

The Life of William Cavendish  
Duke of Newcastle to which is  
added The True Relation of My  
Birth, Breeding and Life

Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle

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A TRUE RELATION  
OF MY  
BIRTH, BREEDING, AND LIFE.

BY MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

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My father was a gentleman, which title is grounded and given by merit, not by princes; and it is the act of time, not favour: and though my father was not a peer of the realm, yet there were few peers who had much greater estates, or lived more noble therewith. Yet at that time great titles were to be sold, and not at so high rates, but that his estate might have easily purchased, and was pressed for to take; but my father did not esteem titles, unless they were gained by heroic actions, and the kingdom being in a happy peace with all other nations, and in itself being governed by a wise king, King James, there was no employments for heroic spirits; and towards the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, as soon as he came to man's estate, he unfortu-

nately killed one Mr. Brooks in a single duel. For my father by the laws of honour could do no less than call him to the field to question him for an injury he did him, where their swords were to dispute, and one or both of their lives to decide the argument, wherein my father had the better; and though my father by honour challenged him, with valour fought him, and in justice killed him, yet he suffered more than any person of quality usually doth in cases of honour; for though the laws be rigorous, yet the present princes most commonly are gracious in those misfortunes, especially to the injured: but my father found it not, for his exile was from the time of his misfortunes to Queen Elizabeth's death. For the Lord Cobham being then a great man with Queen Elizabeth, and this gentleman, Mr. Brooks, a kind of a favourite, and as I take it brother to the then Lord Cobham, which made Queen Elizabeth so severe, not to pardon him.<sup>1</sup> But King James of blessed memory graciously gave him his pardon, and leave to return home to his native country, wherein he lived happily, and died peaceably, leaving a wife and eight children, three sons, and five daughters, I being the youngest child he had, and an infant when he died.

<sup>1</sup> This was probably George Brooke, the brother of Lord Cobham, executed for his share in the plot called "The Bye," in 1603. I have not been able to find any mention of this duel.

As for my breeding, it was according to my birth, and the nature of my sex; for my birth was not lost in my breeding. For as my sisters was or had been bred, so was I in plenty, or rather with superfluity. Likewise we were bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest principles. As for plenty, we had not only for necessity, conveniency, and decency, but for delight and pleasure to a superfluity; it is true we did not riot, but we lived orderly; for riot, even in kings' courts and princes' palaces, brings ruin without content or pleasure, when order in less fortunes shall live more plentifully and deliciously than princes that lives in a hurlyburly, as I may term it, in which they are seldom well served. For disorder obstructs; besides, it doth disgust life, distract the appetites, and yield no true relish to the senses; for pleasure, delight, peace, and felicity live in method and temperance.

As for our garments, my mother did not only delight to see us neat and cleanly, fine and gay, but rich and costly; maintaining us to the height of her estate, but not beyond it. For we were so far from being in debt, before these wars, as we were rather beforehand with the world; buying all with ready money, not on the score. For although after my father's death the estate was divided between my mother and her sons, paying such a sum of money for portions to her daughters, either at

the day of their marriage, or when they should come to age; yet by reason she and her children agreed with a mutual consent, all their affairs were managed so well, as she lived not in a much lower condition than when my father lived. 'Tis true, my mother might have increased her daughters' portions by a thrifty sparing; yet she chose to bestow it on our breeding, honest pleasures, and harmless delights, out of an opinion, that if she bred us with needy necessity, it might chance to create in us sharking<sup>1</sup> qualities, mean thoughts, and base actions, which she knew my father, as well as herself, did abhor. Likewise we were bred tenderly, for my mother naturally did strive, to please and delight her children, not to cross or torment them, terrifying them with threats, or lashing them with slavish whips; but instead of threats, reason was used to persuade us, and instead of lashes, the deformities of vice was discovered, and the graces and virtues were presented unto us. Also we were bred with respectful attendance, every one being severally waited upon, and all her servants in general used the same respect to her children (even those that were very young) as they did to herself; for she suffered not her servants, either to be rude before us, or to domineer over us, which all vulgar servants are apt, and oftentimes which some

<sup>1</sup> Shark, to swindle, to trick dishonestly, to sponge on a person.

have leave to do. Likewise she never suffered the vulgar serving-men to be in the nursery among the nursemaids, lest their rude love-making might do unseemly actions, or speak unhandsome words in the presence of her children, knowing that youth is apt to take infection by ill examples, having not the reason of distinguishing good from bad. Neither were we suffered to have any familiarity with the vulgar servants, or conversation: yet caused us to demean ourselves with an humble civility towards them, as they with a dutiful respect to us. Not because they were servants were we so reserved; for many noble persons are forced to serve through necessity; but by reason the vulgar sort of servants are as ill bred as meanly born, giving children ill examples and worse counsel.<sup>1</sup>

As for tutors, although we had for all sorts of

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess elsewhere describes the evils of familiarity with servants:—"Others through carelessness make their children fall into the same errors, not instructing them with noble and honourable principles, but suffering them to run about into every dirty office, where the young master must learn to drink and play at cards with the kitchen-boy, and learn to kiss his mother's dirty maid for a mess of cream. The daughters are danced upon the knee of every clown and serving-man, and hear them talk scurrilous to their maids, which is their compliment of wooing; and then dancing Sellinger's Round with them in Christmas time, and many other such things, which makes them become like unto like; and their parents think no harm in it because they are young."—*The World's Olio*, p. 79.

virtues,<sup>1</sup> as singing, dancing, playing on music, reading, writing, working, and the like, yet we were not kept strictly thereto, they were rather for formality than benefit; for my mother cared not so much for our dancing and fiddling, singing and prating of several languages, as that we should be bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest principles.

As for my brothers, of which I had three, I know not how they were bred. First, they were bred when I was not capable to observe, or before I was born; likewise the breeding of men were after different manner of ways from those of women. But this I know, that they loved virtue, endeavoured merit, practised justice, and spoke truth; they were constantly loyal, and truly valiant. Two of my three brothers were excellent soldiers, and martial discipliners, being practised therein; for though they might have lived upon their own estates very honourably, yet they rather chose to serve in the wars under the States of Holland, than to live idly at home in peace: my brother, Sir Thomas Lucas, there having a troop of horse;

<sup>1</sup> Virtues, accomplishments. According to Mr. Jenkins, in his reprint of this relation in "The Cavalier and His Lady," in the copy of this book in the King's Library at the British Museum, the Duchess has with her own hand altered virtues into virtuosos. Accordingly he reads "As for tutors, although we had all sorts of virtuosos."

my brother (the youngest) Sir Charles Lucas, serving therein. But he served the States not long, for after he had been at the siege and taking of some towns, he returned home again; and though he had the less experience, yet he was like to have proved the better soldier, if better could have been, for naturally he had a practical genius to the war-like arts, or arts in war, as natural poets have to poetry.<sup>1</sup> But his life was cut off before he could arrive to the true perfection thereof; <sup>2</sup> yet he writ

<sup>1</sup> Sir Charles Lucas, according to Clarendon (Rebellion, xi. 108), was held as good a commander of horse as the nation had. "He had been bred in the Low Countries, and always amongst the horse, so that he had little conversation in that court, where great civility was practised and learned. He was very brave in his person, and in a day of battle a gallant man to look upon, and follow; but at all other times and places of a nature not to be lived with, of an ill understanding; of a rough and proud nature, which made him during the time of their being in Colchester more intolerable than the siege, or any fortune that threatened them; yet they all desired to accompany him in his death."

<sup>2</sup> The Duchess wrote the following poem on her brother's death.

*An Elegy upon the Death of my Brother.*

"Dear Brother,—  
Thy idea in my mind doth lie,  
And is entomb'd in my sad memory,  
Where every day I to thy shrine do go,  
And offer tears, which from my eyes do flow;

"A Treatise of the Arts in War," but by reason it was in character, and the key thereof lost, we cannot as yet understand any thing therein, at least not so as to divulge it. My other brother, the Lord Lucas,<sup>1</sup> who was heir to my father's estate, and as it were the father to take care of us all, is not less valiant than they were, although his skill in the discipline of war was not so much, being not bred therein. Yet he had more skill in the use of the sword, and is more learned in other arts and sciences than they were, he being a great scholar, by reason he is given much to studious contemplation.<sup>2</sup>

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My heart the fire, whose flames are ever pure,  
 Shall on Love's altar last while life endure ;  
 My sorrow incense strews of sighs fetched deep,  
 My thoughts keep watch o'er thy sweet spirit's sleep,  
 Dear blessed soul, though thou art gone, yet lives  
 Thy fame on earth, and man thee praises gives :  
 But all's too small : for thy heroic mind  
 Was above all the praises of mankind."

—*Poems*, p. 271, ed. 1664.

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Lucas was created Baron Lucas of Shenfield by patent dated 3d May 20 Charles I. (Collins, vii. 114). Clarendon gives an account of the manner in which he bought his peerage. John Ashburnham acted as broker. Clarendon, *Life*, iii. 62, 63.

<sup>2</sup> John, Lord Lucas, is included in Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors," his title to inclusion being a speech in the House of Lords in 1671 against the burdens of taxation and the extravagance of the Government. It was

Their practice was, when they met together, to exercise themselves with fencing, wrestling, shooting, and such like exercises, for I observed they did seldom hawk or hunt, and very seldom or never dance, or play on music, saying it was too effeminate for masculine spirits. Neither had they skill, or did use to play, for aught I could hear, at cards or dice, or the like games, nor given to any vice, as I did know, unless to love a mistress were a crime, not that I knew any they had, but what report did say, and usually reports are false, at least exceed the truth.

As for the pastime of my sisters when they were in the country, it was to read, work, walk, and discourse with each other. For though two of my three brothers<sup>1</sup> were married (my brother the Lord

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printed, and burnt by the hands of the hangman. The speech is contained in State Tracts, vol. i. p. 454, and is also reprinted in Park's edition of Walpole, vol. iii. p. 119.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Egerton Brydges gives the following pedigree :— Sir Thomas Lucas of St. John's, near Colchester, married Mary, daughter of Sir John Fernor of Eston-Neston, in Northamptonshire, by whom he had Thomas Lucas of St. John's, near Colchester, Esq., who by Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of John Leighton of London, Gent., had three sons and five daughters, viz.—

1. John Lucas of St. John's, near Colchester afterwards Lord Lucas, who married Anne, daughter of Sir Christopher Neville, Kt., younger brother of the Lord Abergavenny, by whom he had John, his son and heir, born about 1624.

2. Sir Thomas Lucas, a captain in London, who married

Lucas to a virtuous and beautiful lady, daughter to Sir Christopher Nevil, son to the Lord Abergavenny; and my brother Sir Thomas Lucas to a virtuous lady of an ancient family, one Sir John Byron's daughter), likewise three of my four sisters (one married Sir Peter Killegrew, the other Sir William Walter, the third Sir Edmund Pye, the fourth as yet unmarried), yet most of them lived with my mother, especially when she was at her country-house, living most commonly at London half the year, which is the metropolitan city of England. But when they were at London, they were dispersed into several houses of their own, yet for the most part they met every day, feasting each other like Job's children. But this unnatural war came like a whirlwind, which felled down their houses, where some in the wars were crushed to death, as my youngest brother Sir Charles Lucas, and my brother Sir Thomas Lucas. And though a daughter of Sir John Byron, Kt., by whom he had a son, Thomas.

3. Sir Charles Lucas.
  4. Mary, wife of Sir Peter Killegrew, Kt.
  5. Anne.
  6. Elizabeth, wife of William Walter, Esq.
  7. Catherine, wife of Sir Edmund Pye of London, Kt.
  8. Margaret, afterwards Duchess of Newcastle.\*
- Arms.*—Argent, a fess between six annulets, gules.

\* Harl. MSS. 1541, f. 59.

my brother Sir Thomas Lucas died not immediately of his wounds, yet a wound he received on his head in Ireland shortened his life.

But to rehearse their recreations. Their customs were in winter time to go sometimes to plays, or to ride in their coaches about the streets to see the concourse and recourse of people; and in the spring time to visit the Spring Garden, Hyde Park, and the like places;<sup>1</sup> and sometimes they would have music, and sup in barges upon the water. These harmless recreations they would pass their time away with; for I observed they did seldom make visits, nor never went abroad with strangers in their company, but only themselves in a flock together, agreeing so well that there seemed but one mind amongst them. And not only my own brothers and sisters agreed so, but my brothers and sisters in law, and their children, although but young, had the like agreeable natures and affectionable dispositions. For to my best remembrance I do not know that ever they did fall out, or had

<sup>1</sup> A description of Hyde Park a few years later is quoted on page 302. The same author thus describes Spring Garden:—"The manner is as the company returns (*i.e.*, from Hyde Park), to alight at the Spring Garden, so called in order to the Park, as our Thulleries is to the course: the inclosure not disagreeable for the solemnness of the grove, the warbling of the birds, and as it opens into the spacious walks at St. James's."—Evelyn's "Character of England."

any angry or unkind disputes. Likewise, I did observe that my sisters were so far from mingling themselves with any other company, that they had no familiar conversation or intimate acquaintance with the families to which each other were linked to by marriage, the family of the one being as great strangers to the rest of my brothers and sisters as the family of the other.

But sometime after this war began, I knew not how they lived. For though most of them were in Oxford, wherein the King was, yet after the Queen went from Oxford, and so out of England, I was parted from them. For when the Queen was in Oxford I had a great desire to be one of her maids of honour, hearing the Queen had not the same number she was used to have. Whereupon I wooed and won my mother to let me go; for my mother, being fond of all her children, was desirous to please them, which made her consent to my request. But my brothers and sisters seemed not very well pleased, by reason I had never been from home, nor seldom out of their sight; for though they knew I would not behave myself to their or my own dishonour, yet they thought I might to my disadvantage, being inexperienced in the world. Which indeed I did, for I was so bashful when I was out of my mother's, brothers', and sisters' sight, whose presence used to give me confidence—thinking I could not do

amiss whilst any one of them were by, for I knew they would gently reform me if I did; besides, I was ambitious they should approve of my actions and behaviour—that when I was gone from them, I was like one that had no foundation to stand, or guide to direct me, which made me afraid, lest I should wander with ignorance out of the ways of honour, so that I knew not how to behave myself. Besides, I had heard that the world was apt to lay aspersions even on the innocent, for which I durst neither look up with my eyes, nor speak, nor be any way sociable, insomuch as I was thought a natural fool. Indeed I had not much wit, yet I was not an idiot, my wit was according to my years; and though I might have learnt more wit, and advanced my understanding by living in a Court, yet being dull, fearful, and bashful, I neither heeded what was said or practised, but just what belonged to my loyal duty, and my own honest reputation. And, indeed, I was so afraid to dishonour my friends and family by my indiscreet actions, that I rather chose to be accounted a fool than to be thought rude or wanton. In truth, my bashfulness and fears made me repent my going from home to see the world abroad, and much I did desire to return to my mother again, or to my sister Pye, with whom I often lived when she was in London, and loved with a supernatural affection. But my mother advised me there to stay, although

I put her to more charges than if she had kept me at home, and the more, by reason she and my brothers were sequestered from their estates, and plundered of all their goods, yet she maintained me so, that I was in a condition rather to lend than to borrow, which courtiers usually are not, being always necessitated by reason of great expenses Courts put them to. But my mother said it would be a disgrace for me to return out of the Court so soon after I was placed; so I continued almost two years, until such time as I was married from thence. For my Lord the Marquis of Newcastle did approve of those bashful fears which many condemned, and would choose such a wife as he might bring to his own humours, and not such a one as was wedded to self-conceit, or one that had been tempered to the humours of another; for which he wooed me for his wife; and though I did dread marriage, and shunned men's company as much as I could, yet I could not, nor had not the power to refuse him, by reason my affections were fixed on him, and he was the only person I ever was in love with. Neither was I ashamed to own it, but gloried therein. For it was not amorous love (I never was infected therewith, it is a disease, or a passion, or both, I only know by relation, not by experience), neither could title, wealth, power, or person entice me to love. But my love was honest and honour-

able, being placed upon merit, which affection joyed at the fame of his worth, pleased with delight in his wit, proud of the respects he used to me, and triumphing in the affections he professed for me, which affections he hath confirmed to me by a deed of time, sealed by constancy, and assigned by an unalterable decree of his promise, which makes me happy in despite of Fortune's frowns. For though misfortunes may and do oft dissolve base, wild, loose, and ungrounded affections, yet she hath no power of those that are united either by merit, justice, gratitude, duty, fidelity, or the like. And though my Lord hath lost his estate, and banished out of his country for his loyalty to his King and country, yet neither despised poverty, nor pinching necessity could make him break the bonds of friendship, or weaken his loyal duty to his King or country.

But not only the family I am linked to is ruined, but the family from which I sprung, by these unhappy wars. Which ruin my mother lived to see, and then died, having lived a widow many years; for she never forgot my father so as to marry again. Indeed, he remained so lively in her memory, and her grief was so lasting, as she never mentioned his name, though she spoke often of him, but love and grief caused tears to flow, and tender sighs to rise, mourning in sad complaints. She made her house her cloister, inclosing



herself, as it were, therein, for she seldom went abroad, unless to church. But these unhappy wars forced her out, by reason she and her children were loyal to the King; for which they plundered her and my brothers of all their goods, plate, jewels, money, corn, cattle, and the like, cut down their woods, pulled down their houses, and sequestered them from their lands and livings; but in such misfortunes my mother was of an heroic spirit, in suffering patiently where there is no remedy, or to be industrious where she thought she could help. She was of a grave behaviour, and had such a majestic grandeur, as it were continually hung about her, that it would strike a kind of awe to the beholders, and command respect from the rudest (I mean the rudest of civilised people, I mean not such barbarous people as plundered her, and used her cruelly, for they would have pulled God out of heaven, had they had power, as they did royalty out of his throne).<sup>1</sup> Also her beauty

<sup>1</sup> An account of the plunder of the house of Sir John Lucas at Colchester is given in "Mercurius Rusticus," No. 1:—"On August 22, 1642, Sir John Lucas intended with some horse and arms to begin his journey towards the north to wait upon the King." This was discovered to the leaders of the local parliamentarians by a treacherous servant, and the roads were beset, and a guard set on his house. On his attempt to start the town was raised, the volunteers and train-band assembled, and a crowd of 2000

was beyond the ruin of time, for she had a well-favoured loveliness in her face, a pleasing sweetness in her countenance, and a well-tempered complexion, as neither too red nor too pale, even to her dying hour, although in years. And by her dying, one might think death was enamoured with her, for he embraced her in a sleep, and so gently, as if he were afraid to hurt her. Also she was an affectionate mother, breeding her children with a most industrious care, and tender love; and having

people broke into the house to search for arms and the suppressed garrison of cavaliers. "The people lay hands on Sir John Lucas, his lady, and sister, and carry them, attended with swords, guns, and halberds to the common gaol. Last of all they bring forth his mother, with the like or greater insolency, who, being faint and breathless, hardly obtained leave to rest herself in a shop by the way; yet this leave was no sooner obtained, but the rest of that rude rabble threatened to pull down the house, unless they thrust her out; being by this means forced to depart from thence, a countryman (whom the alarm had summoned to this work) spies her, and pressing with his horse through the crowd, struck at her head with his sword so heartily, that if an halbert had not crossed the blow, both her sorrows and her journey had there found an end." After this the house was thoroughly plundered, deeds and papers destroyed, garden defaced, deer killed, and cattle driven away. This was largely caused by a rumour that 200 armed men were discovered in a vault at Sir John Lucas's, had killed nine men already, and were issuing forth to destroy the town. "And to show that their rage will know no bounds, and that nothing is so sacred and venerable

eight children, three sons and five daughters, there was not any one crooked, or any ways deformed, neither were they dwarfish, or of a giant-like stature, but every ways proportionable; likewise well featured, clear complexions, brown hairs (but some lighter than others), sound teeth, sweet breaths, plain speeches, tunable voices (I mean not so much to sing as in speaking, as not stuttering, nor wharling<sup>1</sup> in the throat, or speaking through the

which they dare not to violate, they break into St. Giles's Church, open the vault where his (Sir John's) ancestors were buried, and with pistols, swords, and halberts transfix the coffins of the dead." Sir John was sent a prisoner to London, committed to the Gatehouse, and after a short time released on giving bail to appear on summons. His eight horses and his arms were employed for the service of the Parliament. Parliament also published two Declarations, the one a general prohibition to soldiers and others to break into and search the houses of persons suspected of disaffection and popery (August 27), the other entitled "A Declaration concerning abuses lately done by several persons in the county of Essex."—Husband's "Exact Collection," pp. 590, 592, 605. In this latter Declaration it is stated that the people, on the order of the parliamentary commissioners, withdrew themselves peaceably, "and as they were required, did make restitution of plate, money, and many other goods." However, the Parliament's Commissioners did not come down till Thursday, and the riot took place on Monday, and the worst feature of these outrages was the amount of wanton destruction.

<sup>1</sup> Wharling—I can find no other use of the word. Halliwell explains "wharling" to mean "an inability in any-

nose, or hoarsely, unless they had a cold, or squeakingly, which impediments many have): neither were their voices of too low a strain, or too high, but their notes and words were tunable and timely. I hope this truth will not offend my readers, and lest they should think I am a partial register, I dare not commend my sisters, as to say they were handsome; although many would say they were very handsome. But this I dare say, their beauty, if any they had, was not so lasting as my mother's, Time making suddener ruin in their faces than in hers. Likewise my mother was a good mistress to her servants, taking care of her servants in their sickness, not sparing any cost she was able to bestow for their recovery: neither did she exact more from them in their health than what they with ease or rather like pastime could do. She would freely pardon a fault, and forget an injury, yet sometimes she would be angry; but never with her children, the sight of them would pacify her; neither would she be angry with others but when she had cause, as negligent or knavish servants, that would lavishly or unnecessarily waste, or subtly

one to pronounce the letter R" (Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words). Shakespeare uses a somewhat similar word in "King Lear," iv. 6:—

"We came crying hither;  
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,  
We wawl and cry."

and thievishly steal. And though she would often complain that her family was too great for her weak management, and often pressed my brother to take it upon him, yet I observe she took a pleasure, and some little pride, in the governing thereof. She was very skilful in leases, and setting of lands, and court keeping, ordering of stewards, and the like affairs.<sup>1</sup> Also I observed that my mother nor brothers, before these wars, had never any law-suits, but what an attorney despatched in a term with small cost, but if they had it was more than I knew of. But, as I said, my mother lived to see the ruin of her children, in which was her ruin, and then died: my brother Sir Thomas Lucas soon after, my brother Sir Charles Lucas after him, being shot to death for his loyal service, for he was most constantly loyal and courageously active, indeed he had a superfluity of courage. My eldest sister died some time before my mother, her death being, as I believe, hastened through grief of her only daughter, on which she doted, being very pretty, sweet natured, and had an extraordinary wit for her age. She dying of a consumption, my sister, her mother, died some half a year after of the same disease; and though time is apt to waste remembrance as a consumptive body, or to wear it

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the management of manors and manorial courts. See Roger North's "Life of Lord Guilford," pp. 34-6, ed. 1826.

out like a garment into rags, or to moulder it into dust, yet I find the natural affections I have for my friends are beyond the length, strength, and power of time: for I shall lament the loss so long as I live, also the loss of my Lord's noble brother, which died not long after I returned from England, he being then sick of an ague, whose favours and my thankfulness ingratitude shall never disjoin. For I will build his monument of truth, though I cannot of marble, and hang my tears and scutcheons on his tomb. He was nobly generous, wisely valiant, naturally civil, honestly kind, truly loving, virtuously temperate; his promise was like a fixed decree, his words were destiny, his life was holy, his disposition mild, his behaviour courteous, his discourse pleasing; he had a ready wit and a spacious knowledge, a settled judgment, a clear understanding, a rational insight; he was learned in all arts and sciences, but especially in the mathematics, in which study he spent most part of his time; and though his tongue preached not moral philosophy, yet his life taught it, indeed he was such a person, that he might have been a pattern for all mankind to take. He loved my Lord his brother with a doing affection, as my Lord did him, for whose sake I suppose he was so nobly generous, carefully kind, and respectful to me; for I dare not challenge his favours as to myself, having not merits to deserve them. He was for a time the

preserver of my life, for after I was married some two or three years, my Lord travelled out of France, from the city of Paris, in which city he resided the time he was there, so went into Holland, to a town called Rotterdam, in which place he stayed some six months. From thence he returned to Brabant, unto the city of Antwerp, which city we passed through when we went into Holland, and in that city my Lord settled himself and family, choosing it for the most pleasant and quietest place to retire himself and ruined fortunes in. But after we had remained some time therein, we grew extremely necessitated, tradesmen being there not so rich as to trust my Lord for so much, or so long, as those of France; yet they were so civil, kind, and charitable as to trust him for as much as they were able. But at last necessity enforced me to return into England to seek for relief. For I, hearing my Lord's estate, amongst the rest of many more estates, was to be sold, and that the wives of the owners should have an allowance therefrom, it gave me hopes I should receive a benefit thereby. So, being accompanied with my Lord's only brother, Sir Charles Cavendish (who was commanded to return, to live therein, or to lose his estate, which estate he was forced to buy with a great composition before he could enjoy any part thereof), so over I went. But when I came there I found their hearts as hard as my fortunes, and their natures as cruel as

my miseries, for they sold all my Lord's estate, which was a very great one, and gave me not any part thereof, or any allowance thereout, which few or no other was so hardly dealt withal. Indeed, I did not stand as a beggar at the Parliament door, for I never was at the Parliament House, nor stood I ever at the door, as I do know, or can remember, I am sure, not as a petitioner. Neither did I haunt the committees, for I never was at any, as a petitioner, but one in my life, which was called Goldsmiths' Hall,<sup>1</sup> but I received neither gold nor silver from them, only an absolute refusal, I should have no share of my Lord's estate. For my brother, the Lord Lucas,

<sup>1</sup> The committee sitting at Goldsmiths' Hall was that for compounding with delinquents. "Its object was to receive from delinquents themselves, either such against whom no information had been made, or such as were already under sequestration—

- (1.) A confession of their delinquency.
- (2.) A pledge of adherence to the present Government.
- (3.) A full account on oath of their possessions, real and personal.

Whereupon a legal report was made, and they were admitted to compound in proportions, according to their guilt; half the estate was exacted from any delinquent Member of Parliament; one-sixth from those who had taken part either in the former or latter war; two-sixths or one-third from those who had been active in both wars, &c. Those who were in cities that surrendered on articles of war compounded according to the tenor of those articles" (Mrs. Greene's Preface to the Calendar of Domestic State Papers,

did claim in my behalf such a part of my Lord's estate as wives had allowed them, but they told him that by reason I was married since my Lord was made a delinquent, I could have nothing, nor should have anything, he being the greatest traitor to the State, which was to be the most loyal subject to his King and country. But I whisperingly spoke to my brother to conduct me out of that ungentlemanly place, so without speaking to them one word good or bad, I returned to my lodgings, and as that committee was the first, so was it the last, I ever was at as a petitioner. 'Tis true I went sometimes to Drury House to inquire how the land was sold, but no other ways, although some reported I was at the Parliament House, and at this committee and at that committee, and what I should say, and how I was answered. But the customs of England being changed as well as the laws, where women become pleaders, attornies,

1649, p. ix.) The songs of the Cavaliers are naturally full of allusions to this committee :—

“Under the rose be it spoken, there's a damned committee,  
Sits in Hell (Goldsmiths' Hall) in the middle of the city,  
Only to sequester the poor Cavaliers,  
The devil take their souls and the hangman their cars.”

Another song says in allusion to the oaths :—

“They force us to take  
Three oaths, but we'll make  
A third, that we ne'er meant to keep 'em.”

petitioners, and the like, running about with their several causes, complaining of their several grievances, exclaiming against their several enemies, bragging of their several favours they receive from the powerful, thus trafficking with idle words bring in false reports and vain discourse. For the truth is, our sex doth nothing but jostle for the pre-eminence of words (I mean not for speaking well, but speaking much) as they do for the pre-eminence of place, words rushing against words, thwarting and crossing each other, and pulling with reproaches, striving to throw each other down with disgrace, thinking to advance themselves thereby. But if our sex would but well consider, and rationally ponder, they will perceive and find, that it is neither words nor place that can advance them, but worth and merit. Nor can words or place disgrace them, but inconstancy and boldness : for an honest heart, a noble soul, a chaste life, and a true speaking tongue, is the throne, sceptre, crown, and footstool that advances them to an honourable renown. I mean not noble, virtuous, discreet, and worthy persons whom necessity did enforce to submit, comply, and follow their own suits, but such as had nothing to lose, but made it their trade to solicit. But I despairing, being positively denied at Goldsmiths' Hall (besides, I had a firm faith, or strong opinion, that the pains was more than the gains), and being unpractised in public employments,

unlearned in their uncouth ways, ignorant of the humours and dispositions of those persons to whom I was to address my suit, and not knowing where the power lay, and being not a good flatterer, I did not trouble myself or petition my enemies. Besides I am naturally bashful, not that I am ashamed of my mind or body, my birth or breeding, my actions or fortunes, for my bashfulness is my nature, not for any crime, and though I have strived and reasoned with myself, yet that which is inbred I find is difficult to root out. But I do not find that my bashfulness is concerned with the qualities of the persons, but the number; for were I to enter amongst a company of Lazaruses, I should be as much out of countenance as if they were all Cæsars or Alexanders, Cleopatras or Queen Didos. Neither do I find my bashfulness riseth so often in blushes, as contracts my spirits to a chill paleness. But the best of it is, most commonly it soon vanisheth away, and many times before it can be perceived; and the more foolish or unworthy I conceive the company to be, the worse I am, and the best remedy I ever found was, is to persuade myself that all those persons I meet are wise and virtuous. The reason I take to be is, that the wise and virtuous censure least, excuse most, praise best, esteem rightly, judge justly, behave themselves civilly, demean themselves respectfully, and speak modestly when fools or unworthy persons are apt

to commit absurdities, as to be bold, rude, uncivil both in words and actions, forgetting or not well understanding themselves or the company they are with. And though I never met such sorts of ill-bred creatures, yet naturally I have such an aversion to such kind of people, as I am afraid to meet them, as children are afraid of spirits, or those that are afraid to see or meet devils; which makes me think this natural defect in me, if it be a defect, is rather a fear than a bashfulness, but whatsoever it is, I find it troublesome, for it hath many times obstructed the passage of my speech, and perturbed my natural actions, forcing a constrainedness or unusual motions. However, since it is rather a fear of others than a bashful distrust of myself, I despair of a perfect cure, unless nature as well as human governments could be civilised and brought into a methodical order, ruling the words and actions with a supreme power of reason, and the authority of discretion: but a rude nature is worse than a brute nature by so much more as man is better than beast, but those that are of civil natures and gentle dispositions are as much nearer to celestial creatures, as those that are of rude or cruel are to devils. But in fine, after I had been in England a year and a half,<sup>1</sup> in which time

<sup>1</sup> Supply, to complete the sense, "I resolved to return," from p. 304.

I gave some half a score visits, and went with my Lord's brother to hear music in one Mr. Lawes his house,<sup>1</sup> three or four times, as also some three or four times to Hyde Park with my sisters, to take the air,<sup>2</sup> else I never stirred out of my lodgings,

<sup>1</sup> This was Henry Lawes, for his elder brother William was killed at the siege of Chester in October 1645. He composed the music for "Comus," and acted in it the parts of Thyrsis and the Attendant Spirit. Milton addressed to him on 9th February 1646 the well-known sonnet:—

*To my Friend, Mr. Henry Lawes.*

"Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song  
First taught our English music how to span  
Words with just note and accent."

—Masson, "Life of Milton," iii. 464.

<sup>2</sup> In Evelyn's "Character of England," 1651, Hyde Park is thus described:—

"I did frequently in the spring accompany my Lord N. into a field near the town, which they call Hyde-Park; the place not unpleasant, and which they use, as our Course; but with nothing that order, equipage, and splendor, being such an assembly of wretched jades and hackney-coaches, as next a regiment of car-men there is nothing approaches the resemblance. This Park was (it seems) used by the late King and Nobility for the freshness of the air, and the goodly prospect: but it is that which now (besides all other excises) they pay for here in England, though it be free in all the world beside; every coach and horse which enters buying his mouthful, and permission of the publican who has purchased it, for which the entrance is guarded with porters and long slaves."

unless to see my brothers and sisters, nor seldom did I dress myself, as taking no delight to adorn myself, since he I only desired to please was absent, although report did dress me in a hundred several fashions. 'Tis true when I did dress myself I did endeavour to do it in my best becoming, both in respect to myself and those I went to visit, or chanced to meet. But after I had been in England a year and a half, part of which time I writ a book of poems,<sup>1</sup> and a little book called my "Philosophical Fancies,"<sup>2</sup> to which I have writ a

<sup>1</sup> The book called "Poems and Fancies" was published in 1653; dedicated to Sir Charles Cavendish, the "World's Ohio" in 1655.

<sup>2</sup> "Philosophical Fancies," published in 1653; was afterwards expanded into "Philosophical Opinions," which passed through two editions, 1655 and 1663. In one of the Epistles to the Reader in the edition of 1663, the Duchess writes:—"The ground of these my philosophical and physical opinions was printed in the year 1653, to which in the year 1655 I made an addition, but after I returned with my noble Lord into England, I have since recovered my former work, and finding it not so perfect, as I wish it had been, I have employed part of my idle time to make it more intelligible for my readers."

At the end of the same book she informs her readers, that it is her favourite work (p. 457):—

"Of all my works this work which I have writ,  
My best beloved and greatest favourite,  
I look upon it with a pleasing eye.  
I pleasure take in its sweet company;

large addition, since I returned out of England, besides this book and one other. As for my book entitled "The World's Olio," I writ most part of it before I went into England, but being not of a merry, although not of a froward or peevish disposition, became very melancholy, by reason I was from my Lord, which made my mind so restless, as it did break my sleep, and distemper my health, with which growing impatient of a longer delay, I resolved to return, although I was grieved to leave Sir Charles, my Lord's brother, he being sick of an ague, of which sickness he died. For though his ague was cured, his life was decayed, he being not of a strong constitution could not, as it did prove, recover his health, for the dregs of his ague did put out the lamp of his life. Yet Heaven knows I did not think his life was so near to an end, for his doctor had great hopes of his perfect recovery, and by reason he was to go into the country for change of air, where I should have been a trouble, rather than any way serviceable, besides, more charge

I entertain it with a grave respect,  
 And with my pen am ready to protect  
 The life and safety of it 'gainst all those  
 That will oppose it, or profess it foes :  
 But I am sure there's none condemn it can,  
 Unless some foolish and unlearned man,  
 That hath no understanding, judgment, wit,  
 For to perceive the reason that's in it."

the longer I stayed, for which I made the more haste to return to my Lord, with whom I had rather be as a poor beggar, than to be mistress of the world absented from him, yet, Heaven hitherto hath kept us, and though Fortune hath been cross, yet we do submit, and are both content with what is, and cannot be mended, and are so prepared that the worst of fortunes shall not afflict our minds, so as to make us unhappy, howsoever it doth pinch our lives with poverty. For, if tranquillity lives in an honest mind, the mind lives in peace, although the body suffer. But patience hath armed us, and misery hath tried us, and finds us fortune-proof. For the truth is, my Lord is a person whose humour is neither extravagantly merry nor unnecessarily sad, his mind is above his fortune as his generosity is above his purse, his courage above danger, his justice above bribes, his friendship above self-interest, his truth too firm for falsehood, his temperance beyond temptation. His conversation is pleasing and affable, his wit is quick, and his judgment is strong, distinguishing clearly without clouds of mistakes, dissecting truth, so as it justly admits not of disputes : his discourse is always new upon the occasion, without troubling the hearers with old historical relations, nor stuffed with useless sentences. His behaviour is manly without formality, and free without constraint, and his mind hath the same freedom. His nature is



noble, and his disposition sweet; his loyalty is proved by his public service for his King and country, by his often hazarding of his life, by the loss of his estate, and the banishment of his person, by his necessitated condition, and his constant and patient suffering. But, howsoever our fortunes are, we are both content, spending our time harmlessly, for my Lord pleaseth himself with the managment of some few horses, and exercises himself with the use of the sword; which two arts he hath brought by his studious thoughts, rational experience, and industrious practice, to an absolute perfection. And though he hath taken as much pains in those arts, both by study and practice, as chymists for the philosopher's-stone, yet he hath this advantage of them, that he hath found the right and the truth thereof and therein, which chymists never found in their art, and I believe never will. Also he recreates himself with his pen, writing what his wit dictates to him, but I pass my time rather with scribbling than writing, with words than wit. Not that I speak much, because I am addicted to contemplation, unless I am with my Lord, yet then I rather attentively listen to what he says, than imperpertly speak. Yet when I am writing any sad feigned stories, or serious humours, or melancholy passions, I am forced many times to express them with the tongue before I can write them with the pen, by reason

those thoughts that are sad, serious, and melancholy are apt to contract and to draw too much back, which oppression doth as it were overpower or smother the conception in the brain. But when some of those thoughts are sent out in words, they give the rest more liberty to place themselves in a more methodical order, marching more regularly with my pen on the ground of white paper; but my letters seem rather as a ragged rout than a well armed body, for the brain being quicker in creating than the hand in writing or the memory in retaining, many fancies are lost, by reason they oftentimes outrun the pen, where I, to keep speed in the race, write so fast as I stay not so long as to write my letters plain, insomuch as some have taken my handwriting for some strange character, and being accustomed so to do, I cannot now write very plain, when I strive to write my best; indeed, my ordinary handwriting is so bad as few can read it, so as to write it fair for the press; but however, that little wit I have, it delights me to scribble it out, and disperse it about. For I being addicted from my childhood to contemplation rather than conversation, to solitariness rather than society, to melancholy rather than mirth, to write with the pen than to work with a needle, passing my time with harmless fancies, their company being pleasing, their conversation innocent (in which I take such pleasure as I

neglect my health, for it is as great a grief to leave their society as a joy to be in their company), my only trouble is, lest my brain should grow barren, or that the root of my fancies should become insipid, withering into a dull stupidity for want of maturing subjects to write on. For I being of a lazy nature, and not of an active disposition, as some are that love to journey from town to town, from place to place, from house to house, delighting in variety of company, making still one where the greatest number is;—likewise in playing at cards, or any other games, in which I neither have practised, nor have I any skill therein:—as for dancing, although it be a graceful art, and becometh unmarried persons well, yet for those that are married, it is too light an action, disagreeing with the gravity thereof;—and for revelling, I am of too dull a nature to make one in a merry society;—as for feasting, it would neither agree with my humour or constitution, for my diet is for the most part sparing, as a little boiled chicken, or the like, my drink most commonly water; for though I have an indifferent good appetite, yet I do often fast, out of an opinion that<sup>1</sup> if I should eat much, and exercise little, which I do, only walking a slow pace in

<sup>1</sup> Supply "I should injure myself," or some phrase to that effect.

my chamber, whilst my thoughts run apace in my brain, so that the motions of my mind hinders the active exercises of my body; for should I dance or run, or walk apace, I should dance my thoughts out of measure, run my fancies out of breath, and tread out the feet of my numbers. But because I would not bury myself quite from the sight of the world, I go sometimes abroad, seldom to visit, but only in my coach about the town, or about some of the streets, which we call here a tour, where all the chief of the town go to see and to be seen, likewise all strangers of what quality soever, as all great princes or queens that make any short stay. For this town being a passage or thoroughfare to most parts, causeth many times persons of great quality to be here, though not as inhabitants, yet to lodge for some short time; and all such, as I said, take a delight, or at least go to see the customs thereof, which most cities of note in Europe, for all I can hear, hath such like recreations for the effeminate sex, although for my part I had rather sit at home and write, or walk, as I said, in my chamber and contemplate; but I hold necessary sometimes to appear abroad, besides I do find, that several objects do bring new materials for my thoughts and fancies to build upon. Yet I must say this in the behalf of my thoughts, that I never found them idle; for if the senses bring no work in,

they will work of themselves, like silk-worms that spins out of their own bowels. Neither can I say I think the time tedious, when I am alone, so I be near my Lord, and know he is well.

But now I have declared to my readers my birth, breeding, and actions, to this part of my life (I mean the material parts, for should I write every particular, as my childish sports and the like, it would be ridiculous and tedious); but I have been honourably born and nobly matched; I have been bred to elevated thoughts, not to a dejected spirit, my life hath been ruled with honesty, attended by modesty, and directed by truth. But since I have writ in general thus far of my life, I think it fit I should speak something of my humour, particular practice and disposition. As for my humour, I was from my childhood given to contemplation, being more taken or delighted with thoughts than in conversation with a society, insomuch as I would walk two or three hours, and never rest, in a mus-  
ing, considering, contemplating manner, reasoning with myself of everything my senses did present. But when I was in the company of my natural friends, I was very attentive of what they said or did; but for strangers I regarded not much what they said, but many times I did observe their actions, whereupon my reason as

judge, and my thoughts as accusers, or excusers, or approvers and commenders, did plead, or appeal to accuse, or complain thereto. Also I never took delight in closets, or cabinets of toys, but in the variety of fine clothes, and such toys as only were to adorn my person. Likewise I had a natural stupidity towards the learning of any other language than my native tongue, for I could sooner and with more facility understand the sense, than remember the words, and for want of such memory makes me so unlearned in foreign languages as I am.<sup>1</sup> As for my practice, I was never very active, by reason I was given so much to contemplation; besides my brothers and sisters were for the most part serious and staid in their actions, not given to sport or play, nor dance about, whose company I keeping, made me so too. But I observed, that although their actions were staid, yet they would be very merry amongst themselves, delighting in each other's company: also they would in their discourse express the

<sup>1</sup> In the preface to her Philosophical Letters the Duchess says:—"The authors whose opinions I mention I have read, as I found them printed, in my native language, except Des Cartes, who being in Latin, I had some few places translated to me out of his works." And again, in the same place: "My error was I began to write so early, that I had not lived so long as to be able to read many authors."

general actions of the world, judging, condemning, approving, commending, as they thought good, and with those that were innocently harmless, they would make themselves merry therewith. As for my study of books it was little, yet I chose rather to read, than to employ my time in any other work, or practice, and when I read what I understood not, I would ask my brother, the Lord Lucas, he being learned, the sense or meaning thereof. But my serious study could not be much, by reason I took great delight in atiring, fine dressing, and fashions, especially such fashions as I did invent myself, not taking that pleasure in such fashions as was invented by others. Also I did dislike any should follow my fashions, for I always took delight in a singularity, even in accoutrements of habits.<sup>1</sup> But whatsoever I was

<sup>1</sup> This is quite borne out by the remarks of Pepys and other contemporaries, and by her portraits. For instance, Pepys on April 11, 1667, speaks of her coming to court, "her footmen in velvet coats and herself in antique dress. . . . There is as much expectation of her coming to court, so that people may see her, as if it were the Queen of Sheba." On April 26 he notes: "Met my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet; herself (whom I never saw before), as I have heard her often described, for all the town talk is now-a-days of her extravagances, with her velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches because of pimples about her mouth, naked-necked, without anything about it, and a black just-

addicted to, either in fashion of clothes, contemplation of thoughts, actions of life, they were lawful, honest, honourable, and modest, of which I can avouch to the world with a great confidence, because it is a pure truth. As for my disposition, it is more inclining to be melancholy than merry, but not crabbed or peevishly melancholy, but soft, melting, solitary, and contemplating melancholy. And I am apt to weep rather than laugh, not that I do often either of them. Also I am tender natured, for it troubles my conscience to kill a fly, and the groans of a dying beast strike my soul. Also where I place a particular affection, I love extraordinarily and constantly, yet not fondly, but

au-corps. She seemed to me a very comely woman; but I hope to see more of her on May-day." On May-day, accordingly, Pepys went with Sir William Penn to the Park. "That which we and almost all went for, was to see my Lady Newcastle; which we could not, she being followed and crowded upon by coaches all the way she went, that nobody could come near her; only I could see she was in a large black coach, adorned in silver instead of gold, and so white curtains, and everything else black and white, herself in her cap." See also May 8, 1667.

Evelyn on April 18, 1667, "went to make court to the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle at their house in Clerkenwell, being newly come out of the north. They received me with great kindness, and I was much pleased with the extraordinary fanciful habit, garb, and discourse of the Duchess." On April 27 he saw her again, and remarks that her dress was "very singular."

soberly and observingly, not to hang about them as a trouble, but to wait upon them as a servant ; but this affection will take no root, but where I think or find merit, and have leave both from divine and moral laws. Yet I find this passion so troublesome, as it is the only torment to my life, for fear any evil misfortune or accident, or sickness, or death, should come unto them, insomuch as I am never freely at rest. Likewise I am grateful, for I never received a courtesy,—but I am impatient and troubled until I can return it. Also I am chaste, both by nature and education, insomuch as I do abhor an unchaste thought. Likewise I am seldom angry, as my servants may witness for me, for I rather choose to suffer some inconveniences than disturb my thoughts, which makes me wink many times at their faults ; but when I am angry, I am very angry, but yet it is soon over, and I am easily pacified, if it be not such an injury as may create a hate. Neither am I apt to be exceptions or jealous, but if I have the least symptom of this passion, I declare it to those it concerns, for I never let it lie smothering in my breast to breed a malignant disease in the mind, which might break out into extravagant passions, or railing speeches, or indiscreet actions ; but I examine moderately, reason soberly, and plead gently in my own behalf, through a desire to keep those affections I had, or at least thought to have. And truly I am so vain, as to be so self-conceited,

or so naturally partial, to think my friends have as much reason to love me as another, since none can love more sincerely than I, and it were an injustice to prefer a fainter affection, or to esteem the body more than the mind. Likewise I am neither spiteful, envious, nor malicious. I repine not at the gifts that Nature or Fortune bestows upon others, yet I am a great emulator ; for, though I wish none worse than they are, yet it is lawful for me to wish myself the best, and to do my honest endeavour thereunto. For I think it no crime to wish myself the exactest of Nature's works, my thread of life the longest, my chain of destiny the strongest, my mind the peaceablest, my life the pleasantest, my death the easiest, and the greatest saint in heaven ; also to do my endeavour, so far as honour and honesty doth allow of, to be the highest on Fortune's wheel, and to hold the wheel from turning, if I can. And if it be commendable to wish another's good, it were a sin not to wish my own ; for as envy is a vice, so emulation is a virtue, but emulation is in the way to ambition, or indeed it is a noble ambition. But I fear my ambition inclines to vain-glory, for I am very ambitious ; yet 'tis neither for beauty, wit, titles, wealth, or power, but as they are steps to raise me to Fame's tower, which is to live by remembrance in after-ages. Likewise I am that the vulgar calls proud, not out of self-conceit, or to slight or condemn any, but scorning to do a

base or mean act, and disdainful rude or unworthy persons; insomuch, that if I should find any that were rude, or too bold, I should be apt to be so passionate, as to affront them, if I can, unless discretion should get betwixt my passion and their boldness, which sometimes perchance it might, if discretion should crowd hard for place. For though I am naturally bashful, yet in such a cause my spirits would be all on fire. Otherwise I am so well bred, as to be civil to all persons, of all degrees, or qualities. Likewise I am so proud, or rather just to my Lord, as to abate nothing of the quality of his wife, for if honour be the mark of merit, and his master's royal favour, who will favour none but those that have merit to deserve, it were a baseness for me to neglect the ceremony thereof. Also in some cases I am naturally a coward, and in other cases very valiant. As for example, if any of my nearest friends were in danger I should never consider my life in striving to help them, though I were sure to do them no good, and would willingly, nay cheerfully, resign my life for their sakes: likewise I should not spare my life, if honour bids me die. But in a danger where my friends, or my honour is not concerned, or engaged, but only my life to be unprofitably lost, I am the veriest coward in nature, as upon the sea, or any dangerous places, or of thieves, or fire, or the like. Nay the shooting of a gun, although but a pot-

gun,<sup>1</sup> will make me start, and stop my hearing, much less have I courage to discharge one; or if a sword should be held against me, although but in jest, I am afraid. Also as I am not covetous, so I am not prodigal, but of the two I am inclining to be prodigal, yet I cannot say to a vain prodigality, because I imagine it is to a profitable end; for perceiving the world is given, or apt to honour the outside more than the inside, worshipping show more than substance; and I am so vain (if it be a vanity) as to endeavour to be worshipped, rather than not to be regarded. Yet I shall never be so prodigal as to impoverish my friends, or go beyond the limits or faculty of our estate. And though I desire to appear to the best advantage, whilst I live in the view of the public world, yet I could most willingly exclude myself, so as never to see the face of any creature but my Lord as long as I live, inclosing myself like an anchorite, wearing a frieze gown, tied with a cord about my waist. But I hope my readers will not think me vain for writing my life, since there have been many that have done the like, as *Cæsar*, *Ovid*, and many more, both men and women, and I know no reason I may not do it as well as they: but I verily believe some censuring readers will scornfully say, why hath this Lady writ her own life? since none

<sup>1</sup> Pop-gun.

cares to know whose daughter she was, or whose wife she is, or how she was bred, or what fortunes she had, or how she lived, or what humour or disposition she was of. I answer that it is true, that 'tis to no purpose to the readers, but it is to the authoress, because I write it for my own sake, not theirs. Neither did I intend this piece for to delight, but to divulge ; not to please the fancy, but to tell the truth, lest alter-ages should mistake, in not knowing I was daughter to one Master Lucas of St. Johns, near Colchester, in Essex, second wife to the Lord Marquis of Newcastle ; for my Lord having had two wives, I might easily have been mistaken, especially if I should die and my Lord marry again.