not at all answer my expectation. Whether this be owing to negligence or envy, I cannot say; I mention the latter, because it is noto-

rious that many of the modern painters have discovered ignoble marks of envy at a view of the inimitable productions of the ancients. Instead of employing their art to preserve the master-pieces of antiquity, they have endeavoured to destroy and efface many of them. I have seen with my own eyes an evident proof of this at Bologna, where the greatest part of the paintings in fresco on the walls of the convent of *St. Michael in Bosco*, done by the *Carracci*, and *Guido Rbeni*, have been ruined by the painters, who after having copied some of the finest heads, scraped them almost entirely

tirely out with nails. Thus you see nothing is exempt from human malignity.

The word Malignity, and a passage in your letter, call to my mind the wicked wasp of Twickenham; his lies affect me now no more; they will be all as much despised as the story of the seraglio and the handkerchief, of which I am persuaded he was the only inventor. That man has a malignant and ungenerous heart; and he is base enough to assume the mask of a moralist, in order to decry human nature,



nature, and to give a decent vent to his hatred to man and woman kind.— But I must quit this contemptible subject, on which a just indignation would render my pen so fertile, that after having fatigued you with a long letter, I would surfeit you with a supplement twice as long. Besides a violent head-ach advertises me that it is time to lay down my pen and get me to bed. I shall say some things to you in my next that I would have you to impart to the *strange man*, as from yourself. My mind is at present tolerably quiet; if it were as dead to  
fin,

fin, as it is to certain connexions, I  
should be a great faint. Adieu, my  
dear Madam.

Yours very affectionately, &c.

## L E T T E R LVII.

To Mr. P.

I HAVE been running about Paris at a strange rate with my sister, and strange sights have we seen. They are, at least, strange sights to me, for after having been accustomed to the gravity of Turks, I can scarce look with an easy and familiar aspect at the levity and agility of the airy phantoms that are dancing about me here, and I often think that I am at a puppet-show amidst the representations of real life. I stare prodigiously, but no body remarks it, for every body stares here; staring is à-la-mode—there  
is

is a stare of attention and *interêt*, a stare of curiosity, a stare of expectation, a stare of surprize, and it would greatly amuse you to see what trifling objects excite all this staring. This staring would have rather a solemn kind of air, were it not alleviated by grinning, for at the end of a stare there comes always a grin, and very commonly the entrance of a gentleman or lady into a room is accompanied with a grin, which is designed to express complacence and social pleasure, but really shews nothing more than a certain contortion of muscles that must make a stranger laugh really, as they laugh artificially. The French grin  
is

is equally remote from the chearful serenity of a smile, and the cordial mirth of an honest English horse-laugh. I shall not perhaps stay here long enough to form a just idea of French manners and characters, tho' this I believe would require but little study, as there is no great depth in either. It appears, on a superficial view, to be a frivolous, restless, and agreeable people. The Abbot is my guide, and I could not easily light upon a better; he tells me that here the women form the character of the men, and I am convinced in the persuasion of this by every company into which I enter. There seems here to be no intermediate

mediate state between infancy and manhood; for as soon as the boy has quit his leading-strings, he is set agog in the world; the ladies are his tutors, they make the first impressions, which generally remain, and they render the men ridiculous by the imitation of their humours and graces, so that dignity in manners is a rare thing here before the age of sixty. Does not King David say somewhere, that *Man walketh in a vain shew*? I think he does, and I am sure this is peculiarly true of the French man—but he walks merrily and seems to enjoy the vision, and may he not therefore be esteemed more happy than many.

many of our solid thinkers whose brows are furrowed by deep reflexion, and whose wisdom is so often clothed with a misty mantle of spleen and vapours ?

What delights me most here is a view of the magnificence often accompanied with taste that reigns in the King's palaces and gardens ; for tho' I don't admire much the architecture, in which there is great irregularity and want of proportion, yet the statues, paintings, and other decorations afford me high entertainment. One of the pieces of antiquity that struck me most in the gardens of Versailles was the famous Colossean statue of Jupiter, the workmanship of Myron,

Myron, which Mark Anthony carried away from Samos, and Augustus ordered to be placed in the Capitol. It is of Parian marble, and though it has suffered in the ruin of time, it still preserves striking lines of majesty. But surely, if marble could feel, the God would frown with a generous indignation to see himself transported from the Capitol into a French garden; and after having received the homage of the Roman emperors who laid their laurels at his feet when they returned from their conquests, to behold now nothing but frizzled beaus passing by him with indifference.

I propose



I propose setting out soon from this place, so that you are to expect no more letters from this side of the water; besides I am hurried to death, and my head swims with that vast variety of objects which I am obliged to view with such rapidity, the shortness of my time not allowing me to examine them at my leisure. There is here an excessive prodigality of ornaments and decorations, that is just the opposite extreme to what appears in our royal gardens; this prodigality is owing to the levity and inconstancy of the French taste, which always pants after something new, and thus heaps ornament upon ornament  
without

without end or measure. It is time,  
however, that I should put an end to my  
letter ; so I wish you good night,

And am, &c.

## L E T T E R LVIII.

To Count —.

Translated from the French.

**I** AM charmed, fir, with your obliging letter; and you may perceive by the largeness of my paper, that I intend to give punctual answers to all your questions, at least if my French will permit me; for as it is a language I do not understand to perfection, so I much fear, that, for want of expressions, I shall be quickly obliged to finish. Keep in mind, therefore, that I am writing in a foreign language; and be sure to attribute all the imper-

impertinencies and triflings dropping from my pen, to the want of proper words for declaring my thoughts, but by no means to dulness, or natural levity.

These conditions being thus agreed and settled, I begin with telling you, that you have a true notion of the Alcoran, concerning which, the Greek priests (who are the greatest scoundrels in the universe) have invented out of their own heads a thousand ridiculous stories, in order to decry the law of Mahomet; to run it down, I say, without any examination, or so much as letting the people

read it; being afraid that if once they began to sift the defects of the Alcoran, they might not stop there, but proceed to make use of their judgment, about their own legends and fictions. In effect, there is nothing so like as the fables of the Greeks and of the Mahometans; and the last have multitudes of saints, at whose tombs miracles are by them said to be daily performed; nor are the accounts of the lives of those blessed Musselmans much less stuffed with extravagancies, than the spiritual romances of the Greek Papas.

As

As to your next enquiry, I assure you 'tis certainly false, though commonly believed in our parts of the world, that Mahomet excludes women from any share in a future happy state. He was too much a gentleman, and loved the fair sex too well, to use them so barbarously. On the contrary, he promises a very fine paradise to the Turkish women. He says, indeed, that this paradise will be a separate place from that of their husbands; but I fancy the most part of them won't like it the worse for that; and that the regret of this separation will not render their paradise the less agreeable. It remains to tell you that the

virtues which Mahomet requires of the women, to merit the enjoyment of future happiness, are not to live in such a manner as to become useless to the world, but to employ themselves as much as possible, in making little Mussulmans. The virgins who die virgins, and the widows who marry not again, dying in mortal sin, are excluded out of paradise: For women, says he, not being capable to manage the affairs of state, nor to support the fatigues of war, God has not ordered them to govern or reform the world; but he has entrusted them with an office which is not less honourable; even that of multiplying the human race;

race : and such as, out of malice or laziness, do not make it their business to bear or to breed children, fulfil not the duty of their vocation, and rebel against the commands of God. Here are maxims for you, prodigiously contrary to those of your convents. What will become of your St. Catharines, your St. Theresas, your St. Claras, and the whole bead-roll of your holy virgins and widows? who, if they are to be judged by this system of virtue, will be found to have been infamous creatures, that passed their whole lives in most abominable libertinism.



I know not what your thoughts may be concerning a doctrine so extraordinary with respect to us; but I can truly inform you, sir, that the Turks are not so ignorant as we fancy them to be, in matters of politicks, or philosophy, or even of gallantry. 'Tis true, that military discipline, such as now practised in Christendom, does not mightily suit them. A long peace has plunged them into an universal sloth. Content with their condition, and accustomed to boundless luxury, they are become great enemies to all manner of fatigues. But to make amends, the sciences flourish among them. The effendis (that is to say, the learned)

learned) do very well deserve this name: They have no more faith in the inspiration of Mahomet, than in the infallibility of the Pope. They make a frank profession of deism among themselves, or to those they can trust, and never speak of their law but as of a politic institution, fit now to be observed by wise men, however at first introduced by politicians and enthusiasts.

If I remember right, I think I have told you in some former letter, that at Belgrade we lodged with a great and rich Effendi, a man of wit and learning, and of a very agreeable humour. We were

in his house about a month, and he did constantly eat with us, drinking wine without any scruple. As I rallied him a little on this subject, he answered me, smiling, that all creatures in the world were made for the pleasure of man ; and that God would not have let the vine grow, were it a sin to taste of its juice : but that nevertheless the law, which forbids the use of it to the vulgar, was very wise, because such sort of folks have not sense enough to take it with moderation. This Effendi appeared no stranger to the parties that prevail among us : nay, he seemed to have some knowledge of our religious disputes, and even of our writers :

ters: and I was surpris'd to hear him ask, among other things, how Mr. Toland did?

My paper, large as it is, draws towards an end. That I may not go beyond its limits, I must leap from religions to tulips, concerning which you ask me news. Their mixture produces surprising effects. But what is to be observed most surprising, is the experiments of which you speak concerning animals, and which is tried here every day. The suburbs of Pera, Jophana, and Galata, are collections of strangers from all countries of the universe. They have so often  
inter-

intermarried, that this forms several races of people, the oddest imaginable. There is not one single family of natives, that can value itself on being unmix'd. You frequently see a person, whose father was born a Grecian, the mother an Italian, the grandfather a Frenchman, the grandmother an Armenian, and their ancestors English, Muscovites, Asiatics, &c.

This mixture produces creatures more extraordinary than you can imagine: nor could I ever doubt, but there were several different species of men; since the whites, the woolly and the long-hair'd

haired blacks, the small eyed Tartars and Chinese, the beardless Brafilians, and (to name no more) the oily-skinned yellow Nova Zemblians, have as specific differences under the same general kind, as greyhounds, mastiffs, spaniels, bull dogs, or the race of my little Diana, if nobody is offended at the comparison. Now, as the various intermixing of these latter animals causes mungrels, so mankind have their mungrels too, divided and subdivided into endless sorts. We have daily proofs of it here, as I told you before. In the same animal is not seldom remarked the Greek perfidiousness, the Italian diffidence, the Spanish

nish arrogance, the French loquacity, and all of a sudden he is seized with a fit of English thoughtfulness, bordering a little upon dulness, which many of us have inherited from the stupidity of our Saxon progenitors. But the family which charms me most, is that which proceeds from the fantastical conjunction of a Dutch male with a Greek female. As these are natures opposite in extremes, 'tis a pleasure to observe how the differing atoms are perpetually jarring together in the children, even so as to produce effects visible in their external form. They have the large black eyes of the country, with the fat, white, fishy flesh of Holland,

land,

land, and a lively air streaked with dulness. At one and the same time, they shew that love of expensiveness, so universal among the Greeks, and an inclination to the Dutch frugality. To give an example of this; young women ruin themselves to purchase jewels for adorning their heads, while they have not the heart to buy new shoes, or rather slippers for their feet, which are commonly in a tattered condition; a thing so contrary to the taste of our English women, that it is for shewing how neatly their feet are dressed, and for shewing this only, they are so passionately enamoured with their hoop-petticoats.



petticoats. I have abundance of other singularities to communicate to you, but I am at the end both of my French and my paper.

## CONCERNING

MONSIEUR DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT'S  
 Maxim——“ *That Marriage is*  
*“ sometimes convenient, but never*  
*“ delightful.”*

**I**T may be thought a presumptuous attempt in me to contravert a maxim advanced by such a celebrated genius as Monsieur Rochefoucault, and received with such implicit faith by a nation which boasts of superior politeness to the rest of the world, and which for a long time past has prescribed the rules of gallantry to all Europe.

Nevertheless, prompted by that ardour which truth inspires, I dare to maintain the contrary, and resolutely insist, that there are some marriages formed by love, which may be delightful, where the affections are sympathetic. Nature has presented us with pleasures suitable to our species, and we need only to follow her impulse, refined by taste and exalted by a lively and agreeable imagination, in order to attain the most perfect felicity of which human nature is susceptible: ambition, avarice, vanity, when enjoyed in the most exquisite perfection, can yield but trifling and tasteless pleasures,

tures, which will be too inconsiderable to affect a mind of delicate sensibility.

We may consider the gifts of fortune as so many steps necessary to arrive at felicity, which we can never attain, being obliged to set bounds to our desires, and being only gratified with some of her frivolous favours, which are nothing more than the torments of life, when they are considered as the necessary means to acquire or preserve a more exquisite felicity.

This felicity consists alone in friendship, founded on mutual esteem, fixed

by gratitude, supported by inclination, and animated by the tender solitudes of Love, whom the antients have admirably described under the appearance of a beautiful infant: it is pleased with infantine amusements, it is delicate and affectionate, incapable of mischief, delighted with trifles; its pleasures are gentle and innocent.

They have given a very different representation of another passion too gross to be mentioned, but of which alone men in general are susceptible. This they have described under the figure of a satyr, who has more of the brute than

than of the man in his composition. By this fabulous animal they have expressed a passion, which is the real foundation of all the fine exploits of modish gallantry, and which only endeavours to glut its appetite with the possession of the object which is most lovely in its estimation: a passion founded in injustice, supported by deceit, and attended by crimes, remorse, jealousy and contempt. Can such an affection be delightful to a virtuous mind? Nevertheless such is the delightful attendant on all illicit engagements; gallants are obliged to abandon all those sentiments of honour which are inseparable from a li-

beral education, and are doomed to live wretchedly in the constant pursuit of what reason condemns, to have all their pleasures embittered by remorse, and to be reduced to the deplorable condition of having renounced virtue, without being able to make vice agreeable.

It is impossible to taste the delights of love in perfection, but in a well assorted marriage; nothing betrays such a narrowness of mind as to be governed by words. What though custom, for which good reasons may be assigned, has made the words *husband* and *wife* somewhat ridiculous? A husband, in  
common

common acceptation, signifies a jealous brute, a surly tyrant; or at best a weak fool, who may be made to believe any thing. A wife is a domestic termagant, who is destined to deceive or torment the poor devil of a husband. The conduct of married people in general, sufficiently justifies these two characters.

But, as I said before, Why should words impose upon us? A well regulated marriage is not like these connections of interest or ambition. A fond couple attached to each other by mutual affection, are two lovers who live happily together. Though the priest pro-



nounces certain words, though the lawyer draws up certain instruments; yet I look on these preparatives in the same light as a lover considers a rope-ladder which he fastens to his mistress's window: if they can but live together, what does it signify at what price or by what means their union is accomplished? Where love is real and well founded, it is impossible to be happy but in the quiet enjoyment of the beloved object, and the price at which it is obtained does not lessen the vivacity and delights of a passion such as my imagination conceives. If I was inclined to romance, I would not picture images of true happiness in  
Arcadia.

Arcadia. I am not prudish enough to confine the delicacy of affection to wishes only. I would open my romance with the marriage of a couple united by sentiment, taste and inclination. Can we conceive a higher felicity than the blending of their interests and lives in such an union? The lover has the pleasure of giving his Mistress the last testimony of esteem and confidence, and she in return commits her peace and liberty to his protection. Can they exchange more dear and affectionate pledges? Is it not natural, to give the most incontestable proofs of that tendernefs with which our minds are impressed? I am sensible that

some are so nice as to maintain that the pleasures of love are derived from the dangers and difficulties with which it is attended; they very pertly observe, that a rose would not be a rose without thorns. There are a thousand insipid remarks of this sort, which make so little impression on me, that I am persuaded, was I a lover, the dread of injuring my mistress would make me unhappy, if the enjoyment of her was attended with danger to herself.

Two married lovers lead very different lives : they have the pleasure to pass their time in a successive intercourse of  
mutual

mutual obligations and marks of benevolence, and they have the delight to find that each forms the entire happiness of the beloved object. Herein consists perfect felicity. The most trivial concerns of oeconomy become noble and elegant when they are exalted by sentiments of affection; to furnish an apartment, is not barely to furnish an apartment; it is a place where I expect my lover: to prepare a supper, is not merely giving orders to my cook; it is an amusement to regale the object I doat on. In this light, a woman considers these necessary occupations as more lively and affecting pleasures, than those gaudy  
 fights

sights which amuse the greater part of the sex, who are incapable of true enjoyment.

A fixed and affectionate attachment softens every emotion of the soul, and renders every object agreeable which presents itself to the happy lover (I mean one who is married to his mistress). If he exercises any employment, the fatigues of the camp, the troubles of the court, all become agreeable when he reflects that he endures these inconveniences to serve the object of his affections. If fortune is favourable to him, for success does not depend on merit,

all

all the advantages it procures, are so many tributes which he thinks due to the charms of the lovely fair; and in gratifying this ambition, he feels a more lovely pleasure, and more worthy of an honest man, than that of raising his fortune, and gaining public applause. He enjoys glory, titles and riches no farther than as they regard her he loves; and when he attracts the approbation of a senate, the applause of an army, or the commendation of his prince, it is her praises which ultimately flatter him.

In a reverse of fortune, he has the consolation of retiring to one who is affected

fected by his disgrace ; and, locked in  
 her embraces, he has the satisfaction of  
 giving utterance to the following tender  
 reflections. “ My happiness does not  
 “ depend on the caprice of fortune ; I  
 “ have a constant asylum against inquietude.  
 “ Your esteem renders me insensible  
 “ of the injustice of a court, or the  
 “ ingratitude of a master, and my losses  
 “ afford me a kind of pleasure, since  
 “ they furnish me with fresh proofs of  
 “ your virtue and affection. Of what  
 “ use is grandeur to those who are al-  
 “ ready happy ? We have no need of  
 “ flatterers, we want no equipages, I  
 “ reign in your affections, and I enjoy  
 “ every

“ every delight in the possession of your  
“ person.”

In short, there is no situation in which melancholy may not be assuaged by the company of the beloved object. Sickness itself is not without its alleviation, when we have the pleasure of being attended by her we love. I should never conclude, if I attempted to give a detail of all the delights of an attachment, wherein we meet with every thing which can flatter the senses with the most lively and diffusive raptures. But I must not omit taking notice of the pleasure of beholding the lovely pledges of a tender  
friend-



friendship, daily growing up, and of amusing ourselves, according to our different sexes, in training them to perfection. We give way to this agreeable instinct of nature, refined by love. In a daughter, we praise the beauty of her mother; in a son, we commend the understanding, and the appearance of innate probity which we esteem in his father. It is a pleasure which, according to Moses, the Almighty himself enjoyed, when he beheld the work of his hands, and saw that all was good.

Speaking of Moses, I cannot forbear observing that the primitive plan of fe-

licity infinitely surpasses all others, and I cannot form an idea of Paradise, more like a Paradise, than the state in which our first parents were placed: that proved of short duration, because they were unacquainted with the world, and it is for the same reason that so few love-matches prove happy. Eve was like a silly child, and Adam was not much enlightened. When such people come together, their being amorous is to no purpose, for their affections must necessarily be short-lived. In the transports of their love, they form supernatural ideas of each other. The man thinks his mistress an angel because she is handsome,

some, and she is enraptured with the merit of her lover, because he adores her. The first decay of her complexion deprives her of his adoration, and the husband being no longer an adorer, becomes hateful to her, who had no other foundation for her love. By degrees they grow disgustful to each other, and after the example of our first parents they do not fail to reproach each other with the crime of their mutual imbecility. After indifference, contempt comes apace, and they are convinced that they must hate each other, because they are married. Their smallest defects swell in each other's view, and they grow blind

to

to those charms which, in any other object would affect them. A commerce founded merely on sensation can be attended with no other consequences.

A man, when he marries the object of his affections, should forget that she appears to him adorable, and should consider her merely as mortal, subject to disorders, caprice and ill temper; he should arm himself with fortitude, to bear the loss of her beauty, and should provide himself with a fund of complaisance which is requisite to support a constant intercourse, with a person even of the highest understanding and the greatest

equanimity. The wife, on the other hand, should not expect a continued course of adulation and obedience; she should dispose herself to obey in her turn with a good grace; a science very difficult to attain, and consequently the more estimable in the opinion of a man who is sensible of the merit. She should endeavour to revive the charms of the mistress, by the solidity and good sense of the friend.

When a pair, who entertain such rational sentiments, are united by indissoluble bonds, all nature smiles upon them, and the most common objects appear delightful.

lightful. In my opinion such a life is infinitely more happy and more voluptuous, than the most ravishing and best regulated gallantry.

A woman who is capable of reflection, can consider a gallant in no other light than that of a seducer who would take advantage of her weakness, to procure a momentary pleasure at the expence of her glory, her peace, her honour, and perhaps her life. A highwayman who claps a pistol to your breast, to rob you of your purse, is less dishonest and less guilty; and I have so good an opinion of myself as to believe

that if I was a man, I should be as capable of assuming the character of an assassin, as that of defiling an honest woman, esteemed in the world and happy in her husband, by inspiring her with a passion to which she must sacrifice her honour, her tranquillity and her virtue.

Should I make her despicable, who appears amiable in my eyes? Should I reward her tenderness, by making her abhorred by her family, by rendering her children indifferent to her, and her husband detestable? I believe that these reflections would have appeared to me in as

strong

strong a light, if my sex had not rendered them excusable in such cases; and I hope that I should have had more sense than to imagine vice the less vicious, because it is the fashion.

N. B. I am much pleased with the Turkish manners: a people, though ignorant, yet, in my judgment, extremely polite. A gallant convicted of having debauched a married woman, is regarded as a pernicious being, and held in the same abhorrence as a prostitute with us. He is certain of never making his fortune, and they would deem it scandalous to confer any considerable em-



ployment on a man suspected of having committed such enormous injustice.

What would these moral people think of our anti-knights errant, who are ever in pursuit of adventures to reduce innocent virgins to distress, and to rob virtuous women of their honour; who regard beauty, youth, rank, nay virtue itself as so many incentives, which inflame their desires, and render their efforts more eager; and who, priding themselves in the glory of appearing expert seducers, forget that with all their endeavours, they can only acquire the second rank in that noble order, the Devil

Devil having long since been in possession of the first.

Our barbarous manners are so well calculated for the establishment of vice and wretchedness, which are ever inseparable, that it requires a degree of understanding and sensibility infinitely above the common, to relish the felicity of a marriage such as I have described. Nature is so weak, and so prone to change, that it is difficult to maintain the best grounded constancy, in the midst of those dissipations, which our ridiculous customs have rendered unavoidable.

It must pain an amorous husband to see his wife take all the fashionable liberties; it seems harsh not to allow them, and to be conformable he is reduced to the necessity of letting every one take them that will, to hear her impart the charms of her understanding to all the world, to see her display her bosom at noon-day, to behold her bedeck herself for the ball, and for the play, and attract a thousand and a thousand adorers, and listen to the insipid flattery of a thousand and a thousand coxcombs. Is it possible to preserve an esteem for such a creature, or at least must not her value  
be

be greatly diminished by such a commerce?

I must still resort to the maxims of the East, where the most beautiful women are content to confine the power of their charms to him who has a right to enjoy them; and they are too sincere not to confess, that they think themselves capable of exciting desires.

I recollect a conversation that I had with a lady of great quality at Constantinople, (the most amiable woman I ever knew in my life, and with whom I afterwards contracted the closest friendship.)

She

She frankly acknowledged that she was satisfied with her husband. What libertines, said she, you Christian ladies are! You are permitted to receive visits from as many men as you think proper, and your laws allow you the unlimited use of love and wine. I assured her that she was wrong informed, and that it was criminal to listen to, or to love, any other than our husbands. “Your husbands are great fools, she replied smiling, to be content with so precarious a fidelity. Your necks, your eyes, your hands, your conversation are all for the publick, and what do you pretend to reserve for them? Pardon me,

“ me, my pretty Sultana, she added,  
“ embracing me, I have a strong incli-  
“ nation to believe all that you tell me,  
“ but you would impose impossibilities  
“ upon me. I know the filthiness of the  
“ infidels; I perceive that you are  
“ ashamed, and I will say no more.”

I found so much good sense and propriety in what she said, that I knew not how to contradict her, and at length I acknowledged that she had reason to prefer the Mahometan manners to our ridiculous customs, which form a confused medley of the rigid maxims of Christianity, with all the libertinism of  
the

the Spartans: And notwithstanding our absurd manners, I am persuaded that a woman who is determined to place her happiness in her husband's affections, should abandon the extravagant desire of engaging public adoration; and that a husband who tenderly loves his wife, should, in his turn, give up the reputation of being a gallant. You find that I am supposing a very extraordinary pair; it is not very surprising therefore, that such an union should be uncommon in those countries, where it is requisite to conform to established customs in order to be happy.

---

V E R S E S

*Written in the Chiasik at Pera,  
overlooking Constantinople,  
December 26, 1718.*

By Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

GIVE me, great God! said I, a little farm,  
In Summer shady, and in Winter warm;  
Where a clear spring gives birth to murm'ring brooks  
By nature gliding down the mossy rocks.  
Not artfully by leaden pipes convey'd,  
Or greatly falling in a forc'd *cascade*,  
Pure and unfully'd winding thro' the shade.



[ 110 ]

All-bounteous Heaven has added to my prayer,  
A softer climate, and a purer air.

Our frozen ISLE now chilling Winter binds,  
Deform'd by rains, and rough with blasting winds;  
The wither'd woods grow white with hoary frost,  
By driving storms their verdant beauty lost;  
The trembling birds their leafless covert shun,  
And seek in distant climes a warmer sun:  
The water-nymphs their silent urns deplore,  
Ev'n *Thames* benumb'd 's a river now no more:  
The barren meads no longer yield delight,  
By glistening snows made painful to the sight.

*Here* Summer reigns with one eternal smile,  
Succeeding harvests bless the happy soil.  
Fair fertile fields to whom indulgent Heaven  
Has ev'ry charm of ev'ry season given,

No

No killing cold deforms the beauteous year,  
 The springing flowers no coming Winter fear.  
 But as the parent *Rose* decays and dies,  
 The infant-buds with brighter colour rise,  
 And with fresh sweets the mother's scent supplies.  
 Near them the *Violet* grows with odours blest,  
 And blooms in more than Tyrian purple drest;  
 The rich *Jonquils* their golden beams display,  
 And shine in glories emulating day;  
 The peaceful groves their verdant leaves retain,  
 The streams still murmur, undefil'd with rain,  
 And tow'ring greens adorn the fruitful plain.  
 The warbling-kind uninterrupted sing,  
 Warm'd with enjoyments of perpetual Spring.

Here at my window I at once survey  
 The crowded city and resounding sea;  
 In distant views the *Asian* mountains rise,  
 And lose their snowy summits in the skies:

Above

Above those mountains proud *Olympus* towers,  
 The parliamentary seat of heavenly powers.  
 New to the sight, my ravish'd eyes admire  
 Each gilded crescent and each antique spire,  
 The marble mosques beneath whose ample domes,  
 Fierce warlike *Sultans* sleep in peaceful tombs;  
 Those lofty structures once the Christian's boast,  
 Their names, their beauty, and their honours lost;  
 Those altars bright with gold and sculpture grac'd,  
 By barb'rous zeal of savage foes defac'd;  
*Sophia* alone her ancient name retains,  
 Tho' unbelieving vows her shrine profanes;  
 Where holy saints have died in sacred cells,  
 Where monarchs pray'd, the frantick *Derwise* dwells:  
 How art thou fall'n, imperial city, low!  
 Where are thy hopes of *Roman* glory now?  
 Where are thy palaces by prelates rais'd,  
 Where *Grecian* artists all their skill display'd,  
 Before the happy sciences decay'd;

So vast, that youthful kings might here reside,  
 So splendid, to content a patriarch's pride;  
 Convents where emperors profess'd of old,  
 Their labour'd pillars that their triumphs told;  
 Vain monuments of them that once were great,  
 Sunk undistinguish'd by one common fate;  
 One little spot, the tenure small contains  
 Of *Greek* nobility, the poor remains.

Where other *Helens* with like powerful charms,  
 Has once engag'd the warring world in arms;  
 Those names which royal ancestors can boast,  
 In mean mechanick arts obscurely lost;  
 Those eyes a second *Homer* might inspire,  
 Fix'd at the loom destroy their useless fire;  
 Griev'd at a view which struck upon my mind  
 The short-liv'd vanity of human-kind.

In gaudy objects I indulge my sight,  
 And turn where *Eastern pomp* gives gay delight;

See the vast train in various habits drest,  
 By the bright scymitar and sable vest,  
 The proud *Vizier* distinguish'd o'er the rest ;  
 Six slaves in gay attire his bridle hold,  
 His bridle rich with gems, and stirrups gold ;  
 His snowy steed adorn'd with costly pride,  
 Whole troops of soldiers mounted by his side,  
 These top the plummy crest *Arabian* courtiers guide.  
 With artful duty all decline their eyes,  
 No bellowing shouts of noisy crouds arise ;  
 Silence in solemn state the march attends,  
 Till at the dread *Diwan* the slow procession ends.

Yet not these prospects all profusely gay,  
 The gilded navy that adorns the sea,  
 The rising city in confusion fair,  
 Magnificently form'd irregular ;

Where

Where woods and palaces at once surprize,  
 Gardens on gardens, domes on domes arise,  
 And endless beauties tire the wand'ring eyes ;  
 So sooth my wishes, or so charm my mind,  
 As this *retreat* secure from human-kind.  
 No knave's successful craft does spleen excite,  
 No coxcomb's taudry splendour shocks my sight ;  
 No mob alarm awakes my female fear,  
 No praise my mind nor envy hurts my ear,  
 Ev'n fame itself can hardly reach me here :  
 Impertinence with all her tattling train,  
 Fair-founding flattery's delicious bane ;  
 Cenforious folly, noisy party-rage  
 The thousand tongues with which she must engage,  
 Who dares have *virtue* in a *vicious* age.

V E R S E S

T O T H E

Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

By Mr. P O P E.

I.

**I**N beauty or wit,  
No mortal as yet  
To question your empire has dar'd ;  
But men of discerning,  
Have thought that in Learning,  
To yield to a lady was hard.

Impertinent

II.

Impertinent schools,  
With musty dull rules  
Have reading to females deny'd;  
So *Papists* refuse  
The BIBLE to use,  
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

III.

'Twas a WOMAN at first  
(Indeed she was curst)  
In *knowledge* that tasted *delight*;  
And fages agree,  
The laws should decree  
To the first possessor the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,  
Renew the old claim,  
Which to your whole sex does belong,  
And let men receive,  
From a second bright *Eve*,  
The knowledge of *right* and of *wrong*.



V.

But if the first *Eve* ,  
Hard doom did receive,  
When only *one apple* had she,  
What a punishment new  
Shall be found out for you,  
Who tasting, have robb'd the *whole tree*.

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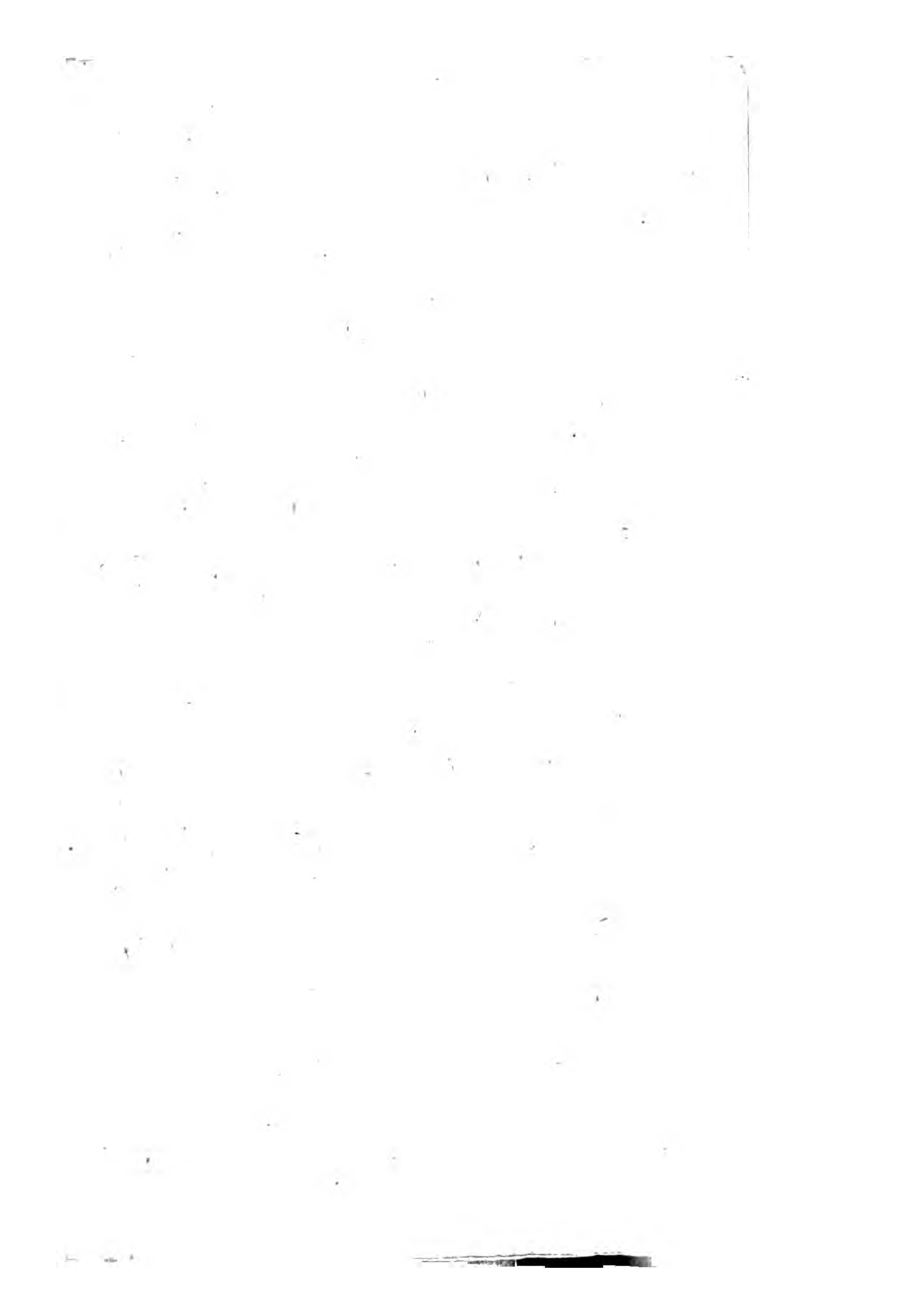
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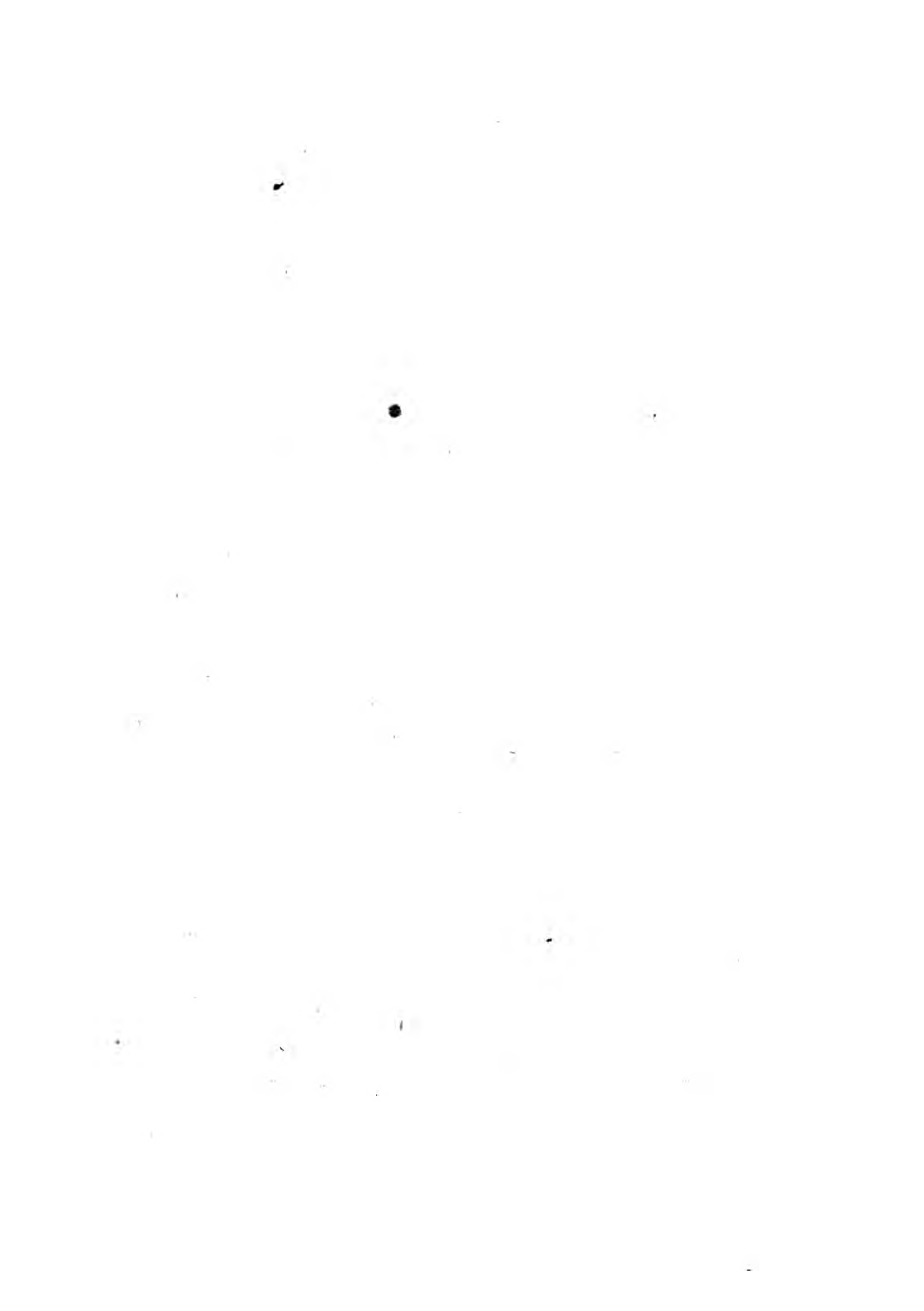
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Verses written in the Chiosk at Pera overlooking Constantinople, December 26, 1718. By lady Mary Wortley Montague.

Verses to the lady Mary Wortley Montague. By Mr. Pope.

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