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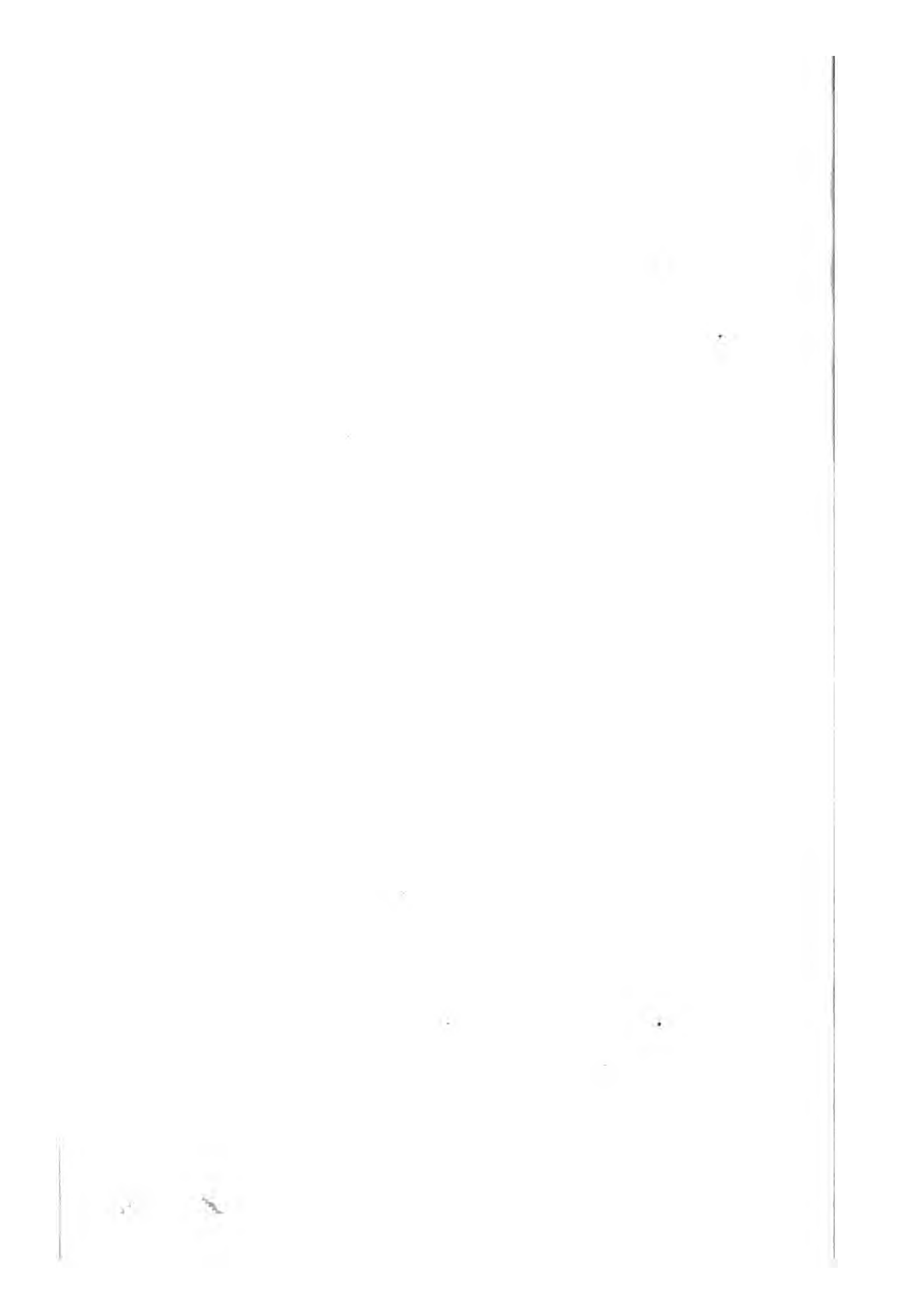


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M. W. MONTAGU'S LETTERS

VOL. I.



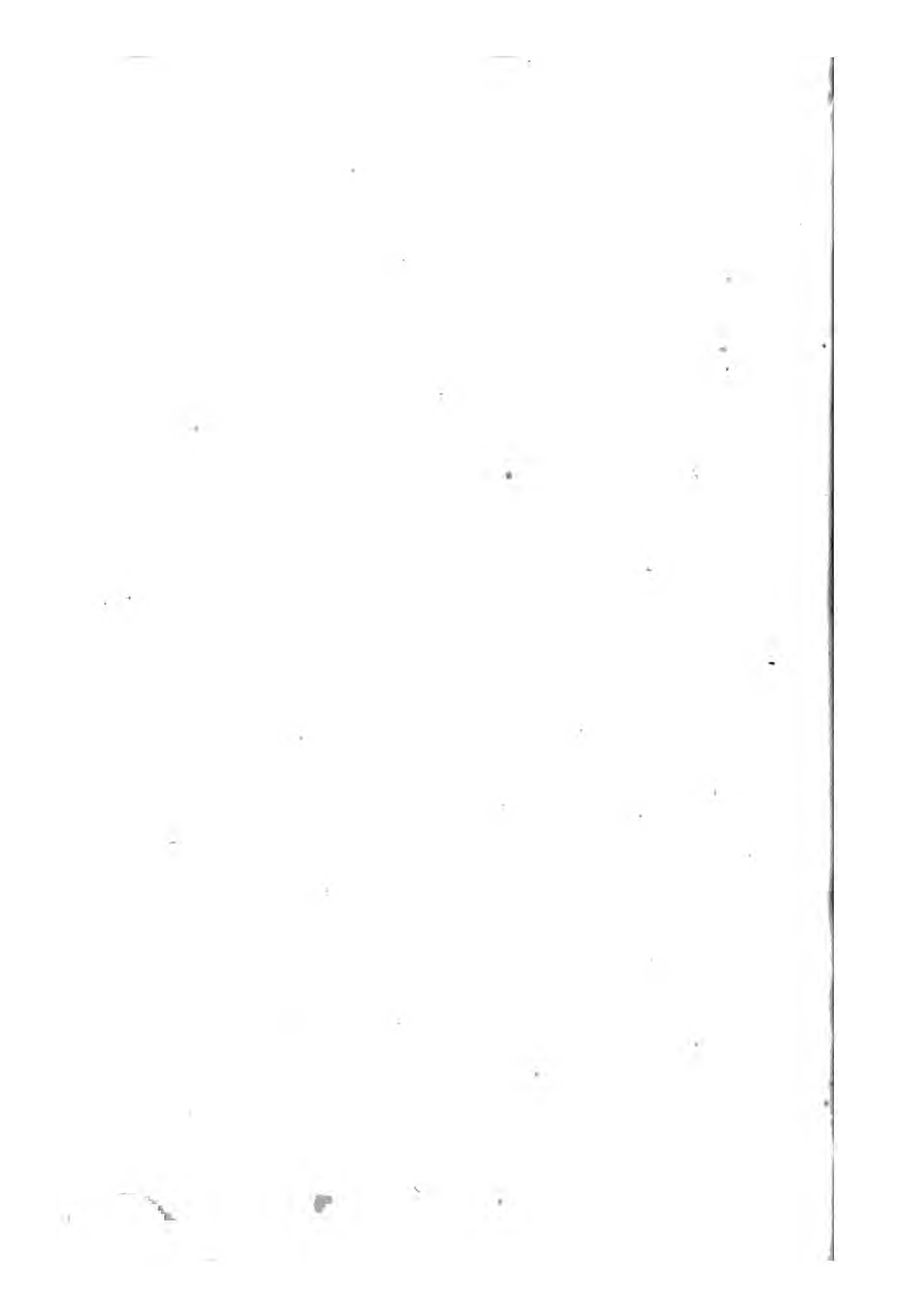
Sir G. Eneller pinx<sup>t</sup>

G. Murray sc.

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1820.





THE  
LETTERS  
OF  
LADY M. W. MONTAGU,  
DURING THE  
EMBASSY TO CONSTANTINOPLE,  
1716—18.

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VOL. I.

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MDCCCXXV.



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C. & C. WHITTINGHAM, Chiswick.

## PREFACE, BY A LADY.

1724.

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I WAS going, like common editors, to advertise the reader of the beauties and excellencies of the work laid before him : to tell him, that the illustrious author had opportunities that other travellers, whatever their quality or curiosity may have been, cannot obtain ; and a genius capable of making the best improvement of every opportunity. But if the reader, after perusing *one* letter only, has not discernment to distinguish that natural elegance, that delicacy of sentiment and observation, that easy gracefulness and lovely simplicity (which is the perfection of writing), in which these *Letters* exceed all that has appeared in this kind, or almost in any other, let him lay the book down, and leave it to those who have.

The noble author had the goodness to lend me her MS. to satisfy my curiosity in some inquiries I had made concerning her travels ; and when I had it in

my hands, how was it possible to part with it? I once had the vanity to hope I might acquaint the public, that it owed this invaluable treasure to my importunities. But, alas! the most ingenious author has condemned it to obscurity during her life; and conviction, as well as deference, obliges me to yield to her reasons. However, if these *Letters* appear hereafter, when I am in my grave, let this attend them, in testimony to posterity, that among her contemporaries, *one* woman, at least, was just to her merit.

There is not any thing so excellent but some will carp at it, and the rather because of its excellency. But to such hypercritics I shall not say \*\*\*\*\*

I confess, I am malicious enough to desire that the world should see to how much better purpose the Ladies travel than their Lords; and that, whilst it is surfeited with *male* Travels, all in the same tone, and stuffed with the same trifles, a lady has the skill to strike out a new path, and to embellish a worn out subject with variety of fresh and elegant entertainment. For, besides the vivacity and spirit which enliven every part, and that inimitable beauty which spreads through the whole; besides the purity of the style, for which it may justly be accounted the standard of the English tongue; the reader will find a more true and accurate account of the customs and

manners of the several nations with whom this lady conversed, than he can in any other author. But, as her ladyship's penetration discovers the inmost follies of the heart, so the candour of her temper passed over them with an air of pity, rather than reproach; treating with the politeness of a court and the gentleness of a lady, what the severity of her judgment could not but condemn.

In short, let her own sex, at least, do her justice; lay aside diabolical Envy, and its *brother* Malice\*, with all their accursed company, sly whispering, cruel backbiting, spiteful detraction, and the rest of that hideous crew, which I hope are very falsely said to attend the *tea-table*, being more apt to think they frequent those public places where virtuous women never come. Let the men malign one another, if they think fit, and strive to pull down merit, when they cannot equal it. Let us be better natured than to give way to any unkind or disrespectful thought of so bright an ornament of our sex merely because she has better sense; for I doubt not but our hearts will tell us, that this is the real and unpardonable offence, whatever may be pretended. Let us be better Christians than

\* This fair and elegant Prefacer has resolved that Malice should be of the masculine gender: I believe it is both masculine and feminine, and I heartily wish it were neuter.—*Edit.*

to look upon her with an evil eye, only because the Giver of all good gifts has intrusted and adorned her with the most excellent talents. Rather let us freely own the superiority of this sublime genius, as I do, in the sincerity of my soul; pleased that a *woman* triumphs, and proud to follow in her train. Let us offer her the palm which is so justly her due; and if we pretend to any laurels, lay them willingly at her feet.

M. A.

*December 18, 1724.*

Charm'd into love of what obscures my fame,  
 If I had wit, I'd celebrate her name,  
 And all the beauties of her mind proclaim;  
 Till Malice, deafen'd with the mighty sound,  
 Its ill-concerted calumnies confound:  
 Let fall the mask, and with pale Envy meet,  
 To ask, and find, their pardon at her feet.

You see, madam, how I lay every thing at your feet. As the tautology shows the poverty of my genius, it likewise shows the extent of your empire over my imagination.

*May 31, 1725.*

# LADY M. W. MONTAGU'S LETTERS.

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## I.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR\*.

Rotterdam, Aug. 3, O. S. 1716.

I FLATTER myself, dear sister, that I shall give you some pleasure in letting you know that I have safely passed the sea, though we had the ill fortune of a storm. We were persuaded by the captain of the yacht to set out in a calm, and he pretended there was nothing so easy as to tide it over: but, after two days slowly moving, the wind blew so hard, that none of the sailors could keep their feet, and we were all

\* Lady Frances Pierrepont, second daughter of Evelyn, first Duke of Kingston, married John Ereskine, Earl of Mar, who was secretary of state for Scotland in 1705, joined the Pretender in 1715, was attainted in 1716, and died at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732. George I. confirmed to Lady Mar the jointure on Lord Mar's forfeited estate, to which she was entitled by her marriage settlement, with remainder to her daughter, Lady Frances Ereskine. She resided many years at Paris.



Sunday night tossed very handsomely. I never saw a man more frightened than the captain.

For my part, I have been so lucky, neither to suffer from fear nor sea sickness; though I confess I was so impatient to see myself once more upon dry land, that I would not stay till the yacht could get to Rotterdam, but went in the long-boat to Helvoetsluys, where we had voitures to carry us to the Brill.

I was charmed with the neatness of that little town; but my arrival at Rotterdam presented me a new scene of pleasure. All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before many of the meanest artificers' doors are placed seats of various coloured marbles, so neatly kept, that, I assure you, I walked almost all over the town yesterday *incognita*, in my slippers, without receiving one spot of dirt; and you may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the street with more application than ours do our bedchambers. The town seems so full of people, with such busy faces, all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not some celebrated fair; but I see it is every day the same. It is certain no town can be more advantageously situated for commerce. Here are seven large canals, on which the merchants' ships come up to the very doors of their houses. The shops and warehouses are of a surprising neatness and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandise, and so much cheaper than what we see in England, that I have much ado to persuade myself I am still so near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples, so common in London, nor teased with the importunity of idle fellows and wenches, that choose

to be nasty and lazy. The common servants, and little shop-women, here, are more nicely clean than most of our ladies; and the great variety of neat dresses (every woman dressing her head after her own fashion) is an additional pleasure in seeing the town.

You see, hitherto, dear sister, I make no complaints; and, if I continue to like travelling as well as I do at present, I shall not repent my project. It will go a great way in making me satisfied with it, if it affords me an opportunity of entertaining you. But it is not from Holland that you may expect a disinterested offer. I can write enough in the style of Rotterdam, to tell you plainly, in one word, that I expect returns of all the London news. You see I have already learnt to make a good bargain; and that it is not for nothing I will so much as tell you, I am your affectionate sister.

## II.

## TO MRS. SKERRET\*.

Hague, Aug. 5, O. S. 1716.

I MAKE haste to tell you, dear madam, that, after all the dreadful fatigues you threatened me with, I am hitherto very well pleased with my journey. We take care to make such short stages every day, that I rather fancy myself upon parties of pleasure, than

\* Afterward the second wife of Robert, first Earl of Orford.

upon the road; and sure nothing can be more agreeable than travelling in Holland. The whole country appears a large garden; the roads are well paved, shaded on each side with rows of trees, and bordered with large canals, full of boats, passing and repassing. Every twenty paces gives you the prospect of some villa, and every four hours that of a large town, so surprisingly neat, I am sure you would be charmed with them. The place I am now at is certainly one of the finest villages in the world. Here are several squares finely built, and (what I think a particular beauty) the whole set with thick large trees. The *Vo-rhout* is, at the same time, the Hyde Park and Mall of the people of quality; for they take the air in it both on foot and in coaches. There are shops for wafers, cool liquors, &c.

I have been to see several of the most celebrated gardens, but I will not tease you with their descriptions. I dare say you think my letter already long enough. But I must not conclude without begging your pardon for not obeying your commands, in sending the lace you ordered me. Upon my word, I can yet find none that is not dearer than you may buy it at London. If you want any India goods, here are great variety of pennyworths; and I shall follow your orders with great pleasure and exactness, being,

Dear madam, &c. &c.

## III.

TO MRS. S. C.

Nimeguen, Aug. 13, O. S. 1716.

I AM extremely sorry, my dear S. that your fears of disobliging your relations, and their fears for your health and safety, have hindered me from enjoying the happiness of your company, and you the pleasure of a diverting journey. I receive some degree of mortification from every agreeable novelty or pleasing prospect, by the reflection of your having so unluckily missed the delight which I know it would have given you.

If you were with me in this town, you would be ready to expect to receive visits from your Nottingham friends. No two places were ever more resembling; one has but to give the Maese the name of the Trent, and there is no distinguishing the prospect. The houses, like those of Nottingham, are built one above another, and are intermixed in the same manner with trees and gardens. The tower they call Julius Cæsar's has the same situation with Nottingham castle; and I cannot help fancying, I see from it the Trent field, Adboulton, &c. places so well known to us. It is true, the fortifications make a considerable difference. All the learned in the art of war bestow great commendations on them; for my part, that know nothing of the matter, I shall content myself with telling you, it is a very pretty walk on the ramparts, on which there is a tower, very deservedly

called the Belvidere; where people go to drink coffee, tea, &c. and enjoy one of the finest prospects in the world. The public walks have no great beauty but the thick shade of the trees, which is solemnly delightful. But I must not forget to take notice of the bridge, which appeared very surprising to me; it is large enough to hold hundreds of men, with horses and carriages. They give the value of an English twopence to get upon it, and then away they go, bridge and all, to the other side of the river, with so slow a motion, one is hardly sensible of any at all.

I was yesterday at the French church, and stared very much at their manner of service. The parson clapped on a broad brimmed hat in the first place, which gave him entirely the air of *what d'ye call him*, in Bartholomew fair, which he kept up by extraordinary antic gestures, and preaching much such stuff as the other talked to the puppets. However, the congregation seemed to receive it with great devotion; and I was informed by some of his flock, that he is a person of particular fame amongst them. I believe, by this time, you are as much tired with my account of him, as I was with his sermon; but I am sure your brother will excuse a digression in favour of the church of England. You know speaking disrespectfully of the Calvinists is the same thing as speaking honourably of the church. Adieu, my dear S. always remember me; and be assured I can never forget you, &c. &c.

## IV.

## TO THE LADY RICH\*.

Cologne, Aug 16, O. S. 1716.

IF my Lady Rich could have any notion of the fatigues that I have suffered these two last days, I am sure she would own it a great proof of regard, that I now sit down to write to her. We hired horses from Nimeguen hither, not having the conveniency of the post, and found but very indifferent accommodations at Reinberg, our first stage; but that was nothing to what I suffered yesterday. We were in hopes to reach Cologne; our horses tired at Stamel, three hours from it, where I was forced to pass the night in my clothes, in a room not at all better than a hovel; for though I have my own bed with me, I had no mind to undress, where the wind came from a thousand places. We left this wretched lodging at daybreak, and about six this morning came safe here, where I got immediately into bed. I slept so well for three hours, that I found myself perfectly recovered, and have had spirits enough to go and see all that is curious in the town, that is to say, the churches, for here is nothing else worth seeing.

This is a very large town, but the most part of it is old built. The Jesuits' church is the neatest, which

\* The wife of Sir Robert Rich, Bart. of London. She was a daughter of Colonel Griffin, and had an appointment about the person of the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline.

was showed me, in a very complaisant manner, by a handsome young Jesuit; who, not knowing who I was, took a liberty in his compliments and railleries, which very much diverted me. Having never before seen any thing of that nature, I could not enough admire the magnificence of the altars, the rich images of the saints (all of massy silver), and the *enchassures* of the relics; though I could not help murmuring in my heart, at the profusion of pearls, diamonds, and rubies, bestowed in the adornment of rotten teeth and dirty rags. I own that I had wickedness enough to covet St. Ursula's pearl necklaces; though, perhaps, this was no wickedness at all, an image not being certainly one's neighbour; but I went yet farther, and wished she herself converted into dressing-plate. I should also gladly see converted into silver a great St. Christopher, which I imagine would look very well in a cistern.

These were my pious reflections; though I was very well satisfied to see, piled up to the honour of our nation, the skulls of the eleven thousand virgins. I have seen some hundreds of relics here of no less consequence; but I will not imitate the common style of travellers so far, as to give you a list of them, being persuaded that you have no manner of curiosity for the titles given to jaw bones and bits of worm-eaten wood.—Adieu, I am just going to supper, where I shall drink your health in an admirable sort of Lorrain wine, which I am sure is the same you call Burgundy in London, &c. &c.

## V.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL\*.

Nuremberg, Aug. 22, O. S. 1716.

AFTER five days travelling post, I could not sit down to write on any other occasion, than to tell my dear Lady Bristol, that I have not forgotten her obliging command, of sending her some account of my travels.

I have already passed a large part of Germany, have seen all that is remarkable in Cologne, Frankfort, Wurtzburg, and this place. It is impossible not to observe the difference between the free towns and those under the government of absolute princes, as all the little sovereigns of Germany are. In the first there appears an air of commerce and plenty: the streets are well built, and full of people, neatly and plainly dressed: the shops are loaded with merchandise, and the commonalty are clean and cheerful. In the other, you see a sort of shabby finery, a number of dirty people of quality, tawdered out; narrow nasty streets out of repair, wretchedly thin of inhabitants, and above half of the common sort asking alms. I cannot help fancying one under the figure of a clean Dutch citizen's wife, and the other like a poor town lady of pleasure, painted and ribboned out in her headdress, with tarnished silver laced shoes, a ragged

\* Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Felton, Bart. of Playford, county of Suffolk, second wife of John Hervey, first Earl of Bristol. She died in 1741.



under petticoat; a miserable mixture of vice and poverty.

They have sumptuary laws in this town, which distinguish their rank by their dress, prevent the excess which ruins so many other cities, and has a more agreeable effect to the eye of a stranger than our fashions. I think, after the Archbishop of Cambray having declared for them, I need not be ashamed to own that I wish these laws were in force in other parts of the world. When one considers impartially the merit of a rich suit of clothes in most places, the respect and the smiles of favour it procures, not to speak of the envy and the sighs it occasions (which is very often the principal charm to the wearer), one is forced to confess that there is need of an uncommon understanding to resist the temptation of pleasing friends and mortifying rivals; and that it is natural to young people to fall into a folly which betrays them to that want of money which is the source of a thousand basenesses. What numbers of men have begun the world with generous inclinations that have afterwards been the instruments of bringing misery on a whole people, being led by vain expense into debts that they could clear no other way but by the forfeit of their honour, and which they never could have contracted, if the respect the many pay to habits was fixed by law only to a particular colour or cut of plain cloth! These reflections draw after them others that are too melancholy. I will make haste to put them out of your head by the farce of relics, with which I have been entertained in all the Romish churches.

The Lutherans are not quite free from these follies.

I have seen here, in the principal church, a large piece of the cross set in jewels, and the point of the spear, which they told me, very gravely, was the same that pierced the side of our Saviour. But I was particularly diverted in a little Roman Catholic church which is permitted here, where the professors of that religion are not very rich, and consequently cannot adorn their images in so rich manner as their neighbours. For, not to be quite destitute of all finery, they have dressed up an image of our Saviour over the altar, in a fair full-bottomed wig, very well powdered. I imagine I see your ladyship stare at this article, of which you very much doubt the veracity; but, upon my word, I have not yet made use of the privilege of a traveller; and my whole account is written with the same plain sincerity of heart with which I assure you that I am, dear madam, yours, &c. &c.

## VI.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Ratisbon, Aug. 30, O. S. 1716.

I HAD the pleasure of receiving yours but the day before I left London. I give you a thousand thanks for your good wishes, and have such an opinion of their efficacy, that I am persuaded I owe in part to them the good luck of having proceeded so far on my long journey without any ill accident; for I do not reckon it any, to have been stopped a few days in this town by a cold, since it has not only given me an opportunity of seeing all that is curious in it,

but of making some acquaintance with the ladies, who have all been to see me with great civility, particularly Madame \* \* \* \*, the wife of our king's envoy from Hanover. She has carried me to all the assemblies, and I have been magnificently entertained at her house, which is one of the finest here.

You know, that all the nobility of this place are envoys from different states. Here are a great number of them, and they might pass their time agreeably enough if they were less delicate on the point of ceremony. But, instead of joining in the design of making the town as pleasant to one another as they can, and improving their little societies, they amuse themselves no other way than with perpetual quarrels, which they take care to eternize, by leaving them to their successors; and an envoy to Ratisbon receives, regularly, half a dozen quarrels among the perquisites of his employment.

You may be sure the ladies are not wanting, on their side, in cherishing and improving these important *picques*, which divide the town almost into as many parties as there are families. They choose rather to suffer the mortification of sitting almost alone on their assembly nights, than to recede one jot from their pretensions. I have not been here above a week, and yet I have heard from almost every one of them the whole history of their wrongs, and dreadful complaints of the injustice of their neighbours, in hopes to draw me to their party. But I think it very prudent to remain neuter, though, if I were to stay among them, there would be no possibility of continuing so, their quarrels running so high, that they will not be civil to those that visit

their adversaries. The foundation of these everlasting disputes turns entirely upon rank, place, and the title of Excellency, which they all pretend to; and what is very hard, will give it to nobody. For my part, I could not forbear advising them (for the public good) to give the title of Excellency to every body, which would include the receiving it from every body; but the very mention of such a dishonourable peace was received with as much indignation as Mrs. Blackaire did the motion of a reference: and, indeed, I began to think myself ill natured, to offer to take from them, in a town where there are so few diversions, so entertaining an amusement. I know that my peaceable disposition already gives me a very ill figure, and that it is *publicly* whispered, as a piece of impertinent pride in me, that I have hitherto been saucily civil to every body, as if I thought nobody good enough to quarrel with. I should be obliged to change my behaviour if I did not intend to pursue my journey in a few days.

I have been to see the churches here, and had the permission of touching the relics, which was never suffered in places where I was not known. I had, by this privilege, the opportunity of making an observation, which I doubt not might have been made in all the other churches, that the emeralds and rubies which they show round their relics and images are most of them false; though they tell you that many of the *crosses* and *Madonnas*, set round with these stones, have been the gifts of the emperors and other great princes. I do not doubt, indeed, but they were at first jewels of value; but the good fathers have found it convenient to apply them to other uses,

and the people are just as well satisfied with bits of glass. Among these relics they showed me a prodigious claw, set in gold, which they called the claw of a griffin; and I could not forbear asking the reverend priest that showed it, Whether the griffin was a saint? This question almost put him beside his gravity; but he answered, They only kept it as a curiosity. I was very much scandalized at a large silver image of the *Trinity*, where the *Father* is represented under the figure of a decrepit old man, with a beard down to his knees, and a triple crown on his head, holding in his arms the *Son*, fixed on the cross, and the *Holy Ghost*, in the shape of a dove, hovering over him.

Madam \* \* \* \* is come this minute to call me to the assembly, and forces me to tell you, very abruptly, that I am ever yours, &c. &c.

## VII.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Vienna, Sept. 8, O. S. 1716.

I AM now, my dear sister, safely arrived at Vienna; and, I thank God, have not at all suffered in my health, nor (what is dearer to me) in that of *my child*\*, by all our fatigues.

We travelled by water from Ratisbon, a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of those little vessels that they very properly call wooden houses, having in them all the conveniences of a

\* Edward Wortley Montagu, her only son, was born 1713.

palace, stoves in the chambers, kitchens, &c. They are rowed by twelve men each, and move with such incredible swiftness, that in the same day you have the pleasure of a vast variety of prospects; and within the space of a few hours, you have the pleasure of seeing a populous city adorned with magnificent palaces, and the most romantic solitudes which appear distant from the commerce of mankind, the banks of the Danube being charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities, and ruins of ancient castles. I saw the great towns of Passau and Lintz, famous for the retreat of the imperial court when Vienna was besieged.

This town, which has the honour of being the emperor's residence, did not at all answer my ideas of it, being much less than I expected to find it; the streets are very close, and so narrow, one cannot observe the fine fronts of the palaces, though many of them very well deserve observation, being truly magnificent. They are built of fine white stone, and are excessively high. For, as the town is too little for the number of the people that desire to live in it, the builders seem to have projected to repair that misfortune, by clapping one town on the top of another, most of the houses being of five, and some of them six stories. You may easily imagine, that the streets being so narrow, the rooms are extremely dark; and, what is an inconveniency much more intolerable, in my opinion, there is no house that has so few as five or six families in it. The apartments of the greatest ladies, and even of the ministers of state, are divided but by a partition from that of a tailor or shoemaker;

and I know nobody that has above two floors in any house, one for their own use, and one higher for their servants. Those that have houses of their own let out the rest of them to whoever will take them ; and thus the great stairs (which are all of stone) are as common and as dirty as the street. It is true, when you have once travelled through them, nothing can be more surprisingly magnificent than the apartments. They are commonly a *suite* of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and the furniture such as is seldom seen in the palaces of sovereign princes in other countries. Their apartments are adorned with hangings of the finest tapestry of Brussels, prodigious lookingglasses in silver frames, fine japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies, and window curtains of the richest Genoa damask or velvet, almost covered with gold lace or embroidery. The whole is made gay by pictures, and vast jars of japan china, and in almost every room large lustres of rock crystal.

I have already had the honour of being invited to dinner by several of the first people of quality ; and I must do them the justice to say, the good taste and magnificence of their tables very well answered to that of their furniture. I have been more than once entertained with fifty dishes of meat, all served in silver, and well dressed ; the dessert proportionable, served in the finest china. But the variety and richness of their wines is what appears the most surprising. The constant way is, to lay a list of their names upon the plates of the guests, along with the napkins, and I have counted several times the number of eighteen different sorts, all exquisite in their kinds.

I was yesterday at Count Schonbrunn\*, the vice-chancellor's garden, where I was invited to dinner. I must own, I never saw a place so perfectly delightful as the fauxburg of Vienna. It is very large, and almost wholly composed of delicious palaces. If the emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the fauxburg might be joined to it, he would have one of the largest and best built cities in Europe. Count Schonbrunn's villa is one of the most magnificent; the furniture, all rich brocades, so well fancied and fitted up, nothing can look more gay and splendid; not to speak of a gallery, full of rarities of coral, mother of pearl, &c. and, throughout the whole house, a profusion of gilding, carving, fine paintings, the most beautiful porcelain, statues of alabaster and ivory, and vast orange and lemon trees in gilt pots. The dinner was perfectly fine and well ordered, and made still more agreeable by the good humour of the count.

I have not yet been at court, being forced to stay for my gown, without which there is no waiting on the empress; though I am not without great impatience to see a beauty that has been the admiration of so many different nations. When I have had the honour, I will not fail to let you know my real thoughts, always taking a particular pleasure in communicating them to my dear sister.

\* The palace of Schonbrunn is distant about two miles from Vienna. It was designed by John Bernard Fischers, the Palladio of Germany, in 1696, and was afterwards used as a hunting seat by the emperor and his court.



## VIII.

## MR. POPE TO LADY MONTAGU.

Twickenham, Aug. 18, 1716.

MADAM,

I CAN say little to recommend the letters I am beginning to write to you, but that they will be the most impartial representations of a free heart, and the truest copies you ever saw, though of a very mean original. Not a feature will be softened, or any advantageous light employed to make the ugly thing a little less hideous, but you shall find it in all respects most horribly like. You will do me an injustice if you look upon any thing I shall say from this instant, as a compliment either to you or to myself: whatever I write will be the real thought of that hour, and I know you will no more expect it of me to persevere till death in every sentiment or notion I now set down, than you would imagine a man's face should never change after his picture was once drawn.

The freedom I shall use in this manner of thinking aloud (as somebody calls it), or talking upon paper, may indeed prove me a fool, but it will prove me one of the best sort of fools, the honest ones. And since what folly we have will infallibly buoy up at one time or other in spite of all our art to keep it down, it is almost foolish to take any pains to conceal it at all, and almost knavish to do it from those that are our friends. If Momus his project had taken, of having

windows in our breasts, I should be for carrying it further, and making those windows casements: that while a man showed his heart to all the world, he might do something more for his friends, e'en take it out, and trust it to their handling. I think I love you as well as king Herod could Herodias (though I never had so much as one dance with you), and would as freely give you my heart in a dish as he did another's head. But since Jupiter will not have it so, I must be content to show my taste in life as I do my taste in painting, by loving to have as little drapery as possible, because it is good to use people to what they must be acquainted with; and there will certainly come some day of judgment to uncover every soul of us. We shall then see how the prudes of this world owed all their fine figure only to their being a little straiter laced, and that they were naturally as arrant squabs as those that went more loose, nay, as those that never girded their loins at all.

But a particular reason to engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me is, that I am confident no one knows you better. For I find, when others express their opinion of you, it falls very short of mine, and I am sure, at the same time, theirs is such as you would think sufficiently in your favour.

You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of a correspondence with a person who had taught me long ago, that it was as possible to esteem at first sight, as to love: and who has since ruined me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible, through your means, that the company of men wants a certain

softness to recommend it, and that of women *wants* every thing else. How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquillity and indolence I had so long found in the country, when one evening of your conversation has spoiled me for a *solitaire* too? Books have lost their effect upon me; and I was convinced since I saw you, that there is something more powerful than philosophy, and, since I heard you, that there is one alive wiser than all the sages. A plague of female wisdom! it makes a man ten times more uneasy than his own! What is very strange, Virtue herself, when you have the dressing her, is too amiable for one's repose. What a world of good might you have done in your time, if you had allowed half the fine gentlemen who have seen you to have but conversed with you? They would have been strangely caught, while they thought only to fall in love with a fair face, and you had bewitched them with reason and virtue; two beauties, that the very fops pretend to have no acquaintance with.

The unhappy distance at which we correspond removes a great many of those punctilious restrictions and decorums that oftentimes in nearer conversation prejudice truth to save good breeding. I may now hear of my faults, and you of your good qualities, without a blush on either side. We converse upon such unfortunate generous terms as exclude the regards of fear, shame, or design in either of us. And methinks it would be as ungenerous a part to impose even in a single thought upon each other, in this state of separation, as for spirits of a different sphere, who have so little intercourse with us, to employ that little

(as some would make us think they do), in putting tricks and delusions upon poor mortals.

Let me begin, then, madam, by asking you a question, which may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than most instances of my life. In what manner did I behave the last hour I saw you? What degree of concern did I discover when I felt a misfortune, which I hope you never will feel, that of parting from what one most esteems? For if my parting looked but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greatest of all the hypocrites that ever decency made.

I never since pass by the house but with the same sort of melancholy that we feel upon seeing the tomb of a friend, which only serves to put us in mind of what we have lost. I reflect upon the circumstances of your departure, your behaviour in what I may call your last moments, and I indulge a gloomy kind of satisfaction in thinking you gave some of those last moments to me. I would fain imagine this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration which I know you have in finding out the truth of people's sentiments, and that you were not unwilling the last man that would have parted with you should be the last that did. I really looked upon you then, as the friends of Curtius might have done upon that hero in the instant he was devoting himself to glory, and running to be lost, out of generosity. I was obliged to admire your resolution in as great a degree as I deplored it; and could only wish that Heaven would reward so much merit as was to be taken from us, with all the felicity it could enjoy elsewhere. 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. May you continue to think him worthy of whatever you have done; may you ever look upon him with the eyes of a first lover, nay, if possible, with all the unreasonable happy fondness of an unexperienced one, surrounded with all the enchantments and ideas of romance and poetry. In a word, may you receive from him as many pleasures and gratifications as even I think you can give. I wish this from my heart, and while I examine what passes there in regard to you, I cannot but glory in my own heart that it is capable of so much generosity. I am, with all unalterable esteem and sincerity,

Madam,  
Your most faithful obedient  
humble servant,  
A. POPE.

## IX.

## TO MR POPE\*.

Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S. 1716.

PERHAPS you will laugh at me for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you express for

\* In the eighth volume of Pope's Works, are first published thirteen of his letters to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, communicated to Dr. Warton by the present primate of Ireland. These MSS. are in the possession of the Marquis of Bute. As many are without date, the arrangement of them must be

me. It is certain that I may, if I please, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery; and, it may be, it would be taking them right. But I never, in my life, was half so well disposed to believe you in earnest as I am at present, and that distance, which makes the continuation of your friendship improbable, has very much increased my faith in it.

I find that I have (as well as the rest of my sex), whatever face I set on it, a strong disposition to believe in miracles. Do not fancy, however, that I am infected by the air of these popish countries; I have, indeed so far wandered from the discipline of the church of England, as to have been last Sunday at the opera, which was performed in the garden of the *Favorita*; and I was so much pleased with it, I have not yet repented my seeing it. Nothing of that kind ever was more magnificent; and I can easily believe what I am told, that the decorations and habits cost the emperor thirty thousand pounds sterling. The stage was built over a very large canal, and, at the beginning of the second act, divided into two parts, discovering the water, on which there immediately came, from different parts, two fleets of little gilded vessels, that gave the representation of a naval fight. It is not easy to imagine the beauty of this scene, which I took particular notice of. But all the rest were perfectly fine in their kind. The story of the

directed by circumstances; and, as most of them were written to Lady Mary during her first absence from England, we shall advert to them, as making a part of this correspondence.

The letter of Pope, to which this is an answer, is printed from the original MS.

opera is the enchantment of Alcina, which gives opportunities for a great variety of machines, and changes of the scenes, which are performed with a surprising swiftness. The theatre is so large, that it is hard to carry the eye to the end of it, and the habits in the utmost magnificence, to the number of one hundred and eight. No house could hold such large decorations; but the ladies all sitting in the open air, exposes them to great inconveniences; for there is but one canopy for the imperial family; and the first night it was represented, a shower of rain happening, the opera was broken off, and the company crowded away in such confusion, that I was almost squeezed to death.

But if their operas are thus delightful, their comedies are in as high a degree ridiculous. They have but one playhouse, where I had the curiosity to go to a German comedy, and was very glad it happened to be the story of Amphitryon. As that subject has been already handled by a Latin, French, and English poet, I was curious to see what an Austrian author would make of it. I understood enough of that language to comprehend the greatest part of it; and, besides, I took with me a lady, who had the goodness to explain to me every word. The way is, to take a box, which holds four, for yourself and company. The fixed price is a gold ducat. I thought the house very low and dark; but, I confess, the comedy admirably recompensed that defect. I never laughed so much in my life. It began with Jupiter's falling in love out of a peephole in the clouds, and ended with the birth of Hercules. But what was most pleasant was

the use Jupiter made of his metamorphosis; for you no sooner saw him under the figure of Amphitryon, but, instead of flying to Alcmena, with the raptures Mr. Dryden puts into his mouth, he sends for Amphitryon's tailor, and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a Jew of a diamond ring, and bespeaks a great supper in his name: and the greatest part of the comedy turns upon poor Amphitryon's being tormented by these people for their debts. Mercury uses Sosia in the same manner. But I could not easily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with, not only indecent expressions, but such gross words, as I don't think our mob would suffer from a mountebank. Besides, the two Sosias very fairly let down their breeches in the direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the first rank, that seemed very well pleased with their entertainment, and assured me this was a celebrated piece.

I shall conclude my letter with this remarkable relation, very well worthy the serious consideration of Mr. Collier\*. I will not trouble you with farewell compliments, which I think generally as impertinent as curtsies at leaving the room, when the visit had been too long already.

\* Jeremy Collier, an English divine, eminent for his piety and wit.



## X.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

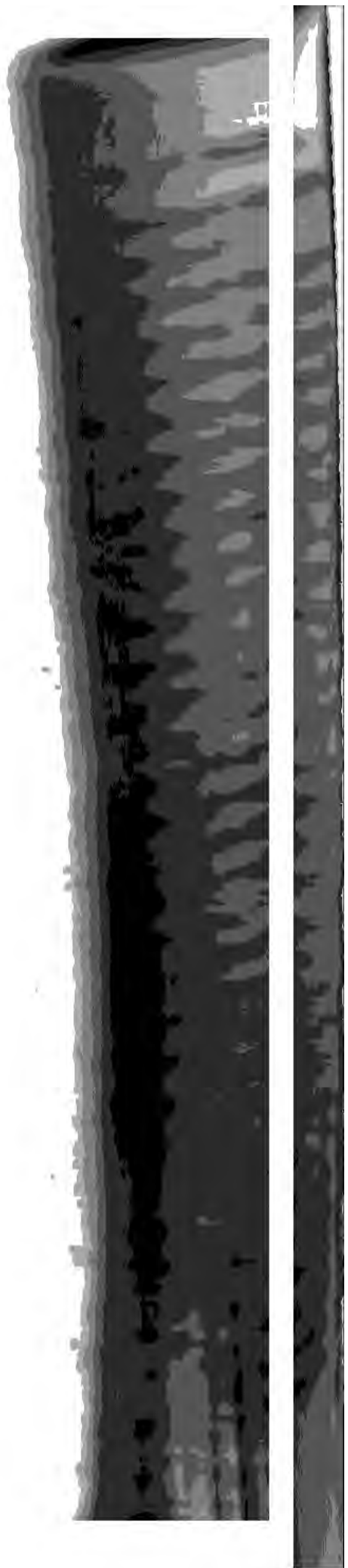
Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S. 1716.

THOUGH I have so lately troubled you, my dear sister, with a long letter, yet I will keep my promise in giving you an account of my first going to court.

In order to that ceremony, I was squeezed up in a gown, and adorned with a gorget and the other implements thereunto belonging; a dress very inconvenient, but which certainly shows the neck and shape to great advantage. I cannot forbear giving you some description of the fashions here, which are more monstrous, and contrary to all common sense and reason, than it is possible for you to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gauze on their heads, about a yard high, consisting of three or four stories, fortified with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call a *bourie*, which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about four times as big as those rolls our prudent milkmaids make use of to fix their pails upon. This machine they cover with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of false, it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub. Their hair is prodigiously powdered, to conceal the mixture, and set out with three or four rows of bodkins (wonderfully large, that stick out two or three inches from their hair), made of diamonds, pearls,

red, green, and yellow stones, that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright, as to dance upon May day with the garland. Their whalebone petticoats outdo ours by several yards circumference, and cover some acres of ground.

You may easily suppose how this extraordinary dress sets off and improves the natural ugliness with which God Almighty has been pleased to endow them, generally speaking. Even the lovely empress herself is obliged to comply, in some degree, with these absurd fashions, which they would not quit for all the world. I had a private audience (according to ceremony) of half an hour, and then all the other ladies were permitted to come and make their court. I was perfectly charmed with the empress: I cannot, however, tell you that her features are regular; her eyes are not large, but have a lively look, full of sweetness; her complexion the finest I ever saw; her nose and forehead well made, but her mouth has ten thousand charms, that touch the soul. When she smiles, it is with a beauty and sweetness that forces adoration. She has a vast quantity of fine fair hair; but then her person!—one must speak of it poetically to do it rigid justice; all that the poets have said of the mien of Juno, the air of Venus, come not up to the truth. The Graces move with her; the famous statue of Medicis was not formed with more delicate proportions; nothing can be added to the beauty of her neck and hands. Till I saw them, I did not believe there were any in nature so perfect, and I was almost sorry that my rank here did not permit me to kiss them; but they are kissed sufficiently; for every body



the empress always  
diamonds. The three  
*of the key*, and wear  
what I find most plea-  
ges them, as long as  
the empress's service,  
every year on the day of  
ed by no married wo-  
who is generally a  
ys very old, and is at  
le, and mother of the  
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of the empress mother,  
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ary acts of penance,  
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aids of honour, whom  
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e places of diversion

the Empress Amelia,  
firement, half a mile

that waits on her pays that homage at their entrance, and when they take leave.

When the ladies were come in, she sat down to quize. I could not play at a game I had never seen before, and she ordered me a seat at her right hand, and had the goodness to talk to me very much, with that grace so natural to her. I expected every moment, when the men were to come in to pay their court; but this drawingroom is very different from that of England; no man enters it but the grand master, who comes in to advertise the empress of the approach of the emperor. His imperial majesty did me the honour of speaking to me in a very obliging manner; but he never speaks to any of the other ladies; and the whole passes with a gravity and air of ceremony that has something very formal in it.

The Empress Amelia, dowager of the late Emperor Joseph, came this evening to wait on the reigning empress, followed by the two archduchesses, her daughters, who are very agreeable young princesses. Their imperial majesties rose, and went to meet her at the door of the room, after which she was seated in an armed chair, next the empress, and in the same manner at supper, and there the men had the permission of paying their court. The archduchesses sat on chairs with backs without arms. The table was entirely served, and all the dishes set on by the empress's maids of honour, which are twelve young ladies of the first quality. They have no salary, but their chamber at court, where they live in a sort of confinement, not being suffered to go to the assemblies or public places in town, except in compliment to the

wedding of a sister maid, whom the empress always presents with her picture set in diamonds. The three first of them are called *ladies of the key*, and wear gold keys by their sides; but what I find most pleasant is the custom which obliges them, as long as they live, after they have left the empress's service, to make her some present every year on the day of her feast. Her majesty is served by no married women but the *grande maitresse*, who is generally a widow of the first quality, always very old, and is at the same time groom of the stole, and mother of the maids. The dressers are not at all in the figure they pretend to in England, being looked upon no otherwise than as downright chambermaids.

I had an audience next day of the empress mother, a princess of great virtue and goodness, but who piques herself too much on a violent devotion. She is perpetually performing extraordinary acts of penance, without having ever done any thing to deserve them. She has the same number of maids of honour, whom she suffers to go in colours; but she herself never quits her mourning: and sure nothing can be more dismal than the mourning here, even for a brother. There is not the least bit of linen to be seen; all black crape instead of it. The neck, ears, and side of the face, are covered with a plaited piece of the same stuff, and the face, that peeps out in the midst of it, looks as if it were pilloried. The widows wear, over and above, a crape forehead cloth; and in this solemn weed go to all the public places of diversion without scruple.

The next day I was to wait on the Empress Amelia, who is now at her palace of retirement, half a mile

from the town. I had there the pleasure of seeing a diversion wholly new to me, but which is the common amusement of this court. The empress herself was seated on a little throne at the end of the fine alley in the garden, and on each side of her were ranged two parties of her ladies of quality, headed by two young archduchesses, all dressed in their hair full of jewels, with fine light guns in their hands; and at proper distances were placed three oval pictures, which were the marks to be shot at. The first was that of a CUPID, filling a bumper of Burgundy, and the motto, *'Tis easy to be valiant here.* The second, a FORTUNE, holding a garland in her hand, the motto, *For her whom Fortune favours.* The third was a SWORD, with a laurel wreath on the point, the motto, *Here is no shame to be vanquished.* Near the empress was a gilded trophy wreathed with flowers, and made of little crooks, on which were hung rich Turkish handkerchiefs, tippets, ribbons, laces, &c. for the small prizes. The empress gave the first with her own hand, which was a fine ruby ring, set round with diamonds, in a gold snuffbox. There was for the second a little Cupid set with brilliants: and, besides these, a set of fine china for the teatable, enchased in gold, japan trunks, fans, and many gallantries of the same nature. All the men of quality at Vienna were spectators; but the ladies only had permission to shoot, and the Archduchess Amelia carried off the first prize. I was very well pleased with having seen this entertainment, and I do not know but it might make as good a figure as the prize shooting in the Eneid, if I could write as well as Virgil. This is the favourite pleasure of the emperor, and there is rarely

a week without some feast of this kind, which makes the young ladies skilful enough to defend a fort. They laughed very much to see me afraid to handle a gun.

My dear sister, you will easily pardon an abrupt conclusion. I believe, by this time, you are ready to fear I shall never conclude at all.

## XI.

## TO THE LADY RICH.

Vienna, Sept. 20, O. S. 1716.

I AM extremely pleased, but not at all surprised, at the long delightful letter you have had the goodness to send me. I know that you can think of an absent friend even in the midst of a court, and you love to oblige, where you can have no view of a return; and I expect from you that you should love me, and think of me, when you do not see me.

I have compassion for the mortifications that you tell me befell our little friend, and I pity her much more, since I know that they are only owing to the barbarous customs of our country. Upon my word, if she were here, she would have no other fault but that of being something too young for the fashion, and she has nothing to do but to transplant herself hither about seven years hence, to be again a young and blooming beauty. I can assure you that wrinkles, or a small stoop in the shoulders, nay, even gray hairs, are no objection to the making new conquests. I know you cannot easily figure to yourself a young



fellow of five-and-twenty ogling my Lady Suffolk with passion, or pressing to hand the Countess of Oxford from an opera. But such are the sights I see every day, and I do not perceive any body surprised at them but myself. A woman, till five-and-thirty, is only looked upon as a raw girl; and can possibly make no noise in the world till about forty. I do not know what your ladyship may think of this matter: but it is a considerable comfort to me, to know there is upon earth such a paradise for old women; and I am content to be insignificant at present, in the design of returning when I am fit to appear nowhere else. I cannot help lamenting, on this occasion, the pitiful case of too many good English ladies, long since retired to prudery and ratafia, whom, if their stars had luckily conducted hither, would shine in the first rank of beauties. Besides, that perplexing word *reputation* has quite another meaning here than what you give it at London; and getting a lover is so far from losing that it is properly getting reputation; ladies being much more respected in regard to the rank of their lovers, than that of their husbands.

But what you will think very odd, the two sects that divide the whole nation of petticoats are utterly unknown in this place. Here are neither coquettes nor prudes. No woman dares appear coquette enough to encourage two lovers at a time. And I have not seen any such prudes as to pretend fidelity to their husbands, who are certainly the best natured set of people in the world, and look upon their wives' gallants as favourably as men do upon their deputies, that take the troublesome part of their business off their hands. They have not, however, the less to do

ON that account; for they are generally deputies in another place themselves; in one word, it is the established custom for every lady to have two husbands, one that bears the name, and another that performs the duties. And these engagements are so well known, that it would be a downright affront, and publicly resented, if you invited a woman of quality to dinner, without, at the same time, inviting her two attendants of lover and husband, between whom she sits in state with great gravity. The sub-marriages generally last twenty years together, and the lady often commands the poor lover's estate, even to the utter ruin of his family.

These connections, indeed, are seldom begun by any real passion as other matches; for a man makes but an ill figure that is not in some commerce of this nature; and a woman looks out for a lover as soon as she is married, as part of her equipage, without which she could not be genteel; and the first article of the treaty is establishing the pension, which remains to the lady in case the gallant should prove inconstant. This chargeable point of honour I look upon as the real foundation of so many wonderful instances of constancy. I really know some women of the first quality, whose pensions are as well known as their annual rents, and yet nobody esteems them the less; on the contrary, their discretion would be called in question, if they should be suspected to be mistresses for nothing. A great part of their emulation consists in trying who shall get most; and having no intrigue at all is so far a disgrace, that I will assure you, a lady who is very much my friend here, told me but yesterday how much I was obliged to her for

justifying my conduct in a conversation relating to me, where it was publicly asserted that I could not possibly have common sense, since I had been in town above a fortnight, and had made no steps towards commencing an amour. My friend pleaded for me, that my stay was uncertain, and she believed that was the cause of my seeming stupidity; and this was all she could find to say in my justification.

But one of the pleasantest adventures I ever met with in my life was last night, and it will give you a just idea in what a delicate manner the *belle's passions* are managed in this country. I was at the assembly of the countess of —, and the young count of —, leading me down stairs, asked me how long I was to stay at Vienna? I made answer that my stay depended on the emperor, and it was not in my power to determine it. "Well madam," said he, "whether your time here is to be long or short, I think you ought to pass it agreeably; and to that end you must engage in a *little affair of the heart*." "My heart," answered I, gravely enough, "does not engage very easily; and I have no design of parting with it." "I see, madam," said he, sighing, "by the ill nature of that answer, I am not to hope for it, which is a great mortification to me that am charmed with you. But, however, I am still devoted to your service; and, since I am not worthy of entertaining you myself, do me the honour of letting me know whom you like best among us, and I'll engage to manage the affair entirely to your satisfaction." You may judge in what manner I should have received this compliment in my own country; but I was well enough acquainted with the way of this, to know that he

really intended me an obligation, and I thanked him with a very grave curtsy for his zeal to serve me, and only assured him I had no occasion to make use of it.

Thus you see, my dear, that gallantry and good breeding are as different, in different climates, as morality and religion. Who have the rightest notions of both we shall never know till the day of judgment; for which great day of *eclaircissement*, I own there is very little impatience in your, &c. &c.

## XII.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Vienna, Sept. 26, O. S. 1716.

I WAS never more agreeably surprised than by your obliging letter. It is a peculiar mark of my esteem that I tell you so; and I can assure you, that if I loved you one grain less than I do, I should be very sorry to see it so diverting as it is. The mortal aversion I have to writing makes me tremble at the thoughts of a new correspondent; and I believe I have disobligeed no less than a dozen of my London acquaintance by refusing to hear from them, though I did verily think they intended to send me very entertaining letters. But I had rather lose the pleasure of reading several witty things, than be forced to write many stupid ones.

Yet, in spite of these considerations, I am charmed with this proof of your friendship, and beg a continuation of the same goodness, though I fear the dulness

## XIII.

TO THE LADY X \* \* \*.

Vienna, Oct. 1, O. S. 1716.

You desire me, madam, to send you some account of the customs here, and at the same time a description of Vienna. I am always willing to obey your commands; but you must, upon this occasion, take the will for the deed. If I should undertake to tell you all the particulars, in which the manners here differ from ours, I must write a whole quire of the dullest stuff that ever was read, or printed without being read. Their dress agrees with the French or English in no one article, but wearing petticoats. They have many fashions peculiar to themselves; they think it indecent for a widow ever to wear green or rose colour, but all the other gayest colours at her own discretion. The assemblies here are the only regular diversion, the operas being always at court, and commonly on some particular occasion. Madame Rabutin has the assembly constantly every night at her house; and the other ladies, whenever they have a mind to display the magnificence of their apartments, or oblige a friend by complimenting them on the day of their saint, they declare that on such a day the assembly shall be at their house in honour of the feast of the count or countess—*such a one*. These days are called days of Gala, and all the friends

or relations of the lady, whose saint it is, are obliged to appear in their best clothes, and all their jewels. The mistress of the house takes no particular notice of any body, nor returns any body's visit; and whoever pleases may go, without the formality of being presented. The company are entertained with ice in several forms, winter and summer; afterwards they divide into several parties of ombre, piquet, or conversation, all games of hazard being forbidden.

I saw the other day the gala for Count Alheim, the emperor's favourite, and never in my life saw so many fine clothes ill fancied: they embroider the richest gold stuffs; and provided they can make their clothes expensive enough, that is all the taste they show in them. On other days, the general dress is a scarf, and what you please under it.

But now I am speaking of Vienna, I am sure you expect I should say something of the convents; they are of all sorts and sizes, but I am best pleased with that of St. Lawrence, where the ease and neatness they seem to live with appears to be much more edifying than those stricter orders, where perpetual penance and nastiness must breed discontent and wretchedness. The nuns are all of quality. I think there are to the number of fifty. They have each of them a little cell perfectly clean, the walls of which are covered with pictures more or less fine, according to their quality. A long white stone gallery runs by all of them, furnished with the pictures of exemplary sisters; the chapel is extremely neat and richly adorned. But I could not forbear laughing at their showing me a wooden head of our Saviour, which, they assured me, spoke during the siege of Vienna;

and, as a proof of it, bid me mark his mouth, which had been open ever since. Nothing can be more becoming than the dress of these nuns: it is a white robe, the sleeves of which are turned up with fine white calico, and their headdress the same, excepting a small veil of black crape that falls behind. They have a lower sort of serving nuns, that wait on them as their chambermaids: they receive all visits of women, and play at ombre in their chambers, with permission of their abbess, which is very easy to be obtained. I never saw an old woman so good natured; she is near fourscore, and yet shows very little sign of decay, being still lively and cheerful. She caressed me as if I had been her daughter, giving me some pretty things of her own work, and sweetmeats in abundance. The grate is not of the most rigid; it is not very hard to put a head through, and I do not doubt but a man, a little more slender than ordinary, might squeeze in his whole person. The young Count of Salmes came to the grate while I was there, and the abbess gave him her hand to kiss. But I was surprised to find here the only beautiful young woman I have seen at Vienna, and not only beautiful but genteel, witty, and agreeable, of a great family, and who had been the admiration of the town. I could not forbear showing my surprise at seeing a nun like her: she made me a thousand obliging compliments, and desired me to come often: "It will be an infinite pleasure to me," said she, sighing, "but I avoid, with the greatest care, seeing any of my former acquaintance, and whenever they come to our convent, I lock myself in my cell." I observed tears come into her eyes, which touched me extremely, and I began to talk to her in that strain

of tender pity she inspired me with; but she would not own to me that she was not perfectly happy. I have since endeavoured to learn the real cause of her retirement, without being able to get any other account but that every body was surprised at it, and nobody guessed the reason.

I have been several times to see her; but it gives me too much melancholy to see so agreeable a young creature buried alive. I am not surprised that nuns have so often inspired violent passions; the pity one naturally feels for them, when they seem worthy of another destiny, making an easy way for yet more tender sentiments. I never in my life had so little charity for the Roman Catholic religion, as since I see the misery it occasions so many poor unhappy women! and then the gross superstition of the common people, who are some or other of them, day and night, offering bits of candle to the wooden figures that are set up almost in every street. The processions I see very often are a pageantry as offensive, and apparently contradictory to common sense, as the pagods of China: God knows whether it be the *womanly* spirit of contradiction that works in me; but there never before was such zeal against popery in the heart of,

Dear Madam, &c. &c.



## XIV.

TO MR. POPE\*.

Vienna, Oct, 10, O. S. 1716.

I DESERVE not all the reproaches you make me. If I have been some time without answering your letter, it is not that I do not know how many thanks are due to you for it; or that I am stupid enough to prefer any amusements to the pleasure of hearing from you; but after the professions of esteem you have so obligingly made me, I cannot help delaying, as long as I can, showing you that you are mistaken. If you are sincere, when you say you expect to be extremely entertained by my letters, I ought to be mortified at the disappointment that I am sure you will receive when you hear from me; though I have done my best endeavours to find out something worth writing to you.

I have seen every thing that was to be seen with a very diligent curiosity. Here are some fine villas, particularly the late Prince of Lichtenstein's; but the statues are all modern, and the pictures not of the first hands: it is true, the emperor has some of great value. I was yesterday to see the repository, which they call his treasure, where they seem to have been more diligent in amassing a great quantity of things, than in the choice of them. I spent about five hours

\* Pope's letter, to which this is in reply, is printed in Warton's edition, vol. viii. p. 388.

there, and yet there were very few things that stopped me long to consider them: but the number is prodigious, being a very long gallery filled on both sides, and five large rooms. There is a vast quantity of paintings, among which are many fine miniatures: but the most valuable pictures are a few of Corregio, those of Titian being at the Favorita.

The cabinet of jewels did not appear to me so rich as I expected to see it. They showed me here a cup, about the size of a tea dish, of one entire emerald, which they had so particular a respect for, that only the emperor has the liberty of touching it. There is a large cabinet full of curiosities of clockwork, only one of which I thought worth observing, that was a craw-fish, with all the motions so natural, that it was hard to distinguish it from the life\*.

The next cabinet was a large collection of agates, some of them extremely beautiful, and of an uncommon size, and several vases of lapis lazuli. I was surprised to see the cabinet of medals so poorly furnished; I did not remark one of any value, and they are kept in a most ridiculous disorder. As to the antiques, very few of them deserve that name. Upon my saying they were modern, I could not forbear laughing at the answer of the profound antiquary that showed them, that "they were ancient enough; for to his knowledge, they had been there these forty years." But the next cabinet diverted me yet better, being nothing else but a parcel of wax babies, and toys in ivory,

\* The imperial cabinet at Vienna has been greatly improved since 1716, by the Emperors Joseph and Ferdinand. In the classes of mineralogy, and a collection of medals, it now yields to few others in Europe.

very well worthy to be presented to children of five years old. Two of the rooms were wholly filled with these trifles of all kinds, set in jewels, amongst which I was desired to observe a crucifix, that they assured me had spoken very wisely to the Emperor Leopold. I will not trouble you with a catalogue of the rest of the lumber; but I must not forget to mention a small piece of loadstone that held up an anchor of steel too heavy for me to lift: this is what I thought most curious in the whole treasure. There are some few heads of ancient statues; but several of them are defaced by modern additions.

I foresee that you will be very little satisfied with this letter, and I dare hardly ask you to be good-natured enough to charge the dulness of it on the barrenness of the subject, and to overlook the stupidity of,

Yours, &c. &c.

## XV.

### TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Prague, Nov. 17, O. S. 1716.

I HOPE my dear sister wants no new proofs of my sincere affection for her: but I am sure, if you do, I could not give you a stronger than writing at this time, after three days, or, more properly speaking, three nights and days, hard post-travelling.

The kingdom of Bohemia is the most desert of any I have seen in Germany. The villages are so poor, and the post-houses so miserable, that clean straw

and fair water are blessings not always to be met with, and better accommodation not to be hoped for. Though I carried my own bed with me, I could not, sometimes, find a place to set it up in; and I rather chose to travel all night, as cold as it is, wrapped up in my furs, than go into the common stoves, which are filled with a mixture of all sorts of ill scents.

This town was once the royal seat of the Bohemian kings, and is still the capital of the kingdom. There are yet some remains of its former splendour, being one of the largest towns in Germany, but, for the most part, old built, and thinly inhabited, which makes the houses very cheap. Those people of quality, who cannot easily bear the expense of Vienna, choose to reside here, where they have assemblies, music, and all other diversions (those of a court excepted), at very moderate rates, all things being here in great abundance, especially the best wild fowl I ever tasted. I have already been visited by some of the most considerable ladies, whose relations I know at Vienna: they are dressed after the fashions there, after the manner that the people at Exeter imitate those of London; that is, their imitation is more excessive than the original: it is not easy to describe what extraordinary figures they make. The person is so much lost between headdress and petticoat, that they have as much occasion to write upon their backs, "This is a woman," for the information of travellers, as ever sign-post painter had to write, "This is a bear."

I will not forget to write to you again from Dresden and Leipzig, being much more solicitous to content your curiosity, than to indulge my own repose.

I am, &c.

## XVI.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Leipzig, Nov. 21. O. S. 1716.

I BELIEVE, dear sister, you will easily forgive my not writing to you from Dresden, as I promised, when I tell you, that I never went out of my chaise from Prague to this place.

You may imagine how heartily I was tired with twenty-four hours' post-travelling, without sleep or refreshment (for I can never sleep in a coach, however fatigued). We passed, by moonshine, the frightful precipices that divide Bohemia from Saxony, at the bottom of which runs the river Elbe; but I cannot say, that I had reason to fear drowning in it, being perfectly convinced, that, in case of a tumble, it was utterly impossible to come alive to the bottom. In many places the road is so narrow, that I could not discern an inch of space between the wheels and the precipice: yet I was so good a wife, as not to wake Mr. Wortley, who was fast asleep by my side, to make him share in my fears, since the danger was unavoidable, till I perceived, by the bright light of the moon, our postillions nodding on horseback, while the horses were on a full gallop: then, indeed, I thought it very convenient to call out to desire them to look where they were going. My calling waked Mr. Wortley, and he was much more surprised than myself at the situation we were in, and assured me,

that he passed the Alps five times in different places, without ever having gone a road so dangerous. I have been told since, that it is common to find the bodies of travellers in the Elbe; but, thank God, that was not our destiny: and we came safe to Dresden, so much tired with fear and fatigue, it was not possible for me to compose myself to write.

After passing these dreadful rocks, Dresden appeared to me a wonderfully agreeable situation, in a fine large plain on the banks of the Elbe: I was very glad to stay there a day to rest myself. The town is the neatest I have seen in Germany; most of the houses are new built; the elector's palace is very handsome, and his repository full of curiosities of different kinds, with a collection of medals very much esteemed. Sir Robert Sutton, our king's envoy, came to see me here, and Madame de L\*\*\*, whom I knew in London, when her husband was minister to the king of Poland there: she offered me all things in her power to entertain me, and brought some ladies with her, whom she presented to me. The Saxon ladies resemble the Austrian no more than the Chinese do those of London; they are very genteelly dressed after the English and French modes, and have generally pretty faces, but they are the most determined *minaudieres* in the whole world: they would think it a mortal sin against good-breeding, if they either spoke or moved in a natural manner: they all affect a little soft lisp, and a pretty pitty-pat step; which female frailties ought, however, to be forgiven them, in favour of their civility and good nature to strangers, which I have a great deal of reason to praise.

The Countess of Cozelle is kept prisoner in a melancholy castle, some leagues from hence ; and I cannot forbear telling you what I have heard of her, because it seems to me very extraordinary, though I foresee I shall swell my letter to the size of a packet.—She was mistress to the King of Poland (elector of Saxony), with so absolute a dominion over him, that never any lady had so much power in that court. They tell a pleasant story of his majesty's first declaration of love, which he made in a visit to her, bringing in one hand a bag of a hundred thousand crowns, and in the other a horse-shoe, which he snapped asunder before her face, leaving her to draw the consequences of such remarkable proofs of strength and liberality. I know not which charmed her most ; but she consented to leave her husband, and to give herself up to him entirely, being divorced publicly, in such a manner as, by their laws, permits either party to marry again. God knows whether it was at this time, or in some other fond fit, but it is certain the king had the weakness to make her a formal contract of marriage ; which, though it could signify nothing during the life of the queen, pleased her so well, that she could not be contented without telling it to all the people she saw, and giving herself the airs of a queen. Men endure every thing while they are in love ; but when the excess of passion was cooled by long possession, his majesty began to reflect on the ill consequences of leaving such a paper in her hands, and desired to have it restored to him. But she rather chose to endure all the most violent effects of his anger, than give it up ; and though she is one of the richest and most avaricious ladies of her country, she has refused

the offer of the continuation of a large pension, and the security of a vast sum of money she has amassed; and has, at last, provoked the king to confine her person to a castle, where she endures all the terrors of a strait imprisonment, and remains still inflexible, either to threats or promises. Her violent passions have brought her indeed into fits which, it is supposed, will soon put an end to her life. I cannot forbear having some compassion for a woman that suffers for a point of honour, however mistaken, especially in a country where points of honour are not overscrupulously observed among ladies.

I could have wished Mr. Wortley's business had permitted him a longer stay at Dresden.

Perhaps I am partial to a town where they profess the Protestant religion; but every thing seemed to me with quite another air of politeness than I have found in other places. Leipzig, where I am at present, is a town very considerable for its trade; and I take this opportunity of buying pages' liveries, gold stuffs for myself, &c. all things of that kind being at least double the price at Vienna; partly because of the excessive customs, and partly through want of genius and industry in the people, who make no one sort of thing there; so that the ladies are obliged to send even for their shoes out of Saxony. The fair here is one of the most considerable in Germany, and the resort of all the people of quality, as well as of the merchants. This is also a fortified town, but I avoid ever mentioning fortifications, being sensible that I know not how to speak of them. I am the more easy under my ignorance, when I reflect that I



am sure you will willingly forgive the omission; for if I made you the most exact description of all the ravelins and bastions I see in my travels, I dare swear you would ask me, What is a ravelin? and, What is a bastion?

Adieu, my dear sister!

## XVII.

### TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Brunswick, Nov. 23, O. S. 1716.

I AM just come to Brunswick, a very old town, but which has the advantage of being the capital of the Duke of Wolfenbuttle's dominions, a family (not to speak of its ancient honours) illustrious, by having its younger branch on the throne of England, and having given two empresses to Germany. I have not forgotten to drink your health here in mum, which, I think, very well deserves its reputation of being the best in the world. This letter is the third I have written to you during my journey; and I declare to you, that if you do not send me immediately a full and true account of all the changes and chances among our London acquaintance, I will not write you any description of Hanover (where I hope to be to-night), though I know you have more curiosity to hear of that place than any other.

## XVIII.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

Hanover, Nov. 25, O. S. 1716.

I RECEIVED your ladyship's letter but the day before I left Vienna, though, by the date, I ought to have had it much sooner; but nothing was ever worse regulated than the post in most parts of Germany. I can assure you the packet at Prague was behind my chaise, and in that manner conveyed to Dresden, so that the secrets of half the country were at my mercy, if I had any curiosity for them. I would not longer delay my thanks for yours, though the number of my acquaintances here, and my duty of attending at court, leave me hardly any time to dispose of. I am extremely pleased that I can tell you, without flattery or partiality, that our young prince\* has all the accomplishments that it is possible to have at his age, with an air of sprightliness and understanding, and something so very engaging and easy in his behaviour, that he needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming. I had the honour of a long conversation with him last night, before the king came in. His governor retired on purpose (as he told me afterwards) that I might make some judgment of his genius, by hearing him speak without constraint; and I was surprised at the quickness and politeness that appeared in every thing he said; joined to a person

\* The father of his late majesty.

perfectly agreeable, and the fine fair hair of the princess.

This town is neither large nor handsome ; but the palace is capable of holding a much greater court than that of St. James's. The king has had the goodness to appoint us a lodging in one part of it, without which we should have been very ill accommodated ; for the vast number of English crowds the town so much, it is very good luck to get one sorry room in a miserable tavern. I dined to-day with the Portuguese ambassador, who thinks himself very happy to have two wretched parlours in an inn. I have now made the tour of Germany, and cannot help observing a considerable difference between travelling here and in England. One sees none of those fine seats of noblemen, so common amongst us, nor any thing like a country gentleman's house, though they have many situations perfectly fine. But the whole people are divided into absolute sovereignties, where all the riches and magnificence are at court, or into communities of merchants, such as Nuremberg and Frankfort, where they live always in town for the convenience of trade. The king's company of French comedians play here every night : they are very well dressed, and some of them not ill actors. His majesty dines and sups constantly in public. The court is very numerous, and his affability and goodness make it one of the most agreeable places in the world.

Dear madam, your, &c. &c.

## XIX.

## TO THE LADY RICH.

Hanover, Oct. 1, O. S. 1716.

I AM very glad, my dear Lady Rich, that you have been so well pleased, as you tell me, at the report of my returning to England; though, like other pleasures, I can assure you it has no real foundation. I hope you know me enough to take my word against any report concerning me. It is true, as to distance of place, I am much nearer to London than I was some weeks ago; but as to the thoughts of a return, I never was farther off in my life. I own, I could with great joy indulge the pleasing hope of seeing you, and the very few others that share my esteem; but while Mr. Wortley is determined to proceed in his design, I am determined to follow him.

I am running on upon my own affairs, that is to say, I am going to write very dully, as most people do when they write of themselves. I will make haste to change the disagreeable subject, by telling you, that I am now got into the region of beauty. All the women have literally rosy cheeks, snowy foreheads and bosoms, jet eyebrows, and scarlet lips, to which they generally add coal-black hair. Those perfections never leave them till the hour of their deaths, and have a very fine effect by candlelight; but I could wish they were handsome with a little more variety: they resemble one another as much

as Mrs. Salmon's court of Great Britian, and are in as much danger of melting away by too nearly approaching the fire, which they for that reason carefully avoid, though it is now such excessively cold weather, that I believe they suffer extremely by that piece of self-denial.

The snow is already very deep, and the people begin to slide about in their traineaux. This is a favourite diversion all over Germany. They are little machines fixed upon a sledge, that hold a lady and gentleman, and are drawn by one horse. The gentleman has the honour of driving, and they move with a prodigious swiftness. The lady, the horse, and the traineau are all as fine as they can be made; and when there are many of them together, it is a very agreeable show. At Vienna, where all pieces of magnificence are carried to excess, there are sometimes machines of this kind that cost five or six hundred pounds English.

The Duke of Wolfenbuttle is now at this court; you know he is nearly related to our king, and uncle to the reigning empress, who is, I believe, the most beautiful princess upon earth. She is now with child, which is all the consolation of the imperial court, for the loss of the archduke. I took my leave of her the day before I left Vienna, and she began to speak to me with so much grief and tenderness, of the death of that young prince, I had much ado to withhold my tears. You know that I am not at all partial to people for their titles; but I own, that I love that charming princess (if I may use so familiar an expression); and if I had not, I should have been very much moved at the tragical end of an only son, born

after being so long desired, and at length killed by want of good management, weaning him in the beginning of the winter.

Adieu, dear Lady Rich; continue to write to me, and believe none of your goodness is lost upon

Your, &c.

## XX.

### TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Blankenburg, Oct. 17, O. S. 1716.

I RECEIVED yours, dear sister, the very day I left Hanover. You may easily imagine I was then in too great a hurry to answer it; but you see I take the first opportunity of doing myself that pleasure.

I came here the 15th, very late at night, after a terrible journey, in the worst roads and weather that ever poor traveller suffered. I have taken this little fatigue merely to oblige the reigning empress, and carry a message from her imperial majesty to the Duchess of Blankenburg, her mother, who is a princess of great address and good breeding, and may be still called a fine woman. It was so late when I came to this town, I did not think it proper to disturb the duke and duchess with the news of my arrival; so I took up my quarters in a miserable inn: but as soon as I had sent my compliments to their highnesses, they immediately sent me their own coach and six horses, which had, however, enough to do to draw us up the very high hill on which the castle is situ-

ated. The duchess is extremely obliging to me, and this little court is not without its diversions. The duke tailys at basset every night; and the duchess tells me she is so well pleased with my company, that it makes her play less than she used to do. I should find it very difficult to steal time to write, if she were not now at church, where I cannot wait on her, not understanding the language enough to pay my devotions in it.

You will not forgive me if I do not say something of Hanover; I cannot tell you that the town is either large or magnificent. The opera-house, which was built by the late elector, is much finer than that of Vienna. I was very sorry that the ill weather did not permit me to see Hernhausen in all its beauty; but, in spite of the snow, I thought the gardens very fine. I was particularly surprised at the vast number of orange trees, much larger than any I have ever seen in England, though this climate is certainly colder. But I had more reason to wonder that night at the king's table, to see a present from a gentleman of this country, of two large baskets full of ripe oranges and lemons of different sorts, many of which were quite new to me; and, what I thought worth all the rest, two ripe ananas, which, to my taste, are a fruit perfectly delicious. You know they are naturally the growth of Brazil, and I could not imagine how they came here, but by enchantment. Upon inquiry, I learned that they have brought their stoves to such perfection, they lengthen their summer as long as they please, giving to every plant the degree of heat it would receive from the sun in its native soil. The effect is very nearly the same; I

am surprised we do not practise in England so useful an invention.

This reflection leads me to consider our obstinacy in shaking with cold five months in the year, rather than make use of stoves, which are certainly one of the greatest conveniences of life. Besides, they are so far from spoiling the form of a room, that they add very much to the magnificence of it, when they are painted and gilt, as they are at Vienna, or at Dresden, where they are often in the shapes of china jars, statues, or fine cabinets, so naturally represented, that they are not to be distinguished. If ever I return, in defiance to the fashion, you shall certainly see one in the chamber of,

Dear sister, your, &c.

I will write often, since you desire it: but I must beg you to be a little more particular in yours; you fancy me at forty miles distance, and forget that, after so long an absence, I cannot understand hints.

## XXI.

### TO THE LADY RICH.

Vienna, Jan. 1, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE just received here at Vienna, your ladyship's compliments on my return to England, sent me from Hanover.

You see, madam, all things that are asserted with confidence are not absolutely true; and that you have



no sort of reason to complain of me for making my designed return a mystery to you, when you say, all the world are informed of it. You may tell all the world in my name, that they are never so well informed of my affairs as I am myself: that I am very positive I am at this time at Vienna, where the carnival is begun, and all sorts of diversions are carried to the greatest height, except that of masquing, which is never permitted during a war with the Turks. The balls are in public places, where the men pay a gold ducat\* at entrance, but the ladies nothing. I am told, that these houses get sometimes a thousand ducats in a night. They are very magnificently furnished, and the music good, if they had not that detestable custom of mixing hunting horns with it, that almost deafen the company. But that noise is so agreeable here, they never make a concert without them. The ball always concludes with English country dances, to the number of thirty or forty couple, and so ill danced, that there is very little pleasure in them. They know but half a dozen, and they have danced them over and over these fifty years: I would fain have taught them some new ones, but I found it would be some months' labour to make them comprehend them.

Last night there was an Italian comedy acted at court. The scenes were pretty, but the comedy itself such intolerably low farce, without either wit or humour, that I was surprised how all the court could sit there attentively for four hours together. No women are suffered to act on the stage, and the men

\* About nine shillings.

dressed like them were such awkward figures, they very much added to the ridicule of the spectacle. What completed the diversion was the excessive cold, which was so great, I thought I should have died there.

It is now the very extremity of the winter here; the Danube is entirely frozen, and the weather not to be supported without stoves and furs; but, however, the air is so clear, almost every body is well, and colds not half so common as in England. I am persuaded there cannot be a purer air, nor more wholesome, than that of Vienna. The plenty and excellence of all sorts of provisions are greater here than in any place I ever was before, and it is not very expensive to keep a splendid table. It is really a pleasure to pass through the markets, and see the abundance of what we should think rarities, of fowls and venison, that are daily brought in from Hungary and Bohemia. They want nothing but shell-fish, and are so fond of oysters, that they have them sent from Venice, and eat them very greedily, stink or not stink.

Thus I obey your commands, madam, in giving you an account of Vienna, though I know you will not be satisfied with it. You chide me for my laziness, in not telling you a thousand agreeable and surprising things, that you say you are sure I have seen and heard. Upon my word, madam, it is my regard to truth, and not laziness, that I do not entertain you with as many prodigies as other travellers use to divert their readers with. I might easily pick up wonders in every town I pass through, or tell you a long series of popish miracles; but I cannot

fancy that there is any thing new in letting you know that priests will lie, and the mob believe, all the world over. Then as for news, that you are so inquisitive about, how can it be entertaining to you (that do not know the people) that the Prince of \*\*\*\* has forsaken the Countess of \*\*\*\*? or that the prince such a one has an intrigue with the countess such a one? Would you have me write novels like the countess of D\*\*\*\*? and is it not better to tell you a plain truth,

That I am, &c.

## XXII.

### TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.

I AM now, dear sister, to take leave of you for a long time, and of Vienna for ever; designing to-morrow to begin my journey through Hungary, in spite of the excessive cold, and deep snows, which are enough to damp a greater courage than I am mistress of. But my principles of *passive obedience* carry me through every thing.

I have had my audience of leave of the empress. His imperial majesty was pleased to be present, when I waited on the reigning empress; and after a very obliging conversation, both their imperial majesties invited me to take Vienna in my road back; but I have no thoughts of enduring, over again, so great a fatigue. I delivered a letter from the Duchess of Blankenburg. I staid but a few days at that court,

though her highness pressed me very much to stay ; and when I left her, engaged me to write to her.

I wrote you a long letter from thence, which I hope you have received, though you do not mention it ; but I believe I forgot to tell you one curiosity in all the German courts, which I cannot forbear taking notice of : all the princes keep favourite dwarfs. The emperor and empress have two of these little monsters, as ugly as devils, especially the female ; but they are all bedaubed with diamonds, and stand at her majesty's elbow, in all public places. The Duke of Wolfenbuttle has one, and the Duchess of Blankenburg is not without hers, but indeed the most proportionable I ever saw. I am told the King of Denmark has so far improved upon this fashion, that his dwarf is his chief minister. I can assign no reason for their fondness for these pieces of deformity, but the opinion all the absolute princes have, that it is below them to converse with the rest of mankind ; and, not to be quite alone, they are forced to seek their companions among the refuse of human nature, these creatures being the only part of their court privileged to talk freely to them.

I am at present confined to my chamber by a sore throat ; and am really glad of the excuse, to avoid seeing people that I love well enough to be very much mortified when I think I am going to part with them for ever. It is true, the Austrians are not commonly the most polite people in the world, nor the most agreeable. . But Vienna is inhabited by all nations, and I had formed to myself a little society of such as were perfectly to my own taste. And though the number was not very great, I could never pick

up, in any other place, such a number of reasonable, agreeable people. We were almost always together, and you know I have ever been of opinion, that a chosen conversation, composed of a few that one esteems, is the greatest happiness of life.

Here are some Spaniards of both sexes, that have all the vivacity and generosity of sentiments anciently ascribed to their nation; and could I believe that the whole kingdom were like them, I would wish nothing more than to end my days there. The ladies of my acquaintance have so much goodness for me, they cry whenever they see me, since I have determined to undertake this journey. And, indeed, I am not very easy when I reflect on what I am going to suffer. Almost every body I see frights me with some new difficulty. Prince Eugene has been so good as to say all the things he could to persuade me to stay till the Danube is thawed, that I may have the conveniency of going by water; assuring me, that the houses in Hungary are such, as are no defence against the weather; and that I shall be obliged to travel three or four days between Buda and Essek, without finding any house at all through desert plains covered with snow; where the cold is so violent, many have been killed by it. I own these terrors have made a very deep impression on my mind, because I believe he tells me things truly as they are, and nobody can be better informed of them.

Now I have named that great man, I am sure you expect I should say something particular of him, having the advantage of seeing him very often; but I am as unwilling to speak of him at Vienna, as I should be to talk of Hercules in the court of Omphale,

if I had seen him there. I do not know what comfort other people find in considering the weakness of great men (because, perhaps, it brings them nearer to their level), but it is always a mortification to me, to observe that there is no perfection in humanity. The young Prince of Portugal is the admiration of the whole court; he is handsome and polite, with a great vivacity. All the officers tell wonders of his gallantry the last campaign. He is lodged at court with all the honours due to his rank.—Adieu, dear sister: this is the last account you will have from me of Vienna. If I survive my journey, you shall hear from me again. I can say, with great truth, in the words of Moneses, “I have long learned to hold myself as nothing;” but when I think of the fatigue my poor infant must suffer, I have all a mother’s fondness in my eyes, and all her tender passions in my heart.

P. S. I have written a letter to my Lady \*\*\*\*, that I believe she will not like; and, upon cooler reflection, I think I had done better to have let it alone; but I was downright peevish at all her questions, and her ridiculous imagination that I have certainly seen abundance of wonders which I keep to myself out of mere malice. She is very angry that I will not lie like other travellers. I verily believe she expects I should tell her of the *Anthropophagi*, men whose heads grow below their shoulders; however, pray say something to pacify her.

## XXIII.

## MR. POPE TO LADY MONTAGU.

IF you must go from us, I wish at least you might pass to your banishment by the most pleasant way; might all your road be roses and myrtles, and a thousand objects rise round you, agreeable enough to make England less desirable to you. I am glad, madam, your native country uses you so well as to justify your regret for it; it is not for me to talk of it with tears in my eyes; I can never think that place my country, where I cannot call a foot of paternal earth my own. Indeed, it may seem some alleviation, that when the wisest thing I can do is to leave my country, that which was most agreeable in it should be taken from thence beforehand. I could overtake you with pleasure in Italy (if you took that way), and make that tour in your company. Every reasonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly instructive when you talked of it. I should at least attend you to the seacoast, and cast a last look after the sails that transported you, if I liked Italy enough to reside in it. But I believe I should be as uneasy in a country where I saw others persecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was so myself by those of yours. And it is not impossible but I might run into Turkey in search of liberty; for who would not rather live a free man among a nation of slaves, than a slave among a nation of free men?

In good earnest, if I knew your motions towards Italy (on the supposition you go that course), and your exact time, I verily think I shall be once more happy in a sight of you next spring. I will conclude with a wish, God send you with us, or me with you.

By what I have seen of Monsieur Rousseau's works, I should envy you his conversation. But I am sure I envy him yours.

Mr. Addison has not had one epithalamium that I can hear of, and must even be reduced, like a poorer and a better poet, Spenser, to make his own.

Mr. Congreve is entirely yours, and has writ twice to you; he is not in town, but well. I am in great health, and sit up all night; a just reward for a fever I just come out of, that kept me in bed seven days.

How may I send a large bundle to you?

I beg you will put dates to your letters; they are not long enough.

I might be dead, or you in Yorkshire, for any thing that I am the better for your being in town: I have been sick ever since I saw you last, and have now 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. POPE.



## XXIV.

TO MR. POPE.

Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE not time to answer your letter, being in the hurry of preparing for my journey ; but I think I ought to bid adieu to my friends with the same solemnity as if I was going to mount a breach, at least, if I am to believe the information of the people here, who denounce all sorts of terrors to me ; and, indeed, the weather is at present such, as very few ever set out in. I am threatened, at the same time, with being frozen to death, buried in the snow, and taken by the Tartars, who ravage that part of Hungary I am to pass. It is true, we shall have a considerable *escorte*, so that possibly I may be diverted with a new scene, by finding myself in the midst of a battle.

How my adventures will conclude, I leave entirely to Providence ; if comically, you shall hear of them. Pray be so good as to tell Mr. Congreve I have received his letter. Make him my adieus ; if I live I will answer it. The same compliment to my Lady Rich.

## XXV.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Peterwaradin, Jan. 30, O. S. 1717.

At length, dear sister, I am safely arrived, with all my family, in good health, at Peterwaradin; having suffered so little from the rigour of the season (against which we were well provided by furs), and found such tolerable accommodation every where, by the care of sending before, that I can hardly forbear laughing when I recollect all the frightful ideas that were given me of this journey. These, I see, were wholly owing to the tenderness of my Vienna friends, and their desire of keeping me with them for this winter.

Perhaps it will not be disagreeable to you to give a short journal of my journey, being through a country entirely unknown to you, and very little passed even by the Hungarians themselves, who generally choose to take the conveniency of going down the Danube. We have had the blessing of being favoured with finer weather than is common at this time of the year; though the snow was so deep, we were obliged to have our own coaches fixed upon traineaux, which move so swift and so easily, it is by far the most agreeable manner of travelling post. We came to Raab (the second day from Vienna) on the seventeenth instant, where Mr. Wortley sending word of our arrival to the governor, the best house in the

town was provided for us, the garrison put under arms, a guard ordered at our door, and all other honours paid to us. The governor and all other officers immediately waited on Mr. Wortley, to know if there was any thing to be done for his service. The Bishop of Temeswar came to visit us with great civility, earnestly pressing us to dine with him next day; which we refusing, as being resolved to pursue our journey, he sent us several baskets of winter fruit, and a great variety of Hungarian wines, with a young hind just killed. This is a prelate of great power in this country, of the ancient family of Nadasti, so considerable for many ages in this kingdom. He is a very polite, agreeable, cheerful old man, wearing the Hungarian habit, with a venerable white beard down to his girdle.

Raab is a strong town, well garrisoned and fortified, and was a long time the frontier town between the Turkish and German empires. It has its name from the river Rab, on which it is situated, just on its meeting with the Danube, in an open champaign country. It was first taken by the Turks, under the command of Pashá Sinan, in the reign of Sultan Amurath III. in the year fifteen hundred and ninety-four. The governor, being supposed to have betrayed it, was afterwards beheaded by the emperor's command. The Counts of Schwartzenburg and Palfi retook it by surprise, 1598; since which time it has remained in the hands of the Germans, though the Turks once more attempted to gain it by stratagem in 1642. The cathedral is large and well built, which is all I saw remarkable in the town.

Leaving Comora on the other side the river, we went the eighteenth to Noshmuhl, a small village, where, however, we made shift to find tolerable accommodation. We continued two days travelling between this place and Buda, through the finest plains in the world, as even as if they were paved, and extremely fruitful; but for the most part desert and uncultivated, laid waste by the long wars between the Turk and the emperor, and the more cruel civil war occasioned by the barbarous persecution of the Protestant religion by the Emperor Leopold. That prince has left behind him the character of an extraordinary piety, and was naturally of a mild merciful temper; but, putting his conscience into the hands of a Jesuit, he was more cruel and treacherous to his poor Hungarian subjects than ever the Turk has been to the Christians; breaking, without scruple, his coronation oath, and his faith, solemnly given in many public treaties. Indeed, nothing can be more melancholy than, in travelling through Hungary, to reflect on the former flourishing state of that kingdom, and to see such a noble spot of earth almost uninhabited. Such are also the present circumstances of Buda (where we arrived very early the twenty-second), once the royal seat of the Hungarian kings, whose palace was reckoned one of the most beautiful buildings of the age, now wholly destroyed, no part of the town having been repaired since the last siege, but the fortifications and the castle, which is the present residence of the Governor General Regule, an officer of great merit. He came immediately to see us, and carried us in his coach to his house, where I was

received by his lady with all possible civility, and magnificently entertained.

This city is situated upon a little hill on the south side of the Danube. The castle is much higher than the town, and from it the prospect is very noble. Without the walls lie a vast number of little houses, or rather huts, that they call the Rascian town, being altogether inhabited by that people. The governor assured me, it would furnish twelve thousand fighting men. These towns look very odd; their houses stand in rows, many thousands of them so close together, that they appear, at a little distance, like old fashioned thatched tents. They consist, every one of them, of one hovel above, and another under ground; these are their summer and winter apartments. Buda was first taken by Solyman the Magnificent, in 1526, and lost the following year to Ferdinand I. King of Bohemia. Solyman regained it by the treachery of the garrison, and voluntarily gave it into the hands of King John of Hungary; after whose death, his son being an infant, Ferdinand laid siege to it, and the queen-mother was forced to call Solyman to her aid. He indeed raised the siege, but left a Turkish garrison in the town, and commanded her to remove her court from thence, which she was forced to submit to in 1541. It resisted afterwards the sieges laid to it by the Marquis of Brandenburg, in the year 1542; Count Schwartzenburg, in 1598; General Rosworm, in 1602; and the Duke of Lorrain, commander of the emperor's forces, in 1684; to whom it yielded in 1686, after an obstinate defence, Apti Bassa, the governor, being killed, fighting in the breach with a

Roman bravery. The loss of this town was so important, and so much resented by the Turks, that it occasioned the deposing of their Emperor Mahomet IV. the year following.

We did not proceed on our journey till the twenty-third, when we passed through Adam and Todowar, both considerable towns when in the hands of the Turks, but now quite ruined. The remains, however, of some Turkish towns show something of what they have been. This part of the country is very much overgrown with wood, and little frequented. It is incredible what vast numbers of wild-fowl we saw, which often live here to a good old age,—and, *undisturbed by guns, in quiet sleep*. We came the five-and-twentieth to Mohatch, and were showed the field near it, where Lewis, the young king of Hungary, lost his army and his life, being drowned in a ditch, trying to fly from Balybeus, general of Solyman the Magnificent. This battle opened the first passage for the Turks into the heart of Hungary. I do not name to you the little villages, of which I can say nothing remarkable; but, I will assure you, I have always found a warm stove, and great plenty, particularly of wild boar, venison, and all kinds of *gibier*. The few people that inhabit Hungary live easily enough; they have no money, but the woods and plains afford them provision in great abundance: they were ordered to give us all things necessary, even what horses we pleased to demand, *gratis*; but Mr. Wortley would not oppress the poor country people by making use of this order, and always paid them to the full worth of what he had. They were so surprised at this unexpected generosity, which they are very little used to, that they always

pressed upon us, at parting, a dozen of fat pheasants, or something of that sort, for a present. Their dress is very primitive, being only a plain sheep's skin, and a cap and boots of the same stuff. You may easily imagine this lasts them many winters; and thus they have very little occasion for money.

The twenty-sixth, we passed over the frozen Danube, with all our equipage and carriages. We met on the other side General Veterani, who invited us, with great civility, to pass the night at a little castle of his a few miles off, assuring us we should have a very hard day's journey to reach Essek. This we found but too true, the woods being very dangerous, and scarcely passable, from the vast quantity of wolves that herd in them. We came, however, safe, though late, to Essek, where we staid a day, to despatch a courier with letters to the pashá of Belgrade; and I took that opportunity of seeing the town, which is not very large, but fair built, and well fortified. This was a town of great trade, very rich and populous, when in the hands of the Turks. It is situated on the Drave, which runs into the Danube. The bridge was esteemed one of the most extraordinary in the world, being eight thousand paces long, and all built of oak. It was burnt, and the city laid in ashes, by Count Lesly, 1685, but was again repaired and fortified by the Turks, who, however, abandoned it in 1687. General Dunnewalt then took possession of it for the emperor, in whose hands it has remained ever since, and is esteemed one of the bulwarks of Hungary.

The twenty-eighth, we went to Bocorwar, a very large Rascian town, all built after the manner I have

described to you. We were met there by Colonel —, who would not suffer us to go any where but to his quarters, where I found his wife, a very agreeable Hungarian lady, and his niece and daughter, two pretty young women, crowded into three or four Rascian houses cast into one, and made as neat and convenient as those places are capable of being made. The Hungarian ladies are much handsomer than those of Austria. All the Vienna beauties are of that country! they are generally very fair and well shaped, and their dress, I think, is extremely becoming. This lady was in a gown of scarlet velvet, lined and faced with sables, made exact to her shape, and the skirt falling to her feet. The sleeves are strait to their arms and the stays buttoned before, with two rows of little buttons of gold, pearl, or diamonds. On their heads they wear a tassel of gold, that hangs low on one side, lined with sable, or some other fine fur. They gave us a handsome dinner, and I thought the conversation very polite and agreeable. They would accompany us part of our way.

The twenty-ninth, we arrived here, where we were met by the commanding officer, at the head of all the officers of the garrison. We are lodged in the best apartment of the governor's house, and entertained in a very splendid manner by the emperor's order. We wait here till all points are adjusted, concerning our reception on the Turkish frontiers. Mr. Wortley's courier, which he sent from Essek, returned this morning, with the pashá's answer in a purse of scarlet satin, which the interpreter here has translated. It is to promise him to be honourably received. I desired him to appoint where he would be met by the Turkish



convoy. He has despatched the courier back, naming Betsko, a village in the midway between Peterwaradin and Belgrade. We shall stay here till we receive his answer.

Thus, dear sister, I have given you a very particular, and (I am afraid you will think) a tedious account of this part of my travels. It was not an affectation of showing my reading, that has made me tell you some little scraps of the history of the towns I have passed through; I have always avoided any thing of that kind, when I spoke of places that I believe you knew the story of as well as myself. But Hungary being a part of the world which, I believe, is quite new to you, I thought you might read with some pleasure an account of it, which I have been very solicitous to get from the best hands. However, if you do not like it, it is in your power to forbear reading it. I am, dear sister, &c.

I am promised to have this letter carefully sent to Vienna.

## XXVI.

## MR. POPE TO LADY MONTAGU.

MADAM,

I NO more think I can have too many of your letters, than that I could have too many writings to entitle me to the greatest estate in the world ; which I think so valuable a friendship as yours is equal to. I am angry at every scrap of paper lost, as at something that interrupts the history of my title ; and though it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine lady to Sibyl, your leaves, methinks, like hers, are too good to be committed to the winds ; though I have no other way of receiving them but by those unfaithful messengers. I have had but three, and I reckon in that a short one from Dort, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter. But I have so great an opinion of your goodness, that had I received none, I should not have accused you of neglect or insensibility. I am not so wrong-headed as to quarrel with my friends the minute they do not write ; I would as soon quarrel at the sun the minute he did not shine, which he is hindered from by accidental causes, and is in reality all that time performing the same course, and doing the same good offices as ever.

You have contrived to say in your last the two most pleasing things to me in nature ; the first is, that, whatever be the fate of your letters, you will continue to write in the discharge of your conscience. This is

generous to the last degree, and a virtue you ought to enjoy. Be assured in return, my heart shall be as ready to think you have done every good thing, as yours can be to do it; so that you shall never be able to favour your absent friend, before he has thought himself obliged to you for the very favour you are then conferring.

The other is, the justice you do me in taking what I writ to you in the serious manner it was meant: it is the point upon which I can bear no suspicion, and in which, above all, I desire to be thought serious: it would be the most vexatious of all tyranny, if you should pretend to take for raillery, what is the mere disguise of a discontented heart, that is unwilling to make you as melancholy as itself; and for wit, what is really only the natural overflowing and warmth of the same heart, as it is improved and awakened by an esteem for you: but, since you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expressions have not at least been entirely unfaithful to those thoughts, to which I am sure they can never be equal. May God increase your faith in all truths that are as great as this! and depend upon it, to whatever degree your belief may extend, you can never be a bigot.

If you could see the heart I talk of, you would really think it a foolish good kind of thing, with some qualities as well deserving to be half laughed at, and half esteemed, as any in the world: its grand foible, in regard to you, is the most like reason of any foible in nature. Upon my faith, this heart is not, like a great warehouse, stored only with my own goods, with vast empty spaces to be supplied as fast as interest or ambition can fill them up; but it is every inch of it let

out into lodgings for its friends, and shall never want a corner at your service ; where I dare affirm, madam, your idea lies as warm and as close as any idea in Christendom.

If I do not take care, I shall write myself all out to you ; and if this correspondence continues on both sides at the free rate I would have it, we shall have very little curiosity to encourage our meeting at the day of judgment. I foresee that the further you go from me, the more freely I shall write : and if (as I earnestly wish) you would do the same, I cannot guess where it will end : let us be like modest people, who, when they are close together, keep all decorums ; but if they step a little aside, or get to the other end of a room, can untie garters or take off shifts without scruple.

If this distance (as you are so kind as to say) enlarges your belief of my friendship, I assure you it has so extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious on your account, and to wish that even slaughter, ruin, and desolation might interpose between you and Turkey ; I wish you restored to us at the expense of a whole people : I barely hope you will forgive me for saying this, but I fear God will scarce forgive me for desiring it.

Make me less wicked then. Is there no other expedient to return you and your infant in peace to the bosom of your country ? I hear you are going to Hanover ; can there be no favourable planet at this conjuncture, or do you only come back so far to die twice ? Is Eruydice once more snatched to the shades ? If ever mortal had reason to hate the king, it is I ;

for it is my particular misfortune to be almost the only innocent man whom he has made to suffer, both by his government at home, and his negotiations abroad.

A. POPE.

## XXVII.

TO MR. POPE.

Belgrade, Feb. 12, O. S. 1717.

I DID verily intend to write you a long letter from Peterwaradin, where I expected to stay three or four days; but the pashá here was in such haste to see us, that he dispatched the courier back (which Mr. Wortley had sent to know the time he would send the convoy to meet us), without suffering him to pull off his boots.

My letters were not thought important enough to stop our journey; and we left Peterwaradin the next day, being waited on by the chief officers of the garrison, and a considerable convoy of Germans and Rascians. The emperor has several regiments of these people; but, to say the truth, they are rather plunderers than soldiers; having no pay, and being obliged to furnish their own arms and horses; they rather look like vagabond gipsies, or stout beggars, than regular troops.

I cannot forbear speaking a word of this race of creatures, who are very numerous all over Hungary. They have a patriarch of their own at Grand Cairo,

and are really of the Greek church: but their extreme ignorance gives their priests occasion to impose several new notions upon them. These fellows, letting their hair and beard grow inviolate, make exactly the figure of the Indian bramins. They are heirs-general to all the money of the laity; for which, in return, they give them formal passports, signed and sealed, for heaven; and the wives and children only inherit the house and cattle. In most other points they follow the Greek church.

This little digression has interrupted my telling you we passed over the fields of Carlowitz, where the last great victory was obtained by Prince Eugene over the Turks. The marks of that glorious bloody day are yet recent, the field being yet strewed with the skulls and carcasses of unburied men, horses, and camels. I could not look, without horror, on such numbers of mangled human bodies, nor without reflecting on the injustice of war, that makes murder not only necessary, but meritorious. Nothing seems to be a plainer proof of the *irrationality* of mankind (whatever fine claims we pretend to reason) than the rage with which they contest for a small spot of ground, when such vast parts of fruitful earth lie quite uninhabited. It is true, custom has now made it unavoidable; but can there be a greater demonstration of want of reason, than a custom being firmly established so plainly contrary to the interest of man in general? I am a good deal inclined to believe Mr. Hobbes, that the *state of nature* is a *state of war*; but thence I conclude human nature not rational, if the word reason means common sense, as I suppose it does. I have a great many admirable arguments to support this re-

flection; I will not, however, trouble you with them, but return, in a plain style, to the history of my travels.

We were met at Betsko (a village in the midway between Belgrade and Peterwaradin) by an aga of the janisaries, with a body of the Turks, exceeding the Germans by one hundred men, though the pashá had engaged to send exactly the same number. You may judge by this of their fears. I am really persuaded, that they hardly thought the odds of one hundred men set them even with the Germans; however, I was very uneasy till they were parted, fearing some quarrel might arise, notwithstanding the parole given.

We came late to Belgrade, the deep snows making the ascent to it very difficult. It seems a strong city, fortified on the east side by the Danube, and on the south by the river Save, and was formerly the barrier of Hungary. It was first taken by Solyman the Magnificent, and since by the emperor's forces, led by the elector of Bavaria. The emperor held it only two years, it being retaken by the grand vizier. It is now fortified with the utmost care and skill the Turks are capable of, and strengthened by a very numerous garrison of their bravest janisaries, commanded by a pashá seraskiér (*i. e.* general), though this last expression is not very just; for, to say truth, the seraskiér is commanded by the janisaries. These troops have an absolute authority here, and their conduct carries much more the aspect of rebellion than the appearance of subordination. You may judge of this by the following story, which, at the same time, will give you an idea of the *admirable*

intelligence of the governor of Peterwaradin, though so few hours distant. We were told by him at Peterwaradin, that the garrison and inhabitants of Belgrade were so weary of the war, they had killed their pashá about two months ago, in a mutiny, because he had suffered himself to be prevailed upon, by a bribe of five purses (five hundred pounds sterling) to give permission to the Tartars to ravage the German frontiers. We were very well pleased to hear of such favourable dispositions in the people; but when we came hither, we found that the governor had been ill informed, and the real truth of the story to be this. The late pashá fell under the displeasure of his soldiers, for no other reason but restraining their incursions on the Germans. They took it into their heads, from that mildness, that he had intelligence with the enemy, and sent such information to the grand signior at Adrianople; but, redress not coming quick enough from thence, they assembled themselves in a tumultuous manner, and, by force, dragged their pashá before the cadí and mufti, and there demanded justice in a mutinous way; one crying out, Why he protected the infidels? another, Why he squeezed them of their money? The pashá, easily guessing their purpose, calmly replied to them, that they asked him too many questions, and that he had but one life, which must answer for all. They then immediately fell upon him with their scimitars (without waiting the sentence of their heads of the law), and in a few moments cut him in pieces. The present pashá has not dared to punish the murder; on the contrary, he affected to applaud the actors of it, as brave fellows, that knew how to do themselves



justice. He takes all pretences of throwing money among the garrison, and suffers them to make little excursions into Hungary, where they burn some poor Rascian houses.

You may imagine, I cannot be very easy in a town which is really under the government of an insolent soldiery. We expected to be immediately dismissed, after a night's lodging here: but the pashá detains us till he receives orders from Adrianople, which may possibly be a month a coming. In the mean time, we are lodged in one of the best houses, belonging to a very considerable man amongst them, and have a whole chamber of janisaries to guard us. My only diversion is the conversation of our host, Achmet Bey, a title something like that of count in Germany. His father was a great pashá, and he has been educated in the most polite eastern learning, being perfectly skilled in the Arabic and Persian languages, and an extraordinary scribe, which they call *effendi*. This accomplishment makes way to the greatest preferments: but he has had the good sense to prefer an easy, quiet, secure life, to all the dangerous honours of the Porte. He sups with us every night, and drinks wine very freely. You cannot imagine how much he is delighted with the liberty of conversing with me. He has explained to me many pieces of Arabian poetry, which, I observe, are in numbers not unlike ours, generally of an alternate verse, and of a very musical sound. Their expressions of love are very passionate and lively. I am so much pleased with them, I really believe I should learn to read Arabic if I was to stay here a few months. He has a very good library of their books of all kinds; and,

as he tells me, spends the greatest part of his life there. I pass for a great scholar with him, by relating to him some of the Persian tales, which I find are genuine\*. At first he believed I understood Persian. I have frequent disputes with him concerning the difference of our customs, particularly the confinement of women. He assures me there is nothing at all in it; only, says he, we have the advantage, that when our wives cheat us nobody knows it. He has wit, and is more polite than many Christian men of quality. I am very much entertained with him. He has had the curiosity to make one of our servants set him an alphabet of our letters, and can already write a good Roman hand.

But these amusements do not hinder my wishing heartily to be out of this place; though the weather is colder than I believe it ever was any where but in Greenland. We have a very large stove constantly kept hot, and yet the windows of the room are frozen on the inside. God knows when I may have an opportunity of sending this letter: but I have written it for the discharge of my own conscience: and you cannot now reproach me, that one of yours makes ten of mine. Adieu.

\* The Persian Tales appeared first in Europe as a translation by Monsieur Petit de la Croix; and what are called "The Arabian Nights," in a similar manner, by Monsieur Galland.

## XXVIII.

TO HER R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES\*.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE now, madam, finished a journey that has not been undertaken by any Christian since the time of the Greek emperors; and I shall not regret all the fatigues I have suffered in it, if it gives me an opportunity of amusing your royal highness by an account of places utterly unknown amongst us; the emperor's ambassadors, and those few English that have come hither always going on the Danube to Nicopolis. But the river was now frozen, and Mr. Wortley was so zealous for the service of his majesty, that he would not defer his journey to wait for the conveniency of that passage.

We crossed the deserts of Servia, almost quite overgrown with wood, through a country naturally fertile. The inhabitants are industrious; but the oppression of the peasants is so great, they are forced to abandon their houses, and neglect their tillage, all they have being a prey to the janisaries, whenever they please to sieze upon it. We had a guard of five hundred of them, and I was almost in tears every day to see their insolencies in the poor villages through which we passed.

After seven days' travelling through thick woods,

\* The late Queen Caroline.

we came to Nissa, once the capital of Servia, situated in a fine plain on the river Nissava, in a very good air, and so fruitful a soil, that the great plenty is hardly credible. I was certainly assured, that the quantity of wine last vintage was so prodigious, that they were forced to dig holes in the earth to put it in, not having vessels enough in the town to hold it. The happiness of this plenty is scarcely perceived by the oppressed people. I saw here a new occasion for my compassion; the wretches that had provided twenty waggons for our baggage from Belgrade hither for a certain hire, being all sent back without payment, some of their horses lamed, and others killed, without any satisfaction made for them. The poor fellows came round the house weeping and tearing their hair and beards in a most pitiful manner, without getting any thing but drubs from the insolent soldiers. I cannot express to your royal highness how much I was moved at this scene. I would have paid them the money out of my own pocket with all my heart; but it would only have been giving so much to the aga, who would have taken it from them without any remorse.

After four days' journey from this place over the mountains, we came to Sophia, situated in a large beautiful plain on the river Isca, and surrounded with distant mountains. It is hardly possible to see a more agreeable landscape. The city itself is very large and extremely populous. Here are hot baths, very famous for their medicinal virtues.—Four days' journey from hence, we arrived at Philippopolis, after having passed the ridges between the mountains

of Hæmus and Rhodope, which are always covered with snow. This town is situated on a rising ground near the river Hebrus, and is almost wholly inhabited by the Greeks: here are still some ancient Christian churches. They have a bishop; and several of the richest Greeks live here: but they are forced to conceal their wealth with great care, the appearance of poverty (which includes part of its inconveniences) being all their security against feeling it in earnest. The country from hence to Adrianople is the finest in the world. Vines grow wild on all the hills; and the perpetual spring they enjoy makes every thing gay and flourishing. But this climate, happy as it seems, can never be preferred to England with all its frosts and snows, while we are blessed with an easy government, under a king who makes his own happiness consist in the liberty of his people, and chooses rather to be looked upon as their father than their master.

This theme would carry me very far, and I am sensible I have already tired out your royal highness's patience. But my letter is in your hands, and you may make it as short as you please, by throwing it into the fire, when weary of reading it.

I am, madam,

With the greatest respect, &c.

## XXIX.

## TO THE LADY RICH.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I AM now got into a new world, where every thing I see appears to me a change of scene; and I write to your ladyship with some content of mind, hoping, at least, that you will find the charms of novelty in my letters, and no longer reproach me that I tell you nothing extraordinary.

I will not trouble you with a relation of our tedious journey; but must not omit what I saw remarkable at Sophia, one of the most beautiful towns in the Turkish empire, and famous for its hot baths, that are resorted to both for diversion and health. I stopped here one day on purpose to see them; and designing to go *incognito*, I hired a Turkish coach. These voitures are not at all like ours, but much more convenient for the country, the heat being so great that glasses would be very troublesome. They are made a good deal in the manner of the Dutch stage coaches, having wooden lattices painted and gilded; the inside being also painted with baskets and nosegays of flowers, intermixed commonly with little poetical mottoes. They are covered all over with scarlet cloth, lined with silk, and very often richly embroidered and fringed: this covering en-

tirely hides the persons in them, but may be thrown back at pleasure, and thus permits the ladies to peep through the lattices. They hold four people very conveniently, seated on cushions, but not raised.

In one of these covered waggons, I went to the bagnio about ten o'clock; it was already full of women. It is built of stone in the shape of a dome, with no windows but in the roof, which gives light enough. There were five of these domes joined together, the outmost being less than the rest, and serving only as a hall, where the portress stood at the door. Ladies of quality generally give this woman a crown or ten shillings; and I did not forget that ceremony. The next room is a very large one paved with marble, and all around it are two raised sofas of marble, one above another. There were four fountains of cold water in this room, falling first into marble basons, and then running on the floor in little channels made for that purpose, which carried the streams into the next room, something less than this, with the same sort of marble sofas, but so hot with streams of sulphur proceeding from the baths joining to it, it was impossible to stay there with one's clothes on: the two other domes were the hot baths, one of which had two cocks of cold water turning into it, to temper it to what degree of warmth the bathers please to have.

I was in my travelling habit, which is a riding dress, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them: yet there was not one of them that showed the least surprise or impertinent curiosity, but received me with all the obliging civility possible. I

know no European court where the ladies would have behaved themselves in so polite a manner to such a stranger. I believe, upon the whole, there were two hundred women, and yet none of those disdainful smiles and satirical whispers, that never fail in our assemblies when any body appears that is not dressed exactly in the fashion. They repeated over and over to me, "Guzél, péc guzél," which is nothing but "Charming, very charming." The first sofas were covered with cushions and rich carpets, on which sat the ladies; and on the second their slaves behind them, but without any distinction of rank by their dress, all being in the state of nature, that is, in plain English, stark naked, without any beauty or defect concealed. Yet there was not the least wanton smile or immodest gesture among them: they walked and moved with the same majestic grace which Milton describes our general mother with. There were many amongst them as exactly proportioned as ever any goddess was drawn by the pencil of a Guido or Titian,—and most of their skins shingly white, only adorned by their beautiful hair divided into many tresses, hanging on their shoulders, braided either with pearl or ribbon, perfectly representing the figures of the Graces.

I was here convinced of the truth of a reflection I have often made, "That if it were the fashion to go naked, the face would be hardly observed." I perceived that the ladies of the most delicate skins and finest shapes had the greatest share of my admiration, though their faces were sometimes less beautiful than those of their companions. To tell you the truth, I had wickedness enough to wish secretly that Mr.



Jervas\* could have been there invisible: I fancy it would have very much improved his art, to see so many fine women naked, in different postures, some in conversation, some working, others drinking coffee or sherbet, and many negligently lying on their cushions, while their slaves (generally pretty girls of seventeen or eighteen) were employed in braiding their hair in several pretty fancies. In short, it is the women's coffeehouse, where all the news of the town is told, scandal invented, &c.—They generally take this diversion once a week, and stay there at least four or five hours, without getting cold by immediately coming out of the hot bath into the cold room, which was very surprising to me. The lady that seemed the most considerable among them, entreated me to sit by her, and would fain have undressed me for the bath: I excused myself with some difficulty. They being, however, all so earnest in persuading me, I was at last forced to open my shirt, and show them my stays, which satisfied them very well; for I saw they believed I was locked up in that machine, and that it was not in my own power to open it, which contrivance they attributed to my husband. I was charmed with their civility and beauty, and should have been very glad to pass more time with them; but Mr. Wortley resolving to pursue his

\* Charles Jervas was a pupil of Sir Godfrey Kneller. He was the friend of Pope, and much celebrated for his portraits of females. The beauties of his day were proud to be painted by his hand, after Pope had published his celebrated epistle to him, in which he is complimented as "selling a thousand years of bloom."

journey next morning early, I was in haste to see the ruins of Justinian's church, which did not afford me so agreeable a prospect as I had left, being little more than a heap of stones.

Adieu, madam: I am sure I have now entertained you with an account of such a sight as you never saw in your life, and what no book of travels could inform you of, as it is no less than death for a man to be found in one of these places.

## XXX.

TO THE ABBOT \* \* \*.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

You see that I am very exact in keeping the promise you engaged me to make. I know not, however, whether your curiosity will be satisfied with the accounts I shall give you, though I can assure you the desire I have to oblige you to the utmost of my power has made me very diligent in my inquiries and observations. It is certain we have but very imperfect accounts of the manners and religion of these people; this part of the world being seldom visited but by merchants, who mind little but their own affairs; or travellers, who make too short a stay to be able to report any thing exactly of their own knowledge. The Turks are too proud to converse familiarly with merchants, who can only pick up some confused informations, which are generally false; and can give no better account of the ways here, than a French

refugee, lodging in a garret in Greek Street, could write of the court of England.

The journey we have made from Belgrade hither cannot possibly be passed by any out of a public character. The desert woods of Servia are the common refuge of thieves, who rob fifty in a company, so that we had need of all our guards to secure us; and the villages are so poor, that only force could extort from them necessary provisions. Indeed, the janizaries had no mercy on their poverty, killing all the poultry and sheep they could find, without asking to whom they belonged; while the wretched owners durst not put in their claim, for fear of being beaten. Lambs just fallen, geese and turkeys big with egg, all massacred without distinction! I fancied I heard the complaints of Melibœus for the hope of his flock. When the pashás travel, it is yet worse. These oppressors are not content with eating all that is to be eaten belonging to the peasants; after they have crammed themselves and their numerous retinue, they have the impudence to exact what they call *teeth-money*, a contribution for the use of their teeth, worn with doing them the honour of devouring their meat. This is literally and exactly-true, however extravagant it may seem; and such is the natural corruption of a military government, their religion not allowing of this barbarity, any more than ours does.

I had the advantage of lodging three weeks at Belgrade, with a principal effendi, that is to say, a scholar. This set of men are equally capable of preferments in the law or the church, these two sciences being cast into one, and a lawyer and a priest being the same word in the Turkish language. They are

the only men really considerable in the empire; all the profitable employments and church revenues are in their hands. The grand-signior, though general heir to his people, never presumes to touch their lands or money, which go, in an uninterrupted succession, to their children. It is true, they lose this privilege by accepting a place at court, or the title of pashá; but there are few examples of such fools among them. You may easily judge of the power of these men, who have engrossed all the learning, and almost all the wealth of the empire: they are the real authors, though the soldiers are the actors of revolutions. They deposed the late Sultan Mustapha; and their power is so well known, that it is the emperor's interest to flatter them.

This is a long digression. I was going to tell you that an intimate daily conversation with the effendi, Achmet Bey, gave me an opportunity of knowing their religion and morals in a more particular manner than, perhaps, any Christian ever did. I explained to him the difference between the religion of England and Rome; and he was pleased to hear there were Christians that did not worship images, or adore the Virgin Mary. The ridicule of transubstantiation appeared very strong to him.—Upon comparing our creeds together, I am convinced that if our friend Dr. \*\*\* had free liberty of preaching here, it would be very easy to persuade the generality to Christianity, whose notions are very little different from his. Mr. Whiston would make a very good apostle here. I do not doubt but his zeal will be much fired, if you communicate this account to him; but tell him, he

must first have the gift of tongues, before he can possibly be of any use.

Mahometism is divided into as many sects as Christianity; and the first institution as much neglected and obscured by interpretations. I cannot here forbear reflecting on the natural inclination of mankind to make mysteries and novelties.—The Zeidi, Kudi, Jabari, &c, put me in mind of the Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists, and are equally zealous against one another. But the most prevailing opinion, if you search into the secret of the effendis, is plain deism. This is, indeed, kept from the people, who are amused with a thousand different notions, according to the different interest of their preachers.—There are very few amongst them (Achmet Bey denied there were any) so absurd, as to set up for wit by declaring they believe no God at all: and Sir Paul Rycaut is mistaken (as he commonly is) in calling the sect *muterin*\* (i. e. *the secret with us*), Atheists, they being Deists, whose impiety consists in making a jest of their prophet. Achmet Bey did not own to me that he was of this opinion; but made no scruple of deviating from some part of Mahomet's law, by drinking wine with the same freedom we did. When I asked him how he came to allow himself that liberty? he made answer, that all the creatures of God are good, and designed for the use of man; however, that the prohibition of wine was a very wise maxim, and meant for the common people, being the

\* See D'Ohsson, *Tableau Général de l'Empire Othoman*, 5 vols. 8vo. 1791, in which the religious code of the Mohammedans, and of each sect, is very satisfactorily detailed.

source of all disorders among them; but that the prophet never designed to confine those that knew how to use it with moderation: nevertheless, he said, that scandal ought to be avoided, and that he never drank it in public. This is the general way of thinking among them, and very few forbear drinking wine that are able to afford it. He assured me, that if I understood Arabic, I should be very well pleased with reading the Alcoran, which is so far from the nonsense we charge it with, that it is the purest morality, delivered in the very best language. I have since heard impartial Christians speak of it in the same manner; and I do not doubt but that all our translations are from copies got from the Greek priests, who would not fail to falsify it with the extremity of malice. No body of men ever were more ignorant, or more corrupt: yet they differ so little from the Romish church, that, I confess, nothing gives me a greater abhorrence of the cruelty of your clergy, than the barbarous persecution of them, whenever they have been their masters, for no other reason than their not acknowledging the pope. The dissenting in that one article has got them the titles of heretics and schismatics; and, what is worse, the same treatment. I found at Philippopolis a sect of Christians that call themselves Paulines. They show an old church, where, they say, St. Paul preached; and he is their favourite saint, after the same manner that St. Peter is at Rome; neither do they forget to give him the same preference over the rest of the apostles.

But of all the religions I have seen, that of the Arnaöuts seems to me the most particular. They

are natives of Arnaöutlich, the ancient Macedonia, and still retain the courage and hardiness, though they have lost the name of Macedonians, being the best militia in the Turkish empire, and the only check upon the janizaries. They are foot soldiers; we had a guard of them, relieved in every considerable town we passed: they are all clothed and armed at their own expense, dressed in clean white coarse cloth, carrying guns of a prodigious length, which they run with upon their shoulders as if they did not feel the weight of them, the leader singing a sort of rude tune, not unpleasant, and the rest making up the chorus. These people, living between Christians and Mahometans, and not being skilled in controversy, declare, that they are utterly unable to judge which religion is best; but, to be certain of not entirely rejecting the truth, they very prudently follow both. They go to the mosques on Fridays, and to the church on Sundays, saying for their excuse, that at the day of judgment they are sure of protection from the true prophet; but which that is, they are not able to determine in this world. I believe there is no other race of mankind, who have so modest an opinion of their own capacity.

These are the remarks I have made on the diversity of religions I have seen. I do not ask your pardon for the liberty I have taken in speaking of the Roman. I know you equally condemn the quackery of all churches, as much as you revere the sacred truths, in which we both agree.

You will expect I should say something to you of the antiquities of this country; but there are few re-

mains of ancient Greece. We passed near the piece of an arch, which is commonly called Trajan's Gate, from a supposition that he made it to shut up the passage over the mountains between Sophia and Philippopolis. But I rather believe it the remains of some triumphal arch (though I could not see any inscription); for if that passage had been shut up, there are many others that would serve for the march of an army; and, notwithstanding the story of Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, being overthrown in these straits, after he won Constantinople, I do not fancy the Germans would find themselves stopped by them at this day. It is true, the road is now made (with great industry) as commodious as possible, for the march of the Turkish army; there is not one ditch or puddle between this place and Belgrade that has not a large strong bridge of planks built over it: but the precipices are not so terrible as I had heard them represented. At these mountains we lay at the little village Kiskoi, wholly inhabited by Christians, as all the peasants of Bulgaria are. Their houses are nothing but little huts, raised of dirt baked in the sun: and they leave them and fly into the mountains, some months before the march of the Turkish army, who would else entirely ruin them, by driving away their whole flocks. This precaution secures them in a sort of plenty; for, such vast tracts of land lying in common, they have the liberty of sowing what they please, and are generally very industrious husbandmen. I drank here several sorts of delicious wine. The women dress themselves in a great variety of coloured glass beads, and are not ugly, but of a tawny complexion.



I have now told you all that is worth telling you, and perhaps more, relating to my journey. When I am at Constantinople, I will try to pick up some curiosities, and then you shall hear again from

Yours, &c.

XXXI.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

As I never can forget the smallest of your ladyship's commands, my first business here has been to inquire after the stuffs you ordered me to look for, without being able to find what you would like. The difference of the dress here and at London is so great, the same sort of things are not proper for *caftáns* and *manteaus*. However, I will not give over my search, but renew it again at Constantinople, though I have reason to believe there is nothing finer than what is to be found here, as this place is at present the residence of the court. The grand-signior's eldest daughter was married some few days before I came hither; and, upon that occasion, the Turkish ladies display all their magnificence. The bride was conducted to her husband's house in very great splendour. She is widow of the late vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin, though that ought rather to be called a contract than a marriage, since she never has lived with him; however, the greatest part of his wealth is hers. He had the permission of visiting her in the seraglio;

and, being one of the handsomest men in the empire, had very much engaged her affections. When she saw this second husband, who is at least fifty, she could not forbear bursting into tears. He is indeed a man of merit, and the declared favourite of the sultan (which they call *mosáyp*); but that is not enough to make him pleasing in the eyes of a girl of thirteen.

The government here is entirely in the hands of the army; the grand-signior, with all his absolute power, is as much a slave as any of his subjects, and trembles at a janizary's frown. Here is, indeed, a much greater appearance of subjection than among us: a minister of state is not spoken to, but upon the knee; should a reflection on his conduct be dropped in a coffeehouse (for they have spies everywhere), the house would be razed to the ground, and perhaps the whole company put to the torture. No "huzzaing mobs, senseless pamphlets, and tavern disputes about politics;"

A consequential ill that freedom draws;  
A bad effect,—but from a noble cause.

None of our harmless calling names! but when a minister here displeases the people, in three hours' time he is dragged even from his master's arms. They cut off hands, head, and feet, and throw them before the palace gate, with all the respect in the world; while the sultan (to whom they all profess an unlimited adoration) sits trembling in his apartment, and dares neither defend nor revenge his fa-

vourite. This is the blessed condition of the most absolute monarch upon earth, who owns no *law* but his *will*.

I cannot help wishing, in the loyalty of my heart, that the parliament would send hither a ship-load of your passive-obedient men, that they might see arbitrary government in its clearest and strongest light, where it is hard to judge whether the prince, people, or ministers are most miserable. I could make many reflections on this subject; but I know, madam, your own good sense has already furnished you with better than I am capable of.

I went yesterday along with the French ambassadress to see the grand signior\* in his passage to the mosque. He was preceded by a numerous guard of janizaries, with vast white feathers on their heads, as also by the *spahis* and *bostangees* (these are foot and horse guards), and the royal gardeners, which are a very considerable body of men, dressed in different habits of fine lively colours, so that, at a distance, they appeared like a parterre of tulips. After them, the aga of the janizaries, in a robe of purple velvet, lined with silver tissue, his horse led by two slaves richly dressed. Next him the *kyzlár-aga* (your ladyship knows this is the chief guardian of the seraglio ladies), in a deep yellow cloth (which suited very well to his black face), lined with sables. Last

\* Achmet III. who reigned from 1703 to 1730, recovered the Morea from the Venetians, but lost Belgrade, Peterwaradin, and Temesvar, to the Imperialists. He preferred his palace at Adrianople to the Ottoman Porte, which lost him the favour of the janizaries.

came his Sublimity himself, arrayed in green, lined with the fur of a Muscovite fox, which is supposed worth a thousand pounds sterling, and mounted on a fine horse, with furniture embroidered with jewels. Six more horses richly caparisoned were led after him; and two of his principal courtiers bore, one his gold, and the other his silver coffeepot, on a staff; another carried a silver stool on his head for him to sit on.

It would be too tedious to tell your ladyship the various dresses and turbans by which their rank is distinguished: but they were all extremely rich and gay, to the number of some thousands; so that, perhaps, there cannot be seen a more beautiful procession. The Sultan appeared to us a handsome man of about forty, with something, however, severe in his countenance, and his eyes very full and black. He happened to stop under the window where we stood, and (I suppose being told who we were) looked upon us very attentively, so that we had full leisure to consider him. The French ambassadress agreed with me as to his good mien: I see that lady very often; she is young, and her conversation would be a great relief to me, if I could persuade her to live without those forms and ceremonies that make life so formal and tiresome. But she is so delighted with her guards, her four-and-twenty footmen, gentlemen ushers, &c. that she would rather die than make me a visit without them; not to reckon a coachful of attending damsels, yclept maids of honour. What vexes me is, that as long as she will visit me with a troublesome equipage, I am obliged to do the same; however, our mutual interest makes us much together.

I went with her the other day all round the town, in an open gilt chariot, with our joint train of attendants, preceded by our guards, who might have summoned the people to see what they had never seen, nor ever perhaps would see again, two young Christian ambassadors at the same time. Your ladyship may easily imagine we drew a vast crowd of spectators, but all silent as death. If any of them had taken the liberties of our mobs upon any strange sight, our janizaries had made no scruple of falling on them with their scimitars, without danger for so doing, being above law.

These people, however (I mean the janizaries), have some good qualities; they are very zealous and faithful where they serve, and look upon it as their business to fight for you on all occasions. Of this I had a very pleasant instance in a village on this side Philippopolis, where we were met by our domestic guards. I happened to bespeak pigeons for supper, upon which one of my janizaries went immediately to the *cadi* (the chief civil officer of the town), and ordered him to send in some dozens. The poor man answered, that he had already sent about, but could get none. My janizary, in the height of his zeal for my service, immediately locked him up prisoner in his room, telling him he deserved death for his impudence, in offering to excuse his not obeying my command; but, out of respect to me, he would not punish him but by my order. Accordingly, he came very gravely to me, to ask what should be done to him; adding, by way of compliment, that if I pleased he would bring me his head. This may give you some idea of the unlimited power of these fellows, who are

all sworn brothers, and bound to revenge the injuries done to one another, whether at Cairo, Aleppo, or any part of the world. This inviolable league makes them so powerful, that the greatest man at court never speaks to them but in a flattering tone; and in Asia, any man that is rich is forced to enrol himself a janizary, to secure his estate.

But I have already said enough; and I dare swear, dear madam, that, by this time, it is a very comfortable reflection to you, that there is no possibility of your receiving such a tedious letter but once in six months; it is that consideration has given me the assurance of entertaining you so long, and will, I hope, plead the excuse of, dear madam,

Yours, &c.



## XXXII.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I wish to God, dear sister, that you were as regular in letting me know what passes on your side of the globe, as I am careful in endeavouring to amuse you by the account of all I see here that I think worth your notice. You content yourself with telling me over and over, that the town is very dull: it may possibly be dull to you, when every day does not present you with something new; but for me, that am in arrears at least two months' news, all that seems very stale with you would be very fresh and sweet here. Pray let me into more particulars, and I will try to awaken your gratitude, by giving you a full and true relation of the novelties of this place, none of which would surprise you more than a sight of my person, as I am now in my Turkish habit, though I believe you would be of my opinion, that it is admirably becoming. I intend to send you my picture; in the mean time accept of it here.

The first part of my dress is a pair of drawers, very full, that reach to my shoes, and conceal the legs more modestly than your petticoats. They are of a thin rose-coloured damask, brocaded with silver flowers. My shoes are of white kid leather, embroidered with gold. Over this hangs my smock, of a fine white silk gauze, edged with embroidery. This smock has wide

sleeves, hanging half-way down the arm, and is closed at the neck with a diamond button; but the shape and colour of the bosom are very well to be distinguished through it. The *antery* is a waistcoat, made close to the shape, of white and gold damask, with very long sleeves falling back, and fringed with deep gold fringe, and should have diamond or pearl buttons. My *caftan*, of the same stuff with my drawers, is a robe exactly fitted to my shape, and reaching to my feet, with very long strait falling sleeves. Over this is my girdle, of about four fingers broad, which all that can afford it have entirely of diamonds or other precious stones; those who will not be at that expense have it of exquisite embroidery on satin; but it must be fastened before with a clasp of diamonds. The *curdee* is a loose robe they throw off or put on according to the weather, being of a rich brocade (mine is green and gold), either lined with ermine or sables; the sleeves reach very little below the shoulders. The headdress is composed of a cap, called *talpock*, which is in winter of fine velvet, embroidered with pearls or diamonds, and in summer of a light shining silver stuff. This is fixed on one side of the head, hanging a little way down with a gold tassel, and bound on, either with a circle of diamonds (as I have seen several) or a rich embroidered handkerchief. On the other side of the head, the hair is laid flat; and here the ladies are at liberty to show their fancies; some putting flowers, others a plume of heron's feathers, and, in short, what they please; but the most general fashion is a large *bouquet* of jewels, made like natural flowers; that is, the buds, of pearl; the roses, of different coloured



rubies; the jessamines, of diamonds; the jonquils, of topazes, &c. so well set and enamelled, it is hard to imagine any thing of that kind so beautiful. The hair hangs at its full length behind, divided into tresses braided with pearl or ribbon, which is always in great quantity.

I never saw in my life so many fine heads of hair. In one lady's I have counted a hundred and ten of the tresses, all natural; but it must be owned, that every kind of beauty is more common here than with us. It is surprising to see a young woman that is not very handsome. They have naturally the most beautiful complexion in the world, and generally large black eyes. I can assure you, with great truth, that the court of England (though I believe it the fairest in Christendom) does not contain so many beauties as are under our protection here. They generally shape their eyebrows; and both Greeks and Turks have the custom of putting round their eyes a black tincture, that at a distance, or by candlelight, adds very much to the blackness of them. I fancy many of our ladies would be overjoyed to know this secret; but it is too visible by day. They dye their nails a rose colour; but, I own, I cannot enough accustom myself to this fashion to find any beauty in it.

As to their morality or good conduct, I can say, like Harlequin, that it is just as it is with you; and the Turkish ladies do not commit one sin the less for not being Christians. Now that I am a little acquainted with their ways, I cannot forbear admiring, either the exemplary discretion or extreme stupidity of all the writers that have given accounts of them.

It is very easy to see they have in reality more liberty than we have. No woman, of what rank soever, is permitted to go into the streets without two *murlins*; one that covers her face all but her eyes, and another that hides the whole dress of her head, and hangs half way down her back. Their shapes are also wholly concealed by a thing they call a *ferigee*, which no woman of any sort appears without; this has strait sleeves, that reach to their fingers-ends, and it laps all round them, not unlike a riding-hood. In winter it is of cloth, and in summer of plain stuff or silk. You may guess then how effectually this disguises them, so that there is no distinguishing the great lady from her slave. It is impossible for the most jealous husband to know his wife when he meets her; and no man dare touch or follow a woman in the street.

This perpetual masquerade gives them entire liberty of following their inclinations without danger of discovery. The most usual method of intrigue is, to send an appointment to the lover to meet the lady at a Jew's shop, which are as notoriously convenient as our Indian-houses; and yet even those who do not make use of them, do not scruple to go to buy penny-worths, and tumble over rich goods, which are chiefly to be found amongst that sort of people. The great ladies seldom let their gallants know who they are; and it is so difficult to find it out, that they can very seldom guess at her name, whom they have corresponded with for above half a year together. You may easily imagine the number of faithful wives very small in a country where they have nothing to fear from a lover's indiscretion, since we see so many have the courage

to expose themselves to that in this world, and all the threatened punishment of the next, which is never preached to the Turkish damsels. Neither have they much to apprehend from the resentment of their husbands; those ladies that are rich having all their money in their own hands.

Upon the whole, I look upon the Turkish women as the only free people in the empire; the very divan pays respect to them; and the grand-signior himself, when a pashá is executed, never violates the privileges of the *harém* (or women's apartment), which remains untouched and entire to the widow. They are queens of their slaves, whom the husband has no permission so much as to look upon, except it be an old woman or two that his lady chooses. It is true their law permits them four wives; but there is no instance of a man of quality that makes use of this liberty, or of a woman of rank that would suffer it. When a husband happens to be inconstant (as those things will happen), he keeps his mistress in a house apart, and visits her as privately as he can, just as it is with you. Amongst all the great men here, I only know the *testerdar* (*i. e.* treasurer) that keeps a number of she slaves for his own use (that is, on his own side of the house; for a slave once given to serve a lady is entirely at her disposal), and he is spoken of as a libertine, or what we should call a rake, and his wife will not see him, though she continues to live in his house.

Thus you see, dear sister, the manners of mankind do not differ so widely as our voyage writers would make us believe. Perhaps it would be more enter-

taining to add a few surprising customs of my own invention ; but nothing seems to me so agreeable as truth, and I believe nothing so acceptable to you. I conclude therefore with repeating the great truth of my being,

Dear sister, &c.

## XXXIII.

## MR. POPE TO LADY MONTAGU.

MADAM,

IF to live in the memory of others have any thing desirable in it, it is what you possess with regard to me, in the highest sense of the words. There is not a day in which your figure does not appear before me ; your conversations return to my thoughts, and every scene, place, or occasion, where I have enjoyed them, are as livelily painted, as an imagination equally warm and tender can be capable to represent them. Yet how little accrues to you from all this, when not only my wishes, but the very expressions of them, can hardly ever arrive to be known to you ? I cannot tell whether you have seen half the letters I have writ ; but if you had, I have not said in them half of what I designed to say ; and you can have seen but a faint, slight, timorous *eschantillon* of what my spirit suggests, and my hand follows slowly and imperfectly, indeed unjustly, because discreetly and reservedly. When you told me there was no way left for our correspondence but by merchant ships, I watched ever

since for any that set out, and this is the first I could learn of. I owe the knowledge of it to Mr. Congreve (whose letters, with my Lady Rich's, accompany this). However, I was impatient enough to venture two from Mr. Methuen's office: they have miscarried: you have lost nothing but such words and wishes as I repeat every day in your memory, and for your welfare. I have had thoughts of causing what I write for the future to be transcribed, and to send copies by more ways than one, that one at least might have a chance to reach you. The letters themselves would be artless and natural enough to prove there could be no vanity in this practice, and to show it proceeded from the belief of their being welcome to you, not as they came from me, but from England. My eyesight is grown so bad, that I have left off all correspondence except with yourself; in which, methinks, I am like those people who abandon and abstract themselves from all that are about them (with whom they might have business and intercourse), to employ their addresses only to invisible and distant beings, whose good offices and favours cannot reach them, in a long time, if at all. If I hear from you, I look upon it as little less than a miracle or extraordinary visitation from another world; it is a sort of dream of an agreeable thing, which subsists no more to me: but, however, it is such a dream as exceeds most of the dull realities of my life. Indeed, what with ill health and ill fortune, I am grown so stupidly philosophical as to have no thought about me that deserves the name of warm or lively, but that which sometimes awakens me into an imagination that I may yet see you again. Compassionate a poet, who

has lost all manner of romantic ideas; except a few that hover about the Bosphorus and Hellespont, not so much for the fine sound of their names, as to raise up images of Leander, who was drowned in crossing the sea to kiss the hand of fair Hero. This were a destiny less to be lamented than what we are told of the poor Jew, one of your interpreters, who was beheaded at Belgrade as a spy. I confess such a death would have been a great disappointment to me; and I believe Jacob Tonson will hardly venture to visit you after this news.

You tell me, the pleasure of being nearer the sun has a great effect upon your health and spirits. You have turned my affections so far eastward, that I could almost be one of his worshippers: for I think the sun has more reason to be proud of raising your spirits, than of raising all the plants, and ripening all the minerals, in the earth. It is my opinion, a reasonable man might gladly travel three or four thousand leagues to see your nature and your wit in their full perfection. What may not we expect from a creature that went out the most perfect of this part of the world, and is every day improving by the sun in the other! If you do not now write and speak the finest things imaginable, you must be content to be involved in the same imputation with the rest of the East, and be concluded to have abandoned yourself to extreme effeminacy, laziness, and lewdness of life.

I make not the least question but you could give me great eclairsissements upon many passages in Homer, since you have been enlightened by the same

sun that inspired the father of poetry. You are now glowing under the climate that animated him; you may see his images rising more boldly about you in the very scenes of his story and action; you may lay the immortal work on some broken column of a hero's sepulchre, and read the fall of Troy in the shade of a Trojan ruin, but if, to visit the tomb of so many heroes, you have not the heart to pass over that sea where once a lover perished, you may at least, at ease in your own window, contemplate the fields of Asia in such a dim and remote prospect as you have of Homer in my translation.

I send you, therefore, with this, the third volume of the Iliad, and as many other things as fill a wooden box, directed to Mr. Wortley. Among the rest, you have all I am worth, that is, my works: there are few things in them but what you have already seen, except the epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, in which you will find one passage, that I cannot tell whether to wish you should understand or not.

For the news in London, I will sum it up in short: we have masquerades at the theatre in the Haymarket, of Mr. Heideker's institution; they are very frequent, yet the adventures are not so numerous but that of my Lady Mohun still makes the chief figure. Her marriage to young Mordant, and all its circumstances, I suppose you will have from Lady Rich, or Miss Griffin. The political state is under great divisions, the parties of Walpole and Stanhope as violent as whig and tory. The king and prince continue two names; there is nothing like a coalition but at the masquerade: however, the princess is a dissenter.

from it, and has a very small party in so unmodish a separation.

The last I received from your hands was from Peterwaradin; it gave me the joy of thinking you in good health and humour: one or two expressions in it are too generous ever to be forgotten by me. I writ a very melancholy one just before, which was sent to Mr. Stanyan, to be forwarded through Hungary. It would have informed you how meanly I thought of the pleasures of Italy, without the gratification of your company, and that mere statues and pictures are not more cold to me than I to them. I have had but four of your letters; I have sent several, and wish I knew how many you have received. For God's sake, madam, send to me as often as you can, in the dependance that there is no man breathing more constantly or more anxiously mindful of you. Tell me that you are well, tell me that your little son is well, tell me that your very dog (if you have one) is well. Defraud me of no one thing that pleases you; for whatever that is, it will please me better than any thing else can do.

I am always yours,

A. POPE.



## XXXIV.

TO MR. POPE.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I DARE say you expect at least something very new in this letter, after I have gone a journey not undertaken by any Christian for some hundred years. The most remarkable accident that happened to me was my being very near overturned into the Hebrus; and, if I had much regard for the glories that one's name enjoys after death, I should certainly be sorry for having missed the romantic conclusion of swimming down the same river in which the musical head of Orpheus repeated verses so many ages since :

“ Caput a cervice revulsum,  
Gurgite cum medio, portans Cægrius Hebrus  
Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipsa, et frigida lingua,  
Ah, miseram Eurydicen! animâ fugiente vocabat :  
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.”

Who knows but some of your bright wits might have found it a subject affording many poetical turns, and have told the world in an heroic elegy, that,

As equal were our souls, so equal were our fates ?

I despair of ever hearing so many fine things said of me, as so extraordinary a death would have given occasion for.

I am at this present moment writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is full of tall cypress trees, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning till night. How naturally do *boughs* and *vows* come into my mind at this minute! and must not you confess, to my praise, that it is more than an ordinary discretion that can resist the wicked suggestions of poetry, in a place where truth, for once, furnishes all the ideas of pastoral? The summer is already far advanced in this part of the world; and for some miles round Adrianople, the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers are set with rows of fruit trees, under which all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening; not with walking, that is not one of their pleasures, but a set party of them choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick, and there they spread a carpet, on which they sit drinking their coffee, and are generally attended by some slave with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument. Every twenty paces you may see one of these little companies listening to the dashing of the river; and this taste is so universal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often seen them and their children sitting on the banks of the river, and playing on a rural instrument, perfectly answering the description of the ancient *fistula*, being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but agreeable softness in the sound.

Mr. Addison might here make the experiment he speaks of in his travels; there not being one instru-

ment of music among the Greek or Roman statues that is not to be found in the hands of the people of this country. The young lads generally divert themselves with making garlands for their favourite lambs, which I have often seen painted and adorned with flowers lying at their feet while they sung or played. It is not that they ever read romances, but these are the ancient amusements here, and as natural to them as cudgel playing and football to our British swains; the softness and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exercises, which were never so much as heard of amongst them, and naturally inspiring a laziness and aversion to labour, which the great plenty indulges. These gardeners are the only happy race of country people in Turkey. They furnish all the city with fruits and herbs, and seem to live very easily. They are most of them Greeks, and have little houses in the midst of their gardens, where their wives and daughters take a liberty not permitted in the town, I mean, to go unveiled. These wenches are very neat and handsome, and pass their time at their looms under the shade of the trees.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country; who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I do not doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his *Idylliums* had been filled with descriptions of thrashing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trodden out by oxen; and butter (I speak it with sorrow) unheard of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite plea-

sure, and find several little passages explained, that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs, and much of the dress, then in fashion, being yet retained. I do not wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids; which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face is still fashionable; and I never see half a dozen of old bashaws (as I do very often) with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *sung* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and, if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely

more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead: these are the Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the Eastern manners give a great light into many scripture passages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse, that it may very well be called another language. And it is as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the drawingroom. Besides this distinction, they have what they call the *sublime*, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact scripture style. I believe you will be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Pashá, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse, you may be sure that, on such an occasion, he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry; and I do not doubt you will be of my mind, that it is most won-

derfully resembling "The Song of Solomon," which was also addressed to a royal bride.

TURKISH VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE SULTANA, ELDEST  
DAUGHTER OF SULTAN ACHMET III.

STANZA I.

1. The nightingale now wanders in the vines :  
Her passion is to seek roses.
2. I went down to admire the beauty of the vines :  
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.
3. Your eyes are black and lovely,  
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag\*.

STANZA II.

1. The wished possession is delayed from day to day ;  
The cruel sultan Achmet will not permit me  
To see those cheeks, more vermilion than roses.
2. I dare not snatch one of your kisses ;  
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.
3. Your eyes are black and lovely,  
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

STANZA III.

1. The wretched Ibrahim sighs in these verses :  
One dart from your eyes has pierc'd thro' my heart.
2. Ah ! when will the hour of possession arrive ?  
Must I yet wait a long time ?  
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.

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\* Sir W. Jones, in the preface to his Persian Grammar, objects to this translation. The expression is merely analogous to the "Βουπις" of Homer.

3. Ah! Sultana!—stag-eyed—an angel amongst angels!  
I desire,—and my desire remains unsatisfied.—  
Can you take delight to prey upon my heart?

## STANZA IV.

1. My cries pierce the heavens!  
My eyes are without sleep!  
Turn to me, sultana!—let me gaze on thy beauty.
2. Adieu!—I go down to the grave.  
If you call me—I return.  
My heart is—hot as sulphur;—sigh, and it will flame.
3. Crown of my life! fair light of my eyes!  
My sultana! my princess!  
I rub my face against the earth;—I am drown'd in  
scalding tears—I rave!  
Have you no compassion? Will you not turn to look  
upon me?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses in a literal translation; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you, that they have received no poetical touches from their hands. In my opinion (allowing for the inevitable faults of a prose translation into a language so very different) there is a good deal of beauty in them. The epithet of *stag-eyed* (though the sound is not very agreeable in English) pleases me extremely; and I think it a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress's eyes. Monsieur Boileau has very justly observed, that we are never to judge of the elevation of an expression in an ancient author by the sound it carries with us, since it may be extremely fine with them, when, at the same time, it appears low or uncouth

to us. You are so well acquainted with Homer, you cannot but have observed the same thing, and you must have the same indulgence for all Oriental poetry.

The repetitions at the end of the two first stanzas are meant for a sort of chorus, and are agreeable to the ancient manner of writing. The music of the verses apparently changes in the third stanza, where the burthen is altered; and I think he very artfully seems more passionate at the conclusion, as it is natural for people to warm themselves by their own discourse, especially on a subject in which one is deeply concerned: it is certainly far more touching than our modern custom of concluding a song of passion with a turn which is inconsistent with it. The first verse is a description of the season of the year; all the country now being full of nightingales, whose amours with roses is an Arabian fable, as well known here as any part of Ovid amongst us, and is much the same as if an English poem should begin by saying,—“Now Philomela sings.” Or what if I turned the whole into the style of English poetry, to see how it would look?

## STANZA I.

“ Now Philomel renews her tender strain,  
Indulging all the night her pleasing pain :

I sought the groves to hear the wanton sing,  
There saw a face more beauteous than the spring.

Your large stag-eyes, where thousand glories play,  
As bright, as lively, but as wild as they.



## STANZA II.

In vain I'm promis'd such a heav'nly prize ;  
 Ah! cruel sultan! who delay'st my joys!

While piercing charms transfix my am'rous heart,  
 I dare not snatch one kiss to ease the smart.

Those eyes! like, &c.

## STANZA III.

Your wretched lover in these lines complains ;  
 From those dear beauties rise his killing pains.

When will the hour of wish'd-for bliss arrive ?  
 Must I wait longer ?—Can I wait and live ?

Ah! bright sultana! maid divinely fair!  
 Can you, unpitying, see the pains I bear ?

## STANZA IV.

The heavens, relenting, hear my piercing cries,  
 I loathe the light, and sleep forsakes my eyes;  
 Turn thee, sultana, ere thy lover dies :

Sinking to earth, I sigh the last adieu ;  
 Call me, my goddess, and my life renew.

My queen! my angel! my fond heart's desire!  
 I rave—my bosom burns with heav'nly fire!  
 Pity that passion which thy charms inspire."

I have taken the liberty, in the second verse, of following what I suppose the true sense of the author, though not literally expressed. By his saying, "He went down to admire the beauty of the vines, and her charms ravished his soul," I understand a poetical

fiction, of having first seen her in a garden, where he was admiring the beauty of the spring. But I could not forbear retaining the comparison of her eyes with those of a stag, though, perhaps, the novelty of it may give it a burlesque sound in our language. I cannot determine upon the whole how well I have succeeded in the translation, neither do I think our English proper to express such violence of passion, which is very seldom felt amongst us. We want also those compound words which are very frequent and strong in the Turkish language.

You see I am pretty far gone in Oriental learning; and, to say truth, I study very hard. I wish my studies may give me an occasion of entertaining your curiosity, which will be the utmost advantage hoped for from them by,

Yours, &c.

XXXV.

TO MRS. S. C \* \* \*.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S.

IN my opinion, dear S. I ought rather to quarrel with you for not answering my Nimeguen letter of August till December, than to excuse my not writing again till now. I am sure there is on my side a very good excuse for silence, having gone such tiresome land journeys, though I do not find the conclusion of them so bad as you seem to imagine. I am very easy here, and not in the solitude you fancy me. The great number of Greeks, French, English, and

Italians, that are under our protection, make their court to me from morning till night; and, I will assure you, are many of them very fine ladies; for there is no possibility for a Christian to live easily under this government but by the protection of an ambassador—and the richer they are, the greater is their danger.

Those dreadful stories you have heard of the *plague* have very little foundation in truth. I own I have much ado to reconcile myself to the sound of a word which has always given me such terrible ideas, though I am convinced there is little more in it than in a fever. As a proof of this, let me tell you that we passed through two or three towns most violently infected. In the very next house where we lay (in one of those places) two persons died of it. Luckily for me, I was so well deceived that I knew nothing of the matter; and I was made believe that our second cook had only a great cold. However, we left our doctor to take care of him, and yesterday they both arrived here in good health; and I am now let into the secret that he has had the *plague*. There are many that escape it; neither is the air ever infected. I am persuaded that it would be as easy a matter to root it out here as out of Italy and France; but it does so little mischief, they are not very solicitous about it, and are content to suffer this distemper instead of our variety, which they are utterly unacquainted with.

*A-propos* of distempers: I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *ingrafting*, which

is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox: they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nutshell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I do not doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French

ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, &c. &c.

### XXXVI.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1718.

I CAN now tell dear Mrs. Thistlethwayte that I am safely arrived at the end of my very long journey. I will not tire you with the account of the many fatigues I have suffered. You would rather be informed of the strange things that are to be seen here; and a letter out of Turkey that has nothing extraordinary in it would be as great a disappointment as my visitors

will receive at London, if I return thither without any rarities to show them.

What shall I tell you of?—You never saw camels in your life; and perhaps the description of them will appear new to you: I can assure you the first sight of them was so to me; and though I have seen hundreds of pictures of those animals, I never saw any that was resembling enough to give a true idea of them. I am going to make a bold observation, and possibly a false one, because nobody has ever made it before me; but I do take them to be of the stag kind; their legs, bodies, and necks are exactly shaped like them, and their colour very near the same. It is true, they are much larger, being a great deal higher than a horse; and so swift, that, after the defeat of Peterwaradin, they far outran the swiftest horses, and brought the first news of the loss of the battle to Belgrade. They are never thoroughly tamed; the drivers take care to tie them one to another with strong ropes, fifty in a string, led by an ass, on which the driver rides. I have seen three hundred in one caravan. They carry the third part more than any horse; but it is a particular art to load them, because of the bunch on their backs. They seem to me very ugly creatures; their heads being ill formed, and disproportioned to their bodies. They carry all the burdens; and the beasts destined to the plough are buffaloes, an animal you are also unacquainted with. They are larger and more clumsy than an ox; they have short thick black horns, close to their heads, which grow turning backwards. They say, this horn looks very beautiful when it is well polished. They

are all black, with very short hair on their hides, and have extremely little white eyes, that make them look like devils. The country people dye their tails and the hair of their forehead red, by way of ornament.

Horses are not put here to any laborious work, nor are they at all fit for it. They are beautiful and full of spirit, but generally little, and not strong, as the breed of colder countries: very gentle, however, with all their vivacity, and also swift and sure-footed. I have a little white favourite that I would not part with on any terms: he prances under me with so much fire, you would think that I had a great deal of courage to dare to mount him; yet, I will assure you, I never rid a horse so much at my command in my life. My sidesaddle is the first that was ever seen in this part of the world, and is gazed at with as much wonder as the ship of Columbus in the first discovery of America. Here are some little birds held in a sort of religious reverence, and for that reason they multiply prodigiously: turtles, on the account of their innocence; and storks, because they are supposed to make every winter the pilgrimage to Mecca. To say truth, they are the happiest subjects under the Turkish government, and are so sensible of their privileges, that they walk the streets without fear, and generally build in the low parts of houses. Happy are those whose houses are so distinguished, as the vulgar Turks are perfectly persuaded that they will not be that year attacked either by fire or pestilence. I have the happiness of one of their sacred nests under my chamber window.

Now I am talking of my chamber, I remember the description of the houses here will be as new to you as any of the birds or beasts. I suppose you have read, in most of our accounts of Turkey, that the houses are the most miserable pieces of building in the world. I can speak very learnedly on that subject, having been in so many of them; and I assure you it is no such thing. We are now lodged in a palace belonging to the grand-signior. I really think the manner of building here very agreeable, and proper for the country. It is true they are not all solicitous to beautify the outsides of their houses, and they are generally built of wood, which I own is the cause of many inconveniences; but this is not to be charged on the ill taste of the people, but on the oppression of the government. Every house at the death of its master is at the grand-signior's disposal; and therefore no man cares to make a great expense, which he is not sure his family will be the better for\*. All their design is to build a house commodious, and that will last their lives; and they are very indifferent if it falls down the year after.

Every house, great and small, is divided into two distinct parts, which only join together by a narrow passage. The first house has a large court before it, and open galleries all round it, which is to me a thing very agreeable. This gallery leads to all the chambers; which are commonly large, and with two rows of windows, the first being of painted glass: they seldom build above two stories, each of which has

\* If it be not put into "vacúf;" that is, annexed to some mosque or fountain.



galleries. The stairs are broad, and not often above thirty steps. This is the house belonging to the lord, and the adjoining one is called the *haram*, that is, the ladies' apartment (for the name of *seraglio* is peculiar to the grand-signior); it has also a gallery running round it towards the garden, to which all the windows are turned, and the same number of chambers as the other, but more gay and splendid, both in painting and furniture. The second row of windows is very low, with grates like those of convents: the rooms are all spread with Persian carpets, and raised at one end of them (my chambers are raised at both ends) about two feet. This is the sofa, which is laid with a richer sort of carpet, and all round it a sort of couch, raised half a foot, covered with rich silk, according to the fancy or magnificence of the owner. Mine is of scarlet cloth, with a gold fringe; round about this are placed, standing against the wall, two rows of cushions, the first very large, and the next little ones; and here the Turks display their greatest magnificence. They are generally brocade, or embroidery of gold wire upon white satin: nothing can look more gay and splendid. These seats are also so convenient and easy, that I believe I shall never endure chairs as long as I live. The rooms are low, which I think no fault, and the ceiling is always of wood, generally inlaid or painted with flowers. They open in many places with folding doors, and serve for cabinets, I think, more conveniently than ours. Between the windows are little arches to set pots of perfume, or baskets of flowers. But what pleases me best, is the fashion of having marble fountains in the lower part of the room, which throw up

several spouts of water, giving at the same time an agreeable coolness, and a pleasant dashing sound, falling from one basin to another. Some of these are very magnificent. Each house has a bagnio, which consists generally in two or three little rooms, leaded on the top, paved with marble, with basins, cocks of water, and all conveniences for either hot or cold baths.

You will, perhaps, be surprised at an account so different from what you have been entertained with by the common voyage writers, who are very fond of speaking of what they do not know. It must be under a very particular character, or on some extraordinary occasion, that a Christian is admitted into the house of a man of quality; and their *harams* are always forbidden ground. Thus they can only speak of the outside, which makes no great appearance; and the women's apartments are always built backward, removed from sight, and have no other prospect than the gardens, which are enclosed with very high walls. There are none of our parterres in them; but they are planted with high trees, which give an agreeable shade, and, to my fancy, a pleasing view. In the midst of the garden is the *chiosk*, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and enclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles make a sort of green wall. Large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures, and where the ladies spend most of their hours, employed by their music or embroidery. In the public gardens there are public *chiosks*, where people go that are not so

well accommodated at home, and drink their coffee, sherbet, &c. Neither are they ignorant of a more durable manner of building: their mosques are all of freestone, and the public *hanns*, or inns, extremely magnificent, many of them taking up a large square, built round with shops, under stone arches, where poor artificers are lodged *gratis*. They have always a mosque joining to them, and the body of the *hann* is a most noble hall, capable of holding three or four hundred persons, the court extremely spacious, and cloisters round it, that give it the air of our colleges. I own I think it a more reasonable piece of charity than the founding of convents.

I think I have now told you a great deal for once. If you do not like my choice of subjects, tell me what you would have me write upon; there is nobody more desirous to entertain you than, dear Mrs. Thistlethwayte,

Yours, &c. &c.

## XXXVII.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Adrianople, April 18, O. S. 1717.

I WROTE to you, dear sister, and to all my other English correspondents, by the last ship, and only heaven can tell when I shall have another opportunity of sending to you; but I cannot forbear to write again, though perhaps my letter may lie upon my hands these two months. To confess the truth, my head is so full of my entertainment yesterday, that it is absolutely necessary for my own repose to give it some vent. Without further preface I will begin my story.

I was invited to dine with the grand-vizier's lady\*, and it was with a great deal of pleasure I prepared myself for an entertainment which was never before given to any Christian. I thought I should very little satisfy her curiosity (which I did not doubt was a considerable motive to the invitation) by going in a dress she was used to see, and therefore dressed myself in the court habit of Vienna, which is much more magnificent than ours. However, I chose to go *incognita*, to avoid any disputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkish coach, only attended by my woman that held up my train, and the Greek lady who was my interpretress. I was met at the court-door by

\* This was the Sultana Hafitén, the favourite and widow of the Sultan Mustapha II. who died in 1703.

her black eunuch, who helped me out of the coach with great respect, and conducted me through several rooms, where her she-slaves, finely dressed, were ranged on each side. In the innermost I found the lady sitting on her sofa, in a sable vest. She advanced to meet me, and presented me half a dozen of her friends with great civility. She seemed a very good looking woman, near fifty years old. I was surprised to observe so little magnificence in her house, the furniture being all very moderate, and, except the habits and number of her slaves, nothing about her appeared expensive. She guessed at my thoughts, and told me she was no longer of an age to spend either her time or money in superfluities; that her whole expense was in charity, and her whole employment praying to God. There was no affectation in this speech; both she and her husband are entirely given up to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman; and what is much more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithstanding the example of all his predecessors. He is so scrupulous on this point, he would not accept Mr. Wortley's present, till he had been assured over and over that it was a settled perquisite of his place at the entrance of every ambassador.

She entertained me with all kind of civility till dinner came in, which was served, one dish at a time, to a vast number, all finely dressed after their manner, which I do not think so bad as you have perhaps heard it represented. I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the house of an *effendi* at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners, dressed by his own cooks. The first week they pleased me extremely; but, I own, I then began

to grow weary of their table, and desired our own cook might add a dish or two after our manner. But I attribute this to custom, and am very much inclined to believe that an Indian, who had never tasted of either, would prefer their cookery to ours. Their sauces are very high, all the roast very much done. They use a great deal of very rich spice. The soup is served for the last dish; and they have at least as great a variety of ragouts as we have. I was very sorry I could not eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earnest in serving me of every thing. The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is a high mark of respect; two slaves kneeling *censed* my hair, clothes, and handkerchief. After this ceremony, she commanded her slaves to play and dance, which they did with their guitars in their hands, and she excused to me their want of skill, saying she took no care to accomplish them in that art.

I returned her thanks, and soon after took my leave. I was conducted back in the same manner I entered, and would have gone straight to my own house; but the Greek lady with me earnestly solicited me to visit the *kiyàya's*\* lady, saying, he was the second officer in the empire, and ought indeed to be looked upon as the first, the grand-vizier having only the name, while he exercised the authority. I had found so little diversion in the vizier's *haram*†, that I had no mind to

\* *Kyhàia* lieutenant. The deputy to the grand-vizier.

† *Haram*, literally, "The Forbidden," the apartment sacredly appropriate to females, into which every man in Turkey, but the master of the house, is interdicted from entering.

go into another. But her importunity prevailed with me, and I am extremely glad I was so complaisant.

All things here were with quite another air than the grand-vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devotee and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twisted round their trunks shed a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the *kiyaya's* lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair *Fatima* (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced every thing I have seen, nay, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany. I must own that I never saw any thing so

gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration, that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion, unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile!—But her eyes!—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new grace.

After my first surprise was over I endeavoured, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face exactly proportioned, and perfectly beautiful, would not be agreeable; nature having done for her, with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face. Add to all this, a behaviour so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we



call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a *caftán* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, her waistcoat green and silver, her slippers white satin, finely embroidered: her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, and I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beautiful Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa, to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty.

She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, while the others danced by turns. This dance was very different from what I had seen before. Nothing could be more artful, or more proper to raise *certain ideas*. The tunes so soft!—the motions so languishing!—accompanied with pauses and dying eyes! half-falling back, and then recovering themselves in so artful a manner, that I am very positive the coldest and most rigid prude upon earth could not have looked upon them without thinking of *something not to be spoken of*. I suppose you may have read that the Turks have no music but what is shocking to the ears; but this account is from those who never heard any but what is played in the streets, and is just as reasonable as if a foreigner should take his ideas of English music from the *bladder* and *string*, or the *marrow-bones* and *cleavers*. I can assure you that the music is extremely pathetic; it is true I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but, perhaps, I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady who sings better than Mrs. Robinson, and is very well skilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkish. It is certain they have very fine natural voices; these were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest japan china, with *soucups* of silver, gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me all this while in the most polite agreeable manner, calling

me often *Guzél sultanum*, or the beautiful sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language.

When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs; she begged I would wear the richest for her sake, and gave the others to my woman and interprestress. I retired through the same ceremonies as before, and could not help thinking I had been some time in Mahomet's paradise, so much was I charmed with what I had seen. I know not how the relation of it appears to you. I wish it may give you part of my pleasure; for I would have my dear sister share in all the diversions of,

Yours, &c.

## XXXVIII.

TO THE ABBOT \* \* \*.

Adrianople, May 17, O. S.

I AM going to leave Adrianople, and I would not do it without giving you some account of all that is curious in it, which I have taken a great deal of pains to see.

I will not trouble you with wise dissertations, whether or no this is the same city that was anciently called Orestesit or Oreste, which you know better than I do. It is now called from the Emperor Adrian, and was the first European seat of the Turkish empire, and has been the favourite residence of many Sultans. Mahomet the fourth, and Mustapha, the brother of the reigning emperor, were so fond of it that they wholly abandoned Constantinople; which humour so far exasperated the janizaries, that it was a considerable motive to the rebellions that deposed them: yet this man seems to love to keep his court here. I can give you no reason for this partiality. It is true the situation is fine, and the country all round very beautiful; but the air is extremely bad, and the seraglio itself is not free from the ill effect of it. The town is said to be eight miles in compass, I suppose they reckon in the gardens. There are some good houses in it, I mean large ones; for the architecture of their palaces never makes any great show. It is now very full of people; but they are most of them

such as follow the court or camp ; and when they are removed, I am told it is no populous city. The river Maritza (anciently the Hebrus), on which it is situated, is dried up every summer, which contributes very much to make it unwholesome. It is now a very pleasant stream : there are two noble bridges built over it.

I had the curiosity to go to see the Exchange in my Turkish dress, which is disguise sufficient : yet I own I was not very easy when I saw it crowded with janizaries ; but they dare not be rude to a woman, and made way for me with as much respect as if I had been in my own figure. It is half a mile in length, the roof arched, and kept extremely neat. It holds three hundred and sixty-five shops, furnished with all sorts of rich goods, exposed to sale in the same manner as at the New Exchange\* in London : but the pavement is kept much neater ; and the shops are all so clean, they seem just new painted. Idle people of all sorts walk here for their diversion, or amuse themselves with drinking coffee, or sherbet, which is cried about as oranges and sweetmeats are in our playhouses.

I observed most of the rich tradesmen were Jews. That people are in incredible power in this country : they have many privileges above all the natural Turks themselves, and have formed a very considerable commonwealth here, being judged by their own laws. They have drawn the whole trade of the empire into their hands, partly by the firm union among them-

\* The New Exchange, now taken down, formerly stood in the Strand, opposite Bedford-street.

selves, and partly by the idle temper and want of industry in the Turks. Every pashá has his Jew, who is his *homme d'affaires*; he is let into all his secrets, and does all his business. No bargain is made, no bribe received, no merchandise disposed of, but what passes through their hands: they are the physicians, the stewards, and the interpreters, of all the great men.

You may judge how advantageous this is to a people who never fail to make use of the smallest advantages. They have found the secret of making themselves so necessary, that they are certain of the protection of the court, whatever ministry is in power. Even the English, French and Italian merchants, who are sensible of their artifices, are, however, forced to trust their affairs to their negotiation, nothing of trade being managed without them, and the meanest among them being too important to be disoblged, since the whole body take care of his interests with as much vigour as they would those of the most considerable of their members. There are many of them vastly rich, but take care to make little public show of it; though they live in their houses in the utmost luxury and magnificence.—This copious subject has drawn me from my description of the exchange, founded by Ali Pashá, whose name it bears. Near it is the *tchartshi*, a street of a mile in length, full of shops of all kinds of fine merchandise, but excessively dear, nothing being made here. It is covered on the top with boards, to keep out the rain, that merchants may meet conveniently in all weathers. The *bessiten*, near it, is another exchange, built upon pillars, where all sorts of horse-furniture are sold: glittering everywhere

with gold, rich embroidery, and jewels, it makes it a very agreeable show.

From this place I went, in my Turkish coach, to the camp, which is to move in a few days to the frontiers. The sultan is already gone to his tents, and all his court; the appearance of them is, indeed, very magnificent. Those of the great men are rather like palaces than tents, taking up a great compass of ground, and being divided into a vast number of apartments. They are all of green, and the *pashás of three tails* have those ensigns of their power placed in a very conspicuous manner before their tents, which are adorned on the top with gilded balls, more or less, according to their different ranks. The ladies go in coaches to see the camp, as eagerly as ours did to that of Hyde Park; but it is very easy to observe, that the soldiers do not begin the campaign with any great cheerfulness. The war is a general grievance upon the people, but particularly hard upon the tradesmen, now that the grand-signior is resolved to lead his army in person. Every company of them is obliged, upon this occasion, to make a present according to their ability.

I took the pains of rising at six in the morning to see the ceremony, which did not, however, begin till eight. The grand-signior was at the seraglio window, to see the procession which passed through the principal streets. It was preceded by an *effendi*, mounted on a camel, richly furnished, reading aloud the Alcoran, finely bound, laid upon a cushion. He was surrounded by a parcel of boys, in white, singing some verses of it, followed by a man dressed in green boughs, representing a clean husbandman sowing

seed. After him several reapers, with garlands of ears of corn, as Ceres is pictured, with scythes in their hands, seeming to mow. Then a little machine drawn by oxen, in which was a windmill, and boys employed in grinding corn, followed by another machine, drawn by buffaloes, carrying an oven, and two more boys, one employed in kneading bread, and another in drawing it out of the oven. These boys threw little cakes on both sides among the crowd, and were followed by the whole company of bakers, marching on foot, two by two, in their best clothes, with cakes, loaves, pasties, and pies of all sorts, on their heads, and after them two buffoons or jackpud-dings, with their faces and clothes smeared with meal, who diverted the mob with their antic gestures. In the same manner followed all the companies of trade in the empire; the nobler sort, such as jewellers, mercers, &c. finely mounted, and many of the pageants that represent their trades, perfectly magnificent; among which, that of the furriers made one of the best figures, being a very large machine, set round with the skins of ermines, foxes, &c. so well stuffed, that the animal seemed to be alive, and followed by music and dancers. I believe there were upon the whole twenty thousand men all ready to follow his highness if he commanded them. The rear was closed by the volunteers, who came to beg the honour of dying in his service. This part of the show seemed to me so barbarous, that I removed from the window upon the first appearance of it. They were all naked to the middle. Some had their arms pierced through with arrows left sticking in



them: others had them sticking in their heads, with the blood trickling down their faces. Some slashed their arms with sharp knives, making the blood spring out upon those that stood there; and this is looked upon as an expression of their zeal for glory. I am told that some make use of it to advance their love; and when they are near the window where their mistress stands (all the women in town being veiled to see this spectacle), they stick another arrow for her sake, who gives some sign of approbation and encouragement to this gallantry. The whole show lasted for near eight hours, to my great sorrow, who was heartily tired, though I was in the house of the widow of the captain-pashá (admiral) who refreshed me with coffee, sweetmeats, sherbet, &c. with all possible civility.

I went two days after, to see the mosque of Sultan Selim I.\* which is a building very well worth the curiosity of a traveller. I was dressed in my Turkish habit, and admitted without scruple; though I believe they guessed who I was, by the extreme officiousness of the doorkeeper to show me every part of it. It is situated very advantageously in the midst of the city, and in the highest part of it, making a very noble show. The first court has four gates, and the innermost three: they are both of them surrounded with cloisters, with marble pillars of the

\* The same sultan, between the years 1552 and 1566, constructed another mosque at Constantinople, which bears his name. The architecture exactly resembles this, and forms a perfect square of seventy-five feet, with a flat cupola rising from the side walls.

Ionic order, finely polished, and of very lively colours: the whole pavement is of white marble, and the roof of the cloisters divided into several cupolas or domes, headed with gilt balls on the top. In the midst of each court are fine fountains of white marble; and before the great gate of the mosque, a portico, with green marble pillars, which has five gates, the body of the mosque being one prodigious dome.

I understand so little of architecture, I dare not pretend to speak of the proportions. It seemed to me very regular: this I am sure of, it is vastly high, and I thought it the noblest building I ever saw. It has two rows of marble galleries on pillars, with marble balusters: the pavement is also marble, covered with Persian carpets. In my opinion, it is a great addition to its beauty, that it is not divided into pews, and incumbered with forms and benches like our churches; nor the pillars (which are most of them red and white marble) disfigured by the little tawdry images and pictures, that give Roman Catholic churches the air of toyshops. The walls seemed to be inlaid with such very lively colours, in small flowers, that I could not imagine what stones had been made use of: but going nearer, I saw they were crusted with japan china, which has a very beautiful effect. In the midst hung a vast lamp of silver, gilt; besides which, I do verily believe, there were at least two thousand of a lesser size. This must look very glorious when they are all lighted; but being at night no women are suffered to enter. Under the large lamp is a great pulpit of carved wood, gilt; and just by, a fountain to wash, which, you know, is an essential part of their devotion. In

one corner is a little gallery, enclosed with gilded lattices, for the grand-signior. At the upper end, a large niche, very like an altar, raised two steps, covered with gold brocade, and, standing before it, two silver gilt candlesticks, the height of a man, and in them white wax candles, as thick as a man's waist. The outside of the mosque is adorned with towers, vastly high, gilt on the top, from whence the *imaums* call the people to prayers. I had the curiosity to go up one of them, which is contrived so artfully, as to give surprise to all that see it. There is but one door, which leads to three different staircases, going to the three different stories of the tower, in such a manner, that the three priests may ascend, rounding, without ever meeting each other; a contrivance very much admired.

Behind the mosque is an exchange full of shops, where poor artificers are lodged *gratis*. I saw several dervises at their prayers here: they are dressed in a plain piece of woollen, with their arms bare, and a woollen cap on their heads, like a high-crowned hat without brims. I went to see some other mosques, built much after the same manner, but not comparable in point of magnificence to this I have described, which is infinitely beyond any church in Germany or England; I will not talk of other countries I have not seen. The seraglio does not seem a very magnificent palace: but the gardens are very large, plentifully supplied with water, and full of trees; which is all I know of them, having never been in them.

I tell you nothing of the order of Mr. Wortley's entry, and his audience. These things are always the same, and have been so often described, I will

not trouble you with the repetition. The young prince about eleven years old, sits near his father when he gives audience: he is a handsome boy, but probably will not immediately succeed the sultan, there being two sons of Sultan Mustapha (his eldest brother) remaining; the eldest about twenty years old, on whom the hopes of the people are fixed. This reign has been bloody and avaricious. I am apt to believe, they are very impatient to see the end of it.

I am, sir, yours, &c. &c.

P. S. I will write to you again from Constantinople.

### XXXIX.

#### TO THE ABBOT \* \* \*.

Constantinople, May 29, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE had the advantage of very fine weather all my journey; and, as the summer is now in its beauty, I enjoyed the pleasure of fine prospects; and the meadows being full of all sorts of garden flowers, and sweet herbs, my berlin perfumed the air as it pressed them. The grand-signior furnished us with thirty covered waggons for our baggage, and five coaches of the country for my women. We found the road full of the great spahis and their equipages coming out of Asia to the war. They always travel with tents; but I chose to lie in houses all the way.

I will not trouble you with the names of the villages we passed, in which there was nothing remarkable but at Tchiorlú, where there was a *conac*, or little seraglio, built for the use of the grand signior when he goes this road. I had the curiosity to view all the apartments destined for the ladies of his court. They were in the midst of a thick grove of trees, made fresh by fountains; but I was most surprised to see the walls almost covered with little distichs of Turkish verse, written with pencils. I made my interpreter explain them to me, and I found several of them very well turned; though I easily believed him, that they had lost much of their beauty in the translation. One was literally thus in English:

We come into this world; we lodge, and we depart;  
He never goes that's lodged within my heart.

The rest of our journey was through fine painted meadows, by the side of the sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis. We lay the next night at Selivica, anciently a noble town. It is now a good seaport, and neatly built enough, and has a bridge of thirty-two arches. Here is a famous Greek church. I had given one of my coaches to a Greek lady, who desired the conveniency of travelling with me: she designed to pay her devotions, and I was glad of the opportunity of going with her. I found it an ill built edifice, set out with the same sort of ornaments, but less rich, as the Roman Catholic churches. They showed me a saint's body, where I threw a piece of money, and a picture of the Virgin Mary, drawn by the hand of St. Luke, very little to the credit of his

painting; but, however, the finest Madonna of Italy is not more famous for her miracles. The Greeks have a monstrous taste in their pictures, which, for more finery, are always drawn upon a gold ground. You may imagine what a good air this has; but they have no notion either of shade or proportion. They have a bishop here, who officiated in his purple robe, and sent me a candle, almost as big as myself for a present, when I was at my lodging.

We lay that night at a town called Bujuk Checkmedji, or Great Bridge; and the night following, at Kujuk Checkmedji, or Little Bridge; in a very pleasant lodging, formerly a monastery of dervises, having before it a large court, encompassed with marble cloisters, with a good fountain in the middle. The prospect from this place, and the gardens round it, is the most agreeable I have seen; and shows, that monks of all religions know how to choose their retirements. It is now belonging to a *hogia* or schoolmaster, who teaches boys here. I asked him to show me his own apartment, and was surprised to see him point to a tall cypress tree in the garden, on the top of which was a place for a bed for himself, and a little lower, one for his wife and two children, who slept there every night. I was so much diverted with the fancy, I resolved to examine his nest nearer; but after going up fifty steps, I found I had still fifty to go up, and then I must climb from branch to branch, with some hazard of my neck. I thought it, therefore, the best way to come down again.

We arrived the next day at Constantinople; but

I can yet tell you very little of it, all my time having been taken up with receiving visits, which are, at least, a very good entertainment to the eyes, the young women being all beauties, and their beauty highly improved by the high taste of their dress. Our palace is in Pera, which is no more a suburb of Constantinople, than Westminster is a suburb to London. All the ambassadors are lodged very near each other. One part of our house shows us the port, the city, the seraglio, and the distant hills of Asia; perhaps, all together, the most beautiful prospect in the world.

A certain French author says, Constantinople is twice as big as Paris. Mr. Wortley is unwilling to own it is bigger than London, though I confess it appears to me to be so; but I do not believe it is so populous. The burying-fields about it are certainly much larger than the whole city. It is surprising what a vast deal of land is lost this way in Turkey. Sometimes I have seen burying-places of several miles, belonging to very inconsiderable villages, which were formerly great towns, and retain no other mark of their ancient grandeur than this dismal one. On no occasion do they ever remove a stone that serves for a monument. Some of them are costly enough, being of very fine marble. They set up a pillar, with a carved turban on the top of it, to the memory of a man; and as the turbans, by their different shapes, show the quality or profession, it is in a manner putting up the arms of the deceased; besides, the pillar commonly bears an inscription in gold letters. The ladies have a simple pillar, with-

out other ornament, except those that die unmarried, who have a rose on the top of their monument. The sepulchres of particular families are railed in, and planted round with trees. Those of the sultans, and some great men, have lamps constantly burning in them.

When I spoke of their religion, I forgot to mention two particularities, one of which I have read of, but it seemed so odd to me, I could not believe it; yet it is certainly true: that when a man has divorced his wife in the most solemn manner, he can take her again upon no other terms than permitting another man to pass a night with her; and there are some examples of those who have submitted to this law, rather than not have back their beloved. The other point of doctrine is very extraordinary; any woman that dies unmarried is looked upon to die in a state of reprobation. To confirm this belief, they reason, that the end of the creation of women is to increase and multiply; and that she is only properly employed in the works of her calling when she is bringing forth children, or taking care of them, which are all the virtues that God expects from her: and, indeed, their way of life, which shuts them out of all public commerce, does not permit them any other. Our vulgar notion, that they do not own women to have any souls, is a mistake: it is true, they say they are not of so elevated a kind, and therefore must not hope to be admitted into the paradise appointed for the men, who are to be entertained by celestial beauties. But there is a place of happiness destined for souls of the inferior order, where all good women are to be in eternal bliss. Many of them are very superstitious,



and will not remain widows ten days, for fear of dying in the reprobate state of a useless creature. But those that like their liberty, and are not slaves to their religion, content themselves with marrying when they are afraid of dying. This is a piece of theology very different from that which teaches nothing to be more acceptable to God than a vow of perpetual virginity: which divinity is most rational, I leave you to determine.

I have already made some progress in a collection of Greek medals. Here are several professed antiquaries who are ready to serve any body that desires them. But you cannot imagine how they stare in my face when I inquire about them, as if nobody was permitted to seek after medals till they were grown a piece of antiquity themselves. I have got some very valuable ones of the Macedonian kings, particularly one of Perseus, so lively, I fancy I can see all his ill qualities in his face. I have a porphyry head finely cut, of the true Greek sculpture; but who it represents is to be guessed at by the learned when I return. For you are not to suppose these antiquaries (who are all Greeks) know any thing. Their trade is only to sell; they have correspondents at Aleppo, Grand Cairo, in Arabia, and Palestine, who send them all they can find, and very often great heaps that are only fit to melt into pans and kettles. They get the best price they can for them, without knowing those that are valuable from those that are not. Those that pretend to skill generally find out the image of some saint in the medals of the Greek critics. One of them showing me the figure of a Pallas, with a victory in her hand on a reverse, assured me it was

the Virgin holding a crucifix. The same man offered me the head of a Socrates on a sardonyx; and to enhance the value, gave him the title of St. Augustine.

I have bespoken a mummy, which I hope will come safe to my hands, notwithstanding the misfortune that befell a very fine one, designed for the King of Sweden. He gave a great price for it, and the Turks took it into their heads that he must have some considerable project depending upon it. They fancied it the body of God knows who; and that the state of their empire mystically depended on the conservation of it. Some old prophecies were remembered upon this occasion, and the mummy was committed prisoner to the Seven Towers, where it has remained under close confinement ever since; I dare not try my interest in so considerable a point as the release of it; but I hope mine will pass without examination.

I can tell you nothing more at present of this famous city. When I have looked a little about me, you shall hear from me again. I am, sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

## XL.

## TO MR. POPE.

Belgrade Village, June 17, O. S. 1717.

I HOPE before this time you have received two or three of my letters. I had yours but yesterday, though dated the 3d of February, in which you suppose me to be dead and buried. I have already let you know that I am still alive; but, to say truth, I look upon my present circumstances to be exactly the same with those of departed spirits.

The heats of Constantinople have driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian fields. I am in the middle of a wood, consisting chiefly of fruit trees, watered by a vast number of fountains, famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many shady walks, upon short grass, that seems to me artificial, but, I am assured, is the pure work of nature; and within view of the Black Sea, from whence we perpetually enjoy the refreshment of cool breezes, that make us insensible of the heat of the summer. The village is only inhabited by the richest amongst the Christians, who meet every night at a fountain, forty paces from my house, to sing and dance. The beauty and dress of the women exactly resemble the ideas of the ancient nymphs, as they are given us by the representations of the poets and painters. But what persuades me more fully of my decease is the situation of my own

mind, the profound ignorance I am in of what passes among the living (which only comes to me by chance), and the great calmness with which I receive it. Yet I have still a hankering after my friends and acquaintances left in the world, according to the authority of that admirable author,

That spirits departed are wondrous kind  
To friends and relations left behind :  
Which nobody can deny.

Of which solemn truth I am a *dead* instance. I think Virgil is of the same opinion, that in human souls there will still be some remains of human passions.

—Curæ non ipsæ in morte relinquunt.

And it is very necessary to make a perfect Elysium, that there should be a river Lethe, which I am not so happy as to find.

To say truth, I am sometimes very weary of the singing and dancing, and sunshine, and wish for the smoke and impertinencies in which you toil, though I endeavour to persuade myself that I live in a more agreeable variety than you do; and that Monday, setting of partridges—Tuesday, reading English—Wednesday, studying in the Turkish language (in which, by the way, I am already very learned)—Thursday, classical authors—Friday, spent in writing—Saturday, at my needle—and Sunday admitting of visits, and hearing of music, is a better way of disposing of the week, than Monday at the drawing-room—Tuesday, Lady Mohun's—Wednesday, at the opera—Thursday, the play—Friday, Mrs. Chetwynd's, &c.

a perpetual round of hearing the same scandal, and seeing the same follies acted over and over, which here affect me no more than they do other dead people. I can now hear of displeasing things with pity, and without indignation. The reflection on the great gulf between you and me cools all news that come hither. I can neither be sensibly touched with joy nor grief, when I consider that possibly the cause of either is removed before the letter comes to my hands. But (as I said before) this indolence does not extend to my few friendships; I am still warmly sensible of yours and Mr. Congreve's, and desire to live in your remembrance, though dead to all the world beside.

I am, &c. &c.



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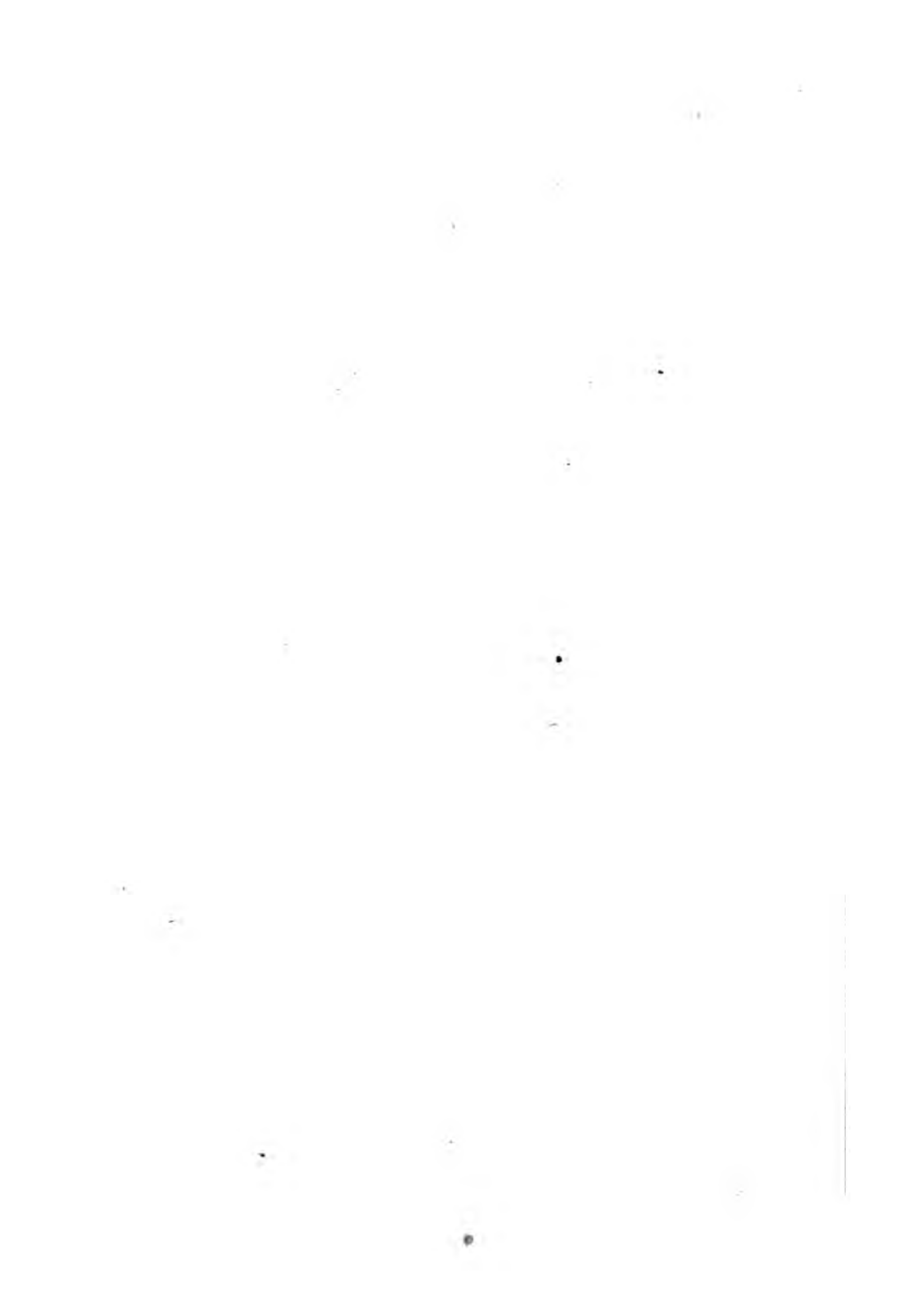
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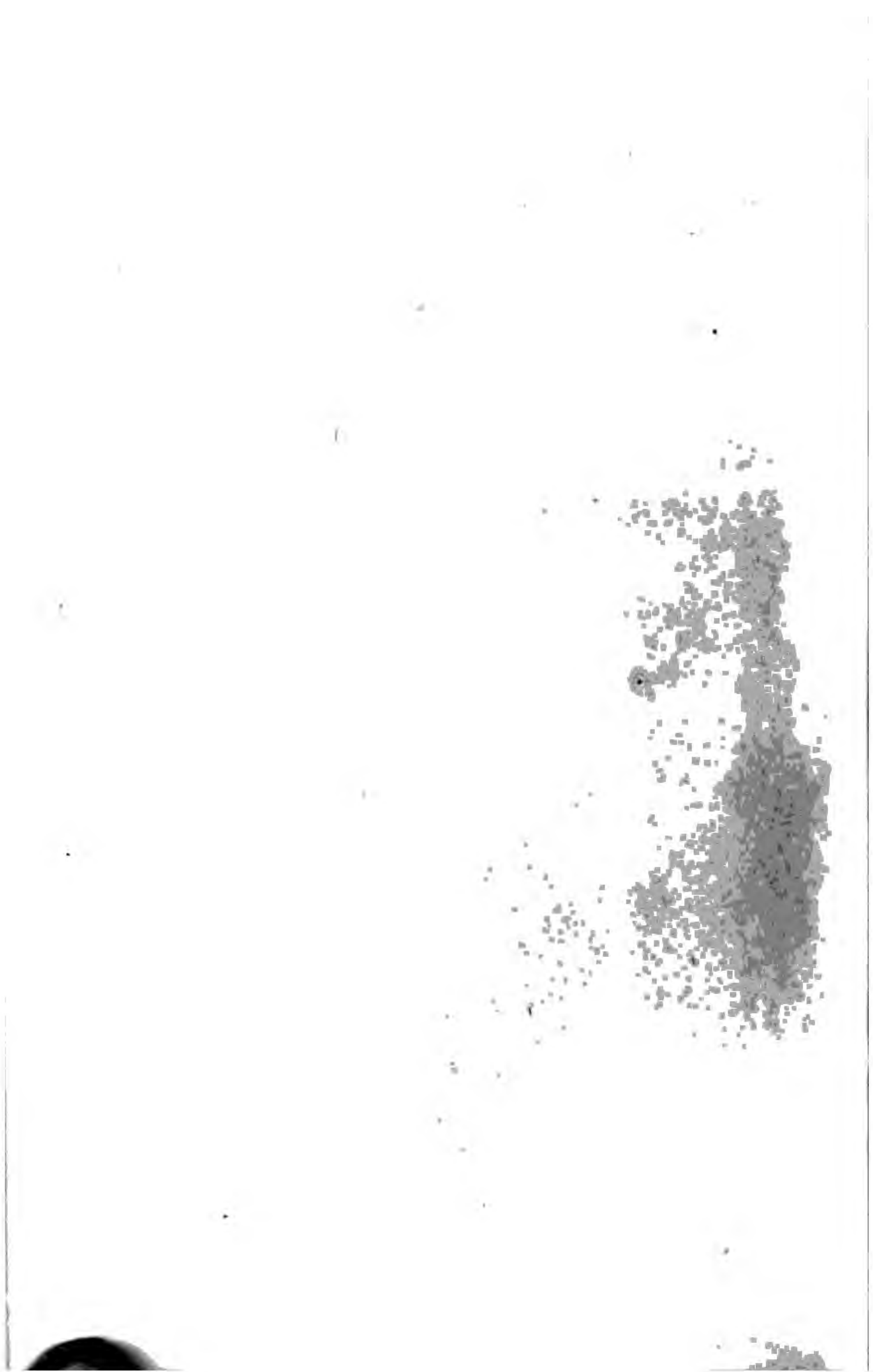
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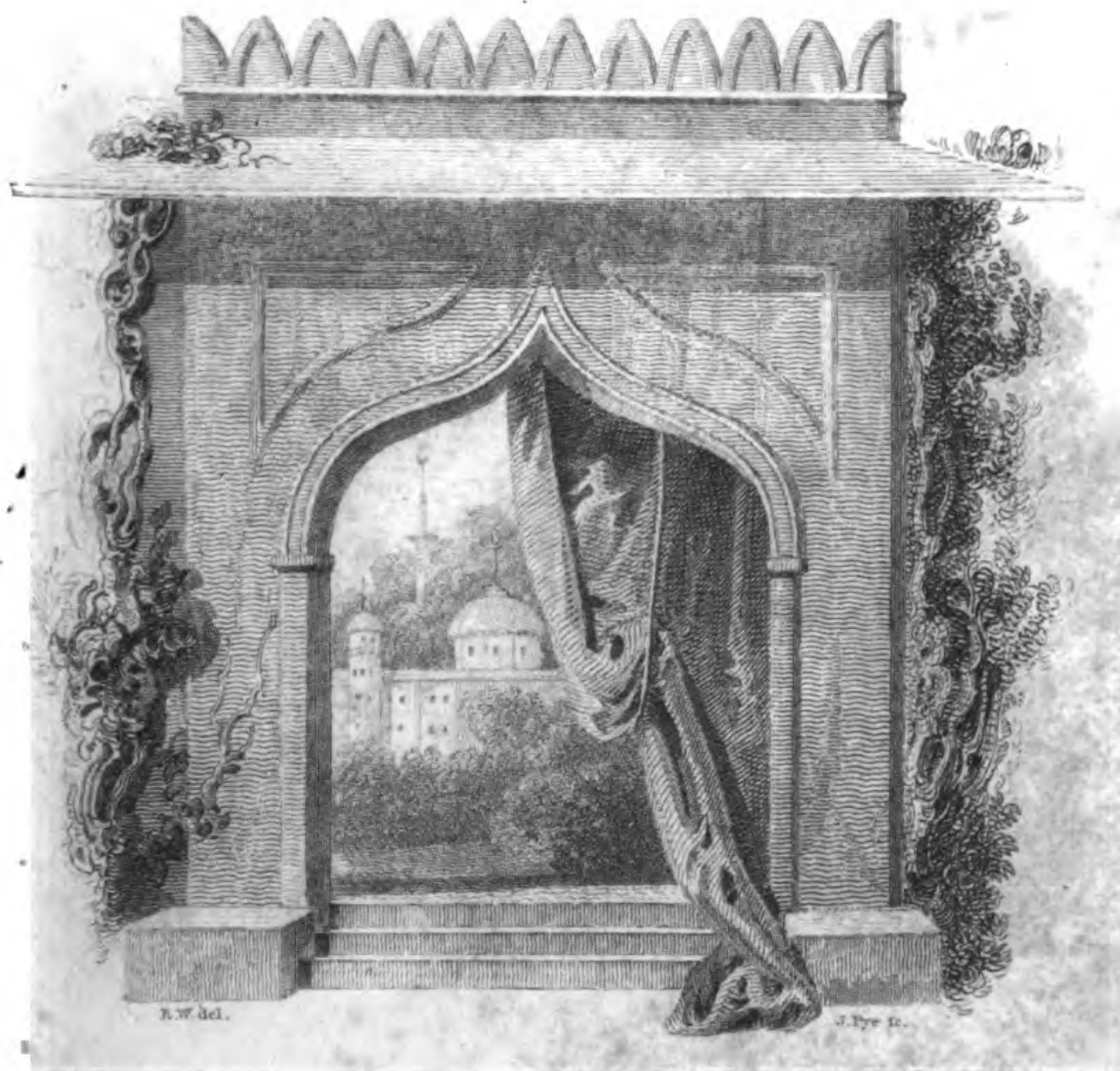
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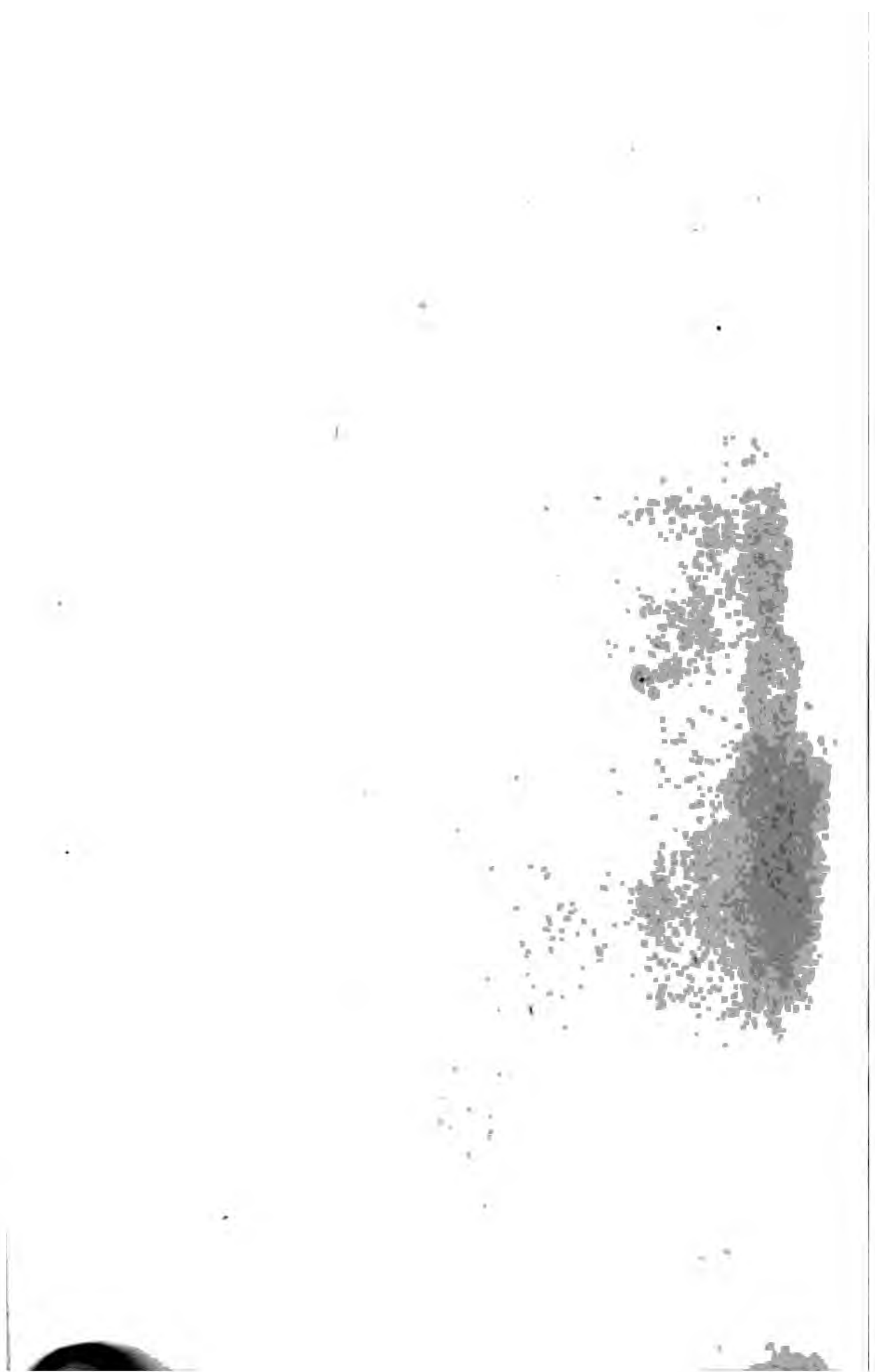




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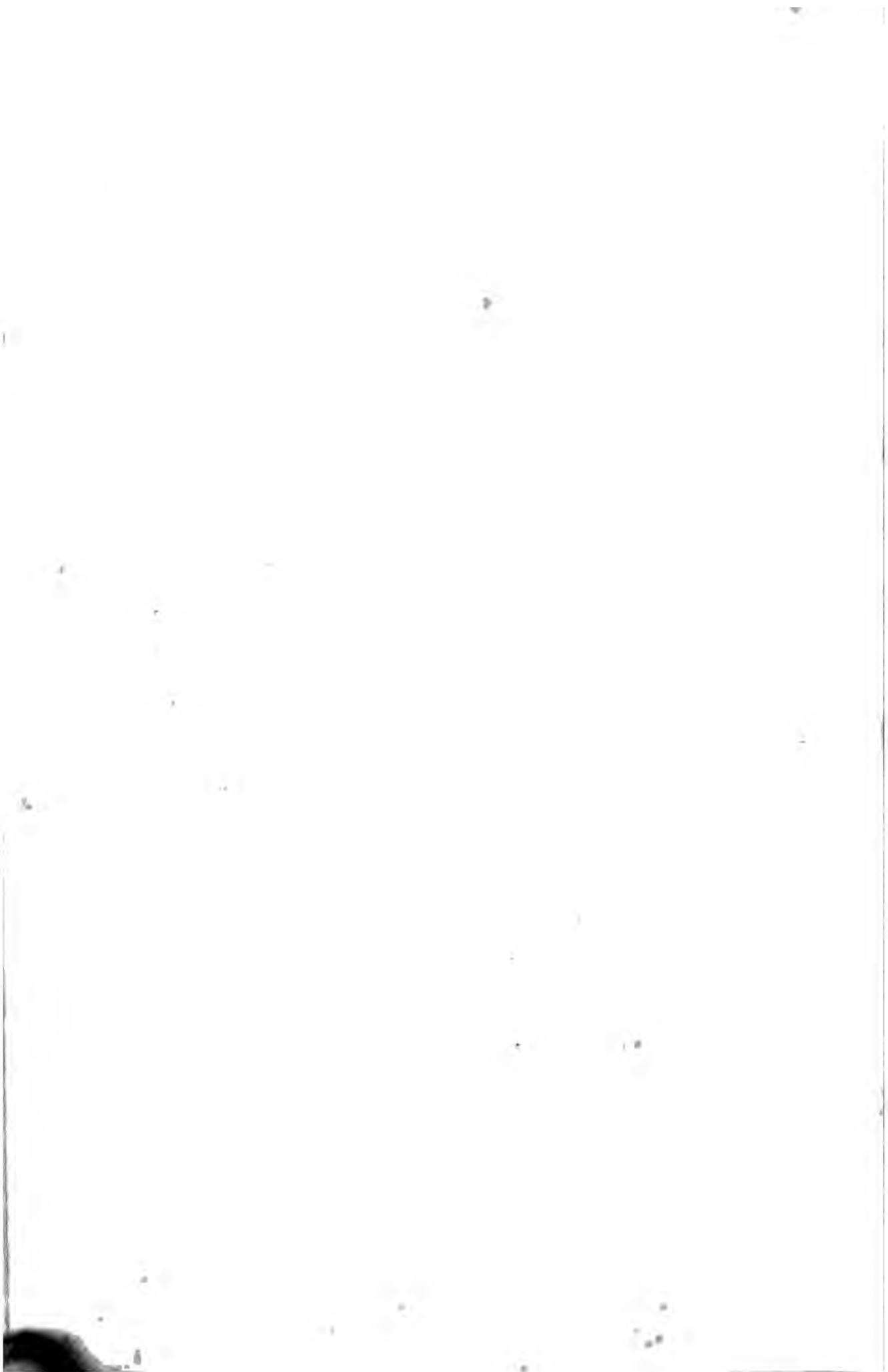
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THE  
LETTERS  
OF  
LADY M. W. MONTAGU,  
DURING THE  
EMBASSY TO CONSTANTINOPLE,

1716—18.

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VOL. II.

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C. & C. WHITTINGHAM, Chiswick.

LADY M. W. MONTAGU'S  
LETTERS.

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XLI.

MR. POPE TO LADY MONTAGU.

MADAM,

I COULD quarrel with you quite through this paper, upon a period in yours, which bids me remember you if possibly I can. You would have shown more knowledge both of yourself and of me, had you bid me forget you if possibly I could. When I do, may this hand (as the Scripture says) forget its cunning, and this heart its—folly, I was going to say—but I mean, its reason, and the most rational sensation it ever had—that of your merit.

The poetical manner in which you paint some of the scenes about you makes me despise my native country, and sets me on fire to fall into the dance about your fountain in Belgrade village. I fancy myself, in my romantic thoughts and distant admiration of you, not unlike the man in the Alchymist, that has a passion for the queen of the fairies: I lie



dreaming of you in moonshiny nights, exactly in the posture of Endymion gaping for Cynthia in a picture; and with just such a surprise and rapture should I awake, if, after your long revolutions were accomplished, you should at last come rolling back again, smiling with all that gentleness and serenity peculiar to the moon and you, and gilding the same mountains from which you first set out on your solemn melancholy journey. I am told that fortune (more just to us than your virtue) will restore the most precious thing it ever robbed us of. Some think it will be the only equivalent the world affords for Pitt's diamond, so lately sent out of our country; which, after you were gone, was accounted the most valuable thing here. Adieu to that toy! let the costly bauble be hung about the neck of the baby king it belongs to, so England does but recover that jewel which was the wish of all her sensible hearts, and the joy of all her discerning eyes. I can keep no measures in speaking of this subject. I see you already coming; I feel you as you draw nearer; my heart leaps at your arrival. Let us have you from the East, and the sun is at her service.

I write as if I were drunk; the pleasure I take in thinking of your return transports me beyond the bounds of common sense and decency. Yet believe me, madam, if there be any circumstance of chagrin in the occasion of that return, if there be any public or private ill fortune that may give you a displeasure, I must still be ready to feel a part of it, notwithstanding the joy I now express.

I have been mad enough to make all the inquiry I could at what time you set out, and what route you

were to take. If Italy run yet in your thoughts, I hope you will see it in your return. If I but knew you intended it, I would meet you there, and travel back with you. I would fain behold the best and brightest thing I know, in the scene of ancient virtue and glory: I would fain see how you look on the very spot where Curtius sacrificed himself for his country; and observe what difference there would be in your eyes when you ogled the statue of Julius Cæsar, and Marcus Aurelius. Allow me but to sneak after you in your train, to fill my pockets with coins, or to lug an old busto behind you, and I shall be proud beyond expression. Let people think, if they will, that I did all this for the pleasure of treading on classic ground; I would whisper other reasons in your ear. The joy of following your footsteps would as soon carry me to Mecca as to Rome; and let me tell you as a friend, if you are really disposed to embrace the Mahometan religion, I will fly on pilgrimage with you thither, with as good a heart and as sound devotion as ever Jeffery Rudel, the Provençal poet, went after the fine Countess of Tripoli to Jerusalem. If you never heard of this Jeffery, I will assure you he deserves your acquaintance. He lived in our Richard the First's time; put on a pilgrim's weed, took his voyage, and when he got ashore was just upon the point of expiring. The Countess of Tripoli came to the ship, took him by the hand; he lifted up his eyes, said he had been blessed with a sight of her, he was satisfied, and so departed this life. What did the Countess of Tripoli upon this? She made him a splendid funeral; built him a tomb of porphyry; put his epitaph upon it in Arabic verse; had his

sonnets curiously copied out, and illumined with letters of gold; was taken with melancholy and turned nun. All this, madam, you may depend upon for a truth, and I send it to you in the very words of my author.

I do not expect all this should be punctually copied on either side, but methinks something like it is done already. The letters of gold, and the curious illumining of the sonnets, was not a greater token of respect than what I have paid to your eclogues: they lie enclosed in a monument of red Turkey, written in my fairest hand; the gilded leaves are opened with no less veneration than the pages of the Sibyls; like them, locked up and concealed from all profane eyes; none but my own have beheld these sacred remains of yourself; and I should think it as great a wickedness to divulge them, as to scatter abroad the ashes of my ancestors. As for the rest, if I have not followed you to the ends of the earth, it is not my fault: if I had, I might possibly have died as gloriously as Jeffery Rudel; and if I had so died, you might probably have done every thing for me that the Countess of Tripoli did, except turning nun.

But since our romance is like to have a more fortunate conclusion, I desire you to take another course to express your favour towards me; I mean by bringing over the fair Circassian we used to talk of. I was serious in that request, and will prove it by paying for her, if you will lay out my money so well for me. The thing shall be as secret as you please, and the lady made another half of me, that is, both my mistress and my servant, as I am both my own servant and my own master. But I beg you to look

oftener than you use to do in your glass, in order to choose me one I may like. If you have any regard to my happiness, let there be something as near as possible to that face; but, if you please, the colours a little less vivid, the eyes a little less bright (such as reflection will show them); in short, let her be such a one as you seem in your own eyes, that is, a good deal less amiable than you are. Take care of this, if you have any regard to my quiet; for otherwise, instead of being her master, I must be only her slave.

I cannot end this letter without asking if you have received a box of books, together with letters, from Mr. Congreve and myself? It was directed to Mr. Wortley at Constantinople, by a merchant-ship that set sail last June. Mr. Congreve, in fits of the gout, remembers you. Dr. Garth makes epigrams in prose when he speaks of you. Sir Robert Rich's lady loves you, though Sir Robert admires you. Mr. Craggs commemorates you with honour; the Duke of Buckingham with praise; I myself with something more. When people speak most highly of you, I think them sparing; when I try myself to speak of you, I think I am cold and stupid. I think my letters have nothing in them; but I am sure my heart has so much, that I am vexed to find no better name for your friend and admirer, than

Your friend and admirer,

A. POPE.

## XLII.

## TO THE LADY RICH.

Belgrade Village, June 17, O. S.

I HEARTILY beg your ladyship's pardon ; but I really could not forbear laughing heartily at your letter, and the commissions you are pleased to honour me with.

You desire me to buy you a Greek slave, who is to be mistress of a thousand good qualities. The Greeks are subjects, and not slaves. Those who are to be bought in that manner are either such as are taken in war, or stolen by the Tartars from Russia, Circassia, or Georgia, and are such miserable, awkward, poor wretches, you would not think any of them worthy to be your housemaids. It is true that many thousands were taken in the Morea ; but they have been, most of them, redeemed by the charitable contributions of the Christians, or ransomed by their own relations at Venice. The fine slaves that wait upon the great ladies, or serve the pleasures of the great men, are all bought at the age of eight or nine years old, and educated with great care, to accomplish them in singing, dancing, embroidery, &c. They are commonly Circassians, and their patron never sells them, except it is as a punishment for some very great fault. If ever they grow weary of them, they either present them to a friend, or give them their freedom. Those that are exposed to sale at the markets are always either guilty of some crime, or so

entirely worthless that they are of no use at all. I am afraid you will doubt the truth of this account, which, I own, is very different from our common notions in England; but it is no less truth for all that.

Your whole letter is full of mistakes from one end to the other. I see you have taken your ideas of Turkey from that worthy author Dumont, who has wrote with equal ignorance and confidence. It is a particular pleasure to me here, to read the voyages to the Levant, which are generally so far removed from truth, and so full of absurdities, I am very well diverted with them. They never fail giving you an account of the women, whom it is certain they never saw, and talking very wisely of the genius of the men, into whose company they are never admitted; and very often describe mosques, which they dare not even peep into. The Turks are very proud, and will not converse with a stranger they are not assured is considerable in his own country. I speak of the men of distinction; for, as to the ordinary fellows, you may imagine what ideas their conversation can give of the general genius of the people.

As to the balm of Mecca, I will certainly send you some; but it is not so easily got as you suppose it, and I cannot, in conscience, advise you to make use of it. I know not how it comes to have such universal applause. All the ladies of my acquaintance at London and Vienna have begged me to send pots of it to them. I have had a present of a small quantity (which I will assure you, is very valuable) of the best sort, and with great joy applied it to my face, expecting some wonderful effect to my advantage. The next morning the change indeed was wonderful;

my face was swelled to a very extraordinary size, and all over as red as my Lady H\*\*\*'s. It remained in this lamentable state three days, during which you may be sure I passed my time very ill. I believed it would never be otherwise; and, to add to my mortification, Mr. Wortley reproached my indiscretion without ceasing. However, my face is since *in statu quo*; nay, I am told by the ladies here, that it is much mended by the operation, which I confess I cannot perceive in my lookingglass. Indeed, if one were to form an opinion of this balm from their faces, one should think very well of it. They all make use of it, and have the loveliest bloom in the world. For my part, I never intend to endure the pain of it again; let my complexion take its natural course, and decay in its own due time. I have very little esteem for medicines of this nature; but do as you please, madam; only remember before you use it, that your face will not be such as you will care to show in the drawing-room for some days after.

If one was to believe the women in this country, there is a surer way of making one's self beloved than by becoming handsome; though you know that is our method. But they pretend to the knowledge of secrets that, by way of enchantment, give them the entire empire over whom they please. For me, who am not very apt to believe in wonders, I cannot find faith for this. I disputed the point last night with a lady, who really talks very sensibly on any other subject; but she was downright angry with me, in that she did not perceive she had persuaded me of the truth of forty stories she told me of this kind, and at last mentioned several ridiculous marriages, that there

could be no other reason assigned for. I assured her, that in England, where we were entirely ignorant of all magic, where the climate is not half so warm, nor the women half so handsome, we were not without our ridiculous marriages; and that we did not look upon it as any thing supernatural when a man played the fool for the sake of a woman. But my arguments could not convince her against (as she said) her certain knowledge. To this she added, that she scrupled making use of *charms* herself; but that she could do it whenever she pleased; and, staring me in the face, said (with a very learned air), that no enchantments would have their effects upon me; and that there were some people exempt from their power, but very few. You may imagine how I laughed at this discourse; but all the women are of the same opinion. They do not pretend to any commerce with the devil; but only that there are certain compositions adapted to inspire love. If one could send over a shipload of them, I fancy it would be a very quick way of raising an estate. What would not some ladies of our acquaintance give for such merchandise?

Adieu, my dear Lady Rich! I cannot conclude my letter with a subject that affords more delightful scenes to the imagination. I leave you to figure to yourself the extreme court that will be made to me, at my return, if my travels should furnish me with such a useful piece of learning.

I am, dear madam, yours, &c. &c.



## XLIII.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Pera of Constantinople, Jan. 4. O. S. 1715, 1716.

I AM infinitely obliged to you, dear Mrs. Thistlethwayte, for your entertaining letter. You are the only one of my correspondents that have judged right enough, to think I would gladly be informed of the news among you. All the rest of them tell me (almost in the same words), that they suppose I know every thing. Why they are pleased to suppose in this manner, I can guess no reason, except they are persuaded, that the breed of Mahomet's pigeon still subsists in this country, and that I receive supernatural intelligence.

I wish I could return your goodness with some diverting accounts from hence. But I know not what part of the scenes here would gratify your curiosity, or whether you have any curiosity at all for things so far distant. To say the truth, I am, at this present writing, not very much turned for the recollection of what is diverting, my head being wholly filled with the preparations necessary for the increase of my family, which I expect every day. You may easily guess at my uneasy situation. But I am, however, comforted in some degree, by the glory that accrues to me from it, and a reflection on the contempt I should otherwise fall under. You will not know what to make of this speech; but, in this country, it is more despicable to be married and not fruitful, than it

is with us to be fruitful before marriage. They have a notion, that whenever a woman leaves off bringing forth children, it is because she is too old for that business, whatever her face says to the contrary. This opinion makes the ladies here so ready to make proofs of their youth (which is as necessary, in order to be a *received beauty*, as it is to show the proofs of nobility, to be admitted *Knights of Malta*), that they do not content themselves with using the natural means, but fly to all sorts of quackeries, to avoid the scandal of being past child-bearing, and often kill themselves by them. Without any exaggeration, all the women of my acquaintance have twelve or thirteen children; and the old ones boast of having had five-and-twenty or thirty a piece, and are respected according to the number they have produced. When they are with child, it is their common expression to say, *They hope God will be so merciful as to send them two this time*; and when I have asked them sometimes, How they expected to provide for such a flock as they desire? they answered, That the plague will certainly kill half of them; which, indeed, generally happens, without much concern to the parents, who are satisfied with the vanity of having brought forth so plentifully.

The French ambassadress is forced to comply with this fashion as well as myself. She has not been here much above a year, and has lain in once, and is big again. What is most wonderful, is the exemption they seem to enjoy from the curse entailed on the sex. They see all company on the day of their delivery, and, at the fortnight's end, return visits, set out in their jewels and new clothes. I wish I may find the

influence of the climate in this particular : but I fear I shall continue an Englishwoman in that affair, as well as I do in my dread of fire and plague, which are two things very little feared here. Most families have had their houses burnt down once or twice, occasioned by their extraordinary way of warming themselves, which is neither by chimneys nor stoves, but by a certain machine called a *tendour*, the height of two feet, in the form of a table, covered with a fine carpet or embroidery. This is made only of wood, and they put into it a small quantity of hot ashes, and sit with their legs under the carpet. At this table they work, read, and very often sleep ; and, if they chance to dream, kick down the *tendour*, and the hot ashes commonly set the house on fire. There were five hundred houses burnt in this manner about a fortnight ago ; and I have seen several of the owners since, who seem not at all moved at so common a misfortune. They put their goods into a *bark*, and see their houses burn with great philosophy, their persons being very seldom endangered, having no stairs to descend.

But, having entertained you with things I do not like, it is but just I should tell you something that pleases me. The climate is delightful in the extremest degree. I am now sitting, this present 4th of January, with the windows open, enjoying the warm shine of the sun, while you are freezing over a sad seacoal fire ; and my chamber is set out with carnations, roses, and jonquils, fresh from my garden. I am also charmed with many points of the Turkish law, to our shame be it spoken, better designed, and better executed than ours ; particularly, the punishment of convicted liars.

(triumphant criminals in our country, God knows): they are burnt in the forehead with a hot iron, when they are proved the authors of any notorious falsehoods. How many white foreheads should we see disfigured, how many fine gentlemen would be forced to wear their wigs as low as their eyebrows, were this law in practice with us! I should go on to tell you many other parts of justice, but I must send for my midwife.

## XLIV.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Pera of Constantinople, March 10, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE not written to you, dear sister, these many months: a great peace of self-denial. But I know not where to direct, or what part of the world you are in. I have received no letter from you since that short note of April last, in which you tell me that you are on the point of leaving England, and promise me a direction for the place you stay in; but I have in vain expected it till now: and now I only learn from the gazette, that you are returned, which induces me to venture this letter to your house at London. I had rather ten of my letters should be lost, than you imagine I do not write; and I think it is hard fortune if one in ten do not reach you. However, I am resolved to keep the copies, as testimonies of my inclination to give you, to the utmost of my power,

all the diverting part of my travels, while you are exempt from all the fatigues and inconveniences.

In the first place, then, I wish you joy of your niece; for I was brought to bed of a daughter\* five weeks ago. I do not mention this as one of my diverting adventures; though I must own, that it is not half so mortifying here as in England; there being as much difference, as there is between a little cold in the head, which sometimes happens here, and the consumption cough, so common in London. Nobody keeps their house a month for lying-in; and I am not so fond of any of our customs, as to retain them when they are not necessary. I returned my visits at three weeks' end; and, about four days ago crossed the sea which divides this place from Constantinople, to make a new one, where I had the good fortune to pick up many curiosities.

I went to see the Sultana Hafitén, favourite of the late Emperor Mustapha, who, you know (or perhaps you do not know), was deposed by his brother, the reigning sultan, and died a few weeks after, being poisoned, as it was generally believed. This lady was, immediately after his death, saluted with an absolute order to leave the seraglio, and choose herself a husband among the great men at the Porte. I suppose you may imagine her overjoyed at this proposal. Quite the contrary.—These women, who are called, and esteem themselves, queens, look upon this liberty as the greatest disgrace and affront that can happen to them. She threw herself at the sultan's feet, and

\* Mary, late Countess of Bute.

begged him to poniard her, rather than use his brother's widow with that contempt. She represented to him, in agonies of sorrow, that she was privileged from this misfortune, by having brought five princes into the Ottoman family ; but all the boys being dead, and only one girl surviving, this excuse was not received, and she was compelled to make her choice. She chose Bekir Effendi, then secretary of state, and above fourscore years old, to convince the world that she firmly intended to keep the vow she had made, of never suffering a second husband to approach her bed ; and since she must honour some subject so far as to be called his wife, she would choose him as a mark of her gratitude, since it was he that had presented her, at the age of ten years, to her last lord. But she never permitted him to pay her one visit ; though it is now fifteen years she has been in his house, where she passes her time in uninterrupted mourning, with a constancy very little known in Christendom, especially in a widow of one-and-twenty, for she is now but thirty-six. She has no black eunuchs for her guard, her husband being obliged to respect her as a queen, and not to inquire at all into what is done in her apartment.

I was led into a large room with a sofa the whole length of it, adorned with white marble pillars like a *ruelle*, covered with pale blue figured velvet on a silver ground, with cushions of the same, where I was desired to repose till the sultana appeared, who had contrived this manner of reception to avoid rising up at my entrance, though she made me an inclination of her head when I rose up to her. I was very glad to observe a lady that had been distinguished by the fa-

your of an emperor, to whom beauties were, every day, presented from all parts of the world. But she did not seem to me to have ever been half so beautiful as the fair Fatima I saw at Adrianople; though she had the remains of a fine face, more decayed by sorrow than time. But her dress was something so surprisingly rich, that I cannot forbear describing it to you. She wore a vest called *donalmá*, which differs from a *caftán* by longer sleeves, and folding over at the bottom. It was of purple cloth, straight to her shape, and thick set on each side, down to her feet, and round the sleeves, with pearls of the best water, of the same size as their buttons commonly are. You must not suppose that I mean as large as those of my Lord \*\*, but about the bigness of a pea; and to these buttons large loops of diamonds, in the form of those gold loops so common on birthday coats. This habit was tied, at the waist, with two large tassels of smaller pearls, and round the arms embroidered with large diamonds. Her shift was fastened at the bottom with a great diamond, shaped like a lozenge; her girdle as broad as the broadest English riband, entirely covered with diamonds. Round her neck she wore three chains, which reached to her knees: one of large pearl, at the bottom of which hung a fine coloured emerald, as big as a turkey-egg; another, consisting of two hundred emeralds, closely joined together, of the most lively green, perfectly matched, every one as large as a halfcrown piece, and as thick as three crown pieces; and another of small emeralds, perfectly round. But her earrings eclipsed all the rest. They were two diamonds, shaped exactly like pears, as large as a big hazel-nut. Round her *kalpác* she had four strings of

pearl, the whitest and most perfect in the world, at least enough to make four necklaces, every one as large as the Duchess of Marlborough's, and of the same shape, fastened with two roses, consisting of a large ruby for the middle stone, and round them twenty drops of clean diamonds to each. Besides this, her headdress was covered with bodkins of emeralds and diamonds. She wore large diamond bracelets, and had five rings on her fingers (except Mr. Pitt's) the largest I ever saw in my life. It is for jewellers to compute the value of these things; but, according to the common estimation of jewels, in our part of the world, her whole dress must be worth a hundred thousand pounds sterling. This I am sure of, that no European queen has half the quantity; and the empress's jewels, though very fine, would look very mean near hers.

She gave me a dinner of fifty dishes of meat, which (after their fashion) were placed on the table but one at a time, and was extremely tedious. But the magnificence of her table answered very well to that of her dress. The knives were of gold, and the hafts set with diamonds. But the piece of luxury which grieved my eyes, was the tablecloth and napkins, which were all tiffany, embroidered with silk and gold, in the finest manner, in natural flowers. It was with the utmost regret that I made use of these costly napkins, which were as finely wrought as the finest handkerchiefs that ever came out of this country. You may be sure, that they were entirely spoiled before dinner was over. The sherbet (which is the liquor they drink at meals) was served in china bowls; but the covers and salvers massy gold. After dinner,



water was brought in gold basins, and towels of the same kind with the napkins, which I very unwillingly wiped my hands upon; and coffee was served in china, with gold *soucoupes*.

The sultana seemed in a very good humour, and talked to me with the utmost civility. I did not omit this opportunity of learning all that I possibly could of the seraglio, which is so entirely unknown among us. She assured me, that the story of the sultan's "throwing a handkerchief" is altogether fabulous; and the manner, upon that occasion, no other than this: He sends the *kyslár agá*, to signify to the lady the honour he intends her. She is immediately complimented upon it by the others, and led to the bath, where she is perfumed and dressed in the most magnificent and becoming manner. The emperor precedes his visit by a royal present, and then comes into her apartment: neither is there any such thing as her creeping in at the bed's foot. She said, that the first he made choice of was always afterward the first in rank, and not the mother of the eldest son, as other writers would make us believe. Sometimes the sultan diverts himself in the company of all his ladies, who stand in a circle round him. And she confessed, they were ready to die with envy and jealousy of the *happy she* that he distinguished by any appearance of preference. But this seemed to me neither better nor worse than the circles in most courts, where the glance of the monarch is watched, and every smile is waited for with impatience, and envied by those who cannot obtain it.

She never mentioned the sultan without tears in her eyes, yet she seemed very fond of the discourse.

“ My past happiness,” said she, “ appears a dream to me. Yet I cannot forget, that I was beloved by the greatest and most lovely of mankind. I was chosen from all the rest, to make all his campaigns with him; and I would not survive him, if I was not passionately fond of the princess my daughter. Yet all my tenderness for her was hardly enough to make me preserve my life. When I left him, I passed a whole twelvemonth without seeing the light. Time hath softened my despair; yet I now pass some days every week in tears, devoted to the memory of my sultan.”

There was no affectation in these words. It was easy to see she was in a deep melancholy, though her good humour made her willing to divert me.

She asked me to walk in her garden, and one of her slaves immediately brought her a *pelisse* of rich brocade lined with sables. I waited on her into the garden, which had nothing in it remarkable but the fountains; and from thence she showed me all her apartments. In her bedchamber, her toilet was displayed, consisting of two lookingglasses, the frames covered with pearls, and her night *talpoche* set with bodkins of jewels, and near it three vests of fine sables, every one of which is, at least, worth a thousand dollars (two hundred pounds English money). I do not doubt but these rich habits were purposely placed in sight, though they seemed negligently thrown on the sofa. When I took my leave of her, I was complimented with perfumes, as at the grand-vizier's, and presented with a very fine embroidered handkerchief. Her slaves were to the number of thirty, besides ten little ones, the eldest not above seven years old.

These were the most beautiful girls I ever saw, all richly dressed; and I observed that the sultana took a great deal of pleasure in these lovely children, which is a vast expense; for there is not a handsome girl of that age to be bought under a hundred pounds sterling. They wore little garlands of flowers, and their own hair, braided, which was all their head-dress; but their habits were all of gold stuffs. These served her coffee, kneeling; brought water when she washed, &c. It is a great part of the work of the elder slaves to take care of these young girls, to learn them to embroider, and to serve them as carefully as if they were children of the family.

Now, do you imagine I have entertained you all this while with a relation that has, at least, received many embellishments from my hand? This, you will say, is but too like the Arabian tales: these embroidered napkins! and a jewel as large as a turkey's egg!—You forget, dear sister, those very tales were written by an author of this country, and (excepting the enchantments) are a real representation of the manners here. We travellers are in very hard circumstances: if we say nothing but what has been said before us, *we are dull and we have observed nothing*. If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as *fabulous and romantic*, not allowing either for the difference of ranks, which affords difference of company, or more curiosity, or the change of customs, that happen every twenty years in every country. But the truth is, people judge of travellers exactly with the same candour, good nature, and impartiality, they judge of their neighbours upon all occasions. For my part, if I live to return amongst you, I am so

well acquainted with the morals of all my dear friends and acquaintances, that I am resolved to tell them nothing at all, to avoid the imputation (which their charity would certainly incline them to) of my telling too much. But I depend upon your knowing me enough to believe whatever I seriously assert for truth; though I give you leave to be surprised at an account so new to you.

But what would you say if I told you that I have been in a haram, where the winter apartment was wainscoted with inlaid work of mother-of-pearl, ivory of different colours, and olive wood, exactly like the little boxes you have seen brought out of this country; and in whose rooms, designed for summer, the walls are all crusted with japan china, the roofs gilt, and the floors spread with the finest Persian carpets; yet there is nothing more true: such is the palace of my lovely friend, the fair Fatima, whom I was acquainted with at Adrianople. I went to visit her yesterday; and, if possible, she appeared to me handsomer than before. She met me at the door of her chamber, and, giving me her hand with the best grace in the world —“ You Christian ladies,” said she, with a smile that made her as beautiful as an angel, “ have the reputation of inconstancy, and I did not expect, whatever goodness you expressed for me at Adrianople, that I should ever see you again. But I am now convinced, that I have really the happiness of pleasing you; and, if you knew how I speak of you amongst our ladies, you would be assured that you do me justice in making me your friend.” She placed me in the corner of the sofa, and I spent the afternoon

in her conversation with the greatest pleasure in the world.

The Sultana Hafitén is what one would naturally expect to find a Turkish lady, willing to oblige, but not knowing how to go about it; and it is easy to see in her manner that she has lived excluded from the world. But Fatima has all the politeness and good breeding of a court, with an air that inspires at once respect and tenderness: and now that I understand her language, I find her wit as agreeable as her beauty. She is very curious after the manners of other countries, and has not the partiality for her own, so common in little minds. A Greek that I carried with me, who had never seen her before (nor could have been admitted now, if she had not been in my train), showed that surprise at her beauty and manners which is unavoidable at the first sight, and said to me in Italian, "This is no Turkish lady, she is certainly some Christian." Fatima guessed she spoke of her, and asked what she said. I would not have told her, thinking she would have been no better pleased with the compliment than one of our court beauties, to be told she had the air of a Turk: but the Greek lady told it to her; and she smiled, saying, "It is not the first time I have heard so: my mother was a Polonese, taken at the siege of Caminie; and my father used to rally me, saying, He believed his Christian wife had found some gallant; for that I had not the air of a Turkish girl." I assured her, that, if all the Turkish ladies were like her, it was absolutely necessary to confine them from public view, for the repose of mankind; and proceeded to tell her what a noise

such a face as hers would make in London or Paris. "I cannot believe you," replied she agreeably: "if beauty was so much valued in your country, as you say, they would never have suffered you to leave it." Perhaps, dear sister, you laugh at my vanity in repeating this compliment; but I only do it, as I think it very well turned, and give it you as an instance of the spirit of her conversation.

Her house was magnificently furnished, and very well fancied; her winter rooms being furnished with figured velvet on gold grounds, and those for summer with fine Indian quilting, embroidered with gold. The houses of the great Turkish ladies are kept clean with as much nicety as those in Holland. This was situated in a high part of the town; and, from the window of her summer apartment, we had the prospect of the sea, the islands, and the Asian mountains.

My letter is insensibly grown so long, I am ashamed of it. This is a very bad symptom. It is well if I do not degenerate into a downright storyteller. It may be, our proverb, that "knowledge is no burthen," may be true as to one's self, but knowing too much is very apt to make us troublesome to other people.

I am, &c. &c.

## XLV.

## TO THE LADY RICH.

Pera, March 16, O. S. 1717.

I AM extremely pleased, my dear lady, that you have at length found a commission for me that I can answer without disappointing your expectations; though I must tell you that it is not so easy as perhaps you think it; and that, if my curiosity had not been more diligent than any other stranger's has ever yet been, I must have answered you with an excuse, as I was forced to do when you desired me to buy you a Greek slave. I have got for you, as you desire, a Turkish loveletter, which I have put into a little box, and ordered the captain of the Smyrniote to deliver it to you with this letter. The translation of it is literally as follows: The first piece you should pull out of the purse is a little pearl, which is in Turkish called *Ingi*, and must be understood in this manner:

Ingi,	Sensin Guzelerin gingi
<i>Pearl,</i>	<i>Fairest of the young.</i>
Caremfil,	Caremfilsen cararen yók
	Conge gulsum timarin yók
	Benseny chok than severim
	Senin benden, haberin yók.
<i>Clove,</i>	<i>You are as slender as the clove!</i>
	<i>You are an unblown rose!</i>
	<i>I have long loved you, and you have not known it!</i>
Pul,	Derdime derman bul
<i>Jonquil,</i>	<i>Have pity on my passion!</i>

Kihat,	Birlerum sahat sahat
<i>Paper,</i>	<i>I faint every hour!</i>
Ermus,	Ver bixe bir umut
<i>Pear,</i>	<i>Give me some hope.</i>
Jabun,	Derdinden oldum zabun
<i>Soap,</i>	<i>I am sick with love.</i>
Chemur,	Ben oliyim size umur
<i>Coal,</i>	<i>May I die, and all my years be yours!</i>
Gul,	Ben aglarum sen gul
<i>A rose,</i>	<i>May you be pleased, and your sorrows mine!</i>
Hasir,	Oliim sana yazir
<i>A straw,</i>	<i>Suffer me to be your slave.</i>
Jo ho,	Ustune bulunmaz pahu
<i>Cloth,</i>	<i>Your price is not to be found.</i>
Tartsin,	Sen ghel ben chekeim senin hartsin
<i>Cinnamon,</i>	<i>But my fortune is yours.</i>
Giro,	Esking-ilen oldum ghira
<i>A match,</i>	<i>I burn, I burn! my flame consumes me!</i>
Sirma,	Uzunu benden a yirma
<i>Gold thread,</i>	<i>Don't turn away your face from me.</i>
Satch,	Bazmazum tatch
<i>Hair,</i>	<i>Crown of my head!</i>
Uzum,	Benim iki Guzum
<i>Grape,</i>	<i>My two eyes!</i>
Til,	Ulugorum tez ghel
<i>Gold wire,</i>	<i>I die—come quickly.</i>
	And, by way of postscript:
Beber,	Bize bir dogm haber
<i>Pepper,</i>	<i>Send me an answer.</i>

You see this letter is all in verse, and I can assure you there is as much fancy shown in the choice of them, as in the most studied expressions of our letters: there being, I believe, a million of verses designed for this use. There is no colour, no flower, no weed, no fruit, herb, pebble, or feather, that has not a verse belonging to it; and you may quarrel, reproach, or send letters of passion, friendship, or



civility, or even of news, without ever inking your fingers.

I fancy you are now wondering at my profound learning; but, alas! dear madam, I am almost fallen into the misfortune so common to the ambitious; while they are employed on distant insignificant conquests abroad, a rebellion starts up at home;—I am in great danger of losing my English. I find it is not half so easy to me to write in it as it was a twelvemonth ago. I am forced to study for expressions, and must leave off all other languages, and try to learn my mother tongue. Human understanding is as much limited as human power or human strength. The memory can retain but a certain number of images; and it is as impossible for one human creature to be perfect master of ten different languages, as to have in perfect subjection ten different kingdoms, or to fight against ten men at a time: I am afraid I shall at last know none as I should do. I live in a place that very well represents the tower of Babel: in Pera they speak Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, Arabic, Persian, Russian, Sclavonian, Walachian, German, Dutch, French, English, Italian, Hungarian; and, what is worse, there are ten of these languages spoken in my own family. My grooms are Arabs; my footmen French, English, and Germans; my nurse, an Armenian; my housemaids, Russians: half a dozen other servants, Greeks: my steward, an Italian; my janizaries, Turks: so that I live in the perpetual hearing of this medley of sounds, which produces a very extraordinary effect upon the people that are born here; for they learn all these languages at the

same time, and without knowing any of them well enough to write or read in it. There are very few men, women, or even children, here, that have not the same compass of words in five or six of them. I know myself several infants of three or four years old, that speak Italian, French, Greek, Turkish, and Russian, which last they learn of their nurses, who are generally of that country. This seems almost incredible to you, and is, in my mind, one of the most curious things in this country, and takes off very much from the merit of our ladies who set up for such extraordinary geniuses, upon the credit of some superficial knowledge of French and Italian.

As I prefer English to all the rest, I am extremely mortified at the daily decay of it in my head, where I will assure you (with grief of heart) it is reduced to such a small number of words, I cannot recollect any tolerable phrase to conclude my letter with, and am forced to tell your ladyship very bluntly, that I am

Yours, &c. &c.

## XLVI.

### TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

AT length I have heard from my dear Lady Bristol for the first time. I am persuaded you have had the goodness to write before, but I have had the ill-fortune to lose your letters. Since my last, I have staid quietly at Constantinople, a city that I ought in conscience to give your ladyship a right notion of, since

I know you can have none but what is partial and mistaken from the writings of travellers. It is certain there are many people that pass years here in Pera, without having ever seen it, and yet they all pretend to describe it.

Pera, Tophana, and Galata, wholly inhabited by Frank\* Christians (and which, together, make the appearance of a very fine town), are divided from it by the sea, which is not above half so broad as the broadest part of the Thames; but the Christian men are loath to hazard the adventures they sometimes meet with amongst the *levents* or seamen (worse monsters than our watermen), and the women must cover their faces to go there, which they have a perfect aversion to do. It is true they wear veils in Pera, but they are such as only serve to show their beauty to more advantage, and would not be permitted in Constantinople. These reasons deter almost every creature from seeing it; and the French ambassadress will return to France (I believe) without ever having been there.

You will wonder, madam, to hear me add, that I have been there very often. The *asmack*, or Turkish veil, is become not only very easy, but agreeable to me; and if it was not, I would be content to endure some inconveniency to gratify a passion that is become so powerful with me as curiosity. And, indeed, the pleasure of going in a barge to Chelsea is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the sea here, where, for twenty miles together, down the Bosphorus, the most beautiful variety of prospects

\* A term indiscriminately applied to all European settlers in the Turkish dominions.

present themselves. The Asian side is covered with fruit trees, villages, and the most delightful landscapes in nature; on the European, stands Constantinople, situated on seven hills. The unequal heights make it seem as large again as it is (though one of the largest cities in the world), showing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pine and cypress trees, palaces, mosques, and public buildings, raised one above another, with as much beauty and appearance of symmetry as your ladyship ever saw in a cabinet, adorned by the most skilful hands, where jars show themselves above jars, mixed with canisters, babies, and candlesticks. This is a very odd comparison; but it gives me an exact idea of the thing.

I have taken care to see as much of the seraglio as is to be seen\*. It is on a point of land running into the sea; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compass of ground, full of high cypress trees, which is all I know of them. The buildings are all of white stone, leaded on the top, with gilded turrets and spires, which look very magnificent; and, indeed, I believe there is no Christian king's palace half so large. There are six large courts in it, all built round, and set with trees, having galleries of stone; one of these for the guard, another for the slaves, another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the stables, the fifth for the divan, and the sixth for the apartment destined for audiences.

\* It is evident that Lady M. W. M. did not mean to assert that she had seen the interior of the seraglio at Constantinople. She had certainly seen that at Adrianople, in which circumstance the error has originated.

On the ladies' side there are at least as many more, with distinct courts belonging to their eunuchs and attendants, their kitchens, &c.

The next remarkable structure is that of St. Sophia, which is very difficult to see. I was forced to send three times to the *caimaikam* (the governor of the town), and he assembled the chief *effendis*, or heads of the law, and inquired of the *mufti* whether it was lawful to permit it. They passed some days in this important debate; but I insisting on my request, permission was granted. I cannot be informed why the Turks are more delicate on the subject of this mosque than on any of the others, where what Christian pleases may enter without scruple. I fancy they imagine that, having been once consecrated, people, on pretence of curiosity, might profane it with prayers, particularly to those saints who are still very visible in mosaic work, and no other way defaced but by the decays of time; for it is absolutely false, though so universally asserted, that the Turks defaced all the images that they found in the city. The dome of St. Sophia is said to be one hundred and thirteen feet diameter, built upon arches, sustained by vast pillars of marble, the pavement and staircase marble. There are two rows of galleries, supported with pillars of party-coloured marble, and the whole roof mosaic work, part of which decays very fast, and drops down. They presented me a handful of it; its composition seems to me a sort of glass, or that paste with which they make counterfeit jewels. They show here the tomb of the Emperor Constantine, for which they have a great veneration.

This is a dull imperfect description of this celebrated building; but I understand architecture so little, that I am afraid of talking nonsense in endeavouring to speak of it particularly. Perhaps I am in the wrong, but some Turkish mosques please me better. That of Sultan Solyman is an exact square, with four fine towers in the angles; in the midst is a noble cupola, supported with beautiful marble pillars; two lesser at the ends, supported in the same manner; the pavement and gallery round the mosque of marble: under the great cupola is a fountain, adorned with such fine coloured pillars, that I can hardly think them natural marble; on one side is the pulpit, of white marble, and on the other, the little gallery for the grand-signior. A fine staircase leads to it, and it is built up with gilded lattices. At the upper end is a sort of altar, where the name of God is written; and before it stand two candlesticks as high as a man, with wax candles as thick as three flambeaux. The pavement is spread with fine carpets, and the mosque illuminated with a vast number of lamps. The court leading to it is very spacious, with galleries of marble, of green columns, covered with twenty-eight leaded cupolas on two sides, and a fine fountain of basins in the midst of it.

This description may serve for all the mosques in Constantinople. The model is exactly the same, and they only differ in largeness and richness of materials. That of the Validé-Sultàn is the largest of all, built entirely of marble, the most prodigious, and, I think, the most beautiful structure I ever saw, be it spoken to the honour of our sex, for it was founded by the mother of Mahomet IV. Between friends,

St. Paul's church would make a pitiful figure near it, as any of our squares would do near the *atlerdan*\*, or place of horses (*at* signifying a horse in Turkish). This was the *hippodrome* in the reign of the Greek emperors. In the midst of it is a brazen column, of three serpents twisted together, with their mouths gaping. It is impossible to learn why so odd a pillar was erected; the Greeks can tell nothing but fabulous legends when they are asked the meaning of it, and there is no sign of its having ever had any inscription. At the upper end is an obelisk of porphyry, probably brought from Egypt, the hieroglyphics all very entire, which I look upon as mere ancient puns. It is placed on four little brazen pillars, upon a pedestal of square freestone, full of figures in bas-relief on two sides; one square representing a battle, another an assembly. The others have inscriptions in Greek and Latin; the last I took in my pocket book, and it is as follows:

DIFFICILIS QUONDAM, DOMINIS PARERE SERENIS  
JUSSUS, ET EXTINGTIS PALMAM PORTARE TYRANNIS  
OMNIA THEODOSIO CEDUNT, SOBOLIQUE PERENNI †.

Your lord will interpret these lines. Do not fancy they are a loveletter to him.

\* More commonly called "Atméydan."

† Two more lines were probably concealed at that time. This inscription concludes,

"TERDENIS SIC VICTUS EGO DOMITUSQUE DIEBUS  
JUDICE SUB PROCLO SUPERAS ELATUS AD AURAS,"

which is a translation from another in Greek, on the opposite square of the base.

All the figures have their heads on ; and I cannot forbear reflecting again on the impudence of authors, who all say they have not : but I dare swear the greatest part of them never saw them ; but took the report from the Greeks, who resist, with incredible fortitude, the conviction of their own eyes, whenever they have invented lies to the dishonour of their enemies. Were you to believe them, there is nothing worth seeing in Constantinople but Sancta Sophia, though there are several larger and, in my opinion, more beautiful mosques in that city. That of Sultan Achmet has this particularity, that its gates are of brass. In all these mosques there are little chapels, where are the tombs of the founders and their families, with wax candles burning before them.

The Exchanges are all noble buildings, full of fine alleys, the greatest part supported with pillars, and kept wonderfully neat. Every trade has its distinct alley, where the merchandise is disposed in the same order as in the New Exchange at London. The *be-sistén*, or jewellers' quarter, shows so much riches, such a vast quantity of diamonds, and all kinds of precious stones, that they dazzle the sight. The embroiderers' is also very glittering, and people walk here as much for diversion as business. The markets are most of them handsome squares, and admirably well provided, perhaps better than in any other part of the world.

I know you will expect I should say something particular of the slaves ; and you will imagine me half a Turk when I do not speak of it with the same horror other Christians have done before me. But I



cannot forbear applauding the humanity of the Turks to these creatures; they are never ill used, and their slavery is, in my opinion, no worse than servitude all over the world. It is true they have no wages; but they give them yearly clothes to a higher value than our salaries to our ordinary servants. But you will object, that men buy women *with an eye to evil*. In my opinion, they are bought and sold as publicly and as infamously in all our Christian great cities.

I must add to the description of Constantinople that the *historical pillar* is no more\*. It dropped down about two years before I came to this part of the world. I have seen no other footsteps of antiquity except the aqueducts, which are so vast, that I am apt to believe they are yet more ancient than the Greek empire. The Turks, indeed, have clapped in some stones with Turkish inscriptions, to give their natives the honour of so great a work; but the deceit is easily discovered.

The other public buildings are the hánnns and monasteries: the first are very large and numerous; the second few in number, and not at all magnificent. I had the curiosity to visit one of them, and to observe the devotions of the dervises, which are as whimsical as any at Rome. These fellows have permission to marry, but are confined to an odd habit, which is only a piece of coarse white cloth wrapped about them, with their legs and arms naked. Their order has few

\* The Arcadian column, built in 404, after the model of those of Trajan and Antoninus at Rome. The shaft of it was entirely taken down in 1695, having become ruinous by earthquakes and fire.

other rules except that of performing their fantastic rites every Tuesday and Friday, which is done in this manner: they meet together in a large hall, where they all stand with their eyes fixed on the ground, and their arms across, while the *imaum*, or preacher, reads part of the Alcoran from a pulpit placed in the midst; and when he has done, eight or ten of them make a melancholy concert with their pipes, which are no unmusical instruments. Then he reads again, and makes a short exposition on what he has read; after which they sing and play till their superior (the only one of them dressed in green) rises and begins a sort of solemn dance. They all stand about him in a regular figure; and while some play, the others tie their robe (which is very wide) fast round their waist, and begin to turn round with an amazing swiftness, and yet with great regard to the music, moving slower or faster as the tune is played. This lasts above an hour, without any of them showing the least appearance of giddiness, which is not to be wondered at, when it is considered they are all used to it from their infancy; most of them being devoted to this way of life from their birth. There turned amongst them some little dervises, of six or seven years old, who seemed no more disordered by that exercise than the others. At the end of the ceremony they shout out, "There is no other god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet;" after which they kiss the superior's hand and retire. The whole is performed with the most solemn gravity. Nothing can be more austere than the form of these people; they never raise their eyes, and seem devoted to contemplation. And as ridi-

culous as this is in description, there is something touching in the air of submission and mortification they assume.

This letter is of a horrible length; but you may burn it when you have read enough, &c. &c.

## XLVII.

### TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

I AM now preparing to leave Constantinople, and, perhaps, you will accuse me of hypocrisy when I tell you it is with regret; but as I am used to the air, and have learnt the language, I am easy here; and as much as I love travelling, I tremble at the inconveniencies attending so great a journey with a numerous family, and a little infant hanging at the breast. However, I endeavour upon this occasion to do as I have hitherto done in all the odd turns of my life; turn them, if I can, to my diversion. In order to this, I ramble every day, wrapped up in my *ferigée* and *asmáck*, about Constantinople, and amuse myself with seeing all that is curious in it.

I know you will expect that this declaration should be followed with some account of what I have seen. But I am in no humour to copy what has been writ so often over. To what purpose should I tell you that Constantinople is the ancient Byzantium? that it is at present the conquest of a race of people, supposed Scythians? that there are five or six thousand mosques in it? that Sancta Sophia was founded by

Justinian? &c. I will assure you it is not for want of learning that I forbear writing all these bright things. I could also, with very little trouble, turn over Knolles and Sir Paul Rycaut, to give you a list of Turkish emperors; but I will not tell you what you may find in every author that has writ of this country. I am more inclined, out of a true female spirit of contradiction, to tell you the falsehood of a great part of what you find in authors; as, for instance, in the admirable Mr. Hill\*, who so gravely asserts, that he saw in Sancta Sophia a sweating pillar, very balsamic for disordered heads. There is not the least tradition of any such matter; and I suppose it was revealed to him in vision during his wonderful stay in the Egyptian catacombs; for I am sure he never heard of any such miracle here.

It is also very pleasant to observe how tenderly he and all his brethren voyage writers lament the miserable confinement of the Turkish ladies, who are, perhaps, more free than any ladies in the universe, and are the only women in the world that lead a life of uninterrupted pleasure exempt from cares; their whole time being spent in visiting, bathing, or the agreeable amusement of spending money and inventing new fashions. A husband would be thought mad that exacted any degree of economy from his wife,

\* Aaron Hill travelled to Constantinople at the age of fifteen, and was received with kindness by his relative Lord Paget, at that time our ambassador to the Porte. He returned to England in 1703 in the suite, and soon afterward published his "Account of Turkey," in folio, a very crude and juvenile performance. He lived, however, to write *Zara* and *Merope*, tragedies which still keep their place on the English stage.

whose expenses are no way limited but by her own fancy. It is his business to get money, and hers to spend it: and this noble prerogative extends itself to the very meanest of the sex. Here is a fellow that carries embroidered handkerchiefs upon his back to sell. And as miserable a figure as you may suppose such a mean dealer, yet I will assure you his wife scorns to wear any thing less than cloth of gold; has her ermine furs, and a very handsome set of jewels for her head. It is true they have no places but the bagnios, and these can only be seen by their own sex; however, that is a diversion they take great pleasure in.

I was three days ago at one of the finest in the town, and had the opportunity of seeing a Turkish bride received there, and all the ceremony used on that occasion, which made me recollect the epithalamium of Helen, by Theocritus; and it seems to me, that the same customs have continued ever since. All the she friends, relations, and acquaintance of the two families, newly allied, meet at the bagnio; several others go out of curiosity, and I believe there were that day two hundred women. Those that were or had been married placed themselves round the rooms on the marble sofas: but the virgins very hastily threw off their clothes, and appeared without other ornament or covering than their own long hair braided with pearl or ribbon. Two of them met the bride at the door, conducted by her mother and another grave relation. She was a beautiful maid of about seventeen, very richly dressed, and shining with jewels, but was presently reduced to the state of nature. Two others filled silver gilt pots with perfume, and began the procession, the rest following in pairs, to

the number of thirty. The leaders sung an epithalamium, answered by the others in chorus, and the two last led the fair bride, her eyes fixed on the ground, with a charming affectation of modesty. In this order they marched round the three largest rooms of the bagnio. It is not easy to represent to you the beauty of this sight, most of them being well proportioned and white skinned; all of them perfectly smooth and polished by the frequent use of bathing. After having made their tour, the bride was again led to every matron round the rooms, who saluted her with a compliment and a present, some of jewels, others of pieces of stuff, handkerchiefs, or little gallantries of that nature, which she thanked them for, by kissing their hands.

I was very well pleased with having seen this ceremony; and, you may believe me, the Turkish ladies have at least as much wit and civility, nay, liberty, as among us. It is true the same customs that give them so many opportunities of gratifying their evil inclinations (if they have any), also put it very fully in the power of their husbands to revenge themselves if they are discovered: and I do not doubt but they suffer sometimes for their indiscretions in a very severe manner. About two months ago, there was found at daybreak, not very far from my house, the bleeding body of a young woman, naked, only wrapped in a coarse sheet, with two wounds of a knife, one in her side and another in her breast. She was not quite cold, and was so surprisingly beautiful, that there were very few men in Pera that did not go to look upon her; but it was not possible for any body to know her, no woman's face being known. She was

supposed to have been brought in the dead of the night from the Constantinople side, and laid there. Very little inquiry was made about the murderer, and the corpse was privately buried without noise. Murder is never pursued by the king's officers as with us. It is the business of the next relations to revenge the dead person; and if they like better to compound the matter for money (as they generally do), there is no more said of it. One would imagine this defect in their government should make such tragedies very frequent, yet they are extremely rare; which is enough to prove the people are not naturally cruel. Neither do I think in many other particulars they deserve the barbarous character we give them. I am well acquainted with a Christian woman of quality who made it her choice to live with a Turkish husband, and is a very agreeable sensible lady. Her story is so extraordinary, I cannot forbear relating it; but I promise you it shall be in as few words as I can possibly express it.

She is a Spaniard, and was at Naples with her family when that kingdom was part of the Spanish dominion. Coming from thence in a felucca, accompanied by her brother, they were attacked by the Turkish admiral, boarded, and taken.—And now, how shall I modestly tell you the rest of her adventure? The same accident happened to her that happened to the fair Lucretia so many years before her. But she was too good a Christian to kill herself, as that heathenish Roman did. The admiral was so much charmed with the beauty and longsuffering of the fair captive, that, as his first compliment, he gave immediate liberty to her brother and attendants, who

made haste to Spain, and in a few months sent the sum of four thousand pounds sterling as a ransom for his sister. The Turk took the money, which he presented to her, and told her she was at liberty. But the lady very discreetly weighed the different treatment she was likely to find in her native country. Her relations (as the kindest thing they could do for her in her present circumstances) would certainly confine her to a nunnery for the rest of her days. Her infidel lover was very handsome, very tender, very fond of her, and lavished at her feet all the Turkish magnificence. She answered him very resolutely, that her liberty was not so precious to her as her honour; that he could no way restore that but by marrying her; and she therefore desired him to accept the ransom as her portion, and give her the satisfaction of knowing, that no man could boast of her favours without being her husband. The admiral was transported at this kind of offer, and sent back the money to her relations, saying, he was too happy in her possession. He married her, and never took any other wife, and (as she says herself) she never had reason to repent the choice she made. He left her some years after one of the richest widows in Constantinople. But there is no remaining honourably a single woman, and that consideration has obliged her to marry the present captain pashá (*i. e.* admiral), his successor.—I am afraid that you will think my friend fell in love with her ravisher; but I am willing to take her word for it, that she acted wholly on principles of honour, though I think she might be reasonably touched at his generosity, which is often found among the Turks of rank.



It is a degree of generosity to tell the truth, and it is very rare that any Turk will assert a solemn falsehood. I do not speak of the lowest sort ; for as there is a great deal of ignorance, there is very little virtue amongst them ; and false witnesses are much cheaper than in Christendom, those wretches not being punished (even when they are publicly detected) with the rigour they ought to be.

Now I am speaking of their law, I do not know whether I have ever mentioned to you one custom peculiar to their country, I mean *adoption*, very common amongst the Turks, and yet more amongst the Greeks and Armenians. Not having it in their power to give their estates to a friend or distant relation, to avoid its falling into the grand signior's treasury, when they are not likely to have any children of their own, they choose some pretty child of either sex among the meanest people, and carry the child and its parents before the *cadi*, and there declare they receive it for their heir. The parents at the same time renounce all future claim to it ; a writing is drawn and witnessed, and a child thus adopted cannot be disinherited. Yet I have seen some common beggars that have refused to part with their children in this manner to some of the richest among the Greeks (so powerful is the instinctive affection that is natural to parents), though the adopting fathers are generally very tender to these *children of their souls*, as they call them. I own this custom pleases me much better than our absurd one of following our name. Methinks it is much more reasonable to make happy and rich an infant whom I educate after my own manner, *brought up* (in the Turkish phrase) *upon my knees*,

and who has learned to look upon me with a filial respect, than to give an estate to a creature, without other merit or relation to me than that of a few letters. Yet this is an absurdity we see frequently practised.

Now I have mentioned the Armenians, perhaps it will be agreeable to tell you something of that nation, with which I am sure you are utterly unacquainted. I will not trouble you with the geographical account of the situation of their country, which you may see in the maps, or a relation of their ancient greatness, which you may read in the Roman history. They are now subject to the Turks; and, being very industrious in trade, and increasing and multiplying, are dispersed in great numbers through all the Turkish dominions. They were, as they say, converted to the Christian religion, by St. Gregory, and are, perhaps, the devoutest Christians in the whole world. The chief precepts of their priests enjoin the strict keeping of their lents, which are at least seven months in every year, and are not to be dispensed with on the most emergent necessity; no occasion whatever can excuse them, if they touch any thing more than mere herbs or roots (without oil), and plain dry bread; that is their constant diet. Mr. Wortley has one of his interpreters of this nation; and the poor fellow was brought so low by the severity of his fasts, that his life was despaired of. Yet neither his master's commands, nor the doctor's entreaties (who declared nothing else could save his life), were powerful enough to prevail with him to take two or three spoonfuls of broth. Excepting this, which may rather be called a custom than an article of faith, I see very little in

their religion different from ours. It is true they seem to incline very much to Mr. Whiston's doctrine : neither do I think the Greek church very distant from it, since it is certain the Holy Spirit's proceeding *only* from the Father, is making a plain subordination in the Son. But the Armenians have no notion of transubstantiation, whatever account Sir Paul Rycout gives of them (which account I am apt to believe was designed to compliment our court in 1679); and they have a great horror for those amongst them that change to the Roman religion.

What is most extraordinary in their customs, is their matrimony; a ceremony I believe unparalleled all over the world. They are always promised very young, but the espoused never see one another till three days after their marriage. The bride is carried to church with a cap on her head, in the fashion of a large trencher, and over it a red silken veil which covers her all over to her feet. The priest asks the bridegroom, Whether he is content to marry that woman, *be she deaf, be she blind?* These are the literal words: to which having answered, *yes*, she is led home to his house, accompanied with all the friends and relations on both sides, singing and dancing, and is placed on a cushion in the corner of the sofa; but her veil is never lifted up, not even by her husband. There is something so odd and monstrous in these ways, that I could not believe them till I had inquired of several Armenians myself, who all assured me of the truth of them, particularly one young fellow, who wept when he spoke of it, being promised by his mother to a girl that he must marry in this manner, though he protested to me, he had rather die than

submit to this slavery, having already figured his bride to himself with all the deformities of nature.

I fancy I see you bless yourself at this terrible relation. I cannot conclude my letter with a more surprising story ; yet it is as seriously true, as that I am,

Dear sister, yours, &c. &c.

### XLVIII.

TO THE ABBOT \* \* \*.

Constantinople, May 19, O. S. 1718.

I AM extremely pleased with hearing from you, and my vanity (the darling frailty of mankind) not a little flattered by the uncommon questions you ask me, though I am utterly incapable of answering them. And, indeed, were I as good a mathematician as Euclid himself, it requires an age's stay to make just observations on the air and vapours. I have not been yet a full year here, and am on the point of removing. Such is my rambling destiny. This will surprise you, and can surprise nobody so much as myself.

Perhaps you will accuse me of laziness, or dulness, or both together, that can leave this place without giving you some account of the Turkish court. I can only tell you, that if you please to read Sir Paul Rycaut, you will there find a full and true account of the viziers, the *beglerbeys*, the civil and spiritual government, the officers of the seraglio, &c. things that it is very easy to procure lists of, and therefore may be

depended on; though other stories, God knows—I say no more—every body is at liberty to write their own remarks; the manners of people may change, or some of them escape the observation of travellers, but it is not the same of the government; and, for that reason, since I can tell you nothing new, I will tell you nothing of it.

In the same silence shall be passed over the arsenal and seven towers; and for mosques, I have already described one of the noblest to you very particularly. But I cannot forbear taking notice to you of a mistake of Gemelli (though I honour him in a much higher degree than any other voyage writer): he says that there are no remains of Calcedon; this is certainly a mistake: I was there yesterday, and went cross the canal in my galley, the sea being very narrow between that city and Constantinople. It is still a large town, and has several mosques in it. The Christians still call it Calcedonia, and the Turks give it a name I forgot, but which is only a corruption of the same word\*. I suppose this is an error of his guide, which his short stay hindered him from rectifying; for I have, in other matters, a very just esteem for his veracity. Nothing can be pleasanter than the canal; and the Turks are so well acquainted with its beauties, that all their pleasure seats are built on its banks, where they have, at the same time, the most beautiful prospects in Europe and Asia; there are near one another some hundreds of magnificent palaces.

\* Cádýkúy, or the Town of Judges, from the great Christian council held there.

Human grandeur being here yet more unstable than any where else, it is common for the heirs of a great three-tailed pashá not to be rich enough to keep in repair the house he built; thus, in a few years, they all fall to ruin. I was yesterday to see that of the late grand-vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin. It was built to receive his royal bride, daughter of the present sultan, but he did not live to see her there. I have a great mind to describe it to you; but I check that inclination, knowing very well that I cannot give you, with my best description, such an idea of it as I ought. It is situated on one of the most delightful parts of the canal, with a fine wood on the side of a hill behind it. The extent of it is prodigious; the guardian assured me there are eight hundred rooms in it; I will not, however, answer for that number, since I did not count them; but it is certain the number is very large, and the whole adorned with a profusion of marble, gilding, and the most exquisite painting of fruit and flowers. The windows are all sashed with the finest crystalline glass brought from England; and here is all the expensive magnificence that you can suppose in a palace founded by a vain luxurious young man, with the wealth of a vast empire at his command. But no part of it pleased me better than the apartments designed for the bagnios. There are two built exactly in the same manner, answering to one another: the baths, fountains, and pavements, all of white marble, the roofs gilt, and the walls covered with Japan china. Adjoining to them are two rooms, the uppermost of which is divided into a sofa, and in the four corners

are falls of water from the very roof, from shell to shell, of white marble, to the lower end of the room, where it falls into a large basin, surrounded with pipes, that throw up the water as high as the roof. The walls are in the nature of lattices; and, on the outside of them, there are vines and woodbines planted, that form a sort of green tapestry, and give an agreeable obscurity to those delightful chambers.

I should go on and let you into some of the other apartments (all worthy your curiosity); but it is yet harder to describe a Turkish palace than any other, being built entirely irregular. There is nothing that can be properly called front or wings; and, though such a confusion is, I think, pleasing to the sight, yet it would be very unintelligible in a letter. I shall only add, that the chamber destined for the sultan, when he visits his daughter, is wainscoted with mother-of-pearl fastened with emeralds like nails. There are others of mother-of-pearl and olive wood inlaid, and several of Japan china. The galleries, which are numerous and very large, are adorned with jars of flowers, and porcelain dishes of fruit of all sorts, so well done in plaster, and coloured in so lively a manner, that it has an enchanting effect. The garden is suitable to the house, where arbours, fountains, and walks, are thrown together in an agreeable confusion. There is no ornament wanting, except that of statues. Thus, you see, sir, these people are not so unpolished as we represent them. It is true their magnificence is of a very different taste from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almost of opinion they have a right notion of life. They consume it in

music, gardens, wine, and delicate eating, while we are tormenting our brains with some scheme of politics, or studying some science to which we can never attain, or, if we do, cannot persuade other people to set that value upon it we do ourselves. It is certain what we feel and see is properly (if any thing is properly) our own; but the good of fame, the folly of praise, are hardly purchased, and, when obtained, a poor recompense for loss of time and health. We die or grow old before we can reap the fruit of our labours. Considering what short-lived weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as the study of present pleasure? I dare not pursue this theme; perhaps I have already said too much, but I depend upon the true knowledge you have of my heart. I do not expect from you the insipid railleries I should suffer from another in answer to this letter. You know how to divide the idea of pleasure from that of vice, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools. But I allow you to laugh at me for the sensual declaration in saying, that I had rather be a rich *effendi*, with all his ignorance, than Sir Isaac Newton, with all his knowledge.

I am, sir, &c. &c.



## XLIX.

## TO THE ABBOT \* \* \*.

Tunis, July 31, O. S. 1718.

I LEFT Constantinople the sixth of the last month, and this is the first post from whence I could send a letter, though I have often wished for the opportunity, that I might impart some of the pleasure I found in this voyage through the most agreeable part of the world, where every scene presents me some poetical idea.

Warm'd with poetic transport I survey  
The' immortal islands, and the well known sea.  
For here so oft the muse her harp has strung,  
That not a mountain rears its head unsung.

I beg your pardon for this sally, and will, if I can, continue the rest of my account in plain prose. The second day after we set sail we passed Gallipolis, a fair city, situated in the bay of Chersonesus, and much respected by the Turks, being the first town they took in Europe. At five the next morning we anchored in the Hellespont, between the castles of Sestos and Abydos, now called the Dardanelli. These are two little ancient castles, but of no strength, being commanded by a rising ground behind them, which I confess I should never have taken notice of, if I had not heard it observed by our captain and officers, my imagination being wholly employed by the tragic story that you are well acquainted with :

The swimming lover, and the nightly bride,  
How Hero loved, and how Leander died.

Verse again!—I am certainly infected by the poetical air I have passed through. That of Abydos is undoubtedly very amorous, since that soft passion betrayed the castle into the hands of the Turks who besieged it in the reign of Orchanes. The governor's daughter imagining to have seen her future husband in a dream (though I do not find she had either slept upon bridecake, or kept St. Agnes's fast), fancied she saw the dear figure in the form of one of her besiegers; and, being willing to obey her destiny, tossed a note to him over the wall, with the offer of her person and the delivery of the castle. He showed it to his general, who consented to try the sincerity of her intentions, and withdrew his army, ordering the young man to return with a select body of men at midnight. She admitted him at the appointed hour: he destroyed the garrison, took the father prisoner, and made her his wife. This town is in Asia, first founded by the Milesians. Sestos is in Europe, and was once the principal city of Chersonesus. Since I have seen this strait, I find nothing improbable in the adventure of Leander, or very wonderful in the bridge of boats of Xerxes. It is so narrow, it is not surprising a young lover should attempt to swim, or an ambitious king to try to pass his army over it. But then it is so subject to storms, it is no wonder the lover perished, and the bridge was broken. From hence we had a full view of mount Ida,

Where Juno once caress'd her amorous Jove,  
And the world's master lay subdued by love.

Not many leagues sail from hence, I saw the point of land where poor old Hecuba was buried; and, about a league from that place is Cape Janizary, the famous promontory of Sigæum, where we anchored. My curiosity supplied me with strength to climb to the top of it to see the place where Achilles was buried, and where Alexander ran naked round his tomb in honour of him, which no doubt was a great comfort to his ghost. I saw there the ruins of a very large city, and found a stone, on which Mr. Wortley plainly distinguished the words of ΣΙΓΑΙΑΝ ΠΟΛΙΝ. We ordered this on board the ship; but were showed others much more curious by a Greek priest, though a very ignorant fellow, that could give no tolerable account of any thing. On each side the door of this little church lie two large stones, about ten feet long each, five in breadth, and three in thickness. That on the right is a very fine white marble, the side of it beautifully carved in bas-relief; it represents a woman, who seems to be designed for some deity, sitting on a chair with a footstool, and before her another woman weeping, and presenting to her a young child that she has in her arms, followed by a procession of women with children in the same manner. This is certainly part of a very ancient tomb; but I dare not pretend to give the true explanation of it. On the stone, on the left side, is a very fair inscription; but the Greek is too ancient for Mr. Wortley's interpretation. I am very sorry not to have the original in my possession, which might have been purchased of the poor inhabitants for a small sum of money. But our captain assured us, that without having machines made on purpose, it was impos-

sible to bear it to the seaside; and, when it was there, his long boat would not be large enough to hold it\*.

The ruins of this great city are now inhabited by poor Greek peasants, who wear the Sciote habit, the women being in short petticoats, fastened by straps round their shoulders, and large smock sleeves of white linen, with neat shoes and stockings, and on their heads a large piece of muslin, which falls in large folds on their shoulders. One of my countrymen, Mr. Sandys† (whose book I doubt not you have read, as one of the best of its kind), speaking of these ruins, supposes them to have been the foundation of a city begun by Constantine, before his building Byzantium; but I see no good reason for that imagination, and am apt to believe them much more ancient.

We saw very plainly from this promontory the river Simois rolling from mount Ida, and running through a very spacious valley. It is now a considerable river, and is called Simores; it is joined in the vale by the Scamander, which appeared a small stream half choked with mud, but is perhaps large in the winter. This was Xanthus among the gods, as Homer tells us; and it is by that heavenly name the nymph

\* The first mentioned of these marbles is engraved in the *Ionian Antiquities*, published by the Dilettanti Society, and described by Dr. Chandler in his *Tour in Asia Minor*. The second bears the celebrated inscription so often referred to, in proof of the *Βουστρεφιδον*, one of the most ancient forms of writing among the Greeks.

† George Sandys, one of the most valuable travellers into the Levant, whose work had reached four editions in the reign of Charles the First.

Oenone invokes it in her epistle to Paris. The Trojan virgins\* used to offer their first favours to it, by the name of Scamander, till the adventure which Monsieur de la Fontaine has told so agreeably abolished that heathenish ceremony. When the stream is mingled with the Simois, they run together to the sea.

All that is now left of Troy is the ground on which it stood; for, I am firmly persuaded, whatever pieces of antiquity may be found round it are much more modern, and I think Strabo says the same thing. However, there is some pleasure in seeing the valley where I imagined the famous duel of Menelaus and Paris had been fought, and where the greatest city in the world was situated. It is certainly the noblest situation that can be found for the head of a great empire, much to be preferred to that of Constantinople, the harbour here being always convenient for ships from all parts of the world, and that of Constantinople inaccessible almost six months in the year, while the north wind reigns.

North of the promontory of Sigæum we saw that of Rhæteum, famed for the sepulchre of Ajax. While I viewed these celebrated fields and rivers, I admired the exact geography of Homer, whom I had in my hand. Almost every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain is still just for it; and I spent several hours here in as agreeable cogitations as ever Don Quixote had on mount Montesinos. We sailed next night to the shore, where it is vulgarly reported Troy stood; and I took the pains of rising at two in the morning,

\* For this curious story Monsieur Bayle may be consulted in his Dictionary, article "Scamander."

to view coolly those ruins which are commonly showed to strangers, and which the Turks call *Eski Stamboul*\*, *i. e.* Old Constantinople. For that reason, as well as some others, I conjecture them to be the remains of that city begun by Constantine. I hired an ass (the only voiture to be had there), that I might go some miles into the country, and take a tour round the ancient walls, which are of a vast extent. We found the remains of a castle on a hill, and of another in a valley, several broken pillars, and two pedestals, from which I took these Latin inscriptions :

## 1.

DIVI. AUG. COL.  
 ET COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS  
 EORUNDEM PRINCIPUM  
 COL. IUL. PARIANAÆ. TRIBUN.  
 MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTAR.  
 TRIB. MILIT. LEG. XIII. GEM.  
 PRAEFECTO EQUIT. ALAE. I.  
 SCUBULORUM  
 VIC. VIII.

## 2.

DIVI. IULI. FLAMINI  
 C. ANTONIO. M. F.  
 VOLT. RUFO. FLAMIN.  
 DIV. AUG. COL. CL. APRENS.

\* Alexander Troas, which the early travellers have erroneously considered as the true site of ancient Troy.

ET. COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS  
 FORUNDEM ET PRINCIP. ITEM  
 COL. IUL. PARIANAÆ TRIB.  
 MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTARIOR.  
 TRIB. MILIT. XIII.  
 GEM. PRAEF. EQUIT. ALAE. I.  
 SCUBULORUM  
 VIC. VII.

I do not doubt but the remains of a temple near this place are the ruins of one dedicated to Augustus ; and I know not why Mr. Sandys calls it a Christian temple, since the Romans certainly built hereabouts. Here are many tombs of fine marble, and vast pieces of granite, which are daily lessened by the prodigious balls that the Turks make from them for their cannon. We passed that evening the isle of Tenedos, once under the patronage of Apollo, as he gave it in himself in the particulars of his estate when he courted Daphne. It is but ten miles in circuit, but in those days very rich and well peopled, still famous for its excellent wine. I say nothing of Tennes, from whom it was called ; but naming Mitylene, where we passed next, I cannot forbear mentioning Lesbos, where Sappho sung, and Pittacus reigned, famous for the birth of Alcæus, Theòphrastus, and Arion, those masters in poetry, philosophy, and music. This was one of the last islands that remained in the Christian dominion after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. But need I talk to you of Cantacuzeni, &c. princes that you are as well acquainted with as I am ? It was with regret I saw us sail from this island into

the Ægæan sea, now the Archipelago, leaving Scio (the ancient Chios) on the left, which is the richest and most populous of these islands, fruitful in cotton, corn, and silk, planted with groves of orange and lemon trees, and the Arvisian mountain, still celebrated for the nectar that Virgil mentions. Here is the best manufacture of silks in all Turkey. The town is well built, the women famous for their beauty, and show their faces as in Christendom. There are many rich families, though they confine their magnificence to the inside of their houses, to avoid the jealousy of the Turks, who have a pashá here: however, they enjoy a reasonable liberty, and indulge the genius of their country;

And eat, and sing, and dance away their time,  
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.

Their chains hang lightly on them, though it is not long since they were imposed, not being under the Turk till 1566. But, perhaps, it is as easy to obey the grand-signior as the state of Genoa, to whom they were sold by the Greek emperor. But I forget myself in these historical touches, which are very impertinent when I write to you. Passing the strait between the islands of Andros and Achaia, now Libadia, we saw the promontory of Sunium, now called Cape Colonna, where are yet standing the vast pillars of a temple of Minerva. This venerable sight made me think, with double regret, on a beautiful temple of Theseus, which I am assured was almost entire at Athens till the last campaign in the Morea, that the Turks filled it with powder, and it was accidentally blown up. You may believe I had a great mind to



land on the famed Peloponnesus, though it were only to look on the rivers of Æsopus, Peneus, Inachus, and Eurotas, the fields of Arcadia, and other scenes of ancient mythology. But instead of demigods and heroes, I was credibly informed it is now overrun by robbers, and that I should run a great risk of falling into their hands by undertaking such a journey through a desert country, for which, however, I have so much respect, that I have much ado to hinder myself from troubling you with its whole history, from the foundation of Mycenæ and Corinth, to the last campaign there; but I check the inclination, as I did that of landing. We sailed quietly by Cape Angelo, once Malea, where I saw no remains of the famous temple of Apollo. We came that evening in sight of Candia: it is very mountainous; we easily distinguished that of Ida.—We have Virgil's authority, that here were a hundred cities—

——Centum urbes habitant magnas——

The chief of them—the scene of monstrous passions.——Metellus first conquered this birthplace of his Jupiter; it fell afterwards into the hands of——I am running on to the very siege of Candia; and I am so angry with myself, that I will pass by all the other islands with this general reflection, that it is impossible to imagine any thing more agreeable than this journey would have been two or three thousand years since, when, after drinking a dish of tea with Sappho, I might have gone the same evening to visit the temple of Homer in Chios, and passed this voyage in taking plans of magnificent temples, delineating the miracles of statuaries, and conversing with the most

polite and most gay of mankind. Alas! art is extinct here; the wonders of nature alone remain; and it was with vast pleasure I observed those of mount *Ætna*, whose flame appears very bright in the night many leagues off at sea, and fills the head with a thousand conjectures. However, I honour philosophy too much, to imagine it could turn that of *Empedocles*; and *Lucian* shall never make me believe such a scandal of a man, whom *Lucretius* says,

——*Vix humana videtur stirpe creatus*——

We passed *Trinacria* without hearing any of the sirens that *Homer* describes; and, being thrown on neither *Scylla* nor *Charybdis*, came safe to *Malta*, first called *Melita* from the abundance of honey. It is a whole rock covered with very little earth. The grand-master lives here in the state of a sovereign prince; but his strength at sea now is very small. The fortifications are reckoned the best in the world, all cut in the solid rock with infinite expense and labour.——Off this island we were tossed by a severe storm, and were very glad, after eight days, to be able to put into *Porta Farine* on the African shore, where our ship now rides. At *Tunis* we were met by the English consul who resides there. I readily accepted of the offer of his house for some days, being very curious to see this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of *Carthage*. I set out in his chaise at nine at night, the moon being at full. I saw the prospect of the country almost as well as I could have done by daylight; and the heat of the sun is now so intolerable, it is impossible to travel at any other time. The soil is for the most part sandy, but

every where fruitful of date, olive, and fig trees, which grow without art, yet afford the most delicious fruit in the world. Their vineyards and melon-fields are enclosed by hedges of that plant we call Indian-fig, which is an admirable fence, no wild beast being able to pass it. It grows a great height, very thick, and the spikes or thorns are as long and sharp as bodkins: it bears a fruit much eaten by the peasants, and which has no ill taste.

It being now the season of the Turkish *ramazan*, or Lent, and all here professing, at least, the Mahometan religion, they fast till the going down of the sun, and spend the night in feasting. We saw under the trees companies of the country people, eating, singing, and dancing to their wild music. They are not quite black, but all mulattoes, and the most frightful creatures that can appear in a human figure. They are almost naked, only wearing a piece of coarse serge wrapped about them. But the women have their arms, to their very shoulders, and their necks and faces, adorned with flowers, stars, and various sorts of figures impressed by gunpowder: a considerable addition to their natural deformity; which is, however, esteemed very ornamental among them; and I believe they suffer a good deal of pain by it.

About six miles from Tunis we saw the remains of that noble aqueduct, which carried the water to Carthage over several high mountains, the length of forty miles. There are still many arches entire. We spent two hours viewing it with great attention, and Mr. Wortley assured me that of Rome is very much inferior to it. The stones are of a prodigious size, and yet all polished, and so exactly fitted to each other,

very little cement has been made use of to join them. Yet they may probably stand a thousand years longer, if art is not made use of to pull them down. Soon after daybreak I arrived at Tunis, a town fairly built of very white stone, but quite without gardens, which, they say, were all destroyed when the Turks first took it, none having been planted since. The dry sand gives a very disagreeable prospect to the eye; and the want of shade contributing to the natural heat of the climate, renders it so excessive, that I have much ado to support it. It is true here is every noon the refreshment of the sea breeze, without which it would be impossible to live; but no fresh water but what is preserved in the cisterns of the rains that fall in the month of September. The women of the town go veiled from head to foot under a black crape; and, being mixed with a breed of renegadoes, are said to be many of them fair and handsome. This city was besieged in 1270, by Louis king of France, who died under the walls of it of a pestilential fever. After his death, Philip, his son, and our Prince Edward, son of Henry III. raised the siege on honourable terms. It remained under its natural African kings, till betrayed into the hands of Barbarossa, admiral of Solyman the Magnificent. The Emperor Charles V. expelled Barbarossa, but it was recovered by the Turk, under the conduct of Sinan Pashá, in the reign of Selim II. From that time till now it has remained tributary to the grand-signior, governed by a *bey*, who suffers the name of subject to the Turk, but has renounced the subjection, being absolute, and very seldom paying any tribute. The great city of Bagdat

is at this time in the same circumstances; and the grand-signior connives at the loss of these dominions, for fear of losing even the titles of them.

I went very early yesterday morning (after one night's repose) to see the ruins of Carthage.—I was, however, half broiled in the sun, and overjoyed to be led into one of the subterranean apartments, which they called "The stables of the elephants," but which I cannot believe were ever designed for that use. I found in them many broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and some of porphyry. I cannot think any body would take the insignificant pains of carrying them thither, and I cannot imagine such fine pillars were designed for the use of stables. I am apt to believe they were summer apartments under their palaces, which the heat of the climate rendered necessary: they are now used as granaries by the country people. While I sat here, from the town of *Tents*, not far off, many of the women flocked in to see me, and we were equally entertained with viewing one another. Their posture in sitting, the colour of their skin, their lank black hair falling on each side their faces, their features, and the shape of their limbs, differ so little from their country people the baboons, it is hard to fancy them a distinct race; I could not help thinking there had been some ancient alliances between them.

When I was a little refreshed by rest, and some milk and exquisite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once stood the castle of Byrsa, and from thence I had a distinct view of the situation of the famous city of Carthage, which stood on an

isthmus, the sea coming on each side of it. It is now a marshy ground on one side, where there are salt ponds. Strabo calls Carthage forty miles in circumference. There are now no remains of it, but what I have described; and the history of it is too well known to want my abridgment of it. You see, sir, that I think you esteem obedience better than compliments. I have answered your letter, by giving you the accounts you desired, and have reserved my thanks to the conclusion. I intend to leave this place to-morrow, and continue my journey through Italy and France. In one of those places I hope to tell you, by word of mouth, that I am,

Your humble servant, &c. &c.

L.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Genoa, Aug. 28, O. S. 1718.

I BEG your pardon, my dear sister, that I did not write to you from Tunis, the only opportunity I have had since I left Constantinople. But the heat there was so excessive, and the light so bad for the sight, I was half blind by writing one letter to the Abbé \*\*\*, and durst not go to write many others I had designed; nor, indeed, could I have entertained you very well out of that barbarous country. I am now surrounded with subjects of pleasure, and so much charmed with the beauties of Italy, that I should

think it a kind of ingratitude not to offer a little praise in return for the diversion I have had here. I am in the house of Mrs. d'Avenant, at St. Pierre d'Arena, and should be very unjust not to allow her a share of that praise I speak of, since her good humour and good company have very much contributed to render this place agreeable to me.

Genoa is situated in a very fine bay; and being built on a rising hill, intermixed with gardens, and beautified with the most excellent architecture, gives a very fine prospect off at sea; though it lost much of its beauty in my eyes, having been accustomed to that of Constantinople. The Genoese were once masters of several islands in the Archipelago, and ail that part of Constantinople which is now called Galata. Their betraying the Christian cause, by facilitating the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, deserved what has since happened to them, even the loss of all their conquests on that side to those infidels. They are at present far from rich, and are despised by the French, since their doge was forced by the late king to go in person to Paris, to ask pardon for such a trifle as the arms of France over the house of the envoy being spattered with dung in the night. This, I suppose, was done by some of the Spanish faction, which still makes up the majority here, though they dare not openly declare it. The ladies affect the French habit, and are more genteel than those they imitate. I do not doubt but the custom of cecisbeos has very much improved their airs. I know not whether you ever heard of those animals. Upon my word, nothing but my own eyes could have

convinced me there were any such upon earth. The fashion began here, and is now received all over Italy, where the husbands are not such terrible creatures as we represent them. There are none among them such brutes as to pretend to find fault with a custom so well established, and so politically founded, since I am assured that it was an expedient first found out by the senate, to put an end to those family hatreds which tore their state to pieces, and to find employment for those young men who were forced to cut one another's throats *pour passer le temps*; and it has succeeded so well, that, since the institution of *cecisbei*, there has been nothing but peace and good humour among them. These are gentlemen who devote themselves to the service of a particular lady (I mean a married one, for the virgins are all invisible, and confined to convents): they are obliged to wait on her to all public places, such as the plays, operas, and assemblies (which are here called *conversations*), where they wait behind her chair, take care of her fan and gloves if she play, have the privilege of whispers, &c. When she goes out, they serve her instead of lacqueys, gravely trotting by her chair. It is their business to prepare for her a present against any day of public appearance, not forgetting that of her own name\*: in short, they are to spend all their time and money in her service, who rewards them accordingly (for opportunity they want none); but the husband is not to have the impudence to suppose this any other than pure Platonic friendship. It is true, they endeavour to give her a *cecisbeo* of their

\* This is, the day of the saint after whom she is called.



own choosing; but when the lady happens not to be of the same taste, as that often happens, she never fails to bring it about to have one of her own fancy. In former times, one beauty used to have eight or ten of these humble admirers; but those days of plenty and humility are no more: men grow more scarce and saucy; and every lady is forced to content herself with one at a time.

You may see in this place the *glorious liberty* of a republic, or, more properly, an aristocracy, the common people being here as errant slaves as the French; but the old nobles pay little respect to the doge, who is but two years in his office, and whose wife, at that very time, assumes no rank above another noble lady. It is true, the family of Andrea Doria (that great man, who restored them that liberty they enjoy) have some particular privileges: when the senate found it necessary to put a stop to the luxury of dress, forbidding the wearing of jewels and brocades, they left them at liberty to make what expense they pleased. I look with great pleasure on the statue of that hero, which is in the court belonging to the house of Duke Doria. This puts me in mind of their palaces, which I can never describe as I ought. Is it not enough that I say they are, most of them, the design of Palladio? The street called Strada Nova is perhaps the most beautiful line of building in the world. I must particularly mention the vast palaces of Durazzo; those of the two Balbi, joined together by a magnificent colonnade; that of the Imperiale at this village of St. Pierre d'Arena; and another of the Doria. The perfection of architecture, and the utmost profusion of rich furniture, are to be seen here, disposed with the

most elegant taste and lavish magnificence. But I am charmed with nothing so much as the collection of pictures by the pencils of Raphael, Paulo Veronese, Titian, Caracci, Michael Angelo, Guido, and Corregio, which two I mention last as my particular favourites. I own I can find no pleasure in objects of horror; and, in my opinion, the more naturally a crucifix is represented, the more disagreeable it is. These, my beloved painters, show nature, and show it in the most charming light. I was particularly pleased with a Lucretia in the house of Balbi: the expressive beauty of that face and bosom gives all the passion of pity and admiration that could be raised in the soul by the finest poem on that subject. A Cleopatra of the same hand deserves to be mentioned; and I should say more of her, if Lucretia had not first engaged my eyes. Here are also some inestimable ancient bustos. The church of St. Lawrence is built of black and white marble, where is kept that famous plate of a single emerald, which is not now permitted to be handled, since a plot, which they say was discovered, to throw it on the pavement and break it—a childish piece of malice, which they ascribe to the King of Sicily, to be revenged for their refusing to sell it to him. The church of the Annunciation is finely lined with marble, the pillars are of red and white marble; that of St. Ambrose has been very much adorned by the Jesuits; but I confess, all the churches appeared so mean to me, after that of Sancta Sophia, I can hardly do them the honour of writing down their names.—But I hope you will own I have made good use of my time, in seeing so much, since it is not many days that we have been out of the qua-

rantine, from which nobody is exempted coming from the Levant. Ours, indeed, was very much shortened, and very agreeably passed in M. d'Avenant's company, in the village of St. Pierre d'Arèna, about a mile from Genoa, in a house built by Palladio, so well designed, and so nobly proportioned, it was a pleasure to walk in it. We were visited here only by a few English, in the company of a noble Genoese, commissioned to see we did not touch one another. I shall stay here some days longer, and could almost wish it were for all my life; but mine, I fear, is not destined to so much tranquillity.

I am, &c. &c.

## LI.

### TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

Turin, Sept. 12, O. S. 1718.

I CAME in two days from Genoa, through fine roads, to this place. I have already seen what is showed to strangers in the town, which, indeed, is not worth a very particular description; and I have not respect enough for the holy handkerchief to speak long of it. The churches are handsome, and so is the king's palace; but I have lately seen such perfection of architecture, I did not give much of my attention to these pieces. The town itself is fairly built, situated in a fine plain on the banks of the Po. At a little distance from it, we saw the palaces of La Venerie and La Valentin, both very agreeable retreats. We were lodged in the Piazza Royale, which is one of the no-

blest squares I ever saw, with a fine portico of white stone quite round it. We were immediately visited by the Chevalier \*\*\*\*, whom you knew in England; who, with great civility, begged to introduce us at court, which is now kept at Rivoli, about a league from Turin. I went thither yesterday, and had the honour of waiting on the queen, being presented to her by the first lady of honour. I found her majesty in a magnificent apartment, with a train of handsome ladies, all dressed in gowns, among whom it was easy to distinguish the fair princess of Carignan. The queen entertained me with a world of sweetness and affability, and seemed mistress of a great share of good sense. See did not forget to put me in mind of her English blood, and added, that she always felt in herself a particular inclination to love the English. I returned her civility, by giving her the title of majesty as often as I could, which, perhaps, she will not have the comfort of hearing many months longer. The king has a great deal of vivacity in his eyes; and the young Prince of Piedmont is a very handsome young man; but the great devotion which this court is at present fallen into does not permit any of those entertainments proper for his age. Processions and masses are all the magnificence in fashion here; and gallantry is so criminal, that the poor Count of \*\*\*\*, who was our acquaintance at London, is very seriously disgraced, for some small overtures he presumed to make to a maid of honour. I intend to set out tomorrow, and to pass those dreadful Alps, so much talked of. If I come to the bottom you shall hear of me.

I am, &c. &c.

## LII.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Lyons, Sept. 25, O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED, at my arrival here, both your obliging letters, and also letters from many of my other friends, designed to Constantinople, and sent me from Marseilles hither; our merchant there knowing we were upon our return. I am surprised to hear my sister Mar has left England. I suppose what I wrote to her from Turin will be lost, and where to direct I know not, having no account of her affairs from her own hand. For my own part, I am confined to my chamber, having kept my bed, till yesterday, ever since the 17th, that I came to this town; where I have had so terrible a fever, I believed for some time that all my journeys were ended here; and I do not at all wonder that such fatigues as I have passed should have such an effect. The first day's journey, from Turin to Novalesse, is through a very fine country, beautifully planted, and enriched by art and nature. The next day we began to ascend mount Cenis, being carried in little seats of twisted osiers, fixed upon poles upon men's shoulders; our chaises taken to pieces, and laid upon mules.

The prodigious prospect of mountains covered with eternal snow, of clouds hanging far below our feet, and of vast cascades tumbling down the rocks with a confused roaring, would have been entertaining to me, if I had suffered less from the extreme cold that

reigns here : but the misty rains, which fall perpetually, penetrated even the thick fur I was wrapped in ; and I was half dead with cold before we got to the foot of the mountain, which was not till two hours after dark. This hill has a spacious plain on the top of it, and a fine lake there ; but the descent is so steep and slippery, it is surprising to see these chairmen go so steadily as they do. Yet I was not half so much afraid of breaking my neck, as I was of falling sick ; and the event has showed that I placed my fears right.

The other mountains are now all passable for a chaise, and very fruitful in vines and pastures : among them is a breed of the finest goats in the world. Acquebellet is the last ; and soon after we entered Pont Beauvoisin, the frontier town of France, whose bridge parts this kingdom and the dominions of Savoy. The same night we arrived late at this town, where I have had nothing to do but to take care of my health. I think myself already out of danger, and am determined that the sore throat, which still remains, shall not confine me long. I am impatient to see the curiosities of this famous city, and more impatient to continue my journey to Paris, from whence I hope to write you a more diverting letter than it is possible for me to do now, with a mind weakened by sickness, a head muddled with spleen, from a sorry inn, and a chamber crammed with mortifying objects of apothecaries' vials and bottles.

I am, &c. &c.

## LIII.

## TO MR. POPE.

Lyons, Sept. 28, O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED yours here, and should thank you for the pleasure you seem to enjoy from my return; but I can hardly forbear being angry at you for rejoicing at what displeases me so much. You will think this but an odd compliment on my side. I will assure you it is not from insensibility of the joy of seeing my friends; but when I consider that I must at the same time see and hear a thousand disagreeable impertinents, that I must receive and pay visits, make curtsies, and assist at teatables, where I shall be half killed with questions; and, on the other part, that I am a creature that cannot serve any body but with insignificant good wishes; and that my presence is not a necessary good to any one member of my native country, I think I might much better have staid where ease and quiet made up the happiness of my indolent life. I should certainly be melancholy if I pursued this theme one line further. I will rather fill the remainder of this paper with the inscriptions on the tables of brass that are placed on each side of the town-house.

## I. TABLE.

Mærorum. nostr : : : sii : : : equidem. primam. omnium. illam. cogitationem. hominum. quam. maxime.

primam. occursuram. mihi. provideo. deprecor. ne. quasi. novam. istam. rem. introduci. exhorrescatis. sed. illa. potius. cogitetis. quam. multa. in. hac. civitate. novata. sint. et. quidem. statim. ab. origine. urbis. nostræ. in. quod. formas. statusque. res. p. nostra. diducta. sit.

Quondam. reges. hanc. tenuere. urbem. ne. tamen. domesticis. successoribus. eam. tradere. contigit. supervenere. alieni. et. quidam. externi. ut. Numa. Romulo. successerit. ex. Sabinis. veniens. vicinus. quidem. sed. tunc. externus. ut. Anco. Marcio. Priscus. Tarquinius. propter. temeratum. sanguinem. quod. patre. Demarato. Corinthio. natus. erat. et. Tarquiniensi. matre. generosa. sed. inopi. ut. quæ. tali. marito. necesse. habuerit. succumbere. cum. domi. repellere. tur. a. gerendis. honoribus. postquam. Romam. migravit. regnum. adeptus. est. huic. quoque. et. filio. nepotive. ejus. nam. et. hoc. inter. auctores. discrepat. incretus. Servius. Tullius. si. nostros. sequimur. captiva. natus. Oeresia. si. Tuscos. coeli. quondam. Vivennæ. sodalis. fidelissimus. omnisque. ejus. casus. comes. postquam. varia. fortuna. exactus. cum. omnibus. reliquis. Coeliani. exercitus. Etruria. excessit. Montem. Coelium. occupavit. et. a. duce. suo. Coelio. ita. appellatus. mutatoque. nomine. nam. Tusce. Mastarna. ei. nomen. erat. ita. appellatus. est. ut. dixi. et. regnum. summa. cum. reip. utilitate. obtinuit. deinde. postquam. Tarquini. Superbi. mores. invisit. civitati. nostræ. esse. coeperunt. qua. ipsius. qua. filiorum. ejus. nempe. pertæsum. est. mentes. regni. et. ad. consules. annuos. magistratus. administratio. reip. translata. est.



Quid. nunc. commemorem. dictaturæ. hoc. ipso. consulari. imperium. valentius. repertum. apud. majores. nostros. quo. in. asperioribus. bellis. aut. in. civili. motu. difficiliori. uterentur. aut. in. auxilium. plebis. creatos. tribunos. plebei. quid. a. consulibus. ad. decemviros. translatum. imperium. solutoque. postea. decemvirali. regno. ad. consules. rursus. reditum. quid. im. : : : : v. ris. distributum. consulare. imperium. tribunosque. militum. consulari. imperio. appellatus. qui. seni. et. octoni. crearentur. quid. communicatos. postremo. cum. plebe. honores. non. imperi. solum. sed. sacerdotum. quoque. jamsi. narrem. bella. a. quibus. coeperint. majores. nostri. et. quo. processerimus. vereor. ne. nimio. insolentior. esse. videar. et. quæsisse. jactationem. gloriæ. prolati. imperi. ultra. Oceanum. sed. illo. C. Porius. revertar. civitatem.

## II. TABLE.

· : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : sane : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : :  
 : : novo : : : Divus : Aug : : : no : lus. et. patruus.  
 Ti. Cæsar. omnem. florem. ubique. coloniarum. ac. municipiorum. bonorum. scilicet. virorum. et. locupletium. in. hac. curia. esse. voluit. quid. ergo. non. Italicus. senator. provinciali. potior. est. jam. vobis. cum. hanc. partem. censuræ. meæ. approbare. coepero. quid. de. ea. re. sentiam. rebus. ostendam. sed. ne. provinciales. quidem. si. modo. ornare. curiam. poterint. rejiciendos. puto.

· Ornatissima. ecce. colonia. valentissimaque. Rienensium. quam. longo. jam. tempore. senatores. huic.

curiæ. confert. ex. qua. colonia. inter. paucos. equestris. ordinis. ornamentum. L. Restinum. familiarissime. diligo. et. hodieque. in. rebus. meis. detineo. cujus. liberi. fruuntur. quæso. primo. sacerdotiorum. gradu. post. modo. cum. annis. promoturi. dignitatis. suæ. incrementa. ut. dirum. nomen. latronis. taceam. et. odi. illud. palestricum. prodiguum. quod. ante. in. domum. consulatum. intulit. quam. colonia. sua. solidum. civitatis. Romanæ. beneficium. consecuta. est. idem. de. fratre. ejus. possum. dicere. miserabili. quidem. indignissimoque. hoc. casu. ut. vobis. utilis. senator. esse. non. possit.

Tempus. est. jam. Ti. Cæsar. Germanice. detegere. te. Patribus. Conscriptis. quo. tendat. oratio. tua. jam. enim. ad. extremos. fines. Galliæ. Narbonensis. venisti.

Tot. ecce. insignes. juvenes. quot. intueor. non. magis. sunt. poenitendi. senatorib. quam. poenitet. Persicum. nobilissimum. virum. amicum. meum. inter. imagines. majorum. suorum. Allobrogici. nomen. legere. quod. si. hæc. ita. esse. consentitis. quid. ultra. desideratis. quam. ut. vobis. digito. demonstrarem. solum. ipsum. ultra. fines. provinciæ. Narbonensis. jam. vobis. senatores. mittere. quando. ex. Lugduno. habere. nos. nostri. ordinis. viros. non. poenitet. timide. quidem. P. C. egressus. adsuetos. familiaresque. vobis. provinciarum. terminos. sum. sed. destricte. jam. Comatæ. Galliæ. causa. agenda. est. in. qua. si. quis. hoc. intuetur. quod. bello. Per. decem. annos. exercuerunt. Divom. Julium. idem. opponat. centum. annorum. immobilem. fidem. obsequiumque. multis. tripidis. rebus. nostris. plusquam. expertum. illi. patri. meo. Druso. Germaniam. subigenti. tutam. quiete.

sua. securamque. a. tergo. pacem. præstiterunt. et. quidem. cum. ad. census. novo. tum. opere. et. in. adsueto. Galliis. ad. bellum. avocatus. esset. quod. opus. quam. arduum. sit. nobis. nunc. cum. maxime. quamvis. nihil. ultra. quam. ut. publice. notæ. sint. facultates. nostræ. exquiratur. nimis. magno. experimento. cognoscimus.

I was also showed, without the gate of St. Justinus, some remains of a Roman aqueduct; and behind the monastery of St. Mary there are the ruins of the imperial palace where the Emperor Claudius was born, and where Severus lived. The great cathedral of St. John is a good Gothic building, and its clock much admired by the Germans. In one of the most conspicuous parts of the town is the late king's statue set up, trampling upon mankind. I cannot forbear saying one word here of the French statues (for I never intend to mention any more of them) with their gilded full-bottomed wigs. If their king had intended to express, in one image, *ignorance*, *ill taste*, and *vanity*, his sculptors could have made no other figure so proper for that purpose as this statue, which represents the odd mixture of an old beau, who had a mind to be a hero, with a bushel of curled hair on his head, and a gilt truncheon in his hand. The French have been so voluminous on the history of this town, I need say nothing of it. The houses are tolerably well built, and the Belle Cour well planted, from whence is seen the celebrated joining of the Saone and Rhone,

“Ubi Rhodanus ingens amne prærapido fluit,  
Ararque dubitans quo suos fluctus agat.”

I have had time to see every thing with great leisure, having been confined several days to this town by a swelling in my throat, the remains of a fever, occasioned by a cold I got in the damp of the Alps. The doctors here threaten me with all sorts of distempers, if I dare to leave them; but I, that know the obstinacy of it, think it just as possible to continue my way to Paris with it, as to go about the streets of Lyons; and am determined to pursue my journey tomorrow, in spite of doctors, apothecaries, and sore throats.

When you see Lady Rich, tell her I have received her letter, and will answer it from Paris, believing that the place that she would most willingly hear of.

I am, &c. &c.

#### LIV.

#### TO THE LADY RICH.

Paris, Oct. 10, O. S. 1718.

I CANNOT give my dear Lady Rich a better proof of the pleasure I have in writing to her, than choosing to do it in this seat of various amusements, where I am *accablée* with visits, and those so full of vivacity and compliments, that it is full employment enough to hearken, whether one answers or not. The French embassadress at Constantinople has a very considerable and numerous family here, who all come to see me, and are never weary of making inquiries. The air of Paris has already had a good effect upon me;

for I was never in better health, though I have been extremely ill all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me; which did not want that addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the godlike attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of France show nothing else. While the posthorses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved faces, and thin tattered clothes, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition. This is all the French magnificence till you come to Fontainebleau, when you are showed one thousand five hundred rooms in the king's hunting palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembering. The long gallery, built by Henry IV. has prospects of all the king's houses. Its walls are designed after the taste of those times, but appear now very mean. The park is, indeed, finely wooded and watered, the trees well grown and planted, and in the fish ponds are kept tame carp, said to be, some of them, eighty years of age. The late king passed some months every year at this seat; and all the rocks round it, by the pious sentences inscribed on them, show the devotion in fashion at his court, which I believe died with him; at least, I see no exterior marks of it at Paris, where all people's thoughts seem to be on present diversion.

The fair of St. Lawrence is now in season. You may be sure I have been carried thither, and think it much better disposed than ours of Bartholomew.

The shops being all set in rows so regularly and well lighted, they made up a very agreeable spectacle. But I was not at all satisfied with the *grossiereté* of their harlequin, no more than with their music at the opera, which was abominably grating, after being used to that of Italy. Their house is a booth, compared to that of the Haymarket, and the play-house not so neat as that of Lincoln's Inn Fields; but then it must be owned, to their praise, their tragedians are much beyond any of ours. I should hardly allow Mrs. O\*\*\*\*d a better place than to be confidante to La\*\*\*. I have seen the tragedy of Bajazet so well represented, that I think our best actors can be only said to speak, but these to feel; and it is certainly infinitely more moving to see a man appear unhappy, than to hear him say that he is so, with a jolly face, and a stupid smirk in his countenance.—*A-propos* of countenances, I must tell you something of the French ladies; I have seen all the beauties, and such——(I cannot help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe, that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled. It is with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen: and if I was writing to any body else, I should say that these grotesque daubers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear

Lady Rich's auburn hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion.

I am, &c. &c.

P. S. I have met the Abbé here, who desires me to make his compliments to you.

LV.

TO MR. T \* \* \*.

Paris, Oct. 16. O. S. 1718.

You see I am just to my word, in writing to you from Paris, where I was very much surprised to meet my sister; I need not add, very much pleased. She as little expected to see me as I her (having not received my late letters); and this meeting would shine under the hand of De Scuderie; but I shall not imitate his style so far as to tell you how often we embraced; how she inquired by what odd chance I returned from Constantinople? And I answered her by asking what adventure brought her to Paris? To shorten the story, all questions and answers, and exclamations, and compliments, being over, we agreed upon running about together, and have seen Versailles, Trianon, Marli, and St. Cloud. We had an order for the water to play for our diversion, and I was followed thither by all the English at Paris. I own Versailles appeared to me rather vast than beautiful; and after having seen the exact proportions of the Italian buildings, I thought the irregularity of it shocking.

The king's cabinet of antiques and medals is, indeed, very richly furnished. Among that collection none pleased me so well as the apotheosis of Germanicus, on a large agate, which is one of the most delicate pieces of the kind that I remember to have seen. I observed some ancient statues of great value. But the nauseous flattery, and tawdry pencil of Le Brun, are equally disgusting in the gallery. I will not pretend to describe to you the great apartment, the vast variety of fountains, the theatre, the grove of Æsop's fables, &c. all which you may read very amply particularized in some of the French authors that have been paid for these descriptions. 'Trianon, in its littleness, pleased me better than Versailles: Marli better than either of them; and St. Cloud best of all; having the advantage of the Seine running at the bottom of the gardens, the great cascade, &c. You may find information in the aforesaid books, if you have any curiosity to know the exact number of the statues, and how many feet they cast up the water.

We saw the king's pictures in the magnificent house of the Duke d'Antin, who has the care of preserving them till his majesty is of age. There are not many, but of the best hands. I looked with great pleasure on the archangel of Raphael, where the sentiments of superior beings are as well expressed as in Milton. You will not forgive me if I say nothing of the Tuileries, much finer than our Mall; and the Cour, more agreeable than our Hyde-park, the high trees giving shade in the hottest season. At the Louvre I had the opportunity of seeing the king, accompanied by the duke regent. He is tall and well shaped, but has not the air of holding the crown so



many years as his grandfather. And now I am speaking of the court, I must say I saw nothing in France that delighted me so much as to see an Englishman (at least a Briton) absolute at Paris; I mean Mr. Law\*, who treats their dukes and peers extremely *de haut en bas*, and is treated by them with the utmost submission and respect.—Poor souls!—This reflection on their abject slavery puts me in mind of the *place des victoires*; but I will not take up your time and my own with such descriptions, which are too numerous.

In general, I think Paris has the advantage of London, in the neat pavement of the streets, and the regular lighting of them at nights, and in the proportion of the streets, the houses being all built of stone, and most of those belonging to people of quality, being beautified by gardens. But we certainly may boast of a town very near twice as large; and when I have said that, I know nothing else we surpass it in. I shall not continue here long; if you have any thing to command me during my short stay, write soon, and I shall take pleasure in obeying you.

I am, &c. &c.

\* Mr. Law was the projector of the Mississippi scheme, and the colonisation of Louisiana, similar in its plan and event to our South Sea bubble.

## LVI.

## TO THE ABBOT \* \* \*.

Dover, Oct. 31, O. S. 1718.

I AM willing to take your word for it, that I shall really oblige you, by letting you know, as soon as possible, my safe passage over the water. I arrived this morning at Dover, after being tossed a whole night in the packet-boat, in so violent a manner, that the master, considering the weakness of his vessel, thought it proper to remove the mail, and give us notice of the danger. We called a little fishing boat, which could hardly make up to us; while all the people on board us were crying to Heaven. It is hard to imagine one's self in a scene of greater horror than on such an occasion; and yet, shall I own it to you? though I was not at all willing to be drowned, I could not forbear being entertained at the double distress of a fellow passenger. She was an English lady that I had met at Calais, who desired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had bought a fine point-head, which she was contriving to conceal from the custom-house officers. When the wind grew high and our little vessel cracked, she fell very heartily to her prayers, and thought wholly of her soul. When it seemed to abate, she returned to the worldly care of her headdress, and addressed herself to me—  
“Dear madam, will you take care of this point? if it should be lost!—Ah, Lord, we shall all be lost!—

Lord have mercy on my soul!—Pray, madam, take care of this headdress.” This easy transition from her soul to her headdress, and the alternate agonies that both gave her, made it hard to determine which she thought of greatest value. But, however, the scene was not so diverting, but I was glad to get rid of it, and be thrown into the little boat, though with some hazard of breaking my neck. It brought me safe hither; and I cannot help looking with partial eyes on my native land. That partiality was certainly given us by nature, to prevent rambling, the effect of an ambitious thirst after knowledge, which we are not formed to enjoy. All we get by it, is a fruitless desire of mixing the different pleasures and conveniencies which are given to the different parts of the world, and cannot meet in any one of them. After having read all that is to be found in the languages I am mistress of, and having decayed my sight by midnight studies, I envy the easy peace of mind of a ruddy milkmaid, who, undisturbed by doubt, hears the sermon, with humility, every Sunday, not having confounded the sentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain inquiries of the schools, who may be more learned, yet, after all, must remain as ignorant. And, after having seen part of Asia and Africa, and almost made the tour of Europe, I think the honest English squire more happy, who verily believes the Greek wines less delicious than March beer; that the African fruits have not so fine a flavour as golden pippins; that the beca-figuas of Italy are not so well tasted as a rump of beef; and that, in short, there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of Old England. I pray God I may think so for the

rest of my life; and, since I must be contented with our scanty allowance of daylight, that I may forget the enlivening sun of Constantinople.

I am, &c. &c.

## LVII.

## MR. POPE TO LADY MONTAGU.

September 1.

MADAM,

I HAVE been (what I never was till now) in debt to you for a letter some weeks. I was informed you were at sea, and that it was to no purpose to write till some news had been heard of your arriving somewhere or other. Besides I have had a second dangerous illness, from which I was more diligent to be recovered than from the first, having now some hopes of seeing you again. If you make any tour in Italy, I shall not easily forgive you for not acquainting me soon enough to have met you there. I am very certain I can never be polite unless I travel with you: and it is never to be repaired, the loss that Homer has sustained, for want of my translating him in Asia. You will come hither full of criticisms against a man who wanted nothing to be in the right but to have kept you company; you have no way of making me amends, but by continuing an Asiatic when you return to me, whatever English airs you may put on to other people.

I prodigiously long for your sonnets, your remarks,

your oriental learning;—but I long for nothing so much as your oriental self. You must of necessity be *advanced* so far *back* into true nature and simplicity of manners, by these three years' residence in the East, that I shall look upon you as so many years younger than you were, so much nearer innocence (that is, truth) and infancy (that is, openness). I expect to see your soul as much thinner dressed as your body; and that you have left off, as unwieldy and cumbersome, a great many European habits. Without offence to your modesty be it spoken, I have a burning desire to see your soul stark naked, for I am confident it is the prettiest kind of white soul in the universe. But I forget whom I am talking to; you may possibly by this time believe, according to the prophet, that you have none; if so, show me that which comes next to a soul; you may easily put it upon a poor ignorant Christian for a soul, and please him as well with it;—I mean your heart;—Mahomet, I think, allows you hearts; which (together with fine eyes and other equivalents) are worth all the souls on this side the world. But if I must be content with seeing your body only, God send it to come quickly: I honour it more than the diamond casket that held Homer's Iliads; for in the very twinkle of one eye of it there is more wit, and in the very dimple of one cheek of it there is more meaning, than all the souls that ever were casually put into women since men had the making of them.

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my

Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet, of the other Sarah Drew. John was a well set man of about five-and-twenty, Sarah a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July), a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose and drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair;

—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire; where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better; I think it was what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,  
 On the same pile their faithful fair expire;  
 Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,  
 And blasted both that it might neither wound.  
 Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleased,  
 Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized.

## 1.

Think not, by rigorous judgment seized,  
 A pair so faithful could expire;  
 Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleased,  
 And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

## 2.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate:  
 When God calls virtue to the grave,  
 Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,  
 Mercy alike to kill or save.  
 'Virtue unmoved can hear the call,  
 And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I cannot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another,—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue; the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

But when you are reflecting upon objects of pity, pray do not forget one who had no sooner found out an object of the highest esteem, than he was separated from it; and who is so very unhappy as not to be susceptible of consolation from others, by being so miserably in the right as to think other women what they really are. Such a one cannot but be desperately fond of any creature that is quite different from these. If the Circassian be utterly void of such honour as these have, and such virtue as these boast of, I am content. I had detested the sound of *honest woman*, and *loving spouse*, ever since I heard the pretty name of *Odaliche*. Dear Madam, I am for ever  
Yours, &c.

My most humble services to Mr. Wortley. Pray let me hear from you soon, though I shall very soon write again. I am confident half our letters are lost.



LVIII.

TO MR. POPE.



Dover, Nov. 1, O. S. 1718.

I HAVE this minute received a letter of yours, sent me from Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you and Mr. Congreve; but as I am here in an inn, where we stay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I shall employ some of my leisure time in answering that part of yours that seems to require an answer.

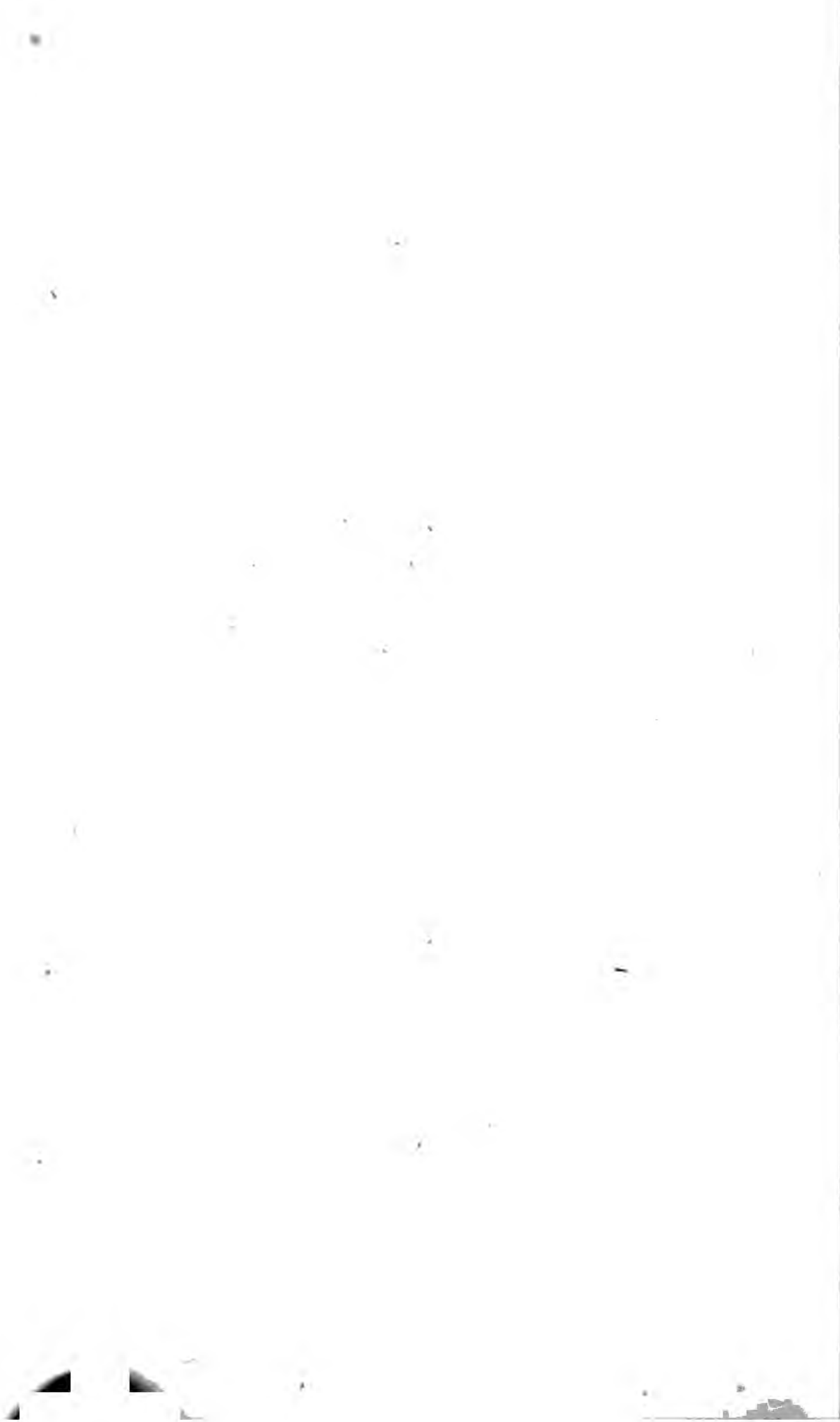
I must applaud your good nature, in supposing, that your pastoral lovers (vulgarly called haymakers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine that John Hughes and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking, that had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from the storm was a natural action, and what he would have certainly done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion, that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reprov'd for thinking a village destroyed by fire more wicked than those that had escaped the thunder. Time and chance

happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill in an epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more just, though not so poetical as yours.

Here lie John Hughes and Sarah Drew ;  
Perhaps you'll say, what's that to you ?  
Believe me, friend, much may be said  
On this poor couple that are dead.  
On Sunday next they should have married ;  
But see how oddly things are carried !  
On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd ;  
These tender lovers, sadly frighten'd,  
Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay,  
In hopes to pass the time away ;  
But the bold thunder found them out  
(Commission'd for that end no doubt),  
And, seizing on their trembling breath,  
Consign'd them to the shades of death.  
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done ?  
For had they seen the next year's sun,  
A beaten wife and cuckold swain  
Had jointly cursed the marriage chain ;  
Now they are happy in their doom,  
For Pope has wrote upon their tomb.

I confess these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours ; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honour you have done them ; though I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid *living* humble servant, than be *celebrated* by all the pens in Europe.

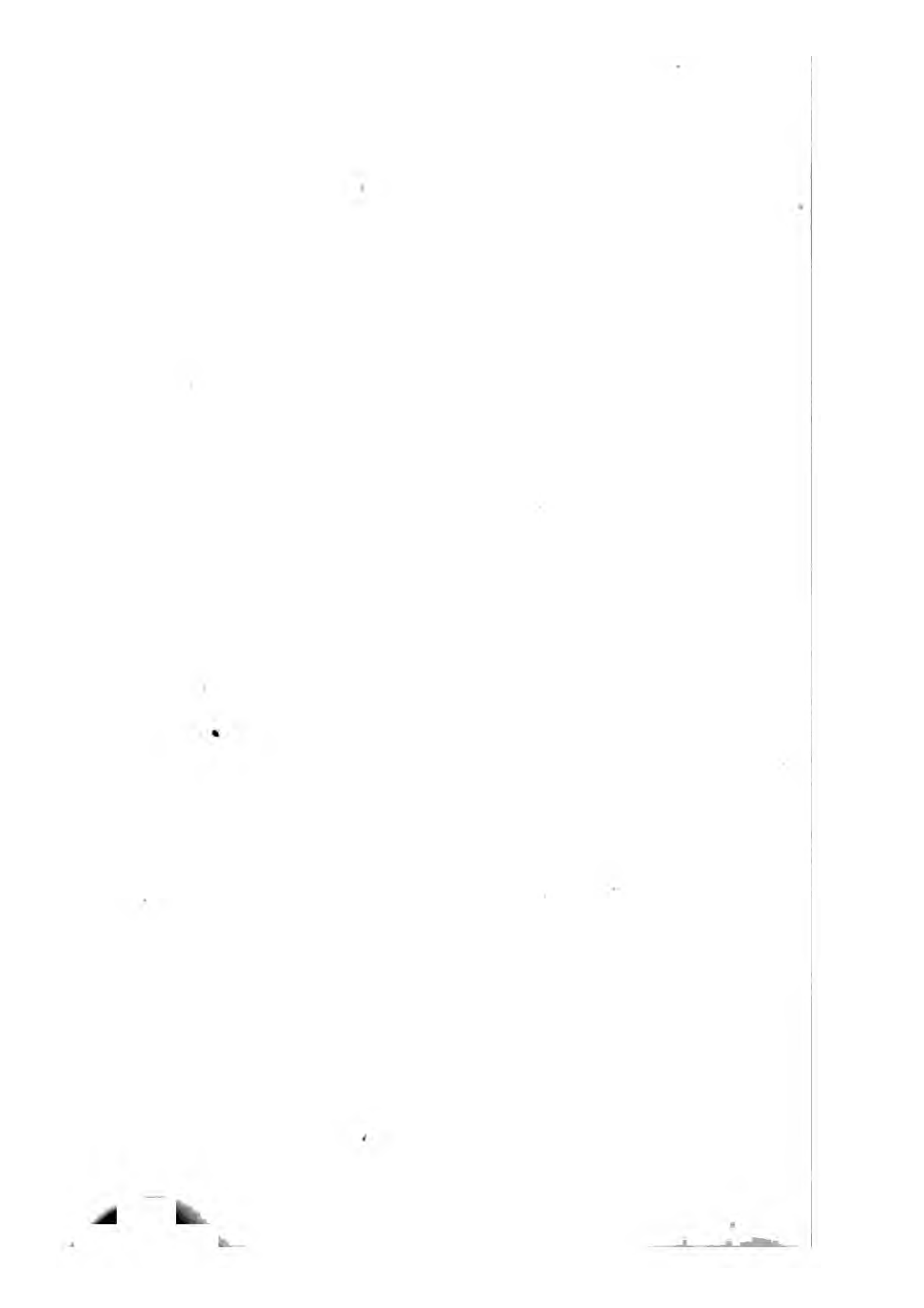
I would write to Congreve, but suppose you will read this to him, if he inquires after me.



# LETTERS

WRITTEN PREVIOUS TO

**THE EMBASSY TO CONSTANTINOPLE.**



# LETTERS.

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LIX.

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.

LX.

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 ——?

\* Mrs. —— was at that time the regular address to those unmarried ladies, who had completed their education.—See *Spectator*, &c.

## LXI.

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 danger 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 falter 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 show you it is possible for me to forbear what I have a mind to, when I know it is



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.

## LXII.

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 ter-

rible uneasiness; and let me beg you for the future, if you do not receive letters very constantly from me, imagine the postboy 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 choosing 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 impertinences 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 opi-

nions 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 doted on shells, pebbles, and hobbyhorses. 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 show 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.

### LXIII.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

August 21, 1709.

WHEN I said it cost nothing to write tenderly, I believe I spoke of another sex; I am sure not of myself: it is 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 will 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 showing 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 will give you as serious an answer as if it was 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 do not 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, it is 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 will not send this dull, tedious, insipid, long letter to Mrs. Wortley, will you? it is 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 them to be good, and then—I act quite contrary: no consideration can hinder me from telling you, my dear, dear Mrs. Wortley, nobody was ever so entirely, so faithfully yours, as

M. PIERREPONT.

I put in your lovers, for I do not 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 will have it:—you see I forgot your judgment, to depend upon your goodness.

## LXIV.

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 choose 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 am in love: if I am, it is a perfect sin of ignorance, for I do not 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 in Thoresby, 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. It is 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 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 it is most proper to walk in the woods, increasing 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; it is 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 it is 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, &c.

This letter is a good deal grave, and, like other grave things, dull; but I will not ask pardon for what I cannot help.

## LXV.

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. Do not tell me any body ever had so mean an opinion of my inclinations; it is 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, it is 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 confidant in that case: I will assure you, I call it the greatest secret of my life. Adieu, my dear, the post stays; my next shall be longer.

## LXVI.

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. M\*\*\* 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.

## LXVII.

TO THE LORD BISHOP OF SALISBURY  
(DR. GILBERT BURNET),

With her Translation of Epictetus.

July 20, 1710.

MY LORD,

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 impertinences, 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 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 excess 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, "*Femina 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, rebels 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, it 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 now speak from my own knowledge and conversation among them, there are more atheists 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 the other extreme.

I have made my excuses already too long, and will conclude in the words of Erasmus : " *Vulgus sentit quod lingua Latina non convenit feminis, quia parum acit ad tuendam illarum pudicitiam, quoniam rarum et insolitum est, feminam scire Latinam, attamen consuetudo omnium malarum rerum magistra. Deorum est feminam in Germaniâ natam discere Gallice, ut loquatur cum his qui sciunt Gallice : cur igitur habetur indecorum discere Latine, ut quotidie confabuletur cum tot auctoribus tam facundis, tam eruditis, tam sapientibus, tam fidis consultoribus ? Certe mihi quantumcunque cerebri est, malim in bonis studiis consumere, quam in precibus sine mente dictis, in pernoctibus conviviis, in exhaustis capacibus pareris,*" &c.

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

Your lordship's

Most respectful and obliged.

LXVIII.

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 sunshiny 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 cannot forbear entertaining you with our York lovers. (Strange monsters you will 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 dulness, has inspired him with a passion that makes us all ready to die with laughing: it is 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. It is certain he keeps Monday and Thursday market (*assembly* day) constantly; and for those that do not regard worldly muck, there is 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. Yarborough: 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 proportion 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.

### LXIX.

#### 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.

## LXX.

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 Thoresby. 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.

## LXXI.

TO E. W. 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 will 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 would 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 cannot 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, it is 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 of it. 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.

## LXXII.

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 than myself ! In placing their happiness in trifles, they have placed it in what is attainable. I fondly thought fine clothes and gilt coaches, balls, operas, and public adoration, rather the fatigues of life ; and that true happiness was justly defined by Mr. Dryden (pardon the romantic air of repeating verses) when he says,

Whom Heaven would bless it does from pomp remove,  
And makes their wealth in privacy and love.

These notions had corrupted my judgment as much as that of Mrs. Bidly Tipkin's. 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 tenderness and the happiness of friendship; but I find it is not in me you will 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 will show 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 will 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 will 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.

## LXXIII.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

I THOUGHT to return no answer to your letter, but I find I am not so wise as 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 showed, 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 recompense 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 show 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?

## LXXIV.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

I HAVE this minute received your two letters. I know not how to direct to you, whether to London or the country; or, if in the country, to Durham or Wortley. It is very likely you will 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 it is 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 the other. One part of my character is not so good, nor the 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 do not 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 it is 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, it is 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, it is 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 increase 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 choose to live in a crowd: 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. It is not to me you must make the proposals: if not, to what purpose is our correspondence?

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 will see a conduct you would not be sorry your wife should imitate.

## LXXV.

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 do



not 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.

## LXXVI.

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 surprised 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 show 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 immoveable 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, it is only where they are ill used. It was 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 cannot help the vanity of thinking, should you try them all, you will not find one that will be so sincere in their treatment, though a thousand more deserving, and every one happier. It is 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 it is possible for me to do ; that is, to give you a fair occasion of being rid of me.

## LXXVII.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

29th March.

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.

It is 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 entire 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 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 it is 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.

## LXXVIII.

MR. MONTAGU 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 cannot find it out, that you are going to be unhappy, ask your sister, who agrees with you in every thing else, and she will convince you of your rashness in this. She knows you do not 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 disoblige 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, Hyde 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 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 me. Last night you were much upon the reserve: I see you can never be thoroughly intimate with me; it is 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 do not speak plain, do you understand what I write! Tell me how to mend the style, 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

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

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.

## LXXIX.

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 it is the touchstone of sense, and they are to frame their judgment of people's understanding 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 it is 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.



## LXXX.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Written after her marriage.

Walling Wells, Oct. 22.

I DO not know very well how to begin: I am perfectly unacquainted with a proper matrimonial style. After all, I think it is 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 do not 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 Bidy, 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 do not know whether you will presently find out that this seeming impertinent account is the tenderest expression 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 it is 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.

It is candlelight, or I should not conclude so soon. Pray, my love, begin at the top and read till you come to the bottom.

## LXXXI.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Your short letter came to me this morning; but I will not 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

\* Gervase Pierrepont, created Baron Pierrepont, of Hanslope, 1714; great uncle of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, being at that time an Irish Baron.

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 will think it very proper to pay him a visit, if he is in town, and give him thanks for the good offices you hear he has endeavoured to do me, unasked. If his kindness is sincere, it is 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 Halifax, 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 love, 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 will 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 cannot 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 *Mediator*. The terrace is my place consecrated to meditation, which I observe to be gay or grave as the sun shows 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.

## LXXXII.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

December 9, 1711.

I AM not at all surprised at my aunt Cheyne's conduct: people are very seldom 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. It is 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 do not 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,

## LXXXIII.

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 Bishophthorp 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 illuminations, 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: it is 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 at all. I dare say, after the zeal the archbishop has showed, they will 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 Aldburgh, 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 do not doubt will be of my opinion), that it is 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 it is worth any expense or bustle to be in it, for so short a time.

## LXXXIV.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

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 expense. I am sorry you had not opportunity of paying Lord 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.

## LXXXV.

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 surprised 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, it is 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 is a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost; people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still thrusting 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, sees a thousand get in before him, that do not make so good a figure as himself.

I do not 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.

## LXXXVI.

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 do not 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. It is impos-

sible 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 chosen by your country is more honourable than holding any place from any king.

## LXXXVII.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

I CANNOT imagine why you should desire that I should not be glad, though from 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.

## LXXXVIII.

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 surprised you do not mention where you mean to stand. Despatch, in things of this nature, if it is not a secu-

rity, 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 Aldburgh, 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, it is the most expensive and uncertain place you can stand at. It is surprising 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. Jessop with his Newark interest, and let you come in at Aldburgh.

## LXXXIX.

TO E. 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 track; and whoever is not employed by the public, 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 it is 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 do not doubt, is already taken.

## XC.

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, it is 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 deposit 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 inquire after Lord Lexington's interest; and your best way to apply to Lord Holderness, who is both a Whig and an honest man. He is now in town, and you may inquire 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 Holderness.

It is a surprise to me, that you cannot make sure of some borough, when a number of your friends bring in so many parliament men without trouble or expense. It is 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 bed-chamber 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 do not think fit to place women about her with a little common sense.

**LETTERS**

TO

**MRS. HEWET.**



**THE** following letters to Mrs. Hewet are not from Lord Bute's Collection : they were communicated by a lady, who received them from Lady Wastneys, relict of Sir Hardolph Wastneys, of Headon Hall, to whom they had been bequeathed, with other papers.

Mrs. afterward Lady Hewet, was the youngest daughter of Richard Bettinson, Esq. by Albina, daughter and co-heir of Edward Cecil, Lord Viscount Wimbleton. She married Mr. T. Hewet, who was surveyor general of his majesty's woods and works. He was knighted in 1719 and was settled at Shireoaks, in Nottinghamshire, where he died in 1726. His lady long survived him, and was remarkable for her accomplishments and beauty, which she retained to an extreme old age.

These Letters were chiefly written by Lady M. Pierrepont, about two years previously to her marriage. They exhibit a lively portrait of the manners of a young woman of quality at the beginning of the last century, and have the many characteristics of genius and spirit which she discovered in the earliest period of her life.

# LETTERS.

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XCI.

TO MRS. HEWET.

IT is so long since I had a letter from dear Mrs. Hewet, I should think her no longer in the land of the living, if Mr. Resingade did not assure me he was happier than I, and had heard of your health from your own hand, which makes me fancy that my last miscarried, and perhaps you are blaming me at the same time that you are thinking me neglectful of you. Apropos of Mr. Resingade—we are grown such good friends, I assure you, that we write Italian letters to each other, and I have the pleasure of talking to him of Madame Hewet. He told me he would send you the two *tomes* of Madame de Nöyer's Memoirs. I fancy you will find yourself disappointed in them, for they are horridly grave and insipid: and, instead of the gallantry you might expect, they are full of dull morals. I was last Thursday at the new Opera, and saw Nicolini strangle a lion with great gallantry. But he represented nakedness so naturally, I was surprised to see those ladies stare at him

without any confusion, that pretend to be so violently shocked at a poor *double entendre* or two in a comedy, which convinced me that those prudes who would cry *fie! fie!* at the word *naked*, have no scruples about the thing. The marriage of Lord Willoughby goes on, and he swears he will bring the lady down to Nottingham races. How far it may be true, I cannot tell. By what fine gentlemen say, you know it is not easy to guess at what they mean. The lady has made an acquaintance with me after the manner of Pyramus and Thisbe, I mean over a wall three yards high, which separates our garden from Lady Guildford's. The young ladies had found out a way to pull out two or three bricks, and so climb up and hang their chins over the wall, where we, mounted on chairs, used to have many *belles conversations à la dérobée* for fear of the old mother. This trade continued several days, but fortune seldom permits long pleasures. By long standing on the wall the bricks loosened; and, one fatal morning, down drops Miss Nelly; and, to complete the misfortune, she fell into a little sink, and bruised her poor—self to that terrible degree, she is forced to have surgeon's plasters, and God knows what, which discovered the whole intrigue; and their mamma forbade them ever to visit us, but by the door. Since that time, all our communications have been made in a vulgar manner, visiting in coaches, &c. &c. which took away half the pleasure. You know danger gives a *haut goût* to every thing. This is our secret history—pray let it be so still—but I hope all the world will know that I am most entirely yours, &c.

## XCII.

TO MRS. HEWET.

I HOPE my dear Mrs. Hewet does not believe that I follow my inclination, when I am two or three posts before I return thanks for her most agreeable letters; but in this busy town there is very little time at ones own disposal. My greatest pleasure is at Mrs. Selwyn's; I came from thence just now, and I believe am the only young woman in town that am in my own house at ten o'clock to-night. This is the night of Count Turrucca's ball, to which he has invited a few bare faced, and the whole town *en masque*. I suppose you will have a description of it from some who were at it; I can only give it at second hand, and will therefore say nothing of it. I have begun to learn Italian, and am much mortified I cannot do it of a signior of Monsieur Resingade's recommendation; but it is always the fate of women to obey, and my papa has promised me to a Mr. Cassotti. I am afraid I shall never understand it so well as you do—but *laissons cela*, and talk of somewhat more entertaining.

Next to the great ball, what makes the most noise is the marriage of an old maid, who lives in this street, without a portion, to a man of 7000*l.* *per annum*, and they say 40,000*l.* in ready money. Her equipage and liveries outshine any body's in town. He has presented her with 3000*l.* in jewels; and

never was man more smitten with these charms that had lain invisible for these forty years; but with all his glory, never bride had fewer enviers, the dear beast of a man is so filthy, frightful, odious, and detestable. I would turn away such a footman, for fear of spoiling my dinner, while he waited at table. They were married on Friday, and came to church *en parade* on Sunday. I happened to sit in the pew with them, and had the honour of seeing Mrs. Bride fall fast asleep in the middle of the sermon, and snore very comfortably, which made several women in the church think the bridegroom not quite so ugly as they did before. Envious people say it was all counterfeited to please him, but I believe that to be scandal; for I dare swear nothing but downright necessity could make her miss one word of the sermon. He professes to have married her for her devotion, patience, meekness, and other Christian virtues he observed in her: his first wife (who has left no children) being very handsome, and so good natured, as to have ventured her own salvation to secure his. He has married this lady to have a companion in that paradise where his first has given him a title. I believe I have given you too much of this couple; but they are not to be comprehended in few words.

My dear Mrs. Hewet, remember me, and believe that nothing can put you out of my head.

## XCIII.

TO MRS. HEWET.

Arlington Street.

I DO not doubt, but that before this time, my dear Mrs. Hewet has a thousand times called me ungrateful, and has often repented of the many kindnesses she has done me in the country. *Les apparences sont trompeuses*—I am as much your servant as ever, and think of you with the friendship and acknowledgment I owe you. A train of disagreeable events has hindered my having one leisure moment; and at this very time my poor head is distracted with such a variety of *gallimatias*, that I cannot tell you one bit of news. The fire I suppose you have had a long and true account of, though not perhaps that we were raised at three o'clock, and kept waking till five, by the most dreadful sight I ever saw in my life. It was near enough to fright all our servants half out of their senses: however, we escaped better than some of our neighbours. Mrs. Braithwayte, a Yorkshire beauty, who had been but two days married to a Mr. Coleman, ran out of bed *en chemise*, and her husband followed her in his, in which pleasant dress they ran as far as St. James's Street, where they met with a chair, and prudently crammed themselves both into it, observing the rule of dividing the good and bad fortune of this life, resolved to run all hazards together, and ordered the chairman to carry them both away, perfectly representing, both in love and

nakedness, and want of eyes to see that they were naked, our first happy parents. Sunday last I had the pleasure of hearing the whole history from the lady's own mouth.

The next most extraordinary adventure is the famous quarrel between her Grace of Hamilton with Captain Hero; but I suppose you cannot be ignorant of so surprising an event.

Deaths nor marriages I know of none, but Sir Stephen Evans, that hanged himself, and my sister Evelyn, who will be married next week. The post bell rings; my next shall be longer, with some account of your fair family.

#### XCIV.

##### TO MRS. HEWET.

I SUPPOSE my dear Mrs. Hewet has by this time resolved never to think more on so insensible and ungrateful a creature, that could be so long in returning thanks for such a letter, and has repented of past favours. I cannot blame your resentment, appearances are so much against me; and yet I am not so much to blame as you imagine. You expressed a desire of seeing the second part of the *Atalantis*. I had just then sent to London for it, and did not question having it last Saturday. I hoped that a book you had a mind to see might atone for the nothingness of my letter, and was resolved not to send one without the other; but, like an unfortunate projector, as I am, my designs are always followed by disappoint-

ment. Saturday came, and no book; God forgive me, I had certainly wished the lady who was to send it me hanged, but for the hopes it was come by the Nottingham carrier, and then I should have it on Monday; but, after waiting Monday and Tuesday, I find it is not come at all. Now, madam, I do not question your forgiveness, and hope, that when I do not write to Mrs. Hewet, there is some unavoidable cause for my silence. Your news and your book very much diverted me; it is an old, but very pleasant Spanish novel. When we leave this place I am not able to tell you. I have no reason to wish it, but since I cannot see you, that it may be in my power to write you more entertaining letters. I had some last post told me that Lady Essex Saville was going to be married to Lord Lonsdale. I will not swear to the truth of it, for people make no conscience of what they write into the country, and think any thing good enough for poor us. There is another story that I had from a hand I dare depend upon. The Duke of Grafton and Dr. Garth ran a foot match in the Mall, of 200 yards, and the latter, to his immortal glory, beat. I pray God you may not have heard this already. I am promised a cargo of lampoons from the Bath, and if they come safe, you shall share them with me. My dear, dear Mrs. Hewet, could I contribute any way to your diversion, it would be the height of my ambition.



## XCV.

TO MRS. HEWET.

Nov. 12.

You have not then received my letter? Well! I shall run mad. I can suffer any thing rather than that you should continue to think me ungrateful. I think it is the last of pains to be thought criminal, where one most desires to please, as I am sure it is always my wish to dear Mrs. Hewet.

I am very glad you have the second part of the new *Atalantis*; if you have read it, will you be so good as to send it me? and in return, I promise to get you the key to it. I know I can. But do you know what has happened to the unfortunate authoress? People are offended at the liberty she uses in her memoirs, and she is taken into custody. Miserable is the fate of writers; if they are agreeable, they are offensive; and if dull, they starve. I lament the loss of the other parts which we should have had; and have five hundred arguments at my fingers' ends to prove the ridiculousness of those creatures that think it worth while to take notice of what is only designed for diversion. After this, who will dare to give the history of *Angella*? I was in hopes her faint essay would have provoked some better pen to give more elegant and secret memoirs; but now she will serve as a scarecrow to frighten people from attempting any thing but heavy penegyric; and we shall be teased with nothing but heroic poems, with names at length, and false characters, so daubed with

flattery, that they are the severest kind of lampoons, for they both scandalize the writer and the subject, like that vile paper the Tatler.

I believe, madam, you will think I have dwelt too long on this business; but I am in a violent passion about it. My dear Mrs. Hewet, is it impossible you should come here? I would not ask it if I had a coach to wait upon you; but I am not born to have any thing I have a mind to. All the news I know is, that Mrs. Reeves is married to Colonel Sidney (if you know neither of them, I will send you their pictures at full length); and that giddy rake Creswell, to a fortune of 2000*l.* a year. I send you the Bath lampoons—Corinna is Lady Manchester, and the other lady is Mrs. Cartwright, who, they say, has pawned her diamond necklace, to buy Valentine a snuffbox. These wars make men so violent scarce, that these good ladies take up with the shadows of them. This is the sum total of all the news I know, and you see I am willing to divert you all in my power. I fancy the ill spelling of the lampoons will make you laugh more than the verses; indeed I am ashamed for her who wrote them. As soon as possible, be pleased to send me the second part of the *Atalantis*, &c.

## XCVI.

TO MRS. HEWET.

TEN thousand thanks to you for Madame de Nöyer's letters; I wish signor Roselli may be as diverting to you as *she* has been to me. The stories are very extraordinary; but I know not whether she has not

added a few *agrémens* of invention to them ; however, there is some truth. I have been told, in particular, that the history of the fair unfortunate Madame de Barbesierre is so, by people who could not be suspected of romancing. Do not you think that the court of England would furnish stories as entertaining? Say nothing of my malice ; but I cannot help wishing that Madame de Nöyer would turn her thoughts a little that way. I fancy she would succeed better than the authoress of the new *Atalantis*. I am sure I like her method much better, which has, I think, hit that difficult path between the gay and the severe, and is neither too loose, nor affected by pride.

I take an interest in Mr. Selwyn's\* success. In a battle like that, I think it may be called so to come off alive. I should be so sensible of any affliction that could touch you or Mrs. Selwyn, that I may very well rejoice when you have no occasion for any. Adieu, madam. This post has brought me nothing but compliments, without one bit of news. I heard the last, that Lord Stair was wounded. You can tell me whether to believe it or no.

Excuse my dulness ; and be so good as never to read a letter of mine but in one of those minutes when you are entirely alone, weary of every thing, and *inquiète* to think what you should do next. All people who live in the country must have some of those minutes, and I know so well what they are, that I believe even my letters may be welcome, when they are to take them off your hands.

\* Major General William Selwyn, of Matson, in Gloucestershire, who married Albinia Bettinson, Mrs. Hewet's elder sister.

## XCVII.

TO MRS. HEWET.

I HAVE a thousand thanks to give to my dear Mrs. Hewet for her news, and above all, the letter; and I would not have delayed them, but your messenger was in haste, and I was resolved to write you a long scribble. My advices of Saturday say, that a peace will positively be concluded. This comes from the same hand that wrote so contrary on Thursday, and I depend very much on the intelligence. I am charmed with your *correspondante*, for I hope it is a woman; and if it is, I reckon her an honour to our sex. I am in no fear of the reflection you mention; and as I am perfectly innocent, God knows, I am far from thinking I can be suspected. Your news, and no news, I know not what to make of at present. My domestic affairs go on so ill, I want spirits to look abroad. I have got a cold that disables my eyes, and disorders me every way: and after much contestation, I have submitted to take medicine. You see how stupid I am; but I have the oddest jumble of disagreeable things in my head that ever plagued poor mortals; a great cold, a bad peace, people I love in disgrace, sore eyes, the horrid prospect of a civil war, and the thoughts of a filthy potion to take. I believe nobody ever had such a melange before. My companions are your servants. I had forgot the Spectators: one is not worth mentioning; the other is so plain and so good sense, I wonder any body of five years old does not find out that he is in the right.

## XCVIII.

TO MRS. HEWET.

I WOULD have writ long ago to dear Mrs. Hewet but I waited for the good news of saying when I might hope to see you, which I now despair of for this long time. We go, next week, into Wiltshire, which will be quite a new world to us. I was about eight years old when I left it, and have entirely forgot every thing in it. I am sorry we shall not see you, though I am still in hopes we shall return into Nottinghamshire the latter end of the year; but all that is supposals, and I have no ground to believe it, but that I wish it very much. You can expect no news from one who has nothing at present in her head but packing up, and the ideas that naturally come upon going to a place, I may almost say, I never saw, so perfectly have I forgotten it. Be so good, when you see Mrs. Lavenz, to ask her if she received my letter: if she did not, I am sure I must suffer very much in her opinion, and appear very ungrateful, after her inquiry when I was sick. Mrs. Hewet should never talk of being rivalled; there is no such thing as not liking her, or liking any body else better. It is a provoking thing to think, so many tedious years as we have passed at Thoresby, we should always be asunder so many dirty miles; and the first summer you come nearer, I am tossed to the other side of the world, where I do not know so much as one creature, and am afraid I shall not meet with such agreeable neighbours as in Nottinghamshire. But destiny must be followed; and I own, was I to choose

mine, it should never be to stay perpetually in the same place. I should even prefer little storms to an eternal calm; and though I am displeased not to see you, I am not sorry to see a new part of the kingdom.

My dear Mrs. Hewet, preserve me your friendship wherever my fortune carries me, and believe that I am equally in all places yours.

Continue your direction to Arlington-street.

### XCIX.

TO MRS. HEWET.

TILL this minute I was in hopes of waiting on dear Mrs. Hewet before we left the country, which made me defer writing; but now positive orders oblige us to go to-morrow, and the horses must rest to-day, so that this paper must give you thanks for me, for all the many favours which could not have been bestowed on one who could have had a more quick and lasting sense of them. When I am in London, I will certainly send you all that passes, though I fancy you have it from people better both at writing and intelligence.

Mrs. C. whose character you desire to know, is a lady who has made a great noise in the world; but I never thought she would come to make such a figure in it. The lord she has snapped made a lampoon on her last winter. For my part, I never heard her speak in my life. She is generally thought handsome. If Miss Selwyn (as I wish she may) supplies her place, there will be one much handsomer\*.

\* At St. James's, of the bed-chamber.

Amidst the hurry of taking such a journey to-morrow, I am sure you will forgive my letters being no longer: you know people can never leave your company, or writing to you, without regret. Write to me where to direct to you, and direct to me in Arlington-street, near St. James's, London.

## C.

## TO MRS. HEWET.

Most of the neighbours hereabouts have been to see me, but they are very few, and few of those few that are supportable—none agreeable. This part of the world is so different from Nottinghamshire, that I can hardly persuade myself it is in the same kingdom. The men here are all Sylvios, no Myrtillos. If they could express themselves so well, they would say, like him,

“ Mille nimfe darai per una fera  
 Che di melampo mio cacciato fosse  
 Godasi queste gioje  
 Chi n'ha di me piujusto, io non le scuto.”

Though they cannot say it in Italian verse, they often speak to that purpose in English prose over a bottle, insensible of other pleasures than hunting and drinking. The consequence of which is, the poor female part of their family being seldom permitted a coach, or at best but a couple of starved jades, to drag a dirty chariot, their lords and masters having no occasion for such a machine, as their mornings are spent among the hounds, and the nights with as beastly companions, with what liquor they can get in

this country, which is not very famous for good drink. If this management did not hinder me the company of my *she* neighbours, I should regret the absence of the Pastor Fidos, being of the opinion of Sylvia in Tasso,

“ Albrì segne idiletti di l'amore  
Se pur v'e ne l'amor alcun diletto.”

I would fain persuade you to practise your Italian. I fear I shall forget to speak it, for want of somebody to speak it to. Amongst the rest of the advantages I should have in your conversation (if I should be so happy as to be with you), I would endeavour to improve in that polite language. I find you are very busy about politics; we are the same here, particularly in the pulpit, where the parsons would fain become as famous as Sacheverel, and are very sorry that they cannot have the honour of being *tried* too. For my part, I content myself in my humble sphere, am passive in their disputes, and endeavour to study my Italian in peace and quietness. But people mistake very much in placing peace in woods and shades, for I believe solitude puts people out of humour, and makes them disposed to quarrel, or there would not be so many disputes about religion and liberty, by creatures that never understood the first, nor have, or are likely to have, a taste of the latter.

“ Crush'd by the stint of thirty pounds a year.”

CI.

TO MRS. HEWET.

I WOULD willingly return dear Mrs. Hewet something more, for diverting me so well, than dry thanks im-



pertinently expressed. It is reported that Lady Charlotte Finch is to marry Lord Conway, and Lady Margaret Tufton, Lord Brooke\*. Beside the dismal changes of state, this is all I know. I fear I write nonsense; but it happens miraculously to be in a room full of company, and if I omit this opportunity, I know not when I may have another of sending. Mr. Sterne, the *titular* bishop, was last week married to a very pretty woman, Mrs. Bateman, whom he fell in love with for falling backward from her horse\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\* leaping a ditch. Mrs. White, Mrs. Sutton, and Mrs. More, are all with me; and I am so embarrassed with my civilities *tour à tour*, that I have hardly calmness of spirit to tell you, in a composed way, that I am your thankful humble servant.

## CII.

## TO MRS. HEWET.

York, Nov. 1713.

It is not owing either to insensibility or ingratitude, that I have not yet returned my thanks to dear Mrs. Hewet for her obliging letter; but the weakness of my sight will not permit me to express the dictates of my heart, and I am forced to sit by the fireside, and think you a thousand thanks, when I would be putting them upon paper. I rejoice that Lady Harriet has shown some sensibility, as unworthy an object as she has chosen; yet I think it is better than (as I feared she had) dutifully making over all her senses along with her fortune, for the use of her

\* These intended marriages did not take place.

grace; I thought her other faculties as imperfect as that of hearing. I am glad she is not such a stock as I took her to be. I beg your pardon that I must write a letter without news, but I do not know one bit, if it were to stand one instead of my neck yerse. I am here waiting the meeting of the parliament, and am persuaded you will be in London before me; if not, I will endeavour to see you. You talk of the Duke of Leeds—I hear that he has placed his heroic love upon the bright charms of a pewterer's wife; and, after a long amour, and many perilous adventures, has stolen the fair lady, which, in spite of his wrinkles and grandchild, persuade people of his youth and gallantry. You see what stuff I am forced to write, but to such I am compelled, excepting I should entertain you with York loves and piques, which would be as dull to you as what passed at the last wake. It is impossible to laugh at what they do, without having first laughed at what they are.

I am, madam, yours.

This is abrupt; but the post will wait for no man.

### CIII.

TO MRS. HEWET.

Adrianople, April 1, 1717.

I DARE say my dear Mrs. Hewet thinks me the most stupid thing alive, to neglect so agreeable a correspondence; but it has hitherto been utterly out of my power to continue it. I have been hurried up and

down, without intermission, these last eight months, wholly taken up either in going post, or unavoidable court attendance. You know very well how little leisure it is possible to find on either of those employments. I like travelling extremely, and have had no reason to complain of having had too little of it, having now gone through all the Turkish dominions in Europe, not to reckon my journeys through Hungary, Bohemia, and the whole tour of Germany; but those are trifles to this last. I cannot, however (thank God), complain of having suffered by fatigue, either in my own health or that of my family. My son never was better in his life. This country is certainly one of the finest in the world; hitherto all I see is so new to me, it is like a fresh scene of an opera every day. I will not tire you with descriptions of places or manners, which perhaps you have no curiosity for; but only desire you would be so good as to let me hear as oft as you can (which can be no other than very seldom), what passes on your side of the globe. Before you can receive this, you must consider all things as six months old, which now appear new to me. There will be a great field for you to write, if your charity extends so far, as it will be entirely disinterested and free from ostentation (it not being possible for me here to boast of your letters), and it will be very beneficial to your precious soul, which I pray Heaven to put into your head to consider and practise accordingly.

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