

The Real Story of John Carteret Pilkington

Written By

Himself

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INTRODUCTION

John Carteret Pilkington was the youngest son of Lætitia Pilkington the poet, memoirist and friend of Jonathan Swift, whose memoirs are also on this site. After his father had cast her off, young John was so ill-treated that he decided to run away from home. This memoir is the story of some of his subsequent adventures. He alternated between being taken up by wealthy patrons, and being dropped by them and left to shift for himself. They are well-written with a very ingenuous honesty – he professes himself at a loss to understand why his company seemed to pall after a while with a patron, and his adventures with the inventor of musical instruments, with the Jacobite agents, and on the stage are funnier to us than they were to him.

Also appended to the book are a number of letters between his mother and Lord Kingsborough, of which the account of her meeting with John Wesley is the most interesting. It seems he was in private a much less austere personality than he showed in public to his followers.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The Real Story of John Carteret Pilkington, Written by Himself was first published by subscription in 1760. A second edition appeared in 1762. This Ex-Classics edition is taken from a facsimile of the first edition. Spelling and capitalisation have been modernised, and names abbreviated with dashes have been filled in as far as we have been able to find out.

TITLE PAGE.
Of the First Edition

THE REAL STORY
OF
JOHN CARTERET PILKINGTON
Written by HIMSELF.

=====
All on the sea of life, some calms have seen,
Whatever bursting tempests raged between;
But I have still by adverse winds been tossed,
And always shipwrecked e'er I reached the coast.
=====

LONDON: Printed in the YEAR MDCCLX.

John Carteret Pilkington

DEDICATION.

To The Right Honourable Georgina, Caroline, Countess Of Cowper.

MADAM,

AS the following pages contain an account of my life, I know not to whom I can with more propriety inscribe them, than to Lady Cowper; whose goodness, I am proud to acknowledge, has been the preserver of it. Publicly to confess we have received favours from illustrious personages, is a public innuendo that they know something of us; thus, Madam, we have an opportunity to show our pride and gratitude at the same time.

I flatter myself, Madam, that no part of a book, thus honoured with the sanction of your Ladyship's name, will occasion your being a penitent to your own virtues, or regretting the good offices your humanity has led you to do for a little family, whose greatest crime has been their distresses; which, indeed to some minds, appear an accumulation of all human faults.

Your Ladyship was kind enough, not only to befriend the writer, but to pity the man; not only to subscribe to him as an author, but to administer to his necessities: whether the world may praise or condemn this conduct in your Ladyship, you have at least the consciousness of a generous intention, and the prayers and praises of an unfeignedly grateful heart. I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's
most obliged,
and most obedient,
humble servant,

JOHN CARTERET PILKINGTON.

St. James's-Park,
August 12, 1758.

PREFACE.

By the Author

CONSIDERING the number of grave, learned and divine authors, that become so cheap a purchase at every stall, it might be a matter of wonder how a book, of this size and price, could have made its way into the republic of letters; or how a young man, with so small a share of merit, and so much smaller degree of interest, could have obtained such a number of noble adventurers to deposit half a guinea, for a work they had never seen, and of which, from the title, they could have but little conception; after having, as themselves repeatedly assured me, been considerable losers by subscribing to books, which never were even written, much less intended for publication. If any, or perhaps the greatest part of my benefactors, imagined that might be the case with me, how amiable, how generous, how condescending was it in them, to contribute to the support of a family, merely on a probability that the son of Mrs. Pilkington might have some merit? This single circumstance may clear the present age of imputations that have been thrown on some former ones, that they "suffered these great geniuses to want, whose writings are now the highest delights of retirement." My success has occasioned a learned gentleman of my acquaintance, who is very misanthropic in his disposition, to declare, that "if anything could reconcile him to entertain a tolerable opinion of mankind, it would be the notice and favour I have found amongst them."

The number of books daily published for instruction, by persons qualified through great parts and study to bestow it, are, I hope, sufficient to answer their upright intentions: 'tis a character I confess myself unequal to in every respect; having as much occasion for it as most men; therefore the reader is to expect nothing in the following pages but entertainment. If I can give that in a rational and inoffensive manner, so as to kill two winter afternoons, I see no reason any of my subscribers will have to regret their purchase, as two Italian operas would cost the same money, for which they have nothing afterwards to show; whereas, after this has been read, the binding, gilding, and lettering, will render it a pretty ornament to a library.

As I before mentioned, the infinite goodness of the nobility and gentry, in contributing to this undertaking, with so great a hazard of having nothing for their money, I hope my having fulfilled my engagements will entitle me to this further indulgence; that no subscriber who has any pity for the circumstances of the author, or who meant his subscription as the relief of indigence, as well as the encouragement of literature, will lend this book to any person whatsoever, who is capable to purchase because that will be gratifying their curiosity at my expense.

I must likewise entreat that no nobleman, gentleman or lady, will form a judgment of the production of my pen, from whatever accounts may be given of this Work in the Monthly, Literary, or Critical Reviews. Every person of taste and elegance must certainly be the best judge of what pleases him, without taking the insignificant nod of a book-seller, or the invidious grin of a ragged critic, for the model of their dislike or approbation. I think this matter cannot be better closed than with a quotation from Swift.

Till blockheads blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim the bays;
On me when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric;

John Carteret Pilkington

Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto, and my fate.

Writers who have had too much modesty, or perhaps too little money, to pay a large sum for printing their own productions, have had recourse to the learned for what they termed a subscription, or a deposit of so much money, as might encourage an author to proceed, without being run into a prison on the one hand, or becoming the dupe of a bookseller on the other; dreadful alternative!—Mr. Pope very, happily succeeded, and some others of less note, whose works are yet worth preserving.

A set of people (who watch every occasion to impose on the credulity of mankind, and who are called schemers, but more properly sharpers) observed this; and likewise, that an author seldom published more than a title page, and a subscription receipt: they immediately set their imaginations at work, to compile different titles for books never penned, and to extract subscriptions from all the known encouragers of literature.

Poor merit was unapprised of this villainous artifice, to sap the foundations of her public credit; so that when she personally appeared, with a modesty inseparable from herself, she was rejected with indignity.

Perhaps the author's modesty will be called in question, for the inference he is about to draw; but as this Preface is intended for the good of those who really mean to write, and publish what they propose, he will stand the shock of censure.

His proposal was honoured with most of the names now on the list: he sent it to a nobleman, distinguished as a judge and patron of the muses: the nobleman immediately sent out a subscription; but recollecting how often he had been cheated, sent his footman after the person who received it, the length of a street, and obliged him to return the money, saying withal, he would enquire further about it.

The author, mortified at being compelled to refund, sent the following question to his Lordship directly.

Will he whose power a L——n inspired,
With every excellence on earth admired,
Cease with his bounty to refresh the earth;
Because her bosom gave a villain birth?
Or shall the patron of the muses train,
By honest industry be sued in vain,
Because some wretch to perfidy inclined,
Dared to deceive the friend of human kind?

His Lordship subscribed.

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CHAPTER I.

My Ancestry and Birth—My Mother's departure

IT may possibly be apprehended, by such persons as are inclined to peruse the following pages, that a writer, of my age, can scarce have seen variety enough to form an entertaining volume: had it pleased providence to have blessed my earlier days, with quiet and felicity, 'tis probable I should now have as little to set forth as any other young man who had lived the same number of years.

But though nothing I can advance, in relation to my adventures, deviates much from the common road of things, or those occurrences which daily happen, I have too sincere a respect for the illustrious patrons of my labour, to presume to impose fictions on their superior understanding:—Therefore however this undertaking may fall short in wit, elegance, of superiority of fine, I am determined it shall be adorned with native truth; which is allowed to surpass the flourishes of rhetoric, and carries with it, like the Works of Nature, something that Art vainly strives to imitate.

I am the youngest son now alive, which the Reverend Mr. Matthew Pilkington had by his first wife, Mrs. Lætitia Pilkington, the daughter of John Vanlewen, M. D. and niece to Sir John Meade, Baronet.

The writings of my mother, added to the candour and indulgence of her readers, has procured her a place in the temple of fame; and my father's poetical productions, though not received with so much applause, are yet allowed to be pretty enough.

From a poetical father and mother, what inheritance could a second brother hope, but a pen? An implement which, however dangerous, I am compelled to use. As far as I have been capable to gather of my paternal genealogy, my great grand-father was the younger son of a gentleman of fortune in Yorkshire; who went over to Ireland, at time, when King Charles the First had occasion to try the purses and loyalty of his British subjects; and had for his services there, a handsome estate given him in the county of Meath, which remains in that family to this day.

My grandfather Pilkington, being the youngest of twenty-one children, end having a great mechanical genius, applied himself to the business of watch-making; by which, and much honest industry, he became capable in his lifetime of giving my father a liberal education; and at his death bequeathed him a handsome estate.

My elder brother, being the first pledge of reciprocal love, was taken in his infancy into the care of my father's parents; where, though he was not brought up with delicacy, as to person or diet, the old man took care to enrich his mind with the best tuition money could procure; the benefits of which, with a grateful remembrance of that worthy parent, he now enjoys.

A boy whom Dean Swift was to have stood godfather to, having died without public baptism; the Dean, though no admirer of such business, was pleased to promise to honour my christening with his presence, which promise he did not fulfil.—I have been told that Lord C——t, now Earl of G——e, was really one of my god-fathers, and that his Lordship substituted Dean Delany, from whence I have derived the happiness of being called by his name. But I apprehend that I have either been imposed on in that relation, or that his Lordship has utterly forgot it; as I never could, by any solicitations, prevail with him to subscribe to my writings.

[Note: Dean Delany, on reading this passage at Col. Nuburgh's in manuscript,

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recollected it; and I have, since the death of my mother, very happily experienced the advantages of his Lordship's choice, in a representative on that occasion, as the Dean has more than fulfilled all the promises he made at my baptism, by unlimited instances of his favour and liberality to me.]

The method I took of introducing myself to that Nobleman, was I confess a little too familiar for one of my humble condition, and juvenile years;—but as I am determined herein to submit to the judgment of my superiors as well as to self-conviction, I shall transcribe the lines, which I took the freedom to address to his Lordship, some time after my arrival in London.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Granville

I HEAR, my Lord, from common fame,
You promised Three Things in my name,
The story most demands my credit,
Because Delany often said it,
And men of most profound sagacity,
Will answer for the Dean's veracity;
But be that matter as it may,
I'm called John Carteret at this day,
This name, my Lord, elates my pride,
More than all gifts I boast beside;
And should illustrious Granville smile
'Twould every recent ill beguile,
Saving: from famine death's grim agent,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most Obedient,
J.C.P.

Now it may not be improper to observe that when I wrote the above, I was not under the least apprehension of starving, but said so merely to make his Lordship merry at my expense. The consequence will forever caution me against being humorous: with my superiors, as I am persuaded from the instances of that Nobleman's munificence, still fresh in the memory of many, that no other stance could have withheld his Lordship's bounty from me.—But, certain it was that I was christened; and the acting sponsors were Dr. Clayton, now Lord Bishop of Clogher, Dr. Delany, Mrs. Barber, and, Mrs. Grierson: as none were present but poetical people, they determined to make a fairy christening of it, and each to endow me with the gifts they most eminently possessed.. The Dean representing the Viceroy, gave power and eloquence; Mrs. Grierson, learning; Mrs. Barber, poesy; and for my part, said the Bishop, "I'll endow him with good fortune, 'tis the only gift I can boast," as his Lordship modestly expressed himself.

My mother informed me, that when I was about three years old, my godfather the Bishop requested my father, as his Lordship had no children, to resign me entirely to him; who would undoubtedly have made me as happy as a fine education and affluent condition could do; but my father, to my misfortune, rejected this generous offer, to which amongst other causes I may impute my present situation.

The first thing which impressed itself on my infant memory, was the separation of my father and mother; a circumstance, in which my future fortune was much more deeply interested, than I had then abilities to conceive, not being more than six or seven years old.

As I had till this fatal juncture been bred with the utmost delicacy and tenderness, my poor mother, having made it her chief and highest study, to mingle instruction with delight, and by the most engaging methods, to mould our tender minds for fine impressions, insomuch that we loved her as a companion, and respected her as a parent; the sense I felt of our separation, even at that age, is scarcely imaginable. What cause my father had to suspect her virtue, or whether he had any or not, is best known to heaven and his own conscience and far is it from my present purpose to say anything which may draw a reflection on his name, or disturb, a moment of his tranquillity; since I had much rather the world would attribute my misfortunes to my own misconduct, than want of humanity in him, whom as the author of my, being, I esteem with the most dutiful reverence.

The morning after my mother's departure from his house, he called his children before him, and in a most tender and pathetic manner, acquainted us, of what he termed her misfortune; assuring us, that he would nevertheless perform the strictest duty of a father to us, while our behaviour merited his being such; but withal he remonstrated to us, on the necessity we were under, to be particularly circumspect in our conduct, as well to him as the rest of the world, in order to make the matter entirely be forgotten.

We gave a settled attention to his words, but could not remain our tears on so melancholy an occasion, especially as he informed us we were never more to see her.

Sometime after her departure, she earnestly solicited my father, for one last interview with her dear little ones; as she affectionately styled us; but that favour, if I may call it such, was for the present denied to her; upon which occasion she added four lines to her poem called Sorrow, which, though am not fond of quotations, I ask pardon for reciting.

And since no more I boast a mother's name,
Nor in my children, can a portion claim,
The tender babes to thy protection take,
Nor punish for their hapless mother's sake.

Vide [1st vol. Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs.](#)

After this, either my father's heart relented, or he was by entreaties prevailed on to let us visit her; the mutual joy that took place in our souls at this indulgence, can only be conceived by the fondest of children, and the most endearing of parents.

We continued the whole day with her, during which she would frequently gather us in her arms, and folding us in the most passionate grief, invoke the Almighty to be father and mother to us; and indeed so far her prayers have been received, as the dangers from whence his holy hand alone has delivered even me, have been infinite: nor let the young and gay, into whose hands these writings fall, be offended at these serious reflections; they will sometimes perhaps find me too volatile, but where the praise is due, there let it be ascribed.

When night approached, being the defined moment of departure, my mother would fain have detained me (her peculiar favourite) having intended, as I since

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learned from her, to have brought me to London; but the servant who attended us would by no means suffer it, so that however severe we esteemed our fate, we were obliged to submit to it, and left my poor mother in a flood of tears.

For some time after she left the kingdom, my father continued moderately kind to us, and probably might still have been so, but that going on a visit into the country, he met with Miss Sands, who is at present his wife. This lady, without sense, beauty, fortune, or one amiable accomplishment, found means so powerfully to engage his affections, that he entirely neglected everything but the pursuit of her. Nay, for so much enamoured was he with her very name, that it was carved on every tree in his garden, and written with a diamond on every window in his house; and very seldom had we a sight of him. I can't help thinking that one motive of his attachment to this lady, was her being so diametrically a contrast to the unfortunate object of his resentment; for if my mother was witty and polite, she was hoggish and livid; if my mother was neat and cleanly, the other was dirty and slovenly; if my mother was liberal and generous, she was mean and mercenary; of which I could give demonstrable proofs, but that it would break in upon the chain of my story; and will do as well in its proper place.

I hope I shall be pardoned for saying, that I believe my father now sincerely wished at any rate to get his encumbrances off his hands; and as the present engrosser of his affections wanted none of her sex's artifices, I am pretty certain that much of his coolness and distance to us, proceeded from the councils and the insinuations of that Hyena.—My father, I am told, has lately got a child by her, God forbid it should partake of her disposition, or be used with so little tenderness, as those which he has already gotten, and left the world to provide for (but to my story.)

I was, while my grandfather lived, first kept at the writing school, where I made but small progress; from whence, I was removed to the study of Latin, under the tuition of the Reverend Mr. Baldrick. I had not attained to the classics before the good old man died, and with him my farther advancement in literature for that time; as I was shortly after judiciously removed to my father's kitchen, lest too much learning should have made me mad; in which place it seems I was under the benign influence of the footman, and maid servant, to finish my studies; being kept a perpetual prisoner there, and otherwise treated, in a manner I shall never repeat, and which I heartily wish to forget.

For my own part, I had at that time reflections much above my years, having read every book which chance or providence threw in my way, and digested them, in a manner not customary with children: I had naturally great sprightliness and vivacity, an easy obliging disposition, a good voice, and a tolerable person; with these endowments, it was no matter of wonder, if I looked on my present situation with horror, being utterly abstracted from what my mind most thirsted after, books, company and improvement; an ambition to be amongst my superiors, seemed inherent to me, and I might truly have said with Horace.—*Spernere vulgus*.

I now grew solicitous to know what family and relations I had living; judging I might have a greater probability of being welcome to some of them, than desirable to my father.

An old coachman of my grand uncle, Brigadier Meade, came one evening to visit my father's servants, and was as communicative on this head, as I could possibly have wished; he told me the affinity I had with all the Meade family, and several of

the nobility and gentry, not material here to name but what most engaged my attention in the course of his narrative, was the account he gave me of my grand-uncle Doctor George Vanlewen of Cork; who he said had no legitimate children, and was one of the best-natured gentlemen existing; but his peculiar oddity makes strangers frequently mistake him for morose and ill-natured, which indeed, as much as his good-nature will permit him, he endeavours to affect. He gave us some entertaining accounts of my uncle's disposition, that may here serve as an illustration to the future character I shall have occasion to give of him.

A very spruce dancing-master, and excellent swordsman, happened accidentally to be at a gentleman's house, where the Doctor was sent for to attend the lady in labour. The Doctor, who is homely in his person, and plain in his apparel, when he entered a room where the gentleman of the house and this person were, cried, "Zounds, Sir, what d'ye want with these butterflies about you at such a time as this? Turn him out of doors." The dancing-master, just arrived from Paris, imagined this rencounter a little malapropos; and he neither knowing my uncle, nor the occasion of his coming, told the gentleman of the house he understood no such treatment, and would demand satisfaction from that sorry fellow, whoever he was. My uncle, who had but passed into another room, overheard him; and came out with a very serene countenance, to acquaint him, that if he would wait but fifteen minutes, he would make any concession so great a personage thought proper to require; returning immediately into the room, he dispatched his business in half the time, and after having brought the lady a son, came to fulfil his engagement. The whole thing was so sudden and whimsical, that the gentleman of the house had not presence of mind to interpose his good offices; or, perhaps, the situation his wife was in might have engrossed all his attention: However it was, the disputants went out together. The dancing master told my uncle, he desired to meet him on the Mall the next morning at five o'clock;—no, no, says the Doctor; I shan't then be out of bed, but, if you please, I'll wait on you now. The antagonist finding him true blood, offered many weighty reasons for postponing the combat, particularly his being obliged to teach some ladies to dance. By G——d, says the Doctor, I'll teach you to dance, and sing too, before we part, as sorry a fellow as I appear. Upon this he drew his sword, and defied his enemy to do the same; the second pass he wounded the dancing-master in the sword arm, which possibly saved his guts; he dropped his weapon and asked for mercy, which the doctor generously showed him; and drawing his sword very carefully from the wound, he immediately pulled out a case of surgical instruments, dressed his arm, and sent him home in a chair, recommending it strenuously to him, not to be so hasty in his conclusions for the future. After these proofs of his skill in surgery and the sword, he paid a visit to the lying-in lady, and found her as well as he could wish; but pray Doctor, said the gentleman of the house, why did you leave us so abruptly? Only to skewer a woodcock, replied the Doctor, very gravely, which was all the information that could be obtained from him; it excited the gentleman's curiosity to send to the dancing-master's lodgings, where he was found very ill in bed; the Doctor, however, carefully attended him, supplied him with all necessaries, and was so firm a friend to him from that time, that his recommendations were the means of making the dancing-master's fortune.

He went one morning, into a coffee-house in Cork, and it being cold, stood with his back to the fire; a young officer came in, extremely fine in his dress, and says to my uncle, stand farther off fellow;—yes, please your honour, replied the Doctor, and moved considerably back;—farther yet fellow, says the other; the Doctor kept

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retreating till he got to a window; he opened it, and taking the young spark suddenly in his arms, called to the company to know if he should throw the impertinent coxcomb into the street;—the gentlemen knowing my uncle, and having heard what passed, owned he deserved no better, but on account of his youth, besought mercy for him.

My dear child, said the Doctor, never affront a man who is every way your superior, because his inclination does not lead him to be so great a jack-daw as yourself. After reciting these, and many instances of my uncle's temper, he departed, leaving me fully resolved to embrace the first favourable occasion to fly there for refuge.

CHAPTER II.

I Run away to my Uncle in Cork

My father was not only indifferent about my education or clothing, but a little too severe; since, if anything disturbed his temper abroad, I was sure of a flogging when he came home; and a rainy day was fatal to me; being ever the fore-runner of chastisement, whether with or without a cause. This might probably be done to humble my spirit, and fit me for the hardships of a world I was entering into; and indeed it has had the desired effect, for though I have fallen under various calamities since, none have been half so dreadful to me as those I sustained at home; nay, I am sure I must have died of a broken heart ere now, had I not so early been inured to afflictions. To seek occasion to quit such treatment was not difficult; and though I had never been in the country of Ireland, I conceived a notion of travelling to Cork, being very sure, if once found the road, I should pursue it till I obtained my wishes.

A gentleman came one afternoon to enquire for my father, for whom I happened to open the street door; he gave me a shilling, which was, I believe, the first I could ever call mine; with this sum I resolved, before daybreak the next morning, to set out on my intended expedition, and so little of this great world did I know, that I thought it quite sufficient.

According to this plan I executed my scheme with all possible silence, secrecy and success; but happened fortunately enough to take a wrong road, that is, one that made my journey about thirty miles about.

Before I had one single reflection on my condition, agitated by the pleasing hope of a better fate, I had measured twenty miles, fatigue and hunger then very closely assailed me. I discovered at some distance behind me, a lusty healthy-looking farmer on horse-back; probably he perceived in my features and appearance, something above the vulgar, that induced him to ask me where I was going to, I told him to Cork,—To Cork child, says the man with astonishment—this is not the road, besides, 'tis a journey you will never be equal to at this season, (it being near Christmas) I told him I mattered no hardships, in contempt of which I would prosecute my journey, though at the expense of my life.—You are then, I suppose, well stocked with cash, said he, to refresh yourself by the way. Yes, returned I, I have thirteen pence, which I think quite enough: the honest fellow laughed heartily at my innocence, and as I walked beside his horse, now took me up before him upon it.—His curiosity to find out who I was, made him ask many questions: these I evaded very carefully, lest he should take a fancy to send me home. I told him my father was a shoe-maker, who was gone to Cork, and that having no friends in Dublin, I was going to him. Though he did not seem entirely to credit this relation, he had good manners enough to desist any further interrogations, till we arrived at his house, an homely, but a clean and comfortable habitation, where the whole family came to meet us at the door, and were overjoyed that the farmer had brought a guest with him. As soon as they had furnished me with dry apparel, for it rained very hard, they placed me near a large turf fire, then bathed my feet (which is customary in Ireland) and after spread a table, abounding with milk, butter, eggs, and all the rural delicacies that are the sweet rewards of a virtuous industry.—When I reflect on the serene felicity met with in minds never taught to aspire, I pity, from my soul, many of the rich and great whom I have since fallen amongst: health, competence and contentment they are generally strangers to: luxury destroys the first, extravagance the second, and ambition the last.

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That hospitality is the distinguishing characteristic of the people of Ireland, has never yet been disputed; and the little instances of it inserted here, may amount to a further demonstration.

After being liberally refreshed by my kind host, he waited on me to a bed with one of his sons, where I slept, "wrapped up in measureless content," till daybreak. I was then called to know if I chose to rest myself a day or two, or pursue my journey; when I made choice of the latter. The board was again spread, and might justly be termed a *Cornu Copiae*, accompanied with the most tender and sincere expressions of a hearty welcome.

The farmer then saddled his horse, and after an affectionate embrace from every one of the family, took me before him, and convoyed me about seven miles, and slipping a shilling into my hand, prayed to God to preserve me, and send me more friends.

Encouraged by such unexpected liberality and kindness from perfect strangers, I pushed on in great spirits; about noon I stopped at a little house on the road to procure some food, as I had money to pay for it. The best the cottage afforded was immediately produced, and to my great surprise, the people, though seemingly in the most abject distress, refused to accept the smallest gratification for what they gave me; but on the contrary, loaded my pockets with provision, and attended me to the door with ten thousand blessings.

In the afternoon I was overtaken by a footman, who had a led horse, and who made me a tender of riding: I readily accepted the invitation, and upon his requesting to know my name, and the purport of my journey, ingenuously told the truth. He knew my family very well, and told me he was a servant to Squire A——, who lived a few miles off; and that, though it was out of my road, if I would venture along with him, he would promise me good entertainment, and take care to put me ten miles forward in the morning, if he could render me no other service, which yet he said he hoped to do, as his master and mistress were patterns of good-nature, and consequently would be pleased to help a young gentleman in my circumstances.

About an hour after dark brought us to the Squire's house; the footman brought me into a large hall without a fire, and, gave me into the care of Peter Ludlow the coachman, whole name I gratefully remember, and of whose uncommon kindness I never can say enough.—The footman with whom I came, presently returned from the house, loaded with eatables of different kinds, such as cold beef, ham and fowl; but fatigue had taken away my appetite, which Peter observing with some regret, entreated me to go to his house, and he would endeavour to get something more proper for my refreshment. The footman, who esteemed me his guest, expressed his unwillingness to part with me, till Peter reminded him of his having no fire, and but indifferent bedding, which might occasion my death: at this the poor fellow with a sigh agreed should go with Peter.

It was a bitter frosty night, and travelling, to which I had never been inured, with my sitting down at the Squire's, without a fire, made my limbs stiff, and my frame quite chilly. My host, in order to render his cottage more agreeable on sight, than in idea, told me his house was a beggar's but at one side the road,—that he had no food but potatoes, no drink but water, no fire,—nor any bed but straw. Now Sir, said he, if this fare will suit you, come on with me; if not, turn back to the Squire's.—I told him I had observed something so pleasing in his manner of receiving me, that

under all those disadvantages I chose to accompany him.—Soon after he knocked at his own door, and indeed his endeavour to prepossess me with an indifferent opinion of his house had the defined effect, in making me imagine it a paradise.—There was a large sprightly turf fire, a clean, neat, handsome wife and daughter, who (when they heard who I was) were as much overjoyed to receive me, as I could possibly be at falling into such hands; they brought every article that was necessary for my refreshment, and then put down a couple of fowls, bacon and greens for supper. After treating me with a tenderness and regard, which I had never experienced since the loss of my mother, they put me into their own bed, where delicacy and softness would have inclined a person to sleep, much less tired than I was.

Peter, who was obliged to attend his master early in the morning, left strict orders that I should be well accommodated in his absence; and by no means be permitted to depart, if I should express an inclination for it,—indeed I was ill qualified so to do, either in purse or person, being scarcely refreshed by my night's sleep, and possessed but of two shillings.

My amiable and friendly hostess waked me early in the morning, to drink some milk hot from the cow, and at ten called me up to breakfast on tea; so that I question, had I been the Squire's guest, if my entertainment had surpassed this. The lower sort of people in Ireland hold the name of a gentleman in high veneration, and would be more subservient to a man of family, without a shilling, than an upstart, possessed of ever so much.—They are great genealogists, and can trace a man three or four generations back; then tell you the different branches and intermarriages, at which they are so extremely expert, that it is next to an impossibility to impose on them.

The lower people here in England differ from them extremely in this, as well as in most other points; there being no greater object of derision amongst them, than a person by any means assuming the character of a gentleman, without a competency to support it in every degree; so that in London, a cobbler's son in a lace coat, will have more deference paid to him than the offspring of a nobleman, whose necessities are once made known; which makes this proverb so frequent amongst them: "don't tell me what I was, but what I am," with many others to the same purpose. I cannot help saying with regret, that an outside has an effect on persons of greater consequence, to whom it is so familiar:—this to me is extremely surprising, because if merit consisted in velvet, lace or embroidery, Monmouth-street, would be a good place to find it. (But to proceed.)

By the time breakfast was over Peter returned, and informed me, that on his having mentioned me to his master and mistress, they had expressed a desire to see me; but, said he, it would be advisable to stay till tomorrow, and in the meanwhile, let my wife make your linen and stockings clean, that you may appear decently before them.

The next morning pretty soon, being quite spruce, Peter and myself set out for the Squire's, whose lady, it seems, my grandfather, Doctor Vanlewen, had attended as physician; this had raised some favourable sentiments of me before I made my appearance; and, if I may judge from the reception I found, the sight of me rather increased than diminished them.

The Squire and his lady met me coming in, and the lady in a very affable manner, declared she was proud to have one of the worthy doctor's family in her

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house, to whom she owed (under God) her life. They made me stay and dine with them, and afterwards told me, if I chose to reside there a month or two, I was welcome; and they would, in the meantime, write to my uncle in Cork, (to whom they understood I was going) to see if he would receive me. These proposals I respectfully thanked them for, but did not choose to comply with them. The reason was that I had rather stay with my friend Peter, if I was to abide at all, as I could there be less upon the reserve, and seemed to be perfectly deified at his house: at my departure in the evening the lady gave me half a guinea, the gentleman a crown, and what seemed more surprising, every servant in the house followed me, and each gave me something according to their degrees; which, notwithstanding all I could say in opposition to it, they compelled me to accept of.

I now thought myself as rich as Croesus, having never before been the master of such a sum; so that I returned with Peter in great spirits.—Peter, who was, without a compliment, one of the best men I had ever known, was sincerely rejoiced to find that his representations of me were attended with so happy an issue: I told him I could not but look upon him as my benefactor upon the whole; but this he would by no means suffer to be told, and rather seemed to chide his fate, as not being capable to act in my favour, suitable to the greatness of his sentiments.

In short he detained me a fortnight, during which no circumstance was omitted that could be thought conducive to my health, contentment or recreation; and when Peter found, that no solicitations could prevail on me to continue longer with him, he desired his wife to make me a new shirt, bought a pair of shoes and stockings at his own expense, and under pretence of sewing my money in my fob, lest I should be robbed, conveyed a small piece of gold into it, as I afterwards discovered; yet when my little baggage was packed in a canvas wallet, made by Peter, and everything in readiness for my departure, it was three days before I could get away: Peter accompanied me about fifteen miles, leaving his wife and daughter in tears, for our separation, and set me down at the Royal Oak, ten miles from the city of Kilkenny, from whence there is a fine turnpike road to Cork. Peter returned home with reluctance, after enjoining me by the most solemn promises to write to him when I arrived at my journey's end; and if my uncle should not receive me kindly, he would come himself and bring me back to his house, where I should be welcome while ever he had strength to earn a support for me.

I need not animadvert on the benevolence of soul Peter must have possessed; as it must be obvious to every reader, that what he did for me, was without the hope of any recompense, but such as he might obtain from the hand of heaven; and though these passages may seem almost too trivial to engross the reader's attention, yet I am satisfied there are many who will be pleased to find such a character in such a sphere of life; and that a man without the helps of education, may from pure nature practice every Christian virtue in its most amiable perfection. The modesty and delicacy with which poor Peter conferred his favours, may be a just admonition to the rich, and the proud, who when they are prevailed on to help their fellow creatures, do it in so cruelly contemptuous a manner, as makes the receipt of it more painful, than the wretchedness it is bestowed to relieve.—But to go on:—A gentleman in a coach and six picked me up at the "Royal Oak," and in about two hours set me down in the ancient city of Kilkenny, rendered venerable by the beautiful ruins of the Duke of Ormond's palace, and several edifices and monuments of great antiquity, that gave me infinite pleasure to survey, though I confess I am not able to describe them.

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The next day being Sunday, I rested from my labour; and as I had no acquaintances here, employed myself in contemplating the devastations made by time, war, and its revolutions on the perfection of sculpture and architecture, in several old abbeys and monasteries I visited here: this gave rise to a train of reflections, while the gloom of the weather and stillness of the day inspired an awful, yet pleasing melancholy; a condition of mind I am much addicted to, and which none can truly value who has not at some time tasted the sweets of it.

That Milton was peculiarly charmed with its effects, may be seen in many passages of his writings, as well as his pathetically elegant *Il Penseroso*.

Come pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, silent, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
Musing step, and awful gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thy eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thy self to marble—till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
You fix them on the earth as fast.

Here's painting of the most masterly hand, every attitude described, immediately salutes the view, so that one can never read this, without beholding in his imagination a cloistered virgin. I don't know if I have done the author justice in the quotation, as I do not possess his writings, nor any other, book whatsoever—for which I hope some allowance will be made by the literati. The sentiments that occurred to me in this place, I have since endeavoured to express, and present them to those who will take the trouble to read them, by the title of

Scattered Reflections, inscribed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Shaftesbury.

THOSE awful isles where sculptured marbles tell,
What storied chiefs within their precinct dwell;
Oft by a pensive contemplation drawn;
My footsteps visit at the evenings dawn,
Where sleeps perchance now senseless, of my moan,
One who in life had made my care his own;
Had raised my soul from this dejected state,
And softened all the rigour of my fate.

Short is the date of our existence here,
As the light rainbow in the lucid sphere;
Though sacred science all her stores expand,
Though wealth, and honour, flow from fortune's hand;
Though all the virtues in progression rise,
That form the learned, benevolent and wise;
Though great in title, though renowned in birth,
Our last retreat's to the oblivious earth.

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Where's now the pomp, the Majesty that shone
A former century around the throne;
The shifted scene produces to our view,
Lords, statesmen, courtiers, and domestics new;
The florid Tongue, the Machiavellian head,
And soldier's arm, are mingled with the dead;
Gone to the dark recesses of the grave,
The potent monarch, and the abject slave.

When sordid reptiles 'midst these relics place,
The chisel's shame, and Poetry's disgrace,
Ascribe that language<*see note> to a grovelling mind,
To picture sun-bright excellence, designed,
My soul detests the mercenary tale,
And thus the lying statue, I assail:
'Twas thine, oh! man, in one important hour,
To live the steward of eternal power;
Comfort, and joy, and blessings to dispense,
And bid a sea of sorrows wait you hence.
Behold your foes in luxury and pride,
Lavish that dross, to anguish you denied;
Thy life reproach, thy every action blame,
Forget thy merits, and detest thy name.
<*Note: Poetry>

'Tis his sublime felicity to find,
Whose fortunes suit the greatness of his mind,
Whose friendly heart with conscious rapture glows,
When sued for succour—succour it bestows;
Who stoops like heaven, to hear the plaintive prayer,
And makes affliction his peculiar care;
Amidst the toils with greatness that consist,
Who finds an hour to pity and assist;
Abstracts his ear from a tumultuous train,
To hear unmerited distress complain;
Whose every grace and virtue to define,
Illustrious Shaftesbury I'd picture thine.
This when thy soul from worldly business flown,
Shall blend with beings, spotless as its own;
When arts regret, and sciences deplore,
Their patron, judge, and lover is no more;
On fame's record, shall keep thy name alive,
Whilst virtue, truth, or equity survive.

CHAPTER III.

Life with My Uncle in Cork

I shall not tire the reader with a further detail of my journey, nor would I have said so much, but that the reflections frequently cast on the people of Ireland made me wish for an occasion to show them to my English reader in their native simplicity. I don't know whether this expedition of mine has been tedious to the reader, but I know it was very much so to me; I have at length obtained the end of it, and you are to suppose me at the summit of my wishes, in the city of Cork: but, as Lord Chesterfield observes, in a letter to Colonel Newburgh, "most prospects are seen advantageously at a distance, and, lose much of their beauty on a nearer view."—I had wound my imagination up to expect a tender and affectionate reception the moment I discovered myself to my uncle; it was first, however, necessary to find out where he lived, and how the family were then situated. Cobblers and barbers are not only well versed in such matters, but likewise prompt to bestow information on such as require it; therefore having passed into the principal street of the town, I had recourse to a facetious-looking old fellow, whom I saw industriously vamping old shoes for a second market:—to say the truth, my shoes were the worse for the wear, and as I had most part of my money about me, I imagined it discreet to furnish myself here, before I waited on the Doctor. The cobbler seeing my feet, immediately guessed my commands, and handing me a large assortment of his commodity, told me—they were pretty goods, and would do me service.—I sat down to try a pair on me, and in the meantime asked him if he knew one Doctor Vanlewen?—What old George, said he,—that I do, and have done any time this thirty years, and his father old Guisebert too: oh! that old Guisebert was an odd fish: when George was a boy, he was after all the wenches in town. Some of the neighbours told the old Doctor, their daughters were not safe, while his son was prowling about.—Egad, said the old man, coop up your hens, I let my game cocks loose. He would probably have continued the discourse till night, if I had not asked where the doctor now dwelt;—why, where the devil do you come from to ask me that, sure every child in Cork knows old George lives in Hanover-Street, over the way.—Pray what family has he?—Family enough, I warrant you: there's his wife, Peggy Crofts, and Betty Donavon; and their brother Barny M'Gomery; whom the doctor has bred to his own trade of midwifery.—Ah! it's a pity the dear gentleman has no children or relations of his own; for between you and I, he took the wife without a fortune, and has supported her two sisters and brother this many years, who are little better than they should be.—Having found how the ground lay, and being weary and dirty, I asked the cobbler if he knew, where I could sleep that night? He told me I might go to his house, as I seemed to be a sprightly lad, and he would accommodate me cheaper and better than any person whatsoever. In the interim I paid him for the shoes; and he obligingly shut up his bulk to conduct me to his house: after passing through one of the gates of the city, and a variety of blind alleys, lanes and passages, we arrived just by candle-light at the spacious confines of a smoky thatched cabin; in which there seemed to be all imaginable harmony, as the swine, the wife, the pigs and the children, lived very sociably together, and seemed to vie with each other in point of nastiness. When the light of a bulrush had discovered this delightful scene to me, I for the first time wished myself back in my father's kitchen. However, I made a virtue of necessity, and seemed quite satisfied with all I beheld; soon after a supper of salt fish and potatoes was produced, of which I made a hearty meal.—When I told the cobbler who I was, where I came from, and what I proposed, he seemed perfectly enraptured, and begged I would send him to the doctor, as he would take care to incense him, (Note: Ignorantly spoken for convince.)

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because he was certain George would regard his recommendation:—But come, come wife, said he, this is no place for the doctor's nephew, go look out a clean good bed for him, let it cost what it will, I'll warrant old George will pay it. Ay, ay, boy, your bread is baked, you'll never want meal or malt, while your head's hot. I was much pleased with the simple sincerity of the poor man, and had no diffidence of finding his promises fulfilled. The cobbler's wife procured me a decent lodging, and set about washing a shirt for me immediately, which she had tolerably done up against morning; the cobbler himself brought it to my bedside, with clean shoes and stockings, so that I looked pretty smart.—You had better now, said he, write to your uncle, and I'll tell you what to say, and will carry it myself:—he brought me pen, ink and paper, and dictated, as near as I can remember, as follows:

Honoured Uncle,

BEING told of your great honour and kindness, I have walked all the way from Dublin to you, hoping your kindness will provide for your own flesh and blood, as my father has proved ungrateful: I am at present with the cobbler, your old friend, who will tell you where I am; which is all from your loving nephew and kinsman to command till death,

JOHN CARTERET PILKINGTON.

Having finished this elegant epistle, I dispatched my envoy with it, and waited impatiently at the cobbler's house till he returned, which happened in about an hour's time: he entered with a strange contraction of countenance, that seemed, "The title page of a tragic volume." I asked him what news? Why, I'll tell you. I went to the house and knocked at the street door; the footman opened it; I asked if I could see the doctor? he told me he was at breakfast: upon this the doctor himself opened the parlour door, and said, well my old friend, what do you want? He made me come in and sit down (for George always does if the room was full of company) but he was by himself, as God would have it:—so I told him there was a pretty young youth, the very moral (Note: for model) of himself, at my house, who had sent his honour that letter. He read it over and over, and then said, so you tell me honest friend, this pretty young youth is the moral of myself; you mean, I suppose, he is like me in the face. Yes, please your honour, said I, as like as if he was spit out of your mouth, though I lied too, for he's damned ugly, but no matter for that you know.—Well friend, said the doctor, this very dutiful nephew of mine writes me word, that he has walked all the way from Dublin to know what I would do for him: you may tell him to walk all the way back again, and inform his friends there that I will do nothing; and if the impostor continues in this town, I'll send him to Bridewell.—But won't your honour, said I, give him a trifle to carry him? Not a penny, said he; and so giving me the letter back, he pushed me out of doors:—therefore I advise you, while your shoes is good, and you have a trifle of money, to leave this place; for George is as positive as the devil, when he says a thing.—Judge, reader, of my surprise and confusion, to find all my promising hopes and long expectations of comfort, dashed in a moment: Philosophy had not then armed me against the vicissitudes of fortune, I burst into tears, and gave a loose to the agonies of my mind. The poor people were moved at my condition, and told me I might stay a day or two with them, and perhaps the doctor's heart would relent. I embraced the offer.—This was of a Saturday. I continued with them really dejected in spirit the remainder of the day, and 'till about nine o'clock on Sunday night; at which hour, a watchman knocked at the door, and enquired if it was here the doctor's nephew lodged? The poor people imagining he came to take me away, told

him I had been there, but was gone off to Dublin: the words were scarcely delivered, when the doctor and a gentlewoman entered. The moment the lady saw me, she cried with emotion; that's he, doctor, I'll take my oath to his curly head, and the likeness he has to his father. At this the doctor winked, and coming up to me with a stern countenance, cried; Who are you Sir, that dare to say I'm your uncle? I was about to reply, when the lady said, don't you know me Jack? don't you know your cousin Crofts?—Yes, madam, I remember your name perfectly well—This is indeed your nephew, doctor, said she, and no impostor; with that she took my hand and presented me to him. He embraced me very affectionately, holding me some time in his arms, while the tears streamed from his eyes, and he cried, this is all I wished for. He held me fast by the hand, and turning to the cobbler, thanked him for the regard he had shown to his little run-away, presenting him, at the same time, a couple of guineas, as a gratuity for his kindness. My uncle's coach waited for us at the end of the lane, into which he conducted me, and brought me safe to his fireside.

An entire new scene now opened to me, and from a state of the most abject distress, I saw myself in the midst of genteel friends, who seemed sincerely to regard me. I was received by the doctor's lady with all imaginable tenderness, to whom my uncle introduced me in these words: "Here, Kate, I have brought you the prettiest little vagrant I ever saw;—take him, and look on him henceforth as my son." She affectionately embraced me; assuring the doctor, he could not have assigned her a more pleasing office, since love and gratitude taught her to esteem everyone who belonged to him.

A supper was now brought in, where plenty and elegance spoke the hospitality of the man, and the good economy of the woman:—but I was so smitten with a sense of my happy revolution of fortune, that though I had an excellent appetite at the cobbler's, I could not eat a morsel: the doctor observing it, and guessing the cause, ordered some wine whey to be made for me, and sent me to bed. The first visit he paid in the morning was to me, and he was pleased to find me very well, as he afterwards told me, that he apprehended such a surprise might have occasioned a fever.—He acquainted me at breakfast, that when I had sent the letter he concluded I was an impostor, especially as the messenger assured him of my exact resemblance to him, and egad I know I'm the ugliest of the whole family; nor should I have thought further about it, but that the women importuned me; and Mrs. Crofts assured me, she would know your face in any part of Europe. He then demanded every particular of my former life, and my father's behaviour; at the relation of which he was so incensed, that he swore by G——d he would go directly to Dublin, and horse-whip the rascally priest, that dared to use one of George Vanlewen's family in that manner: nay, I seriously believe he would have done it, had not female entreaties prevented him. He was pleased to find I had some share of education, which, said he, as you don't seem to be a dunce, may be improved here; and I'll send you to the university, and make you a brighter, and, I hope, an honester man than your father. A tailor and sempstress were employed to equip me for a decent appearance; in short, I had everything provided, that could answer my convenience or flatter my vanity (for, oh!, reader, with shame do I own, that I had a strong dash of the coxcomb in my nature) my uncle engaged masters to teach me music, the languages, and the sword; in the acquisition of which sciences, I did not manifest so much of the blockhead as the fine gentleman: for while I was seemingly applying close to study, my thoughts were ranging the world. I had such volatility and inattention, that I cannot help admiring, how I ever even learned to read. At my hours of leisure from business, my uncle took me

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amongst all his friends, where his virtues occasioned many civilities being shown to me, which I modestly imputed to my own merits, as many unthinking people do: nay I took as cordial and sincere, all the complimentary professions of friendship paid to me on his account. I perceived that my uncle was a boon companion wherever he went, and never started from his bottle till pretty late at night. It generally happened; that at his return he found the ladies at cards, perhaps, with some of the neighbours, who were to sup: he used, at his entrance, to salute them in a friendly manner, and then taking me on his knee, by the fireside, behind them, every now and then he lolled out his tongue at the company, and whisper' d softly to me—Bitches! Bitches!—As I had no conception of this being the effect of drink; I was quite at a loss what to think of it; nor could I get from him, for he held me fast, saying, now nephew, you are undoubtedly my flesh and blood, and I am determined to tell you the whole affair:—then he'd look at the company and put his tongue again out, in an ironical contemptuous manner, which the homeliness of his face, and the gravity of his wig, rendered so whimsically absurd, that I could not forbear laughing at: this pleased the old gentleman infinitely, as he imagined I laughed at the company.—Well, said he, but nephew, I will now tell you the affair.—What this affair might have been, heaven only knows, but I never could learn a word more about it, though the same scene was acted almost every night.

I took an opportunity one morning to ask my aunt the occasion of this droll behaviour, as I knew she could not but observe it, though good manners induced her to take no notice of it. She told me it was his whim, whenever he had drank a glass too freely, but withal, that he meant nothing by it, and gave no offence; and that he was far from having either peevishness or ill-nature in him. She told me that he used to tease my mother in the same manner, when she was there; and my uncle, Captain Vanlewen, used to steal off to bed the moment the doctor came in. In these vagaries, sometimes, says she, he takes it into his head to sing; words or time of anything he has not—except "Ballo my Boy lie down and sleep;" that he chants so loud, that you may hear him half a mile, and repeats till he has deafened the company, and put himself to sleep;—and yet in the midst of his humour, if he is sent for to attend a labour, he becomes in one instant as sober as an infant, as clear-headed as any man living, and as capable of business. When your grandfather, said she, the doctor's brother, had got an accidental wound, that occasioned his death, my husband, when he heard he was given over, took horse and rode night and day till he came to his house, in Molesworth-street, Dublin: your uncle, to fortify his mind against so affecting a sight, as a departing brother, took a hearty glass of Madeira in the morning, before breakfast. When he entered the dining-room, he found a consultation of all the grave eminent gentlemen of the faculty: he came in with his whip and hunting cap, and without noticing one of the physicians, began to eat some of a cold rice pudding that lay on a sideboard: then turning about with a large piece in one hand, a knife in the other, and his mouth full, Well, gentlemen, said he, I find you have killed my brother, and I'm much obliged to you for it. The doctors assured him that they had most assiduously attended their patient, and prescribed everything, they could possibly think would promote his recovery. You did, says the doctor, turning again to the rice pudding, it's apparent to me you know nothing of the affair: with that he put his tongue out at one side (as your mother told me, who saw it) well, upon my word, you're a parcel of pretty little gentlemen: here is all the great physicians in Dublin to kill one poor man, and old George must come all the way from Cork to cure him. The gentlemen suffered the doctor, they had not the least doubt of his superior abilities, or of the success that might be consequent to it; that they for their parts, could do nothing

farther, and would be glad to improve by the recipe of so skilful a gentleman. They then related what methods they had proceeded upon, and what medicines they had used; at all which the doctor shrugged up his shoulders, put out his tongue, took a pinch of snuff, and then turned to your mother, who was ready to sink with shame, saying, are not these a parcel of pretty little gentlemen? It's apparent to me they know nothing of the affair. Mr. Nicholls, the surgeon-general, who had a great love for your grandfather, besought the doctor earnestly to prescribe something before it was too late. He assured him he did not come there to make them as wise as himself, and, therefore, when he had made a hearty breakfast, he departed, *sans ceremonie*, having only just crept into his brother's room, and felt his pulse, but without ordering anything for his relief, which was the very motive of his journey to Dublin (such and so whimsical is his disposition.) I could not suppress the curiosity I had to know, why my uncle, who was, from every circumstance I had heard or seen, a humane benevolent man, should, at such an exigence, demean himself in that manner. I therefore took an occasion one morning at breakfast, when there were none present but ourselves, to introduce that topic. He could not even hear of it without tears, but told me the condition he found his brother in, gave him no room to hope that any prescription could serve him; and that as the Dublin physicians might possibly have a contemptible opinion of him, he was resolved, by finding those faults, to keep up his dignity in their esteem; and not to risk his reputation, by attempting impossibilities. After saying this, he conjured me never to mention my grandfather to him again, which I took care to observe.

I had by this time made a tolerable progress in my studies particularly in music, having a good voice and an easy manner; but though this advantage rendered my company desirable almost everywhere, yet it was attended with many bad consequences; such as sitting up at night, which disqualified me in some measure for school in the morning, though I never drank. The musical *gentlemen* (I don't mean fiddlers) of the city, had formed themselves into a society, and were all of them to perform at a concert, once a week; the money arising from which, was to be applied to the building of an hospital. Some of them entreated my uncle would permit me to sing a song or two of a concert night, when I was not otherwise engaged; to this he readily consented, both as it was to promote a good end and that no hirelings were admitted into the band. A passion for applause is predominant in most minds, particularly those of young persons; and when the object from whence we can expect it is truly great, nothing can be more praiseworthy. To this single passion, is owing the rise and progress of arms and arts: had we no emulation to excel, we should never exert the nobler faculties of the soul, that lead us on in the pursuits of fame and glory. I am far from concluding, that every great and good action takes its rise from a thirst of applause. No, I'm persuaded, a Legge, a Pitt, and a Boyle [*see note], are only actuated in the service of their country, by that sincere pleasure, that must warm a patriot bosom from a consciousness of having acted as it ought, equally contemning censure and commendation.

[Note: The Right Hon. Henry Bilson Legge, Esq.; The Right Hon. William Pitt, Esq.; The Right Hon. the Earl of Shannon.]

Now my Lord, or my Lady, Sir or Madam, or whoever you are that I have the honour to converse with, you'll find that I have made this pompous digression, only to apologize for my honestly confessing, that I was infinitely delighted when the audience clapped their hands at the end of a song:—for whether I pleased them or no by my singing, yet they heartily pleased me by giving me room to imagine I had done

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it. At the end of each song I went into a side box, where I had a thousand compliments and invitations, to the no small pleasure of my uncle and the ladies, who generally accompanied me there.

One evening, in the midst of the concert, my uncle was called on to attend a lady, so that we went home without him: about eleven o'clock at night he knocked a thundering sasarara at the door; I flew to open it, and, to my unspeakable surprise, saw him with his sword drawn, and bloody, in his hand, his wig with one tie over his face, and his whole frame in the utmost agitation. He entered the parlour in this pickle, when my aunt, though well used to his temper, fainted back in her chair. While we were using means to recover her, he strutted about the room like Ancient Pistol, crying; villains! scoundrels! to attack me at my own door; but. I have pinked one of them; I promise you he'll never attack old George again; no, no, he's quiet, if a lunge through the guts could make him so.

By this time my aunt recovered, and cried, surely, doctor, you have killed nobody: no, my dear, said he, but I have certainly killed somebody; *ecce signum*, look at his blood, the dog. For heaven's sake, dear doctor, tell us how or what it was? Why, Kate, you know I'm as peaceable as the devil, though as cross as the devil, when put upon. Just turning Hanover-street, three fellows set upon me, one of them collared me, while the, two others stood behind; so I just run him through the body, that's all child; and he lies, now where I left him. The footman was immediately ordered to get a lanthorn, and we all, except my uncle, precipitately ran to behold this tragic event; but neither man, living or dead, was to be found, which was some consolation to my aunt. While the doctor enjoyed his triumph, and extolled himself as a prodigy of skill and courage, we were all in the utmost panic, lest he should have killed some of his innocent neighbours. Under these anxieties we retired to bed, hoping that morning would afford us a more particular knowledge of the affair.

When we were seated at breakfast, one Hignet Keeling, a tavern keeper, came in, and told us he was in great trouble about his mastiff dog, who had, followed the doctor from his house last night, and came home, with a wound of a sword quite through his neck. It seems the dog had a great love for my uncle, and: as the tavern was pretty remote from his house, used to come by way of a safeguard with him; and of a dark night frequently jumped up to his breast, to let him know Pompey was with him: but my uncle being, I suppose, wrapped up in wine, contemplation, and the idea of robbers, proved a shrewd Caesar to poor Pompey; since it appeared from all circumstances, that the three robbers were neither more nor less than one unfortunate mastiff. Though my uncle was sufficiently mortified at the laugh this occasioned against him, yet he immediately went and dressed the wounded Pompey, who became his patient till he had made an entire cure; but Pompey never could be prevailed on to escort the doctor home after that.

I now began to enjoy that serenity of mind, that results from circumstances entirely at ease; my studies were a pleasure, rather than labour to me, and everything seemed to concur to make me extremely happy; but, alas! my felicity was too great to be permanent, as will appear from what follows: I have before observed, that my uncle supported his wife's two sisters, and brought her brother up to his business: though the obligations they all were under to him, made them treat me with the utmost civility; yet they could not avoid secretly repining at the share I had in his affection, who indeed seemed to attract all his regard; insomuch, that he took but little notice of my cousin, from the time I came. He was a proud sullen young man, who never spoke

as much as he thought: though my entertaining faculties afforded them some amusement, yet they were such as made me too much the object of popular regard. My uncle's sole design, in educating me, was to make me one of the faculty, and they justly foresaw, that if I settled in Cork, I should be more probable to succeed him in his practice, than a man who had no talents to endear him to society. These considerations were too important and interesting, not first to create a jealousy of me, and afterwards an absolute hatred; that in the end obtained their wishes of procuring a separation between my uncle and myself.

Amongst the many invitations that were offered me, I had one from some officers in the barrack, and acquainted my uncle with it overnight, requesting his permission to go the next morning, and he accordingly gave it to me. As I had a long walk, I rose betimes, to be there by breakfast: there were a very polite set of gentlemen to be there at dinner, and they pressed me to spend the day with them. I told them I should think myself happy in their company, but was apprehensive my uncle might be disobliged at my staying: one of them promised to send a footman to make an excuse to him, which quite contented me. We had an elegant dinner, and after coffee was over, a ball, where there was a number of the first rate beauties. My little heart was so elated with music, gaiety and cheerfulness, that I never observed how the hours rolled on; so that it was past two in the morning before I remembered I was to go home: in short, it was too late, and I had a bed with one of my friends. Though I judged my uncle would not be altogether pleased at my staying, yet, as I was in some of the genteelest company in town, I hoped to find remission of the first fault; and the more readily to obtain it, I brought Captain F——r and Captain A——y to apologize for me, and take the reproach of my offence on themselves. My uncle was abroad, but my aunt received them and myself with a coolness and formality, that expressed rather her contempt of me than care for my welfare. The gentlemen excused my misdemeanour in the best terms friendship and truth could dilate; assuring her, my being out was entirely their faults. She told them she was sorry they had the trouble of coming; but that as for me, she was not in the least disobliged at my conduct, who was really too fine a gentleman to be under her direction, or my uncle's either: that the Doctor was determined to send me back to my father, whose family had already been too expensive to him. My father's family, madam, said I, with surprise? Yes, Sir, your mother cost me fifty pounds at Mallow, a sum that her son shall never have from us, The gentlemen finding her begin to grow indelicate, took their leave, and promised to call some other time.

When my uncle came in he took no manner of notice of me, further than by bidding me get ready to go to Dublin, as he was determined to have no more plague with any of my family. I could make no reply to this injunction, my heart was so full of sorrow; but immediately left the room, and retired to my bed chamber, to contemplate my unhappy condition. As nothing appeared half so dreadful to me as a thought of returning to my father, assured that my treatment would there be infinitely more rigorous than in a galley, the more I studied what to do, the more I was perplexed; till at length I recollected, that my school master, Doctor Bayley, was very fond of me, and that, perhaps, by opening my bosom to him, he might become a mediator with my uncle for our reconciliation. Inspired with this hope, I went to him, which gave my good-natured aunt and her sisters a happy occasion to observe the pride and haughtiness of my spirit, that I was ready to burst with it, even while I stayed in the room; and that, instead of falling on my knees to implore forgiveness, I flew like a tiger out of the house, without rhyme or reason; so that if I was

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encouraged, would I would in another year turn them out of doors: this discourse I learned after from my uncle's footman.

My poor uncle, whose real good nature was not accompanied by an equal share of penetration, saw things in the manner they were represented to him, without giving the eye of his understanding room to meditate on the real causes of them: he instantly swallowed this palpable bait, and became now earnestly incensed against my pride and ingratitude. The ladies then seemed to plead for me, kindly confessing I was a pretty youth, and had great abilities for my years; but withal, that they had never told the doctor half the state I took upon me, or the contemptuous airs I gave myself to them and their servants. These they illustrated by many instances, but, notwithstanding, they would by no means advise the doctor to part with me, as I was the only exposed branch of his family, and might, with proper care and correction, become an honour and comfort to him: all these arguments had their desired effect, of putting my uncle into a great rage, in which he swore a solemn oath, I should never sleep under his roof. In the meantime, I had reached doctor Bayley's, to whom I ingenuously unfolded the anguish of my heart, and the unfeigned regret I felt, at having given the shadow of an offence to my most generous preserver and benefactor. After he had very warmly remonstrated on the fault I had committed, and the ill consequences of keeping too good company, which he said was almost equal to keeping too bad, he entered on his office of advocate, and went directly to my uncle, leaving me to drink tea with his wife and family.

I sincerely believe the good man said and did all that Christianity and benevolence could inspire, to mollify the rigour of the sentence my uncle had pronounced of never receiving me again into his family: but, alas! it was vain and fruitless, as he told me at his return, my uncle valued himself upon being positive and unchangeable in his decrees; and the gentlewomen had so completely fermented that temper, experience had taught them to manage, that the doctor and he had very high words before they parted, and it has occasioned a mutual coolness from that day to this, if they are still living.

Mr. Bayley had too just an idea of my father, from various accounts, as well as the plain simple ones he had from myself, not sincerely to lament my adversity: he assured me, that if he was not cramped by a small fortune and large family from giving a scope to his good intentions in my favour, he would support me like his son, till I was fit for the university, which he said I should have been in another year; where, he was kind enough to add, he made no doubt my genius would be sufficient to advance my fortune. But in the present case, added he, I am at a loss what to do with you; however, you are welcome to remain with us, either till your uncle comes into better temper, or you return to your father.

CHAPTER IV.

Expelled from my Uncle's House, I Return to Dublin and meet with a Musical Projector

The next morning a footman brought me a small trunk, containing my clothes, linen, and books; with a note from my aunt's sister, enclosing a guinea, which she told me she gave me herself, as the doctor would not bestow a shilling; and likewise, that there was a sloop to sail for Dublin that afternoon, and she would advise me to embark in it, where I might have my passage for half a crown; and that if I determined to take her counsel, she would furnish me with proper sea-store.

I consulted Mr. Bayley, who advised me, by all means, to embrace the offer, as it might probably be made to try my temper. I accordingly sent back word that I acquiesced with the proposal. My aunt and cousin, in order to make sure work of it, came themselves, and brought a basket very well filled with neats' tongues, wine, rum, tea, sugar and bread. They accompanied me to the water side, shedding tears all the way for my leaving them so suddenly; but well I ween they were the tears of joy. They advised me as soon as I landed, to write a submissive letter to my uncle, which they would strenuously back with their entreaties for my coming home again, and that they made no doubt of having me with them in less than a month. My foolish heart believed all this, and my eyes overflowed with real tears for my departure, though I made no doubt of my returning according to their suggestions.

As soon as I came on board the sloop, which was the first I had ever been in, I delivered my trunk and provisions to the Captain; these he promised to take good care of, and likewise to accommodate me with his own bed. There was nothing I asked him about, but he gave me a satisfactory promise for; how they were fulfilled, will shortly appear. There was near fifty passengers beside myself on board, men, women and children; to every one of whom, I dare say, the Captain had made the same liberal professions of care and attendance he had done to me; but it seems he intended we should all fare alike, the vessel being fully loaded, and the cabin not capable of containing above three persons with any tolerable satisfaction. As soon as night came on, and we got out to sea, a universal sickness prevailed, from which I was not exempted. I then entreated our commander to show me where I was to sleep: he at first laughed at me, but after frequent solicitations, he complimented me with this elegant sea phrase, "*Dam your eyes, stow where you can.*" I attempted to go to the cabin, but that was filled with the most loathsome and melancholy objects; which may be better conceived by those who know what sea sickness is, than described: in short, I was glad to get into a small boat that was fastened on the deck, where I endured cold and disorder till morning. What would I then have given for a dish of tea: but, alas! my very honest Captain took such care of my stores, as never to let me see the smallest particle of them; so that, during a passage of seven days, had it not been for the hospitality of some other of my fellow sufferers, who were more careful of their stores than I was, I must have been starved with hunger as well as cold: At the end of that time, on a Sunday afternoon, we came safe into Dublin harbour; and after paying my half crown, and a shilling for a boat, I was landed with my small cargo at Ringsend.

I immediately looked out for a house where there was a large fire, and after having exhaled the friendly heat, I refreshed myself with a change of linen and apparel, which I never more stood in need of: I then called for some warm punch, and before I had drank two glasses, a tall middle-aged gentleman entered, with a bag wig

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and a sword on. He began a conversation with me, by asking if I came from abroad: I told him I had come from Cork by sea, and related the particulars of my passage. When I told him who I was, he seemed to know me and my family exceedingly well, with which I was not a little pleased. In the course of some general chat, I mentioned my singing at the concert in Cork; upon this he eagerly said, why, can you sing? I told him I believed I could: he begged I would just hum a tune to give him an idea of my voice and manner; when I did, he cried, bravo! bravo! by G——d, I'll make your fortune: I thought this an odd adventure, and besought him to explain himself, which he did in this manner.

You must know, Sir, that I am a gentleman who has run through, a plentiful estate in schemes for the public good; and though some of them, through the inattention of the great, have miscarried, yet I have at length hit upon one which will return me tenfold the four thousand a year I have parted with; and that your own judgment will determine, when I explain it to you. In the more gay and happy hours of my life, I studied music as an amusement, and am, perhaps, the best maker of harmony in the known world; of this I will give you an immediate demonstration: saying so, he pulled from his sleeve sixteen large pins, and from his pocket a small hammer; with this he drove the pins into a deal table, all ranged one above the other, and some almost in as far as the heads: he then took from his side pocket two pieces of brass wire, and demanded what tune I would have: I told him the Black Joke: then lay your ear to the table, says he, hear and admire: I did so, and, to my infinite amazement, he played it with all its variations, so as to sound somewhat like a dulcimer.

Encouraged by the applauses I gave to this uncommon instrument, he took a parcel of drinking glasses, and tuned them, by putting different quantities of water in each: upon these he played a number of the newer tunes in the most elegant taste, giving me delight and satisfaction. He then proceeded to inform me, that these were but sketches and outlines of his grand art and discovery; for, said he, I have at home glasses as large as bells, of my own invention, that give a sound as loud as an organ, but more delicate and pleasing to the ear: now, Sir, as we are both gentlemen, and both possessed of excellence in the science of music, if we unite them together, we must make a fortune; for after we have exhibited in Dublin this winter, for which purpose I have already taken the Taylors' hall, we may go to Bristol, Bath, Scotland, and, to crown all, to London; and in order, at once, to show you how much I prize merit, and how ready I am to encourage it, I will engage to give you a hundred pounds the first year, besides your board and lodging, and afterwards increase it, if you choose to continue with me.

Such a proposal to a person in my situation, could not fail of a ready acceptance: I blessed the happy moment I left my uncle, and began to think providence had ordered it for my advantage. I considered myself already a man of an hundred a year, without the pains of studying physic; and that for only amusing myself by singing, which I thought no manner of trouble. I told the gentleman my opinion, who allowed I was extremely judicious, and added, that if I pleased I might go to his lodgings tonight, and that we would to-morrow have articles drawn, and set about the study of such songs as were best adapted to his *Angelic Organ*, as he styled it. He then told me in an easy familiar way, that he had brought out no change with him; but that if I had any, and would lend it to him, he would pay the reckoning, and treat me with a coach, I gave him every penny I possessed, and set out with him to his apartments; which I made no doubt were equal to the appearance he made.

As we went along, he told me that the last house he lodged in he paid three guineas a week; but that his music, and the concourse of the virtuosi who came to see him, prevented other lodgers from staying in the house; and therefore, as he would rather discommode himself than others, he had taken rooms at his tailor's; that it was in an obscure place, but then it was cheap, retired, and commodious for his business.

Soon after we were set down at a mean-looking house in Bride-street, and the Captain, for so he had been formerly called, was suffered to go upstairs in the dark.. He left me at the outside of the room till he struck a light, which revealed to my eyes the most littered dirty hole I had ever yet seen: the furniture consisted of an old tawdry bed, one rush-bottom chair, a frame with a number of large glasses ranged on it, and the case of a violoncello. I believe the Captain observed dismay in my looks, and in order to comfort me, said, that he had made the people take all superfluous things out of the room, and: that that he never suffered a servant to clean: it, lest their damned mops and brushes would break his glasses

He then set down and played Handel's water music, and several other pieces, on the glasses, that indeed made some amends for the wretched appearance of everything about him: After this he called his landlord to provide a bed for me; this, after numberless obstacles, was done in a miserable garret, where nothing but the long want of rest could have lulled me to repose.

When I came down in the morning, I found the Captain labouring hard with a broken pair of bellows, to blow about a handful of embers, on which a tin coffee-pot, without a handle, was placed for a tea-kettle; after great industry it boiled, and he took from the case of the violoncello before mentioned a broken delft basin, with some coarse brown sugar, a paper with some nasty bohea tea, a coarse loaf, and a crock of stinking butter: all these appearances of the most abject poverty, after the scenes of plenty and delight I had just left, considerably abated the transports my hundred a year had given me; and though I had no conception of the character of a projector, yet I could not help thinking the man mad; to talk of a hundred pounds, who did not seem worth three-pence. I very modestly told him, I should be obliged to him for a shilling of the change I lent him, to get a better breakfast, as I could not possibly dispense with such homely fare?

Why there it is child, said he, that is the very rock I split on: good God! to what end do we eat? To sustain nature. Suppose this breakfast consisted of everything nice in its kind, what difference will it make in my constitution to-morrow, nay, an hour hence? Or when I go abroad in the habit of a gentleman, who is to know whether I breakfasted on Hyson tea, or water gruel? Indulging the appetite is a mere brutal custom, beneath the dignity of a prudent man, or a philosopher; and a young man like you, who has all his faculties in the highest perfection, should be quite indifferent about these matters. I will let you have a shilling with all my heart, but I would advise you to do as I do, and you'll find the comforts of it at the year's end.

His argument was enforced with such reason and gravity, that I so far adapted his sentiments as to take share, for the present, of what God sent; and the more so, as though he seemed so ready to let me have the shilling, yet I never observed he made the least motion to put his hand in his pocket. After this splendid repast we fell to practising different songs, and the Captain perceived with great rapture, that my voice accompanied the glasses very well.

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It may not be improper, before I proceed further, to give my readers the real story, character, and disposition of this person, as far as I have been able to collect from my own knowledge of him, or the accounts of different gentlemen of his acquaintance, particularly Mr. Newburgh, of Ballyhaise, in, the county of Cavan, who has celebrated this second Quixote in several humorous poems, particularly one called the Pockjead, wherein he explains all his numerous, unsuccessful and impracticable projects; the one of which may give a sample of the rest. This was no less than a scheme for immortality upon earth, and his manner of obtaining it was this: that when any gentleman or lady came to be about three-score, the blood then grew cold and stagnate; this occasioned disorders, which terminated in death. The Captain, in order to remove these obstacles, proposed, that persons at that age, should have a vein opened in each arm, and at the same time a vein opened in the arm of a strong healthy cook maid, or kitchen wench; and let an inflex tube, be placed in the orifice made in her arm, and the arm of the old person; that then as the old decayed blood flowed out at one of the patient's arms, he would receive the young healthy vigorous fluid into the other, which must totally abolish the effects of age, and cause an utter renovation of the animal spirits.

Whether the operation has ever been tried, or whether it might or might not be successful, those better acquainted with the human system than myself are left to judge and determine.

Mr. P——h, at the age of twenty-five, found himself in the possession of an unencumbered estate of four thousand a year, which was so far from answering his genius for spending, that in the end of a small time he had sold every foot of it; and what is more surprising, he was never known to give one genteel entertainment, to do one benevolent act, or anything that could obtain compassion at his fall, or friends to commiserate his distress; he had plenty without the approbation of a single mortal, and want without the least pity. How he did lavish so handsome a patrimony, has been an equal mystery and wonder to his most intimate friends and acquaintance; as they do him the justice to declare, they were never the witnesses of the least extravagance in his equipage, house-keeping, or his other expenses; nor can he to this day be brought to give any account of the steps he took so suddenly, to divest himself of all the comforts of life: for my own part, there appeared so much meanness and low breeding in all his words and actions, that if I had not had it from better authority than his own relation, I could never have believed he had received the education of a gentleman, or kept company with any above the degree of a journeyman mechanic.— For during my unhappy pilgrimage in his abode of famine, he made no ceremony of going to a cook's shop, opposite to his lodgings, for four pennyworth of meat, and disputing learnedly with the cook woman for another bit of fat; from this, and some other instances of the like nature, I have drawn one maxim; That *where a gentleman can descend to be a blackguard*, he is always *of the worst kind*; in short, all sense of shame leaves him with his title and fortune, and things that a reduced servant would blush to do, he transacts with all imaginable ease and serenity.

Colonel Newburgh, whom I have before named, and with whom I had the pleasure to commence an acquaintance, through my connection with the Captain, told me, that he was endeavouring to give Baron Dawson, a gentleman of true wit and humour, an idea of P——'s instrument, by telling him he run two sticks along the glasses, and by that means played distinct tunes; but, says the Colonel, except you were to see and hear it, you can have but little conception of its excellence: oh! but I have, said the Baron, 'tis like a blackguard boy, trailing a stick along iron rails.

If the readers, from the foregoing pages, are the least acquainted with me, they will judge how tedious and disagreeable a life of this kind must have been. The first step I took to the advancement of a better, was writing as pathetic a letter to my uncle as possible, entreating him forgiveness and permission to return; to which I never received an answer, or indeed to many others, written to the same purpose: in the mean time, the Captain and myself laboured hard at our music. The songs I was to sing at my first appearance were fixed upon, and everything got in readiness for the important event; when I hoped my patience and long suffering would meet some reward, for by this time two months had sneaked away: at length the hour arrived. The Taylors' Hall was finely illuminated, the newspapers filled with encomiums on the angelic organ, every public corner was towered with large bills, and tickets dispersed amongst the nobility. About three hours before the concert was to begin, the Captain went to range and tune his glasses, when unfortunately stepping out for some water, a large unmannerly sow entered, and, oh! guess the rest!—threw down the whole machine, and covered the ground with glittering fragments; destroying not only the hopes of the public, but ours of a present and future subsistence. When the Captain returned, and found his lofty castles in the air reduced to an heap of rubbish, he looked just like Mark Anthony, when he beholds the body of Julius Caesar on the earth, and says:

Mighty Caesar, dost thou lie so low?

He, however, supported the catastrophe with a dignity and heroism peculiar to great minds; and without staying for the company, desired the door-keepers would inform the world of this melancholy event, retiring himself once more to his gloomy abode. As soon as we came home, made, I think, the only prudent speech that ever flowed from my lips; namely, that in his present condition I could not be an assistant to him and that I, therefore, thought it a pity to put him to an additional expense in house-keeping; that I was in hopes my uncle would receive me, if I returned to Cork; and, therefore, besought him, if possible, to let me have at least a part of the money I formerly lent him, to pay my passage there in a sloop. He said the first part of my speech spoke me a youth of good parts, which made him lament his not being able to comply with the latter, because child, said he, I am not master of a single penny.

CHAPTER V.

I Return to Cork and am Taken up by Mr. O'Neill

I recollected that I had some superfluous apparel, which I the next morning disposed of to a broker for half value, and took my voyage in the same vessel, to the place from whence I came. Though I had now brought no provisions with me, made but a shabby appearance, and had considerably less money than when I entered his sloop before, yet the Captain's behaviour was totally different: he gave me his own cabin, made tea for me morning and afternoon, treated me with punch every night and, in short, by his kindness, endeavoured to obliterate the remembrance of his former usage of me, which he told me, had I been his son, he could not have avoided, when he had such a number of passengers: but the true reason of all this civility was, his knowing my uncle, and knowing, that if I related the manner of his first behaviour, he would not go unpunished. When I came on shore, he would accept no gratuity for my passage, but brought me to his house, and made so much of me, that I concluded he was one of the honestest fellows I had ever seen.

From the intimacy I had, through the interest of my uncle, with all the persons of consequence in this city, I imagined myself surrounded with friends, with any of whom might have had a twelvemonth's board and lodging, if the worst came to the worst this I had also strong reason to judge from the ardent desire they all expressed for my company, and the unwillingness they all showed to part with me,—as well as the most lavish professions of friendship made me at a time when I needed not their service. The Captain recommended me to a cheap little lodging, where I sat down for the present to study the plan of my future operations, which I did not doubt would be attended with all the success I could wish. The first visit I made, was to a Roman Catholic widow, whom my uncle called cousin; a lady who had a good fortune, and who seemed, by the hospitality of her table, to live to the top of it. Here at least I promised myself a hearty welcome, and elegant entertainment: indeed, considering how extremely cheap all kinds of provision are in Cork, what one moderate man can eat or drink in a family; becomes so small an expense that any good-natured person might afford it, without incommoding themselves.

On my first entrance, the whole family seemed agreeably surprised at the interview, and congratulated me on, my return to my uncle, whom they said they all knew would never be happy without me. They were just going to dinner, and begged the favour of my company, an invitation very acceptable at that time; but as soon as I had let them know I had undertaken this journey without my uncle's knowledge, and that I was not yet certain of a reception, I perceived a visible alteration in every countenance, particularly two Jesuits, who were the widow's domestic chaplains: the one of whom began a very elaborate discourse upon the ill consequences of children flying in the face of their parents; which was as impious as flying in the face of God; that the curse of disobedience attended not only the offender; but a curse was likewise entailed on all who afforded them harbour or refuge. I am not saying, said he, Master Pilkington's case is such, though I cannot but conclude, he has committed some extraordinary crime, to turn so good a man as the doctor against him, and while he continues unreconciled to him, he is doubtless unreconciled to heaven; and under those circumstances a blessing will not attend those who harbour or entertain him. This was the strangest and the newest doctrine I had ever heard; in answer to which, I related the whole story of my offence; but the pious zealot insisted, that my endeavouring to defend my innocence, was a proof of incorrigible guilt, and that he

had now a worse opinion of me, than before: this Jesuitical manner of arguing put me entirely out of countenance, and made me look on myself in a very despicable light.

The lady of the house told me, that she should see the doctor the next day; and that both herself and those worthy gentlemen would use their endeavours to obtain my forgiveness, with which assurance I left them. As I returned to my lodging, I met a young gentleman I had formerly known in the university of Dublin, who was extremely glad to see me: he told me, that he had disoblged his friends, and had betaken himself to the stage for a livelihood; that he had acted in Dublin with great applause, and was now come to spend the summer with the Cork company. After telling him how I was situated, he asked me if I had a lodging? Upon my answer, in the affirmative, he told me, that he would be obliged to me for a part of it, and that, in return, I might see a play as often as I chose. I was pleased to meet with a genteel companion in my adversity, and to have so high an entertainment as a play, which I then looked on as the greatest enjoyment in life. I have no money, said my friend, but I have good credit, of which you will immediately have a proof; saying this, he led me to a tavern, where most of the comedians resorted. I found the conversation of these men made up of buffoonery, effrontery, and quotations from plays; for all which I was so much at a loss, that I appeared a mere novice amongst them. At length one of them was requested by the rest of the company to sing a song; which, after numberless entreaties and apologies for a cold and hoarseness, he was prevailed on to do; but indeed his performance needed more excuses than he had offered for it, being intolerably bad. After having received the thanks and compliment of the company, for his masterly execution and judgment, my friend desired I would favour the gentlemen with a specimen of my singing, which I readily did, and was repaid by a thundering clap of approbation. The master of the theatre, who was present, told me, that if I would join the company, I should have all suitable encouragement; to which my acquaintance earnestly pressed me, by way of showing the old rogue, my uncle, how little I valued him.

Whatever reluctance my pride felt at entertaining a thought of appearing in the despicable light of a strolling player; yet when I reflected on my necessitous condition, I could not but be almost tempted to embrace the offer; nay, I was determined to have done it, if I found my uncle persist in his resolution: and therefore told the manager, that I would consider of his proposal, and give him an answer in a few days. After having supped and drank very hearty, my friend and I retired to our lodgings, he first having answered the reckoning.

As I determined in the interim, not to neglect the main chance, I went to the widow's the next afternoon; but had no admittance farther than a back parlour, where one of the priests came to acquaint me that my uncle had been there; and as soon as he was informed of my being in town, flew in a great rage, not only solemnly protesting he would never be reconciled to me by any entreaties, but likewise, that he would break off all friendship and connection with any of his acquaintance who received me. You know, Sir, said he, what a regard and intimacy has long subsisted between the doctor's family and this. You likewise know, that you are utterly a stranger to us, and were only acceptable as his relation. You cannot possibly suppose, that a family breach will at this time of day be made upon your account. When you consider all this, you cannot be displeased, or think it unreasonable in the widow, to desire the favour you will not come here again. She wishes you very well, and you have the prayers of the family for your better fortune, but that is the most you can expect. I told him, I could not blame the widow, or my uncle, and only hoped they would retain the

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same charitable opinion of me, if I made use of means for my own support, without being a burden to anyone. He assured me, they always would, and earnestly recommended to me to pursue such measures as I thought most conducive to it; concluding with your most humble servant, Sir. When I returned to my lodgings, I found my friend preparing to go to the play; I went with him behind the scenes, and either as good or ill-fortune would have it, the doctor and his family were in the pit, and saw me. When the play was over, the company went to their usual rendezvous, where my friend brought me to supper. I told the manager I was now ready to embrace his offer, since I found I had no longer the hopes of being a *gentleman*. A gentleman! Sir, said he; why, what do you take me for? there is not a man in the company, who is not a gentleman by birth and education. If we were not men of learning and parts, we should be badly qualified to represent the human passions; but you are too young to make proper distinctions, therefore should be forgiven for a sarcasm otherwise inexcusable.

This lesson had a proper effect on me, and persuaded me, that players were gentlemen, especially as by their dress and expenses they assumed the character as much as could be; so that I was quite reconciled to be a gentleman player; upon which I received the congratulations of the company, and was to have sung between the acts the Monday following.

The next morning after breakfast somebody rapped very hard at our door; my companion, who was apprehensive of a bailiff, betook himself to a closet to hide. When I opened the door, I discovered the manager and some other of the principal actors: they asked for my friend, who knowing their voices, ventured to make his appearance. So, says the manager, I have brought an old house over my head, through your acquaintance here; the mayor of the town has shut up the playhouse, and we may now go thrash in a barn for our maintenance. How so, said my companion? Why, Sir, it seems this young man is doctor Vanlewen's nephew, and the doctor having seen him at the house last night, and judging we were going to entertain him, has made interest to deprive us of bread, until I was obliged to give very great security, that master Pilkington should never appear on our stage: I am very sorry for it, as I know it would have been mutually serviceable; but such is the case, and there is no help for it.

My companion and myself were thunderstruck with this relation, which utterly disconcerted all the plans we had laid for the enjoyment of life; but to give me what comfort my condition would admit of, my friend assured me, that if I did not adjust matters with my Uncle, he would share the last shilling with me, and therefore entreated I would keep up my spirits.

How inconsistent this part of my uncle's behaviour was with the rest of his character, may seem extraordinary to a reader, who does not consider, that with all his good qualities, he was haughty, positive, and inflexible. He would, perhaps, have as willingly beheld me going to make a hempen exit, as entering on the stage; and indeed I do not now wonder at it, as it certainly would have made him look very contemptible in the eyes of a people, to whom he had himself so warmly recommended me; besides that, the dissolute lives and idle dispositions of those men, their absurd composition of pride and meanness, their impertinence and presumption in all companies where they have the least countenance shown them, renders them but too justly the objects of universal derision; neither did I ever know a single one of them, except the person above named, who was not lavish, ostentatious, ignorant, and ungrateful; whose vanity did not exempt him from all feeling of obligations, through an opinion, that

whatever favour could possibly be shown him, was a stipend justly paid to his distinguished merit.

The generous offer of assistance, made me by my friend, by no means afforded me a quiet mind; to drag a dependent existence from the labours of a distressed gentleman, did not tally with my sentiments of life; I therefore went every day. amongst my former acquaintances, in the behaviour of whom I found all the coolness and reserve that could possibly discourage me from visiting one place a second time; and discovered, that the true characteristic of the people of this country, is to make extravagant professions of regard to all those who want no favours, and to treat with the utmost indifference all those who do; for this they are indeed remarkable through the known world.

[Note: By "This country" I mean the province of Munster: if the critics should say here that I contradict myself in the characteristics of the people of Ireland, I answer, there is no general rule without an exception; 'tis the genius of the province alluded to, to act as I have described, and I copy nature.]

My apparel, which was but tolerable at my arrival here; daily grew more weather-beaten; so that at length I was ashamed to walk out except at night. I began now to experience the pinching effects of want, in the midst of which my spirit kept me from complaining even to my bedfellow. I have frequently been a whole day without food of any kind, and wandered in the lonely fields, to hide it. One evening about dusk I passed by the place where the concert was held, and concluding from a number of chairs and coaches about the house that there must be a great audience, I begged leave of the stage door keeper, who knew me, to let me go behind the scenes, which favour I obtained. The first act of the music was then playing, and I observed that the boxes were fuller than usual. When the act was over the gentlemen came out to take a glass of wine, and as soon as they saw me, unanimously solicited I would sing a song in the next act. I excused myself on account of my dress. Oh! said one of them, your singing will make amends for that defect: in short, I found it impossible to refuse them, and accordingly I began the second as with a song. I had the pleasure to be highly applauded, and encored; I sung it a second time, and after saluting the company, made my exit.. As soon as I retired behind the scenes, a gentleman came and acquainted me, that Charles O'Neill Esq. and some ladies, who were with him, desired the favour of my company to supper at the Cork arms tavern: I said I did not know the gentleman: yes, Sir, said he, but he knows you, and your family, and your going will be to your advantage. He has heard, said he, of your affair with your uncle, and therefore you need not be uneasy about your appearance. I promised to wait on Mr. O'Neill, and in the meantime flew to inform my friend of my adventure. He was sincerely rejoiced at it; and as he had no clean shirt but that on his back, even stripped it off, and lent it to me. By the time I had put myself in order, the hour arrived for my repairing to the tavern: I was shown up stairs directly, where the cloth was laid, and I found the gentleman with two ladies: he immediately arose and saluted me, introducing me full to Lady Freke, and then to Miss Broderick; both of whom were his wife's sisters.

After an elegant supper was over, Mr. O'Neill entered into a very serious discourse with me, about my uncle's displeasure, and the causes of it: I told him candidly the whole story, gave my uncle an admirable character, and imputed the blame of it to my unguarded conduct. He confessed my sincerity gave him as much satisfaction as my singing had done, and that he thought it a pity the Doctor could not be mollified; that, Sir, said he, by all accounts he never will: but child, don't despair,

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for providence may raise you some other friend. After having drank a glass or two of wine, he hummed a tune himself, and then requested a song from Lady Freke, who excused herself, by saying, she would prevail on Master Pilkington to do it for her, and she would, in return, play him a tune on the harpsichord, whenever he did her the honour to pay her a visit. This polite manner of treating a person in my desolate state, appeared the highest pitch of good breeding and delicacy. There is no merit in being complaisant to those who are upon an equality with us in fortune and station; none but truly refined spirits are capable of making the distinction, or of bestowing their favours with that becoming dignity, that leaves the most grateful impression on a sensible mind. This perfection of soul eminently adorns the admirable lady to whom I have inscribed this work; every mark of whose friendship is accompanied by a mark of her good sense, condescension, and unlimited benevolence.

I readily complied with Lady Freke's request, and sung for her ladyship and Miss Broderick; withal declaring; that I found so much pleasure in the hope of pleasing, that I should never be tired of singing, till they were weary of indulging my vanity, by attending to it. Mr. O'Neill remarked, that I was the first obliging good singer he had ever met with; for pox on them, said he, one has so much trouble to persuade them to open their mouths, that when they do it, it is not worth a farthing.

After entertaining them with all the songs I could recollect, and receiving all the compliments usual amongst the musical connoisseurs, they desired I would come and breakfast with them next morning. Mr. asked me where I lodged, and with whom: this gave an opportunity to introduce the obligations, I lay under to my friend, and to picture him in the most amiable light, in hopes to procure him some recompense for his readiness upon all occasions to serve me. Mr. O'Neill was pleased to find the ardent expressions of gratitude I made use of on this subject; and while I endeavoured to promote the welfare of another, promoted my own, by confirming in this instance, the good opinion which had been conceived of me in other respects: we parted, I believe, thoroughly pleased with each other; at least in appearance and consequence it seemed so.

The reader will judge in what raptures I returned to communicate my good tidings; I found my friend amongst the comedians, whom now looked on in their proper light, and could not be prevailed on even to sit down amongst them. My companion, who was impatient to know the event of my supping with these great folks, presently took his hat and accompanied me home: I related every circumstance to him, which he heard with equal rapture, attention, and astonishment. You must know, said he, that Charles O'Neill is a man of five thousand a year; he is a person of extreme good sense, penetration and judgment; though I only conceived he had sent for you to sing a song or two, and have given you a few guineas, yet I was very uneasy, lest you should have said or done anything amiss. By the manner you have been received, and his inviting you to his lodgings, I conclude, he intends to make you a companion, which, if you make proper use of, will be the establishment of your fortune: I believe, my dear Jack, continued he, 'tis needless to remind you of my condition; no, I am persuaded you'll think of me, when you are encircled with splendour and happiness, which I plainly foresee will be shortly your lot. I told him I never made protestations, it was so like the Munster men, but he would find his expectations more than answered, in my friendship, if his prophecy was fulfilled.

I waited on Mr. O'Neill the next morning, at the hour appointed, and found the ladies with him at breakfast: after tea was over, he asked me how I should like to go to

the North? I answered, I would be pleased to accompany him anywhere. Well then, said he, you shall go with me, if you please, to Shane's Castle, and though your uncle should never come into terms with you, I have a fortune sufficient to make you happy; but I hope you will not take offence at one request I shall make to you, and that is, as you are too young to borrow money, and yet have occasions for the use of it, that you will permit me to supply you for the present with such things as you stand most in need of. My tailor is to be here presently, and you may choose whatever dress is best suited to your fancy; in the meantime, as I have but a short stay to make in town, these ladies have themselves undertaken to make a few shirts for you. So much goodness left me rather stupefied, than capable to speak what I thought of it: all I could say, with tears in my eyes, was, that I submitted everything to his judgment. After this Mr. O'Neill went out, and left me with the ladies, who, in his absence, congratulated me on my good fortune, in knowing their bother, who they said was so much taken with me, that I might date my future happiness from the hour I met with him.

Meantime the tailor came, with an unlimited order to equip me, but, to his entire disappointment, I bespoke no more than a suit of fustian, in which dress I perceived Mr. O'Neill generally went. After having been taken measure of, I again returned to my friend, who told me, that his benefit play was to be the Thursday sennight following; that he hoped I would be present at it, as he was to perform his favourite character that night. I took a bill and some tickets from him, which I brought with me when I went to dinner, as I should have observed, that I received a general invitation in the morning.

Mr. O'Neill asked what clothes I had ordered? I answered, that having no emulation but that of resembling him, I had desired the tailor to make a suit in the manner of his: this pleased him extremely, and he assured me, that modesty laid more claim to his friendship, than even the title I had to it from my conversation and condition; promising, that as soon as we went to Dublin, I should have an elegant wardrobe, and every encouragement that could most conduce to my felicity.

After dinner, I took occasion to introduce one of my friend's play-bills, and again to enumerate his good qualities; relating, without disguise, all our past conversation on the happy omens of my better fate; not omitting the character he had given me of Mr. O'Neill: this succeeded to my wish. Mr. O'Neill sent for the gentleman, and after taking about ten pounds-worth of his tickets, and paying for them, now, Sir, said he, as neither myself, or any of my family, can possibly have the pleasure to see this play, being obliged before the time mentioned, to be out of town; whether will it oblige you most to give these papers away, or put them into the fire? But again, said he, I need not ask, because, from what Master Pilkington has told me of your theatrical abilities, you will undoubtedly have a full house, exclusive of this trifling number; therefore Sir, said he, to the flames they go: so saying, he put them in the midst of the grate, where they were consumed in an instant. My friend, at his departure, returned Mr. O'Neill many thanks. He very politely told him, that if there was any obligations subsisting, it must be between himself and Mr. Pilkington. The gentleman was too much confused and overjoyed to say much on the subject, therefore he silently retired with a low bow.

Had Mr. O'Neill put me in possession of his whole fortune, it could not have given me more rapture, than this instance of his humanity inspired. Debts of honour are a most painful burden to a heart abstracted from the sordid self-devoted principles that actuate the generality of mortals. Favours conferred without a view of

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recompense, demand of themselves the fullest return. Good God! How often, in the transient span of my life, have I prayed for an opportunity like this, of demonstrating what an unlimited ascendancy gratitude has over my bosom. How often wished, that instead of soliciting one favour for myself, I could bestow fifty on others; but, alas! I was born to be still a poor dependent, in which light, all that even the muse inspires with truth, is looked on as venial; and though I endeavour that way to express the sense I have of the goodness of my benefactors, yet I am apprised that my poverty makes many just commendations of virtue and merit, falling from my pen, but too liable to be thought flattery; even by such as are conscious in themselves, that much more might be said on the subject by a man of fortune, without the least suspicion of it.

If my reader finds this work interspersed with some panegyrics, they must do me the justice to own, they are addressed to such as are unexceptionably distinguished for the qualities I have assigned to them: that my pen, whether good or bad, has never been the prostitute of party, or the press: that I never wrote a single syllable in verse, that was not literally true in prose; and which, from the sincerity of my heart, I did not believe: but stay, it's time enough to talk of that when we come to recite the verses; I had better now go on where I left off.

CHAPTER VI.

With Mr. O'Neill at Ballyannan

Our continuation in Cork, which was but a few days, afforded nothing but repeated marks of Mr. O'Neill's friendship and regard to me, in equipping me with all the absolute necessaries for our intended journey; such as boots, whip, hunting cap, and riding coat; together with some very fine linen. He paid my lodging for the whole time I had been in it; and the next morning, about eight o'clock, we set out in a Phaeton chaise, drawn by six dun horses, and a numerous retinue of servants in silver laced liveries, for Ballyannan, near Middleton, the seat of Mrs. Broderick, mother-in-law to Mr. O'Neill.

As we passed through the town I espied my old cobbler, formerly mentioned, in the spot, and about the same employment, I had first discovered him: this brought a long train of reflections to my mind, and made me for some time grave and silent. When we got into the clear air, upon a fine turnpike road, Mr. O'Neill requested to know the subject of my contemplations. I related to him the narration of my journey from Dublin, my adventure with the cobbler, my reception with my uncle, and everything I thought would entertain him, at which he expressed much satisfaction. You must know, said he, the moment you came upon the stage, I discovered something of *je ne sais quoi* about you, that convinced me you were above your appearance. I enquired of the gentleman whom I sent to you, who you were: he told me your story in a few words; upon which I turned to Lady Freke, and offered to hold a wager I would bring you to Shane's Castle; having conceived pity for your distresses, and regard for your accomplishments. I have; said he, three children of my own, but they are as yet too young to make company of; the eldest being only six years old. The insincerity of the world makes me avoid intimate connections with any, since I was deprived, by death, of a faithful, most endearing, and sensible wife; who had variety of charms in her person, conversation, and skill in music; being superior in that respect to any I have ever heard. You will find that Lady Freke and Miss Broderick play exquisitely well on the harpsichord, but they were by no means equal to her. When we arrive at Shane's Castle, continued he, I have a library of books, the best calculated to improve the understanding of a young student. I should think myself rather an enemy than a friend, if I retained you merely for any gratification of myself, or my acquaintances. I know it is now the time for you to enrich your mind with those qualities, that will render you fit for any employment, your friends or your talents may procure you. It is only with this view I have received you, and be assured, that while you persevere in virtue, humility, and obligingness, I will make it a principal point of my study to promote your present content and future enjoyment.

By the time he had made an end of this discourse, which manifestly spoke the excellence of his disposition, and awakened in my soul the most inexpressible veneration and transport, we arrived, just before dinner, at Ballyannan; a place where everything seemed to conspire to make solitude truly delightful. It is situated on an arm of the sea, which waters its verdant bank, shaded with lofty limes, elms, and oak; whose shrubs are everywhere intermingled with honeysuckle and other odoriferous flowers, extensive pleasure and fruit gardens, fine summer houses, turrets crowned with ivy, and all the irregular beauties that charm the fancy and delight the sense. It was about the end of July we came to this terrestrial paradise, when the blooming season added all her sweets to render it worthy of that name and the inhabitants were so richly endowed with ease, elegance, hospitality, learning, wisdom, and skill in the polished arts which soften life, that I could scarce believe this terrene spot had been

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productive of such homefelt bliss, as was here enjoyed from rosy morn to dewy eve, without the least interruption: I might truly have said with poor Othello.

If I were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy,
For here my soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another pleasure like to this
Remains in unknown Fate.
SHAKESPEARE.

As soon as we entered the gate, we were received by the gentlewoman of the house; Lady Freke and Miss Broderick, her two amiable daughters, who obligingly introduced me to Mrs. Broderick; a lady in whose countenance appeared the tender mother, and sensible friend. There were no ceremonies made use of in our reception, but those cordial embraces and unfeigned expressions that eloquently speak a kind welcome. The moment we got into the house, Lady Freke and Miss brought me to a drawing room, where there were a fine chamber organ, a harpsichord, and several musical instruments. You know, said my lady, I promised to play for Master Pilkington, which she accordingly did in the most masterly manner; while her fingers flew like lightning over the chords, displaying all the ecstatic sweets of divine harmony, with the peculiar embellishments of an admirable taste, and a fine ear.

When her Ladyship resigned the chair, Miss assumed it, bringing from the awful organ most angelic sounds, fit to enwrap the soul in heavenly contemplation: in short, I had here an epicurean feast of music, that might elevate the heart of a monarch. [Note: Lest the lovely lady of my esteemed friend, Colonel Newburgh, should be jealous of these just commendations of the two ladies' skill on the harpsichord, I acknowledge, that next to Lady Freke, she is the best female performer I ever had the happiness to hear.

Mr. O'Neill, in the meantime, went to take care that justice was done to his cattle, an office which he never neglected, or would entrust to the most careful servants he had, without being himself a witness that his orders were duly executed.

When he returned to us, Miss Broderick accompanied me in the organ with two or three songs, and an anthem, at which also Mrs. Broderick was present; who being unaffectedly religious, was particularly pleased with this part of our entertainment, which she said she should frequently trouble me for, during our stay at Ballyannan.

From this delicate repast of the mind we were called to the necessary one of the body, to dine: 'tis needless to recount the number of dishes, or economy of the table; all who had the happiness to know Mrs. Broderick, will judge there was genteel plenty, without ridiculous superfluity and ostentation; which, in the opinion of the judicious, serves rather to disgust the appetite; and emaciate the constitution, than anything else.

When dinner was over, Mr. O'Neill entreated I would entertain the ladies with the account of my adventures I had favoured him with on the road. Happy in any occasion of showing a willingness to do all I could to please him, I began it, and though a twice told tale is seldom pleasing, I observed he particularly attended to every occurrence, as if he had never heard it; and whether it was owing to the unstudied manner of my rehearsing it, or the infinite good manners of the company, I

had as much audience as if Caesar had been relating some famous passage of his history, or Cicero haranguing the Roman senate.

When I had made an end, Mr. O'Neill complimented me on the simplicity of my style, and the veracity to which I so minutely adhered: for, said he, you have not differed in a single point from what you told me in the morning; which evidences the truth of your relation to me, more sufficient than if a train of witnesses had attested every fact.

Mrs. Broderick, who made no comment at any pause, but seemed desirous I should proceed till she had learned the whole of my life, even as I have heretofore written it, desired I would take a walk with her in the garden in the afternoon. As soon as we were there alone, she addressed me in this manner:

You see, my poor child, how infinitely good the Almighty has been to you; permitting his providence to guard you in the midst of dangers and distresses; rescuing you out of the hands of an obdurate father; giving you an opportunity of cultivating your natural understanding, by an education he would never have bestowed on you, of recompensing your want of real fortune by endowments that, properly applied, will, probably, procure you one. These are miraculous proofs, that the father of all things has interested himself in your behalf, and inspired Mr. O'Neill with that pity and esteem which I hope your conduct will merit; I don't say I hope it from any doubts I entertain of your upright inclinations, but from a knowledge I have of the perversity of human nature, and the long train of snares and allurements found in a bad world to destroy the soul and body. I would, therefore, my dear child, recommend it to you with a mother's ardour, first to seek the kingdom of God, and all things will be added to it. Let no prosperity that may hereafter attend you, make you forget the hour of adversity, in which the Almighty stretched forth his arm to save you. When you behold the poor and wretched, consider with yourself, that their case might now be yours; but for the peculiar blessings conferred upon you, treat your superiors with respect, your equals with civility, and your inferiors with mildness and humanity. I thought it my duty, continued she, to make these remonstrances to you, and to ask you a few material questions, which the course of your story gave me no insight into, and those are relating to your conception of the deity, and whether your father has taken any pains to make you a good Christian; these I expect you will answer me with the utmost truth and sincerity.

Such precepts, delivered with a meekness, affability and candour, entirely suited to the purpose, and becoming the person by whom they were dictated, could not but affect me in the deepest manner. I told the lady, that though my ideas of the deity were but imperfect, being such as I retained from the instruction of my mother, who was too early separated from me to have left these strong impressions that might otherwise have been made, I was yet persuaded, that every comfort I enjoyed here, or might hope hereafter, must proceed from the same hand who created me; that I religiously adhered to the doctrines of Christianity, as taught by the established church, of which I gave as full an account as I was capable of doing, and endeavoured to apologize for my father's neglecting me in this point.

Though my discourse on this sublime topic was far from being what I could have wished it, yet I could perceive a seraphic smile of Christian benevolence diffuse itself over her countenance, expressive of her satisfaction to find I was not altogether a Pagan; and the little I did advance, I believe, gave her a general good opinion of my morals.

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When we returned into the house, we found Mr. O'Neill and the ladies, in company with his three lovely children, and Mademoiselle, the French governante. I could not help admiring the exact proportion and symmetry of these emblems of their father; the manly gracefulness of the two boys, and the feminine sweetness of the little girl. *They too had lost a mother*, but they had a *father*, whose tenderness was dealt in a double portion to them; alas! I had both, and yet neither; being miles and seas divided from the one; and assured the account of my departure from life, would be most acceptable news to the other. Filled with this thought, together with the discourse I had just been attending to, a silent tear irresistibly fell from my eyes, which Mr. O'Neill taking notice of, earnestly pressed me to explain the causes of it to him: as it would be ungrateful to conceal the recesses of my soul from such a benefactor, I confessed I was thinking of my poor mother, the memory of whose tenderness and affection to me, this scene presented to my imagination in full view; and that I was lamenting the uncertainty I was under about her fate, whether she still existed, or was now no more. Mr. O'Neill comforted me with a promise, that as soon as we arrived in Dublin he would himself make the strictest enquiry into that matter; and that if he discovered my mother was in being, he would put it in my power to show the duty and regard I had for her. This was too delicate a point to dwell long upon, and the conversation was waived, by Mrs. Broderick's calling Mr. O'Neill into another apartment till supper time. The mean while I employed in amusing the children with little stories, which so much endeared me to them, that they reluctantly permitted my departure from amongst them on any terms.

I was now about fourteen; and though that is a time of life when lads are most disagreeable to the society of men, and grave persons in general, yet I had nothing of the school-boy in my behaviour, I affected the man as much as possible in every serious respect, particularly attending to the conversation of such as might improve my own, and always preserving silence where I was not equal to the subject: by this means I considerably refined my intellects, and became sufferable in the community. Though I was infinitely delighted with the address and delivery of every person about me, yet I found a peculiar charm in the conversation of Miss Broderick; a young lady whose age might have been twenty, and whose extreme good sense was unequalled by her every other accomplishment, except her good-nature and politeness. She was not what the world calls a beauty, the smallpox having enviously stolen from her face some charms which might allure the eye; but not in such a manner that there did not still remain an ineffable sweetness and grandeur of look blended with condescension, modesty and penetration.

The frequent opportunities I had of being alone with this young lady, from our mutual kindness music and poetry, gave me more and more occasions to admire her. The companionate regard with which she attended to the many affecting passages of my former life, that oft-times made a part of our discourse; and the ardent desire she seemed to have for my future welfare, together with her still outstripping my wishes in anything she imagined might oblige me, created that kind of esteem, which time or absence can never remove; and surely, at this distance of years, the world and she will forgive me, if I confess, that love, most sincere love, was the consequence of so much kindness on my part. How it was on the lady's, she only knows, nor dare I presume to flatter myself she entertained a thought of that kind.

A day or two after we were settled here, another daughter of Mrs. Broderick's paid her a visit. This lady was the widow of Colonel Jeffreys, of Blarney Castle, in this county; who had two sons with her, the eldest of whom was about twelve years

old, and had a great share of knowledge for his years. With this young gentleman I contracted a strict friendship, and run into all the boyish frolics that could be thought of. The children in general were so fond of my company, that it frequently debarred me of conversation much more desirable; however, there was no getting rid of them without offence, when Miss Broderick made one of our party, which frequently happened; in plundering the cherry orchard, gathering wood- strawberries, or collecting beautiful shells on the strand; in awakening the silent echo with a song, or beguiling the tedious hours with a fairy or Peruvian tale (at which she was truly eminent) I knew not how the smiling moments wasted; all was joy, transport and unspeakable delight.

In order to give my readers an idea of this family, and the harmony that universally reigned in it, I will, as well as I can recollect, tell them the manner in which every day was passed, that we were not visiting abroad. At nine o'clock in the morning there was a table spread, in a large room that commanded a delightful prospect of the sea, with tea, coffee and chocolate. Mr. O'Neill drank balm tea always, which I first, through good manners, brought myself to, and afterwards really preferred to any other, from its high balsamic flavour, and medicinal qualities. It raises the spirits to the greatest pitch, sweetens the blood, and invigorates the nerves; in short, if it came from Canton, and was twenty shillings a pound, I am persuaded it would be universally in vogue.

Any of the family, who did not choose to be at this general breakfast, might have whatever best pleased them in their own apartment; but as they were no invalids amongst us, it rarely happened we were not all present. From this till twelve we dispersed in parties, to walk, to read, sing, play or dress, without the least formality or restraint; at that hour the bell tolled for prayers, which were read by Mrs. Broderick's chaplain, and at which the whole family, servants and all, commonly appeared.

At three dinner was on the table, to which we were summoned by a bell for half an hour; where the relation of our different amusements, the planning of succeeding ones, wit and repartee, blended with strict politeness and good manners, commonly formed the table conversation.

The first party of pleasure we embarked in, was an expedition to Ballycotton, an exploit that was near costing me my life. This place is a fine harbour for shipping, and a large extensive bay, covered by excessive mountains on every side; but it is so little used, that I could perceive no town or village near it; nor had a numerous company of us any place to be entertained, but in a cottage thatched with straw. However, we brought all kinds of provision, wine and conveniences with us, and likewise Mrs. Broderick's cook to dress some fish, which was here in its highest purity.

While the company and servants were employed in breaking down fences, to make a road for carriages to this identical cabin, myself, who was mounted on a very sorry palfrey, endeavoured to find a shorter way; and having observed a path down a monstrous promontory, whose side was covered with sharp, craggy and dangerous rocks, just wide enough for one person to go down on foot to the strand, I, with my usual discretion, let my Rosinante saunter along this dreadful passage, which I believe the immortal Don Quixote himself would have endeavoured to shun, except he was certain to find Dulcinea at the bottom. Mr. O'Neill, when he had completed the road, at which he himself worked, turned round to look for me, but I was nowhere above ground to be seen: at length he cast his eye down the mountain, and behold I appeared

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to him like one on horseback, surveyed from some lofty steeple, as they after told me, scarce discernible. Mr. O'Neill, who never indeed thought to hear me speak again, threw himself on his breast upon the earth, saying, Lord have mercy on him, I can behold no more. By this time I saw myself suspended between earth and air, heard the wide billows bursting on the rocks, and saw nothing but the over-whelming ocean before me. I began to be frightened, and with a presence of mind unaccountable indeed, got first on the horse's neck, and then got over his head; which was no sooner done, and my hand happily disengaged from the bridle, than the horse made a *faux pas*, and fell precipitately down a thousand and a thousand fathoms, by which he was instantly dashed to pieces, small enough for the ravens and gulls that screeched the omens of his downfall.—Hearkye critics, if this style displeases you, or is inconsistent with your pragmatistical rules, know, ragamuffins, that I will write as I think proper; 'tis the sensible and elegant I address myself to; nor do I regard the formal pedantic maxims you lay down, to confine everyone in the same circle of dullness you move yourselves: incorrigible men!

Contrary to the expectation of everyone who beheld me, I came safe and sound to the bottom; to the agreeable surprise of my friends, who all came to wish me joy, and join with me in thanks to the Almighty for so miraculous a deliverance.

It may be asked, why Mr. O'Neill, who is known to possess some of the finest cattle in Europe, should mount me on so sorry a nag? The truth is, I am the worst rider, perhaps, who ever crossed a horse, and consequently would not venture myself on the back of one, whose value exceeded forty shillings.

Give me leave, indulgent reader, to digress one moment from the past to the present time, lest I should forget a circumstance that certainly will produce admiration. There are in this opulent city a set of men, who hang out the sign of the three blue balls at their door, and who are the readiest persons in the world at an emergency. They indeed take a little gratuity for their trouble, but that is so inconsiderable, that few persons of spirit would not more willingly pay it, than be indebted to their acquaintances; at least I would, and I candidly own I have frequently had recourse to them, when I have been most at a loss which way to turn: one of them in particular, my servant frequently told me, was certainly a gentleman by his behaviour; nay, the other day she peremptorily insisted, that she was sure he would subscribe to my book, if I was to ask him: I laughed heartily at the absurdity of the proposition, and gave it as my opinion, that a pawn-broker would as soon give me ten of his teeth, as ten and sixpence for a subscription. The girl did not discontinue her importunities to get rid of them, and, for once, to make an extraordinary experiment, I wrote the following lines:

To Mr. G——

TO the highest and best, in each different station,
For subscription, we scribblers address application
By the dull, or the envious, it can't be denied,
That you at the head of your science preside;
Besides, 'tis from frequent experience confessed,
That of all the fraternity, G——'s the best.
To write is my trade, to take movables thine,
As I help you in yours, give assistance in mine;

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Then to ages remote, I'll the wonder transmit,
That a pawn-broker lent ten and sixpence on wit.

P. S. The bearer, my maid, persuades me, that you will subscribe to the enclosed proposal; for my own part, I confess, want faith to believe it: your answer is to determine, which of us has the most sagacity.

J. C. P.

The manner of the above will show, how little I expected a compliance with my request, though I absolutely never stood more in need of half a guinea. My maid told me, that the instant Mr. G—— read it, he put his hand in his pocket, and paid her that sum; saying, he was pleased in an opportunity to serve the son of the great Mrs. Pilkington, and many other civil things, too much in praise of myself to be properly repeated here.

I'll leave my readers to comment on so marvellous a passage in my history, and return to Ballycotton; from whence I have rambled all the way to London, in less than half an hour, because I would make a kind of analogy between one miracle and another.

After having recovered from my surprise, we came along a beautiful level strand, to the house of entertainment before mentioned, where we had indeed a most splendid repast. After which the conversation turning on accidents, resulting from pleasure and gaiety, Miss Broderick entertained us with the following story, which she assured us was a fact, and which I have since heard confirmed by several persons of equal veracity.

Mr. and Mrs. Coddington, of Oldbridge town, near Drogheda, who had a liberal fortune and beautiful estate, situated on the Boyne water, just at the place where King William's army crossed it, were patterns of hospitality, virtue, and conjugal affection. Their house was the continual resort of both the indigent and the gay; the first found relief, and the latter pleasure and entertainment, they were therefore venerated by all beneath them, and beloved as well by their equals as their superiors.

Heaven blessed them with one son who seemed from his infancy born to inherit their mutual good qualities, as well as their fortune: as this young gentleman advanced towards manhood, he advanced in all the politer arts that finish that character; but as this cannot be completely done by mere precept or speculation, it was necessary he should take the tour of Europe, in order to know men as well as books.

So excessively fond were this happy couple of this their beloved and only offspring, that they imagined it not safe for him to go abroad without their accompanying him; so that if any accident happened at sea, as their whole comfort was centred in his life, they might all perish together.

After having made all the preparations requisite for such an undertaking, the whole family set out for Paris, at which place they arrived safe and in full health and spirits. After they had been there some time, they had an invitation to a splendid ball; upon which occasion the young gentleman, very lovely in his person, was so elegantly dressed, that he attracted the eyes of the whole company. A young lady, whom he approved more than any other present, he selected out to dance with him; but she at first modestly declined it, and upon his further entreaties; absolutely refused

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him. While young. Mr. Coddington walked to the other end of the room, his mother, whom the young lady did not know, and a gentlewoman whom she was acquainted with, came to her, and asked, why she, being the brightest female in the place, could refuse her hand to so handsome a young gentleman? She answered, that she had her own reasons, gave a deep sigh, and endeavoured to avoid more conversation. This awakened all the curiosity of an affectionate mother, who concluded, that the young lady was in love with her son; she therefore eagerly pressed her to explain that sigh, and likewise her previous behaviour.

Madam, replied the lady, I think, in my life, I never beheld so many unstudied charms, as appear in that amiable foreigner; nor did I ever behold a youth my heart would sooner incline me to give my hand to, if it were consistent with the will of our parents. After telling you this so candidly, you will judge my refusing to dance with him proceeded from no dislike, either to his country, person or breeding; but, alas! Madam, I see with grief and horror, that, before this day twelve months, that amiable blossom of youth and comeliness will die an untimely death.

Judge what an alarm this prognostication was to the attentive parent who, though she had a great share of good sense, could not be unalarmed at the dreadful presage. However, she passed it off with a becoming decency, and did not interrupt the pleasures of the company or the night, which ended in great harmony.

When the old gentleman and lady retired to their apartment, she acquainted him with what had passed, in a very serious and pathetic manner. After having gravely attended to her, he burst out a-laughing, and told her he minded no such fancies, and entreated she would think no more of it: she told him, he knew her too well to suppose her superstitious, but at the same time they could not be too careful in watching against accidents, where they had such a warning given them; therefore, my dear, said she, as you never refused any favour requested by me, I hope you will now oblige me, by returning with our son to Ireland, where there is scarce a danger but we may be guarded against. The good man, already weary of travelling, was pleased with the motion, gave his consent, and without letting the young gentleman know their motive, embarked in a few weeks for Ireland; where after a short passage, they landed safe, and again took possession of their own fireside.

They continued in their usual tranquillity eleven months, at which time Mr. Coddington began to banter his wife in private, about her Joan de Pucelles prophecy, as he termed it; nay, the young man was well and safe, till the night before the predicted time was to expire; which night, she ordered the servants to lock every door in the house, and bring her the keys: she then went and saw every bit of fire and candle in the house extinguished; after doing this she retired to repose, and fastened her bedchamber door. Young Mr. Coddington was a keen sportsman, and had made an appointment to go a hunting the succeeding morning, of which his mother had no knowledge: when he arose and found all doors fast, he demanded of the servant the meaning of it? They informed him it was done by his mother's command: oh! very well, said he, then I'll get out at the window, which he accordingly did. As soon as he came to the water side, he found the dogs and horses were gone across the river, therefore determining not to lose game for a little obstacle, he put himself from the shore in a small cot or canoe. This was carried down by the strong current for half a mile, when it overset, and the youth was unfortunately drowned, in presence of his friends and servants, who, for want of a boat, could afford him no assistance: so that the first object which struck the afflicted mother's eye, when she arose in the morning

to look out of the window, and thought her fears were over, was the corpse of her son carried on a board by some of the servants. The lamenting father, on hearing the news, instantly became a lunatic, and died raving mad in a few weeks after. The poor mother, unable to survive the loss of all that was dear to her, broke her heart with grief; so that a whole family, who might have promised themselves years of comfort, were extinguished by one fatal event in less than three months.

When the lady had finished this tragic narration, with infinitely greater perspicuity than I have repeated it, we returned home. Some days after we went to the races of Carrigtwohill, accompanied by Lady Freke, Miss Broderick, Lord Buttevant, and some others: as I sat in a high phaeton with Mr. O'Neill, I commanded a fine prospect of the ground, and had another advantage I did not then think of, of being seen *per tout le monde*. Before the races began we went into a tent, where, as the ladies were the majority of the company, they insisted on treating us with the best entertainment the place afforded. Mr. O'Neill, who is a known lover of horse-racing, was not content to continue in one spot, but having fixed Miss Broderick and myself in the most advantageous situation, he mounted his horse and rode up and down the field. During his absence a gentleman on horse-back came up, and saluted me by name, assuring me, that he was extremely glad to see me well; that he and his two sisters were come to see the races, and he entreated the favour of my company to the little island, where his house was. I could not but be amazed at this flow of compliments, from one of those lukewarm friends, who had lately looked so coolly on my adversity. This gentleman's name was H——y; he was one of those, who, whilst I continued with my uncle, was ready to devour me with caresses and protestations; and who, upon my reverse of fortune, was as careful to avoid me as a pestilence. Though he was a man of some fortune, and a student in the temple, yet I knew he was not equal to the company I then was in, or the acquaintances I had now made; therefore I looked as indifferently on him and his invitation at this time, as I should in my distresses have been proud to accept it: but yet my vanity and resentment were equally gratified, by his seeing me so happily circumstanced, and the more so, as Mr. O'Neill, Lord Buttevant; and several of the first rank in that part of the world, soon after came up and joined us. I told Mr. O'Neill of the invitation I had from Mr. H——y and, as he was still present, asked if Mr. O'Neill would permit me to go. This Mr. H——y backed, by desiring the favour of Mr. O'Neill to let me go for that night with him and his sisters, and he would himself see me safe to Ballyannan the next day. Mr. O'Neill, who did not know how much I was averse to accept this offered civility, told Mr. H——y, that though he deprived himself and his friends of much pleasure by it, he could not refuse to acquiesce with any desire of mine. Mr. H——y returned him many thanks, and took me off quite enraptured to his sisters, who were in a coach waiting for us, and who expressed as much satisfaction at my presence as possible.

In the afternoon we arrived at the little island, which is very pleasant and romantically situated, being surrounded by the river, except in one passage wide enough for a coach. Though Mr. H——y's sisters were tolerably handsome, and played very well on the harpsichord; and though they exerted all their skill to please and entertain me, yet when I reflected on Mr. H——y's former behaviour, I could not bring my spirits into a right flow. The image of the lady I had parted from was dearer to me, even in idea, than beholding in reality all the finished beauties of Christendom: all my conversation was praises of her sense, beauty and merit, particularly in music, which could not be very pleasing to ladies who were emulous to excel in those points themselves; but one of them, in order at once to put me in temper, and to secure my

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good opinion, pulled a handsome diamond ring from her finger and placed it on mine, asking me at the same time, if Miss Broderick had ever done so much for me? Her brother and sister were present, and as I observed they looked gravely at her, I was for returning it, but she absolutely insisted on my keeping it, and wearing it for her sake. I confess it had an instantaneous effect on my spirits; I then began to sing, dance, and enjoy the company, giving myself entirely to them. When all our pastimes were over, and I retired to bed, I could not rest for the thoughts of my ring. I knew it was valuable and ornamental, and imagined it would do me great honour at my return; but still I was perplexed, lest the lady should repent of her liberality, and take it from me in the morning. No miser, who suspected anyone had watched him to his hidden treasure, ever spent a night with greater anxiety or less repose. Though I had taken care to lock myself into my bed-chamber, yet, whenever I dozed, I imagined the lady came to demand the ring: in short, finding all my efforts to sleep ineffectual, I arose by daybreak, and wandered about the island till the family were up. They were much surprised when I acquainted them I had no rest, and more so to find I looked quite stupid. I was glad to take the hint of feigning myself unwell, to depart as soon as possible with my prize, for this reason: no persuasions, though many were made use of, could prevail with me to stay any longer; therefore, to get rid of my importunities, they found it necessary to let me obey the impulse of my mind, and they accordingly ordered a one-horse chaise and footman to conduct me: Mr. H——y making many excuses for his not waiting on me himself, and I as readily accepting them, as I did not covet his company. After I had saluted all the family, and was just going into the carriage, the Lady besought me to return the ring, as it was a family trinket, and could be of no use to a young gentleman. I complied with her request, but so covered with shame, disappointment and resentment, as must have been perceived by my countenance. I had some miles to travel, and amused myself with the gloom of my own thoughts; one time blaming myself for being so great a fool to imagine the lady intended me such a favour; another; cursing my stars for not leaving the house when I first awoke; that again appeared too mercenary: upon the whole, I never met anyone circumstance that made me so completely miserable for two or three days. When I returned to my friends, they perceived a visible alteration in my countenance, (which they humorously attributed to my being in love with Miss H——y; whereas I might justly have said with Mr. Bays, I was the farthest from it of any man in the world; and all that. I did not, however, subject myself to a severer ridicule, by telling the occasion of my dejection; but I tell it to my readers as an instance of my credulous folly, at which they will frequently find occasion to laugh.

CHAPTER VII.

I return to Dublin in Great Style

And now drew on the melancholy period wherein I was to leave this dear spot, which contained all that I prized upon earth, in the person of Miss Broderick. We set out from Ballyannan for the North, after I had obtained a promise from the lady, that she would honour me with a literary correspondence as soon as we were settled in any place. As Mr. O'Neill intended to pay a visit to Sir Charles Moore on our way, Sir John Freke accompanied us. The first inn we set up at on the road the conversation turned on the family we had left, and, to my no small surprise, I found the worthy Baronet traduce almost every one of them, without being opposed by Mr. O'Neill: this was the first instance I had seen of the insincerity of the great, I wish to God it had been the last.

Sir Charles Moore had a most elegant house, at which we arrived the next day, and were indeed splendidly entertained; nor was there anything mean or contemptible about the place, except the little worthless possessor of it, who reluctantly forced me to be an eyewitness of one of the greatest pieces of brutality I ever beheld. There was a poor woman came to ask charity from him, and besought his honour very earnestly to bestow something for the support of her family. On pretence of enquiring into the reality of her distress, he brought her into a garden; now, said he, here is a couple of guineas, which I'll give you, but not for God's sake, no, you must gratify my curiosity in one respect, which is that of letting me see you quite naked: I'll give you my word and honour, added, he, I will not touch you. The moment I heard the proposition I would have retired, but he absolutely insisted on my staying. The poor creature made all the apologies modesty and decency could suggest, but it was to no purpose, he would give the money on no terms but those of her compliance. Two guineas seemed two thousand to a person in her situation, and at last got the better of her scruples, and she did what he desired, though I assure my readers I turned my eyes a different way. The moment she had suffered herself to be so imposed on, instead of giving her the money, he called all his footmen, and desired them to turn the whore out of doors. This he thought a finished piece of wit, and repeated it as such at supper; but he could find none to join him in the laugh. The company, except himself, were lovers of women, and his untimely fate since has proved his passions were for a different sex. I was quite impatient, and perfectly teased Mr. O'Neill to leave this place, where nothing prevailed but drinking debauched toasts, and all the vices that poison the mind.

Soon after we set out for Dublin, where Mr. O'Neill's gentleman had taken for us very grand lodgings, and Mr. O'Neill, according to his promise, provided me with an appearance suitable to the company he did me the honour to bring me amongst, which were the first persons in the kingdom.

Shakespeare observes, that

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
But slighted the residue of their lives,
Is bound in shallows and in misery.

I believe my time was now in the flood; and if I had sense enough to make a proper use of it, I might have arrived at a better fortune, than tagging of rhymes, or

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writing adventures, will procure for me: but, alas! I wanted the principal ingredients of a great man's dependant: I could not flatter, nor could I speak any matter contrary to my own judgment, not considering that a poor man never has any such thing: in short, as I was quite sincere in everything I spoke, I imagined everyone I conversed with equally so. I looked on myself as a man of fortune and independency, from Mr. O'Neill's friendship, which I imagined no time could alter; therefore I made no advantages of the frequent interviews had with the great and powerful, all my hopes were centred in the one point of preserving his good opinion.

I should have observed, that before we left Ballyannan, Mr. O'Neill addressed me one morning after breakfast to this effect: That as the dispositions of men were as variable as the winds, and that the object they most delighted in at one time, might be displeasing to them at another, it was possible, that though he now had so thorough an esteem for me, he might hereafter be tired of my company; and that, in order to secure me from any distress, he thought it the best way, while he found his heart warm in my cause, to make a settlement on me for life, that would put it out of the power of himself or the world to hurt me. I think, said he, two hundred pounds a year will do that; and if you choose, you shall have it not only while you continue with me, but even if ever we should part you may make yourself happy. Would any but the most infatuated dunce have rejected this as I did? I told him, that while I was his companion, I wanted no money and, besides, a salary of that kind would make me a servant; that I hoped we never would part; but that if we did, I should be very indifferent whether I lived or died, as I could not think Mr. O'Neill would ever part with me except I transgressed in some shape, and that if I was capable of doing that I was unfit to live. He liked my argument and my spirit, and told me I should not repent the confidence I placed in his generosity: but to return.

When we had been some time in Dublin, I took an opportunity to remind Mr O'Neill of his promise, with regard to my mother, whose absence from me was ever a pang to my heart, and an anxiety for whose welfare was ever foremost in my thoughts. He told me he would endeavour to find out where she was and how situated; and if he found that she had occasion for money, would give me a handsome sum to remit to her. He likewise advised me to take his equipage and go pay my respects to my father, and to invite him and my brother to dine with us. I knew my father too well to imagine this would be any advantage to me, but was notwithstanding infinitely pleased with an occasion to call on him in a coach and six.

The next morning I dressed myself very fine, and went in great state to Lazar's-Hill, the footman knocked a loud peal at the door, and my father opened it himself: as soon as ever he saw me descend from the coach, he ran upstairs; upon which I walked into a street parlour, and rung the bell. The servants, it seemed, were out, so that my brother was obliged to come to me. As I had never wrote a word to him about my condition, to which he was entirely a stranger, as well as my being in town, it appeared like magic to him, to see me come in a flaming coach, and the servants with laced liveries. He stood silent some time, till I said, What brother don't you know me? Know you, says he, I know Jack Pilkington very well, but I can hardly think he is so grand a gentleman; but yet I'm glad to see you with all my heart, and I wish you would unriddle yourself a little. I told him I was come with Mr. O'Neill's compliments, to desire my father and himself would do us the favour to come and dine, and appoint their day. He said, that my father was out of town (though I had seen him) but for himself, if it would be agreeable, he would come. I pressed him to use his entreaties with my father to accompany him, but he gave me a sign that he was

listening, and then assured me loudly he was out of town. I took the hint, and departed extremely satisfied at my adventure.

At my return Mr. O'Neill was impatient to know the event: I told him all the particulars: he said, that if my father had condescended to come, it would have been both to his and my advantage; but that as he thought such an invitation beneath his acceptance, I might order what I pleased to entertain my brother, but he would not see him. I was confounded at this, and said, Sir, I thought you knew my father before; am I accountable for his disposition? No, Sir, said he, nor am I for my own sometimes, I cannot be pleased at this treatment.

The entrance of a very silly Baronet, who is a relation to Mr. O'Neill broke our further discourse. He entertained us with all the nonsense of the town, at which he himself laughed very hearty; and any one disposed for mirth, would have found him a sufficient subject for laughter. When he heard me sing, he was quite captivated with it, which did not make me in the least vain, as I would even then rather have had the serious attention of one true connoisseur, than all the fulsome compliments of a coxcomb. This gentleman was with us every morning, and used frequently to take me out with him: these opportunities he embraced, to endeavour to persuade me to leave Mr. O'Neill, and go abroad with him. I asked him how he thought my friend would like to be used so? or whether it was consistent with his regard for Mr. O'Neill to make such a proposal? Damn regard, said he, every man is to do what pleases him best; and if you go with me, I'll make your fortune. I told him, if he gave me his title and estate, I would not part from Mr. O'Neill, whom I held in greater estimation than any one upon earth.

Though Mr. O'Neill persevered in his good-manners, or rather increased his politeness to me, yet I could plainly perceive there did not subsist the same cordial and easy regard I had formerly experienced, in his words and actions, since that unlucky invitation; however, I was still extremely happy: and though Mr. O'Neill was not at home when my brother came, yet everything was carried on with equal decorum, and nothing wanting to give him the highest idea of my felicity. After dinner I related my whole story to my brother; and after displaying all my eloquence on Mr. O'Neill—'s goodness, generosity and affability, I told him how much he was displeased at my father's not coming, and likewise that it was for that reason I could not have the pleasure to introduce my brother to him. He was justly concerned, but told me he had said so much to my father upon it, that he had not spoke to him for three days; and were I, said he, as happy as you, I did not care if he never spoke to me more, for it is an Herculean labour to humour the caprice and peevishness of his disposition. He would have been glad to see Mr. O'Neill on his own account, but could not think of making an acquaintance through your means. This, my dear Jack is the honest truth, and you, who know him so well, must pity my condition.

My brother and I parted, after mutual assurances of inviolable affection, and a promise to correspond with each other. Mr. O'Neill now prepared for our Northern expedition, and we were accompanied out of town by Arthur Hill, Esq. brother to the Earl of Hillsborough, who is, perhaps, the most accomplished gentleman in Europe. There is in his conversation, ease, accuracy, and true humour; blended with the most refined delicacy, and all the ornaments of education. A person of the smallest capacity might, from one twelve-months conversation with Mr. Hill, be made acquainted with all that is necessary to constitute the character of a great man. I can never sufficiently thank Mr. O'Neill for introducing me to this great and good man, and to another

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whom I shall hereafter mention, whose friendship I have carried through all the rubbish of my misfortunes, which I esteem as great an honour as I can possibly boast of.

CHAPTER VIII.

My Stay in Shane's Castle

The roads all through Ireland are extremely good, which makes travelling there very pleasant; but I observed, that the farther North we went, the worse our accommodations at the inns were; but this was amply recompensed by the ingenious conversation of our fellow traveller, who had something peculiarly good to say upon every subject, and would make even his talk to the landlord, or the ostler, a scene of humour and entertainment. The second day we were upon the road, I made choice to go in a one-horse Dutch chaise with Mr. Hill's steward, to enjoy the fine air and prospect. We had a footman to lead the chaise, as the horse who carried us was an old offender, and apt to do mischief when he conveniently could; but Mr. Hill's steward, just as we came to the top of a very steep mountain, ordered the footman to fall back, and undertook to manage the chaise himself. The moment the horse found himself free from restraint, he set out in a full gallop down the hill, so that nothing could stop him till he had dragged the carriage after him for a mile and a half; and at last leaping over a large ditch of water, left the chaise behind him in it, with one of the shafts above a foot driven into the opposite bank, within a few inches of where my body fell, almost without life. The servants, who had all pursued us, by this time came and found me in a most disastrous plight, up to my waist in water and mud, pale and trembling.

As soon as the two gentlemen came up, they said and did everything to comfort me; but as there was no inn for some miles, I was put into the chariot with Mr. Hill, and Mr. O'Neill rode on horseback, till we came to Hillsborough, and there stopped at Lord Hillsborough's house. The gentlemen would have persuaded me to go to bed, but as I found that after taking a glass or two of wine I was as well as ever; I just comforted myself with a change of clothes, and was fit to travel. I enquired several times what became of the steward who was with me, and how he had escaped; but received such ambiguous answers, as gave me reason to conclude his brains were dashed out.

Certainly no person living had ever two more extraordinary escapes from sudden death than I, in this, and the Ballycotton affair before-mentioned; and yet there are two subsequent ones equally wonderful, the reflecting on which is sometimes the most cordial antidote against despair.

For surely, as inconsiderable an atom as I am in the work of creation, I am, nevertheless, under the special protection of an Almighty God, the sole disposer of all events; and I can't help persuading myself, that unless he designed me for some better fate than I have hitherto enjoyed, it would have been more consistent with his mercy and justice to have then let me find mortality, than to prolong a life of pain, sickness and adversity. Perhaps the divines may cavil at this manner of arguing, if they do I cannot possibly help it.

From Hillsborough, we went directly to Mr. Hill's country seat, where we continued some days; and where painting, sculpture, architecture, books, music, conversation, with the most hospitable treatment, conspired to show the greatness of the gentleman whose guest we had the honour to be.

From hence, without meeting anything remarkable, we came to Shane's Castle, a most dreary old mansion, situated on the banks of Lough Neagh. [Note: To explain the word Lough to my readers, I believe it signifies a lake, or large body of standing

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water, without any communication with the sea. This Lough is remarkable for its petrifying qualities, and will turn wood into hard stone, as I have been told, but never saw a proof of it] The town or village about it is composed of miserable little cottages, chiefly inhabited by fishermen, who make a livelihood of the salmon, which is taken here in great plenty. In the inside of this castle, which formerly belonged to the famous Shane O'Neill, and which might in those days have been a strongly fortified place, the rooms are mostly hung with old fashioned tapestry, and the stairs and floors built of black Irish oak, which the servants keep clean by rubbing with beeswax and a hard brush; so that it reflects a gloomy gloss, and is not altogether safe to walk upon: in short, the whole scene brought Mr. Pope's lines to my memory.

She went to rivers, and to purling brooks,
Old fashioned halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks.

Shane's Castle might inspire veneration, like Henry the VIIIth's chapel in Westminster Abbey, but was by no means calculated to inspire delight. Upon our coming here, we were visited by the Earl of Antrim and Lord Masserene, with their ladies; and whether the compliment of their approving me, and my singing, was paid to Mr. O'Neill's judgment, or to any real merit they found in it, I know not, but certainly I had great encomiums.

Mr. O'Neill had been at considerable expense to have a pleasure boat built to sail upon the Lough; which, though it is all fresh water, is as rough a sea at sometimes as the Bay of Biscay, being near fifty miles in circumference, interspersed with many small uninhabited islands. I am to inform my readers, that, from my infancy, I have been of a timid temper and delicate constitution, unfitted by form or abilities for any athletic undertakings; and the dread I had of sea-sickness, from my former experience of it, made me have no *gout* for maritime expeditions. Notwithstanding the boat, as she lay at anchor opposite to Mr. O'Neill's dressing room window, with her streamers flying, looked very pretty, yet I saw no necessity for trusting the precarious element of water, more than I did for mounting one of Mr. O'Neill's running horses. Therefore when a considerable party was made to go and take a few days recreation on the Lough, I heartily begged I might not be of the number, and gave my reasons why I objected to it; but these had so little weight with the polite Mr. O'Neill, that he absolutely used force to bring me, and completely to pull of the mask of good manners, so long worn with constraint. As soon as the small boat brought us on board, he obliged a contrivance to be made to haul me up to the top of the mast, while four and twenty pateraroes were discharged: 'tis true, I sustained no damage by it, but the horror of my danger, and the vexation of being so contemptuously treated, joined to my being extremely sick the moment the boat was unmoored, were sufficient to take from any pleasure I could possibly afterwards enjoy. When we cast anchor before a beautiful island, and went ashore, where there were tents pitched for us, and we had several salmon taken, and roasted whole on wooden spits before a large fire of wood, besides all sorts of cold provisions and wine; to complete this entertainment, Mr. O'Neill would have had me fang, but I absolutely refused to do it; telling him, that if he brought me here for a buffoon and a laughing-stock, he should never have made me his companion. He then passed a good many ironical sneers on my greatness and dignity, which he was sorry to have offended. 'Tis true, Sir, said I, I am neither great, nor dignified by title or estate, but I am the son of a gentleman, whose distresses have brought him under your protection. Every instance of your friendship to me is gratefully registered on my heart, but a few instances of this kind would be sufficient

to erase them from it. Whether Mr O'Neill was really ashamed of what he had done, or only affected to be so, is hard to say; but I had reason to believe he was, from his very seriously asking my pardon, and assuring me if I was his son, he would have done the same, since nothing was so unbecoming in a young gentleman as cowardice; and as you know, Jack, I have ever behaved to you like a father; and ever mean to do so, it is my duty, when I see a weakness in you, to endeavour to remove it. After I had given ease to my heart by a few tears, I accepted the treaty of peace, sincerely forgot what had passed, and voluntarily offered to sing. Upon this occasion Mr. O'Neill expressed great satisfaction; for, said he, Jack, I find you have a proper degree of resentment, and a superlative degree of good-nature.

Mr. O'Neill is a gentleman of what the world calls extreme good sense: he has learning enough to give him an insight into all things requisite for a man of five thousand pounds a year to know; and prudence enough to manage both his fortune and knowledge, in such a manner, as never to suffer either to be called in question or impaired: for instance, when he is in company, where topics arise, that seem difficult to him, he either acknowledges his deficiency, and desires information, or else is entirely silent. Upon the other hand, with regard to his fortune, he pays all his tradesmen himself; and as he constantly pays ready money for every article the moment it comes home, he has things considerably cheaper than most other gentlemen, and has besides an unblemished reputation. I observed, that, whilst I was at Shane's Cattle, no man ever more zealously strove to make his company *drink too much* than Mr. O'Neill, yet no man living was more careful to *avoid doing so himself*; for this reason, he always took care to have variety of bottles and glasses on the table, and perhaps, while the company were drinking deep of claret, he, under pretence of drinking champagne, had a bottle of Bristol water. He frequently endeavoured to fasten an extraordinary glass upon me, but without the least success; as I not only was averse to all sorts of liquor, but likewise knew the remarks he had made on others, who had suffered themselves to be over-persuaded in that respect. From this and what I have formerly said, I fancy the general character of this gentleman may be guessed at by the discerning part of my readers. Mr. O'Neill is rather a sportsman, than a man of talk; rather a just, than a generous man; and rather a man of sense, than a man of letters. There is one thing I am highly emulous to do in the course of my descriptions, and that is, to take my reader by the hand, and introduce him into the company and intimate conversation of the person I would have him acquainted with. There are some authors who have wrote volumes, called, *The lives of the poets*: The only information we receive from whom, is, that they were born at such a time, wrote at another, and died at last; all which common reason lets us know, and as Shakespeare observes,

"There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us this."

I would, rather hear one hour of a great man's unreserved conversation with a friend, and be more capable to form an idea of him from thence, than fifty pages penned in the ordinary of Newgate's style, about his life, parentage and education. Without a compliment to the memory of my mother, I think her bringing her readers to dinner with Dean Swift, has made them more intimate with the cast of that great man's temper, than other noble efforts that have been made to give him to the world in a proper light.—As I never disguised any part of my story from Mr. O'Neill, I was one afternoon giving him a humorous description of Captain Poekrich, the glass projector,

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and likewise what hardships I had undergone with him; Mr. O'Neill knew the man, and told me, that if he was to come down to Shane's Castle he would get him a large benefit at Antrim, entertain him at his own house, and withal that he would be glad if I wrote to him to him that effect. [Note: This unhappy person was burnt in the late fire, near the Royal-Exchange, Cornhill, Saturday, Nov., 10, 1759.] Though I had no regard for the Captain, I was fond of his performances, and as I knew his coming would occasion a public meeting, and likewise show the Captain the influence I had here. I wrote him word what Mr. O'Neill mentioned, but did not receive an answer, as we the next day set out for Dawson's bridge, in the county of Derry, the seat of Arthur Dawson, Esq. one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer, and brother-in-law to Mr. O'Neill. On our way hither we stayed one night at a place, called the ferry, where there is a small river, and where fine large eels are in such plenty, that any quantity of them may be caught at half an hour's warning: as the place afforded nothing but this fish and some coarse bread, we had some taken for us; as they were very delicate in their kind, we made a hearty supper of them, drinking some whiskey punch to wash it down, the only liquor that could be had.

I found my condition at Dawson's bridge much happier than it had been at Shane's Castle; not only as both the Baron and his lady received me with the tenderest regard, but likewise, because they had a son about my age, whom I found a very agreeable companion in. The Baron's mansion house was then out of repair, and going to be rebuilt; but his discourse was a perpetual feast of nectared sweets, through which were conveyed to his auditors, with modesty, affability and manly grace, the abstract of all human knowledge. The Baron had known my mother and her family in happier hours; and was so kind to represent her and them in such an amiable light to Mr. O'Neill, and to express so much regret for the injuries had been done her in fortune and fame, that Mr. O'Neill, who only knew her story from general report, which is seldom partial to the unhappy, began to look on me in a different light from what he had heretofore done; and to complete the whole, he assured Mr. O'Neill that my mother was descended from as noble a family as any in Ireland; but the adherence of her ancestor, Patrick Sarsfield (Lord Lucan, son to the Earl of Kilmallock) to King James the second, whose General he was during the wars in Ireland, and who accompanied him to France, and afterwards lost his life in Flanders, had impaired the fortune of the family, but not in such a manner as to deprive those who conformed to the present establishment of estate and dignity.

The Baron was a gentleman of a grave, reserved and penetrating aspect, though extremely handsome both in his person and countenance; but he had such an unbounded flow of real wit and true humour, that he said more good things in half an hour, and forgot them the next, than half the comic writers in the world have introduced into their plays; and what added to the delight such an entertainment must afford, was, that it was all genuine, unstudied and concise; so that while he set,

Laughter holding both her sides

He appeared himself with the same steadfastness that accompanied him on the bench as a judge; and so happy was this great man in the talent of unbending his mind, that he could even make companions of his son and myself, though both so young and giddy; nay, he would adapt his discourse exactly to our degree of comprehension, and by that means become master of our minutest thoughts. He has wandered with us for hours through his wide domains, leaped over ditches, looked for

birds' nests, flown a kite, and played at marbles: he might in this respect be compared to that great Roman, who, when called on to serve the senate, was found toying amongst his children.

I remember one day after dinner, when the company were inclined to be grave, he looked very earnestly at me, and then addressed himself to Mr. O'Neill: "I'm sorry, dear brother, that my skill in astrology, has led me into one secret of the events of time; and that is, that Jack Pilkington will come before me to be tried for his life, the particular fact I am not acquainted with, but it will probably be for sheep-stealing; very well, Sir, said he, to me, when you hold up your hand at the bar, hold two fingers up and two down, in token of the promise I now make you, in regard to your family and Mr. O'Neill; though the proof should be ever so home against you, such as your having sold the skin, made broth of the head, and candles of the tallow, yet have a good heart, I'll bring you safely off for this time. Since ever I was a judge, I never saved a criminal at one assize, that I had not the trouble to condemn the next; and as you seem of an aspiring temper, 'tis most likely the second effort of your genius will be made in horse-stealing; very, well, Sir, hold upon this occasion but one finger up, and I'll save you: but the third time hold up your whole hand, for I cannot wrong my conscience any further; hanged you must be, till you are dead; dead; dead! and the Lord have mercy on your soul.

I returned the Baron many thanks, and told him, the only person I would wish to rob, would be himself.—Hold there, Sir, said he, I am exempted; what, rob a judge! if you begin that way I'll take you up on suspicion. I mean only to take that from you, Sir, which you can spare without even missing, learning, taste and eloquence. Upon my word, said Mr. O'Neill, I never heard Jack make such a speech before. I'll tell you, Sir, said the Baron, he's flattering for a reprieve the third time; but he must use your interest for that, I have done for him all I can do.

The Baron told us, that when he was a templer in London, he used sometimes, to dine at an ordinary, whereto a Scotsman frequently came, who wore very dirty linen. He was one day, after dinner, leaning on his elbow, and informing a French barber, who sat next him, of what an illustrious pedigree he was descended: in the meantime, said the Baron, a great black louse frequently sauntered out of the wrist of his shirt along his hand and the Scotsman, slyly looking round to see that none observed him, instead of throwing it away, or destroying it, as I expected, put it with his finger and thumb very tenderly up again. The barber, who had observed him, cried, *le diable! mon ami*, why you not kill de lousee, who plague you so? D—n your saul, said the Caledonian, he's the heed of a clon, and if I molest him, they'll come down by ten thousands for revenge. I thought, said the Baron, it was full time for me now to make my escape, and took care how dined with a Scotsman ever after.

Talking of the Scots brought another story on the tapis, but by whom related I don't remember. The bishop of Cork, a great virtuoso, a learned and hospitable man, used whenever he saw a stranger at church, in the appearance of a gentleman, to invite him home to dinner, There happened a regiment to be quartered in Cork, several of whom were of that nation. An English gentleman, who was likewise an officer, but extremely fond of a jest, asked a North British commander to go to church with him one Sunday morning, well knowing the Bishop would invite them both; They accordingly went, and as they came out, the Bishop, who knew the English gentleman, sent his compliments to him, and if he and his friend were not engaged, should be glad of their company to dinner. The Englishman pressed the other to go,

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though he made several objections; at last he prevailed by telling him the Bishop was a person of great interest, and might be very serviceable to him. When arrived within a quarter of a mile of the house, Gads so! said the Englishman, I forgot to ask you one very material question, and that is, whether you have your catechism by heart? for it is his Lordship's custom after dinner to examine the company round. "Deel rive my saul, quo he, gin I kin a word ont." Well, well, returned his friend, he always begins with the greatest stranger, and if you can answer the first question, it will hardly come to your turn again. Upon examining the prayer-book, he found it was only to tell his Christian name; but to make sure work of it, he got the second also, and was conning it in his mind till they arrived at the house; where his Lordship received them with all imaginable politeness, showing them his study, his cabinet of curiosities, his gardens, improvements, and, in short, everything that could manifest his own judgment and give them pleasure. At length the bell rung for dinner; and after it was over the ladies retired, and bottles and glasses were placed on the table. The Bishop, who had a mind to drink the stranger's health, said, Captain, may I crave your name? The Scotsman instantly stood up, and answered, "William, my Lord;" and, without giving the Bishop time to say any more, ran on with "my godfathers and godmothers, in my baptism, where in I was made a member of Chreest, a cheeld of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of Heeaven," &c. The bishop, who had not a grain of fanaticism in him, stood amazed, and said, Sir, I hope you think I'm too much a gentleman to catechise any anyone at my own table. The Englishman and the rest of the company laughed immoderately, which completely put the captain out of countenance. The other, who, was known to be a wag, honestly owned he had done it for a joke; but the Scot told him he forgot the motto of the thistle, when he attempted to play upon him; however, there was no more said about it, the evening was spent in great harmony, and the two officers went home together: But the Scotsman was so far from forgiving his acquaintance, that he challenged him to fight the next day, in spite of all the concessions a man of honour could make, and terminated his revenge by running him through the body, of which he died, leaving a distressed family behind him.

This, said the Baron, is a comi-tragedy, and would have made a good story, but for the catastrophe. I wish the Scot had adhered to his motto, and only pricked him, instead of running him through the guts; but the true meaning of the Scots motto is, Touch me not, lest I infect you.

Some days after this, to the great surprise of the Baron and all the family, who never suspected I had the least itch for scribbling, I produced at breakfast the following paraphrase on Mr. Dawson's story, called

The Cautious Caledonian.

A Scotsman once in conversation
Was in a dreadful consternation
A louse that browsed about his neck,
Travelled abroad in search of peck;
Down his gigantic arm he strayed,
And from his wrist appearance made.
The prudent Scot, though filled with shame,
Still pulled him back from whence he came;
And talked as careless, gay and free,

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Of his illustrious pedigree,
As if no sorrow could invade
The brawny Caledonian blade.
A French monsieur, who next him sat,
Presumed to give his friend a pat;
And said, *mon bien ami*, pray kill
A louse that bears you such ill will.
The wary Scot, cried, silence mon,
He is the chieftain of a clon,
Wha in ten thousands would descend,
Should I destroy their foremost friend.

The undeserved applauses this essay obtained from one of the most competent judges of poetry in Europe, was, perhaps, the most unfortunate circumstance could have befallen me, as it has set me rhyming from that day to this. The compliment Mr. Dawson paid me on it was: It's a wise son, boy, that knows his own father, nor could I myself swear you were Matt. Pilkington's; but anyone who saw even this, would declare you the son of Letty Pilkington, which is, by the by, a much greater honour to you. It was customary in this family, instead of pushing the bottle about after dinner, which is indeed too much practiced in Ireland, so that a man, without keeping himself in a perpetual fever, by drinking to oblige his friends, is not thought a tolerable companion for them; instead of so destructive a method of at once killing time, reason, and ourselves, we found the agreeable scheme of storytelling, in a rainy afternoon, as high an entertainment as Bacchus in the house, or Ceres and Pomona in the groves, could possibly have afforded to us.

Though I never was capable of being more than an humble auditor, yet, by firm observance, and a good memory, I have brought off one, besides what has already been said, which, though generally known to my noble Hibernian subscribers, may not be so to my illustrious English ones; so down it goes, and, as Falstaff says, 'twill fill a page as well as better matter; that it is authentically true, may be depended on by all.

The late Earl of Ross was, in character and disposition, like the humorous Earl of Rochester; he had an infinite fund of wit, great spirits, and a liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the beau monde call pleasures, and by those means first impaired his fortune, as much as he possibly could do; and finally, his health beyond repair. To recite any part of his wit here is impossible, though I have heard much of it, but as it either tended to blasphemy, or at best obscenity, its better where it is. A nobleman could not, in so censorious a place as Dublin, lead a life of rackets, brawls, and midnight confusion, without being a general topic for reproach, and having fifty thousand faults invented to complete the number of those he had: nay, some asserted, that he dealt *avec le diable*; established a hell-fire club at the Eagle tavern on Cork hill; and that one W——, a mighty innocent facetious painter, who was indeed only the agent of his gallantry, was a party concerned; but what won't malicious folks say? Be it as it will, his Lordship's character was torn to pieces everywhere, except at the groom porter, where he was a man of honour; and at the taverns, where none surpassed him for generosity. Having led this life till it brought him to death's door, his neighbour, the Reverend Dean Madden, a man, of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his Lordship was given over, thought it his duty to write him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his past life; the particulars of which he mentioned, such as whoring, gaming, drinking, rioting, turning day into night, blaspheming his maker, and, in short, all manner of wickedness; and exhorting him in the tenderest

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manner to employ the few moments that remained to him, in penitently confessing his manifold transgressions, and soliciting his pardon from an offended deity, before whom he was shortly to appear.

It is necessary to acquaint the reader, that the late Earl of Kildare was one of the most pious noblemen of the age; and in every respect a contrast in character to Lord Ross.

When Lord Ross, who retained his senses to the last moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of spirits, read over the dean's letter (which came to him under cover) he ordered it to be put in another paper, sealed up, and directed to the Earl of Kildare: he likewise prevailed on the Dean's servant to carry it, and to say it came from his master, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. Lord Kildare was an effeminate, puny, little man, extremely formal and delicate, insomuch, that when he was married to Lady Mary O'Brien, one of the most shining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off when he went to bed. From this single instance may be judged, with what surprise and indignation he read over the Dean's letter, containing so many accusations for crimes he knew himself entirely innocent of. He first ran to his lady, and informed her that Dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epistle he had just received. Her ladyship was as much confounded and amazed at it as he could possibly be, but withal, observed the letter was not written in the style of a mad man, and advised him to go to the Archbishop of Dublin about it. Accordingly, his Lordship ordered his coach, and went to the episcopal palace, where he found his Grace at home and immediately accosted him in this manner: Pray, my Lord, did you ever hear that I was a blasphemer, a whore-monger, a gamester, a rioter, and everything that's base and infamous? You, my Lord, said the Bishop, everyone knows you are the pattern of humility, godliness and virtue. Well, my Lord, what satisfaction can I have of a learned and reverend Divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge. Surely, answered his Grace, no man in his senses, that knew your Lordship, would presume to do it; and if any clergyman has done it, your Lordship will have ample satisfaction from the spiritual court. Upon this Lord Kildare delivered to his Grace the Dean's letter, which he told him was that morning given to his porter, by the Dean's servant, and which both the Archbishop and the Earl knew to be Dean Madden's handwriting. The Archbishop immediately sent for the Dean, who happening to be at home, instantly obeyed the summons. Before he entered the room, his Grace advised Lord Kildare to walk into another apartment, while he discoursed the Doctor about it, which his Lordship accordingly did. When the Dean entered, his Grace looking very sternly, demanded if he had wrote that letter? The Dean answered, I did, my Lord. Mr. Dean, I always thought you a man of sense and prudence, but this unguarded action must lessen you in the esteem of all good men; to throw out so many causeless invectives against the most unblemished nobleman in Europe, and accuse him of crimes to which he and his ancestors have ever been strangers, must be the effect either of a distempered brain or a corroded heart: besides, Mr. Dean, you have by this means laid yourself open to a prosecution in the ecclesiastical court, which will either oblige you publicly to recant what you have said, or to give up your possessions in the church. My Lord, answered the Dean, I never either think, act, or write anything, for which I am afraid to be called to an account, before any tribunal upon earth; and if I am to be prosecuted for discharging the duties of my function, I will suffer patiently the severest penalties in justification of it. Upon this the Dean retired with some emotion, and left the two noblemen as much in the dark as ever.

Lord Kildare went home and sent for a proctor of the spiritual court, to whom he committed the Dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be sent to him as soon as possible. In the meantime the Archbishop, who knew the Dean had a family to provide for, and foresaw that ruin must attend his entering into a suit with so powerful a peer, went to his house, and recommended to him to ask my Lord's pardon, before the matter became public. Ask his pardon, said the Dean, why the man is dead. What Lord Kildare? No, Lord Ross. Good God, said the Bishop, did not you send a letter yesterday to Lord Kildare by your own servant? No truly, my Lord, the man can witness I sent it to the unhappy Earl of Ross, who was then given over, and I thought it my duty so to do. Upon examining the footman the whole mistake was rectified, and the Dean saw with real regret that Lord Ross died as he lived; nor did he continue in this life above four hours after he sent off the letter. The poor footman lost his place by the jest, and was indeed the only sufferer for my Lord's last piece of humour. But to return.

Some strange gentlemen arriving at Dawson's bridge, there was a hunting match proposed, to which we all repaired by daybreak the next morning, and very shortly started a hare: when it was almost run down. Mr. O'Neill, who had a fowling piece charged with bullets in his hand, and who perceived by the course the hare took that it would come within shot of him, asked me if he should let fly at her? I advised him to do it by all means. He therefore stood cocked and primed, and just as madam puss came near enough for her approaching fate, I run across the piece at the instant it went off, and only had a little breach made in my coat at the hip, and a slight graze of a ball. Mr. O'Neill, who knew the danger I had exposed myself to much better than I did myself, was very much frightened, and protested I should, never run any more risks of my life with him, in pursuit of pleasure. This was the first of the escapes from death I formerly mentioned, the other is rather more surprising.

At our return to Shane's-Castle I found a very thankful letter from Captain Poekrich, with a promise that he would immediately set out for this place. When I showed it to Mr. O'Neill he seemed surprised, and asked me by what authority I had given such an invitation? I reminded him of our conversation on that head, and said I should never have taken such a liberty without it had been an absolute request of Mr. O'Neill. He protested he remembered nothing of it, and he thought one encumbrance sufficient. This was an unexpected stab, which I plainly understood, and warmly replied to, by telling him, his present encumbrance, if he meant me, was easily got rid of; that my misfortunes had not got the better of that decent degree of pride which every rational creature ought to have:—but the truth was this; my voice now began to break into a hoarse disagreeable tenor, and I being no longer the object of amusement, was likely to become the object of contempt. All the fine promises formerly made to me were entirely forgotten, and young as I was, I could not but feel resentment at this behaviour, and penetrate into its causes. However, Mr. O'Neill, who had so recently recommended me to all his acquaintances, and told them his intentions were to provide handsomely for me, wanted a more plausible pretext for an open breach than had hitherto preferred itself from the course of my behaviour.

As a mutual coolness from this day took place in us both, we seldom met, except at mealtimes, and then discoursed of nothing but the weather; and, in short, began as politely to detest one another, as any well-bred Lord and Lady in the world do; and that is speaking largely, in an age where every refined passion of the soul, every beauteous idea of the mind, every generous sentiment of the heart, are shuffled up in a pack of cards; where the dupe who loses, or the sharper who wins, is the only

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respected creature in society. Tell a fine lady that Shakespeare wrote like an angel; she answers, how did he play at whist? Nay, the name of *Pope* would have been insipid, only that the Rape of the Lock shows how eminent a master of gaming he was. In short, I take it for granted, that no subject will now please, but cards, cards, cards; and therefore I humbly propose to write a paraphrase upon *Hoyle*, as soon as I have finished this; which, neatly bound in Turkey, a lady may read at church instead of her prayer book; and it will prove of more service to her in the business of the afternoon, namely, cards, than getting a whole sermon by rote. The next push I intend to make for public favour, is to write the pedigree of all the running horses that ever existed, and their peculiar qualities, in heroic verse, which will not make a larger volume than the profound Blackmore's Prince Arthur. 'Tis with the sincerest regret I confess, that I am at present unequal to so glorious, useful, and profitable an undertaking; though I might have had sufficient knowledge of it, could I have relished the company of grooms and postilions at Shane's Castle, or indeed given a proper attention to the Squire himself, whose favourite subjects those things were; but I don't despair, by drinking a butt or two of porter, and exhaling the aromatic flavour of a pound or two of tobacco, at some livery stable, to be an accomplished master of the subject in a year or two: if then I can close the whole with an elegant essay on cock-fighting, I shall at least be esteemed the master-piece of the present age, though I fail to transmit my fame to future ones. If I should not succeed in these laudable attempts as a writer, my familiarity with those important affairs, will enable me to get my livelihood as a *Sharper*; many of whom are admitted into the best companies, and regaled on Ortolans and Champagne, while the sons of Apollo are left to drink the Helicon stream, or ditch water if they please. After modestly asking, "are not these things so?" I'll return from this digression to finish my adventures at Shane's Castle, wherein I shall be very concise, being already tired of the subject, and fearing my readers are so too. My life here began to be very insipid, I had no company or books; for though Mr. O'Neill had promised access to his library, which in all probability was in *Monde de la Lune*, yet I never even saw a book in the house, and therefore have some cause to suspect there were none.

One very calm serene morning I got up sooner than any of the family, and taking a solitary walk by the Lough, that now appeared like a looking-glass, in which the fair face of the rising day was reflected with bewitching loveliness, I took the small boat that lay near the shore, and thought to have paddled myself on board the large one, about a quarter of a mile off. The boat was no sooner adrift than I perceived my own want of skill to pilot her, and began to endeavour to get on shore, but these efforts were unsuccessful: a small breeze from the land arising, the boat drove before it, in spite of all my attempts, the wind increased, and the water beginning to swell, I was obliged to relinquish my oar, and leave myself to the mercy of the waves, expecting every moment to meet that fate that so apparently threatened me. I continued in this dreadful suspense till about ten o'clock, when Mr. O'Neill was going to breakfast, and made enquiry after me; every place was searched, but poor Jack was not to be found: On some of the servants going to the pier, whereto the boat had been fastened, they discovered it was gone: Mr. O'Neill immediately went to his study, which commanded an extensive prospect of the water, and with a telescope discovered something just discernible, a considerable distance from land. He immediately ordered all the fishing boats out, and promised a handsome reward to the first who found the boat, though he was not sure I was in it. Accordingly six or seven boats set sail, but it was past three in the afternoon before they overtook me, being by that time in the middle of the Lough: they found me lying flat at the bottom of the

vessel, almost dead with fear, wet, cold and hunger. The sight of returning life to one on the brink of mortality, soon cheered my spirits, nor could crowns, sceptres, or all the riches of the East, inspire a greater transport in my breast, than the sight of these honest fishermen. I embraced them with ecstasy, and besought them, for heaven's sake, to put me anywhere on shore; if it was fifty miles from Shane's Castle, I cared not. The fellows tugged loftily at their oars, and by the time it was near dark brought me safely to the pier, where Mr. O'Neill and all the family were assembled to meet us. The rapture I was in at finding myself once more on terra firma, prevented my taking much notice of the reproaches thrown on me by Mr. O'Neill, for my indiscretion. I made the best of my way to the kitchen fire, where I had some comfortable things given me, and immediately went to bed. The next morning, when I came to breakfast, Mr. O'Neill told me, that this was the fourth escape I had had from a sudden death within twelve months; and that, as my family might impute any accident that happened me to his negligence, he thought it was high time to resign his charge, and send me home to my father. As this was a stroke I had for some time expected, it did not much alarm me; nor did I indeed take any methods to evade it, being heartily tired of an indolent, inactive, and unimproving life; I therefore told him, that as I always had been ready to obey him in every respect, he would find me so in this, except that I absolutely would not return to my father, let my fate be what it would. I thought Jack, said he, you would have expressed more concern for parting with me? In short, Sir, said I, it has long been beyond a doubt, that you will feel no concern for parting with me, otherwise this declaration of your intention to send me home, would have been more dreadful than yesterday to me. There is not a man in the world I love, honour, or esteem, half so much as Mr. O'Neill, and consequently I cannot wish to make him uneasy for the sake of a dependent subsistence: besides, Sir, as you never saw anything immoral or indecent in my conduct, I can't but know, that if you had the smallest esteem for me, this accident would rather excite your pity than resentment, because it was such as might have befallen a person of more years and discretion than myself, and that I have suffered severely for it.

As my arguments did not tend to promote my longer continuance here, but rather to show that this separation, was more his will than my fault, he told me, that as he found I was weary of him, the stage-coach would leave Belfast in a day or two, and I might take my passage in it to Dublin, if I chose; but, said he, Jack, if you have a mind to stay, you are still welcome, provided you will be a little more careful of yourself. I told him a hint to me was sufficient, and, without prolonging the discourse, went and packed up all my things, which his valet, a most insinuating deceitful fellow, took care to give him speedy information of. When I came to dinner Mr. O'Neill again acquainted me, that what he spoke of my going away was rather done to sound my inclination, than with any serious intention that I should quit him; but he could not upon mature deliberation but express his wonder at my forwardness to do it, when my own sense must acquaint me how destitute I was of friends, and picture to me the distresses such a step might involve me into; for believe me Jack, said he, I will vindicate myself, by assuring everybody, your going, if you do go, was the result of your own pride and obstinacy; and that when I only gently chid you for exposing your life to danger, and my mind to a whole day's pain and anxiety, you went and prepared for a journey, instead of endeavouring to palliate your fault, and promising a future amendment. I told him I could not look on it as a crime, nor through the fear of any distress descend to be a beggar for a maintenance. Well Jack, said he, this spirit may be brought down, and you may again wish you had continued with me at any rate: I shall not further oppose your desire of going, and hope you may never find cause to

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repent it; so, said he, I'll order a footman and, a couple of horses to convey you to Belfast to-morrow, from whence you may take the stage home; and if it will not be too great a piece of condescension, pray write to me when you get there, and let me know what you further propose to do. I told him he did me much honour in permitting me to be his correspondent, which I was too sensible of to omit doing.

CHAPTER IX.

I Leave Mr. O'Neill. Life with Students in Dublin. Theatrical Quarrels. I Resolve to go to Scotland.

Early the succeeding morning a footman came to tell me everything was ready, and Mr. O'Neill waited breakfast for me. When I came down I found him reclined in a pensive manner, with his elbow on the table, and his hand supporting his head: he continued silent for some time which made me enquire if he was unwell? He said he had slept none all night, he was so much concerned for my future happiness. I then gently reminded him how much it was in his power to promote it, by even doing what himself generously offered to me at Middleton. Jack, said he, you should have embraced it then; I told you my temper was changeable, and you now experience it. I answered, with tears in my eyes, it was but too apparent. I have, said he, paid for your place in the coach, your expenses on the road will not be great, and therefore I believe the sum I shall give you will be sufficient to answer the end: laying this, he slipped four half guineas into my hand, which I carelessly threw into my coat pocket, and mounting my horse, was soon out of sight. Resentment for some time kept up my spirits, but when I beheld myself in a bleak lonesome country, without a friend near me, or the hope of meeting one where I was going, and then my not having money sufficient, as I thought, to pay my travelling expenses, sunk me into the deepest melancholy, which could only find relief from a flood of tears: they continued plentifully to flow till I came to Belfast, where Mr. O'Neill's servant left me. Being called up before daybreak in the morning to take my place, the dawning light discovered me in company with two clergymen and two ladies, one of whom appeared a perfect beauty. The sight of the lovely charmer, and the hope of being her companion for two or three days, dissipated, for the present, all my gloomy reflections; and my having been so long conversant with the nobility, and persons of fortune, made me talk so much in their style, that I believe the company took me for such, at least the consequence strongly indicated it; for when we stopped to breakfast, one of the Levites, whom I afterwards learned was Archdeacon Hutchison, now a prelate, said, that it was customary, where there were more gentlemen than ladies in a coach, to treat them. To this, indeed, nothing but the narrowness of my purse could make me have the least objection, nor did I offer to do it publicly, whatever panics I felt about it; but the other man, who was a dissenting parson, and as formal as a full-dressed old maid, or a Methodist weaver in Spitalfields, warmly opposed it, and said, let every one pay their own quota, I will pay for no one but myself. This set us all on bantering the old gentleman, and the amiable and lovely Miss Molly Wier began now to court him. He was greatly enraged at being made the subject of our ridicule, and neither liking the company or the expense, took his leave of us the next afternoon. Miss Wier had a fine voice, and sung very well and very freely for us. I had now but the ruins of my former voice, but made mine a foil to her admirable one. The Archdeacon was fond of poetry, and repeated several beautiful pieces to us, which, with other chat, made our journey very agreeable: but, as we continued to pay for the ladies, my poor sum was quite exhausted before I came within a few miles of Dublin; and should certainly have been put to the blush on this occasion, but that, as our last stage was at the Man of War, an excellent inn about twelve miles from our journey's end, the ladies insisted on treating us, to an entertainment more elegant than they had ever received from us, and more expensive, I am certain, than our mutual cost upon the whole. We here revealed ourselves to each other, and reciprocal invitations were passed and received for our future better acquaintance. I was set down in Dublin with about eighteen-pence in my pocket, most of which I had to pay for a coach to carry

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my baggage somewhere, but the destination of it, or myself, was undetermined till I was in it. My grandmother being then alive, and lodging within a few doors of my father, I desired to be set down there, as I knew I might deposit my portmanteau with her, though I could not hope a night's lodging, that permission I found; but indeed that was all, for she seemed in pain the few moments I stayed, lest I should eat anything; but under pretence, that if my father knew she received me; she might lose a little allowance she had from him for support. My brother, who then lived with her, received me more cordially, and procured me a bed with a school-fellow of ours, then a student in Trinity College. He was a sensible good-natured lad, and as he became my bed-fellow, I told him all my affairs. He said I should be welcome not only to share his bed but his commons, which he would have brought to his chamber while I continued with him. This he accordingly did, and though I had not an elegant life, I had a very happy one, as my companion was greatly beloved by all the young gentlemen that knew him, and received frequent invitations, always bringing me with him wherever he went. My brother, likewise, was frequently a sharer in our little parties of recreation and entertainment; and my being capable to dress extremely well, was far from making my company the less agreeable. My singing, which had hitherto rendered me an idler as to my reading, being now quite spoiled, I applied all my leisure hours to such books as my companion studied (I know the critic will say here, "This young man's leisure hours in the university must have been very few") I tell you, Sir, *legebam*, I read or did read. If I did not improve, so as to please you, a pox of my bringing up and my bad memory, for not retaining some scraps of Latin, to lug in by head and shoulders, and make my female readers want an interpreter.

My friend had a levee of young gentlemen every morning, who entertained us with an account of all their adventures and different schemes to raise money. There was one of them in particular, who did not belong to the college, as he had been educated in the Romish religion, but was a complete master of low humour, which will amuse young hearers, though not create esteem; he had frequently breakfasted and dined with us, and as frequently promised that he would one day or other give us a grand entertainment at a tavern. We looked on him as a rattler, and had no hopes of his keeping his word; but one evening, that three or four of us were really at a loss how to compass a supper, he thundered at the door, and jumping in, in full spirits, cried, come lads, come to Reyley's, I've money enough.—Without saying more he flew for a coach, as there was a standing of them near, and hurrying us all into it, ordered to drive to the tavern. My dear lads, said he, how I bless the occasion that brings us together Nectar, Ambrosia, Champagne, Burgundy, Turtles and Ortolans, are at your service. Now regale my boys; I have, besides the most extraordinary story to tell you, that you must laugh at in spite of your teeth: any man that can hear it, and not burst his sides, will absolutely give me offence. No, I'm determined to kill you first with good eating and drinking, and bring you alive with laughter. By this time we were set down, and Willy, for so the lads called him, stepped majestically up to the bar, and ordered the coach to be paid for. Now gentlemen, said he, walk to the larder, and let every man fix on what he likes best, as the place was well stocked with fish, fowl, beef, mutton, ham and tongues. A supper was soon concluded on, but when he heard there could no ortolans be had, he was quite out of temper with the waiter, not fellow, said he, that I ever eat one, but that I'm told they are damned expensive. Can't you let us lave a pheasant or a turtle? He assured him they could not be had. Well then, said he, bring up Burgundy, Champagne, Claret, Port, Mountain and Sack. It may be supposed his talking at this rate procured us the best room in the house, where we were no sooner seated, than the waiter brought a bottle of each of the wines he had

ordered. Go fetch them up by dozens you rascal, said he and in the meantime order your matter to make an inundation of rum, and a sea of rack punch. He had talked all this without permitting us to utter our astonishment. We all knew he was kept very poorly as to his pocket, very seldom having two shillings to command, which made us quite impatient to know on what foundation this mighty fabric was erected. He besought us to suspend our curiosity till we had drank one bottle apiece; which was done before supper was ready. In the meantime he exerted all his humour to divert us from coming to his fifth act, as he termed it, before we had attended to the first; so that other conversation arising, the bottle moving briskly about, and the entrance of supper, a most welcome sight to a parcel of hungry sophisters, kept us from further enquiry. Before supper was well over, a fiddler, a harper, and a piper, came to know if our honours wanted music; and as the wine put our spirits a little more upon a par with Willy's, we unanimously voted the band of music into the room, where they struck up immediately, and added much to our enjoyment, as they were ordered not to play but such tunes as were demanded. This mirth kept us awake till near four in the morning; at which time, having all drank too freely, it was necessary to come to an *eclaircissement* about the reckoning. Willy called the waiter, who had made out our bill upwards of twelve pounds. After he had received this, he insisted on our drinking the parting bottle, and hearing the history of his acquisition.

You must know, said he, my mother is the most arrant old hypocrite this day upon earth. She has money hid in every hole and corner of the house: sometimes she lends it out to use; and frequently in a morning, when she is in the midst of her devotion over her beads, she calls my brother to be sure to arrest such a man, and take care that the interest is paid for such and such sums. She does not allow me a shilling from year to year, nor have I any comfort but what I industriously procure by stealing from her. She generally keeps her cash in a Christmas box, which she guards like the apple of her eye, and which I have made a thousand unsuccessful attempts to steal. Last night my better genius inspired me with a stratagem, which, not to anticipate your pleasure, you shall particularly hear: she has been a long time teasing me to go to confession, and to make my soul, as the terms it, with father Murphy:—and when I have refused her, she cried, Jesus, Mary and Joseph, take you out of my sight; if you were but with Mary and Joseph, my cares would be all over. I went home last night, and she was just lain down in bed. I entered the chamber, and falling on my knees, besought her blessing and forgiveness of all my crimes, as I had been with father Murphy, and he had enjoined me first to do that, and then fast for three days, incessantly praying to Mary and Joseph. The old woman was so delighted with this account, that she sat up in the bed, and besought Mary and Joseph to take me into their special protection. In the meantime, said he, I lost not the fair opportunity of diving into the pocket under her head for a Christmas box, which I have triumphantly brought off without the least suspicion, and my dear mother has had a peaceable night's rest through my deception. The moment I got the prize I flew to you, my dear boys, without ever examining the contents; so saying, he pulled out the box; threw it on the table, and desired one who sat next to him to count it out *pro bono publico*. The lad found it weighty, and concluded it contained at least twenty pieces; but upon unscrewing it there appeared, to our mutual confusion, the lead of a woman's sleeve, and about a dozen of large black patches. By G—d, said Willy; we are totally ruined; the old woman has lost her nose, and these are the patches she puts on it, which I have mistaken for a box of the same size that she keeps her cash in.

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How the reckoning was to be paid became now seriously the question, for five shillings was not in the company. Some of the lads took their hats, and made the best of their way out, so that only myself and two others remained to see the catastrophe. He besought us to go and leave him to his meditations, for I know, said he, if the worst comes to the worst, the old woman will redeem me: But damn it, said he, I'll try another stratagem. Upon this he called the waiter, and asked where his master was? The boy told him in bed. Well, said he, go ask him if he can change me a fifty pound bank note. The boy brought word he could not, but if his honour would sign the bill, and leave his direction, it was the same thing. This he readily did, and departed in high spirits. He came to us the next evening, and told us his mother had paid the bill upon sight, without the least hesitation; from whence, said he, I conclude she is either gone mad, or else very near her end.

In my walks through the city, I met the unfortunate Captain Poekrich, who told me he was just returned from Shane's Castle, which journey he took at my instigation, and had not got as much by it as paid his expenses; however, he said, Mr. O'Neill had entertained him, and spoke very kindly of me. Well, Captain, said I, I am sorry you had no better success, but your disappointment there, was not more intolerable than mine in the hundred a year.

During my residence in the college I became acquainted with an agreeable set of people, some of whom it may not be improper to name. Colonel Newburgh, that I have formerly mentioned, is both a lover and professor of music and poetry. He was intimate with Mr. Burroughs, then a *Master of Arts* in the College, and introduced me to that gentleman, who was upon many occasions very kind to me. He has a fine *Poetical Genius*, and has published some *specimens of it*. Upon the death of *Mr. Pope*, one Dalicourt, a clergyman, and an indifferent poet, wrote an elegy, in which he represented death in a charnel house, feeding his ravenous jaws on departed merit. Upon this occasion Mr. Burroughs wrote the following epigram:

When Dalicourt shall yield to fate,
And death the hapless poet eat;
If merit be his chief regale,
Poor death will have a sorry meal.

Amongst this company, I met with Mr. The. Cibber, whose late untimely end may render some anecdotes of him now the more acceptable to my reader; and as I study their entertainment more than regularity, I hope they will pardon my digressions.

Old Mr. Cibber, who knew the precarious life of a player, determined, by giving his son a good education, to qualify him for a better state; and to this end he sent him to a university, and intended him for the law or physic; but Theophilus had so strong a propensity to the stage, that the first thing he ever disoblighd his father in, was becoming a player. That he excelled in several comic parts, has never been disputed even by his enemies, of which I believe no man ever had more. The Mock Doctor and Scrub he was inimitable in, even to the last. Sir Courtly-Nice, Sir Fopling Flutter, Sir Novelty Fashion, and Lord Foppington, were parts in which he was generally applauded, and his being so seamed with the smallpox, made the coxcomb more ridiculous by his playing it. Old Cibber frequently declared to my mother, that he would never have believed Theophilus was his son, but that he knew the mother of him was too proud to be a whore.

On his first arrival in Dublin he was very well received, and entertained in some of the best families, as I myself have been witness. The story of his domestic infelicity was little known in Ireland; and his being rather the gentleman than the comedian in private conversation, made him doubly acceptable. Mr. Sheridan had then lately made his appearance, who being the son of a clergyman, educated in their own university, and having a pretty knack at spouting, became the favourite of the town in tragedy; nor was Mr. Cibber less so in his comic capacity. But Mr. Sheridan, being of a proud aspiring temper, took offence that anyone should be applauded but himself; in consequence of which, he picked a quarrel with Theophilus, about a tragedy robe, that he was to have worn in the part of Cato, and made this pretence to dismiss a numerous and polite audience. Cibber, who knew the nature of an audience much better than Sheridan, when he found they murmured about being treated in this manner, came from behind the scenes in the dress of Syphax, and offered to read the part of Cato, if they would permit the play to proceed. The audience accepted of him, and he acquitted himself to their satisfaction. In the meantime, Sheridan goes to the college, and acquaints the lads there that Cibber had used him extremely ill, and had the impudence to attempt Cato, and to keep the company after he had warned them to depart. This he alleged was done to undermine his interest with the public, and to prepossess them in Cibber's favour, who wanted to have the management of the Theatre in his own hands. The young gentlemen, irritated by these insinuations, went in a considerable body to the theatre, the next night that Cibber appeared, bred a great disturbance, broke up the company, and obliged Theophilus to procure the safety of his life, by making his escape through a window.

Upon this a literary dispute commenced between Theophilus Cibber, comedian, and Thomas Sheridan, tragedian; which, on *Cibber's part*, was supported with true *wit and humour*, wherein he exposed his *antagonist*, and fairly confuted all his arguments. Sheridan who had neither *wit, candour or justice* on his side, had recourse to malignity and *dirt*, bringing over in a cruel manner *Mr. Cibber's family affairs*, which, admitting the worst, had no connection with the present contest. However, Cibber rallied him very genteelly on this head; and though Sheridan was then perfectly idolized, Cibber got the laugh against him through the whole dispute, as may be seen by looking over it pamphlet published in Dublin, called Cibber and Sheridan, or the Dublin Miscellany.

But the many disturbances Mr. Sheridan's capricious, splenetic and haughty temper has since occasioned in Dublin, and his frequently affronting persons superior to him in birth and fortune, as if he supported the town, instead of the town supporting him, at length cured them of their partiality to this theatrical bashaw, and encouraged them to take arms and tear the house down about his ears. Upon this he came to London, and practised all the arts of *puffing himself off* that had proved so beneficial to him in Ireland; but played a whole season at Covent-Garden, with universal disapprobation. He again returned to Dublin, and upon a proper submission *to the public*, was again permitted to play; but his ambition and envy made him decline admitting any one into the company, whereof he was manager, whose merits could stand in any degree of competition with his own, or who could at any time eclipse his glory. This he endeavoured to gloss over, by decorating the play-house with silver branches and new scenes: but as the nobility and gentry had too long indulged his vanity, they at once forsook him, and subscribed to an entire new play-house, which is now under the management of Mr. Woodward and Mr. Barry, who have each of them merit to deserve encouragement, and modesty enough to make a proper use of it.

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Poor Theophilus, after encountering a thousand difficulties here, in endeavouring to establish himself at the theatre in the Hay-market, was going over to Barry and Woodward together with the surprising Maddox and others, who were altogether shipwrecked, and every soul perished on the coast of Scotland, 1758.

Mr. Sheridan, since his last defeat, is again returned here, and very modestly proposes to talk four times in public, on the subject of elocution, for which every hearer is to pay one guinea. Orator Henly would have talked on the time subject four hundred times for one sixpence, and he was a parson himself; and at least as good a scholar as Mr. Sheridan; how he then, who is only a parson's son, can suppose a nation will be so infatuated as to countenance this project is difficult to account for.

I cannot help taking notice here of a speech made by Peter Daly, Esq, an excellent Hibernian lawyer, who values himself on speaking with the accent of his native country. He was employed for the defendant, in a suit which Sheridan had commenced against Mr. Kelly, a gentleman of fortune, for kicking him behind the scenes and pulling his nose (treatment indeed a little too severe.) As soon as the cause was read over Mr. Daly. stood up, and said, my Lord, I am employed as counsellor for — Kelly, Esquire; but I don't understand who this. Thomas Sheridan, Gentleman, is. Sheridan's counsel answered, it was Mr. Sheridan, patentee of the Theatre-Royal in Smock-Alley. Oh! says he, I understand this Mr. Sheridan the actor: well, I have heard of gentlemen sailors and gentlemen tailors, but it's the first I heard of gentlemen actors or gentlemen merry-andrews.

Some scribblers employed like me, in writing their own commentaries, would swell their pages with the most pompous characters of themselves, and endeavour to make matter of the most trivial circumstances of their lives: nay, there are such as have drawn fictitious, menial and insignificant persons, and made their hours of rising, going to bed, and recreation, subjects for the pen. For my own part, being strictly confined within the peals of truth, from which nothing can induce me to deviate; I will rather pass over such pages of my story, as seem dull to myself, than impose stupidity on my readers, merely because it is a part of my adventures. For this reason, I shall briefly declare, that after I had been near half a year with my friends in Trinity College, I received a sum of money from a lady formerly mentioned herein to whom I communicated my then present state by letter, with a particular detail of what had befallen me at Shane's Castle; but as the lady conjured me never to mention it, I have that regard to her memory, to be obedient to her commands, though I fancy anyone who has read the foregoing part of this work will be able, through the characters I have drawn, to trace the dream from whence this bounty flowed. It behoved me to consider upon the receipt of this, that it was my all, and therefore I was to make the most provident use of it. I consulted my brother on this head, and told him at the same time, I had a great desire to see Scotland, where I was told provisions and learning were exceeding cheap. He assured me, that if I could retire anywhere, till it was in his power to provide for me, he would then demonstrate the sincerity of his affection towards me: that it was very shocking to him, to see his family so cruelly separated, and to find my father deaf to all his entreaties in my favour. In a strange kingdom, said he, you may possibly meet with something to make you happy; in the meantime, what consolation a correspondence with me can afford you shall constantly have; and, my dearest Jack, I will strenuously exert all my faculties in the college, which I shall enter in a few days, to obtain some provision, that may enable me to lighten your distresses by an allowance. Upon this. I determined to visit that kingdom, and in a few days after taking leave of my worthy friends, and returning them thanks

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for my past subsistence, over a little entertainment I had provided, they accompanied me on board a Scotch collier, wherein I took my passage to a sea port of Scotland, and arrived there the next day.

CHAPTER X.

I Arrive in Scotland.

Though the North of Ireland, which is said to resemble this kingdom very much, afforded a most gloomy picture of miserable cottages, and hungry inhabitants, yet this transcended it in that respect to the highest degree; besides, the sharp biting air from the sea procured a keen appetite, and the place afforded little or nothing to allay it. The Captain with whom I came brought me to the best inn in the town (though the worst in reality I had ever seen.) There happened to be a Mountebank Doctor there at the same time, with whom I dined, and whose ignorance afforded me much entertainment. But I confess he made one remark that was not altogether absurd; for, said he, people may think me a fool, for exposing the person of a gentleman on a public stage to a rabble; but I have this day picked up five pounds among them for medicines, that never stood me in ten shillings: Now, Sir, am I, who receives money, in this manner, more guilty of folly than those who pay it to me? I could not but acknowledge the balance of folly due to the people, which greatly pleased the empiric.

The first sight of persons, places or things, is apt to impress a lasting like or dislike to them on the mind; and so little did I relish North-Britain, from its present appearance of poverty, formality and hypocrisy, that when I retired at night to rest I resolved to go back to Dublin with the first ship; but providence, the sole director of events, ordered it otherwise. I had in my portmanteau, which was under my bed, some tolerable clothes; about a dozen of fine shirts, and several pairs of shoes, stockings and breeches, a little collection of the English classics, and some other books; at the bottom of all which I had deposited my cash; having only in my pocket about one pound fifteen shillings. I went to bed at eleven o'clock at night, and at two in the morning was awaked by a terrible voice, crying, "The house is on fire, make the best of your way." My clothes and breeches lying on a chair beside me, I had presence of mind enough to gather in my arms, and running down stairs, had no occasion for a candle, the flames of the adjacent buildings supplying sufficient light; and though I was almost suffocated with smoke, I made my way into the street, naked as I was, where I beheld a great crowd, amongst whom I mixed, and turning my eyes towards the inn, beheld it all in a flame. I thanked God for the preservation of my life, and put on my clothes, but my shoes and stockings were consumed with the rest of my baggage; nor did I grieve much at the accident, as I found enough in my pocket to keep me from starving in a strange country, till I could hear from Ireland. I got into a miserable ale-house, where I was glad to find admittance into a dirty bed, being almost dead with standing in the cold bare-footed. I could not, however, compose myself to sleep, but lay in the utmost pain and sorrow, eagerly wishing for the morning. When I had lain about an hour in this condition, the house quite still, and no creature near me, I felt something come like a man's hand, as I thought, on my breast, and then alternately over every part of my body. The melancholy frame of my mind made this more terrible than can be imagined: I covered my head, thought over my prayers, but had not power to utter a syllable, or to put out my hand to feel. Sometimes I conjectured it was a robber, other times I thought it a witch; at length I concluded it was the devil, and, continued watching, sweating and praying till daybreak; for the supernatural being laid itself all along behind me on the bed, and so continued till returning light gave me courage to undeceive myself, and behold it was a large greyhound that belonged to the house. As soon as I had purchased a pair of shoes, stockings, and a hat, I went to enquire for my host at the inn, and to pay my

reckoning: I found the poor family in the ruins of their house, in the extremest confusion. It seems a servant, who attended the stables, had dropped a candle in the hay-loft, and being afraid to mention it, after doing all he could, to extinguish the fire, made his escape, and in his fright took the key of the stable door with him, by which means some horses were burnt alive. The fellow returned when the fire had spread too far to be put out; and by his candid confession, and assiduity to save what could be preserved, removed any suspicions that might arise of his having done it wilfully. The people of the inn saved most of their valuable effects, and were just going to abandon the house to the flames, when their daughter, a pretty girl about nineteen; recollected of me, and endangered her own life to preserve mine, otherwise I must have perished in the fire.—I thanked my fair deliverer, whose comeliness I had before admired; and to whose resolution and good-nature I stood indebted for life. The family enquired what loss I had sustained, but as mentioning money, they had not seen, might only induce them to think I boasted of more than I possessed, I answered, I had in my portmanteau some clothes and books of no great value. They would accept no payment for my entertainment the preceding day, and made me many tenders of service, which, not knowing how to return, I declined accepting of. The young girl seemed more intent on my welfare than even the father and mother; and as I was obliged to continue in my bunting lodging, came in the afternoon and brought some tea to me, of which I told her I was very fond, and could get none in the town. She begged I would tell her if I had lost my money with my clothes, or had any about me. This led me to own to her, that I really had a trifle in my portmanteau, which as I knew my speaking off would nothing avail, and make me liable to be thought a deceiver, I imagined it most prudent to be silent about; especially as I had, after buying the things I wanted, enough to sustain nature till I heard from my friends. Then, said she, with some emotion, you'll continue in town. I told her I would not; for having had two such terrible disasters, the very first night of my landing in a strange kingdom, I was determined to go to Glasgow, a city about thirty Scots miles from thence, and wait there in some obscure place till I could make an appearance. She took her leave with looks that I was unwilling to understand, and promised to come in the morning with some tea to me. After her departure I sat like a forlorn pilgrim in the chimney, there being no conversable creature near me, nor had I even a book to make company of. I could not drink their ale, which is only bottled small beer, that, when it is uncorked, flies a foot or two out of the bottle, but my landlord, unwilling that I should take up his house for nothing, told me he had gid brondy, if my honour would have some; in compliance with my condition I called for half a pint, which cost but two-pence half-penny, and which was indeed genuine. Having treated the family with the best part of it, I mixed the remainder with some water and sugar, which I found a most comfortable cordial to my afflictions; and was enjoying myself with it by the fireside; when two brawny Highland-men entered, and called plentifully for ale and brandy. They seated themselves next me, and talked Erse or Irish, which I no more understood than Arabic; nor indeed was I less at a loss when they attempted to speak English, their language abounding with so many quaint expressions, that it requires some time to comprehend it. As I sat with my drink beside me, more to entitle me to house-room than from any fondness to it, I happened, unguardedly, to spurt a little through my teeth into the floor. The fellow who sat next me, conceiving I had done it in derision to him and his friend, cried, damn your Erish saul, die blaw in my lugg. My not understanding him, and knowing I meant no offence, made me burst into laughter. Upon which, seeing him put his hand in his pocket, and draw out a large clasp knife, I ran to the other side of the house; and well I did, or I had been dead that

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instant, for he threw it after me with such violence, that had it met with my body instead of a settle bed, wherein it quivered for some time, I had been the innocent victim of a proud ignorant fool. His friend, and all the people of the house, now got between me and him, and, I suppose, pleaded for me in his own damned jargon. When he was so far pacified as to hearken to reason, the man of the house told me he was a great Laird, and that blowing in a man's ear was, amongst the highland-men, the greatest affront could be offered; that when I spit out, his Lairdship imagined I had blown in his ear; and therefore would certainly have put me to death, but that they assured him I was a stranger, and an unfortunate young gentleman, who had lost his baggage in the late fire. This I was obliged to confirm myself in the most submissive and respectful manner, calling him my Lord at every word, though all his apparel was not worth a crown. He would then fain have had me drink with him, and told me, as I was a gentleman, he would permit me to keep him company, but I had too much terror on my spirits to relish the great honour he offered me, and therefore pleading incapacity to drink, and long want of rest, I begged leave to retire to bed; but lest I should again be tormented with a supposed apparition, I besought my landlord to let his son sleep with me, which he obligingly did; and, to complete my adversities, I got the Scot's fiddle (*i.e.* the itch) which I continued to play most harmoniously, while I remained in that kingdom.

My fair friend failed not in her appointment the succeeding morning; she brought with her a quantity of fine tea and sugar, which she insisted on my accepting of, and stayed to breakfast with me. In the meantime I told her the narrow escape I had from the Highland-man's vengeance. She seemed much affected at it, and said, "I would I were a man for his sake." Then madam, said I, I should lose the pleasure of your being a woman. At this a modest blush spread itself over her cheek. Alas! Sir, said she, I fear that can be no pleasure to you. Do you fear it, Madam? then may I hope you wish it were? She answered me with tears that deeply touched me, and made me apprehensive she would think me serious, whereas what I spoke was merely words of course; but as I could neither think of marrying her, or taking any ungenerous advantage of a passion that I had unwillingly inspired, I told her I was determined the next day to leave town. At this she renewed her tears, which so effectually unmanned me, that though I knew not why, I could not avoid mingling mine with hers; and, for the first time, I tenderly embraced her, desiring to know the occasion of hers? You go away to-morrow, said she, and I shall never see you more; I wish I never had seen you. It became now no longer a mystery, that my departure was repugnant to her wishes; and willing at once to cure her of all her regard, I told her the unhappy circumstances I was in, the uncertainty I had of receiving supplies from Ireland, and the certain ruin that must attend my staying here; all which afforded her but a more ample scope to show her disinterested regard. She said she was her parents' only child, that they were able to give her a handsome fortune, that they had each of them taken a liking to me, and as they had now removed into another house, I might have all accommodations there till I was better provided for. In the meantime; said she, whether you do or do not stay, I insist on your receiving a small token of my good-wishes for you; so saying, she pulled out a wrought purse with some money, and presented it to me. I absolutely refused to accept of it, as I assured her I should never have it in my power to repay what it might contain; that perhaps it might be her father's property; and to consider that I was a stranger, and a vagabond for anything she could know to the contrary. She assured me, that she was convinced I was what my looks and behaviour spoke me, and therefore made no doubt I would return the trifle she then lent me, when it was convenient; that it was really her own, which she

had been saving for some years, and was happy in an opportunity of disposing of it to such advantage. Upon this I accepted it, and found it contained two guineas and some silver, which I promised to repay, but told her I must go to Glasgow the next day. To this she very reluctantly consented, conjuring me to write to her as often as possible, and recommending it to me to take leave of her parents, which I did that day. They procured me a very bad horse to pursue my journey, and directed me where to set up when I came to Glasgow. I set out early the next morning by the road I was directed to, and was told I might easily arrive that night where I purposed going. It was a most terrible day for wind, sleet and snow, and having neither whip or spur, it would be as easy to find the perpetual motion, as to give any motion to my Galloway; and indeed the road was so intolerably bad and dirty, that it was almost impossible for him to mend his pace: in short, when he had sauntered with me for five or six miles, wherein I neither saw house, tree; or any living creature, but beheld a prospect as dreary as imagination can form, he made a full stop, and would by no means proceed an inch farther. Had I no horse I could have made some shift to walk, but I was under a necessity of lodging this lazy creature somewhere, or becoming answerable for him. I had not even a switch or goad, to drive him, and therefore in this tempestuous weather I had no remedy but to alight, and by throwing stones at his posteriors, keep him still before me: in the meantime every step I took I was up to my ankles, and if I went from the highway to seek a cleaner passage, my gentleman would stand stock still till I came back through the dirt to renew the battery of his bum. At length, being extremely enraged, I came quite near his hinder parts to have one sound blow at him for revenge; but he was even with me, for before I discharged my shot he lifted up his hind foot, and gave me a violent blow in my stomach, that quite stunned me for some moments. When I recovered myself, I found him like the wooden horse in Don Quixote, in the same spot and without motion. Being no longer able to tramp after him I got on his back, and taking a buckle from my shoe, pricked him with the tongue of it. This made him a little more alert, and finding I had means to punish him, he began to trot on, but stumbled so frequently, that, being a bad rider, I was satisfied to let him pick his steps, lest he should break my neck. In this miserable condition I passed the whole day, and the approach of night became still more dreadful; but it advanced, and before I saw any remedy I was enveloped in darkness; so throwing the reins loose, I committed myself to the economy of my carrier, who I imagined, for his own sake, would find out a resting place. At length I discovered a light at a great distance, and directed my nag towards it; but he now stumbled worse than ever, being every moment on his knees, and he making one uncommon plunge, I found myself up to my waist in water: I disengaged myself from him as well as possible, and by God's providence got on land, and left him there to shift for himself. As I still kept the light in my eye, I pursued it, not without a thousand falls by the way; and at last, to my great joy, discovered an inn close to the seaside. As soon as I obtained admittance here, I observed a large fire in the kitchen, and a good supper dressing, circumstances that added not a little to my felicity. I told my host, in a few words, the tragic adventures of the day, and the catastrophe of my horse, whom I concluded was drowned. He immediately sent two men in quest of him, and, as I was all wet and dirty, brought me some dry clothing: this and the fire, with a large glass of brandy, soon brought me to myself. The men returned with the Galloway safe and sound, and the landlord assured me, that he was an old stager there, and knew every step of the road as well as a horse could do, but that he always played those pranks when he got a stranger or a bad rider upon him; for it seems he went into the lough only to get rid of me, and the men met him very seriously walking towards the inn.

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The landlord told me there were some gentlemen in the parlour, and that if I chose to sup with them he would introduce me, which he accordingly did: they had a number of written papers before them, and seemed to be on some debate. When we entered, these, however, were soon set aside, and a large bowl of punch, pipes and tobacco introduced: after two or three glasses passed about supper was served in, and either it was the best I had ever partaken of, or the apprehensions of starving I had all day entertained, made me imagine it such; so that it may be concluded I eat very heartily. I made the gentlemen extremely merry at the ill treatment I had received from my horse, and they in return related many humorous adventures. By this time the bowl was again placed on the table, and one of the company proposed for a toast, the King. Having let my glass stand some time, I was called on to drink it, and the toast; having never in my life known a professed Jacobite, I very innocently drank King George. After I had finished my glass they insisted I had not drunk the toast, and must drink again. I told them I hoped I had understood the intention of the toast, though I had not repeated the express words; for, said I, it is not to be supposed we drink the King of France or Spain, with whom we are now at war. No Sir, said one of the gentlemen, very gravely, when we drink the King, we drink the true and lawful sovereign of Great-Britain. Well, Sir, said I, I am right still, I drank King George. You mean the Elector of Hanover, Sir, said he, we acknowledge no such monarch in this part of the world: we never saw him, Sir, never even smoked a pipe with him; and therefore, Sir, ewe mean, by drinking the King James, running on with the pretender's titles, if you'll drink our toast so explained, we shall look on you as a sensible young fellow, and a worthy member of society: if not, Sir, you are only to drink three bumpers in a breath, by way of forfeit. I told them, I'd sooner drink the whole bowl than such a toast. Upon my soul, said one of them, he's a loyal subject, and ought to be encouraged: I dare say the Elector will bountifully provide for him, when he hears what great fatigues he would undergo for his sake. Here, said he, is a pretty smock-faced boy, heartbroken all day with a bad road and a worse horse, and yet still, to show his zeal for the illustrious house of Hanover, he would drink a bowl of excellent rum punch, sooner than a single glass to the most high, most mighty, and most puissant Prince James, by the Grace of God, &c. The humorous manner in which all this was spoken, left me in some doubt whether the gentlemen jested; but, by the course of their conversation, it was evident they were serious. I told them, if they even harboured such shameful principles, I wondered they would so freely divulge them, when they knew they exposed themselves to information and punishment. They laughed heartily at this, and asked who in Scotland would take such an information? I answered, any magistrate. No, no, child, said one of them, the whole nation is of the same mind, and if you live but two years, you'll see that man, whose health you refused to drink, on the throne of England. I told him it was a lie, and I hoped to see him hanged first. By G——d, said he, I'll be hanged if it is not so: but young man, said he, don't be so apt to make use of those two bad words, you lie, they have cost many a better man than yourself his life. You don't know, perhaps, who you speak to, or if you did, a man could only punish you with a birch rod. This put me in a violent passion, which only served to raise a laugh against me; my smock face bespoke me no champion, and they had too much discretion either to retort ill language or use me cruelly, which was entirely in their power. Their dialect did not speak them Scotsmen, nor indeed their behaviour in this respect.

I should have observed, that the landlord, who seemed to know these gentlemen, came in frequently and drank a glass with us. He was likewise present when I gave the lie so freely, and, upon that, suddenly left the room. In about half an

hour after I heard a confused number of voices, in a riotous manner, crying, Charley, Charley, Charley; huzza from Charley; damn them that won't drink Charley. I began to be in a panic, and looking earnestly, at the gentleman I had offended, asked what that noise meant? No harm to you, said he, upon my soul; 'tis some drunken fellows, I suppose, but be it what it will you shall not be hurt, upon my honour. This gave me a kind of certainty, that mob meant me mischief; and I was too soon confirmed of it, for suddenly about five or six of the most bloody-looking villains forced open the parlour door, and demanded the life of that traitor who had spoken against his prince. My adversary in the contest now became an advocate for my life; for, immediately placing himself between me and the ruffians, he swore they should kill him before they hurt the hair of my head; and, to prove he was sincere, pulled out a pistol from his side pocket, which he presented to the breast of one of the assassins. Now, gentlemen; said he, you are all embarked in a glorious cause, a cause that will do honour to our posterity; do we draw our swords in justification of our Prince, and sheath them in children and school-boys? This poor child here has had a wrong education, and imbibed principles of which he is not qualified to judge; must he, therefore, be murdered? No, let us persuade youth to our cause by virtue and clemency, and not by slaughter and oppression. These are the instruments of tyranny, and not of justice; the boy has spoke rashly, yet honestly as to what he believes. What one of you would hear your lawful Prince spoken little of? He looks on the Elector of Hanover as his King, and while he thinks him so, is honourable in defending his cause; therefore, gentlemen, if you have the smallest respect for me, or the commission I carry, depart from whence you came. I know you meant this well to me, but had I not been here, it might have proved a fatal night to our cause; eat and drink what you please, be merry amongst yourselves, and never attempt the life of an innocent man, who is not in arms against you.

After respectfully attending to this harangue they made their obedience, and departed one by one, with looks that spoke the pain it was to them to depart without making me a sacrifice.—When they were gone he told me, that though he had thus parleyed with them, my sleeping in the house would not be safe. He, therefore, desired one of the gentlemen to go and amuse them with liquor in the kitchen, while the other brought his two horses to the parlour window: out of this we both went, and taking upon himself, to see my reckoning paid, and my horse sent home, we set out about two o'clock in the morning for Glasgow; and as we galloped every step of the way, and had excellent cattle, we arrived there by daybreak. When he had put me within the walls of the city, he said, young man, you are now safe, and for God's sake keep yourself so, by having a watchful guard over your tongue, and never meddling with matters foreign to your understanding, and inconsistent with your interest. Saying this, he turned his horses' heads about, and taking one by the bridle, rode off as fast as possible.

This adventure will seem the less mysterious to my readers, when I observe, that it happened about a year or two before the late rebellion; and that this company, whom I fell amongst, were some of the agents of that affair, who were collecting men and sowing sedition all over North Britain. I must confess they were not the worst sort of them, and am amazed a gentleman, who was capable to behave in so noble a manner to me, could be led into so detestable a scheme.

Though my loyalty had nearly cost me my life, yet it happily saved my money, which was some consolation to me; and as a man who possesses that needs little or no recommendation in a strange city, I made up to the first good inn I found open; and

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being unfit for anything but sleep, immediately went to bed, and never once stirred till about twelve o'clock at noon, when I was awaked by the sound of bells playing a new song, called, "If 'tis joy to wound a lover." I imagined either that I had got a ringing in my head by cold, or else was still asleep. I sat up in bed and listened more attentively, and then heard a song out of Comus played, which to me sounded something like the Captain's glass music before mentioned. To remove all doubts I dressed myself as quick as possible, and went into the street, hearing it still louder; As I advanced near the prison, I saw a door open at the bottom of it, and after ascending a number of stone steps came into a little apartment, where a man set striking with his fist pieces of wood, ranged like the keys of a harpsichord, which occasioned the music from bells that were hung at the top of the house; each bell had a hammer at the out-side, from whence there was a communication to the keys below by a wire; and the person who played this instrument wore gauntlets of leather on the ball of each hand, to prevent being hurt by the violent blows he was obliged to strike.

When he left off playing he looked at his watch, and obligingly asked me if I was a stranger? I told him I was, and mere admiration had brought me here, Then Sir, said he, have you a mind for any particular tune? I told him if he could play, "Was ever nymph like Rosomond," he would give me great pleasure. He struck it up directly, and though it is difficult even to sing, performed it in a masterly manner. When his time for this employment was expired we had some musical chat; by which he discovered that I was an admirer. of that science, and therefore gave me an invitation to dinner. As I was pleased to make an acquaintance, I embraced the offer; and went to his house, but was so extremely dirty, that I was quite ashamed of myself when I saw all his family genteelly dressed: to apologize for my appearance, needed no more than a recital of the accidents I had met with; and as truth carries conviction with it, my relation was readily credited. I told Mr. R——, that having lost my linen, I was at a loss where to buy any, or how to get them made up. His wife told me she would serve me in both respects, for which purpose I gave her a guinea; and as their son was exactly of my size, and a student in the college, they for the present kindly supplied my wants from his wardrobe. Being thus in a capacity to go abroad, the gentleman, after dinner, brought me to see the city, and show me all the most curious edifices in it; the principal of which is a fine old church, formerly a cathedral, but now converted into a kirk, where, as Swift says:

The seats their usual custom keep
Of lodging folks disposed to sleep.

And I seriously assure my readers, that I have attended many sermons in this kingdom, but cannot take upon me to say that there were ever four of the congregation five minutes awake, after the text was given out. That part, indeed, I observed the people in general took a memorandum of; and as if that part been the only purport of their coming hither, they laid their heads back directly to repose; so that I can compare a kirk to nothing but the description given by Mr. Thomson of the castle of indolence.

It is to be observed that I lodged hitherto at an inn, where the civilities I received from Mr. R—— and his family naturally led me to invite them; and as he introduced me to many of his acquaintances, who were lovers of music, we sometimes had a little concert there, on all which occasions the expense fell upon me. The man of the house finding me ready to pay his first and second bills, made no objection to

giving me credit for whatever I called. My never having been in debt, and an absolute stranger to the nature and consequences of it, made me too liberal in respect to answering reckonings. The man, however, finding I brought company to his house, was as obliging as possible, and gave me all imaginable encouragement, saying, "He loved to see a young gentleman generous and free-hearted, and observing, that all persons from Ireland were naturally so." Thus sung the Siren, while I, with less fortitude than a Ulysses, placidly attended to the delusive strain. He persevered in the most assiduous application of the mysteries of his callings, to lull me into a good opinion of himself and his family; told me how many extraordinary things he had done to assist his friends, and what satisfaction it gave him when any of them had occasion for his purse or his interest; closing the whole with telling me, he had a brother that died abroad, who resembled me so strongly, that he never saw me without transport, and looked on me with the same regard and affection he did on him.

Would not a person of riper judgment than myself believe all this? I saw no motive the man could have for these professions, except sincerity; but a little time furnished me with another explanation of them: He took no small pains to find out my dependence and connections and as he learned my father was a beneficed clergyman, and my family in general reputable, he doubled his industry to get me roundly in his books. For this purpose, when I came home of an afternoon, if there was no company, he took care to have tea and coffee, of which his wife and himself partook; and likewise an elegant supper and punch, made so sweet and so enticing, that at length I began to grow fond of it. Here I first experienced the Lethean qualities of drinking; I found it raised my spirits for the time, and obliterated the remembrance of all my vexations, though I generally paid for it by a terrible headache in the morning. One evening he told me there had been an Irish clergyman at his house, who knew my family extremely well, and had been a tenant to my grand-uncle; that he was to be there: the same night, and would be glad to drink a bottle of wine with me. I was overjoyed at the news, and waited with the utmost impatience for the interview. At length my landlord told me the gentleman was in his parlour, and desired the favour of my company. I went, and was not a little surprised to see a mean-looking old fat man, dressed in black, with the breast of his coat embroidered with snuff: I say surprised, because a clergyman and a polite gentleman were ideas united in my mind; neither did I ever know a clergyman. educated in Ireland who was not such. When I entered the room, father Luttrell, for by that name he passed, got up, and suddenly catching me in his arms, embraced me very eagerly, at the same time kissing me, by which I was near poisoned with the effluvia of brandy and tobacco. My dear child, said he; the divil burn myshelf, but I am glad to shee you. When I disengaged myself from him, I turned to my landlord, and asked him where the clergyman was? He answered, this was the doctor, and a worthy gentleman as ever left the kingdom of Ireland: Oh! My dear, said the doctor (with a confounded twang of the foreigner, and the brogue upon his face, as Mr. Farquhar has happily expressed it,) I am no minishter as you think, I am an honest friar, and not ashamed to own it; and, upon the word of a clergyman, I love your father's child, though I never saw your father to be sure; but your worthy grand uncle, brigadier Meade, I have drank many a bottle of wine with, and for his sake, the divil burn me, but I'd go to Ithaly to serve you——come, landlord, said he, let's have a bottle of the best in the house; you have got a worthy gentleman for your lodger, let me tell you; he is the lawful heir to four thousand a year, and if he could eat gold he might have it. This harangue he had delivered before he left me time to express my astonishment. Sir, said I fancy you must be mistaken in the person, because I am not heir to a shilling a year that know of. Pshaw, my dear,

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hold your tongue, replied the doctor, the devil burn me but I know you better than you do yourself. Landlord, make haste with the wine, and my dear child want for nothing, I'll be the best friend you ever met with: if you want money let me know, and I'll supply you, though I'm only a poor priest, subsisting here upon charity.—I did not know what to make of all this, but presently the landlord returned with the wine, and some punch for me. As I was telling you, says he to mine host, you have a man of consequence in your house, and I hope you'll treat him as such. The devil burn me, but I'll tell you a good story about the brigadier: come, drink. When the brigadier was near seventy, and a fine lusty portly man he was, he complained of a black swelling in one of his legs; the doctors and surgeons said it was a mortification, and nothing would save his life but cutting it off. How long will it be, said the general, before it will kill me. If I do not submit to the operation? They told him in that case he could not survive beyond twelve o'clock the next day. Very well, said he, I'm satisfied; I have been in many battles and never lost a limb, please God I'll go whole to my grave: I shall have time enough to settle my affairs, and take leave of my friends, that's sufficient for a man of my years. Upon this he signed his will, and made all his estate over to his young wife; who afterwards married Blundel of Kilkenny; invited all his acquaintances to a splendid entertainment, the mirth of which he never interrupted, by telling them his condition, but drank his bottle and cracked his joke as freely as the best of them: The next morning he sent for a clergyman, and settled his spiritual matters; after which he called his wife, and taking her tenderly by the hand, said, my dear, I hope have been a kind father to you, husband I was too old to be; I am upon the point of leaving you, and would die quite contented if I could see you well married before I go. My dear, said she, why do you talk thus? you have no ailment. But I have, said he, I now feel it, and so expired.—I must digress:

Thus a heart unconscious of premeditated guilt, freely resigns itself to the hands of a being whose essence is mercy.—Happy the mortal who can obey the summons of his creator, however dreadfully announced, on this side immortality.

Though we have many rare examples of heroic virtue in the annals of Britain, none has afforded a more ample scope for admiration, than the life and death of Major General Wolfe; and I hope the little tribute I have offered to his memory in the following lines, will atone for the freedom I have taken of running away from my subject.

Tried, proved and lost, immortal Wolfe, thy doom,
"Gives meditation, even to madness room;"
Just when we learnt thy virtues to adore,
Alas! we learnt those virtues were no more.
Had Gallic thousands to thy *manes* bled,
'Twould ill compensate such a Briton dead;
Who, when Herculean labours he had past,
Resigned existence cheerfully at last;
Midst deadly pangs with fortitude admired,
Anxious the fate of British arms enquired
Was told the Gauls precipitately flew,
Content, he cried—and bade the world adieu.

Well, says the critic, where's the connection? What has all this to do with the matter in hand? I'll tell you, Sir, if you won't say I'm impertinent for the parallel, that I think the general, who died in his bed in the manner before described, showed almost

as much magnanimity in meeting his fate, as he who so nobly embraced it in the field of honour. Now, good Sir, if you'll proceed to the next paragraph, you'll find the adventure of the friar laboriously prosecuted. When he had finished his story, and about five bottles of wine, he took his leave of his dear country-man, and allowed me the felicity of standing good in my landlord's book for that, and a supper, as I learned when I looked over the general account: he likewise every day favoured me with his good company, every day renewed his liberal protestations (particularly that he would go to Ithaly to serve me) and every day enormously increased my debt; the last article indeed without my privity, as I naturally concluded he paid at least for himself at the bar.

One morning at breakfast I discovered a kind of gloom overspread the countenances of my host and his spouse: I enquired the occasion of it, and received for answer, that a considerable bill had been drawn on them, and that they had no place to apply for money but where it was due; that to be sure everyone wanted their own, and therefore they would be glad if I settled with them. As I had not three-pence in my pocket, the truth of which they were not strangers to, I told them, that as to settling I was willing to do it, but as to paying it was not in my power.

Pshaw! Pshaw! says the man, a gentleman of your dependencies can't want money or friends; you may draw a bill upon your father by any Merchant in the city, and have an immediate return; or if you can get any one to pass their word for you, you shall have credit as long as you think proper.—These words, were scarcely uttered, when Father Luttrell entered, with his usual salute, the devil burn me but I'm glad to see you my dear child, I'd go to Ithaly to serve you: do you want anything I can do? This I thought extremely fortunate at such an exigence, and as the man and his wife politely left the room, told him the whole story.—And how much do you owe him, my dear child, said he? I really don't know, but will enquire. Well, well, make yourself easy about it (here he called for a bottle of wine and waived the discourse) When it was finished, he directed me to have my bill drawn out against night, and he would come, and make matters easy. Highly enraptured at his behaviour, I, communicated our conference to mine host. Look you there, Sir, said he, I told you the doctor was a worthy gentleman, and one whose word I'd accept for a hundred pounds

Not to dwell too long upon trifles, he came at night sure enough; but when the question was put home to him, in relation to becoming security for me, he said, the devil burn him if he would; because he had made a vow against ever doing it for mankind.—When the landlord upbraided him with encouraging me in extravagance, and flattering him with great expectations of his money, he said, To be sure, if he is the man he pretends to be, he may pay you, for aught I know; but I am not clear in that point by any means. You know he is no friend of mine, or I'd answer for him upon the word of a clergyman; but the devil burn me if I can say any more now, than to advise you to get your money the best way you can. I would not have you put him in prison, though that's certainly the surest way, but God forbid you should take so harsh a measure; yet if you did, his friends, if he has any, would not let him lie for any trifling demand like yours. After much discourse to the same purpose, he heartily wished us a good night. Nothing but an absolute insensibility of the impending danger could now have supported my spirits. My landlord, however, did not seem to despair, but only entreated me to write as soon as possible to my friends, as fourteen pounds was a great sum to be out of pocket.—I promised I would, though heaven knows I knew not where to apply; yet I had reason to hope Mr. O'Neill would upon such an

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occasion, show one last proof of his regard; and therefore, I determined to address myself to him the next post. The succeeding morning very early I went to the coffee-house, and there met the musician formerly mentioned, who, insisted on my taking a dinner with him, as he was to have some agreeable company. I'm going to market, said he, and if you'll step to my house and divert yourself with the harpsichord till I come I shall take it kind, as my wife is quite alone:—pleased to avoid the importunities I expected at home, I embraced his offer.

Having fiddled away a few hours, he entered with a look of anxiety and importance, and demanded in a peremptory manner how much I owed at the inn? I told him I had not seen the account, but I heard the man mention fourteen pounds. Can you pay him, said he? I answered in the negative. When do you think you can? I don't know till I hear from Ireland. Well, said he, you may think my abruptness impertinent, but you'll excuse it when I tell you I am an Englishman, and your friend; the scoundrel, your landlord, has taken a writ against you, which I learned by mere accident from a namesake of his, who is a lawyer; and therefore, I hope I shall have the good fortune to protect you from falling into his hands. The influence I have with the lawyer will prevent your being suddenly surprised, except you go into his house, which I hope you'll have prudence sufficient to avoid after this advertisement. Confounded at the melancholy prospect of a yet unexperienced stroke of adversity, I advised with my friend what was to be done. Nothing, said he; but to keep out of the way till you can settle with your landlord; for he is one of the most artful and obdurate villains this day upon earth. But where can I stay, said I, without pence for my pocket? Leave that to me; and in the meantime pluck up your spirits, and think no more about it.—I endeavoured to take his council, but the dreadful apprehensions I entertained were visible in my countenance.

I gave Mr. R—— a particular detail of the treachery of my worthy acquaintance the friar, for which he promised to afford me ample satisfaction; assuring me, that by the laws of Scotland he was liable to transportation.

Both his wife and himself exerted their good-nature in A peculiar manner; to make my condition sit easy on me. Mr. R—— at night lent me half a guinea, and took a lodging for me at a friend's house of his near the water-side, where he begged I would live with as much frugality and privacy as possible. Before he left me he called for a pint of wine, which lay before me at the fire-side, in a spacious cleanly kitchen.—N.B. It was an English house. My friend had left me Allan Ramsays's Works, which I was entirely taken up with, when someone said, "My service to you, Sir." Looking up, I saw a well-dressed jolly man, with a punch-bowl in his hand. Certain that I beheld the aspect of a catchpole, I fell into a tremble, having a sympathetic aversion to the presence of an Isgram; but my confusion was completed, when he sat down opposite to me, and said, "Pray, young spark, may I crave your name?" I had not power to reply, Pray, said he again, is not your name Pilkington? Sir, said I. don't expose me further, I'll go where you please. Hoity, toity, said he, are you out of your senses? I only ask you a civil question. I tell you, Sir, replied I, my name is Pilkington, I know your business, and only request you'll send for my friend, Mr. R——, who brought me here, before you put me in prison. Upon this he called for a private room and candles, and having desired me to follow him, immediately shut the door. Pray, Sir, said he, whose son are you? I told him. Is your father living? I answered, he is. What brought you here? I replied as well as horror and despair would admit me to do. And pray, Sir, what did you mean by my taking you to prison? I suppose, said I, you know that too well to need an explanation. Why, child, said he,

have you robbed any person? No, Sir. Have you killed anyone? No, Sir. Then what do you take me for? A constable, Sir, said I. No, my poor boy, said he, I am commander of a ship, and a near relation of Matt. Pilkington's. Do you know nothing of your cousin Dick Pilkington? As I had a retentive memory of past occurrences, I recollected, that when I was very young, such a relation had taken leave of my brother and self, and made us some handsome present, with a promise to bring us a black and a monkey at his return from the East-Indies, the expectation of which made me more particularly carry him in my mind for so many years.

After calling for a bottle of wine, and ordering some supper, he demanded a succinct account of all my past proceedings, which as Othello says, I delivered

From my childish days,
To the very moment wherein he bade me tell it.

After having listened to me with a paternal attention and expressed his sorrow and astonishment at the separation of my father and mother, he inveighed bitterly against the inhumanity of the former, and said, Now, my dear boy, I am transported to meet with you, as it has pleased God to enable me, without diminishing my own circumstances, to make you happy. The debt you are so uneasy about, I'll give you money to pay to-morrow, as I shall be obliged to attend business the whole day, or I fancy I have cash enough about me; so saying, he pulled out a massy purse, and throwing the gold all upon the table, desired me to take as much as I wanted. This I declined: Come, come, boy, said he, you are as welcome as my heart, take it freely. I still refused. Nay then, said he, I must needs give it, there take it all, and ten times more is at your service. Sir, said I, I should not know what to do with so much money, and perhaps I may be robbed. Why, that's true boy, said he, well, 'tis all your own, take twenty guineas, and I'll be your agent for the future.

As my cousin was well known in the house; he made the man and his family come to supper with us; and, in short, a universal joy took place, as they were social agreeable people, and seemed really to participate in our satisfaction. The Captain sat up pretty late, and enjoyed himself and company with unfeigned rapture. Before we went to bed, he brought me into his chamber, and opening a large sea chest, which contained things of immense value, desired me to look over it, and take what I pleased; but as he could not prevail on me to comply with his generous request, he took a handsome chased gold watch, and a cluster brilliant diamond ring, and insisted on my accepting of them, as an earnest of what he would hereafter do.—These my vanity tempted me to receive, and my reader may conclude, I slept as little this night as I did the night of the apparition, or on that of the imaginary gift before-mentioned.

At breakfast the next morning the Captain told me, that while I was reading the night before he was contemplating my face, where the lineaments of my father were so strongly marked out, that he who knew him a schoolboy would almost have sworn it as himself, if he had not seen him since his maturity; but as he remembered his having two boys, he was, confident I must have been one of them. As his occasions called him out till three o'clock, I had that interval of time to settle my affair, and went with a light heart to my friend. He was greatly surprised to see me, and said, with emotion, good God! Sir, why do you come abroad? I told him the danger was over. What, then you have paid the man, said he? No, Sir, but I have got money to do it. Oh! then you have heard from Ireland. Not a word, said I. But, not to keep him in suspense, I told him the lucky accident that had befallen me, and returned

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him thanks, as the occasion of it. He could scarcely credit my relation, but the watch and ring were authentic witnesses in its behalf. I returned him his half-guinea, and entreated he would go and settle the affair for me, giving him money for that purpose. When he returned he told me he never knew so monstrous an imposition, and that he would by no means pay for the parts of the account which properly belonged to the friar. He therefore insisted on their being subtracted from the other charges, which were likewise exorbitant; yet admitting them, his real demand on me was only nine pounds. I represented to him, said he, that if he persisted in claiming more from you, I would have the whole matter scrutinized in a public court; from whence he might be assured of the total loss of his reputation, and consequently his chief custom. Upon this I tendered him the money, which, after some prevarication he has accepted, and has given me a receipt in full. He is now gone out to take a writ for the worthy gentleman that *would go to Italy to serve you*.

Having thus quieted my mind, by discharging a debt of necessity, I became impatient to dismiss a debt of honour that hung over me, namely, the money so obligingly lent me in my distress, by the kind lass at the inn before-mentioned; and as I could not think of returning the money without some instance of my esteem, I asked my friend's wife, what present she thought would be most acceptable to a young girl, the story of whose good-nature I related to her. She demanded what price I would go to? I answered, three or four guineas. Then, said she, I am acquainted with a jeweller, who shall bring you a box of trinkets, and you may take your choice. She accordingly did, and I singled out a ring with two hearts; the one a ruby, and the other a diamond, which cost me four guineas. This, with the cash I was indebted before, I sealed up in a box, and sent them the same day by a trusty messenger, who was going to that place express on other business. At the same time I purchased, for my friend's wife, a handsome gilt silver snuff box, which, with great difficulty, I prevailed on her to take.

CHAPTER XI.

Frustrations of a Play-Writer. Conclusion of the Work

Having observed, that all those who give the world their own history, break off at a period of time when they esteem themselves happy, I think, in compliance with so laudable a custom, I must here, for the present, terminate my narrative; and though what I offer in the succeeding pages may have an equal chance of pleasing with the matter that precedes it, yet I here apprise the readers, that they are to expect no more of that connection, that I have hitherto, in spite of the natural tendency of my pen, endeavoured to preserve.—My subscribers will possibly recollect, that, in my proposals for this book, promised them a new comedy, never offered to the stage; I confess I was about five years ago weak enough to make an essay of that kind, before the numerous train of difficulties, occurred to me that attends such an attempt: I foolishly took it into my head, that to write a tolerable play, was to be immediately entitled to the notice and patronage of the Manager, and made no doubt that his own interest would lead him to foster the first efforts of fancy. Filled with these Romantic ideas, and dreaming of nothing but a third night, I wrote a letter to inform Mr. Garrick that I had such a piece; and to know when he would condescend to give me an audience? In answer to which I was honoured with the following message, and I have preserved it with all imaginable care from that time to this, that young gentlemen may, from example, learn to suppress any desire of writing for the stage, till they have secured some interest with the nobility; as I do assure them, that the Grand Seignior is not half so difficult of access, or half so imperious as a manager, on receiving such a tender; and yet, considering that their whole subsistence is drawn from dramatic writings, one would expect some abatement of their dignity on these occasions. [Note: I have been told of managers, that have kept authors dangling after them for years; and when they have died for want in a prison, have modestly adopted their performances.—But this is scarce credible.]

"Mr. Garrick's compliments to Mr. Pilkington, and he should gladly read his performance, but it is not in his power to bring it out this or the next season, he being engaged to more than he can possibly bring out in that time: Mr. Garrick will willingly peruse it at the end of this season, and, if approved, will let it down to be done in the course of business, and in its turn."

Here those infatuated with the itch of scribbling, will be taught what they have to expect from the exertion of their faculties; for as this was written in Feb. 1755, I was to wait four months before the play was even looked at, and then to the season after next season, or indeed to perpetuity, before it had any chance of being exhibited. This was to my genius (if I ever had any) what the miser calls a damper: It effectually cloyed my appetite for play-writing, and, in consequence of it, I have thrown the comedy into the condemned hold of my papers; nor can I even hear the sight of it, much less offer it to the perusal of the judicious; concluding, that Mr. Garrick knew by sympathy it was good for nothing, though he never did see a line of it, nor never shall—So help me God.

Though experience has taught me, that to put a young writer out of countenance, and out of conceit with his productions, is the most delightful province, both of a bookseller and a manager; yet I have never been able, by any means, to account for the causes of it; as it must absolutely run counter to their own expectations of profit; which are generally pretty sanguine. The great Mr. Garrick's behaviour, even to so insignificant a person as myself, proves one part of my assertion; the other will appear from the following little anecdote, equally authentic. Mr. Garrick having,

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by his indifference, roused my indignation against the inoffensive daughters of Apollo, I wrote a pamphlet in verse, which I very indiscreetly entitled the Poet's Recantation.—I dedicated it to the late munificent Duke of Marlborough, who sent me an answer in his own writing, which, for his sake, will ever be dear to me.—The words are expressly these

"By the bearer I send five guineas; though I have no fault to find with your poem, yet I must desire it may not be dedicated to me."

As I owed the receipt of many unmerited favours to Sir Edward Montagu (who is an honourable branch of that illustrious family. and who retains the last, and only surviving spark of that generosity, that endeared to the world, a Churchill, a Spencer, a Tyrconnel, and an Ormond; the possession of whose virtues, is as inherent to him, as their descent of blood,) I entreated permission to place my fugitive essay under the sanction of his name; and though he did not absolutely give me the liberty of doing, it in his polite letter, yet as he did not thereby positively prohibit it, I resolved, at all events, to lay hold of that occasion of appearing on the same page with a gentleman so universally beloved; and as Sir Edward was so kind to enclose five guineas in his letter, I thought myself with that sum, and the Duke's liberality, qualified to look a bookseller in the face. Therefore, instigated by vanity, and not having the fear of a repulse before my eyes, I went to one in the city, with whom I had some former dealings, and desired him to publish the pamphlet. He hummed over the title, shook his head, and returning it, told me he was too much taken up with other things, but would recommend me to Mr. Robinson in Ludgate-Street to whom he gave me a note; though I was well dressed and had no symptom of the garreteer in my aspect—He came out after a full half hour's pause, and with an ironical smile on his countenance, said, well, Sir, what may your commands be? (Though he knew from the note that was sent to him.) I delivered the manuscript submissively into his hands, and told him I desired to have it published. Published, Sir, said he, ha, ha, ha—you are a young author I find; why it is not printed yet; but it won't do for me, Sir, your humble servant, ha, ha, ha, and so left me to my meditations. Nothing but being ipso facto master of ten pound ten could have made me persevere in this business. He never read a tittle of it before he made that abrupt conclusion; therefore I fancied that stupidity and dullness must have been written on my visage, or it would be impossible I should meet two such rebukes.—To this identical Mr. Robinson my mother told me she had communicated her first volume, long before she went to Ireland; and he gave it as his opinion, that it would not answer the expense of paper and print; for, Madam, said he, what's one Doctor Vanlewen, or one Parson Pilkington to us? Or who can be entertained with anecdotes and characters of persons utterly unknown in this part of the world?—How much even a bookseller might be mistaken for once, the great sale of her productions has declared.

The third and last effort, to get a fair hearing for my piece, was made in this manner: I went to a printer with the money in my hand, who instantly set a chair at the fireside for me. Sir, said I, shaking the guineas, will you please to read this? Yes, Sir, said he, but—Nay, Sir, but me no buts, read it; at this I jingled the cash.—Well, well, pretty enough, pretty well indeed, said he—But, Sir, what am I to do with this? It's out of my way to purchase anything. Sir, it's not out of your way to take money, I hope? No; Sir, by no means. Then, Sir, in a few words, if you print this, I'll pay you for it. Oh! your most humble servant, Sir,—it shall be elegantly done. I suppose, Sir, you mean to pay before-hand, because—Nay, Sir, make no apology, I have the money

here. Why the truth is, Sir, we have so many reams to send to pastry-cooks every month, that it would amaze you, and faith some smart pretty things too; but the age is depraved, Sir; ah, Sir, the age is tasteless. A bargain being thus concluded, to the satisfaction of both parties, the piece soon after made its appearance, and the writer of the Monthly Review, took notice of it in this manner;

The POET'S RECANTATION, &c.

What right this gentleman has to call himself a poet we don't know, except his claim is *extrajudice* from the Rev. Mr. Matthew, or his mother the ingenious Lætitia Pilkington; however, the youth tags his rhymes dapperly enough.

Pleased that I had not a severer censure passed on my piece, I was once more reconciled to the Muses; to give my readers some idea of it, I transcribe from memory a few of the lines, as I can't endure to keep a copy of anything I write—The first part was declaiming against the nine, and only used as an introduction to subsequent thoughts.

Oh Marlborough, did a soul like thine
In every noble bosom shine
Were every peer in Britain graced
With like munificence and taste,
Dejected merit would be sought,
And genius cherished as it ought
Or could Northumberland impart
The various virtues of his heart,
They might amend perverse mankind,
Yet leave sufficient stock behind.

A great man's porter, I insist,
Must still be a physiognomist,
And taught by instinct to declare
What motive brings each mortal there,
No men alive can tell you better
The real purport of a letter;
And some from dire experience know
'Tis by this general rule they go.

In England, Italy or Greece,
Few poets' clothes are of a piece;
Though pitying providence had lent
A coat and hat for their content;
Though with a countenance serene
They viewed their shirt and neckcloth clean,
The porter spies, in heat of talking,
A gaping chasm in their stocking;
Or if by chance the stocking's whole,
Be sure the shoe's without a sole:
From whence he, cautiously discreet,
Commences judgment at the feet;

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And if the bard is faulty there,
The porter leaves him to despair.

In early youth they thought it good
To bid me pray for daily food;
So I, from day to day, was fed,
And just received diurnal bread;
Ye great this last petition hear,
And grant me bread for all the year.

John Carteret Pilkington

LETTERS OF LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

Introduction

In order to make some compensation for suppressing an unlucky abortive comedy, I shall here present to my readers a collection of letters, that passed between the late Lord Kingsborough and my mother; for as I was her amanuensis, she dictated her thoughts to me, and from thence transcribed her own fair copies. Upon the other hand, before she delivered his lordship's original letters to him, as has been mentioned in her third volume, she made me exactly copy every one of them; the truth of which I can satisfy any of my subscribers in, who have a curiosity to be more fully informed, by referring them to some persons of distinction and veracity, who saw the letters, and knew both his lordship and my mother at the time the correspondence was carried on.

If anything should be found offensive in the following letters, I hope it will be imputed to me, John Carteret Pilkington; as I declare I am altogether ignorant of what is meant by the initials and the dashes.

LETTER I.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH, in the country, to PILKINGTON in Dublin.

Abbe Boyle, March 22, 1748.

MADAM,

I SHOULD be as insensible not to feel, as I should be ungrateful not to own the pleasure I receive from your most agreeable correspondence; and should think myself still happier, had I the smallest claim from my own merit to the praises you are kind enough to bestow upon me; however, Madam, I am so vain as to believe you think what you say of me, as Mrs. Pilkington's sincerity has never yet been called in question.

Should I attempt to comply with your request, in correcting anything that fell from your pen, I must arrogate to myself a title I know I am unequal to; for had Longinus seen your writings, Madam, he must, as a man of taste, have admired them; but, as a man of prudence, would never have presumed to alter what was so inimitably elegant.

As I find I have undeservedly acquired the good opinion of the only lady I am solicitous to please, I shall make it my study to act up to the character the happiness of your imagination has given me, by a perseverance in which I may possibly attain a path to that glorious summit you have placed me upon, and be in reality what Mrs. Pilkington is so generous to think me.

In compliance with your desire, I have sent back the poem,[see note] though I confess with reluctance; but in this, as in everything else, I shall endeavour to show that obedience and respect wherewith I've the honour to be

Madam,

Your most obliged,
and ever devoted,
humble servant,
KINGSBOROUGH.

P. S. I have taken the liberty to enclose notes for thirty pounds, could I have found one for twenty more would have sent it; but own I delay it till next post with some pleasure, as it will• give me another opportunity to pay my respects.

*Note: This poem was [the dedication to her second vol.](#) beginning,

"To thee within whose heaven-illuminated breast
Resides each virtue that adorns the blessed."

LETTER II.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH, at Abbe Boyle.

My LORD,

EVERY instance of your highly valued favour gives me new reason to condemn myself for having judged so uncharitably of my own species, as to believe it not productive of one great, noble, or disinterested soul: 'twas a faith experience had bigoted me to, till my illustrious Kingsborough, like a ray of brilliant light, dispersed the gloom from my fancy, and displayed every grace, excellence and virtue, that ever adorned the human race, conspicuously shining in one young nobleman.

When a base world I laboured to detest,
And banish social feelings from my breast;
When a long train of falsehood and deceit
Taught me myself and human kind to hate;
To look on promises as vain discourse,
And kind professions only words of course;
'Twas thine alone my frenzy to remove;
And call me back to friendship and to love;
Make me again my fellow-creature trust,
Because one man is excellent and just:
Were my opinion by the world esteemed,
In that, the world, is by yourself redeemed;
My arms again to friendship expand,
And give my heart as freely as my hand.

You see, my Lord, what a tautologist you have to deal with: I first tell you my thoughts in prose, and repeat nearly the same in verse, but you have kindness to overlook my failings; and all I am ambitious of in this life, is being able to say or do anything that may express the gratitude and esteem you have inspired the bosom of.

Your Lordship's,
most obliged
humble servant
LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

Golden-lane, Dublin
March 13 1748

LETTER III.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH to MRS. PILKINGTON

Abbe Boyle, April 5, 1748.

Madam,

I SHOULD sooner have acknowledged the receipt of your agreeable letter, but that it is the fate of us idle people to be always most hurried when we are least able to tell how; but you will naturally judge, in what manner I am circumstanced, when I tell you, that I have stolen from company who can be happy with a bottle, to enjoy the more rational felicity of conversing with Mrs. Pilkington; I am not in the least surprised, Madam, you should reproach a world, which could be so long blind to such exalted merit. The compliment you honoured me with on that head, not only makes me vain, but happy; and you may believe me, Madam, that no wish of Mrs. Pilkington's shall be unobtained, that is within the compass of my abilities to gratify. There is nothing ever endeared fortune so much to me, as the power it gives me of demonstrating, beyond professions, how sincerely I esteem and regard you.—But I am just called from this pleasing talk, I must entreat you to forgive this hasty scrawl, and be assured of the unalterable friendship of,

Madam,

Your most obliged,

humble servant,

KINGSBOROUGH.

P. S. If Mrs. Pilkington will let me know by her answer, which I impatiently expect, anything wherein my fortune or interest can serve her, she may command both.

LETTER IV.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

My Lord,

AFTER many attempts to write your Lordship a proper answer to your last flow of angelic benevolence and greatness of mind, I have sat down to write you a true one, and to you, as my guardian angel, pour forth all my soul; since to answer you as I ought demands both the pen and the spirit of a Kingsborough.

Whose hand as prompt the indigent befriends,
As wakeful nature to creation tends.

I may say on the receipt of so many undeserved tenders of service, from one who is so amply qualified to assist me, as Henry the fourth did, when he heard his son had conquered the rebels.

And wherefore should this good news make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full?
But write her fairest words in blackest ink.

Had my story been known to my most munificent patron, before repeated griefs had overcome my spirit, and made me incapable of enjoying anything on this side of the grave; had he then so nobly offered to rescue me from further disappointments and affliction: perhaps it might have had the effect his generosity now wishes; but, alas! my Lord, I have no relish for life, and that goodness that would endeavour to raise, but sinks the expiring flame; as is one should profusely shed oil into a lamp, where the wick was burned to an inch. I confess to you, my Lord, I have had philosophy enough to smile at the rudest shocks of adverse fortune; but this unsolicited, unthought of proof of manly virtue covers me with tears: yet I have a child, a son, who merits that name, by a most assiduous duty and constancy to me. He was nursed at my bosom, and is now my only joy. If Lord Kingsborough will think of a provision, for him, instead of his heart-broken parent, he will let my eyes behold what only can elevate my heart.—You know him, my Lord, that is, you have seen him; but forgive the partiality of a mother when she says you do not know him, because your Lordship could not experience, as I have done, the worthiness of his disposition.—That his father has cruelly abandoned him on my account, makes it a double duty on me to exert my prayers to heaven, and interest upon earth, to gain him a something that may guard him when I am no more, from what Shakespeare terms

The spurns
That patient merit from the unworthy take.

But I have surely exhausted your patience, though 'tis impossible, my Lord, to wear out your good manners; therefore, lest you should conclude, I have quite taken leave of my own; I must, however, reluctantly break off, with appealing to your own superior sense for a description of that nameless respect, with which,

I am,

My Lord, &c.

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

Dublin, April 9, 1748

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LETTER V.

Answer to the foregoing, from Lord KINGSBOROUGH

Abbe Boyle, April 13, 1748.

MADAM,

YOUR letter found me alone. I expected a fund of humour and entertainment on the receipt of it; but, good God! how much was I affected at your alteration of style. Surely, Madam, you are troubled with vapours, and this must be the effect of them. When I last had the honour to see you, you were in full health and spirits, neither did I see more vivacity in any person living. For heaven's sake, Mrs. Pilkington, be yourself and think no more of quitting a world, wherein the longer you live the more you will be admired.—As to your son, who I believe is a deserving young gentleman, you may rest assured, that my inclinations are, and warmest endeavours shall be, to serve him; which Mr. Pilkington will be convinced of as soon as I come to town.

You were so obliging to promise, in one of your former letters, to entertain me with a transcript of your humorous epistle from Colonel D——m; I shall take it extremely kind, Madam, if you will, at a leisure hour send it to me; for though nothing can equal the native flowings of your pen, yet when you court the tragic sister, you win her so effectually to your assistance, that, as somebody says, you beguile us of our tears. It is needless to repeat to you, Madam, what I have before sincerely said, because yourself must confess, that nothing can do me so much honour as promoting the welfare of Mrs. Pilkington; to whom

I am, &c.

KINGSBOROUGH.

P. S., I beg, dear Madam, you'll send something to raise my spirits, which your last has much depressed.

LETTER VI.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

Dublin, April 18, 1748

My LORD,

AS you desire me to be merry, whether I will or not, my duty obliges me to comply with your injunction, and rattle out everything I think entertaining without once considering who I am prating to. I assure you, my Lord, if I was not old enough to be your mother, the world would say we carried on an intrigue; nay, those who have not seen how roughly master time has handled me, give shrewd innuendoes, that it is not for nothing some people are so great. Your Lordship's hand and seal is already known in the post-office; and, but for the causes aforesaid, there might possibly be an action of damages against you, or a formal citation to appear *in Facie Ecclesiae*, and good reason. Why, forsooth, if a reverend gentleman of the gown chose to distress his wife, why should any stirring young nobleman take upon him to protect and defend her?—But you ask me, my Lord, for the Colonel's letter, whose character, as well as decency would permit, I have drawn in my second volume; the most of which your Lordship has seen in manuscript, and I hope soon to have the pleasure to present to you the whole in print. I wrote to the Colonel some time before I left London, at an hour when a trivial assistance would have been highly acceptable. I addressed him in the most solemn style, and endeavoured to awaken his pity by a true and pathetic recital of my state. I took care to remind him of his promises to me, which had at his serious hours been very liberal; he answered me thus:

You old D——I,

WHEN you were something handsome, I told you I loved you, as I told every woman that came in my way; but, by G——d, my dear little creature, I never cared a halfpenny for you; and so you now begin to talk to me like a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I thought you had more sense than to preach that to me, when I am like yourself, obstinate and old, which I always despised, as you know. You, tell me you are in distress: very well; I am not.—And pray, Madam, what's your misfortunes to me? Must I break a ten guinea bet at White's, to give you one, because you are unfortunate? That would indeed help to make me so, as I should repent it all my life—Oh! thou beautiful ruin! thou admirable antique! thou venerable matron! thou poetical Sybil! in short, thou dear fine worthy ancient gentlewoman!

Your most obedient,

humble servant,

D——.

P. S. You want to go to eat, I want to go to game; once more your humble servant.

Having satisfied your Lordship with what you requested, I leave you to admire at the brutality of the writer, but do assure you the Colonel wrote his genuine sentiment. During the time I was favoured with his visits, he asked me one day if I ever heard how my brother Grub-street, the laureate, had like to have his neck brought into a halter? I told him no, Why, said he, our British Maecenas, as you term the Earl of Chesterfield, was about twenty years ago forbid the Court, and very justly too; for George owed him money, which he never meant to pay.—You must know that previous to the birth-day, Colley sends his ode, finely done up in gilt paper, or leather, or something, for the Royal approbation. The Earl, who from his intimacy with Colley knew all this, took care to have the start of him, one day at least. He likewise knew the

laureate's hand-writing; and, therefore having a book done just after Cibber's fashion, he dressed a footman in the same livery to deliver the supposed Ode. It was immediately handed to the Queen, and ran thus:—

An ODE

I.

I Colley Cibber, right or wrong,
Must celebrate this day;
And tune once more my tuneless song,
And strum the venal lay.

II.

Heaven spread through all the family
That broad illustrious glare,
That shine: so flat in every eye
And makes them all to stare.

III.

Heaven send the Prince of Royal grace,
A little whore and horse;
A little meaning in his face,
And money in his purse.

IV

And as I have a son like you,
May he Parnassus rule;
So shall the Crown, and laurel too,
Descend from fool to fool.

The Queen, said the Colonel, burst out a-crying after reading this; but yet was so covetous that she would neither pay poor Chesterfield his wife's portion, nor supply her own son with means to support the dignity of a Prince. You must know, you little devil, continued the Colonel, I am just come from White's, where I heard an excellent passage.—There's a smock-faced lad, who has been introduced amongst us that we all know has no means to support the appearance he makes, or the expenses he runs into. He was at play with Lord B——, and having a run of very ill fortune, cried, well, I believe if I played for my backside I should lose it. Lord B—— very gravely answered,—indeed, Sir, that would be a loss to you.

Just after this, Lord B—— engaged in play with young H——, who is known to be a natural son; but the tables turned on him, and he lost every bet he made. Losers

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have always leave to speak: Lord B—— therefore cried, with some heat,—I never yet knew a bastard but what was a son of a whore. The young gentleman, with great readiness of countenance, said, indeed then, my Lord, I did; for my sister is a bastard, and yet not a son of a whore; which entirely raised the laugh against Lord B——.

Now, my Lord, you find how much I can deviate from myself, when inspired by the prospect of giving, you a transitory entertainment; but having filled my whole sheet, I must wish your Lordship a good night.

L. PILKINGTON.

John Carteret Pilkington

LETTER VII.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH to MRS. PILKINGTON

Abbe Boyle, April 29, 1748.

Madam,

I HAVE the honour to transmit this to you by my brother, and shall in a short time, have the happiness to thank you in person for the infinite delight your last has afforded to myself and friends, who unanimously join with me, in confessing you are, as I have ever esteemed you, Madam, unrivalled in wit, ease and vivacity.

I entreat you will forgive my not entering upon all the particulars I long to communicate, as I reserve them for a whole afternoon's discourse with you in Dublin; in the meantime believe me,

Dear Madam,
most respectfully,
your obliged,
humble servant,
KINGSBOROUGH.

P. S. I make bold to send the twenty pound bill I formerly mentioned.

LETTER VIII.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON

MY LORD,

THIS morning Cornet King did me the honour to bring your Lordship's letter; and though I had not the happiness of his acquaintance, yet I imagined it possible to detain him a few moments, as I concluded every person allied to Lord Kingsborough must be easy and affable. When he had favoured me with your obliging epistle he was for retiring; but I entreated he would condescend, as his noble brother had frequently done, to bless my humble abode with his presence; and would you believe me, my Lord, I put your dear letter into my breast, and suspended even a woman's curiosity to know its contents, in hopes to engage him in a little chat.—But he pulled out his watch, and told me he was absolutely obliged to go in ten minutes. I told him I hated a watch, and could not see how that machine was useful to any, except those who were tied to hours.—Well, Madam, said he, but I am one of that number, and therefore must depart. In short, my Lord, he left me: and as I will not attempt to veil my opinion to you, I take him to be what Falstaff merrily describes Lord John of Lancaster to have been, "A cold blooded boy, that makes many fish meals, and has contracted a kind of male green sickness."—Your Lordship will certainly think me impudent for making comparisons, which are seldom found to please, whatever degree of similarity may subsist; but certainly Lord John was a brave man, notwithstanding the freedoms this fat knight took with his character; and the cornet may be extremely communicative and entertaining, though I had not the luck to take him in the vein.

You see, my Lord, how I ramble from my point in view, which was to thank your Lordships for this last proof of your liberality. I have laid it out in some plate, on which I have ordered your Lordship's arms to be engraved, and upon that account only shall be extremely vain of it. In the meantime, my Lord, as you seldom deny any request of mine, I must beg your acceptance of a half-length picture, which a painter lately prevailed on me to let him draw; because, though the man is not eminent, he has made a strong likeness; in which no person ever succeeded before, except Mr. Hone, in London.—If your Lordship can find one space at Abbe Boyle, that the elegance of your taste has not filled up, give my poor resemblance a place there, that it may sometimes reveal to your Lordship your own virtues, which everyone but yourself sufficiently know and admire, and be a memorial of that gratitude wherewith I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's,

most devoted

humble servant,

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

Dublin,

May 2, 1748

LETTER IX.

To Mrs. PILKINGTON.

Abbe Boyle, May 12, 1748

MADAM,

I AM honoured with your letter, and enraptured at the picture you promise me, since anything that resembles Mrs. Pilkington must give pleasure: I shall place it where I would the original, might I have the happiness of her company, in my best apartment, and hope the contemplation of it may better qualify me to hold a correspondence with you, by inspiring me with some of that wit which so lavishly distils from your pen. I often wonder, Madam, when I receive your letters, how I have the courage to answer them, and expose all my errors to so accurate a judge; and this nothing but a confidence in your good-nature could possibly tempt me to do.—I thought by this time I should have seen Mrs. Pilkington, and thanked her myself for all the marks of esteem she is so obliging to honour me with; but as unavoidable business will engage me some time longer in the country, your writing frequently, Madam, is the only relief I can hope for.—I have just received an epistle from our poor friend John Brown, [see note] I heartily wish that he may get the better of his unhappy affair. He tells me you have been kind enough to visit him in his confinement, and speaks of you as all gentlemen of true taste generally do. I think it extremely good of Mrs. Pilkington to give him her conversation, which must render even a prison delightful. Do me the honour Madam, when you next see him, to tell him he is attended with my best wishes, as I really have not time to write my thoughts to him; and if you have charity for me, who am equally confined by being far from Mrs. Pilkington, write me a whole sheet, the first opportunity, with as many of your own flights as possible: rest assured, dear Madam, I am, and ever will be,

Your sincerely devoted,

humble servant,

KINGSBOROUGH

*Note: This gentleman is John Browne, of the Neal, Esq.

LETTER X.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

My LORD,

WHAT will you think of your friend Mr. Brown, when I tell your Lordship he has absolutely made love to me, and wrote a sonnet in my praise? He conjured me not to mention a syllable of it to Lord Kingsborough, from which moment I have been ready to die with impatience to let your Lordship into the secret; and after transcribing some of his stanzas, I desire the favour of your Lordship's determination, whether his style is Platonic or otherwise.

I.

Fortune's malice I defy,
While my beauteous fair one's nigh;
Let Euphrosyne incline,
Are not both the Indies mine?

II.

Oh! were both the Indies mine,
From the Ganges to the Rhine,
With a world what should I do,
But give all to purchase you.

III.

Riches, honour, health and ease,
All without you cannot please;
But with you the world's my own,
And an humble turf a throne.

IV.

Smile, then smile, my favourite fair,
Crown a passion so sincere:
Oh! reward me, and 'tis odds,
But you lift me to the gods.

I need not tell Lord Kingsborough where Mr. Brown has borrowed his last sentiment, because I know he is too conversant with Horace not to find it readily out; but I can't imagine how my smiling could raise our author so high, even if I was young and handsome. Upon the whole, My Lord, I fancy it was written more to show our friend's wit and politeness, than to make a conquest of an old woman. One thing

indeed renders it something uncommon, that a gentleman, who owns himself he expects to receive sentence of death in a short time, should be so very volatile; but this may serve as a proof, that his conscience does not accuse him of murdering his antagonist, who I really believe from all accounts, had as much fair play for his life, as gentlemen usually have who fight duels: I could myself aver, from what I know of Mr. Brown;

That he would place honour on one hand, and death on t'other,
And look on both indifferently
Nay, I'll venture to affirm,
That he loves the name of honour more than he fears death.

Don't imagine, my Lord, I speak thus of Mr. Brown because he has written in my praise; for I assure your Lordship, I have received compliments of the kind from men whom I very heartily despise, particularly A——w F——t, Esq, who, since I have removed to Fownes's street, is placed directly opposite to my window every morning, and whose presence is sufficient to damp the genial inspirations of the muse, when it brings incest and murder so strongly in view. This worthy gentleman, whose amour with his sister must render him detestable to all posterity, supposed, that by a few fulsome panegyrics, he could silence my pen upon that subject: but really, my Lord, there was not the least occasion for all this, because I never meddle with those who don't meddle with me; and though I ever looked on F——t as the last abject wretch upon earth, yet I thought him too incorrigible for the lash, and his crime of too heinous a nature to be even thought of without freezing the blood.

I presented your Lordship's commands to Mr. Brown; and though he was pleased to find his adversity had not divested him of your Lordship's good wishes, yet he was sadly mortified at not receiving a letter.—Upon this a controversy arose between us, whether Lord Kingsborough loved him or myself best. The contest was very warm, but a nobleman just happening to come in, kindly ended the dispute, by advising both parties to appeal to your Lordship for a decision of this debate; so, my Lord, it lies in suspense, till I am favoured with your answer.—In the meantime, I fear my visits here will be seriously attended with one very bad consequence; for there is a lady distinguished by the name of Dirty Daly, who, I am told, will pull my cap: however, there is no virtue without enduring persecution, and if the gentlewoman should fall foul of my head-cloths, she won't soil her hands; but I shan't venture to return the compliment, lest I should dirty mine: for by all accounts, she has not had a clean cap on these twelve months.

The person who came to our friend brought a very uncommon piece of news with him; namely, that Leeson, the brewer's son, was actually going to be created a peer of this realm. Having Mr. Brown's diamond pencil in my hand at that instant, a fine pane of glass in the window was spoiled with this inscription:

The son of a brewer created a Peer,
Wine makes Lords, I've been told, and pray why should not beer?

But when I get leave to prate this way to your Lordship, I never know when to leave off. 'Tis now full time to close all this with two lines that are very applicable to my wishes,

The True Story of John Carteret Pilkington

Blessed be the father from whose loins you sprung,
And blest the mother at whose breast you hung.

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.
Dublin, May 13, 1748.

LETTER XI.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH to MRS. PILKINGTON

Abbe Boyle, May 209, 1748.

Madam,

I confess I don't think Mr. Brown's verses Platonic, and cannot but admire at his fortitude to write in his present situation; but I find, Madam, you are as happy and generous, in defending those you honour with your esteem, as your pen is fatal to such as deservedly fail under its censure. Mr. F——t is a gentleman whom I really do not know, nor do I wish for his acquaintance. I am sorry poor Leeson has disoblged Mrs. Pilkington, and hope the epigram may not be understood or published, as I think him an inoffensive creature; besides that, I have a particular regard for C——t P——n, his brother-in-law. As to Mr. Brown, who has known me from my infancy, I have a great value for him; but when a lady is put in competition with a gentleman, let him ask his own breast on which side judgment is to be decreed.

I sincerely concur with you in opinion, Madam, that our friend is innocent of the murder though unluckily guilty of the manslaughter; which I am certain himself as well as his friends, wish had never happened. Your quotation from Shakespeare on that matter is very just, and a true character of Mr. Brown, in a few words. I have wrote a long letter to him this post, by which he will know have not forgot him.—I hope his answer will bring me the pleasing news of his enlargement, as the trial, I am told, comes on in a few days.

I entreat the favour of you, Madam, if you should have any occasion for money, during my absence, to let Mark White, my agent, know it; who is desired by me to supply you without limitation; and you cannot more effectually oblige me than in commanding my Fortune.—All I hope on my part is, that you will still think me worthy of being esteemed, Madam,

Your most obliged,
and most obedient,
humble servant,
KINGSBOROUGH.

P. S. You were so kind to repeat some verses you wrote on an unfortunate lady some time ago; I shall be much obliged to you for a copy of that admirable poem.

LETTER XII.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

My Dear LORD,

FOR so you must permit the most obliged creature upon earth henceforth to term you. If your recent bounty of fifty pounds were already exhausted, I must certainly have been extravagant; and that, the treasures of the east could never make me. I would be liberal, had Providence entrusted me with the means, but never profuse or ostentatious. I have no passions that could lead me into expense. I neither like public or private amusements. I neither study dress or fashion, but wear what is decent and convenient. If I am superfluous in any point, 'tis in dressing out my son; for which I know how I am censured: but I do it as much to mortify his father and his partisans, as to show the world what your Lordship's goodness can enable an afflicted mother to do.

The permission your Lordship has given me to call on Mr. White, is a proof of your unlimited kindness; yet I can't help thinking, my Lord, it would manifest great want of modesty in me to make the least use of so noble an indulgence. I know no advantage money could be of to me, but to serve those who are in distress; and I have no need to be an agent for our Lordship in that respect, who finds so much felicity in doing it yourself: in short, my dear Lord, I want nothing but a sight of you; and if ever I receive a favour, it must be immediately from your own benevolent hand. The verses your Lordship demands of me, are very incorrect, as they were written like a letter, and never intended to see the light. I know your Lordship will overlook their imperfections, as you do those of their author; and therefore, *sans reserve*, I shall submit them to your superior judgment.—I believe I told you, my Lord, that when I lodged in Green-Street, Grosvenor-Square, the most beautiful and accomplished young lady I had ever beheld came to entreat I would write a letter for her; but before she could tell me the substance of it, she fell into an agony of tears, from which she was with difficulty recovered: in short, she was obliged to go home in a chair, without being able to tell me what she came about. It was the third morning after she had first attempted to speak, that, with the mildest exhortations to repose a confidence in one who sincerely pitied her, and assurances of friendship, secrecy and assiduity to serve her, she told her story in a simple but eloquent manner, which I the same day put into the dress in which I here transcribe it:

To heaven and you, repentant I confess
At once my shame, contrition and distress;
And, oh! if pity may await a crime
That sullies honour to remotest time,
Judge from this faithful picture of my state,
Whether that pity should my crime await;
Covered with crimson blushes while I tell,
From white-robed truth and virtue how I fell;
From spotless innocence, from meek eyed peace,
A prey to horror, victim to disgrace.

Four summers passed since this dejected frame,
Was clad in sweetness, and enriched with fame;
Within my breast no sentiment arose,
That vestal maids might scruple to disclose;

John Carteret Pilkington

The best of mothers, lavished on my mind,
Each heaven-taught precept to improve designed;
Bid guiltless joy on all my moments wait,
Blind to a thought of my succeeding fate,
Oh! had my soul each bright perfection shared,
Had all the beauties of my form been spared,
A noble fortitude had steeled my breast
The serpent wiles of mankind to detest;
To guard my virtue from the fatal stain,
These tears attempt to wash away in vain.

A youth by nature and by art possessed
Of all that melts the sympathetic breast;
Such sweet persuasion on whose accents hung,
That while he spoke I thought an angel sung;
Whose kneeling vows in fond profusion given,
Appeared to me the registers of heaven;
With all the arts deception could inspire,
Taught me to love, to pity, to admire;
Eternal truth each broken sentence filled,
Through every vital boundless rapture thrilled:
My honest soul each abject doubt disdained,
Yet rolling years his suit was unobtained
Till imprecations, hermits might deceive,
Made me to endless infamy a slave;
Dashed the rich cup whence social comforts flow,
And left me heir to everlasting woe.

Can I forget the still, the solemn night,
Scene of my joy, my ruin, my delight?
When modest Cynthia veiled her silver face,
Too chaste to evidence my sad disgrace;
When with affected piety of look
His impious hands unclosed the sacred book,
And joined our hearts with that celestial chain
Which death can only disunite again;
The mystic ring upon my finger placed,
Emblem of love, unchangeable and chaste;
Then Tarquin-like to my embraces flew,
While every angel from my side withdrew.

Own, wretch obdurate, though you can't relent,
Your present state is distant from content;
Her you abandoned in pursuit of wealth,
Had ease, good humour, sprightliness, and health;
Had love to cheer, should every comfort fail,
And temper gentle as the southern gale;
Unlike thy cankered, thy misshapen bride,
Fraught with detraction, enmity and pride
Who while her coffers burst with gems and plate,
Grudges each tasteless morsel that you eat;
Whose fiend-like soul aspires at no content,

The True Story of John Carteret Pilkington

But the infernal pleasure to torment;
Whose conversation may prevent my curse,
Since hell contains no punishment that's worse.
Here would I close the grief-awaiting tale,
And o'er the sequel cast a sable veil
To dumb obscurity the ills consign
That adverse fortune destined to be mine;
But though my heart at every sentence bleed,
My sex's welfare prompts me to proceed.

With hope and fear, alternate conflicts spent
Two tedious days since my destroyer went;
I sighed, I loved, I looked, I longed in vain,
And every moment was an age of pain;
No streaming tear could give my woes relief,
Tears the poor refuge of a common grief;
The third a fever's burning heat expressed,
The potent fury of a flame suppressed.
Vain was recourse to tenderness or art,
Sorrow and shame were written on my heart;
And wild distraction let my tongue reveal,
The fatal secret, reason would conceal.

Life from the great, the rich, the happy flies,
But grief's immortal, and it never dies;
Else why, ye powers, did I this stroke survive?
Why am I still in misery alive?
Perhaps the hour new vigour I acquired
Some hero perished, or some bard expired;
Some whose benevolence the world had shared
Have fallen, whilst wretchedness itself was spared.

When new-born health her balmy influence shed,
And o'er my cheek a vermil-tincture spread,
A tender mother, to compassion wrought,
The fatal cause of my affliction sought;
Told him in words that might a Nero melt
The stings her daughter in his absence felt;
While from her eye the tear of pity stole,
That spoke the kind sensations of her soul
But to her pleadings no regard was shown,
The wretch was callous as the frigid zone:
Then 'gainst her life her trembling hand she bent,
Nor e'er returned to tell me the event;
No longer worthy her esteem to claim,
She left me full of agony and shame.

Oh thou to nature's visitings unknown,
From whom these evils took their rise alone,
This tragic tale unshaken who can hear,
Nor pay the generous tribute of a tear;

John Carteret Pilkington

Know that when worldly artifice shall sail,
To awful heaven's tribunal I'll appeal;
Of joys eternal, let thy soul despair,
For clad in terrors I'll arraign thee there ;
My bleeding mother shall confront thy sight,
And furies snatch thee from the realms of light.

You see, my Lord, the whole piece is irregular and indigested, so that nothing but your desire could induce me to give it under my hand. If there is anything in it pleasing to Lord Kingsborough, I must entirely impute it to his partiality to me.

I am this instant going to mortify Mr. Brown with your Lordship's last letter; for as he is now at liberty, it might give him a flow of spirits that would endanger his health, if I did not take them down a little, by letting him know I have the uppermost place in your Lordship's heart; which to deserve it is the only wish of

My Lord,
Your most dutiful,
humble servant,
LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

Dublin.

LETTER XIII.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH to MRS. PILKINGTON

Abbe Boyle,

MADAM,

I HAVE been guilty of an indelicacy in my last, for which I can hardly forgive myself, but that I know Mrs. Pilkington is too gentle to misunderstand what I wrote without reflection. I could scarcely ever come into her presence, after presuming to mention Mr. White. I stand most genteelly corrected by your answer, Madam, and again assure you, upon my honour, I wrote without thought; and though this is but pleading guilty to one crime, in order to wipe out another, yet I had rather be looked on as giddy than unpolite: in short, Mrs. Pilkington, this is the only excuse I can make. How can you be so blind to your own excellence, to condemn the most pathetic and poetical piece that ever fell from the pen of mortal? I never differed in opinion with you, Madam, except in this;— and I challenge you to show a line in it, that is not replete with that ease, harmony and sweetness, peculiar to Euphrosyne [see note:], and which the Lesbian poetess was never equal to. Certainly, Madam, some tasteless person has put you out of temper with that poem, for were it the work of another, a lady of your candour would undoubtedly commend it.

[Note: *Euphrosyne*—A name by which Mrs. Pilkington was known among her correspondents.]

You know, Madam, I am neither connoisseur or critic, yet I certainly can feel what enraptures my sense, and melts my soul to a feminine weakness. I have conceived from your poem the warmest esteem for the deluded fair one, and the utmost indignation at her betrayer; and as 'tis more than probable, from what you say, Madam, that the amiable creature is not even now above indigence, your doing me the honour to present to her the two fifty pound notes enclosed herein, will unspeakably oblige me.

To enumerate the many unparalleled beauties of that piece is impossible, though I have read it so frequently as to have it by heart: what you modestly call irregularity, I think the chief spirit of such a performance, as we naturally suppose you wrote in the same style in which the unhappy Lady spoke; and we know that in this, as in painting, bold, free, and masterly strokes, are the evident proofs of an original.

I can't help observing, that the abruptness of the conclusion adds much to the dignity of the piece, though I wish the lady had not carried her resentment so far, as to put him in eternal punishment; since she confesses that the one allotted to him in a wife, was sufficient even for the worst of crimes, and I am heartily of her opinion. The mother was very precipitate to her own destruction; for had she held her tongue, the lady might have passed for a maid with any old bachelor in England, and the good woman have had a handsome revenue to keep the secret inviolable; a task really hard on an old woman.

I assure you, Madam; I should not have said so much on this topic, but I have been labouring to fill a whole sheet of paper with something; but even my nonsense may show Mrs Pilkington, I have sense enough to aspire at the reputation of her

Real admirer,

and most obliged

humble servant,

KINGSBOROUGH.

John Carteret Pilkington

P. S. If you should not readily hear of the lady, do me the favour, Madam, to dispose of the bills as you think proper.

LETTER XIV.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

My LORD,

TO evade your bounty, is as impossible as to parry Jove's thunder, and I have met it when I most sought to shun it. I shall not tease your Lordship with endeavouring to express what I think of you; for this, my Lord, would be but giving pain to your virtues, and show how defective both my thoughts and our language is. For my part, I can find no words to dress the sensations of my soul in, and therefore must be silent about them, hoping that the heart which is capable of inspiring them, may define what I own myself unequal to; but I sincerely declare to you, my Lord, I have had so much money of late, that I have been at a loss what to do with it. Bishops, Priests and Deans liberally supply me, without my being at the pains to solicit their benevolence. I receive sums of money from unknown hands; nay, even the ladies now begin to honour me with their correspondence and contributions.—I went the other day to my printer to receive some arrears, and saw there a formal stiff fellow in black, with his own lank hair, who I concluded was a parson. I asked Powel who he was. He told me the great Mr. Wesley, and that he was certain I should be highly delighted with his conversation, if I would do him the favour to stay to dinner. As my curiosity was up, I consented to the invitation; but though I started every subject that could possibly seduce him into a general conversation, yet I could not, for the soul of me, wrench a sentence from him, more than that it would give him all imaginable pleasure if he could prevail on me to go and hear him preach. Yes, Sir, said I, but I would fain hear you talk first: I am told you are a gentleman and a scholar. For my part, Sir, when I go to church, it is to that established by law; to which, notwithstanding that some of her clergy are little better than they should be, I am so heartily reconciled, that it will be a hard matter now to make a Methodist of me.—Well, Madam, said Mr. Wesley, if you'll let me wait on you at your house, we will then, over a dish of tea, converse of this matter. As I was impatient to hear what this sanctified Levite had to advance, I said I should expect him at breakfast the next morning. Madam, said he, if God is willing, I will go, and I am not without hopes of seeing you a sister in Christ.

He came according to appointment at eight o'clock, and at his entrance made me a very courtly bow. I was surprised, even before he spoke, to see the extraordinary alteration in his countenance; the muscles of which were the preceding day dropped to that flatness, that his visage was a perfect blank; but they were now braced up to their proper functions, and he appeared a sprightly young fellow.

I never suffered more pain, Madam, said he, than I did yesterday, lest Mrs. Pilkington should believe me the stupid animal I affected: but I may be sincere enough to tell you, Madam, this seeming sadness and solemnity is of the utmost use in my vocation and, you know, Madam, as Falstaff says, "May not a man labour in his vocation?" Powel and his wife were Anabaptists, but are now followers of me; and 'tis natural to suppose I'll obtain as many as I can, as well as Mrs. Pilkington endeavours to fill her subscription list; upon which, Madam, I beg to be incog. and so saying, he presented me with a couple of guineas.—Now, Doctor, said I, do you consider what you've been about? How do you know, that the moment you depart, I may not take the pen and publish all this? Madam, said he, I know by your writings, that it is not in your nature to do a premeditated injury to one who has reposed a confidence in your honour and understanding; and besides, not one of my followers would believe a syllable of it, I have so effectually gained an ascendancy over their faith. I told Mr. Wesley, his opinion of me was just as

"I'd not betray my trust to gain the universe."

He then talked of books, plays, music, painting, statuary; and in short, every subject that could convince me he was a man of taste and true breeding. Now, Madam, said he, as I've been so candid with you, it is entirely in your power to serve me, by speaking kindly of me to Powel's family.—I promised to speak the truth, that I never received more satisfaction from the discourse of any divine in my life, nor ever knew one who was half so honest and ingenuous.—Upon the whole, my Lord, I saw no difference between this prophet and other gentlemen, but that he drank for breakfast milk and warm water, instead of tea and milk. —What I say to my honoured friend, Lord Kingsborough, will, I am certain, go no farther; especially, my Lord, when it is a desire of mine that this interview should be kept secret.

Mr. Wesley had scarce departed, when I was visited by another clergyman, who first subscribed very generously to my writings, and then said;—I hope, Mrs. Pilkington, you have made no mention of me? Of you, Sir, said I; upon my word I don't even know you. My name, Madam, said he, is J——b; I had the favour to see you at the Archbishop of Dublin's, at Tallaght, many years ago. Oh! Sir, I now recollect you, you came home with me in a coach. Yes, Madam, said he, and I hope you will never repeat the indiscretion I was guilty of at that time. Indeed, Sir, it never once entered into my head; but now you have been so obliging to remind me of it, I shall be able to make two or three admirable pages on the subject. For heaven's sake, good Madam, said he, don't entirely ruin me; I have a wife, who is already jealous, and such a thing might be the parting of us. After bantering the parson a little more, I promised to be as silent as the grave.—Having made his mind easy, he sat down and gave me the following little history of his marriage:

You must know, my Lord, he is an English gentleman, and consequently has a good living in Ireland. As he was on his road from London to Chester, he happened to be taken suddenly ill, and stopped at a neat little house, some small distance from the highway, where he was very hospitably received by a young gentleman and his sister, who kept the house. They prevailed on him to stay all night, and amongst other discourse the young gentleman told Mr. J——b, that his sister and himself had ten thousand pounds apiece, and lived very comfortably upon the interest of it; so that by carefully avoiding extremes, they were always able to entertain their friends genteelly. The parson is a lusty jolly fellow, not endowed with any qualities, that may prevent his rising in the church, such as wit, or too strong perception, therefore he said but little, and retired to rest. In the morning he prepared to pursue his journey, but the young lady insisted on his staying one day more for her sake; this he accordingly did, but never, as he assured me, made the least tender of love to her. The third morning he set out, and got as far as Parkgate; but being detained there by contrary winds, was overtaken by the young gentleman, who spoke to him in this concise manner:

Sir, my sister, who is a worthy modest girl, has taken a fancy to you, and says she can't be happy without you. As I love her too well, not to do all in my power to make her easy, I have myself come to ask you in marriage for her; so, Sir, if you will accept my offer, do me the favour to go back with me.—Mr. J——b, who had a great liking to the lady, readily received his proposal, went back, and was married the next day.—He received her fortune very justly, and, but that her extreme fondness makes her liable to jealousy, they would be the happiest couple on earth.

The True Story of John Carteret Pilkington

Pray, my Lord, when I grow like the Archbishop of Sangrada in Gil Blas, a little tedious and dull, and so forth, be so obliging to tell me of it, before I expose myself; for though I have scribbled so much here I am in the humour to write as much more.

I am, My Lord, &c.

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

P.S. The pane of glass the epigram was on I broke, and shall never think of it more.

LETTER XV.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH to MRS. PILKINGTON

Abbe Boyle,
MADAM,

I HAVE been extremely happy in the characters of the two clergymen, and Mrs. Pilkington may depend on it, I'll never impart any passage in her letters she would wish concealed.—I can't help admiring how your head can possibly furnish such variety of public and private entertainment; for I take it for granted you have a number of troublesome correspondents besides myself, who are, like me, perpetually sending you stupid letters to provoke you to write good ones; and this, Madam, you certainly do, besides supplying the public with an elegant repast in your Memoirs, I am pleased to find the world seems penitent for the injuries it has offered to the greatest and best of her sex, and endeavours to make some atonement for its former malignity. I wish to God, dear Mrs Pilkington, you would write a panegyric on the world; I'm certain it would sell, and I could promise you five hundred subscribers to it.

If it were possible for Mrs. Pilkington's genius to flag, there would be no necessity for my being the first to tell her of it; that truth, I have been told, authors first learn from their booksellers.—The longest letter Mrs. Pilkington ever wrote seemed to me, who feel the graces of her style, an epigram, or a specimen of something excellent, that created a thirst for more.—I'm obliged to you, Madam, for obliterating the two lines, though it's a pity anything of yours should be lost. I will make it my business to let Leeson know how much he is indebted to your goodness, and I dare answer for his gratitude. Pray, Madam, in your next, let me know how you approve my scheme for a new subscription. Mrs. Pilkington, who can render the minutest trifles agreeable, will have a fine field to display the brilliancy of her parts, when she has all the world for her subject, and convince the universe that she was sent upon earth as a pattern of vivacity, for dull authors to imitate and. improve by. I've the honour to be, in great haste,

Madam,
Your most devoted,
humble servant,
KINGSBOROUGH.

LETTER XIV.

Answer to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

Dublin

My LORD,

YOU desired me to write on the world, I took the pen, and these lines came from the very bottom of my soul.

The True Story of John Carteret Pilkington

Call me not to a world I hate,
Call me not to vile mankind,
Move me from folly and deceit,
Content and virtue let me find.

II.

Know all ye splendid, rich and gay,
Know all ye wretches, worldly wise
Like mine your span is but a day,
And flattering hopes are mere surmise;

III

I know you all, you know not me,
Beneath your ken, by fortune placed,
My sorrows with disdain you see,
And my distresses with distaste.

IV.

Cursed be the head that first devised
A bar from each sublime tie;
Bid wealthy knaves, and fools be prized,
And merit in oblivion lie.

V.

Is it a boast to say thy hand,
Almighty guardian of the just,
Made me the strokes of fate withstand,
While e'er in thee I placed my trust?

VI.

No—let me to an age depraved,
An age of infidels declare,
Thy servant never was deceived,
When fondly she confided there.

VII.

John Carteret Pilkington

I seek the cot, I seek the cell,
I seek the mountain, stream or grove;
Lead me contentment where you dwell,
With concord, piety, and love.

VIII.

Lead me to some inspiring vill,
Near a romantic structure reared;
Where virtue and religion still
Bloom by corruption unimpaired.

IX.

Where health and jollity robust
Spread a rich glow o'er every face
Where not the meanest sold his trust,
For title, grandeur, wealth or place.

X.

If there be such a spot on earth,
Oh! God of an all-searching eye
Though not from such I drew my birth,
In such contented let me die.

I am entirely of Hamlet's opinion with regard to the world. "Fie on't, oh! fie!
'Tis an unweeded garden that grows to weeds, Things rank and gross in nature
possess it merely."

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

POEMS BY JOHN PILKINGTON

With remarks on their production and reception

Various have been the poetical essays that I have occasionally written, but few I esteem worth presenting to my readers; for as I find so great a genius as Dr. Swift has been severely censured for inserting trifling pieces in his collection, what could I expect if I presumed to do it? When it may with propriety be said, that my best attempt in that way, must be infinitely inferior to his worst; however, I confess I wish this reflection had fallen from one, who professed less friendship for the Dean than Lord Orrery.

Such pieces I have dispersed in the magazines and newspapers, and shall only select those, where the choice of the subject may make some atonement for my defects; I think it was in June, 1755, a report was spread and published, that Lord Ligonier (then Sir John) died suddenly; a gentleman to whom mankind in general, and myself in particular, stand largely indebted. This furnished me with an opportunity of writing the following lines.

Who could forbid the bursting tear to flow
Or stop th' impulsive energy of woe?
When baleful murmurs sung in every ear,
That spoke the death of generous Ligonier?

Deprived of him, our warlike legions pine,
Whose presence cheered the terror-striking line;
Whose dauntless courage, and resistless hand,
Won admiration from each foreign land.

Receive our incense, ye protecting powers,
That heart-afflicting sorrow is not ours;
For unborn ages be that stroke reserved;
Yet spare those virtues we've but ill deserved.

See at his name the soldiery revive:
Hear how they echo, Ligonier's alive!
See they invoke their matchless hero forth,
Warmed with a sense of his experienced worth;
Whose animating soul inspires them all,
And with confusion strikes th'insulting Gaul.

If yet for Britain, or her sons repose,
Benignant heaven, accustomed mercy knows,
To a long period of succeeding years,
Protract his fate, protract a nation's tears.

And when that power, which calls the just away,
invites his spirit to the realms of day,

John Carteret Pilkington

Above the tomb, where he and goodness lies,
May fame still hover, and may laurel rise.

To this nobleman, I had likewise the honour (by his own permission) to inscribe the following essay, on the death of that beloved Prince, Charles Spencer, Duke of Marlborough, which was published in the Universal Magazine soon after the lamented event that occasioned it.

SUSPIRIA ardens evixit ad aethera virtus.

NOT the dread pangs that nature disunite,
E'er urged by death the spirit wings her flight.
When dire convulsions shake the human frame,
Glow on each limb, and every nerve inflame:
Not latest groans of all I dearest prize,
Or pendant ruin hovering o'er my eyes;
Could grief sincerer in my soul create,
Than noble Spencer's unexpected fate.

When sleep assumes dominion o'er the sense,
And horrid dreams alternately commence,
What new-born joy the rising morn attends,
When 'midst a conflict the delusion ends?
O! could some angel to my soul proclaim,
Thy death, lamented hero! But a dream,
Thy life, Britannia's choicest gem, restore,
Lost on a bleak, unhospitable shore;*
This loathed existence, for a while endear,
By fond persuasions, virtue still were here;
That still a patron injured worth might find,
Still thy example rectify mankind;
Lost in a torrent of unbounded joy,
I'd chase these griefs that my content destroy,

* Germany, where his Grace died

Not, ever honoured Marlborough that thine ear,
Was prompt as providence my plaint to hear;
Not that thy bounty, like the rapid main,
No limit learned, its ardour to restrain:
'Midst ruined fortune helpless genius prized;
Nor my afflicted mother's woe despised;
To know thy virtues by minute detail,
Bid us at once to human-kind appeal:
Each day, each hour, each interval of thine,
Displayed some instance of a soul benign;
Whether you wiped the agonizing tear,
Or bid dejection be of better cheer;
Planned patriot systems in Britannia's cause,
Or gave to science succour and applause;
Shone in domestic, on in social light,

The True Story of John Carteret Pilkington

In acts of tenderness, or acts polite,
To form the whole unanimously blend,
The patriot, hero, gentleman and friend.

While fame and conquest all their laurels spread,
With deathless garlands to enwreath his head;
While wasteful ruins on the Gallic plain*,
The recent marks of his success remain;
While earth revered, and wondering powers above,
Hailed him the pattern of connubial love;:
By all regretted, and by all admired,
From earth immortal Marlborough retired

*Cherbourg destroyed, under his Grace's command, August 8, 1758

Bear him, ye cherubs, to eternal rest,
A bright, angelic, unpolluted guest;
Fitly adapted to adorn that sphere,
Who gained the summit of perfection here.

Having occasion, a few days after the above appeared, to pay my respects to Sir Edward Montagu, I brought one of the Magazines in my pocket, and had the honour to present it to him: he was so obliging to read the verses over, and to tell me that he approved of them; and as Sir Edward knew my circumstances, added to these civilities a handsome present: But pray, said he, Mr. Pilkington, have you sent it to any other of the family? I said, I hoped they would see it. Why, said he, the present Duke is a most worthy and liberal young nobleman; and I think if he saw this, he would do something to serve you; and so I likewise believe would the Earl of Pembroke. I hinted the difficulty of obtaining access to those noblemen; and Sir Edward generously said, make use of my name, say you came from me. Accordingly the Sunday morning succeeding, I tore the page on which the lines were printed, out of the pamphlet, and enclosed them in a letter to his grace, making use of the passport I was favoured with, left my letter with his grace's porter, and told him I should be at the Smyrna coffee-house, just over the way, for two hours But oh! *tempora mutadi erant*, the moments elapsed, without affording an answer good or bad.

This, however, did not prevent my taking the same method with the Earl, except with this difference, that as I imagined the letter might not have been given to his Grace, but to some steward or secretary (which is indeed too frequently the case) I made my servant wait for his Lordship at the Opera-house, and to give it in to his own hand. When he called for an answer, he was told there was none; but as both the Duke and the Earl have subscribed to this book, 'tis possible, whatever mistakes have been committed by their servants, or mine, may be rectified; if not, *sum in loco quae ante fueram*.

I had, however, the honour to present the Magazine to Lord Ligonier, at St. James's, who received it with an affability peculiar to those who are exalted by their own virtues, and afterwards made me a compliment equal to the greatness of his soul. It was indeed kindly reported, that I received a present of some hundreds from one of his Grace's family, upon this account; which served to make a troublesome and persecuting set of creditors ten times more assiduous than usual to ruin and oppress me: But it has pleased the Almighty hitherto to protect me from their sanguine and

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destructive emissaries, which mercy, I hope, he will continue, till his providence enables me prove, that not the want of principle, but the want of means, has for some time, disenabled me to settle with them, or transact my own affairs, which has given rise to a thousand calamities.

I confess, I'm inclined to believe the answer delivered at Lord Pembroke's, was one of those which servants are very liberal in giving to every messenger who comes without a laced livery; and the more so, as upon my formerly enclosing the following little Ode to his Lordship, which I had addressed to the late Duke of Marlborough, on the marriage of his amiable daughter with that nobleman, it was kindly received by them both, and was an introduction to my adding their illustrious names to my list.

An ODE to his Grace the Duke of MARLBOROUGH

I.

THE Florist with delighted eye
Views the carnation's various dye,
And twisting woodbine spring;
All summer's pride his joys excite,
Reward his labours with delight
And cheer his voice to sing.

II.

With what transcendent comfort blessed,
Is then the kind paternal breast,
When all his hopes to crown
He sees the object of his care
In each sublimer virtue share,
That may demand renown.

III.

See Churchill* from the realms divine
The spreading glories of thy line,
Like Nile's diffusive stream;
A thousand different courses take
Its bounties while the world partake
And hail thy awful name.

*The great John, Duke of Marlborough

IV.

The True Story of John Carteret Pilkington

Not the emblazoning herald's art
Can such effulgent rays impart,
As virtue can bestow;
For this to Spencer's god like race,
While the fixed planets hold a place.
Shall praise spontaneous flow.

V.

To thee illustrious Pembroke's given
All we believe of promised heaven,
Taste, purity, and truth;
Celestial harmony of mind,
A graceful form, a temper kind
And rosy-tinctured youth.

VI.

Pembroke*, of whom each purling stream.
And haunted grove resounds the name
To all the muses dear;
From whose august illumined race,
The sweet Arcadian tale took place,
Which lovers raptured hear.

*The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.

VII.

When Hymen lights his sacred brand,
And beauty yields her trembling hand,
To supplicating love;
Exulting joy takes instant place,
Unbidden smiles deck every face,
While heaven and earth approve.

VIII.

Even I, my Lord, a bliss partake
That willing gratitude would speak,
Were flowing numbers mine;
Fit each perfection to impart,
That e'er enriched a princely heart,
For then I'd picture thine.

As I have glanced at the inconveniences that arise from servants' opening their masters' letters, and dictating answers to them, I sincerely wish that the ingenious

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author of *High Life Below Stairs*, had added one scene to his excellent satire, where he has happily displayed the absurdity and impertinence of a set, whom in his preface he terms, "a very large and useful body of people," large they are to infinity, but useful in general, as little as they can possibly render themselves; and I know, that the insolence of some of those mercenary dependents, has diminished the lustre of many of the noblest names that ever enriched the historic, or poetic page: for if they are entrusted by their masters to confer any favour, they will be certain to annex to it a gross insult, or sarcasm of their own, in order to abstract from any comfort a benefit might inspire.

I will not be so cruel as to descend to particulars in this case, as it might deprive some persons of bread, who may from this admonition learn to demean themselves with less brutality; for as the writer of the satire has given room to suspect those important members of society wear their master's clothes, and assume their titles, it is possible they may likewise read their books; and in that case I should, perhaps, find some of their Graces to be bruisers, or have the street door slapped in my face, while their masters were purposely waiting to see me.

Nevertheless, to show my dramatic abilities, I can't help supposing the drum scene, in the farce, continued a little longer, before the alarm comes that promiscuously lodges their Ladyships in the pantry, and his Grace in the coal-hole. To anyone who has read the farce, it will be intelligible; to those who have not, I wish it may prove an incitement to do it; as look upon it as a proper monitor for every noble and every truly generous person in England to have by them, till the enormous vice and iniquity there lashed, is utterly reclaimed.

I think the best place to introduce a circumstance that perhaps, escaped the writer's knowledge, is in the second act, before the merriment commences, and just after Lovel, the liberal master of the house, has made his exit.

Enter Philip in a great passion, with a letter sealed in his hand.

PHILLIP.

This house is pestered with letters, it would employ ten porters to answer them; yet I'll take great care they get nothing by it; for the fool, my master, would soon put it out of his power to regale us, if he saw one half of them.

DUKE.

Is that a specimen in your hand, Mr. Phil? Prithee let's see it, it may afford us a laugh before the fiddler comes.

PHILLIP.

Ay, ay, *per bonum publicam*, your Grace may divert the company with it; a shabby fellow brought it, and had the impudence to tell me he was a gentleman.

Sir HARRY.

A journeyman gentleman, I suppose, the most contemptible caricature in nature. When our blockhead came first to his estate, he used to be at the pains of answering those troublesome gentry, and sent me, with a devil to him, to ferret them out, in places that disgusted my nature; but I soon cured him of it, by putting his answer in the sinking fund, and giving the more rational reply a gentleman should always do.—We know nothing of you, and wonder at your assurance to trouble people of consequence.

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DUKE.

Fort bien, Sir Harry, am verite bien, nous tout rendrons meme reponses. My sapskull values himself on being a politician, and thinks he manages matters with marvellous secrecy; but when I come to brush his clothes in the morning, I find in his pockets the whole business of the day, and take proper measures to frustrate any designs he may have, that I esteem *mal a propos*; for such papers as I think I shall have plague with, I put out of the way; and if he enquires for them, declare point blank I know nothing at all of the matter.

Lady BAB.

Why my Lady is the most romanticallest idiot alive; she's perpetually corresponding with poits, and would be weak enough to give the creatures all her card-money, but I peaches their morrility. I tells my lady as how, I hears bad carcters of them from different tredes persons, and she's too much taken up with pleasures to make pertiklur enquiry; so I twines her round my finger. I always gives our clerk of the kitchen as my autor, and he lies with so good a grace, that his news passes for autentic.

DUKE.

Now *avec permission, je lisez le lettre pour ce bien compagne.* (opens the letter)

Sir HARRY.

I'll beg a dust of your Grace's Strasbourg, to keep up my spirits, and to prevent infection first.

DUKE.

Vous etes bien venu Monsieur. (Reaches his box) (Reads) Dear Sir.—Blackfriars.

OMNES.

ha, ha, ha

DUKE.

Stay, stay, a commoner may have intimates; pray has any of this noble company ever been on the other side of London-Bridge?

Lady CHARLOTTE.

Why does your Grace ask?

DUKE.

Only a whim, my Lady, to know whether the inhabitants walk uprightly as we do, or go upon all fours; cannibals they undoubtedly are—but pronograde—I'll proceed in the epistle (*reads affectedly, minding no stops.*)

If the memory of that love which subsisted between us in our boyish days, is not by time and long absence quite effaced, you'll certainly be pleased to hear that your old school-fellow, Dick Grapple, is still in being, though almost naked, upon the British shore.

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DUKE.

(*to the company*) Was ever such nonsense heard of? That if he loved his old friend, he'd be glad to hear he was almost naked.—[reads] The story of my shipwreck, and other calamities, is too tedious for a letter, especially to a member of parliament, as I hear you are.

DUKE.

That's a sneer, he hears when all the world knows Lovel's in the Court Calendar.(*reads*) It was by mere accident I heard of you.—

PHILIP.

And it will be mere miracle if he ever hears of you.(*reads.*) If you'll order your servants to give me admittance, 'tis in my power to serve you in regard to your affairs at home.—

KITTY.

Another Freeman, I warrant! he wants to inspect the pantry.—

DUKE(*reads*)

and it may be in your capacity, if it is your inclination, to save from ruin your most obsequious, most devoted, most obliged, most obedient, most—O! Lard! I can remember no more, Timothy Lickspittle.

Lady BAB.

Surely you wrongs him, my Lord Duke! let me see, no faith, 'tis Ricard Gapple, if I can read.

DUKE

'Tis all one, my Lady, R, R, R, Richard Grapple, being properly pronounced. Oh! your ladyship has not the true idiom *de la Francois, patience un peu de temps*; but, Pox on't, you read very well for an Earl's daughter too—.

As I would not wilfully infringe the laws of the stage-wright, by swelling this scene to a greater length than the rules of the drama admit of, I shall close it, with wishing, that, amongst the hurry of the company, the letter may be dropped, and found by Lovel, who I would have overjoyed to hear a young gentleman is in London, that had preserved his life in a party of swimming; and I could wish, that instead of turning the scoundrel, Philip, out of his house, he would send him to Newgate, for breaking open his letter; which, according to the laws of England, is as much felony as forcing a lock. Indeed, if one half the nobility and gentry knew in what a ludicrous manner their most private concerns are treated through this channel, they would be a little more circumspect about letters.

This digression I have made for common benefit, and, therefore, I am satisfied the sensible part of my readers will take it as 'tis meant. I shall now return to my talk, of gathering from an immense lumber of rhymes, condemned to oblivion, those I

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think the most tolerable; though I do assure my readers, I have never yet wrote one couplet that pleased myself. What I may do hereafter, if the world should be more partial to my lays than I am myself, is yet to be known. The best apology I can make for my faults, is the true one, that I am condemned like a spider, to spin all out of myself, not having had one book, as I observed before, to assist me; one friend to revise me; nor one moment to bestow on them the necessary corrections I knew they wanted: so that I am confident, their having been well received by the learned and the judicious, must entirely have been the result of that frankness and candour ever resident in great minds.

An ELEGIAIC ESSAY, On the death of the Right Honourable the Marquis of Lindsay, son to his Grace the Duke of Ancaster, written 1759.

Manibus date lilia plenis.

WHEN, for Britannia's punishment of late,
Fallen was the lovely offspring of the great,
Stopped were the pitying accents of my tongue,
And the lamented babe a while unsung.

At length in sable Majesty arrayed,
With down-cast look appeared the tragic maid;
An awful horror chilled me ere she spoke,
When silence thus the pensive fair one broke.

Oh! would'st thou learn eternally to weep,
And constant converse with dejection keep,
Contemn the themes that giddy mirth excite,
Pursuing anguish through her dreary flight;
Whether shrill echoes from the cottage rise,
Of filial, social, or maternal cries;
Or steadfast friendship, like a statue placed,
Weeps o'er the ruins of a friend deceased.
On such attend, for such attune thy string,
No grief's too humble for the muse to sing.

O should sublimer sympathy alarm,
And all thy soul to nobler subjects warm,
See where too sad, too wide a field appears,
The generous, beauteous, Ancaster in tears.
Who can be silent, and behold her mourn,
The hope of ages at a Lindsay's urn?
Though from her eyes incessant sorrows fall
'Twill not her treasure from the grave recall;
Nor o'er that cheek a vivid gloom expand,
Damped by; the dew of death's remorseless hand.
No more his prattle shall inspire delight,

John Carteret Pilkington

The live-long day, or tedious winter night;
Wake all a father's fondness as it flows,
And all a mother's happiness compose;
There solemn silence has assumed her reign,
Fruitless are tears, and invocations vain.
Say, death, thou bane of human prospects, say,
Why is perfection soonest snatched away?
Why should thy dart on Bertie's cradle fall,
While for thy aid a thousand wretches call?
Couldst thou not take the desolate, the blind,
The poor that succour seek in vain to find?
Give them oblivion, and to Albion spare,
Virtue's fond pledge, and worth's apparent heir.

Thus humble shrubs of wild luxuriant race,
That lend the landscape no enlivening grace,
Oft have a tempest's rapid force withstood,
That rent the noblest cedar in the wood;
And princely Bertie, like a victim fell,
While I survived, the mournful tale to tell.

As I have formerly mentioned, that my ambition was to praise, and at the same time to avoid the ignominious appellation of a parasite, I have made most of my panegyrics upon the dead, from whom no future favour can possibly be expected; but a censorious world must confess, that I have been happy in the choice of my subjects; and though ingratitude, or insensibility, silenced the more eminent sons of Apollo upon the themes I have honoured my pen by, surely nobody will condemn me for the following attempt.

On the death of the late Right Honourable the Countess of SHAFTESBURY.

WHY o'er my soul impends this deadly dew?
The matchless Shaftesbury's no more, 'tis true;
And weeping orphans, with regret, shall find
So much perfection is not left behind.
Can friendship with her from immortal bliss,
'Midst the rough tumults of a world like this?
Or grieve the recompense, too soon she found,
Of days, that virtue and religion crowned?
Yet, can philosophy the seas assuage,
Or calm a tempest in its maddened rage?
From recent wounds, the quick sensation take,
Or bid a wretch tormented cease to speak?
Though in the regions of eternal rest
We know thy soul's superlatively blessed;
Yet were thy virtues to the world so dear,
Relenting nature, still must wish 'em here.
Even I—this melting weakness must confess,
While tears my sorrow—more than words express.
I join the weeping melancholy train,
That mourn the kindest of her sex in vain.

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As this admirable lady's whole life was employed in the service of the distressed, and the encouragement of every liberal science, to which the elegance of her taste aptly inclined her; and as there is no reason to doubt, but that every person of genius, more or less, partook of her well-judged liberality; I must confess, I blushed at the depravity of my species, to see her pass to the grave unnoticed by them, and only lamented in domestic life, where she shone with incomparable lustre. Lord Shaftesbury, whom, if I dare transcribe my thoughts, I would pronounce the best of men; and, if I did, I should find no murmur to oppose it—was long inconsolable for her loss; and her honest attendants, to whom her ladyship was constantly a mother, speak of her to this day with tear-streaming eyes.

I can't help observing here, how great an effect good example may have on the minds of inferiors: the lady I speak of, was, as his Lordship now is, mild, affable, polite, learned, and easy of access; the servants, by frequently having the happiness to hear and see them, became the echoes of their benignity, and were as widely different from those preposterous characters I have drawn, as good is from bad; go, for the great may take my simple word for it, that an imperious servant, is like a ridiculous ambassador, and every enormity he commits, appears to be either copied after, or done by the positive order of the person he represents, and is placed to his account, whether right or wrong; in short, 'tis an invariable maxim, that a brutish master makes a brutish man.

To give one instance of this, I shall recite a little story: A poetical friend of mine, who is allowed to have some merit in his compositions, addressed a poem to a certain great man, just returned from his travels. Undoubtedly, he was accompanied from thence by a train of rascally foreigners, who having been bred in a state of slavery, imagined they could impose it on the free-born natives of these islands, and that they might with impunity treat such persons here, as they had seen men of capacity used abroad: this is indeed, the best construction I can put upon what is to follow. The verses he wrote were, according to my opinion, very pretty in their kind; and as he favoured me with the inspection of his papers, and made me the confidant of his expectations, he invited me to breakfast on the morning he expected to receive the great man's answer.—We were scarcely seated at tea, when a fellow entered, who lacked nothing but whiskers, to complete the head of a Saracen; but he had the apparel of a gentleman. My friend (a man of address) asked him to sit down; No, said he, Monsieur, I have not de time to lose avec you; is your name so and so? Yes, answered the gentleman. Then mine Lord D—— sent you dat and dat, said he, and so retired, leaving some papers on the table. My friend took them up with great fortitude and composure, and found his own verses torn across, and another piece written in an attorney's hand, which we at first apprehended was a bill in chancery, by its prolixity, and the formality it was drawn up with; but when we came to read it, We had a full half-hour's merriment—for such a complication of bombast and nonsense never was huddled together before: I remember some of the lines ran thus:

"And now, my Lord, that you are safe come back,
what is there more for Britain's sons to lack?
And now, my Lord, that you are safe come home,
we hope no more in foreign realms you'll roam.
And now, my Lord, that you are here again,
The Muse with pleasure does take up her pen.

John Carteret Pilkington

And now, my Lord, as you are so polite,
you'll know the merits of what poets write."

In short, "and now, my Lord," was the beginning of every second line, through the whole performance, which was closely penned on a large sheet of post paper.

My friend, after ruminating a little, said, "Really, if the great man is a rational creature, such a piece of stuff must excite his resentment; but why should he therefore affront me? I am determined, let what will be the issue, to reverse my compliment, and tell him in a poignant satire, what opinion his country really entertains of him."

I entreated him to desist from so rash and unprofitable an undertaking, as it might do him hurt, and could by no means procure him any satisfaction; for if my L—
—d himself was capable of such ill manners, he must be incorrigible; and if the fellow dared to take such a freedom, without his privity, he would consequently serve all letters that were presented at the house, in the same manner.

Notwithstanding my most earnest remonstrances, he wrote the following lines, and would have published them in such a manner, as to be comprehended by the meanest understanding; but that he was in a few days after obliged to go abroad, and has since lost his life in the service of his country. Nor should I give them a place here, if I thought the person they were intended to lash could ever be guessed at; all I mean hereby, is to verify by demonstration, how much it is in the power of an ignorant pert servant, to bring severe reflections on the life and morals of his master.

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.
SHAKESPEARE

CURSED be the bard, through penury or fear,
That henceforth fawns on a degenerate Peer;
In a false mirror, vies to let him see,
Not what he is—but what he ought to be.
High as his titles would adapt his praise,
To them imaginary trophies raise;
If forced by fortune—or compelled by want
I spoke you worthy—witness I recant:
The harmless panegyric I bestowed,
Not from your virtue, but my fancy flowed;
Henceforth, my L——d, with a minuter care,
I'll represent you—reptile as you are:
But hold—Italian bravos may be bought,
And blood be spilled for writing as I ought;
Amongst your *** sordid Gallic train,
A brave assassin can't be sought in vain,
Monsieur, your valet, will the office do;
You can encourage, and protect him too.

Heaven, says my L——d, with *an assuming brow*
Per Ben parlare—wat de matter now?
Did I for this in foreign brothels shine,
And on the vice of human-kind refine?

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At distant courts, display my beardless face,
Purchase their P——, impertinence and lace?
Ransack endearing Italy and France,
My voice to model, and reform my dance?
At last returning elegantly bred,
With empty pockets and sonorous head,
Aid me, oh Monsieur! aid thy injured Lord,
I'll draw out anything—except my sword;
A passive trophy, 'tis for great ones meant,
Let soldiers use it, *j'ai pour l'ornament*.

Vere it mine case, says Monsisieur—he should feel
Mine vakened wrath, and die in de Bastille;
A Peer of France consults no vulgar laws,
Nor for his acts assigns a public cause.
Oh! glorious thought, the raptured *** replied,
But here that pleasing comfort is denied.

A servant enters, *may it please your ****,
A Briton pines with sorrow in his face;
Entreats your charity his pains to ease.
I'm absent,—sick,—or busy—what you please.
An opera singer now an audience waits,
Open the doors, unbar the folding gates;
Tell Signor Numsculini—he may come,
I knew him in-ti-mate-ly well at Rome.
Salve, Signor—your benefit draws nigh,
Accept this fifty pound, *pardonne moi*;
Business of consequence demands me now,
Signor, your slave devoted—makes a bow.

A shabby brother of Apollo's tribe
*Entreats your *** will to his work subscribe.*
Tell him I would—but that I never read.
The writer shakes his head—'tis plain indeed.

Now fiddlers, pimps, and parasites attend,
Studious to cringe, dissemble, and commend.
No honest hand, displays the dull poltroon,
No faithful tongue, proclaims him a baboon;
A coxcomb, fribble, or Sir Courtly Nice,
With Jackdaws pertness, and a Monkey's vice,
Soothing each grovelling passion of the soul,
They make a moving puppet of the whole;
Till all disorders, nature that impair,
Call of his *** and leaves a rotten heir.

I am confident, that none of my candid readers will once surmise the foregoing libel proceeded from me, as I never use gall in my ink; and I can appeal for the truth of this to ***** he is extremely obliged to me; ***** it is much in my power to *****; though ***** the many promises he made to the lady, ***** yet this sensible man *****

my want of resentment, **** say and to do **** that **** should in honour, prudence, and good policy be ashamed of; **** I am not in the least chagrined at his treatment of me, nor do I, **** he will at length relent, **** pay me **** I live in hopes of, **** is **** shall destroy some materials, **** falling into less prudent hands, **** on the word of a freemason, **** this intricate passage, ****, one calendar month **** at liberty, to write less mysteriously.

Note: This paragraph was obstructed, and mangled in this manner by some small particles of the sand of the river Pactolus flying in the author's eyes, on Friday the 8th of Feb. 1760.

I told my readers some pages past, that I had never yet written anything in verse to please myself; but a few nights ago I was seized with a sudden impulse to scribble, and scribble I did, the following little piece; and whether it be owing to a defect in my judgment or to the general fondness parents have to their newest born offspring, I esteem it the most like poetry of any attempt I have yet made. This was inserted in the British Chronicle, Monday Jan. 21.

ODE to his Excellency Field Marshal General Lord Viscount Ligonier, Jan. 1, 1760.

I

Unpensioned for the annual song,
The willing numbers glide along,
To hail the rising year;
That lets a raptured nation view
Their favourite blessing live in you,
Time-honoured Ligonier.

II

Daughter of Paeon* give him health,
Parent of day increase his wealth,
And radiant influence shed;
Around his hospitable dome
The hapless soldier's constant home,
And sure resource for bread.

*Note: Hygeia the Goddess of Health.

III.

Thy presence cheers the drooping Muse,
Nor these her lonely strain refuse,
Inspired by love sincere;
Whatever fate thy bard attends,
For thee to heaven his prayer ascends,
And heaven regards his prayer.

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A fine subject is certainly the happiest inspirer of easy verse; if the piece cited, has any tincture of the latter, it must have been derived from the former; which was likewise the case in the two following essays.

On seeing the right honourable Elizabeth, Countess of Northumberland at St. James's Sunday, Dec. 9, 1759

SMIT with amazement at a form so bright,
Where splendour, ease, and dignity unite:
Where at a glance is evidently seen,
The regal greatness that bespeaks a queen,
At thy approach unbidden we retire,
And wrapped in awful steadfastness admire,
As if some beauteous deity appeared
Seen to be loved, and known to be revered;
The demi-crescent* harbingers the way,
While wondering crowds their adoration pay.

*Note: The half-moon worn in the cap of her Ladyship's page that precedes her chair

Well may thy presence, noble Percy raise
Incense of blessings, monuments of praise;
For, midst the grateful multitude there's few,
But more or less have been obliged to you.

Whatever heaven in former ages gave
To deck the learned, munificent or brave,
In Percy's form and manners we behold
With all the lustre it appeared of old;
Whose high descent is manifestly shown,
By native ease, and "graces all her own."

On hearing a description of Lord Lyttleton's new house in Worcestershire.

TO cherish arts, and sciences to aid,
That pile superb was generously essayed;
Whose spacious dome, and whose extensive plan,
Justly displayed the spirit of the man.
Oh! should an ill-timed penury control
The native flowings of thy liberal soul,
Place but thyself amidst the wide domain,
'Twill all that's great and excellent contain.

Perhaps nothing said of myself, in the course of this book, will do me half so much honour in the opinion of its readers, as to tell them that, to the unwearied bounties of these illustrious persons I owe my present existence; and, therefore, if anything I have now written, or hereafter may write, affords the least entertainment,

the kind preservers of my life, the defenders of my liberty, and the sources of my support, must take the merit of it. Yes, ye good and great, if I attempted to suppress the enthusiastic impulse of my gratitude, it would overwhelm me; though to enumerate half your kindnesses would employ all my remaining pages: yet to record a Shaftesbury, a Hartford, a Germain, a Lyttleton, a Guildford, a North, a Cardigan, a Leeds, a sensible Whitehead, and a Bridgeman, amongst the foremost, who, deaf to all the calumnies malignantly propagated for my ruin, assisted me and mine with an unlimited benevolence, is no less than my duty at the same time that I consider it, as the amplest encomium on myself and my posterity. In one of my essays published in Lloyd's paper, (which I heard some judges say is the best extant) I recommended it to seven of the most opulent booksellers, to hire seven of the most profound critics, and shut them up seven years, in seven different garrets, to compose seven hundred commentaries on me and my writings. I am not doubtful but this volume will afford them infinite matter to display the energy of their talents on, as there are numerous accidental errors in them, as well as the unavoidable faults of nature; therefore whenever a letter is misplaced, or a stop omitted, it will be kindly imputed to the author's ignorance; for men who have no talents themselves, nor no pretensions to shine in any branch of science, find infinite satisfaction in depreciating the attempts of others, nay, they make a tolerable livelihood of it; so that it is more than possible the blunders of the press corrector, and mine united, may afford them some good dinners.

But in order to allay the zest of their entertainment, I must appeal to the less rigid and more friendly reader, by asking how it was possible for a man either to write or correct, with a mind distracted by ten thousand wants, cares and anxieties? I had scarce proposed a subscription, when it was industriously rumoured, I would never publish a book; and though this did not withhold superior minds from contributing to its appearance, yet to the base, the vulgar, and the ignorant, wretches with whom I had no connection, it was a perpetual fund for the most cruel and unjust reflections; insomuch that a faithful servant [Elizabeth Rainbut], who has adhered to me with a disinterested regard through all my adversities, frequently came in, with tears in her eyes, to complain of the insults she met with on my account: such as: If your master thinks to cheat the public with his pretended book, you must not cheat us.—The poor girl, who knew the integrity of my principles, and the frequency of my being honoured with letters and messages from persons of the first distinction in Great Britain and Ireland, and who likewise knew I was at the same time employed in preparing these pages for the press, engaged in my cause with an Amazonian fortitude; and could only content her by promising to prosecute them for defamation, as soon as I got a little respite from the baneful effects of their unprovoked malice; which promise, though I detest law suits, I yet mean to fulfil.

This has obliged me to hurry on an abrupt conclusion to the story of my life, and has indeed almost concluded my life itself; for what between a constitution, alas! too delicate for my condition, and the frequent shocks, alarms and tremors that attend a state of voluntary imprisonment, my spirits are exhausted, my ideas contracted, and my relish for life and its enjoyments absolutely stagnated. Add to all this, that by a violent cold which fell upon my glands, by going out too soon after a fever, before I left Ireland, my speech is rendered unpleasing, to those who have not been familiarly conversant with me. This carries a ten-fold affliction with it, as it renders me shy of entering into any discourse, or accepting the invitations of my superiors, that might otherwise be advantageous to me; and makes me frequently look like an idiot, when I really have enough to say for myself; besides, the ill-natured part of mankind, who

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make all human infirmities the subject of ridicule, are but too apt to impute it to a cause I should blush to name; but surely my offspring, when seen, will be the truest vindication in that respect, if health, bloom, or complexion in them, are admitted as evidences on a father's behalf.

I shall only now present to my readers two letters, which will enable them to judge with what degree of public good opinion, and private esteem, I left Ireland; the one from the Earl of Clanricarde, and the other from Baron Dawson, whose name I've taken the freedom to mention before:—to two such eminently sensible, and indisputably excellent persons, I need scarce make an apology for thus publicly showing the pride I take in being thought well of by them, as such testimonials will, at one view, render me more service in the sight of the praiseworthy, than all the slander that envy can invent or malignity propagate, will avail to my disadvantage.

To Mr. PILKINGTON, in Margaret-Street, Cavendish-Square.

Sir,

I Yesterday received at Southampton the letter you I did me the favour to write me; and I now take the first opportunity of assuring you, that the sense I have of the bad treatment Mrs. Pilkington very undeservedly received, would alone be a sufficient inducement for my complying with your desire, did I not think that so promising a genius ought to be encouraged.

You may very readily command my name, and if you will let me know how I am to convey the money, will immediately do it. You do me a great deal of honour in supposing me equal to the ticklish task of an author; the book, I believe, you mean, is the Memoirs of the Marquis of Clanricarde, published by me; if you think it will afford you any pleasure, I dare say Mr. Dodsley will readily, on mentioning it to him as a request of mine, lend you a volume.

I am, in, great haste, which I hope you will excuse,

SIR

Your most obedient servant,

CLANRICARDE,

Belmont, near Westmeon,

Hants,

October 20 1757.

To Mr. JOHN CARTERET PILKINGTON, in Margaret-Street, Cavendish-Square, London.

Dublin, Nov. 22, 1757.

SIR,

ON my coming to town to attend the term, I found, among others, which my servant had neglected to send me, two letters from you; I am willing to be a subscriber to your undertaking, and wish you success in it.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble servant,

ARTHUR DAWSON.

P.S. My wife is obliged to you for your present.

John Carteret Pilkington

I promised, at my first setting out, some more animadversions on my quondam step-dame; but having been so long treating of persons of consequence, I cannot again descend so low; besides, it might give pain to a father's heart, which, however cold to me now, by time, absence, and misrepresentation, may, by some future event, be taught, how dearly, how tenderly, its repose is wished by the poor lost one it has abandoned; who, through a life of painful vicissitudes, has never ceased to solicit the Almighty for his prosperity and welfare, nor done one act to bring dishonour upon his name.

FINIS