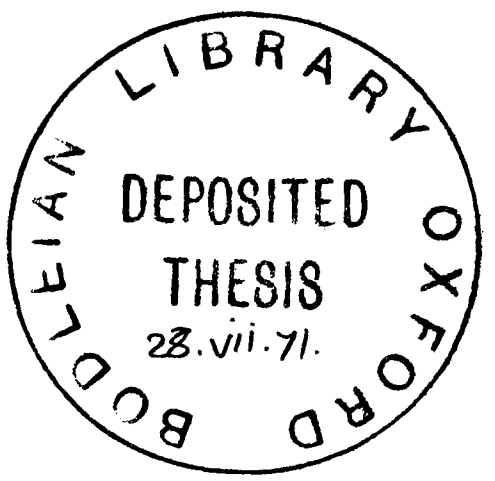
THE

VERSE

OF

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

A CRITICAL EDITION



VOL I

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I. M. G.

ABBREVIATIONS

Titles of books and of Lady Mary's poems are abbreviated after the first reference if immediately recognizable. I have used the standard BM, DNB, OED, and MS; also MLA abbreviations for academic journals. Place of publication is London or Oxford if not specified. 1716, 1747, 1748, 1768, 1803, 1837, and 1861 signify editions of Lady Mary's verse, as enumerated below, pp. 220-9.

Bod.: Bodleian Library.

CB: Lady Mary's Commonplace-Book, manuscript in Fisher Library, University of Sydney, Australia.

Cornell: MS E6004 in Cornell University Library, Ithaca, N.Y.

Delany: Mrs. Delany (Mary Granville), Autobiography and Correspondence..., ed. Lady Llanover. 1861.

Dryden, DW: Dramatic Works, ed. M. Summers. 1931-2.

Dryden's Miscellany: (i) Miscellany Poems....By the most Eminent Hands. 1684; (ii) Sylvae: Or The Second Part of Poetical Miscellanies. 1685; (iii) Examen Poeticum: Being the Third Part of Miscellany Poems....1693; (iv) The Annual Miscellany: For The Year 1694....1694; (v) Poetical Miscellanies. The Fifth Part. 1704; (vi) Poetical Miscellanies: The Sixth Part. 1709.

Gay, Works: Poetical Works, ed. G. C. Faber. 1925.

GM: Gentleman's Magazine.

H MS: Harrowby Manuscripts Trust, Sandon Hall, Stafford.

Halsband: Robert Halsband, The Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. 1956.

Halsband, "Algarotti": "Algarotti as Apollo: His Influence on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu", Friendship's Garland: Essays Presented to Mario Praz on his Seventieth Birthday, ed. V. Gabrieli (Storia e letterature, 106), Rome, 1966, i. 233-41.

Hertford-Pomfret: Correspondence Between Frances, Countess of Hartford, (Afterwards Duchess of Somerset,) and Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret, between the years 1738 and 1741. 1805.

Hervey, 1931: John Lord Hervey, Some Materials Towards Memoirs of the Reign of King George II, ed. R. Sedgwick. 1931.

HMC: Historical Manuscripts Commission.

Ilchester: Lord Hervey and His Friends 1726-38 Based on letters from Holland House, Melbury and Ickworth, ed. Lord Ilchester. 1950.

LM: Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

LM, Letters: Complete Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, ed. R. Halsband. 1965-7.

L. Mag.: London Magazine.

PAS (referred to by date): Poems On Affairs of State: From the time of Oliver Cromwell, to the Abdication of K. James the Second.... 1697 (i); State-Poems; Continued From the time of O. Cromwel, to this present Year 1697....1697 (ii); Poems On Affairs of State: From Oliver Cromwell, To this present time....Part III.... 1698; Poems On Affairs of State, From The Reign of K. James the First, To this Present Year 1703...Vol. II. 1703; Poems On Affairs of State, From 1640. to this present Year 1704.... Vol. III. 1704; A New Collection Of Poems Relating to State Affairs, From Oliver Cromwel To this present Time....1705; Poems On Affairs of State, From 1620. to this present Year 1707....Vol. IV. 1707.

Pope, Corr.: Correspondence, ed. George Sherburn. 1956.

Prior, Works: Literary Works, ed. H. B. Wright and M. K. Spears. 1959.

Rochester, Poems: Complete Poems, ed. D. M. Vieth. 1968.

Sherburn: G. Sherburn, The Early Career of Alexander Pope. 1934, repr. N.Y. 1963.

Spence: Joseph Spence, Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters of Books and Men, Collected from Conversation, ed. J. M. Osborn. 1966

Stuart: Lady Louisa Stuart, "Introductory Anecdotes", 1861, i. 49-121.

Twickenham: Pope, Poems, general editor John Butt: (i) Pastoral Poetry and An Essay on Criticism, ed. E. Audra and A. Williams. 1961; (ii) The Rape of the Lock and Other Poems, ed. G. Tillotson. 1940, 3rd ed. 1962; (III. i) An Essay on Man, ed. M. Mack. 1950; (III. ii) Epistles to Several Persons (Moral Essays), ed. F. W. Bateson. 1951, 2nd ed. 1961; (iv) Imitations of Horace..., ed. J. Butt. (v) The Dunciad, ed. J. Sutherland. 1943, 2nd ed. 1953; Minor Poems, ed. N. Ault and J. Butt. 1954.

Walpole, Corr.: Horace Walpole, Correspondence, ed. W. S. Lewis et al. 1937- .

Wh MS: Wharncliffe MSS, Sheffield Central Library.

ABSTRACT

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, now known chiefly for her letters, was in her own day famous as a minor poet. This thesis discusses her verse in various genres, relating it to the conventions within which it was written and to the writer's particular interests and aims. It prints the text of all known verse by, or probably by, Lady Mary, with full textual apparatus and explanatory notes. As far as possible all manuscript and printed sources have been collated, their variants recorded, the poems dated, their origins explained, and parallels in other writers listed.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

26 May 1689 Lady Mary Pierrepont baptised, St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

1690 Lady Mary's father becomes Earl of Kingston; her sister Lady Frances born.

?1693 Death of Lady Mary's mother.

1699 Death of Lady Mary's Pierrepont grandmother, with whom she had been living at West Dean, Wilts.

1699-1712 Lady Mary resident at Thoresby, Notts., and sometimes in London.

1704-5 Lady Mary composes or revises her early poems (Harrowby MSS 250 and 251).

28 March 1710 Lady Mary writes her first letter to Edward Wortley Montagu.

c. 27 Aug. 1712 Lady Mary and Wortley married at Salisbury after eloping from West Dean.

16 May 1713 Lady Mary's son born.

1712-1714 Lady Mary living in rented houses in the country, often alone.

1 Aug. 1714 Death of Queen Anne; at the end of the year Lady Mary comes to London.

by July 1715 Lady Mary becomes friendly with Pope.

Dec. 1715 Lady Mary attacked by smallpox: "Monday" is circulated during her illness.

26 March 1716 Publication of Court Poems, which leads to quarrel of Pope with Curll.

1 Aug. 1716 Wortley and Lady Mary leave on Embassy to Constantinople.

19 Jan. 1718 Lady Mary's daughter born.

2 Oct. 1718 Wortley and Lady Mary arrive back in London.

June 1719 Wortley (with help of Pope) rents house in Twickenham, which he later buys.

from c. 1721 Lady Mary's friendship with Molly Skerrett.

from c. 1722 Lady Mary's friendship with the Duke of Wharton.

end of 1723 Lady Mary perhaps offended with Pope at publication of Peterborough poem.

5 March 1726 Death of Lady Mary's father.

13 July 1727 Lady Mary's son runs away from school: absent six months.

May 1728 First version of the Dunciad published.

July 1728-Oct. 1729 Lord Hervey, already a close friend of Lady Mary, travels abroad.

? summer 1729 Lady Mary's verse collaboration with Henry Fielding.

15 Feb. 1733 Publication of Pope's First Satire of the Second Book of Horace.

8 March 1733 Publication of Verses Address'd to the Imitator of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace.

spring 1736 Lady Mary meets Francesco Algarotti.

13 Aug. 1736 Lady Mary's daughter marries the Earl of Bute (against her parents' wishes).

Dec. 1737-March 1738 Lady Mary publishes her journal, The Nonsense of Common-Sense.

26 July 1739 Lady Mary leaves England.

Sept. 1739-Aug. 1740 Lady Mary in Venice.

May 1742-July 1746 Lady Mary in Avignon.

5 Aug. 1743 Death of Lord Hervey.

30 May 1744 Death of Pope.

Aug. 1746-Aug. 1756 Lady Mary in North Italy.

14 Nov. 1747 Publication of Lady Mary's Six Town Eclogues.

Aug. 1756-Sept. 1761 Lady Mary in Venice and Padua.

21 or 22 Jan. 1761 Death of Wortley.

Jan. 1762 Lady Mary reaches London.

21 Aug. 1762 Lady Mary dies.

May 1763 Publication of Lady Mary's Embassy Letters.

March 1768 Publication of Lady Mary's Poetical Works.

I INTRODUCTION

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is remembered as a traveller, a letter-writer, a wit, a scandal, and (rather inaccurately) as a bluestocking. In her lifetime, however, her reputation rested on her verse; from childhood to old age she liked to think of herself as a poet. Abroad during the 1740s, she allowed young travelling Englishmen to transcribe and admire her lines. Later still she amused a sympathetic correspondent, Sir James Steuart, with oblique references to her poetic temperament and tastes: "when one is haunted (as I am) by the Daemon of Poesie, it must come out in one shape or another," she wrote.[1] In one case the shape it took was a composite quotation from Congreve and Lansdowne, which exemplifies the nature of her very conventional daemon. Lady Mary regarded poetry as an unbroken tradition on which its latest practitioner could always draw. She quoted a great deal and when she did not quote she often adapted or alluded to the work of more famous poets.

She had read and sometimes used classical and foreign writers and English poets as far back as Chaucer; but the period of the Restoration formed her attitude to literature as well as her verse style. Apart from poets she worked with, such as Pope and Gay, those she most frequently echoes are Dryden, Prior, Congreve, Rochester and Addison. Her early, imitative poems reflect most of the pre-occupations of seventeenth-century minor verse: love, religion, country retirement and classical imitation, with a particularly strong interest in the sentimental epistle deriving from Ovid. Lady Mary was already well aware of the classification by "kinds" in English

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1. Letters, iii. 170, 183.

poetry. This had arisen from study of the ancients, and had begun with those kinds used by classical writers: epic, pastoral, satire, epigram, lyric, personal epistle and love-elegy, besides drama. James Sutherland, writing of the importance at this period of the different genres, says that the "eighteenth-century poet set out to write ... a poem rather than poetry."[1] Lady Mary wrote in this way, commanding different styles for different types of poem.

The blending of one genre with another had, however, been common at least since the publication of Donne's satirical love-elegies; by the early eighteenth century a certain humorous self-consciousness about the kinds was arising. Lady Mary's associate John Gay accelerated this process with his burlesque eclogues The Shepherd's Week (1714) and "Tragi-Comi-Pastoral Farce" The What D'Ye Call It (1715). Lady Mary attempted most of the kinds popular in her day; but while her juvenilia seem to have been motivated by the desire to try her hand at each type of poem in turn, her adult verse arose from adapting the genres to her own purposes. She specially favoured the mixed kinds: urban pastoral, mock-heroic, satiric epistles and a version of the Ovidian love-elegy rendered contemporary and topical. Dr. Halsband notes that her readiness "to express herself in familiar genres" makes her "a typical child of her time";[2] but like the greater writers of her day she adapted each genre freely as well as carefully. Her more successful poems tailor a carefully regulated genre, either traditional or revised, to a specific occasion or a particular character.[3]

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1. A Preface to Eighteenth Century Poetry, 1948, repr. 1962, p. 122.

2. "Algarotti", p. 234.

3. For discussion, it will be convenient to group her poems partly by genre and partly by other criteria.

Her adult pieces continue the wide range of her juvenilia. Before her association with Pope she had written songs, a translation from Latin, her extended epigram for a glass window, and an epilogue. This last represents a specialised sub-class which reflected Lady Mary's interest in the drama and gave full rein to her powers of ironic rhetoric. Writing satirically was second nature to Lady Mary, but she did not write satires as such. Two of her epitaphs are satirical, as are an epithalamium and several ballads. Each, however, belongs in a genre more precise than "satire". Her major satiric poems consist of her eclogues, parts of an unfinished mock epic, and several epistles.

In her eclogues Lady Mary (helped by Pope and Gay) married the ancient pastoral tradition and a modern social realism to create a new kind of poem. She was not the first to write town eclogues, but she was early enough in the field to have the impact of novelty. Town eclogues met a need of the moment and became for a while a popular sub-species.

Lady Mary retained her youthful interest in the Restoration genres and particularly in the epistle, which she used from youth to old age for sentiment, for satire, or for both combined. Like the eclogue, the epistle allowed her to assume the voices of her characters. In this most popular genre as well as in pastoral she produced something new, by putting the heightened emotions of the heroic drama into the mouths or on to the pens of Arthur Gray and Mrs. Yonge. Lady Mary was never again in the vanguard of the poetic trend, but she was quick to copy Pope's Dunciad, picking up his newly-invented satirical weapon and turning it on himself.

As a girl Lady Mary had scribbled verse in isolation; as an adult she wrote for London literary society. She did not abandon

the habit of writing couplets for herself alone, as is shown by fragments jotted inside the covers of books and in her commonplace-book[1] -- though even the stray thoughts noted, and sometimes versified, in this album could later be pressed into service for communication in letters, as is recorded in the notes beside some of them: "my Daughter" or "to Miss Tich".[2]

A series of fine gradations separates her private from her public statements. The apparently private "I know thee World with all thy wily Ways" is closely connected both with the confidential utterance of "I know the Fate of those by Interest wed" and with "Monday". Of these Lady Mary addressed the former to a friend whom she had urged, "Write with entire freedom, and be assur'd I will never shew your Letters to any mortal living";[3] she worked at the latter in collaboration with professional poets, for cautious circulation among a select audience who would relish the joke.

Private and public elements can be distinguished in origin as well as in intention. In an age of social verse many of Lady Mary's poems had their birth as well as circulation where Addison had wished to introduce philosophy, "in Clubs and Assemblies, at Tea-Tables, and in Coffee-Houses".[4] These include much of her minor verse, many a "light thing said in Gay Company", answers to other people's verses, and songs which go "perfectly well" to other people's tunes.[5]

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1. E.g. below pp. 340, 486 ff.
2. Ff. 5, 6.
3. Letters, i. 109.
4. Spectator no. 10.
5. Letters, iii. 95, 187.

In old age Lady Mary wryly described her involvement in a quarrel at a reception: while her adversaries talked not to but at her, she "took up a card that lay on a table, and amused myself with smoking it over a candle." When the gentlemen left the ladies to their tea the latter

> renewed their generous endeavors to set me right, and I (graceless beast that I am) take up the smoked card which lay before me, and with the corner of another write... and flung down the card on the table, and myselfe out of the room in the most indecent fury.[1]

The poetic retort used on this occasion was written not by her but by Lord Dorset; her sense of persecution would have been less strong, though perhaps not altogether absent, during her social years in England. But having made these reservations we can link Lady Mary's poetic impulse with the feelings described in this late letter. On this occasion she felt herself isolated in the midst of a crowd; significantly her sense of isolation arose out of jokes at her expense as an intellectual woman -- one who valued her sight for the sake of reading and writing. The outrage she felt in recalling this scene (besides affecting her grammar and use of tenses) drove her in reporting it to take refuge in irony -- "my wise monitors", "This good woman", "the best-bred way in the world" and "This rudeness of mine". The irony appeared later; at the time she tried to defend herself at first verbally "in a dry stern tone", and then by writing a stanza from Dorset on a card.

A similar use of verse as a defensive weapon developed in Lady Mary's own work after the composition of her juvenile poems. She could have said with Pope "Fools rush into my Head, and so I write".[2]

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1. iii. 216-18.

2. Horace, Sat. II.i.14.

The development may have been fostered by her acquaintance with him, but he was not its sole cause, for the germ of it can be found in a poem which Lady Mary wrote before she met him. The title of "Written ex tempore in Company in a Glass Window" adds to the interest and value of the poem, for its content only suggests without proving its public origin. Given the title, the conversation among the company can be reconstructed as dealing with feminine frailty in terms which Lady Mary did not feel able to confute. Her wish to disassociate herself from the vain and hypocritical feminine norm therefore issued in verse instead of less emphatic prose; she chose a glass window as an open and enduring place to publish it. Even if the engraving on glass was intended but never achieved, even if a "Gentleman's Answer" was indeed contrived on the spot, one cannot doubt that Lady Mary made her point. Similarly the astringent world-weariness of "Written ex tempore on the Death of Mrs Bowes" must have broken in upon a buzz of ritualized expressions of sorrow; similarly the epitaph on John Hughes and Sarah Drew punctured the sentimentalism in Pope's celebrations of them. The opposite opinions which Lady Mary expressed only a year apart in "Why will Delia thus retire" (to write which she "called for a pen and ink") and "An Answer to a Lady Advising me to Retirement" can therefore be explained by a Johnsonian readiness to take whichever side of an argument seemed to need support.

Lady Mary entitled "Why will Delia" a "Song"; most of her songs make some debating point no less than her more formal verse. When she had something to say she said it with vigour; conversely when no specific stimulus was provided she seems not to have composed verse. The necessary impetus could be a friendship, a love-affair, or an item of news, but was more likely to be a debate in verse or prose. In

verse she argued the grievances of women and later wrangled with Pope. The latest of her datable poems, "For ever blest be that prolific Brain," is among the most closely related to its occasion; its fine flavour of irony has hitherto remained lost on readers unaware of its application. Even her love poems are argumentative; they show a woman pleading with her lover or reason vainly attempting to repel passion. Her verse always contains a hard kernel of personal meaning, which saves her from the dutiful dullness of contemporary hack writers, from the tedious loquacity of Hervey's poems, and the emptiness of many songs or compliments. She shares all the faults enumerated by Pope in those who write like gentlemen (lack of attention to "Design, Form, Fable ... exactness, or consent of parts"), yet she has one advantage over them: despite her own protestations she does not write verse merely "to keep out of idleness" or "for diversion only",[1] but when spurred on by the need to confute, to preach, to settle a point. A review of her Poetical Works noted, "there are several trifling inaccuracies, which just shew them to be the product of a lady; and innumerable beauties that shew they could not be product of any other."[2] Her verse is an exception to Geoffrey Tillotson's dictum that "whereas you know that minor nineteenth-century poetry will be bad, you know that minor eighteenth-century poetry will be bad in a certain way".[3]

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1. Corr. i. 109-10.
2. GM, 1768, p. 133.
3. Augustan Studies, 1961, p. 38.

After these as yet unsupported statements it is necessary to add that Lady Mary's own opinion of her verse was certainly not over-inflated. "My Verses not children but miscarriages of my Mind" she wrote in her commonplace-book.[1] In later life she apologized to Sir James Steuart for the snatches of verse in her letters to him. Her reverence for individual authors was balanced by a generally flippant attitude towards contemporary writing. "Poets are seldom guilty of much truth" she wrote in 1712, and five years later "How naturally do boughs and vows come into my head at this minute!"[2] In 1723 she wrote to her sister of poetry as a social nuisance:

> Makeing verses is allmost as common as takeing snuff, and God can tell what miserable stuff people carry about in their pockets and offer to all their Acquaintance.... This is a very great greivance, and ... particularly shocking to me

-- although she probably offered her own verse in the same way.[3] Her opinion of "the Tribe of common Versifyers",[4] especially libellers, varied in severity but was always low. In course of time she came to place Pope in this category, but never, of course, herself. At the same time she had no misplaced expectations of attaining poetic eminence. There was a clear distinction between writing verse and "setting up for a poet," the latter being a character that prudent ladies were anxious to avoid.[5] Lady Mary seems to have kept copies of her verse from the same motive that she

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1. F. 8.
2. Letters, i. 121, 331.
3. ii. 24.
4. ii. 395.
5. E.g. Delany, i. 197.

kept letters and the poetry of others, a wish to recall and enjoy the past; but she was willing enough that they should circulate in manuscript among a circle of admirers. As the fact of putting her replies in verse had gained her debating advantage over people of more conventional opinions, so later showing her verses to the Grand Tourists helped to make her a person of significance in their eyes.

Lady Mary, then, seldom wrote without an audience in mind; but she was very far from seeking the publicity of print for her verses. During her own century a critic could write that her letters had "the very first claim to public praise that any woman's work can have, that of not being written for public praise".[1] The hypocrisy consequent on accepting this view of publication had already been shown in the seventeenth century by Katherine Philips.[2]

Lady Mary, conditioned by her family as well as by her sex, and lacking Orinda's high estimate of her own powers in verse, did not go so far as hypocrisy in her views on publication. She may have wished it for her letters, but apparently not for her verse; a twice repeated note in her commonplace-book, "3 reasons for printing,"[3] remains maddeningly unexplained. Moy Thomas's opinion that she arranged for the printing of the Court Poems rests on no foundation of evidence.[4] The next of her poems to be "miserably printed" seems to have aroused her indignation as much as a letter which met the same fate.[5] If she had anything to do with publishing any of her verse,

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1. Robert Heron, Letters of Literature, 1785, p. 341.
2. Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus, 1705, passim.
3. Ff. 5, 6.
4. N. and Q., 7th Series ix, 1890, p. 515.
5. Letters, i. 403 n. 3, iii. 169.

she concealed her tracks very successfully. When her old friend Cardinal Querini, who had presumably heard of the publication of Six Town Eclogues, sent to request a copy of her works for his library, Lady Mary behaved as if grossly insulted. She "was struck dumb for some time with this astonishing request", and after recovering from her "vexatious surprize" replied that "upon my word I had never printed a single line in my Life."[1] (The reader will note that though this claim was probably true as regards verse, she had voluntarily though anonymously printed essays in the Spectator, The Nonsense of Common-Sense, and elsewhere.) Four months before her death Sir James Caldwell lamented, "I have been all this morning Endeavouring to persuade her to publish something, but without effect, though I know she writes a great deal and has many Excellent performances by her."[2]

Lady Mary's further comments on the Querini affair are enlightening. "Sure," she wrote,

> no body ever had such various provocations to print as my selfe....I have made my selfe easy under all these mortifications by the refflection I did not deserve them, having never aim'd at the Vanity of popular Applause....I confess I have often been complemented (since I have been in Italy) on the Books I have given the Public. I us'd at first to deny it with some Warmth, but finding I persuaded no body, I have of late contented my selfe with laughing when ever I heard it mention'd, knowing the character of a learned Woman is far from being ridiculous in this Country.[3]

In other words her constant reiteration of her lack of desire to print was the result of compliance with public opinion, the counterpart of her desire that her grand-daughters should be learned, but secretly so. The verses written to win victory in argument and admiration for her talents would have procured only scorn and derision if she

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1. Letters, iii. 38-39.
2. Bagshawe MSS, John Rylands Library, 3/10/595, quoted in Halsband, p. 282.
3. Letters, iii. 39.

had consented to publish them. "No Fashion", she noted in her commonplace-book, "so ridiculous as not complying with it."[1] Her horror of publication can safely be seen as this sort of compliance.

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1. F. 8.

II JUVENILIA

The surviving poems of Lady Mary's adolescence are those of Harrowby volumes 250 and 251 (see below, pp. 203-5), as well as "Julia to Ovid" and "To Truth". They apparently date from between 1701 and 1705, their author's twelfth and sixteenth year. This was not a period fertile in poetry. A biographer of Lansdowne calls it "the desert of early eighteenth-century verse".[1] Dryden had died in 1700. The Miscellany connected with his name continued sporadically, published by Tonson, until 1709. The latter volumes still drew heavily on the talent of the previous generation. Not until its final number did the Miscellany first include lines by Pope.

Yet poetry was written during these years. Minor figures such as Halifax, Garth, Prior, Congreve, Addison, published new poems from time to time. About the time that Lady Mary began to write verse, the precocious boy Alexander Pope, her elder by a year, must have made his first "rhymes" to please himself and his father. By 1705 he had already progressed far beyond her, having attracted attention with his unpublished pastorals and gained the friendship of Wycherley and Walsh.[2]

Lady Mary's social and financial standing was of course much higher than Pope's, but like him she began to write in childhood, ignorant (despite tantalizing glimpses) of the social milieu which was later to provide the background to her poetry. Like him she was influenced by classical literature, recent English literature,

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1. Elizabeth Handasyde, Granville the Polite, 1933, p. 125.

2. Sherburn, pp. 50-51.

and the circumstances of her own life.

Lady Mary's juvenile poems pre-date her earliest extant letter.[1] Nevertheless the background of her girlish writings is clear. Most of these poems must have been written at Thoresby, the Nottinghamshire seat of her father the Earl of Kingston. It was a new house,[2] with magnificent grounds, a lake ("murmuring streams" are joined in Lady Mary's verse with "silver floods") and a long-established park on the edge of Sherwood Forest. Lady Mary perhaps wrote outdoors under the "Trees my only Confidantes....Aged Monarchs of the Groves," or else in the large, well-stocked library, whither she later recalled retiring "to study five or six hours a day...whilst everybody else thought I was reading nothing but novels and romances".[3] Her own surroundings therefore echoed the pastoral vein which she found in the English poets.

It is not certain that she was a solitary versifier. The literary titles she gave her poetry could suggest private fantasy or self-dramatization for the eyes of a friendly reader. The names of two of her companions, her sister Frances (later Lady Mar) and her friend Sarah Chiswell, appear among the lists of romance heroines on the cover of Harrowby MS 250. Either may have shared to some extent

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1. LM's letters and verse seldom supplement each other: the period of courtship and early marriage (1710-14) is fully documented in letters but poor in verse; the eclogues were written in a year (1715-16) from which almost no letters survive; there is little verse from 1716-18, the period of the Embassy Letters, but more from 1721-27, where the letters to Lady Mar provide a thinner background, and more still from 1728-40, a period almost devoid of letters except at the end. Finally, LM does not appear to have written (or preserved) much verse during the long exile which produced many of her finest letters.

2. Built c. 1683: Letters i. 3 n. 1.

3. Spence, § 743.

in her bookish occupations. Her later letters to them contain some literary comments and reminiscences of childhood.[1]

These two, and other friends, may have played the part of audience: there is no evidence that they were Lady Mary's first collaborators, nor that they provided her with any opportunity of writing the poetic "answers" at which she later excelled. No other handwriting than Lady Mary's is found among the volumes of her juvenile verse, unless perhaps in an inscription of doubtful significance: "Made when Cloe was but 12 years old". It is uncertain how many of the characters in Lady Mary's verses have counterparts in real life. Some, like Strephon of "The Adventurer", are obviously imaginary denizens of an unreal world; on the other hand the specified river Severn in "Bagatelle" suggests that "The beauteous Belvidera" (whose name also appears in a list on the cover of Harrowby MS 250) could have been an actual acquaintance, like Hermenesilda.[2]

The pastoral and romantic element in this verse would have suited the taste of Lady Mary's contemporaries, for whose sake she pretended to be reading romances in the library when in fact she was trying to master Latin. It is unlikely that the poems came under adult scrutiny. Lady Mary's mother and grandmother were dead. Her father must have shared to some extent the literary interests of his elder brother the patron of Oldham, since he was among those who saw Pope's pastorals in manuscript; but he "did not think himself obliged to be very attentive to his children's education".[3] Lady Mary's

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1. Letters, i. 252; ii. 12, 67, 71, 84.

2. See below, pp. 44, 322; cf. the childhood verse of LM's daughter, below pp. 217-18.

3. Sherburn, pp. 52-53; Halsband, p. 2.

governess was despicably ignorant and superstitious.[1] Dallaway in his "Memoir" mentions her being taught by her brother's tutors,[2] but Lady Louisa Stuart thinks this doubtful, and Lady Mary herself says nothing of it. The adult most suitable for enlistment as a critic would have been her mother's brother, William Feilding, who took an interest in her as a girl and later admired her poetry.[3] It is improbable, however, that she found courage to approach him, or to show her father's friends Halifax and Garth her complementary verses on poems by them. If any personal memory led her to write of Congreve, "The smallest error could not 'scape his sight" (below p. 462, variant after line 8) she was probably referring to a later date. In her scholarly studies she appealed for help to Congreve, Bishop Burnet, and her future husband (who was her senior by eleven years);[4] but "poetry my dear my darling choice" seems to have remained a private indulgence. Perhaps she feared disapproval, or had even read Locke's dictum that any "poetic vein" shown by children should be "stifled and suppressed as much as may be" by their parents.[5] Perhaps the humiliation recorded in "T'was folly made mee fondly write" was a discovery by the adult world of her having "tre/s/pass'd wickedly in Rhime".

In any case the lack of mature criticism at this stage of her writing career probably had a significant effect. Boys at school had

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1. Letters, iii. 25-26.
2. 1803, i. 10.
3. Stuart, p. 54; Letters, iii. 169.
4. Spence, § 743; Letters, i. 43-46.
5. "Of Education," Works, 1824, viii. 167.

their Latin and English verses worked over by demanding masters; Pope received from Sir William Trumbull "guidance through something like a decade /which/ might well have replaced the formal training of the university", and made alterations to the manuscript of his pastorals "upon ye Objections" of "an astonishing list" of connoisseurs of poetry.[1] Lady Mary began and ended her poetic career as a careless writer, composing to please only herself, tending to retain the word she first thought of without seeking a better, copying and re-copying her poems with chance variants rather than systematic revision. According to her grand-daughter "she had the gift of writing freely in the first words that presented themselves";[2] this spontaneity formed the chief excellence of her letters and doubtless of her vanished journal, but was not an unmixed blessing in verse. She was of course an heir to the aristocratic tradition, of the mob of gentlemen who would sooner not have written at all than written with labour. Nevertheless her readers today may regret that she met with no discriminating critic to inculcate early the habit of polishing. Pope was to express in several places his opinion that "no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give ... a chance to be one".[3] But by the time Lady Mary met Gay and Pope, her style was in great measure already formed.

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1. Sherburn, pp. 42, 52-53.
2. Stuart, p. 68.
3. Preface to his Works, 1717, Twickenham, i. 8.

Spontaneity does not imply the predominance of the personal. Much of the interest of these juvenilia lies in their extremely literary quality. Like a deposit of silt, they show a layer of each influence from Lady Mary's already extensive reading. She must have shared the contemporary opinion that an aspiring writer should be learned.[1] The classics were an important influence, irrespective of the degree of her actual knowledge of Latin. About her Latin studies her own statements are inconsistent. In her later account of the matter to Joseph Spence, she claimed that she was thirteen when she began her two-year struggle to master the language,[2] which would mean that it began after the composition of "Julia to Ovid" and before the other juvenile poems. In her fictionalised auto-biography, written in 1710, she described how she impressed "Sebastian" (Wortley) at their first meeting with her knowledge of Latin, which "with the help of an uncommon memory and indefatigable labour, /she had/ made herself so far mistress of ... as to be able to understand almost any author". The later family tradition agreed with this account.[3] Yet she then proceeded to describe the pleasure he took in explaining to her passages in Horace and Virgil[4] and in 1709 (several years after composing the last of her "juvenile" poems) she wrote to Anne Wortley that "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". Anne's reply (drafted by her brother)

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1. Pointed out by Sutherland, Preface to Eighteenth Century Poetry, pp. 58-59.
2. Halsband, p. 7.
3. Halsband, pp. 6-7; Stuart, p. 60.
4. Halsband, pp. 7-9.

makes it clear that the study in question was Latin, and suggests that Lady Mary was still a novice; yet less than a year later she submitted her translation (from Latin) of Epictetus's Enchiridion to Bishop Burnet, with a covering letter in which she quoted from Erasmus in Latin.[1]

The composite impression given by the above accounts is that Lady Mary's attempts to learn Latin took up more time than she was prepared to admit, that they may have flagged at the time of her entry into fashionable society and been given fresh impetus by her friendship with Wortley. The self-deprecatory note struck in the letters to Anne Wortley suggests that she sought to charm Wortley by appeals for help rather than to dazzle him as reported in the autobiography. Her Latin studies had probably begun when she wrote the bulk of this verse, but she had not yet achieved the competence evident in the translation of Epictetus. Her early poems themselves bear this out.

The poet most heavily drawn upon is Ovid, whose reputation, though soon to decline, was still disproportionately high. Lady Mary told Spence, "When I was young I was a vast admirer of Ovid's Metamorphoses, and that was one of the chief reasons that set me upon the thoughts of stealing the Latin language."[2] From this it is clear (if she really thought of "stealing the Latin language" at thirteen) that her admiration pre-dates these poems, and was aroused by Ovid in translation. Versions of Ovid were widely available. Lady Mary later owned Garth's translation of Ovid's works, besides Metamorphoses in Latin and French, the epistles and "art of Love" in English and

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1. Letters, i. 6, 9, 43-46.

2. § 743.

"Epistres et Elegies" in French.[1] She may not have possessed these books in girlhood, but she could have found their equivalents in her father's library.

Lady Mary's admiration, however, seems to have been a childish enthusiasm based on little real knowledge. When "at 12 years of Age" she wrote or drafted "Julia to Ovid" she obviously had an accurate idea of the subject-matter and tone characteristic of Ovid's Heroides, and also referred confidently to the Ars Amatoria and Amores. Her very choice of this subject for one of her two carefully revised juvenile poems suggests special interest in Ovid. The poems remaining in the mutilated volume Harrowby MS 250 include a mention of him and an apparent reference to the Metamorphoses, besides the narrative poem standing first in the volume, which recounts a Metamorphoses incident.[2] This is, however, a retelling not a rendering of Ovid. It could have been suggested by reading the original or a translation, or by a less direct contact with the work. A parallel in the same volume is "The Greek of Moschus Paraphras'd" (Lady Mary's only avowed use of a Greek source), which is a loose paraphrase having no obvious connection with any published translation.

That Lady Mary had actually been reading Ovid is proved by her careful listing of the personages in "O/vid's/ espistles" at the end of Harrowby MS 250 (f. 38). Harrowby 251 resembles the former volume in showing more knowledge of the Heroides than the Metamorphoses. Lady Mary probably had the latter in mind in "The Golden Age", but there are no direct traces of influence. The poetic anecdote which she entitles "From Ovid's Metamorphoses" has in fact no real parallel

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1. Wh MS 135, "Catalogue /of/ Lady Mary Wortley's books Packed up to be Sent Abroad July 1739."

2. "Look round (my soul) and if you can"; "My Wish"; "By all abandond Poor Latona fled".

there. In Ovid's account of the death of Adonis, anemones or wind-flowers spring from the young god's blood (x. 720-40). Bion, like Lady Mary, wrote of the brambles scratching Venus's legs, and of her blood giving birth to the rose.[1] Lady Mary herself is responsible for the conceit that the rose remembers its origin in being a special friend to beauty; on the repetition of the words "friend" and "beauty" she has built a balanced conclusion which is the most controlled and successful part of the poem. In 1717 Lady Mary referred to Ovid (the context shows that she meant the Metamorphoses) as a type of the well-known.[2] Yet all the knowledge of this work that she shows in her earliest poems could have been acquired at second-hand -- from her brother if not from his tutor.

The influence of Ovid's heroic epistles is a good deal more important. They were popular polite reading, having beem "Translated by Several Hands" in 1680 with a preface by Dryden.[3] Their influence came to Lady Mary both direct and at one or more removes; she is one of the last exemplars of 'the potency of the tradition which romanticized classical figures and stories in a way that no reading of the classics could "correct."'[4] The year 1703 saw the publication of both David Crawfurd's Ovidius Britannicus and John Oldmixon's Amores Britannici (an up-dating of Drayton's England's Heroicall Epistles, 1597).

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1. Translated by Thomas Stanley with Poems, 1651, p. 33.

2. Letters, i. 336.

3. The same year saw the publication of The Wits Paraphras'd: or, Paraphrase upon Paraphrase. In a Burlesque on the Several late Translations of Ovids Epistles, and Alexander Radcliffe's Ovid Travestie.

4. D. Bush, Mythology & The Renaissance Tradition in English Poetry, 1957, p. 80.

Ovid's Heroides include letters written from men as well as women, and treat many different love-situations besides parting (e.g. the seduction of Helen by Paris is covered by an interchange of letters). Lady Mary, however, like other imitators of Ovid, was obviously most attracted by the theme of the forsaken woman -- a theme that Pope was to use in Sappho to Phaon, Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady, and Eloisa to Abelard.[1] Love in these poems is a highly romanticized version of the classical god-inspired madness, unrelated to any social system and doomed to end in parting, tears and possibly death. Lady Mary uses the Ovidian tradition to varying degrees in these avowed imitations, in her romance "The Adventurer", in the epistles "To Vencentia" and "To Policrite", and in the second "To Hermenesilda". Later she continued to draw on it in the eclogues, in the epistles with real-life dramatized settings such as those from Arthur Gray and Mrs. Yonge, and finally in her love-poems to Algarotti.

Where she follows Ovid closely her style bears unmistakable marks of his influence. The poems open dramatically ("Ha! is it true", "Is't posible", "Ah whither", "No Hermenesilde") and generally close with a forecast of the heroine's death for love. This heroine sees herself in pathetic terms -- "I (oh fool)", "I in tears half Dead", "A credulous maid all easie to believe" -- and her false lover as worthless yet paradoxically still desirable ("dear perjur'd King", "my Dear unkind", "his dear Deludeing Tongue"). Here is the authentic Ovidian note of masochism, in which the victim seeks to extract the

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1. Pope's debt to Ovid in these poems has been discussed in Twickenham, ii. 293-303, 356-7; R. A. Brower, Alexander Pope, 1959, pp. 63-84.

maximum pathos from the situation. The conventional apparatus of sighs and tears, doubts and fears, tormenting thoughts and troubled breasts, laments for lost innocence and lost beauty, is all mobilized to batter the reader's sensibilities. Rhetorical devices include question, exclamation, and repetition. The last can be used for simple emphasis, as in "and will you never -- ne're return?"; to build a climax, as in

> Yet know my Alexander, know that I
> Without you cannot Live -- but I can dye,
> And dye I will;

or, with a phrase or sentence left incomplete, to signify the stress of emotion, as in "and it -- can it bee" or

> Here Lies a Queen --
> (Oh Virgins may her fate your warning prove)
> A Queen who was undone and die'd for Love.

This style had been naturalized for English imitators of the Heroides by the first of them, Michael Drayton, whose Englands Heroicall Epistles (1597) includes such passages as:

> You blusht, I blusht; your Cheeke pale, pale was mine,
> My Red, thy Red, my Whitenesse answer'd thine;
> You sigh'd, I sigh'd, we both one Passion prove,
> But thy sigh is for Hate, my sigh for Love.

Lady Mary owned a copy of Drayton's poems in 1739.[1]

She is not yet entirely at home with the tools of rhetoric: she uses a merely tautologous repetition (presumably for the sake of the triplet) in "Cleopatra to Julius Caesar" (lines 15, 17), and ill-judged effects of sound in "cursed Circe" and "fainting face"; she

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1. "King John to Matilda," Works, ed. J.W. Hebel, 1961, ii. 147; Wh MS 135. These lines are compressed into an antithetical couplet in Oldmixon's Amores Britannici, 1703, p. 25.

can fall into bathos as in the second line of "Cleopatra". The rhetorical devices crowd thickest in "2 Espistles in Imitation of Ovid", though "To Vencentia", written as from a lover separated from his mistress, is in much the same strain. In the first (though not the second) "To Hermenesilda", observed detail of the social situation to some extent replaces detail of the conventional sleepless nights, dismal glooms and consolatory reading, as it does also in "To Policrite", where the girl's cool evaluation of her lover against her "dear retirement" marries the Ovidian and Horatian modes.

Lady Mary was later to copy Ovid's methods of depicting changes of mood during the course of an epistle. In the early volumes her nearest approach to this skill comes in lines 269-330 of "The Adventurer". These lines embody a verse "Complaint" of Strephon against his false mistress, which, though not in epistolary form, are in essence an Ovidian reproach for faithless love. Lady Mary here builds up a unified effect from four related sections. Each section marks a step in the rejected lover's feelings, and though each contains some repetitive and facile lines, "The Complaint" as a whole is free from circular argument, muddled thinking, and formless mixture of different themes -- all of which can be found in Lady Mary's imitations of Ovid.

The first section expresses the idea that beauty is dependent on virtue. The strong opening, "I doe recant -- you are not fair," leads into a succession of variations on the theme that "you are perjur'd and your charms are gone". This declaration of indifference to his lost mistress's charms leads Strephon into describing them, and thence to calling the "days and Howrs" to witness his love, and to lamenting his past happiness. This theme (overplayed in some of the Ovidian epistles) forms the second section of the poem. It in turn

leads into a detailed account of her falsehood and her giving up a worthy lover for motives of mercenary gain. The last section is an outspoken reproof, in which the actions of the "Mean, sordid, Avarittious Shepherdess" are contrasted with true love. Strephon concludes

> But since thy Folly and thy shame I know
> By Heaven and Earth I scorn thee Now.

The poem is remarkable among the juvenile epistles as an attempt to explore the mind of a member of the opposite sex and to show developing rather than static emotions.

Even in these early volumes, Lady Mary's interest in the Ovidian psychology of love became linked with another factor: concern for the social predicament of women. The mingling of these two streams was to provide the irony of the eclogues, the indignation of many of her epistles on the subject of marriage, and the despair of some of the poems written between 1736 and 1740. Here it is represented by "An Imitation of Ovid's Epistles" (below p. 323), as well as the first "To Hermenesilda". The former poem contrasts the woman's conventional power with her actual powerlessness. Traditional images appear in unusual contexts which serve to deny their symbolic currency: darts in this poem are real weapons of war, and military glory opposes "the boasted Glories of my Eyes". The heroine's vision of "Acts, worthy of my Soul and of my Love" -- for instance, death in battle to save her lover -- fades before the realization that "By Love alone I'm doom'd to dye for you" (line 18). The rhetorical apparatus is seen to be false when applied to love. Lady Mary then suggests that it is equally false applied to war: both glories alike are vain. She thus undermines two conventions simultaneously. Again, however, her complex material is too much

for her. She suggests an ideal of "soft moments" and "peacefull joys" in opposition to laurels and praise; but in the last four lines she wavers again towards the unattainable life of action. These unresolved tensions produce as the poem's climax a line of truly Augustan flavour and lurking irony, which rephrases more succinctly and perfectly the thought of lines 18 and 30: "And I can kill with nothing but my Eyes."

The other two Roman writers who influenced Lady Mary at this stage of her poetic development were Virgil and Horace. Wortley was to expound these poets to her, and to mention the former in 1710 as "Your own Poet"; in 1717 she was said to know them both by heart.[1] As with Ovid, it is hard to tell how much of them she had read by 1704-5. Her rhetoric of love, now and later, owed much to the opening of Aeneid iv, but probably filtered through the medium of classical imitators. "The Tenth Eclogue of Virgil Imitated", which is remarkable among her juvenilia for maintaining a high level of smoothness and competence through 74 lines, is heavily influenced by the English versions of Temple and Stafford.[2] Lady Mary has lifted lines and even paragraphs from these two translators, while there is no obvious example of her appealing back from them to Virgil. Her choice of this eclogue was presumably influenced by its subject-matter, which is close to that of the imitations of Ovid. Her one innovation is interesting: the substitution of a forsaken girl and "Barborus Swain" for the forsaken shepherd and false mistress. Her

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1. Letters, i. 268 n. 1.

2. Printed together at the end of Dryden's Miscellany, vol. i (below p. 316).

rendering mixes Ovidian pathos (lines 57-58 and 62 turn the knife in the wound) with a pastoral background of sorrowing nymphs, "rural Lays" and "wildest woods". The "downy hours" of pastoral idyll are contrasted with two other alternatives, "war's alarms", and life at the "shineing court". This last element probably stems from Lady Mary's feeling of self-identification with the heroine; but she finds the eclogue less flexible than the epistolary form and reverts to traditional imagery without pursuing the potentially incongruous contemporary note. The poem is visually richer than the epistles and emotionally less hysterical than some, but in general style very similar. Its last paragraph, with the steadily tolling repetition of "no" and "nor", is pure rhetoric. Lady Mary drew on this early poem when in "Satturday" she came to transpose Virgil's tenth eclogue into a modern, satiric setting.

The Horatian ideal came to Lady Mary filtered through many English sources. Caroline Goad, in her thorough survey of Horatian elements in the poetry of this period, writes:

> The influence of Horace is apt to be subtle and indefinite ... In the writings of the preceding century, he had already been so frequently put to use that many of his teachings were handed on to the eighteenth century as traditions of English literature, ratherthan as something distinctively Horatian.[1]

Lady Mary was much influenced by Cowley, whom Douglas Bush calls "In temper ... supremely Horatian";[2] she later transcribed Sir Henry Wotton's "How happy is he born or taught"[3] and quoted from John

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1. Horace in the English Literature of the Eighteenth Century, 1916, p. 5.

2. English Literature in the Earlier Seventeenth Century, 2nd ed., 1962, p. 165.

3. H MS 255, f. 56.

Pomfret's "The Choice", both of which deal with the Horatian ideal of quietly self-centred life.

In all but a very few of Lady Mary's girlhood poems the country is mentioned only for praise as the home of quiet, security and contentment.[1] Truth is a stranger to "Crouds", the court, and town. A group of poems extant in her first, and mostly copied and revised in her second album, extol country life. In "My Wish" Lady Mary prays for "some close obscure retreat" free from detraction or flattery. She apparently recalled "My Wish" when she came to write her best example of this genre, in Constantinople in 1718; when she did so no hint of her occasional boredom with her rural sanctuary[2] was allowed to infiltrate the poem.

The unhappy rich and great often appear for contrast in these verses, as the happy "Rural Maid" in her cottage is contrasted with Julia, the "cursed Sacrifice" to power-politics. Not only power but also luxury is suspect: in the first poem entitled "The Country" corruption is symbolized, among other things, by "Costly Viands", "dear Ragou's" and "Fricacees" -- which reminds the reader of Lady Mary's extreme youth by momentarily suggesting The Young Visiters. In "The Happy Man" and "My Envy" the Horatian golden mean becomes a "small country Seat", and content is contrasted with passions understood to be purely destructive. This group of poems bears the imprint of Cowley's influence. His "The Wish", for instance, speaks of "a small House, and large Garden", and "Of Solitude" of "the poor

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1. For the exceptions see pp. 43-44 below.
2. Below p. 393; Letters, i. 366.

Muses richest Mannor Seat"; both compare the pleasures of private ease with the distasteful busy town. In "The Happy Man" Lady Mary tells how "Young Strephon" abandoned admiring crowds for a rural life. "Bagatelle" depicts such a conversion actually happening, as Belvidera, experiencing all the charms of spring, swears never to return to "th'inconstant Town" (elsewhere "the Factious Busie town" and "the Dangerous Town"). "The Penitent" shows the opposite process -- the speaker regrets having exchanged her "Native plain" for the "city's charms" which have proved to be a cheat.

The ideal landscape of these poems is described in formal poetic diction, with no attempt at visual realization. Woods, meads, and verdant groves are never particularized. Trees are either majestic or else "Humble shrubs".[1] The attraction of Lady Mary's account, if any, lies in abstracts like "ease" and "rest", not in her low-pitched descriptive adjectives: "cool" and "green" carry none of the weight assigned to them by such a poet as Marvell. She employs literary rather than sensuous perception. The nightingale becomes "an artless Soneteir". Perpetual spring reigns in all the poems until Lady Mary suddenly looks at nature with an unideal eye, when it gives way to cold and floods. The Horatian poems written in iambic pentameters resemble the Ovidian epistles in describing emotional, not material detail. The most specific description of nature occurs in "Bagatelle", a poem of quite different metre: octosyllabic and written in triplets.

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1. Cf. Cowley's

> Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
> Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
> ("Of Solitude", Writings, ii. 395).

Here Lady Mary describes her heroine's sense-impressions instead of her thought-processes, producing a poem of unusual tact. The reader looks and listens and breathes the air with Belvidera, and understands the grounds of her decision without being forced to contemplate her emotional symptoms. In "Bagatelle" the descriptive details exemplify a convention well used: "Little Linnets" and "sporting Lambs" are obvious but effective. In "The Golden Age", a poem less concerned with proving the superiority of country over town life, the phrases "A Lasting Equinox" and "Rivers of Nectar" are more artificial.

Rejection of worldly values is common to the poems of Horatian retirement and to a group of religious verses in these volumes. "Look round (my soul) and if you can", "Thoughts", and "Poem", though their pious conclusions are remote from anything in Lady Mary's mature poetry, raise several questions which she was to ask again in verse. The themes of these early poems -- the unhappiness of "weariesome and tedious" life, the unreasonable terror and teazing impenetrability of death -- reappear in one of her most successful later ones, "Address'd To ---." The "Strange, Dark, unknown worlds below," repeatedly mentioned in these poems, exert a stronger effect on the reader's mind than the Biblical heaven, also "unknown and unimmagin'd", where treasure can be laid up, where all men are equal, and where abuses and "inconveniencys of humane Life" are abolished as in the classical golden age.

These otherworldly sentiments are linked with a strain of sermonizing ("Speak Usurer, what will thy Bags Avail") and also with Lady Mary's first efforts at verse satire. There are satiric touches in the Horatian poems, as where the country becomes a refuge "From

Lawsuits and from Love".[1] But the most consistently satirical poem in these volumes is "Look round (my soul) and if you can" (below p. 250). This poem deals in the seventeenth-century manner with a series of characters classified by type (the ambitious man, the lover, the miser, the spendthrift) or occupation (soldier, statesman, poet), who each despise the lives led by the rest. In this poem her loose and repetitious pastoral style becomes tightened and sometimes epigrammatic, as in

> the fop who painted has beheld
> Battels hee durst not look on in the feild.

The religious conclusion makes its point by sharing the succinctness of the earlier lines.

We have seen that the youthful Lady Mary was steeped in the classicizing poets of the seventeenth century. She would have agreed with her future husband that Cowley "excell'd all of his own time in learning as well as wit;"[2] she probably modelled her irregular verses "To Truth" on his Pindaric Odes. She kept enough copies of this early effort to suggest that she was proud of it, but she did not as an adult indulge in similar experiments with metre. Many of these poems have descendants among her later work, in classical imitations, love-epistles, meditative verse, satire and songs. Her graceful complimentary verses to Halifax and Garth, called forth in turn by compliments written by those poets, form the modest beginnings of her

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1. Cf. the conclusions of the Cowley poems already referred to, and a phrase from a verse of Walton's on a similar theme: "free from Law-suits, and the noise/Of Princes Courts" ("The Anglers Wish", The Compleat Walton, ed. G. Keynes, 1929, p. 89).

2. Letters, i. 9.

verse comment on the social scene. But the greater part of these volumes, more highly-coloured in tone, shows that drama and romance still had her preference before vers de société.

The notes at the back of Harrowby MS 250 show that plays made up a great part of Lady Mary's juvenile reading. The dramatist she quotes most often is Dryden, whose name stands first among those whose characters she enumerates. Dryden's dramatic verse is much more pregnant and forceful than Lady Mary's youthful style, yet in attempting pathos he uses the same diction, the same repetition of broken phrases, that Lady Mary employs in her epistles:

> Ah turn your Sight to me, my dearest Lord!
> Can you not one, one parting look afford?
> Ev'n so unkind in death? but 'tis in vain;
> I lose my breath, and to the Winds complain....
> I can, I can forgive: is that a task
> To love, like mine? Are you so good to ask?
> One kiss -- Oh 'tis too great a blessing this;
> I would not live to violate the bliss.[1]

More importantly, Lady Mary learnt from the dramatists to adapt her tone to her subject: she skilfully handles the dignity of Julia, fire of "An Imitation of Ovid's Epistles", detachment of "To Policrite", and elder-sisterly tone of "To Orinda" and "To the Young Ardelia". But the work in which she makes fullest use of dramatic techniques is "The Adventurer", the major piece in these volumes and in fact the longest unified work employing verse to survive from any period of Lady Mary's life. A mixture of poetry and prose, it is modelled on Aphra Behn's Voyage to the Isle of Love (1684) and inspired more generally by the romances, translated from French, which Lady Mary read with delight both in youth and in middle age.[2] It unites the

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1. Aureng-Zebe, Act V (DW, iv. 153-4).
2. Stuart, pp. 54-55; Spence, § 1559.

traditions of romance and pastoral, which, as G. A. Highet has pointed out, are both forms of escape-literature "meant for the young".[1]

In form it is an account addressed to his friend Lucidor by the Adventurer; the latter shares Lady Mary's earliest nom de plume of Strephon. The epistolary form provides a perfunctory introduction and conclusion, but is less important here than in her prose "Adventures of Indamora".[2] Strephon comes to life through his dramatic encounters in the body of the narrative, not through his relationship with Lucidor.

The prose and verse sections of the work resemble the categories of recitative and aria in contemporary opera.[3] Indeed the work owes something to pastoral opera, which had already grown out of pastoral drama and masque to become an established form.[4] Lady Mary tends to use prose for narrative and verse for lyrics, but consistency is hampered by the third category of heroic couplets, and by the differing balance of prose and verse in the earlier and later parts of "The Adventurer". In the early part short linking passages of prose, often mere stage directions or changes of scene, alternate with relatively brief passages in verse (none more than 23 lines). This proportion changes at line 269, which opens the 62-line Ovidian "Complaint" discussed above (pp. 23-24). This was in fact written as a separate poem and though it fits perfectly into the structure of "The Adventurer" its self-sufficient development of its theme sets a

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1. The Classical Tradition, repr. 1967, p. 165.

2. H MS 250, ff. 6-12.

3. Cf. couplets and lyrics in Aphra Behn's Voyage to the Isle of Love; blank verse and song in Dryden's King Arthur (1691).

4. Highet, Classical Tradition, p. 175.

new pattern for the remainder of the work. From this point the balance of alternating prose and verse is disrupted. Two prose sentences serve to extend the scorn expressed for one woman in "The Complaint" to the whole sex; two couplets embody a defiant address to Love, so short as to be almost perfunctory; from then on, long unbroken passages of prose or verse preponderate. This may mark an attempt at a different effect, or simply a loss of energy and interest, on Lady Mary's part. One result is an acceleration of movement, first in a long prose passage of alternate narrative and description (lines 338-77) and then in the headlong verse account of Strephon's last entanglement (lines 378-439), which depends more heavily than "The Complaint" on its context. The work ends with the lyric "Farewell", introduced and concluded in prose, one of Lady Mary's earliest examples of the skilfully placed purple patch.

The verse passages of "The Adventurer" employ the heroic couplet and also a variety of stanza forms. On the whole it is impossible to classify situations in which Lady Mary chooses to use stanzas or couplets; but there is an interesting arrangement where couplets embody the extremely unconvincing "paper" dropped by Calista and picked up by Strephon (lines 155-168), while Calista's orally expressed (and overheard) "Complaint" occupies four-line alternately rhyming stanzas (lines 172-83; no connection with the other "Complaint"). As elsewhere in her early verse, Lady Mary sometimes lapses into grammatical uncertainty (lines 98, 158, 454). Some devices such as repetition, exclamation, alliteration, are carried over into her prose (e.g. lines 16, 79-80, 88), which is nonetheless fast-moving: in some places a remarkable telescoping of narrative suggests that the young writer's imagination was only a short jump

ahead of her pen (e.g. lines 185ff.).

One difference between "The Adventurer" and the rest of Lady Mary's juvenilia is the former's richness in visual description and imagery, of the kind found also in Mrs. Behn. Lady Mary first introduces the isle of love by her usual method of suggesting emotional response without visual detail. She mentions "Gazing" and "wishing eyes", but nothing of what they see except that the isle is "inchanting" and the "sea round it seems always calm and smooth". To this she adds one significant detail -- the "10 thousands /sic/ Cupids" which "Kill and smile". This typifies the visual imagery of "The Adventurer": as in "Budding Roses Strow the perfum'd Grownd" (line 33), it is often unconvincing as description of a natural scene, but rather suggests a French painting in the baroque manner (called in the last Spectator "Gay, Janty, Fluttering Pictures"), where the blossoms have been scattered by a deliberately careless human hand. This painterly quality, evident throughout "The Adventurer" but rare elsewhere in Lady Mary's verse, derives from the great poets of over a century before (especially Spenser, whose works Douglas Bush calls "an endless gallery of mythological paintings").[1] Lady Mary may have read Spenser or only his imitators in verse and prose romance; she had certainly seen representations on canvas of the same subject-matter. The tableau effect of Strephon's first sight of Calista[2] recalls a whole tradition of paintings of popular classical subjects, many from Ovid (Acteon watching Diana bathing, or Danae in her solitude receiving the shower of gold) as well as Dryden's "Cymon and

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1. Mythology and the Renaissance Tradition, p. 86.

2. "The Description", lines 57-66.

Iphigenia" (lines 86-106) and similar passages in Aphra Behn.[1]

The renaissance eroticism in these descriptive passages further distinguishes "The Adventurer" from the rest of Lady Mary's juvenile verse.[2] The first example is the picture (lines 44-53) of the "Gay God" who rules in "Coquetrish":

> Laughing his Looks and Loose is his attire,
> His torch all Burning with a Loose Desire.

But Lady Mary makes it plain that this desire is not the factor distinguishing "Coquetrish" from true love. Strephon's nearest approach to the latter, his feeling for Calista, first awakes at the sight of her asleep:

> A Careless Vail was cast upon her Breast
> Which Little envy'd Zephyrs Kiss't.
> The Wanton Gods the thin Loose Gause did move
> Discovering whole charming Worlds of Love.[3]

Lady Mary not only stresses the visual source of his love, but emphasizes its instantaneous quality in one of her more successful short irregular lines: "Love came this moment,--" When Calista in her turn is desolate for unrequited love of Hephestion, Lady Mary paints her in an equally risqué posture:

> Throu' her clos'd eyes some Pearly drops did steal
> Which on her Naked riseing Bosom fell,
> Her Bosom which still seem'd with sighs to swell

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1. A Voyage to the Isle of Love: Works, ed. Montague Summers, 1915, vi. 232, 234, etc.

2. If "The Adventurer" -- or passages for inclusion in it -- was drafted some time before being copied into Harrowby MS 251, this erotic element could have been the wicked trespass in rhyme mentioned in "T'was folly made mee fondly write". These suggestive word-paintings would have been more likely to arouse the disapproval of any adult who read them (and thus to evoke the despairing question "For what have I to do with love or wit?") than the wordy analysis of emotions which is more usual in Lady Mary's early love-verses.

3. Lines 63-66. In the Faerie Queene also, heroines (both real and in pictures) are frequently discovered asleep (e.g. Leda: VI. x. 10ff.).

(lines 138-47). Later in the story Lady Mary describes Ardelia and Helvidia in similarly luxuriant terms. When Strephon argues that Marrillia's unfaithfulness has destroyed her beauty, he once again demonstrates the close connection between sight and emotion. It is not only in Coquetrish that love "Steals to the heart but enters at the Eyes."

These descriptions, though a great deal more vivid than those of natural scenery, are no less conventional. The ladies are charming, their lover melting; their "riseing Bosoms", white as snow, are the playground of thousands of cupids. A veil of visual unreality is thrown over the whole narrative. This artificiality is enhanced by the fact that the first such tableau in "The Adventurer" describes not a woman but the god of love himself. If the work is regarded as a gallery of pictures, the central one is the prose description of love's temple (lines 236-9), with its altar "not enrich'd with Gemns or Gold but all inlaid with hearts". Here Lady Mary emphasizes the symbols rather than the actual figure of love -- following the baroque tradition which reached a peak in Mrs. Behn's "Love in fantastic triumph sat".

"The Adventurer" is not only a romance but also an allegory, as such unique among Lady Mary's early verse. As so often in these volumes, it prepares for later work -- her burlesque epic fragments written against Pope, with their effective handling of personification and of speeches based on the dramatic method. Strephon experiences love in three forms: an approximation to True Love, false or self-interested love, and "Coquetrish". This allegory of love is conveyed by several means. Firstly there is the topographical method, which makes its appearance early, in the fallacious beauty of the isle of

love. Regions of the isle correspond to emotional experiences: even billets-doux are "Little Provinces" (line 35). The great castle of Marriage is described in horrific terms and thereafter ignored (line 17). The "Ruines of a Famous old Palace" -- now "wholly abandon'd" represent True Love (lines 24-28). The first incident of the romance takes place near but not in True Love, which explains its unsatisfactory outcome.[1] The central geographical symbols of the allegory are the altar and temple of Love (lines 89,235), which draw pilgrims from the pastoral groves, the "desarts" of Dispair and Remembrance (lines 88, 132ff, 267), but apparently not from the "wood of Coquetrish". In both his earlier adventures Strephon ceremonially sacrifices his heart on Love's altar; coquetry makes no such demand.

Symbolic characters or personifications populate the symbolic regions of the isle. Love himself, the "Little" or "Wanton" god, inhabits his temple or a lover's heart (lines 75-78) and does not shun the wood of Coquetrish (lines 46ff.). The flocks of Cupids which serve him are more than a mere embellishment like the flames and wounds of other poems; they form part of the romance's richly visual background, being first introduced in connection with gazing and thereafter with accounts of physical beauty. Lady Mary mentions and quickly dismisses other personifications: the Bunyanesque group comprising the keeper of the castle of marriage (Hymen), its liberator (Giant Divorce), and denizens Discord, Strife and Uneasyness. Slightly more important are Jealousie and Reason, which exemplify

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1. Calista, loved by Strephon, kills herself for love of Hephestion. This triangle situation is very much the type of tragic love represented in Restoration drama and the novels of Aphra Behn.

earlier and later methods of personification. Lady Mary's description of Jealousie ultimately derives from the appearance of Envy in set-pieces of the seven deadly sins.[1] Reason is at first hardly personified at all (lines 189, 192), but later acquires definition as "the Venerable Guide" and is addressed in the language used by contemporary tragic heroes to their confidants (lines 213-20, 223). He crops up at turning-points in the action and attempts, generally in vain, to modify or influence Love: in other words his function is dramatic not decorative.

Her half-hearted treatment of Reason illustrates Lady Mary's dilemma as to how completely to allow allegory to dominate this work. Her central characters are not allegorical, though none but Strephon alters his behaviour during the course of the story. Calista (discovered not far from True Love) reacts with maidenly modesty to his Declaration (represented in each episode as a critical step: lines 86, 224, 349), accepts unhesitatingly the convention whereby a girl may not confess her love, and dies abruptly, though she has twice given notice of her intention of doing so (lines 163-183). In contrast to this heroic virtue, Marrillia's levity is foreshadowed by her easy acceptance of Declaration. Her character combines two attributes. Simple fickleness leads her to desert Meliboeus for Strephon with no prospect of bettering herself financially or socially; but her desertion of Strephon for Thyrsis is a deliberate choice of wealth in preference to worth. In the end Lady Mary condemns her for both falsehood and avarice.

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1. As in Faerie Queene, II. vii. 22, where the allegorical figure is male.

Ardelia and Helvidia, the two ladies in the last adventure, are deliberately not differentiated in the exposition of the story. Since Strephon cannot choose between them, Lady Mary makes them interchangeable, "intimates", characterized only by their residence in the wood of Coquetrish and by the traits conventionally associated with their appearance -- the blonde Ardelia "soft and tender and beleiveing" like the classic Ovidian heroine, the brunette Helvidia affected and witty with "peirceing eyes".[1]

Only in this part of "The Adventurer" does Lady Mary attempt to show character being modified by events. After Calista's death and again after Marrillia's betrayal Strephon resolves to leave the isle of love and is persuaded to stay; after his grief subsides he resumes his former courses. In the wood of Coquetrish his behaviour changes completely: "not as before with fears and tremblings, downcast Looks and Sighs, but Gay and Laughing" (lines 350-1). The subsequent passage of poetry opens with recurrent "No more's" which, instead of being associated with the tradition of sighs and sleepless nights, serve to set it aside for that of love-letters, dancing, and "complement". A single line sums up Strephon's disobedience to the rules of love; "When Absent both, I sigh't for Neither". His behaviour is in fact similar to that of Marrillia before him; yet he enjoys "perpetuall pleasure". The unemotional tone breaks only after the discovery , when the hero as well as the ladies reverts to the language

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1. The reader may suspect that LM, who was also dark, had herself in mind as she praised Helvidia's "eyes" and "wit", anticipating the two endowments that were to arouse most admiration in verse compliments addressed to her; but she retained sufficient detachment to add a satiric touch: "how imposible to deceive her unless she contributed to it her self (as Ladies of her humour Generally doe)" (lines 376-7).

of romantic suffering: "Ch racking thought....oh tortureing Pain". This diction, like the "No more's", is ironic: heroic suffering ought to go together with heroic fidelity, as earlier in the case of Calista, and of Strephon while he pursued Marrillia. The hero's present anguish arises from nothing more than the necessity of choice between two ladies -- a comic situation, as Gay later understood.

This hollow emotionalism leads appropriately to Strephon's decision to leave the isle of love: "I begun to Consider with how much Idleness I'de pass'd my howrs". In the last lyric of this work, "The Farewell", the mannered style reaches its zenith. Repetition and alliteration cause some lines to teeter on the brink of absurdity:

> At a Nymph's feet no more I'le lye,
> No more I'le burn, I'le sigh, I'le dye,
> No more! I'le never, Never will again
> For a frail, faithless, ficil, maid complain

(lines 452-55). The verse expresses emotion recollected in cynicism, exaggerated respect transformed into its opposite; its visual counterpart is the change in Strephon between his arrival in the Isle of Love, "Gay and in my blooming Youth", and his departure accompanied by "only some ruinated Beauties and battered Beaux". In reversing the convention of romantic love, Strephon rejects it; his farewell to "the verdant Green" (i.e. the pastoral, amorous genre) is followed by nothing but the abrupt "here ended all that you desire to know." The conclusion of "The Adventurer", though written in an extreme form of the pastoral-romance style, represents the victory of another element over that of pastoral.

This element consists of a glimpse at the real world of contemporary town life, though that life is hardly recognizable as seen through the eyes, or rather the imagination, of a girl still in the

nursery. It is a world learnt not from books but from distant observation, not exploited simply for its literary value but obviously coveted. "Dutchesse here Gallops in hackney Coach" (line 38); lovers not only write songs but make "Balls and magnificent treats" (line 356). The phrases strike freshly: not the pastoral cliches of Strephon's experience but the would-be worldly knowledge of Lady Mary's; not the prolixity of her early verse, but the succinctness characteristic of her letters throughout her life.

The close of the work also introduces a new kind of character-drawing, in Strephon's shrewd prediction of Ardelia's and Helvidia's response if he were to beg forgiveness of either. Lady Mary analyses their motives not introspectively but from the viewpoint of an observer. The actions of the two girls in a particular situation arise out of their own emotional make-up rather than from fidelity or treachery to an established code of love. They are not allowed to pour out their feelings like Calista; nor are feelings poured out against them as against Marrillia. The reader is not expected to identify himself with either of them, nor (at this stage) with Strephon. Lady Mary has abandoned the wish-fulfilment of romance, even before her own romance is finished, for a mode of detached observation which comments upon her characters as she might have commented on the vagaries of her acquaintance. In this sense she comes closer to writing in her own person towards the end than at the beginning of "The Adventurer".

The same process is seen more clearly in her juvenile poems as a whole. Few of these describe "real life" so excitedly as "The Adventurer" and few speak with a voice that can be identified with Lady Mary's own. Many, as we have seen, are dramatic in the same

sense as a dramatic monologue. In others, such as the Horatian-retirement poems, the tone assumed is dictated by a convention though not by a speaker. All alike are distanced from the fourteen-year-old scribbling girl by her assumption of a persona on the title-page. In her earliest album Lady Mary cast the recipient of her works as Hermensilda and herself as "Strephon". Her choice of a pastoral romance name indicates the assumption of a role (in other poems as in "The Adventurer") and that the opinions expressed are not necessarily those she would have defended in prose. But she wrote the "Preface" on the verso of her first title-page in her own identity as an uneducated girl; with this personality we may connect a few poems such as "T'was folly made mee fondly write".

In her second book of poems she abandons the male role of Strephon for that of Clarinda, and her elaborate title for the imper-sonal "Entire Works". This volume as a whole, unlike Harrowby MS 250 and "The Adventurer", is dedicated to no fictitious mistress or friend. Again Lady Mary seems to speak in her own person in some poems (e.g. "In Common verse, while common beauties shine"), while her various mouthpieces express imaginative experience only.

Later in the volume, as at the end of "The Adventurer", there is a radical shift of viewpoint. This begins in "Adeiu to Vanity", where Lady Mary speaks of herself as "poor Clarinda" -- that is, on her own behalf though protected by her literary persona. Clarinda expresses an attitude to love different from that of the earlier, Ovidian love-poems. She describes the "fond disease" in more moralistic and less romantic words -- "foible", "doatingly", "unpar-donable" -- which recall "wickedly" and "crime" in "T'was folly made mee fondly write". The heroine is rejected not because her lover is

faithless but because

> I want a bright Actractive form,
> I want the very power to Charm
> And all those graces requisite to move
> The Soul to a degree of Love.

She sees herself as an outcast from the joys of love -- a feeling more characteristic of the self-conscious adolescent than of any poetic tradition known to Lady Mary.

The next poem, "The Dispair", has much in common (flames, tears, perjury, plaints) with the earlier epistles; its conclusion would fit almost any of them perfectly. There are, however, two significant differences. One is that the faithless lady is Hermenesilda, a name listed on the cover of Lady Mary's first verse album, and appearing on its title-page as recipient of the literary love-labours of Strephon (i.e. Lady Mary). Secondly, the moral values attached to town and country have been reversed. Retirement to "some silent Grove" becomes an unwilling business associated with retreat to the grave; "Circles, parks, and walks and plays" are no longer blamed for bringing emotional turmoil but are regretted as the scene of "my happier days". The writer is presumably to be identified once again as Strephon; his reference to himself as "worthless I" is typical of an Ovidian lover, male or female, but it also recalls the unhappy Clarinda of the previous poem.

Next "The Excuse" bids an elegant farewell to the pastoral scenes and "Rural Deities" which have been replaced as "my muse's constant theam" by love for Damon:

> Forgive me charming Shade
> And thou Oh Sacred Grove
> Where oft I've sat and Read
> Sad Tragick tales of Love....

> Forgive /~~me~~/ if you doe not Charm
> With the same softness as before,
> An unknown flame my soul does warm
> And I'me subjected to another power.

Apparently Damon demands different literary treatment from the lovers in previous poems. He figures again in "Irresolution", where he sends his mistress a note while she is "with Fair Chloris in the Eastern Grove". It would be rash to suggest that this poem is autobiographical; but the exactness of detail (the first line fixing the incident both in time and place) indicates a setting either in real life or in some projected novel more naturalistic than "The Adventurer".

After "Irresolution" Lady Mary copied her rendering of Virgil's tenth eclogue. She followed this with the first "To Hermenesilde" -- an epistle which is Ovidian only insofar as it recalls the Tristia. The charming prospects have become "Bleak northern Groves, and Drowned Plains" -- emphasizing that landscape in these poems has no intrinsic interest, but is important only as a vehicle for the pathetic fallacy. The shepherds have metamorphosed into "Aukard Swains / Or country 'Squires yet more dull then they." The dullness of these swains highlights the writer's envy of her friend's admiration from beaux and poets; she feels the loss of London pleasures only less keenly than the loss of Hermenesilda herself -- who represents, more plainly than in "The Dispair", a living contemporary, Maid of Honour to Queen Anne, who can be exhorted, albeit in highflown language, to write soon. Though Hermenesilda is a love-goddess of the romance tradition, the execution done by her eyes does not hinder the love between her and the writer. Their sentimental friendship recalls the précieux world of Katherine Philips, but the pastoral-romantic tradition has

been temporarily discarded. The discrepancy in attitude between "The Dispair" and the first "To Hermenesilda" on one hand and Lady Mary's early pastoral verse on the other recalls a discrepancy in her letters about five years later, when to her lover she extolls the pleasures of a retired life, while to less serious-minded female friends she complains bitterly of its dullness. Unfortunately for any attempt to find a steady development in Lady Mary's poetic methods, the second poem "To Hermenesilde" reverts to Ovidian type. Love, not friendship, is its burden; the rhetorical note in its early lines is as strident as the self-abasement at the end is complete. Though it does not discuss the location of happiness in town or countryside, the next two poems, which both join the names of Hermenesilda and Clarinda below their heavily obliterated headings, bring back the pastoral props used in "The Adventurer" and "The Tenth Eclogue of Virgil Imitated".

The pastoral love-convention dominates the volume of Clarinda's poems. It isolates in its midst the small group of verses in which Lady Mary appears to draw on her own experience of teenage friendship and social ambition. The shift in poetic focus away from an idealized world towards the real events of her life and the lives of her contemporaries was for her an important one. We cannot be sure how far she had completed this shift by 1705, since the next dated piece of verse to follow the juvenile volumes (dealing, rhetorically, with the inescapable circumstances of its author's life) was written seven years later. In any case the transition from romance to reality had begun. Harrowby MS 251 closes with a six-line comment on the theme of love enchanting in prospect, disillusioning in actuality, which could be enrolled in either group (below p. 330). It does nothing to illuminate

the direction taken by Lady Mary's developing talent, but, more importantly, it shows a competent level of execution well above that of her first verse album. Its conventionally ornamented diction fulfills the Augustan ideal of generalization; at the same time every word plays a part towards the emotional effect.

III MATURE VERSE: TECHNIQUE

Lady Mary's juvenile verse shows a fairly unified style. In her mature work her vocabulary, sentence-structure and imagery become more varied as her range of subjects increases. I shall make very brief comments here on versification, diction, imagery and structure.

In versification one might expect Lady Mary to be much influenced by Pope, who helped with her eclogues at a date when he was a published and lionized poet and she was barely entering upon society and literature. Like him, she composed mainly in heroic couplets. His principles of composition, elaborated in An Essay on Criticism, must have been as clearly expressed in conversation as in earlier letters to Walsh and Cromwell. There he had maintained that the sound should echo the sense; that the pause in the line should be judicially varied between the fourth, fifth and sixth syllables; and that hiatus, expletives ("do" etc.), monosyllabic lines, Alexandrines, triplets, and too frequent repetition of the same rhyme should all be avoided.[1]

On the whole Lady Mary obeys these rules only when she does not find them too burdensome. She seldom props herself on the crutch of expletives: an exception is "does know" in the introduction of Betty Loveit.[2] Lady Mary does not always avoid the suspicion of having included an adjective or adverb merely to fill up the line. She provides some glaring examples of hiatus, Dryden's "one vowel gaping

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1. Corr. i. 22-24, 106-8.

2. "Thursday", line 22, p. 367 below. An alert reader in 1768 cited this line as disproving Pope's authorship (GM, p. 133).

on another".[1] This is, of course, common in prose; elision, as a device peculiar to verse (except in certain familiar cases), appears not to have come naturally to her. She uses hiatus not insensitively. In "The wretched Flavia on her Couch reclin'd" it serves to mark a natural pause, in "While laughing she, and full of play" to emphasize the word "she", in "Droop'd all the Flow'rs, the airial music ceas'd" to produce a desired effect of ponderous dullness. She oddly combines hiatus and elision in "Corinthian Beauty, Ionian Majesty," which seems to have strayed out of some period of less regular prosody into "How happy you who vary'd Joys persue", whence it was removed again by her editors.

Lady Mary transgresses contemporary canons in her use of monosyllabic lines, which Pope called "stiff, languishing and hard", while Dryden maintained that they turned "verse to prose".[2] It is true that she sometimes produces a prosaic line of monosyllables, but in other places she turns the weight of such a line to good effect, as in "Tho length of Years with moss may shade the Ground", which itself follows another monosyllabic line (below, p. 455). "Thursday" contains two good lines of this sort (15 and 45). These may have been approved or at least tolerated by Pope; but Lady Mary increased the number of monosyllabic lines in this piece by her spelling of "sept le va" (written by Pope "Septleva").[3] Some of her monosyllables may be due to carelessness, as is probably the stress which falls inappro-

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1. "Dedication of the Æneis", 1697, Essays, ed. W. P. Ker, repr. 1961, ii. 216.

2. Ibid. p. 227.

3. MS in New York Public Library.

priately on "a" in "On every Fop bestowing a kind Glance" -- not surprisingly altered in publication.

Lady Mary liked to add weight to her triplets with a central monosyllabic line, as in "Thursday", line 22, and "Written ex tempore in a Glass Window", line 10. In other passages the few non-monosyllables stand out with added emphasis:

> By whose vile arts this heavy Greife I bear,
> She, at whose Name, I shed these spitefull Tears,
> She owes to me the very Charms she wears

("Thursday", lines 57-59). Another example of the same effect is the change of pace in the third foot of the opening line "From this vile Town, immers'd in Dust and Care".

Lady Mary's high-handedness extended to scanning "Power" as two syllables and "desire" as two (not three) in the first line of "Written ex tempore in a Glass Window" (altered in publication). This type of inconsistency occurs throughout her verse, less noticeable when less closely contrasted. The echo or internal rhyme is also common; as with other tricks of Lady Mary's it can be looked upon as an intentional device or unconscious habit. It did not appeal to her editors: the proximity of "immers'd" was probably their motive for altering "Dust" to "smoke" in the line already quoted. When she breaks Pope's rule against repeating rhymes (as she frequently does) the same tendency to echo herself may be the cause. Even adjacent couplets often employ similar rhymes. To go no further than the poems already used for examples: "Written ex tempore in a Glass Window" has seven lines, out of a total of eleven, that end in the same consonant; "Thursday" contains four consecutive lines with the same consonant (mine/resign, gone/alone), four with the same vowel (aside/hide, shine/mine, of which the second repeats a rhyme of eight

lines earlier), and four with almost identical rhyme (Fair/bear -- repeated from ten lines back -- Tears/wears). Lady Mary did not cease to break Pope's rule in later years.[1] Her carelessness shows in many of her rhymes: brook/rock, irregular/fair, for instance.[2]

Lady Mary almost always end-stopped her lines. Occasionally the subject comes in the first line and the verb in the second, as in lines 3-4, 11-12 of "How happy you". These examples occur where she is setting the scene of her poem with generalizations about Bathurst's behaviour: when she begins to narrate his actions in more detail she wields each line as a separate unit.

While she does not approach the fluidity and constant variation of Pope's verse, she follows his advice in shifting the caesura between fourth and sixth syllables, as well as both earlier and later. For instance, "Address'd To ----" has a pause after the first syllable in "Say; then does the unbody'd Spirit fly" and after the third syllable two lines later, while other lines (e.g. 2 and 3) move onwards without any break (below p. 585). On the whole Lady Mary pauses most often after the fourth syllable (nine times with more or less emphasis in this poem of 27 lines; five times in the eleven lines of "Written ex tempore in a Glass Window"), which gives her verse a certain monotony in extended passages.

She attempted to break this monotony by the use of triplets and Alexandrines, following the practice of Dryden (who had called them

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1. E.g. "So often seen, it should be nothing new" (1736-41), lines 23-28.

2. She also used good rhymes which time has undone, e.g. Desert/Heart. She uses both alternative rhymes for "Tea" -- "stay" and "decree" and rhymes "Sea" with "stay".

"the Magna Charta of heroic poetry")[1] rather than that of Pope, who criticized Dryden for employing too many of the latter.[2] They provide two methods of introducing variety and adding emphasis, simpler and more striking though less subtle than Pope's recommended constant small variations. Lady Mary's continuing love of Alexandrines perhaps began in her girlhood verse. There extra or missing feet produce some jolting irregularities but also some striking effects which she repeated later.[3] An extra foot occurs rarely in her mature poems; one, in "Verses Written in a Garden", was pruned by her editors (line 12), as they pruned an Alexandrine extraordinarily placed halfway through a triplet in "How happy you" (line 66).

It is hard to believe that Pope approved of the three triplets in "Thursday", the first of which is divided between two speakers and immediately followed by another triplet; they are all in his copy of the eclogue, but he may later have reduced the third to a couplet (below p. 367). If Pope was too tactful to press his principles on his collaborator, she was probably not the less aware of the rule from which she was deviating: many years later, quoting from her own "Epistle From Mrs. Y/onge/ to her Husband", she added "How the great Dr. Swift would stare at this vile triplet!"[4] Her comment did not lack irony -- she was no more disposed to accept Swift as an arbiter of standards in verse than to believe him really "great". A good example of her use of triplets is the "Epistle From Arthur G/ra/y",

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1. Essays, p. 229.

2. Corr. i. 24.

3. Compare "Poem", lines 19-22, with "Hymn to the Moon", lines 9-12 (pp. 295, 620).

4. Letters, iii. 219; Swift had struck a blow against triplets ending in Alexandrines with his offensive one at the end of "A Description of a City Shower", 1710; his reforming intention was noted in Faulkner's edition, 1735.

where they occur at many, but not all, of the climactic points.

Lady Mary's favourite poetic style may be characterized as a less highly-wrought and rather old-fashioned copy of Pope's versification. In her eclogues the rhythms of his early poetry are everywhere apparent; as his path and hers diverged the influence lessened but was not thrown off. Lady Mary must have immersed herself in the delightful poems of Pope's youth, on the basis of which she was later to classify him scornfully as "all sound and no sense". But other verse habits continued to serve her: the methods of emphasis borrowed from heroic poetry, and the flexible line (composed largely of monosyllables) which approximates to her tough and economical prose style. She makes extensive use of balance and antithesis, often an integral adornment of even the most straightforward passage:

> Believe me Freind (for such indeed are you,
> Dear to my Heart, and to my Int'rest true)
> Too much already have you thrown away,
> Too long sustain'd the labour of the Day.

In other lines, sometimes her best, the structure in no way differs from that of prose:

> But the bold Thunder found them out
> (Commission'd for that end no Doubt).[1]

This last quotation, from her "Epitaph", shows that the iambic pentameter was not the only line Lady Mary mastered, and also that she could write the style proper to each metre.

Another poem in octosyllabics, "The Reasons that Induce'd Dr S⟨wift⟩ to write a Poem call'd the Ladys Dressing room", provides striking evidence of Lady Mary's assimilative power. At about the same period as the Verses to the Imitator of Horace, with their close

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1. Below, pp. 633, 411.

parody of Pope's Horatian manner, the change from five to four feet converts her tone instantly from that of Pope to that of Swift. This ability to mimic different voices in verse proved useful to Lady Mary in her handling of ballad and song metres. In the former genre it was standard practice for the composer of something new to follow not only the old tune but the old formulae closely. A glance at first-line indexes shows how common in miscellanies were the famous opening lines of "Chevy Chase", "The Children in the Wood", "I'll tell thee a story" and others. The same thing could happen to the opening line of a non-traditional ballad or of a non-ballad, e.g. "Collin's Complaint" and Absalom and Achitophel, which had many imitators. Lady Mary imitated or was suspected of imitating lines or stanzas of three of the abovementioned poems; the first line of "The Lover" shows her harking back to a poem in the same metre which is otherwise quite irrelevant to her purpose.

Though not usually an experimenter, Lady Mary used a fair range of metres. She never after maturity attempted an irregular ode stanza, and her lost sonnets were probably so in name only, but she wrote two rondeaus, besides decasyllabics, octosyllabics, anapaests,[1] and the common ballad metre. The triplet form of "Bagatelle" reappears in decasyllabics in her "Fourth Ode of the First Book of Horace, Imitated". Songs at this period were in general regular.[2] Lady Mary never attempted a rhyme-scheme more complex than that of "Fond Wishes you persue in vain"; the couplet was so firmly etched on her mind that she some-

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1. A favourite of Prior's, e.g. "Jinny the Just", 1708 (Works, i. 300-4).

2. The London Magazine printed an astonishing version of "Goe and catch a falling star" converted into three-foot iambics (1741, p. 301).

times reverts to it after beginning with alternate rhymes.

Her poetic vocabulary also belongs to her period. The verbal excesses of her juvenilia have been refined, as her sentiments have become less sentimental. The exclamatory despair of Statira and Cleopatra has been sophisticated into Roxana's "soft sorrows" and Flavia's "Anguish of a wounded mind". The flames and darts of love, so noticeable a feature of Lady Mary's early poems, reappear in her translated "Turkish Verses". One phrase particularly, "where 1000 glorys play", recalls "The Adventurer", and the rather bathetic close might have come straight out of one of her adolescent outpourings:

> My Queen! my Angel! my fond Heart's desire,
> I rave -- my bosom burns with Heavenly fire.
> Pity that Passion which thy Charms inspire.

Lady Mary dropped this style insofar as she dropped the attitude to love which it conveyed. In her mature work she wrote of love sometimes lightly and sometimes with anguish; in the latter case she usually rendered emotions into physical symptoms, but in a manner a good deal more realistic than the "Heavenly fire" image. The language she uses sometimes recalls her earlier luxuriant fancy while only hovering on the edge of metaphor: "whose powerfull Name / Does ev'ry throbbing Nerve inflame", or

> Ye soft Idea's leave this tortur'd Breast
> And thou fond Heart, go beat thy selfe to rest.

Lady Mary still sometimes uses the vocabulary of heroic love, but with greater self-consciousness and generally for ironic effect. Dancinda, bent on keeping her extramarital lover without granting him any physical satisfaction, speaks with splendid baroque fervour:

> Oh Love! A God indeed to Womankind!
> (Whose Arrows burn me, and whose fetters bind)
> Avenge thy Altars, vindicate thy fame
> And blast these Traitors who prophane thy Name,
> Who by pretending to thy sacred Fire,
> Raise Cursed Trophys to impure Desire!

In this passage the arrows and fetters define the kind of love Dancinda seeks. Lady Mary mentions the deity of love, like that of reason in "Ye soft Idea's", only to question or qualify it.

Lady Mary might claim a place in any discussion of eighteenth-century "poetic diction" on the strength of her "Turkish Verses". She evidently hoped to impress Pope with her rendering; the "literal translation" which she appended (below p. 731) shows clearly how she makes use of diction for embellishment, and how its standardized requirements prevent her from translating the exoticisms of the Turkish. Where the original is most simple the change is most striking.

> My crys peirce the Heavens,
> My Eyes are without sleep;

becomes

> The Heavens relenting hear my peircing Crys,
> I loath the Light, and Sleep forsakes my Eyes.

Here the "Heavens" and "Sleep" become movers of the action, half personified; an adjective of questionable relevance fills out the first line and the second is padded with a commonplace thought not in the original. The effect lacks the starkness of the literal translation, but has a dignity of its own.

This poem yields a remarkably large collection of poetic formulae. Many are nouns and adjectives (often participles) "sorted by pairs": "a heavenly prize", "pierceing charms", "Amorous Heart", and (paradoxically) "pleasing Pain". They go together like the alliterative

pairs in Middle English poetry, without effort or thought, sometimes coming perilously near the "expletive" exemplified in The Art of Sinking by "verdant Green" and "lone Solitude".[1] Some formulae have other structures ("snatch one kiss", "ease the smart", "the pain I bear") or even consist of one word ("Philomel", "Groves"). This piece however is not typical of Lady Mary's use of diction; more often she employs the love-formulae for irony or re-interprets them imaginatively.

The set pieces of Eastern everlasting spring and English winter in "Constantinople" finely typify Augustan pictorial diction. The spring passage reaches a peak of visual concentration with adjectives and verbs rich in almost heraldic colour ("Tyrian", "rich", "golden"; "display", "shine", "emulating day"). Later in the same passage and in that on winter, most of the adjectives are participles, which link sight with feeling: "Living", "undefil'd", "rising", "Warm'd" contrast with "frozen", "chiling", "Deform'd", "blasting", "wither'd", "driving", "trembling", "benumd". Such passages of natural description are rare in Lady Mary's verse; but the later part of the same poem shows how she can adapt the descriptive technique. She writes of Turkish society as she experiences it, alternating sense-images ("No Bellowing Shouts of noisie crouds arise," "The Gilded Navy that adorns the Sea") with no less vivid appeals to the mind ("Barbarous Zeal of Savage Foes", "the Happy Sciences", "Fair sounding Flattery's delicious bane"). In this kind of writing the words must be strong and appropriate but do not need to be in any way original. The number of participles, of processes as it were arrested in the moment

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1. 1727: The Art of Sinking in Poetry: Martinus Scriblerus' Peri Bathous, ed. E. L. Steeves, 1952, p. 58.

of happening, helps the impression of inclusiveness in the writer's omniscient vision. "Constantinople" is Lady Mary's most successful and unified attempt at this manner. It yields numerous examples of her love of alliteration, many in adjective-noun pairs ("snowy Steed", "Dread Divan", "solemn state", "Female Fears"). The play on sound reaches an extreme in "Where preistly Pomp in Purple Lustre blaz'd".

This "heroical-pastoral" vocabulary accounts for only half of Lady Mary's poetic armoury. The many personages of her verse speak the "natural" language of comedy as well as that of tragedy. This was misunderstood by Leigh Hunt (below p. 188) and by a writer in the Critical Review who classed "a great pen'north" in "Thursday" among expletives.[1] Her comic method includes the reversal of the pastoral method. "Now with fresh vigour Morn her Light displays" appeals to the senses as does "Constantinople", but the pleasant scene is evoked so that Dullness may dispel it with "thick Fogs". Like a true Augustan, Lady Mary claims the right to satirize what she also uses. The word "nymph", for instance, occurs "straight" in the opening line of "Epistle From Arthur G⌊ra⌋y", and with varying kinds of irony in "The Reasons that Induc'd Dr S⌊wift⌋" and "By the side of a halfe rotten wood" (below pp. 413, 542, 552). Similarly with the pathetic fallacy: nobody but a sparrow sympathises with Melantha, though the wretched Flavia had anticipated that "Gentle streams will weep at my Distress" (below pp. 389, 551).

Much of Lady Mary's imagery is of the conventional kind that grows out of the terms of love and the vocabulary of pastoral description.

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1. 1768, p. 229.

Such are the seeds of wisdom and storms of passion in "Wrote in the Year 1755 at Louvere". Lady Mary based this short poem, like "Impromptu to a young Lady singing" and "Why should you think I live unpleas'd", on the working out of a single image. Its components are commonplace, but they are rendered satisfying by their complex correspondence with the human situation they mirror. Lady Mary condenses a great deal of experience into a few lines, while emotive adjectives, adverb, and verbs ("slow", "experience'd", "cold", "sacred", "Fierce", "torn", "Faintly", "struggle", "inclement") add texture to the simply metaphorical nouns ("product", "Fruit", "Life's ... Winter", "seeds", "storms of Passion"). Only in the last line is the noun surprising as well as richly connotative: "No sooner born, than the poor Planter dyes." The poor planter fits the image of the poem; he also reminds the reader that the human race are laborious sons of fallen Adam. Lady Mary in fact borrowed this noun, as she borrowed the idea of "Long ripening under-ground". The lines from Buckingham and Congreve may have lingered in her head and been elaborated into a poem which is an epigram in the classical sense. In this way she could redeem clichés of imagery.

Lady Mary was constantly borrowing in this manner. Her actual debts are hard to define, because of the infinite gradations between direct quotation (either of several lines or of a mere phrase) and allusion (which may reside in paraphrase, in a borrowed rhyme or echoed cadence). She drew on her contemporaries and predecessors not only to enrich her own verses but to give her readers the pleasure of recognition. Most of her borrowings tend towards a redefining of other people's lines in terms of mock-heroic or mock-pastoral, as in the opening lines of "Monday". Less frequently, she drew on grander

writers to lend dignity to her own utterance, as when Arthur Gray echoes a line given by Pope to Nestor (below p. 416). In many other places she uses phrases from earlier poets without any apparent aim of magnifying or diminishing her utterance. She borrowed "Ye meaner Beauties," "what cannot Love persuade?", "fretful Porcupine" without specific purpose; the reader may be expected to recognize the allusion, but not to derive particular enlightenment from it. Sometimes, where the process of borrowing is cumulative, only one stage of it has any importance: "Poets militant" probably derives from Cowley but only its ultimate source, the Prayer-Book, matters.

One example will serve to illustrate the complex associations which a single couplet could convey. Lines 3-4 of "Monday":

> Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her Breast
> Not her own Chairmen with more weight oppress'd,

enmesh the prosaic "Chairmen" and literal "weight" in a web of heroic allusion. Lady Mary must have had in mind lines 3-4 of Pope's Iliad, book x. Pope had pointed out in a footnote (from Eustathius) that Homer here echoed his own description of Jupiter.[1] Lady Mary was thus suggesting an ironic comparison between Agamemnon or Jupiter and the sleepless and anxiety-ridden Roxana. She was probably aware also of the similarity between Iliad ii. 1-2 and Aeneid iv. 1-2, which each isolate a central character weighed down by care.[2] The deserted Roxana therefore recalls Dido as well as the more august figures from Homer.

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1. Iliad, ii. 1-2.

2. Cf. Aeneid, ed. A. S. Pease, Cambridge, Mass., 1935, p. 83.

Lady Mary did not originate the idea of burlesquing this complex of associations. Pope had applied it in The Rape of the Lock to both Ariel and Belinda,[1] implicity comparing the first to Agamemnon or Jupiter (in a couplet almost identical with his own on Agamemnon), and the second to Dido. Lady Mary knew, and no doubt expected her readers to know, The Rape of the Lock; indeed her own knowledge of the heroic contexts may have derived from Pope. So far Roxana's predecessors number five (Jupiter, Agamemnon, Dido, Ariel, Belinda), but this does not exhaust the associations she might awake in an alert reader. Pope's two related couplets in The Rape of the Lock and one in the Iliad all employ the same rhyme, "opprest / Breast" -- a rhyme which had already been used in conjunction with the oppressive-care image by Dryden, Lady Winchelsea and Garth.[2]

In a case like this it is of course impossible to tell how many of the available parallels Lady Mary was aware of or wished to bring to her readers' attention. She was simply cropping the common ground of literature, as did contemporary minor poets and even such individual stylists as Pope and Johnson. Literary tradition was the major source of her imagery. Even when she produced a striking image it often formed part of a more conventional framework, as the mental lions and tigers of "Impromptu" form part of a parallel between the singing girl and Orpheus. On the whole she was not inventive with imagery. In her poems as in her prose key figures recur: the hidden wound of "How happy you" and "Ballad To the Irish Howl", the thief in

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1. ii. 53-54, iv. 1-2.

2. Aeneid, x. 1249-50; "The Spleen", 1709, Poems, ed. M. Reynolds, 1903, p. 248; The Dispensary, 4th ed. 1700, iii. 9-10.

guise of a beggar of "An Answer to a Love letter" and "An Epilogue to...M/ary/ Queen of Scots" (below pp. 445, 628, 460, 449c).

In her satires Lady Mary sometimes lights on a forceful and grotesque conceit. "To Stomachs nice, he saves th'expence of Squills" is the product of an imagination which excelled in concrete realisation of ideas, as in her prose image of the world as a mite-ridden cheese.[1] Even more striking is this couplet on female genitals from the margin of "The Reasons that Induce'd Dr S/wift/":

> The port of universal Trade,
> That Anvil where Mankind /? is/ ma⟨de⟩.

Perhaps Lady Mary's concern for the honour of her sex prevented her from working this couplet into her poem; perhaps she simply never got round to fitting it in. Its position in her manuscript, like the scraps of verse in her commonplace-book, shows that she composed piecemeal. She kept some lines on Addison's death and finally wove them into an epitaph for Congreve, who died ten years later (below p. 461). The mosaic method used by Pope, the careful preservation of a few lines until a suitable setting could be worked up for them, is as characteristic of her as the flurry of extemporaneous composition.

Not all her longer poems have a clearly-definable structure. "P/ope/ to Bolingbroke" and the Verses to the Imitator employ one argument after another, but do not progress clearly from premises to conclusion. "Constantinople* follows a leisurely course from general descriptive passages and accounts of human behaviour to a personal statement. "The Reasons that Induce'd Dr S/wift/" neatly sandwiches

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1. Letters, ii. 46.

a parody of Swift's didactic irony between an introduction and conclusion of closely-observed low humour. It is unfortunate that the task represented by "Her Palace place'd beneath a muddy road" and "Now with fresh vigour" was never completed. The remaining fragments suggest a clearly-defined mock-epic framework; but Lady Mary probably owed this to her cousin Henry Fielding (below pp. 161-2). Although she handles her heroic apparatus with skill, she must have found the work an unusual and possibly an uncongenial one. Her natural poetic flight was much shorter. Even in prose she was not accustomed to make plans for "Design, Form, Fable...exactness, or consent of parts";[1] her bent was towards anecdote, epigram, essay, or occasionally long, rambling, self-indulgent narratives. In verse as in prose her virtues are essentially those of the superlatively good talker.

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1. Pope, Corr. i. 109-10.

IV OCCASIONAL VERSES

We have seen already how many of Lady Mary's verses drew their life from a specific occasion. Some, like "A Billet to Invite to Suppers" and her personal epistles, served a practical purpose. Even the purely lyrical "Hymn to the Moon" commemorates in its sub-title its moment of conception. This category could therefore be extended to include verses in the major modes (satire, love-poetry, pastoral, epistle), as well as the smaller groups which will be considered here.

Lady Mary wrote epilogues, epigrams, commemorative verses, and political squibs, besides her varied output of "answers". To each of these kinds as to the established genres she carefully adapts herself. Her two epilogues, to Cato and to a never-finished play by the Duke of Wharton, exemplify this. Each exhibits the licence traditionally allowed the epilogue to counterbalance a serious play with satire and scurrility; each, too, combines within itself features generally found in separate epilogues. That to Cato (below p. 336) was perhaps intended like Lady Mary's other epilogue to be spoken by Mrs. Oldfield, who played Cato's daughter. It belongs to the type associated with this actress, in which the tragic heroine, once the action is over, suggests "that unheroic conduct and a little common sense would have prevented the disaster."[1] Cynically she points out the non-heroic options open to the protagonist, "Who might have liv'd, and had a handsome place". At the same time she affects to admire the mores of

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1. Mrs. Oldfield, "by far the most popular speaker of epilogues in the first three decades of the century," specialized in this type and achieved her greatest success in it (Mary E. Knapp, Prologues and Epilogues of the Eighteenth Century, 1961, pp. 67, 295).

those who would find it less hard to starve than "From girls, Champagne, and gaming, be confin'd". Her comments on these "bonny Britons" have another well-known epilogue slant, that of comparison between foreign over-refinement and rugged British virtues.[1] The opening couplet sets the mock-patriotic tone:

> You see in ancient Rome what folly reign'd;
> A folly British men would have disdain'd.

The speaker assumes the moral superiority of her audience, who have all a "generous mind" and are "none so weak to pity Cato's case". She does so with the down-to-earth, no-nonsense air of "something more than glory" and "ways to get (God knows) are very few". Although debunking epilogues were increasingly criticised for undermining the authority of their plays,[2] Lady Mary's makes quite clear, through simple ironic reversal, the inferiority of the contemporary society which cannot appreciate heroic renunciation or the desire for a "private life". It is interesting to see Lady Mary exploiting the possibilities of her medium so cleverly even before her apprenticeship to Pope and Gay.

"An Epilogue to M/ary/ Queen of Scots" displays a more complex irony. Lines like

> If you will Love, love like Eliza then,
> Love for Amusement like those Traitors, Men

would have struck an outrageous note in a serious poem; in an epilogue

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1. Knapp, pp. 205-32.

2. E.g. by Joseph Warton: "that air of gallantry and raillery, which, by a strange perversion of taste, the audience expects in all epilogues to the most serious and pathetic pieces. To recommend cuckoldom, and palliate adultery, is their usual intent" (An Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope, 5th ed., 1806, i. 267).

such libertinism was licensed by tradition, and the couplet might have passed on an audience as the same kind of ironic reversal made in the Cato epilogue. This later piece, however, is so structured as to force its audience into accepting the unacceptable. The actress was to begin with a lament on Mary's fall which would continue and intensify the sympathy roused by the play itself: "How few espous'd a Wretched Beauty's Cause!" Thus she would make no break with the heroic convention which she had just been interpreting; though revealed as a representative of the modern world she would use highly serious, not satiric language. Even more resistant to a cynical response was the sermon-like summary of the play's moral:

> Two great Examples have been shewn to Day
> To what sure Ruin, Passion does betray,
> What long Repentance to short Joys is due,
> When Reason rules what Glory does ensue.

It is in this context that Lady Mary exhorts her female listeners to "Love for Amusement" and follows this up with the Machiavellian

> Think that the Pastime of a Leisure Hour,
> She favour'd oft -- but never shar'd her Power.

Before the audience have digested this she re-engages their sympathy with the vivid images of the fleeing traveller, browbeaten almsgiver and "trembling Game" before administering the final shock of

> Hear; but be faithfull to your Interest still,
> Secure your Hearts, then Fool with who you will.

On the one hand the epilogue tradition allowed Lady Mary to go further than she would normally have dared in exposing the double standard of sexual morality, and further than she would have wished in cold prose. The almost brutal flippancy of "Pastime of a Leisure Hour" and "Fool with who you will" contrasts with her plea for sentimental love and recognition of womanly weakness in "Epistle From Mrs

Y/onge/", but approximates closely to other epilogues.[1] On the other hand Lady Mary deliberately mingled the outrageous epilogue tone with rational argument and persuasive imagery in order to question the convention of cynicism as well as that of heroic love. She had a complex purpose in shocking; it is a pity that neither of her epilogues came before an audience.

Lady Mary's talent did not lend itself to the turgid funeral elegies which proliferated in her lifetime, but she did write verses on death: a few quiet, restrained statements in praise of departed friends, and some sardonic comments on the perspective death throws on life. Criticism of her "Epitaph" on John Hewet and Sarah Drew has centred on her lack of grief for the dead lovers and in our own century has led to the conclusion that she despised their lowly station. James Sutherland considers that her

> reaction to Pope's rural tragedy is quite clear: she thinks that he is making altogether too much fuss over a couple of mere villagers. These are people that one would scarcely notice at all if they were alive: why grow heroic about them merely because they have come to a sudden end? If the bolt had struck Lord Harcourt, that would have been something![2]

There is some truth in this. The anti-heroic style of the "Epitaph",

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1. E.g. one written for Mrs. Oldfield by her lover Arthur Maynwaring, which argues women's right to liberate themselves from bad husbands (Poems and Translations. By Several Hands, 1714, pp. 40-43).

2. Preface to Eighteenth Century Poetry, p. 97. The Edinburgh Review in 1803 had "always thought that her desire to be smart and witty, has intruded itself a little ungracefully into the place of a more amiable feeling" (p. 513). Edith Sitwell considered that she showed "a fund of common sense, a good deal of natural cynicism, and a certain coarse good humour" (Alexander Pope, 1930, p. 135), George Sherburn that "one may excuse her callousness by her preoccupied situation" (Pope, Corr. i. 522 n.3).

in contrast with that on Mrs. Bowes, may be partly due to the lovers' social class. Consider, though, Lady Mary's equal callousness about the dead Lord Irwin (below p. 491). Sutherland goes on to contrast such an attitude with that of Gray, who finds the poor, when dead, worthy to be taken seriously;[1] yet Lady Mary was capable of Gray's kind of generalized sympathy for the pathos of obscure lives. She expressed it in her juvenile poems ("the poor peasant that ne're heard of Fame") and in "Constantinople":

> Those Eyes a second Homer might inspire,
> Fix'd at the Loom, destroy their useless Fire.

The thought of the lightning-stroke at Stanton Harcourt, however, awoke in her none of the awe produced by the thought of Death in the abstract, or the thought that the "poor remains" of Greeks in Constantinople were indeed Homer's compatriots. An unbiassed reading of Pope's letter to her shows why:

> Upon the whole, I can't think these people unhappy: The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to dye 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 honourd with a Tear from the finest eyes in the world.[2]

This (besides betraying an attitude to social inferiority at least as intolerable to the twentieth-century reader as Lady Mary's) instantly aroused her "spirit of female contradiction" by placing a moral value on emotion. She had not only the sentimentality of Pope's letter to contradict, but the posturing of

> Virtue unmov'd can hear the Call,
> And face the Flash that melts the Ball.[3]

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1. P. 100.

2. Corr. i. 496.

3. Twickenham, vi. 199.

It was not without irony that she admitted her own poem to be "not so poetical" and "not altogether so Heroic" as his; one might argue that her picture of John Hewet and Sarah Drew as "this poor Couple that are dead" is both more "just" and more dignified than that of "Victims so pure", comparable to self-immolated Eastern lovers.

Lady Mary's verses must always be regarded in the light of their "occasion"; the occasion of her "Epitaph" was not the lovers' death but Pope's celebration of it. He had asked her for an epitaph, and her offering conforms to an older lapidary style than his, from its simple (or bald) "Here lyes John Hughs and Sarah Drew" to its button-holing of the passer-by or "Freind" with a moral drawn from their fate. Lady Mary altered "Hewet" to fit her metre; Pope's verse was too poetical to admit such unheroic names at all. In brief span and almost aggressively colloquial style, Lady Mary manages to cast doubt on all Pope's assumptions: on the moral relevance of the accident ("Perhaps you'l say, what's that to you?"), on the lovers' chastity (the single word "cocking"), on death as reward for virtue and as subject for poetic description ("Commission'd for that end no Doubt" and "Shades of Death"), on the actuality of pastoral myth ("A Beaten Wife and Cuckold Swain"), and on the significance to the dead -- their "greatest happiness"? -- of their mourners' eminence:

> Now they are happy in their Doom
> For P. has wrote upon their Tomb.

The "Epitaph" forms part of an intellectual dispute in which the lovers merely provide ammunition; but the dispute deals with their exploitation. It seems hard therefore that Lady Mary should receive moral censure for this exquisitely fashioned trifle.

Moral value can perhaps be attributed to one constant quality of all Lady Mary's verses about the dead -- their sincerity. In none of

these poems does she assume any dramatic identity, but speaks in her own voice. Writing of friends or strangers, she consistently refuses to pretend to an emotion she does not feel. This may lead her to meditate on the nature of death or to rebuke the exaggerated emotions of others. Her verses on the death of Mrs. Bowes, "Written ex tempore" (below p. 435), were no doubt intended to puncture a mood of sentimentality similar to that aroused in Pope by John Hewet and Sarah Drew. Mrs. Bowes too was very young for death; she too was assumed to be in possession of every joy that love could give, with the addition in her case of wealth. Newspaper accounts catch the mood of hysterical sorrow:

> Yesterday about 7 in the Evening, the Lady of George Bowes... died at her House in Great Marlborough Street, to the unspeakable Sorrow of her surviving melancholy Consort, who will admit of no Consolation, and the utter Distraction of her lamenting Mother, whose only Child she was, and to whom she was dearer than her own Eyes: She died in her 15th Year, extremely regretted of all who had the Happiness to know her, being Mistress of such admirable Perfections both of Body and Mind, that she has scarce left her Equal behind her.[1]

The point of Lady Mary's verse, really a commonplace, was also made by the Duchess of Queensberry on the death of another wife: "to die so young and so very happy; consider what that is: -- why, only, not to outlive youth and happiness; and who would wish to do so?". The viewpoint is that of Lady Mary's "Epitaph", but the style is very different. "A Beaten Wife and Cuckold Swain" can be regarded as the basic form of what, embellished, becomes

> You had not yet the fatal Change deplor'd,
> The tender Lover, for th'imperious Lord,
> Nor felt the Pangs that jealous Fondness brings,
> Nor wept the Coldness from Possession springs;

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1. St. James's Evening Post, 15 Dec. 1724.

2. Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, Letters, 1824, ii. 110-11.

but the diction of the latter passage sets it in a heroic world. For whatever reason, Lady Mary sees the rustics as comic and the heiress as potentially tragic. She refuses to mourn for either, but for Mrs. Bowes she feels sympathy in place of sorrow -- sympathy for the pains she has been spared and for the joy she has experienced. Genuine rejoicing takes the place of the sarcastic "Now they are happy in their Doom" -- partly no doubt because Lady Mary's argumentative standpoint this time permits it: nobody was maintaining that Mrs. Bowes's death was a blessing in disguise.

Lady Mary's response to this untimely death differed widely enough from that of society in general to ensure misunderstanding for the poem, although it expressed the emotion lacking in the "Epitaph" as well as a new hopefulness about a sequel to death. It drew accusations of lewdness (for emphasizing the sexual among earthly pleasures) and sacrilege (for linking those with the possible joys of Heaven). Lady Mary may have intended a modish irreverence in

> And if Superior Bliss Heaven can bestow
> With fellow Angels you enjoy it now,

but she was at the same time expressing honest uncertainty. This kind of speculation was common in her letters and poems.

Twenty years later Lady Mary treated the same theme again with deeper but less clearly defined feeling (below p. 555). Although Mrs. Thompson was older at her death than Mrs. Bowes and in less happy circumstances, Lady Mary expresses for her a truly elegaic feeling absent from the epitaphs so far discussed.

> Must then thy beauties thus untimely fade,
> And all thy bloomy, soft, inspiring charms
> Become a prey to Death's destructive Arms?

she asks, before reverting to her former position that the dead woman is "far more blessed than those yet left behind!" She even uses the uncharacteristic device of apostrophizing her muse "to pay a pitying tear, / And heave a sigh of sorrow o'er thy beare."

Lady Mary laments Mrs. Thompson, like Mrs. Bowes, in ornamental diction: "fatal love", "lawless passion", "blissful joy elate" and "gentle care" all have a predictable quality which is increased by a particularly high incidence of alliteration. But where the earlier poem inverted the conventional sentiments of elegy, the later one sounds a note of quiet regret. Its advice to other sinners to "pause, and think" differs from standard moralizing only in its lack of harshness. For her reproof to "malice, that Imbitters all our joys," Lady Mary uses a more sinewy diction: she negates her own idea of shielding or veiling her heroine by the double shock of "mouldring fair" and "what prudes half devoured", and draws a pointed contrast between "th'ill-natured crowd" and "ill-starr'd wretch". Her rigour towards "envious rage" balances her gentleness towards Mrs. Thompson. The poem's last line reverts to a quiet tone for its harsh message: that malice will not let the dead rest in peace till it has found a new victim.

Lady Mary's elegaic verses on women look on life as necessarily cruel and death as the only release; those on men contain more of panegyric and less complaining against fate. Her lines on the Duke of Marlborough (below p. 419), though plainly valedictory, do not actually mention his death. Unlike most funerary tributes to the Duke, Lady Mary's deals succinctly with his military achievements, but it shares their declamatory rhetoric and periphrasis: "proud Frenchman" for Louis XIV and "Our sinking temples" for the Church of

England. The first six lines rise to a climax, as the rapid contradictory movement of "sinking...expiring...trembling...rolling" rushes up against the solidity of "This Genius rose, and stopp'd the ponderous fall." Lady Mary handles this movement more skilfully than her syntax. The climax just quoted produces a not altogether happy half-visual effect. She feels herself on surer ground in writing of her hero's personal qualities; the smooth balance of the closing lines, so strongly contrasting with the earlier ones, probably led to their appropriation by a later writer.[1]

Her "To the Memory of Mr Congreve" concentrates exclusively on his private qualities, mentioning his writing only to praise its restraint and disinterestedness; she rejected a stanza in which she had begun to comment on his critical powers. "Farewell the best and loveliest of Mankind" combines gravity with the hyperbole of the lines on Marlborough. Lady Mary touches movingly on the difficulties of Congreve's life: "In pain could counsel and could charm when blind". In linking her praise of him with apparently irrelevant praise of Queen Mary, she perhaps weakens her verse as personal tribute, but intensifies its sense of generalized regret for a vanished age of which Congreve becomes the symbol. She ushers him out of "this Lewd Age" with its venal scribblers and she suggests, as for Mrs. Bowes, the possibility of future consciousness:

> If in a Distant State blest Spirits know
> The Scenes of Sorrow of a World below.

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1. See notes. J. W. Croker recognised the non-particularity of Lady Mary's praise when he chose this poem to reprint because of its appropriateness to another hero, the Duke of Wellington (Quarterly Review, lviii, 1837, p. 172).

The lyricism of this last stanza reappears in her fragment on the death of John Hedges (below p. 587). Nothing could be further from her early "Epitaph" than the poignancy of this fragment, yet it is still the living whom Lady Mary mourns as "poor" in contrast to the liberated dead.

One of the last poems Lady Mary wrote was her anti-compliment to Fulke Greville (below p. 646). Here, a surreptitious laudator temporis acti, she affects to praise the new sentimental manner which actually she despised. "The Human Heart your powerfull Pen obeys," she tells the aspiring writer, probably with sarcasm. Even if he had genuinely possessed such power she would have regarded it with suspicion by this date, as her comments on Richardson show.[1] She equivocates with gusto in "Past all describing, your descriptions are" and "So soon offended, sooner reconcil'd" -- the latter of which, if innocent of irony, would have deserved inclusion in some new Art of Sinking. Her opening lines borrow from Greville's own account of his desire to "discharge" his haphazard thoughts upon paper and so upon the world and convert it into a majestic image with a Drydenesque sting in its tail:

> Thus the charg'd Trees with blooming odors crown'd
> Shed their fair Blossoms with profusion round,
> The rich manure improves the barren Ground.

She plays with the canons of Augustan criticism by using "prolific" and "meandering" ostensibly as terms of praise, alluding to a divine inspiration and a monopoly of "True Genius" in which she certainly did not believe. The enjoyment of the joke lay in its victim's eager

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1. Letters, iii. 68, 90, 94.

acceptance of her supposed incense; her editors too must have thought her in earnest, since they cut out the line which mentions manure and reversed her image about Greville's intellectual incontinence. If her prose comments on his book had not survived, the verse might still be regarded as a clumsy eulogy. This example demonstrates the importance of the poem's inter-relationship with its occasion.

Sometimes a political situation drew verse comment from Lady Mary. Her major satirical writings concern themselves with the personal or literary even where they profess a political viewpoint, but in scraps of verse (as in prose) she could praise, condemn, or cast scorn on the whole political process as a rigged battle between mercenaries (p. 591). Her lines on Robert Walpole "Occasiond by the Sight of a Picture" (p. 544) focus on the domestic virtues of a man once "Lov'd without awe and without veiws carress'd" -- not merely, as with Marlborough and Congreve, to complement the public image, but to suggest something seriously wrong with the relationship between public and private. The poem assembles incompatible ideas and leaves them unreconciled. Lady Mary concedes that Walpole's very virtues are ambiguous (a husband may be too indulgent) and may lessen the politician's skill:

> (A consequential ill good nature draws,
> A bad Effect but from a noble Cause).

She expresses amazement at the disparity between the real man and his public image, or perhaps between the natural man of the past and the corrupted man of the present. "Whence then these clamours of the Judging croud"? she asks, and allows the poem to peter out in the accusations of the mob, with no answer offered to the question why.

In her sympathy for Walpole, Lady Mary here affects a simple-mindedness parallel to that she ascribes to him.

This poem is all the more interesting because she usually refers to Walpole satirically, as when she pictures his belly in "Letter to Lord Hervey from Twict'nam" or allows him and William Pulteney to reveal their venality in Horatian dialogue. (In her anti-Pope satires of 1729 she selected Addison as champion of the Whig cause where Fielding selected Walpole.) Another dialogue which she wrote about the Minister survives only in an incomplete copy (p. 589). In it her attitude to Walpole continues tantalizingly ambiguous. The other speaker, a supporter of the Prince of Wales, is flushed with confidence in future success. Walpole's lines suggest alternately success and failure as a statesman:

> When Europe sees the Blessing of my Schemes
> And all my Blunders are forgot like dreams
> Then full of years and Honor I retreat....

Lady Mary does not reveal her own opinion as to whether his achievement is real or founded on a confidence trick. The situation as regards his private life is clearer: pride in Molly Skerrett -- "How I shall smile, when she is styl'd, Her Grace!" -- gives way to the fears of the potential cuckold and the servility of

> Nor she shall think her selfe too much confined
> When I except but him of all mankind.

This renders his indulgence ludicrous.

Lady Mary saw not only Walpole as corrupt. In a Biblical parallel (p. 558) she compares the newly formed patriot opposition to worshippers of the golden calf, anticipating the equation of lack of political power with "the wilderness". Her central image enables her, in a manner popularised by Absalom and Achitophel, to make

oblique suggestions about loyalty, patronage, the Queen, and the bishops, as well as to hunt out equivalents which are playful rather than satirical:

> Isis processions were like Birth days fine
> And they at Festivals were ask'd to dine.

She frequently took the verse of others as occasion for her own. The "answer" proper employs the same form as its exemplar, as her concise and witty comments on poems by Peterborough and Lyttelton use respectively the anapaestic and iambic lines of those two lords (pp. 421, 527). (Her couplets on Paradise Lost (p. 448) do not constitute an answer; their application of a heroic theme to contemporary mores rather suggests epilogue.) She wrote a slightly more detailed comment (p. 484) on Hervey's verse epistle of home thoughts from abroad addressed to Stephen Fox. Her opening lines deflate Hervey's pose, tracing his "Pastoral Images" to their source in "empty pockets and a Head in pain". She has chosen her allusions carefully: Apollo to suggest the power of poetry (which she does not actually mention) as well as that of healing, Pygmalion to emphasize the miraculous nature of Hervey's cure. (She rejected two different versions of a line mentioning the sex of Pygmalion's statue, so that her implied comparison of Hervey to a girl is passed over.) The poem leaves an impression of rejoicing at Hervey's cure, even while it classifies him as a butterfly; this is delicate railery.

Lady Mary hit the requirements of the answer to perfection when she replied in the person of Lord William Hamilton to the verse declaration attributed to Lady Hertford (p. 502). Her reply runs a gamut of moods. "Good Madam" announces a well-bred opening couplet, which slides swiftly into the heartless flippancy of

For me I would not give a shilling,
For one that will love out of Rule.

The second stanza further expounds the "Rule", first invoked in the answered poem, which rigidly and impersonally demarcates the male and female roles in courtship. The third stanza reverts to personalities, hinting at contempt in the off-hand "you are in a terrible takeing" and expressing it with brutal precision in the final image:

But the Fruit that can fall without shakeing
Indeed is too mellow for me.

Lady Mary must have understood very well the attitudes of the gilded rakes whom she disliked and the scorn for old women which she later deplored.

Other poems replied in metre to remarks in prose. "Why will Delia thus retire" (p. 490) reproved Lady Irwin for taking fidelity to the dead -- "a practice so inconsistent with reason and nature" -- as an ideal. In the lines

Long ago the Worms have eat him,
You can never see him more

Lady Mary again expressed herself with a brutality which is absent from her prose, though she was consistently opposed to excessive mourning. Writing to her daughter in 1751, "Tears and Sorrow are no Dutys to [the dead], and make us incapable of those we owe to the living", she almost echoed advice given to Lady Mar in 1727: "Of all sorrows those we pay to the Dead are most vain, and as I have no good Opinion of Sorrow in general, I think no sort of it worth cherrishing".[1] One must remember that "Delia" was a widow of nine years. This passage of time, re-emphasized in "And no Spring your Charms renew", adds force to the playfulness of

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1. Letters, ii. 480, 81.

While the sighing Crowds admire
'Tis too soon for Hartshorn Tea,

and "I believe the Dose will do". Lady Mary gives her frivolity a dark background, as she does her solemnity in "An Answer to a Lady Advising me to Retirement". The disillusion of

All the Morals that they tell us
Never cur'd Sorrow yet

also lies behind

Long since the value of this World I know,
Pity the Madness, and despise the Show.

Misanthropy mingles with Lady Mary's stoicism, "Mankind's detested ways" with "my tedious part". The rather repellent confidence of the conclusion springs directly from the poem's source in a need to rebuke misunderstanding interference.

V TRANSLATION, PARODY AND ADAPTATION

Lady Mary's contemporaries regarded translation as one of the natural activities of a poet. Translation represented a large part of Dryden's oeuvre; it was a pastime "neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to myself" as Pope wrote in concluding the preface to his Homer, last and perhaps best of the series of great poetic translations which had begun with the Renaissance. Pope also gave an early place in his collected works to his juvenile pastiche imitations of Chaucer, Spenser, and others, under the heading "Translations and Imitations". This aspect of translation recalls its use for centuries as the major tool of the educational process, together with the tradition of the young poet as voluntary apprentice to those of former generations.

That Lady Mary shared this view of translation is shown by the examples she included in her juvenile poetry albums. On the one hand, by choosing to translate rather than compose, she was deliberately distancing the feelings expressed in her verse. On the other hand she chose those aspects of the ancient writers which appealed to her own developing muse, and elaborated these at the expense of less relevant ingredients of classical poetry. The results approximate more closely to imitation than strict translation. Dryden, writing of imitation as the third method of translating, the opposite of slavish exactitude, ascribed its first invention to Denham and Cowley;[1] but he was not strictly correct. The writers of the preceding century

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1. "Preface to the Translation of Ovid's Epistles", Essays, i. 237-9.

had imitated the ancients in the same way, notably Ben Jonson and Herrick in their use of Martial's epigrams. The form was available for use by the young Lady Mary, who would have felt it unnecessary to justify the freedom of her translations -- most of which employed an intermediate version.

In adult life she continued to write the same kind of poem, although in the meantime she had undertaken a large-scale prose translation in the spirit of a university exercise. Her painstaking and accurate rendering (from a Latin text) of Epictetus's Enchiridion, "the Work of one Week of my solitude", was no doubt intended to impress Bishop Burnet, to whom she sent it, and to support her arguments for some education for women; but her primary aim seems to have been self-improvement. She wished to understand Epictetus, and "endeavour'd at no Beauty of Style but to keep as Litterally as I could to the Sense of the Author".[1] None of her verse translations attempts to stick so closely to her original.

As well as using classical authors when she found something in them which appealed to her own imagination, Lady Mary seems sometimes to have welcomed the opportunity of writing a kind of verse which she would not have produced without a model. Such is her untitled early imitation of Catullus's "Vivamus mea Lesbia" (below p. 340). Here the erotic strain noticeable in "The Adventurer" has been liberated from the necessity for a dramatic framework, and from the various qualifications which accompany it in Lady Mary's adult verse. While copying Catullus Lady Mary feels free to concentrate on sensuous

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1. Letters, i. 44.

descriptions of kissing, even though this means ignoring the other material of his poem: the transitory nature of pleasure and the envy of those who do not share it. Lady Mary experimented technically in this verse, with repetition ("live" in the first stanza, "soft" in lines 5-6, and "kiss" and "dye" in stanza three, used with double meaning), and the paradox of confusing time-sequence ("Thus our mixing Souls may meet", "The short transporting Joy prolong", and resuscitation to die again). Yet the overall impression is of a confused welter of adjectives clogging the eager senses, as in lines 6-7. The experiment shows only that Lady Mary's talent lies elsewhere.

The heightened style of her "Turkish Verses" (discussed above, pp.55-56) exemplifies another effect Lady Mary would not have attempted without the stimulus of working from a model. "Neither do I think our English proper to express such violence of passion, which is very seldom felt amongst us; and we want those compound words which are very frequent and strong in the Turkish Language." Whatever we may think of her remark on the incidence of passion in England (possibly inserted with a view to cooling that of her correspondent, Pope), her own verse style had not hitherto expressed such emotion. Here, having provided a literal prose translation for her reader's guidance, she introduces her verses by enunciating the imitative principle of substituting one poetic convention for another: the nightingale's "Amours with Roses is an Arabian fable as well known here as any part of Ovid amongst us, and is much the same thing as if an English poem should begin by saying: Now Philomela sings". She is uneasily aware of having been over-bold in one literal rendering, "large stag's-eyes". "I could not forbear retaining the comparison of her Eyes to

those of a Stag, thô perhaps the novelty of it may give it a burlesque sound in our Language."[1]

The letter which accompanied this translation, addressed to the rising star of the English poetic firmament, witnesses pleasingly to the excitement which Lady Mary felt at contact with an exotic poetic tradition. Yet anything novel may sound burlesque; she cannot accept as poetry a series of images without a logical narrative framework:

> I have taken the Liberty in the 2nd verse /i.e. couplet/ of following what I suppose is the true Sense of the Author, thô not litterally express'd. By saying he went down to admire the beauty of the Vines and her charms ravish'd his Soul, I understand by this a poetical fiction of having first seen her in a Garden where he was admiring the beauty of the Spring.[2]

It is this tinkering with the poem's structure, rather than alteration in phrases and symbols, which divides her "Verses" from their original.

Lady Mary quoted an opinion of Boileau in the letter which contains her "Turkish Verses". While in Constantinople she also translated his satire on women (below p. 401). Her Embassy Letters show how travelling brought home to her the relative and arbitrary nature of those social conventions which appear from within so stable and inevitable. With her customary delight in paradox she attacked the prejudices of her correspondents, suggesting that Turkish sultanas and slaves enjoyed at least as much freedom as their English counterparts and that the most rational society may be the most hedonistic.[3]

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1. She fails to anticipate the slightly more euphonious naturalization, "doe-eyed", but provides a striking parallel to R. A. Brower's choice of "ox-eyed" to demonstrate that literally-translated epithets form the basis of the "use of heroic diction for ridicule" (Pope, p. 154).
2. Letters, i. 336-7.
3. i. 328, 401-2, 415.

She commented sardonically on English as well as Turkish national failings, sometimes unfavourably contrasting the customs of Christendom with the life of cultivated and hospitable Turkish ladies.[1] These considerations evidently influenced her towards translating from the leading satirist of Europe.

To focus her satiric impulse on the faults of her own sex was unusual for Lady Mary, but not surprising when one recalls how her letters lament their follies. Even four years before this, writing to her newly-married friend Philippa Massingberd, she expressed the "Opinion that both good and ill Husbands are their Wives' makeing, for as Folly is the root of all matrimonial Quarrells, that distemper commonly runs highest of the Woman's side".[2]

Boileau's tenth satire was currently the best known of a line descending from Juvenal's sixth: dissuasive advice to a friend contemplating marriage. Boileau begins and ends with the clash of opinion between the idealistic prospective bridegroom and the cynical denigrator of marriage, the body of his poem presenting a succession of character-studies in the Theophrastan manner which define womankind as a limited range of types. Lady Mary, in racy rather than elegant style, lacking Boileau's subtlety, re-arranges his sketches but neglects to maintain the dialogue form. She has selected from and condensed his material, here and there adding detail of her own. Like him she forcefully explodes the ideal of the maiden who

> Incapable of such detested vice,
> In Sweet retirement wastes her virgin Days.

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1. i. 313-15, 380-7.

2. i. 207.

Such an innocent becomes the subject of a central rake's progress; among the other pictures flanking hers, Lady Mary chooses Boileau's card-player as first exhibit, drastically curtails his miser, and substitutes a female politician for his précieuse, princesse, and varieties of bigotte.

She fails to convey many of the delicate touches of her original: "Déplorer sa vertu si mal récompensée" (line 206) reveals a mercenary morality as "Was ever virtuous Love so much abus'd" does not. She omits some of his telling details (the children "doit on croit estre Pere!" -- line 14) but neatly encapsulates others: the flirt's divided attention ("One gains a Glance, and one the pritty hand") and the contrast with her off-duty self ("Her Day Complexion on the Toilet plac'd"). On the whole her alterations serve to relate her "Satyr" more closely to the society she knew, as in making her intellectual turn atheist. If she cannot match Boileau's wide range and closely-woven texture, she supplies verbal felicities of her own: the ironic "solid Comfort of a Wife" and the vivid picture of marital jealousy:

> In every Street you meet her watchfull Spies
> And oft her selfe mobd in some odd Disguise
> With Thunder on her Tongue and Light'ning in her Eyes.

Though a more lightweight, hers is by no means a negligible performance.

Among her Turkish weekly activities Lady Mary listed "Thursday Classical Authors" -- probably including Horace, the poet she most frequently translates and imitates. Her two versions of odes of his[1] bear no dates; they were headed (one by her and/other by either the her

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1. Letters, i. 366; Odes I. iv and v, below pp. 652, 624.

or Dallaway) "Imitated". In these odes she accepts Horace's material in toto, and appears to have devoted some care to catching the nuances of his thought, at the same time feeling free to omit, expand, and combine to fit her chosen stanza-form. "That careless Elegance" is an acceptable attempt at "simplex munditiis"; the opening phrase of the "Fourth Ode" ("Sharp winter now dissolved") deals word for word with "Solvitur acris hiems". Lady Mary holds the balance between the classical (represented by the Graces and Cyclops as well as the twice-mentioned myrtle) and the familiar, represented by the linnets, "coming June" and the "blushing rose". This verse shows that she did not lack descriptive talent, but also displays her limitations in this vein. The steady procession of adjectives becomes tedious, particularly where too many present participles echo each other in sound and movement (lines 7, 14-15). The two stanzas which deal with "The equal hand of strong impartial fate" each slip into bathos in expanding the Latin. Her idyllic opening passage makes no attempt to prepare for the satiric ending.

This poem as a whole does not succeed like her "5th Ode", in which the tone is more unified, further from Horace but less remote from her unimitative verse. Love-intrigue, mentioned only at the close of the "Fourth Ode", dominates this poem. As in her early "Tenth Eclogue of Virgil", Lady Mary has effected a sexual switch: the beautiful and dangerous love-object becomes by implication a youth, and Horace's unsuspecting victim a girl. Lady Mary paid much attention during the 1720s to the theme of the destructive rake; this ode therefore made an ideal model for her.

This reversal of the sexes in itself alters the balance of the poem, forcing Lady Mary to remove into a separate stanza the image of

the ship-wrecked sailor, who in Horace is one with the disappointed lover. Lady Mary has in fact transformed the poem's shape more completely than in "Turkish Verses" or even the "Fourth Ode". Where Horace allowed the sense to run over from one stanza into the next, each stanza of her imitation resembles a self-contained animated picture. Each deals with a different person: the rake, the "new Beauty doom'd to be undone", the frightened sailor, and the writer who has for ever abjured such dangers. Horace comes back again and again to his golden girl, even in the last stanza, so that her image dominates his poem. Lady Mary mentions the destroyer only obliquely after her brilliant sketch in the first stanza; her descriptive adjectives apply instead to the victims -- for the remaining three stanzas each describe the feelings of a victim. The last stanza shows Horace and Lady Mary poles apart, though each is describing the same incident. Horace's detachment reinforces the pure lyric tone of his whole, while Lady Mary, as so often, has worked round from criticism of and sympathy for others to an expression of her own feelings such as Horace avoids. The poem is a model of successful imitation, in giving new and different life to the form of the original.

Lady Mary goes one step further in independence from her model in her imitation or parody of Horace's Ode ix. 3 (below p. 572). She keeps his satisfying symmetrical plan, in which the couple each recall past joys, each declare themselves committed to a rival, and each finally propose reconciliation. She even retains, in the third and fourth stanzas, the offer to die capped rather childishly by the offer to die twice. Yet she transforms the dialogue by applying the love-convention to politics. By replacing Horace's

light-hearted gallantry with the pettiness of friendship built on expediency, Lady Mary pokes fun at the conventions of love and politics alike. In all this she was following the footsteps of other imitators, though it is not clear how far she was aware of it. Dryden had numbered among the ancestors of satire the Roman _silli_: "verses patched up from great poets, and turned into another sense than their author intended them".[1] This graceful and flippant classical burlesque also informs Lady Mary's satires.

In her letters Lady Mary parodies as well as quoting her favourite poets, as in her ingenious version of the first stanza of Prior's _Down-Hall_.[2] She wrote two extended parodies, "By the side of a halfe rotten wood" and "Apollo and Daphne". In each case she wrote at two removes, at least, from her original. The earlier parodist who produced "Melinda's Complaint" (below p. 746) had already altered Rowe's romantic to an anti-romantic tone. Lady Mary retained this model for "By the side" with very little variation, adopting lines and whole stanzas virtually unchanged. She added a few striking phrases, as in the first line where her model's "glimmering fire" was little less romantic in connotation than Rowe's "clear stream". Elsewhere she had to sacrifice vividness to her purpose: the "noisy dull Squires in Boots" were poorly exchanged for a commonplace comparison of lover and husband, to the latter's disadvantage. Lady Mary was not much concerned here with minutiae of tone and effect. She simply wished to apply to a particular occasion an anti-romantic

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1. "A Discourse Concerning...Satire", _Essays_, ii. 52.

2. _Letters_, ii. 41. _Down-Hall_ was printed as a 6d. pamphlet in March 1723 (_Monthly Catalogue_, i. 7).

burlesque which she found ready to hand. The names "Melantha" and "Phil", and the pun on "Meadows", connect her jeu d'esprit with the marriage of her niece Lady Frances Pierrepont. Burlesque enabled her simultaneously to ridicule and reprove.

In "Apollo and Daphne" (below p. 607) she burlesqued an incident from Ovid which seems (like Horace's Ode iii. 9) to have been particularly apt for this kind of treatment. She transcribed two other versions, one by Prior and the other by an anonymous ballad-writer. These writers (as well as Fontenelle and various English imitators of his version) must have been attracted to the story by the parallel between contemporary marriage-brokering and the enumeration by Ovid's Apollo of what Lady Mary called "the particular of his Estate".[1] As in "By the side of a halfe rotten wood", however, she herself wished primarily to make a topical point.

The various parodists of this anecdote employ widely differing techniques. Prior, writing in heroic couplets, amusingly alternates two styles. Apollo speaks in heroic diction, often echoing Dryden's translation of Metamorphoses, book i,[2] while Daphne uses current jargon: "Pish!", "I do not care a fig," "as sure as Death". She freezes Apollo's suit with demands for civilities, presents, and finally a firm promise of marriage. The last couplet hints at her approaching transformation without breaking the modish surface of the poem, which pleased Pope "as much as anything of his I ever read."[3] In the "Ballad" version the burlesque style and contemporary

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1. Letters, i. 421.
2. Prior, Works, i. 413-17; Dryden, Poems, ii. 815-19.
3. Spence, § 211.

tone prevail throughout, in Apollo's speeches as well as narrative. The "Packington's Pound" stanza employs anapaests well suited to the colloquial tone. The ballad concludes that Apollo would have succeeded by pleading his wealth instead of his talents, but does not mention the metamorphosis. Tickell, following Fontenelle, also uses anapaests, with a more dignified vocabulary than the "Ballad". He makes the same point that women are blind to true merit; but he concludes that physical beauty, not riches, will always win them.

Lady Mary's "Apollo and Daphne", the shortest of all, gives a rapid sketch of Apollo's arguments to Daphne, with no elaboration in the manner of Prior or the ballad. A few words, "skittish", "Ballads" and "potion", relate her Apollo and Daphne to contemporary life; she aimed, however, not to extract the humour of this situation, but to apply to an individual the point Tickell had already made about attractive men. Like others of her verses, this is an epigram which operates through its reader's presumed knowledge of poems by other writers.

Apart from parody Lady Mary often indulged in extensive borrowing, even of whole passages. Of some lines by her Hervey wrote to Algarotti,

> You who do not know that they were most of them taken out of Prior's Solomon, Should have been more Lavish in Your Praises....
>
> A Picture of the World in Strains like these
> Sappho from Prior coppy'd at her Ease.[1]

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1. 27/16 Jan. 1737; Bristol MS 47/4, pp. 604, 605. He was apparently referring to a poem now lost.

Hervey seems to have regarded Lady Mary as guilty of literary larceny; Walpole thought her "a little apt to" stealing.[1] Whether she would have so regarded herself is another matter. She commented adversely on thefts by others, including what she took to be thefts from herself.[2]

Sometimes she transformed what she had appropriated. A six-line fragment sent to Algarotti (below p. 595) incorporates, besides an echo of Aphra Behn, a re-working of the first two stanzas of a song by Lansdowne. Lady Mary has altered the light-hearted mood of her original, which is written, apart from the last line of each stanza, in octosyllabics. With her heroic metre comes heroic emotion. For extra syllables in her first line she uses the negligible words "and quite"; in the second she adds "magick" to a line of Lansdowne's, making the power of love into something supernatural; in the fourth she converts the simple "Why is my Tongue afraid?" to the more exact and immediate "And on my tongue halfe-form'd reproaches dye". In her last couplet she diverges completely from Lansdowne, who goes on to describe his lovers' meeting with all the elaboration of gallantry. Lady Mary has taken the emotion at the core of his song and effectively isolated it.

No manuscript survives of a stranger case, her "A Character", which she pieced together out of satires printed a generation earlier in Poems on Affairs of State (below pp. 610, 748). If we discount the lines she wrote to join up half-couplets from her sources, we are left with the opening couplet and two more in a transitional position.

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1. Corr. xiv. 246, n. 22.

2. Letters, iii. 40; Spence, § 745; note to "Tuesday", line 61, below p. 354.

These not particularly significant fragments make up Lady Mary's total contribution to the poem. She appropriated lines and couplets strictly in the sequence in which they appear within each source poem, and made only minor changes in what she borrowed (which may of course have been obscured by the 1803 editing). Some of her alterations add emphasis, like an additional "only", "do not" for "scarce do'st", "valets" for "Servants", "country coquettes" for vain ones. Some probably served to fit her sketch more closely to its new subject, like "sense" and "arguments" for wit and jests, "low insipid rhymes" for "slight and senseless Songs", and the omission of "Piping". Changing social ideals may have made her substitute "easy" for "Familiar"; a desire to regularise the metre perhaps led her (or her editor) to alter "Then acting ill the Reserv'dness of a Lover" to "Then, acting all the coyness of a lover". Basically, however, she limited herself to choosing and applying the lines of others, making a single, compact, abusive character out of a lengthy satirical warfare. The finished text, as printed among her works, reads naturally enough, its surgery not obtrusive. The title, "A Character", was frequently used by seventeenth-century satirists; Lady Mary (if she and not Dallaway applied it to the verse) might have meant it at least to suggest her sources. In the absence of copies, it is of course possible that some hack-writer or controversialist fitted together the verses and attributed them to Lady Mary; but this becomes unlikely in view of a similar case in which a manuscript does remain.

The poem beginning "Thô old in ill, the Traitor sure shall find" has the appearance of a verse epistle such as Lady Mary often addressed to Hervey, though unusually hysterical in tone. This may have

influenced Dallaway, who printed it as "To the Same" [i.e. Hervey]. It is really a condensed version of Thomas Creech's translation of Juvenal's thirteenth satire (below pp. 637, 751). Creech's translation had been published in 1697; Lady Mary made use of it after 1734, probably from the printed text (of which she possessed a copy in 1739)[1] but possibly from memory. She does not appear to have referred back from the translation to the original Latin. Most of the lines which she borrows from Creech come from the beginning of one of his sections, as if these caught her eye or remained in her mind. She stuck more closely to "the very words of Creech"[2] in those lines she appropriates than in "A Character", basing about fifty of her seventy lines directly upon his. Only her rather lame concluding couplet has no parallel in Creech. Almost certainly some actual incident inspired Lady Mary to this adaptation. Its tone resembles that of her attacks on Pope, but its two characters remain unidentified.

Her alterations fall into two categories. One is the domestication of Creech's classical references. She unavoidably loses a whole rich area of association by converting Saturn and the gods to a mediaeval English king and "Gilt Bible". On the other hand her list of marvels improves on Creech's. It moves from purely scientific curiosities through the superstition-inducing comet to the violent topsy-turviness of the human scene, where a woman gives birth to rabbits, and Ward (in an image borrowed from Roscommon) pelts the mob with unsolicited panaceas. Following the trend of Augustan satire, Lady Mary's comments on the town have become more acid and more particu-

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1. Wh MS 135.

2. Pope, Hor. Ep. i. vi. 4.

lar since her eclogues and her Boileau translation.

Her other changes substitute a slightly different incident for that which moved Creech (or rather Juvenal) to write, and a different attitude for his. Juvenal addresses his friend Calvinus (Corvinus in Creech) who has been financially cheated by another friend; the man Lady Mary addresses has been disappointed of an unspecified promise. In Juvenal's satire the traitor is important chiefly as a representative specimen. The bulk of the poem (its most convincing part) seeks to render Calvinus's trouble insignificant in comparison with a nightmare picture of vice prevailing on all fronts over virtue; this part concludes with an eloquent passage on the futility of revenge.[1] In returning to the personal level Juvenal drops this lofty moral attitude. First he argues that Calvinus will after all be revenged by his erstwhile friend's torments of conscience; he gloatingly depicts these torments, which he says are worse than anything the law can inflict. He ends in another inconsistency, predicting Calvinus's eventual rejoicing at the villain's legal punishment. Of these three conflicting suggestions -- that revenge is unworthy and that psychological and legal revenge are each more desirable than the other -- Lady Mary entirely omits the last. The earlier two ideas fit neatly together: Lady Mary's friend is to abstain from actual revenge but may enjoy the torments provided for his enemy by jealous gods. Juvenal in his satire puzzled over the role of the gods, wondering what system of belief can possibly be held by an evil man. Lady Mary makes of this an over-simplified contrast between the pious

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1. Creech, lines 224-47.

man and the wicked. As an example of her simplifying process: she adapts Creech's images of a bad conscience, "Those Rods of Scorpions, and those Whips of Steel" (line 249), but applies them to physical, not mental, punishment. She has retained much of Juvenal's force, but in converting his satire into polemic she has lost his subtlety and emotional range.

She may have exercised more caution in her use of better-known writers. She left "Ye soft Idea's leave this tortur'd Breast" unfinished, breaking off after transcribing four lines from Congreve; it seems possible that she stopped writing when she realised that the lines came from her memory and not her imagination.

In Harrowby MS 255 Lady Mary copied two brief poems to which, probably twenty years after transcription, she laid claim with her monogram MWM, but which she had apparently recalled from elsewhere. One she headed "Supposed to be wrote from J[ohn] Sp[encer] to Ph[ilip] M[eadows] on his marriage" (f. 77). Lady Mary's niece Lady Frances Pierrepont had married Meadows in April 1734, against her aunt's wishes, after declining a financially advantageous match with Spencer (grandson of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough), who had also married another in January 1734. The same lines have, however, also been attributed to two other writers on earlier occasions.[1] Lady Mary's version nowhere differs significantly from the others, though one copy reads "under Pearce's" for her "ripe for Bedlam's", referring to a Bath physician who died in 1710.[2] It is inconceivable that verses

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1. To John Cutts (1661-1707) on a proposed second marriage of the 3rd Earl of Scarsdale, whose first wife died in 1684, and to Lord Ross on the marriage (1692) of the 1st Duke of Montagu (HMC Third Report, Appendix, p. 187; Bod. MS Firth e. 6, f. 72; GEC sub Montagu).

2. Bod. MS Firth e. 6.

by her should be ascribed to a minor writer dead almost thirty years before they were written; she must therefore have been either dishonest or mistaken in claiming authorship of a poem which, consciously or unconsciously, she had simply taken as an extended quotation. The conclusion of the poem must have appealed to her particularly, since she quoted it in two letters in 1740.[1] The whole, in her copy, reads:

> Insulting Rival do not boast
> Your Conquest, lately won;
> No wonder that her Heart was lost
> Whose senses first were gone.
>
> Or'e one that's ripe for Bedlam's laws
> What Triumph can be had?
> Her loving thee is not the Cause;
> But Sign that she is mad.

In the same year as her niece's marriage Lady Mary adapted a quatrain from Poems on Affairs of State, neatly converting it to fit her view of the electoral situation and entitling it "Epigram 1734". She owned the volume in which the earlier version was printed, but made no mark against it; in this case she probably adapted from memory, as she may have done even with the more complex "Character". Two years later Algarotti thought she had written the epigram extempore. By changing a dozen words she had altered its subject from war to elections; to claim authorship of her own version was fair enough. Since, however, twenty-four years elapsed after she applied both these verses to her own purposes and before she headed them with her own initials, we may wonder whether she had forgotten their original sources. This would be an odd extension to the poet's conception of literature as a single open field. Certainly Lady Mary herself contributed to the confusion of authorship of which she complained.[2]

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1. ii. 178, 181.
2. Letters, iii. 39.

VI ECLOGUES

Lady Mary herself entitled "Eclogues" the poems which Horace Walpole was to publish as Town Eclogues. By the time she came to compose them she had already made use in her juvenile poems of that pastoral tradition which had emerged from the Renaissance adorned with romance trappings. She was widely read in direct translations of the classical eclogues and imitations which aimed at reproducing the mood of the ancients. In her own verses she frequently drew on Dryden's translations, Pope, and Lansdowne; later she referred to Congreve's Mourning Muse of Alexis in her epitaph on him; she called Elizabeth Rowe, née Singer, a better poet than Pope, and quoted her "Love and Friendship" in a letter to Algarotti.[1] The pastoral eclogues she can be shown to have read include most of those listed by M. K. Bragg as published between 1700 and 1716.[2]

Lady Mary was therefore adapting a form she knew well, as she had already adapted her own brand of Ovidian epistle to a contemporary situation in her first "To Hermenesilda". Indeed the content of the pastoral as she knew it was not unlike that of the love-elegy. Lady Mary must have believed with Rapin and Pope that the life depicted by the ancient pastoralists was an idealized one. She later admitted that pastoral had been synonymous in her mind with romance, when she wrote from Adrianople to Pope of her newly-acquired perception:

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1. CB, f 8; published in Prior's Poems on Several Occasions, 1709, pp. 46-49; Letters, ii. 115.

2. Bragg, The Formal Eclogue in Eighteenth-Century England, 1926, pp. 40-53. Miss Bragg's account of Lady Mary's eclogues is based on inadequate texts and written without regard to chronology. She says of "Saturday": "Perhaps Lady Mary designed this eclogue as a poetic advertisement of vaccination for smallpox: in that case it would constitute a unique example of the pastoral poème à thèse!" (p. 59).

> 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....I don't doubt had he been born a Briton his Idylliums had been fill'd with Descriptions of Thrashing and churning.[1]

Her own eclogues deal realistically with the life that she knew. They easily translate the pastimes of love and song into the gallantry and other pastimes of the beau monde. Apart from their content, her eclogues are highly traditional. R. F. Jones considers that the true eclogue is "distinguished by three characteristics: pastoral mood and content, dramatic form, and literary motifs and devices".[2] Of these ingredients Lady Mary uses the second and third. Four of her eclogues are dramatic monologues and two dialogues; all aim at delineating characters through their own speech. All except "Wednesday" open with a brief descriptive passage to set the scene (which in "Thursday" is incorporated in the first speech of the dialogue); in "Wednesday" the scene-setting, for good reason, is postponed to the end. One literary device underlies her whole scheme: the allotting of an eclogue to each day of the week. She follows Gay's Shepherd's Week in thus reducing the annual cycle of Pope's pastorals and Spenser's Shepheardes Calender. Other devices vary from one poem to another: versions of the love-complaint and the funeral lament (complete with refrain); contests, that in "Thursday" embellished with the ritual wagers and appeal to an impartial judge; the invocation which introduces "Tuesday".

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1. Letters, i. 332.

2. "Eclogue Types in English Poetry of the Eighteenth Century", J.E.G.P., xxiv, 1925, p. 35.

Lady Mary's city pastorals were influential in shaping a new genre. R. F. Jones writes:

> The town eclogue is a short dramatic scene, modelled upon Virgil's Bucolics and depicting city life and manners in a greater or less satirical manner /sic/. This age, with its keen sense of form and love of the classics, saw the possibilities in the structure of the eclogue...and poured into the mould the material in which they were truly interested.... a definite extension in the use of the pastoral....Although with its first appearance the town eclogue was a mock poem, it soon lost even this feature, and became a bona fide medium of satirical expression.[1]

Lady Mary was among the first writers of this genre. Swift's Town Eclogue (1710) had sharply satirized modern love (i.e. prostitution) by giving its practitioners the names of an ideal shepherd and shepherdess. Gay, in "Araminta. A Town Eclogue" (1713), wrote of fashionable love in the same form but employing a higher style. Lady Mary took her cue from Gay.

The nature of her debt to Gay and Pope has already elicited much discussion, which began in Curll's "Advertisement" to the three eclogues published on 26 March 1716 as Court Poems. Robert Halsband, summarizing these comments,[2] has told us all we are ever likely to know about the circumstances of these poems' composition and the rumpus which followed their appearance. He has, however, not embarked upon critical evaluation, which remains to be attempted here.

Lady Mary's eclogues are the fruit of her literary friendship with Pope and Gay. We have already seen how her poetic imagination needed an outside stimulus to provoke it into activity. The stimulus

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1. "Eclogue Types", p. 44.
2. PMLA, lxviii, 1953, pp. 237-50.

she found in 1715 was heady indeed, and all the more so by contrast with the preceding months. Early in January she had arrived in London after a tense half-year in the country alone with servants and her ailing child, spent in worrying over his health and her domestic arrangements, quarrelling with her husband by post and nagging him about his personal election campaign. During December 1714 her eagerness to reach London had mounted. "I love travelling," she wrote to him, "and if I did not, I should not think any thing uneasy to come to you".[1] Within two months her life presented a strong contrast to her recent provincial boredom and haggling over butchers' bills: she was learning German for use on King George and storing up the impressions which she was later to record in her "Account of the Court of George the First at his Accession".[2]

Unfortunately nobody recorded her first meeting with Pope or Gay. She may indeed have met the former already, through Garth or Congreve, and certainly she knew him by repute. Among his published works, those which would have interested her specially were the pastorals, 1709 (which she might have seen in an early form when her father read the manuscript in 1704), Sappho to Phaon and the earlier Rape of the Locke, 1712, and the prologue to Cato, 1713 (for which she herself had composed an epilogue). Pope had recently turned his attention from mock-heroic (the expanded Rape of the Lock, 1714) to the Iliad itself; in June 1714 he was "collecting high flights of poetry" which were to become The Art of Sinking.[3] Gay meanwhile had

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1. Letters, i. 243.
2. 1861, i. 123-34.
3. Swift, Corr., ed. H. Williams, 1963, ii. 43.

produced a town eclogue as well as the burlesque Shepherd's Week. Like Lady Mary, he had spent some time working towards royal favour, publishing his Epistle to a Lady (Princess Caroline) in November 1714. By 29 January 1715 he had finished the first book of Trivia.[1] Lady Mary's arrival in London coincided with the finishing touches to The What D'Ye Call It, in which Pope helped Gay, and which is central to Lady Mary's satire in "Monday".

These two young poets were often together and wrote many joint letters during the early months of 1715. They were still fresh from the conviviality and fertile inventiveness of the Scriblerus Club, though the Tory collapse had scattered its members before Lady Mary's arrival in London, and by early summer 1715 only Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot -- the members known to Lady Mary -- remained.[2] She may perhaps have dawned on Pope's horizon by April, when he was one day to introduce Gay "to a Lord & two Ladys";[3] she was on terms of casual friendship with him by July,[4] though she had not subscribed, in June, to the Iliad.

Literary attacks on Pope were already mounting in crescendo, but the general impression of his life in 1714-15 is one of gaiety.[5] He strikes a characteristic note in a letter written jointly with Gay, in April 1715, where he boasts of staying up until the small hours drinking champagne.[6] In contrast, 1716 and 1717 were, according to

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1. Gay, Letters, ed. C. F. Burgess, 1966, p. 17.
2. Sherburn, p. 79.
3. Gay, Letters, p. 22.
4. Pope, Corr. i. 309.
5. Sherburn, p. 157.
6. Corr. i. 289.

Brower, for him "an 'Ovidian' time, faintly amorous and self-consciously melancholy".[1] If the gap between composition of Lady Mary's earlier and later eclogues was a long one, it is perhaps not fanciful to see this difference reflected in the melancholy of "Wednesday" and "Saturday".

The list of Pope's and Gay's current writings shows that collaboration was the prevalent manner of composition. The style of the eclogues is something new in Lady Mary's verse, though it develops naturally from her early Ovidian and Virgilian imitations and the social satire of some other juvenilia. The notes to these poems show their echoes of Gay, and still more of Pope. There are even verbal parallels to the as yet unpublished Eloisa to Abelard and Three Hours after Marriage (by Gay, Pope, and Arbuthnot, 1717). Lady Mary's technique, however, remains her own; it does not come up to Pope's high standard.[2] Pope when copying the poems (except "Friday") called them "your Eclogues"; in one place he left a blank for a word he had forgotten or could not read,[3] which does not suggest close collaboration. Lady Mary omitted from her own copy the footnotes which he provided with references from Virgil, like Gay's for The Shepherd's Week.

The eclogues, however, represent an effort to reproduce the world of the Rape of the Lock, an elegant, foolish world seen without condemnation though not without irony. The exact balance of mock-heroic in Lady Mary's eclogues resembles Pope more than Gay. The

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1. Pope, p. 64.
2. See above, pp. 47-50.
3. "Wednesday", line 43 note.

latter's Shepherd's Week had been a frank burlesque, attaining literary merit almost despite itself. His "Araminta" reports a contemporary love-situation with the same eye for detail and feeling for sentiment that characterized the ancient pastoralists; the rejected heroine plans her retirement to a pastoral retreat. Her complaint, set against a charming background of London society, is almost without irony. His "Toilette", as printed in 1720, follows the same pattern.

For five of Lady Mary's six eclogues the question of attribution was settled by Dr. Halsband,[1] who finally discredited the theory that Pope wrote "Thursday" and perhaps "Monday". The ascription of "Friday" is discussed in the headnote to the poem. I hope to show here how strongly the version which survived among Lady Mary's self-claimed works bears the imprint of her mind.[2]

Her "Friday" is the more psychologically convincing. The fading Lydia (aged thirty-five, nine years older than Lady Mary at this time) has fallen from her position of power. Her speech is introduced as a tirade against "th'inconstancy of Man". The tenor of her nostalgic meditations suggests to her that her lover has abandoned her for some "young Flirt", but she quickly dismisses that idea. Instead Lydia has to face the double ignominy of his slighting her to please his wife, Cloe. She unmercifully exposes the latter's faults: though her face and foolishness suggest the age of fifteen, she has bad breath and a painfully confined stoutness. There is an

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1. PMLA, pp. 239-44.

2. I shall refer to the shorter text (printed 1716;H MS) as hers, and to the longer (Gay's Poems On Several Occasions, 1720: below p. 374) as his, not to beg the question but simply for ease of reference.

ironic parallel between Cloe's forcing herself into a mould of giddy youth and Lydia's earlier defiant resolution, "Strait then I'll dress". They both practise the same art in order to attract men -- but Damon's regard now goes to the phlegmatic and complaisant Cloe instead of the passionate, reproachful Lydia. The latter has always despised Cloe for her "Stupid Ease" and failure to suspect affront; Lydia's impotent resentment is of a piece with her earlier cruel jesting at the supplanted wife. Despite the fluctuations of mood in her speech, her character remains fundamentally unchanged throughout. The conclusion brings this out with an irony that conceals underlying pathos. Lydia succumbs eagerly to the insincere flattery of her maid, as previously to Damon's false oaths. "Strait Lydia smil'd" in the last couplet also recalls "Strait then I'll dress". The earlier flash of defiance led quickly to dejection; we are to assume that Lydia is trapped for ever in this circle.

The poem conveys a bitterness unmatched in Lady Mary's eclogues, except perhaps in the unresolved objections to court life in "Monday". It is the only one except "Wednesday" to deal with the subject of marriage. It has a superficial similarity to "Saturday", in that each contains the lament of an ex-beauty, but it does not share the delicately elegaic note of the last eclogue. There loss of beauty entails a whole world lost -- the world of the Rape of the Lock -- for which nothing is substituted but an unconvincing pastoral idea corresponding to the apotheosis which traditionally ended the eclogue elegy. "Friday" follows the love-complaint, not the elegy, and expresses resentment, not resignation.

The character of the unhappy Lydia is incomplete without its pair, the grim figure of Cloe. The successful wife is credited with blind

belief in the fondness of her civilly deceitful husband. Lydia, who thinks Cloe exults in the pangs of her husband's discarded mistress, also sneers at her for servile credulity. Cloe's temperament is indeed a depressing version of the good-humour advocated in the revised Rape of the Lock, but it is recognizably the same quality. The fable of Lydia and Cloe might stand as an illustration to the text provided by Clarissa's speech (an early couplet of which echoes lines 15ff.), and especially of its closing lines:

> And trust me, Dear! good Humour can prevail,
> When Airs, and Flights, and Screams, and Scolding fail.
> Beauties in vain their pretty Eyes may roll;
> Charms strike the Sight, but Merit wins the Soul.[1]

Clarissa is graceful as well as grave, but the merit she recommends is condemned as prudish even by her associates. Lydia, the disappointed beauty, sees Cloe's practice of this merit as grotesque stupidity. She dreads it like the more conventional prudery she has been speaking of earlier in the poem, and she believes that such phlegm is necessary to "support the Marriage Chain". Lady Mary's dramatic method dis-associates her from this chilling picture of the qualities required for success in marriage, but she had at least shown how it might look to an outsider.[2]

"Friday" foreshadows Lady Mary's later thinking about marriage. The text printed in Gay's poems presents a different meaning. The delightful additional lines about Lydia's consoling her loss of lovers with "Shocks, monkeys and mockaws" serve, as well as parodying the

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1. v. 31-34; added by Pope in 1717.

2. The probable original of Lydia was herself married, but Lady Mary does not mention this.

shepherdess's flock, to emphasize her general nostalgia at the expense of her specific grievance. She laments the inconstancy of her own youthfulness, not her lover; later in the poem her complaints are more generalized than Lady Mary's "My Lover's Triumph". Gay's Lydia "fancys youthful dress gives youthful airs" even at the beginning of the poem, whereas Lady Mary's knows well that it does not, falling into this error only when the contemplation of enforced piety or wifely tolerance becomes too painful to her. Gay's Chloe appears earlier in the poem than Lady Mary's, but much less clearly delineated. The couplet

> Her reputation! but that never yet
> Could check the freedoms of a young Coquet,

following the same account that Lady Mary gives of her deficiencies in sex-appeal, is confusing. She is not, like Lady Mary's Cloe, deceived, but a potential deceiver.

After this Gay's account coincides with Lady Mary's until his Lydia is in imagination ranging the shops. At this point her heroine comes down with a bump to the altered realities of her financial and social position; Gay's gives vent to a delicately-patterned lament called up by the memory of an earlier incident of her amour. Like other passages which occur in Gay's but not in Lady Mary's text, it strongly reflects the influence of the classical eclogue. In the manner of the ancients a former omen is significantly recalled, and Lydia proceeds to a comparison with Poll and Pug, which reminds the reader of her animal retinue.

Lady Mary's text introduces Cloe, the ascendant but humiliatingly equally-matched rival, after a momentary speculation by Lydia that she may be supplanted by some presumably glamorous "young Flirt". Gay

has already presented Chloe to his readers under this very guise; now he provides a couplet which at first glance appears characteristic of Lady Mary:

> Fly from perfidious man, the sex disdain;
> Let servile Chloe wear the nuptial chain.

The sentiment, however, is that of a shepherdess, and is utterly alien to Lady Mary's Lydia, whose objection to the marriage chain is the complaisance that it entails, who has no notion of disdaining men, and who recognizes no alternative of pastoral self-sufficiency, but only those of amorous intrigue or the religiosity which would "own Dispair".

Gay's entirely different heroine, wistful and whimsical, with her pets and her exaggerated makeup, is quite lifelike in her fluctuations between love and rejection of love. His Chloe on the contrary is unsatisfactory, because Lydia seems to have no clear idea of her. It appears that she is not yet married, only perhaps to be so. At the moment she believes her intended husband to be faithful; when she discovers the truth she will perhaps be unfaithful in her turn, or perhaps she will be patient -- or perhaps she is a mere decoy who will prove no obstacle to the continuance of Lydia's affair. On this note of uncertainty Gay introduces his heroine's final lapse into hopes which are only probably delusive. His poem surpasses Lady Mary's in elegant classicizing and humorous contemporary detail; it does not, like hers, present a fully realised character, nor does it attempt to say anything about the institution of marriage.

Some recent critics have found Lady Mary's eclogues more purely descriptive and less satirical than Gay's. Bonamy Dobrée mentions their "very mild social satirico-pornographic effect"; Sven Armens

links her with Gay and Swift who depict vices "in a form fraught with the associations of peace, virtue, and innocence" in order to condemn them, but adds a footnote: "Or merely to describe town life in the case of Lady Mary".[1] At the opposite pole, W. H. Irving thus compares Gay's and Lady Mary's purpose in writing:

> Gay was fond of these delicious court triflers that he ridicules. His style was usually playful, rather than malicious, and he avoided personalities. But Lady Mary's edges were sharp; she saw the virtue of the form, and proposed to use it as a pillory for the black beasts she found about her in high society,[2]

Though Irving thinks her critical of individuals rather than of society, Lady Mary's characters, especially her women, appear more often as victims than villains. She has made both Lydia and Cloe more like real people and less like stock nymphs than Gay, but she has not made their identification with living women either more likely or more damaging.

When Gay printed his "Toilette" in 1720 it accompanied four other eclogues. Of these "The Espousal", written on a suggestion from Swift, applies the pastoral conventions to the specialized society of Quakers with exquisitely humorous detail, such as "with prophane mince-pies our babes be fed" as one of the traditional list of impossibilities. "The Birth of the Squire" narrates the heir's future career and straightforwardly satirizes the usual attributes of the country squire. "The Tea-Table" and "The Funeral", the former named like "The Toilette" after a ritual object of high-life, both satirically expose hypocrisy among the denizens of fashionable society.

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1. English Literature in the Early Eighteenth Century, 1964, p. 142; John Gay Social Critic, 1954, pp. 169, 248 .

2. W. H. Irving, John Gay Favorite of the Wits, 1940, p. 138.

These hypocrisies (concealed slander and assumed grief at the death of a worthless husband) cannot perhaps be dismissed as trivial; but they are socially acceptable, and are adroitly smoothed over at the eclogues' conclusions, where the ladies welcome the objects of their malicious gossip and Sabina agrees after all to entertain a second love. The contrast with the ending of Lady Mary's "Wednesday", which also deals with hypocrisy, is noteworthy.

All Lady Mary's eclogues are composed of varying proportions of social satire, description and neo-classicism, the latter often more marked than in "Friday". "Tuesday" and "Thursday" brilliantly transpose conventional pastoral contests to a fashionable setting. The form of each contains and subdues to humour the follies described within it. The erotic passages in these dialogues have not the innocence of real pastoral, though they do have some of the patterned remoteness that has been seen also in the heroes and heroines of Restoration comedy. These two pieces fuse most evenly the elements "town" and "eclogue". In "Wednesday" and "Satturday" the balance is different, with classical or pastoral tone predominant. Only at the end of "Wednesday" does contemporary life rudely intrude upon a dream-world; in "Satturday" a romantic glow transfuses the prosaic details of opera-tickets and raffles. "Tuesday" and "Thursday" teem with mock-epic descriptions of well-wrought fashionable artefacts or scenes of London life -- presented here as exciting and beautiful, in "Satturday" with the nostalgia felt for things lost. In "Wednesday" Lady Mary mentions almost no objects until the satiric last ten lines (i.e. until after the end of the heroine's speech). In "Monday" visual description predominates less than in "Tuesday" or "Thursday", but the reader's visual image of the heroine is important.

This eclogue, which Lady Mary assigned to the beginning of the week, and which by meddling in court matters was at the root of the subsequent upheavals, is oddly unsatisfactory. It is difficult to distinguish how sharp is the satire on the Princess and her court. In the first half of the poem Roxana's character is pretty thoroughly demolished, the exposure beginning with the treatment of her appearance. The first couplet sets a dignified tone, but the second (see above pp. 59-60) has a sting in its tail which suggests Dryden's satiric method:

> Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her Breast
> Not her own Chairmen with more weight oppress'd.

Unlike Dryden, Lady Mary drives home her point by repetition: in the next line Roxana becomes a "cruel load". To this fat woman she adds the details of adornment with roses and jewels. The opening lines of Roxana's speech reveal her as the traditional prude for whom writers of satire had never entertained any sympathy; this is further emphasized later on. The hypocrisy of "Censure'd my Neighbours, and said daily Pray'r" is contemptible; the hypocrisy of "With the same sermon meen / That once I pray'd, the What d'ee callt I've seen" is ridiculous; besides, it would at once remind Lady Mary's first readers how the less educated part of the audience at <u>The What D'Ye Call It</u> had

> received it at first with great gravity and sedateness, some few with tears; but after the third day they also took the hint....There are still some grave sober men who cannot be of the general opinion, but the laughers are...much the majority.[1]

This already discredited figure alleges nothing concrete against the Princess but that she preferred "filthy Plays" like the clever, funny and fundamentally serious <u>What D'Ye Call It</u> to the operas which con-

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1. Gay, <u>Letters</u>, p. 19.

temporary pretenders to literary culture unanimously regarded as mindless. Gossip might supply the detail that Roxana's original had already made herself ridiculous by objecting on moral grounds to the Princess's attendance at a play by Betterton.[1] Roxana's speech is dignified in manner, but its content denies her dignity: the grandeur of

> By Honor prompted, and by Pride restrain'd
> The Pleasures of the Young my Soul disdain'd

leads to the involuntary self-revelation of "Censure'd my Neighbours". This fact about Roxana has particular importance, as it later colours the reader's response to her remarks on Coquettilla ("So sunk her Character, so lost her Fame") and on the Princess's followers in general ("Whom Censure blasts"). Roxana's references to honour and to "That Reputation which so dear had cost" recall the outburst of Thalestris:

> Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd Shrine
> Ease, Pleasure, Virtue, All, our Sex resign.[2]

Roxana, however, lacks Belinda's saving excuse of beauty.

The target of this satire was correctly understood by a verse pamphlet printed two months after it, which asked of "The Court Poems printed by Mr. Curll":

> Why did the Venom of a Prude
> Allure thy vicious Taste? --[3]

Yet most people saw "Monday" as a denigration of the Princess. This response is perhaps natural if one considers that in any age connois-

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1. Line 16, note.
2. The Rape of the Lock, iv. 105-6.
3. Moore' Worms for the Learned Mr. Curll, Bookseller: quoted in Ralph Straus, The Unspeakable Curll, 1927, pp. 59, 241.

seurs of gossip are more numerous than those of literature; but it must have been aggravated by the latter part of "Monday", which blurs the picture delineated in the first part.

When Roxana moves on from the Princess's theatrical tastes to her preferment of Coquettilla the tone of irony falters. Coquettilla and the court in general are presented only through her eyes, as in "Friday" Cloe is presented only through the eyes of Lydia. The name assigned to Coquettilla (whose original was a friend of Lady Mary) makes her less immediately identifiable than Roxana, but emphasizes her failings. The four lines (55-58) with which the printed text of 1716 ended are serious enough in tone to be spoken in the author's person; in fact they correspond closely to a fragment which Lady Mary wrote apparently without dramatic framework (below p. 342). Re-sorted noun-adjective pairs achieve a forceful incongruity: "false Carreses and undoing smiles". These lines standing as a conclusion at least appeared to vindicate the dignity of Roxana.

The lines not printed by Curll, which may or may not be a later addition, contain the eclogue's strongest anti-court sentiments, though still from Roxana's mouth rather than Lady Mary's. The animal imagery of lines 49-52 indicates disparity but also suggests a connection between physical adornment and dirtiness (a connection which Pope later appled to Lady Mary herself). After these images the reader's idea of a princess stated to be virtuous cannot but be infected by the "Court so lewd" which occupies the same line. The hind and dirty pigs constitute a true burlesque of the pastoral impossibility-catalogue.

In this longer text the four lines of dignified reproof usher in an additional four which expose the various venialities of courtiers

and make a claim to virtue on the part of Roxana which for the first time lacks qualifying irony. Her "my Merit and my Duty" in line 40 could not be taken seriously since it followed a comic account of her saving the Princess, by the bodily bulk of herself and her family, from the "dire Disgrace" of proximity to merchants' wives. Now her statement of personal loyalty is her last word; although not an exalted ideal it gains by juxtaposition with the even pettier aims of "Large lovely Bribes" and the ambition of ogling the heir apparent. After this Lady Mary does speak in her own person, apparently suggesting that Roxana should desert the Princess for one of the King's mistresses. This advice, coming from the outside, does nothing to undercut Roxana's moral position. The poem does not fulfil the promise of its fine satirical opening: its subtlety slips into uncertainty, and its attempt to cover two targets at once made misinterpretation almost inevitable.

Lady Mary's views expressed elsewhere indicate that she would have sympathized with many of Roxana's strictures on the court. "Tuesday" involves a quite different situation, for Patch and Silliander are two of those assassins of female reputation who were always a bugbear to Lady Mary. Yet she satirizes them astonishingly gently, making no comment on the moral implications of the sport they follow. This is perhaps because she sees them as men of words not deeds. Their conquests lead far enough to reveal, to them alone, charms generally hidden; they appear quite content with notching up such successes. Unlike Strephon in "Wednesday" they never think of proceeding to actual seduction, since they desire to triumph over each other rather than over their women. Amusement at such trifling, an unusual attitude for Lady Mary, corresponds to Gay's delight in the ladies he portrays.

The invocation which opens "Tuesday" sets the lightly satiric tone, emphasizing the poet's detachment from the boasting contention of the beaus. Lady Mary warns the reader against taking their claims seriously in "Wondrous to tell and hard to be belei v'd" and in coupling the incompatible qualities "Gallantry and Truth". A comic touch attends the introduction of the rivals, as Silliander "Alert and gay, / First pick'd his Teeth". The first speech of Patch, the eventual victor, shows a childishness in retort which he repeats later (line 52) in matching his countess to Silliander's.

The opening lines of this poem closely follow pastoral convention; the beginning of the actual dialogue, "Why all these sighs, ah why so pensive grown?" would not be out of place in a serious eclogue. Yet despite the pastoral echoes and the ironic closing reference to Patch's "Heroic Strain", the style of "Tuesday" is not elevated. Its vocabulary includes deliberately "low" words like "cramm'd"; overworked commonplaces of social intercourse, "vow'd", "condescends", "What, drink a fellow's health! she dy'd with Shame"; and broken phrases, "Yet I could tell -- but that I hate to boast --" and "I could say something".[1] Silliander introduces a rhetorical speech about "Delicious Poison" and "soft Enchantress" with a line which one word renders hopelessly unclassical: "Last Night as I stood ogling of her Grace". The impoliteness of this polite society is epitomized in "gentle Strugglings".

Altogether social observation predominates in this eclogue. Lady Mary makes brilliant use of detail in her accounts of the West End

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1. Like Sir Plume in The Rape of the Lock, iv. 127-30.

preparing for an evening's entertainment and of Patch's morning <u>tête-à-tête</u> with Cœlia, which Algarotti admired and translated. She never quite loses sight of her satiric purpose. Before settling down to concentrate on the coffee-house world of "happier Sinners" she allows one couplet to recall that life exists outside the charmed circle:

> St James/'s/ bell had toll'd some wretches in
> As tatter'd Riding hoods alone could sin.

Patch's account of Cœlia, like other passages in the poem, suggests a curiously qualified eroticism. Firstly, he lays great stress on his own place in this pleasing picture: "But I was ask'd to come", "to me alone within". Secondly, his description concentrates almost entirely on Cœlia's accessories. Her careful deshabille, "tumble'd with resistless Grace", is reported in titillating detail, but the only physical attribute that he mentions is her hair, which itself constitutes part of the frame. This point must not be laboured too much, for in his previous boasting speech Patch had described himself pressing on his countess's breasts. Yet even there the emphasis falls on aids to flirtation (the snuff-box and stays), as elsewhere on rings, fans, buckles, and mantuas, or on customs like drinking toasts. Silliander and Patch do not, like the recipient of Lady Mary's "Answer to a Love letter", break anyone's heart. Their addiction to the forms and preliminaries of courtship makes an oddly suitable alternative to pastoral innocence.

The style of the major part of "Wednesday" is heightened in an Ovidian manner. Indeed Dancinda, talking of "burning Blushes" and "tender proofes", sounds like the heroine of one of Lady Mary's juvenile epistles. Her lover uses the same tone both in the four lines with

which he opens the poem (the abrupt opening is another Ovidian characteristic) and in his original wooing speech as reported by Dancinda (lines 42-52). The explanatory line introducing this speech describes a scene both physically impossible and emotionally unconvincing: "Then as I fled, did you not, kneeling cry:" his cry lasts for eleven lines. Nothing could be further from the realistic detail of "pensive Patch, who on the window lean'd".

Lady Mary retains the neo-classic style almost to the end of the poem, but before that Dancinda alters the tone of her complaint. To describe her love she uses wild hyperbole,

> Still as I fly, ten thousand Swains persue;
> Ten thousand Swains I sacrifice to you,

and an imagery of altars, chains, "sacred Fire" and "Cursed Trophys", which seems to cry out to be burlesqued. Later her diction becomes more moderate. She enlists the reader's sympathy as she pleads

> Yet, to preserve your Heart (which still must be,
> False as it is, for ever dear to me)

and

> Thus let us gently kiss, and fondly Gaze,
> Love is a Child, and like a Child he plays.[1]

In the next four lines the paradoxically assorted pairs, "bitter Pleasure" and "Destructive Joy", signal a recognition of complexity (as in "Monday"). Had the poem ended here, its effect would have been gradually to isolate a real, inescapable conflict latent at the heart of a sentimentalized situation.

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1. Spence quoted this second couplet admiringly and without reference to its dramatic frame.

The poem does not, however, end with Dancinda's speech.[1] Its next couplet flashes the reader a warning signal:

> She paus'd; and fix'd her Eyes upon her Fan,
> He took a pinch of snuff, and thus began.

Dancinda was not (unlike Roxana, Patch and Silliander) described before she began to speak; this is the first indication that she is dressed like a reader of the Spectator and not like an Arcadian shepherdess. As yet, however, her appearance loses no dignity. Her Strephon fares worse, for a passionate wooer taking snuff is undeniably ridiculous, like Silliander picking his teeth. The speech which he begins breaks off in unpastoral, ludicrous alarm at the return of Dancinda's husband; her last words in the poem -- "Begone she crys, I'm sure I hear my Lord" -- throw her earlier protestations into strong comic relief.

Style is all-important in the effect of this eclogue. The contrast between husband and lover is commonplace, though the revelation of Dancinda's marriage seriously damages her performance as an innocent: "What proofe of Love remains for me to grant?" The gulf dividing the lovers' disembodied voices and inflated rhetoric from their sudden conventional panic is everything. Lady Mary handles her comic ending with great skill, alternating fast and slow movement. She conveys both haste and agonizing slowness in "To snatch his Hat, and seek his scatter'd Gloves," languor and haste in

> The sighing Dame to meet her Dear prepares;
> While Strephon cursing slips down the back Stairs.

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1. It is interesting to note that Lady Mary reached the bottom of a page at this point in H MS 256, and on the next page crossed out a heading for an entirely different (prose) work before continuing with "Wednesday". She can hardly have intended to omit the conclusion, for she was writing years after Pope made his copy, which has no break here.

Lady Mary was indebted (both for the general shape of her story and for the switch from stately to humdrum language) to a poem by Prior, "To a Young Gentleman in Love. A Tale".[1] Prior's poem, like Lady Mary's, opens with direct speech; his lovers exchange vows in octosyllabics. Celadon tells Cloe how he wants nothing but retirement and her love, wishing to be cursed if ever he desires to see a court again; she vows she prefers poverty with him to monarchy with another. The diction then suffers a jolt into the contemporary:

> He thank'd her on his bended Knee;
> Then drank a Quart of Milk and Tea.

In an abrupt conclusion he "Hasten'd to Court, to beg a Place," while she

> Call'd THYRSIS from beneath the Bed;
> Where all this time He had been hid.

Lady Mary's conclusion startles the reader even more than that of Prior, who warns that something is amiss by putting heroic language indecorously into octosyllabics. He concludes with a "Moral" which reverts from the particular to the general.

The alternative ending to "Wednesday" which survives, semi-legible, in Pope's manuscript of the eclogues, probably represents an earlier version; if so it demonstrates clearly the superiority in this case of Lady Mary's second thoughts. The conclusion which Pope transcribed is undistinguished:

> Oh thoughtless Youth! what ⟨?moments⟩ have you mist?
> You have but ⟨?listen'd⟩ when you should have Kist!

The sense of this couplet contrasts with Dancinda's earlier speeches, but its expression does not.

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1. 1702: Works, i. 193-5.

Another alternative ending, the fragment which Lady Mary copied as "Eclogue" (below p. 363), must date from earlier in the genesis of the poem. The heroine here bears the name of Delia; the unnamed lover defeats her on her own ground of rational argument and rephrasing of the classics. His opening words ("Madam if Love") duplicate his abortive speech in "Wednesday"; he refers to Dancinda's remarks in that poem when he mentions her "Gentle Breast" and (twice) her view of his passion as "Brutal" and "impure Desire". His clinching argument,

> Examine your own Heart, and you will find
> Some wish still left unsatisfy'd behind,

exposes the hypocrisy in Delia's demand for chaste love, as does the visual image he provides of her in "Why heaves your Breast? why sparkle thus your Eyes?" A "Wednesday" ending this way would have fitted the popular formula in which a lover overrules the expressed wishes of a girl who secretly longs to be persuaded.[1] It would not have approached the satiric force of the eclogue as we have it.

In "Thursday" the mixture of styles reaches its height, with pastoral sweetness and contemporary worldliness woven together in every speech of the dialogue. The "pensive Nymph" is juxtaposed with the "Tallier", the deluding lover with "my once ador'd Alpieu", and "Romantic Strains" with "one bad deal". Whenever the language begins to take flight it is abruptly returned to earth. The epic description of the "Equipage" staked by Cardelia becomes involved in its second line in commercial detail, "With fifty Guineas (a great pen'north) bought".

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1. E.g. Dryden's "Daphnis", Miscellany, ii. 114-23.

The inherently comic apparatus of stays (with which "Tuesday" made such great play) climaxes Smilinda's catalogue of grievances against her rival: "And by my Interest Cosins made her Stays." The supreme example is Smilinda's account of her lover's passion:

> Then, when he trembles, when his Blushes rise,
> When Awfull Love seems melting in his Eyes!
> With eager Beats, his mechlin Cravat moves.

Lady Mary never achieves the perfection of bathos so frequent in The Rape of the Lock, but that is the effect she aims at. She must have recalled "Dost sometimes Counsel take -- and sometimes Tea" as she interrupts with this word Betty Loveit's judicial pronouncements at both the beginning and end of her eclogue.[1]

This poem gains in unity from the close connection of romantic and prosaic words. Sometimes one word combines both values, like "complaining" in the last line, which signifies both a traditional poetic complaint and prosaic grumbling. The similarity in character of Smilinda and Cardelia reinforces this unity. Though their names symbolise love and cards they resemble Betty Loveit in having experimented with both. Smilinda was addicted to alpieu before her disappointment in love; Cardelia is a dutiful wife and speaks as if from experience when she says

> A Lover lost is but a common Care
> And prudent Nymphs against the Change prepare.

Throughout the poem love and cards are linked as well as contrasted. Betty Loveit, the connoisseur of both, is introduced with a couplet that alludes to the sex-change of Tiresias. Smilinda's speech about

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1. Rape of the Lock, iii. 8; "Thursday", lines 28-29, 108-13; cf. Prior's use of tea for a bathetic effect, above p. 117.

her represents love and play as summing up the whole of human life, like male and female experience.

"Thursday", published in 1716 as "The Basset Table", might be thought as vulnerable to the charge of personal satire as "Friday", but it seems to have escaped criticism on this ground. Cardelia may have been fairly easily recognizable as Lady Bristol, as much from her deference to her husband as from her ruling passion; but she and Smilinda (reputedly Lady Mary herself) are so clearly a translation of pastoral shepherdesses that serious offence could be neither given nor taken. Lady Mary remained friends with Lady Bristol and corresponded with her while on the Embassy to Turkey. As in "Tuesday", the dominant form, with its balanced pairs of speeches and constant classical allusion, softens and makes humorous the satirical content.

At the climax of the debate each lady forgets the pains of basset or love, and paints instead a vivid picture of their respective delights. Their language approaches the heroic in gorgeousness of diction and in Augustan balance and antithesis:

> Guineas, halfe guineas, all the shineing Train,
> The Winners Pleasure, and the Losers pain.

The subject of basset provides its own irony; the subject of love has to be prevented from escaping into romanticism -- hence the Mechlin cravat and the reminder of insecurity in "Such unfeign'd Passion in his Looks appears". The highly-wrought four-line last comments which follow correspond to the last speeches of Patch and Silliander in "Tuesday" in lowering the temperature before the conclusion restores the <u>status quo</u> -- for Smilinda and Cardelia, like the beaus and the traditional Arcadians, remain at the end of the poem exactly where they were when it began.

The closest parody of all the eclogues is "Satturday". The notes to this poem bring out the density of its parallels both to Lady Mary's own early translation of Virgil's tenth eclogue and to Pope's "Summer", "Autumn", and especially "Winter". Lady Mary has achieved a remarkable synthesis of these varying sources. The structure of the poem follows Virgil, thus likening Flavia's loss of her beauty to Gallus's loss of his mistress, while the sorrowing refrain follows Pope, thus likening her lament to that of Thyrsis for the death of Daphne. The parody works at the level of burlesque, but also and mainly at that of mock-heroic. Flavia with her reversed mirror and the doctors with their cane and red cloak burlesque the emblematic equipment of epic heroes. Other objects mentioned in the course of the poem, which might suggest the kind of disproportion achieved by Garth in the Dispensary with piss-pots and syringes, achieve instead a heroic significance, as in Pope's "Fans clap, Silks russle, and tough Whale-bones crack".[1] The faithless glass, the opera-tickets which used to pour at Flavia's feet, the killing picture, the toilette and patches to which she bids her last adieu, possess quasi-life of their own, like the gentle streams of the pastoral close.

The poem embodies a good deal of vivid realistic description, yet subordinates every detail to the mock-pastoral plan. Lady Mary sustains a uniformly high tone, riding over such brief flashes of satire as "How much Japan these Eyes have made you sell," Machaon's superior frown, and the false friends Flavia wishes to escape. Goldsmith considered that this eclogue

> contains a proper lesson to those of her own sex, who are so weak as to value themselves on that fading flower, beauty; and seems intended to recommend something more estimable to their culture and consideration.[2]

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1. The Rape of the Lock, v. 40.

2. The Art of Poetry on a New Plan, 1762, i. 108.

He was apparently doing his best to recommend the poem; but whatever views Lady Mary expressed elsewhere on the insufficiency of beauty as a criterion of female excellence,[1] in this poem she presents Flavia's anguish almost without protective irony. To Flavia youth is really "The Greatest Good the Gods on Men bestow". No comparison with a wider world or with "something more estimable" arises to console her with a sense of proportion. Even the discrepancy between adjectives and noun in "lost Inglorious Face" hardly raises a smile in the reader. Flavia's repeated comparisons of beauty's empire with temporal power (lines 61-64, 85-88) show no awareness of incongruity; nor does Lady Mary, as in other eclogues, step in to supply such awareness herself. Flavia's farewell speech echoes the dying words of Ovidian heroines; her retreat to a pastoral-romantic setting recalls that of Gay's Araminta, heroine of his first "Town Eclogue".

In "Thursday" Lady Mary approached Gay's amused sympathy for the belles he writes of; in "Satturday" she went beyond it. Her imaginative identification with her heroine no doubt resulted largely from her own recent attack of smallpox. Those who assume, like Lady Hertford,[2] that she was lamenting her own misfortune in the guise of Lydia's, perhaps come closer to the truth than Goldsmith when he ascribed to her a moralizing aim. In later years she frequently abandoned the dramatic method for direct verse expression of her passing moods as well as her considered opinions; here the rigorous pastoral form contains and limits self-expression of the same kind.

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1. E.g. The Nonsense of Common-Sense, no. vi.

2. Hertford-Pomfret, ii. 233. According to her grand-daughter, Lady Mary herself admitted that she had "expressed in that poem what her own sensations were" (Stuart, p. 88).

This poem not only completed the series of weekdays, excluding the Sabbath, but also described a withdrawal from the enclosed world of the town eclogues. The other central characters in one way or another end where they began; Flavia, by opting for a life which shall be pastoral in actual surroundings as well as in preoccupations, has exploded the myth of the town as pastoral setting. Curll might publish further town eclogues and Horace Walpole in 1740 compose a "Sunday" to complete the series;[1] but for Lady Mary this kind of composition ended with Flavia's adieu.

The eclogues have remained in the hinterland of literature. At their first publication academic circles in Cambridge were "owls enough" to think them very bad, though Horace Walpole had found them far superior to Gay's.[2] R. T. Kerlin considered Lady Mary "of all the writers of town eclogues by much the most important".[3] She seems never again to have attempted a verse project of equal scope; but they show what she was capable of achieving when she was able to synthesize her talents for satire and for sympathy.

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1. Corr. xiv. 247, n. 25.

2. Gray, Corr., ed. P. Toynbee and L. Whibley, 1935, i. 299; Walpole. "Anecdotes of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lady Pomfret", Corr. xiv. 242-3.

3. Theocritus in English Literature, 1910, p. 61.

VII EPISTLES -- PERSONAL

Lady Mary seldom produced verse so highly-wrought as the eclogues. The poetic genre she used most consistently throughout her writing career was the epistle. In this she expressed both her own meditations addressed to particular friends, and the imagined thoughts of real or fictitious characters addressed to suitable recipients.

It is these two categories, personal and dramatic, that best classify Lady Mary's epistles. Ambrose Philips divided the epistle into two streams deriving from Ovid and Horace respectively, including in the first class "Love-Letters, Letters of Friendship, and Letters upon mournful Occasions" and in the second epistles "Familiar, Critical, and Moral; to which may be added Letters of Mirth and Humour". In case the reader should object that various subjects (friendship and mournful occasions, for instance) could be ranged in either group, he went on to note the emotional tone demanded of the Ovidian writer, and the urbanity, wit and "good Fund of strong Masculine Sense" necessary to the Horatian.[1]

We have already noted the influence of both these Latin poets on Lady Mary's juvenile poems, in some of which (notably "To Policrite") a love-situation evoked both Ovidian sensibility and Horatian argument. The epistles she wrote as an adult similarly blend the two traditions. Those she addressed in her own person to one of her correspondents, which took the place of or formed part of a prose letter, are Horatian;

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1. Spectator no. 618: 10 Nov. 1714.

they range from the light-hearted squib "Wrote in Answer to a Letter in Verse" through the social comment of "Letter to Lord Hervey from Twict'nam" to the carefully worked out balances and contrasts of "How happy you who vary'd Joys persue". Lady Mary's epistles did not attempt the kind of reasoned statement that Pope advanced in his Moral Essays, but they did assemble some of her ideas on social morality, often in the guise of praise or blame distributed to individuals.

Yet her personal epistles have something of the Ovidian. Many treat the theme of friendship with enthusiasm. "How happy you", "From this vile Town immers'd in Dust and Care," and "So often seen, it should be nothing new" each include a personal avowal of love, either present or past. Other scraps of personal epistolary verse, those remaining out of a much larger number addressed to Algarotti,[1] aim at no Horatian "strong Masculine Sense" or "free and disengaged manner" and no feeling of "the Absurdities of Conversation". They are "soft, and...querulous", perfectly fitting Philips's other classification.

Similarly many, but not all, of Lady Mary's dramatized epistles are love-complaints. In "P/ope/ to Bolingbroke" she used the imaginary epistle for devastating satire; even when dealing with a love-situation she could sometimes allow pungent criticism of society to take precedence over analysis of emotions. She was not alone in thus confusing the kinds. Philips prefixed his Ovidian and Horatian categories with a covering statement that "all manner of Subjects" may be treated and made "new and agreeable" in verse-letters, which

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1. Letters, ii. 110.

species of verse, he said, "has not so much as been hinted at in any of the Arts of Poetry, that have ever fallen into my Hands."[1]

Sixty years later a manual of this type defined the epistle as embracing the Horatian only:

> the true character of the Epistle is ease and elegance.... intended as a sort of distant conversation, all the affairs of life and researches into nature may be introduced. Those however which are fraught with compliment or condolence, that contain a description of places, or are full of pertinent remarks, and in a familiar and humourous way describe the manners, vices, and follies of mankind are the best.[2]

This narrowing in the "true character of the Epistle" reflects the course taken by poetry in the intervening half-century. Pope had published familiar epistles to Oxford, Jervas and other friends before Eloisa to Abelard; but the former poems had a glorious posterity and the latter none, being rather the culmination of a line whose earlier development is traced in Twickenham ii. 293-5.[3]

When Lady Mary began to write verse epistles Pope had yet to enlarge the form to include many of his major satiric and philosophic works. She wrote her first attempts in this genre with her mind on the use of letters in the romances, on Ovid's Heroides and on Dryden's translation of the latter, rather than on the same poet's familiar verse-letters, though these also must have been known to her. Development of the personal epistle awaited the appearance of a suitable correspondent, as well as that of the urge to self-expression in

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1. Spectator, no. 618.

2. Goldsmith, Art of Poetry, i. 116-17.

3. An extreme example of the change in taste is Johnson's comment on "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady": "Poetry has not often been worse employed than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl" (Lives of the English Poets, ed. G. Birkbeck Hill, 1905, iii. 101).

verse. We have seen the emergence of both during Lady Mary's adolescence: the first appearance, among poems hitherto modelled on purely literary conventions, of some "Knowledge of Mankind" and "Insight into the Business, and the prevailing Humours of the Age" (as recommended by Philips to imitators of Horace's epistles); and the brief influence exerted by Jane Smith as "Hermenesilda".

The next friend to whom we find Lady Mary addressing epistolary verse is Philippa Mundy (below p. 331). Here already her tone is assured, her argument skilfully martialled but dependent on its emotional content. The last couplet could stand as epigraph to many a familiar epistle:

> Pity my Fate, disclos'd to you alone,
> And weep those Sorrows which may be your own.

In this kind of verse Lady Mary was regularly to appeal for her confidant's sympathy or offer her own: here she does both. The reader sees at once why the character of the recipient (often, in Lady Mary's case, Lord Hervey) matters so much to the verse epistle.

Here as elsewhere in her oeuvre the demarcation line between genres is difficult to draw. She sent "Constantinople" to her uncle William Feilding, so it may have taken the place of a letter; but it is not shaped to a recipient and thus does not fulfil the basic requisite of the epistle. Verses to the Imitator of Horace, another epistolary poem, is best discussed alongside her other anti-Pope writings.

The tone of Lady Mary's verse-letters ranges from gay to grave. Sometimes the metre indicates light-heartedness, as in "Wrote in Answer to a Letter in Verse" and "Letter to Lord Hervey from Twict'nam" (below pp. 445, 547). These two alone among her surviving epistles

finish with that common ingredient of a prose letter, practical arrangement for meeting (cf. above p. 44). The diction reflects a humcrous consciousness that this is stooping from the Horatian mode:

> But leaving these Heroic Strains
> We beg you condescend
> To bear the Filthy Town once more
> And see your faithfull Freind.

Here Lady Mary pokes gentle fun at her own ballad-manner. She brings her story back to the mundane and conversational with the adjective "Filthy", expressing a judgement to which the whole content of the poem impells her. The ending of "Letter to Lord Hervey from Twict'nam" has the same practical aim, but less relation to the earlier part of the poem. Again Lady Mary uses the word "condescend" and comments on her own style in "This meek Epistle"; but the piece remains separate from her object in sending it, whereas the thanks expressed throughout "Wrote in Answer to a Letter in Verse", rather than the invitation in the last stanza, formed the raison d'être of the poem. The frankly doggerel word-order of "On Monday I in Town shall dwell" perhaps signalizes a conclusion linked in sequence but not organically with its body.

"Wrote in Answer" hardly inverts the word-order of natural speech except in its opening lines. The ease and simplicity of the verse closely copies the ballads, adopting their phrases in "Poor damsels in distress", "He lightly leap'd from off his Steed" and "strange Disastrous Fate". But the romantic picture painted in the first stanzas does not escape mockery. Lady Mary unfavourably contrasts "Limpid Streams" and salads (all very well in romance) with wine and the "rich repaste". The worldly praise of "neat well furnish'd" and "elegantly" fits the well-turned stanza as closely as the chivalric vocabulary,

or the casual handling of literary knowledge in "as Ovid sings / (Who was, you know, inspir'd)". Her tone very much resembles Prior's attitude to the classical themes he naturalized into Augustan experience. Her sophisticated jesting at both romances and classics proves the good life at Froyle superior to both. This is one of her most graceful trifles; no wonder she thought highly enough of it to transcribe it twice.

Her "Letter to Lord Hervey from Twict'nam", equally light in touch, does not condemn or criticize, but merely states -- and by its manner of doing so satirizes. Visual details dominate the poem from the opening lines, which brilliantly contrast the letter's recipient and its writer. As in most of her personal epistles Lady Mary adopts for herself a pose that complements her idea of her correspondent. Against her own solitude she sets other single figures from the "shineing Crouds": Hervey himself and the stout and unsuitably dressed Prime Minister and Queen, whose personal ugliness effectively negates the splendour of their dress. This "Letter" exposes the shifting relationship between appearance and underlying reality. Hervey's skill and his office are symbolized in "slideing Bow, and gilded Key"; the superiority of Caroline consists in bulk alone; the political potency of Walpole expresses itself in bulk which suggests the opposite of physical potency; the "bright Improvements" of the Grand Tourists are nothing more than natural growth, but they dazzle their mothers and the Maids of Honour as the people are dazzled by their rulers.

In other epistles to Hervey, Lady Mary explores her own state of mind. The primary aim of "From this vile Town" (below p. 481), probably written by her to him, is to confide an emotional involvement,

apparently with a third party. Lady Mary, expressing polite wishes for the health of her correspondent, mentions his recent illness, yet his function in the epistle lies in the juxtaposition of his happy and the writer's unhappy circumstances. He is assumed to be not only restored to health but "Carress'd, esteem'd, and lov'd" while she is "Distracted with the rage of Bosom-War." He functions as a confidant without whom the writer would bear her torture in silence.

Having established their relationship in the first ten lines of the poem, Lady Mary can concentrate on analyzing her own feelings. Her correspondent plays no further part, except that his travels may have suggested the long image of life as a journey that closes the piece; he has far less importance than in "Letter to Lord Hervey from Twict'nam". The noble soul for whom Lady Mary professes love ("Great, steady, Gentle, Generous and True") occupies a rather isolated position at the centre of the poem. His strength and the writer's wisdom in choosing him are contrasted first with the instability of her feelings and later with the empty show of others who offer refreshment along the path of life. The poem suggests no interaction between the debilitating emotion and its noble object. The writer concludes where she began, labouring through uncomfortable roads; but though the movement of the poem can be regarded as circular, it arrives at no unity. Lady Mary re-used some of its imagery to better effect in "Address'd to --". This earlier poem exemplifies the potential scrappiness of the all-inclusive epistolary genre.

She drew more successfully on the same mood in "So often seen, it should be nothing new" (p. 63/). Again her correspondent was probably though not demonstrably Hervey. Unlike the two poems last considered, which began by placing writer and recipient in their respective physical

and emotional places, this one opens with the abruptness associated with the Ovidian style, as if a dialogue has already begun. In her second line Lady Mary refers to "you" and in the third to "these pleaseing lines", with no explanatory concession to a reader outside the close relationship of two. Nonetheless the situation that emerges from this poem is clearer than that in "From this vile Town", explaining itself in Lady Mary's response to it. The major part of the poem (up to line 24) deals with her relationship with the person addressed, tracing the stages in her feeling of indebtedness with vigour and precision.

> My long-lost spirit you know how to raise,
> And thô I would not like, you force my praise.
> Beyond my Praise, you force my Freindship too,
> I feel the Gratitude, you make your due,
> And warmly wish that Heaven would shew the way
> At any price that Gratitude to pay. --

Whereas the friend in "From this vile Town" exhibited his strength in a setting far removed from that of the writer, here the "generous Heart that knows to be a Freind" scores moral points through its relationship with her own grateful but still struggling soul. Generosity and indebtedness intensify each other in a process of compound growth. The contrast between them pervades the whole poem, independent of any symbols of climate or other imagery. Indeed the poem contains no figurative language, unless its closing reference to the other world is taken as such. The tracing of complex emotions here achieves the force generally associated with imagery.

At the close of the poem the longing for forgetfulness in the guise of "Lethean Draughts" leads by a natural step to the idea of the passage to the underworld, so that the classical idiom appears neither forced nor frigid. It carries greater emotional weight than the carefully-worked-out extended image which concludes "From this vile

Town", where life is a road, men are inns represented by gaudy signs, the writer is a traveller, etc. The mind can respond more simply and directly to the second method, grasping ideas and connotations without analyzing effect and checking equivalents. In this way Lady Mary has subordinated the conclusion of her epistle (which deals with love) to the earlier part (which deals with friendship). Once she has established the almost superhuman situation of the friend, "of every Grace, and Good, possess'd", exposition of her own distress follows as the only amplification possible. The reader is left with a sense of the friend looking down as from heaven on the lost soul depicted in the poem's closing lines.

"So often seen" expresses a desire for peace and gratitude for consolation. The plainly epistolary "Addressed To ----" (p.584), more restless and even bitter in tone, may have sprung from the same period of emotional turmoil. To her confidant (whose identity remains uncertain) she addresses her "Say" and her rhetorical questions -- all of them unanswerable. She no more expects her correspondent to be able to tell her why she continues to live than what is in store for her after death. Yet her placing of the questions at the end of the poem suggests that she wanted some response. In terms of the epistle she is seeking sympathy from an intimate friend; in poetic terms she suggests the vain questioning of God by man.

Lady Mary was accused of impiety by those who read these lines in her lifetime and afterwards. The editor of the London Magazine called them "Verses on Self-Murder", dissociated himself from their contents and regretted that the author "has suggested very immoral and pernicious advice...and, what is worse, seems to have forgot her Maker and her Christianity." Lady Hertford wrote that the verses had "a wit and

strength that appear in all her writings; but her mind must have been in a very melancholy disposition when she composed them"; she went on to advocate serious Bible-reading and to apologise for sitting in moral judgement. Lady Pomfret replied: "What pity and terror does it create, to see wit, beauty, nobility, and riches, after a full possession of fifty years, talk that language, -- and talk it so feelingly that all who read must know that it comes from the heart!"[1] J. W. Croker called the lines "about the best she ever wrote"; Lady Louisa Stuart, who had once copied them in her own album, crisply commented to Lord Wharncliffe: "They are 'the best she ever wrote' because you left them out: if you had printed them, they would have been detestable".[2]

These various intensely personal reactions reflect the personal nature of Lady Mary's utterance. This is a poem of mood and not of argument. Unlike Pope in his Essay on Man (i. 5) and Johnson in The Vanity of Human Wishes (line 2), she makes no attempt to "Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man" or "survey Mankind"; she follows the more concise poetic method of persuasion by metaphor. Life is a rough road, a "dirty Journey"; the poet, addressing a like-minded friend, needs nothing but her own experience to support her statement. During the early part of the poem she employs a series of conventional images, each linked to the next. Life as a journey connects with death as a pilgrimage or flight; life as a miry road connects with death as mixing with "kindred clay"; life as above all tiring connects with death as

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1. Hertford-Pomfret, ii. 170-1, 175.

2. Quarterly Review, lviii, 1837, p. 172; 22 March 1837, Wh MS 439.

sleep. The idea that life and death may be an endlessly recurring cycle appears to break the thread of Lady Mary's exposition; thereafter the images of life -- as theatre, burden, prison -- are subordinated to rhetorical argument. To read the poem, like Croker, as an "apology for suicide" is to over-simplify it; Lady Mary merely wonders at the instinct which prevents self-destruction: "Whence this misterious bearing to exist"? In the formless epistolary form she expresses her lack of faith in any plan or explanation for the universe. The very uncertainty that antagonised her contemporaries appeals strongly to the twentieth-century mind.

She strikes a very different note in a series of epistolary fragments addressed from abroad to (probably) Hervey and to James Stuart Mackenzie (pp. 623, 633ff.). As in the "Letter to Lord Hervey from Twict'nam", the writer assumes the pose of the detached adviser commenting on "the stupid business of the state," "the Frantic Scene". She evokes the scenes of political ambition more convincingly than she suggests alternatives. The self-approbation she recommends to Mackenzie is vaguely repellant; stilted language invalidates her avowal of loyalty in

> My Heart sincere which never Flatt'ry knew
> Shall consecrate its warmest Sighs to you.

She successfully combines the advisory and the personal in "Fragment to ***", sandwiching her exhortation between two vivid images. The entry of the Graces and Venus effectively distances the everyday world of "stupid business", enabling "gallantries" and "Wisdom" to appear convincingly as personified attendants in the Court of Love.

The "Fragment" pleads more appealingly for Epicurean ordering of life than the "Conclusion of a Letter to a Freind". These scraps of

verse sermonizing were evidently composed without much attention, though Lady Mary later found time to transcribe them. Her grasp on her various images and examples is not always secure. Some, in her own words, "never pay the Chase; / But melt like Snow, within the warm Embrace". Such are the metaphor mixing "Contagion" and "Vails" in the opening couplet of this passage, and the "Victor's shout" in the lines to Mackenzie, which seems drawn from heroic literature and fitted uncomfortably into contemporary politics.

Some of Lady Mary's epistles offer reprimand or reproof instead of praise or advice. Of these some are answer-poems; some respond only to a situation. In "How happy you who vary'd Joys persue" (below p. 450) the reproof delivered consists in a comparison of Lady Mary with her correspondent, to the latter's disadvantage. This epistle may have been sent as a letter and not resented by the vivacious Bathurst, or it may have been as imaginary as "P/ope/ to Bolingbroke". In any case Lady Mary picked a suitable target for her strictures in one who in October 1723 lamented "I have tired myself with computations and designs of things which cannot be completed in my own time."[1]

Her plan gives her the chance to end again on a note of personal emotion, in an extended image which is one of her more distinguished purple passages. But the poem stands out less for this than for its structure and use of narrative, which in Lady Mary's epistles is seldom more than an incidental tool. The first sixty lines tell the story of Bathurst's activities, opening with a brief apostrophe and

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1. Pope, Corr. ii. 207.

interrupted only by aphorisms which Lady Mary presents, rather in the stream-of-consciousness manner, as "Thoughts like these" passing through her hero's mind. She achieves an effect of acceleration, from the "six long Months" occupied with building and the summer spent in landscape gardening, through the "allmost a Week" devoted to patriotism, and the "long three hours" towards the "Eternity of Love" which exists only in a vow.

In her narrative Lady Mary appears to skip haphazardly from one detail to another, but her design remains clear. The mixture of present and past tenses increases the sense of headlong rush; visual detail gives an impression of scenes clicking past like camera stills. One set of surroundings succeeds to another, introduced by divisive "Buts" at lines 11, 21, and 53. Each successive scene declines from the magnificent to the commonplace: "Corinthian Beauty, Ionian Majesty" to "Dirt and Mortar", the magic manipulation of avenues, canals and mountains to turf and flowers, "Power's brightest Side" to "the Tinsel glittering Snare", and the charms of the first-discovered beauties to their insignificance after a third takes over.

At this point the narrative suddenly debouches from kaleidoscopically flickering scenery into an immense static image -- that of the desert. This picture accurately and logically reflects the shallowly impressionable mind of Lady Mary's Bathurst; at the same time it strongly contrasts in sensuous terms with what has gone before, substituting an eternally immutable surface for the frenzied activity which throughout the poem has shifted and re-shifted emotions and (at least in imagination) masonry and landscape. Its four-line picture succeeds the long continuous narrative paragraph and leads (line 67) into the second turning-point of the poem: Lady Mary's introduction of herself as a foil for Bathurst.

Lines 68 to the end can be regarded as a parallel to the whole earlier section of the poem, though the proportions of this second part are entirely different. The febrile narrative of about a year's business is balanced by four lines of descriptive statement, extremely general in content and symmetrical in shape:

> Unseen, unheard, the Throng around me move,
> Not wishing Praise, insensible of Love
> No Whispers soften, nor no Beautys Fire,
> Careless I see the Dance, and coldly hear the Lyre.

Here instead of the activity of the protagonist affecting a responsive world, movement takes place entirely outside the unresponsive human centre. There immediately follows the topographical image which corresponds to that of the desert. The picture of the solitary rock matches that of the solitary Lady Mary; unlike the previous image it introduces no incongruous or even new idea. The human throng fades imperceptibly into the "passing Flock"; Lady Mary appears to forget herself to stone. The sibilants of "No Whispers soften, nor no Beautys Fire" merge into those of "So sings the Wind around the solid stone". By growing out of the polished correctness of lines 68-71, this intensely romantic image manages to avoid overstatement and sentimentality.

In spite of the marked divisions between its parts, this is a highly unified poem. Even while the static quality of the last image opposes itself to the movement of the poem's opening, a different and complementary kind of movement is suggested in "rolling ages". The slow encroachment in "Tho length of Years with moss may shade the Ground" replies to the horticultural turmoil of lines 14-19.

"An Answer to a Love letter in verse" (p. 458) makes a similar comparison between the writer's and her correspondent's behaviour in

love, though here the contrast can be read as a more general one between the sexes. This poem follows Lady Mary's commonest verse structure, leading her reader straight into the heart of the matter. The opening lines delineate the situation, but she hides their expository purpose in outraged response to the "sad-lamenting Strain". The word "persue" already looks forward to the end of the poem. After her initial narrative passage Lady Mary defines the qualities which repel her: "Artfull Falsehood, and designing Praise" and a perverse eagerness for mischief. The "you's" of the lines following the exclamation "How vile is Man!" read like plurals rather than singulars; Lady Mary speaks of women too in general: "the Heart", "the Fame". She elaborates her point with exclamation, epigram, and comparison, only hinting at personal experience and breaking off with "Sleep, sleep my wrongs" (a rhetorical repetition which Dallaway cut down and spoiled).

The first image that occurs to her is that of the only accidentally destructive monkey; then follow the malicious robber and the speciously tempting devil. In the next lines she turns her attention inward to her own wrongs, then back to her tormentor, combining the associations of robber and wheedler in the striking "And ask so boldly like a begging Theife". This image introduces a new theme -- the desire to punish. The extended closing simile, like that of "How happy you", reunites the strands of thought already present in the poem. "Brisk Wits" and "Idle Mirth" recall the opening suggestions of aimless search for diversion; the wits pursue and are themselves pursued; they are gay in appearance, malicious at heart, and they meet retribution.

The "Answer" provides an example both of the closely-woven texture of which Lady Mary was capable and of the ease with which she utilizes her reading. She builds up the central part of her epistle out of a tissue of borrowings from Dryden and Prior (see notes), appearing not so much to cast her thoughts into their words as to think in their phrases. When her verse is most vigorous and flexible, even when it is most original in the sense of expressing most clearly the idiosyncratic turn of her mind, it is most full of echoes. She describes personal experience in this derivative language, for instance in the passage of parallels and antitheses ("To Reason deaf, to Observation blind") and as she does so she dramatises and externalises it. From this it is only a short step to imagining and giving dramatic life to the emotional experience of others.

VIII EPISTLES -- DRAMATIC

In her eclogues Lady Mary had created characters sometimes based on real people but hidden under fictitious names; in her dramatic epistles she uses the names of people she knew or had heard of. This was a new or at any rate an unusual manner of reporting the contemporary scene. Imaginary epistles between actual historical characters had proliferated since Drayton's England's Heroicall Epistles, of which in 1703 Oldmixon wrote a "versification" in current taste.[1] Drayton had included in his poems factual and political details, carefully annotated, as well as Ovidian sentiment and mythologizing. He dealt with some events fairly close to his own time, but generally those which popular imagination had promoted to the status of legend. When Oldmixon wrote, the same stories were a century more remote. So also Pope chose the tale of Eloisa and Abelard, a choice praised by Johnson because it "supersedes invention, and imagination ranges at full liberty without straggling into scenes of fable".[2]

Such authenticity might be laudable, but the dignity of the heroical epistle was not to be found in news-sheet material. Topical dramatic epistles had figured in late seventeenth-century collections, but they took (like Lady Mary's "P/ope/ to Bolingbroke") a satirical or political line. Pope kept the Ovidian and Horatian traditions well separated, using one style for Eloisa to Abelard and another for his urbane familiar epistles. Lady Mary not only indulged a senti-

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1. Amores Britannici.

2. Lives of the Poets, iii. 235.

mental note in her personal epistles, but also invented, in her "Epistle From Arthur G/ra/y", an externalized yet immediate setting for the classical love-complaint. The Ovidian tone could not survive unaltered in such a setting. The traditional conflict of love with duty or with the harsh necessities of political power (as in Lady Mary's early "Julia to Ovid") becomes in her mature dramatic epistles a conflict between love and the structure of contemporary society. Her epistolary lovers are all handicapped, Arthur Gray by his class and the others by their sex, in their search for happiness in love. All, like Julia, become in a less heroic way "wretched Victims to the State". The opposition of the ideal of love to the realities of contemporary life produces a mixture of pathos and indignation -- Lady Mary's modernised version of the tragic. When she speaks of this conflict as a detached observer she often lapses into cynicism, as in "An Epilogue to...M/ary/ Queen of Scots" or "Written ex tempore on the Death of Mrs Bowes"; but she avoids this when she speaks in the person of a sufferer for love.

The "Epistle From Arthur G/ra/y", Lady Mary's first attempt in this kind, is remarkable for its serious, even solemn treatment of an incident which was widely and predictably regarded as a joke.[1] The newspapers dutifully referred to the unsuccessful rapist as "villain" and "wretch", and exercised some caution in their handling of Mrs. Murray's reputation, but their interest in the case was mainly salacious and they made the most of available incongruities and doubles entendres in reporting the trial. The author of the ballad Virtue in Danger

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1. For a summary of the story, see headnote to the poem.

(in all probability Lady Mary herself)[1] saw exclusively the funny side of the encounter, did not touch on the feelings of either of the parties, and broke off at the threat of going to law without mentioning the penalty the footman would pay. The attitude of the anonymous "An Epistle from Arthur Gray to Mrs M[urra]y" (below p. 733) is more complex, and since this poem probably influenced Lady Mary it seems worth comparing the two in some detail.

The author of this epistle, like Lady Mary, was attempting to forge a new genre. He drew on those popular printed ballads which seldom failed to appear in commemoration of violent and especially sexual crimes, on the Ovidian love-complaint, and on a vein of low-life social observation which was just making its appearance in poetry, particularly in the works of Gay. The resulting mixture blended rather uneasily together. The author's opening paragraph carefully explains his aim:

> No artfull touches in his verse shall shine,
> But unafected woe in every line.
> Here undissembled words my flame reveals
> And the pen sketches what the bosome feels.

He is in fact attempting to produce such an epistle as might actually be written by a sentimental footman, perhaps having in mind the letter from Newgate which Gray was said to have sent Mrs. Murray to ask pardon. The adjective-noun pairs in his opening line ("harsh fair", "gay delights") recall the popular ballads and suggest that "what the bosome feels" will be rather trite.

Yet the poem does not always eschew "artfull touches". It displays a steady alternation of high flights with bathos or a kind of

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1. See below pp.412, 663.

comic relief. Arthur's first declaration of heroic love,

> Who that has really felt Love's fatal dart,
> The racks, the torments of a wounded heart,

leads into a visual image which comically mixes the fashionable and the mythological:

> Heedless of rank, Love does his arrows throw,
> Wounds the lac'd footman, and the toupee'd beau.

His reference to his "restless raging flame" introduces the incident in which he "drop'd down / A dirty plate, and greas'd a bran new gound". In his meditations by the kitchen fire a romantic word jostles a low one: "Pensive I'd loll me". His serious complaint against "my rigid destiny's decree, / That made my mind and station ill agree," leads him to consider that if only he had loved within his own class "I might have sigh'd successfull, and been wed." This homely line introduces a parallel which also has a touch of the folk joke:

> Poor Arthur! mention not a tender wife,
> Newgate's (not marriage) bonds shall last thy life.

Then follows a peroration which seems to aim at the "straight" heroic.

In this poem of incongruities it is the details of social trivia that give most pleasure. The butler, forerunner of trades-unionists, is an endearing character whose single speech rings truer than those of the protagonist:

> sure all sarvants must have dineing time:
> Were I you Arthur tho' away I'm turn'd,
> Before I'd lose a meal I'd see her burn'd.

Despite the poem's brilliant use of detail, a slight air of unreality hangs over it, which would surely have been intensified for a contemporary reader who would have expected some account of the central action: the attempt on Mrs. Murray's virtue. The writer could have

dealt with it by ridiculing Arthur's pretensions or by preaching social equality, but he does neither. He has not quite the psychological penetration to achieve the co-existence of topical detail and romantic pathos. Yet his attempt to understand and depict Gray is imaginative and it probably attracted Lady Mary to the subject.

Her poem shares many ideas with the anonymous one, appearing to have borrowed and developed from it rather than the other way round. Her Arthur asks for Mrs. Murray's pity at both the beginning and end of the poem, where the hero of the other poem disclaims it; yet Lady Mary's makes no such direct assault upon the reader's pity as to apostrophize himself as "Poor Arthur". Occasionally she tones down the heroics of her model: "I would be pity'd, and I then would die" is more dignified because less hyperbolical than "For scorn'd by you, life is my greatest pain".

Most of her borrowings, however, reveal her determination to raise the tone of her original. The other Arthur refers to his domestic duties as if he accepts his station matter-of-factly enough, though he claims equal sensitivity with his betters. Lady Mary's Arthur displays, less realistically, something of heroic disdain:

> Long had I liv'd, as sordid as my Fate,
> Nor curst the Destiny that made me wait,
> A servile Slave.

The suggestion of pastoral in Lady Mary's summing up of his unamoitious placidity, "With Labour healthy, in Obedience blest", comes unmistakably from a person of higher rank. Lady Mary was not qualified, nor did she wish, to achieve verisimilitude in her portrait of Arthur Gray as footman. Where the other Arthur behaves like a willing servant:

> Swift as your wishes quick away I flew,
> And lost my dinner many a day for you,

hers behaves like a servant in the troubadours' sense:

> Heaven! how I flew when wing'd by your command,
> And kiss'd the Letters given me by your Hand.

In her version the dinner-table incident with the "bran new gound" gives way to

> How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait,
> Present the sparkling Wine, or change your Plate!

There is a magnificence in her Arthur's conclusion that if his lady pities him "You pay my Pangs, nor have I dy'd in vain"; the other poem's "Believe the heaven I wish for most, was <u>you</u>" derives from the common stock of compliment.

Lady Mary devotes more attention than her original to her hero's emotions. Her rapid manipulation of abstractions or semi-personifications does not allow them to become cold or static. She can trace the rapid development of his feelings:

> The mist of wretched Education flys,
> Shame, Fear, Desire, Despair, and Love arise,
> The new Creation of those Beauteous Eyes,

and express their confusion when fully developed:

> Like Torrents, Love and Indignation meet,
> And Madness would have thrown me at your feet,

all on a level which the anonymous poem does not attempt. Yet Lady Mary was capable of telling observation of detail, like

> Tho bid to go, I quite forgot to move,
> You knew not that Stupidity was Love.[1]

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1. It is noteworthy in any case, and more so if Lady Mary wrote <u>Virtue in Danger</u>, what a very different turn (towards pathos or laughter) the two poems give to the same reported detail. This couplet probably arose from the newspaper report: "The Lady observed, that the Fellow who was always esteemed the most stupid Wretch in the World, pleaded his amorous Cause with all imaginable Eloquence" (<u>The Weekly Journal or Saturday's-Post</u>, 21 Oct. 1721). The same sentence probably suggested the jaunty mock-gnomic stanza 12 of <u>Virtue in Danger</u>.

In her "Epistle From Arthur G/ra/y" Lady Mary strove primarily to enlist the reader's sympathy for Gray. With this end in view she strikes a note of high dignity in her first lines, especially as compared with the opening of the anonymous poem. Her footman shows himself from the start anxious to spare his lady's feelings. His "tremble not to read, / I have no more to wish, nor you to dread" suggests, to a reader of Lady Mary's poetry, a contrast with the demanding, threatening lover she was so often to portray. She takes some measure at every stage in his story to render his presumption acceptable. Each step serves two purposes: to maintain sympathy and to fulfil one of the requirements of the code of love promulgated in the romances. Not even in her early "Adventurer" does Lady Mary trace the conventional stages of heroic love more carefully than in this epistle.

The poem's first emotional climax, the triplet already quoted in which Gray discovers his love, is at once followed, to minimize its "Impudence", by his resolve to keep his feelings secret -- secrecy being of course the first requisite in the romance code. Then comes the passage on his delight in serving his lady; then the traumatic entrance of Jealousy, of which in her early work Lady Mary had written "Yet still this Horrid monster Follows Love."[1] Arthur's jealousy provides the second emotional climax of the poem,[2] introduced by the vivid detail: "The Flambeau trembled in my shaking hand".

The central pivot of the poem is the speech in which Arthur imagines himself making a "declaration".[3] Here indeed he pleads "his

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1. "The Adventurer", lines 121ff., p. 265 below.
2. Lines 41-42, quoted above, previous page.
3. Lines 43-63; cf. "Adventurer", lines 86, 224.

amorous Cause with all imaginable Eloquence" in passionate denunciation of the "Toasters", his rivals. Where the author of the anonymous epistle wrote of class differences as reflected in manners, Lady Mary here sees them as reflected in morals. She contrasts Gray's faithfulness and modesty, already established, with the rakes' corruption, and stresses the artificiality of their lust:

> Frequent Debauch has pall'd their sickly taste,
> Faint their Desire, and in a Moment past.

This resembles her treatment of Silliander and Patch in "Tuesday" (which poem she quotes in lines 78-80) and Bathurst in "How happy you", without sharing the good-humour of those poems. Yet in case Gray should seem too daring in his social satire, he humbly breaks off:

> Not thus I sigh -- But all my sighs are vain,
> Dye wretched Arthur and conceal thy Pain;
> Tis Impudence to wish, and Madness to complain.

An avowal which even in imagination is not completed can hardly give offence. Arthur's modesty shows a proper consciousness of his station; at the same time despair is romantically correct.

Lady Mary's invention of Gray's intended suicide follows from his despair. At this point her plan of retaining sympathy necessitates some alteration of the facts. For the actual encounter late at night she substitutes a scene from the morning before -- an erotic "description".[1] But even in this luscious passage Lady Mary works to present Gray in the best possible light. He arrives after a night of mental torment -- not only arrives but is summoned to the tempting scene by Mrs. Murray's bell. Her description allows Lady Mary again to portray his emotional symptoms and neatly to bypass the actual

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1. Cf. "Adventurer", lines 57ff.

attempt at rape:

> Eager to Gaze, unsatisfy'd with sight,
> My Head grew giddy with the near Delight --
> Too well you know the fatal following Night.

She gets a good deal nearer the crucial act than her original, which only reaches the stage of "service".

Her concluding passage recalls her opening lines, as Gray combines stoic acceptance of death with a renewed plea for pity from his lady. For the first time Lady Mary dwells on his virtues instead of his feelings, and sums up her social message, which is of the blighting of human potential by material circumstance:

> Think the bold Wretch, that could so greatly dare,
> Was Tender, Faithfull, Ardent and sincere.
> Think, when I held the Pistol to your Breast
> Had I been of the World's large rule possess'd
> That World had then been yours, and I been blest.

Lady Mary has often been criticised, for instance <u>à propos</u> of her "Epitaph", for lack of feeling. In this epistle she has produced a remarkable <u>tour de force</u> of emotional sympathy. The poem has been little noticed. Edith Sitwell called it "one of her own boring and incompetent 'poetical epistles'", Halsband a "serious and polished poem".[1] Walpole's friend John Chute put his finger on the unusual nature of her gift when he said that "scarce any woman could have written it, and no man; for a man who had had experience enough to paint such sentiments so well, would not have had warmth enough left."[2]

The subjects of Lady Mary's other dramatic epistles were less remote from her own experience. She composed her next one, "Miss Cooper to ----", about two years after the "Epistle From Arthur G/ra/y".

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1. <u>Alexander Pope</u>, p. 126; Halsband, p. 108.
2. <u>Corr</u>. xix. 450.

It was less successful than the earlier epistle or than her "Epistle From Mrs Y/onge/", written the next year -- a fact that Lady Mary recognized when she copied the other two (but not "Miss Cooper") into her album of acknowledged works. In content "Miss Cooper" overlaps with Lady Mary's youthful Ovidian epistles: her heroine complains against her lover and emphasizes her own fidelity.

The subject of love quenched by unresponsiveness is not an inspiring one. When in this epistle Lady Mary echoes passages from her other poems (as in line 47ff.) she achieves less effect with familiar words and cadences. A memory of some lines from Addison leads her into frigidity ("The strong Disorders on my Vitals prey"), though else where, in a lighter-moving poem, she makes good use of the same passage. "Lysander" in love with ribands and tippets cannot compare with Bathurst in love with building, politics, "Cloe's bloom" and "a sidelong Glance of Cœlia's Eyes". His charms do not emerge clearly enough to create sympathy with his mistress's predicament of being "toss'd -- Desire -- Despise, / Contemn your Folly, yet adore your Eyes." Nor does Lady Mary here succeed in portraying either the feelings or the physical sensations of love, though now and again she shows a flash of perception, as in lines 15-16 and 41-44.

This poem presents only one concept with any degree of clarity. Lady Mary is protesting against a perversion of values in love or the marriage-market. Miss Cooper's often-stressed virtues of "A tender Heart, and a refflecting Head" have no value; they even impede her search for love, negating her other qualities: "And Fatal Kindness sullys every charm". But Lady Mary weakens her general point from a desire to blame Lysander for everything:

> Yet such a Heart, so fond, so nicely true,
> Would force Esteem from any Man but You.

She does not make it clear whether this is because others are better men than Lysander, or because kindness is fatal only towards its object. The message of this couplet, as well as its over-rhetorical expression, shakes the reader's faith in Miss Cooper's final conclusion that in the whole world there is

> no hope to find
> One faithfull Partner to a tender mind,
> Gentle and Just, and without feigning, Kind?
> None, ⟨there⟩ is none....

Without logical underpinning Lady Mary can never sustain the emotional level of her verse. This addition to her known works is valuable rather for illustrating her opinions than as a work of art.

The indignant feeling of "Epistle From Mrs Y⁄onge⁄" (p. 429) rests on a more solid foundation. Miss Cooper's love for a worthless object negated her scorn for women idly charmed by "Shew, Dress and Danceing". In "Epistle From Mrs Y⁄onge⁄", as in that from Arthur Gray, Lady Mary has taken more pains to ensure sympathy for her protagonist. Mrs. Yonge shows more pride than Miss Cooper, refusing to beg for pity from her husband as Gray refused to beg for mercy. The blame which in "Miss Cooper" falls heavily on Lysander and reflects on the judgment of the girl who loves him, is in "Mrs. Y⁄onge⁄" divided among her husband in particular and the governing male sex in general. Miss Cooper sought to recommend herself by despising other women:

> For what strange Curse has Nature form'd my Mind
> So different from the rest of Womankind?

In "Mrs Y⁄onge⁄" Lady Mary is ready, probably for the first time, to attempt full-blown feminist propaganda. Yet the stridency of her more revolutionary claims accompanies a tenderness for "the Weak Submissive Sex of Woman-kind" (which she was often to express again in

The Nonsense of Common-Sense and in her letters),[1] an admission of "the Woman's Joy to be admir'd", and even a willingness to plead "Our Sexes Weakness" as an excuse for not attempting to imitate the virtue of Cato. This readiness to concede a point, and ability to gain an advantage by doing so, indicates that Lady Mary is once again in control of her material.

Indeed she handles her case like a lawyer. The theme of self-justification reaches its acme in this, one of her most closely-argued poems. Not until Mrs. Yonge has made a strong case against the injustice of marriage customs in general does she begin her own story. She paints a bleak picture. This poem mentions the romantic idea of love only as loss of freedom:

> O're the wide World your pleasures you persue,
> The Change is justify'd by something new;
> But we must sigh in Silence -- and be true.

A woman marries when "sighs have gain'd or force compell'd our Hand,/ Deceiv'd by Art, or urg'd by stern Command". She thus places herself outside the protection of the law:

> Defrauded Servants are from Service free,
> A wounded Slave regains his Liberty.
> For Wives ill us'd no remedy remains....

The details follow in quick succession: entry into the trap; its trials described in the figurative language of racks and chains; then, more baldly, the facts of sexual and mental frustration; then the verdict of public opinion in the shape of the "Prattling Fop". When Mrs. Yonge tells the story of her attempt at escape, her language links her own plight with the laws she has already expounded: "m'Accuser", "My hapless Case",

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1. No. ii, ed. Halsband, 1947, p. 4; Letters, iii. 47-48, 80.

When to the final Sentence I submit,
The Lips condemn me, but their Souls acquit.

Lady Mary makes characteristic use in this poem of vivid phrases which, like "the brittle Freindship of the Great", hover on the verge of metaphor. The common phrase about binding the marriage tie carries its full metaphoric significance. The lines that approach nearest to a developed image present a powerful impression of movement and interaction of forces, almost but not quite visualised:

-- But you persue me to this last retreat.
Dragg'd into Light, my tender Crime is shown
And every Circumstance of Fondness known.
Beneath the Shelter of the Law you stand,
And urge my Ruin with a cruel Hand.

Lady Mary plans the movement of her verse with skill: the first paragraph has a high proportion of lines with no caesura, which increases its weight and dignity, while the last is staccato, with a preponderance of verbs which suggest movement not only in themselves but also as they rapidly succeed each other:

Go; Court the brittle Freindship of the Great,
Smile at his Board, or at his Levée wait
And when dismiss'd to Madam's Toilet fly....

This passage, which Lady Mary allowed to stand here and rejected from "Miss Cooper", differs in style from the rest of the epistle. Its lapse from an elevated tone is intentional and effective. Most of Lady Mary's epistles depict both parties to the correspondence. Mrs. Yonge has pictured her husband as "that hard Obdurate Heart" and as a threatening figure beneath the canopy of Law, but her picture is not complete until his shallowness is also understood, with the nature of the love-affairs that made her jealous. The conclusion of the poem reveals the weakness in this representative of male power; the opening contrasted the feminine weakness of Mrs. Yonge with the kind of

strength lent her by her stoic acceptance of evil and faith that "sure in Heaven does **Justice** reign / Thô Tricks below that sacred Name profane".

Lady Mary returns once more to the subject of marriage in a dramatic epistle, "The Answer to the foregoing Elegy".[1] This time, however, her approach is less militantly feminist. She assigns no exclusive blame for the state of society: the venal virgins are guilty along with the "grave Aunt and formal Sire"; the lover who would unwittingly bring disaster on his mistress is honest and true, lacking only in understanding. Mrs. Yonge had summarily dismissed "the Censorious Prude / (Stupidly Dull, or Spiritually Lewd)"; the heroine of the "Answer" takes seriously the public opinion which she despises.

The "Answer" deals in turn with every important point in the Elegy for which Lady Mary wrote it. This employs typical Ovidian rhetoric to complain of the pangs of love and to make a heroic renunciation for which no reason is given. The suitor, despairing of his chance as a lover, then seeks another status:

> And now (for more I never must pretend)
> Hear me not as thy Lover, but thy Friend.

He advises his mistress to choose another man of merit among her thousands of suitors. In her "Answer" Lady Mary attacks the reconciliation of Ovidian love with practical marriage. She assumes that the reason for the lover's withdrawal is lack of money and seizes on the contradiction between that and his expecting the girl to choose her future husband on any other than financial grounds. The first

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1. See below pp. 529-31, for grounds on which this poem, never before printed among LM's works, is attributed to her.

part of her poem, describing the pains of impoverished marriage, balances the Elegy's description of the pains of love; her nightmare vision of mercenary marriage balances its naive plea for choosing a partner on merit. At the end of her poem, Lady Mary with her customary clear-headedness rejects the stop-gap of platonic friendship.

In spite of this poem's point-by-point refutation of the Elegy, Lady Mary subordinates argument to the imaginative interpretation of emotions. The lover of the Elegy uses oratory rather than rational debate; she follows his example. Where "Mrs Y/onge/" enumerates in two lines the possible reasons for marriage, the "Answer" takes one alternative and describes with fascinated repulsion the wise virgins

> Who Hospitals and Bedlams would explore,
> To find the Rich, and only dread the Poor;
> Who legal Prostitutes for Interest's sake,
> Clodios and Timons to their Bosom take....
> Those, Titles, Deeds, and Rent-Rolls only wed,
> Whilst the best Bidder mounts their venal Bed.

Unlike the "Epistle From Mrs Y/onge/", this one is rich in images: some of the half-submerged variety, like "that I had damp'd Ambition's nobler Flame", "the jealous Demons in my own fond Breast"; some grotesquely vivid, like those in the passage just quoted; some beautiful, like Lady Mary's favourite summer-sea image and the even more literary

> No Safron Robe for us the Godhead wears,
> His Torch inverted, and his Face in Tears.

Lady Mary also employs her lucid expository manner in

> Then would thy Soul my fond Consent deplore,
> And blame what it sollicited before:
> Thy own exhausted, would reproach my Truth,
> And say, I had undone thy blinded Youth,

and the forcible linking of opposites which marks her satiric style, in "gild my Ruin with the Name of Wife" and

> That poor degenerate Child her Friends disown,
> Who dares to deviate, by a virtuous Choice,
> From her great Name's hereditary Vice.

The "Answer" is Lady Mary's latest known comment on the Ovidian epistle. She has retained the heroic as well as the emotional element (in the measured lines of the concluding paragraph the heroine without a tremor renounces her lover for his own good) and used them for pointed comment not only on a corrupt society but also on a literary tradition. The foreseen steps in loss of love correspond to the recollected accounts of the growth of love which held a regular place in the speeches of Ovidian victim-heroines. The "Answer" rejects the Elegy's sentimental idealism, while re-stating in harsher terms what it says of the powerlessness of love. Lady Mary's heroine, no helpless victim, remains in control of her bleak situation, pointing out the irreconcilable gulf between idealised and satirised experience.

IX SATIRE

Touches of satire spiced Lady Mary's albums of predominantly romantic childhood verse, as she used contemporary detail to contrast with the happiness attributed to solitude and love, or heighten the awe produced by contemplating death. Irony pervaded her poetry from the period when she transferred her poetic attention to her social milieu. Her eclogues confirmed this bent. They satirize society through the medium of individuals -- apparently a new departure for her, though as early as 1709 her reading of romans à clef had led her to conclude that "if /writers/ are agreeable, they are offensive".[1] It was probably her own inclination rather than the influence of Pope that turned her to personalities, in the "Epistle From Arthur G/ra/y" as in the eclogues. Her later attacks on Pope, Swift and Bolingbroke are closer to Restoration invective than Augustan satire. More than ten years before these, however, she translated Boileau and composed a highly traditional satire innocent of arguments ad hominem.

"Constantinople" (below p. 393) is a descriptive poem with a topographical basis, of the same genre as Cooper's Hill and Windsor Forest; but its opening paragraph shows that its author thought of it as satire of a particular kind which she never elsewhere attempted -- imitation of Horace's most good-natured and happy satire.[2] Like Horace she writes as one whose prayer the gods have answered, but she has prayed for solitude instead of rural conviviality.

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1. Letters, i. 18.

2. II. vi.

"Constantinople" hinges on opposition of the social world and pastoral ideal; but Lady Mary paints the pastoral landscape with vivid immediacy while leaving outside scenes curiously unreal. She translates the London world into abstracts and makes that of Constantinople remote and stylized like a moving picture.[1] This poem is unique among her verse for its richly sensuous scene-painting. According to the criteria applied by Norman Ault to the poetry of Pope,[2] Lady Mary here uses a colour-word on average once every eight and a half lines -- more frequently than Pope in his pastorals and almost as often as in Windsor Forest -- besides frequently suggesting colour without specifying the shade. She chooses heraldic colours: the violent contrast of white English winter with green, gold and purple Turkish spring; the reappearance of gold adorning mosques and ships, on long-since fallen altars set off by "Purple Lustre" and among the vizier's trappings by "sable vest" and "snowy Steed". Lady Mary does not in this poem mention red, the favourite colour of the eclogues.

Other sense-impressions even outnumber those of colour. The opening, Horatian, paragraph makes a strong visual and tactile impression without colour-words; instead, water suggests clarity and coolness. The contrasting climates of England and Turkey also affect the senses of touch, smell, and hearing. Spring is warm, fragrant with flowers, and loud with birds and running streams. Lady Mary represents winter as a void in sensation, "Silenc'd" and "benumd" as well as painful to the sight. In the latter part of the poem she continues to

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1. LM later used this simile in prose to express her sense of detachment from the goings-on of society (Letters, ii. 72-73).

2. New Light on Pope, 1949, pp. 87-99.

make use of sounds. The adjective in "Resounding Sea" brings the sea close to the watcher. When she pictures the vizier's procession, Lady Mary stresses its noiselessness:

> No Bellowing Shouts of noisie crouds arise,
> Silence, in solemn state the March attends.

The silence in which Turkish processions took place was a fact which she also remarked in prose;[1] here it serves to enhance the remote, moving-picture quality of the scene, which cannot affect the watcher as can the remembered "tattling train" and "thousand Tongues" of her own society. The lack of sound reinforces the emphasis on sight of a particular kind, that of the spectator: "Here from my Window I at once survey....my ravish'd Eyes admire....In Gaudy Objects I indulge my Sight....these prospects."

The line beginning "Here from my Window" (38) is that at which Lady Mary took up her pen where her scribe had left off; but the difference of feeling between the two parts is probably due to the shift from nature to man. The writer experiences the one but observes the other. She describes the fertility of the natural world with a wealth of anthropomorphic expressions: "Eternal Smile...happy...charm... blest...rich...chearfull...enjoyment". The later descriptions (of Lady Mary's mountain prospect and of the vizier's procession) lack any such participatory feeling of joy or sympathy. These passionless scenes frame the elegaic lines on the succeeding civilizations of Constantinople.

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1. Letters, i. 322, 324.

Finally Lady Mary considers her own state of uninvolvement. One long sentence (beginning "Yet not these prospects") gathers up the details of the city into a single generalised view before resolving to prefer the withdrawal of "this retreat". She bolsters her sense of security by listing the things -- or rather people -- that she has avoided. By means of the senses she relates this very different material to the opening lines of the poem: as the senses were denied by winter and delighted by spring, so they are outraged by the manifestations of human folly, which "shocks my Sight" and "hurts my Ear". It is unusual in Lady Mary's verse for description so to predominate; perhaps her pregnancy or her traveller's excitement had something to do with it. As a possible satiric mode she found the delicacy of Horace unsuited to her way of writing; she was more apt to use satire as an offensive weapon.

Her next satiric ventures, far from being the productions of solitude and detachment, are closely connected with two writers of a higher class, Pope and her cousin Henry Fielding. Called by her editors "a fragment" and "Unfinished Sketches of a Larger Poem" (below pp. 464, 474), they probably form parts of a single jig-saw which she never completed. If so, the project must have been for a work considerably longer than any of her extant poems. This was to copy the Dunciad in combining mock-heroic and burlesque, in which, as Brower writes, "high-heroic persons are presented in a low style, a travesty of the heroic."[1] The situation becomes more complex when the "high-heroic persons", Dullness and her henchmen, are simultaneously sub- and super-human.

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1. Pope, p. 160.

The fragment which apparently comes first in Lady Mary's plan, "Her Palace place'd beneath a muddy road", introduces the goddess Dullness and her court debating the selection of a champion and deciding upon the young Pope. The goddess is not named until line 13, which suggests that some introduction of her, comparable to those given of her subordinates Prophanation and Obscenity, was intended to precede this fragment -- which, however, must belong early in the total design. It ends with Dullness slowly leaving the realms of night; the other piece was probably to follow immediately, since it opens with her slowly reaching and dampening a scene of joyous natural growth. In it Dullness recapitulates, first to herself and then to Bolingbroke, the fears which have led her to choose a champion, and seeks Bolingbroke's patronage for Pope. Each fragment ends with a prophecy by Dullness about the future, concluding with the epic formula "She said". We can only speculate as to what was to follow: appearance of Pope and his friends in person? defeat of Dullness at the death of Queen Anne? or her triumph in Pope's literary success?

Whatever caused Lady Mary to abandon this verse unfinished, her motives for beginning it are clear. March and May 1728 saw Pope's first two public attacks on her, in "The Capon's Tale" and the first Dunciad. Gentle in comparison with his later attacks, they are also particularly subtle; in each case he leaves an impression quite different from the logic of his remarks. Thus "The Capon's Tale" accuses Lady Mary of having "father'd her Lampoons upon her Acquaintance", but she must have found equally annoying the parallel between herself and the over-desirable hen:

> Each forward Bird must thrust his head in,
> And not a Cock but would be treading.[1]

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1. Twickenham, vi. 256-7.

Similarly, Pope uses her name in the Dunciad as part of Dulness's instructions to Curll to shelter his hacks under the names of Prior and Swift, just as "the sage dame" retails her inferior human merchandise "By names of Toasts". On the face of it Lady Mary's name is taken in vain but her character is not: the poxed Frenchman complains in error of wrongs done not by ladies but by battered jades working under ladies' names. Nonetheless the couplet remained:

> (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
> Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Mary's).

Independently of context, it was bound to remind others besides Lady Mary of the long-past Rémond scandal.[1]

Lady Mary's reply shared none of Pope's subtlety. She appropriated the epic machinery and the goddess herself from the Dunciad and made their creator Dullness's protégé. The form of her satire was therefore not original; it is even doubtful whether the idea of thus adapting Pope against himself came from her or from Henry Fielding. Lady Mary had already helped her young cousin over the production of his first play, Love in Several Masques (Feb. 1728), had been to see it twice and no doubt given him the customary money present when he dedicated the printed play to her. Immediately afterwards he began his studies at Leyden University. He visited her on his return to England and probably showed her the verse compliments he addressed her during these years.[2] When Pope defamed her he rallied to her support in a mock-epic copying Pope's Dunciad and satirizing him and his friends

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1. Dunciad, ii. 125-8; Letters, i. 446-53, ii. 1-14. A note in the Dunciad Variorum (April 1729) made the connection with LM more obvious but not more explicit.

2. Not published until his Miscellanies, 1743.

with Fielding's characteristic brilliance of wit, humour and classical burlesque. Fielding probably hoped for patronage not only from Lady Mary but from the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, whom he represented as leading champion against Dulness. Of this verse only fragments of draft remain -- perhaps all that was completed -- which Lady Mary kept and endorsed with Fielding's initials.[1]

Lady Mary's and Fielding's Dunciad imitations are closely related. The two cousins plainly used each other's ideas and in one place (the conclusion of "Now with fresh vigour") each other's lines. Fielding's verse dates from summer 1729; both may have written then, or Fielding may have picked up a project begun by Lady Mary a year earlier. They may have planned a single joint poem or two independent ones. Lady Mary's fable is back-dated to Oxford's and Bolingbroke's period of power, while Fielding's relates to the events of 1728-9, though neither avoids anachronism.

Her simple epic schema owes something to Pope and something to the classical writers; she also draws on her knowledge of mock-epics by Boileau and Garth. The debate of Dullness with Prophanation, Obscenity, and perhaps Cloacina, parallels the councils of the gods in the Iliad and in Paradise Lost. The poems' many prophecies recall those of Aeneid vi, Paradise Lost, and the Dunciad. Direct speech makes up two-thirds of these poems. This proportion might have changed if Lady Mary had elaborated her plan, but probably reflects her preference for the dramatic over narrative. In "Her Palace place'd" the speeches of the powers serve to give highly distorted pictures of

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1. H MS 81, ff. 57-58, 64-65, 172-85; see my article in the New Rambler, June 1969.

Pope, Swift, et al., not only as malevolent but as malevolent puppets.

The effectiveness of Lady Mary's satire must be judged by its own force and not its correspondence with fact. Her aim is to make her enemies appear simultaneously ridiculous and threatening. Like Fielding, she adopts the common Whig view of history in which culture begins with the Reformation and is threatened by any resurgence of Roman Catholicism and Jacobitism. Fielding indeed attacks Pope, Swift and Gay mainly in their political capacity, in the setting of the late 1720s, as opponents of Walpole. The period chosen by Lady Mary would lend itself just as well to political warfare, but though she assigns a large role to Bolingbroke she obviously sees him as a literary as much as a political figure. In her verse as well as Fielding's the major opponent of Dullness (here Addison; in Fielding Walpole) emerges as a figure of importance. Her idea of Addison's goal would have pleased him: to "Reform the taste of a degenerate Age" and "mend" mankind. She refers several times to specific works both of Addison and of the other side; sometimes her bias makes these scarcely recognizable, but most contain a damaging grain of truth. Her initial sketch of Obscenity as an almost all-pervading force contributes towards convincing the reader that Pope and his friends rely on it and perhaps distracts attention from the fact that Lady Mary does too. Here the heroic style is useful in admitting hyperbole: phrases like "Trampling on Order, Decency, and Laws" and "troops of Converts to /Obscenity's/ Banners bring" exemplify the advantage of verse over prose in pamphlet-war, and the eminence of mock-heroic among kinds of verse for this purpose.

Within her mock-epic setting Lady Mary employs various satiric weapons. She rolls out a high-style line to lend dignity -- or else,

by virtue of contrast with her subject-matter, to take it away. "Bold Prophanation with a Brazen brow" is traditionally heroic; "Perpetual fogs enclose the sacred Cave" follows Pope in finding something sublime in anti-intellectual forces; "The old Crambonians yeild to this Stupendous Youth" achieves maximum sound with minimum sense. She deliberately echoes Shakespeare and Milton, and makes frequent use of Alexandrines and triplets. Among her several effectively managed rhetorical paragraphs is that of prophetic "shalls" which concludes Dullness's speech in "Her Palace place'd", that of description which opens "Now with fresh vigour", and her one heroic simile. The latter is an ornament more common in Fielding's mock-heroic verse; but Lady Mary's "So the Sly Nymph in masquerade disguise", re-worked from an earlier description of a jealous wife (below pp. 406, 479), combines topical setting with heroic tone ("perjury...rage...thunders") in a comic manner worthy of the Rape of the Lock. Elsewhere she gains a point through extravagance of detail, as when Dullness so permeates the air above her cave that "The Carrier's Horse above can scarsely drag his Load", or when nauseating description saves "Stomachs nice" the expense of a vomit. (Each of these examples shocks the reader by a sudden lapse from the heroic level.) Lady Mary includes worldly-wise sententiae, as when she describes the selling-power of obscenity or calls fear "the Mate of Pow'r". Even Dullness can be a mouthpiece for wisdom:

> The Consequence of Sense is Liberty
> And if Men think aright they will be free.

In these polemical poems Lady Mary seeks to influence her reader through argument as well as suggestion.

In one predictable respect her verse was futile: whether or not it was shown to Pope, it did nothing to deter him. Instead the feud with Lady Mary escalated, mainly on his side. He too considered himself freshly provoked since he apparently thought that she had written One Epistle to Mr. A. Pope (below p. 763). Nevertheless his virulence increased surprisingly between the ambiguous Dunciad reference and the brutually direct "P-x'd by her Love, or libell'd by her Hate".[1] The name of Sappho provided a dubious veil, but apparently shielded Pope from responsibility rather than his victim from recognition.

Lady Mary retaliated with the only one among her longer poems of which the date is narrowly ascertainable. The Verses to the Imitator of Horace must have been conceived and written within three weeks, but they bear no obvious marks of haste. Like her earlier anti-Pope poems, they were jointly composed. Hervey, however, was not merely a sympathiser but a fellow-sufferer, and he was interested not only in writing but also in publishing. So it appears, at least, and hence while nothing is known of the Fielding collaboration, inconclusive evidence about that with Hervey abounds (below pp. 505-12). Lady Mary's hand, however, is unmistakably discernible in the Verses, and I shall discuss them on that basis here.

Contemporary critics of this satire judged according to their allegiance. Pope was not impressed; Swift "did not imagine that /Lady Mary and Hervey/ were at least so bad versifyers" and enjoyed the irony of their reproaching Pope for dullness.[2] An anonymous writer

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1. Horace, Sat. II. i. 84.

2. Pope, Corr. iii. 357, 366, 368.

in the Gentleman's Magazine compared Lady Mary's verse with that of the Roman Sulpicia, "Strong without Rage, reproving without Spleen".[1] Theobald not surprisingly thought that Pope was "most handsomely depicted" in Lady Mary's "severe Poem".[2] Of more recent writers, R. W. Rogers finds the Verses "intemperate and uninspired", that there "was nothing really distinguished about" them, and that their "exaggerations and broad lines ought not to have impressed anyone."[3] On the other hand J. V. Guerinot, who has dredged through the whole of the unsavoury anti-Pope pamphlet literature, considers that here alone Pope "found a worthy adversary" who caught something of his "own satiric brilliance".[4]

The poem confronts Pope directly ("Verses Address'd to" really amount to a traditional epistle) where Lady Mary's earlier attacks were dramatic. Use of the second person allows her rancour to come over with greater force and bitterness. It was easy enough for the reader of "Her Palace place'd" to deduce the attitude of one who wrote

> Adorn'd within by Shells of small expence
> (Emblems of tinsel Rhime, and triffleing Sense)

and

> Bold in Obscoenity, prophanely dull,
> With smooth unmeaning Rhime the Town shall lull;

but nonetheless attention was focussed less on specific accusations than on their skilful application. The second couplet quoted used the MacFlecknoe technique of ostensible heroic praise, which Lady Mary now abandons for direct vituperation:

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1. April 1733, p. 206.
2. R. F. Jones, Lewis Theobald, 1919, p. 313.
3. Major Satires of Alexander Pope, 1955, pp. 67, 132.
4. Pamphlet Attacks on Alexander Pope, 1970, pp. xxvi, 225.

If none do yet return th'intended Blow;
You all your Safety, to your Dullness owe.

The technique of the Verses renders Pope purely contemptible instead of, as in the earlier fragments, a serious threat. Lady Mary still tries to convict him of dullness and obscenity, but she has dropped the charge (oddly out-of-date even in 1728) of meaningless prettiness. Now it is the personal element in his satire, which, in personal terms, she attacks. Once again she imitates what she seeks to discredit: as her earlier fragments borrowed the medium of the Dunciad, her new style approximates to the flexible manner of Pope's Horatian satires. The Verses blend rhetoric with a few deliberately conversational touches. They open with a single complex sentence of paragraph-length, embodying a rhetorical question, and go on with several lengthily-developed images. Later the tone in which Pope is addressed becomes more argumentative, with asides like "one would believe", "Thus 'tis with thee", "as we're told of Wasps", with emphatic words like "But oh!" and "Sure", and with a group of briefer rhetorical questions which carry with them their own answer, "No". The speaker of the Verses opens like a lawyer for the prosecution, descends to passionate dispute and recrimination, and finally assumes the stance of a sentencing judge.

Mock-heroic apparatus gives way in the Verses to direct statement and to a wide range of interdependent imagery. The former frequently verges on hyperbole, reaching a kind of mock-sublime in "To Thee 'tis Provocation to exist". The latter compares Pope's poetry with a crude, distorted sketch of Horace, with thorny weeds, with lust and with various weapons: oyster-knife, bow, the porcupine's quills and insect's venom. The even more numerous figures applied to Pope himself correspond to one view or other of his writing. The whole attack hangs to-

gether. Lady Mary early denies Pope's boasted Horatian ease in "Weeds, as they are, they seem produc'd by Toil" and extends the denial in "doubly bent to force a Dart", the lines on beauty, "impotently safe", "stings and dies", and "try at least t'assassinate". Pope's appearance is seen as both cause and result of his rancour, and his will to injure both cause and result of his inability. In line 15 he is said to be a disgrace to mankind, while the climax depicts his own disgrace. The suppressed violence of

> If Limbs unbroken, Skin without a Stain,
> Unwhipt, unblanketed, unkick'd, unslain;
> That wretched little Carcass you retain

responds to the violence ascribed to Pope as one who preys on humankind and shoots down without respect of persons.

In the Verses the personal element (absent from Lady Mary's fragments unless we count her references to Pope's religion) appears not as additional but as fundamental to the charge against him. To Pope's personal accusations of lewdness she replies with the charge of sexual impotence. She did not lack precedents for this charge. Physical makeup was traditionally fair game for the satirist, even before Dryden. Writers of minor seventeenth-century lampoon, whose vigorous railing Lady Mary elsewhere adapted (pp. 610, 748) had unhesitatingly attributed to each other parallel sexual and literary sterility. Lady Mary's cruel play with Pope's physical handicaps derives from these writers of an earlier generation rather than from the dunces, who indeed used the same source.[1]

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1. E.g. Dennis had quoted Rochester's "A Lump Deform'd and Shapeless" on the title-page of his True Character of Mr. Pope, And His Writings, 1716.

The virulence of these lines, and of "Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure", has been remarked often enough. It is less noticeable but I think significant that in the last thirty or so lines of the poem the virulence is shot with touches of pity. This new element enters with the comic inverted heroic of

> One over-match'd by ev'ry Blast of Wind
> Insulting and provoking all Mankind --

a couplet which Hervey struck out in both his copies. Ten lines further on "thy poor Corps" might be read as simply a less vivid repetition of "That wretched little Carcass"; but the adjective suggests an entirely alien context -- recalling "My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown". There follows the admission (perhaps inevitable in view of the facts but damaging to the thesis of the poem) that some people not only "endure" Pope's "crabbed Numbers" but "priz'd" his verse in the past, though they are expected to be speedily disillusioned. This is the Verses' only recognition of quality in Pope's poetry. The culminating vision of Pope/Cain, which parodies the ending of Paradise Lost, indicates in some phrases -- "an Out-cast, and alone", "Wander like him" -- a kind of insulting pity. J. V. Guerinot writes of "the imagination and the experience of years of friendship, possibly of love, that made it possible for Lady Mary to wound deepest of all".[1] She does not attain the carressingly hurtful magnanimity of Pope's

> I answer thus -- poor Sapho you grow grey,
> And sweet Adonis -- you have lost a Tooth.[2]

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1. Pamphlet Attacks, p. 226.

2. Twickenham, vi. 357.

Indeed understatement is the very reverse of her aim. Yet her faint hints of sympathy serve to render more judicial the Old-Testament rigour of

> Ne'er by thy Guilt forgiven, or forgot;
> But as thou hate'st, be hated by Mankind.

The Verses stand out among attacks on Pope for their comparative lack of hysteria.

Intervening in date between Lady Mary's most famous attack on Pope and her last comes a personal satire of an entirely different kind, "The Reasons that Induce'd Dr S/wift/ to write a Poem call'd the Ladys Dressing room" (below p. 536). In this sparkling, indecent narrative Lady Mary puts forward no argument and indulges in no recrimination. Instead she creates a puppet Swift and presents him undergoing the twin archetypal humiliations of sexual impotence and financial outwitting. Lady Mary's manner in this poem should come as no surprise after her "Epitaph" on John Hewet and Sarah Drew; but it reverses the methods of her earlier anti-Pope satires. Swift, Betty and Jenny carry this tale forward with no help from epic personifications; carefully observed realistic details play the part of metaphor in pricking the reader's imagination. There could hardly be a stronger example of contrasting Augustan and Hudibrastic styles than the antithetical rhetoric of

> But how should'st thou by Beauty's Force be mov'd,
> No more for loving made, than to be lov'd,

(where each word is unexceptionably general and correct) and the agonizing particularity of

> The Reverend Lover with surprize
> Peeps in her Bubbys, and her Eyes
> And kisses both, and trys -- and trys,

where "Reverend" and "surprize" shock the reader by their inappropriate-nessto the situation, and any poetic associations of "Eyes" are entirely nullified by following "Peeps in her Bubbys".

Lady Mary in fact imitates Swift while she attacks him, as she had done before with Pope. Many of Swift's poems in this metre alternate narrative with an aphoristic, mock-preaching tone, which she copies in her central section (lines 31-62). This is related to the rest of the poem by its illustration of the moral that elderly divines are no good at love; its tone is almost entirely ironic. Lady Mary introduces it comically, breaking off like a television commercial at the moment of expectation of "the Doctor's warm Embrace" with

> But now this /is/ the proper place
> Where morals Stare me in the Face.

The alleged need for "fine Expression" enables her to speak in the person of a comically pompous narrator, calling her work "th'instructive Tale". Her long, rambling "small digression" incorporates a jibe at Pope, a familiar paraphrase of "Freind Horace", a good deal of gnomic wisdom, and copious examples including the ludicrous hound "Who never undertook to preach" and hare who "not attempts to bear a Gun." Lady Mary's comic over-elaboration of her moral copies Swift's trick of saying the opposite of what is meant: her story is far from a "proper place" for moral discussion, its expression is not fine and does not avoid prolixity, her Swift is not a good example of "the Wise".

Although Lady Mary remained unacquainted with Swift, her views on him were, for a second-hand opinion, remarkably detailed and decided. In letters of the 1750s she called him "so intoxicated with the Love of Flattery, he sought it amongst the lowest of people and the silliest of Women....making a servile Court where he had any interested views,

and meanly abusive when they were disapointed" and "openly Lewd and Scandalous". She was certain that he "set at defiance all Decency, Truth or Reason".[1] In her commonplace-book she noted that "in the midst of his Women" he reminded her of "a master E/unuch/ in a seraglio".[2] Here may be seen the germ of her idea for this poem: that Swift's rancour, like Pope's, arose from incapacity for enjoyment. The opening line of her poem seizes upon Swift's position in Holy Orders, which rankled with her more than all his faults -- in her terms "...a churchman who enjoys large benefices and Dignitys from that very church he openly despises...is an Object of Horror for which I want a Name".[3] (Her hysterical later prose accentuates the playful effect of her verse.)

She builds up a picture of this largely imaginary character out of an accumulation of fine detail. The dandy of her opening lines with his "clean starch'd band", "Golden Snuff box", and artfully displayed diamond ring, takes final shape in "Grave he stalks", before his discreditable assignation is revealed. In her next few lines she not only pictures Swift angling for admiration (borrowing lines of his own to do so) but also hints that his poetry really appeals only to the taste of servants and himself. Lady Mary picks her words with care: "Oxford's Schemes" suggest the understrapper rather than the statesman; "days of yore" (which she used also of the Duchess of Cleveland) suggests the antique.

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1. Letters, ii. 92, iii. 56, 57, 158.
2. F. 6.
3. Letters, iii. 57.

Having already referred to Betty's room as "the Bower", Lady Mary reveals her mercenary interest in a decorous whisper, and quickly follows this with dignified circumlocutions: "Destin'd Offering" and "paradice of thought". She stresses her main point against Swift again in "preach his Flame". The reader is left with one last visual detail, the lady's "Blushing Grace", before the digression intervenes. When "Noble thoughts" are finally cleared away, the whole appearance of the encounter is seen to be changed. No more "Blushing Grace", indicative of beauty and modesty, but "Hellish Play", "damn'd Close stool", "Dirty Smock, and Stinking Toes". After the anti-climactic climax of her triplet (a poetical mannerism which Lady Mary regarded as almost an affront to Swift in itself),[1] she finds a few more needles to apply to him. Quickly she reminds us that he is a priest, before stressing to the full his involvement in the squalor that his verse depicts. Her handling of the cut and thrust of dispute, though inferior to Swift's own, strikes exactly the right note in the dogged

> With all my Heart I'll go away
> But nothing done I'll nothing pay.

After this the well-worn joke that concludes the poem falls rather flat, despite Lady Mary's skilful introduction of a reflection on the Irish, which occurred to her some time after her first draft.

Of all Lady Mary's verse this perhaps comes nearest to catching the quality of sprightliness (spiced with malice and a delight in the risqué) which distinguishes much of her prose. It shows her in almost perfect command of her medium, which wavers only in the lines on Pope; displays on/reason might be an acceptable comic rhyme if the former

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1. Letters, iii. 219.

were not so unnaturally forced into the line . Whether or not she arranged for its publication, she must have suffered at least a passing fear of its authorship being discovered. Perhaps some slight sense of guilt even helped to exacerbate her later venom about Swift.

About the time that "The Reasons that Induce'd Dr S/wift/" was published, Lady Mary may have been working also on "P/ope/ to Bolingbroke", though the latter was not completed till after 4 July 1734. Her early draft and the fair copies (which in this case others transcribed) differ more widely than those of "The Reasons". Only the opening paragraph of the draft (below p. 561), which discusses the relationship between Pope and Bolingbroke, went on almost unchanged into the final copy. The couplet about the axe and whipping-post, which concludes the later version, occurred to Lady Mary when she was in difficulties midway in her draft (see textual notes).

She attacks Bolingbroke on political grounds which in her reworking become more coherent; her charges against Pope have a marked personal bias, and alter in substance between her two versions. The draft first suggests that he cheated literary associates, then deals at greater length with private matters. Two specific charges emerge: that Pope flouts morality and that he is accustomed to

> Whispher /sic/ the Husband to correct his Wife
> And if the Blockhead will not take the hint
> Give him an Item of the Joke in print.

This has no known factual basis. Pope's satire had touched on the infidelities and other shortcomings of a fair number of wives; he might have whispered, or been thought to have whispered, to any one of their husbands beforehand. Speculation might suggest that Lady Mary is referring to her own marriage, in which case the lines would provide a new explanation for her quarrel with Pope. The fair copies

(which no doubt she intended to show to her acquaintance) left out the couplet about aiming printed jokes at blockhead husbands. This does not prove, however, that the lines referred to herself, for she also cut out the passage in which Pope boasts of non-existent favours from Judith Cowper. The draft concludes with a passage, later scrapped, which might be regarded as Lady Mary's definitive answer to "P-x'd by her Love, or libell'd by her Hate":

> And in the Midst of these Heroic strains
> We seek for Mistrisses in dirty Lanes,
> Even there superior, there it often happ'd
> My Lord was pox'd, when I was only clapp'd.

When she re-worked her verse Lady Mary found more subtle if less funny ways of representing Pope's devoted subservience to his guide and philosopher. In the new version the introductory passage on Bolingbroke's self-complacency, mention of Pope's emulation, and details of Bolingbroke's early career develop smoothly one from the other. Lady Mary now reserves the triplet

> Yet I may say, 'tis plain that you preside
> O'er all my morals, and 'tis much my Pride
> To tread, with steps unequal, where you guide

for the central transition from Bolingbroke's activities to Pope's. For the rest of the poem Pope is made to boast of his own evil-doing, but at the same time to relate this to his patron and especially to their joint belief that they stand above the moral law. The revised poem deals more with ideas and less with specific factual accusations than its draft. Several consistent attitudes serve to unify it. Pope reiterates his admiration for "dear Laelius, Pious, Just, and Wise", in various ways until at the end of the poem he triumphantly links their two names. Lady Mary consistently maintains her hero's admiring attitude towards contemptible qualities. She omitted a shrewd triplet from her draft:

> Failing in that, your Country grows your Care,
> You curse all Measures where you do not share
> And kick'd from Court, turn grave Philosopher,

probably because it comes too near admitting a failure by the idol.

Pope's sycophancy towards Bolingbroke balances his uniform contempt for "poor human-kind / Weak, willful, Sensual, Passionate and blind". This originally read "the gross Mankind": Lady Mary evidently wished to awake sympathy in her readers though not to portray it in Pope. Upholders of traditional morality become "the Vulgar", "the formal Fools / Who talk of Virtue's bounds, and honour's rules"; the public become "the Mob" whom Bolingbroke professes to champion while he is indifferent to their slaughter. Lady Mary states her nightmare vision of her enemies with singular force:

> You, learned Doctor of the publick Stage,
> Give gilded poison to corrupt the Age;
> Your poor Toad-eater I, around me scatter
> My scurril jests, and gaping Crouds bespatter.

(The image, which she used again in "Thô old in ill," is that of a mountebank quack on his platform.) She bolsters it not only with a fairly plausible account of Bolingbroke's double change of coat (one inspired revision of detail is "brisk" for "Swift" to describe his decamping after Queen Anne's death) and the sharp dealing of which Pope was widely believed to be guilty, but also with distorted reference to the supposed teaching of the Essay on Man:

> We, who with piercing Eyes look Nature through,
> We know that all is right in all we do.
> Reason's erroneous, honest Instinct right.
> Monkeys were made to grin, and Fleas to bite.
> Using the Spight by the Creator given,
> We only tread the Path that's mark'd by heaven.

This passage recalls the animal imagery of Verses to the Imitator of Horace.

Norman Ault remarks that in writing an epistle as by Pope, Lady Mary once more committed the fault for which he had reproved her in "The Capon's Tale".[1] Yet she can hardly be judged to have "fathered" this poem on Pope any more than her epistle from Arthur Gray was fathered on the unhappy footman, or Pope's Eloisa to Abelard on his heroine. She was simply applying her dramatic technique, as often before, to a real situation. The idea undoubtedly came to her from a long poem published in 1730, called An Epistle From the late Lord Bo---ke To The Duke of W---n. The anonymous writer of this epistle had little interest in Wharton, who remains a mere lay figure; he wished to discredit Bolingbroke and to this end represented him as recounting his career (especially foreign policy) in detail, boasting of his own lack of scruple but volubly lamenting his lack of success. Lady Mary several times echoes the less political passages of this poem. She has borrowed some of its confessions of failure for her mouthpiece, Pope; but on the whole she represents both men, particularly Bolingbroke, as complacent about the results they have achieved. Her view of the power they wield is closer to Pope's late visions of corruption triumphant than to those of evil conquered by (and reluctantly admiring) Walpole, which the author of Epistle From the late Lord Bo---ke puts incongruously into his protagonist's mouth. His Bolingbroke remains a stalking-horse for a political dissertation, while Lady Mary's results from an attempt, if not to understand him and Pope, at least to depict them as she felt they were.

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1. New Light on Pope, p. 247.

X SOFT IDEAS

If there is anything in Lady Mary's poetry that is personal and apparently little influenced by currently received ideas it is her attitude towards the relationship between the sexes. Although many of her love-verses are undatable, her thought on this subject can be clearly seen to have changed and developed with the years.

Like an apprentice deliberately exercising his craft, the young Lady Mary practised different types of love-poetry in her ambitious early romance. At the same period her imitation of Virgil and Ovid led her to write more elaborate poems taking the point of view of the deserted or unhappy lover. Her second juvenile album of verse ended with a brief apostrophe to love as a "dear Delusion". Her lines to Philippa Mundy added jointures and estate to the odds stacked against true love.

Between her marriage and her return from Constantinople she wrote no love-poetry except the translated "Turkish Verses" and fragment from Catullus (of which the date remains uncertain). Her eclogues shared the eroticism of the translations, yet remained uniformly satirical. Love to Patch and Silliander was an arena for personal conquest; loss of supremacy in this kind of love enraged Lydia and Flavia. Lady Mary's two personal avowals during this period, the conclusions of "Written ex tempore in a Glass Window" and "Constantinople", aspired towards a virtue consisting in renunciation of such love. At the same time she focussed her satire especially on women. She repeatedly attacked the self-centred coquette:

> Of Beauty vain, of silly Toasters proud,
> Fond of a Train, and happy in a Croud,

and elaborated her criticism in her translation from Boileau.

She adopted a new attitude in her "Epistle From Arthur G/ra/y", choosing a hero who differs from the beaux in his capacity for real love as opposed to "Vapours of Vanity and strong Champaign". Arthur's confused feelings are closely related to the erotic picture of Mrs. Murray. Lady Mary uses fewer terms of endearment than in the early poems: the inane "my charming Dear" has given way to "The charming Tinkle of your morning Bell" and "the dear Disorder of your Bed".

During the 1720s another new attitude appeared in Lady Mary's verse, which is best described by the anachronistic word "feminist". In four crucial poems, and in a prose essay which accompanies them in her album,[1] she revealed her perception of women as an exploited group. "Epistle From Mrs Y/onge/", "Written ex tempore on the Death of Mrs Bowes", "An Answer to a Love letter" and "An Epilogue to M/ary/ Queen of Scots" were each called forth by a different set of circumstances, yet they reveal a uniform concern. Lady Mary shows the "Weak Submissive Sex of Woman-kind", "my tender Sex", struggling in the bondage of harsh laws; she compares them to slaves and hunted animals. Mrs. Bowes, saved by death, is an exception:

> Above your Sex, distinguish'd in your Fate,
> You trusted, yet experience'd no Deceit.

With corresponding hostility she represents men as hard, obdurate, stern, treacherous, cruel, rigid, mean, imperious, savage, barbarous, vile, artful, designing and destructive. To bring home this concept

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1. "Sur la Maxime de Mr de Rochfoûcault", H MS 256, ff. 40-50; printed 1861, ii. 421-28.

she uses shock therapy, passionate argument, and a battery of animal and criminal imagery to describe the male. In this saeva indignatio Lady Mary rises to some of her best verse.

She did not express such ideas in her letters until late in life. She then gave them a more playful tone,[1] as she did in 1738 in an anonymous essay on the same subject.[2] She dealt with women's education as well as marriage in her prose, but never in verse. Though she had discussed the position of women in her letters to Wortley before they were married, her only surviving letters contemporary with the "feminist" poems (those to Lady Mar) make no comment on male exploitation, despite their sparkling asides on particular (often disintegrating) marriages. In them she shows herself unsympathetic towards the fair and foolish. Her comments on Mr. Annesley's divorcing his adulterous wife have not a grain of sentiment;[3] yet the year before she had almost identified herself with an erring wife, Mrs. Yonge, and pleaded urgently on her behalf. Her one surviving letter to Mrs. Calthorpe affects to repent of her "Knight Errantry" on behalf of women:[4] perhaps other letters in this correspondence shared the attitude of her poetry.

Lady Mary also treated of love during this period in poems less "feminist" than those referred to. Yet nearly all of them deal with female constancy and male perfidy. "Miss Cooper to ----" further elaborates the Ovidian theme of the forsaken mistress, with the difference that Lady Mary sees her as morally and intellectually superior

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1. Quoting from one of these poems (iii. 219).
2. Nonsense of Common-Sense, vi, 24 Jan.
3. 1725: Letters, ii. 51-52.
4. 1723: ii. 33-34.

to the man who scorns her. "A Man in Love" describes a faithful lover in pastoral terms, but points out in its sub-heading that he "ne se trouve point, et ne se trouvera jamais". Her lines on Adam and Eve blame the inconstancy of men for that of women. "How happy you" contrasts her own steadfastness with Bathurst's wavering, reversing the conventional assessment of the two sexes. "The Fifth Ode of Horace Imitated" deals with another faithful disappointed girl. "The Lover" stresses the unlikelihood of finding a male ideal, and the prevalence of rakish and foppish pursuers.

In these poems of the 1720s she began to write explicitly as a woman. John Chute observed that no man could have written her "Epistle From Arthur G/ra/y".[1] The same applies with even greater force to the poems just mentioned, whereas a man could perfectly well have written the essentially dramatic eclogues,[2] or (barring a few particular phrases) "Constantinople". Lady Mary had mentioned her sex as an excuse to forestall criticism of her "Poems Novells Letters Songs etc";[3] now she consciously allied herself with women writers not ashamed of their sex -- with the result that when Walpole first read her poems, he professed to like few of them because they were "too womanish".[4]

Of these female writers Lady Mary owned [illegible] printed works by the Duchess of Newcastle, Mary de la Riviere Manley, Mary Astell, Katherine Philips and Aphra Behn (the last two of whom influenced her early verse),

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1. Walpole, Corr. xix. 450.
2. As is shown by the controversy over ascription of three of them.
3. H MS 250.
4. Corr. xiii. 234.

and kept and endorsed unpublished poems by Lady Winchilsea.[1] Her arguments about the exploitation of women (in marriage, not education), and even the language in which she couched her arguments, drew on the writings of these ladies. Though there is nothing to show that she read the works of Lady Chudleigh (whose Ladies Defence, 1701, skilfully refuted an anti-feminist sermon), internal evidence suggests that this was where she found the idea of contesting traditional male arguments in verse. It is hard to believe she did not know this speech of Lady Chudleigh's mouthpiece, Melissa:

> Unhappy they, who by their Duty led,
> Are made the Partners of a hated Bed;
> And by their Fathers Avarice or Pride,
> To Empty Fops, or Nauseous Clowns are ty'd....
> These call for Pity, since it is their Fate;
> Their Friends, not they, their Miseries create:
> They are like Victims to the Alter led,
> Born for Destruction, and for Ruine bred.[2]

Mary Astell, an early prose campaigner on behalf of women's rights, was a personal friend of Lady Mary and an enduring influence on her; they apparently composed verse together.[3] Even in her most satiric passages Lady Mary never surpassed the irony of her friend's Reflections Upon Marriage:

> For tho all Men are Virtuosi, Philosophers and Politicians, in comparison of the Ignorant and Illiterate Women, yet they don't all pretend to be Saints, and 'tis no great Matter to them if Women who were born to be their Slaves, be now and then ruin'd for their Entertainment.[4]

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1. Wh MS 135; H MS 81, ff. 109-110, 145.

2. The Ladies Defence, p. 5.

3. Halsband, pp. 117-18; Florence M. Smith, Mary Astell, 1916, pp. 18-19; below p. 497.

4. 3rd ed., 1706, p. 61.

During these years Lady Mary resembled Mary Astell in seeing the forms of love as a chase or confidence trick. "Mrs Y/̄onge/̄", "Answer to a Love letter" and "Epilogue to M/̄ary/̄ Queen of Scots" each use "persue" as a rhyme-word in a key position. In her imagery Lady Mary may have remembered Mary Astell's description of a suitor: "How conceal'd does he lie! how little pretend, till he is sure that his Plot will take!... But how unfairly, how basely soever they proceed, when the Prey is once caught it passes for lawful Prize".[1]

Lady Mary's verse knight-errantry on behalf of her sex, whether stimulated by Mary Astell, by her acquaintance with professed rakes such as the Duke of Wharton and the Schemers, or by growing disenchantment with her own marriage,[2] seems to have been confined to a particular period during her own thirties. Ten years after rejoicing ironically at Mrs. Bowes's death, she ignored the opportunity presented by that of Mrs. Thompson for a similar indictment of the male sex.

Lady Mary also wrote about love in songs -- more often of its disenchantments than of its joys. For several of her songs she could have used, like Mary Astell, the title "Anti-Song". Again and again she protests against the usual assumptions of song-writers about "Th' unmeaning Cant of Fire and pain", "this tedious dangling Trade / By which so many Fools are made" and "common prostituted vows" (p. 602 ff.). If she wrote "Whither soever thou shalt rove", she remained capable of delightfully handling formalised love-imagery; but of the non-satirical

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1. Op.cit. pp. 63-64, 70.
2. Halsband, p. 123.

songs in this volume, most are only doubtfully attributed to her. She used the term "ballad" for her longest love-songs, one written for an existing popular tune. These do not tell a story in the traditional manner, but develop an emotional situation. Each of the two printed ones has been interpreted as a personal declaration of love; I shall try to show why I think this is perverse.

Miss L. K. Mahaffey, in her thesis which argues an overwhelming emotional impact made on Lady Mary by Molly Skerrett, finds it significant that "Most of Lady Mary's love poems are addressed to a woman" and suggests that the "Nymph" in the first line of "Ballad to the Irish Howl" (below p. 626) is Molly. 'From the evidence of the letters ...one might assume that the anguished months of 1724-25 inspired the following "ballad".'[1] If anguish indeed inspired Lady Mary to write the ballad it is odd that she should think of setting her emotion to music and should choose the octosyllabics which she gnerally reserved for her lighter verse. But she does not sustain throughout this poem the emotional intensity of the opening lines. The "throbbing Nerve" and unequal pulse are typical of her usual manner of conveying the turmoil of love; but

> Whose Eyes I never more shall see
> That once so sweetly shin'd on me

brings in a recognizable ballad convention, and

> Go Gentle Wind and kindly bear
> My tender wishes to the fair,

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1. Alexander Pope and His Sappho: Pope's Relationship with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and its Influence on his Work (University of Texas Ph.D. thesis, 1963; copy Harrowby MS 1098), p. 198.

with its echo of Pope's pastorals, sets the reader in a stylized world. The later stanzas hold the balance which the first strikes between the emotional and the decorative. The second achieves genuine pathos by juxtaposing the lover's suffering with

> While laughing she, and full of play
> Is with her young Companions gay.

The fourth uses the image of the hidden rankling wound as seriously and tellingly as "How happy you". Yet elsewhere Lady Mary evades pathos by matter-of-factness: "that blest Swain (whom yet I hate)" and "ev'ry God in Heaven has lov'd". She also makes extensive use of commonplaces which symbolize emotion rather than conveying it. The lover's tendency to "Talk to the Stars, to Trees complain" was one she had used in juvenile poems but laughed at in prose a few years later.[1] His wish to act as the beloved's guardian after death probably alludes to Pope's explanation of the sylphs.[2] It is hard to believe emotion runs deep where it is canalised so successfully into a comparatively light-hearted convention.

With this we may compare "Between your sheets", also an attempt at a particular song-form and also a marriage of the personal and the conventional. Both versions of the rondeau contain verbal parallels to the ballad, and both combine immediacy in their account of desire and suffering with extreme conventionality in physical description, unmemorable in "The blooming Cheek, the Snowy brest", chillingly artificial in "The plenteous silken hair, and waxen Arms, / The well turn'd neck". They contrast the lover's anguish with the insensibility of

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1. Below p. 289 etc.; Letters, i. 10.

2. Rape of the Lock, i. 71-78.

the beloved, whereas the ballad, drawing a more obvious contrast between anguish and joy, distances emotion by creating a pastoral background where lovers, winds, stars and gods each have appropriate actions to perform.

Lady Mary added the explanatory "a Ballad" to the title of "The Lover" (below p. 438) when she transcribed it from Harrowby MS 255 into her acknowledged verse album 256: she would presumably have applied the same description to the companion-piece "The Mistriss", which according to Horace Walpole she "suppressed."[1] This suppression, coupled with Walpole's statement that "The Lover" was addressed to a man with whom she had "One of her many amours", has led people to read the poem as a declaration of love rather than the enunciation of an ideal. Lady Mary makes it quite clear in each poem that the relationship envisaged is hypothetical, as Lady Walpole understood when she exclaimed to Spence: "'tis so different in every article from the lover I should choose that I don't care even to read it."[2] "The Mistriss", opening with the conditional "If e're", constantly reiterates the subjunctive "may", from "may it /be/" (line 4) to "may she be" (line 45), and concludes by throwing strong emphasis on another sense of the same word: "perhaps I may find / That a Woman can give more than halfe Womankind." In "The Lover" the dream of amorous fulfilment is thrown into relief between a façade of "stupid Indifference" and a reality of stoicism:

> But till this astonishing Creature I know
> As I long have liv'd Chaste I will keep my selfe so.

The climactic fourth stanza explores possibilities as well as wishes

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1. Corr. xiv. 245.

2. §§ 1560.

with "may" (as does the third with no auxiliary verbs at all); stanza two only rises as far as "would", while five declines into "might", "could" and "should".

Like "Ballad to the Irish Howl", these poems encompass incident without narrative. "The Lover" especially is carefully structured. The first stanza presents the speaker in colloquy with her bosom friend: "At length by so much Importunity press'd" and "so often you blame" show that it is the culmination of many such colloquies. In the last stanza the "I" who refuses to respond to toasters and foplings allies herself with the "nice Virgin" to become the "We" of an endless series stretching forward from Daphne and Arethusa. Neither the opening nor the concluding encounter has a physical location, but each has a figurative one. In stanza one the "Virgin in Lead" and the sermon suggest a church, symbolizing all that compels the secrecy of "the Inside of my Breast". The last stanza returns to this division of internal and external with "But never shall enter the pass of my Heart", which gives the inner landscape an oddly heroic appearance.

Stanzas two and five discuss the lover's requisite qualities of character in a general or abstract manner, though this does not preclude the vigour of "I hate to be cheated" and "No danger should fright me, no Millions should bribe". The standard of comparison is with the world of business and bargains. In the central stanzas the enumeration of his qualities gives way to an account of his behaviour in two situations: in public and in private. Emotions are again translated into appearances, limited in public to the expression in his eyes and the precise level of his bow. This stanza sketches in a very few words -- "laughing", "obliging", "respectfully", "foppishly" -- the bearing of both main and subsidiary actors on the social stage.

After the restraint of this outline the inspired detail of "Champaign and a Chicken at last" enlivens the contrast between public and private. Leigh Hunt had some reason to call this line "the climax of the passion" although he must have closed his eyes to the meaning of

> Till lost in the Joy we confess that we live
> And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

On the strength of the one word "Chicken" he wrote of this "love-song... which is as much about eating as love, and little to the purpose of either". His further dictum that 'If this song was ever sung, the words "champagne and chicken" must have sounded ridiculous' displays verbal prejudice reminiscent of Johnson's judgement upon the use of "dun" and "knife" in Macbeth.[1] Byron understood more clearly the effect Lady Mary aimed at and achieved. Quoting this stanza in an additional note to his remarks on Bowles and Pope, he added, "Is not her 'Champaigne and Chicken' worth a forest or two? Is it not poetry? It appears to me that this Stanza contains the 'purée' of the whole Philosophy of Epicurus".[2]

Lady Mary took as her basic unit of verse in "The Lover" a line of four feet, the first iambic and the others anapaestic. Ten of her 48 lines, including all but two of the concluding lines of stanzas, have an anapaest in their first foot also. This has an effect of speeding up the verse; the only place where Lady Mary uses it in the first line of a couplet is at the beginning of stanza two, where "But I hate to be cheated" seems hurrying to shrug off the preceding thoughts of the brevity of life and youth. Iambic feet within the line are even rarer

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1. Leigh Hunt, Literary Criticism, ed. L. H. and C. W. Houtchens, New York, 1956, p. 557.
2. Letters and Journals, ed. R. E. Prothero, 1898-1901, v. 500. Scott also quoted this phrase in a bluestocking conversation (St. Ronan's Well, 1823, Chap. vii).

than anapaests at its beginning: they occur at lines 7, 11, 19 and 20, each having an obvious emphatic function. Nowhere else does Lady Mary vary her metre for more subtle effects. In "The Mistriss" she uses almost as many anapaestic opening feet as iambic, so that their special effect is lost and the whole poem reads more lightly and trippingly on the tongue. She has confined herself in "The Mistriss" to a single median iambic, in the last-but-one line, where it lends portentous weight to "perhaps".

The latter poem lacks some of "The Lover's" richness of texture, reading like the sequel which Walpole said it was. It relies much upon sexual suggestiveness, which was a common motive in the re-working of old ballads. The first and last stanzas give the speaker a libertine background which does not achieve the vivid quality of the mental landscapes with which "The Lover" begins and ends. Lady Mary seems deliberately to avoid the effects she built up in "The Lover". No champagne and chicken lend immediacy to "the smile when we meet, to the sigh when we part" and no detail enlivens the "loose Demeanor" of others which is the foil to the mistress's behaviour in public. The poem's movement from private rapture to public decency is less meaningful than the other way round; the interposition of the stanza on public manners lessens the impact with which, in "The Lover", the idea of friendship succeeded to that of passion. The stanzas of "The Mistriss" could change places with less damage to the whole than those of its companion piece.

Dangerous though it is to relate Lady Mary's love-poetry to actual incidents in her life, no less than nine such pieces have some demonstrable connection with her unhappy middle-aged affair with Francesco Algarotti:[1] they date from the period of Lady Mary's infatuation, or

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1. Halsband, pp. 153-89.

they formed part of her correspondence with Algarotti or remained among his papers. They sound a note of longing and despair which also occurs in dramatic settings ("Epistle From Arthur G/ra/y", "Miss Cooper to ----", "Ballad to the Irish Howl") and in other poems or fragments which may plausibly though inconclusively be linked with the Algarotti group: "Ye soft Idea's leave this tortur'd Breast", "Why beats my heart at that ungratefull Name" and "Impromptu to a young Lady singing".

These poems reflect the misery of an illicit, unrequited passion. Having fallen in love in the summer, Lady Mary began to express her feelings in verse immediately upon Algarotti's departure from England (in September), if not before. Her earliest datable fragment, sent him in a letter (below p. 576), is an amalgam of conflicting attitudes. She regrets the limitations imposed by her "soft sex" in a couplet which echoes her earliest, girlhood poem of dissatisfaction with the female role, as well as "Epistle From Mrs Y/onge/" (which had also used the word "haughty" of woman's mind). At the same time her "golden Wishes" echo Prior's romantically innocent Henry and Emma. Her passion was prolific of verse. In October she wrote, "'Tis with difficulty that I restrain my pen from falling into the extravagancys of Poetry, which indeed are only fit to attempt the expressing my thoughts of you or to you", and two months later "I have sent you so many verses".[1]

In her verses "of you" Lady Mary often appears to be speaking to herself and her multitudinous emotions. In "A Ma Raison", modelled on French dramatic verse, she disputes with "Preceptes, et Refflections",

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1. Letters, ii. 109-10.

with "mon Coeur" and "ma gloire", even sometimes giving their replies as well, so that the speech becomes a dialogue. Her English love-poems, like the verse of her youth, frequently recall Dryden's heroic dramas. In "Ye soft Idea's" none of the things addressed ("thou fond Heart", "Reason", "calm Oblivion") answer her back. The poem remains a monologue in which the first twelve lines consist largely of imperatives: "leave...go beat thy selfe to rest....Now bring thy Aid, exert thy right Divine," subdue, teach, chase away, repel, blot out. The precarious ego seems wearily re-deploying its forces; the repetitive structure, carried on into the adjectival clauses of lines 11-12, lulls the reader in a monotone which is shattered by

> He comes! -- 'twas nothing but the rustling Wind,
> He has forgot, is faithless, is unkind --
> While expectation rends my labouring mind.

This triplet portrays a revolt of all that the ego has striven to subdue. Again one is reminded of the stage, if only of a soliloquy.

By these techniques Lady Mary depicts mental confusion. These poems are rich in unanswered rhetorical questions. It is immaterial whether she addresses herself or Algarotti in "Why was my haughty Soul to Woman joyn'd"? and "What magick is it awes my trembling Heart?" Both questions, like those in "Address'd To ----", are unanswerable. All these love-poems grapple with the frontiers of mystery: what is this power? why am I myself? am I mad? is it worth it? This last question, given serious shape in

> Can all the pleasures that he brings me pay
> For the long sighing of this tedious day?

recalls the debonair bargain-imagery of "The Lover". Lady Mary's indignant espousal of feminine suffering has helped to bring about this change of mood. In French she asks more metaphysically

C'est ridicule vous dittes /vous being Reason/ -- j'en conviens,
mais helas!
La sagesse des humains aussi ne l'est elle pas?

She is trying to adapt the heroic couplet's traditional arsenal of personified abstracts into an instrument that will not only express but even help to formulate her thoughts, with the almost Richardsonian detail and precision in which the romances had anticipated Richardson. She suggests dissatisfaction with the result, referring to

These mix'd emotions that confuse my Brain,
Which poetry it selfe cannot reveal.

These internal scenarios are not the strangest poetic documents produced by Lady Mary's infatuation. It needs an effort foranybody brought up in a post-Romantic view of poetry to believe that this middle-aged woman, finding herself a prey to conflicting and shameful emotions, visiting her only confidant (Hervey) for the purpose of extracting news of her idol, and feeling incapable of asking the question, should sit down and begin expressing her conflict in heroic couplets. To be more accurate, Hervey began, taking a large sheet of paper and writing,

What is this Secret you'd so fain impart?
Open your own, rely upon my Heart

(below p. 577). The situation suggests a colloquy of the deaf and dumb; perhaps the explanation is that they were not alone. Hervey then presumably offered the paper to Lady Mary, and she replied also in writing: "I wish to tell, but I would have you guess...." Hervey, however, would not guess. Whereas she, according to her own account, simply wanted news of Algarotti, her friend was more interested in discussing her emotional predicament.

The resulting verse-dialogue recalls the love-debates of the heroic drama. Hervey argued against her love, advising her that time

and other attachments would cure it and that her "Thoughts are not from Nature but a Book" -- a remark which, however unfair to the sentiments she was trying to express, accurately sums up the images in which she was expressing them. The dialogue went on to discuss the similarity of sexual and bodily appetite, whereupon Hervey, by a flippant mental transition, closed it by writing

> I'm tired of all this fine poetic Stuff;
> Now call for Supper, we have writ enough.

Lady Mary deleted this couplet with some violence, but she probably accepted supper. Indeed at the first of the two meetings that could have produced the dialogue, Hervey claimed that she stayed till one a.m., having ordered supper herself at eleven.

Not surprisingly in these circumstances, the verse is not particularly good, sinking to bathos in lines such as those which Hervey found unnatural:

> With equal Hope you sooth my restless mind
> (To this cold Climate cursedly confin'd)
> To meet a second lovely of the Kind.

Both players displayed considerable facility, showing how the rhymes and all appurtenances of the heroic couplet and triplet (balance, antithesis, repetition, imagery, quotation from Shakespeare or Dryden) must have been lurking at their pen's tip. Hervey's contributions are generally the longer; he was the first to introduce figurative language. Each participant used commonplace imagery, building confidently on the foundations of the other. Hervey forced upon Lady Mary the coarse analogy between lovers and different kinds of meat; but it was probably suggested to him by her comparison of Algarotti to "Grecian Vines" -- which she in turn may have picked up from his reference to poisons.

The second exchange between the two friends ("October 1736") is less protracted and extraordinary, but its first twelve lines have greater poetic value. Lady Mary must have written these lines (arranged in two stanzas) as a complete poem; she then showed it to Hervey, who converted it into a dialogue. This first section adopts a comparatively dispassionate tone even while arguing that Lady Mary's sufferings are unparalleled. Like "Exil'd, grown old, in Poverty and Pain", it professes resignation under all normal human burdens, but whereas that uncompleted poem works itself up quickly into a series of reiterated questions and exclamations, "October 1736" reserves its outcry for the couplet which concludes each stanza. The first rather pretentiously ascribes her ruin to "Miracles" and "Heaven's decree". The second, following upon the carefully developed illustration of the pious farmer, compresses the same thought into unexpectedly imaginative form:

> But ('spite of Sermons) Farmers would blaspheme
> If a Star fell to set their Thatch on Flame.

As if these lines were indeed addressed to him, Hervey then supplied a "sermon" which took up Lady Mary's weather-imagery and by it endeavoured to prove something very like Pope's "Extremes in Nature equal ends produce".[1] He stimulated the controversialist rather than the poet in Lady Mary, whose reply opened by contradicting the whole previous tenor of the poem:

> Suppose it true (which I can scarse suppose)
> That with uncommon Fire this Bosom glows....

To this Hervey did not reply.

Lastly, one of Lady Mary's finest lyrics, "Hymn to the Moon", almost certainly refers to Algarotti as Endymion. He himself (called

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1. Essay on Man, ii. 205.

by Gray "one of the best Judges /of poetry/ in Europe")[1] praised this poem and chose it to print among his "Pensieri Diversi" (below p. 619). It is a triumph of neo-classical style -- "di atteggiamento greco", as Algarotti phrased it. Unlike many of Lady Mary's poems it completely satisfies the ear. Sibilants run through it, opening words in the first line and closing those in the last, balanced by liquids often in the same word: "silver...Lovers...solitary...Serenely...silent...concealing...Coldness". Though Lady Mary's own copy makes no break between verses, the form is plainly stanzaic. In the first verse the second and fourth lines have five feet, in the second they have four; in the third stanza the second line appears very short with four feet and the last surprisingly long with five.

Two deliberately conventional descriptive stanzas ("By thy pale beams I solitary rove...Serenely sweet you gild the silent Grove") lead up to four lines which convert the moon suddenly and astoundingly into the ancient goddess.

> Even thee fair Queen from thy amazing height
> The Charms of young Endimion drew.

"Even" suggests the speaker's incredulity; "amazing" and "Charms" both carry their root-meanings as well as their usual ones, casting enchantment on moon, shepherd, watcher, or all three. The next line harks back to the idea of secrecy; the last restores the goddess's inhumanity and remoteness. This poem substitutes a cool dream-like unreality, first visual and then emotional, for the mental confusion which most of Lady Mary's love-poetry expresses. With no appearance of striving for effect, it possesses its reader.

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1. Corr. ii. 797.

XI CONCLUSION

Any attempt to assess Lady Mary's poetic achievement lays itself open to the charge of breaking a butterfly upon a wheel. She herself was ready to take refuge from criticism in this idea. "When I print," she wrote, "I submit to be answer'd and criticis'd, but as I never did ..." critics should be disarmed. Again she argued,

> Can you answer this to your conscience, to sit gravely and maliciously to examine lines written with rapidity and sent without reading over? This is worse than surprising a fine lady just sat down to her toilet. I am content to let you see my mind undressed, but I will not have you so curiously remark the defects in it. To carry on the simile, when a Beauty appears with all her graces and airs adorned for a ball, it is lawful to censure whatever you see amiss in her ornaments, but when you are received to a friendly breakfast, 'tis downright cruelty or (something worse) ingratitude to view too nicely all the disorder you may see.[1]

This is fair enough of her prose, in which her daughter and her old servant reported that she hardly blotted a line;[2] but I have tried to show in the foregoing pages that her verse corresponds less to actual undress than to careful deshabille. Though many of her transcripts show careless mistakes and missed opportunities for revision, they also indicate that she re-worked some poems in structure as well as vocabulary. Her more successful pieces bear witness to overall organization as well as dramatic grasp, elegant imagery and versification as well as verbal aptness.

Until the publication of Lady Mary's Embassy Letters in 1763, her verse formed the basis of her literary reputation. Soon after printing the first collection of her poems, Walpole regretted that "they

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1. Letters, iii. 95, 182-3.
2. Stuart, p. 68.

don't please, though so excessively good".[1] They did please some readers. Pope had longed to read her verses, Hervey "gott them by Heart",[2] Voltaire and Algarotti quoted them. In a sessions of the poets written by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, she figured as "the fam'd Lady Mary".[3] As her verse was personal and topical, so were the judgements upon it. Many who praised her were actuated mainly by prejudice. George Sewell, Aaron Hill, and Richard Savage undoubtedly had an eye to patronage when they expressed delight in her lines.[4] The anonymous author of Characters of the Times, 1728, enrolled her among victims of Pope's satire as "Author of many pretty Poems scatter'd abroad in Manuscript".[5] Thomas Bentley, in his unacknowledged Letter To Mr. Pope, Occasioned By Sober Advice from Horace, &c, claimed the authority of all "dispassionate People" for his statement that Lady Mary "is Mr. POPE's very own Sister in Poetry, and writes almost at well as himself; not inferior to the Grecian SAPPHO for Spirit and Delicacy".[6] One would give a good deal to know whether Lord Auchinleck was referring to her letters or, as the context surprisingly suggests, her verse, when he included her with "Horace, Anacreon, Fingal...and the like" as those who "at a spare hour...come readily in to amuse".[7]

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1. Corr. xix. 450.
2. To LM, 11 Dec /?/, Bristol MS 47/2, p. 14.
3. Works, 1723, i. 199.
4. "To The Lady W--y M--e upon her Poems Being publish'd without a Name", Poems on Several Occasions, 1719, pp. 59-60; The Plain Dealer, xxx, 3 July 1724; Miscellaneous Poems and Translations. By Several Hands, 1725, p. v.
5. p. 12.
6. 1735, p. 7.
7. 2 April 1764, Boswell in Holland 1763-1764, ed. F. A. Pottle, 1952. p. 214.

In succeeding editions of Lady Mary's works, her verse drew gradually diminishing estimates. In 1767 the Monthly Review called Verses to the Imitator of Horace "nervous and spirited" and "Constantinople" a "pretty poem". When next year her Poetical Works appeared, the same journal reported that they included "nothing of any consideration" except the eclogues and the Verses.[1] The Critical Review considered that none of the eclogues "rise above mediocrity", even those it ascribed to Pope and Gay; it characterised Lady Mary's other verse as "trifling" and "petty pieces", though it singled out the "Epistle From Arthur G/ra/y" as "humourous".[2]

Dallaway wrote a paragraph on her verse in the "Memoir" which prefaced his edition; he shrewdly appraised her verse but did not attempt to define the flavour that distinguishes it from anyone else's:

> Of her poetical talents it may be observed, that they were usually commanded by particular occasions, and that when she had composed stanzas, as any incident suggested them, little care was taken afterwards....The epistle of Arthur Gray has true Ovidian tenderness, the ballads are elegant, and the satires abound in poignant sarcasms, and just reflections on the folly and vices of those, whom she sought to stigmatize. There is little doubt, but that if Lady Mary had applied herself wholly to poetry, a near approximation to the rank of her contemporary bards would have been adjudged to her, by impartial posterity.[3]

The Edinburgh reviewer adopted Dallaway's tone without his partiality:

> Poetry, at least the polite and witty sort of poetry....seems always to require a good deal of patient labour and application. This her Ladyship appears to have disdained; and accordingly, her poetry, though abounding in lively conceptions, is already consigned to that oblivion in which mediocrity is destined, by an irrevocable sentence, to slumber till the end of the world.[4]

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1. 1767, xxxvii. 48, 49; 1768, xxxviii. 149.

2. 1768, pp. 228-30.

3. 1803, i. 117-19.

4. iv, 1803, p. 521.

As the Romantic revival proceeded, Lady Mary's forgotten reputation further declined. Wordsworth, since he compared her with Lady Winchilsea, may have been thinking of her verse when he called her "destined for something much higher and better than she became".[1] Byron eagerly defended her claim to have written true poetry (above p. 188). Leigh Hunt, apostrophizing her as "poor, flourishing, disappointed, reconciled, wise, foolish, enchanting Lady Mary!" concluded that "Thy poems are little, being but a little wit in rhyme, vers de société".[2] The Atheneum, breathlessly enthusiastic over her letters, spared a word for her verse, calling "The Lover" and "By the side of a halfe rotten wood": "compositions of humour, tenderness, and melancholy, not to be surpassed".[3] Walter Bagehot, reprinting "Monday" in a review, found nothing to remark in her verse except its indelicacy.[4]

The pendulum began to swing when Saintsbury wrote that her "verse flashes with the very best paste in Dodsley".[5] Since then literary estimate of this period has undergone a revolution which need not be recapitulated here. Critical work has been done on its major figures which doubly affects the modern reader's appreciation of Lady Mary. Both her style and her subject-matter were of her age. She copied in her youth the miscellany poets, in her maturity Dryden and Pope,

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1. William and Dorothy Wordsworth, Letters: The Later Years, ed. E. de Selincourt, 1939, i. 474.

2. Westminster Review, xxvii, 1837, p. 163.

3. 1837, p. 63.

4. 1862: Collected Works, ed. N. St John Stevas, ii, 1965, pp. 226-8.

5. The Peace of the Augustans, 1916, p. 215.

Prior and Swift. Her work is particularly interesting in showing how accessible was the manner of these writers, how a quick and witty mind with a feeling for words could use it to lesser but still considerable effect.

> Those Eyes a second Homer might inspire,
> Fix'd at the Loom, destroy their useless Fire....
>
> But till this astonishing Creature I know
> As I long have liv'd Chaste I will keep my self so....
>
> So the Brisk Wits who stop the Evening Coach
> Laugh at the Fear that follows their approach,
> With Idle Mirth, and Haughty Scorn despise
> The Passengers pale Cheek, and staring Eyes....
>
> Reason (if once I offer'd at thy Shrine)
> Now bring thy Aid, exert thy right Divine,
> Subdue these passions that resist thy sway
> And teach my Rebel Wishes to obey....

If we had no information about them, it would be hard to assign these passages to a particular poet, but their quality is undeniable. Without forging an individual versification, Lady Mary convinces us of her serious concern for poetry.

Several of Lady Mary's nineteenth-century critics felt that to classify her poems as <u>vers de société</u> was to dismiss them from notice. Today her choice of material no longer prejudices her readers against her. While recognizing that <u>vers de société</u> may often be trifling in scope and intention, we do not see it as inherently unpoetic. In the hands of Prior it becomes exquisite; in the <u>Rape of the Lock</u> it becomes also fundamentally serious. To Lady Mary, confined as a woman and as an aristocrat to the social milieu, that milieu was a far from trifling matter. In some of her best poems she appears as satirist and critic of society; in others her irony, flippancy or indelicacy masks an underlying concern. The quotations above, selected at random, each reflect an observant and analytic intelligence -- it is not too

much to say a moralist's approach to the detail of human life. This it is which distinguishes her poems from the elegant verse compliments and commonplaces which flew about in her circle, and many of which she kept.

Leaving aside the value of Lady Mary's verse to literary and social historians, its interest resides in two qualities. On the one hand she represents a tradition which informed the masterpieces of Pope and the most prosaic "poetical essays" of the early Gentleman's Magazine. With her excellent memory she drew for echo and allusion on the works of Pope, the "mob of gentlemen" who preceded and the dunces who accompanied him. The genres she used and the uses to which she put them illustrate this tradition fully and minutely.

On the other hand, while the form is common property the voice is always Lady Mary's. The idiosyncracy of her mind, which makes her letters so piquant, also informs her verse. Whether she adopts, converts or controverts established standards of judgement, whether she seeks to shock, to preach, or to amuse, her words are always worth listening to. The keen observation of London manners, the sharp retorts on foolishness and sentimentality, the eager championing of victimized women, the warm friendship, fierce enmity and unhappy irrational love -- all these add up to a richly individual body of poems which no other representative of the tradition could have encompassed. We may say with Byron "Is not /this/ worth a forest or two? Is it not poetry?"

MANUSCRIPT SOURCES

Holograph sources exist for most of Lady Mary's poems; their description raises the two basic questions of dating and attribution. These problems do not always admit of solution; but such conclusions as apply to groups of manuscripts rather than specific poems will be given here, together with the reasoning that has led to them.

From the age of fourteen Lady Mary had the habit of copying her verse into albums. These, with the bulk of her papers, descended in her family to the present Earl of Harrowby, as described in the introduction to her Letters,[1] and remain at Sandon Hall, Stafford. Some of these volumes, sold or given away by the fifth Earl, are now in New York and in Sydney, Australia. Single poems in Lady Mary's handwriting are scattered in libraries and private collections; copies made by other people exist, particularly of some poems which won especial popularity or notoriety. I shall here describe the major sources.

A word must be said on the problems of handwriting.. Lady Mary's hand is on the whole easy for one accustomed to it to recognise and to read; but mistakes can easily be made with an unfamiliar script.[2] When writing is identified as being that of other people, it has been carefully checked against identified specimens. Dating Lady Mary's

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1. i. xix-xx.

2. Lady Mary's handwriting resembles that of Pope. Her copy of his lines on her, "The playfull smiles around the dimpled Mouth", was reproduced in facsimile by Dallaway as Pope's hand, and accepted as such by Pope's editors (1803, vol. i; Twickenham, vi. 212). R. M. Schmitz made the same mistake about "Here's a fine Declaration of Whimsical Love" ("Peterborough's and Pope's Nymphs: Pope at Work", PQ, xlviii. 2, April 1969, pp. 193-4).

writing is more difficult. Her juvenile hand appears only in two volumes (Harrowby 250 and 251). In her adult hand early and later forms can be clearly distinguished from each other, but the development by which the flowing youthful script becomes more angular and crabbed is almost imperceptible; any date ascribed to a copy on grounds of handwriting alone is bound to be extremely vague. The most that can be said is that an "early" hand means some years before, and a "late" hand means after, her departure from England in 1739.

H MS (Harrowby MS) 250. This is a folio volume bound in contemporary vellum, entitled "Poems Novells Letters Songs etc. Dedicated to the Fair Hands of the Beauteous Hermensilda by her Most Obedient Strephon." In smaller script and possibly at a later date Lady Mary added "made at the age of 14. Anno Domini, 1704." The verso of the title-page bears a "Preface":

> I Question not but here is very manny faults but if any reasonable Person considers 3 thing/s/ they wou'd forgive them,
> 1 I am a Woman,
> 2 without any advantage of Education,
> 3 all these was writ at the age of 14.

The volume contains fifteen poems (besides two which/are almost entirely illegible, being blotted and torn) and a prose epistolary romance.[1] Lady Mary copied her works in a neat childish hand and headed most of them with a title, calling two simply "Poem". The leaves of the volume have been numbered at a later date. The last four bear lists of characters from French and English plays and romances, recorded probably for the sake of their high-sounding names, some of which Lady

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1. See Halsband, p. 6.

Mary used in these poems. Twenty leaves between the last poem and the remaining lists have been cut out; some, by their margins, seem to have contained prose, others probably verse, and the last one more lists of names. The outer parchment cover bears drawings of spades, hearts, etc., and verbal notes, e.g. "Thoresby[1] October the 19th 1705", "Sarah Chiswell", and another list: "Melecinda, F. Pierrepont, Silvianetta, Clarinda, Florice, Arpasia, Orinda, Hermensilde, Leonora, Belvidera, Emillia, Aminta, Lucinda, Artemisa."[2]

H MS 251. This is another folio volume, bound in leather, entitled as if for publication: "The Entire Works / of Clarinda. / London." Lady Mary first wrote "Clarindae", but "Englished" the name instead of supplying the rest of the title in Latin. The volume contains the closely-written 18-page romance "The Adventurer", twenty-seven poems, and a re-worked version of the novel in letters. Its pages are unnumbered;[3] the last few are blank, except for a smudged statement, "Made when Cloe was but 12 years old." This presumably does not refer to Clarinda's works; it is in a more childish hand certainly than the later verses in the volume, and perhaps than all. It may have been intended as a heading for something to be copied by Lady Mary or by one of her friends. This volume is undoubtedly later than Harrowby 250: some of the poems from the other volume reappear in slightly changed form; some of the new poems are fairly mature in style. I shall there-

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1. Lady Mary's father's seat in Notts.

2. This list is given as a sample of the kind. For the part played in LM's romancing by her friend and her sister, see above pp. 13-14.

3. Folio numbers for H MSS 251, 255 and 256 are editorial.

fore put first those contents of Harrowby 250 which Lady Mary apparently discarded, then those of Harrowby 251, new or re-worked, in the order in which they appear.

H MS 256. This is the most important of Lady Mary's manuscript volumes of poetry, because she wrote inside the flyleaf in her late hand: "all the verses and Prose in this Book were wrote by me, without the assistance of one Line from any other. Mary Wortley Montagu."[1] It is a quarto volume bound in leather; its folios are un-numbered. The poems total thirty-three, counting the eclogues as one piece. Dates of transcription are hard to establish. The first can be dated with some precision 1718, since it begins in the hand of the same scribe who copied three of Lady Mary's Embassy Letters in Turkey.[2] This poem, "Constantinople", must have been transcribed almost as soon as composed. Other verses, however, were obviously copied long after composition. The third poem in the volume was probably not written till 1730, though it forms part of a group belonging mainly to the 1720s (ff. 5-22). Then follow the eclogues, 1715-16 (ff. 23-40), the French prose essay "Sur la Maxime de Mr de Rochefoûcault" (ff. 40-50), three poems dated 1736 (ff. 51-52), and then a mixture of some with late dates (1741 to 1755) and some written many years earlier (ff. 53-61). The last poem in the volume, "P/ope/ to Bolingbroke", is the only one, except the first, not in Lady Mary's own hand. The whole

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1. Reproduced in facsimile by Dallaway (1803, v, before her poems).

2. H MS 253; Letters, i. 365 n. 3, 371 n. 1, 396 n. 3.

volume has a high proportion of skipped words and other scribal errors. Somebody (not necessarily Lady Mary) has put a "D" in the margin beside five of the seven works included in Dodsley's Collection, 1748.

This volume was probably the one which Lady Mary used to lend to her friends, including Horace Walpole, who saw it in Florence in 1740 (below pp. 222-4). It was inexplicably mislaid during the latter part of the nineteenth century, when W. Moy Thomas wrote:

> The poems, with exceptions explained in each case, were published by Mr. Dallaway and Lord Wharncliffe from a manuscript volume which appears, from a fac-simile published by the former, to have borne the following memorandum in Lady Mary's own handwriting....The volume is now unfortunately not to be found among the manuscripts, and the poems are therefore given on the authority mentioned.[1]

Whether or not it was in fact ever separated from the other Harrowby Manuscripts, it is now among them at Sandon Hall.

Lady Mary's sweeping statement at the beginning of the volume may well have been written under one of her "various provocations":

> I have seen things I have wrote so mangle'd and falsify'd I have scarce known them. I have seen Poems I never read publish'd with my Name at length, and others that were truly and singly wrote by me, printed under the names of others.[2]

Unfortunately, however, we cannot believe it. The book contains all six of the eclogues, of which "Friday" at least owed something, if not a great deal, to Gay (below pp. 374-5); in any case the claim "without the assistance of one Line from any other" cannot be upheld. Lady Mary wrote this probably at least thirty years after collaborating in the eclogues; in extenuation one can say that, whatever she remembered

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1. 1861, i. vi-vii.

2. To Lady Bute, 10 Oct. [1753], Letters, iii. 39.

of the process, she may have felt herself to be the author. We may take it that this album was reserved by her for her own poetic works, though we cannot rule out the factor of "assistance". In the welter of eighteenth-century manuscript verse, where poems floated in search of an author and often "found" several, even this degree of security is something.

H MS 255. This volume, similar in appearance to Harrowby 256 and also unpaginated, contains verse both by Lady Mary and by others: a total of 105 pieces. It is mostly in her hand, but four others have contributed to it -- if we include Mary Astell, two leaves of whose writing on much smaller paper, have been bound into the otherwise homogenous volume. Lady Mary named the authors of some poems when she copied them or later; some (including the majority of those by herself) have no author mentioned. This volume contains most of those poems in her hand of which it is still impossible to say whether they are by her or not. Dallaway omitted most of this album's songs and minor verses which Lady Mary may or may not have written. I have therefore accepted as hers those which he did print, assuming that he had a reason for choosing them.

Lady Mary failed to name any author for poems by Pope, Prior, Hervey, Samuel Johnson, and Sir Henry Wotton.[1] To increase the confusion, one or two of the notes which she later added to the volume are inaccurate: from memory she addressed Pope's "Ah Freind! 'tis true (this truth you lovers know)" to Arbuthnot, whereas at the time she had

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1. Ff. 7-9, 26-28, 30, 52-56.

said it was from a letter to Gay;[1] she ascribed Mallet's "William and Margaret", in retrospect, to "Mr Ramsay".[2] On the other hand she may have been wrong at the time of transcription in assigning to Lord Chesterfield verses which she later decided to be by Hervey.[3]

After a cursory glance at this volume in 1936, David Nichol Smith wrote to Lord Harrowby: "The rough date is, I should say, 'about 1740'; one of the later poems is dated 1743, but I do not find any evidence for a later date than that. Some parts may be as early as 1735".[4] Lady Louisa Stuart, on the other hand, thought it "almost all collected previously to the year 1730."[5] Closer study shows that this volume covers the widest time-span of all Lady Mary's albums. The first poem in it is ascribed to "the Late Earl of Dorset" (d. 1706), the second (not in Lady Mary's hand) to "Mr. G. Granville". George Granville became Lord Lansdowne at the beginning of 1712; the copy must therefore have been made before that date. Ff. 6-7, 15-16 bear complements addressed to Lady Mary before her marriage (August 1712); but between them later poems intervene. Pope's "Phryne" and "A Hymn" (ff. 7-9) were probably copied soon after the composition of the latter in 1715.[6] By f. 12 the year 1722 has been reached, with Pope's lines

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1. F. 12; Letters, ii. 15.
2. Ff. 34-35;
3. F. 42-43. Though "What do Scholars, and Bards, and Astronomers Wise" is printed among Chesterfield's works, it was acribed to Hervey in Lord Oxford's MS collection (Chesterfield, Poetical Works, 1927, p. 19; BM Harley MS 7318, f. 108). Walpole lists it under both Hervey and Chesterfield (Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors: Works, 1798, i. 452, 538).
4. 24 April 1936, H MS 378.
5. Stuart, p. 86.
6. Pope's editors suggest that LM copied the early, unrevised form of this poem in about 1740 (Twickenham, vi. 149-50); but this is implausible both on grounds of handwriting and because LM's literary judgement was too biassed to retain interest in these early trifles, years after her quarrel with their author.

on his grotto, "Ah Freind! 'tis true". On f. 30 Lady Mary copied "Why will Delia thus retire", written in 1730. On f. 53 the "Ode on Freindship" begins. This was not published till 1743, but Boswell says that Johnson composed it "at a very early period";[1] Lady Mary could have been among the first to see it, possibly through Hervey's brother Henry, who was Johnson's friend. This poem and an epistle written by Lord Carlisle shortly before his death in 1738 (ff. 68-69), bring us near the date of Lady Mary's departure from England. The last page of verse, f. 81, contains epigrams copied in 1762, after her final return to London, one in the handwriting of "J. Lane", who met Lady Mary during her last illness.[2] The verso of this page is blank; on ff. 82-91 Lady Mary had transcribed (some years earlier, to judge by the hand) a prose dramatic fragment, "Some People".

The volume spans a period of fifty years (1712-62), although probably with long periods of disuse. Lady Mary's handwriting, which develops during the course of the volume, is consistent with such a time-span. A further question of dating relates to the headings and attributions of the poems. Some of these are written in the same hand and ink as the poem they accompany; others, however, are in a later hand, and a blacker ink which is otherwise found only in the latter part of the volume. These were undoubtedly added a considerable time after the copies were made; and a tentative date can be assigned to them. On 8 Nov. [1758], after the sixth volume of Dodsley's

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1. Life of Johnson, ed. G. B. Hill and L. F. Powell, i, 1934, p. 158; Johnson, Poems, ed. E. L. McAdam, Jr., 1964, pp. 70-72.

2. Halsband, p. 284.

Collection, published the same year, reached her in Italy, Lady Mary wrote angrily to her daughter of its misattribution of her answer to Lady Hertford's stanzas, "Dear Colin prevent my warm Blushes": "By what accident they have fallen into the hands of that thing Dodsley I know not, but he has printed them as address'd by me to a very contemptible Puppy, and my own words as his Answer."[1] Almost certainly in the same fit of indignation, she annotated the page where formerly the two poems had appeared as "Song by the Countess of Hartfort" and "Answer'd". In blacker ink she altered the second title to read "Answer'd by Me. M.W.M."[2] We may assume that she made changes in other titles also in 1758 -- two years after her move to Venice and Padua. At that time she found herself, after ten years' isolation, once more in a position to be visited by English travellers, who in spite of their generally unsatisfactory character[3] might sometimes have been sufficiently interested in literature to be shown her albums.

Besides the mistakes in Lady Mary's later attributions to other poets, this volume contains some inaccuracy with reference to herself. In addition to the poem misrepresented by Dodsley, five others in the book bear the late monogram "MWM".[4] These are all short poems, all in the latter part of the volume, and only two have been printed by any of her editors. One is in fact a clever adaptation, another a direct borrowing (above, pp. 94-95). The conclusion is that this volume

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1. Letters, iii. 187.

2. F. 65; below pp. 502, 742.

3. Letters, iii. 159, 166, 229, 234.

4. "Impromptu to a young Lady singing", "Epigram 1734", "A billet to invite to Suppers", "Suppos'd to be wrote from J/ohn/ Sp/encer/" and "Epigram to L.H."

needs to be treated with circumspection.[1]

H MS 81 (Wortley MS viii). This is a collection of loose papers bound and numbered at a later date: miscellaneous poetry with some prose, both manuscript and printed, on various sizes of paper, in many hands and several languages. Whereas the previous two volumes contain fair copies, often made years after composition, this one contains several drafts and unfinished pieces by Lady Mary. There are poems and prose essays by her, copied by scribes and by herself, besides other people's verses. Other hands which can be identified include those of Mary Astell, Hervey, Henry Fielding, J. Lane, and Lady Mary's husband and daughter. There are dozens of unidentified hands. I have not found in this volume any copy by Lady Mary of a poem known to be by another writer. Ff. 1-223 are mainly in English, ff. 224-55, 262-310 mainly in French (where the only items in Lady Mary's writing are in prose), and ff. 256-61, 311-91 in Italian, some pages of which are endorsed by Wortley "Italian Poetry Italian Ds of Sh/rewsbury/".[2] Apart from these pages it is probable that the collection was formed by Lady Mary: verses of compliment to her occur throughout. In some places two parts of a poem have become separated in binding. Ff. 256-61 contain the Abbé Conti's translations of Lady Mary's verse, copied in a foreign

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1. D. Nichol Smith, in his letter previously quoted from, makes a comment for which I have found no basis: "The Album suggests that Lady Mary did not write some of the pieces ascribed to her by her editors." Unless he was supposing that this album represented the whole of her verse output, I cannot see what he meant.

2. Adelaide, née Paleotti (d. 1726) (Letters, i. 75 n. 1 ; below p.347.

hand, which may be his.[1] Conti probably made them while she was in Venice, between September 1739 and August 1740.

This volume completes the collections of Lady Mary's poetry among the Harrowby MSS. Like Moy Thomas, however, we are faced with the problem of a missing source. If we accept Dallaway's statement that "no letter, essay, or poem, will find a place in the present edition, the original manuscript of which is not at this time extant, in the possession of her grand-son, THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF BUTE"[2] we must assume that another verse album or bunch of loose papers has disappeared. Dallaway printed seven poems which had not appeared in the Poetical Works (1768) and which have not been found in eighteenth-century journals or miscellanies.[3] The theory of a missing manuscript would also fit in with Lord Wharncliffe's remark about Verses to the Imitator of Horace (below p. 506). The manuscript would not be the only one which has vanished from among the Harrowby collection: the others, however, are fully documented.

The Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, has a volume of letters and poems, bound in leather at a later date, which was once at Sandon Hall: M.A. 347. As well as the bulk of Pope's letters to Lady Mary, five poems

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1. The pages have been wrongly bound up: ff. 260-1 were intended to go round the other pages as cover, f. 260 coming first and f. 261 last. The poems translated are "The Lover", "How happy you", "An Answer to a Lady", "October 1736", "An Answer to a Love letter", "Why will Delia", "Verses Written in a Garden", "Hymn to the Moon" and "Epigram 1734". They were printed in Conti's Prose e poesie, ii, 1756, pp. xiii-xxii.
2. 1803, i. iii-iv.
3. "Epilogue to the Tragedy of Cato", "Fragment to ****", "John Duke of Marlborough", "A Character", "The Fourth Ode of the First book of Horace Imitated", "Epithalamium" and "The Politicians".

by him and one by Lord Peterborough (below p. 421), there are five poems or fragments in Lady Mary's hand, which can be ascribed to her with varying degrees of doubt.

The New York Public Library possesses (as well as a single Lady Mary holograph poem, in the library's manuscript section) Pope's transcript of Lady Mary's eclogues, bought from the fifth Earl of Harrowby at Sotheby's on 11 November 1935, for the Arents Collection. Pope made this transcript in Lady Mary's absence, and described it to her thus:

> your Eclogues...lie inclosd in a Monument of Red Turkey, written in my fairest hand; the gilded Leaves are opend with no less veneration than the Pages of the Sybils; like them, lockd up & concealed from all prophane eyes.[1]

The writing is indeed fair, resembling italic type; the title-page ("COURT ECLOGS / Written in the Year, 1716") is set out like a printed one, and bears Lady Mary's annotation "M.W.M." She also corrected Pope's text, but made no written comment on his decision to omit "Friday" from the canon. Pope placed "Thursday" before "Wednesday", omitting the titular days of the week and numbering the "Eclogs" i-v. After his "FINIS" Lady Mary added one more poem in her own hand, a version of "Constantinople" differing in some details from others. The author was evidently less sensitive than the scribe about allowing "prophane eyes" to behold her work, for in 1720 Pope wrote to her, "Lord Bathurst told me you had given orders that the book of Eclogues should be trusted to my hands to return it to you."[2]

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1. /Autumn 1717/, Corr. i. 441.
2. Corr. ii. 39.

Algarotti's MSS. The descent of the Italian writer's papers until 1850 is described in Bod. MS Don. c. 56, f. 14. Those which remained in Italy are now in the Biblioteca Comunale, Treviso (MS 1259); those which were brought to England for sale are divided between the Bodleian and the British Museum. The Treviso and Bodleian collections have verse in Lady Mary's hand, some referring to her unhappy infatuation for Algarotti, some which perhaps he particularly admired. The BM has a verse epistle by either Lady Mary or Hervey (below p. 698).

Lady Mary's Commonplace-Book (CB). This fascinating volume was presented to the Fisher Library, University of Sydney, by the fifth Lord Harrowby in March 1925. It is about 7½ by 6 inches, bound in limp vellum. Among its confused heap of prose maxims, quotations, memoranda, forms which look like shorthand, letter summaries, Latin, and Turkish, are a number of verse fragments or single lines, some by Lady Mary.

Cornell MS. The University Library at Ithaca, N.Y., has a volume (MS E6004) inscribed in a handwriting probably of the late eighteenth century: "The Book of Ly M's Verses at Dodsleys?"[1] It embodies seventeen of Lady Mary's poems (eclogues counted as one) copied in a neat contemporary hand, with minor alterations by a different pen: that of Joseph Spence, who as Walpole's travelling-companion met Lady Mary in Italy, and who left a record of her in his Anecdotes. Spence

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1. Once part of "the Extraordinary Library, Unique of its Kind, formed by the late Rev. F. J. Stainforth, consisting entirely of Works of British and American Poetesses" (Sotheby Catalogue, 6 July 1867).

also supplied a table of contents, listing the poems (with page-numbers) and classifying them as "Copies of Verses", "Songs", "Epistles", and "Eclogues". Two additional poems, on separate sheets of paper stuck into the front of the volume, are not listed in the table of contents. Both were printed in the 1720s and therefore easily accessible to copyists; one Lady Mary may not have written (below pp. 436, 671).

Spence must have had this copy made in Florence in 1740, probably from Harrowby MS 256. All the poems in the body of the volume occur also in the earlier part of Harrowby 256.[1] Cornell repeats all the poems from that part of Lady Mary's album except the separately-added lines on Mrs. Bowes and the controversial "Epistle From Mrs Y/onge/". Its text remains close to Lady Mary's holograph, without the random errors which characterise copies made after a Chinese-whispers process of oral transmission.[2] Its errors are scribal rather than oral, e.g. "best" for "pert", "& an" for "Don". Spence corrected a good many of them.

The Cornell copyist added identifications of the eclogue characters which almost duplicate those made by Walpole in his copy of Dodsley's Collection.[3] Spence made only one note not also made by Walpole, that on "the Lion" in "Tuesday". Most of his corrections are to accidentals: punctuation, spelling and capitalization. When not correcting obvious error, he differs from Lady Mary's practice in these

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1. Before f. 52, which may be as far as LM had got at this date.
2. An exception is "The Lady's Resolve" ("Written ex tempore in a Glass Window") which appears accompanied by "The Gentleman's Answer", in the inaccurate version of its first printing in The Plain Dealer, 1724.
3. 2nd ed., 1748, BM C.117.aa.16.

matters as often as he follows it. His few verbal changes sometimes correct alterations by the copyist, e.g. one of two variants in "Satturday", line 70. He probably emended the transcript soon after it was finished, but also polished the style as if for eventual printing.

Spence's corrections, as well as the inscription, connect this volume with Walpole's and Dodsley's publications of 1747 (Six Town Eclogues), 1748 (Collection, vol. iii; 2nd ed. vol. i) and 1755 (vol. iv). The body of the manuscript contains all the poems Dodsley printed,[1] as well as seven which he did not print, which are all of a trivial or personal nature. Spence did not make his corrections at a later date in accordance with a printed text, for sometimes 1747 and 1748 agree with the copyist's original version, not Spence's correction (e.g. "Satturday" line 70), or diverge further than Cornell from Harrowby 256 (e.g. "Tuesday" line 22, "Satturday" line 34, "How happy you" lines 7-8) -- or bear no mark of a change which Spence seems to have made on his own initiative (e.g. "Satturday" line 42). Walpole wrote in his set of 1748 that Dodsley printed "from my Copy" made from Lady Mary's manuscripts (below pp. 222-4).

Only in a few details do Harrowby 256 and the printed texts agree against Cornell. In other places errors made by the Cornell copyist also appear in print. Spence originated various "improvements" which occur also in 1747 and 1748 (e.g. "The Lover" line 21, "Thursday" line 101). He amplified the title of "Epistle From Arthur G/ra/y"; in "The Lover" he inserted the name "Chandler" in the title and substituted it for "Molly" in the text (the printer agreeing cautiously with "Mr.

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1. Except the misattributed one in vol. vi, 1758 (above pp. 209-10) and the printed "Answer" to Hammond's Elegy, which Dodsley ascribed to Hervey.

C----"). It seems unlikely that Cornell served as printer's copy, since it bears no press-marks; but it must be closely related to the copy for 1747 and 1748, perhaps made at the same time by the same scribe, or perhaps an intermediate link.

Longleat MSS. The largest accumulation of Lady Mary's verse outside her own albums was collected by Margaret Bentinck, Duchess of Portland. The Duchess's mother, Lady Oxford, was a close friend of Lady Mary, and she herself of Lady Bute; her father Lord Oxford encouraged his daughter in his own hobby from her childhood. The Portland MSS at Longleat include, not grouped but scattered through the volumes, poems by Lady Mary in various hands including her own and Lady Bute's, as well as doubtful attributions. Lord Oxford's manuscript collections (BM Harley MSS) include verse by Lady Mary, but more doubtful than definitely ascribed works.

Finally, one manuscript of verse not by Lady Mary must be recorded. This is Wharncliffe MS 506, Sheffield Central Library; it is a small bound volume dated inside the cover "1733". Two nineteenth or twentieth-century annotations read "Sent by Lady M. Wortley Montagu to her niece Lady F. Erskine" and "The writing in this Book is that of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, & her sisters the Countess of Mar & Lady Caroline Brand". In fact, however, the writing through the greater part of the volume, which does resemble Lady Mary's, is that of her daughter, who in 1733 was fifteen. She is the "Sylvia" of this pastoral volume: "Melantha", who contributes some poems, is her cousin Lady Frances Pierrepont (above pp. 94-95). "Evadne" and "Timandra" are probably Lady Mary's half-sisters, who were about her daughter's age.[1] Towards

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1. Lady Caroline (1716-53) and Lady Anne Pierrepont (1721-39).

the end of the volume an epistle "From Melantha to Sylvia" (ff. 73-74) describes how

> By your assistance I've my wishes gain'd
> And by your Help that Sacred union Tye'd
> Which much I wish that nothing cou'd devide;

in other words how "Sylvia" helped her cousin to elope and marry Philip Meadows ("Melanthus"; in an earlier poem "Phil").[1] In the two following poems Melantha urges marriage on Sylvia and Timandra respectively. Wharncliffe MS 506 has biographical and social interest, although it shows no particular literary talent. Lady Mary probably knew of it, since "By the side of a halfe rotten wood" uses the names "Melantha" and "Phil".

LOST VERSES

This collection of Lady Mary's poetry is probably far from complete, even if it is not true that an album of her verse has disappeared quite recently (above p. 212). Philip Thicknesse's story about manuscripts in the possession of Miss Forrester, and later destroyed, may be true although the examples he produced were probably spurious (below p. 767). Though Lady Mary copied into Harrowby MS 256 many poems that she evidently valued, she allowed others, including some of her best, to survive only on miscellaneous scraps of paper not bound till after her death.

Other sources forever inaccessible can only be regretted. Her uncharitable journal, burnt by Lady Bute,[2] may have been rich in minor

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1. Described in Delany, i. 461-2.

2. Stuart, pp. 63-64.

occasional verses. Her various correspondences mention the frequent passing back and forth of ballads, songs and lampoons, mostly untraced and some no doubt by her.[1] At the age of twenty she was called by Anne Wortley "the auther of the pleasure of the imagination".[2] Pope in 1718 prodigiously longed for her "Sonnets".[3] On 27 Jan. 1722 Hervey sent his elder brother some verses allegedly hers with a title "as incomprehensible as her-self": something now lost, or one of the Arthur Gray poems under a different name? Nearly twenty years later he quoted Ovid to her in answer to "your Oh where is now the soft etc," which could have been her last comment in verse on her thwarted passion for Algarotti.[4] If her letters to Pope or to Edward Young had survived,[5] they might reveal that she had other verse correspondents besides Hervey. The "belle ode sur la mort" which she showed Mme du Boccage (if not another name for Address'd To ----") is also to be regretted.[6] It seems unlikely, however, that any of these will yet come to light -- or that they would materially alter our opinion of her verse if they did.

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1. H MS 77, f. 118; Bristol MSS 47/2, pp. 14, 46; Letters, passim.
2. 17 July 1709, H MS 77, f. 126.
3. Corr. i. 494.
4. Bristol MS 47/2, p. 14; Letters, ii. 241.
5. Sir James Prior, Life of Edmond Malone, 1860, p. 456.
6. Lettres sur l'Angleterre...et l'Italie: Recueil des oeuvres, 1762, iii. 177.

EDITIONS

Here are listed only those editions of Lady Mary's verse which can be called significant, and their reprints. I have given full descriptions only of the eighteenth-century editions (not reprints or anthologies). I have not collated multiple copies and in such collating as I have done I have found no significant differences between copies, or any evidence of correction in the press.

1716

COURT / POEMS. / VIZ; / I. The Basset-Table. An ECLOGUE. / II. The DRAWING-ROOM. / III. The TOILET. / /rule/ / Publish'd faithfully, as they were found in a / Pocket-Book taken up in Westminster-Hall, / the Last Day of the Lord Winton's Tryal. / /rule/ / LONDON: / Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the Oxford- / Arms in Warwick-Lane. MDCCVI /sic/. / Price Six-Pence.

8°:A-D^{4}; /2/ i-iii iv-vi, 1 2-23, 24.

I have seen copies in the Bodleian and BM.

This pamphlet[1] was published on 26 March 1716.[2] The three poems had been circulating in manuscript before they were snapped up and published, the secret having been let out allegedly on account of Lady Mary's being thought at the point of death from smallpox.[3] Edmund Curll

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1. See R. H. Griffith, Alexander Pope: a Bibliography (1922, 1927, no. 51: collation given); R. Halsband, PMLA, 1953, pp. 237-50.
2. Narcissus Luttrell in BM copy (164 m. 43; the Post-Man and Post Boy advertised it as this day published on 27 March). Lord Winton was tried 15-16 March and sentenced on the 19th (Post-Man, 17, 20 March; Sir John Rushout to /Lord Carlisle/, 20 March, HMC, Carlisle MSS, 1897, p. 21).
3. Lady Loudoun to her husband, 3 and 7 Jan. 1716; Lord Carnarvon, 26 Jan. 1716, Huntington Library MSS, quoted in Sherburn, p. 204, and Halsband, PMLA, pp. 243-4.

was blamed and punished by Pope for the publication;[1] he himself later admitted responsibility, which he said was shared by Pemberton and John Oldmixon.[2] The versions of the poems he printed differ more or less widely from Lady Mary's copies, because of corruption or of the influence of the collaborating authors. Fourteen lines, those most severe on the Princess's court, are missing from "Roxana: or, the Drawing-Room" ("Monday"): a fact to bear in mind/judging the possible political repercussions of the verse. The booklet has an equivocating "Advertisement" (pp. i-iii):

> The Reader is acquainted, from the Title-Page, how I came possess'd of the following POEMS. All that I have to add, is, only a Word or two concerning their Author.
>
> Upon Reading them over at St. James's Coffee-House, they were attributed by the General Voice to be the Productions of a LADY of Quality.
>
> When I produc'd them at Button's, the Poetical Jury there brought in a different Verdict; and the Foreman strenuously insisted upon it, that Mr. GAY was the Man; and declar'd, in Comparing the Basset-Table, with that Gentleman's PASTORALS, he found the Stile, and Turn of Thought, to be evidently the same; which confirm'd him, and his Brethren, in the Sentence they had pronounc'd.
>
> Not content with these Two Decisions, I was resolv'd to call in an Umpire; and accordingly chose a Gentleman of distinguish'd Merit, who lives not far from Chelsea.[3] I sent him the Papers; which he return'd me the next Day, with this Answer:
>
> SIR, Depend upon it, these Lines could come from no other Hand, than the Judicious Translator of HOMER.[4]
>
> Thus having impartially given the Sentiments of the Town; I hope I may deserve Thanks, for the Pains I have taken, in endeavouring to find out the Author of these Valuable Performances; and every Body is at Liberty to bestow the Laurel as they please.

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1. A Full and True Account of a Horrid and Barbarous Revenge by Poison, on the Body of Mr. Edmund Curll, Bookseller, 1716; Pope to Caryll, 17 April [1716], Corr. i. 339.
2. Pope, Literary Correspondence, ii, 1735, pp. vii-viii.
3. Addison.
4. Pope's Iliad vol. ii was pub. on 22 March 1716 (Griffith, Bibliography, nos. 47-50).

The aftermath of the Court Poems has been dealt with by Griffith.[1] Subsequent editions and reissues appeared in 1717, 1718, 1719, 1726, and 1736. Curll endeavoured to make them more interesting by implying that the poems were by Pope. None of these texts has any authority.

1747

SIX / TOWN ECLOGUES. / With some other / POEMS. / [rule] / By the Rt. Hon. L. M. W. M. / [rule]/[ornament] / LONDON: / Printed for M. COOPER in Pater-noster-Row. 1747.

4°:A-F^{4} (A3 signed "A2"); 1-4 5-48 (38, 39 as "39" "38").

I have seen copies in the Bodleian (2), BM, Victoria and Albert Museum, New York Public Library (Berg Collection) and in the possession of Dr. R. Halsband.

This was published on 14 Nov. by Robert Dodsley acting under the direction of Horace Walpole, who in Florence in 1740 had read and copied "her works, which she lends out in manuscript".[2] As well as the six eclogues reunited in print for the first time, 1747 contains the "Epistle From Arthur G[ra]y" and "The Lover" in a text deriving from Lady Mary's album Harrowby MS 256, and "The Lady's Resolve" (with "The Gentleman's Answer") in the version first printed in 1724. See above, pp. 214-17, for the probable intermediary role of the Cornell MS.

1748

A Collection of Poems. By Several Hands. In Three Volumes. London: Printed for R. Dodsley at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall. M.DCC.XLVIII.[3]

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1. Nos. 64, 65, 68, 90, 97, 108, 174, 175, 176, 179, 180, 415, 416, 59a.
2. Corr. xiv. 38 n. 40, xiii. 234.
3. Published 15 Jan. (R. Straus, Robert Dodsley, 1910, p. 334). See W. P. Courtney in N. and Q., 10th Series, vi. 361-2, 402-3, vii. 3-5; Griffith, no. 628; A. G. Case, A Bibliography of English Poet-

/Cont.

I have seen copies in the Bodleian and BM.

In his "Advertisement" Dodsley states (i. iii-iv) his intent "to preserve to the public those poetical performances, which seemed to merit a longer remembrance than what would probably be secured to them by the MANNER wherein they were originally published." The third volume contains Lady Mary's poems from 1747, followed by "An Epistle to Lord B----t" ("How happy you"), "Epilogue to Mary, Queen of Scots", and "A Receipt to Cure the Vapours. Written to Lady J----n" ("Why will Delia": iii. 274-313). The "Six Town Eclogues" are ascribed to "the Right Hon. L. M. W. M.", the others (except the "Epilogue", probably by an oversight) to "the same". The new poems are again fairly accurately printed; for the rest the text of 1747 is followed almost exactly. There are some improvements in punctuation; some misprints have been corrected (e.g. "Tuesday" line 1), but some remain (e.g. "Monday" line 50); there is only one gratuitous alteration ("Thursday" line 45).

A second edition, published in December of the same year[1] with a half-title reading "The Second Edition", suppressed some material but left Lady Mary's verse unchanged except for textual corrections and "improvements", transferring it from vol. iii to vol. i (pp. 84-120). Walpole's own copy of this edition bears his annotations, made at at least two different times. Most of the brief identifications of people in Lady Mary's verse (which will here be given in footnotes) are in a

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(Cont.) ical Miscellanies 1521-1750, 1935; R. W. Chapman in Proceedings and Papers of the Oxford Bibliographical Society, iii, 1933, part 3, where full descriptions and quasi-facsimiles are given.

1. Straus, Dodsley, p. 337.

yellowish ink; a few, in darker ink, were made afterwards,[1] including the introductory note (pp. 84-85):

> These Eclogues Lady M. Wortley allowed me to transcribe from a Volume of her poems in MS at Florence in 1740, and from my Copy Dodsley printed them and the Epistle from A. Grey, the Lover, and the Epilogue, and her Ladyship told me all the persons alluded to. Bp Warburton has printed the Second Eclogue as Pope's, who might correct or at least transcribe it, but it is ⟨?⟩ that all six are by the same hand, and not like Pope. H.W.

Later editions of Dodsley's Collection reprinted and added to Lady Mary's verse. The 3rd ed., dated 1751 (actually pub. 29 Jan. 1752)[2] reprinted her poems from the second edition. The same selection of her verse (except "Thursday" and "Friday") was reprinted in Poems by Eminent Ladies, 1755 (ii. 157-84: 2nd ed., 1757).

Dodsley's fourth edition, 1755, added another volume, called by Walpole "the worst tome of the four". It included the "Answer" to Hammond's Elegy, ascribed to Lord Hervey, as well as three new poems "By Lady M. W. M.": "Verses written in a Garden", "An Answer To a Love-Letter", and "In Answer to a Lady Who advised Retirement" (pp. 79-82, 196-9). As in earlier editions, the printing is fairly accurate.

The edition of 1758 ran to six volumes. The two extra ones were described as "greatly inferior".[3] Lady Mary's "Epistle From Arthur G/ra/y" was dropped from vol. i; vol. vi added "Lady Mary W****, to Sir W*** Y***" and "Sir W**** Y*****'s Answer" (pp. 230-1: see below p. 502). Reprints appeared in 1763, 1765, 1770, 1775 and 1782.[4]

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1. Sometimes Walpole gave a note in two different forms (ii. 205); sometimes he wrote over earlier notes in the darker ink (iii. 1, 241). BM C. 117. aa.16.
2. Straus, Dodsley, p. 343. A 4th vol. of 1749, and a 2-vol. ed. printed in Dublin, 1751, contain no poems by LM.
3. Dr. Grainger in Nichols, Illust. of Literature, vii. 251.
4. See N. and Q., 10th Series, vi. 402-3.

1768

THE / POETICAL WORKS / Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE / Lady M--y W--y M----e. / /double rule; ornament; double rule, first swelled/ / LONDON: / Printed for J. WILLIAMS, at No. 38. next / the Mitre Tavern, Fleet-Street. / M DCC LXVIII. / (Price Two Shillings sewed.)

8°:A^{2} B-G^{8}H^{6}; i-vii viii, 9 10-109 110-16.

I have seen copies in the Bodleian and BM.

This volume, published in March, was edited by Isaac Reed.[1] It contains seventeen poems by Lady Mary (with the answer to "The Lady's Resolve" and three spurious pieces), collected from newspapers and other printed sources. ("Constantinople" was not included, probably because it had been printed the year before in the spurious Additional Volume to Lady Mary's Embassy Letters.) Reed claimed to have taken "Thursday" from a copy corrected by Pope, a claim queried by the Gentleman's Magazine reviewer; in fact he was following Warburton's edition of Pope's Works (vi. 46), which made the same claim. He reprinted Verses to the Imitator of Horace from the fifth edition.

Reprints which appeared in 1781 and 1784 incorporated the material from 1768, plus "Verses Written in the Chiask /sic/" ("Constantinople") from the text published with Lady Mary's Embassy Letters. These reprints corrected some mistakes and originated others; Dallaway appears to have followed that of 1781 ("Thursday" line 2, "Satturday" line 82, pp. 365, 388 below).

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1. GM, p. 133 (the review points out that the volume contains no new material); Reed, Diaries 1762-1804, ed. Claude E. Jones, 1946, p. 262.

1803

The Works of The Right Honourable Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Including her Correspondence, Poems and Essays. Published by permission from her genuine papers. In five volumes....London: Printed for Richard Phillips, No. 71, St. Paul's Church-yard. 1803.

This, the first edition sanctioned by Lady Mary's family, was edited by James Dallaway.[1] At least two impressions were issued in this year. The [illegible] edition, costing 40s. is used here for reference (Bodley 8° W 25-9 Jur.); a cheaper reprint (25s.) on wove paper is differently set up and paginated. 1803 consists mainly of letters; but vol. v contains 155 pages of verse. In spite of Dallaway's claim to print entirely from manuscripts (above, p. 212), he almost always followed the 1768 text (from the reprint of 1781) for those poems it contains, even where 1747 and 1748 had already printed a text closer to the original. Sometimes he appears to have referred from printed sources to the manuscripts ("Tuesday" lines 9, 77, "Wednesday" line 77, "An Answer to a Love letter" passim). He is, however, always ready to alter and "improve" manuscript sources (sometimes misunderstanding the sense, e.g. "The Ninth Ode of the Third Book of Horace, imitated" line 10). He substitutes "while" for "whilst" as well as "whilst" for "while", and "who" and "that" impartially for each other. Sometimes he alters and in one place reverses the sense to fit in an omitted relative ("For ever blest be the prolific Brain", lines 1-2).

In 1805 appeared a reprint entitled "The Works....The Fifth Edition". The reasons for this claim are not clear: conceivably there

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1. See Halsband, pp. 289-90.

had been four impressions in 1803. Lady Mary's poems begin on the same page as in 1803, but have been condensed into fewer pages to make space for the letters to Mrs. Hewet, here added at the end of the last volume. The verse contents remain the same except for the omission of the French translation "by herself" of "Verses Written in a Garden". Punctuation details are altered, a few misprints corrected, several added, and Lady Mary's style further polished (e.g. "Unfinished Sketches of a Larger Poem" ("Now with fresh vigour") lines 34, 97; "A Man in Love" line 6). One or two corrections might have been made by reference to the originals (e.g. "The Fifth Ode of the first book of Horace Imitated" line 5).

Other publishers issued a "6th" edition, 1812, a "new" edition, 1817, and a reprint, 1825.

1837

The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Edited by Her Great Grandson Lord Wharncliffe. In Three Volumes....London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, Publisher in Ordinary to his Majesty. 1837.

This edition was actually published on 30 Dec. 1836;[1] in his preface Lord Wharncliffe acknowledged assistance from "his friend and near relation, the Rev. Dr. Corbett of Wortley" (i. vii). In this and 1861 Lady Mary's verse is not in any true sense "edited". 1837 added three poems: "Melinda's Complaint", not by Lady Mary; "Lines Written under the Picture of General Charles Churchill", a doubtful

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1. Bentley's A List of the Principal Publications Issued from New Burlington Street During the Year 1836, 1893.

attribution; and "Lines Written in a Blank Page of Milton's Paradise Lost", a genuine addition to the canon (below pp. 746, 701, 448). It follows Dallaway's text, with the changes introduced in 1805 (e.g. "Now with fresh vigour" line 97); Lord Wharncliffe used the reprint of 1817.[1] Where 1837 has variants it is not always easy to tell whether they are slips or emendations (e.g. "Tuesday" line 90, "The Lover" line 6). Accidentals are further modernised and the brackets marking triplets are discarded.

"The Letters and Works....Second Edition, Revised" appeared on 30 Sept. 1837 with additional notes.[2] The British Museum has a copy (10922 cc. 21).

1861

The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Edited by Her Great-Grandson Lord Wharncliffe. Third Edition, With Additions and Corrections Derived from the Original Manuscripts, Illustrative Notes, and a New Memoir By W. Moy Thomas. In Two Volumes....London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. MDCCCLXI.

The "Original Manuscripts" used did not include Harrowby MS 256 (above p. 206), but did include H MSS 255 and 81. On the whole, however, Thomas followed 1837 meticulously in the text of the verse,[3] and

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1. Preface, p. ii.
2. Bentley's List for 1837.
3. E,g. Thomas followed 1837 in addressing "The Lover" to "Congreve", though he gave in a note two reasons (one good and one bad) against doing so: 'I have found this poem in a commonplace-book of Lady Mary's, headed in her handwriting, "To Molly." It was, I suspect, really addressed to Lord Hervey' (ii. 482 note).

his few deviations from it are not based on manuscripts (exceptions may be "Constantinople" line 19 and "Now with fresh vigour" line 7). He omitted the lines probably by Mallet; he added "Addressed To ----" -- but from its publication in the Hertford - Pomfret Correspondence, not from manuscript. His only other addition to the verse, the four-line "Epigram, 1734" probably comes from Harrowby MS 255.

Reprints followed in 1887 and 1893.

EDITORIAL PROCEDURE

I have arranged the verses as far as may be in order of composition, with a few that defy dating at the end. Some pieces can be dated with accuracy, but many can be placed only within a period of some months or years. These are generally arranged according to the last date at which they could have been composed; but where there is one likely occasion of composition a piece may be placed by this occasion, though it could have been written later. This method has led to the grouping of some poems and fragments arbitrarily at the end of a decade or period of Lady Mary's life.

The title of each poem, if any, is given as in the copy-text. With it is placed as accurate a date as possible. Square brackets have not been used with dates, which are clearly an editorial addition. Title and date precede a general introductory note, which deals with the poem's subject and circumstances of composition, and where necessary with questions of attribution and dating. Then follows a textual note which lists and describes manuscript and printed versions. The copy-text is always, unless otherwise stated, the first source listed. A colon separates the siglum used for each source (in footnotes to this poem) from its description. I have used the shortest practicable abbreviations as sigla for manuscripts, and dates as those for printed sources. The descriptions which follow the sigla mention reprints of individual poems (reprints of major editions listed above pp. 222-9).

The text of the poem follows these two headnotes, with explanatory footnotes to provide additional information. Textual notes list verbal variants from other sources, and corrections to the copy-text and to other significant texts. I have ignored variants from late reprints to

which no sigla have been assigned, except (as indicated) where they have passed into the current printed versions. Wherever I have ignored variants from poor manuscripts, this is stated in the textual headnote. Punctuation variants are ignored (unless they change the sense) as are the typographical peculiarities of titles; accidentals in variants are those of the first source listed.

Wherever possible I have taken Lady Mary's own manuscript as the copy-text. This is of course inevitable for those poems and fragments which have never been printed. None of the published texts has any authority, except possibly the Verses to the Imitator of Horace, the "Answer" to Hammond's Elegy, the printed version of "The Reasons that Induce'd Dr S/wift/", the fragments from The Nonsense of Common-Sense, or the complimentary verses for Algarotti. Almost every published poem shows wide variation between manuscript and print; while some of these variants may have originated in different manuscript sources, none of them has any demonstrable connection with Lady Mary. There seems no point in applying the style of the printing-house to verse which was never intended for publication, even if it could be decided which printer to follow.[1]

In most respects I have given a literal transcription of Lady Mary's manuscript, but a few alterations have been made throughout for

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1. The text printed by 1747 and 1748 was at least two removes from LM's MS and was not checked by her; the poems added in 1768 were gathered, mostly in very incorrect versions, from newspapers and magazines. Even the last of these represents a mere fraction of LM's output. By the time 1803 expanded her canon to something approaching its present extent, printing practice had altered considerably since the verse was written.

the sake of easier reading. Her capitalization remains (insofar as capitals and small letters can be consistently distinguished), except that proper names and the beginnings of lines have always been given capitals. (She uses capitals inconsistently, but often to achieve a particular effect of emphasis.) Spelling is unaltered except for converting to the modern form of i, j, u and v. (See below, p. 235, for treatment of apostrophes.) Some of Lady Mary's characteristic spellings, such as "triffle" and "extrodinary" may reflect pronunciation. Her indentation of lines has been followed except where it is inconsistent within a poem; extra paragraph breaks have been inserted in some long poems (where she often provides divisions near the beginning but not towards the end).

Lady Mary's punctuation is extremely variable. Sometimes there is almost none; sometimes every line ends with a comma or semi-colon. In different holograph copies of the same poem the punctuation of one bears little relation to that of the other; and in a long poem the weight of punctuation fluctuates from page to page or from paragraph to paragraph, even in a fair copy. On the whole she appears to have exercised care only in the case of some unusual punctuation (parentheses, question marks, etc.). Like her verse itself, her punctuation is not artless but careless. She frequently omitted necessary punctuation at the end of a line, appearing to feel that the new line in itself created the necessary pause. On the other hand if she once began to put commas at the end of her lines, she might do so throughout a passage or a whole poem. I have reproduced her punctuation with few changes, though the result is a lack of consistency in weight of pointing only less than her own.

Some examples may help to explain her practice -- for instance, the triplet in "Ye soft Idea's":

> He comes! -- 'twas nothing but the rustling Wind,
> He has forgot, is faithless, is unkind --
> While expectation rends my labouring mind.

Here Lady Mary provided the two dashes, the exclamation mark, and the commas which break up the alternatives in the middle line -- everything, in fact, which is necessary to help the reader who also accepts the end of a line as a natural break. The comma at the end of the first and full stop at the end of the third line are editorial. The second stanza of "Why beats my heart" is a similar example:

> Where now the Transport us'd to warm my Breast
> With kindling Hope and eager wishes blest?
> With mutual Joy (for so I thought) we met;
> Where are those hours? -- that now I must forget.

The question-mark at the second line and stop at the end are editorial; here the editor had to make a choice, since the question-mark could have been placed a line earlier, though this would be treating the couplet form rather cavalierly. Lady Mary could also be more conscientious (in stanza one of the same poem she supplied all the punctuation) or less so (in "Epigram to L.H." she provided only one mark of punctuation, the comma midway in line four). She rather over-punctuated the opening lines of "Exil'd, grown old, in Poverty and Pain" (printed with first five lines as she left them), but did not supply even a single comma from line six onwards.

Changes made in her punctuation fall into a few definable categories. Full stops or occasionally commas have been inserted to end sentences. Parallel clauses or extended phrases not joined by a conjunction have been separated by commas; this practice has added a good many commas to Lady Mary's text, especially at the ends of lines. No

semi-colons have been added: where one appears it is always Lady Mary's or that of her copyist. I have removed a comma at the end of a line only if it separated a subject from its verb, and the emphatic one within a line only if it also made the sense difficult to grasp. Emphatic commas which are printed are all Lady Mary's own; if her use of a semi-colon appears quite unjustified (as between two adjectives qualifying the same noun) I have reduced it to a comma. I have used the modern forms of question and exclamation mark, which in eighteenth-century manuscript practice were interchangeable. In the places where Lady Mary set off the beginning of a parenthetical phrase with a bracket or dash, but forgot the other, I have added it.

Lady Mary punctuated for effect and not according to any system. I have tried to punctuate for clarity, to adjust her usage systematically but without imposing a system upon her. Many of these editorial adjustments are supported by a holograph copy other than the copy-text. In cases of ambiguity caused by punctuation or lack of it, I have supplied a footnote; I have also footnoted any added question-mark, except when it is one of a series the rest of which Lady Mary supplied.[1]

It should be stressed that, despite this lengthy list of exceptions, the greater part of the punctuation (about three-quarters of all marks of punctuation used) comes from the copy-text. Some alteration has been thought justified by the real gain in clarity which it produces,

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1. This practice appears to tally with that of editors of the same period who make extensive use of verse MSS. In the Yale edition of Johnson's Poems, E. L. McAdam, Jr., adds punctuation to MSS where necessary (p. xxiv). In Prior's Works, Wright and Spears supply essential full stops, initial capitals, and occasional internal punctuation required for clarity; they ignore punctuation differences in collated texts unless the meaning is affected. Donald Greene advises "Add or alter punctuation only when needed by a modern reader, but do not add or alter merely as a choice" (Editing Eighteenth-Century Texts, ed. D. I. B. Smith, 1968, p. 102).

and has the blessing of a greater poet than Lady Mary.[1]

She seldom uses apostrophes for possessives, except with proper names, but does so regularly for plurals such as "opera's" and "idea's". These plurals (but not "tear's" or "Gemn's") have been allowed to stand, since they agree with one contemporary printing style. I have altered her apostrophes in the possessive to distinguish singular from plural if it is clear which is intended; in cases of doubt I have left the word without an apostrophe if she has done so, with notes as necessary. In French she used few accents, and wrote those few all alike ` (also in English "coffeè" and "deareè"). I have removed these accents in English, and in French have converted them to the currently acceptable ones, and to the first instead of the second of double e's. Her inconsistency about apostrophes other than possessives has been allowed to remain, e.g. every and ev'ry, power and pow'r, tis and 'tis, its and it's, obtain'd, obtained and obtaind, declined, declin'd and decline'd (the latter perhaps a guard against a highly unlikely mispronunciation). Some of these could be successfully regularized, but each problem leads on to another: what to do about "even" used as one syllable, "favourite" or "glittering" as two? can "flattry" be accepted and must "reckn'ing" be normalised? I have felt it best not to embark upon the slipp'ry slope which leads inevitably either to the precious appearance of "bord'ring Flow'rs"[2] or else to an occasional check to the reader at a place where Lady Mary provided a really helpful apostrophe. Her usage

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1. Comma's and points they set exactly right,
   And 'twere a sin to rob them of their Mite
   (Pope, Epistle to Arbuthnot, lines 161-2).

2. Written by LM without apostrophes ("How happy you" line 18).

of thô, tho', tho and though (like her usage of while and whilst) is a similar anomaly. In leaving these things as Lady Mary wrote them I have borne in mind the possibility that some future scholar may succeed in working out a system of dating by them, though I have not.

Standard abbreviations and contractions (ye, wch, wn, yr, D, Dss, K, Q, & and so on) were also used by Lady Mary throughout her poetic career, in drafts and fair copies alike. (Rough or hurried copy is characterised by a higher incidence of less usual abbreviations -- "E" for English, "sd" for said or sold -- such as she used in her common-place-book.) Standard abbreviations have been expanded without comment. To the eye they appear ridiculous in print or typescript though perfectly acceptable in handwriting.. Their presence, especially mixed, as Lady Mary uses them, with their full-length forms, would cause the reader to be perpetually pausing and re-checking: to distinguish between "yt" and "yr" for instance, or to ascertain which word is meant by "ye". On the whole Lady Mary was far less consistent in both punctuating and abbreviating than in spelling.

The same standards have been followed in texts copied by other hands. Where the copy-text is a printed one, it is followed exactly unless otherwise indicated in footnotes, except for correction of obvious misprints. Manuscripts quoted in notes are generally literatim.

Square brackets, [ ], indicate an expansion not in the category of standard usage, or a word dropped from the text obviously by a slip, supplied from another text or from conjecture. Angle brackets, ⟨ ⟩, indicate words torn, obliterated or for any other reason not with certainty legible.

The exposition of the major sources shows how difficult is the establishment of a canon of Lady Mary's verse, and how many different degrees of doubt exist between poems which definitely are, or definitely are not, by her. The body of this thesis contains the poems she (almost) certainly wrote: those existing in rough drafts in her hand, those she claimed as her own without conflicting evidence, and those ascribed to her on what seems convincing testimony. I have included fragments but not unattached single lines, nor lines or couplets tacked on to a quotation.[1] A later section incorporates those poems about which doubts cannot be resolved ("Verses of Doubtful Authorship"). This includes poems attributed to her on slender evidence and those in her handwriting for which no source has been found. They have been edited in the same way as those definitely ascribed to her. Poems found among her miscellaneous papers but in the writing of other people are assumed in the absence of further evidence not to be by her.[2] In Appendix I, "Verse Related to Lady Mary's", I have listed sources consulted but have not provided variant readings: the copy-text is always that given first. Appendix II lists poems attributed to her falsely or on what appear to be insufficient grounds; it provides the same apparatus but quotes first and last lines only.

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1. E.g. CB f. 10; Letters, i. 178, ii. 28, 117.

2. For the suggestion that LM covered her tracks by annotating autobiographical poems in her MSS with the names of others, see below, p. 762.

VERSE

BY

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

Julia to Ovid. 1701-2

Wrote at 12 years of Age in Imitation of Ovid's epistles.

Ovid's (rejected) love for the emperor's daughter had been treated as cause of his exile in "Ovid to Julia" (Miscellany, /ed. A. Behn/, 1685, pp. 265-70). Dryden in his preface to Ovid's epistles suggested that Julia was not the cause (Poems, ed. J. Kinsley, 1958, i. 178-9).

Lady Mary may have exaggerated her youth when she wrote this epistle; its style suggests that it comes after, not before, Harrowby MSS 250 and 251. Since, however, she made the only extant copy half a century after the alleged date of composition, it probably received a later polish. Leigh Hunt, commenting on its "nice...apprehension of the reigning melody in verse, and the complimentary cant of gallantry", thought she had a lover of her own in mind (Men, Women and Books, 1847, ii. 212-13).

MS: H MS 256, ff. 57-58, copied by Lady Mary after 1755.

Printed: 1803, v. 99-101; 1837, iii. 341-2; 1861, ii. 429-30.

Are Love and Power incapable to meet,
And must they all be wretched who are great?
Enslav'd by Titles, and by Forms confin'd
For wretched Victims to the State design'd.
What Rural Maid that my sad Fortune knows
Would quit her cottage to embrace my Woes?
Would be this cursed Sacrifice to Power,
This wretched Daughter of Rome's Emperour?

Title: Wrote/ Written eds.

3-4 Cf. "I know the Fate" (below p. 331).

When sick with Sighs to absent Ovid given,
I tire with Vows the unrelenting Heaven;
Drown'd in my Tears, and with my Sorrows pale,
What then do all my kindred Gods avail?
Let proud Augustus place his joys in Power,
I have no Happiness but being Yours:
With nobler Pride I can on Thrones look down,
Can court your Love, and can despise a Crown.
Oh Love thou Pleasure never dearly bought!
Whose Joys exceed the very Lover's thought.
Of that soft Passion when you teach the Art
In gentle Sounds it steals into the Heart,
With such sweet Magick does the Soul surprize
'Tis only taught us better by your Eyes.
Oh Ovid first of the inspir'd Train!
Speak but to Heaven in that inchanting Strain,
So sweet a Voice can never plead in Vain;
Apollo will protect his favourite Son
And all the little Loves unto thy Succour run.
The Loves, and Muses, in thy Praier shall joyn
And all their wishes, and their Vows be thine,
Some God will soften my Hard Father's Breast
And work a Miracle to make thee blest.

13-14 Let proud Augustus the whole world subdue,
Be mine to place all happiness in you; eds.
24 Speak but to Heaven / To Heaven I speak eds.
after 31 LM's note, MS; asterisks in eds.

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12 Augustus claimed descent from Venus; his great-uncle Caesar, himself, and other members of his family were deified.
19-20 Referring to Ovid's Ars Amatoria.
27 Referring to Ovid's Amores.

some lines lost

Hard as this is, I even this could bear
But greater ills than what I feel, I fear.
My Fame, my Ovid, both for ever fled;
What great/er/ Evil is there left to dread?
Yes; there is one --
(Avert it Gods, who do my Sorrows see;
Avert it thou, who art a God to me!)
When back to Rome your wishing Eyes are cast
And on the lessening Towers gaze your last,
When Fancy shall recall into your view
The Pleasures now for ever lost to you,
The Shineing Court, and all the Thousand Waies
To melt the Nights, and pass the happy Days,
Will you not sigh and hate the wretched Maid,
Whose fatal Love your safety has betraid;
Say that from me your Banishment does come
And Curse the Eyes that have expell'd you Rome.
Those Eyes which now are weeping for your Woes
The Sleep of Death shall then for ever close.

---

40 Towers gaze/ towers you gaze eds.
41 into/ unto eds.

---

32 Cf. Aureng-Zebe, Act IV: "Hard, as it is, I this command obey" (Dryden, DW, iv. 135).
48 Cf. "But, curse the virtues that have Ruin'd Rome!" in Lady Mary's version of Brutus's speech after Caesar's death, written c. 1739 and printed in Halsband, "Algarotti", p. 235 .

Written at 14 years of Age 1703-4

Irregular Verses

To Truth

The date which Lady Mary claims is probably that of the poem's conception, but not of its final and shorter form (cf. previous poem).

MSS: H MS 256: f. 55, copied by Lady Mary after 1736: her final version, in three stanzas.

H MS 81 (early): four-stanza version in a fairly early hand (ff. 62-63) but probably later than 1703-4. It is on a folded sheet of paper, with money sums on the verso.

H MS 81 (late): Lady Mary's late hand (f. 54), with only minor variants from H MS 256. The indentation of the lines is different in each of the three MSS.

Printed: 1803, v. 102; 1837, iii. 342-3; 1861, ii. 430-1.

Where Lovely Goddess dost thou dwell,
In what remote and silent Shade?
Within what Cave or lonely Cell,
With what old Hermit, or unpractis'd Maid?
In vain I've sought thee all around;
But thy unfashionable Sound
In Crouds was never heard,
Nor ever has thy Form, in Court, or Town appear'd.

Title / missing from H MS 81 (late); On Truth Irregular Verses H MS 81 (early).
2. silent / Quiet H MS 81 (early).
3 lonely / Humble H MS 81 (early).
8 Court, or Town / town or court eds.

1-4 Cf. John Cutts's "Wisdom":
But oh! what art thou, and where dost thou dwell?
Not with the Hermite in his lonely Cell
(Poetical Excercises Written Upon Several Occasions, 1687, p. 3).

The Sanctuary is not safe for thee,
Chas'd thence by endless Mystery;
Thy own Proffessors chase thee thence
And wage eternal War, with thee, and sence,
Then in perplexing comments lost
Even when they would be thought, to shew thee most.

Most Beautiful when most distress'd
Descend my Goddess to my Breast,
There thou maist reign, unrivall'd and alone,
My thoughts thy Subjects, and my Heart thy Throne.

---

9 for / to eds.
The Sanctuary's no retreat for thee H MS 81 (early).
14 thee / the 1837, 1861.
after 14 another stanza follows in H MS 81 (early):
Even in this tempestuous Age
Now Discord and the Furys reign
And with unintermitting rage
Eternal Strife and war maintain
In this alone we all agree,
In hateing and commending Thee,
No Faction yet was ever known,
Thy long neglected sway to own.
16 my Goddess / Oh Goddess eds.
after 16 another couplet follows in H MS 81 (early):
On safety there you may depend /altered from ⟨?⟩ thy Empire there/
My Guide, my Goddesse, and my Freind,
17 thou maist / you shall H MS 81 (early).
unrivall'd / securely H MS 81 (late).
18 thy...thy / your...your H MS 81 (early).

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variant after 14 Cf. Nahum Tate's "On the Lamented Death Of the Late Countess of Dorset":
The Impious Age still from one Crime is free,
Mad with Intestine Strife, we all agree,
As in Admiring in Lamenting Thee!
(published with Sheffield's Temple of Death, 2nd ed., 1695, p. 211).
variant after 16 Cf. "Hymn to the Moon", line 8 (below, p. 620).
18 Cf. Congreve's "Paraphrase upon Horace. Ode. 19. Lib. 1" (of Venus), "I am her Palace, and her Throne my Breast" (Dryden's Miscellany, iii. 228).

c. 1704-5

The story of Latona is told in slightly differing form in Ovid's Metamorphoses (vi. 337-81). Daughter of a Titan, she was the mother, by Jupiter, of Apollo and Diana. Juno denied her a place on earth to bear her children, and she took refuge on the floating isle of Delos.

The date of this and the following poems is that of Harrowby MS 250. This, "T'was folly made mee fondly write" and "Look round (my soul) and if you can" appear in a slightly larger hand than that of the surrounding poems. They may have been added to the album later, but the difference in date cannot be much.

MS: H MS 250, f. 1, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

By all abandon'd Poor Latona Fled
With Fear and wearieness half Dead,
In Lycia First she stops and on her knees
Thus prays to him that now regardless sees.
Oh Jupiter (with Lift up hands she cries
With riseing sighs and red swoln streaming eyes)
Oh Hear mee, oh relentless Jove
And Pity her -- that's ruin'd by thy Love.
Alas, As ruinous it proves to mee
As to the Lost, the wretched Semelé,

---

7 mee / altered from my
8 As / altered from her

---

3 Ovid's Latona flees through Lycia after the birth of her children (cf. line 18).

And Thou oh Juno! has not yet
These miseries, these tears appeas'd thy Hate?
Can't all my sufferings, all these sighs attone --
Already I am quite undone,
But oh I fear --
Thy hate won't bee appeas'd tho' by my Bloud
But all that's mine will bee Like mee persue'd.
The unborn innocent, Oh Jupiter! oh save
And Let the wretched mother find a grave --
This said she rais'd her eyes, and saw a Fountain near,
The

---

12 Punctuation editorial.
13 Can't / altered from Not
17 will / altered from wee
21 The / altered from Of e

---

10 Semele asked Jupiter to appear to her in majesty, and was consumed by his thunder.
20 Perhaps LM intended to follow Ovid's story of peasants who refused Latona water and were turned into frogs.

The Greek of Moschus

c. 1704-5

Paraphras'd

Lady Mary has indeed paraphrased and abridged rather than translated her source, the first idyll of Moschus. She may have worked from one of the extant Latin or French translations. Several English versions were in print (Thomas Stanley's, published with his Poems, 1651, pp. 38-39; Dryden's Miscellany, iii. 201-3, v. 150-3), but there is no indication of their influence on her.

MS: H MS 250, f. 4, Lady Mary's juvenile hand. Preceding this poem on the same page is a stanza or short poem almost entirely obliterated by a huge blot:

Le⟨st you ?⟩ too late
The ⟨? ⟩
Le⟨ ? ⟩te
⟨? ⟩etched fate
⟨?⟩ youth or maid.

Where is the Lovely wanderer,
Where is my charming Boy oh where,
Seek him ye Graces, seek him every one,
I'll tell the Marks whereby he may bee known
(He that finds him shall receive
A kiss which joyfully I'le give).
The Lovely Boy that I desire
Is very like a flame of Fire,
He's powerfull and exstends his ⟨sway⟩
Through Heaven, hell and Earth and Sea,
Even mee his mother his commands ⟨obey⟩.
Bring him, nor mind his Childish ⟨tears⟩,

9ff. MS blotted.

His very sighs as well as smiles ⟨are Snares⟩ ,
He's treacherous all tho he looks so fair,
Oh when he smiles then have a Care
For when you hug him close he dra⟨ws his dart⟩ ,
Fixes his shaft into your very Heart,
He's a good Archer, not Apollo's ⟨wit⟩
Can save him when the Boy⟨? ⟩.

---

17 your / altered from his
19 him / altered from mee

To my Lord Halifax. c. 1704-5

On the Verses he made on Lady Sunderland

In the verses which Lady Mary mentions, Charles Montagu (1661-1715), Baron and later Earl of Halifax, praised the current Lady Sunderland by comparing her with the most famous bearer of that name, Waller's Sacharissa (for whom see below p. 295). Anne Churchill (1683-1716), daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, had married the 3rd Earl of Sunderland in 1700. Halifax's verse was printed in 1704 as "Written in a Blank Leaf of Mr. Waller's Poems, in the Gallery at Altrop; having there seen the Lady Sunderland's Picture, by Vandike" (Dryden's Miscellany, v. 102).

MS: H MS 250, f. 4, Lady Mary's juvenile hand. Below this poem the page bears a list of names of romance heroines, in the same (larger) hand as the next two poems.

Gazing on Sunderland's Lovely face
I thought t'imposible to add a grace
But when I read her Beauties praise
In Halifaxes soft and matchless Lays
In Rapture I the Lines did read,
All ravish'd with her praise, I said
None but Great Halifaxes skill,
None but so fine and soft a Quill
Could have Describ'd the Fair so well,
With so much Justice, so much Art
Her very Picture charms the Heart,
So well Describ'd that as I read
I'm to her Charms a Captive made.

c. 1704-5

The top of the page bearing this verse (see above p. 42) is occupied by a paragraph "To the Reader" introducing a prose romance, "The Adventures of Indamora", which begins on the next leaf. Lady Mary later added this and the following poem to the almost-blank leaf.

MS: H MS 250, f. 5, Lady Mary's juvenile hand, large characters.

T'was folly made mee fondly write
(For what /have/ I to doe with Love and wit)
I own I tre/s/pass'd wickedly in Rhime
But oh my Punishment exceeds my crime,
My Folies tho' on parchment writt
I soon might burn and then forget
But if I Now both burn and blot
(By mee) the/y/ cannot bee forgot.

---

3 own/ altered from own'd

---

3 The OED's last example of "trepass" is sixteenth-century.
5 parchment: LM was writing on paper, but in an album already bound in parchment.
7 Cf. the large blot on previous leaf, and pa es cut out of this volume (above, p. 204).

c. 1704-5

Like the previous poem, this may be the outcome of a reprimand for time wasted in scribbling.

MS: H MS 250, f. 5, Lady Mary's juvenile hand, large characters (see headnote to preceding poem).

Look round (my soul) and if you can
Point out -- who is a happy man,
The man who never did for ought complain.
This 15 year I've search't the world in vain
But all on every side I see
Nothing but sighs and endless misery.
That there is none I think but if there bee
It is that Happy Careless hee
Quite without reason -- half without a Soul,
A Noisy fashionable flasshy fool
Who lives and talks and moves without a thought,
A Senseless apish self admireing sot.
Th'ambitious man who's dreams are empire's charms
Pitys young Strephon in his mistress' Arms,
The Lover happy in his fair one's Smiles

---

2 Cf. the more traditional and less bitter "The Happy Man", below p. 255.
4 A corroboration of the date of the verse.
13-14 The more usual message of this type of poem, deriving from the early lines of Horace, Sat. I.i, is that each group envies, rather than deriding, the others.

With Ovid laughs at the ambitious toils.
Old hoary ripe exsperience'd men
Whose joys alone consist in sordid gain
Disdaindfully with smiles and scorn behold
Young spendthrifts throw at dice their gold.
The youth mocks at their restless care
And hoarding heaps for the rich thankless heir,
The Learn'd dispise the ignorant Slave
And Cowards mock the unrewarded brave.
And when with wooden Legs they meet
A tatter'd red coat beging in the street
These are (they fleering cry) the glorious spoils,
The envied recompence of warlike toils.
The Soldeir proud of rags and scars
(The Honnourable profit of the wars)
Laughs at the fop who painted has beheld
Battels hee durst not look on in the feild.
The Statesman smiles to see the poet's ode
Extoll his gouty Lordship as a god
When all hee gets is but a gracious Nod.
The poet waiting at the great man's door
Haughty in rags and proudly poor
Disdains the ignorant rich, and values more
Great Butler's poverty then Bruchus Store,

18 consist / altered from consists
19 scorn / altered from scorns

39 Samuel Butler (1612-80) notoriously went unrewarded by Charles II. Cf. Dryden's The Hind and the Panther, 1687, iii. 247-50 and note in his Poems, ed. J. Kinsley, 1958, iv. 1982. Henry (c. 1627-88), 3rd Viscount Brouncker, married a rich widow, and made a profit as a gambler, Cofferer to Charles II and pander to the Duke of York.

Blest in his fancy laughs at State,
The pride and fopery of the great.
Ambition's folly, crowns but larger toys,
Beauty is fadeing riches I dispise,
And poetry my dear my darling choice
Is all chimera, fancy'd joys.
Oh, then since all is triviall here
Not worth my wishes nor desire
Oh Let mee all dispise and only wish
For Heaven's unknown and unimmagin'd bliss.

44-45 Cf. previous poem.

The Country c. 1704-5

For the tradition to which this poem belongs, see Maren-Sofie Røstvig, The Happy Man, Studies in the Metamorphoses of a Classical Ideal, rev. ed. 1962, i. 229-310. A stanza using three rhyming lines was not uncommon in the seventeenth century (Norman Ault, Seventeenth Century Lyrics, 2nd ed. 1950, pp. 105, 115, 127, 265, 318, 471). It is not clear why Lady Mary obliterated some of these verses.

MS: H MS 250, f. 15, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

1

Here I all calm, without a wish I sit
So far from Envy I almost forget
There are such words as, rich, and Great.

2

No noise of Haut-bois, all the airs I hear
Is th'Nightingale, an artless Soneteir
Who with an untaught Tune Delights my Ear.

3

No Gaudy sights I see, no Palaces
But Humble shrubs and Cottages
The Seats of Virtue and of Happiness.

4

I am invited to no Sumptious Feast,
No dear Ragou's nor Fricacees I taste,
No Costly Viands my Low Board have grace't.

13ff. All at least partly obliterated by scribbling, sometimes in the form of other words written over those of the poem. Some of the scribblings can be doubtfully deciphered.

5

Yet I'm Content, Content ⟨the Bliss of Swains⟩,
I hear no Wro⟨nged who Complains⟩,
⟨I have no Woes -- nor have no pains⟩.

6

And I am blest, ⟨? I ? dower⟩,
Fortune has no such Bliss in ⟨Store⟩,
I can be wretched nor be sad no more.

7

⟨A Neighbouring spring (For I am Sure⟩
⟨Without the ? voice of ?⟩)
⟨Nor power think nor wish for ?⟩

8

⟨From a Christall ? ⟩
⟨I ? the wine that I desire to Drink ⟩
And ⟨? the Best of Wine I Think⟩.

---

13 ⟨bein assure ? qui es⟩ written over.
14 ⟨serez toute voye ici⟩ written over.
15 ⟨Je croi que ? -- est folle, sotte je suis⟩ written over.
16 half struck out.
17 partly struck out.
19 written over.
20 ⟨Of their see ? you ? for what⟩ written over.
21 ⟨? no people ?⟩ written over.
22 ⟨? have sett it go ?⟩ written over.
23 ⟨I Write soe very silly ?⟩ written over.
24 ⟨? A Foole⟩ written over.

13ff. For LM's habit of obliterating with undecipherable scribbling, cf. below p. 425.

The Happy Man

c. 1704-5

The tradition of the happy countryman derived from Horace and Cowley (above pp. 26-27). Five or six years later Lady Mary expressed in prose her romantic wish to be a farmer's daughter (Letters, i. 61).

MS: H MS 250, f. 16, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

1

Remov'd from all the Toils of State
Far from the Troubles that Attend the Great
Young Strephon in a Verdant Grove
More true Content, more Ease did Find,
No usuall troubles vex'd his mind,
He Blest the Hour he did from Court remove.

2

Here he found Content and rest,
No Pasions did disturb his Breast,
All Pasions long agoe was gone
And he well pleas'd with his retreat
Pittying the wealthy and the Great
He Liv'd Contented and alone.

3

Happier here then when the Croud
Talk't his praise and merrits Loud,
T'is he what /sic/ he does Dispise,
He now Is happy and Content
Passing his Days all Innocent
He now is Truly wise.

---

5 No / altered from Then
11 Pittying / altered from Pitty'd

4

Prefering this small country Seat
To all the Honnours of the Great
What he does now Dispise and Hate,
Smileing I heard him vow
That he was never Blest till now
Here in this Poor Retreat.

---

19 LM's father's country seat (Thoresby, Notts.) could by no stretch of imagination be called small (Halsband, pp. 4-5).

My Envy

c. 1704-5

Cf. the preceding poem, which deals with the same theme.

MS: H MS 250, f. 16, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

1

Happy and only Happy hee
Who from toiling Business Free,
From Lawsuits and from Love
Can to A Country Seat remove,
Free from Sorrow, wealth and Care
Can leave the Town without a Tear,
From Pasion and From wishes Free
He is Happy only Hee.

2

I Envy not the Rich or Great
Their Mony, Jewells or their State,
Him I envy, him I wish to bee
Who from Tempestuous Pasions free
Lives in A Humble Blest retreat
Undisturb'd by Love or Hate,
Who when Death comes and Calls away
Ne're Desires an Howr's Stay.

---

2 altered from Who ranges Brisk and Free
15 Unfortunate written ?later in the margin.

3

Did Princes know the Blessings of this State,
Blessings unknown unto the Great,
Sure they wou'd Envy him his Bliss
And they like mee wou'd wish
They never had been rich /or/ Great,
Born without their Pomp and State,
Heirs of A Humble Country Seat
Too low to fear the Turns of Fate.

The Adventurer — c. 1704-5

Strephon to Lucidor

The title fails to make clear that the island of the story is that of love, as in Aphra Behn's "Voyage to the Isle of Love" (published in Poems Upon Several Occasions, 1684, and later quoted by Lady Mary: Letters, ii. 81, iii. 311). This prose and verse romance is discussed above pp. 31-41.

MSS: H MS 251: ff. 1-10, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.
H MS 250 (for two fragments only, see notes): the same.

My Dearest Lucidor, my Freind, you desire mee with Earnestness to write you my adventures. I can deny you Nothing and you seem to know your Power, in asking mee what Lucidor shall only Know, and what perhaps Ought only to bee known to Strephon, but you com-mand and I obey, Your Curiosity shall bee sattisfy'd -- I sett out when Gay and in my blooming Youth, I scarse had counted 20 when I saw this isle. The sea round it seems always calm and smooth,

But Oh! t'is false as crocodiles that Weep,
Avoid my Freind the Flatterys of the Deep.
Oh Do not Gaze on the inchanting isle
Here t'is 10 thousands /sic/ Cupids Kill and smile,
Oh Do not Gaze! for if you gaze your'e Lost,
T'was Gazing made mee touch the Fatal Coast
For when with wishing eyes you Look from far,
Gods! How inchanting does the Ile appear.

In short my Lucidor I enter'd it, I enter'd it accompany⟨d⟩ by Crouds. At the end of this Ile is a Large Castle call'd Marriage which is kept by Hymen. Discord, Strife and uneasyness is it's continuall Inhabitants. The Poor Wretches that Are trepan'd into it must (Unless the Giant Divorce delivers them) stay there for ever. Here Prisoners come for Divers causes. Some Ambition, Interest, Caprice, Obedience bring thither, and a Few Love, but that Little God never enters the enchan⟨ted⟩ Gates. Love and marriage are irreconcilable enemys. At a Great Distance from that miserable place, is the Ruines of a Famous old Palace call'd True Love. It had formerly some inhabitants such as Hero and Leander, Pyramus and Thisbe, but Now t'is so wholly abandon'd that t'is unfashionable to talk of it. Several Leaugues /sic/ from this is the Wood of Coquetrish, it is the most Charming place in the Worlds /sic/.

Here all the Beauties and the Beaux are seen,
Here's allways Flowers, Arbors ever Green,
Here's Gardens, walks, with still Fresh verdure crown'd
And Budding Roses Strow the perfum'd Grownd.
Here's Balls, High park, treats, comedies, and show
And Little Provinces call'd Billet-doux.
Here t'is on this Delightfull Green
That Greatest Wonders every day are seen,

16,23 MS cut.
25 True Love / altered from /?/ Formal
26 formerly / altered from manny

---

34 High park: a current form of "Hyde Park" (e.g. Etherege, The Man of Mode, 1676, Act III, Scene iii; Act V, Scene ii: Plays and Poems, ed. A.W. Verity, 1888, pp. 302, 361).

The Prudè is handed by the Gay Debauche
And Dutchesse here Gallops in hackney Coach.
No Tears of ill-us'd Lovers Wett
The Grass, or swell the neig/h/bouring Rivulett,
Here dwells no Care, but everlasting smiles,
This is the Loveliest Wood in the fair ile.
Here the Gay God does never Tyranize,
Steals to the heart but enters at the Eyes.
Here he is ever Laughing full of Charms
Nor Needs His Little usuall Arms,
Hee throws his useless Arrows by,
On Rosy Beds the Wanton God Does Lye,
Laughing his Looks and Loose is his attire,
His torch all Burning with a Loose Desire
Supinely on a couch of Violets Laid
He hears the wishes of each Amorous Maid.

But my Lucidor T'was far from this Aggreable wood I Landed, Alas, t'was near too near that Old Ruinous Palace. When First I arrivd I Gayly rov'd and every one I Like't I Lov'd, but one evening

The Description

The Sun had scarse retir'd to Thetis Bed,

---

38 Prude/ altered from severe
49 Rosy/ altered from Roses
56 after one evening/ when the Wan struck out.
57 altered from One Evening

Throu' all the Trees the Wanton Zephyr plaid,
Under a shady Beech Calista Lay
To sheild her face from the hot scorching Day,
On Flowers the Lovely Charmer sleeping Laid
Pillows of Roses did support her head,
A Careless Vail was cast upon her Breast
Which Little envy'd Zephyrs Kiss't.
The Wanton Gods the thin Loose Gause did move
Discovering whole charming Worlds of Love,
Amaz'd, confus'd I wondring stood and Gaz'd,
(Who at such Beauties cou'd bee unamazd)
But t'was not Long that I unmov'd did stand,
I Kneel't, and now grown bolder, Kiss't her hand,
She wak't and rose from off the Flowry Bed,
The Charming Vision disapear'd and Fled.
Love came this moment, --
Since Fair Calista I a sleeping 'Spie'd
The God of Love was ever by my Side
In every Word and every Thought, My Guide.
I hug'd the Little God when first he came
And Cherish'd in my Breast the Growing Flame.

Ah Lucidor how charming is a Growing Pasion. I've Lov'd, Nay I was Glad I Lov'd. The Little Deity was ever full of Smiles, Told mee A

---

65 The / altered from They
67 altered from Her Hand Lay careless

---

60 LM apparently missed the contradiction between this and line 57.

thousand pritty Flattering tales and Nurs't my Growing pasion up with Hope. In all my Dreams he show'd Calista ever Kind and fair -- I haunted all the Groves and plains where Various charmers did Resort, but it was Long before I found the Lovely Calista. At Last I found her, I Remember well T'was at a Ball, False Hope had made mee Bold and I Proceeded to Declaration, but, Gods! What Frowns and what a harsh Decree, she bids Mee Never see her More -- I Left her and in Tears spent manny Days, Desconsalate to th'desart of Dispair I retir'd. At Last unto Love's Temple I resolv'd, where Crouds per/pe/tually were Offring hearts. After the Sacrifice of mine I Pray'd.

The Prayer

1

How I have Lov'd wittness ye Nights and Groves
For unto Both I've sigh'd my hopeless Loves,
Nay now when every Flatteryng hope is gone
I still adore and Fondly Languish On.

2

If Tears or sighs or Truths doe merritt Love,
If A True Pasion Ought to have return,
Why Don't her Causeless hate remove,
Why must I still endure her Scorn?

---

89 unto / altered from to
92 ye / possibly the
94 Flatteryng / altered from Flattery
99 Question-mark editorial.

---

92 Cf. "How I lov'd, / Witness ye Dayes and Nights, and all your hours" (All for Love, Act II: Dryden, DW, iv. 212).

3

Grant Mee Great Deity But this Last Prayer
(If I, unhappy I must Still Dispair)
Oh may she never make a Rival Blest,
Oh Love! Grant mee this one, this Least Request.

An Inauspicious Omen rose, And I withdrew more in Dispair then ever, When A Lady Vail'd appear'd So Like my Fair Calista in her mein, that I return'd and Unseen Listen'd to this Prayer which she Offring her Heart, softly made.

Let Others! ask of Juno, to bee Great,
I Laugh at Fopperies of State.
Let others! ask the Mighty idol Fame --
Let all the World forget Calista's Name.
So, while I Live Love blesses my retreat
And Scatters Joys around my country Seat.
Oh Love! except /sic/ of a devote who Swears,
Make but Hephestion her's and only hers,
I will For ever Dedicated bee
To Verse, to Solitude, and Thee.

I knew the Voice to bee Calista's. Judge Lucidor (if thou ever Lov'd and was unhappy) my rage to hear her name Hephestion. Lost in my Wonder, I not perceiv'd when she Retir'd, but Jealousie

---

108, 110 LM's punctuation.
114 altered from Lea

---

111 Cf. "Exil'd, grown old, in Povertv and Pain", line 6 (below p. 651).

Jealousie

Deform'd and ugly monster she appears,
Her hair all Snakes, her drink is Lovers' Tears,
Savage her Looks, Bloody her Garments are,
Curl'd round her neck her Snaky hair,
Her Frightfull eyes Around her wildly Rove
Yet still this Horrid monster Follows Love.

Quicksighted Jealousie soon perceiv'd her Gone and bid Mee Follow and Load her with Reproaches. I did soe but not knowing where she was retir'd t'was Long before my exactest search cou'd find her. At Last I found the Lovely Maid Asleep not on a Bed of Flowers as heretofore when she and I was Free,

But in a solitary Dismal Grove
Where Philomell still sings Sad tales of Love,
Where On each tree Young Mourning Doves
Lament in Murmurs their unhappy Loves
No Fruit, or Flowers, move Delight,
Here Dwells a gloom that almost equalls Night.
T'was In that mournfull region of Dispair
I saw my Lovely Cruel Fair,
Throu' her clos'd eyes some Pearly drops did steal
Which on her Naked riseing Bosom fell,
Her Bosom which still seem'd with sighs to swell.

---

123 are / altered from air
128 not / altered from now
134 On each / altered from Mourning
137 Night / altered from Nights

Her Uncurl'd hair Fell quite Neglected Down
While by her side her hands were careless thro'n.
In this disorder'd Dress she still had Charms
That all my rage and Fury quite Disarms,
I Almost wish her in Hephestion's Arms,
So much this melting sight my Soul does Move,
So much I pity I forgett I Love,
But Love returns as powerfull as before,
I find I pity, but I Love her More.

I Gaz'd My Lucidor and still had gaz'd, but that I saw Lie by her side a paper seemingly faln from her fair hands, I took it Trembling and found these words.

If all the universe does my charms adore,
If Monarchs kneeling Smiles implore,
If Crouds United call Calista fair
Does their Loud praises Lessen my Dispair?
What signifyes alas my Boasted Power
If I at Last must Own A Conquerour?
Oh Rather Let mee Live by all Dispis'd
So by Hephestion my Beauty's Priz'd.
Cruel Hephestion -- Why do I Call him soe?
Hee does not Fond Calista's pasion know

---

145 In / altered from Yet
146 all / altered from still
149 I forgett / altered from and so much
158, 160, 163 Question-marks editorial.
164 altered from Alas! he d

And Modesty forbids my toungue to tell
The Racking pains my tortur'd heart does Feel.
Dye -- Dye -- Calista, Dye, and so conceal
What otherwise thy Eyes will soon Reveal.

I had just finish'd reading when she wak'd, but I Fortunately hid behind a tree before that she perceiv'd Mee. I listen'd still and Gaz'd, When /I/ heard her talk thus.

The Complaint

Ye Gentle Zephyrs all my sighs convey
To the Dear youth for whom I mourn,
Tell him what Fondly I all-weeping Say,
Tell him I Languish and I burn.

And If his steps guided by pitying Love
Er'e chance to enter here
Within this Silent Gloomy Grove
Tell him every sigh and Tear.

Tell him, what I must never hope /to/ tell,
Tell him no maid e're Lov'd so much as I,
Tell him how true I Lov'd, How Well,
Tell him -- that I dispairing Dye.

---

168 soon / altered from sure
178 Gloomy / altered from Glooming

Saying thus I saw the charmer fall, having allready given the fatall Stroke by a Stilletto. I run /and/ held up her head, but found all in Vain. I rav'd, all wild Distractive throu' Groves I Ran, For Months I Never slep't Nor spoke but for to call Calista, to every Echo the Dear Name I Repeated, to every Tree I told My Greife, But Time Kind Time with Awfull reason's Aid, made mee forgett my Sorrows and forgett Calista.

(So Unfortunately I begun m'adventures t'is not to bee exspected the Rest were all Tranquile.) Reason perswaded mee I Never to /sic/ Love again, I fully resolv'd to Leave the Lovely Ile and was just Quitting the Delightfull Green when I heard some Talking pritty Loud i'th'neighbouring Grove, And Curiosity prompted mee to hearken, I did and heard Meliboe bus /sic/ and Marrillia.

In softest tendrest words each swore
By Every God, by every Power
An Everlasting endless Flame
Still thus Constant, Still the Same.

Leaning on Meliboeus panting Breast
Thus the Fond Maid her Soul exspress'd,
Life of my Life Dear charming Youth
If I once falsifye My Truth,
If I ben't ever, Onely thine
Still thus fond, thus ever Kind
Blasts seize this Youthfull Face
And Wrinkles Raze out every Grace.

---

184 having / altered from have
192 I / altered from to

Here she was, when I Apear'd she saw mee, blush't and with her Lover fled, and Left mee mad with Envy and with Love, Reason in Vain perswaded mee to hug no more the Little Traitor, Deaf to his perswasions and fond of Ruine I haughtily Reply'd

The Resolute

Begone -- preach to the miserable Wretch
Whose Limbs a torturing Rack does stretch,
Preach to a Lunatick but not to mee,
I am more Wild more Mad then hee,
Say Not I draw a Certain Ruine On,
No Matter, I've resolv'd to bee undone.
I'le Love....Nor tell mee that I must Dispair,
I Love and will my Love Declare.

Again (not warn'd enough by Former Folies) again I Entertain the Flattering Love, and tho' reason asures mee, I Must dispair after what I'de heard, I bid the Venerable Guide begone and so far Left his councell, that I hop'd and proceeds /sic/ to Declaration, But Marrillia was not Calista, she heard mee in the prittyest Confusion immaginable, But soe, that she made mee think, I might in time bee favour'd as Meliboeus. Hope encreas'd my Pasion to a Flame. With Little cares, asidiously I strove to please, till she Grew colder

---

219 LM's punctuation.
221 Again / altered from I
222 reason / altered from reasons
228 please / altered from pleas'd

Still to Meliboeus, the Youth Distracted with the Change reproach't her, which Stung the Fickkle /sic/ charmer to the Quick. She took so Little Pains to Justifye her falsehood that hee quite Mad Said things which she took Occasion to Break with him for and Fly for shelter to my Arms, an injury to Love I Ought never to forgive her, but see the Weaknesses of Lovers, I thought my self oblig'd to Her, and truly Blest. Together to Love's Temple wee Repair, Offer our hearts to the Young Deity and Fire them both together, -- the Altar is not enrich'd with Gemns or Gold but all inlaid with hearts, upon the Top sits the Wanton God, Under his Feet in Azure This Inscription to which with his Golden pointed Arrow hee Seems to Derect your Eyes.

The Invitation

Come all ye Lovers, Hither Fly,
Leave behind you sighs and care,
Come hither all ye young and fair,
This is Love's Altar, come offer your Prayer,
Come all ye blooming youthfull maids
Gay as the infant spring,
Bring no books nor bring no beads
But your heart bee sure ye bring,
Your hearts must bee the Offering.

---

232 which / altered from for which
240-48 An earlier form of this poem partly remains in H MS 250, f. 3, entitled Invitation, badly torn. These lines read:

Come all you Lovers, Hither <? >
This is Love's Altar, come of< ?>
Come all and be as blest <? >
Cupid Loves a Devou< ? >
Come, hither all <? >
Come all <? >
Gay <? >

It is imposible for mee to tell my Lucidor how Perfectly I thought my self happy. A thousand times I swore I'de ever Love her, a 1000 times she swore the Same to mee, -- How great was my Amazment when by Fame I heard she Lov'd another. All perceiv'd before me and I blinded Lov'd on, till at Last Officious Fame show'd Mee the Happy, /sic/ Ye Guardian Powers oh keep Lucidor from the Tortures I then felt. I rav'd, I sigh't, reproach't and fondly wept before her, clung to her knee's and told her What I heard, but Gods -- with the same air she heard Melibœbus' complaints she heard mine and own'd, to mee She own'd she'd marry Thirsis. What said I not in that amazment, all that rage, Depit and jealousie cou'd inspire a madman with,--

Oh Lucidor the Fair Deceivers shun
For if thou hears't or see's't them thour't undone,
Fly Freind, and by my wounds beware,
Fly all the Gay Deceiveing Fair
Bred up in Pride, well practic'd in deceit,
Oaths are their well taught Lessons they repeat.

After all the Raveings of a slighted Pasion I Left her, Left her and retir'd to the sad Desart of Remembrance, there all her Oaths came every day in Veiw and every day I thus Complaind,

256 /her told/ altered from /as told H MS 251.
266 the/ altered from their H MS 251.

The Complaint

I doe recant -- you are not fair,
You have no beauties in your shape or Air,
I own I said, nay I did vow you were,
But I Am not forsworn tho' I did Vow,
I thought you fair and soe I shou'd doe now,
But you are perjur'd and your charms are gone,
T'was by Your seeming Truth my heart was Won.
No more your eyes that charming Lustre wear,
No more you look all innocent and Fair,
These charms all Vanish now your'e not Sincere.
No more there's Lovely Terror in your Frown,
No! Fair ungratefull, all your charms are Gone.
No more there's killing Lightening in them eyes
Where thousand Little Cupids Lies,
The Laughing Cupids all are Fled
And every Charm begins to fade,
No more your Breasts Like Snowy Hills appear,
Your'e perjur'd -- and no more are fair.
Wittness ye days and Howrs how I have Lov'd,
T'was by your smiles I liv'd and mov'd.

269ff. An earlier version, entitled Recanting, exists in H MS 250, f. 2.
270 shape/ face H MS 250.
272 Am/ altered from did H MS 251.
275 T'was/ altered from Tis H MS 250.
277 No more, you're so Engageing in your Air, H MS 250.
278 now/ when H MS 250.
279 Lovely/ charming H MS 250.
281 killing...them/ peirceing...your H MS 250.
282 Little Cupids/ Cupids Basking H MS 250.

---

after 268 The Complaint/ Cf. above p. 267.
287 See note to line 92 above.

How oft upon the Verdant Flowry plains
With sighs and Languishment I told my pains,
Gods --! how I envy'd was by all the swains.
How oft as on the Grass I gazing Laid
Have you made Flowry Garlands for my head
And how you smile'd when I a present made.
Wittness, oh wittness it ye awfull Powers
With what Content I pass'd the Downy howrs,
Ye heard her all ye Gods, ye heard her swear
How true her pasion was and how sincere.
I knew that Meliboe bus Lov'd her First,
She with deceiveing hopes his pasion Nurst,
T'was hee that her first vows receiv'd,
Hee was the Fool that first beleiv'd
And for my sake was hee deceiv'd.
That she was false to him I knew
And yet beleiv'd to mee she wou'd bee true.
To mee She sacrific'd the Loveliest swain
That ever sung upon the Verdant plain,
To whom the Conscious Powers above
Know how she swore Etternall Love,
A Constant everlasting Flame,
And unto mee she swore the same.

---

290 Languishment / Languishing H MS 250.
292 gazing / (weary) H MS 250.
297 Ye / You H MS 250.
after 298 there are 2 extra lines in H MS 250:
You see Immorttall Powers, you see her Truth,
You see how she deceiv'd a too too Easie youth.
306 To / altered from For H MS 250.
307 sung...Verdant / Dance't...flowry H MS 250.
after 307 there are 2 extra lines in H MS 250:
The softest Charmings't Hansome youth,
A Miracle of Love and Truth.

But now forgettfull of her Oath
She without pity sacrifices both
To Thirsis, hee who meanest Nymphs doe loath.
Him she carresses of his spacious plains,
The richest and unworthiest of the swains,
His pipe makes Horrid musick and Affrights
More then wolves houling in the Darkest Nights,
Hee Dances ill nor never wore the Bays,
The shepherds all condemn his artless Lays --
But hee has fertile plains and manny Flocks
And Goats a feeding on a thousand Rocks.
Mean, sordid, Avarittious Shepherdess
It is not Flocks and Numerous herds that bless,
T'is mutuall love, a Harmony of hearts,
A sincere passion Free from Guilty Arts,
Free from disembling and From interest Free,
Such was ungratefull Fair my Love to thee.
But since thy Folly and thy shame I know
By Heaven and Earth I scorn thee Now.

Such Refflections Deminish'd the Violence of my Pasion and at last I resolv'd to hate the fickle sex. I curst their Charms and vow'd to love No more, and thus defy'd the wanton Deity.

---

312 But / And H MS 250.
315 of / for H MS 250.
317 pipe / altered from pipes H MS 250.
after 328 there are 2 extra lines in H MS 250:
How you'/v/e repaid my Love, Inconstant Maid,
Never was faithfull Pasion so repaid.
329 I've said enough (ingrate) to let you know H MS 250.
330 thee / you H MS 250 -- where this version ends.

---

322 Cf. Psalm 50, verse 10: "For all the beasts of the forest are mine: and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills."

Away Fond Boy, begone and Leave my heart
Now too obdurate for thy Little dart,
Away, in vain thou use'st thy greatest Power,
Thou can't torment nor I grow fond no more.

With such resolutions I went towards the sea designing etternally to Quit the fatall Green, but passing by Coquetrish, who cou'd pass it without Entring? The greatest Prudé and she that starts at the name of Galantry can't pass the Charming wood, where soft cares, smiles, and joy continually Dwell, and few can boast of Liveing 70 year without once Lodging there. A Coquet Love invited mee to enter, nor cou'd I Withstand the pleaseing force of his intreatys, hee profer'd to bee my Compannion nor did I refuse him. -- Never did I pass my time pleasanter then here. Here was perpetuall Balls, promenenades /sic/ agreable, consorts of musick, Comedies, masquerades and all that cou'd move Delight, the very Air (intermix'd with happy Lovers' sighs) Inspir'd a Softness. I made a thousand Declarations of Love, but oh my Lucidor it was not as before with fears and tremblings, downcast Looks and Sighs, but Gay and Laughing. No more my heart beat high with Transport when I Approach'd, yet I cou'd swear, gaze on her face, then smile and sigh and all them fooleries without once feeling pain. Tho' I said soft things to half the fair I saw, yet t'was Only to Helviddia and Ardelia that I writ. To these I Seem'd the most Assidious, for these writ Songs, Made Balls and magnificent treats. These Young Ladies was Intimates and when I vissited Ardelia, Helvidia thought t'was only because that she was

---

347 LM's punctuation.

---

337 Cf. "So often seen, it should be nothing new," line 33 (below p. 632).

allways there. I manag'd soe neither suspected th'other, both was pleas'd to see mee, to both I derected my Adresses, and the same treat that made My Court to one, engage'd the other. To each I had declar'd My Love and each receiv'd it favourably. If ever I saw Ardelia alone I vow'd, sigh't, gaz'd (nay thought that she was fairest), Lay at her feet and swore etternall Love (Nay almost beleiv'd myself), so excellently well I counterfeited. She was fair as Snow, as white her riseing Bosom, soft and tender and beleiveing, her eyes declar'd her inmost thoughts, the/y/ was Lovely, Bleu, and Large. About her well form'd mouth 10 thousand graces plaid, and when she smil'd, how happy did She make her ravish'd Lover, yet every charm's forgot when Young Helvidia comes in veiw. How black, what fire mixt with sweetness was in her peirceing eyes. The Fine brown Hair that crown'd her, added a Lustre to her face, which tho' not so fair as Ardelia, yet the Lovely Red in her Lips and cheeks, more then recompence'd the want of Lillies. How easie was her shape and how becomeing them Little Affectations, how charming her Wit and how agreable her Raillery, how imposible to deceive her unless she contributed to it her self (as Ladies of her humour Generally doe).

To each I swore, that she had all my breast
(Yet still I Lov'd the present best)
My nights I pass'd not as before
When I felt every thing I Swore,
No more in sighs my restless howrs I pass,
No more with tears I water all the grass,

---

359 allways/ altered from only

No more I sigh in shades and groves,
No more to senseless plants I tell my Loves.
When with them both, in generall I admir'd
And Equally by both my breast was fir'd.
When with Ardelia, her alone I swore
Was all my Soul cou'd e're Adore,
Helvidia's charms forgot (while at her feet
Who wou'd not all the world forget).
But when with young Helvidia all my soul
Her eyes without resistance did controul.
When Absent both, I sigh't for Neither,
Languish'd for each when I saw both together,
Oft Little billets unto each I sent
Perhaps with the same form and complement.
Thus in perpetuall pleasure, every howr
Had fresher joys then that before
Till on a day, when I design'd t'invite
The 2 fair freinds to a Ball at Night,
To each a Little note I writ
Fill'd with the praises of their face and wit,
But by Curst fortune who still caprice rules
(Oh Damn the Deity of Fools)
That to Ardelia to Helviddia went
And That to the Last to th'first I sent.
Ardelia answer'd it with cold Disdain
But bid mee never see her face Again.

---

389 Was/ altered from Had
399 then/ altered from and
403 their/ altered from the

---

385 Cf. "Ballad to the Irish Howl", line 28 (below p. 627).

Helvidia, call'd mee perjur'd, false, ingrate,
The cheifest object of her scorn and hate,
Swore if my impudence (after that abuse)
Durst come and dare to offer at excuse
My blood shou'd Sattisfye a rage
That no repentance cou'd Asswage.
I knew Ardelia soft as Venus' Doves,
Galless as they, and mild as infant Loves,
I knew some few submissive flatteries,
Some Oaths and well-invented Lies
Wou'd move her pity to forgive
For she was mild and easy to Deceive.
I knew Helvidia's Storm of rage too Strong,
Too Violent and Rapid to Last Long,
That soon she wou'd grow calm and I with ease
Her rageing pasion might with vows Appease.
But then I must Devoutly swear
To quit Ardelia -- quit the Lovely fair,
Oh racking thought it is not to bee born,
Oh rather Let mee still endure her Scorn
Then Quit Ardelia, Quit her world of Charms
When just resigning to my Longing Arms.
But if I hope'd Ardelia to regain
Helvidia must bee left -- oh tortureing Pain,

---

430 Then / altered from To

With all her charms must I then ever part,
Quit all the interest in her Lovely heart.
One I must quit, Ardelia, what that charming fair!
Ye Gods t'is more then I can bear.
Helvidia! -- I cannot bear the Thought,
Rather bee the whole world forgot.

Distracted in my choice my Lucidor (for I knew if I cou'd resolve to quit one I cou'd easily keep the other) I resolve'd -- to Leave both. No doubt but this surprizes you -- but I begun to Consider with how much Idleness I'de pass'd my howrs. I banish'd Love my breast and the next Day Left the Isle, but oh not with them crouds I enter'd, only some ruinated Beauties and batterd Beaux were my companion/s/. I took Leave of the Little Coquet Cupid not without some regret.

The Farewell

Farewell, thou Soft tormenter of my breast,
Farewell, thou Dear Disturber of my rest,
No more, on beds of Flowers I'le bee seen,
No more, I'le sigh upon the verdant Green,
At a Nymph's feet no more I'le lye,
No more I'le burn, I'le sigh, I'le dye,

---

434 altered from Must all the interrest soe hardly gain'd resign /altered from bee lost/
435 Quit all the/ altered from And quit all
436 that/ altered from the

No more! I'le never, Never will again
For a frail, faithless, ficil, maid complain,
But to the fair perfidious I'le return
Hatred for hatred, Scorn for Scorn.

In fine my Lucidor I Left the charming Isle and here ended all that you desire to know.

---

454 Never will again_/ altered from fruitles/l/y complain

2 Espistles in imitation of Ovid. c.1704-5

Argument. When Alexander married Statira /he/ swore never to see Roxana, But in her absence was revelling at Susa, which the Young Queen hearing writes thus.

The situation of this epistle had been used by La Calprenède in Cassandre, 1642, and by Nathaniel Lee in his tragedy The Rival Queens; Or, The Death of Alexander the Great, 1677. Statira, Alexander's queen, was a daughter of Darius. Drayton had prefixed each pair of his England's Heroicall Epistles, 1597, with a verse "argument".

MS: H MS 251, f. 11, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

Ha! is it true my Alexander fled
Unto the sorceress Roxana's bed?
Remember faithless King the Oaths you swore
Never to see the cursed Circe more,
Remember I (oh fool) beleiv'd you too
And thought what e're you utter'd must bee true.
Methinks dear perjur'd King I see you still,
Tears did your eyes, and sighs your breast did fill.
You kiss'd mee and these words did say,
Be sure Statira tho' I'me force'd away,
Be sure Statira tho' from you I part
Your Charms shall ever fill this faithfull heart.

---

2 Question-mark editorial.
10,11 Be sure/ written as one word.

---

7 Cf. "Dear perjur'd Youth" (David Crawfurd, Ovidius Britannicus, 1703, p. 60).

With that you kiss't my hand and I well pleas'd
Of half my doubts and fears was eas'd.
You went, and I in tears half Dead
Threw mee all weeping on our Bridal bed
And when the Night invited all to rest
It brought none to my trouble'd breast.
These were my Pains -- while you my Dear unkind
The Sorceress Roxana's Arms doe bind,
Tormenting Thought -- and can it -- can it bee
You have so soon forgot your Vows and Mee?
You have Dear faithless -- yes I am betraid
And you without remorse this paper read,
None mentions mee as I had never been,
I'me the Least Thought of my Dear perjur'd King,
Yet know my Alexander, know that I
Without you cannot Live -- but I can dye,
And dye I will rather then share your heart
Or let the Curst Roxana have a part.

---

11 from / altered from you
19 Pains / altered from thoughts
22 Question-mark editorial.

Cleopatra to Julius Caesar

c. 1704-5

Argument from Mr de Scudrey's romance of Cleopatra

Cléopatre, published anonymously in 1648, was not by Scudery but by La Calprenède. The story of Cleopatra and Julius Caesar occupies vol. I, books ii and iii: Caesar marries her and leaves her pregnant, promising to return; news of his desertion is followed quickly by news of his death. Lady Mary's pathetic treatment of her heroine derives from Ovid rather than La Calprenède.

MS: H MS 251, ff. 11-12, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

Is't posible -- is Caesar prov'd ingrate?
This is an unexspected blow of Fate,
Hee has forgot his Oaths, his truth, his flame
And Scarce remembers Cleopatra's Name.
Unhappy Cleopatra -- Ruin'd Queen,
Yet none can blame thee, that has Cæsar seen,
Has heard his charming words, and veiw'd his Godlike mein,
Has heard his dear Deludeing Toungue,
Tho' false as is the Syrens' Song
Each one that hearkens is undone.
But oh what Triumph is it to Deceive
A credulous maid all easie to beleive,
Why perjur'd Conqueror did you sware,
Had you not sworn that I was fair

---

1 Question-mark editorial.
11 But / altered from Why

You then had not been guilty, I at rest,
And Love had never rack't my tender Breast,
You had been innocent, and I been blest.

Ah Faithless Hero! -- will you Leave mee then
Thou dearest, Greatest, falsest, of all men,
And will you never -- ne're return?
Ah that you did but hear mee mourn
And see my tears, sure t'wou'd your pity move,
Your pity, that's not all, I'de have you love.
By day I seek some malencholy Grove
By nature made for my forsaken Love,
T'is there I weep my Cæsar's perjuries
And Curse the feeble Glories of my eyes,
My restles nights with sighs and tears I pass
Upon some wither'd bank of Sun-burn't Grass,
Sometimes with in a Dismal gloom I read
Sad tales of some deciv'd forsaken maid
And when I find An Hero false and fair
I sigh and fix my sorrows there.
Thus Julius swore (I cry) and thus Deceiv'd,
Thus Cleopatra Lov'd and thus beleiv'd.
Ah! did you see mee now, you'd swear
You never knew mee, nor I ne're was fair
So Alter'd my Pale visage Does appear.

---

20 Question-mark editorial.
21 mee / altered from my
28 I / altered from and
30 a / altered from some

---

17 Cf. "Epistle From Arthur G/ra/y", line 99 (below p. 417).
27 Cf. "Miss Cooper to ----", line 34 (below p. 424).

My Caesar, ah my Julius quickly come
Or if I'me dead before write o're my tomb
Here Lies a Queen --
(Oh Virgins may her fate your warning prove)
A Queen who was undone and die'd for Love.

40ff. Of Ovid's heroines, Phyllis, Dido and Hypermnestra conclude by ordering inscriptions for their tombs.

From Ovid's Metamorphoses

c. 1704-5

This poem differs widely from the story in Metamorphoses (x. 720-39). See above pp. 19-20.

MS: H MS 251, f. 12, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

When young Adonis dy'd the Queen of Love
With loud complaints ran to the fatal Grove.
Adonis! charming youth, she weeping cry'd
And the dear name each babling Nymph reply'd,
Ran throu' the Briars which unregarded stood
And dy'd the rose tree with the Goddess' blood.
From those fine drops there came them Lovely reds
Which still the charming Leaves o're spreads
Since then --
It makes the glory of the gay bouquette
Where choicest flowers are in Asemblie met,
When the most beauteous does the Charm Compose
None is so much regarded as the Rose
For charming Scent and Lovely colour'd Leaves,
Nor is't ingrate for what the Goddess gave,
All the return a Flower can make it pays
And shows it's gratitude a thousand ways.
To Beauty t'is an everlasting Freind,
Often unforc'd to beauteous hands will bend,
If Pastorella puts them in her hair

---

5 Briars / altered from rose tre

In gratitude the/y/ make her seem more fair,
Adds a fresh Lustre and Vermillion grace
To all the other beauties of her Face,
Value'd by beauties t'is to beauty Kind,
They Freinds to it and it to them a Freind.

The Country

c. 1704-5

For the opening line of this poem (her second with this title), Lady Mary imitated John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham's "The Vision", line 3: "Tir'd with the toilsome Business of the Day" (Works, 1723, i. 80) and line 1 of the "Farewell" erroneously attributed to Rochester (Poems, p. 234).

MSS: H MS 251: f. 13, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.
H MS 250: f. 17, the same.
Longleat: Portland MS xx. 1; Lady Bute's hand, agreeing with H MS 250 except where noted.

Tir'd with the tedious business of the day,
Wearied with cares on a green bank I lay,
T'was in the spring --
When Nature smiles and all looks gay.
Cool was the evening, green the mead,
Around mee little zephyrs plaid,
The artless songsters of the woods
Joyn'd with the murmurs of the Floods
All seem'd t'inspire in my wearied Breast
What I had wish'd in vain for -- rest.
What charms has innocence and peace,
Here t'was I found that Long hid jewel -- ease,
Blest in my choice and pleas'd in my retreat

---

after 10 there are 2 extra lines in H MS 250:
Refflecting on a Country Life,
How free from faction, pride and Strife --
12 that / the H MS 250.
13 pleas'd in / pleas'd with H MS 250.

I wish'd no longer to bee rich or great.
Oh Lovely shades -- oh charming woods,
Ye purling streams and silver floods
Witness -- if I han't pleasures more sincere
Than among crouds and circles there,
Sincere and solid pleasures Here I find
Pure, innocent, unmixed, and refin'd.
I smile to see th'ambitious toil and sweat,
Drudge on, rise early, sit up Late,
Cringe, fawn and flatter to bee great.
I'me greater far here in my small retreat,
I am not waited on, nor doe I wait,
I am not flatter'd, nor I flatter none,
I wait no great man's smiles but am my Own.

---

after 14 there are 4 extra lines in H MS 250:
Contented here, most solemnly I swore
To see the Factious Busie town no more,
Here to the Verdant Woods I /I'd Longleat/ oft resort
And smile to think upon the Glittering Court
after this a space follows in H MS 250, to the right of which are 4 half-lines in a hand probably not LM's (page torn):
Happy He and he <? >
Who contented and <? >
Ne're of N. or F.s he <? >
No snares has ev< ? >
after 20 there are 2 extra lines in H MS 250:
Call mee not Stupid -- no 'tis you
Who vain and fleeting pleasures can persue
after 27 there are 2 extra lines in H MS 250:
Unenvy'd I enjoy my little Store,
I thank the Gods and I desire no more.

---

variant after 14 Cf. "Bagatelle", lines 14-15 (below p. 298).
18 circles: "An assembly surrounding the principal person" (Johnson's Dictionary).

My Wish

c. 1704-5

Lady Mary perhaps recalled the opening of this poem in "Constantinople", line 1 (below p. 393).

MSS: H MS 251: ff. 13-14, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.
H MS 250: f. 13, the same.

Give mee my God, some close obscure retreat
Unseen, unthought of, by the Great,
There I wou'd read and meditate
None with mee but my thoughts alone,
For t'is long since that Freindship's flown,
The name indeed is common grown,
Freindship with Justice went above
Follow'd by Virtue, Truth, and Love.
Since their Departure the Accursed Earth
To monstrous, unheard crimes gave birth,
Flattery, Detraction, envy, Twenty more
Unseen, and never Thought before --
Give mee my God, a peacefull plain
Where none of these black crimes may reign,
There let mee pass my Life in rest
While peace and Quiet fills my breast,
There let mee Live in undisturb'd Delight,
Uncensure'd Let mee Numbers write,

---

16 While / Where H MS 250.

---

7 Justice returns to heaven at the end of the iron age in Ovid's Metamorphoses, i (translated by Dryden: Miscellany, iii, 1693, p. 13).
18 Cf. "T'was folly made mee fondly write", above p. 249.

In pleaseing numbers Let mee sing
Praises to Heaven's Etternal King
And joyn with Angels in a thankfull Hymn.

There, cou'd I Live without another wish
Possest of peace the highest point of bliss,
What King is there who wou'd not Leave a throne
To live like mee contented and -- alone.

Unknowing interest, and unknowing Fear,
Ambition never shou'd have entrance there --
This is my cheife desire, my Greatest wish,
Give mee my God a seat like this.

---

24 who / that H MS 250.
27 entrance / altered from interest H MS 250.
after 27 there are 2 extra lines in H MS 250:
Here from my Blissfull seat I wou'd look Down
Pitying the Pompous Court and Noisy Town,
28 This is / altered from There fro H MS 251.

---

variant after 27 Cf. a couplet written by LM in a letter:
From whence I can with scorn look down
Upon a Worthlesse, witlesse, tastelesse Town
(to Philippa Mundy, 1713, Letters, i. 180: adapted from Rowe's "Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Barry....April the 7th, 1709...", Poetical Works, 2nd ed. 1720, p. 69).

Thoughts

c. 1704-5

See above p. 29.

MSS: (first stanza only) H MS 251: f. 14, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.
(copy-text for the remaining stanzas) H MS 250: ff. 13-14, the same.

1

What's Life, that weer'e so loth to part with it,
Sure t'is some jewel wee're so Loth to quit?
Alas t'is weariesome and tedious too,
Our cares are manny and our years are few.
What's death, that at the name Wee are Dismay'd,
Why shrinks my soul, and why am I affraid?
Trembling wee stand, and when wee plunge wee fear,
And goe to unknown worlds wee know not where,
Amazing thought, yet thither I must goe,
There is the Period -- Period -- No!
There's Strange, Dark, unknown worlds below,
There is what no man knows, and all men fear,
There is I know not what, I know not where.

2

Well all must Dye and t'is in Vain
To spend my life in Cries and fruitlessly Complain,

2, 6 Question-marks editorial.
3 and / altered from t'is H MS 250.
5 at / altered from wee H MS 251.
Wee are Dismay'd / altered from I am Affraid H MS 251.
after 9 an extra line Nothing can save and it must be soe H MS 250.
11 Dark, / and H MS 250.
13 Here the H MS 251 version ends.

---

13 Cf. Aureng-Zebe, Act IV (Dryden, DW, iv. 128):
Death, in itself, is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.

Since wee must Die and there is no repreive
T'is vain to vex our selves and greive,
Let me bee sattisfy'd, since that all must
One day return unto their Native Dust.
But -- ah was there no more then Death
How easie was it to resign our Breath,
But after that when wee are cold and Dead,
Our Limbs grown stiff, our soul is fled
Unto an unknown Somewhere wee must Goe,
Be Judged for Actions wee have done below,
Judged by a Severe All-knowing Lord,
Judged, how I tremble at the word.
What then at that great Day will signifye
This Pomp, these Riches, and this Luxury,
Speak Usurer, what will thy Bags Avail,
Gold with that righteous Judge cannot prevail.
Speak Glutton, where will all thy Dainties bee,
Even the Remembrance bitter now to thee,
Where Nero, will thy Pomp and Slaves be now,
The Meanest of them Greater far then Thou.

3

Pleasure and Triumphs, Pomp of Kings,
All these are triffleing Transitory Things,
Lay up your Treasures where no Theives can Steal
Not on the Earth where moths and rust Prevail.

---

35 LM apparently thought of Nero's slaves as Christians.
38-39 From Matthew vi. 19-20.

Poem

c. 1704-5

Halsband observes the inevitability of Lady Mary's attempting " a poem on death as the great leveller" (p.6).

MSS: (lines 1-32) H MS 251: ff. 14-15, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.
(copy-text from line 33) H MS 250: ff. 14-15, the same.

Well -- for the future Life I'le not desire
Beauty nor riches I'le of heaven require
Nor wish for to bee rich, or great or fair,
This, This, alone shall bee my Prayer.
A Quick, tho' smooth descent, Oh Let mee have
With willing smiles bee glad to meet my Grave.
There's no deceit, nor there's no flattery,
There's no false Freinds, nor Vanity,
Peace still inhabits there, No Strife,
No inconveniencys of humane Life,
No vows are broke, no Usurer there
Hoards up the Gold of the unthrifty heir,
There none detract nor none betray,
Nor no one greives for what the envious say,
No noise of bablers or of Lawyers there,

---

3 altered from No matter H MS 250.
6 And with a smile goe to the Grave H MS 250.
13 There no one does detract, no one betray H MS 250.
after 14 there are 2 extra lines in H MS 250:
But an Etternall Silence there remains,
No one laments, nor none Complains
15 or / nor H MS 250.

---

5 smooth descent: a phrase applied to death by Dryden's Adam (State of Innocence, Act V: DW, iii. 460).

Nor no destinction t'wixt the swarth and fair,
No injur'd innocence does there complain,
No cheated Nymph weeps for her perjur'd swain,
There is no Lamentations heard
Of Kings Depos'd, or Armies fear'd,
No freind betray'd complains,
Etternall silence all around remains.
Thither the great and fair must come,
Kings quit their Grandeur at the Tomb,
All there's alike, alike their beauty and alike their Power,
There's no fond fopish Lover to adore,
And Alexander has as small a name
As the poor peasant that ne're heard of Fame.
Milton nor Cowley's not paid reverence there
Nor the fam'd Cleopatra is not fair,
There Unregarded the soft Waller Lies
Nor none is slave to Sacharissa's eyes.
Hear all you Beauties, Hear ye Great,
Hear this ye Conquerors and meditate,

---

18 weeps for/ does blame H MS 250.
19-22 Detraction cannot blast one's Name
Nor none unjustly Suffers Blame
There all is Quiet, there no noise is heard,
There none's Depos'd, no Armies fear'd H MS 250.
20 Of/ altered from No H MS 251.
24 And Kings must quit their Grandeur at their Tomb H MS 250.
after 24 there are 2 extra lines in H MS 250:
Ladies must lay their Dress and patches by,
There none admires a Lip or eye
25 All there's/ But all's H MS 250.
after 26 there are 2 extra lines in H MS 250:
The Conqueror has there no Bays,
The Poet's not admir'd for his Lays
32 Here the H MS 251 version ends with several rows of little crosses or asterisks.
33ff. From H MS 250.

---

32 Waller courted Sacharissa of his poems, Dorothy Sidney (1617-84), before her marriage in 1639 to Lord Spencer, later Earl of Sunderland.

Think where you all without repreive must goe
Unto a dark and unknown world below.
Death will not stay tho' you Intreat,
He neither fears nor does respect the Great,
Bribes with might buy the Grace of Kings
Will be insignificant things,
Spite of Greatness you must Dye,
Gold and Jewells hee'l Deny
(The only one whose favour Gold can't buy).

42 hee'l / altered from you'l H MS 250.

43 Cf. Horace, Ep. II. ii. 179.

The Insensible

c.1704-5

This poem exemplifies Lady Mary's early liking for lines of irregular length.

MS: H MS 251, f. 15, Lady Mary's juvenile hand, perhaps a re-working of a stanza which has been almost all torn away from H MS 250, f. 3, leaving visible only two lines ending in "ing".

1

Beliza all insensible of Love
Yet charming as the blooming Spring,
Her eyes a hermit's heart wou'd move
And make an Anchoret Look Languishing.

2

In vain her Lovers sigh and swear,
Complain and vow in vain,
She veiws them with the same indifferent Air
Insensible both of their Love and Pain.

---

5 Lovers / altered from Lovely

Bagatelle

c. 1704-5

For the stanza form cf. headnote to "The Country" (above p. 253). OED's first use of the word "bagatelle" denoting "a piece of verse or music in a light style" (in the example "amatory and pastoral") dates from 1827.

MSS: H MS 251: f. 15, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.
H MS 250: f. 17, the same; no variants except title.

By the silver Severn's Flood
Near a lofty, verdant wood
The beauteous Belvidera stood.

She saw the beauties of the spring,
She heard the Little Linnets sing,
She heard the River's murmuring.

She saw the Flowers all gay and Fair,
The Zephyrs softly mov'd her hair
And Fan'd her with a gentle Air.

She saw the sporting Lambs did play,
She saw the Meads all fresh and gay,
She saw the beauties of the blooming May.

She saw -- What she had never seen before,
Seeing these charms she smile'd and swore
She'd never see th'inconstant Town no more.

Title / Poem HM 250.
15 Cf. the last line of "The Penitent" (below p. 308).

To Vencentia

c. 1704-5

This and the next poem also imitate Ovid's Heroides.

MS: H MS 251, f. 24, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

T'is now 2 Months, since I have bid Adeiu
To Life, to Love, to Happiness, and you,
This is not Life (for tho' I talk and move
I doe not Live, when absent from my Love).
With Streaming eyes, Quick sighs, and Tortureing Pain
I think on days, will never come Again,
Them happy, calm, them softly slideing hours
When you was onely mine, I onely Yours.
But now long miles and stormy seas Devide
That knot of Love, wee mutually have tie'd,
Perhaps another too, may gain that heart
Of which I once possest the greatest part.
Why dy'd I not, before I said Adeiu,
Was't posible to Live, and part with you?
Methinks again I see the parting Scene,
The Sea was calm, the evening all serene.
Tears fill'd our eyes, and sighs for passage Strove,
In vain I hid them, not to greive my Love,
Our hands did with an equall Ardour join,

---

1 2 Months / possibly 12 Months
14 Question-mark editorial.

Your weeping eyes, were sadly fix't on Mine,
Trembling I press't you in a last imbrace,
A deadly pale or'espread my fainting face.
But when you Left mee, and my Sense return'd
How much, how true, how justly then I mourn'd
Had you but seen, for oh I can't exspress
But Sure by your own Sorrows, you may guess.
What since I've suffer'd, none can ever tell
For I am sure, none ever Love'd soe well.

To Policrite

c. 1704-5

Cf. headnote to preceding poem.

MS: H MS 251, f. 24, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

While you the favourite of Fortune are,
Enjoying all that please the young and fair,
Have Ruelles, visiting days, to plays resort,
Cheife in Assemblies, and admire'd at court,
Noe Ball in Town, but you they first invite,
And constant at St James /'s/ every night,
Your Absent Freind in shades for ever green
Laments your absence by the world unseen.
But Tho' 'bove all I wish your Long'd for sight,
My best Love'd dear, my charming Policrite,
Yet still I bless my kind indulgent fate
That I'me remove'd from all that noise I hate,
Nor tho' to see (nor think it is unkind)
My best, my true, my ever only Freind
I wish to Leave my charming Solitude,
This favourite shade, this Lovely silent wood,
My happy safe retreat, my darling Choice,
The quiet center of my softest joys.
Serene I pass my Life nor nothing more desire,

---

3 Ruelles: morning receptions in a bedchamber (OED).
6 St James: the Court, cf. "Monday", line 31 (below p. 346).

Never for news into the world enquire.
Cou'd I my dearest Policrite perswade
To Leave the Town for a retire'd Shade,
I'me sure to make a convert of my freind
When once exsperience'd our disputes wou'd end
And you with mee this Quiet wou'd prefer
To all the dust, the Noise, and Tumult there.
But tho' in all things else I yeild to you
What is your merrit's and your judgment's due
To this my freind I never can consent
For Noise to Leave my dear retirement.

---

29 freind / altered from dear

To Orinda

c. 1704-5

Lady Mary may have had in mind the famous Orinda, Katherine Philips (above p. 181). The early lines of the poem could refer to the reception of Letters From Orinda To Poliarchus, 1705; the preference for friendship over love echoes Katherine Philips's verse. Probably, however, Lady Mary borrowed the name at random; it was applied to herself in a verse compliment in 1720 (H MS 81, f. 129).

MS: H MS 251, f. 25, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

Orinda is adore'd by all mankind
And not to Love one may suppose them blind,
United factions sing her praises Loud
And every slave is of his fetters proud,
Please'd with their chains each brings an offering,
Amongst the croud my mite I alsoe bring.
A Virgin muse untaught by rules of art,
A tender freindship and a faithfull heart
Pure and uninterrested, tis Love refine'd,
The noblest pasion of the mind
And innocent as unpolluted groves,
Purge'd from the dross attends on vulgar Loves,
Their false and mercenary flames
Have baser, more ungenerous, selfish Aims,
Designs (beyond your heart) upon your Liberty
And every slave wou'd fain your Tyrant bee.

---

6 croud / altered from rest
after 16 two irregular rows of small crosses or asterisks in MS.

c. 1704-5

Samuel Garth (1661-1719) had published The Dispensary in 1699; the name of its doctor-hero, Machaon (line 6), was frequently applied to him. See below p. 388. He apparently did not print his poem "To the Lady Louisa Lenos" before it appeared in Ovid's Epistles: with his Amours. Translated into English Verse, By the Most Eminent Hands, 1725. Lady Mary, however, quoted a couplet from it in 1712; she was early an acquaintance of Garth's, and had probably seen a transcript (Spence, § 744; Letters, i. 121, 78, 90, 212). Garth speaks of Lady Louisa's "unpractis'd Years" and "Infant Graces"; his last line shows that he really wanted to compliment her mother. Lady Louisa (24 Dec. 1694-1717) was a daughter of Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond. She married (Feb. 1711) the 3rd Earl of Berkeley, Lady Mary's Damon (below p. 380).

MS: H MS 251, f. 25, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

In Common verse, while common beauties shine
Charms like Louisa's sung by art Devine,
Thus Sacharissa is im-mortall made
Charming in Lines that even time can't fade,
Nor less then she can fair Louisa fire,
Nor Less immortall is Machaon's Lyre.

---

3 Sacharissa_/ altered from Sacharissa's

3 Sacharissa: see above p. 295.

To the young Ardelia

c. 1704-5

As in "The Adventurer" (above p. 275), Lady Mary uses this name without reference to its well-known bearer, the future Countess of Winchilsea (1661-1720).

MS: H MS 251, f. 25, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

With how much Innocence, and Little Care
(Before that Age has taught us Vice or Fear)
How calmly innocent wee pass our days
In Harmless Sports and our unenvy'd plays,
Noe Avarice or Ambition reigns with us.
Oh happy state! cou'd wee bee allways thus.
But Oh the time is hasting On
When all these happy moments will bee gone,
When Love, Desire, Ambition, will infest
And Tyranize by turns your tender Breast,
When you in vain will wish these hours restore'd
That Now such soft content affords /sic/,
Oh fair Ardelia then you'l wish in Vain
For these blest days will ne're return again.

---

12 content/ altered from contents

The Golden Age

c. 1704-5

The account of the Golden Age in Ovid's Metamorphoses, i, had been translated by Dryden; John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, wrote on the same subject in "The Rapture" (Dryden's Miscellany, iii. 8-10, v. 80-81).

MS: H MS 251, ff. 25-26, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

There was (But ah! Long past) a Golden Age
When men did not deceive nor Tyrants rage,
Where noe Injustice, nor noe fears did reign
Exempt from pride, Ambition, and from pain,
None stood in fear of plots or factious men
And Innocence was all their Armour then.
The Earth unforce't yeilded a Bounteous Store,
They neither wanted nor they wish'd for more,
Calmly their hours Past, and no Deceit
Was known in their affairs of Love or State.
There was no giveing Rich, Nor begging poor,
In Common all enjoy'd an equall store,
Gold and it's Impious use was still unknown
Before mankind was interested grown.
Etternal Blooming Spring, Look't allways gay,
Perpetuall sun-shine and continue'd May
A Lasting Equinox through out the year
And Men were Strangers unto Vice and Care,
Fruits Bounteous Nature Lavishly Bestow'd,

---

11 Nor / altered from in

---

14 For LM's horror of beggars, see Letters, i. 249; also below p. 460.

Rivers of Nectar, springs of milk there flow'd,
Their harmless feasts unsullie'd was by Blood
And Man unawe'd and Natively was Good.
Thus free and Blest with peace Live'd all man kind
Before that Laws enchain'd the Godlike mind.

---

21 The vegetarian diet of the golden age is stressed in Metamorphoses xv. 97-110; cf. LM's much later outburst in Letters, iii. 120-1.

The Penitent

c. 1704-5

Cf. "Bagatelle", above p. 298 , which concludes similarly.

MS: H MS 251, f. 26, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

Curst bee the hour, I Left my Native plain
Where Rest and Innocence Triumphant reign,
Where Blest with peace my happy hours I spent
In all the charms of soft Retirement.
Now every moments /sic/ brings it's Anxious cares,
Alternately I'me tost by hopes and fears,
O'reset by sighs and almost Drown'd in Tears.
But I deserve it all for I wou'd try
The city's charms --
(Curst bee the womanish curiosity)
Deluded by the false, the Lovely cheat
I Left my calm, secure, retreat,
But oh! ye Powers regard these prayers,
Pity these penitent sighs and falling tears,
Mee to my Native plain restore
And unto every God and power I've swore
I'le wish to see the Dangerous Town no more.

Title / altered from Repen
11 Lovely / altered from charming

Adeiu to Vanity

c. 1704-5

For this poem see above pp. 42-43. Clarinda (line 3) was Lady Mary's poetical name for herself.

MS: H MS 251, f. 26, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

Tell mee some Gentle pitying power
Must I bee never happy more,
What crime has poor Clarinda done
To draw this Curse -- this Ruin On?
For what more ruinous cou'd prove
Then thus -- thus doatingly -- to Love?
All cures I am resolv'd to try,
Vanquish my foible or to dye.
Refflect my malencholy Soul
(And Let the thought my Love controul)
How all my hopes are false and vain
And that I can't bee Lov'd again.
I want a bright Actractive /sic/ form,
I want the very power to Charm
And all those graces requisite to move
The Soul to a degree of Love.
What foolish weakness wou'd it bee
And how unpardonable in me

4, 6 Question-marks editorial.
10 my Love / altered from thy greife
11 How / altered from that

Shou'd I that know such truths as this
Presume to think of Love and bliss,
For if 'tis true as Sure it is
That of all pains the greatest pain
Is to Love and Love in Vain,
Oh what tortures must I prove
When I am fond enough to Love.
Oh Vanity thou pleaseing Ill
To my soft sex Inseparable
With what reluctancy I part
With the dear Charmer of my heart.
Thou still wou'd sooth my fond disease
And still with charming flatteries please,
Wou'd contradict my faithfull Glass
And show mee beauties in my face
That is not nor that never was.
Farewell thou Soft Amuser Vanity,
A Long farewell to Love and Thee.

22-23 "a verse of Mr Granvile's" (LM's note in margin). George Granville (1667-1735), later (1712) Baron Lansdowne, included this couplet (without the word "That") in his "Song. To Myra" (Poems Upon Several Occasions, 1712, pp. 143-4, 230). It was written before 1690 (N. Ault, Seventeenth Century Lyrics, 2nd ed., 1950, p. 444).

The Dispair

c. 1704-5

This poem marks the entry into Lady Mary's verse of Hermenesilda (see pp. 43, 322 note). She perhaps modelled the name on La Calprenède's Herménégilde, 1643.

MS: H MS 251, f. 27, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

Retire my Soul unto some silent Grove
And there lament thy ill-rewarded Love,
Call every God to witness of thy Flame
And to revenge thee on the Perjur'd Dame.
Adeiu ye Circles, parks, and walks and plays,
All ye deversions of my happier days,
Here to the Grave let mee unpity'd fall
By all forsaken and forsakeing All,
There shall I rest from her insulting Power,
Nor Love nor fortune shall perplex me more,
Since Hermenesilda is, no longer Mine
With how much ease all else I can resign.
Why dy'd not I 2 twelvemonths past
When she soe kind and faithfull was,
When I alone her soul possest
And she reign'd Sovereign in my breast?
But oh! the sad reverse, you slight me now
And /I/ in vain complain of perjure'd you,

---

14 she/ altered from you
16 Question mark editorial.

You slight my vows and sees /sic/ my tears unmov'd
And Quite forget that you have ever lov'd,
But yet there was a time when worthless I
Did all your thoughts and all your soul imploy,
Then if you heard my plaints, or saw my tears
What pains you'd take to calm my tender fears,
With how much Care and what obligeing Art
You'd clear my doubts, and ease my trouble'd heart.
But you are false and Love no more is Ours
Nor can my sighs recall my once bless'd hours,
Adeiu ungratefull Fair, and All Adeiu,
I easyer leave the World then part with you.

---

19 vows / altered from tears

The Excuse

c. 1704-

See above pp. 43-44. Such a plea for forgiveness had been used, without elaboration, in Henry Hughes's "Chloris a Constant Comfort", 1658 (Ault, Seventeenth Century Lyrics, 2nd ed., p. 316).

MS: H MS 251, f. 27, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

Forgive me charming Shade
And thou Oh Sacred Grove
Where oft I've sat and Read
Sad Tragick tales of Love

And thou dear murmuring Stream
And lovely silent Wood
Of my soft muse, th'eternal theam,
Sacred to verse and solitude,

Forgive /~~me~~/ if you doe not Charm
With the same softness as before,
An unknown flame my soul does warm
And I'me subjected to another power.

2

Forgive mee Huntress of the Woods
If I neglect thy sports and thee,
Forgive me Queen of Solitudes,
I'me subject to another deity,

---

4 of/ altered from to

Forgive me little Songsters too
If minding only my sad thoughts
I quite neglect your Airs and You
And not regard your sprightly notes,

Forgive me Grottes and floods and Trees
And every Grove that use'd to charm,
Forgive me Rural Deities,
A mightier power my breast does warm.

*

Thinking of Damon is my sole delight,
Hee is my muse's constant theam
All day my thoughts and all the Night
My wishes and my dream.

Irresolution

c. 1704-5

See above p. 44.

MS: H MS 251, f. 28, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

When with Fair Cloris in the Eastern Grove
After some soft discourse of Damon's Love
Into my hands A Paper then she gave
That I durst scarse refuse and scarse receive,
Irresolute I stood, the Freindly Maid
Oppen'd the Note and bid me, boldly read.
Then with what Care, what pains and Art
I hid the yeildings of my Lovesick heart,
I sigh't, look't down, and blusht with fond surprize
And all my Soul was trembling in my eyes.
I wish't to write unto the Charming Swain
And but deny'd for to bee ask't Again,
How faintly then -- how feebly I deny'd
When powerfull Love was combated by Pride.

The Tenth Eclogue of Virgil Imitated

c. 1704-5

For Lady Mary's use of Virgil, see above pp. 25-26. Here she copies two versions of this poem in Virgil's Eclogues (pub. with Dryden's Miscellany, vol. i: "The Tenth Eclogue. Gallus. Englished by Mr. Stafford" and "The Last Eclogue, Translated, or rather Imitated, in the Year 1666" by Sir William Temple: re-numbered pp. 80-92).

MS: H MS 251, ff. 28-29, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

Sicilian Nymph asist a mournfull Strain
Such as may touch the cruel faithless Swain,
He by whose scorn my dearest Delia die'd
A fatal victim to his rigorus pride.
What Barborus Swain wou'd not attend the Song
Of one who lov'd so well and die'd so young?
Ye Cruel Naiades what withheld your aid
From the abandon'd wretched sighing maid
When she was by false vows of love betraid? --
Surrounded by her Flock she weeping lay
To greife and love a Beauteous prey
And while her tears deform'd her lovely face
Her pitying sheep with sorrow seem'd to gaze.

6, 9 Question-marks editorial.

---

1 Virgil invokes Arethusa, a Sicilian muse. Cf. Stafford's "Sicilian Nymph, assist my mournful strains".
2 LM has reversed the sexes of her lovers. Cf. Temple's "Such as may one day break Licoris Heart".
6 Cf. Temple: "To one that lov'd so well, and dy'd so young!"
7-9 Cf. LM's "Satturday", line 65 (below p. 387), and Stafford:
Ye Naiades, what held you from his aid,
When to unpiti'd flames he was betray'd?
10 Cf. "Satturday", line 69, and Stafford: "His Flock surrounded him".
13 Cf. Temple: "such kind and gentle Sheep".

The Morning came, no joy the morning brought
But a continue'd martyrdom of thought.
Regardless of the damps or fogs arise
Or of the showrs of the pitying Skies,
The Evening darkness or the morning Dews
She nothing fear'd, who nothing had to lose,
Allready lost her Heart, and her Repose.
Her weeping eyes now shone with Languid Fires
And Echo's self with her complaints grew tire'd,
Her cheeks was pale, her charming Bosom bare
And unregarded flow'd her lovely Hair.
    There came the Nymphs and every shepherdess,
All ask her greife, and all wou'd fain redress,
All ask the cause -- she gently raised her head
And with fresh sighs, to the kind Nymphs replie'd.
    You once companions of my happier days
And often Listners to my rural Lays,
Arcadian maids, my sorrows are allaid
To think, when I shall in my grave be laid
You shall (with pitying tears) my hopeless Loves
Sing, to these Hills, and Rocks, and Echoing Groves

---

22 Cf. Stafford: "And ecchoing Groves resound, and Mountains ring".
25ff. LM omits the deities mentioned by Virgil; in "Satturday" she has found parallels to them. Cf. Temple:
> There came the Shepherds, there the weary Hinds....
> All ask him whence, for whom this fatal love.

31ff. Cf. Temple:
> But yet Arcadians is my grief allay'd,
> To think that in these Woods, and Hills, & Plains,
> When I am silent in the Grave, your Swains
> Shall sing my Loves....

In verse so sweet throu' all the listening Plain
May allmost move my false ungratefull Swain.
Ah Daphnis ah, How happy might I be
To melt away my downy hours with thee
Within this Shade, here might we ever stay,
Our Loves still springing and as fresh as they
For ever growing and for ever young
Gay as thy Youth, Immortall as thy Song.
But you ungratefull still remain unmov'd
And Scorn these rural sports that once you lov'd
And leaveing me, persue the shineing court
Where all the vain and painted Nymphs resort,
Practise false smiles, false hair with Ribon bread,
All arts unknown to an Arcadian Maid.
Such doe you Love -- for her despise the Swains
And quit the Sheephook, and the cheerfull plains
And flying from my faithfull Longing Arms
To gain her favour follow war's alarms.
Yet Flying me -- tho' cruel and unkind
May Angry Heaven cause no Boisterous wind,
No sword by Land, nor storm by Sea
Avenge thy horrid perjuries to me.

---

56 thy / altered from the

37-42 Cf. Stafford:
Behold, fair Nymph, what bliss the Country yields
The flowry Meads, the purling Streams, the laughing Fields.
Next all the Pleasures of the Forest see:
Where I could melt away my years with Thee.

45 court: a more credible destination that the snowy mountains to which Licoris flies.

Succesfull as thou'rt false, Oh ever prove
Succesfull, tho' 'tis in another Love.
May every sword my lovely Daphnis spare
And every God protect my faithless dear.
While I in wildest woods for ever stray
And still for thy success and safety pray
Or on some Rock sing to th'inconstant sea
(Ah much more certain then inconstant thee)
The charming songs that once you made for me,
Or on the rinds of Trees I'll carve my woe
And as the rinds encrease the Love shall grow.
Alas, this is no cure for my disease,
Nor verse, nor woods will rageing Love appease,
Nor Nymphs nor Flocks can now no longer please,
No sport, no Labour can devirt my greife,
My Daphnis absent who can give releife,
No cares, no Tears, nor no advice can prove
Of force to cure the rageing ills of Love.

---

58 This piece of magnanimity does not occur in LM's sources.
61ff. Cf. Temple: "How can I better chuse, / Then amongst wildest Woods my self to lose", and LM's "Ballad to the Irish Howl", lines 25ff. (below p. 627).
66-67 Cf. Stafford:
On smoothest rinds of Trees, I'le carve my woe;
And as the rinds encrease, the love shall grow.
68-74 Cf. Temple:
Alas! this is no cure for my Disease;
Nor can our toils that angry God appease.
Now neither Nymphs, nor Songs can please me more,
Nor hollow Woods, nor yet the chafed Boar:
No sport, no labour, can divert my grief:
Without Licoris there is no relief....
Whatever we can prove,
Love conquers all, and we must yield to Love.
74 Like Temple, LM omits the Latin poet's conclusion in his own person.

To Hermenesilde

c. 1704-5

Here Lady Mary has dropped the pastoral convention, see above p. 45.

MS: H MS 251, ff. 29-30, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

While Here I stay condemn'd to desart feilds
Denie'd the pleasures that dear London yeilds
Honnour and Beauty, Wealth and Wit conspire
To crown your Youth, prevent each fond desire,
With charms united every heart you move,
Esteem in women, every Beau with Love.
'Tho press'd with greife I pass my tedious Howrs
I Envy not the sweet content of yours,
May every charm and every Bliss encrease
And raise your Beauty, till I wish it less,
May you still gain, 10 thousand bleeding Hearts
And still your eyes shoot irresistless Darts,
May every motion fan some fond desire
And every Poet Strike for you the Lyre.
Yet midst the praise of the adoreing Croud
And all those Youths that sing your charms aloud
Dispise not Lovely Maid these rural strains
But hear with pity when your freind complains.
Think Charmer think how wretched now I live
Of you, and of the Town at once deprived,

---

12 irresistless: OED gives examples of this "erroneous blending" from 1669.

Ten thousand fears torment my wakefull Nights,
Your silence racks me with 10 thousand Fri hts,
Oft have I writ and sure you have receive'd
And that you lov'd me too, I once beleive'd,
In tender lines oft have I strove to paint
My greifes, and move you with a just complaint,
But ah in vain (alas) I faintly strove,
No lines can paint my sorrow and my Love.
There was a happy time (alas there was
But ah them blessed Hours are long, long past)
When every Morn with smileing joy we met
And still at Night, we parted with regret,
You th<en> was kind, as even I desire'd
And smiled upon the muse you had inspired.
Now Fortune has withdrawn that pleaseing Scene
Which never, never will appear again,
Night brings no rest, nor morning Joys,
No charming prospect entertains my eyes,
Bleak northern Groves, and Drowned Plains
And pleasing converse of the Aukard Swains
Or country 'Squires yet more dull then they
Are all the Entertainment of the Day.
Yet I (by Heaven) this desart wou'd prefer
To Eden's garden or to Java's air
If you wou'd sooth my greife and lull my Care.

---

36 Which / altered from And

---

39 Thoresby, Notts. Cf. "By the side of a halfe rotten wood", line 21 (below p. 552).

But you are happy and like all the Blest
Regardless hear the wretched and oppres't.
For your Bliss I still to Heaven did sue
And all my Vows and Praiers were made for you.
But now when of my cheifest wish possest
Must I be wretched -- now when you are blest
Must I be ruine'd by my own fond Praier
When you are happy then -- must I dispair?
You are Attendant on the best of Queens,
I mourn in shades unpity'd and unseen,
In brightest Circles you are brightest there
While I unhappy languish in Dispair.
A while your pleasures for my sake decline
And send to wretched me one charming line,
No balm can cure me but from hands devine.

50-54 Punctuation, or lack of it, LM's except question mark.

---

54 Lady Mary's early friend Jane Smith (d. 1730), daughter of the Speaker of the House of Commons, became Maid of Honour to Queen Anne between 1705 and 1708 (John Chamberlayne, Angliae Notitia, 1704; Magnae Britanniae Notitia, 1708; Letters, i. 250, n. 2.).

55 Cf. "To Policrite", lines 7-8 (above p. 301).

An Imitation of Ovid's Epistles

c. 1704-5

None of Ovid's heroines shows such martial spirit. See above pp. 24-25.

MS: H MS 251, f. 30, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

Ah whither flys my charming Dear
From these fond Arms wou'd hold you here,
Why doe you fly my faithfull Arms,
Has Blood and Danger then such Charms?
Why has the cruel Power Confine'd
To this weak clay my Warlike mind?
I wou'd with courage follow you,
Fight by your side, and Fame alike persue,
I wou'd doe things that shou'd your envy move,
Acts, worthy of my Soul and of my Love,
And when near you I saw the flying Dart
I wou'd with Pride receive it in my Heart
And to Elizium Bowers with joy remove
Please'd that I dy'd to save my Love.
That is my second praier, my cheifest wish
And next a Life with you, the greatest Bliss,
But Ah in vain I these desires persue,
By Love alone I'm doom'd to dye for you.

4, 6 Question-marks editorial.
5 Power / altered from Powers

3-4 Cf. Dryden's Indian Emperour, Act II, Scene i (DW, i. 291):
Why dost thou then delay my longing Arms?
Have Cares, and Age, and Mortal life such Charms!
5-6 Cf. "Why was my haughty Soul to Woman joyn'd?" (below p. 576).

But did an equal Pasion fire your Breast
In 'spite of adverse Stars we might be blest
And you with me soft moments wou'd prefer
To all the Triumphs and the Conquests there.
How Vain's that Glory you so highly prize
For which you barter all our peacefull joys,
To Merrit sometimes ow'd, to Fortune most,
How hardly gain'd, and yet how quickly lost.
What's Reputation? What is triffling Praise?
Wither'd your Lawrells, blasted be your Bays
Since you can leave me and my tears dispise
Vain are the boasted Glories of my Eyes.
But cou'd I follow you shou'd soon begone
And I my self with Joy wou'd hast you on
But what my Soul wou'd doe, my Fate denies
And I can kill with nothing but my Eyes.

To Hermenesilde

c. 1704-5

See pp. 45, 320.

MS: H MS 251, f. 31, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

No Hermenesilde, by all my wrongs I swear,
By all my Plagues, your slightings and my Tears,
By all I've suffer'd from your Haughty Pride,
By Love, and you, and all my foes beside,
I swear my Tears shall ne're offend you more,
If posible I will content appear
Nor shall my Suffrings ever reach your Ear,
I'll goe -- Alas you will not ask me where.

Farewell thou robber of my lost Repose,
Back I return you, all your broken vows,
From you I've born (oh what have I not born)
Contempt, Indifference, Pride and haughty Scorn,
This I've endure'd, and wou'd endure it still,
You give me freedom tho' against my will.
Permit my slavery, let me near you stay,
Alas I rave! and all my Shame betray,
I meant this Paper for a last Adeiu
And thought to say, I scorn'd you now,
But Oh how Vain my foolish projects prove,

6-8 Possibly a triplet; but 5-6 probably is a bad rhyme.
19 my / altered from your

---

11 Cf. a line of Dryden's Troilus: "For I have lost (oh what have I not lost!)" (Act III, Scene ii DW, v. 73), which LM later used again ("Epistle From Mrs Y/onge/", line 38, below p. 432).

My Soul grows soft, and all I write is Love,
For what so ever fondly I design,
Love and Submission is in every line,
My best resolves but only serve to show
I can forget my Vows to all but You.

<?> May. 26.

26 May ?1705

Lady Mary wrote over the first word of the title: both the early and later readings are difficult to make out. The first was a date, apparently "1705"; the alteration could be "Poem" or "Holm". The latter would be a reference to Holme Pierrepont, the village near which Thoresby stands.

MS: H MS 251, f. 31, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

To you dear Shades, I'll breath my last Complaint
And Hermenesilda's perjuries lament,
She was my Life it self and more to me,
Far more, then all this worthless World can be,
She hears me not -- Ah Cruel Perjure'd Fair!
Nor wou'd I have these sounds aproach her Ear,
May she beleive me unconcern'd, and free
As in my happy days I use'd to be,
Those happy Daies, forgot and scorn'd by her
Shall ever be to sad Clarinda, dear.
Tho' curst Remembrance does encrease my Woe
To think how blest I was, how wretched now;
Ye whispering Winds, conceal what now I own
And let my weakness be to all unknown,
Ye babling Springs I charge you never tell,
I love this dear, this false ungratefull still.
Here by the Censureing World unheard
By all forgotten, lost, and unobserve'd
To sighing Winds and to the pitying Air
I'll call upon my faithless Charming Dear.

12-13 Punctuation and new paragraph LM's.
20 Charming_/ altered from p

<?> May 20.

20 May ?1705

Lady Mary obliterated the first word or words of the title. It may have read "To" with a name.

MS: H MS 251, ff. 31-32, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

Ye Birds that seem to mourn my Fate,
Ye Trees my only Confidantes,
To you I'll talk of Hermenesilda's Hate
And breath a thousand soft Complaints.

Under your Shades we oft have walk't
And blest your kind embraceing Boughs
Where undisturb'd we kindly talk't,
Gave, and receive'd our tender Vows.

Clarinda's name is on each Bark
With Hermenesilda's joyn'd
Of our past Loves a liveing Mark
Tho' she's turned faithless and unkind.

Grow still a witness of her Shame
Who has forgot her Love,
Grow to reproach the perjure'd Dame
And her inconstancy reprove.

Ye Echo's who so oft have heard
Our converse in these Groves,
Seem'd to repeat with kind regard
The protestations of our Loves,

Tell all around how false she is,
How wond'rous false and fair,
She, once the Author of my Bliss
Is now the Cause of my Despair.

Ye Aged Monarchs of the Groves,
Ye wing'd Musicians of the Air,
Ye Winds that whilstling /sic/ round me Moves
All heard false Hermenesilda swear

When she forgot Clarinda's Love
Or was unfaithfull to her Freind
Timber shou'd swiftly mount above
And the fix'd Stars descend.

Come down ye Di'monds of the Sky,
Ye Oaks Ascend and Shine,
Her Oaths are turn'd to Perjury
And she grown faithless and unkind.

---

17 Ye / Possibly The -- in which case the editorial comma in line 18 should be deleted and that in line 20 become a full stop.
23 She / altered from How
25, 26, 27 Ye / could be The
28 Hermenesilda / altered from Hermenesilda's

To <? >

c. 1705

Lady Mary struck out the title, which is only partly legible.

MS: H MS 251, f. 32, Lady Mary's juvenile hand.

Oh Love! in Prospect, full of soft Delight,
All o're Enchanting, at a Distant Sight.
Immagination paints thee ever gay,
And Smileing Pleasures in our Fancys play.
Charm'd with the dear Delusion we go on
Nor find the Folly, till we are undone.

6 Feb. 1712

From a letter to Philippa Mundy. See above p. 127.

MS: Massingberd-Mundy MSS, Lincoln Record Office, 11/5/9; Lady Mary's hand.

Printed: 1965: Letters, i. 116.

I know the Fate of those by Interest wed,
Doom'd to the Curse of a vexatious Bed,
Days without Peace, and Nights without Desire,
To mourn, and throw away my Youth for hire.
Of Noble Maids, how wretched is the Fate!
Ruin'd with Jointures, curs'd by an Estate,
Destin'd to Greifs, and born to be undone,
I see the Errors which I cannot shun.
Pity my Fate, disclos'd to you alone,
And weep those Sorrows which may be your own.

5-6 Cf. Lansdowne's The British Enchanters; Or, No Magick like Love, II. i (1710):
Of royal Maids, how wretched is the Fate,
Born only to be Victims of the State
(Poems Upon Several Occasions, 1712, p. 208).

7-8 This couplet is one of many imitations of Aureng-Zebe, Act II:
Pleas'd with the passage, we slide swiftly on:
And see the dangers which we cannot shun
(Dryden, DW, iv. 102). LM later adapted it again (below pp. 370, 425).

Song

? before 1712

Dallaway printed this song before "The Lady's Resolve" and "Town Eclogues" and following "Julia to Ovid" (which in manuscript it immediately precedes) and "To Truth". The slightly priggish attitude occurs in Lady Mary's letters of 1710-12, in answer to accusations of insincerity from her future husband. But her copy is so late that its date remains conjectural.

MS: H MS 256, f. 57, copied by Lady Mary after 1755.
Printed: 1803, v. 103; 1837, iii. 343; 1861, ii. 431.

How happy is the Harden'd Heart
Where Interest is the only view,
Can sigh and meet, or smile and part,
Nor pleas'd, nor greiv'd, nor false; nor True.

Yet have they truly peace of mind?
Or do they ever truly know,
The bliss sincerer tempers find
Which Truth and Virtue can bestow?

Written ex tempore in Company in a Glass Window the first year I was marry'd. 1712-13

This poem is "rather too long for a diamond-satire", its title probably "only a pretence to serve as a literary device" (M. C. Randolph, N. and Q., clxxxv, 1943, p. 64).

The poem drew two replies, one printed in 1724 (see below) and another, "Lady M. Wortley's Resolve Imitated", variously ascribed to Pope and Sir William Yonge, copied among the Longleat MSS (Portland xx. 78) and printed with Pope's poems as probably spurious (Twickenham, vi. 439). Both were based on the 1724 version of Lady Mary's poem; the latter is the better piece.

MSS: H MS 256: f. 55, copied by Lady Mary after 1736.

Longleat: Portland MS xx. 78, unknown hand, as by Lady Mary. This has a unique variant in line 10, and could pre-date publication if Lady Mary later revised a good deal.

Cornell: pp. 27-28, as "written ex tempore on a Window" but following the first printed text.

Other contemporary copies are Bod. MS Add. B105, f. 101 ("by Lady Mary Wriothesly"), BM Add. MS 32463, f. 40 (unascribed), and BM Add MS 26877, f. 126 (unascribed), all deriving from the printed text of 1724. The minor variants of these copies have been ignored.

Printed: 1724: The Plain Dealer, no. xi, Monday 27 April. This version, either very inaccurate, or editorially tidied, or preserving an earlier form than Lady Mary's copy, was thus introduced by Aaron Hill, the editor:

> a young Gentleman...told us, He had heard a Copy of VERSES, said to be written by the Lady W--y M--e, wherein he thought there was the most Delicate Sense of Virtue, mixed with the most agreeable Turn of Wit, that he had ever met with. Upon the whole Company's desiring to see it, he pulled a Paper out of his Pocket, and read as follows.

Title / The Resolve Longleat; The Lady's Resolve, eds., Cornell.

The company is enthusiastic about the poem, here entitled "The Resolve":

> WE all agreed in the Character he had given of this little Piece; particularly, a Gentleman, who has a Smattering in Poetry; and with an Oath added, He would not be behind-Hand with the SEX in Modesty. And after having call'd for Pen, Ink, and Paper, he writ the subsequent Lines....

Then followed the "Answer to the Resolve". The 1724 text was reprinted as no. cccxlviii in A Collection of Epigrams, 1727 (2nd ed., 1735-7; 1st actually pub. 25 Nov. 1726), followed by "The Gentleman's Answer"; in collected eds. of The Plain Dealer, 1730 and 1734 (the "Answer" considerably revised); in A Collection of Select Epigrams, 1757 (no. ccccxcv: Lady Mary's name in full); in The Festoon, 1766 (2nd ed., 1767, p. 101), unattributed; in A Treasury of Unfamiliar Lyrics, ed. N. Ault, 1938, p. 326. Variants from 1724 are reproduced without italics.

1737: L. Mag., March, pp. 161-2; source of variants unknown. 1747, p. 47; 1748, iii. 305-6; 1768, pp. 91-94. These reprint both poem and answer from 1724: title as in Cornell. 1803, v. 104; 1837, iii. 343-4; 1861, ii. 431. These reprint 1724, adding to the title, "soon after her Marriage, 1713"; they omit the answer.

While Thirst of Power, and desire of Fame
In every Age, is every Woman's Aim;
Of Beauty Vain, of silly Toasters proud,
Fond of a Train, and happy in a Croud,
On every Fop bestowing a kind Glance,
Each Conquest owing to some loose Advance,

---

1 Whilst thirst of praise, and vain desire of fame, Longleat, eds, Cornell.
3 Of Beauty Vain / With Courtships pleas'd Longleat; With Courtship pleas'd eds. Cornell.
5 every Fop...a / every Fool...some Longleat, 1737; each poor Fool... some 1724-1768, Cornell; each proud fop...some 1803-1861.

Affect to Fly, in hopes to be persu'd,
And think they're Virtuous, if not grossly Lewd.
Let this sure Maxim be my Virtue's Guide
In part to blame she is, who has been try'd;
Too near he has approach'd, who is deny'd.

---

7 Whilst /While 1747-1861/ vain Coquets, affect to be pursu'd Longleat, 1724, Cornell, 1747-1861; While beauties lay their baits to be pursu'd 1737.
9 sure/ great Longleat, eds, Cornell.
be my Virtue's Guide/ always by my guide 1737.
10 In part to blame she is, who/ In part to blame that Fair, who Longleat; In part she is to blame, who 1724, Cornell; She is in part to blame, who 1737; In part she is to blame, that 1747-1861.
11 He /She Longleat/ comes too near, that /who Longleat, 1737/ comes to be Deny'd 1724, Cornell, 1747-1861.

---

7 Cf. Dryden, Don Sebastian, 1689, IV. i: "And look'd behind in hopes to be pursu'd" (DW, vi. 90); LM's "Tuesday", line 53 and note (p. 354 below).
10-11 Cf. the opening of Dryden and Buckingham's "Helen to Paris, from Ovid":

> When loose Epistles violate chaste Eyes,
> She half consents, who silently denies

(John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, Works, 1723, i. 91).
11 variant: a footnote in 1861 (ii. 431) points out "that this very line occurs in Ben Jonson's conversation with Drummond". In fact its source is Sir Thomas Overbury's A Wife, Now A Widowe, 1614, D2v.

Epilogue

spring-summer 1713

To the Tragedy of Cato

No manuscript of this poem now exists, though one was extant in 1803 (Dallaway, above p. 212). The epilogue (above p. 63) was never spoken, though no evidence supports Peter Smithers's view that Addison "evidently preferred" the one which Garth wrote (Life of Joseph Addison, 1954, p. 255). This was "severely and not unreasonably censured as ignoble and out of place" (Macaulay's essay on Addison, Literary Essays, 1905, p. 348). Its flippant tone superficially resembles Lady Mary's; but whereas she obliquely criticizes contemporary life, Garth's modern touches ("'Tis best repenting in a coach and six") have little relevance to Cato.

Lady Mary's husband probably sent her a manuscript of his friend's play about December 1712 and she wrote her critique of it soon afterwards, since Addison acted on some of her hints for improvement before the opening night, 14 April 1713 (Halsband, "Addison's Cato and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu", PMLA, lxv, 1950, pp. 1122-9). Her epilogue echoes Pope's prologue (line 5), which was "presumably" written early in the year (Twickenham, vi. 96-98).

Printed: 1803, v. 145-6; 1837, iii. 367-8; 1861, ii. 453.

You see in ancient Rome what folly reign'd;
A folly British men would have disdain'd.
Here's none so weak to pity Cato's case,
Who might have liv'd, and had a handsome place;
But rashly vain, and insolently great,

---

4 In the last scene, just before Cato is discovered to have fallen on his sword, news comes that he is wanted to lead the Spanish army against Caesar.

5 LM echoes Pope's prologue: "Ignobly vain and impotently great" (of Caesar) and perhaps Cato himself on the same subject: "His cares for me are insolent and vain" (see II. ii. 20).

He perish'd by his fault and not his fate.
Thank Heav'n! our patriots better ends pursue,
With something more than glory in their view.
Poets write morals -- priests for martyrs preach --
Neither such fools to practise what they teach.
Tho' your dear country much you wish to serve,
For bonny Britons 'tis too hard to starve;
Or what's all one, to any generous mind,
From girls, Champagne, and gaming, be confin'd;
Portius might well obey his sire's command,
Returning to his small paternal land;
A low estate was ample to support
His private life, far distant from the court;
Far from the crowd of emulating beaux,
Where Martia never wanted birth-day clothes.
For you, who live in these more polish'd days,
To spend your money, lo! ten thousand ways;
Dice may run ill, or duns demand their due,
And ways to get (God knows) are very few;
In times so differing, who shall harshly blame
Our modern heroes, not to act the same.

---

12 For Cato's abstinence see I. iv. 53-58, II. iv. 61-62, and III. v. 34-37.
15-16 Cato tells his son Portius to do this (IV. iv. 134-40).
20 Cato's daughter, Marcia.

? Oct. 1712-Dec. 1714

This verse forms part of Lady Mary's English prose romance about Fontenelle's wooing of Mlle de Condé. The first stanza is his declaration, marked "Open me alone". The second is her reply: "she never debated whither she ought to answer it, but with a mixture of Joy and Fear writ the dictates of a young Lovesick Heart in these words". (The pages of this story have been bound incorrectly, the right order being ff. 386-7, 382-5, 379-81.) Halsband dates the romance 1746-56, during Lady Mary's sojourn in northern Italy (pp. 253-4). Yet the subject-matter and style are more consistent with an early date, though Lady Mary later confessed her "return to the little amusements of my childhood" (H MS 78, f. 11). More significantly, the handwriting is certainly not that of her old age and does not appear distinguishable from that of her critique of Cato (early 1713), which immediately follows it in the volume. I would therefore place this verse in the solitary early years of Lady Mary's marriage.

MS: H MS 80, f. 386, Lady Mary's hand.

Why Albisinda would your Eyes
So slight a Conquest make?
Why wound a Heart you must despise
And which dispair must break?

. . . . . .

Cease to persue a triffling Heart
You may with Ease deceive.
Young and unskill'd, I know no Art
But what I wish, beleive.

? Oct. 1712-Dec. 1714

See headnote to previous poem. The exchange of verse was followed by an exchange of prose letters. Mlle de Condé suggested a friendship free from passion; Fontenelle's reply opens with this verse.

MS: H MS 80, f. 387, Lady Mary's hand.

How happy they that can their passions chuse,
And Love or Freindship, proffer, or refuse!
How easy, and how cautious is that Heart
Which ere resolv'd to meet, forecasts to part!
Where such Indifference or such care appears
How needless Albisinda are your Fears!
Esteem you say, is all you must approve,
You dare no more, nor can I less than Love.

---

1 Cf. other opening lines (pp. 332, 450).

?1712-1715

In this imitation of Catullus's 5th epigram, Lady Mary ignores the Latin poet's remarks on the brevity of life and the hostility of crabbed old men. Translations of the epigram are common in books and manuscript collections of the period, but Lady Mary's version bears no relation to any other I have seen.

The position of the manuscript and the unfinished line (9) make its attribution almost certain. It is dated by association with the fragment which follows, though it could belong to any time in the decade or so following 1712.

MS: Lady Mary's early hand inside back cover of Les Oeuvres du S.r Rousseau, Rotterdam, MDCCXII, vol. i, now at Sandon Hall (cf. next poem).

Let us live my Lesbia and Love
When Dear desires our bosoms move
And their Quick Zest to pleasures give
Tis then we may be said to live.

2

Kiss me soft my Lovely Love
Soft and melting as the Dove
Fondly eager, kind, and sweet,
Thus our mixing Souls may meet,
Let thy gentle
The short transporting Joy prolong.

---

3 their / altered from the
4 Cf. "The Lover", line 31 (below p. 440).

3

Do not yet thy lips remove,
Kiss me on my charming Love.
I dye with every pointed kiss
Oh let me dye in such a bliss,
Renew again the Amorous play
And kiss my ravish'd Soul away.

---

13 Cf. Dryden's "Horace Lib. 1. Ode 9": "The pointed hour of promis'd bliss" (Poems, ed. J. Kinsley, 1958, i. 434).

16 This line, with "very" for "ravish'd", occurs in "The Same /The Pleasure and Pain of Kissing/" in The Altar of Love, 1727, p. 5.

?1715

This fragment is tentatively dated from the relationship of its opening couplet to "Monday", lines 55-56.

MS: Lady Mary's early hand on the front fly-leaf of Les Oeuvres du S.r Rousseau, Rotterdam, MDCCXII, vol. i (cf. previous poem). The book has been shaved for binding; this and the next leaf bear several signatures: "MWM", "Mon⟨?⟩", and "Wor⟨?⟩".

I know thee World with all thy wily Ways,
⟨Th⟩y false carresses and pernicious praise,
⟨I⟩ know the secret of thy language now,
⟨Th⟩e meaning of all specious Words I know,
⟨O⟩aths are but Snares and Freindship but design'd

Eclogues

Roxana

Feb.-Dec. 1715

Or the Drawing room

Monday

The "Eclogues" (above p. 96) are given in their final order, not that of composition. "Monday" was finished before Lady Mary fell ill with smallpox (Halsband, PMLA, 1953, p. 244). It may date from months earlier, not long after the Duchess of Shrewsbury's appointment and The What D'Ye Call It's appearance; cf. date in BM MS and note in Cornell: "On the coming over of the Hanover family: soon after which the others were wrote." Lady Mary's title for each eclogue consists, in varying order, of a description, a day of the week, and (except "Wednesday") a note of those "on stage".

Roxana was identified as "Ds of Roxburgh" by Horace Walpole (his copy of 1748, 2nd ed., BM C. 117.aa.16), by the Cornell copyist and an annotator of the Huntington Library copy of 1747. Mary (1677-1718), daughter of the 2nd Earl of Nottingham and widow of William Saville, 2nd Marquess of Halifax, married (1708) John Ker, 1st Duke of Roxburghe. Lady Mary may have disliked her for her Tory sympathies.

MSS: H MS: 256, ff. 23-25; copied, with the rest of the eclogues, by Lady Mary in 1730 or later.

Nott: Portland MSS, University of Nottingham (Pw V 517); unknown hand, endorsed "Verses by as is s/ai/d by /sic/ La: Mary Wortley".

BM: Lansdowne MS 852, ff. 184-5; the 2nd Earl of Oxford's copy, corrections in a different hand, ascribed to Lady Mary and dated "1714/15." Roxana and "Coquitilla" are identified in the margin.

Title: Eclogues / omitted in Nott, BM; Court Eclogs NY; Town Eclogues Cornell, 1747-1861.
after Eclogues a line blotted out, H MS.
Monday The Drawing Room Nott, BM; Monday/ omitted 1716, NY.

These two MSS, unaccompanied by the other eclogues, each give a version of the incomplete text published in 1716. They may reflect the earliest form in which the poem circulated and achieved notoriety.

NY: New York Public Library, Arents Collection; Pope's transcript, made for Lady Mary in 1717 and later corrected by her.

Cornell: pp. 29-31, corrected by Spence.

Printed: 1716, pp. 13-16; the 1726 re-issue was reprinted in A Supplement To The Works Of Alexander Pope, Esq., 1757 (pp. 71-72); Additions to the Works of Alexander Pope, 1776 (i. 49-51); Pope's Works, ed. Warton, 1797 (ii. 354-5).
1747, pp. 5-8; 1748, iii. 274-7 (the 1751 ed. made one change).
1768, pp. 9-13; 1803, v. 105-8; 1837, iii. 345-7; 1861, ii. 432-4.

Roxana from the Court returning late
Sigh'd her soft sorrows at St James's Gate,
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her Breast
Not her own Chairmen with more weight oppress'd,
They groan the cruel load they're doom'd to bear,
She; in these gentler Sounds express'd her Care.
Was it for this, that I these Roses wear,
For this, new set my Jewells for my Hair?
Ah Princesse, with what Zeal have I persu'd!
Almost forgot /the/ Dutys of a Prude,

---

1 returning/ retiring Cornell, 1747-1861.
2 sorrows/ Sorrow 1716.
3 brooding/ breeding BM.
5 groan...load/ groan'd...load Nott, NY; groan...weight BM; curse... weight 1716.
6 these gentler/ these gentle Nott, Dodsley ed. 1751-1861; more Gentle BM, 1716.
8 my Jewells/ the Jewels eds., NY, Cornell; for/ altered by Spence from of Cornell.
10 Dutys/ Duty Nott, BM, eds., Cornell.

---

1 "Formosum pastor Corydon etc. /the opening of/ Virg. Ecl. 2" (Pope's note, NY).
3-4 See above pp. 59-60.
7-8 Cf. The Rape of the Lock (iv. 97-100) and Gay's town eclogue "Araminta", 1714 (line 33 of a later version: Works, p. 201).
9 Princesse: Caroline, Princess of Wales.

Thinking I never could attend too soon,
I've miss'd my Pray'rs to get dress'd by noon.
For thee, Ah what for Thee did I resign!
My Pleasures, Passions, all that e're was mine.
I sacrifice'd both modesty and ease,
Left Opera's, and run to filthy Plays;
Double Entendres shock'd my tender Ear,
Yet even this for thee I chose to bear.
In glowing Youth when Nature bids, be Gay
And ev'ry Joy of Life before me lay;
By Honor prompted, and by Pride restrain'd
The Pleasures of the Young my Soul disdain'd,
Sermons I sought, and with a mein severe
Censure'd my Neighbours, and said daily Pray'r.
Alas how chang'd! With the same sermon meen
That once I pray'd, the What d'ee callt I've seen.

---

11 Thinking / This King BM, 1716.
12 I've / I 1716; get dress'd / get me dress'd Nott, eds., Cornell; altered by LM from get me dress'd NY.
13 Ah / oh BM.
14 Pleasures, Passions / Passions, Pleasures Nott, 1716; altered by different hand from passions, pleasures BM.
15 I / I've Nott, BM, 1716.
16 run / went eds., Cornell.
17 shock'd / shock 1803-1861; ear / ears BM.
18 Yet even this / Yet even these Nott; And yet all these, NY; chose / chuse 1716; choose 1837, 1861.
This line added by Spence to Cornell.
19 glowing / Blooming Nott.
25 the / this BM, 1716.
26 The filthy -- What d'ye Call it -- I have seen 1716.

---

16 In Feb. 1715 the Duchess lamented that a popular play of Betterton's, which the Princess was to attend, "was such a One as Nobody could see with a good Reputation." The Princess nonetheless "liked it as well as any Play she had seen" (Lady Cowper, Diary, 1864, p. 46).
21 Cf. Prior's Henry and Emma: "By Nature prompted, and for Empire Made" (Works, i. 294; quoted by LM in 1712, Letters, i. 121).
24 "She does not care what she says of Anybody to wreak her Malice or Revenge" (Lady Cowper, Diary, p. 78).
25 Alluding to Paradise Lost, i. 84, and Aeneid, ii. 247.
26 "The Name of a Farce, which some Prudes Scrupled to go to, on the score of the Title" (Pope's note, NY) -- though the title was

(Cont.)

Ah cruel Princesse! for thy sake I've lost
That Reputation which so dear had cost.
I who avoided every Public place
When Bloom, and Beauty bid me shew my Face
Now near thee constant ev'ry Night abide
With never failing Duty by thy side:
My selfe and Daughters standing on a row
To all the foreigners a goodly Show!
Oft had your drawing room been sadly thin
And Merchants' Wives close by the Chair had been
Had not I amply fill'd the empty Space

---

27 Ah; Princess for your Sake alone I've lost Nott.
Oh! Princess for whose sake I've lost /sic/ BM.
cruel...thy...I've / Royal...whose...I 1716; royal...thy...I NY.
28 That / The 1716; dear had / dearly Nott.
30 bid / bade 1768-1861.
31 ev'ry / I each Nott, BM, 1716.
33 on / in BM, 1716, NY; by, Nott.
36 the Chair had been / your chair had been BM /chair altered from side/, NY; your Side had been 1716; the chair been seen Cornell, 1747-1861.
37 not I...the empty Space / not I...the empty place BM; I not...the Place /sic/ Nott; I not...the Empty Place 1716; I not...the empty space NY.

26(Cont.) supposed to allude to the play's being a "Tragi-Comi-Pastoral Farce". The Prince and Princess of Wales often visited Drury Lane (London Stage, II, ed. E. L. Avery, 1960, p. clxi); they saw Gay's farce in Feb. 1715, as did the "Court in general" and an enthusiastic public (Gay, Letters, p. 19; Johnson, Lives of the Poets, ed. G. B. Hill, ii. 271).

30 Cf. Sir Carr Scrope's "Sapho to Phaon": "When blooming years and beauty bid thee love" (Ovid's Epistles, 1680, p. 2).

33 The Duchess's daughters (by her first husband) were Dorothy (1699-1758), who married (1721) the 3rd Earl of Burlington and became Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Caroline; Mary (1700-51), who married (1722) Sackville Tufton, later Earl of Thanet; and Essex, whose early death was probably that wrongly reported of her sister Dorothy in 1717 (G. E. C/okayne/, Peerage; HMC, MSS of the House of Lords, x, 1953, p. 70; Historical Register: Chronological Register, p. 48).

And Sav'd your Highness from the dire Disgrace.
Yet Coquettilla's Artifice prevails
When all my Merit and my Duty fails,
That Coquettilla whose deluding airs
Corrupts our Virgins, and our Youth ensnares:
So sunk her Character, so lost her Fame,
Scarce visited before your Highness came,
Yet for the Bed chamber, 'tis her you chuse
When Zeal, and fame, and virtue you refuse.
Ah worthy Choice! not one of all your Train
Whom Censure blasts not, or Dishonors stain.
Let the Nice Hind now suckle dirty Pigs
And the Proud Peahen hatch the Cuckow's Eggs

---

38 Highness from the dire / Royal Highness from BM.
40 Merit...Duty / Duty...Merit 1716, NY.
42 Corrupts..;, and / Corrupt...still 1837, 1861.
43 so lost / and lost 1716.
44 your Highness / your Royal Highness BM.
45 her / she Nott, BM, 1716, NY.
46 When / Whilst Nott, 1716; While NY.
47 Ah / Oh BM.
48 Whom...or Dishonors / Which...or dishonour Nott; Which...or Dishonours 1716; Which...and dishonour BM; Whom...and dishonours Cornell, 1747-1861.
49-54 omitted Nott, BM, 1716.

---

39 Coquettilla: "Ds of Shrewsbury" (Walpole's note; also Cornell). Adelaide Paleotti married (1705) the 1st Duke of Shrewsbury; she was "named a Lady of the Bedchamber Extraordinary" to the Princess of Wales (against the latter's will) on 26 or 27 Oct. 1714 and retained her post till her death in 1726. "She had a wonderful Art at entertaining and diverting People, though she would sometimes exceed the Bounds of Decency....she was the most cunning, designing Woman alive, obliging to People in Prosperity, and a great Party-woman" (Lady Cowper, Diary, pp. 8-9). The nickname had been used in Spectator no. 377.

41-42 Cf. Landowne's The British Enchanters, I.i:

> Ardan, that black Enchanter, whose dire Arts
> Enslav'd our Knights, and broke our Virgins Hearts

(Poems Upon Several Occasions, 1712, p. 193).

45-46 Lady Cowper's Diary records the Duchess's frequent attendance at court. In April 1716 she is "not so much a Favourite as she was" (p. 103).

47 "O digno conjuncta viro! etc. Virg. Ecl. 8 / line 27" (none in M).

49 "Iungentur jam gryphes equis -- etc. Virg. Ecl. 8 / line 27. Nunc et

(Cont.)

Let Iris leave her Paint, and own her Age
And Grave Suffolkia wed a giddy Page,
A greater Miracle is daily veiw'd
A vertuous Princesse with a Court so lewd.
I know thee Court! with all thy treacherous wiles
Thy false Carreses and undoing smiles!
Ah Princesse! learn'd in all the courtly Arts
To cheat our Hopes, and yet to gain our Hearts!
Large lovely Bribes are the great Statesman's Aim
And the neglected Patriot follows Fame,

---

52 altered by LM from And grave Su--cia marry with her Page NY.
55 thee...with...thy/ the...with...its BM, 1716; thee...and...thy NY.
56 Thy/ Its BM; The 1716.
57 Ah...all the courtly Arts/ Oh...every Courtly Art Nott; Oh!... every Courtly arts /sic/ BM.
58 Hearts/ Heart Nott.
59-66 omitted in Nott, BM, 1716.

---

49 (Cont.) ovis ultro fugiat lupus etc. /ibid. line 52/" (Pope in NY). These passages had been copied in Gay's Shepherd's Week (his "Wednesday", line 59: Works, p. 41).
51 Cf. Garth's Dispensary, ii (4th ed. 1700, p. 22):
Whilst Iris, his Cosmetick Wash wou'd try,
To make her Bloom revive, and Lovers dye.
52 Suffolkia: Walpole made no note here. There were two elderly widowed Lady Suffolks: Anne, née Montagu (1660-1720), widow of the 3rd Earl, and Mary, née Upton (c. 1650-1721), widow of the 5th Earl. The former was renowned for wifely devotion.
53 Cf. "Thô old in ill", line 37 (below p. 639).
55 "Nunc scio quid sit Amor -- Ibid. /Virgil, Ecl. viii. 43/" (Pope in NY). Stafford translated this line, "I know thee Love, on Mountains thou wert bred" (Virgil's Eclogues with Dryden's Miscellany, i. 63); Pope copied it in "Autumn", line 89, and Gay in his "Wednesday", line 89 (Twickenham, i. 86; Works, p. 41).
59 "Torva lænæ lupum sequitur, etc. Te Corydon, o Alexi -- Virg. /Ecl. ii. 63, 65/" (Pope in NY).

The Prince is ogle'd, some the King persue
But your Roxana only follows you.
Despis'd Roxana cease, and try to find
Some other, since the Princesse proves unkind,
Perhaps it is not hard to find at Court,
Thô not a greater, a more firm support.

---

64 Some other, since the / Another, since your NY.
65 find / gain NY.
66 Thô / If eds, NY, Cornell.

---

61 This helped to make the poem politically suspect, for the breach between George I and his son was not yet open.
61-62 Cf. William Bowles's rendering of Theocritus' 10th idyll:
Kids the green Leaves, Wolves the young Kids pursue,
And, Battus, sweet Bombyce follows you
(Dryden's Miscellany, ii. 370), copied by Pope in "Summer", line 70 (Twickenham, i. 77).
63 "O Corydon, quae te dementia cepit, Invenies alium, si hic te fastidit, Alexim. Ibid. /Virgil, Ecl. ii. 69, 73/" (Pope in NY). Creech translated latter line:
Come, mind thy Plow, and thou shalt quickly find
Another, if Alexis proves unkind
(with Dryden's Miscellany, i. 20).
66 Not LM's only jibe at Caroline's size; cf. below p. 548.

Tuesday Jan.-March 1716

St James's Coffee house

Silliander and Patch

Lady Mary probably wrote this eclogue after her recovery from smallpox. Silliander ("Gen. Campbell" in Walpole's notes, Cornell, and Huntington Library copy of 1747: see under "Monday") was John Campbell (c. 1693-1770), Lt.-Col. 1712, Duke of Argyll 1761. In 1720 he married the Maid of Honour Mary Bellenden. In later life he was described as "a man of pleasure" (The History of Parliament: The House of Commons 1754-1790, 1964, ii. 186-7).

Patch ("Ld Hertford" in Walpole, Cornell, and Huntington 1747) was Algernon Seymour (1684-1750), styled Earl of Hertford until he became Duke of Somerset, 1748. He became a Captain and Col. in the Horse Guards in 1715, and in the same year married Frances Thynne; "pleasure seems to have remained his chief occupation" (H. S. Hughes, The Gentle Hertford, 1940, p. 17).

MSS: H MS: 256, ff. 25-28, copied by Lady Mary after 1730.
NY: Pope's transcript, 1717.
Cornell: pp. 31-34, corrected by Spence.

Printed: 1747, pp. 9-14; 1748, iii. 277-31 (some variants in 1750 ed.). 1768, pp, 17-23; 1803, v. 109-14; 1837, iii. 347-50; 1861, ii. 434-7.

Thou who so many Favours hast receiv'd,

Wondrous to tell and hard to be beleiv'd,

Oh H----d to my Lays Attention lend,

Title: Tuesday / omitted NY.
3 H----d / Hervey 1803-1861 (further identified in footnote);
Lays / lowly struck out NY.

---

3 H----d: "Howard" (Walpole's note). Charles Howard (after 1694-1765, died unmarried), younger son of the 3rd Earl of Carlisle, entered the army in 1710. For LM's friendship with his family, see below p. 490; Letters, iii. 184.

Hear how two Lovers boastingly contend,
Like thee successfull, such their bloomy Youth
Renown'd alike for Gallantry and Truth.
St James/'s/ bell had toll'd some wretches in
As tatter'd Riding hoods alone could sin,
The happier Sinners now their Charms recruit
And to their Manteaus their Complexions suit.
The Opera Queens had finish'd halfe their Faces
And City Dames allready taken Places,
Fops of all kinds to see the Lion run,
The Beauties wait till the first Act's begun
And Beaux step home to put fresh Linnen on.
No well dress'd Youth in Coffee house remain'd,
But pensive Patch, who on the Window lean'd,
And Silliander that Alert and gay,
First pick'd his Teeth and then began to say.

---

after 8 an extra couplet in NY:
Nice Ladies loath with such a Crowd to mix,
For none but ragged Matrons pray at Six.
9 recruit/ put out Cornell, 1747-1768.
10 Complexions/ complexion 1803-1861.
14 wait/ stay Cornell, eds.
18 Alert/ italicized NY.

---

5 Cf. Adams's translation of Virgil's 7th eclogue: "Both in the beauteous spring of blooming Youth" (with Dryden's Miscellany, i. 55).
7 Cf. the opening line of Gay's town eclogue "The Tea-Table", 1714: "Saint James's noon-day bell for prayers had toll'd" (Works, p. 138). St. James's, Piccadilly, was the most fashionable church in town (London Past and Present, ii. 278-80).
11 The curtain usually rose at 6 p.m. (London Stage, II, ed. E. L. Avery, pp. xx, li).
13 "A famous Scene in the Opera of Hydaspes, where Nicolini kills a Lyon" (Pope in NY; also noted by Spence in Cornell). LM had seen this opera (by Mancini) in 1710; it had several performances at the King's Theatre in 1715 (Letters, i. 22; London Stage, II. 355-9, 363, 365).
18 alert: except in its military sense, this word was a recent borrowing from French; Addison in Spectator no. 403 had written it alerte (ed. D. F. Bond, 1965, iii. 507).

Silliander

Why all these sighs, ah why so pensive grown?
Some cause there is that thus you sit alone.
Does hopeless Passion all this Sorrow move?
Or dost thou Envy, where the Ladies love?

Patch

If whom they love, my envy must persue
'Tis sure at least I never envy you.

Silliander

No, I'm unhappy, you are in the right,
'Tis you they favour, and tis me, they slight.
Yet I could tell -- but that I hate to boast --
A Club of Ladies, where 'tis me they toast.

Patch

Toasting does seldom any favour prove,
Like us they never toast the Thing they love.
A certain Duke one night my health begun,
With cheerfull Pledges round the Room it run.
Till the young Silvia press'd to drink it too,
Started, and vow'd she knew not what to do:
What, drink a fellow's health! she dy'd with Shame
Yet blush'd when ever she pronounce'd my Name.

---

20 pensive/ thoughtful NY.
21 Some/ altered from Th H MS; that/ why Cornell, eds.
22 hopeless/ hapless eds.
25 sure/ true Dodsley ed. 1758-1861.
31 never/ altered from seldom H MS.

Silliander

Ill fate persue me, may I never find
The Dice propitious or the Ladys kind
If fair Miss Flippy's fan I did not tear
And one from me she condescends to wear.

Patch

Women are allways ready to receive,
'Tis then a favour when the Sex will give.
A Lady (but she is too great to name,
Beauteous in Person, spotless in her Fame)
With gentle Strugglings let me force this Ring,
Another Day may give Another Thing.

Silliander

I could say something -- see this Billet doux
And as for presents -- look upon my shooe --
These Buckles were not forc'd, and halfe a Theft
But a young Countess fondly made the Gift.

---

38 fate/ fates Cornell, eds.
after 39 an extra couplet in NY:
Or what's yet worse to each well-judging Spark,
My Wigg be ruffled when I walk the Park!
45 in her/ altered from is her Cornell; is her 1747, 1748 (not 1758 ed.).
50 and/ or NY; nor Cornell, eds.

---

40 To "Twerl, Slip or Flirt a Fan" was a skill mentioned in Spectator no. 376.
47 "Aurea mala decem misi, Cras altera mittam /Virgil, Ecl. iii. 71/" (Pope in NY). Cf. translation of Theocritus' first idyll: "A better day shall have a better Song" (Dryden's Miscellany, ii. 365).
48-51 The Baron sacrifices similar trophies: Rape of the Lock, ii. 39-41.

Patch

My Countess is more nice, more artfull too,
Affects to fly, that I may fierce persue.
This Snuff box, while I begg'd, she still deny'd,
And when I strove to snatch it, seem'd to hide,
She laugh'd, and fled, and as I sought to seize
With Affectation cramm'd it down her Stays:
Yet hop 'd she did not place it there unseen;
I press'd her Breasts, and pull'd it from between.

Silliander

Last Night as I stood ogling of her Grace
Drinking Delicious Poison from her Face
The soft Enchantress did that face decline
Nor ever rais'd her Eyes to meet with mine,
With sudden art some secret did pretend,
Lean'd cross two chairs to whisper to a Freind
While the stiff whalebone with the motion rose
And thousand Beauties to my sight expose.

---

54 while / which Cornell, eds.
64 sudden / careless NY.
67 sight / eyes NY.

53ff "Malo me Galatea petit -- Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri. Virg. Ecl. 3 /lines 64, 65/. At mihi sese offert etc. Ibid. /line 66/" (Pope in NY). This was copied in Philips's 6th pastoral (Dryden's Miscellany, vi. 45); Pope's "Spring", line 58: "She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen" (Twickenham, i. 66); and LM's "Written ex tempore in a Glass Window", line 7 (above p. 335).

61 Cf. Eloisa to Abelard, line 122: "Still drink delicious poison from thy eye". Pope's editor considers that he had been working on his poem (not finished and published till 1717) for some time (Twickenham, ii. 311-13). LM, however, annotated this line with the word "mine" (Halsband, p. 76), evidently believing that Pope had copied "Tuesday".

66-67 Cf. Gay's "Monday" lines 105-6 (added in 1720: Works, p. 35).

Patch

Early this morn (But I was ask'd to come)
I drunk Bohea in Cœlia's dressing room,
Warm from her Bed, to me alone within,
Her Nightgown fasten'd with a single Pin,
Her Nightcloaths tumble'd with resistless Grace
And her bright Hair play'd careless round her Face,
Reaching the Kettle, made her Gown unpin,
She wore no Wastcoat, and her Shift was thin.

Silliander

See Titiana driving to the Park,
Hast, let us follow, 'tis not yet too Dark,
In her all Beauties of the Spring are seen,
Her Cheeks are rosy, and her mantua Green.

---

72 Nightcloaths / Headcloths NY.
77 Hast / altered by Spence from Hark Cornell; Hark 1747-1768.
79, 83 mantua / Manteau NY; Mantle Cornell, eds.

71-73 These lines reappear as lines 78-80 of "Epistle From Arthur G/ra/y" (below p. 416).
76, 80 The names of these ladies, from Titian and Tintoretto, probably allude to their use of cosmetics.
78-79 Cf. "Verses on Mrs. Susanna Townley, in the front box dress'd in green" from a letter to Fossile's wife in Three Hours after Marriage:

> In you the beauties of the spring are seen,
> Your cheeks are roses, and your dress is green.

Fossile comments "A poor dog of a poet! I fear him not" (ed. John Harrington Smith, 1961, p. 164). The Complete Key to Three Hours after Marriage agrees that "The Letters sent to Fossile are very stupid" (p. 9). The play was published on 21 Jan. 1717, after LM had left for Turkey.
79, 83 mantua: a corruption of manteau from association with the Italian town, where silk was made (OED).

Patch

See, Tintoretta to the Opera goes,
Hast, or the Croud will not permit our Bows,
In her the Glory of the Heavens we view,
Her Eyes are star-like, and her mantua blue.

Silliander

What Colour does in Cœlia's stockings shine?
Reveal that secret and the Prize is thine.

Patch

What are her Garters? tell me if you can,
I'll freely own thee for the happy man.

Thus Patch continu'd his Heroic Strain
While Silliander but contends in vain.
After a Conquest so important gain'd
Unrivall'd Patch in ev'ry Ruelle reign'd.

---

81 not / scarce NY.
82 Glory / altered from Glories NY.
85 Prize / Palm NY.
87 for the happy / for the Happier Cornell, 1747, 1748 (not 1758 ed.); far the happier 1758-1861.
90 Conquest / contest 1837, 1861.

---

84 "Dic quibus in terris etc. Ibid. /Virgil, Ecl. iii. 104/" (Pope in NY). He copied these lines in "Spring", lines 85ff. (Twickenham, i. 69).
84-87 The Spectator had described this kind of test with stockings and garters (no. 492).
87 Cf. Gay's "Monday", line 116: "I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight" (Works, p. 35).
88 Heroic Strain: Cf. "Thursday", line 9, "Wrote in Answer to a Letter in Verse", line 37 (below pp. 366, 447).
88-89 "Haec memini, et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin, Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis. Virg. Ec. 7 /lines 69-70/" (Pope in NY). Dryden's translation is similar (Poems, ed. Kinsley, 1958, ii. 901).

Wednesday

Jan.-March 1716

The Tête à Tête

This eclogue is dated like the preceding one; an alternative ending is printed as the next poem. Dancinda and Strephon are unidentified.

MSS: H MS: 256, ff. 28-31, copied by Lady Mary after 1730.
NY: Pope's transcript, 1717, corrected by Lady Mary (he wrote no footnotes to this poem).
Cornell: pp. 34-37.

Printed: 1747, pp. 15-19; 1748, iii. 281-5 (the 2nd ed. made two changes).
1753: The Lover's Manual, pp. 211-14; variants not recorded.
1768, pp. 21-26; 1803, v. 115-19; 1837, iii. 351-3; 1861, ii. 437-40.

No; fair Dancinda no; You strive in vain,
To calm my Care, and mitigate my Pain,
If all my sighs, my tears can fail to move,
Ah sooth me not with fruitless vows of Love --
Thus Strephon spoke, Dancinda thus reply'd:
What must I do to gratify your Pride?
Too well you know (ungratefull as thou art)
How much you triumph in this tender Heart.
What proofe of Love remains for me to grant?
Yet still you teize me with some new Complaint!
Oh would to Heaven (but the fond wish is vain)
Too many favours had not made it plain!

Title: Wednesday / omitted NY.
2 Care, and / cares, or NY.
3 my tears / my cares Cornell, eds.

But such a passion breaks through all disguise,
Love reddens on my Cheek, and wishes in my Eyes.
Is't not enough, Inhuman and unkind!
I own the secret conflict of my Mind?
You cannot know what torturing Pain I prove,
When I with burning Blushes own, I love.
You see my artless Joy at your Approach,
I sigh, I faint, I tremble at your touch,
And in your Absence, all the World I shun,
I hate Mankind, and curse the cheering Sun:
Still as I fly, ten thousand Swains persue;
Ten thousand Swains I sacrifice to you:
I shew you all my Heart, without Disguise:
But these are tender proofes that you despise --
I see too well what Wishes you persue;
You would not only Conquer, but undo.
You Cruel Victor weary of your Flame,
Would seek a Cure in my Eternal Shame;
And not content my Honor to subdue,

---

14 Cheek/ altered by LM from Cheeks NY.
17 Torturing/ secret Cornell, eds.
22 Mankind/ the day NY.
23 ten/ a NY.
24 Ten...to/ A...for NY.
25 Heart/ thoughts NY.
29 You/ altered by LM from A NY.
30 Would/ altered by LM from You NY; a/ altered by LM from your H MS.

13-14 Cf. Charles Hopkins, "To a Lady":
It shows it self thro' all the forc'd disguise,
Breaks thro' my Lips, and trembles at my Eyes
(Dryden's Miscellany, v. 118).

Now strive to triumph o're my Virtu too.
Oh Love! A God indeed to Womankind!
(Whose Arrows burn me, and whose fetters bind)
Avenge thy Altars, vindicate thy fame
And blast these Traitors who prophane thy Name,
Who by pretending to thy sacred Fire,
Raise Cursed Trophys to impure Desire!
Have you forgot, with what ensnaring Art
You first seduce'd this fond, uncautious Heart?
Then as I fled, did you not, kneeling cry,
Turn Cruel Beauty! whither would you fly?
Why all these doubts, why this distrustfull Fear?
No impious Wishes shall offend your Ear
Nor ever shall my boldest Hopes pretend,
Above the Title of a tender Friend.
Blest if my Lovely Goddess will permit
My humble vow, thus sighing at her feet!
The Tyrant Love that in my Bosom reigns,
The God himselfe submits to wear your chains,
You shall direct his Course, his Ardour tame
And check the Fury of his wildest Flame.
Unpractis'd Youth is easily deceiv'd,
Sooth'd by such sounds, I listen'd, and beleiv'd:
Now quite forgot that soft submissive Fear

---

36 these/ the NY; who/ that Cornell, eds.
38 Cursed/ guilty NY.
40 this/ a NY.
43 why this distrustfull/ altered by LM from and why this /blank/ NY.
46 Above/ Beyond NY.
47 will/ shall NY.
48 humble vow/ altered by LM from humblest vows NY; humble vows 1748 (2nd ed.)-1861.
54 sounds/ words NY.

You dare to ask, what I must blush to hear.
Could I forget the Honor of my Race,
And meet your wishes fearless of Disgrace;
Could Passion o're my tender Youth prevail,
And all my Mother's pious Maxims fail:
Yet to preserve your Heart (which still must be,
False as it is, for ever dear to me)
This fatal proofe of Love, I would not give
Which you contemn the moment you receive.
The wretched she who yeilds to guilty Joys,
A Man may pity, but he must despise.
Your Ardour ceas'd, I then should see you shun
The wretched victim by your Arts undone,
Yet if I could that cold Indifference bear,
What more would strike me, with the last Despair
With this Refflection would my Soul be torn,
To know I merited your cruel Scorn.

---

64 you / you'd 1748 (2nd ed.)-1861.
65-66 omitted in NY and inserted by LM.
68 wretched / hapless NY.
69 that / your NY.
70 would / altered from could NY.
71 Soul / altered from breast NY.

57-58 Pope's May protests similarly about "the Honour of my Race" when, less like Dancinda here than Delia in LM's alternative ending, she is about to give in to her lover ("January and May", 1709, line 590: Twickenham, ii. 43).
66 A paradox common in the poetry of sentiment, e.g. Katherine Philips's "Orinda to Lucasia parting October 1661": "But thou mayst pity though thou dost despise" (Poems, 1667, p. 141), and LM's "So often seen, it should be nothing new", line 16, below p. 631.

Has Love no pleasures free from Guilt or Fear?
Pleasures less feirce, more lasting, more sincere?
Thus let us gently kiss, and fondly Gaze,
Love is a Child, and like a Child he plays.
Oh Strephon! if you would continu Just,
If Love be something more than Brutal Lust;
Forbear to ask, what I must still deny,
This bitter Pleasure, this Destructive Joy;
So closely follow'd by the Dismal Train
Of cutting Shame, and Guilt's heart peirceing Pain.
She paus'd; and fix'd her Eyes upon her Fan,
He took a pinch of snuff, and thus began,
Madam, if Love -- but he could say no more
For Made'moiselle came rapping to the Door.

---

73 or / and NY.
74 more sincere / and sincere NY.
76 he / it Cornell, 1747-1768.
81 Dismal / wretched NY.
82 This line ends a page in H MS 256. At the top of the next page an earlier heading, "Maxims in Imitation of Busy Rabutin", has been struck out; the poem continues below.
83 and / then NY.
85 say / add NY.
86 to / at NY, Cornell, eds.

75-76 Spence admiringly quoted this couplet (Polymetis, 1747, p. 70). Cf. Tate's translation of Ovid's Remedia Amoris: "A Child you /Love/ are, and like a Child should play" (Art of Love....1709, p. 269). In an essay LM applies the same image without irony to her ideal of love founded on esteem "que les Anciens ont tres bien depeint sous la figure d'un bel enfant, il se plait dans les jeux enfantins, il est tendre, et delicat, incapable de nuire, charmé de Bagatelles, tous ses desseins se terminent en des plaisirs, mais ces plaisirs sont doux et Innocens" ("Sur la Maxime de Mr de Rochefoûcault", H MS 256, f. 41; 1861, ii. 421-2).

85 For an alternative ending see next poem.

The dangerous Moments no Adieus afford,
Begone she crys, I'm sure I hear my Lord.
The Lover starts from his unfinish'd Loves,
To snatch his Hat, and seek his scatter'd Gloves,
The sighing Dame to meet her Dear prepares;
While Strephon cursing slips down the back Stairs.

---

87 Adieus / altered by LM from replies NY.
89 Loves / altered by LM from joys NY.
90-92 LM substituted these lines in NY for three which she struck out:
The Lady follows with a ⟨?Look⟩ , and cries;
Oh thoughtless Youth! what ⟨?moments⟩ have you mist?
You have but ⟨?listen'd⟩ when you should have Kist!

Eclogue

1716

This alternative ending to "Wednesday" was apparently rejected by one of the collaborators (cf. the ending copied by Pope but rejected by Lady Mary). Since she preserved this version it seems probable that she wrote it.

MS: H MS 255, f. 11, Lady Mary's hand.

Madam if Love could touch that Gentle Breast
With halfe that ardour with which mine's oppress'd
You would not blast my more than vestal Fire
And call it Brutal, or impure Desire.
The Lusty Bull professes not, nor vows,
But Bellows equal for a Herd of Cows,
The Stately Horse persues no chosen Fair,
But neighs, and prances for each common Mare.
This is impure desire, this Brutal Lust,
Man sighs for One, and to that One is just.
Why Lovely Delia do these sighs arise?
Why heaves your Breast? why sparkle thus your Eyes?
Examine your own Heart, and you will find
Some Wish still left unsatisfy'd behind.
Oh take me, press me to your panting Breast!
Let me be now, and I'm for ever blest.
He spoke, and on her Bosom laid his Cheek,
Fair Delia sigh'd, but had no power to speak,
Fair Delia blush'd, while he put out the Light,
And all that follow'd was Eternal Night.

Thursday — before 26 Jan. 1716; probably before 20 Dec. 1715

The Bassette Table

Smilinda, Cardelia

Lady Mary probably wrote this eclogue before her smallpox attack; it had circulated by January 1716 (Halsband, PMLA, 1953, pp. 243-4). For Walpole's notes see under "Monday". Basset had arrived from France with a reputation as "the most Courtly" game, because it carried the risk of enormous losses (Charles Cotton, The Compleat Gamester, 1709 ed., pp. 177-84). Its popularity had already been recorded in Etherege's "Song on Basset" (Poems, ed. J. Thorpe, 1963, pp. 11-12) and in Mrs. Centlivre's The Basset-Table, pub. 1706.

Smilinda was identified as "Ly Mary Wortley M." (Walpole's note, also Cornell and Huntington Library copy of 1747). Cardelia ("Cs of Bristol": Walpole and Cornell) was Elizabeth Felton (1676-1741), who married (1695) John Hervey (1665-1751), created Earl of Bristol in 1714. Her passion for play is a frequent topic in the Hervey Letter-Books, 1894, passim.

MSS: H MS: 256, ff. 31-34, copied by Lady Mary after 1730.
NY: Pope's transcript, 1717.
Cornell: pp. 38-41, corrected by Spence.

Printed: 1716, pp. 1-10.
1747, pp. 20-26; 1748, iii. 285-90 (but omitted, as Pope's, from Poems by Eminent Ladies).
1751: Warburton's posthumous edition of Pope's Works, vi. 46-51, followed 1716 with some variants (claimed as Pope's); only these variants are noted here. This text was reprinted in Warton's edition, 1797, ii. 326-32.
1768, pp. 27-34, based on 1716 (one variant in 1781 reprint); 1803, v. 120-6; 1837, iii. 353-7; 1861, ii. 440-3.

Title/ The Basset-Table. An Eclogue. 1716; The Basset Table NY, 1751.

Cardelia

The Bassette Table spread, the Tallier come,
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing room?
Rise pensive Nymph! The Tallier stays for you --

Smilinda

Ah Madam! since my Sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd Alpieu.
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's Chair,
And whisper with that soft deluding Air
And those feign'd sighs that cheat the list'ning Fair.

---

2 the / her 1781 reprint-1861.
3 stays / waits 1716, NY, 1768-1861.
8 that / which 1716, 1768-1861.

1 "The Talliere is he that keeps the Bank, who lays down a Sum of Mony before all those that Play, to answer every Winning Card that shall appear in his course of Dealing." He frequently made a large profit (Compleat Gamester, 1709, pp. 178, 184).

4 Sharper: "Lord Stair" (Walpole's note; also Cornell). John Dalrymple (1673-1747), 2nd Earl of Stair, military hero, was a Lord of the Bedchamber 1714-27. Walpole claimed that LM had an affair with Stair before she was married, though he gave Malone the impression that it was her first infidelity after marriage (Corr. xiv. 243; James Prior, Life of Malone, 1860, p. 149). No evidence exists for either version.

5 Alpieu: a decision to raise the stake after an initial win, signalled "by turning up, or crooking the corner of the winning Card" (Compleat Gamester, p. 180).

6 Ombrelia: "Mrs Hanbury"(Walpole's note). This may have been Frances, daughter of John Cotton, who married (c. 1704) William Hanbury, librarian of the Cotton Library; but a more likely candidate is Bridget (d. 1741), daughter of Sir Edward Ayscough, who married (1703) "Major" John Hanbury (1664-1734). She was a friend of the old Duchess of Marlborough, and mother of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams (A. A. Locke, The Hanbury Family, 1916, i. 106-10, 152-7).

Cardelia

Is this the cause of your Romantic Strains?
A mightier greife my heavy Heart sustains,
As you by Love, so I by Fortune crost,
In one bad deal three sept le va's I lost.

Smilinda

Is that a Greife that you compare with mine?
With ease the Smiles of Fortune I resign,
Would all my Gold in one bad Deal were gone
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

Cardelia

A Lover lost is but a common Care
And prudent Nymphs against the Change prepare.
The Queen of Clubs thrice lost! Oh who could guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress?

---

10 heavy/ heavier 1768-1861.
after 10 an extra couplet in 1716:
See! here a fit Companion of your Pain
(Yet heavier is the Grief which I sustain;)
12 In/ One, 1751, 1768; I/ have 1716, 1768-1861.
13 a...that...with/ the...which...with 1716, NY, 1768-1861; a... which...to Cornell; a...which...with 1747, 1748.
14 Smiles/ altered from gifts H MS.
18 the/ that 1716, 1768-1861.
19 Queen/ Knave 1716, 1768-1861; altered by LM from Knave NY.

---

after 10 variant: probably intended as an alternative to lines 9-10.
12 Deal: single hand of cards (OED). "Sept-et-le-va is the first great Chance that shews the advantages of this Game, as for example: If the Punter has won the Couch, and then makes a Paroli by crooking the corner of his Card, as is said before, and going on to a second Chance his winning Card turns up again, it comes to Sept-et-le-va, which is seven times as much as he laid down upon his Card" (Compleat Gamester, p. 180).

Smilinda

See Betty Loveit, very a propos!
She all the pains of Love and Play does know,
Deeply experience'd many years ago.
Dear Betty shall th'Important point decide,
Betty, who oft the pains of each has try'd;
Impartial she, shall say who suffers most,
By Cards ill usage, or by Lovers lost.

Loveit

Tell, tell your Greife, attentive will I stay,
Tho' Time is precious, and I want some Tea.

Cardelia

Behold this Equipage by Mathers wrought,

---

22 pains / Cares 1716, NY; care 1768-1861.
23 omitted in 1751-1861.
25 pains / Pain 1716, NY, 1768-1861.
28 Greife / Griefs eds., NY, Cornell.
30 by Mathers wrought / of Mathers bought 1716.

---

21 Betty Loveit: "Mrs Southwell" (Walpole's note), "Mrs Betty Southwell" (Cornell). Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Robert Southwell, impressed her friend Lady Bristol by her high spirits at Bath in 1721: "in the little time she was from hence she contrived to be at every place in ye whole town, and came back from Lindseys loaded with silver and a bitt or two of gold she had nickd...at Hazard" (Hervey Letter-Books, ii. 152). The name "Mrs. Loveit" had already been used, for Dorimant's pis aller in Etherege's The Man of Mode, 1676.

24-25 This couplet clearly refers to the ancient story of an argument between the sexes settled by appeal to a person who had changed sex. Cf. Ovid's lines on Tiresias, translated by Addison:

> Tiresias therefore must the cause decide,
> Having the Pleasure of both Sexes try'd

(1704, Misc. Works, ed. A. C. Guthkelch, 1914, i. 115); also Aeneid, vi. 448, later rendered by Prior in a couplet with the same rhyme (Works, i. 614).

29 Tea: for this flexible rhyme cf. last line of this eclogue.

30 Equipage: OED quotes Mrs. Sherwood, Fairchild Family, 1846, ii. 17: "An equipage was a little case which held a thimble, scissors, a pencil, and other such little matters, and...hung to the girdle".

Mathers: Charles Mather had a toyshop at Temple Bar. He was praised in Tatler no. 142 as "admirably well versed in screws, springs, and hinges, and deeply read in knives, combs or scissars,

(Cont.)

With fifty Guineas (a great pen'north) bought.
See, on the Tooth pick Mars and Cupid strive,
And both the struggling Figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom, see the Queen's bright Face,
A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble Case.
Jove, Jove himselfe does on the Scissars shine;
The Metal, and the Workmanship Divine!

Smilinda

This Snuff box once the Pledge of Sharper's love
When Rival Beauties for the present strove,
(At Corticelli's he the Raffle won,
There first his Passion was in Public shown,
Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her Head aside,
A Rival's envy, all in vain, to hide)

---

31 bought / thought 1716.
33 alive / altered ? by Spence from to live Cornell; to live 1747, 1748.
34 see / shines 1716, 1768-1861; altered by LM from lo! NY.
41 There / When 1716; Then NY, 1751-1861.
43 A / Her 1748 (corrected in MS note by Walpole, 2nd ed.).

---

30 (Cont.) buttons or buckles." (See also Spectator nos. 328, 503, 570). "-- pocula ponam Fagina, caelatum divini opus Alcimedontis etc" (Virgil, Ecl. iii. 36-37; Pope's note, NY). The following lines closely parallel Pope's "Spring", where Strephon and Daphnis stake respectively a lamb and a bowl (the engraved figures on which are described) in a passage that derives in turn from Creech's version of Virgil.
31 pen'north: a buyer's bargain -- a favourite word of LM's.
32 Mars and Cupid here symbolise cards and love.
34 "George Paston" deduced from this line that the poem was written before Queen Anne's death, 1 Aug. 1714 (Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Her Times, /1907/, p. 210, note). But no new queen had succeeded; and snuff-boxes bearing Queen Anne's head were long popular (H. McCausland, Snuff and Snuff-Boxes, 1951, p. 107).
37 Cf. "The Workman, and the Workmanship Divine!" (translation of Theocritus' first idyll: Dryden's Miscellany, ii. 358).
40 Corticelli's: "a fashi<onab>le Indian Warehouse at the upper End of Suffolk Street, <and> a rendezvous of galantry" (Walpole's note), once suggested to LM as a possible meeting-place (Letters, i. 75-76).
42 Hazardia is unidentified.

This Snuff box -- on the hinge see Brillants shine!
This Snuff box will I stake, the Prize is mine.

Cardelia

Alas! far lesser Losses than I bear,
Have made a Soldier sigh, a Lover swear.
But oh what makes the Disapointment hard,
'Twas my own Lord, who drew the Fatal Card!
In complaisance I took the Queen he gave,
Thô my own secret Wish was for the Knave:
The Knave won Sonica that I had chose
And the next pull, my sept le va I lose.

Smilinda

But ah what agravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought that stabs me to the Heart:
This curst Ombrelia, this undoing Fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy Greife I bear,

---

44 Brillants / Diamonds Cornell, 1747, 1748.
46 lesser / smaller 2nd ed. 1748.
48 But / And 1716, NY, 1768-1861.
49 who / that 1716, NY, 1768-1861.
52 Sonica that / Sonica, which 1716, NY, 1768-1861; son Ecart that Cornell, 1747, 1748.
53 pull / altered by Spence to Pool Cornell.

---

44 A "single gem of size and worth frequently acted as the point of thumb pressure to open hinged boxes" (McCausland, p. 102).
49 Though he had made a resolution against play in 1703, Lord Bristol must have gamed with his wife at Harrison's in Bath, since by 16 Aug. 1721 he had resolved that neither of them should do so again (Diary, 1894, p. 39; Letter-Books, ii. 157).
52 Sonica: a card having an immediate effect on the game (OED).
53 pull: OED quotes LM as its only example of this word meaning the act of drawing a card. Spence thought she meant "pool", i.e. a round or game.

She, at whose Name, I shed these spitefull Tears,
She owes to me the very Charms she wears.
An aukard Thing when first she came to Town,
Her Shape unfashion'd, and her Face unknown,
She was my Freind; I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enlivening Red.
I introduce'd her to the Parks and Plays,
And by my Interest Cosins made her Stays.
Ungratefull Wretch! with Mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my Fav'rite Lover's Heart.

Cardelia

Wretch that I was! how often have I swore
When Winnall tally'd, I would punt no more?
I know the Bite, yet to my ruin run
And see the Folly which I cannot shun.

Smilinda

How many Maids have Sharper's vows deceiv'd?
How many curs'd the moment they beleiv'd?
Yet his known Falsehood could no warning prove,
Ah what are Warnings to a Maid in Love!

---

61 unfashion'd/ unfinish'd Cornell, 1747, 1748.
63 enlivening/ th'Enliv'ning 1716; altered by Spence to th'enlivening Cornell.
64 Parks/ Park eds., Cornell.
67 Lover's/ altered by LM from Sharper's NY.
72 Maids/ minds 1861.
74 Falsehood/ Falshoods 1716, NY, 1768-1861.
75 are Warnings/ is Warning 1716, NY, 1768-1861.

---

65 Cosins: a stay-maker who gave his name to his wares (Peri Bathous, chap. x; Pope, "Sober Advice from Horace", line 129: Twickenham, iv. 85; /Bramston/, The Art of Politicks, 1729, p. 8).
69 Winnall is unidentified.
70 Bite: In Johnson's Dictionary either the sharper or the fraud "in low and vulgar language".
70-71 Cf. "I know the Fate", lines 7-8 (above p. 331).

Cardelia

But of what Marble must that Breast be form'd,
Can gaze on Bassette and remain unwarm'd?
When Kings, Queens, Knaves, are set in decent Rank,
Expos'd in Glorious heaps, the tempting Bank!
Guineas, halfe guineas, all the shineing Train,
The Winners Pleasure, and the Losers pain;
In bright Confusion open Rouleau's lie,
They strike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye:
Fir'd by/the sight, all Reason I disdain,
My passions rise, and will not bear the Rein.
Look upon Bassette you who reason boast,
And see if Reason may not there be lost!

Smilinda

What more than Marble must the Breast compose
That listens coldly to my Sharper's vows?
Then, when he trembles, when his Blushes rise,

---

77 Can / To 1716, NY, 1768-1861.
78 Rank / altered by LM from ranks NY.
79 Bank / altered by LM from Banks NY.
83 They / That NY.
87 may / altered by LM from must NY; must 1751-1861.
see / altered to say Cornell.
88 the Breast / that Heart 1716, NY, 1768-1861; that breast Cornell, 1747, 1748.
89 That listens / Can hearken 1716, 1768-1861.

---

82 Rouleaus: defined by Mary Evelyn in "The Fop-Dictionary" as "forty nine guineas, made up in a paper roll, which Monsieur F----, Sir J----, and Father B----, lend to losing gamesters that are good men, and have fifty in return" (Mundus Muliebris, 1690: John Evelyn, Miscellaneous Writings, 1825, ed. W. Upcott, p. 712).
85 As a child Lady Margaret Harley wrote of Lady Bristol "storming" over her losses ("The Discontented Virgin", Portland MSS, Longleat, x. 249).

When Awfull Love seems melting in his Eyes!
With eager Beats, his mechlin Cravat moves:
He loves! I whisper to my selfe, He loves!
Such unfeign'd Passion in his Looks appears,
I lose all mem'ry of my former Fears;
My panting Heart confesses all his Charms,
I yeild at once, and sink into his Arms,
Think of that Moment you who Prudence boast;
For such a Moment, Prudence well were lost!

Cardelia

At the Groom Porter's batter'd Bullys play;
Some Dukes at Marrow bone bowl Time away.
But who the Bowl or rattling Dice compares,
To Bassette's heavenly Joys, and pleasing Cares?

---

94 Looks / Look Cornell, 1747, 1748.
101 Marrow bone / Marybone eds., NY; altered by Spence to Mary-bone Cornell.

---

100 "Dulce satis humor, etc. mihi solus Amyntas. Virg. Ecl. 3 [lines 82, 83]. Populus Alcidae gratissima etc. Fraxinus in sylvis etc. Ecl. 7 [lines 61, 65]" (Pope's note, NY).

Groom Porter's: The duties of this officer of the Household were "to regulate all matters connected with gaming within the precincts of the court" (OED). Thomas Archer (1669-1743) had held the office since 1705 (J. Foster, Alumni Oxonienses, 1500-1714, 1891-2; London Gazette no. 4095). "The Groom-Porters Dice are much the fairest; and the most valuable thing of all is, That special Care is taken to prevent all Abuses of any kind whatsoever, to set you right in all Cases, and to avoid all manner of Disputes" (The Whole Art and Mystery Of Modern Gaming, 1726, p. 23).

101 John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, went regularly to the gardens at Marylebone -- which was also spelt "Marrowbone" and "Marrobone" (Sheffield, Works, 1723, ii. 278). Bob Weedon, a gamester and sharper, "supply'd his Wants at...the Bowling-Green at Mary-Bone where by betting and playing he won a great deal of Money" (Theophilus Lucas, Memoirs Of The most Famous Gamesters, 2nd ed., 1714, p. 229).

Smilinda

Soft Semplicetta doats upon a Beau,
Prudina likes a Man, and laughs at Shew.
Their several graces in my Sharper meet,
Strong as the Footman, as the Master sweet.

Loveit

Cease your Contention, which has been too long,
I grow Impatient, and the Tea too strong,
Attend and Yeild to what I now Decide,
The Equipage shall grace Smilinda's side,
The Snuff Box to Cardelia I decree:
So, leave Complaining, and begin your Tea.

---

104 Semplicetta / Simplicetta eds., NY.
109 Tea too / Tea's too 1716, 1768; tea grows Cornell, 1747, 1748.
113 So, / Now 1716, NY, 1768-1861.

104-5 Semplicetta and Prudina are forerunners of Sylvia and Laura in Gay's town eclogue "The Tea-Table", 1720, who love a beau and footman respectively.

106-7 Cf. Cowley, "On Orinda's Poems":

> Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet,
> They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman sweet

(Writings, 1905-6, i. 405).

110ff. Cf. the closing passage of Pope's "Spring", introduced:

> Cease to contend, for (Daphnis) I decree
> The Bowl to Strephon, and the Lamb to thee...

(Twickenham, i. 70).

Friday

before 26 March 1716

The Toilette

Lydia

Lydia was identified in Walpole's note (see under "Monday") as "Mrs Coke, wife of the Vice Chamberlain" (also in Cornell). Thomas Coke (1674-1727), vice-chamberlain to Queen Anne and George I, married as his second wife (1709) Mary, daughter of William Hale, who died in 1724, leaving a son and daughter. She was a Maid of Honour to Queen Anne (HMC, Cowper MSS, Part III, 1889, v-vi).

Three versions of this poem survive, of which Curll's 1716 printing and Lady Mary's much later holograph constitute one group and Gay's 1720 text another. Lady Mary's text obviously has a common ancestor with Curll's, but is not its direct descendant. Gay's text has 106 lines and Lady Mary's 78 (two more than Curll's), of which 43 are word for word the same. The lines common to both are not a consecutive block, but are divided by restructured passages. The version referred to as Gay's is undoubtedly substantially his; the question that remains is whether the hypothetical manuscript existing early in 1716 was a genuine collaboration or whether it was also substantially his, in unrevised form. The opinion that Lady Mary's share in "Friday" consisted of a few lines can hold only if Gay himself carried out such revisions as to produce something quite different from the original. He did sometimes undertake this kind of revision, e.g. the end of "The Fan" (Works, pp. 24-26). Lady Mary made comparable levies on other people's verse (e.g. pp. 550, 560, 610, 637), but included no others of these in the album she claimed as her own. I believe that the text printed here was a true collaboration, which Gay later re-shaped more to his own taste.

Most commentators on the eclogues have accepted the hypothesis of Lady Mary's plagiarism, but have weakened their case by appearing unaware of the extent of textual difference between Gay's text and the shorter one, with which Gay's connection is not demonstrable. Thus Pope omitted "Friday" from his transcript of the eclogues and told Spence, "Lydia, in

---

Title 7 The Toilet 1716; The Toilette. A Town Eclogue 1720.
Lydia 7 omitted 1716, 1720.

Lady Mary's poems, is almost wholly Gay's, and is published as such in his works. There are only five or six lines new set in it by that lady. It was that which gave the hint and she wrote the other five eclogues to it" (§ 236). The latter part of this account is probably accurate, but the middle sentence is misleading, the idea that Lady Mary added to Gay being the opposite of what the extant versions suggest. W. H. Irving accepted Pope's remark apparently without comparing the texts; he writes of Gay's meetings with Lady Mary and Pope:

> He apparently took The Toilette to one of these meetings and read it for criticism.
>
> Lady Mary had never heard anything quite like this poem before, was so much interested that she suggested a few lines by way of addition, and presently began writing town eclogues on her own account.

(John Gay, Favorite of the Wits, 1940, pp. 137-8). Even Halsband considers that Lady Mary "could not have seriously claimed 'The Toilet' as her own; she must have included it -- in the 1716 version, significantly -- in her manuscript album...to fill out the series of weekdays", even though he remarks that the 1716 text is wittier and more paradoxical than the later one (PMLA, 1953, p. 242). His "significantly" ignores variants between Lady Mary's text and that of 1716, and details in which the latter agrees with or is closer to Gay's (lines 14, 29, 48, 55, 70, 71-72).

I have tried (above p. 102) to analyse the two versions as distinct works. This to some extent reconciles these accounts with those who agree with Walpole's note that "all six /eclogues/ are by the same hand, and not like Pope" -- or indeed like anyone else.

MSS: H MS: 256, ff. 35-37, copied by Lady Mary after 1730.
Cornell: pp. 41-44, corrected by Spence.

Printed: 1716, pp. 19-23.
1720: Gay's Poems On Several Occasions (to which Lady Mary subscribed), ii. 352-7, in his longer version; reprinted in later editions of his poems (Works, pp. 134-7).
1747, pp. 27-31; 1748, iii. 291-4 (omitted, as Gay's, from Poems by Eminent Ladies). The 1755 edition of Dodsley made one change.
1768, pp. 35-39; 1803, v. 127-30 (one change in 1805 reprint); 1837, iii. 357-60; 1861, ii. 443-6.

Now twenty Springs had cloath'd the Park with Green
Since Lydia knew the blossom of Fiveteen.
No Lovers now her morning Hours molest
And catch her at her Toilette halfe undrest,
The thundering Knocker wakes the street no more,
Nor Chairs, nor Coaches, croud the silent door;
Now at the Window all her mornings pass,
Or at the dumb Devotion of her Glass.
Reclin'd upon her Arm she pensive sate,
And curst th'Inconstancy of Man, too late.
Oh Youth! Oh spring of Life, for ever lost
No more my Name shall reign the fav'rite Toast,
On Glass no more the Di'mond grave my Name,
And Lines mispelt record my Lovers Flame,

---

1 had / has 1716.
2 blossom / Blossoms, 1716, Dodsley ed. 1755, 1768.
6 Nor...nor...the / No...no...her 1720.
after 6 the following extra lines in 1720:
Her midnights once at cards and Hazard fled,
Which now, alas! she dreams away in bed.
Around her wait Shocks, monkeys and mockaws,
To fill the place of Fops, and perjur'd Beaus;
In these she views the mimickry of man,
And smiles when grinning Pug gallants her fan;
When Poll repeats, the sounds deceive her ear,
For sounds, like his, once told her Damon's care.
7 Now / Nor 1768; her / the 1716.
With these alone her tedious mornings pass; 1720.
8 her / the 1716.
after 8 the following extra lines in 1720:
She smooths her brow, and frizles forth her hairs,
And fancys youthful dress gives youthful airs;
With crimson wooll she fixes ev'ry grace,
That not a blush can discompose her face.
10 Man / Men 1716; youth 1720.
12 reign / ring 1716.
13 the / shall 1716.
14 Lines...my / Rhimes...my 1716; rhymes...a 1720.

---

13 Cf. Gay's "Epistle to the Earl of Burlington" (?1715), line 90: "And on the sash the diamond scrawls my flame" (Works, p. 154).

Nor shall side boxes watch my wand'ring Eyes,
And as they catch the Glance in rows arise
With humble Bows, nor white Glov'd Beaux incroach
In crouds behind to guard me to my Coach.
What shall I do to spend the hatefull Day?
At Chappel shall I wear the Morn away?
Who there appears at these unmodish hours,
But ancient Matrons with their frizled Tours,
And grey religious Maids? My presence there
Amidst that sober Train, would own Dispair;
Nor am I yet so old, nor is my Glance
As yet fix'd wholly on Devotion's Trance.

---

15 wand'ring / restless 1720.
17 white Glov'd / White-Glove 1716.
after 18 the following extra lines in 1720:
Ah hapless nymph! such conquests are no more,
For Chloe's now what Lydia was before!
'Tis true, this Chloe boasts the peach's bloom.
But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume?
I own her taper shape is form'd to please.
Yet if you saw her unconfin'd by stays!
She doubly to fifteen may make pretence,
Alike we read it in her face and sense.
Her reputation! but that never yet
Could check the freedoms of a young Coquet.
Why will ye then, vain Fops, her eyes believe?
Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive.
19 do to / do? how 1720.
21 appears at these / appears at those 1716; frequents at these 1720.
24 Amidst / Amid 1720; own / cause 1716.
26 on / to 1716, 1720.

15ff. "Ladies at that time sat in the front boxes, men in the side" (Walpole's note). Cf. The Rape of the Lock, 1717 revision:
Why round our Coaches crowd the white-glov'd Beaus,
Why bows the Side-box from its inmost Rows?
(v. 13-14), quoted in part by Walpole.

22 Tours: OED sub tour cites this line for the meaning "A crescent front of false hair", but also gives a possible alternative -- the tall head-dress of pasteboard, muslin, lace and ribbons fashionable in the reigns of William III and Anne, called "a great Fruz-Towr" in Congreve's Old Bachelour (1693, IV. iii. 52-53: Complete Plays, ed. H. Davies, 1967, p. 84). Both were old-fashioned in 1711 (Spectator no.98).

Strait then I'll dress and take my wonted Range,
Through India shops, to Motteux's, or the Change,
Where the Tall Jar erects his stately Pride
With Antick Shapes in China's Azure dy'd,
There careless lyes a rich Brocard unroll'd,
Here shines a Cabinet with burnish'd Gold,
But then Alas! I must be forc'd to pay,
Or bring no Pen'northS, not a Fan away.
How am I curs'd! unhappy and forlorn,
My Lover's Triumph, and my Sexes Scorn!

---

28 To Indian /India 1716 reprints/ Shops, Motteux's, or the Change 1716; Through ev'ry Indian shop, through all the Change; 1720.
29 his stately/ his Costly 1716, 1720; its stately Cornell, 1747-1861.
31 There/ altered from Here H MS; a/ the 1716, 1720.
32 with/ of 1716.
33-34 omitted 1720, which substitutes:

But then remembrance will my grief renew,
'Twas there the raffling dice false Damon threw;
The raffling dice to him decide the prize.
'Twas there he first convers'd with Chloe's eyes;
Hence sprung th'ill-fated cause of all my smart,
To me the toy he gave, to her his heart.
But soon thy perj'ry in the gift was found,
The shiver'd China dropt upon the ground;
Sure omen that thy vows would faithless prove;
Frail was thy present, frailer is thy love.
O happy Poll, in wiry prison pent;
Thou ne'er hast known what love or rivals meant,
And Pug with pleasure can his fetters bear,
Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers swear!

34 Or/ And Cornell, 1747-1861;
Pen'northS, not a/ Penny-worths, or 1716.
36 With perjury, with love, and rival's scorn! 1720.

---

28 India shops: There was a current rage for Indian goods; LM in 1712 had described the shops selling them as "too public, nor at all proper for a long conversation" (Letters, i. 122).
Motteux's: Peter Anthony Motteux (1663-1718), French refugee, author, and shopkeeper, published a letter in Spectator no. 288 puffing his fashionable shop in Leadenhall Street.
Change: the New Exchange, in the Strand, a fashionable bazaar.
29-30 Cf. Gay's To a Lady on Her Passion for Old China, 1725 (Works, p. 180):

With flowers and gold and azure dy'd,
Of ev'ry house the grace and pride?

False is the pompous Greife of youthfull Heirs,
False are the loose Coquettes inveigling airs,
False is the crafty Courtier's plighted word,
False are the Dice when Gamesters stamp the Board,
False is the sprightly Widow's public Tear
Yet these to Damon's Oaths are all sincere.

For what young Flirt, Base Man! am I abus'd?
To please your Wife am I unkindly us'd?
'Tis true her Face may boast the Peache's bloom,
But does her nearer whisper breathe Perfume?
I own her taper Shape is form'd to please,
But don't you see her unconfin'd by Stays?
She doubly to fiveteen may claim pretence,
Alike we read it, in her Face, and sense.

37, 38 These two lines are reversed in 1720.
38 inveigling / altered by Spence from inveighing Cornell.
39 crafty / cringing 1720.
42 these / those 1716 (corrected in reprints).
43-44 Omitted in 1720.
45-50 These lines appear in variant form in 1720, following line 18.
46 whisper breathe / whisp'ring Breath 1716.
47 form'd / made 1716.
48 But don't...Stays? / Yet when...Stays, 1716.
50 Face, / Wit 1716.

37-42 Cf. Dryden's Oedipus, Act III (DW, iv. 393) and The Rape of the Lock, v. 115-20. LM's list in her prose fairy-tale "Carabosse" is of those rare things which are not false, including the widow's private, not public, tears (H MS 80, ff. 290-3; printed in R. Halsband, CL, iii, 1951, p. 175).
42 Damon: "Ld Berkeley" (Walpole; also Cornell). Walpole added later, "the beautifull ballad of blackeyd Susan was made on this Mrs Coke and James Earl of Berkeley". This affair of the 3rd Earl (d. 1736) was court gossip in 1714, with the detail "that the last Child Mrs. Coke had was actually Lord Berkeley's" (Lady Cowper, Diary, pp. 15-16).
44 your Wife: "Lady Louisa Lenox" (Walpole's note; see above p. 304).
49 I.e. she makes two separate claims to the desirable age of fifteen.

Insipid servile Thing! whom I disdain,
Her Phlegm can best support the Marriage Chain.
Damon is practis'd in the modish Life,
Can Hate and yet be Civil to his Wife.
He Games, he drinks, he swears, he fights, he roves,
Yet Cloe can beleive he fondly Loves;
Mistriss and Wife by turns supply his need,
A Miss for pleasure and a Wife for breed.
Powder'd with Di'monds, free from Spleen or Care
She can a sullen Husband's humour bear,
Her Credulous Freindship, and her Stupid Ease,
Have often been my Jest in happier Days.
Now Cloe boasts and triumphs in my Pains,
To her he's Faithfull, 'tis to me he feigns.

---

51 whom / that 1716.
51-52 Fly from perfidious man, the sex disdain;
Let servile Chloe wear the nuptial chain. 1720.
52 Her / Whose 1716; Phlegm / Phelgm H MS.
54 his / a 1720.
55 he drinks, he swears, / he Swears, he Drinks, 1716, 1720.
57 by turns / can well 1720.
after 58 the following extra lines in 1720:
But Chloe's air is unconfin'd and gay,
And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay;
Perhaps her patient temper can behold
The rival of her love adorn'd with gold,
59 Powder'd...Spleen / Tower'd...Thought 1716; Powder'd...thought 1720.
60 A husband's sullen humours she can bear. 1720.
61-62 omitted from 1720, which substitutes:
Why are these sobs? and why these streaming eyes
Is love the cause? no, I the sex despise;
I hate, I loath his base perfidious name.
Yet, if he should but feign a rival flame?
62 Have / Has 1716.
63 Now / But 1720; How 1805-1861.

Am I that stupid Thing to bear Neglect
And force a smile, not daring to Suspect?
No perjur'd Man! a Wife may be content,
But you shall find a Mistriss can resent --
Thus Lovesick Lydia rav'd; her Maid appears,
And in her faithfull Hand, the Band box bears,
(The Cestos that reform'd Inconstant Jove,
Not better fill'd with what allures to Love).
How well this Riband's Gloss becomes your Face,
She crys in Rapture! Then so sweet a Lace!
How charmingly you look! so bright! so fair!
'Tis to your Eyes the Head dress owes its Air!
Strait Lydia smil'd; the Comb adjusts her Locks
And at the Play House, Harry keeps her Box.

---

65 stupid / sensless 1716.
65-68 omitted in 1720.
68 can / altered by Spence to will Cornell.
70 With steddy Hand the Band-box-Charge She bears. 1716.
A band-box in her steady hand she bears. 1720.
71-72 omitted in 1716, 1720.
72 allures / altered by Spence from allur'd Cornell; allured 1747-1861.
73 this Riband's Gloss / those Ribbands-Gloss 1716.
74 Rapture...Lace / Raptures...Grace 1716; raptures...lace 1720.
75 bright / strait 1716.
76 Eyes the / Eyes your 1716.
78 her / the 1716.

---

65 Cf. Congreve's translation of Andromache's lament: "Am I that wretched thing, a Widow left?" (Dryden's Miscellany, iii. 219).
71-72 This story from the Iliad xiv had been retold in Tatler no. 147.

Satturday Jan. 1716

The Small Pox

Flavia

Lady Mary wrote this eclogue after her attack of smallpox, from which she was pronounced out of danger by Lady Loudoun on 3 Jan. 1716 (Huntington MS, quoted in Halsband, p. 52). Walpole (see under "Monday"), Cornell, and the Huntington copy of 1747 identify "Flavia" as the writer herself. Lady Hertford made the same identification and Lady Louisa Stuart ascribed it to Lady Mary's own authority (Hertford-Pomfret, ii. 233; Stuart, p. 88). A former beauty had lamented her disfigurement by smallpox in Spectator no. 306.

MSS: H MS: 256, ff. 37-40, copied by Lady Mary after 1730.
NY: Pope's transcript, 1717.
Cornell: pp. 44-46, corrected by Spence.

Printed: 1747, pp. 32-37; 1748, iii. 294-98 (the 1751 ed. made one change).
1768, pp. 40-45 (the 1781 reprint made one change); 1803, v. 131-5; 1837, iii. 360-3; 1861, ii. 446-8.

The wretched Flavia on her Couch reclin'd,
Thus breath'd the Anguish of a wounded mind.
A Glass revers'd in her right hand she bore;
For now she shunn'd the Face she sought before.
How am I chang'd! Alas, how am I grown

Title / The Small-Pox NY.
2 Thus / altered from First H MS.

1-2 The opening was parodied in "Celia a Modern Soliloquy by Miss Mary Young":

The hopeless Celia on a Couch reclin'd,
Thus spoke the Tortures of her restless Mind --

tortures caused by her hairdresser's unpunctuality (BM Add. MS 38488A, f. 215).

4 Cf. Pope's "Summer", line 30 (Twickenham, i. 74).

5 This exclamation (cf. "Monday", line 25 note) had been used by William Bowles in his translation of Theocritus' 20th idyll (Dryden's Miscellany, ii. 390).

A frightfull Spectre to my selfe unknown!
Where's my Complexion, where the radiant bloom
That promis'd Happyness for Years to come?
Then, with what Pleasure I this Face survey'd!
To look once more, my Visits oft delay'd!
Charm'd with the veiw a fresher red would rise,
And a new Life shot sparkling from my Eyes.
Ah Faithless Glass my wonted bloom restore!
Alas I rave! that bloom is now no more!
The Greatest Good the Gods on Men bestow,
Even Youth it selfe to me is useless now.
There was a Time, (Oh that I could forget!)
When Opera Tickets pour'd before my Feet,
And at the Ring where brightest Beauties shine,
The earliest Cherrys of the Park were mine.
Wittness oh Lilly! and thou Motteux tell!
How much Japan these Eyes have made you sell,

---

7 the / that NY; my Cornell, eds.
8 That / Which NY.
11 with / by NY.
12 from / altered by Spence from to Cornell.
14 Alas I rave! / I rave in vain -- NY.
20 Park / Spring Cornell, eds.
22 you / ye eds.

13-14 LM uses the refrain ending "no more" seven times in this poem, as does Pope in his "Winter". She does not, however, follow him in adapting the line, on its last appearance, to consolation ("Daphne, our Goddess, and our Grief no more!": Twickenham, i. 91-94). Cf. also Walsh's "Delia. A Pastoral Eclogue" (Dryden's Miscellany, v. 609-16).

19 the Ring: in Hyde Park, used for social parade in coaches (H. B. Wheatley, London Past and Present, 1891, iii. 163-5).

21 Charles Lillie, perfumer, kept a shop in Beaufort Buildings, Strand. Motteux: see note to "Friday", line 28.

With what contempt you saw me oft despise
The humble Offer of the raffle'd Prize:
For at each raffle still the Prize I bore,
With Scorn rejected, or with Triumph wore:
Now Beautie's Fled, and Presents are no more.

For me, the Patriot has the House forsook,
And left debates to catch a passing look,
For me, the Soldier has soft verses writ,
For me, the Beau has aim'd to be a Wit,
For me, the Wit to Nonsense was betraid,
The Gamester has for me his Dun delaid,
And overseen the Card, I would have paid.
The bold and Haughty by Success made vain,
Aw'd by my Eyes has tremble'd to complain,
The bashfull 'Squire touch'd with a wish unknown
Has dar'd to speak with Spirit not his own,
Fir'd by one Wish, all did alike Adore,

---

23 you / altered from Ye Cornell; ye eds.
25 each...the / the...each Cornell, 1747-1768; each...each 1803-1861.
33 The Gamester has for me / altered by LM from For me the Gamester has NY.
34 I...paid / altered by LM from I...play'd NY; I...play'd 1747; he...play'd Dodsley ed. 1751-1861.
36 has / have NY, Cornell, eds.
37 with / by Cornell, eds.
39 Wish / Love NY.

28ff. For a similar lengthy list of unlikelihoods, see "A Panegyrick. 1696/7" (PAS, 1703, p. 401). Lines of the same form occur also in John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham's "Ode on Love" (Works, 1723, i. 20) and Pope's "Winter", line 37 (Twickenham, i. 91).

33-34 "at Basset" (Walpole's note). "The Pay is when the Punter has won the Couch or first Stake...and being fearful...leaves off" (Cotton, Compleat Gamester, 1709, p. 179). Flavia's admirer was underwriting her next bet.

Now Beauty's fled, and Lovers are no more.
As round the Room, I turn my weeping Eyes,
New unaffected Scenes of Sorrow rise;
Far from my Sight that killing Picture bear,
The Face disfigure, or the Canvas tear!
That Picture, which with Pride I us'd to show,
The lost ressemblance but upbraids me now.
And thou my Toilette! where I oft have sate,
While Hours unheeded pass'd in deep Debate,
How Curls should fall, or where a Patch to place,
If Blue or Scarlet best became my Face;
Now on some happier Nymph thy Aid bestow,
On Fairer Heads, Ye useless Jewells, glow!
No borrow'd Lustre can my Charms restore,
Beauty is fled, and Dress is now no more.
Ye meaner Beauties, I permit you, shine,
Go triumph in the Hearts, that once were mine,

---

42 unaffected / altered by Spence to and affecting Cornell.
44 Face / altered by LM to Lines NY; or / and Cornell, eds.
46 ressemblance but upbraids / altered by LM from Remembrance but afflicts NY; resemblance that upbraids 1861.
49 or where a / and where the NY.
51 thy / your Cornell, eds.
55 you / ye eds.

41-42 Cf. Addison's "A Letter from Italy", pub. 1703, lines 9-10 (Misc. Works, i. 51).
43ff. If this detail refers to a real picture, it must be either that by Charles Jervas /1710/, reproduced as the frontispiece to Halsband's Life, or that by Kneller /1715/, reproduced in LM's Letters, vol. i, facing p. 240 (both owned by the Marquess of Bute).
50 Cf. Dryden's epilogue to All for Love: "If Pink or Purple best become his face" (Poems, i. 165).
55 Cf. Sir Henry Wotton's "You meaner Beauties of the Night" ("On his Mistris, the Queen of Bohemia", Reliquiae Wottonianae, 1651, p. 518).

But midst your Triumphs, with Confusion know,
'Tis to my Ruin all your Charms ye owe.
Would pitying Heaven restore my wonted mein,
You still might move, unthought of, and unseen --
But Oh how vain, how wretched is the boast,
Of Beauty faded, and of Empire lost!
What now is left, but weeping to Deplore
My Beauty fled, and Empire now no more!
Ye cruel Chymists what with held your Aid?
Could no Pomatums save a trembling Maid?
How false and triffling is that Art you boast;
No Art can give me back, my Beauty lost!
In tears surrounded by my Freinds I lay,
Mask'd o're, and trembling at the light of Day,
Mirmillo came my Fortune to deplore

---

57 But / Yet NY.
58 Charms / altered by Spence from Arms Cornell; arms 1747-1803.
59 wonted / former NY.
60 You / Ye Cornell, eds.
66 Pomatums / pomatum 1803-1861.
67 that / the NY; you / ye Cornell, eds.
70 trembling...light / trembling...sight altered by Spence from trembled...sight Cornell; trembled...sight eds.

---

65 Cf. "The Tenth Eclogue of Virgil Imitated", line 7 and note (above p. 316).
69 Cf. ibid. line 10.
71 Mirmillo: "Sr Hans Sloane" (Walpole; also Cornell). Sloane and Dr. William Gibbons were contenders for the doubtful honour of this name in Garth's Dispensary, 1699; but LM probably intended Mirmillo for Richard Mead, who published a letter on smallpox in 1716. He generally carried a golden-headed cane given him by Radcliffe in 1714, carved with the coats-of-arms of both men (/William MacMichael/, The Golden-Headed Cane, 1827, pp. 54-55 and passim).
71ff. "Venit et upilio --
Omnes, unde amor iste, rogant, tibi? venit Apollo --
Venit et agresti capitis Sylvanus honore --
Pan deus Arcadiae venit, quem vidimus ipsi
Sanguineis ebuli baccis, minioque rubentem.
Virg. Ec. 10 /lines 19-27 passim/" (Pope's note, NY). LM's rhyme appears in Stafford's translation (Eclogues with Dryden's Miscellany, i. 82):

(Cont.)

(A golden headed Cane, well carv'd he bore)
Cordials he cry'd my Spirits must restore, --
Beauty is fled, and Spirit is no more!
Galen the Grave, Officious Squirt was there,
With fruitless Greife and unavailing Care;
Machaon too, the Great Machaon, known
By his red Cloak, and his Superior frown,
And why (he cry'd) this Greife, and this Dispair?
You shall again be well, again be fair,
Beleive my Oath (with that an Oath he swore),
False was his Oath! my Beauty is no more.
Cease hapless Maid, no more thy Tale persue,
Forsake Mankind, and bid the World Adieu.
Monarchs, and Beauties rule with equal sway,
All strive to serve, and Glory to obey,
Alike unpity'd when depos'd they grow,
Men mock the Idol of their Former vow.

---

74 Spirit is/ Spirits are NY.
77 Great/ fam'd NY.
79 Greife, and this/ Sorrow and NY.
82 is/ was 1781 reprint -1861.
87-88 omitted from NY and inserted by LM.

71ff. (Cont.) Sylvanus came, thy fortune to deplore;
A Wreath of Lillies on his Head he wore.

75 Galen: famous physician of the 2nd century A.D. LM may intend Dr. Woodward (1665-1728), who was professionally interested in smallpox; Gay, who also satirized him in Three Hours after Marriage, called him Galen in To a Lady on her Passion for Old China, 1725 (Works, p. 180).

Officious Squirt: a character with this name and epithet figures in Dispensary, cantos ii and iii, as the sage Horoscope's assistant, identified as "Perrott" or "Parrot", an apothecary, in a MS note in the Royal College of Physicians' copy.

77 Machaon: "Dr Garth" (Walpole; also Cornell. See above p. 304). The original Machaon was a Greek surgeon in the Trojan War (Iliad, iv, xi).

79 Cf. translation of Theocritus' first idyll: "Why all this Grief? ah! wretched Daphnis, why?" (Dryden's Miscellany, ii. 360).

85-88 LM re-used these lines in "An Epilogue to M/ary/ Queen of Scots" (below p. 449b). Their parallels include Pope's "Epistle to a Lady" (1735), lines 227-30.

Adieu Ye Parks, in some obscure recess,
Where Gentle streams will weep at my Distress,
Where no false Freind will in my Greife take part,
And mourn my Ruin with a Joyfull Heart,
There let me live, in some deserted Place,
There hide in shades this lost Inglorious Face.
Ye Opera's, Circles, I no more must view!
My Toilette, Patches, all the Wo⟨rl⟩d Adieu!

---

90 Gentle/ altered from pitying H MS.
92 And/ Or NY.
95 Ye/ Plays, 1768-1861; Ye could read The
96 Toilette/ altered by LM from Toilets NY.

89ff. LM modelled her conclusion on that of Pope's "Winter". The phrase "some obscure Recess" had been used by Lady Chudleigh in "To Eugenia" (Poems On Several Occasions, 1703, p. 31).
95 Circles: OED quotes this line for the sense of a tier in a theatre, but a more likely meaning is that of an assembly (cf. above p. 289).
96 Cf. Pope's "Daphne farewell, and all the World adieu!" and Dryden's "Adieu, my tuneful Pipe! and all the World adieu" (Twickenham, i. 95; Virgil's first pastoral, line 112: Dryden, Poems, ed. Kinsley, ii. 877).

Turkish Verses

c. 1 April 1717

Address'd to the Sultana

Eldest daughter of S/ultan/ Achmet 3d.

Lady Mary obtained from her interpreters a literal English translation of these verses written by Ibrahim Pasha (Appendix I, p. 731), to which she applied this title when she sent it to Pope. She introduced her own poetic rendering simply: "Or what if I turn'd the whole into the stile of English Poetry to see how twould look?" and added "if you were acquainted with my Interpreters, I might spare my selfe the trouble of assuring you that they have receiv'd no poetical Touches from their hands." The letter containing both translations, as well as seven other long letters, was dated thus -- the date of despatch rather than composition.

Ibrahim Pasha (c. 1666-1730) had married Fatma (1704-33), the Sultan's daughter, on 20 Feb. /N.S./ 1717, but the marriage had not yet been consummated (Letters, i. 321 and n. 3).

MS: H MS 253 (Embassy Letters), pp. 252-4; Lady Mary's hand.

Printed: 1763: Letters Of the Right Honourable Lady M--y W--y M--e.... ii. 53-54.
1803, ii. 213-14; 1837, i. 388-9; 1861, i. 306.
1965: Letters, i. 336-7.

Stanza 1

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's-eyes where 1000 glorys play,
As bright, as Lively, but as wild as they.

---

5 stag's-eyes/ stag-eyes 1763-1861.

2

In vain I'm promis'd such a heavenly prize,
Ah Cruel Sultan who delays my Joys!
While pierceing charms transfix my Amorous Heart
I dare not snatch one kiss to ease the smart.
Those Eyes like etc.

3

Your wretched Lover in these lines complains,
From those dear Beautys 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 pain I bear?

Stanza 4th

The Heavens relenting hear my peircing Crys,
I loath the Light, and Sleep forsakes my Eyes.
Turn thee Sultana e're thy Lover dyes.
Sinking to Earth, I sigh the last, Adeiu --
Call me my Goddesse and my Life renew.
My Queen! my Angel! my fond Heart's desire,
I rave -- my bosom burns with Heavenly fire.
Pity that Passion which thy Charms inspire.

---

8 delays / delay'st 1763-1861.
16 Must / altered from Can MS.
18 pain / pains 1763-1861.

19-26 "I think he very artfully seems more passionate at the conclusion as 'tis natural for people to warm themselves by their own discourse, especially on a Subject where the Heart is concern'd, and is far more touching than our modern custom of concluding a Song of passion with a Turn which is inconsistent with it" (Letters, i. 336).

29 May [1717]

Lady Mary had stayed at a seraglio on the road from Adrianople to Constantinople where the walls were scribbled with scraps of Turkish verse. She writes to the Abbé Conti, "I made my Interpreter explain them to me and I found several of them very well turn'd, thô I easily beleiv'd him that they lost much of their Beauty in the Translation. One runs litterally thus in English" (Letters, i. 360).

MS: H MS 253 (Embassy Letters), p. 321, Lady Mary's hand.
Printed: 1763: Letters Of the Right Honourable Lady M--y W--y M--e, ii. 112.
1803, ii. 262; 1837, i. 419; 1861, i. 327.
1965: Letters, i. 361.

We come into this World, we lodge, and we depart;
He never goes that's lodgd within my Heart.

Constantinople 26 Dec. 1717

To ———

For this poem see above p. 156. 26 Dec. 1717 O.S. (English) would be 6 Jan 1718 N.S., the date used in continental Europe; hence the mistaken date in the editions. The person addressed, whose name Lady Mary obliterated in her album, was probably William Feilding.

MSS: H MS: 256, ff. 2-4; lines 1-37 in a scribal hand, title and remainder in Lady Mary's; copied very soon after composition (above p. 205).

NY: Arents Collection, New York Public Library (above p. 213); copy made by Lady Mary after her return to England, apparently from memory: six lines are repeated at different points in the poem, two are added and four omitted.

Longleat: Portland MS xix. 92-93, Lady Bute's hand.

~~Mr. W. S.~~ The Walpole Library Lewis now owns a MS which belonged to (probably) Lord Coningsby, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and Sir Thomas Phillipps: "Lady Mary Wortley's Poem, written in the Chiosk at Pera overlooking Constantinople, Dec. 26, 1717" (no. 11400 in Catalogus Librorum Manuscriptorum in Bibliotheca D. Thomae Phillipps, Bart., 1837). It is close to the first printed text; its few variants are not noted here.

Printed: 1720: Hammond's A New Miscellany, pp. 95-101, as "By a Lady"; "Lady M.W.M." appears among the contributors named on the title page. This is from a copy sent soon after composition to England by Lady Mary "to my uncle Fielding and by his (well intended) indiscretion shewn about, copies taken, and at length miserably printed" (Letters, iii. 169). The order of lines agrees with that of H MS. This text was reprinted in the Additional Volume to Lady Mary's Embassy Letters, 1767 (re-issued 1790); L. Mag., July 1767, pp. 361-2; reprints of 1768 (not in 1768 itself; the 1781 reprint made some changes).

1803, v. 136-41; 1837, iii. 363-6; 1861, ii. 449-51.

Title / Written January 1718 in the chiosk at Pera overlooking Constantinople NY; Written at Constantinople Jan: 16 Longleat; Verses Written in the Chiosk of the British-palace at Pera overlooking the city of Constantinople December the 26th, 1718 eds, with minor variants.

Give me Great God (said I) a Little Farm
In Summer Shady and in Winter warm
Where a clear Spring gives birth to a cool brook
By nature sliding down a Mossy rock,
Not artfully in Leaden Pipes convey'd
Nor greatly falling in a forc'd Cascade,
Pure and unsulli'd winding through the Shade.
All-Bounteous Heaven has added to my Prayer
A Softer Climat and a Purer air.
Our frozen Isle now chiling winter binds
Deform'd with rains and rough with blasting winds,
The wither'd woods grown white with hoary froast
By driving Storms their verdent Beauty's lost,
The trembling Birds their leafless coverts shun
And Seek in Distant Climes a warmer Sun,

---

1 a/ altered from Some H MS; God/ gods Longleat.
3 clear...to a cool brook/ altered by LM from clear...unto a brook H MS; altered by LM to cool...to a clear brook NY; clear...unto a brook Longleat; clear...to murm'ring brooks eds.
4 By Nature gliding down the mossy Rocks eds.
5 in/_ by eds.
6 Nor/ Or NY, eds.
10 now/ altered by LM from a H MS.
11 with rains/ by Rains NY, eds.
12 grown/ grow eds.
13 verdent Beauty's/ scatter'd beauty's NY; verdant Beauty eds.
14 coverts/ Covert eds.

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1 Cf. the opening lines of Horace's Sat. II. vi and LM's early "My Wish" (above p. 290).
5 Cf. "Are Streams more pure that Leaden Pipes convey" (Creech's translation of Horace's Ep. I. x: 1684, p. 499). For the thought cf. Pope's Epistle to Bathurst, lines 255-8.
9 Cf. "A milder Climate, and more temperate Air" (last line of Thomas Yalden's "In Imitation of Horace. Ode the xxii /Book I/": Dryden's Miscellany, iv. 175).
12-13 Cf. Pope's "Winter":

Behold the Groves that shine with silver Frost,
Their Beauty wither'd, and their Verdure lost
(Twickenham, i. 89)

The water Nimphs their Silenc'd urns deplore,
Even Thames benumd, a river now no more,
The barren meadows give no more delight
By Glistening Snow made painfull to the Sight.
Here Summer reigns with one Eternal Smile,
And Double Harvests bless the happy Soil.
Fair, fertile, fields! to whom indulgent Heaven
Has every charm of every Season given,
No killing Cold deforms the beauteous year,
The Springing flowers no comeing winter fear
But as the Parent rose decayes and dyes
The infant buds with brighter collours rise
And with fresh Sweets the Mother's-Scent Supplies.

---

16 Silenc'd / silent eds.
17 benum'd / benum'd's eds.
18 meadows give no more / Meads no longer yield eds.
19 Snow / altered from Snows H MS, Longleat; Snows NY;
Glistening Snow / glistring snows eds.
21 And Double / altered by LM from Succeeding H MS; Succeeding eds.
24 deforms / altered by LM from delayes H MS.
27 collours / Colour 1720-1781 reprint.

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16 Cf. Addison's translation from Ovid: "The Water-Nymphs lament their empty Urns" ("The Story of Phaeton", 1704: reprinted in Metamorphoses. By Several Hands, 1717, p. 50; cf. note to line 41 below).
17 LM's most recent London winter had been of "greater Severity than had been known in the Memory of Man. The River Thames was quite frozen up, and abundance of Booths were built upon it" (Historical Register for the Year 1716, 1717, p. 115).
19 LM often complained of weak or sore eyes, though she continued to read and write without spectacles until old age (Letters, i. 88, 89, ii. 474).
20ff. Two days earlier, LM had written a letter rejoicing in the spring (i. 373). For the spot described, see "Daffodils in the Forest Where Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had her Turkish Garden" (The Times, 28 May 1958).
26-28 Cf. Prior's "Celia to Damon";
And when the Parent Rose decays, and dies;
With a resembling Face the Daughter-Buds arise
(1705, Works, i. 212), and E. Vernon's verse compliment to LM before her marriage as "the Nymph...of Acton":
Then beaming will a young Maria rise,
Whose spring of Beauty shall with fresh supplys
Maintain the Empire of her Mother's Eyes
(H MS 255, f. 15; printed in Halsband, p. 19).

Near them the Vi'let glows with odours blest
And blooms in more than Tyrian Purple drest,
The rich Jonquills their golden gleem display
And shine in glory emulating day.
These chearfull groves their Living Leaves retain,
The streams still murmur undefil'd by rain,
And rising green adorns the fruitfull plain.
The warbling Kind uninterrupted Sing
Warm'd with enjoyment of perpetual Spring.
Here from my Window I at once survey
The crouded City, and Resounding Sea,
In Distant views see Asian Mountains rise
And lose their Snowy Summits in the Skies.
Above those Mountains high Olympus tow'rs
(The Parliamental seat of heavenly Pow'rs).

---

29 glows / grows eds.
31 gleem / Beams eds.
32 glory / altered from glorys H MS; Glory's Longleat /Lady Bute regularly uses apostrophes in plurals/; Glories 1720; glory's 1781-1861.
33 The peaceful Groves their Verdant Leaves retain eds.
34 by / with eds.
35 rising green adorns / growing Green adorns NY; Rising Greens adorn Longleat; tow'ring Greens adorn eds.
37 enjoyment / Enjoyments eds.
From this point H MS is in LM's own hand.
38 from / at eds.
40 see / the eds.
42 those...high / those...proud 1720; these...proud 1781 reprint-1861.
43 seat / Seats Longleat.

38-39 Cf. LM's prose description of this view, and lines which soon afterwards she linked to a couplet of Addison's:

Warm'd with Poetic Transport I survey
Th'Immortal Islands, and the well known Sea

(Letters, i. 362, 416).

41 Cf. Gay's translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses vi, line 103: "And lose their less'ning Summits in the Skies" (1712: reprinted Metamorphoses. By Several Hands, 1717, p. 186).

New to the sight, my ravish'd Eyes admire
Each gilded Crescent and each antique Spire,
The Marble Mosques beneath whose ample Domes
Fierce Warlike Sultans sleep in peacefull Tombs.
Those lofty Structures once the Christian boast
Their Names, their Glorys, and their Beautys lost,
Those Altars bright with Gold, with Sculpture grac'd,
By Barbarous Zeal of Savage Foes defac'd.
Sophia alone her Ancient Sound retains
Thô unbeleiving Vows her shrine prophanes.
Where Holy Saints have dy'd; in Sacred Cells
Where Monarchs pray'd, the Frantic Derviche dwells.
How art thou falln, Imperial City, low!
Where are thy Hopes of Roman Glory now?
Where are thy Palaces by Prelates rais'd;
Where preistly Pomp in Purple Lustre blaz'd?

---

45 followed by two extra lines in NY:
The Fair Serail where sunk in Idle ease
The Lazy Monarch melts his thoughtless Days.
48 Christian / Christian's 1720, 1861; Christians 1781, 1805 reprints; Christians' 1803, 1837.
49 Glorys,...Beautys / Honnours,...Beautys NY; Beauty,...Honours eds.
50 with Sculpture / and Sculpture eds.
51 Savage / altered from cruel H MS.
52-55 omitted in NY.
52 Sound / Name eds.
53 unbeleiving Vows / th'unbeliever now 1837, 1861. Full stop editorial.
55 Where / And written above as an alternative H MS; punctuation LM's.
Followed by duplication of lines 64-67 in NY.
59 Followed by duplication of lines 62-63 in NY.
Omitted by eds., which bracket lines 58, 60-61 as a triplet.

---

51 LM wrote this before she visited Saint Sophia and found that the story of its defacement was untrue (Letters, i. 398-9).

Where Grecian Artists all their Skill display'd
Before the Happy Sciences decay'd.
So vast, that youthfull Kings might there reside,
So splendid, to content a Patriarch's pride.
Convents where Emperours profess'd of Old,
The Labour'd Pillars that their Triumphs told
(Vain Monuments of Men that once were great!)
Sunk undistinguish'd in one common Fate!
One Little Spot the small Fenár contains,
Of Greek Nobillity, the poor remains,
Where other Helens show like powerfull Charms
As once engag'd the Warring World in Arms,
Those Names which Royal Auncestry can boast
In mean Mechanic arts obscurely lost,
Those Eyes a second Homer might inspire,
Fix'd at the loom, destroy their useless Fire.

---

62 there / here eds.
65 The / Their 1720; There 1781 reprint.
66 Men / them eds.
67 in / by 1781-1861.
68 One / altered from How NY; small Fenár / Tenure small eds.
70 show / with eds.
71 As / Has 1720; Had 1781-1861.
72 Auncestry / Ancestors eds.

---

61 Happy Sciences: i.e. the arts of civilized or elegant life.
65 The "Historical Pillar...dropp'd down about 2 year befor I came" (Letters, i. 402).
68 The Greek quarter of Constantinople was called Fanar or Phanar from a lighthouse on the Golden Horn.
70-71 The charms of Helen and the world in arms had rhymed together in the opening couplet of the prologue to Farquhar's The Recruiting Officer, 1706, and in Pope's Iliad, iii. 205-6.
70-75 LM had described the Greek community in Homeric terms to Pope (Letters, i. 332-3).

Greiv'd at a view which strikes upon my Mind
The short-liv'd Vanity of Humankind
In Gaudy Objects I indulge my Sight
And turn where Eastern Pomp gives Gay Delight.
See; the vast Train in Various Habits drest,
By the bright Scimetar, and sable vest,
The Vizier proud, distinguish'd o're the rest.
Six slaves in gay Attire his Bridle hold,
His Bridle rich with Gems, his stirrups Gold,
His snowy Steed adorn'd with Lavish Pride,
Whole troops of Soldiers mounted by his Side,
These toss the Plumy Crest, Arabian Coursers guide.
With awfull Duty, all decline their Eyes,
No Bellowing Shouts of noisie crouds arise,
Silence, in solemn state the March attends
Till at the Dread Divan the slow Procession ends.
Yet not these prospects, all profusely Gay,
The gilded Navy that adorns the Sea,
The rising City in Confusion fair
Magnificently form'd irregular

76-77 Eds. join this couplet to the preceding paragraph and end it with a full stop.
76 strikes / struck eds.
82 Vizier proud / proud Vizier eds.
84 rich / rough NY; his / and eds.
85 Lavish / costly eds.
87 toss...Coursers / Top...coursers Longleat; top...Courtiers eds.
88 awfull / artful eds.
92 prospects / altered from objects H MS; Objects NY.
93 gilded / altered from Shining NY.

80ff. LM had described Turkish processions in her letters (i. 323-4, 356-7).
82-84 Voltaire quoted these lines, evidently from H MS 256, in a letter of Feb. 1736 (Corr., ed. T. Besterman, v, 1954, p. 67).

Where Woods and Palaces at once surprise,
Gardens, on Gardens, Domes on Domes arise,
And endless Beauties tire the wandring Eyes,
So sooths my wishes or so charms my Mind
As this retreat, secure from Human kind.
No Knave's successfull craft does Spleen excite,
No Coxcomb's Tawdry Splendour shocks my Sight,
No Mob Alarm awakes my Female Fears,
No unrewarded Merit asks my Tears,
Nor Praise my Mind, nor Envy hurts my Ear,
Even Fame it selfe can hardly reach me here,
Impertinence with all her tattling train,
Fair sounding Flattery's delicious bane,
Censorious Folly, noisy Party rage,
The thousand Tongues with which she must engage
Who dare have virtue in a vicious Age.

---

98 the/ my Longleat.
99 sooths.../charms/ sooth.../charm eds.
103 Fears/ fear eds.
104 Omitted in eds., which bracket lines 103, 105-6 as a triplet.
105 Nor/No eds.
111 dare/ dares Longleat, eds.

97-98 Cf. Pope's Essay on Criticism (1711), lines 231-2:

> Th'increasing Prospect tires our wandring Eyes,
> Hills peep o'er Hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

as well as The Temple of Fame (pub. 1715), lines 17-18, and Gay's "Epistle to Burlington" (?1715, pub. 1720), line 94 (Works, p. 154).

103 LM was in the last weeks of pregnancy; her daughter was born on 19 Jan. 1718.

106 LM had written to Pope of her sense of isolation from the fashionable world (Letters, i. 366-7).

108 delicious bane: cf. "precious bane" (Paradise Lost, i. 692).

110-11 Four years earlier LM had praised "those Wives that have sense enough not to be led by the Croud, and Virtuous Courrage enough to stand the Laugh that will infailibly insult them with the name of Prudes" (Letters, i. 206).

A Satyr

June 1717-June 1718

Lady Mary did not claim as her own this adaptation from Boileau's tenth satire (above p. 82). But the leaf preceding it, otherwise blank and of the same paper as the following leaves, bears a note which she later added, "Wrote at Constantinople"; this strongly implies authorship. For the dates of her arrival and departure, see Letters, i. 362 n. 1, 415 n. 3.

MS: H MS 81, ff. 205-9, Lady Mary's hand.

Sated with Pleasure you no more will rove
But fix your Fortune, and confine your Love;
Tis thus you say -- Determind at the last
The Choice is made, the word of Honnour past,
The portion that material point agreed
Advice comes late, I cannot now recede.
To say the truth, tir'd with my rambling Life
I wish the solid Comfort of a Wife
To pass in peace My now declineing years
And disapoint the hopes of Greedy heirs,
And then I think, what pleasure it will be
A Little riseing Family to see,
To view my Image in an Infant face
And see renew'd the honnours of my Race.

1-2 Cf. Boileau, Satire x, lines 1-2.
5 Cf. Boileau, lines 3-4
7 LM wrote to Conti of her "rambling Destiny" (19 May 1718, Letters, i. 412).
10 Cf. Boileau, lines 80-82, 89-90.
11-12 Cf. Boileau, lines 12-14.

In search of happyness we blindly stray,
Tis heaven alone directs the proper way
And Man can only boast of true Delight
When Law confines the wand'ring Appetite.
Have you then thought Oh unrefflecting Freind
On every Chance that does that Choice attend?
In Silence will you Sullenly repent
Or have you gaind the Skill to be content?
Methinks I hear you toast your beauteous bride
And wish each Freind the happy State had tryd
Yet when the parting hour, tho' late, is come
You sit the last and tremble to go 'home.
Go cheerfull on, perhaps you need not fear,
'Tis ten to one, you do not meet her there.
'Tis true yon red appears the ⟨Break⟩ of Day
But yet my Lady mayn't be ris from Play,
Still crouds of Hacks attend at Damon's Door
And waiting Chairmen on the Benches snore
While well-bred Footmen with repeated Knocks
Repay the Echo of the upper Box.
When she returns blest Husband as you are
You must your tender Consort's sorrows share
And kindly listen while the sighing Dame

---

20 does / altered from may
35 When she / altered from When you

15-18 Cf. Boileau, lines 113-17.
29-30 Cf. Boileau, lines 235-6.
37 the sighing Dame: cf. "Wednesday", line 91.

Tells by what strange Surprize she lost the Game,
By what unthought of Chance unheard before
When 7 the main some Devil brought up 4.
Such cursed Fortune cannot allways last,
One Lucky Night may recompence the past.
Wise Arguments like these must needs prevail,
Mortgage your land or set your House to Sale,
Debts must be paid or Madam's Credit Fail.
Yet rather may you meet this moderate Fate
Mourning at worst the loss of your Estate
Then wed a frugal manager like some
Who dare not ask a Freind to dine at home,
But Starve at home with a dear carefull spouse
Whose good Oeconnomy no Fire allows,
Or if you stir, must trust it in the wet
Till Coach is call'd, on 'tother side the Street,
Give strict accounts even of your pocket Gold
⟨And⟩ see the short allowance often told.
Nor vainly think this wife yourwealth assures,
Money indeed is heap'd, but tis not yours,
Dearly you pay for all your easy hours
Till her insatiate hand the whole Devours.

54-55 This couplet inserted in the margin.

39-40 Cf. Boileau Satire x, lines 231-4.
40 main: "In the game of hazard, a number (from five to nine inclusive) called by the 'caster' before the dice are thrown" (OED).
42 Cf. Boileau, Satire x, line 242.
44 Cf. Boileau, lines 245-8.
46-49 Cf. Boileau, lines 249-52.
50-51 Cf. Boileau, lines 301-4.
52-53 Cf. Boileau, lines 313-14.

Then should your fortune frown and freinds desert
Hope not to see return'd the smallest part,
Unpitying She beholds you drag'd to Jail
And at your vain Expence does loudly rail,
Your vanish'd Fortune plac'd you know not where
Rewards the Lady for her prudent Care, --
Quick you reply, The Maid I make my Choice,
Incapable of such detested vice,
In Sweet retirement wastes her virgin Days
Unknown at Court, and rarely seen at plays,
Avoids the Dang'rous pride of Public praise.
A Pious Mother's care directs her Youth
In Paths of Virtue, Modesty and Truth.
Pleas'd she submits to her experience'd Guide
Fond of her Guard and ever by her side.
Suppose this true, yet have you never known
An artless Innocence brought up to Town,
Led by her Spouse, for thither she must come,
To Plays, Assemblys, Church and Drawing room,
Soon grow Polite, all sense of Shame laid by
(Or but asham'd of Rustic Modesty)
She hears, not only hears, but gay, Coquette,
With pert advances all Mankind are met.
Freely she raillys on her ruind fame
And proudly Triump/h/s in a madcap's Name

66-67 Cf. Boileau, lines 701-3.
75-80 Cf. Boileau, lines 125-31, 149-54.

Till to the last extremes of Lewdness run
She Courts your Footman, or corrupts your Son.
Happy for you, if vicious without Art
Her Conduct furnishes pretexts to part,
But more I fear for that we often see
Her tast confind to modish Gallantry.
Then round her Toilet waiting Lovers stand,
One gains a Glance, and one the pritty hand,
While her glad Eyes the sighing Croud surveys
Charm'd with the Incense of Insipid praise.
Here every fulsome Fop is welcome seen,
When you approach, my Lady has the Spleen.
To morning Hours no Husband has a right,
Tis Just you should expect the happy Night,
Then you may see the careless fair undressd,
Her Day Complexion on the Toilet plac'd,
Some rare Pomatum shrouds her shineing Charms,
And so prepar'd receive her to your Arms.
Thus is the Beauty by her Spouse enjoy'd,
For others all inviteing Arts employ'd,
For them, selects her silks with nicest care,
For them in vary'd Curles she sets her hair,
With Hoops and heads of every form and size
Follows the Protean Fashion as it flys,

---

93 While / altered from The

85-86 Cf. Boileau, lines 169-72.
87-88 Cf. Boileau, lines 177-80.
89-96 Cf. Boileau, lines 158-60, 187-90.
93 Cf. "Why will Delia", line 3, below p. 491.
97-106 Cf. Boileau, Satire x, lines 191-201.
101 LM had recently used the famous Balm of Mecca, with unfortunate results (Letters, i. 368-9).

And should you murmur at the vain Expence
What a loud torrent of Impertinence!
Was ever tender Wife so coarsly us'd?
Was ever virtuous Love so much abus'd?
And after all of what do you complain?
Is't not your Credit that she should be clean?
In 'spite of Birthday suits and lace grown dear
She shifts with bare 500 /~~pounds~~/ a year.
I see you mov'd with such pathetic crys
And some new Jewel future Quiet buys.
But there are Ladys not so soon appeasd
Who are most happy seeming most displeas'd,
Fond of Occasions to exert their Power
The wretched Husband knows no Silent hour,
The House a Scene of Strong perpetual Noise,
The Servants' Curses or the Children's Cries.
Yet these are Gentle to those Furious Dames
Whose Hearts the rage of Jealousie enflames.
Then is the time to know the Sexes Fire,
What vengeance Vain Suspicion can inspire,
In every Street you meet her watchfull Spies
And oft her selfe mobd in some odd Disguise
With Thunder on her Tongue and Light'ning in her Eyes.

---

117 mov'd/ altered from much

109-18 Cf. Boileau, lines 201-14.
115-16 £500 in "pin-money", not total living expenses. LM's annual allowance as an unmarried girl had been £200; in old age she claimed that she and her husband had lived several years on under £800 p.a. (Letters, i. 134 n. 1, iii. 257). Lace was an extravagance, with "heads" at £30 or £40; in 1712 one lady spent £1418.14s. on lace (Mrs. Bury Palliser, History of Lace, 1865, p. 324).
119-24 Cf. Boileau, Satire x, lines 351-8, 383-4.
130-1 Cf. "Now with fresh vigour", lines 87-92 (below p. 479).

You sigh and think this very hard to bear
But would you rather Chuse a sickly fair?
In Dishabillé allways on the bed
Now groans, the Cholic, now laments her Head,
In spite of hartshorn 20 times a day
Oppress'd with Vapours, allmost faintsaway.
What can such Languishments and sighings mean?
Some Dire distress must cause the mournfull Scene,
A Fever, sure, attacks the fondled Heir
And can you Justly blame a Mother's fear?
No, tis some servant she would have displac'd
For too much sense abhor'd, with too much favour gracd,
Or to prevent some Journey you design'd,
Better to Dye, than be from Town confind.

But leaving to her tears this tender Dame
Persue my Muse a more exalted Theme,
The Learned She, who makes her wise remarks,
On Whiston's Lectures or on Dr Clark's
And quite dispiseing mean Domestic Cares
Only regards the motions of the Stars.
A Gilded Telescope Oft fills her hand,
An Orrery does on her Toilet stand,

150-1 Written after 152-3, and assigned to their proper place by numerals in the margin.

132-45 Cf. Boileau, lines 393-408.

148ff. Ridicule of the would-be learned woman was particularly common on the stage (e.g. Mrs. Centlivre's The Basset-Table, pub. 1706; Three Hours after Marriage, 1717), and had figured in Spectator no. 242. Cf. Boileau, lines 425-30.

149 Samuel Clarke (1675-1729) and his friend and biographer William Whiston (1667-1752) were religious controversialists suspected of deism. LM had mentioned them both sympathetically to Conti (Letters, i. 317).

153 Orrery: an early use of the term. The instrument was invented c. 1700; OED's first examples, 1713 and 1720, make some comment on the name.

New Systems seeks, will all Dark points explore,
Charm'd with Opinions never heard before,
Boldly derideing Superstitious fear
Raillys the mysterys she should revere,
Mistakeing what she cannot comprehend
In downright Atheism her Studys end.
With Joy this odious Charecter I quit
To shew more comical pretence to Wit,
The Politician whose fantastic Zeal
Impairs her Health to mind the Public weal,
Makes grave Refflections on the weekly Lies,
Reads all the Pamphlets Grubstreet can devise,
Even at her Tea instead of female Chat
With matchiavilian Art reforms the State,
Proffess'd a Champion of her Party's Cause
Raillys our Rulers, and arraigns the Laws.

154-5 Written after 156-7 and assigned to their place by numerals in the margin.

---

159 LM expressed her disapproval of genteel ladies' atheism in letters as widely separated as 1710 and 1751 (i. 46, ii. 486).

162ff. Despite her own occasional dabbling in politics, LM always affected to think it an unsuitable interest for a woman (e.g. Letters, ii. 135-7).

168-9 Cf. "P/ope/ to Bolingbroke", lines 40-41 (below p. 568).

To ——— Esqr 18-30 Sept. 1718

The man addressed appears to have been a Christian worker among heathens, but tolerant and unbigoted. He met Lady Mary on her return from Turkey, during her brief and hectic stay in Paris (Letters, i. 438, 441) -- as he himself phrased it,

> Nor in your way would you Lutetia spare,
> Amongst the rest your faithfull Slave was there.

His answer to Lady Mary's lines, expatiating on her oriental conquests, and his "Postscript by the Same Hand", comparing himself to a merchant hoping to profit on the exchange, follow in Harrowby MS 255. He may have been connected with the Mississippi Scheme, which was expected to benefit French, Negroes and Indians (The Flying-Post, or, The Post-Master, 18 Sept. 1718).

MS: H MS 255, f. 80, copied by Lady Mary after 1743.

> Oh worthy endless Fame! (if True Desert
> Can seek Applause but from the conscious Heart)
> Who mak'est the Savage Social Tyes approve,
> And bid'st divided Faiths consent to Love!
> While different Worlds consent to one great End
> Nor take a Master, but embrace a Freind.
> The only Spot, where Nature's Son/s/ yet claim
> Their Rights, and Christian is no dreadfull Name!

7-8 LM wrote of the inhumanity of self-constituted missionaries in her letters, but in that case it was persecution by Christians of rival Christian sects (i. 299, 319).

Epitaph

Sept. 1718

Pope had sent Lady Mary his two sentimental epitaphs on the lovers killed by lightning at Stanton Harcourt, wishing "you had been in England to have done this office better" (Twickenham, vi. 197-201; Corr. i. 495). His letter, dated 1 Sept., reached her almost a month later at Dover. She replied: "Since you desire me to try my skill in an Epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more just, thô not so poetical as yours" (Letters, i. 445). See p. 66 above.

The Embassy Letter containing her lines is, like all the last four in her album, misdated; it was written shortly before she and her husband arrived in London on 2 Oct. 1718 (St. James's Evening Post, 4 Oct.).

MS: H MS 254 (Embassy Letters, vol. ii), Lady Mary's hand.
Printed: 1763: Letters Of the Right Honourable Lady M--y W--y M--e, iii. 133.
1803, iii. 101-2; 1837, ii. 103; 1861, i. 403; reprinted, "George Paston", Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, /1907/, p. 284.
1965: Letters, i. 446.

Here lyes John Hughs and Sarah Drew.
Perhaps you'l say, what's that to you?
Believe me Freind much may be said
On this poor Couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they should have marry'd;
But see how oddly things are carry'd.
On Thursday last it rain'd and Lighten'd,

---

1 lyes / lie 1803-1861.
4 this / that 1763.

---

1 John Hughs: Pope wrote the name "Hewet".
5 "It was but this very morning that he had obtain'd her Parents consent, and it was but till next week that they were to wait to be happy" (Pope, Corr. i. 494).
7 The day of the storm was 31 July 1718; Pope arrived at Stanton Harcourt the next day (Corr. i. 480-1).

These tender Lovers sadly frighten'd
Shelter'd beneath the cocking Hay
In Hopes to pass the Storm 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 curs'd the marriage chain.
Now they are happy in their Doom
For P. has wrote upon their Tomb.

---

10 Storm / time 1763-1837.

---

12 LM's retort to Pope's

> Hearts so sincere th'Almighty saw well pleased,
> Sent his own lightning, and the victime seized
> (Twickenham, vi. 198).

20 LM continues: "I confess these sentiments are not altogether so Heroic as yours, but I hope you will forgive them in favor of the two last lines" (Letters, i. 446). Nevertheless it has been suggested that this letter was the origin of her quarrel with Pope.