

**The Memoirs
Of
Lætitia Pilkington**

Vol II

Published by the Ex-classics Project, 2013
<http://www.exclassics.com>

Public Domain

CONTENTS

TITLE PAGE..... 3
DEDICATION..... 4
PREFACE..... 6
The Memoirs of Laetitia Pilkington Volume 2..... 9



MEMOIRS, VOL II.

TITLE PAGE

MEMOIRS
OF
Mrs. Lætitia Pilkington,

WIFE TO THE
Rev. Mr. Matthew Pilkington.
Written by HERSELF.

Wherein are occasionally interspersed, Her
POEMS,

With a VARIETY of
SECRET TRANSACTIONS
of some EMINENT PERSONS.

VOL II.

Cursed be the verse, how well so e'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe;
Gives vice a sanction, innocence a fear,
Or from the pale eyed virgin draws a tear. POPE.

— Longa est injuria, longa
Ambages: sed summa sequar fastigia rerum. VIRG ÆN.I.

— Pudet haec opprobria nobis,
Et dici poruisse, & non potuisse refelli. OVID.

=====

DUBLIN Printed:
London reprinted: and sold by R. Griffiths, at the *Dunciad* in *Ludgate Street*. 1749.

DEDICATION

To the right honourable the Lord Baron Kingsborough.

My Lord,

Though your Lordship has been pleased positively to prohibit my dedicating this volume to you, yet as I had the following poem written, I could not resist the temptation of prefixing it to my work, which I must rely on your goodness to pardon as

I really am,

With all possible gratitude, and respect.

Your Lordship's

Most obliged,

Humble servant,

L. Pilkington.

Oh! KING, Live for ever!

TO thee within whose heaven-illumined breast
Resides each virtue, which adorns the blest
'Tis bold presumption to attune my lays;
Seraphic notes should hymn sublimer praise;
Angels enthroned, in bliss with rapture view
Their own divine perfections live in you
Say, while you wander, thro' the rural shade
By sapphire fount, or flower-enamelled mead,
By wisdom nursed, by contemplation fed,
By both, to every art and science led;
While sacred honour, that immortal guest
Lives in each action of thy life confessed,
Wilt thou, propitious, while I wake the string,
Attentive listen to the strains I sing;
No venal lay I offer to impart,
Accept the rapture of a grateful heart.
Come, inspiration, from thy hermit-seat,
O, give me flowing numbers sweetly great!
Free as his bounties, beauteous as his frame,
And pure and bright, as his unspotted fame;
For nature, prodigal to KING, has given
All gifts, admired on earth, and dear to Heaven;
Then to *Hibernia*, lent this sacred store,
Too blest *Hibernia*, can'st thou wish for more :
Philosophers can, from the noon-tide sun,
Extra& one solar ray, tho' finely spun;
Then, in that ray, the various colours show,
With which god paints the rain-foretelling bow;
May I, like them, presume, with happy art,
To trace, distinct, the virtues of thy heart,
Or turn, astonished, from the dazzling light,

And own it too intolerably bright,
 When every beam does with full force unite.
 Here did I pause, when, lo! the heaven-born muse,
 Who, if aright invoked, will ne'er refuse
 Her aid, appeared, and said, thy noble choice
 May better than the muse inspire thy voice :
 To me eternal wisdom gave the care
 Of KING, no meaner power could interfere
 Pleased with the talk, I took the lovely child,
 Blooming as spring, with looks serenely mild;
 Hence flows beneficent his boundless mind,
 The joy, the love, the friend of human-kind;
 Modesty, learning, genius, wit, and taste,
 By female sweetness, manly virtue graced;
 Hence take their source, oh favourite of the Skies
 To which, tho' late, triumphant shalt thou rise;
 There mix with souls, like thine, divinely pure,
 And taste the rapture fitted to endure:
 She ceased; thanks heavenly visitant, I said,
 To thee my gratitude be ever paid;
 For what, sufficient, may I render thee,
 Who raised a PATRON that protected me;
 Who viewed my anguish with a pitying eye,
 When even a son, and brother pass it by.
 All-righteous heaven, attend my ardent Prayer,
 Make him thy constant, thy peculiar care,
 Whose mercy, like the dews that bless the ground,
 Silently falls, refreshing all around;
 While, with such winning grace, his bounties flow,
 They double all the blessings they bestow
 Touched with a painful joy, the labouring heart
 Struggles its mighty transport to impart,
 Meanings crowd thick, the tongue its aid denies,
 And springing tears the loss of speech supplies.
 The P——rs of *Ireland* long have been a jest,
 Their own, and every other climate's pest;
 But KING shall grace the coronet he wears,
 And make it vie with *Britain's* noblest stars
 And when, in time, to grace his nuptial bed,
 Some chaste, illustrious charmer he shall wed:
 May love, and joy, and truth, the pomp attend,
 And deathless honour to his race descend.

PREFACE.

I can't but let my readers see my vanity, in inserting the following poems, written to me since I came to Dublin, and do assure them, I have as many packets of a day, as a Minister of State; some praising, and some abusing me; the best of which in my praise, I have chosen out for their perusal.

To Mrs. Pilkington.
Monday, April 4, 1748.

MADAM,
IF you can find a Place for the following verses in your second volume, I shall think myself highly honoured, who am with all Sincerity,
&c.

I.

WHEN Time's grown hoary, with a thousand Years,
How must *Hibernia* laud thy name?
Tho' now she seems to triumph in thy tears,
And almost glories in her Shame.

II.

Could *Gaul*, or *Albion*, boast a Right in thee,
Who now must envy what we hate;
They'd prize that noble Worth, we seem to flee,
And glory in so blessed a Fate.

III

Ye Sons, that put her Honour to the Test,
Assert the glories of her name,
And let her stand to distant times redressed,
In Virtue spotless as in Fame.

To Mrs. Lætitia Pilkington.
Clangill, July 16. 1748.

MADAM,
WHEN I read the First Volume of your Works, I was touched with a feeling Sense of your uncommon Misfortunes, and am convinced, the Villainy of a Pr—st, and envy [of] some of your

MEMOIRS, VOL II.

own sex, gave birth to all your afflictions; and I'll venture to say that the Doctor can't but secretly acknowledge,

That *Pallas* sowed, within your mind,
Seeds long unknown to woman-kind,
For manly bosoms chiefly sit,
The Seeds of Knowledge, Judgment, Wit.

Now, Madam, in return for the satisfaction your book gave me, I send you the following Essay, and if you like it,

I disregard the critic's frown,
And all the Quack-Bards of the Town,

I am your Friend,
BERNARD CLARKE.

HAIL, charming Fair, with low but friendly lays,
I'll tune my Pipe, and vie to sing thy Praise.
Ambitious always to defend thy Fame,
And sing thy spotless, but much injured Name.

Thy Story oft with pitying Soul I read,
And judge thy hapless fate was hard indeed;
Ungrateful man! could neither wit nor art
Raise thy compassion, or secure thy heart,
When all the joys, that please in human life,
Shone bright in her, and formed a perfect wife;
Respected and revered, where'er she went,
Discreetly gay, yet strictly innocent;

To Mrs. PILKINGTON on Reading her MEMOIRS.

WHEN beauty suffers, in fair virtue's cause,
And men refuse, to innocence, applause!
'Tis then the muse, in all her charms should rise,
And bear that merit, to its native skies.
Such 'twas of old, inspired the Grecian song,
And bore her heroes, and her nymphs along;
From her proud Rome possessed the sacred flame,
And from the urn, preserved *Lucretia's* name.

BRITONS, whene'er the dismal tale, you hear,
Oh! pay to *Pilkington*, the pious Tear :
A second Lucrece, now in her behold!

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

By Friends forsook, and by her Husband sold
Sold, curst, ensnared to Infamy and Shame,
O base betrayer of a woman's fame!
Touched with Remorse, let thy own Bosom say,
What worms, what snakes, within that bosom prey :
What pang thou feel'st for Guilt unheard, unknown;
And may that pang, forever be thy own!
Oh! can'st thou yet forbid thy eyes to flow?
And render tear for tear, and woe for woe;
Say, can'st thou see thy once-loved partner roam,
Exiled by thee, from children, and from home :
Exposed to want, to grief, to lust, to Care:
And thou, the Author, smile at her despair?

Alas! Ye Gods, to him was never giv'n
The meanest spark of gratitude from Heav'n;
Else would his breast with kind compassion bleed;
Else would his soul detest the impious deed.
Else would his heart the long lost passion prove,
And rouse his Honour, to redeem his Love.

Ah! injured Fair, no more his honour mourn!
His Honour's fled, ah! never to return,
Let him, secure, of every joy possessed,
Be lulled to peace and visionary rest;
Thus when his soul from every care is free;
No sense of heav'n, nor yet a thought of thee.
Then all-inflam'd shall vengeance wing its way,
Steal on his sight, and snatch him from the day.
Amazed! each one, shall own the sentence just,
And send his bones with curses to the dust.

But thou, superior to the worst of days,
Shalt rise in health, in virtue, and in praise.
Envy shall cease, and malice be no more,
Each woman love thee, and each man adore.
With Themes Celestial, shall thy spirit glow,
And, in full rapture, live another *Rowe*,

H. K.
Taunton, Somerset.

N.B. This last poetical address to Mrs. Pilkington, is not in the Irish Edition, being sent to the Publisher in London.

The Memoirs of Laetitia Pilkington

Volume 2

So being entered on a new scene, I proceed: I got as far as Chester; but, as it was winter, the stagecoach set out but once a week, namely on Monday; and as I did not land until Tuesday, I had near a week to stay at an inn, an expense my poor pocket could not well afford. But Providence sent me a timely relief; for as I was sitting with my landlady, by her kitchen fire, a gentleman came in, who knew me; he was going to Ireland, and the wind proving contrary, he was a fellow prisoner, as I may call it with me; and a very agreeable one he proved, for he never permitted me to pay a farthing. My landlady, who was really a gentlewoman, and he, and I, diverted away the time with ombre, reading, and prattling, very tolerably: and as the gentlemen knew my misfortunes, and had known all my family, and very generously, and not without many apologies, gave me three guineas; a very seasonable assistance: thus we may see, that

*Each good the virtuous soul itself denies,
The watchful care of Providence supplies.*

By this I was enabled to travel. I learned with great pleasure, that a member of Parliament and two gentlemen of the law, had taken place as in the coach, and hoped for an agreeable journey; but sadly disappointed I was, for certainly three such brutes I never saw; they affronted me every moment, because I was born in Ireland; and I believe they had not the colic, for they made themselves very easy: but the worst circumstance of all was, that they used to sit up drinking all night, and forced me to pay my club for their wine, though I never even saw it.

They were great Walpolians, and many a trick in the elections did they relate before me, taking it for granted that I was a fool: at last, they very civilly demanded of me, what business I had to London? So, resolving to divert myself, I told them, I was going there in hopes Sir Robert would marry me; this made them very merry, they laughed at my folly, and I at theirs. At length we picked up a Welsh parson, of whom I had the honour of making a conquest, which afforded us great entertainment, for about fifty miles. I always permitted him to pay my club; but, like a true Levite, he began to offer a little more of his civility than I was willing to accept of; so, finding that would not do, he made me a present of a ginger-bread-nut, curiously wrapped up in white paper, and after making me give him a promise to write to him, he left us.

As my fellow travellers had observed his amorous behaviour, and saw him deliver his present, they earnestly requested to know what it was; so to oblige them, I showed it. When we came to St Albans, we were met by a gentleman in a coach and six, whom they stiled the great Mr. Mid—ton, of Chirk Castle in Denbighshire, who was related to them all; so they went into his coach, and I got to female companions. However, we all baited at the same inn at Barnet, and this prodigious man insisted on having the ladies for his guests; and, laying hold of my hand, he swore that little Hibernian nymph should dine with him; so upstairs we all went, where he entertained us with an account of his ample estate, saying, it was much larger than the Duke of Bedford's; but how unworthy he was to possess it, the sequel will show.

My adventures with the Welsh parson made him laugh very heartily; and he insisted on my keeping my promise in writing to him, assuring me he would take care the letter should go safe. So, by way of amusement, I scribbled as follows:

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

Sir,

Your gingerbread, unbroken,
Remains a true love token.

I am assured, by your honourable countrymen, that you pass for a wit in Wales; it is therefore my sincere advice to you, never to quit it, lest the rest of the world should be malicious enough to refuse you your due praise. As for the favour you offered to me, why you offered it like a priest, and I refused it like a fool; if you write to me, direct, to the right honourable the lady W—lp—le, in Downing Street, Westminster. I will endeavour to prevail on my spouse elect to send you a fiddle and a hogshead of good October, to entertain your parishioners every Sunday.

I am, sweet Sir Crape,
Yours.

Mr. Mid—ton said, he thought I could read men as well as Sir Robert. But now

*Came the reckoning, when the feast was o'er,
The dreadful reckoning! And we smiled no more.*

For our grandee made us pay our club! 'tis true, indeed, he writ something to make me amends, which was this:

My Charmer,

If you will leave a line for me at Brownjohn's Coffee House in Ormond Street, and give me a direction where to find you, you shall find a friend in
J. M—n.

But really I never did, so we parted, and I never saw him more. The sample he had given of the narrowness of his heart was sufficient to disgust me; and though I am not fond of making national reflections, yet I would of all things never trust a Welshman, lest, as Falstaff says of the Welsh fairy, he should transform me into a piece of toasted cheese.

At length I got to London, where, after having paid all demands, I had three guineas left, with which the next day I took a lodging in Berry Street, St James's.

I wrote to Ireland to no purpose it seemed; for I never got any answer; so in a very short time I was in great distress, and knew not what to do. Having heard Mr. Ed—d W—p—le was a very humane gentleman, I wrote to him, and he sent me a letter in return, wherein he promised to wait on me the next evening, and accordingly came; nay, and sat with me three hours; at the end of which time he told me, he did not know how he could possibly be of any service to me. I told him I had some poems, which I intended to print by subscription, and if he would do me the honour of promoting it, it was all the favour I desired.—He answered, if he undertook it, he should certainly neglect it; but however he would give me some money; so he pulled out his purse, and took out five guineas: would not any person have then thought themselves sure of them? But according to the old proverb, *many a thing falls out between the lip and the cup*; the gentlemen took a second thought, and put the guineas in his purse again, assuring me, it was not convenient for him to part with them.

And, indeed, I believe he is a beast without a heart; for this is his constant answer to every person, as I have frequently observed, when those whom he chose for friends and companions wanted but the smallest assistance from him. So he

*For poets open table kept,
But ne'er considered where they slept;*

MEMOIRS, VOL II.

*Himself, as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy, though they wanted shoes.*
Swift.

On this I arose, and told him, as I perceived it was not in his inclination to do me any service, I would no longer take up his important time, and civilly dismissed him.

Mr. Dodsley ventured to print *The Trial Of Constancy*, by which I got about five guineas, and a much greater happiness, the favour and friendship of the Poet Laureate. I was advised to enclose one of them to him, which I did, in as genteel a letter as I knew how to write: the good gentleman came to visit me, and did me every act of friendship in his power; it is to his unwearied zeal in my behalf, that I owe that I yet live to thank him; for,

Had I not been by him supplied,
I must a thousand times have died.

I must not here omit, but when the poem was published, I enclosed two of them to Mr. W—lp—le, who wrote me a letter of thanks, and that was all: *Mem.* He owes me two shillings.

As I wanted to make interest with the great, I took a lodging in St James's Street, exactly opposite to White's Chocolate House, where happening to see Captain Meade go in, I wrote over to him, and he was so kind to give me an invitation to his house, which was within a small mile from Hampton Court, a delightful walk through Bushy Park leading to it: this saved me a great deal of expense: for as the Parliament was now broke up, London was quite empty, and Mr. Cibber being gone to Tunbridge, I could not, till the return of winter, hope to gain any subscribers, so I went into the country with great pleasure.

The captain had a very sweet dwelling, a pretty wife, and four lovely children. We went to church the following Sunday: Dr Hales was Minister of the parish, and it was customary with him, whenever he saw a stranger in his congregation, to pay them a visit; so, after evening prayer, we were honoured with his company. Captain Meade told him, I was his sister Parson and sister writer; a merry sort of an introduction. The Doctor asked me, what I wrote? And the captain answered for me that I was going to publish a volume of poems by subscription. I told the Doctor, my writings might amuse, but his made the world the wiser and the better, as I had had the pleasure of reading them. I turned the discourse to natural philosophy, on which the doctor gave us an invitation to a course of experiments the next day. Though nothing I then saw was new to me, yet his reflections on every object were, as by them he demonstrated the divinity; and, wrapped in holy ecstasy, he soared above this little terrene spot, and, like a true high priest, led his auditors up to the Holiest of Holies.

After this sacred banquet, with which my soul was so elevated, that I could not avoid paying my acknowledgements in, I believe, an enthusiastic strain, we walked into the garden, where we were entertained with some fine fruit, cream, wine, &c. a rural collation.

The Doctor asked me, if I had any printed proposals for my poems, to which she promised not only to subscribe himself, but also to use his interest for me; I told him I had, and that I would give him some when I came to prayers the next morning.

But I could not sleep all night, so at daybreak I arose, and walked into Bushy Park; I sat down by the side of the fine cascade, and listened to the tunefully-falling waters so long, that methought they became vocal, and uttered articulate sounds; till, lulled by them, I fell insensibly asleep, when suddenly I imagined the water-nymph, to whom this spring belonged, arose before me with a lovely countenance, and a transparent azure robe, and putting a paper into my hand,

disappeared. I thought I read it; and as I presently awoke, I remembered all the lines; so, having a pencil and sheet of paper in my pocket, I wrote them down.

To the Rev Dr Hales.

Hail, holy Sage! Whose comprehensive mind,
Not to this narrow spot of Earth confined,
Through numerous worlds can Nature's laws explore,
Where none but Newton ever trod before;
And, guided by philosophy divine,
See through his works the Almighty Maker shine:
Whether you trace him through yon rolling spheres,
Where, crowned with boundless glory, he appears;
Or in the Orient Sun's resplendent rays,
His setting lustre, or his noontide blaze,
New wonders still thy curious search attend,
Begun on Earth, in highest heaven to end.
O! While thou dost those God-like works pursue,
What thanks, from humankind, to thee are due!
Whose error, doubt, and darkness, you remove,
And charm down Knowledge from her throne above.
Nature, to thee, her choicest secrets yields,
Unlocks her springs, and opens all her fields;
Shows the rich treasure that her breast contains,
In azure fountains, or enamelled plains;
Each healing stream, each plant of virtuous use,
To thee their medicinal powers produce:
Pining disease and anguish wing their flight,
And rosy health renews us to delight.

When you, with art, the animal dissect,
And, with the microscopic aid, inspect,
Where, from the heart, unnumbered rivers glide,
And faithful back return their purple tide;
How fine the mechanism, by thee displayed!
How wonderful is every creature made!
Vessels, too small for sight, the fluids strain,
Concoct, digest, assimilate, sustain:
In deep attention, and surprise, we gaze,
And to life's Author, raptured, pour out praise.

What duties dost thou open to the sight,
Untwisting all the golden threads of light!
Each parent colour tracing to its source,
Distinct they live, obedient to thy force!
Naught from thy penetration is concealed,
And LIGHT himself, shines to thy soul revealed.

So when the sacred writings you display,
 And on the mental eye shed purer day;
 In radiant colours truth arrayed we see,
 Confess her charms, and guided up by thee;
 Soaring sublime, on contemplation's wings,
 The fountains seek, whence truth eternal springs.
 Fain would I wake the consecrated lyre,
 And sing the sentiments thou didst inspire!
 But find my strength unequal to a theme,
 Which asks a Milton's, or a seraph's flame!
 If through weak words, one ray of reason shine,
 Thine was the thought, the errors only mine.
 Yet may these numbers to thy soul impart
 The humble incense of a grateful heart.
 Trifles, with God himself, acceptance find,
 If offered with sincerity of mind;
 Then, like the deity, indulgence show,
 Thou, most like Him, of all his works below.

After this pleasing reverie, I returned home, and had sufficient time to transcribe the lines fair, and dress myself ere the bell rung for morning prayer. As we were coming out of church, I gave the poem and some proposals, made up in a packet, to the Doctor; who came in the evening to visit us, and brought another clergyman with him, who was the Minister of Henley upon Thames; they both subscribed to me, and took a good many of the proposals, which they disposed of to persons of distinction.

So having got a little money, and Captain Meade being commanded on duty to the Tower for six months, we all came to London; where finding my lodging empty, I once more returned to St James's.

My good friend Mr. Cibber was my first visitor: he had got about four guineas for me; and told me, he was assured, by a gentleman of Ireland, who frequented White's, that my husband was a poet, and that all I had to publish were only some trifles I had stolen from him, which had greatly injured me: "But" (said he) "to set that right, you must take some subject, that has never been yet touched upon, dress it poetically, and send the lines to White's." This was really a hard task; but as my credit was now at stake, I was obliged to exert myself, and the next day sent him the following lines.

To Mr. Cibber.

When you advised me, Sir, to choose
 Some odd new subject for the Muse,
 From thought to thought unpleas'd I chang'd,
 Through nature, art, and science rang'd;
 Yet still could naught discover new,
 Till, happily, I fix'd on you.
 Your stoic turn, and cheerful mind,
 Have mark'd you, out of all mankind,
 The oddest theme my Muse can find.

Like other men, you nothing do;
 The world's one round of joy to you.

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

The wise, the weak, the sot, the sage,
Your hours can equally engage:
Though sense and merit are your choice,
You can with gayest fops rejoice;
Can taste them all, in season fit,
And match their follies, or their wit.
Truth has in you so fixed her seat,
Not all your converse with the great
Has yet misled you to deceit.
Your breast so bare, so free from blame,
Why sure your heart and tongue's the same!

Most hearts the harder grow with years,
But yours yet lends the afflicted tears;
Has merit pined in want and grief?
Your bounteous hand has brought relief.
To you, where frailty shades the soul,
One shining grace commends the whole.
Can no experience make you wiser,
Nor age convert you to a miser?

New too in other points I find you,
Where modern wits are thrown behind you.
Some praise a patron and reveal him;
You paint so true, you can't conceal him:
Their gaudy praise undue, but shames him,
While yours, by likeness, only names him.
Not wit, that libels, makes you grave,
At what you smile, my sense would rave;
While jealous bards by dunces stung,
With verse provoked, avenged the wrong.
With an uncommon candour, you
Such bards more humanely subdue:
Calm and composed, your conscious spirit
Can celebrate with praise their merit:
Thus yielding conquer; for sure Nature
Must feel such praise sting worse than satire.
Still am I warmed to sing your oddness,
Your singularity in goodness!

When to the wealthy and the great,
Adorned with honours and estate,
My Muse, forlorn! has sent her prayer,
Shunned were the accents of despair,
Till your excited pity sped her,
And with collected bounties fed her;
Cheered her sad thoughts, like genial spring,
And tuned once more her voice to sing.
Bear then her grateful notes, and be
Yourself her theme and harmony.
Could she, like yours, exalt her lays,
Polite artificer of praise!

MEMOIRS, VOL II.

From the sweet song you'd jealous grow
And guard the laurel on your brow.

If, which I know, these facts are true,
Confess, at least, the verse is new,
That publicly speaks well of you.

This met with a very favourable reception, and Mr. Cibber assured it to all of the noblemen at White's, as a means to engage them to subscribe to me, which, to oblige him, many of them did; and, to make it public, Mr. Cibber inserted it in a pamphlet of his own called the *Egotist*, or *Colley upon Cibber*.

The next day a pleasant droll gentleman, who was so old that he had been page to King James when he was Duke of York, insisted on Mr. Cibber's introducing him to me, which accordingly he did. This gentleman, who was a Colonel in the first Regiment of Foot Guards, had by nature all that education gives to others; neither had his years in the least depressed the vivacity or gallantry of his spirit. He said a thousand witty things in half an hour, and at last, with as great gravity as his comic face would admit of, said, that he wished I would take him into keeping. I answered, I had never really seen any person with whom I was better entertained, and, therefore, if you would make over all his real and personal estate to me, and dispose of his Regiment, and give me the money, I would keep him—out of it. He swore a good oath, he believed me, and liked me for my sincerity.—I could relate a number of pleasant stories of this old gentleman; but as his wit generally bordered on indecency, and sometimes on profaneness, they are not proper for a female pen.

He used to hire me to write love letters to him, which, as a proof of his being a young man, he showed at White's; Lord W—m—th was curious to see the writer, upon which he brought his Lordship, and Lord Aug—stus F—tz R—y, since dead, to visit me. They bantered me on my taste, in writing so many fine things to an old fellow, when so many young ones, themselves in particular, would be proud of them—I assured their Lordships I would oblige them on the same terms as did the Colonel, who always paid me handsomely for my compliments.

This turned all their raillery on the Colonel, who with great good humour confessed the truth. "Why Colonel," said Lord F—tz R—y, "You told us you supported this lady."—"Ay," returned he, "But you know I am an old liar."

The noblemen listed on my telling them how much a piece the Colonel gave me for writing billets-doux to him. The Colonel answered, that his money had been fatal to my family; for that he had lent my uncle Colonel Meade twenty guineas one night at the Groom Porters, who died the next morning of an apoplectic fit; and so, said he, "out of pure affection to my dear little one here, I am very cautious how I give her any; besides," added he, very archly, "I could not be convinced of the sincerity of her passion for me, if she made any demands in my pocket."

Lord W—m—th asked me, how I approved of this doctrine? I answered, the Colonel, had so genteel and witty manner of excusing his avarice, that should he ever grow generous, we should lose a thousand pleasantries.

Each of the noblemen gave me a guinea, by way of subscription to my poems; they pressed hard on the Colonel for his contribution, which, for the reasons aforesaid, he absolutely refused.

This gave occasion to the following lines; which, lest the Colonel should not communicate, I enclosed to Lord F—tz R—y.

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

To the Hon. Colonel D—NC—BE.

Since so oft to the great of my favours you boast,
When, you know, you enjoyed but some kisses at most;
And those, as you say, never ought to be sold,
For love's too divine, to be bartered for gold.
Since this is your maxim, I beg a receipt,
To know, how without it a lover can eat.
For though the fine heroes, we read in romances,
Subsisted whole weeks upon amorous fancies;
And yet were so strong, if those writers say true,
The Dragons, and Giants, some thousands they slew;
Those chiefs were of origin surely divine!
And descended from Jove, as direct as a line.
But in our corrupted, degenerate days,
We find neither heroes, nor lovers, like these:
Our men have scarce courage to speak to a lass,
Till they've had a full meal, and a chirruping glass;
And so much in myself for the mortal I find,
That my body wants diet, as well as my mind.

Now, pray, Sir, consider the case of your mistress,
Who neither can kiss, nor write verses, in distress
For Bacchus, and Ceres, we frequently prove
Are friends to the Muses, as well as to love.

Lord A—stus did not fail to show the lines to all the noblemen at White's, who heartily bantered the Colonel on his generosity to his mistress.

The next day, as I was sprinkling some flowerpots, which stood on the very broad leads, under the dining room window, Colonel D—nc—be, the Duke of B—lt—n, and the Earl of W—nch—ea stood filling out wine, and drinking to me: so I took up the pen and ink, full in their view; and, as I was not acquainted with any of them, except the Colonel, I sent over to him these lines:

Your rosy wine
Looks bright and fine;
But yet it does not cheer me:
The cause I guess,
Is surely this,
The bottle is not near me.

You show that sight,
To give the delight,
If I may truly judge ye:
But would ye move
My wit, or love,
I beg, Sir, I may pledge ye.

Lord W—nch—ea bid the Colonel sent me all the wine in the house: "Ah!" (Said the Colonel) "That might injure her health, but I will send her one bottle of Burgundy, to cheer her

spirits." Accordingly the waiter brought it; the noblemen all gathered to the window, so he filled me out a glass, which, making them a low reverence, I drank, and retired.

But the Colonel, resolving to have share, quickly followed his bottle; he came in a desperate ill temper; cursed the King, the Duke, the whole Ministry, and me into the bargain. I asked him, whether giving me a bottle of wine aggrieved him so much? He said, no; but that he had been fifty years in the Army, and was but Lieutenant-Colonel; and that the Duke had put a young fellow over his head. He pulled down his stocking, and showed me where he had been shot through the leg at the siege of Lille; then he opened his bosom, on which he had several honourable scars, and swore heartily, that were it not in a time of war, he would throw up his commission. I could not but agree, that his resentment had but too just a foundation; "But, dear Sir, I had no hand in all this." "No;" (said he) "But I did not know any person, to whom I could speak my mind freely, or who would bear my peevishness, but you." "Well, Sir," (said I) "An you were as peevish as an emperor, I'll bear at all, since you please to bestow it on me.—But I believe we had as good drink our Burgundy, and we will new model the government according to our fancies." He sat a very pensive, said his head ached, then rose in a surly sort of a manner and went over to White's.

Whether any thing he had met with there pleased him, I know not, but about nine at night, as I sat writing, I heard his voice on the stairs crying, "Poke after me, my Lord, poke after me." So I bid my maid, light the Colonel up. He brought with him his Grace of Marlborough, a lovely gentleman; he presented him to me, by his title, which was honoured by his wearing it. The Duke saluted me; but what shall I now say! I think my boasted constancy of mind quite forsook me; I trembled at his touch, and, though I knew not why, was more disordered at the sight of him, than ever I had been before in my life. The Colonel asked me, what was the matter? I said, I believed I had drank too much tea, which, joined to the unexpected honour he had now conferred on me, put me into a little flutter.

His grace laid hold of my hand, and kissed it, saying, it was the sweetest thing in nature, to put a lady into a little hurry of spirits, "and so," said he, "Colonel, I shall meet you at White's, either tonight or tomorrow morning; for I have a mind to have a little chat with this lady alone." The Colonel knew his duty too well to disobey a Marlborough, and left us, wishing his grace success.

Now, indeed, for the first time, I was afraid of myself; but was infinitely more so, when his Grace told me, he had learned from the Colonel, that I was in some distress, and, opening his pocketbook, presented me with a banknote on Sir Francis Child for fifty pounds.

This was the ordeal, or fiery trial; youth, beauty, nobility of birth, and unsought generosity, attacking at once the most desolate person in the world. His Grace, I believe, guessed my apprehensions, by the concern which was but too visible in my countenance, and generously assured me, that he was above making any hard conditions, that I might look up with cheerfulness, and not rivet my eyes to the floor, but consider him as a sincere and disinterested friend.

This quite revived me, and gave me an unusual flow of spirits, which highly pleased my illustrious benefactor: he desired I would write something merry to the Colonel, who, at his departure, charged me not to wrong his bed. So to please his Grace, and also to convince him I could write, I gave him in about ten minutes, the following lines.

Strephon tonight his Chloe told,
 He had a headache, and grew old;
 Though when she knew her artful swain
 But counterfeited age and pain,
 To hide his cold declining passion,
 His want of love and inclination;

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

For Chloe's face, so often seen,
Put her poor Strephon in the spleen;
Nor could her wit, or neatness please him,
Or all her smiles or prattle raise him.
He left the pensive nymph alone,
His painful absence to bemoan.

Strephon beware, lest in return,
With a new flame your Chloe burn;
Consider I have Sp—n—r seen,
And quickly lay aside your spleen;
Or, by the God of verse, I vow,
With antlers I'll adorn your brow;
No city night shall boast a pair
More large, more branching, or more fair:
Their horns are gilt, but yours shall be
As naked as a blasted tree.

So, Sir, no more of your deception,
For I am blessed with quick perception;
Phoebus has given me piercing eyes,
To look through falsehood and disguise.
Then lay aside this little art,
I have, and I will keep your heart.

His Grace was very well pleased with my gaiety, and undertook to deliver the letter himself; so we parted, each of us, I believe, satisfied with ourselves, and our own conduct.

I know at least I was; for upon calling my heart to account for the trouble it had given me, I found by the symptoms, there was something very like love had seized it.

The Colonel came in the morning, and brought with him Mr. Tr—v—r, brother to the D—ss of M—lb—gh, whom he introduced to me, and then merrily asked me, if I was going to reward his constant tender flame, with a great staring pair of horns? I told him he deserved them for his ill temper; but, however, as he made me full amends by the honour of making me known to so great and good a man as he had recommended me to, I would take some time to consider of the matter.

Mr. Trevor desired to know which of the Spencers it was, I'd threatened the Colonel with? I told him, I wrote anything by way of amusement; but either of them would serve my turn.

The Colonel called me a merry madcap; Mr. Tr—v—r assured me, he was at my service, and would hornify the Colonel whenever I pleased. I told him, I was obliged to him for his kind offer, and would certainly apply to him, if I found myself in a distress; and in the meantime, I hoped, as an earnest of his future favour, he would be so kind as to subscribe to my poems, which accordingly he did.

My readers may not imagine, I was in a fair way of growing rich; but, indeed, it was far otherwise, as I paid a guinea a week for my lodging, kept a servant, was under a necessity of being always dressed, and had besides so many distressed persons of my own country, who did me the honour to take a dinner with me, and in return for my easiness, said everything of me which they thought could injure, or expose me; that being naturally liberal, and, till I heartily suffered from my folly, no very great economist, I rather ran out than saved.

And, as I have thrown some sort of reflection on the English, I must beg leave to be equally free with my own country folks. Take notice, I except the nobility and gentry of each kingdom, who, I really believe, in honour, valour, or generosity of spirit, are not be matched in any part of the habitable globe. Yet, partial as I maybe to my native country, the English and Irish seem to have different characteristics: the lower part of the people of England are blunt and honest; the lower part of the people of Ireland, civil and deceitful: nor did I ever suffer in England, either in point of fortune or reputation, but either by the thefts, or the tongues of the Irish.

My landlady came up one morning very cheerful, and told me her daughter's husband, Doctor T—r—ll, who had not been to see her for two years, on account of some difference they had, told her he would, as he was to preach at St. James's Chapel next day, (being one of the chaplains to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales) take up his lodgings in her house that night. I congratulated her upon it; but observing by her looks that she was under some uneasiness, I asked her the cause of it; after some hesitation, and a number of apologies, she told me, she had no accommodation for him, but by giving him her own bed, and begged I would, for a night, give her leave to sleep with me and my maid, to which I readily consented; but recollecting what a miserable bed she had, in a dark closet, very unfit for a gentleman to lie in, I told her, I would, with great pleasure, leave my apartment for the Doctor, which was, as may be presumed by the price, a genteel one, and for a night take up my residence with her. She seemed overjoyed at the proposal, and as I had some little trifle to buy, I went out, I did not return until about six in the evening; so not meeting anybody in the way below stairs, I went up to my own apartment, where I found the doctor reading, and the old gentlewoman fast asleep.

I begged pardon for my intrusion, and the old Dame told him how much he was indebted to my complaisance in quitting my apartment to oblige him with it. I could have wished, she had been silent in this particular; for as she had not apprised him of it before, he was too polite to suffer it, nor could any entreaties of mine prevail on him to accept my offer.

Presently after, being gone down stairs, he sent his compliments up, and begged I would lend him a book to amuse himself till bedtime, so being willing to cultivate the good opinion he seemed to have conceived of me, I sent my own poems and manuscript, which, pardon my vanity, did not fail to confirm it.

The next day, which was Sunday, as soon as afternoon service was over, he very kindly paid me a visit, and seemed so well pleased with my prattle, that it was midnight before either of us thought of repose: but I do assure my readers his mother-in-law kept us company.

He entertained me with an account of whatever he had met with curious in his travels: his remarks on every subject were delivered with modesty and judgement, in a flowing and elegant style. He was so kind to promise me the favour of taking a dish of coffee with me in the morning, which produced a merry adventure.

The noblemen at White's, having heard that I was married to a clergyman, and seeing one walking to and fro in my dining room, supposed it must be the very identical parson, and that he was come to make up matters with me; so none of them would venture over, lest it should encourage his displeasure against me; but Colonel D—c—be, whose curiosity was up, resolved at a distance to reconnoitre the ground, and bring a faithful account of the enemy's situation, so he styled the parson.

There was a very grand milliner's shop next door to my lodging, from whence I received a message, a lady, just come from Ireland, desired to speak with me; upon which I immediately went, full of hope to receive some account of my children: I found the Colonel, who told me, he was the lady; and with his usual gaiety, added, that I questioned his sex, I need but permit him to be my bedfellow for a week, and I should never know any thing to the contrary.

I answered, I really believed him; inasmuch as I had known a gentleman, young enough to be his grandson, who had lived with me in all the peaceable innocence of a man of three score, like a civil careless husband, as he was.

As the Colonel was acquainted with my history, he laughed heartily, and said, "He must be some damned parson, for nobody" (said he) "but one belonging to the church could have had half that continency, but, my dear little one", (that was the name he always called me), "I have some news to tell you: I desire you may brush up your countenance, your fire, and yourself, because you're likely to have some very grand visitors tomorrow; no less than Mr. St—h—e, the Earl of W—ch—ea, and his brother Mr. F—ch."

The Colonel then told me the reason of his sending for me in that manner was, that he had observed the parson walking in my room, and asked, who it was? I told him, it was Doctor T—rn—ll, no way related to me.

As this adventure with the clergyman afforded great matter of diversion at White's, I cannot help here relating another. I was in very great distress, and was advised to apply to the then Lord Archbishop of York, now, by the Grace of God, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; I say, by the Grace of God, because I believe he never yet was excelled by any of the primitive bishops; a person, in whom the beauty of holiness fully appears. I went to his house, in Kensington Square, and had free access to his Grace, without even a question being asked: I presented him with the following lines.

This poem was written just at the beginning of the rebellion, in which his Grace, like a true son of the Church militant, and nobly taken up arms in the defence of liberty, property, and the Protestant religion.

Have been obliged to the right honourable Henry Pelham, I thought it not improper to include two such great and eminent persons in one poem, which was as follows:

To his Grace the Lord Archbishop of York.

As God, who now does, as in times of old,
His high behests to righteous men unfold;
And from thick mists, purging the visual ray,
Beams on his chosen sons celestial day;
Late to the pious prelate, York, revealed,
What from the sons of Belial lay concealed;
The many, flown with insolence and wine,
Unfit, such ears, to hear of things divine.

"Behold, oh chosen messenger of Grace!"
Said God, "The wickedness of human race!
Britain, behold, my once loved favourite Isle,
Lo, all impurities her face defile!
Why are there prayers, a public fast proclaimed?
My power is mocked at, and my word blasphemed;
Think they, vile worms! with arts, or glossing lines,
T'escape my vengeance, or deceive my eyes?
No; as to idol lusts their bodies bow,
So shall their limbs the foreign fields bestrew,

Nay, even the proud metropolis, shall feel,
The red hot vengeance, and the murderous steel."

Then, holy York, the Lord of love bespoke:
"Oh, gracious God! This dread decree invoke;
Wilt thou, with wisdom, justice, mercy crowned,
Alike the virtuous and the vile confound?
Twenty perhaps, in Britain mayest thou find;
Who keep thy laws, and write them on their mind;
All, sure, shall perish, by thy mighty word,
But wilt thou speak in wrath?—Far be it from the Lord."
To him, Jehovah: "By myself, I swear,
For twenty's sake, the kingdom will I spare."
"Oh, be not angry, while I plead again,
Perhaps not twenty may be found, but ten;
Ten men, whom no temptation can subdue,
True to religion, to its altars true."
To him, Jehovah: "As thy soul doth live,
Find me but one, and England I forgive."

"View then, oh Lord! Yon Minister of State,
See him, in every action good and great;
Stemming corruption with an outstretched hand;
Who, but himself, the torrent can withstand?
See him, like Nile, diffusing bounty round,
To bless a barren, an ungrateful ground;
Through various channels, pleasure to impart,
To raise the fallen, to cheer the dying heart;
Too oft, alas! In the translucent wave
Do crocodiles and wily serpents lave,
Studious to poison the delightful stream,
Which unpollute flows on;—and mindful whence it came,
Conscious of thee, its sacred hidden source,
To reunite thy bounty, bends its force."

"Wisely thou speak'st," the living Lord replied,
Nor be thou, righteous advocate, denied;
Superior worth arrests the lifted rod,
So dear is virtue in the sight of God;
Nor will I vengeance on the guilty take,
But England spare, for York and Pelham's sake."

I told the servant, when I delivered them, it was not a petition: he said, if it were, his Grace never refused one; and showed me into a handsome drawing-room. In a few minutes, his Grace entered, with a sweet and placid air; but looked so young, that I never once imagined him to be the Archbishop, having joined the associated idea of wrinkles, avarice, and pride, to that title,—in which I found myself, happily for once, mistaken. As it was early in the morning, he said, he was sure I had not breakfasted, and bid the one of the servants bring some tea, and desired his cousin to come, and keep the lady company: as it was near half an hour before I saw her, his Grace asked me, who I was? I answered, which was truth, I was a gentleman's daughter, of the kingdom of Ireland; that I had, when I was very young, been married to a clergyman; that I had three children living.

His Grace, took it for granted, that I was a widow, which mistake it was, by no means, my interest to clear up, demanded of me, what I had to support us? I answered, nothing but poetry. He said, that was a pity; because, let it be ever so excellent, genius was seldom rewarded, or encouraged; I very gaily repeated the Dean's lines:

*What hope of custom in the Fair,
When not a soul demands the ware?
When you have nothing to produce,
For private life, or public use.*
Swift's Rhapsody.

His Grace could not avoid smiling, as he plainly perceived by the cheerfulness, and freedom of my behaviour, and by my only saying, Sir, to him, that I was ignorant of his dignity. But the entrance of his relation, a well bred lady, of about fifty years of age, who, as his Grace is a bachelor, married his domestic affairs, threw me into a inconceivable confusion, as I then plainly perceived I had been very familiarly chatting with so great a man.

I made my apology in the best manner I could; and as he was truly sensible that I neither intended or meant disrespect to him, he easily pardoned me: but, as we drank tea, said, he wished my mistake had but continued a little longer, that he might have had the pleasure of hearing me unawed and uncontrolled. I own I was quite abashed at so odd a circumstance, for a while I imagined his Grace to be perhaps a chaplain to the Lord Archbishop of York, I said any thing without reserve; but, of a sudden, found my spirits fail, which brought Shakespeare's lines into my mind:

And what have things, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of God art thou, that sufferest more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers;
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
Oh ceremony! Show me but thy worth:
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else, but place, degree and form;
Creating fear and awe in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being feared,
Than they in fearing thee.

His Grace was so humane, to make me a handsome present at my departure, and assured me, he would always be a friend to me.

However, I did not make a second application to him, till such time as the Royal bounty is to be petitioned for, which is at Christmas, though it is not distributed till Easter. As I knew, at that season of the year, it was impossible for me to be at Kensington, e'er his Grace would be at Westminster, I waited at the door of the robing room, till I was almost frozen, holding a petition enclosed in a letter, in my hand; a gentleman, who is doorkeeper at the House of Lords, taking compassion on me, told me, I had better come into the lobby, an offer I readily accepted of, and sat down in a window. There were several noblemen, most of whom knew me by sight, walking in it, as the house was not yet met. The final prelate who entered, was the Lord Bishop of Norwich, a venerable gentleman, whose graceful grey hairs the hands of time had silvered: as he passed by, I made him a curtsy, of which he stopped, and with great civility, asked me if that letter was for him; I answered, it was for his Grace of York; on which, he very kindly wished me success. His

Grace next entered, and with his wonted goodness asked me where I had been? Adding, that it had been a great loss to me, that he did not know where to find me; and accepting of my letter, said, he hoped I had there given him a proper direction; so bowing, as fast as I curtsied, he went to take his seat at the right hand of that power he had so nobly supported; and no doubt, will, at the last great day, having truly approved himself Christ's faithful soldier and champion, fighting under the sacred banners of the captain of his salvation, hear those comfortable words, *Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.*

As the Earl of Ch—ster—ld heard every word his Grace spoke to me, he made himself very merry at White's, telling Mr. Cibber, and Colonel D—nc—be, that I was true to the gown, and delivered a billet-doux to the handsomest, politest, and bravest prelate in Europe; that I had given him a direction where to find me, and highly applauded my choice.

But no virtue is above the reach of a little pleasant raillery; and some of the noblemen demanded an explanation of this affair, I with my usual sincerity told them the truth; on which they all agreed in praising his beneficence and affability, and the handsome manner in which he bestowed his bounties.

I hope, if these memoirs should ever fall into his Grace's hands, who is an universal reader, he will pardon me for using his name, which I shall never do, but with the utmost respect and gratitude.

As I had imagined his Grace to be Lord High Almoner, I addressed him as such, and waited on him again at Westminster; his Grace told me, the B—p of S—y had been so kind to accept of my petition, and that I must wait on him the next morning, at his house in the Temple: so accordingly, I went, in full spirits, imagining, on the recommendation of so excellent a person, I should both have a civil reception, and also my desires answered.

It snowed very fast, and I knocked several times, e'er I could gain admission; at length, an old porter ventured to turn the unoiled hinges a little, which grated very harshly, and seemed to partake of the spirit of their unhospitable master, who, according to my countryman's bull, opened the door to keep people out, for this was fully verified here; he asked me, what I knocked so often for? And being, I suppose, doubtful that I might steal one of the oak chairs in the Hall, shut it again in my face; the inclemency of the air, and the vexation of my mind, made me give a thundering rap, the door was once more opened, and I assured the porter, if he would be so kind as to deliver that letter for me to his Lord, to whom I was recommended by his Grace of York, I would give him half-a-crown, which promise of perquisites softened him into content, for as Mr. Gay observes,

This reason with all is prevailing.

He took the letter into the parlour, when presently an old man, with a most un-prelatical countenance, for it was full of carbuncles, and knobs, and flames of fire, came out, with my letter in his hand, and, with an imperious voice, demanded of me, whether I wrote it? As the times were full of violence and blood, it being, as I observed, at the beginning of the late rebellion, I stood confounded, and knew not what answer to make; which he observing, asked me was my name Meade? To which answering in the affirmative, he cried, "You are a foreigner, and we have beggars enow of our own:" "No, my Lord," returned I, "I was born in Ireland, which is not a foreign country, but equally a part of his Majesty's dominions with Great Britain:" "Why," said he very politely, "you lie, but as you say you are in distress, there is half-a-crown for you:" I thnked his Lordship, and returned to the Porter told him, as I had given him some trouble, I hoped he would accept of that part of the Royal Bounty, which had been promised to me: His Lordship was pleased to tell me, I was a saucy, proud, impertinent person, which having neither any farther hopes or fears about him, I little regarded.

All the way home, as cold as it was, and as much vexed as I was at the old brute's behaviour, I could not avoid laughing at his odd figure, so much resembling that of the Spanish Friar, where

His great belly swaggered in State before him, and his little gouty legs came limping after; oh, he is a huge tun of divinity! And were he any way given to holiness, I would swear by his face; my oath should be, by this fire; but he is indeed, but for the fire in his face, the son of utter darkness; oh! he is a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire!

Then again I thought of Doctor Swift's lines:

*G—d d—n me, they bid us reform and repent;
But, z—ds, by their looks, they never keep Lent.*

I hope the reader will pardon me, for inserting oaths, as I have so great an authority to quote for them.

As the Parliament did not sit during the holidays, I waited on his Grace of York, who immediately gave me audience: he asked me, what success I had with the Lord Almoner; and as I had sped marvellously ill-favouredly, I related every circumstance, as near as I could remember of our conversation; one, in particular, which I before omitted and was, that he said, "Would the Lord Archbishop of York speak to you, woman?" His Grace smiled, and said, "It was the first time he ever learned it was beneath the dignity of a Bishop to speak, even to a beggar; as humility was their best ornament:—well, what more?" "Not much, my Lord, only he demanded, if I knew no other person, besides your Grace, to recommend me to him? And as I really was convinced, I had brought him my credentials from the highest, I did not use any other name:" by this time the lady before-mentioned came to breakfast, and I was obliged to relate the story to her; they both laughed,—and his Grace sure to me the B—p of S—y was a very honest man;—I told him, "I did not suspect him to be a pickpocket; but that I looked on that to be but a very moderate praise, where every other social and Christian virtue was required:" he said, I made nice distinctions, but he himself would take care of the affair, and so he put a couple of guineas into my hand, on which, I said, "God Almighty bless your Grace;" which again made him smile, and myself also, on reflection, that, instead of imploring his blessing, I had given him mine. I returned to London, as I ought also from this long digression, to relate what passed between me, and the noblemen, whom Colonel D—nc—be said would come and visit me.

I expected three, but one came, a very old gouty gentleman, whose name I do not think proper to insert; the rest had intended me the same favour; but he insisted, it seems, on coming alone, which, after a little raillery, they permitted him to do; but protested, that if he stayed long, they would follow him;—though our conversation was entirely about indifferent matters, during an hour he stayed with me, yet he and I were as heartily bantered, and I had as many examinations about his behaviour to me, as if he had been a young, gay, gallant gentleman; the reason of which was, that he used to reprove others for their intemperance, or indecency: so they took it into their heads he was a sly sinner, and would have bribed me highly to tell a lie of him; I assured them, provided they would but give me leave to inform him of it, I would say what they please; for I was fully of opinion, that if a lie would do me grace, he would permit me to gild it with the happiest terms I had.

They told my story to the good old gentleman, who kindly sent me over three guineas, by the hand of my honoured benefactor Mr. Cibber.

MEMOIRS, VOL II.

I was at this time applied to, by Mr. V—ct—r, to write an ode on the Princess of Wales's birthday, which, as he kept a tea warehouse in Pall-Mall, near her court, would, he said, at least, gain him her Royal Highness's custom; so to oblige him, as I had really done when he was in very low circumstances in Ireland, some years before, I wrote as follows:

An ode on the birthday of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. Intended for music.

Light of the world, with purest beams adorn
The front of heaven, and gild the sacred morn!
Come from thy chamber, in the East,
In richest gold, and purple, dressed,
Bright, as the Royal Fair, who on this day was born.
Say, in all thy glorious round,
Hast thou so much beauty found?
Though nature spreads, for thee, her charms,
Her fairest store of finished forms,
The radiant gem, the flowery race,
Hast thou beheld such perfect Grace,
As great Augusta's looks display?
Blooming as rosy spring, and fair as early day.

AIR.

Glad zephyrs on your downy pinions bear
The joyful tidings through the balmy air,
That heaven, indulgent to Britannia's Isle,
Created for her loved, her God-like heir
This matchless virgin, this illustrious Fair,
In whom the virtues, and the Graces smile.
What joy, O Royal youth! was thine?
When you beheld the nymphs divine!
Like Venus, rising from the sea,
While round officious cupids play;
Neptune confessed, his breast before
So rich a treasure never bore;
He hushed the noisy winds to sleep,
And smoothed the surface of the deep.
Hymen, quick, by taper light,
Join, whom love before had joined,
And in blissful bonds unite,
Heart to heart, and mind to mind,
The noblest pair, that, ever yet,
In sweet connubial transports met!

AIR.

As when the sun awakes the year,
And bids the blooms their sweets disclose,

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

In vernal lustre, robed appear
The lady, and the new-blown rose;
So from this pure, this hallowed flame,
Behold the numerous offspring rise,
Of future bards the blissful theme,
And rapture of the nation's eyes.

Let hymns of praise to heaven ascend,
For this propitious door,
Ah, still the Royal race defend!
And Britain asks no more.

What success this met, I know not; but Mr. V—ct—r soon after applied to me for a Lilliputian ode, in the birthday of his Royal Highness Prince George, which I gave him as follows:

Nature wake,
Muses speak,
Clothe the spring,
Touch the string,
Cupids sport,
Round the court,
Like the Prince,
Charms dispense,
Whose early Ray,
Gives Britain promise of resplendent day.

The flowery prime,
Delights a time,
The hopeful bloom
Sheds rich perfume
Then fruits appear,
To crown the year;
So, lovely boy,
Thy spring employ,
That thy sweet youth
Be crowned with fruits of wisdom, virtue, truth.

Ye, to whose care,
Britannia's heir,
Is now consigned,
To form his mind;
O to your trust,
Be firmly just;
Let flattery ne'er,
Infect his ear,
So shall he be
Worthy to rule a people, brave and free.

Oft let him trace
His God-like race!

Their noble story,
 Inspiring glory!
 His parent's eyes,
 With glad surprise,
 Shall view a son,
 Worthy their throne,
 And Albion bless,
 The Royal progeny's desired increase.

I know not what reward to the gentleman got for these, but he gave me five shillings; and as since my return to Ireland, he was twice so civil to write me word, I was a fool; I must insist on it, he was a much greater, to apply to a fool for wit.

And, if he disputes these facts, let but finished the comedy of *Le Paisan Parvenu* in the same style I wrote the first act for him, and I will own myself to be the dunce, he so freely calls me.

I must here observed, that the following poem, written when I first went to London, which he undertook to have printed for me, he very modestly assured every person was of his own composition.

**A view of the present state of men and things.
 A satiric dialogue between the poet and his friend.
 In the year seventeen thirty-nine.**

F. Writing a satire?

P. If I should, what then?

F. 'Tis the most dangerous province of the pen;
 Example more discretion ought to teach,
 Examples move beyond what prelates preach:
 Be warned, my friend,—write satire!—pray desist,
 You see what fate attends the satirist* [*Note: Mr. Whitehead].

P. If honest satire, these licentious times,
 Be looked on as the worst of human crimes,
 If all are libellers, who dare proclaim
 The fraud of courts, or brand a guilty name:
 The muse, sworn friend to truth, with fear essays
 To scourge the base, or give the virtuous praise;
 Though these the wholesome means, by heaven assigned
 To awe the vile, or raise the worthy mind.

F. Yet panegyric may be basely writ.

P. It may, if bards will prostitute their wit,
 To varnish faults, or gild a knave's deceit,
 Or prove a title makes a villain great;
 But virtue placed, in its meridian light,
 Hurts the weak eye, and pains the courtier's sight;
 Thus should the muse a patriot's worth proclaim,
 And crown her Stanhope with undying fame,
 They take offence, and think you thus descant,
 To show mankind the qualities they want.

F. Trust me, their rashness merits no excuse,
That fall from satire into gross abuse;
Vice may be shamed by proper ridicule,
But where's the wit of calling dunce and fool?

P. Was it not truth?

F. Admit it e'er so true,
Compassion was to human weakness due;
When crimes are wanting anger to provoke,
An aim at greatness seems an envious stroke
Some, like Drawcansir, fall on friend, and foe,
And no distinction in their fury know.
With decent care, scurrility avoid;
Secure in praise, your pen may be employed,
And every generous pleasure full enjoyed.
Well; if encomiums approbation gain,
For once, I'll try the panegyric strain.
Blest be the man, whose independent Mind,
No ties but those of sacred honour bind;
Whose ample fortune every good supplies,
Sought by the just, the temperately wise;
Economy his freedom's best support,
Sets him above temptation from a court;
No bribe he takes, that freedom to control,
No pension, to enslave his nobler soul;
He scorns to fill a statesman's servile train,
And looks on high-placed guilt with just disdain
For him, the muse shall strike the sounding string,
And fame, her ever-verdant laurels bring.
Unlike Favonus, who, with every vice,
Ruined a princely fortune in a trice;
His indigence soon taught him to repair
To court,—for bankrupt peers find shelter there:
He bows to W—e, whispers to his Grace
Then humbly begs a pension, or a place
The pension's yours, my Lord,—but mind—this note,
'Tis but a short direction, how to vote,
Hard terms! but luxury must be supplied,
He sells his virtue to support his pride!

F. Softly, my friend,—you quit the task assigned,
Which, to the praise of merit, was confined
Bold truths, like these, a punishment may bring,
Incense a M—r, perhaps a —.

P. As, in a picture, light is to be shown
But by the force, and strength of shade alone;
So virtue's radiant lustre shines most clear,
When vice, by contrast, makes her charms appear.
Who sees a Burleigh, in Eliza's reign,
With Britain's thunder, shake the realms of Spain,
And, truly zealous in his country's cause,
Protect her trade, her liberty, her laws;
Who, but must kindle into honest rage!
And curse the—

F. Hold,—this partial wrath assuage;
Do you consider, what a risk you run,
Or, are you resolute to be undone?
At courts you rail, at courts you take offence,
Unmindful of the good derived from thence.

P. 'tis true, from thence proceeds the Royal youth,
The god-like friend of liberty, and truth;
The purest bounty of indulgent heaven,
In Frederick's virtues is to Albion given;
Muse! at that name, exalt thy tuneful voice,
And glory in thy elevated choice.
Patron of learning! cherisher of arts
Fixed is thy empire in our grateful hearts;
Already we the blissful scene survey,
While hope, prophetic, paints thy future sway;
Honour, the guardian of thy throne shall stand,
And plenty pour her treasures through the Land;
Free, on the wings of winds, our ships shall roam,
And safely bring their far-sought riches home;
Wide o'er the world, Britannia's fame shall spread,
And pale Iberia sink with guilty dread.
Who now—

F. Nay pause,—check your adventurous strain,

P. Then guess the rest.

F. I do, alas! too plain.

P. Jugurtha, for his crimes, arraigned at Rome,
The senate bribed, and went triumphant home;
Yet, on its pride, call back a scornful eye,
And wished some merchant would the Nation buy.

F. Is the man mad, to ramble wildly thus!
What has Jugurtha, pray, to do with us?

P. Faith, nothing; but the story struck my mind,
Though it no application here can find;
For should seducing gold so far prevail,
To set a nation's liberty to sale;
No trading purchaser can Britain fear,
Our merchants' poverty secures us here.

F. Why will you bring such scenes to public view?
Come, come, your scheme of praising worth pursue.

P. No power of verse can virtue's merit raise;
Who can add lustre to its noon-tide blaze;
See it, from Stair, break forth with rays divine,
And round the learned head of Stanhope shine;
From Cobham's mind, we hail its beauteous beams,
And Carteret kindles with its hallowed flames;
While W—e turns, astonished, from the sight,
And sickens at the pure ethereal light
Or, vainly hopes its absence to supply.
By glittering star, and string of azure dye;
Those ornaments, which grace the good and brave,

To sharper ridicule—expose the slave.
 Statesmen, like meteors, vulgar earthborn things,
 Raised by the strong attracting force of kings;
 Splendid they shine, in fortune's summer sky,
 Till, falling, all their short-lived glories die;
 But worth, like the refulgent orb of Day,
 Shall unexhausted excellence display.

F. Relapsing still!

P. When I conceal the name,
 I, sure, a vicious character may blame.

F. No; malice may that character apply.

P. Then malice makes the libel, friend, not I;
 But, see, to praise I tune the golden lyre,
 Strains, worthy Pitt, celestial muse inspire!
 In whom, with wonder, and delight, we find,
 To blooming youth, experienced wisdom joined;
 What forceful reason! manly eloquence!
 Adorned him in his country's dear defence?
 When, dauntless, midst the murmurs of a crowd,
 He owned the cause of liberty aloud;
 Th' intrepid *angel [*Abdiel. See Milton], thus unshaken, stood
 Midst faithless numbers, eminently good.

F. What! yet again?

P. Nay, under this restraint,
 The verse must languish, and description faint.

F. Believe me, friend, my care is kindly meant,
 Prudence, and caution, numerous ills prevent.

P. For once, uninterrupted, let me speak,
 Nor, thus, each period with your cautions break:
 Where did I stop?

F. With Pitt.

P. Then let the song
 To Littleton, the Muse's friend, belong;
 Born, in each polished science to excel,
 As famed for speaking, as for writing well;
 Distinguished pair! with purest manners graced!
 High in your royal master's favour placed;
 That bliss, supreme, doth bounteous fate prepare
 For gen'rous minds, that make mankind their care.
 Ye noble few, who, in a shameless age,
 Dare bring heroic virtue on the stage;
 Behold, where heaven-born fame conspicuous stands!
 Unfading laurels fill her sacred hands!
 Emblems of undecaying, fresh renown,
 Prepared your ever-honoured heads to crown:
 These wreaths be yours, from whence true greatness springs;
 Oh, look on coronets as meaner things!

See, in the hostile field, for this reward,
 Fearless Argyle each danger disregard;
 Argyle, by every worthy mind adored!
 Whose Oratory conquers like his sword;
 His country's drooping genius born to raise,
 And warm, anew, her cold declining days;
 With him, ye patriot sons! unite your force,
 And stem corruption in its headlong course;
 See, wide it spreads! and, in its sable wave,
 What prelates bathe! what stars and garters lave?
 There may they sink, since Lethe-like, its stream
 Hath banished from their hearts the love of fame;
 While wrongs, and insults, shamefully are borne;
 Our fleet's a jest, our name a word of scorn.

F. What means this madness, will you ne'er give o'er?
 Those evils you complain of are no more,
 Prudence, and mercy, in well-governed states,
 Prevent the ruin wasteful war creates,
 Those healing arts have vainly been applied,
 Now different counsels in their turn preside;
 Arrayed in terror, see Britannia rise,
 And hurl vindictive thunder through the skies!
 Bent to chastise the insolence of Spain;
 And re-assume her empire o'er the main:
 View all things in a dear impartial light,
 And reason shall confess these measures right;
 Cease then to censure, that which merits praise,
 And, timely, stop your keen satiric lays;
 Ere frowning power assumes the awful nod,
 And shows the terror of its iron rod.

P. A good intention is the best defence,
 True fortitude proceeds from innocence;
 Let Gallic slaves despotic power obey,
 Justice and liberty in Albion sway:
 Secure from danger, may the Muse inspire
 Her free-born sons with ancient Roman fire;
 Such, as of old, in Cato's shone confessed,
 And lives in Carteret, and in Talbot's breast;
 Oh, may the heavenly flame dispel our Fears,
 Rekindle hope, and dry Britannia's tears!

And since, from the great, I have digressed to the vulgar; I cannot forget Doctor Owens, whom, at the end of my first volume, I promised to record, and scorned to deal in lies, as he did. This pious divine, who was an intimate acquaintance of my father's, gave himself the trouble of coming to my landlord, Mr. Riley, an Officer of Mace, in Michael's Lane, a little while after I was parted from my husband, together with his curate, Mr. Robinson, and, with great humanity, insisted on his turning me out of the house, otherwise they would present it: the landlord asked, what I had done? They answered, I was excommunicated person,—(a lie;) that I had run away from my husband, (another lie,)—that since I had left him, I had seven bastards,—which was pretty quick, as we had been but seven months asunder,—(another lie;)—but when a churchman is in for it, he will out-lie the devil; at length, these parsons descended so low, as to threaten to inform, that my landlord's wife was a Roman, which I believe, was another lie; but, whether true, or false, it was very unbecoming their characters, either as gentlemen, or Christians, to say.

But I was to be insulted at any rate; for the clergy hang together; and if some did, it would be no great loss.

For when a swinging sin is to be committed, there is nothing like a gown and a cassock to cover it.

But once more returned to Albion. I have laid out a couple of guineas on a little curious picture, which I bought to sell again, but was advised to present it to the Lord Almoner, who, they said, had a taste for painting? He generously accepted of my favour, but neither made me any return from his own bounty, nor his Majesty's; so I had no great reason to say, he deserved the character of an honest man.

On the change of the ministry, I wrote the following lines:

To the Right Hon Henry Pelham, Esquire:

Amidst contending parties strife for sway,
Eager to rule, reluctant to obey;
How just, how noble, must his conduct seem!
Who all unite to honour, and esteem?
This blissful fate, this happiness divine,
Has heaven reserved to crown a life, like thine;
This the reward sublimer virtues claim,
Unenvied honours, and unspotted fame!
Integrity in fairest delight confessed,
Lives in the sacred centre of thy breast;
All, never, never, from her laws depart!
So, reign, confessed, the friend of every heart;
Fixed on her solid base, thy worth shall stand,
And Britons bless thy delegated hand:
Even restless faction shall endure thy peace,
And only heaven thy happiness increase.

I showed these lines to Mr. Cibber, who liked them so well, that he undertook to deliver them for me.

The next morning, early, he did so, and then called upon me, and, giving me five guineas, asked me, whether I thought them a sufficient reward for my poetry? I told him, I readily did: well then, said he, Mr. Pelham distinguished thus: "There are five guineas, for the lady's numbers; and five more, for the good advice they contain; and tell her, I hope God will always give me Grace to follow it"

There was a statesman! When comes such another?

Not seeing Mr. Cibber for a fortnight after this instance of his friendship and humanity, I wrote to him the following lines:

To Mr. Cibber

Since you became so great a stranger,
My Muse, and life, have been in danger;
Consider, both on you depend,
As their inspiring, faithful friend;
And, should your guardian care decrease,
Their animated fires must cease;
Since novelties alone delight you,
I've found a method to excite you;
A scheme, untried before to move you,
It is plainly to confess, I love you;
Now, look not with surprise, or coldness,
Nor call this declaration boldness;
For mine's a flame divinely pure,
For ever fitted to endure;
From every grosser thought refined,
A love for your accomplished mind.

Mr. Cibber sent me word, he was going to the masquerade; but would see me next day, which gave rise to the following lines:

To Colley Cibber, Esquire;

Can now a masquerade delight you?
What are it's charms that can invite you?
Have not your eyes to age surveyed
The medley world in masquerade?
Where friendship's mask conceals the knave,
And cowards wear the mask of brave;
The mask of love, we frail ones find
Worn, when our ruin is designed;
The patriot's mask conceals sedition,
And soft humility's, ambition;
Even you, sometimes, the mask will wear,
And, what you are not, oft appear;
Rally your faults with wit, and spirit,
And make your folly mask your merit:
Come undisguised then, come revealed
To me, and truth; let folly yield,
And leave the mask to fools concealed.

Mr. Cibber received these lines with his usual partiality to me and my performances.

And here, it may not be amiss to give a particular character of this gentleman, as no man has ever been more satirised, or less deserved it.

And, I think, I cannot do it, in a better manner, than I have used in describing Doctor Swift;—that is, to give him to my readers in his words, and actions, as near as I can recollect them, during the time I had the honour of being known to him: and if the petty scribblers should say, that I never knew him, any more than I did the Dean of St. Patrick's;—why they only take away merit from me with one hand, to give it to me with the other; and must, at least, afford me the praise of inventing the probability: that I have not

Drawn bears in water, dolphins in the trees,

But am uniform in my characters, and

Paint Achilles as Achilles was.

As I have mentioned a poetical introduction to this gentleman's favour, I must give a particular account of his first visit: he ran up stairs with vivacity of the youth of fifteen: and, making me a courtly bow, said, he was sure I did not know him; I answered

Not to know him, would argue myself unknown.

"And, prithee," said he, "why did not you come to my house the moment you came to London?" "Upon my word, Sir, that would have been a modest proof of Irish assurance; how could I hope for a reception?" "Pshaw," said he, "merit is a sufficient recommendation to me;" I curtsied, and, as we both stood, "Sit down," said he, "be less ceremonious to be better bred; come, show me your writings." I obeyed; and, upon his reading the poem, called *Sorrow*, he burst into tears, and was not ashamed to give the flowing virtue manly way; he desired a copy of it,—which I gave him; and now his curiosity was raised, to know who I was? I told him, mine was a long and mournful story, unfit for a soul so humanised as his,

*Where dwelt the pitying pang, the tender tear,
The sigh for suffering worth, the wish preferred
For humankind, the joy to see them blessed,
And all the social offspring of the heart.*

Mr. Cibber assured me, my fine compliment should not excuse me; for he was fully determined to have my history from my own lips; and desired I might come and breakfast with him next morning, and begin.

Accordingly, I waited on him, and wonderfully was he delighted with my account of Doctor Swift; he had the patience to listen to me three hours, without ever once interrupting me; a most uncommon instance of good breeding, especially for a person of his years who usually dictate to the company, and engross all the talk to themselves: for, as Doctor Young observes,

*A dearth of words a woman need not fear;
But 'tis a task, indeed, to learn to hear!
In that the scale of conversation lies,
'Tis that must prove you both polite and wise.*

I do assure my readers, the gentleman neither yawned, scratched his head, beat tattoo with his foot, nor used any such ambiguous giving-out, to note that he was weary.

So far from it, that though he was engaged to dine with the Duke of Gr—ft—n, he had forgot it, till his servant came in, to dress him; he strictly charged to me to come to him the next morning, and set my spout a-going, for so he merrily called my mouth.

I obeyed his most kind command; and, by way of introduction, told him a story Doctor Swift related to me, which was as follows:

A gentleman met a friend in the street, whom he had not seen for some years; he began to give him an account of what had befallen him, since their separation from each other; a cart happened to intervene, upon which, they took different streets; seven years passed, and it so befell, they met just at the same place, when without the least ceremony, he proceeded in his story, "and, as I was telling you, said he," &c.

I was going to proceed, when Mr. Cibber interrupted me. I was, said he, at the Duke of Richmond's last summer, when his daughter, a most accomplished young lady, and a very early riser, sat reading in a beautiful portico, about six in the morning; I accosted the fair creature, and asked her the subject of her contemplation? So in a most elegant, and agreeable style, she related to me part of a very entertaining novel, she held in her hand, and, I believe, in better words that the author wrote it. A summons to breakfast broke of her most agreeable narration.

The next morning I saw the charmer in the same portico, who took up the story at the very word she had broke off, and concluded it.

As Ireland is now graced with this illustrious fair one, in whom virtue, beauty, modesty, taste, and every excellence unite, I hope for her pardon, for presuming to mention her.

And though, as she will soon see her noble father was a beneficent patron to me; I hate flattery so much, that I would not, on that account, pay her a compliment beyond what was due to her elevated station, did not her superior virtues command it.

Never yet were seen a more tender, or a more lovely pair than the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, with their blooming progeny, like new-blown roses, smiling around them; an instance, wedlock may be happy, even among the great, when mutual love, and mutual honour join.

*Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings;
Reigns here, and revels!*

And, it is with infinite pleasure I learn, that Lord and Lady Kildare are as great an example in conjugal fidelity, piety, and generosity, as their noble parents.

This digression, I am certain, will be excused.

I went on with my story to Mr. Cibber, who, at last, in flowing spirits, cried "Z—ds! Write it out, just as you relate it, and, I'll engage it will sell."

Every poem, but they occasionally introduced them, he made me give him a copy of, and communicated them to the Earl of Chesterfield, who positively insisted on it, but I must understand Greek, and Latin, otherwise I never could write English so well. Mr. Cibber said, he had not inquired, but that he would that moment: and, accordingly, came, and told me, what my Lord had said; I assured him, I was ignorant of every language, except my mother tongue; but that if he would be so kind to present my respects to his Lordship, and let him know, that Doctor Swift had taught me English, I was certain, he would allow, I had an excellent tutor; to which his Lordship readily acquiesced.

But, alas! Though my honours were very great, my profits were very small. The dismal return of summer, for so it was to me, robbed me of every friend; and, as I could not take up with mean company, I was as solitary in London as the pelican in the wilderness. I acquainted Doctor Turnbull with my melancholy situation, and prevailed on him to write to Mr. P—n, to remit to me what was due, on the agreement between us. About ten days after, the postman brought a letter, marked from Dublin, to the Doctor; he happened to be at Kensington, so I paid for it; and knowing

he had no acquaintance in Ireland, and ventured to open it; it was wrote in a text-hand, the contents of it were as follows:

Sir,

In the absence of my client, Mr. P—, I received your letter, and he would have you know, the woman, you mention, is not his wife, nor has he any thing to say to the infamous wretch; she fled from Ireland, where she ought to have been executed, for killing her father, three of her bastards, and poisoning her husband. It does not become a clergyman to countenance a common prostitute; if she owes you any money, you may put her in jail; for I do assure you, it will never be paid by Mr. P—n.

I am,

Sir, yours,

J. Walsh.

Could one believe that anything less than infernal malice could have afforded such an accusation against an innocent person? My very blood thrilled with horror, to think there could be such a monster of my species; I am sure he

*Should never pray more, abandon all remorse
On horror's head, horrors accumulate,
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all Earth amazed;
For nothing can be to damnation add,
Greater than this.*

Though I was far from the least apprehension that the evil facts I was charged with, as to killing all my family, would meet with any credit; yet Mr. P—n's denying me to be his wife, and the declarations I was not entitled to anything from him might hurt mine; I suppressed the letter for day two, till learning, by accident, that the Lord Bishop of Kilmore, now Lord Archbishop of Tuam (to whose family my father had honour of being physician, and to whose humanity I am infinitely indebted, which with the utmost respect, and gratitude, I take this public opportunity of acknowledging) was in London; I took the liberty of addressing myself to him, as the daughter of a gentleman, whom I was sensible his Lordship regarded; my application was not in vain, for though he that day set out for Ireland, he not only sent me a handsome present, but gave it in so genteel, so polite manner, with his compliments, that it added tenfold weight to his favour.

When my Lord's gentleman came to me, Providence so ordered, that Doctor Turnbull was drinking coffee with me; and upon this encouragement of a prelate taking compassion on my lost estate, he ventured to communicate to him Mr. Walsh's letter; the Doctor lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and seemed as much shocked at the perfidy as this of the wretch, as I had been; for whoever wrote the letter, it was certainly done by Mr. P—n's direction; but no wonder, when he had sworn I was dead, and was actually married to another, he tried every method to destroy me. And, to convince the world, I do not wrong him, I here present them with a letter I received from Ireland, and communicated to the present Primate, who knows it was not a forged, but a genuine one.

Madam,

Beg pardon for giving you this trouble, but whether it can be any to you, I know not, having been so often assured by him, who ought to have the best cause of knowledge, that you were long since dead; but, to my great surprise, I was informed by a gentleman of distinction, lately come from London, that he saw you, that were very well, and lived in St. James's Street.

The cause of my writing to you may seem odd, but this it is.

Mr. P—n has, for some time past, paid his addresses to a young lady, who is the daughter of my most intimate friend, to whom I have often heard him, with repeated oaths, not only confirm

your death, but that also of his two younger children—the latter is already found to be a base falsehood; and should it appear that he has attempted to impose a greater on us, there is no penalty the law can inflict, which he shall not suffer, nor shall my resentment ever lessen or abate, as he has justly merited it.

I beg you, madam, if you yet exist, you will favour me with an answer, and let me know whether there were any terms of agreement between you and Mr. P—n, and your separation; and the assurance neither money nor friends shall be wanting to support your interest; although I have not the pleasure of being known to you, you will find a real friend in

David Lambert

Direct to me at the Globe Coffee-house, Dublin.

I answered this letter the moment I received it, which was three weeks after the date, and never heard of the gentlemen more, nor know I whether he exists, or not.

And as Mr. P—n has, since my return to Ireland, accused me of attempting to injure him with the primates, as he styled them; I fairly own I sent Mr. Walsh's letter to the late Lord Primate Hoadly, and Mr. Lambert's letter to the present Lord Primate, (who, as he says in his most stupid Epistle, scorned to countenance me;) and gave him my letter, and my list of subscribers also, with full power to do to them what he pleased: and, truly Mr. Parson, so do I; but if neither the Lord Lieutenant, nor any of the principal persons of distinction in this kingdom, who have honoured me with their regard, should be willing to bear an insult from you, how can you help yourself? Why, man, we are in a Protestant country, and disdain to be priest-ridden.

Finding myself unable to pay so high a rent as I stood at, I discharged my lodging and servant, and went to board and lodge in a very genteel house in Green Street, Grosvenor Square; my landlord was *valet de chambre* to the Earl of stair, and his wife a top laundress which, in London, is a very profitable employment.

As she washed for several persons of distinction, she used, on Sunday, to invite the head-servants of noblemen's families to dinner, at which, I never took umbrage; for you are sure from them to learn every circumstance relating to their lords and ladies; and many entertaining stories of their particular humours and gallantries, did I learn; so true is it, that either good or evil fame proceeds from our domestics; and no wonder, as they have a better opportunity than the rest of the world, to watch our unguarded hours and comment on our frailties.

Amongst others, Sir John Ligonier's gentleman, as they styled him, which name, his generous master soon after entitled him to, by giving him a commission, dined with us; he looked very attentively me, and put me into confusion, by telling my landlady, she had, to his knowledge, a gentlewoman lodger.

After dinner, my landlord brought in a large bowl of punch, pipes and tobacco, upon which I made my exit.

I had not long been in my dressing room, which opened into a very sweet garden, when Mr. Parkinson, for so was this person called, followed me. He told me, he hated drink and tobacco, and would be infinitely obliged to me for a dish of tea, which, as my curiosity was raised by the words he had let drop at dinner, I readily consented to give him.

He had, he told me, frequently seen me in Stephen's Green, and was in Dublin at the time of my separation from my husband, and that numbers of people lamented my hard fate. I told him I had not found it so, for that I could not even get what was due to me from thence, nor an answer to any letter I ever wrote.

He then asked me, how I got any support; especially, as he had learned from the family, that I lived very retired; an ingenuously told him, I had no other fortune than my pen, and, at his request

showed him some of my writings; he told me his master delighted in poetry, and was one of the most generous gentlemen living, and that he was certain, if I applied to him, he would be a friend to me: I was easily prevailed on to write to him, to beg he would do me the honour of subscribing to me, and sent him such of my rhymes as I myself had the best opinion of. The general wrote me a very polite answer, and, as he lived a few doors my lodging, gave me, the next evening, the honour of a visit.

This gentleman is so universally known, beloved, honoured, and esteemed, that I dare not attend his character, being assured my best painting would fall infinitely short of the excellent original. Nor was I at all surprised that he should be a favourite of the Fair, who was adorned with honour, generosity, valour, and yet even female softness, and complacency, added to the charms of a most graceful and majestic person.

And if in an advanced age he shone so brightly, what must he had done in his first bloom, when

*His kindling cheeks, with purple beauties glowed,
His lovely sparkling eyes shot martial fires:
Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus charming.*

I dare say, half the ladies would have cried out with Phaedra.

O God-like form! O ecstasy, and transport!

This worthy gentleman subscribed to me for twelve books, and also engaged the late Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Stair, Lord Cobham, and several other English noblemen, to do me the same honour.

So the Almighty raised me friends, even in a strange land; and proved my husband, though a priest, no prophet, who declared I should starve; to which, indeed, his best endeavours have not been wanting.

But, he should have remembered the words of holy David: *I have been young, and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.*

My dear father had, by his many good works, entailed a blessing on my honest endeavours; and as Mr. Cibber used to say, when I wrote any thing that pleased him, "The gift of the great God to you, preserves you;" which, as I never sold, nor prostituted it to unworthy ends, I humbly hope his mercy will afford to me, as long as I have any being.

This timely assistance enabled me not only to live but to pursue my writing, which no person can ever do well, while their minds are, like Martha's, troubled with many things.

A few days after this, very genteel pretty woman, took a lodging in the same house with me: she was with child, and her husband was, as she said, a lawyer, and gone the circuit, so finding the City did not agree with her, she moved to better air. As she had very good furniture, my landlady made no scruple to accept of her without farther enquiry; and I was well pleased to think, I should have an agreeable companion.

Her manner of life greatly surprised me; for, in two months time, she never once went abroad, nor did any human creature come to visit her.

At length, about two o'clock one morning, a gentleman came, who, she said, was her husband; she let him in herself, and he left her early in the morning, so that none of the family saw him; he repeated his nocturnal visits several times, after the same manner, in the dead still, and

middle of the night, which appeared to me rather to wear the face of an amour, than lawful matrimony.

At length, the gentleman failed in attendance, and the lady said, he was gone into the country.

*The nightly knocking at the door did cease,
The noiseless hammer rusted there in peace.*

Some weeks passed over without either a message, or a letter, coming from the supposed husband, upon which she fell into a deep melancholy; which, though she seemed to attribute to apprehension of the approaching hour, I could easily perceive had some more secret and latent cause.

And as in my life I have never seen a more retired, or modest person, I had the utmost compassion for, and judged, if she was among the number of the unfortunate, some uncommon villainy had been practised against her.

As we were very intimate, I frequently surprised her in tears; and, at last, I ventured to beg her to acquaint me with the cause of her affliction, assuring her it was not an impertinent female curiosity which urged me on, but a real desire to be serviceable to her, which, perhaps, by some means or other, Providence might point out.

She burst into tears, and fondly embracing me, told me, she wanted a friend to unbosom herself to, and added, that if I would be her bedfellow that night, she would relate to me her unhappy story.

Wished for night came, and my Fair friend kept her promise.

"I am," said she, "the daughter of an eminent merchant, who by his extraordinary good nature, in being sureties for others, hospitable spirit, and very great losses at sea, was obliged to live in a more narrow compass than suited the generosity of his mind; my mother dying when I was but twelve years of age, my father made me mistress of the house, which he said would teach me to be an economist, and to know how to govern one of my own. When I was about fourteen years of age, a wealthy packer, a very handsome man, courted me; my father ingenuously told him, he could give him but five hundred pounds, with which, if he was satisfied, and, that I had no objection to it, he should be very glad to have him for a son-in-law.

"Mr. H—r—l, for so he was called, assured him he would gladly take me without a portion, but my father insisted on his acceptance of it, as it would help to furnish a house.

"Whatever may be thought at St. James's, those who converse with the traders of London, will find, they neither want sense nor politeness: and I liked Mr. H—l so well, that I was very glad of being so happily disposed of.

"My husband took a house commodious for his business, and for four years, during which time I had four children, we lived in great harmony.

"But, in the meantime, I had the misfortune of losing my dear father, who left the little remainder of his fortune, as a portion for my younger sister, and appointed my husband to be her guardian.

"One day he told me, he was afraid he should not be able to keep such good hours as he had done, been chosen a member of the Philosophic Club; in which were many gentlemen of distinction, whose acquaintance it was greatly his interest cultivate, and to whom it was an honour to be known, so he hoped it would not give me any uneasiness: I answered, he had always been so

indulgent to me, I must be ungrateful, indeed, to take offence, or be uneasy at anything he was pleased to do; he seemed transported with my answer, kissed me, and said, I was the best wife living. Little did I think what villainy he was perpetrating against me.

"He now stayed out several nights entirely, and, if he came at all, it was not till four or five in the morning, which, being unacquainted with jealousy, gave me no other concern, than the fear that irregularities might prejudice his health; but I have often been surprised at his coming home so sober, and that he did not appear drowsy, after such long watching.

"One morning, in particular, he no sooner entered, but he called for his riding dress, and told me, he was going with a gentleman into the country, for a few days; so giving me his purse, in which were forty guineas, he desired I would carefully observe his business, in which I was now a pretty good proficient.

"Three months time elapsed, and, though I wrote to him, according to his own direction, I never received an answer.

"I was now filled with the most gloomy apprehensions; one time concluding he had been murdered; a thousand fears presented themselves to my imagination, till lost and bewildered, I could fix on nothing: my friends persuaded me to advertising, which accordingly I did.

"Some days after, a very well-dressed young gentleman desired to see me; I showed him into the parlour, where he demanded of me whether I was Mr. H—l's wife? I said, yes, upon which, to my great surprise, he asked me, could I prove it? I assured him I could: 'That is all I want, Madam:' I begged he would explain those dark speeches, inasmuch as they quite terrified me: 'Madam,' said he, 'my name is L—c—ky, I have a good estate, and am newly called to the bar; your husband has inveigled away my sister, and married her; she is under age, and has fifteen thousand pounds to her fortune; she shall prove her marriage; and, if you do not prove your prior one, what can the world think of you?'

"I was so astonished at this account, that I fainted away;—the gentleman called the servants to my assistance, stood by me till I came to myself; the agonies I felt, are only known to those who have truly and tenderly loved: dreadful alternative! Either to prosecute a beloved husband to death, or be myself deemed an infamous woman?"

Here the poor creature had so renewed her own anguish, and so awakened all my woes, that our eyes streamed social, and mingled their sympathetic waters; till, insensibly, the dewy-feathered sleep closed up our eyelids.

I longed as much for the next night, as the Sultan, in *The Arabian Nights Entertainment*, did to hear the charming Scheherazade's fine stories; at length it came, and the lady proceeded.

"I begged a day or two to consider on so important an affair, and also to consult with my friends, what was most advisable for me to do, and then I would return a positive answer; so, having an uncle in Bond Street, I sent my household furniture there:" "Dear Madam," said I, "what did you do with your children?" "Oh," returned she, "I never had one that lived above a few days." "That", said I, "was happy." "I think so now," said she, "though I did not then. I told my uncle all my mournful story, who advised me by all means, to vindicate myself, and not fall a prey to so consummate a villain.

"I stayed with my uncle, who was a widower: my sister married, and Mr. H— would not pay her fortune, as she had not asked his consent: my uncle would not permit either a letter, or a message to be delivered to me, but kept the perfect prisoner; however, there was a young lady in the neighbourhood, whom he had some intention to marry, and whom he frequently brought, as a companion, to relieve my solitary hours.

"One evening she insisted on my coming to drink tea with her, my uncle urged me to it; I went. Judge of my surprise! When I found there my husband's mother and sister all drowned in tears; they told me, he was confined in Newgate,—had taken the prison fever, and declared he could not die in peace, unless he saw me.

"I loved him too well to refuse his request, upon which they immediately hurried me into a coach; and there indeed he was; the lawyer had arraigned him for his life, and he must take his trial.

"He looked so dejected, and seemed so sincerely penitent, and I, alas! so sincerely loved him, that I even consented to stay with him in his confinement; he acknowledged his fault; but very artfully insinuated, that it did not proceed from any change in his affection, but that his circumstances were so distressed, that he had no other means to retrieve them; that his death could be of no service to me;—that I knew myself to be his lawful wife; that he would always support me; in short, he used every tender and prevailing argument to keep me from appearing against him, and, heaven knows, I had no inclination to do it.

"When his trial-day came, his second wife fully proved her marriage to him; but, like the real mother, I chose to give her all, sooner than divide him, so she triumphed over me; and, as I had given up the cause, none of my friends would give me any assistance. I am now in the oddest situation imaginable; even a kept mistress to my own husband; for, upon no other terms, would he give me any relief; nor do I know whether to style myself innocent or guilty for my condescension to him.

"As my tenderness for him made me appear in a bad light to the world, ever ready to censure even our best actions; I dare not in my present condition, let any person, who knows me, see me, lest they should think of me worse than I deserve—I have had no supply from him for a considerable time; he has prohibited my writing to him at his house; and now, dear Madam, advise me what to do."

There was something so peculiarly unhappy in this poor creature's fate, that it might puzzle a wiser head than mine to comply with her request; I considered it every way without being able to form any scheme for her relief.

At length, she told me, he kept an office on Ludgate Hill, (where he was always to be found at nine in the morning,) as his second wife was too fine a lady to bear one in the house; she imagined, if I could see him, I might work on his compassion; I readily consented to do anything which might be serviceable to her, and rising early next morning, she gave me a letter to him which I promised not to deliver, but into his own hand.

Accordingly, I set out on my embassy, and found the gentleman, such as she had described him, a polite, handsome man, of above thirty years of age; he was alone, and received me very civilly: I presented the letter, but seemed ignorant of the contents; I could easily perceive he was much disturbed; however, with a marvellous assurance, he said, he could not give charity to everybody; that he had often assisted that unfortunate person; that she ought to work for her bread, as many of our betters did, and a number of such inhuman speeches, common on those occasions. I told him her present conditions did not enable her to perform any but needlework, and that he who put into it should support her; he asked me what I meant? "Nothing but honesty; if a man gets child he ought to take care of it." "What," said he, "would you have me father a bastard?" "She could not, I am sure, have one by you; and would not, I am convinced, have one by anybody else." He bade me explain myself; I told him, he perfectly understood me, and therefore it was not necessary; but that if he pleased, I would tell Mrs. H—l the second, of his midnight visits to his wife. The wretch seemed confounded, and seeing I knew him so well, thought he had best be quiet, especially as a gentleman came in, before whom he did not care to be exposed; so he called me to the staircase, and putting a couple of guineas into my hand, said aloud, "Madam, I shall take care, and mind your

directions:" I begged he would, and so we parted: but, I am well convinced, it was fear, not love, that made him send her even that trifle.

This unhappy lady died a few hours after she was brought to bed, the infant also died; and I hope, though her husband, by her lenity, once escaped the halter, justly due to him, he has, by this time, inherited it, for I would have such offenders so cut off.

I grew so melancholy at the loss of my companion, that I did not even care for writing, but amused myself entirely with reading; and my not having a library of my own, made me a constant customer to a shop in the neighbourhood, where they hired out books by the quarter; this brought me into an acquaintance with the persons who kept it: sensible, well bred people: one day I received a letter from Mrs. Ryves, for that was their name, that she had some very agreeable friends with her, and that they wanted a hand at quadrille, so she hoped I would be of their party; I was very glad of any recreation, and as they lived but in Brook Street, directly went. I was shown into a parlour, where sat an old man, whom I knew to be a Grub Street writer, and a young gentleman in a very plain dress, whom I also supposed to be in the same class; they were playing cribbage for a farthing a game, and, instead of counters, scored with chalk; they had also an alehouse pot, with some porter in it, standing by them, and the room smelled strong of tobacco; from these appearances, I conceived a very contemptible opinion of the company, and would have retired, had I known how to do so civilly; but, as at my entrance, I had told Mrs. Ryves, I was entirely disengaged that evening, I could by no means get off; and could only hope for some little amusement, by hearing what those underlings in arts and sciences might have to say;

*For every object of creation
May furnish hints for contemplation.*

The scene, however, was changed, the disagreeable part of the decoration removed, and a quadrille table introduced.

The younger gentleman proposed our playing for nothing: "Pshaw," said I, "then we shall all cheat;" "I would no more do that," said he, "then give a vote against my country."—This surprised me; I told him, I hoped, as he expressed such a spirit of patriotism, he had a seat in the house: he said, he had the honour of representing the ancient city of Canterbury; that his father was Admiral Rooke, and that he was married to the sister of the Lord Guildford Dudley, a lady unmatched in wit, and beauty: I told him, I was glad to find one person of distinction, who was not ashamed to justice to the merits of his lady: "I should be a scoundrel," said he "to refuse it; she gave me the preference to a man of a much larger fortune, to whom our friends had destined her, an obligation never to be forgot by a grateful spirit." This gentleman had such an uncommon generous way of thinking, that instead of minding the game, I was quite attentive to him, which he observing, said, "take away the cards, they are only fitted to amuse such as are incapable of tasting a more rational entertainment."

I was very glad of this;—the old scribbler walked into the shop, to recreate himself with tobacco, and porter; and Mrs. Ryves went to get us some chat-inspiring liquor, green tea.

I told Mr. Rooke, if I had been any way wanting in respect to him, I hoped he would attribute it to my ignorance of his station, and the company, and situation I found him in.

He assured me, I had committed no offence, nor did he believe it was in my nature: but, said he, as you have remarked of the company, you must know my wife and Lord S—thw—ll's sisters went this morning to Greenwich: I had some business which prevented my waiting on them; when that was over, I went to Mount Street coffee-house, in order to pick up some company to dine with me, and finding none, I asked the old man, who refused me, as Mrs. Ryves had engaged him; I told

him, I would go dine with him;—as I had, in the shop, read your apology for the Minister, I was greatly surprised to hear it was the product of a lady's pen; when I seemed to question it, they proposed sending for you, which being very agreeable to me, was immediately done; so, Madam, this is the history of the day.

I thanked the gentleman, for his complaisance in relating it.

The tea put into such high spirits that he finding me a sort of a politician, told me many entertaining stories about Sir Rob—t W—le's various schemes to have always the majority of the house on his side; of which, as many as I can recollect that were numerous, I presented the readers with.

The first was this: one Sir Cl— M—cd—I, a Scots baronet, without foot of estate, was returned duly elected for what shire I have forgot; however he came to London, took a Hackney coach, and drove to Sir Rob—t's, the servants said, he was engaged; but Sir Cl—dy, insisted on his carrying up his name, and, lest he should forget it, jumped out of the coach, and, running upstairs after him, delivered his embassy himself. Sir Robert welcomed him, and, like a courtier, told him, he should be glad to serve him: "Nay, nay, mon," returned he, "I came na here for compliments; I ha ne siller to get a lodging, so I'll e'en stay here till you give me some:" so Sir Robert chose to give him his purse, rather than be plagued with his impertinence.

The Earl of P—rb—h, a pensioner, told Sir Rob—t, he was always at a loss how to vote, inasmuch as he did not understand the debates,—and was so nearsighted, that when the house divided, he knew not of which side to go:—Sir Rob—t bade him always follow the bishops. It happened, on the convention theme, three or four of the bishops rose, and the Earl seeing them move, he, according to his master's direction, followed them, and voted point-blank against his own interest.

Mr. Rooke, seeing how much I was pleased, proceeded:

A Scots peer, who was also a pensioner, and a remarkable fat man, came up one morning, according to custom, to Sir Rob—t's levee, and, without the least ceremony, laid hold of his ribbon; Sir Rob—t could not readily disengage himself, and the noble man lugged him to the window, in which, sousing himself down, he happened to have an escape, which carried with it so loud a report, that it threw the whole company into laughter.

Very well, my Lord, said the Minister, pray what have you farther to say?

"Why, this is it, Sir Rob—t, I owe fifteen hundred pounds, and by God if you don't give it to me I'll go tomorrow to the house, and vote according to conscience." 'Tis to be presumed his demand was complied with in private, though laughed at in public, but he always voted with Sir Rob—t.

Mr. Rooke finding me attentive, proceeded: the late Duke of Wh—ton, a man of infinite variety, and humour, at the time of the discovery of Atterbury's plot, as they called it, which was proved by deciphering letters, and torturing the harmless alphabet into treason; the Duke saw a man at the door of the Parliament house, selling horn-books; Sir Rob—t's equipage stopped, and the Duke, laying hold of him as he alit, told him, he was surprised he did not send the fellow to Newgate, who was selling such a libel on the ministry: "why, said Sir Rob—t, my Lord, those are horn-books;" "Treason, by God," replied the Duke, "as I will convince you," so holding him, he ran on,

*A stands for an army, and B for a bench,
C stands for a court, and D for a drench,
E, I won't interpret that,*

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

*F stands for gay France, which we hope will not swerve,
And G stands for George,—whom God long preserve,
P stands for the pox, the pretender, the Pope,
And R stands for Robin, and ribbon, and rope!*

said he, pulling him by the blue string; the Minister could not help himself, and being naturally of a pacific temper, took this as quietly as he did G—n—r—l Ch—ch—ll's lying with his w—fe.

As I had never heard the story, I begged he would relate it: Why, said he, Sir Robert went out very early one morning to the house, but having forgot some paper of importance to the dirty work of the day,—he returned home for it, and passing through his wife's apartment to his closet, what should he see, but his serene spouse and the general in amorous dalliance—the general, all-hero as he was, jumped out of bed, and besought mercy, from, as he supposed, his incensed rival; but a good man, resembling Cato in one point,

*Who, if a friend or so should chance to need her,
Would recommend her as a special breeder.*

Said carelessly, "Prithee, what does the fool mean? You look very warm; get into bed again, or you'll catch cold."

Mr. Rooke, seeing me so well diverted with this story, proceeded to another: as I have, said he, mentioned the Duke of Wh—rt—n,—you are to know, he had an intrigue with Mrs. P—, now C—tess of B—; one morning, as they were in bed together, he recollected that he had promised to write a letter to a friend—so he called for a pen, ink, and paper; but being at a loss for a writing desk, made the lady turn up her poste—s, and dated his letter from sweet P—ggy P—lt—y's, &c. &c. &c.

Here entered our kind host, and brought us a paper called the Champion, in which was a very humorous piece of advice to all who went to c—t, to wear shields on their bu—s; this was so *mal apropos*, that it raised our mirth: said Mr. Rooke, his M—'s own was in danger the other night; as how, Sir? Why, said he, Sir Rob—t, not choosing to hurt the kingdom by the King's using foreign commodities, when we had so much cheaper and better at home, recommended to him Miss Sk—rr—t, as a handmaiden; his M— liked her so well, that he invited her to supper with him in the C—tess of Y—h's apartment, where growing a little more fond of his young mistress than the old one could bear, she arose, and as the K—leaned over the table, took the chair from under him, and let M—come souse to the ground: Oh, what a falling off was there! He, all enraged, rose again, kicked first the C—ss, next his handmaiden, and retired to his apartment, marvellously distempered with choler.

"Well, Sir," said I, "surely Sir Rob—t was a most necessary servant, that would even Sir Pandarus of Troy become, and that for his own daughter, to oblige M—; but an able politician will turn his hand to anything, where profits may accrue, and Mr. Gay observes that

*In pimps, and politicians,
The genius is the same.*

"And yet, who could suspect a man of his reverence and station, for the most vile and servile of all employments!"

"Oh fie," said he, "don't disgrace so noble an occupation. I assure you, the knight's complaisance to the general proved the means of saving his own life; for, on the excise scheme, the people were so incensed, that they determined to put him to death, and yet to make it seem chance-

medley: accordingly, as he was going down to St Stephen's Steps, into our illustrious S—te House, one man pushed him so hard that he tumbled on his face, and a number of persons determined to run over him, and trample him to death; but the general, who was with him, drew his sword, and swore the first to advance should die on point of Fox.

"Nobody ventured to encounter a Ch—ll, so the Prime Mi—ster escaped."

"Ah!" said I, "that was God's mercy, and ten thousand pities!" "Faith," said he, "and so it was."

Mr. Rooke now began to be a little inquisitive, who I was? I told him my name was Meade, for by that I always went in London; so that the numerous stories of Mrs. P—n's being in taverns, bagnios, &c. which my husband says he can prove, (Mem. he lies) never appertained to me; but to his own c—sin N—y P—n, whose father lives in Pill Lane,—and who is herself as common prostitute as ever traversed the hundreds of Drury.

I do this to convince him I scorn to rob any of his illustrious family of their notable achievements, and, according to the old proverb, *'Tis but proper to set the saddle on the right horse*, or rather mare, for I think she much resembles one.

But to return.

Mr. Rooke asked me, if I was related to Capt. Meade? I told him, he was my uncle's son: he said, he was a worthy little fellow; that he knew him very well, and had made him his confidant in his amour with his lady.

Time stole insensibly away with such agreeable amusement; we sat to the small hours without drowsiness, nor did we desire the aid of Bacchus to keep up our spirits.

I humbly hope nobody will attempt to decipher my initials; for I do assure them the great M— is an innocent letter, and does not like *Mitching, Mallico*, mean mischief.

I told Mr. Rooke, I was going to publish a book by subscription; he said, he was sure it must be good, so he gave me a guinea, and promised to use his interest for me.

He told me, he would come and visit me the first hour he had to spare: I answered, I hoped he would soon find one: "Well then," said he, "I'll tell you how I pass the day, and do you find one."

"I rise about nine, drink coffee, not that I like it, but that gives a man the air of a politician; for the same reason, I always read the news;—then I dress, and about twelve, go to the Cocoa-Tree, where I talk treason; from thence to St. James's Coffee-House, where I praise the Ministry; then to White's, where I talk gallantry; so by three I return home to dinner; after that, I read about an hour, and digest the book and dinner together;—then I go to the opera or play, Vauxhall or Ranelagh, according to the season of the year; from thence home to supper, and about twelve to bed."

I smiled at the gentleman's whimsical description of his passing the day, and told him he had, by his own account, three or four hours to bestow on me, as the hour he talked treason, the hour he was loyal, or the hour in which he read; "Ay," said he, very gaily, "what you think of the last hour, wherein I go to bed?" "Oh, Sir, you are so much better engaged, it would not only be wickedness, but folly also, to think of that at all."

"Well, depend on it," said he, "I'll see you tomorrow;" so we took leave forever, for the very first news I heard next morning, was that Mr. Rooke, a little while after he arose, fell down in an apoplectic fit, and instantly expired.

I never was more shocked than at his untimely fate; heavens! All wit, life, and gaiety at night, and dead in the morning! I wept for him as a friend, and such, I am sure, he would have been to me, had he lived. I found, by these two melancholy events, there was nothing serious in

mortality; all was but toys! I frequently recollected Dr Delany's beautiful lines on seeing himself in the glass:

*When I revolve this evanescent state
Of short duration, and uncertain date;
My being, and my stay dependent still,
Not on my own, but on another's will;
I ask myself, as I my form review,
Which is the real shadow of the two?*

Mrs. Ryves was also much touched for the loss of this gentleman, and, indeed, so was everybody who knew him. She and I went one afternoon to walk in St. James's Park, but finding myself weary she proposed going to a physician's house in Westminster, a widower, and her relation, where we could get a dish of tea, and rest ourselves; I agreed; the doctor was at home, and a very polite gentleman; I found by the furniture of the room, he was a virtuoso, it being adorned with books, medals, paintings, dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

The Dean mentions it as a praise to Vanessa, that

*She, with address, each genius held
To that wherein they most excelled;
So making others' wisdom known
She pleased them, and improved her own.*

For no sooner did the doctor perceive that I knew Mark Anthony from Julius Caesar, and Brutus from both, but he related a great part of the Roman History to me, even from the first Punic war to the death of Julius.

My readers may venture to believe it was not new to me, who had from my childhood been, if I may use the word, a perfect devourer of books; and I found them both sweet to the palate, and nourishing food to the mind.

It has been observed, as a piece of refined policy in Gundamore the Spaniard, that he used to talk bad Latin to King James I. who being a pedant rather than a Prince, so much pleasure in, as he thought, setting this Machiavel right, that to oblige his pupil, he complimented him with the head of the learned and brave man Sir Walter Raleigh.

I have often successfully practised the same art, and gained many friends by seeming to take their instruction with pleasure; to acknowledge their superiority of understanding, on which even fools pride themselves, is, I believe the most delicate way of flattering ever yet thought of, as Cassius says of Caesar,

*And when I tell him, he hates flattery,
He says he does, being then most flattered.*

Very few people are virtue proof there, or, like Achilles, have a mortal heel, and though

*'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet, now and then, your men of wit
Will condescend to taste a bit.*
Swift.

I found the good Doctor fallible here, to my great happiness, as it made him my friend; and under God, his skill and care soon after saved my life.

The gentleman made us stay to supper, finding when the wind was in one particular point, I was as wise as Hamlet, and knew a hawk from a handsaw.

At supper I told him, I was an *amicus*, akin to the faculty, being a physician's daughter, upon which he arose, and said he must salute his neice; and, that if ever I should fall sick, he claimed the honour of attending me. We stayed together till twelve very cheerfully, and then parted in peace.

I have observed, if my life had any sunshine, it was but a faint and watery gleam, too soon overcast, for, in a very few days, I was seized with a violent fever; it took me with cold shivering fits, and remembering the doctor's claim, I sent for him. He had me bled, and ordered me to go to bed; I did not see him till next morning, by which time I was quite lightheaded, and crying out for my children; when the doctor came, I told him he had stolen them from me, and carried them to Mr. P—n; on this he opened my bosom, for which I also quarrelled, and said he was a very impudent fellow; he, smiling, said, I had a very fair skin, but that he was under and necessity of making free with it, otherwise he could not answer for my life; and as, it seems, it was full of purple spots, he ordered a large blister for my back, and one for each arm; what passed for some days, in which, they were renewed, I know not, being quite insensible even to pain; but when the fever abated, and reason once more resumed her throne, what frail machines are we, when sickness can displace her? They assured me, I raved incessantly for my dear little ones, and fell into such fits of crying and lamentation for them, that it put them in mind of Rachel mourning for the loss of her children, who refused to be comforted, because they were not.

So, as it has been often observed, that there is truth in wine, I found there was truth in madness, the cause that hurts the brain, or the reigning passion of the soul then manifests itself, and as my beloved were evermore present to my imagination, it was no wonder that their names dwelt ever on my tongue.

When these things were told me, I, as one newly awakened from sleep, remembered some wild, disjointed, incoherent ideas, which had possessed my soul, even during its lethargic state; such as, that Mr. P—n was going to offer some violent injury to our children, but of what kind I knew not, it was fled, like the remembrance of a guest which tarrieth but a day. I might as well have endeavoured to find out the path which the light bird had with his wings beat in the buxom air, or the track of a ship, when with its crooked keel, it divides the briny waves which immediately unite again; or seize old Time, and bid him bring me back one moment past, as hope to reconnect what was for ever lost in oblivion.

Indeed I have frequently had these supernatural solicitings, or a kind of indication of whatever was to befall me before it happened: made, what is more surprising, I have read a history, to me quite new, and has occurred to me, that I myself had been some way principally concerned in the most material transactions of it, though they were past a thousand years.

Had I lived in the days of Pythagoras, I believe I should have been of his opinion, and have imagined,

*That all things are but altered; nothing dies,
And here and there the unbodied spirit flies.*

Nay, I should have been afraid to kill a woodcock, lest I should disinherit the soul of my grand-dame.

If my reader thinks me whimsical, let him judge by the event.

A woman, (in whose garden I had once walked in Ireland) the first day I was able to sit up, and very weak I was after so long sickness, even while my kind physician was rubbing my temples with Hungary water to recover me out of a fainting fit, rushed into the room, and, without the least ceremony, cried out, "Do you know what that villain has done?" As I neither knew her, nor who she spoke of, I was quite startled, and asked, who she talked about, what she meant? "That villain P—n," says she, "who has sold your two younger children for slaves to New York:" this was such a monstrous crime I could scarce give any credit; for even admitting what he had so cruelly charged me with regard to his bed, was truth, how had their helpless innocence offended him? I observed to the Doctor, my ravings were ominous, and portended some dire calamity.

The Doctor, apprehending this shock might make me relapse, begged of the person who gave it, to retire; which, after several asseverations, that what she said was fact, as indeed it was, and that she had brought it out in that manner to haste me, if possible, to prevent their unhappy fate, she did.

As the doctor was not only a man of excellent understanding, but also great humanity, I told him, as he had been so kind to administer to the health of my body, he must now, if possible, administer to a mind diseased; and as it was impossible for him to prescribe remedies without knowing the distemper, and its original, I gave him my story in a few words, and he advised me to write to Ireland, to the rulers, and bishops, which I did that very night; and, providentially, the letters were delivered time enough to prevent the children being sold to slavery—the affair was enquired into, and Mr. P—n was obliged to refund to the master of the kid-ship, the golden earnest he had received as the price of the innocent.

What to me was most surprising, was, that Mr. P—n's mother was one of the contrivers of this infernal plot; grandmothers being usually more indulgent to their grandchildren than even their mothers; but as she who would have made a prey of them is not long since dead, even of the disease that Herod, Peter the Cruel, and other malignant wretches fell by, I can only bid her adieu, and charitably hope she has escaped the judgement of the next world, as a felon her in this.

These facts are so publicly known, that for the evidence of them I could produce even a cloud of witnesses, were it necessary.

And yet, who that beheld this man, clad in holy vesture at the altar, appearing like white robed innocence, with eyes upturned to heaven, could believe him capable of all manner of crimes;

*Perjury, perjury in the highest degree!
Cruelty, cruelty in the sternest degree.*

He may, indeed, like Richard III., prove himself by these to be a man; who, when his mother upbraids him with his manifold acts of savage tyranny, she says,

*No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.
Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.*

And, indeed Mr. P—n may again say with him, that he has nothing

*But the plain Devil, and dissembling looks
To back his cause.*

*Oh that Ithuriel's heavenly tempered spear
Would make the fiend in his own shape appear,*

Or pluck the holy fur from off his back, and let the world, for once see what the inside of a wicked priest is made of.

As I received no account from Ireland, I knew not what to think; sometimes I flattered myself that the woman had belied him; at other times, reflecting on his intolerable barbarity to the poor creatures, whom distress alone made me leave immured within his inhospitable walls, too rough a cradle for my pretty ones! My very heart died within me, and I am as well assured, as that I live, that it was not the fear of God, but the fear of a halter, hindered him from imbruing his own hands in their vital blood.

But, enough of the wretch, who if he can disprove me, ought to do it; he attributes his silence to contempt of me, but it is well known he neither wants wit, nor words, nor impudence to bring him off: it is strong conviction, with proof as full and evident as day against him, ties up his guilty tongue. At length, I thought of writing to W—rs—le, as I had learnt he was in Dublin: he wrote me word, but the children were all well; that he had given an apprentice fee with my daughter to a milliner, and had taken my youngest son to himself; that old Mr. P—n and my mother were dead, and my last child, which, being but an infant, I could not carry to London with me; that he had got a famous ossified man, and was going to carry him to Paris for a show, to which place he earnestly invited me to accompany him.

I hoped, by this letter, that Mr. P—n had been wronged, with regard to the children under his care; and though some humane tears fell for the loss of my mother and my child, yet, considering how desolate they both were, I envied rather than deplored their fate.

The child, here mentioned, was that which Mr. P—n disclaimed, and advised me to leave upon the parish.

But now I do assure my readers I was also sincerely sorry for the death of old Mr. P—n, inasmuch as he always treated me with a fatherly tenderness, was excessively fond of my children, was a man of a great uncultivated genius; and, though I have mentioned his keeping an alehouse, I did not mean it in any disrespect to his memory; for he was the son of a gentleman, though, by various misfortunes, he was reduced to take up so low an occupation; but nothing can be justly deemed scandalous which is not dishonest. And, I am well convinced, had he lived, he never would have consented to the inhuman barbarity of his son.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

So many melancholy incidents had befallen me in this solitary place, that I determined to change my lodging; and was recommended by a stationer's wife to a single gentlewoman who kept a milliner's shop in Fleet Street; she was a jolly likely Dame, of about forty, very gay; we liked each other so well, that we soon made a bargain, and, for a few days, I was very well pleased with the change, as the variety of that busy part of London amused my mind: but I soon found that I was got into very bad hands, and that my new landlady was neither better nor worse than a mercenary town jilt; who been pretty well known herself, and consequently despised, wanted something new to produce to her customers.

I think I never saw any person in my life who did not possess one good quality, except this creature; for woman is a term too gentle for her, who had not even decency to hide her shame.

To give my reader a taste of her cleanliness: she told me herself she had not combed her head for three years, which, I believe, was true, because she was not mistress of a comb, except

when she made free with mine, than which nothing could be more offensive to me, so that her hair, though naturally fine, being quite matted on a filthy hair-cap, seemed to be a composition of raw silk and moss, such as I remember to have stolen a lock of from the head of good Duke Humphrey, at St. Alban's, three hundred years after his death: shifts she had two as yellow as canvas, but they were sleeveless; no matter for that, she sold ready-made cambric sleeves, and could easily pin on a pair, for she never took any farther trouble about them; I think I must for the rest refer my reader to the *Lady's Dressing-room*, for,

*In such a case few words are best,
And Strephon bids us guess the rest.*

I really, till I saw this wretch, imagined the Dean had only mustered up all the dirty ideas in the world in one piece, on purpose to affront the fair sex, as he used humorously to style old beggar-women, and cinder-pickers.

This makes me digress to release a compliment of his to some ladies, who supped with him, of which I had the honour to be one: the Dean was giving us an account of some woman, who, he told us, was the nastiest, filthiest, most stinking old b—ch that ever was yet seen, except the company, ladies! Except the company! For that you know is but civil. We all bowed; could we do less?

From the time I had the misfortune of being her tenant, she invited every person she had any acquaintance with to see me, as though I had been some outlandish monster, or wonderful curiosity. Amongst the rest, she prevailed on the now L—d Ch—f J—st—ce E—e, then a student in Gray's Inn, a fine gentleman, poetically turned, and somewhat too much upon the effeminate or delicate order to bear whatever was not quite refined, to venture into her dining room, where I sat scribbling; I was for retiring, but that was not permitted: the gentleman, who was dressed in black velvet, and had the air of a person of distinction, said, he hoped as his visit was intended entirely to me, I would not be so unkind as to refuse it.

I said, I did not know how I was entitled to such an honour; but since he was pleased to bestow it on me, I should with gratitude except of it. My hostess, for that name, by her bulk, far above the common size of females, she seemed to deserve, prudently left the stranger and I to ourselves, under pretence that she must attend her shop. Mr. E—e, seeing my table covered with written papers told me, my room resembled that of a lawyer, and asked me leave to read my contemplations; to which I agreeing, he had the complaisance to seem entertained; when, to my unspeakable confusion, the brute returned, and cried, "what will you treat the lady with?" "Any thing she chooses," returned he, and seemed as much confounded as I was: "pray, Madam, what do you like?" "Nothing at present, Sir, but what I have ordered, some coffee;" as it was but five o'clock in the afternoon, and as the gentleman was remarkable for the sobriety, he approved of my taste: he offered to pay for it: I told him, I did not sell it, and that he could not more highly aggrieve me."

My landlady sent it up, but did not think proper to partake of our repast, of which I was very glad; he looked on me with eyes of great compassion, especially as he observed the tears springing from mine, for indeed I was quite shocked; he asked me how I became acquainted with a person so very unlike myself? I told him, I was a stranger, I knew very little of her: as he gave credit to my words, he advised me to quit her house, assuring me she was a procuress, and, as he said, kept a shop only to disguise her real occupation.

He had scarce finished his friendly caution, when Madam entered again with two very large lobsters in one hand, and a bottle of wine in the other, she laid a very foul tablecloth, dressed the fish, and invited us to partake; which we refusing, she eat them all herself, drank the bottle of wine, and very modestly desired the gentleman to pay for them, to which he acquiesced.

This a scene that made us laugh heartily, for she fed with such keen dispatch, and drank so often, that she seemed like a starved Pierrot, devouring all before her

Her rage of hunger being now, as we hope it, suppressed, she once more left us; and Mr. E—e said, "I hope you are now convinced, madam, that, at least, your reputation will be undone, if you continue here:" I answered, "It was but too true; but that, at present, I saw no method of relief, but she owed me money, which she never was bashful in borrowing, by which means I was ill provided to remove, and had agreed to take it out on board and lodging."

Here Madam once more rushed in, when, to my great surprise! She asked Mr. E—e, would he give her a roasted fowl and sausages for supper? He told her, after so plentiful a meal as she had just made, he was sure she did but jest: she affirmed she was an earnest, and that if he would not, there was a gentleman below that would.

Mr. E—e, who had a mind to hold more talk with me, asked me, what part of the house belonged to me? She answered, with matchless impudence, a very good bedchamber, which she supposed, we should have no objection to, as we liked each other so well.

I seemed not to take the meaning of her speech; but not having the least apprehension of any incivility being offered to me by a person of good breeding, and humanity; I told the gentleman, he should be very welcome, if he pleased to walk into it,—as it was on the same floor; he said, I did him great honour, and that he would wait on me.

However, to avoid the evil comments which wicked persons, judging others by themselves, are ever ready to make, I left the door wide open, to the no small mortification of my landlady, and her new guest, as they were obliged to pass by it.

And what should he be but some drunken swabber or boatswain! Whose tarpaulin compliments, of which we heard every word distinctly, for some time, diverted us; till, at last, their talk became so offensive, that as I had left the door open in point of decency, I was now on the same account obliged to shut it.

The gentleman once more urged the necessity of my departure from this villainous woman; assuring me, if I would but change my lodging, and send the lines to him, with a direction, where to find me, he would do everything in his power to serve distressed merit, as he was pleased to term it.

And that nothing might be wanting to enable me to do it, he, in a very polite manner, obliged me to accept of two guineas, as a subscription to my writings.

This ingenious gentleman entertained me with the recital of several beautiful poetical compositions of his own, and finding I was not quite tasteless, but, at least, endeavoured to give them due praise, he stayed with me till ten o'clock, no unseasonable hour, as it was in the month of June; when, either being hungry himself, or willing to entertain me, he insisted on my permission to send to the Devil Tavern for some supper, a meal I never choose, but, in complaisance my benefactor, and also as a means of engaging his further conversation, which was truly elegant, I, with some reluctance, submitted to. Our one maid being gone for the other bowl of punch for the sailor, the gentleman went and bespoke it himself.

I could not, in his absence, but reflect how much the unhappy part of women disappoint even their own ends; for when they throw off the appearance of modesty, and show the mercenary prostitute unveiled, no man of common understanding, can have the least regard for them; Mr. Addison observes of some woman, who kept a noted house of civil reception, that she said, no girl was fit, even for her, who was past blushing. Well said the Dean, in the following lines:

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

*O decency, celestial maid!
Descend from heaven to beauty's aid;
Though beauty may beget desire,
'Tis thou must fan the lovers fire,
To hold him in delusion still,
And make him fancy what you will.*

And I do assure my reader, I did not forget to return thanks to the Almighty, who had enabled me to live by his gifts to me; for, sure I am, that I could raise no money by vile means;

*By heaven, I had rather coin my heart for gold,
And drop my blood for drachmas.
Shakespeare.*

Mr. E—e's return broke off my contemplation; he had ordered a slight, but elegant repast, with a flask of champagne; we supped together with great pleasure, and except the dissonant and unharmonious noise made by our neighbours, who were now got so merry, that they did, what they called, sing; we had no interruption, talked of history, poetry, and every Muse-like theme; called all the mighty dead before us, rejudged their acts, commented on the works of Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, and all the British classics.

*Refined delight, and fitted to endure!
But what can human happiness secure?
Delany.*

The star, that ushers in the rosy dawn, began to reassume her empire o'er the dusk, and drowsy world; the bell tolled one, a signal of departure to my amiable guests, whose kind injunctions, in regard to my removal, I promised to obey.

The maid, who her mistress half starved, and though she was really her betters, used so ill, that she downright hated her, told me that the sailor and she were gone to bed together, both dead drunk.

And yet this creature would talk of virtue, nay, go to church; but, to say the truth, she only went there to pick up a gallant.

As I was not in the least sleepy, I dismissed the servant, and

*Revolving in my clouded soul
The various turns of things below,
Now and then a sigh I stole,
And tears began to flow.*

*I opened the window, looked at the moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one, who had been led astray,
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.*

In short, I was wrapped in a pleasing fit of melancholy, and had I been in the country, midst vernal airs and blooms, should have attuned my rural minstrelsy to some high theme; but, alas! ease

and retirement, those friends the Muse, ever were denied to me, being in a populous city pent amidst the busy hum of men, obliged to work for daily bread, and often not obtaining even that poor pittance.

Oh! That I could now retire! That some charitable hand would bestow on my poor remains of life, even but a clay habitation in some sequestered scene, where,

*On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.*

How happy should I think myself!

My readers will, I hope, acknowledge I deal candidly with them, when I not only acquaint them with my actions, but reveal to them even the inmost recesses of my soul as freely as to heaven.

At length, remembering that nature requires a time of rest, I thought it but meet to indulge the pleasing heaviness: or, in plainer language, I went to bed, and enjoyed the honeydew of sleep, till it was very late in the day.

It seems the maid had, on purpose to mortify her mistress, told her how genteelly Mr. E—e had entertained me; which, though she herself had been guilty of such foul intemperance, and swinish gluttony, raised her indignation to such a height, that she downright affronted me, telling me, I had no business with her gallant: "Why," said I, "Sure you had him all to yourself, I did not interfere;" for I suppose she meant honest Tar, but, it seems, I was mistaken, for it was Mr. E—e, whom she had so politely dismissed, and whom now she had called a hundred scrubs; assuring me, she could never make any thing of him, and really I believed her; and by what I then saw of her temper, I am certain, had she known he had made me a present, I should not have escaped without a good beating.

"Well," said she, at last, "I warrant I had a better chap than your fine Beau;" (this was speaking pretty plain) "my man gave me a crown, and victuals, and liquor enough: now, be sincere, what did that Mr. Maiden give you?" "For what," said I, "I have nothing to sell; you who keep a shop, and in the way of trade, may easily dispose of five shillings worth of goods."

The wretch knew not what answer to make to me; to acknowledge herself a prostitute, as I did not seem to think her one, was too vile, even for her, and to have given but the most remote hint, that she suspected any evil correspondence between Mr. E—e and me, laid her absolutely at our mercy.

However, she turned the discourse with what Mr. Addison terms a horse-laugh, an excellent expedient to supply the lack of brains, and which whoever can secure on their side, are sure of victory; for who can stand it, let it be ever so injudiciously bestowed?

This I have very lately experienced, when one W—dw—rd, a player, got the laugh against me, who never vied with his superior excellence, only by saying,

*What, shall a tumbler set me thus adrift,
I the successor of immortal Swift?*

Oh that his words had been true! That he had bequeathed to me the precious legacy of his wit and learning

*Or that, when all sublime, he rose to heaven,
I had inherited his sacred mantle;
Then midst the prophets might I, in strains
Such as delight the year of God, pour forth
Unfettered harmony.*

But to descend to this terrene spot: I dressed, and wandered forth in quest of a new lodging; not well knowing this part of the town, I passed through a very clean court, all inhabited by jewellers, and just opposite to the end of it saw on the window of what they in London call a twist shop, a bill up to let the first floor. The woman of the house showed me the apartment; the furniture was not only new but rich, and I concluded the price would be too high for me; but, to my great surprise, the woman of the house agreed, not only to furnish me with linen, but also with plate and china for five shillings a week; there was but one inconvenience, which was, that there was no passage into the house, but through the shop, to which, if they did not object, I had no cause. It so fortuned that the Countess of Essex's woman, whom I had known at the laundress's before mentioned, came in, and gave me so a high character, that he agreed on my taking possession of a new apartment the next day.

I went from this to a friend's to dinner, and did not return home till ten at night; but never in my life was I more highly provoked; for lo! My landlady and some fellow or other were in my bed; the maid never apprised me of it, being willing to expose her brutal mistress to the utmost, but showed me into the chamber.

I am certain, I was infinitely more ashamed than she was, for she called to me to sit down on the bed-side; but I hastened out, and, as I could not take up with her bed, I was obliged to sit up all night. Pretty soon in the morning, a woman came to see me; she and I packed up my clothes, called a porter, and made him carry them to my new abode, and, as I hoped never to see the wretch again, I did not bid her adieu.

My landlord was a master-tailor, in very good circumstances, and his wife a very sober modest woman.

I passed a week over very calmly, when remembering my promise to Mr. E—e, I wrote a line to him, but, as I did not know what Street I was in, I enquired of my landlady, who with very great reluctance told me, it was Drury Lane. I was extremely concerned that this piece of information, which she observed, and, assured me, I might enquire into her own, and her husband's character; that they had kept their lodgings empty, sooner than let them to any idle person, though they could have had a good price for them; and a great deal more to the same effect; all which, though I did most steadfastly believe, yet I held it no proper place for me, of all persons in the world, to reside in.

Women whose characters are unblemished, or, who have their husbands with them as guardians to it, may do a thousand things, which those who have fallen on evil days, and evil tongues, in prudence must avoid.

I did not directly tell my landlady that I must leave, being resolved, if possible, not to remove till I could find a place where I could be fixed.

Accordingly, I once more took my way to St. James's, and called upon my old landlady there: her first floor was let, but the second being tolerably genteel, we, as we had always been on very friendly terms, soon made a bargain for it, and I was to enter on it as soon as my week for the other was up. The very air of St. James's always pleased me, and indeed I received so many favours from the nobility, that I had just cause to prefer it to any other part of London.

This happened to be some public festival, which, as I did not recollect, I sat with the good old gentlewoman till the evening, when on my return home, there was a large bonfire, and a great

crowd at the Temple Gate; I stopped a little, being startled, and not well knowing how to pass by, when an old gentleman very well-dressed, asked me where I was going? I told him, which was truth, I had mistaken my way, being a stranger: he said, if I'd let him know where I lived, he would wait on me home; I was almost ashamed to do it, yet, considering they were creditable people were I lodged, I ventured to inform him. My landlord happened to be his tailor, so he readily conducted me to his house; the people saluted him, and asked him for his lady and family: why, said he, this is one of them, she is a near relation to my wife. I was surprised at this new kindred, I could not tell whether the old gentleman spoke truth or not, though I could not recollect I had ever seen him before: yet, as the landlord treated him with the highest respect, I thought was not convenient to contradict him, so I invited him in, and wondered where this would end!

My landlady lighted us up to my dining room; he told her, I had dined at his house, and that after so long a walk I must needs be dry, and therefore desired her to get him a bottle of wine, and a plate of Scotch collops from some particular Tavern he directed her to.

As I found the old gentleman did not stick at telling one lie, I concluded all he said was false, as it really was.

She no sooner departed, but he asked me, whether he was not an able politician? I said, he was a merry gentlemen, as I hoped as I had the honour of being his cousin, he would let me know who he was, lest I should be asked any cross questions, and or accounts should vary.

He told me his name, and where he lived; that he had a considerable estate, and also a good employment under the government, all of which did not make him happy, because heaven had not blessed him with a child.

He then asked me who I was? For he said, he was sure I had had a good education. As I had no reason to doubt of his sincerity, I told him my story, with which he seemed much affected; and in conclusion, I assured him, I was more unhappy in having children, from whom, in all probability, I was for ever separated, than he could be, who never had one.

Here my landlady brought in supper, to which he invited her to stay; our conversation turned on general topics, the group pretty late, went to my great astonishment, the gentleman said, "Cousin, I think you told me, you wanted money, I have a good deal of yours in my hands, though not much about the present; however, here are a couple of guineas, when you want fifty you know where to come." Would I did, thought I, but it was no time for me to refuse them.

When he went away, I knew not what to think of this odd adventure, sometimes I fancied it was a dream, and dreaded to wake lest the gold should vanish; then I began to flatter myself, that perhaps some relation has left me a legacy; but having never since my distress, perceives the smallest favour from one of them, I could hardly hope they should now feel any compunctuous visitings of nature, who were all to me, remorseless as the sea.

In short, the more I thought, the more I was perplexed, and could only humbly hope, that the protecting hand of him who

*—Doth The Raven feed,
Yea, providentially catereth for the sparrow,
Assisted me to live for some good end,
Best to his wisdom known.*

So recommending myself to his paternal care, who had compassion on my sorrows, I went to my repose.

Early next morning the woman of the house told me, there was a lady waiting for me in the dining room; so I rose, and who should it be, but my late odious landlady!

My reader may judge how welcome she was. She told me there was a gentlewoman waiting for me at her house, who had business of the utmost consequence, and very much to my advantage to impart to me: though I scarce gave credit to her, yet curiosity made me accompany her home, where I beheld a marvellous ill favoured old woman; her chin, which had on it a comely black beard, almost met her nose, there not being a tooth in the way to bar their union. I am sure, had Don Quixote seen her, he would have endeavoured to disenchant her mustachios. Her eyes were black and fierce, her back nobly prominent, her dress tawdry, and take her for all in all, I hope I shall never look upon her like again. I was doubtful whether it was not a man in woman's clothes; but if it were a creature of the feminine gender, I concluded it must be a witch, and that the study of the black art had made her so hairy about the face, that she had need of a barber. But to proceed: she accosted me very civilly, in a deep conduct broke, told me she knew all about my good family, and lived in the same parish with me in Dublin; I soon grew tired of her fulsome flattery to me and them, and desired to know her commands; she told me my Lord G—lw—y had a great regard for my father, and was very desirous of seeing me,—and would be a friend to me: and if I would dine with her next day, he would meet me: I now began to guess at my lady's occupation, and gave her a point-blank denial; not that I should have been glad to see his Lordship, as I knew we had a regard to my father; but a woman must appear in a contemptible light, when introduced to a noble man by one of the Devil's agents. So I left Madam to her meditations, and departed, to her no small discomfort, for it was a golden guinea out of her way; as it seems, my Lord's price was to, one of which he presented to Madame Procuress, and the other to the lady who granted him a favour.

This infernal ambassadress had taken on her the name of Cunningham, being as she said, ruined by a gentleman of that name, would recommended her to several of the Irish nobleman, as a very necessary person. Oh how detestable it is to feed a maw, or clothe a back by such a filthy vice!

Well, at the appointed time, I returned to St. James's, and the first day I was there, I was honoured with a letter from Lord G—lw—y, as follows;

MADAM,

I thought I had the honour of being known to you, but find I have been imposed upon; if you would permit me to pay my respects to you this evening, I will unfold this mystery to you, and am very sincerely,

Madam,

Your most obedient servant,

G.

I returned my compliments to his Lordship, and gladly accepted of the honour of his company.

About six he came, and related to me the trick Mrs. Cunningham put on him; he told me, he had employed her to find me out, having a curiosity to see a person he had so often heard of, both at White's, and in Ireland; that the appointment was made, and a lady introduced to him, whom by his description of her I knew to be the odious Mrs. Smith, my shocking landlady;—he said he was much disappointed when he saw, the lady was very kind; nay, so kind as he could not resist her.

"As you stood at your window this morning, Colonel D—nc—be asked me, knowing I was one of the commissioners of Ireland, whether I knew you? I answered, no:—why, said he, that is a little Irish Muse, a physician's daughter, and a parson's wife, an eloped one I have been told, but she won't confess that; on this I asked your name, the Colonel said it was Pilkington, but you're usually called Mrs. Meade; I then found I had been deceived, and wrote immediately to you."

I told his Lordship, I had the honour of having many representatives, which had been very great disadvantage to my character, inasmuch as they were pretty liberal of their favours, which were placed to my account, though I knew nothing of the matter: my Lord said, that was hard; but he hoped, now he had found the real Mrs. Pilkington, she would not be so inexorable. To turn off this sort of discourse, I talked of public affairs, which put my Lord in the head of making me packet Commissioner Th—mps—n, then candidate in the election for the city of Y—rk, with old English crimes, after the manner of Mother Shipton's prophecies, to inform him of the defeat he was to meet with in that year. I had the good fortune to divert him with my comical stuff so well, that he left me a task, which was to translate a French *Chanson à Boire*; he gave me a couple of guineas; and promising to be a frequent visitor, he took his leave.

I do assure my readers, I was very glad to be retained as his Lordship's Muse and secretary,—an employment both of honour and profit.

I continued in favour some time; and we bantered half the nobility, either about their love-intrigues or parliamentary affairs, all of which were well known to his Lordship, who honoured to me with his confidence and instruction.

But as all happiness fades away, an unforeseen accident blasted mine.

My Lord was seized with a fever, which confined him for some days; the first time he was able to go abroad, he wrote me word, he would pass the evening with me. About his appointed hour, somebody tapped at the dining room door, which I opened; when, instead of my Lord, entered Colonel Duncombe and Mr. Spencer, whom the Colonel presented to me, and made his exit.

This nobleman was no more like his brother than I to Hercules,—for the first thing he did was to double lock the door, put the key in his pocket, and by main strength oblige me to sit on his knee. I told him I expected Lord G—lw—y, but that of no effect, for he swore he should not have admittance; he said he was as well entitled to a lady's favour as any Lord: it was to no purpose for me to assure him, my Lord never asked any but what were consistent with honour: he gave no credit to my words, and seeing he had set me weeping, he said, my Lord was very happy in my love, but that he was not worthy of it, being an inconstant; but as for me, added he, I do not come to pay you one visits, to make your mind for ever, to raise such merit above distress, and to make you as happy as I can.

"Sir," returned I, "your goodness deserves my acknowledgement, but your meaning seems doubtful; and what terms am I to receive those advantages?" "On the easiest and sweetest in the world," said he, "give me your love in return, it is all I wish," and running on with Lord Hastings' speech in his midnight visit to poor Jane Shore, he cried,

*Be kind, my charming mistress, to my wishes,
And satisfy my panting heart with beauty.*

It was in vain for me to remonstrate that he had a fine young lady of his own; that I was not worth the pains he took; that I was not handsome: he said, I pleased him, and that to him was beauty, which he was resolutely determined to possess, if not by consent, he would make use of force.

And truly the gentleman would soon have convinced me he was the stronger had not Lord G—lw—y knocked at the door; he swore I should not open it: my Lord called to me and said he would break the door open. I begged of Mr. Spencer to permit me to let him in, and that if he would stay a moment, I would frame some handsome excuse to dismiss him.

He gave me the key and went into the bedchamber; I opened the door for Lord G—lw—y, who brought within the Earl of M—dd—x, a fine gentleman; Lord G—lw—y was either very angry, or affected to appear so; and really I knew not what apology to make, only to say I had been asleep. The noblemen seated themselves, to the no small vexation of Mr. Spencer. Lord God asked me who was in the bedchamber? I said, "Nobody;"—well, Madam, said he, "I know you are a lady of their veracity, but for once I presume to doubt it;" so saying, he made to the door, which stood open, and Mr. Spencer clapped it in his face, double-locked it within-side, and to my great happiness, went out of another door down stairs; this I was very glad of, being apprehensive of a quarrel.—Lord G—lw—y was in a violent passion, and insisted on my telling him what fellow, as he called him, affronted him? So to satisfy him, I very ingenuously told him the whole story, to the infinite mirth of Lord M—dd—x, who, I thought, would have died with laughter, for amongst other accidents, I had, in the fray, lost a little Paris cap I wore, and as my hair was very thick, never missed it.

But whatever I could say, would by no means pacify Lord G—lw—y; he called me twenty ungrateful devils and jilts, and I know not what, which surprised me the more, as I never in my life imagined he loved me, and consequently could not form any idea of his being jealous; but I suppose, his pride was piqued at being locked out, which was the real cause of his resentment.

Lord M—dd—x in vain pleaded my cause, till at last, an odd whim of his turned our tragedy to a farce.

Lord M—dd—x, it seems, liked an Italian singer, on whom Lord Raymond, a very small gentleman, with a mind in proportion to his diminutive figure, had wrote a very stupid satire; he begged of me to write a love letter to him, for he was, it seems, a man of gallantry, and his answer I was to communicate at White's.

As I was a perfect stranger to his character, the nobleman dictated a fine encomium on his learning, wit, poetry, beauty, &c. all of which united, had, it seems, made a conquest of me, unheard, unseen, and made me extremely ambitious of being known to so accomplished nobleman; we also gave him some poetry, and a direction where to find his most enamoured nymph. This done, the letter was despatched away to Bond Street, and the messenger brought word I should have an answer in the morning.

I know whoever reads this, may very possibly censure me; but all who are dependent on the favours of the great, must comply with their whimsies; it is enough, if we are so conscientious as not to be made a slave to their vices, as R—b—t N—g—t, Esquire; civilly asked me to be.

Now, as I have mentioned this fellow, for such is the term his behaviour to me merits, who and in this, in the same mind with Pope, that

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and Prunella.*

*[Note: I do not mean a fellow of T.C.D]

I hope my reader will allow me to give them a short sketch of him, with regard to me, and also, of the mortification I had the happiness of giving him.

My father attended his first wife, lady E—ll—a P—k—t, and, I had, I believe, passed twenty evenings in his company in Dublin; he had published a poem, written by the Reverend Mr. Sterling, called *Happiness*, as his own, and another on his conversion from Popery, inscribed to W—m P—y, now Earl of B—h, to whose piety he was indebted for his being drawn out of error.

This gave me a fine opportunity of paying him a compliment, which I sent to White's; he sent me word he would wait on me that evening; accordingly he came.

After his first salutation, he very politely asked me if I could help him to a W—, telling me, he had married an ugly devil for money, whom he hated, and wanted a girl to take into keeping, which he depended on my skill to choose for him: I thanked him for the honourable employment he recommended to me, but assured him, it was not in my power to serve him, as I never conversed with women. He told me, he would not be a friend to me on any other terms; I said, I was sorry for it, so making him a reverence, I left the room. He stayed in it some time, hoping, I suppose, I was gone of his errand, but finding I did not return, he went away; but to do him justice, he left half-a-guinea on the table, as a recompense for the affront he had given me.

He wanted, it seems, to be admitted as a member of the club at White's; their way of election is by balloting, and one black bean is sufficient to overturn any man's pretension to that honour. I told my story so effectually, but they all concluded him unfit for society, and as many friends as he imagined he had amongst three hundred nobles, and, as a vast fortune as his wife had brought him, he had but one white bean in the whole draught.

However, I return him thanks for his ten and sixpence, to show my gratitude.

But, to return to my little Lord R—ym—d. Early next morning, as I was drinking tea, his *valet de chambre* said he must speak to me. I desired he might come in; he was a Frenchman, who, contrary to the rest of his country, was as boorish as an English farmer; he threw down a letter on the table, "Dere, my Lord send a you dat;" I opened it, and read as follows:

MADAM,

By your style you ought to be a gentlewoman; but I have met with things of this kind, which did not answer expectation; I have sent my man to see you, whom I always trust, and so may you; if he likes you, and you will come where I appoint, (for I never ventured to visit any woman) I will meet you.

I

am,

Madam,

Yours,

R—ym—d.

While I was perusing this gallant epistle, the Frenchman looked sharp about; he even opened the corner cupboard; then he demanded of me "What did I want with his Lord?" I could not resist my inclination to laugh, at which he grew choleric, and swore, garzoon, he should never come; which, I being quite easy about, he went away muttering something.

I sent his letter, which was wrote in a very bad hand, and almost every word misspelt, to Lord M—dd—x, who showed it to the company at White's, on whom it took the same effect it had done on me, for they all laughed heartily at Jack-a-Dandy, a nickname Lord M—dd—x had bestowed on him.

These two merry noblemen, who had set me on this scheme, would fain have prevailed on me to send another letter to Jack-a-Dandy, but I told them, I did not approve of a man, governed by his man, and one who seemed to be a coward into the bargain; Lord M—dd—x then told me, Lord Raymond had some reason to be fearful how he made an assignation, as he had once the misfortune to be taken in by a billet-doux; and, when he went to the appointed place, instead of a fine lady, found a couple of sturdy fellows, who gave him a very good cudgelling.

As the noblemen knew him, I related one story to them, out of many, of a pleasant revenge a forsaken nymph took on him.

This lady was of exceedingly good birth, very well accomplished, and of unblemished reputation, but not of fortune equal to his; however, he seemed so fond, that she supposed that would be no obstacle, and entirely devoted herself to the pleasure of loving him; which he no sooner perceived, but he grew cold, civil, and respectful, and at last went to London, without so much as bidding her farewell.

Her stepfather, Brigadier V—s—y, having some call there, took his lady and her children with him, where, though Miss Arlott, for that was the lady's name, frequently saw the Colonel at court, he never took the least notice of her, but seemed as never acquainted: this, as we may presume, sufficiently grieved her, she made her complaint to a female confidante, a lady of quality, and a woman of spirit; between them they contrived, at least, to give his vanity a terrible mortification.

They wrote to him a letter, as from a married Duchess, who was fallen in love with him at court; the chairman had directions to wait for his answer, but they took care that he should not be able to guess who sent it;—all that the Colonel could discover was; that he was given to him in the street, and he was ordered to leave the answer at Mercer's, where it would be safe delivered to the person who wrote the letter.

This secrecy made him quite sure he had gained the heart of some highborn Fair; he failed not to send a passionate and tender return for so great an honour as the unknown charmer had done him. The ladies received it, and were glad to find to the gudgeon swallow the bait so greedily. Next night he took care to dress himself with the utmost magnificence; and, as he is really a graceful person, he made no doubt but the lady would, by some favourable glance, discover herself to him; to this end, he went to court, and strictly examined the countenance of every lady of quality there to no purpose, which only made him suppose the lady extremely discreet, and careful of her reputation.

His imaginary mistress made several appointments with him, then sent word, her Lord was come to town, or some apology, till at last, tired with their sport, they resolved to finish it.

To this end, he received a letter, that the lady could not find out any place where she could, without danger of discovery, meet him, except at his own house, but begged, that he might not let any of his servants be in the way; that she would come in a chair, exactly at ten, one small tap at the door being the signal for happiness.

Never did knight-errant propose to himself more glory in the finishing of an adventure, then did our happy Colonel at his near approaching bliss; he had framed to himself an idea of a perfect beauty, kind, tender, and formed for love; his answer was all rapture, and acknowledgement.

His apartments were filled with wax lights, himself curled, perfumed, and dressed to such advantage; who could resist that beheld him? He punctually obeyed the ladies' commands, in dismissing all the servants, with orders not to appear, and waited the happy minutes, with the impatience of a real lover, every moment he looked at his watch, and thought the hours, ages.

At length the long wished for signal was given, he flew to receive the fair one, when a Porter delivered a bandbox into his hand, and, without speaking a word to him vanished. Never was any man in greater confusion than he, at opening it; he there found, not only all his own soft epistles, but also a little doll in a chair, with a letter in her hand, directed to him, the purport of which, was, to let him know he was a conceited coxcomb, to suppose any woman of quality had the least regard for him, and, that the lady who held that, was a mistress good enough for him.

The noblemen thanked me for my narration, and wished the trick had been put on Jack-a-Dandy, such a lady being a much more suitable match for him than the Colonel; however, we all agreed, that this was no tax on the gentleman's understanding,

*Since, let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught, with sober lies.*

And, that his appearance might captivate a lady, without any miracle.

Lord M—dd—x did me the honour to subscribe, and, assured me, he would prevail on as many of his friends as he could to do me the same favour.

Next day Colonel Duncombe asked me did I know such a gentleman of Ireland as L—ft—s H—e, Esquire; I said I did particularly well, as my brother and he were inseparable companions in the College; he told me, there was a parcel of letters freed by the Earl Thomond, then just dead, lying for him at White's, and that he should be very glad to see him, to learn some account of the particulars of Lord Thomond's death, with whom he had for many years a strict friendship.

As I had learned by accident where Mr. H—e lived, I wrote to let him know what the Colonel said; he sent me a letter of thanks, and, that he would do himself the honour of meeting the Colonel the next evening at my apartment.

It so fortun'd that my kind benefactor Mr. Cibber came over with the Colonel, and a little after came Mr. H—e; his politeness, and the many pleasing incidents of our younger days, gave me infinite delight, as it was a proof that I was not an impostor, and convinced the auditors I had once been in esteem, even in my own country.

After a good deal of agreeable chat, wherein Mr. H—e took an opportunity of mentioning his having, when he was in the College, spent his whole year's allowance in making one grand ball; and that, as on this occasion, he was in disgrace with his own father, he quartered himself on mine, praising his elegant manner of living, and the kind reception he always received from him, which as he said, he must ever acknowledge to his family; Mr. Cibber said, he hoped, as I was the only desolate person belonging to it, he would be so good as to assist me. He asked, how it was in his power? "Why," returned he, "this poor lady is obliged to publish her writings by subscription, and I dare say, a gentleman of her own country, who has so fine a fortune, and so many years, will, at least, be as kind as strangers have been to her:" "Without doubt, Sir," said Mr. H—e, "It is the duty of every gentleman to do it;" rising, he told me, he was very sorry he was under an engagement to the Duke of Devonshire, but that he would take another opportunity of paying his respects to be; which same opportunity, as I never found in London, I hope he will in Ireland, and have such a dependence on his honour, that I am certain, he will keep it, in being my friend.

As I had the honour of being once a kind of a favourite to alderman Barber, I judg'd him a very proper person, both as he had been a printer, and was also a man of considerable interest, to apply to, both to increase my subscription, and to put me into a method of getting my writings printed as cheap as I could; to this end, I wrote a very respectful letter, but received no answer; I followed it with a second, still he was silent; at length I found a method to make them speak to me, for, recollecting the best part of a very severe satire Mr. P—n had wrote on him, I let him know I had it, on which he invited me to his house, received me very kindly, apologised for his silence, being ill of the gout, which had hindered him from answering me; and assured me, as soon as he was able to go abroad, he would present me as a companion to the Duchess of Buckingham, who had promised to take one of his recommendation, and who, he said, being in the decline of life, and having no children, would, he was certain, if I had the good fortune to please her, remember me in her will; but unhappily for me the alderman died a few days after, nor did the Duchess long survive him.

So vanished my hopes.

A short time after this disappointment, which sensibly affected me, my landlady told me, there was an ugly squinting old fellow, who said he had business of the utmost consequence, and must speak to me; I bid her show him up, and found he answered her description; he asked me, was my name Meade? I said, "Yes;" "Why then," said he, "I am come to inform you that there is a legacy of five hundred pounds left you by one Mr. Clark, who died last week at St. Edmundsbury, but the lady I was ordered to enquire far is Mr. P—n's wife; are you the person?" I told him the direction was very right, but that I neither was related to, or even acquainted with any person of the name of Clark, from whom I had the smallest reason to hope for such a favour: "Nay, Madam," returned he, "as you have changed your name, why may not he?" Upon this he showed me a letter, to my fancy authentic, wherein I was desired, if living, to wait on counsellor Clark in Essex Street in the Strand, would orders to pay me the money, on proof I was Mrs. Pilkington.

I knew not what to make of all this; I was in hopes the fickle goddess, who was well represented standing on a wheel, was for once, in a good humour with me, and was resolved to make me amends for her former caprice, or, to speak more seriously, that the Supreme Almighty Being, that Power, who

*Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives the eternal wheels to know their rounds,*

Had taken compassion on my sufferings.

While I was lost in musing on this odd adventure, the old fellow asked me very gaily, if I would give him my company to Richmond, and take a dinner with him? I told him I never went abroad with persons I did not know, especially men; he told me, he was very capable of being serviceable to me, and that it was also in my power to be so to him; "In what, Sir?" "Why, I have received from Ireland, from your husband, the life of alderman Barber, wherein there is an account of the amours of Cadenus and Vanessa, to which the alderman was privy, and related them to Mr. P—n: nor I have been informed you have some letters of the Dean's, which may embellish the work; and also a true character of the alderman, written by his chaplain; I will make you a handsome consideration for them, if you will give them to me to publish.

This discourse surprised me almost as much as the first; I therefore begged he would not hold me any longer in suspense, but let me know who I conversed with. He answered his name was Edmund Curll, upon which, in spite of vexation, and the disappointment of my newborn hope, I could not forbear laughing at the scheme he had laid, to tricked me out of any valuable manuscripts I might possibly possess; so making him a curtsy, I said farewell, legacy!

I should not trouble the reader with this story, but that I have been charged with writing the life of the alderman, and, as I shall answer it to God, I never even saw it in my life, not but curiosity would have engaged me to read it, especially as I heard it was very well wrote, but at the time it was published, I was a prisoner in the Marshalsea, and really had not a crown to spare for a book.

As Mr. Curll swore heartily, that the letter, with regard to the legacy, was genuine, I went the next day to counsellor Clark; there was indeed an old gentleman of his name newly dead, at St. Edmundsbury, who had children and grandchildren, heirs at law, sufficient to inherit his fortune, and, as it happened, he died intestate.

However I comforted myself that Mr. Curll had not made a fool of me, as he has done of many a better writer, and secured me a prisoner in his poetical garret, which the ingenious Mr. Fielding charmingly ridicules.

But oh the dismal summer (which ever was attended with want and all its gloomy train, not only to me, but many persons who seem in good circumstances) left me quite desolate, and obliged

me to take cheaper lodging, which I did in the house of one Mrs. Trifoli in Duke Street, Saint James's, a most extraordinary painted up, bedizened-out old woman, whose husband was a German quack, not then in England, from which, it seems his wife had obliged him to fly, for robbing her of a deed of settlement he had made to her at her marriage; but to say the truth, I think that was a blessing to the poor man, for she was a very devil incarnate, unmerciful and cruel to the last degree: I dare say, she never in her life gave even a cup of water or a morsel of bread, to keep a poor creature from starving!

Her custom was to live upon her lodgers, even when she knew they were desolately poor, inasmuch, that if one of them sent but for a pint of small-beer, she would intercept it in the way, and drink half of it; but indeed she was very civil, for she always sent them word she drank their healths, and so she did in reality by depriving them of the means of preserving it.

Being sadly distressed by this avaricious wretch, I was advised to apply to Doctor Meade, who was a man of taste, and had sixty thousand pounds left him, to give to such charities as he thought proper. Accordingly I wrote him a moving tale of my distress, which had so good an effect that he sent me word he would wait on me himself the next day, but not keeping his word, I addressed him in the following lines:

To Doctor Meade.

Scarce was the heavenly virgin higher blessed,
 When visited by a celestial guest;
 Hailed by the glorious messenger of Grace,
 And honoured high above the human race,
 Scarce stronger rapture could his words impart,
 Than those which lately ecstasied my heart,
 When you, God's noblest image here below,
 Your honoured presence promised to bestow;
 My hope revived, I waked the silent string,
 The Muse, once more, attuned her voice to sing,
 Pleased, that though long depressed by adverse fate,
 She yet found favour with the good and great,
 And that her melancholy flowing strain
 To generous Meade was not addressed in vain.

Oh, thou, the Muses' judge, the Muses' friend!
 Say, must those hopes in disappointment end;
 Must every beauteous, bright idea fade,
 And death then wrap me in his silent shade?
 Death, the poor suffering wretch's last relief,
 Led in by pale-eyed want, and pining grief.

Would heaven but one assisting friend supply!
 How quickly might he bid those sorrows fly?
 Whose wisdom could my industry direct,
 And as that merited his aid, protect;
 Not thus with endless application grieved,
 And though so oft supported, ne'er relieved.

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

Pardon the bold presumption of my prayer,
Courage is often extracted from despair;
The drowning wretch struggles for life awhile,
Nor God, nor man condemns his anxious toil;
But if tempestuous billows round him rise,
And Heaven all pity, all relief denies,
Lost in the ocean, he forgotten dies.

I sent these rhymes to the Doctor, and, in return, was desired to come to his house in Ormond Street, at four o'clock that afternoon.

Now were my hopes high raised, highly as the spring tide, to which the ebb quickly succeeds, as it did with me; I fancied, vainly fancied! at least ten guineas in my pocket, and had, like the man with his basket of glasses, turned them into trade, and purchased in my mind an easy subsistence for life; but I was a little mistaken in the matter, as the sequel will show. I dressed myself very neatly, and waited on the Doctor; when I knocked at his door, a footman with his mouth very full, and a bone in his hand, and in an Irish accent, demanded my business? I told him I wanted to speak to the Doctor: "By my own shoul," said he, "my maishter will not be spoke to by nobody!" "Well then, friend, if you please to let him know Mrs. Meade is here, I believe he will speak to me:" "Mishtrish Maide," replied he, "Are you vanting charity, and takes up my maishter 's name to claim kin with him; well, stay there, I'll tell him." So I went into a back parlour, but was quite confounded, when the Doctor instantly came out, and gave him a severe reprimand for letting me stand in the hall; and I'm very certain, had I thought it worth my while to have acquainted the doctor with his insolence, he would have been discharged. A proper caution to livery-wearing fellows to speak with civility to everybody.

The Doctor showed me into a handsome Street-parlour, adorned with several curiosities, of which here needs no account: he asked the first Sir John Meade, whom, because he remembered, he expected I should, though he died two years before I was born; when I told him so, he seemed displeased: and really I remember that good Mr. Cibber, in his present way, scolded me once for not remembering King Charles II. though my father was born in the reign of King William.

As my answers to the Doctor, with relation to the whole family of the Meades, were sufficient to convince him I was not an impostor, he asked me how he could serve me? I told him I had some poems to publish, but for want of a little money to pay for the printing of them I could not proceed: "Poems," returned he; "Why, did you ever know any person get money by poetry?" "Yes, sir, several; Mr. Pope in particular:" "Oh Lud, Lud," (said he, grinning horribly, and squinting hideously) "What vanity thou hast! Can you write like him?" I was quite abashed, and really knew not what to say for some moments, for my reader may easily perceive, I could not but be sensible I had made a foolish speech, unaware to myself; however, upon reflection, I assured him, I did not presume to put myself in any degree of comparison with so justly an admired writer, but that perhaps, on account of my sex, I might find a little favour.

"Well," said he, "There are couple of guineas for you:" this, though far short of my expectations, was a little present relief, and as the gentlemen was under no obligation to reward or encourage me, I very gratefully accepted of them, and yet

*Proud was the Muse I served, unbred to wait
A willing stranger at a great man's gate!*

And here gentle reader, give me leave to trespass a moment on your patience, to make one remark, which is, that, amongst all the persons who are celebrated for being charitable, I never met

one really so; and the most humane and beneficent are those whose characters have been so attacked for their humanity, that at last they have even been ashamed of well doing.

I remember Doctor Swift told me, he saw a beggar attack a bishop, who charitably from his abundance, spared him a halfpenny, and said, God bless you; presently after he attacked Brigadier Groves, who threw half-a-crown to him, and bade G—d d—n him; which, said he, do you think the beggar prayed for at night?

But as I have mentioned Doctor Meade, who was so much in love with Mr. Pope, for saying,

And books for Meade, and rarities for Sloane,

I think I must give them also a sketch of Sir Ha—s, to whom the doctor advised me to apply, as an encourager of arts. I travelled down to Chelsea to wait upon him; it snowed violently, insomuch that I, who had only a chintz gown on, was wet to the skin: the Porter, *memorandum*, better bred than his master, to whom I had sent up a compliment, which, as he did not deserve, I shall not do him the honour to insert, invited me into his lodge, where, after about two hours' attendance, I was at length permitted to enter to his Supreme Majesty; but sure the Pope himself, in all his pontifical robes, never was half so proud. I was conducted by an escort through six or seven rooms, one of which was entirely wainscoted, if I may so term it, with china; but like the idol to whom a stately temple was consecrated, which a traveller, attracted by its outward magnificence, thought to find an adorable deity in, and on search, found a ridiculous monkey; so I saw an old fellow, whom I am very well convinced never saw me, for it did not even vouchsafe to turn his eyes off a paper he was writing, to see who came in, till at last a beggar woman entered, with a sore-eyed child; the inside of whose eyelids he very charitably tore out with a beard of corn, under which cruel operation the girl fainted, but he said that was good for her: it may be so, for by two-headed Janus, nature has framed strange doctors in her time.

*Some, who will bid us live on pulse, and water;
And others of such vinegar aspect,
They would not wag their jaws in way of smile
Though Nestor swore the jest were laughable.*

Of this latter sort was Sir H—ns. Though I had sent a letter which lay before him, and asked me what I wanted? If I had bad eyes he said he would brush them up for charity; but as they happened to be tolerably good, I excused myself, by telling him I had brought him that letter; and indeed I was quick-sighted enough to find out, that his honour (as the beggar-woman called him) was a conceited, ridiculous, imperious old fool.—He then considered my letter over, and finding by the contents, Doctor Meade had recommended me to him, said, "Poor creature! I suppose you want charity; there is half-a-crown for you." I could hardly resist a strong indignation I had to quoit it, as Falstaff says, into his face, like a three-penny shovel-groat; and was only restrained by the consideration, that I had never a shilling in my pocket, and that, little as it was, I could eat for it.

I have here done with the great Sir H—ns Sl—ne, B—r— of O—k—m, and return to Doctor Meade.

I had forgot to tell my readers, that rejoicing at my success, when I returned from his house, I threw the two guineas, and had the misfortune to lose one in the chink of the room; the boards my landlady would never permit me to remove, lest, as she said, I should spoil her floor. This trivial accident gave me a great deal of uneasiness, as it put me out of power of paying, and quitting her according to my intention.

However, as I was obliged to live by my wits, which indeed were almost at an end; I formed a scheme to write a panegyric on P—p Lord H—k then newly created L—d H—h C—r of E—d. I did not address him in the manner I had done a great many of the nobility, that is with my one poem, which I sent all around, like the bishop's Pastoral letters; it was, as Swift says,

*—in another reign,
Change but the name, 'twill do again.*

I wrote a fine new one for himself, which was really paying him a higher compliment than he deserved, as my readers may perceive hereafter. I had completed the poem, and sent it to him; he desired me to come to him on Sunday, that being his only leisure time.—

Accordingly, I waited on him at eight o'clock on Sunday morning; the house had rather the appearance of desolation and poverty, than that of the L—d Ch—ll—r of Br—n: he had complaisance enough to send his mace-bearer to keep me company, till such time as a pair of folding-doors flew open, and my Lord appeared in his robes, ready to go to church; he bowed down to the ground to me, and asked me if I would drink a dish of chocolate with him? Which you may not doubt I accepted of; and was surprised to find myself, though sunk in the most abject poverty, sitting with so great a man!

So for my Labour, I got a dish of chocolate*, which I now return the utmost humility to his Lordship again.

[**mem. Chocolate*, a word used by very eminent comedian, one Mr. Foote, for satire.]

So, my Lord went to church, where I also went; I there saw Doctor Meade, who, perceiving his Lordship made me a low bow, made one four times as low; and I could very hardly refrain laughing at them both, and thinking

*—That all this world's a stage and
All the men and women merely actors;*

And that

*If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that, which lewdly pampered luxury
Now heaps upon some few, with vain excess;
Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumbered by her store:
And then the giver would be better thanked,
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to heaven, amidst his gorgeous feast;
But, with besotted base ingratitude,
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder.
Milton's Comus.*

Well, I could find no remedy for the consumption of my purse, nor borrow, to linger out the disease, anywhere, but from the pawnbroker; but he was always charitable.

However, I concealed my distress with the utmost care from my landlady; called every morning for the tea-kettle, though I had no tea;—then I said I was engaged to dine abroad, and took

a solitary walk to Westminster Abbey,—and ranged the solemn aisles alone, envying those who rested in peace from their labours; till, at last, having been three days and three nights without food of any kind, heaven pardon me! a melancholy thought came into my head, that it was better to die at once, than die daily; and that, as I could not fardels bear, it was best to make my own quietus, and no longer strive to keep up a frail and feverish being: and here, indeed, I own, I had been unmindful of the crown which virtue gives,

After this mortal coil, to her true servants.

Despair vanquished me quite; nay, so artful was the Enemy, as even to persuade me, I had a right to dispose of my own life, especially when there did not seem, even the possibility of preserving it. Filled with gloomy ideas, I took my usual walk, and took notice of the corner, between the monuments of Shakespeare and Rowe, where I wished to be interred, and that Mr. Pope's lines,

*How loved, how honoured, once avails me not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
An heap of dust alone remains of me,
'Tis all I am, 'tis all the proud shall be*

Might be my epitaph. I really found room for meditation, even to madness.

In this temper I went into Saint James's Park, and seated myself by Rosamond's pond; the moon, apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light, and I waited in the silent shade, resolved to execute my dreadful purpose, as soon as I could do it without observation, when a young lady, and an old one, both very well-dressed, seated themselves beside me; they, in an elegant style began to praise the sweet and solemn beauties of the moonlit scene, the winds gently whispered through the fragrant lime trees, just then in full flower, and indeed, though they were not eternal airs, they might have dissipated all anguish, but despair; finding, that notwithstanding my taciturnity, the ladies would enter into conversation with me, I could not, in point of good breeding, refuse to return them answers, with as much politeness, as I was mistress of, till at length, we were so pleased with each other, that time insensibly flying, we found we were locked into the park; but the ladies, whose garden opened into it, insisted on my accompanying them to supper.

We were let in at a back door, by a servant in livery, to a very genteel house, where, on a sofa, sat a very handsome man in a gold brocade nightgown, to whom the young lady presented me, and said, he was her spouse; the cloth was ready laid, and a cold supper on the table: I would very fain have prevailed upon the lady to permit me to go through her house home, for I could easily perceive the gentleman's civility was quite forced, and, that he was impatient to revenge on his wife the liberty she had taken of inviting a stranger in; which indeed, I believe, she did on no other account, but, but that she thought decency would prevent him from giving her a beating, of which, it seems, he was very liberal, though he was but a footman when the lady married him, and threw herself, and twenty thousand pounds away upon him, as I afterwards learned.

But, as the late Earl of Pembroke observed, when he was told a maid of honour, who was very handsome, was in love with him, notwithstanding he was an old humpbacked man, but one of infinite wit, said, "Faith, it may be so, women have strange fancies!"

I, though foodless, never spent three hours more disagreeably, especially, as this house brought back to my mind, the fear and terror I always felt in Mr. P—n's, in which, if my father, mother, or any friend came, it threw me into agonies, being well assured, they would never depart

without receiving some gross affront, such as the two following stories, trivial as they are, may serve to illustrate.

One All Hallows' Eve, a night of pleasure and disport in Ireland, among the young maidens and bachelors, my brother and sister, who had invited some persons, agreeable to their own age, to celebrated with them, very fairly begged of us, old folks, to go abroad; to oblige them, and myself also, I begged of Doctor Delany, who dined with us, and my father and mother, to come home with me, and try if we could not be as cheerful as they: I no sooner proposed the scheme than they all agreed to it. As my father was a supper-man, I had ordered a custard to be made for him, and having a Barnstaple oven, it was put into it to bake.

While we were amusing ourselves in agreeable chat, entered Mr. P—n, like the description of winter,

Striding the gloomy blast!

And observing a smoke, occasioned by the lighting of the oven, he descended to examine the contents thereof, found the custard, eat most part of it, and sent the remainder out of doors, telling us to our faces, we should not liquor our chops at his expense; though, *memorandum*, my dear father always sent his supper and wine before him, whenever he vouchsafed us the honour of a visit.

The second instance of my spouse's good-nature, was, that though he had no less than thirteen hens, knowing I liked a new-laid egg for my supper, watched the hen-roost close, and every egg was in a basket sent to the window W—rr—n, lined with a damask napkin, of which I got no less than eighteen given to me by Brigadier Meade: at length, one evening, when my husband was abroad, my mother and sister came to visit me; when the clock struck ten, I concluded Mr. P—n would not come home to supper, and I had the impudence to eat two eggs; they were scarce down when he came in, my brother had sent for a bottle of wine, and invited his reverence to drink a glass, but he scorned us and our vile insinuations; and as he always kept an exact reckoning of his poultry, he very magisterially ordered his eggs to be got ready; this was a thunder-clap to me; however, as it was vain to attempt to hide my guilt, I was forced to confess the horrid fact; upon which he stood aghast, as though he had seen church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathe forth contagion to the world. [*Mem.* He says, in one of his letters, that the nobility scorned me, and my vile insinuations and impudence.]

"What," said he, "did you eat my best hen's egg? Could not any other feed your dirty guts? I wish the devil was in the egg, and that it had choked you."

I answered, he had preferred his charitable wish too late; and, lest it should take any effect, I drank a glass of my brother's wine, that I might digest all together.

Oh, let the world judge how happy I was! But to return.

Though my park adventure had averted the execution of my sad scheme for one evening, yet, as it had brought me no relief, I still kept my purpose, resolved to fulfil it the next: to this end I came and sat in the same place; I made several attempts to throw myself in, but still, when I came near the water, the fear of something after death puzzled the wish. I examined my heart strictly, to know what gross offence I had ever committed that it should

*Please heaven to try me with affliction
To steep me in poverty up to the very lips;
Give to captivity me and my utmost hopes.*

For, had I ever refused my morsel to the hungry, or ever filled the widow's eyes with tears, I should not wonder at it. Quite lost in these melancholy reflections, I was waked as from a dream, by a very well-dressed gentleman, who tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Lord, can this be Mrs. Pilkington?" This I looked at him earnestly, and recollecting I had seen his face before, answered, it was all the remains of her that was Mrs. Pilkington. "May I presume, madam, to ask, on what intention you are sitting here?" I fancy he perceived by my looks the disorder of my soul, which, I believe, was strongly pictured there. I begged he would leave me to myself—but he insisted on my going along with him to the Royal Vineyard, which was not far off—it was in vain to refuse him, he would take no denial. When we were got about halfway, I very seriously demanded of him, who he was? He answered, he was Captain Hamilton, who had once the honour of seeing me at my uncle Van Lewen's in Cork, and who should think himself very happy, if it was in any way his power to serve me. We got a cold fowl and some ham, of which I ate little, and took a glass or two of champagne, and I found it revived me very much. We then fell into discourse, and I very sincerely related to him my unhappy situation, and the peril his appearance had delivered to me from. My story affected him so much, that it drew tears from him.

After we had regaled ourselves, it growing late, we left the Park, and he was so kind to see me to my lodging; when, putting a couple of guineas into my hand, we parted, and he promised to see me next morning; but I saw him no more.

I am sure, when Mr. P—n comes to this part of my story, he would wish the gentleman had been buried, sooner than he should do him so ill an office, as that of saving my life; but I, among other things, was born to let the world see what the inside of a priest is made of;

*Prompt, or to stab, or saint, to save, or damn;
Heaven's Swiss, who fight for any God, or man!*

I once more began to believe myself under the favour and protection of the Almighty; as his hand, though to me invisible, visibly led me through various mazes, perplexed with error; and determined, whatever sufferings he was pleased to inflict, to bear them with resignation, and never permit them to triumph over a Christian faith.

And a severe and cruel trial of my constancy I quickly experienced; there was a young woman, who lodged in the garret, whom I not only to the utmost of my power supported, as she was my countrywoman, and in great distress, but also as she said she was related to the Lord Powerscourt; her maiden name, as she told me, was Craggs; his Lordship may better know whether this was true or false, than I can presume to do; however, I had often made her a confidant to my distress, which she as constantly revealed to buy inexorable landlady; who one day, pretending great compassion, told me what a snake I harboured in my booze, and said, as she had learned from her, that I had several valuable things in pawn, she would release them, and keep them in her own hands, till such time as I could pay her the trifle I owed her. I thought this a kind offer, and with great acknowledgement accepted of it: oh! What a fool was I, to suspect such a Jew of any remorse! I gave her a line to the pawnbroker, empowering her to receive whatever he had of mine, and out of my two guineas paid her one. She laid out two guineas, took the goods into her own hands, and, ere she came home, took out a writ against me, for the money she had paid for them.

This was on a Friday; it rained excessively all day, to which I attributed both her staying, and the extreme lowness and dejection of spirit I laboured under: I called to Mrs. Craggs to bear me company; but, as she had told my christian name to my landlady, in order to have me properly arrested, she did not think convenient to come to me.

At length the old beldam returned, and, in a merry way, asked me, did not I think she had run away with my things? I answered, no—they were not worth her while. She complained of being very dry; upon which I was weak enough to treat her with some porter.

My reader will please to observe, I was at this time employed in writing a tragedy, called, the *Roman Father*, from the story of Virginius and Virginia, two acts of which I had finished; but, as at the same time that there were two bad plays wrote on that subject, I did not think proper to go on with it; it was lying on my window; and after some chat with the old woman, being very much depressed in spirit, I went to bed.

Early next morning, to my no small surprise, entered a couple of evil-favoured fellows, the sight of whom struck terror to my soul. I demanded their business; one of them and said, "Get up, you Irish Papist bitch, and come along with us." The other, who had employed himself looking over my papers, cried, "Ay, the Irish whore, here is something about some Roman Father, that's the Pope, and be damned to you, is it?" I was for some time quite speechless, but, when I recovered strength enough to speak, I begged of them to leave the room, till I put on my clothes; but my landlady coming in at that instant, cried, "You're damned modest;—don't quit the place:" the fellows, who had more decency than she, looked out of the window, while I dressed myself, in which time my agony was inconceivable; they called a coach, and thrusting me into a, conveyed me to the house of an Officer of Mace at Charing Cross; as I happened to have a guinea in my pocket, I called for a room and a pint of wine, and then considered, if I had one friend I could apply to: my dear Mr. Cibber was out of town, as were likewise most of the nobility; however, I saw young Mr. Cibber go by the window, and sent to him, but like all the world, when he heard my condition, he would not come near me. My whole debt was forty shillings; Oh, what could I do but give my tears vent! Which was my only relief; and next day, after paying twenty shillings, I was conveyed to the Marshalsea prison. I sat withinside of the lodge for some minutes quite stupefied; till at length a man came, and asked me, if I was a prisoner, which, it seems, he did not before know; I told him I was, upon which he brought me into a room, where a parcel of wretches siezed me, and sang a long song about garnish, and were going to pull my clothes off, till a servant, would see me before, said, "For God's sake don't use Doctor Meade's wife ill:" upon this a most ugly woman came up, and said, "G—d d—n you, you b—h, do you pretend to be Doctor Meade's wife?—I am his wife." I begged to be heard, which was granted; I told her my name was Meade, and my husband a clergyman in Ireland. "Oh, that's a different case," said she, going off. They were kind enough to take my word for some drink; and a good decent woman said, she would accept of me for a chum, as they call it. She brought me into a little dirty apartment, where, without examining anything, I in despair threw myself down on the bed I saw there, and resolved never to rise again. Three days and nights passed, during which time I never tasted food of any sort. At length the companion of my misery pressed me to take a little refreshment, which I was persuaded to; and seeing so many people in my own condition, at length reconciled me to think of making myself as easy as possible; and leave myself to the disposition of divine providence. One morning a friend came to visit me, by whom I sent a letter to Doctor Meade, telling him my distress, and among other things these lines:

Can, alas! The plaintive prayer,
Dictated by grief sincere,
Hope to reach a friendly ear:
Will thy kind and bounteous heart
Sympathise while I impart
Such affliction, as before
Never hapless woman bore.

I made no doubt but I should be relieved, and waited impatiently for the answer, which was as follows:

MEMOIRS, VOL II.

To Mrs. Meade in the Marshalsea.
Ormond Street, October 16, 1742.

Madam,

I have so many applications for charity, that is impossible for me to relieve all; those from your country alone are very numerous: the family of the Meades there are very rich, and should take care of their needy branches; I have, for the last time, sent you a guinea.

I am,
your humble servant,
R.M.

I kept the original of this by me, with a resolution, when I should these unlucky deeds relate, not to omit it. This was soon gone, I had many to satisfy: I then wrote to Henry Furnese, Esquire; who in a polite manner sent me a guinea, which doubled the obligation;

*For, Oh! Believe me, 'tis a dreadful task,
To generous minds, to be compelled to ask;
More dreadful still to have a suit denied,
Or take a niggard alms, given with contempt and pride.*

I was by this supported till my dear Mr. Cibber came to town, who was no sooner acquainted with my misfortune, that he sent me a guinea all changed into sixpences, lest it should tempt someone to pick my pocket; this was an instance of singular humanity; but he has often said, when he did good to people in distress, it was only to ease his own mind, which would otherwise have been on the rack: oh, heavens! What innate goodness must dwell in that breast?

Seeing the woman, that accused me for being the doctor's wife, lying dead drunk in the puddle, I asked my companion, who she was? "Madam, I'll tell you," said she: "She was a servant to Doctor Meade, who had a child by her, and supported her in his house for some time; at length they parted, and he was to allow five guineas a week: but the doctor marrying his present lady, began to be remiss in his payments, which enraged Madam to such a degree, that, forgetting decency, she went to his house, and, in presence of all his servants, abused and exposed him to the utmost of her power."

Upon this the Doctor stepped into his chariot, and ordered to drive to her lodgings, where finding she was indebted to her landlord, one Mr. Bradst—t, famous for being a spy for the D— of C—, he desired him to arrest, and put her in jail. This artful fellow alleged, it would be very expensive; but the doctor having charity-money enough to supply such exigencies, said, he valued not the expense, so she was secured. Upon this the poor wretch was arrested, and thrown into jail; and from time to time Bradst—t got three hundred pounds of the doctor for keeping her there; till at length the doctor of growing weary of the expense, consented to her releasement; but she had so entirely devoted herself to drinking, that she died a few days after she obtained her liberty.

And so let this be booked among other of his good works, such as combing the ladies' heads, &c. &c.

I think it is a great pity that every charitably disposed person is not his own almoner, since it is a thousand to one, whether that which was intended to help the distressed and innocent, is not applied to the service of luxury and vice! I am sure, to my own knowledge, in several instances it has been so by the D—ct—r, who has many affairs of the same nature on his hands; and, to quote his favourite Mr. Pope,

*Now, in such exigencies, not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed.
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your whores and knaves!*

I remember, twenty years ago, to have heard Doctor Delany say from the pulpit, it was a glorious thing for a man to be his own executor: I dare say, he never preached but what he practised; and, except that eternal treasure, which he has wisely laid up in store, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal: whenever he comes to pay his mortal debts—which hour be far away!—All he will have left us on this side of a blessed and glorious immortality, will be a shower of orphans and widows tears, to be due the consecrated Earth, where his honoured remains shall rest in peace, till summoned to partake of that bliss, prepared by the Almighty before all worlds, for souls like his.

As I have frequently observed to my readers, that I was glad to run away from such a disagreeable theme as my misfortunes, I hope for their pardon, though I am obliged to return to them again, and give them an account of even so dismal place as a jail.

Our head-turnkey happened to have been a servant to alderman Barber; and, like Joseph, I found favour in the sight of my keeper, as he had seen me in better days.

*For, certes, I had looked on better days,
And had with holy Bell been knolled to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped the eye,
Of drops, which sacred pity had engendered.*

This man took great compassion on me, and as on every Friday, which is court-day, the prisoners are all locked up in their respective apartments, lest, when the gates are thrown open for the admission of the judge and lawyers, any of them should make their escape: I was always indulged in the liberty of hearing the trials, which as a court of judicature was a scene I had never before beheld, greatly amused me.

And, indeed, I quickly perceived Sir Richard Steele was not mistaken, when he said the first, second, and third excellence of a lawyer was tautology.

Yet this was but a transitory relaxation, once in a week; the horror of my condition returned with double violence the moment I heard the key turn for my confinement.

If Mr. P—n should allege, that I have been severe on him in my writings on me: let him but consider, the extremity that he drove the worthy gentleman's daughter to, nurtured in the ease and plenty: and if he does not acquit me, I am sure the rest of the world will.

We had a sort of a Chapel belonging to the jail, where Doctor Friend, a clergyman, brother to Doctor Friend the physician, obliged us with divine service every Sunday: this gentleman was himself a prisoner in the King's-bench, and, after all the grandeur he had once lived in, was now so low reduced, as even to be beholden to such an unfortunate creature as I for sixpence; which, unfortunate as I was, I could not refuse to so fine an orator, and gentleman! And, by all accounts, only undone by boundless generosity and hospitality.

The first day I heard him preach I was charmed with his elocution, but the rest of the congregation, mad and drunk, bade him hold his tongue;—he indeed, like Orpheus, played to wolves and bears; nor were they half so obliging to him, as the storms were to Arion; neither could he, though uttering dulcet and harmonious sounds, make the rude crowd grow civil with his song.

This fine gentleman I often invited to my lonely mansion—he was not a little surprised to hear my mournful story—and indeed it somewhat alleviated my sorrow to find such a

companion:—Poor gentleman! Death has released him. I am sure I should have done it, had the Almighty given me a power equal to my inclination to serve him.

However I may praise God that I was, under him, the happy instrument of good to numbers of my wretched fellow-creatures, since by one pathetic memorial I wrote for them, the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners reached the hearts of the legislative powers, and obtained an Act of Grace for them.

But as it was now near Christmas, and the act was not to take place till the June following, I used my utmost endeavours to procure my own liberty; for, oh! What anxious moments must have passed between that dreadful interval of time? On a second application to Mr. Cibber, he used all his power with the great for me, and, as he had been used to move their passions, did it effectually on my behalf, insomuch that no less than sixteen Dukes contributed a guinea a-piece towards my enlargement.

When I read over these words, *Discharge from your custody the body of, &c.*, as I was by nine weeks' confinement, sickness, and fasting, rendered quite weak, the joyful surprise made me faint away several times, and indeed, my kind benefactor had like to have frustrated his own generous design of preserving me.

However, after all debts, distortions and dues were paid, I had just thirteen shillings left, with which some I was once more permitted to breathe the open air—and go where I pleased.

As soon as I got as far as London Bridge I found my head turned quite giddy, and my legs fail me, insomuch that I went into a jeweller's shop, who proceeding my weak condition, permitted me to sit down in it; I begged of him to let some of his servants call a coach for me, which he civilly complied with; when I was got into it, I was at a loss where to bid the coachman drive me; till at last recollecting, that all my writings, all the little all! which might make my future fortune, were in the possession of Mrs. Trifoli, the woman who had cast me into misery unspeakable, which, not to tease my readers, I have slightly passed over: for what entertainment can possibly give to the curious, learned, or polite reader to hear from me what every person who has ever been in a jail, can relate as well as I.

Well, I was carried to our house, where, I told her, I did not know where to lodge that night; she kindly accepted of me for a bedfellow, but a very bad one I found, for she, as my spirits were quite fatigued, no sooner found I was fast asleep, but she picked my pocket.

When I awoke in the morning, she asked me to give her some tea, on which taking up my pocket to give her money to go for it, I found I had none; when I complained at this usage, she told me she was too charitable to permit me to sleep with her, and now this was her reward; so she insisted on my turning out of her doors, and truly I knew not where to

—*Inform my unacquainted feet
Through the blind mazes of a tangled world;*

so I went dirty, as I came out of jail, to Mr. Cibber; for I ought before to have observed, that this wretch not only secured my person, but my clothes also, insomuch that I had not a shift to change me, till, out of what charity was sent me, I bought a second one in the jail.

However, he received me with as much regard and kindness, as though I had been ever so well dressed; but he charged me not to give him thanks for any thing he had done to serve me, but to praise God, who, as he said, had given me merit; "For, child," said he, "were you stupid, insensible, or wicked, I should never have had the smallest compassion for you."

He asked me what I now intended to do? I assured him I did not know; for that I neither had a lodging, nor, what was yet worse, a shilling to get one. "Well," said he, "I have a little money in store for you; I told your melancholy story to the Duke of Richmond, and he gave me five guineas for you; there they are."

This was a lottery prize to one in my unhappy situation; I could not, though prohibited, forbear the warmest expressions of gratitude, both to his Grace and Mr. Cibber; to the Duke I wrote a letter of acknowledgement, and provided myself with a lodging in Westminster, and, as it was on Christmas Eve I obtained my liberty, on New Year's Day I published in the Gazette the following lines:

To Colley Cibber, Esquire;

Lost in the prison's joyless gloom,
Cheerless and dreary as the tomb,
Where on the bed of care I lay,
And wept the lonely hours away:
When every hope and wish was fled,
But to be numbered with the dead,
You, like a messenger of Grace,
Spoke my despairing soul to peace;
Wiped off the tear from sorrow's eye,
Bid bars, and bolts, strong warded, fly;
Bounty, the Angel-men revere
Wrought miracles of mercy there.
Say, shall those deeds forgotten die,
Or, lost in cold oblivion lie?
May heaven no longer regard that breath
You rescued from untimely death,
Than gratitude attunes my lays
In sweetest notes to hymn your praise;
Nor can the song offend the ear,
Thus offered from a soul sincere.

Enlarged, once more, with Joy I view
The circling sun his course renew.
May He, whose wisdom guides the spheres,
Proportion blessings to thy years;
To thee, may rosy-bosomed spring,
Pleasure, and health, and plenty bring,
Till time, with gentle steps, convey
Thy soul to realms of endless day,
Where Cherubims for thee, with care,
Unenvied deathless wreaths prepare.
Those modest virtues you conceal,
Shall heaven-born charity reveal;
And mortal goodness, to improve,
Unite you can immortal love.

Oh, let your gaiety excuse,
 My serious melancholy Muse!
 This world appears a dream to me,
 Afflictions teach philosophy;
 And thus, alone, a Christian heart,
 Its grateful raptures can impart.

My dear old friend was pleased with my sense of his goodness to me; only he told me, my lines were more proper to be addressed to an archbishop than to him, who had nothing to boast of more than a little common humanity.

Well, now being free,—and with five guineas in my pocket, in flowing circumstances, I began to consider, in what manner I should improve them; so I wrote to his Grace of M—h, who, like to Lord Kingsborough, knows not how to give one guinea by way of relief, he immediately sent me ten, sealed up in a very genteel letter, with his best wishes and compliments to me: who was now so rich as I? But, as Shakespeare observes,

*There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which taken at its height, is prosperous;
 But, slighted, the residue of their lives
 Is bound in shallows and in misery.*

I just then heard a clergyman was in England, who was a near and intimate friend of my father's; him I addressed, and was ordered to go to Mr. Richardson; a printer, in Salisbury Court, for an answer to my letter.

As I had never formed any great idea of a printer,* by those I had seen in Ireland, I was very negligent of my dress, more than making myself clean; but extremely surprised, when I was directed to a house of a very grand outward appearance, and had it been a palace, its beneficent master deserved it.
 [**Mem.* Not our present set of printers, who are many of them gentleman, and persons in good circumstances, particularly my own.]

I met a very civil reception from him; and he not only made me breakfast, but also dine with him, and his admirable wife and children. After dinner he called me into his study, and showed me an order he had received to pay me twelve guineas, which he immediately took out of his escritoire, and put it into my hand; but when I went to tell it over, I found I had fourteen, and supposing the gentleman had made a mistake I was for returning two of them; but he with a sweetness and modesty almost peculiar to himself, said, he hoped I would not take it ill, that he had presumed to add a trifle to the bounty of my friend.

I really was confounded, till, recollecting that I had read Pamela, and been told it was written by one Mr. Richardson, I asked him, whether he was not the author of it? He said, he was the editor: I told him, my surprise was now over, as I found he had already given the incomparable Pamela the virtues of his own worthy heart.

When he reads these lines, as read them I am certain he will, even for the writer's sake, let him reflect, that, at least, his bread was not scattered on the water; but that though I have no other way of showing my gratitude for his boundless and repeated acts of humanity to me, and my children, but words, mere words; yet, if every word of mine could charm down blessings on him,

*Then never should misfortune cross his foot;
But peace should be within his way and plenty,
Health, and happiness his constant attendants.*

And now, that I might, if possible, avoid the misery of extreme want, I resolved to turn my stock into trade; and after long consideration, thought nothing would suit my inclinations so well as a pamphlet shop, nor no place was so proper for my purpose as Saint James's Street where I should be in the centre of my noble benefactors; to this end, I walked through it, and finding one to be let which answered my purpose, I directly agreed to give the landlord twenty-one pounds a year, for a shop, parlour, and kitchen; but the landlord insisted upon my paying a quarter's rent beforehand; which, though a little hard upon me, as I not only had the shop to stock, but furniture of all kinds to buy, I complied with.

So, reader, here was a new scene, and I, the first of my family, took my place behind a counter.

Having met with a very great bargain of prints, which were sold under distress, and having some knowledge in that way, I resolved also to deal in them; so, having decorated out my windows with them to the best advantage, early on Monday morning I entered on my new employ.

The first person who entered was Lord P—st—n, dressed *à la mode de Paris*, with long sloped double ruffles, such as the ladies were; he took down the print of Shakespeare's monuments, and, though it was marked price eighteen pence, he bid me a groat for it, which, as it had cost me a shilling, I could by no means take; so he went away very much displeased, and truly, I began to be out of conceit with my occupation.

As my dear Mr. Cibber had made me present of fifty of his last answer to Mr. Pope, I sat down to read it, and found it so full of spirit and humour, that just as it had thrown me into a hearty fit of laughter, a clergyman entered, who asked me what I had got new? I told him my present situation: he looked earnestly on me and said, he was very sure of that; "But, Madam," said he, "all are not born to be happy in this world, however they may merit it, which plainly demonstrates a future state, where rewards and punishments will be impartially distributed; but why should I tell this to Mrs. Pilkington, who may better instruct her teacher?"

I begged of the gentlemen to inform the me, where I had the honour of seeing him? He told me, he was son to Colonel Stewart, who lived next door to my father, before I was married, and when he himself was in the College: I then recollected, that he used every day to send me some poetical praise, and as I never before had an opportunity of thanking him for his elegant compliments, I took it now.

As he was desirous of giving me hansel, as they call it, I recommended Mr. Cibber's letter to him, as a cure for the spleen, a distemper most studious and learned persons are apt to fall into; he took the Ghost's word for the excellence of the performance, and gave me a guinea; I was going to give him change, but he would not accept of it; so, promising to be a constant customer for whatever I sold, and wishing me on success, he departed. *Mem.* The clergyman infinitely more generous than the peer.

As my obligations to Mr. Cibber were ever present to my mind, I wrote to him the following kind of paraphrase on an ode of Horace.

To Mr. CIBBER.

Donarem pateras. Hor.

Did fortune wait upon my hand,
 Could I her various gifts command,
 Her noblest offspring would I give
 To him, whose bounty bade me live,
 A golden goblet, which he chased,
 Close by a mantling vine embraced,
 Whose fruitage round the brim should shine,
 And seem to yield the sparkling wine,
 Or radiant gems, of value rare,
 Should speak my gratitude sincere,
 For thy far nobler gifts to me,
 Inestimable LIBERTY!

Though poets boast a Fair estate,
 They seldom deal in gems, or plate;
 For yet in all Parnassus mould,
 There ne'er appeared one vein of gold.
 Futile, and labour all our days
 For a few sprigs of barren bays;
 They, thunder-proof, its rage defy,
 Yet, touched by envy, blasted die.

Yet verse can consecrate a name,
 And worthy deeds consigned to fame;
 Oh! Could I raise a song sublime,
 Triumphant over fate and time,
 By virtue in the lays divine
 Should with immortal lustre shine:
 Let others place fantastic joys
 In orient trinkets, splendid toys!
 While your exhorted soul refined,
 Like heaven, accepts the grateful mind.

I sent these lines to my dear gentleman, who presently came to me, as I was once more in his neighbourhood,—and in his cheerful way, said, "Faith, child, you have praised me so, that, I think, it is the least I can do to make you eat for a fortnight;"—so he gave me three guineas.

As my mind was now a little at peace, I began to think of my dear children, whom nothing but my incapacity of doing them service, and a supposition that their father took proper care of them, could ever divert my thoughts from, even a moment; so strong is maternal love, at least, if every mother loves like me: for, really, and I hope it is a pardonable frailty, my very life is treasured in him, whom I may properly style my only child, and were he to die I should not long survive him.

I know not of what impenetrable stuff his father's heart was made out, that could lead such a son, not only want the advantages of education, which had it not been in his power to pay for it, it was in his own power to bestow on him, so far as instructing him in the knowledge of Latin and Greek, which Cato would not permit his son to be indebted to a slave for;—and yet Cato was, at least, as good, and a much greater man than the Parson; surely this he might have done:—no; on the

contrary, he chose to expose him, at nine years of age, to every calamity in life; and that he did not turn thief or pickpocket, was due to God's restraining Grace, and providential care of him.

And here, I must, in vindication of my child, declare, he never was undutiful or disrespectful to me, as his father has falsely and cruelly reported; he is, like all persons of his age, so full of mirth and overflowing spirits, that, I am certain, the dullness his father brings, as an excuse for taking him from school, never was his fault;

For he is —

*All my mirth, my exercise, my matter,
He makes my July's days short as December,
And, with his varying playfulness, kills in me
Thoughts which would thicken my blood.*

Though, I am sure, only that he has too much respect for his father, to throw any reflection on him; yet he might properly say,

He let me feed with his hinds, debarred me of a place in his love, and, as much as was in him, mined my gentility by base education.

And I may say, with truth, the boy is gentle, though

*Never schooled, learned; full of noble device,
And of all sorts enchantingly beloved.
Shakespeare, As you like it.*

But to return. I wrote to Ireland to my eldest son, who, either through fear of his father's anger, or an ill-natured spirit derived from him, did not think me worth an answer; however, he showed the letter to his sister, who, in her low style, sent me an affectionate letter. Before it reached me, I heard Mr. Ar—e was come to London, and having been told my child was bound apprentice to him, I did not doubt but I should find him with him, so I went to wait on him; he received me very politely, and told me, my son had left him, and was gone to Scotland: when I demanded, how they came to part? He said, he had pawned some of his music books, and that he had complained to his father of him, who asked what they might be worth? It is to be presumed that they were valued to the utmost they cost; upon which Mr. P—n, ever tender, said he was glad to hear that the theft, as he turned this, amounted to death, entreated Mr. Ar—e to prosecute the child, for such he then was, and declaring that nothing in the world would give him greater satisfaction than to hear that the dog was hanged.

Mr. Ar—e said, Mr. P—n's inhumanity quite shocked him,—so he corrected the boy very severely, upon which he ran away from him; that he has since received a letter from him, which he showed to me, and from thence I got a direction where to write to him. I was, as may be supposed, infinitely disturbed at this account of my son; I wrote to him that very night, and informed him of what Mr. Ar—e had said; I begged of him to come to me, and that at his master had highly commended his musical talents, I hoped, by Mr. Cibber's interest, to get him engaged at one of the theatres.

About ten days after, having just paid my rent, and bought some shop-goods, on which I had laid out every penny I was worth;—as I had stuck up on my shop window, *Letters written here on any subject, except the law, price twelve pence; petitions also drawn at the same rate. Mem. Ready money, no trust.*

A man came in, very badly dressed, with a greasy leather apron before him; he looked over some prints, when the postman brought me a large packet marked Edinburgh; as I had no money, I was in terrible confusion, especially as the fellow cried, "Come, mistress, don't keep me waiting;" I said, I must send out for change: "Oh," said he, "I never go without it; where's your piece?" Upon this, the leather-aproned gentleman, for such he was, drew out a handful of gold, and throwing down a guinea, said, "there, take your money;" and what was yet more surprising, he insisted on my taking the change, for he determined, he said, to have me his debtor.

Upon this I began to have a very different opinion of my new customer than what his first appearance gave me, and therefore similarly entreated his permission to produce my letter, to which he agreeing, I had not read above ten lines, when I burst into tears, so the gentleman insisted on my laying it aside while he stayed, telling me, I must so far oblige him as to write a love letter for him.

Upon this I invited him into the parlour, and told him, he must make me his confidant: he said, he had never mentioned love to the lady; that, as to her person, she was very agreeable, but that her mind far surpassed it: so, having my instructions, I quickly finished my task greatly to his satisfaction, insomuch that he protested I must give him leave to send for a flask of champagne to raise my spirits, which, indeed, were greatly oppressed.

By the time he had drank a glass or two, he began to talk of Homer, Horace, Milton, and all the poets; sung an Italian song; and soon convinced me, that dress was put on merely to disguise a fine gentleman, which it was no way in his power to do; I told him so, and asked him, why he walked in masquerade?

He smiled at my question, but assured me, he was neither better or worse than a house-painter, and that his name was Tom Brush.

This put me in mind of an adventure I once had in Ireland, when one of the finest gentleman in it came to visit me in a graziers coat, and told me his name was Tom Long, the carrier, though he happened to be an English baronet, with a large estate, and a great employment.

But I have been a lady of adventure, and almost every day of my life produces some new one: I am sure, I ought to thank my loving husband for the opportunity he has afforded me of seeing the world from the palace to the prison; for had he but permitted me to be what nature certainly intended me for, a harmless household dove, in all human probability I should have rested contented with my humble situation, and, instead of using a pen, been employed with a needle, to work for the little ones we might, by this time, have had.

Now, after all my strange vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, I sincerely declare, that were I to have my wish, though I should not now in the decline of life be able to struggle through misfortunes, as in its first sprightly career; yet as by the bounty, compassion, and kindness of all my noble, and honoured benefactors, I have the unspeakable happiness of being set above the low distresses of life.

Now pleased remembrance builds delight on woe.
Pope's Homer.

I think I am glad that there has been such strong proof made of my constancy, without which I have scarce known how duly to praise that eternal goodness, who ever more gave me strength adequate to the severe afflictions he was pleased to try me with. Be then all praise to him, who

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

*From seeming evil, still induces good,
And better still from thence, and better still
To infinite perfection.*

Well, when Mr. Brush departed, I read my dear child's letter, which was as follows:

Edinburgh, September 16, 1744
My dear, dear mother,

No tongue can express the joy which the receipt of your kind letter inspired me with, to find a long lost treasure! For I was so positively assured you were dead, that I can hardly believe my eyes, when I see your dear and well-known hand, and read your beloved name, which I have kissed a thousand times: if it be delusion, may I never be undeceived!

You desired me to give you a particular account of whatever had befallen me since I had the misfortune of losing you, my dearest and only friend; for I, with all duty and gratitude, remember your fond affection to me: it is to you I am indebted that I can either read or write, or know any part of my duty either to God or man; for I do assure you my father neither instructed me himself, nor (though Mr. Baldrick who my grandfather put me to school to, when the good old man was dead, would have taught me for nothing) would he permit me to go to school, because one day a boy threw a stone at me, and I throwing another at him, happened to break a pane of glass in an alehouse window, for which the people followed me home, and made my father pay a groat for it.

Upon this I received a most inhuman correction from him, which was repeated every morning and night for six days together; he stripped off all my clothes, though in the depth of winter, and locked them up, leaving me without any covering but my shirt in the dark back kitchen, which as you may remember, was in the winter overflowed with water, charging the servants not to give me a morsel of food; and that I am alive is due to God's Providence, who, I hope, preserved me to be a comfort to you.

However the servants, though they had but a groat a day allowed them to live upon, used to give me share of their bread and butter-milk, and, when my father was abroad, would permit me to warm my body at kitchen fire; nay, and as my father said, it was too much indulgence for me to sleep with his footman, the poor fellow used to let me lie down in the day where I spent most of my time, and was neither allowed pen, ink, or book to amuse me.

I will in some time give you a full history; but, at present, shall confine myself to Mr. Ar—e's affair. I lived with him for some time before I was bound apprentice, in which I was used very well; but as soon as that was done the scene was changed. Mrs. Ar—e, who was prodigiously fond of gin, used to take so much of it, that she seldom knew what she did, and would often persuade her husband to believe well or ill of me, just as she was drunk or sober: it was in one of these feats she was when Tommy L—e landed, who is really a worthless conceited fellow; and because he thought I did not sufficiently admire his fine singing, used, by way of fun, to set Mrs. Ar—e on to abuse me and Mr. Ar—e, who is really a good-natured man. I was discharged from fetching half-quarters to my mistress; and there being an old box in the garret, in which Mr. Ar—e kept some music books, she went up to examine it, and said there were some of them stole: he, who did not know what number of books there was in it, said, there was none gone; upon which, without the least ceremony, she struck him in the face, swearing by the great God, that if he did not correct me, she would do it herself. I, who was not far-off, and heard this discourse, made the best of my way out of the house; which Mrs. Ar—e taking as a proof of guilt, and a villainous maid she had joining with her, she searched the house, and swore she had lost many things, as brass candlesticks, bottles &c. All this

poor Mr. Ar—e was obliged to agree to for quietness' sake. When I had stayed a day away, I wrote to him, telling him, I was surprised at his suspicions of me, and that I was willing to return: he came directly with the messenger, and brought me home. I stayed there till night, when Mr. L—e coming in, and hearing I was there, called for his horsewhip, and Mr. Ar—e, his wife, and L—e, were beating me for three hours to make me confess what I had done with the books, swearing they would cut me to death, if I did not own. I was forced one time to say that I sold them, another, that I gave them away, to get a little respite; so, when they had made me confess to what they please, I was put to bed, and locked in, in order to be sent to Newgate next day.

I stayed all night, never slept, and all the next day did not eat a morsel. In the evening they were rehearsing Comus when I shot back the lock of my prison, and finding the other door open, I took off my shoes, and crept downstairs, got into the street, and run five streets' length in my stockings: what advantage the maid might make a finding the door open and me gone I knew not, as Mrs. Ar—e said she had lost some of her jewels: things the poor woman never had in her life; and so far I was from a thought of taking anything of theirs, that I did not take my hat, a shirt, or anything else with me. Now all the reason I can ever devise for her using me so, was, I believe, because I once saw her and L—e toying on the bed together. So now, my dear mother, as I fear I have taken up too much of your time already, I shall conclude, with assuring you

I am,
With the greatest tenderness, respect and duty,
Your affectionate son,
J. PILKINGTON.

This account of my poor child's sufferings threw me into what they call an hysteric colic, under which I languished many days; but my hour was not yet come, nor had my sorrows reached their summit. But that in due place.

But to return to my seat behind the counter, where I was tolerably content with my situation, except for the concern I sent for my children, from whom I could seldom disengage my thoughts, although the sad remembrance grieves my soul. I must proceed: I went to indulge a pleasing fit of melancholy into Westminster Abbey,

*Where breathing paint, and speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below.*

I wandered through the cloisters, reading the inscriptions till it grew duskish. I hastened to the great gate, but was infinitely shocked to find I was locked into the solitary mansions of the dead: I called aloud to no purpose, except to fright myself with my own voice, reverberated through

Long sounding aisles, and intermingled graves.

'Tis scarce in the power of imagination to paint the horror which possessed me, especially as, by the glimpses of the moon, the statues, which had before been subjects of amusement to me, now looked dreadful, when each molehill ant swelled to a huge Olympus; I knew not what to do but, if possible, take sanctuary at the altar.

I went up to the iron wicket, which opens into that part of the Abbey where divine service is performed, and to my unspeakable happiness, pulled it open: I thought to sit down in one of the pews till morning, till, recollecting the church was full of rats, my terrors were again renewed, and I had inclination to go into the aisles, yet, how strong a passion is fear? The very look of them terrified me; till, at length gathering courage, even from despair, I went to the communion table, took off from thence a carpet, which covered it, and thinking I could nowhere be so secure from those vermin as in the pulpit, I, with great difficulty, dragged it up, where finding also a velvet

cushion, I seated myself, and laid the cushion under my head, wrapping even my face up with the carpet.

I endeavoured all in my power, by the force of reason and religion, to conquer the terrors which seized me; I reflected that God was everywhere, and able to defend me; that he was not slow to hear no impotent to save; and also that the church was peculiarly under his care, and consecrated to acts of holiness, and both relying on his Providence, and committing to his protection, I found my mind as tranquil and composed, as if I had been at home in my bed, and fell into a deep sleep: and here, though I may be thought whimsical or superstitious for it, I cannot avoid relating my dream, produced, no doubt, by the same set of ideas which had possessed my waking thoughts, and still held their place in sleep.

I imagined myself to be exactly where I was, and that suddenly the graves gave up their mighty dead, who walked in martial array before me; I thought, by some secret intuitive knowledge, I became acquainted not only with their names, but also with their aspects. Many crowned heads and sceptred hands stalked by me in venerable Majesty: Henry V. clad in armour, drew in a particular manner my attention, insomuch that I could not forbear blessing him; I thought he smiled, and, with a placid air, returned my salutation, and said, "I should have been great, if, when I had conquered France, I had not married the perfidious daughter of it, who at the age of thirty-four poisoned me. This crime of hers has been truly visited on all our unhappy race, who are now quite extinct."

I said, "Thanks, gracious Monarch." He disappeared, and two persons struggling over a diadem next approached. Death, desolation, and ruin were spread around them, till at length, a surly looking fellow destroyed them both, and all their friends.

I mourned at this sad scene, when, lo! A hero appeared, who held in one hand red roses and white, so blended that they looked lovely to the eye; he seemed once or twice to smell to them, when instantly the flowers faded and died, while in their place, appeared a large bag of money.

Next came a squat, square faced King, who held in his right hand four bloody heads, one of whom I thought I knew to be that of Anne Boleyn, and the other that of the Marquis of Surrey.

A sweetly blooming youth, whose portrait was just at my back in the pulpit, appeared and vanished like my dream, out of which I startled by the chimes; finding the Bell tolled four, and knowing that early service did not begin to the six, I once more endeavoured to compose myself to rest.

I must resume my dream just where it broke off, as it really occurred to me. A lovely lady made her entrance, holding Plato in one hand, and the Bible in the other; two men, by force, put a crown on her head, at which she seemed terrified, when immediately came a woman with a countenance like Mægara, attended by a train of fellows, with cords, axes and hatchets, wheels, and other instruments of death and torture, waited on again by persons, who, by their holy vestments, I hoped would be, at least humane; but, alas! Instead of comforting the lovely lady, they forced the above-said Fury, who seemed for once inclined to pity her, to permit those savage and inhuman butchers to cut off the loveliest, the most learned head that ever, from the prime creation, adorned a woman.

But to the unspeakable happiness of Great Britain, this detestable wretch told me, as I thought, that Philip of Spain poisoned her, in hopes of marrying her sister Elizabeth, then a prisoner in the tower.

I was tired with these shadowy crowned heads passing by me, like those in Macbeth, and wished to see the sweetly inspired, laurel-wreathed poets advance; my wish was immediately

gratified, and a merry old fellow appeared, who was, as it were in jest, lashing a whole swarm of Friars:

*Pieced, patched, and piebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
Bare-headed, sleeveless some, and shirtless others.*
Pope.

And though the blows were dealt pretty smart, they affected to smile at them.

Next appeared a Queen, to whom a gentleman, with his sweet but melancholy countenance, humbly presented a volume of inimitable poetry, as he was the Prince of poets in his time: his Gloriana received it graciously, and putting her hand in her pocket gave him a large bag; I supposed it had been filled with gold, but the poet opening it, found nothing he had but grains, such as they feed the hogs with, of which he put a large handful into his mouth, and instantly dropped down.

The concern I sent for him awake to me; the Bell tolling for morning prayer, and the Sexton missing the carpet, and supposing the church had been robbed, was almost beside himself, till I called to him, and bade him not be frightened, there was nothing gone; the man stared at me, I begged him to come and help me down, for I found myself so weak I could scarce move.

I then told him by what odd accident I came there: he seemed amazed that I outlived it, and swore heartily he would not have been in my place for all the world. I begged of him to get somebody to call me a chair; he went himself for one, and with great good nature, brought from his own house a small phial with some cherry brandy in it, and a teacup in his pocket; I am sure I wanted a cordial, and therefore took little of it, though not without obliging him to accept of payment for it.

When I returned home, my servant, who had sat up for me all night, was amazed to see me so pale and dirty, for the old carpet had sufficiently soiled my apparel; but, lest she should conceive a bad opinion of me, I told her where I had been, and went to bed; I slept for two hours, and woke extremely ill, notwithstanding which I cleaned myself, and went into my shop.

A young gentleman, but very gravely dressed, was my first customer; he asked me the price of an old print in the window, and seemed surprised at my asking half-a-crown for it, assuring me it was not worth a groat; I said, I was sure he was too good a judge not know the value of any print taken out of Montfaucon's antiquities: he said, he wondered why, since I knew the value of the author, I should be so tasteless as to cut one of them out of the work, which in many places served to illustrate it, particularly in the medals: I assured him I had not done it, but had bought them amongst a number of others. The gentleman perceiving I spoke very faintly, said, he believed I was not well; I assured him I was so ill, it was with infinite difficulty I spoke at all; he demanded of me, who was my physician? I said, I had known since my dear father died, was one of the faculty: then, Madam, said he, allow me to have the honour; so feeling my pulse, he ordered me to be bled, which greatly relieved my poor head, which, with the agitation of spirit I had suffered overnight, ached ready to split. As this gentleman gave me his attendance as long as I had the least complaint, I should, I think, be highly ungrateful not to acknowledge my obligation to Doctor Lawson.

And indeed, I must here say, I never met with more learned, more generous, or more humane gentlemen than physicians; yet as no general rule is without an exception, Doctor W—lk—r refused me a subscription, although every other physician had, on my dear father's account, relieved his unhappy family; but he alleged it would disoblige Mr. P—n; I know not but it might; yet how he came to fear him more than the rest of the world did, that I know not, but any excuse will serve a man to save five shillings; perhaps he could not spare them, as it is more than probable, were he feed according to his skill, he might not be worth a single maravedi; and for many reasons,

he ought not to be severe on any woman's character, let him amend the females of his own family first, a task, I feel he will never be able to perform.

I might also give the same advice to Doctor O—ns, whose two sisters took a solitary walk over Essex Bridge every evening, perhaps to say their prayers.

But to return to Albion. I had one evening been invited abroad, and that my return, my servant told me there had been two very fine gentleman to visit me, who would not leave their names, but said they would come the next morning. Accordingly they did; one of whom I knew to be Lieutenant Southwell, since dead, and the other the L—d V—t D—le; Mr. Southwell, who had been many years acquainted with me, seemed rejoiced to see me, but my Lord looked on me with the utmost contempt, nay, with such an air, as I had never before met with from any gentleman, and cried, "Prithee, come away, I thought you were to take me to a girl of sixteen;" though, *mem.* he was at that time married to his present lady, who is, by all accounts, a very great beauty: I assured his L—d—p I had been once sixteen, but as it happened sixteen years had rolled over since that blooming season, and that, to my great mortification, I could not arrest old Father Time: Mr. Southwell very politely said, I should be always young; but my Lord urging his departure, he whispered me, that he would come and pass the evening with me.

He kept his word, and gave me a long detail of the calamities he had suffered on board a man-of-war, where, because some saucy fellow called him a bastard, and he in return, broke his head, the captain confined him sixteen weeks to his cabin; but learning that he was very ill, he permitted him to come up on deck; he was supported by two men, weak, coed, and trembling, as he assured me, and ready to faint, so that he was obliged to sit down; upon which the captain demanded how he dared sit down in his presence, or to wear his hat? So he first knocked it off, and then threw it into the sea.

These indignities, said he, so highly provoked me, that I retired to my cabin, resolved, if I ever set my foot on shore, to call the captain to an account for them. Accordingly, as soon as we were on English ground, I challenged him, for which offence I was mulcted eighteen months pay; so here is the history of poor Dick for you.

I was sensibly touched with his narration, and could not help reflecting how terribly it must be to gentlemen of family and education, to bear with insults from wretches so far beneath them, as those Marine commanders frequently are, who are perhaps advanced for being abject, and no sooner are they advanced, but they become insolent tyrants.

And indeed, I believe this is eternally the case; for it is a constant remark, that the worst masters and mistresses, are those who have been servants themselves; they know what frauds they have committed when in the like situation, and consequently pry into such low affairs, as persons of genteel birth, and generous education could never think of, and even if they were informed of them, would choose to overlook.

Mr. Southwell then told me, Lord D——le had abused me all day, though for what cause I know not; but, with blunt Ben, in *Love for Love*, I merrily told my sea officer, that as for my Lord's love or liking, I valued it not of a rope's end, and that, mayhap, I liked him as little as he did me.

I almost forced him to drink a pint of wine with me, and would have also forced half-a-guinea on him, but his spirit would not admit of that.

I was so highly provoked at Lord D——le's insolence and pride, so little becoming the character of a nobleman, that I could not forbear writing some lines of a proper subject for satire, which Mr. Southwell snatched from me, and directly carried to his L—d—p.

I went next morning to wait on Admiral Anson, with a petition from the sister of his *valet de chambre*, who happened to be the first man shot in his first sea engagement, to whom, beside a

part of the prize then taken, there was seven years wages due. I was shown into the back parlour of a small house in Hanover square. It was well adorned with books in glass cases, even from the ceiling to the floor; and on this occasion, as I had a thousand pounds worth of jewels left with me by Mr. Fisher, whose father kept a shop in Castle Street, Dublin, to dispose of for him, knowing how much dress commands respect, I put a pair of diamond earrings into my ears, tied on a diamond solitaire, and as for lace, and every other appurtenance to suit those ornaments, I had them of my own.

My glittering appearance, and being in a chair, soon brought the Admiral down in a rich undress, as he supposed, by the account delivered of me, I must be a woman of quality; my eyes were fast engaged to the books when he entered; he begged my pardon for his *dishabille*: I turned, and said, I was glad for once to see learning and the valour so happily united.

But no sooner did he find that I had only a petition to deliver, but his countenance changed to the severe, and he told me, he believed people thought he had brought home the wealth of the Indies, whereas he had not a single a shilling to command, no more than the meanest sailor aboard, the money being all, as he said, paid into the Treasury, from whence no man, without the utmost difficulty, could extract one the single farthing of it; and having the word of so great a man, I really believed it: a sad discouragement to all sailors to venture their lives, when even their very admirals are not rewarded!

However as I told the Admiral the woman was actually starving, he gave me a guinea for her.

When I returned home, I found in my shop Lord D——le, Mr. Skeffington, since dead, and another gentleman waiting for me; Lord D——le asked what he had done, to provoke me to write with so much bitterness against him? Nay, my Lord, what had I done to disoblige you, or occasion your bestowing on me such gross abuse, as Mr. Southwell assured me you did? My Lord said, upon his honour it was false, and taking me by the hand, assured me he would be a friend to me, provided I gave him no more of my pen; but as from that hour to this, he never did me any kind of service, I think the obligation void on my side, and therefore present my readers with the following sketch of his inimitable character.

To the right honourable the L—d V—t D——le.

Satiric Muse! Let me prevail
 On thee to picture D——le:
 Fierce, as the surly Northern gale,
 Is proud, contemptuous D——le;
 What makes the artist rot in jail?
 Trusting the base born D——le;
 The rose-cheeked nymph turns wan and pale,
 Touched by infectious D——le;
 Light gossamer would turn the scale,
 Weighed 'gainst the wit of D——le;
 Nay, were thy virtues put to sale,
 A mite o'er rates them, D——le:
 Honour and equity shall fail,
 E'er practised once by D——le;
 For Hell may Charon hoist his sail

O'er Styx, to waft cursed D——le:
 In short, my subject now grows stale,
 I'm tired with rhymes to D——le;
 So were each fault and vice combined,
 That e'er debased the human mind;
 To sum up all the black detail,
 I'd name the scoundrel D——le.

And now, my L—d, as I believe I am the first poet who ever celebrated the illustrious name of St. L—dg—r, which name, by your supposed noble, and right well remembered father's account, you are as much entitled to, as I am to that of Plantagenet, I hope you will, according to your true nobility, give me a handsome reward for this extraordinary panegyric!

And here I cannot avoid relating, but I believe, the true cause of his L—d—p's aversion to me, was this: a little time after I was separated from my husband, as it was quite the mode to attack me, he employed one of his infernal agents to inform me, he should be glad to drink a dish of tea with me; I told the wretch I did not know his L—d—p, and therefore hoped he would excuse me. But the harridan, being resolved not to lose her reward, told my L—d I would meet him somewhere, indeed I do not know the place, and introduced to him a great, lusty, masculine woman, dressed in a calimanco cloak, or long riding-hood. I believe his L—d—p wondered that such a creature had made any noise in the world; so telling her, he was sorry he had given her the trouble of coming there, he gave her a guinea and hastily departed.

A few nights after this, W—rsd—le had *The Cure for a Scold*, altered from Shakespeare's *Taming of a Shrew*, into a ballad opera, by Mr. P—n, played for his own benefit; I wrote a flaming prologue to it, in honour of my Fair countrywomen, and the W—rsd—le insisted on my going to see it, assuring me, he would have a lattice secured entirely for me, or any friends I should please to bring, and would himself take care of placing me, and also guarding me safe out, for really I was very much afraid of receiving some insult.

On these promises I ventured to go; when behold! The lattice was full; but that was no matter, the ladies, though my intimate friends, quickly decamped, and Mrs. Dub—g, the Fiddler's wife, declared she had like to faint at the sight of the odious creature! The Reverend Mr. Gr—n also took to his heels, so I had indeed the whole lattice for me and my company, which were two young misses, daughters to my landlady.

My Gorgon face, instead of turning my enemies into stone, clapped wings to their feet, and made them fly down stairs, like so many feathered Mercurys, Parson and all, though he was bulky, and tipsy, and dull, and so forth; though indeed, those qualities might make him descend with a greater velocity, and give him an natural alacrity in sinking.

However, by their precipitant flight, I got the front row.

When the play began, I forgot to keep up my fan, and two gentlemen of distinction in the pit about to me; presently after the orange-girl came up, and said that a gentleman desired I would accept of half a dozen oranges; I asked who it was? And she showed me a person dressed in scarlet, trimmed with black; as I did not know him, I told it was a mistake, and a young girl, who followed her in said, that was L—d D——le, and that the compliment was intended for her; but the orange girl, calling her very familiarly by her name, which was Nancy Raymond, swore to the contrary; for, said she, you know how you used my L—d. They talked to one another in the vulgar tongue, being exceedingly well known to each other, having both followed the same occupation of orange and oyster selling, and both come up stairs into the world.

To compose the animosity, I bought some fruit, and though I really paid for it, I doubt not but his L—d—p did also.

When the play was over, to which I most heartily repented that I went, W—rsd—le came to put me into a chair, said he would sup with me, and kept his word. I related to him the Playhouse adventure, and asked him what kind of a man L—d D—n—le was? He told me, he was both a very loose, and a very ungenerous man, qualities which no way recommended him to me; so being honoured with a second message from him, I, with an absolute, Sir, not I, dismissed me back the cloudy messenger.

But to return:

The next day a most ugly, squinting, mean looking fellow, whose good clothes made his awkwardness but the more conspicuous, came in to buy some prints; his mind was portrayed in his countenance, where impudence and ignorance seems to vie for preeminence; however, he spoke to me with great civility, and perceiving, by his accent, that he was an Hibernian, I asked him, how long he had been in London? Curiosity led me into a great deal of chat with him, and as he knew every great family in Ireland, their servants at least, he was able to give me a good deal of intelligence: I then inquired, whether business or pleasure had brought him to London? He said, both; and pulling out his pocketbook, told me, he would surprise me; I cannot say indeed but he did; for he showed me Doctor Swift's head, engraven in vellum, not in the size much larger than a small locket, such as they wear in rings, yet so extremely like the original, that there was no occasion to write the name under it: several more pieces of the same curious work he showed to me, and said, he hoped to make his fortune by them in London.

I told him, I was afraid he would be disappointed, as painting and statuary were the taste of the English nobility; beside, this is work more suited to a woman than a man; if I could do it, it might turn to account for me. Upon which, of his own accord, he begged I would pass his works for mine, and that he would give me a third part of the profit arising from the sale of them: he gave me to understand he knew very well who I was, and that our united interest might be serviceable to each other, an offer I did not reject.

As he had many fine mantlings cut, he could very quickly insert the arms, so I desired he would finish one for general Ch—h—I; he obeyed me, and I waited on the old gentleman with it, and a few complementary lines, which I have now forgot. I sent in my present, and the general desired I might be shown in: he was in a very magnificent drawing-room, adorned with stucco work, the opposite door opened into a garden, full blown;—the general was seated on a rich sofa, at a table adorned with dressing-plate. He desired I might sit down on the sofa, opposite to him, and ordered his servant to remove the table; there were several vases filled with flowers, sweetly smelling round the chamber; and, for my part, I rather imagined I was in some Asian Palace, than a house in Grosvenor Street.

He thanked me for my present, "But, Madam," said he, "it is quite useless, as all my house is stucco work; however, if you would be so kind as to come up stairs with me, we may perhaps find someplace, where a nail may be driven in without injury."

As the old gentleman doubted I might possibly mistake his meaning, he was going to explain himself; upon which I took up the picture, and in a very great confusion made the best speed out of his house.

I had not walked above twenty yards, when one of the general's footmen overtook me, who told me, his master was afraid I might fall in a fever, if I walked in the heat of so warm a day, and therefore desired I would accept of a guinea to pay my chair; I took it, and returned my compliments.

As there was something humorous in the general's behaviour, I addressed him the next day in the following lines:

To the Hon. Gen. Ch—h—I.

Five weeks, great Ch—ll, to my cost,
Cutting your coat of arms I lost;
I pored my eyes, I soiled my raiment,
Not doubting of a generous payment:
When, well I wot, your whole design
Was bent to quarter yours with mine.

Curse on your plaguey stucco work;
Sure 'twas invented by some Turk,
To bid to Christian art defiance,
And overturn each beauteous science;
No nail, forsooth, their paste must enter,
Would one were stuck in the inventor!

But will a chief of Marlborough's strain,
The offspring of the Muse disdain,
Or give her reason to complain?

Should I be seized by bailiff's setter,
What must I say? That you're my debtor;
Why, if they threat me with a jail,
I'll surely send to you for bail.

The Muse and hero ne'er should quarrel,
Your bays thrives best beneath your laurel;
Your province is to shine in fight,
But ours your noble acts to write.
Achilles' deeds had lost their glory,
Till famous made by Homer's story:
Nor can you eternize your name,
Till we consign your praise to fame:
Want damps the poet's genial fire,
Bounty can thoughts sublime inspire;
So, crusted o'er with flint and clay,
The diamond scarce emits a ray,
Till disencumbered of the mould,
Polished with art, and set in gold,
Resplendent glory it displays,
And rivals Phoebus' noontide blaze.

I never received any answer to these lines, but in a very short time after I heard the general was dead.

I gave the young man both his coat of arms and the guinea; so we resolved next to address the Earl of Stair, then Veldt-Marshal.

It is a very great loss to me, that by the ignorance of my daughter half of my writings were burnt, for she never scrupled, if ever the fire was bad, to take a whole bundle of them to enliven it; but whether this may be any loss to the world I must leave to their judgement.

I can recollect but a very few lines of the poem to his Excellency, which were as follows:

To his Excellency the Earl of Stair.

Arma virumque cano. Virg Aen.

In Rome, when all was happiness and ease,
 In the full splendour of voluptuous days,
 Their chiefs neglected sought the silent shade,
 Till loudly summoned to their country's aid.
 For when tempestuous ills assault a realm,
 They called their ablest pilot to the helm;
 To guard their freedom, to preserve their fame;
 So God-like Stair, so Cincinnatus came!
 Alike illustrious in their country's cause,
 Guardians of dying liberty and laws.
 Accept, my Lord, this offering, nor refuse
 The varied labours of an artless Muse:
 No Herald can add lustre to thy birth,
 No poet justly praise thy noble work;
 Yet let the Fair attempt acceptance find,
 And my weak sex plead to thy generous mind;
 What wonders then may I hereafter do?
 At once protected, and inspired by you!

A very fine young gentleman undertook to deliver my present to the Earl, and a servant showed me into a parlour. In a few minutes the gentleman returned, and said my Lord desired to see me; so he handed me up into a full levee of stars, and different coloured ribbons. As I had never been in so august an assembly, I was ready to die with shame, especially as there was not one of my own sex to keep me in countenance. My Lord in the most polite manner thanked me for the honour, as he termed it, I had done him; and the noblemen, after his example, seemed to contend who should praise me most; to which I could make no other return than curtsies and blushes.

At length, the Earl of Stair said there was a defect in the placing the swords, which go through the Veldt-Marshal's arms, which he would willingly have altered; and brought me out a print of the noblemen's arms, who held the same dignity in France, as a pattern; I told his Lordship I could easily alter it: "Pray then do, Madam," returned he, "for I admire your work so much, that I would willingly have it quite complete." Accordingly, it was finished, and the next morning I waited on his Excellency with it, when, to my great surprise, I had no admission to him, but a footman brought down five guineas to me.

I was not a little surprised at this sudden alteration in his Lordship's mind. But what had the fool, who did the work, done? Truly told Major Elliotson, that I made a hand of his performances; he told my Lord,—who vexed at being imposed upon, sent me the trifle above-mentioned, which was not, by any means, a payment for the labour and curiosity of the work, and what, from a person of his station, I should not have thought an extraordinary reward even for the lines.

So, finding the folly of the man, I would not undertake to dispose of any more cut vellum, but left him to make his most of it.

I should never have thought this fellow worth speaking of, only that my husband has said he was my gallant, not that I owe any reverence and honour to him, or regard what he can say, any more than the idle wind, but that I would not have such an imputation laid on my understanding, to say I made choice of a lowborn, ugly, illiterate scoundrel. No, no; Mr. P—n may rest assured that if I would have done him the honour to exalt his horn like that of a unicorn, it should, at least, have been to me a Cornucopia.

But alas! poor I, have been for many years a noun substantive, obliged to stand alone, which, praise to the eternal goodness! I have done, notwithstanding the various efforts of my enemies to destroy me, many of whom I have lived to triumph over, though they encompass me on every side, like so many bulls of Bashan: and though they should now kick up their heels, like so many wild asses in the Valley of Geohron; though the dunces should make songs of me, and though

Envy should my Fairest deeds belie,

I think it would not affect me, but that I should be able to convince them I had, at least, patience, hope, and charity, sufficient to make them ashamed of the injuries they have been weak and wicked enough to offer.

Because I would now fairly challenge my most malicious foes to answer from the tribunal of their own conscience, what provocation I ever gave them to use me ill?

Whom have I defrauded or belied? Nay, indeed, of whom have I spoke half the evil which was in my power to do? There are few characters immaculate, and had I an inclination to retaliate injuries, I am, I believe, able enough to do it.

And sometimes one has so strong an intimation to it, that is hard to resist, especially when a lady of quality, (that is by marriage, for her grandfather was a Smith at G—n, and kept the Sign of the Horseshoe there, as I have frequently heard the late Lord Montgarret relate) could, because I presumed to beg she would do me the honour of being a subscriber to me, a privilege I thought a long acquaintance might have entitled me to take, order my maid to be kicked; and as I really ashamed to use your ladyship's words on the occasion, being much too indecent for a repetition, me thinks she might have spared them, especially to one who knew her too!

*When she was a maid, if she e'er was a maid;
When afraid of a man, if she e'er was afraid.*

Heaven knows poor * * * * * had but the leavings of half the town; but he botched up a broken reputation with matrimony, an admirable salve!

As she was pleased to say, my life could be nothing but a continuous series of—, I'm ashamed to speak the words;—I dare say had it been so, she would have purchased my book sooner than the Bible, to indulge her private meditations, especially if I had the wicked art of painting up vice in attractive colours, as too many of our female writers have done, to the destruction of thousands, amongst whom Mrs. Manley and Mrs. Haywood deserve the foremost rank.

But what extraordinary passions these ladies may have experienced, I know not; far be such knowledge from a modest woman: indeed Mrs. Haywood seems to have dropped her former luscious style, and, for variety, presents us with the insipid: her *Female Spectators* are a collection of trite stories, delivered to us in stale and worn-out phrases: blessed revolution!

*Yet, of the two, less dangerous is the offence,
To tire the patience, than mislead the sense.*

And here give me leave to observe, that amongst the ladies who have taken up the pen, I never met with but two who deserved the name of a writer; the first is Madam Dacier, whose learning Mr. Pope, while he is indebted to her for all the notes on Homer, endeavours to depreciate; the second is Mrs. Catherine Phillips, the matchless Orinda, celebrated by Mr. Cowley, Lord Orrery, and all the men of genius who lived in her time.

I think this incomparable lady was one of the first refiners of the English numbers; Mr. Cowley's, though full of wit, have somewhat harsh and uncouth in them, while her sentiments are great and virtuous; her diction natural, easy, flowing, and harmonious.

Love she wrote upon with warmth, but then it was such as angels might share in without injuring their original purity. Her elegy on her husband's daughter, is a proof of the excellency and tenderness of her own heart, rarely met with in a stepmother; nor could I ever read it without tears, a proof it was wrote from her heart.

And dear Orinda! Gentle shade! Sweet poet! Honour of thy sex! Oh, if thou hast power to do it, inspire me! For sure thou art in the happy Bowers of bliss, praising that eternal goodness, who, to the loss of this world, took thee early away to adorn the holiest of holies, where in songs of love, not ill-essayed below, great Saint! thou continuest to celebrate thy maker.

*Oh pour thy spirit o'er my lays,
Celestial melody inspire!
Sweet as the Royal Psalmist's Lyre,
That I with thee may hymn his praise.*

I cannot, except my own countrywoman, Mrs. Grierson, find out another female writer, whose works are worth reading; she indeed had a happy and well-improved genius. I remember she wrote a very fine poem on Bishop Berkeley's Bermudian scheme; the plan of it was this: she supposes that the night before Saint Paul suffered, an Angel appeared to comfort him with the future prospect of the church, and the growth of Christianity; the Angel informs him that in such a year they shall be born in the Western Island a great apostle, who shall be known by this token:

*'Tis he from words first rids philosophy,
And lays the dull material system by,
Affrights the daring libertine to find
Naught round him, but the pure, all-holy mind;
The blushing sinner from his covert draws
Of matters various forms, and motions laws,
His only fortress from the atheist takes,
And his atomic world at once unmakes.*

I am sorry that I cannot recollect any more of this poem, or that the prophecy contained in it of the bishop's converting the Indians was, by the avarice of some in power, frustrated; for surely he was well fitted for that holy mission, having learning and innocence in perfection. Nor do I at all doubt that had this true ambassador of Christ been enabled to pursue the sacred purpose of his soul, but the power of working miracles would have been added to his other heavenly gifts.

I have been accused of writing bitterly against the clergy; I never did, but when they forgot their own high calling; one B— in particular, says, "That I Alexander the copper-smith had done

him much wrong, in talking about pence, and farthings, and such small coin, whereas he has within these two and twenty years, given me the sum total of sixteen pounds Irish, in hard gold, out of which, had I been industrious, I might have made a comfortable livelihood:" but I am afraid, had he been in my case, he would have starved. Happy for him his father was born before him, and happy is the son whose father is gone to the devil, is an old proverb. But indeed, now my L—, I take it a little unkindly, that you should declare in public, that you had me, as well as my maid, *sur la tapis*; methinks, though you are a conjuror, you need not be a blab: oh, fie! Is it thus your turn my generous passion? For, by your own account, you did not pay me well; why Juggy MacShane, the chairman's wife, had a better price from you, and you made her son a Parson, while you quarrelled with mine for having his button-holes worked in the best taste, and told him, he must be very wicked to be guilty of such extravagance: were you not a little censorious, think you? Why you, though in the vaward of your youth, have yet a strong dash of the cox—b, and might excuse it in a boy. Well, but as these said sixteen pounds are so insisted on, I acknowledge to have received them, and should have thanked you, but that you sent me word, in London, you did not know who I was, and that it was very impudent in me to apply to you for charity; but lest you should again forget me, I am willing to be your sweet remembrancer: and, oh! by our chaste love, I conjure you to make my husband a Dean; sure this you ought to do, when you say you made him a cuckold; besides, you know it was in that sweet hope I yielded up my heart; then be a gentle mediator between us, plead for me as you did for the fair Quaker; though historians relate, that your lady would have been as well pleased, had you been less assiduous in that affair.

And now, I confess, I am a little spiteful, but it is only jealousy; send me a hundred pounds to cure the anguish your infidelity has given me, and I will try to conquer my hopeless ill-starred passion!

Your L—'s poetry in my praise I never can forget; and as it would be a loss to the world, if any part of so justly admired an author's works should be buried in oblivion; take, oh world! the following lines:

*I scorn to drag about a flame
For any she, that thinks my love to blame,
I'll take a resolution to be free,
Without return, I scorn to burn,
And oh! I will be free.*

Your second poem is, I confess, a little obscure, yet, no doubt, may have much meaning in it:

Oh *thou,*
Jow Jow, Bow Wow!

And indeed, I remember another R— R— author, who entertained some very polite company with the following epitaph, written as he assured us, by himself, it is very laconic:

*Here lies Major Brady, and Saint Comeen,
Sure such a Saint, and such a Major never were seen.*

If the curious reader cannot digest this heaven born verse, why let him be graminivorous, and chew the cud.

But pray, my L—, do not you think it was a little ill judged of you, to attack my character at the expense of your own? and to describe yourself as such a cormorant in love, that you must have two females at once; why, Turk Gregory never did such feats in arms;

*Oh ravenous hell kite!
Wouldst thou have maid, and mistress,
At one fell swop*?*

*Note: This word admits of various readings, some call it *swoop*, some *souse*, some *swop*, which latter I choose.

Truth is, I am afraid this is apocryphal, and will win no credit, especially as it was after your expedition to the South of France, when you were ill of the —, &c. &c. &c.

But prithee now, for I think I am entitled to talk a little familiarly to you; do not boast of abilities, either of mind or body, which you never had; no person living will believe you, any more than they would me, if I should tell them I had been a great beauty, when they could see no remains of it.

What you are, as the good man said of Nero, a very wag!

Hang it, why should you and I go to loggerheads? Order your equipage to drive here tomorrow morning, and let us buss, as we used to, and be friends.

Otherwise, I have two or three pieces of the same stuff, of which I have given you samples at your service.

Lord, it is a strange thing that all B— would needs be authors! Now would they avoid manifesting their dullness, we the illiterates might conclude they were men of profound erudition, and that on that account, they were advanced to their high stations: but the devil owes some of them a shame, and is, when they do his work, an excellent paymaster; yet it is strange, this same dullness is not confined to them, it descends to their sons, witness our celebrated comedy, *The Suspicious Husband*, which, but for its neither having one character well drawn, any plot, anything like a sentiment, and wrote too in a gallimaufry style, might be a good performance; but as long as it is stamped with the name, it passes current, though sterling no-sense.

But, my L—d B—, though I have digressed from you, yet see my love! I return again: Ah, it was well I did not, even from Scripture, pick up an unsavoury simile; I am much offended that you should say, when I was last at shrift with your holiness, that we had no better accommodation for our feast of love, but a carpet, where as I insist on it, that the penance you enjoined me, was as easy as a down-bed could make it; so here I invalidate your evidence in one point, and the rest of your accusation naturally falls to the ground.

But being now tired at laughing at you, I'll tell you an Arabian tale. There was a really generous man, who built a fine pavilion, to which there were a hundred openings; as the poor had free access to it, they were relieved by him at every opening and avenue; they blessed his goodness, and his fame flew far.

There was in his neighbourhood the son of an old miser, who was left immensely rich; he was of a sordid temper, yet emulous of praise, so he built such another pavilion, and in like manner distributed alms; it so fortune'd, that one old man attacked him seven times in the same morning at seven of the entrances, he met him again at the eighth, and asked for an alms, at this he lost all patience, and cried, "Did I not seven times relieve you?" "Ah," quoth the poor man, "Lord bless my Lord Aboulcasem, I have walked three hundred times round his pavilion, being three hundred times relieved, and yet I am certain he does not know my face."

So, to apply the story, God bless my dear beloved Lord Kingsborough, who gives hundreds without blowing trumpets before his good deeds, or defaming the characters of those whom his bounty blesses.

I have often been surprised at one of our C—s, which, to show my charity, I will insert.

Oh Lord, who alone workest great marvels! Send down upon our B— and C— the helpful spirit of thy grace.

Marvellous would it be indeed, if they had either health, spirit, or grace; no doubt but the learned compilers of the liturgy had their own reasons for this supernatural invocation; but why nothing less than a miracle should bless these, any more than any other order of men, I leave to some future commentators, and hope they will oblige us with annotations on this extraordinary ejaculation.

I would not incur the censure of the cl— so far as to give a hint that they are not sound: no, no, many of them are; but then it is so sound as things that are hollow, impiety hath made a feast of them, and now that their bones are marrowless, their blood is cold, and speculation dwells not in their eyes; they hate us youth. Gorbellied K—, bacon fed! Ah, would we had the shaking of their bags! I knew one of them, who, without the least study, wrote the following two elegant and learned lines:

*Yon slanting mountains glow with blue marine,
And yon cornuted moons two horns give shine.*

I know the gentleman had too much modesty and diffidence of their own superior talents to give their works to the press; but I hope, as they are charitable, they won't be displeas'd, as they are above making money of their performances, that I should, since they, though but little, serve to swell my volume, and, no doubt, would edify my readers. I think I have nothing to boast of as a writer, but a great memory, for if I could not have retained Shakespeare, Milton, &c. and the great authors I have last mentioned, to give a taste of their wit, when I was myself at a loss, I do not know how I could ever have encompassed three volumes of memoirs.

Indeed if I had printed all the poetry that has been sent me for that purpose, since I came to this kingdom, it would have proved as odd a medley, as any thing ever yet exhibited to public view. I suppose everyone who fancied they had wit, had a mind to see how it would look in print, but I must beg to be excused. Though the learned Mr. Timothy Ticklepitcher preferred very hard for a place, it would be a strong proof of my vanity, to insert his anti-sublime compliments to me.

Another poetical gentleman wrote me a long letter in a text hand, which put me into a palpitation of the heart, as I was about that time threatened, (for certain scandalous truths I have been guilty of relating) with some law; and truly I hate that as much as Sir John Falstaff did security: when I, in plain English, set down undeniable facts, they menaced me with law, I would as lief that they would stop my mouth with ratsbane: but I find I am like Sir John, not only witty myself, but am also the occasion that wit is in others; there is not a halfpenny paper can peep its head out, but presently my name must be dragged in by head and shoulders to grace it. But to the letter: having recovered my spirits, I read it over; and found a great many compliments, with the promise, that the profound author would wait on me at four o'clock. I never thought of it till the time appointed, when

The punctual devil kept his word.

I own I supposed he came to see if he could

*Convey out of my box of hints by a trick
Sincerely believing he dealt with Old Nick.*

And I always suspect falsehood to lurk under a full peruke. He just came in with a huge fat man, as fat as butter, with him, but would not stay, for which reason I will not print his fond letter, so I think I am even with him. If I were any way given to be proud, I think I have a great deal of reason to be so, since I cannot go anywhere, as I am not very well known, but I hear some piece of my own history, quite new. I am seen in this place and t'other place, and say something mighty witty to be sure!

I do not wonder that persons of fortune and distinction of this kingdom go to England to spend their time and estates; since here, be you as chaste as ice, or pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny, especially among your half-bred, half-witted gentry, but

*Let my unhappy tale of the falsely told
By the rash young, or the ill-natured old;
Let every tongue its various censures choose,
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse,
Fair truth, at last, her radiant beams shall raise,
And, malice vanquished, heighten virtue's prior praise.*

In London almost everyone, in the middling state of life, has some employment or diversion to kill their time; and here it is the reverse, we are all gentry, wherefore the females have no amusements but that of slander.

Where

*Rufa, with her comb of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red.*

I should be very glad, e'er they look for the mote in my eye, they would be pleased to put the beam out of their own. I could mention numbers of these scandal-mongers, who have said, "Oh Lord! Maybe she'll put us down in her memorials!" But go on, incorrigible dunces, too contemptible for my notice: all I shall beg of the men is, never to believe anything that is said of me by a woman, as it is more than four to one it is a lie.—But as the greater Milton's genius could even descend to hell, so I think I must mention one Mrs. Ir—d—ll, who hearing I got money for my work, a thing she could never do, exclaimed bitterly against me, nay, even kept her bed for a week on account of it, and wrote two or three very stupid papers against me; and though she could not show her wit, at least showed envy, malice, and all uncharitableness.

I know a very ingenious gentleman, who, whenever he sees a parcel of females seated at their tea, names the chamber *Pandæmonium*; and Doctor Young, in one of his satires, says,

*Tea! How I tremble at the dreadful stream!
As Lethe fatal to the love of fame;
What devastations on thy banks are seen,
What shades of mighty names that once have been?*

And I really cannot remember ever to have seen a set of ladies tipping this liquor but scandal straight ensued; Ay, even amongst our new teachers, commonly called Moravians, amongst

whom I had, in London, the misfortune to live, and whom, though they took themselves to be inspired, I really always believed to be under the delusion of Satan.

One of the holy sisters once told me the devil inspired Milton: ay, and me into the bargain: truly she did his infernal Majesty the greatest honour he ever yet received, and I could not avoid thinking her either very ignorant or very wicked; but I comforted myself with hoping that the former was her fault, and that she did not know how heinous a sin she committed, when she robbed the maker of his glory, and attributed his best gifts and grace to the common enemy of man. I think I might justly apply to these sectaries Mr. Pope's lines:

*'Tis yours a Bacon, and a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, and a seraph's flame:
But, Oh! With One, immortal One dispense
The source of Newton's light, and Bacon's sense!
Content each emanation of his fires,
That beams on Earth; each science he inspires,
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, is given for you to hate:
Go on, by all divine in man, unawed,
But learn, ye dunces, not to mock your God.*

I believe these wretches would be very proud of being persecuted; but our governors, of the same mind with the witty and gallant Emperor Julian, vulgarly called the Apostate, will neither hinder them to assemble, nor preach, any more than he did the Galileans, unless they preach sedition, and then they come under the penalty of the law.

Poor Julian! The Christians murdered him, for not permitting them to murder each other. Saint Gregory the younger, preaching old Saint Gregory's funeral sermon, forty years after the death of Julian, when one would have thought resentment might also be dead, (if he had any cause for it) has these remarkable words: "And now," says he, "here lies my uncle dead, who delivered you from the persecution of that old bull-burning tyrant Julian: now, who had a greater hand in his death than my uncle? For once, when he and his captain of the archers came in to hear Mass, had he not suddenly gone away, my uncle would have kicked him." The translator says, he had more difficulty with this passage than all the rest of the work; for he would fain have had the kicking intended for the captain of the archers, not being able to conceive, that the Emperor of the world should be afraid that an old priest should kick him.

But the old priest prophesied that such a day this apostate should die, and truly he took special care that his prophecy should be fulfilled, by hiring one of the Emperor's own soldiers to put him to death.

I could say something more; why should I not; nay, out it must: I believe, is my favourite apostle Saint Paul had not behaved himself with more good manners than our modern New Lighters, he would not have almost persuaded his auditors to be Christians; how noble is his answer on the occasion?

But he was as remarkably a fine gentleman, as he was a saint, a martyr, and a Christian: like Doctor Delany, whose preaching goes even to the dividing of the blood and spirit. And let me here, dear Sir, that he would fulfil a promise you gave me many years ago, that you would attend my last moments; if I send to you, will you refuse to cheer a dying sinner with hope of peace and pardon; for the doctrine of damnation is now so universally received, that half the world are cast into despair.

These poor enthusiasts used, in London, to steal everything they could lay their hands on from me, insomuch that at last they stole my one pair of shoes; and yet they brought forth Scripture authority for theft, for they said the children of Israel borrowed jewels of gold and silver of the Egyptians, which they ran away with, and they spoiled the Egyptians. I remember I once mentioned this passage to Doctor Delany, who understanding Hebrew perfectly, turned over to it to there, where it is very differently related: for the Egyptians finding so many plagues brought on them, and particularly the leprosy, with which these people were all infected, ordered them to depart, but they declared they would not go unless their hire was paid to them, and also so many changes of apparel, and jewels of gold, given to support them in their pilgrimage; how they behaved themselves in the wilderness, is so well set forth in the Old Testament, that it would puzzle a wiser head than mine to know how they became the particular favourites of an impartial and unprejudiced deity.

Indeed it were to be wished, that either this learned and excellent divine, or some other of equal abilities, would oblige the world with a new translation of the Old Testament, since, as we now have it, it seems filled with incongruities, indecencies, and shocking absurdities, such as the holy spirit could never have dictated, whose body is light, and whose shadow truth.

I begged pardon for this rambling digression, and hope the divines will not censure me for it, as I only presume to give them hints, which their superior knowledge may improve upon,

And justify the ways of God to man.

For I contending that this address to the ignorant part of the clergy, who would many of them be more fit to till the Earth, than plant or water the Gospel, but to the learned, just, and pious, that they may remove scruples from weak minds, raise up those that are fallen, and finally, beat down Satan under our feet, which God of his infinite mercy enable them to do, through the merits and mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

But once more to return to my shop. One afternoon two young gentleman came into it, one of whom asked me for some tea; I told him, I did not sell any, but that there was a coffee-house next door, where he might be supplied: he asked me, would I not give a dish of tea to a friend and relation? I said, "Yes, with pleasure:" "Why then," said he, "this gentleman is Dean Meade's son, of Cork, and my name is Bl—nd—n; as his father was married to Brigadier Meade's widow, I gave them an invitation into the parlour, and ordered some tea to be got ready. I was really very glad to see any person from Ireland, particularly those I was obliged to, nor could I conceive that they came in that manner only to insult a woman, who never offended either of them; but I took it ill he should bring with him a fellow he knew designed it.

There was nothing gross, indecent, abusive, or unmannerly, which this wretch did not, without the least provocation, say to me, till, at length, though I am not really of a passionate disposition, I lost all patience, and thinking myself very much his betters, I asked him, whether his father continued to sell buttermilk to the poor at a penny a quart, with his own hand, in a hard season, when every other person gave theirs away.

Upon this he very politely threatened to kick me, but as he was then at a great distance from his own dunghill, and I'm sure I give Castle Bl—nd—n its proper title when I style it one, I was not in the least intimidated, and only bade him go show his slaves how choleric he was, and

Make his bondmen tremble.

And here excuse me, Sir, if I give your picture to the world. When you make love, if any but the leaden-darted Cupid ever touched your unworthy, grovelling, base heart, your argument is

that of a highwayman's, you bring a loaded pistol, clap it to the Fair one's bosom, and say, "Deliver your treasure, or you are dead."

Could you not have taken your ancient father, the old stick-picker's advice, and have coaxed the girl, and have given her a cherry-coloured topknot? But you

*Were like the haughty, hot-brained Spaniard,
Instead of love, you brought a poignard.*

And filthy as your rotten leg, and more corrupted soul, must have been everything you could produce; for thou art the quintessence of filth, as I am weary of writing, and everything base, everything low, everything insolent is the theme, and all comprised in pretty Master Jacky Bl—nd—n.

As I have mentioned an attempt to write a play, which

*—Is a bold pretence
To learning, genius, wit, and eloquence.*

I present my readers with an act of it, and would, with great pleasure, finish it, but that I am certain our present manager would never permitted to be played, merely because it was mine; for since his prejudice against me, though how I incurred his displeasure I know not, carried him so far as to say a prologue I wrote for the Kings birth-night was blasphemy, I don't know but he may be ingenious enough to prove the play to be high treason; but lest my readers should believe me capable of writing anything like it, I present them with the lines.

PROLOGUE

While foreign climes are rent with dire alarms,
The shout of battle and the clang of arms,
Britannia, happy in her monarch's care,
Enjoys at once the fruits of peace, and war;
And while her thunders o'er the ocean roll,
And spread her rising fame from pole to pole,
Sees her victorious fleets the sea command,
And plenty, wealth, and pleasure, bless the land:
Fair science joyful, lifts her laurelled head,
The Muses, in the groves delighted tread;
Or, near the azure fount, or haunted spring,
Their great inspirer and protector sing;
The woods, the vales resound Augustus' name,
His glorious actions, and immortal fame
Should heaven the inimitable Shakespeare raise
To breathe historic truth in tuneful lays,
How would the poet in sublimer strains
With George's virtue elevate his scenes?
Transmit his wisdom to the future age,
The noblest theme that e'er adorned a stage!
Not the great ruler of the genial year,
Whose radiant beams the whole creation cheer,
Inspires such joy, such rapture, such delight,

MEMOIRS, VOL II.

As swells each bosom at their monarch's sight.
Oh, may our loyalty this bliss deserve,
And heaven the hero to our hopes preserve!

I believe none, but such a conjuror as Mr. Sheridan, would have found out blasphemy in these lines, and I'm sorry he did not say they were as flat burglary too as ever committed; but he is a judge, a gentleman: his father was an author, ay, and a Parson! And for the signal favours he has bestowed on me, I return him these for my acknowledgements!

However, at all hazards, I'll venture to stand the test of publishing the following, because Mr. Cibber approved it.

THE ROMAN FATHER, a tragedy

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEN.

Appius Claudius,
Clodius,
Virginus,
Iccilius.
Officers, servants, attendants, &c.

WOMEN.

Virginia.
Nurse.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Discovers Appius Claudius, and Clodius.

App. Thus far has force maintained what cunning won,
And haughty Rome, who with indignant rage,
Spurned off the regal yoke, now lowly bows
Beneath my stronger sway!
While under covert of choosing from the Grecian laws the best;
To guard her freedom, and preserve her power,
I hold laws, offices, and all suspended;
And in their place I substitute my will,
The rule of action, and the sovereign guide:
Say, Clodius, is it not a masterpiece of art,
To hold the Romans thus enslaved?

Clo. Sir, I applaud, and wonder at your wisdom,
As fair success has crowned your towering hopes:
The bold plebeians, who with restless outrage,
Forever brawled at every innovation,
And urged the Senate for the execution
Of the Agrarian Law, now bless your mercy,
For leave to live, and prate no more of lands:

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

The haughty senators, stripped of their pride,
Retire for safety to their native fields,
While the Decemvirate triumphant reign,
Regardless of their murmurs, or their threats.

App. And still we mean to hold the reins of Empire,
Nor quit them but with life; yet, oh vain boast!
Why do I fondly talk of ruling others?
Who am myself a slave, a woman's slave!
The captive of a fair enchanting face,
Sweet, as the first young blushes of the dawn,
Streaking with rosy light the eastern clouds;
Say, Clodius, hast thou seen the matchless maid,
The young Virginia?

Clo. Even now my Lord, I met the blooming maid, and traced her footsteps
To Dian's sacred fane, before whose shrine
She bent in lowly adoration down,
And looked the chaste divinity herself.

App. Oh Venus! Wilt thou suffer such a wrong,
That heavenly beauty, radiant as thy own,
Should, coldly obstinate, reject thy power?

Clo. However, she may scorn the wanton goddess,
Her son exerts his empire o'er her heart;
Her nurse, whom to your interest I have bribed,
By the persuasive eloquence of gold,
Gold, the prevailing argument with age,
Informs me, that Virginius has contracted
His youthful daughter to the brave Iccilius,
The noblest youth of the plebeian order,
Not more renowned for military virtue
Than for the polished arts which soften life,
And win the soul of woman; he tomorrow
In Hymen's rights forever joins the Fair.

App. Thy tale has shot ten thousand burning arrows,
Which pierce with agonising pangs my soul:
Oh, should those charms, which might adorn a throne,
Be doomed to the possession of a wretch
So lowly born, the world might tax my justice;
I must exalt them to their proper sphere,
Where they shall shine, and bless the wondering world.

Clo. You would not wed her.

MEMOIRS, VOL II.

App. Ignorance! Thou knowest
I am already married, and our law's
Still to preserve the noble blood unmixed,
Forbid patricians, and plebeians joining;
And Appius Claudius, from the greatest sprung,
Shall never sully his illustrious birth,
Or stoop beneath the honour of his race,
To mingle with the people: no my Clodius,
The name of marriage is the bane of pleasure,
And love should have no tie, but love to bind it;
Wives oft are haughty, insolent, and proud,
But sweet Virginia, fair as infant nature,
And gentle as the balmy breath of spring,
Shall be the mistress of my softened hours,
And bid them smile with ever-blooming pleasure;
But, oh! This sudden marriage blasts my hopes!

Clo. Near as it seems, my active thoughts have schemed
A way to rob the lover of his bliss,
Only do you approve what I shall act,
And trust my diligence to make yours,
Or fall in the attempt.

App. I know thee wise,
Active, and resolute; talk not of falling,
Let but thy skill assist my fond desire,
And make my power subservient to thy will.

Clo. I see her, Sir, returning from the temple,
Led by the destined bridegroom; best retire,
Lest passion hurry you to indiscretion,
Where policy, and craft must win our cause.
[Exeunt.]

ACT I. SCENE II

Enter Iccilius, and Virginia.

Iccil. Was not that Appius? How the tyrant eyed me,
As if he marked me for his future victim!
No matter; let me but enjoy tomorrow,
Let me but live to call Virginia mine,
And I shall rest your debtor, bounteous gods!
Let what will come hereafter.

Virginia. Alas! Iccilius, a thousand boding cares possess my soul,
And heaviness and woe, unfelt before,
Hang deathful on my heart; tomorrow, saidst thou,

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

The times are full of violence and blood,
The hand of tyranny destroys the just,
Virtue is guilt, when wickedness is judge;
Who then can safely answer for a moment,
Or tell where thou or I may be tomorrow?

Iccil. Locked in the circle of each other's arms,
And tasting every transport, every sweet,
Which Hymen, guardian God of chaste delights,
Profusely sheds to crown the happy pair,
By him in holy union joined forever.

Virginia. Believe me, were my soul to form a wish,
And have that wish indulged me by the gods,
Forever to converse with my Iccilius,
To listen to his eloquence divine,
To learn his wisdom, to return his love
With tender duty, gratitude, and truth,
Would be the utmost scope of my desires.

Iccil. Transporting sounds! Oh, may those awful powers
Render Iccilius worthy to possess thee:
But why, my fair one! this dejected look?
This pining care, this gloomy discontent
Should only dwell in black and guilty bosoms;
Serenity of soul, and tranquil peace,
Should wait on spotless innocence like thine.

Virginia. A dreadful vision has destroyed that peace,
Sent as to warn me of approaching danger,
Nor will the sad remembrance leave my soul.

Iccil. Relate this horrid dream, which so affrights thee!

Virginia. Last night, when sleep had spread her downy wings
O'er half mankind, and lulled my cares to rest,
Methought I walked with thee, my dearest lover!
Through flowery meads, in vernal beauty dressed,
All nature bloomed, around us falling streams,
And warbling birds in tuneful concert joined,
Charming the air with Melody divine!
While every lovely object of delight
Received new lustre from Iccilius' presence;
Sudden the forest shook, and through the trees,
With dreadful cries, rushed forth a hungry lion,
Who fought me for his prey; I trembling fled
To my loved father's arms; he drew his poignard,
And when I looked he should have slain the savage,
With erring fury plunged it in my heart;

The piercing anguish waked me, and the terror
Remained, when all the horrid scene was vanished.

Iccil. This is the mimicry of active fancy,
Who when the senses are all charmed to rest,
Presents herself to the imagination
In varied figures, and unnumbered shapes,
These lesser faculties disport at large,
When reason, sovereign mistress of the soul,
O'er-wrought with care, repairs herself by rest;
Believe me, 'tis no more; raise then thy eyes,
And bless Iccilius with their wonted sweetness:
My care shall be to seek thy God-like father,
And urged him to appoint the blissful hour,
Then smiling love each moment shall employ,
Transporting rapture, and ecstatic joy.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Virginius Solus.

Virginius. How long, oh Rome! Shall thy majestic head
Be crushed by the tyrannic hand of power?
Oh liberty! Thou best prerogative of humankind,
Had the bloody decemvirs defaced
Thy most transcendent beauties?
Rage unrestrained, and violate thy charms
With bold impunity? Forbid it heaven!
No; there are yet among us some brave spirits?
Who dare assert the sacred cause of freedom:
Oh father Jove, propitious smile upon us!
And if my life, or aught more dear than life,
May be a sacrifice acceptable,
Lo I devote it freely to the cause,
The glorious cause of liberty, and Rome!

Enter Iccilius, and Virginia.

Virginius. Welcome Iccilius; welcome, dear Virginia,
My soul's delight, my last remaining comfort.

Iccil. Oh! She was born to give transcendent joy
To her glad father, and her raptured lover;
And all those outward charms so heavenly sweet,
Are but an emanation from thy soul,
Where every beauty, grace, and virtue live;
Since then your approbation crowns my love,
And gives the matchless virgin to my wishes,
I claim your promise, that tomorrow's sun
May see us one.

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

Virginius. Auspicious may it rise upon your union,
Clear unclouded days, and nights of sweet repose forever wait you.
I know when love has winged the eager wish,
It flies impatient to the promised joy,
Nor shall delay retard your youthful ardour;
Take her Iccilius, from her father's hand.—

Iccil. Thus kneeling I receive, and bless your bounty;
Oh my Virginia! But all words are faint,
To paint the ecstasy which swells my heart:
Nor air, nor light, nor liberty, nor health,
To one long pined within a joyless dungeon,
Are half so lovely, charming, sweet, or welcome!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. An officer from Appius Claudius,
Sir, demands admittance.

Virginius. Bid him enter.
Retire, my child; what can the tyrant want?
[*Exit Virginia.*]

Officer. The decemvirate guardians of our state
Greet thee with honour, and respect, Virginius,
And signify by me their sacred pleasure;
A messenger is from the camp arrived,
With notice, that the Capuans have revolted;
And to your care, brave veteran, they trust
The conduct of their allegiance: on the instant
Must you set forth, and thou Iccilius with him.

Virginius. Their pleasures be obeyed, but this is sudden.

Officer. The time cries haste, delay not then a moment;
May victory and fame attend your arms.
[*Exit officer.*]

Enter Virginia.

Virginius. My daughter, we must leave you, instant danger
Demands our presence in the Roman camp;
Nay, do not weep, we shall not long be absent,
Meantime thy innocence shall rest in safety
Of good Iccilius' father. Do not weep,
I go to seek him, take a short farewell,

And follow me.
[Exit *Virginus*.

Iccilius and Virginia.

Iccil. Oh my loved Virginia! Are all my eager longings,
Wishings, hopes, defeated thus? Now must I leave you;
Now 'tis a pang too great to bear, and live!

Virginia. Thus fade our dreams of happiness and bliss:
Not that a short, or momentary absence,
When our loved country called thee to its aid,
Could shake my temper; no, I oft with pride,
Have seen my hero arm him for the field,
And only grieved that my weak sex denied me
To share the glorious toils, the noble danger;
But now my sad presaging heart assures me,
We part to meet no more.

Iccil. Oh softest charmer!
Cease to afflict me with a thought so sad,
Lest, coward-like, I stain my sacred honour,
And, shunning glory, and the dusty field,
Remain for ever in Virginia's arms,
For what are trophies, honours, triumphs, spoils,
The envied pageant, and the people's shout,
To the transporting joys of mutual love,
And harmony of correspondent souls?

Virginia. No my *Iccilius*, let not my fond fears
Betray thee into misbecoming weakness;
I love thy glory dearer than thy person,
And with thy name enrolled amongst the foremost
Who arduous trod the steep ascent to fame:
High on the summit of a lofty hill,
Encompassed round with danger, toil, and death,
The goddess stands, and holds the victor wreath
Of ever-verdant laurel! Sacred emblem
Of undecaying virtue and renown;
Who would not wish to gain the glorious prize,
And scorn the danger, viewing the reward!

Iccil. Oh thou! Well worthy of the Roman name,
Not the chaste Fair, who swam the rapid Tiber,
Nor she who fearless pierced her snowy bosom,
And with pure blood washed out the fatal stain
The brutal tyrant gave her, e'er possessed
Such dignity of soul, such fortitude
Such wisdom, or such innocence as thine;

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

Thy noble arguments bent to persuade
Thy lover hence, but charm him here more strongly;
I gaze with endless admiration on thee,
And wonder at greatness so divine.

Virginia. Forever could I listen to thy language,
More cheering than the breath of new-born spring,
When first her vernal airs salute the groves,
And wake to life the infant blooms and flowers,
To deck her lovely bosom; but no more,
Thy duty calls thee to the battle now.

[*Flourish.*

My father waits you, the protecting powers
Conduct you forth, and bring you back in safety.

Iccil. Thy pious prayer shall charm down blessings on us,
And love shall guard me for Virginia's sake.
Think with what fearsome patience I shall burn,
Till to thy arms triumphant I return;
To bid thy sighs, by tears, by anguish, cease,
And soothe thy gentle soul to love and peace.
[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE ACT.

One day, as I was in my shop, a gentleman, very richly dressed, told me, he had a letter for me; I received it very respectfully, but could not help smiling, when I found it was the letter I wrote for Tom Brush, neatly copied and directed to me, and that, lest it should miscarry, he had brought it himself.

I said it was a very genteel piece of gallantry, and quite new. He told me he was going to his seat in the country of Surrey the next day, and gave me a very kind invitation to pass the remainder of the summer there, but as he was a young, gay, single gentleman, I did not hold it convenient.

"Pray Madam," said he, "do you never go to the opera?" "No, really, Sir; not but that I love music, but it happens to be too expensive an entertainment for me:" "Well then, Madam," returned he, "I must insist on having the honour of treating you to it;" on which, he downright forced a couple of guineas on me, and making me promise to correspond with him to his return to London, we parted.

Unfortunately I lost his direction, and so had it not in my power to keep my word.

And I do assure my readers, I did not go to the Opera, wisely considering that two pound two, would be of infinitely more service to me, then it could possibly be to Mr. Heydeigger.

But, alas! Before the return of winter, I had neither shop, nor almost a habitation. By what strange reverse of fortune I was again reduced to the utmost calamity, and by what unexpected and signal mercy delivered from it, must, as it is impossible for me to get it into the compass of this volume, be the subject of a third.

I should be highly ungrateful not to acknowledge the favour and bounty of the whole body of the nobility, clergy, and gentry of this kingdom, whose goodness, as it is my highest pride to

own, so it shall ever be my utmost ambition to merit; and if their poor servants can in the least contribute to their entertainment, she shall think herself over-paid, or, to use my dear Mr. Cibber's words:

*As for what's left of life, if yet 'twill do,
'Tis at your service, pleas'd while pleasing you.
But then mistake me not, when you've enough,
One thin subscription shows all parties off;
Or truth in homely proverb to advance,
I pipe no longer than you care to dance.*

But, oh my loved, honoured, and excellent Lord Kingsborough! Where shall I find words adequate to the sense I have of your goodness, your unlimited generosity? Thou kind preserver of mine, and my son's life!

*Did eloquence divine adorn my speaking,
Though every Muse, and every Grace should crown me,
Why then, even then, I should fall short
Of my soul's meaning.*

But as with you my Muse began, with you also she must end, yet not till I relate the following story.

I saw in London the truly elegant and beautiful speech of a certain great man, not long since our supreme Governor here; I was really so charmed with this, that I wrote the following lines, which I showed to Mr. Cibber. As his Excellency was returned to England, Mr. Cibber was so well pleased with them, that, as he was particularly intimate with him, he undertook to deliver them, and said, he did not doubt but he would give me a handsome reward: to give this thesis plainer proof, I put it to the test.

To his Excellency the Earl of Chesterfield.

Oh thou! To bind whose awful brow
Triumphant laurels joy to grow,
To whom the sons of science bend,
As to the great inspiring soul,
That brightens and informs the whole,
The Muses' patron, judge, and friend.

Never did Britain's king before,
A substitute so noble find,
Nor ever yet deputed power,
With such transcendent lustre shined.

For when, to Grace Hibernia's throne,
The God-like Chesterfield was given
How did the joyful people own
Their monarchs love! The care of heaven?
On thy exalted speech* their Senates hung

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON

And bless the elocution of thy tongue!
[*His speech to both houses of Parliament, in Dublin]

'Tis Stanhope can alone untie
The Gordian knot of policy.
He every kingdom' s interest knows:
Were to his care the world consigned,
The Almighty's everlasting mind
Might there secure his trust repose.

Thy genius, for all stations fit,
The reins of Empire knows to guide,
Nor less the sacred realms of wit
Acknowledge thee their post and pride;
So Phoebus rules the chariot of the day,
And charms the groves with his melodious lay.

How did of late the nations fear,
Sickness, the messenger of fate,
Would take thee to thy native sphere
Midst throned gods to hold thy state.
We feared a soul, so eminently wise,
Was called to grace the Synod of the skies.

But soon the rose-lipped cherub Health,
Commissioned by the power divine,
Restored Britannia's dearest wealth,
The glory of her patriot line.
Oh mayest thou long from better worlds be spared,
And late receive thy virtue's full reward.

Even I, whom many griefs oppress,
Enraptured with thy flowing strain,
A while forget my own distress,
And anguish ceases to complain;
Such charms to heaven-born eloquence belong,
And such the magic force of sacred song.

I ought to have premised, that just as I had finished this poem, W—rsd—le came in, and snatched from me, saying he would send it himself to his old friend Philip. I could not get it from him, but as I remembered every syllable of it, I wrote it in a better hand than that rough draft I had given to Mr. Cibber, and having the honour of his correction, who is a fir and candid critic, sent it again to him.

W—rsd—le came in the evening, told me that the Colonel sent him many thanks, and would be glad to see his old friend.

Upon this I asked W—rsd—le to lend me half-a-crown to buy a pair of shoes which he absolutely refusing, when he had convinced me he had fifty guineas in his pocket, I, though ill-shod, was obliged to rest contented.

Early next morning I received from Mr. Cibber the following epistle:

Madam,

The poetry of poor people, however it may rise in value, always sinks in the price; what might in happier hours have brought you ten guineas for its intrinsic worth, is now reduced to two, which I desire you would come and receive from the hand of

Your old humble servant,
Colley Cibber.

By this I found Mr. W—rsd—le had boasted of interest in his Excellency, which he certainly never had, for who would have even given me that small reward that had received the poem before from another hand, would they not have laughed at me!

I waited on Mr. Cibber, who told me he had given my poem to his Excellency with these words: "that if he had not thought it beautiful, he would not have taken the liberty of presenting it to him."

"As dinner," said he, "was just brought up my Lord put it into his pocket. In the evening I reminded him of it: he told me he was attacked by all the world with paltry rhymes, which his L—d always best rewarded."

The next day Mr. Cibber attacked his Excellency again, and asked him how he liked the lines? Upon which he said, "O I had forgot, there's two guineas for her but don't put them into your silver pocket, lest you should make a mistake and pay your chair with them."—"so here, Madam are the two guineas for you." As I was entirely indebted to Mr. Cibber for this bounty, I return my acknowledgements to him.

My dear Lord Kingsborough, I never should have related this story, except by way of contrast to your amiable virtues; for I may justly say with Swift,

My favourite Lord is none of those,

*Who owe their virtue to their stations,
Or characters to dedications;
His worth, although a poet said it
Before a play, would lose no credit.
Nor Swift would dare deny him wit,
Although to praise it I have writ.*

Just as I was writing about W—rsd—le, the gentleman brought me a pamphlet entitled, *A Parallel between Mrs. Pilkington and Mrs. Phillips*, written by an Oxford Scholar, as he tells us, himself, starving in a garret; pray, Mr. Scholar, deal ingenuously! Did not W—rsd—le hire you to write it, because he was indolent; dull, I suppose you mean; if he can write so much better than I, let him give the world a proof of his abilities; but it seems, he is discontented that I have not sufficiently exposed him: why, let him have but a little patience, and my life on it he shall have no cause of complaint on that head, but I cannot break in the order of time so far as to give the world a second act of him yet

Unity of time and place, you know, Mr. Critic, must be observed, otherwise we must renounce the Stagyrite.

If you intend your performance for a satire on me, truly your words are so clerkly couched, that I cannot find any sting in them.—You say I admired the Dean for being a brute.—*N.B.* You lie; and none but a villain would call him one. I admired his charity, wit, sense, taste, &c. And to say he

had passions, which obscured for awhile his shining and uncommon excellencies, is no more than saying he was human, and consequently liable to error.

Then you ask me, how I dare mention Mr. Pope? Why truly, like Drawcansir, all this I can do, because I dare.—I never refused doing justice to his poetical merits; but all your heart can never persuade the world, that he was not an envious defamer of other men's good parts, and intolerably vain of his own. How does he boast of his acquaintance with the great, even to childish folly? The late Earl of Peterborough could not divert himself with pruning a tree in his garden, but presently we are told of this in these high-sounding unharmonious words:

*And he, whose thunder stormed the Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now prunes my vines.*

Why, one would have thought he had hired the Earl for a gardener.

And as for his gratitude, it does appear by his poem, called Taste, wherein he abuses the late Duke of Chandos for his munificence to writers, whereof take the following sample:

*His wealth Lord Timon gloriously confounds,
Asked for a Groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or, if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole house upon the author's day.*

Was this any defect in His Grace's character, especially in a poetical eye? No, surely: but I suppose Mr. Pope was angry, as he was not a dramatic writer, that his Grace should bestow any favour on them. He then proceeds to ridicule his Grace's library, and the grandeur and magnificence of his improvements.

*And when up ten steep slopes you've dragged your thighs,
Just at his study door he'll bless your eyes.
His study! With what authors is it stored?
In books, not authors, curious is my Lord.
To all their lettered backs he turns you round,
These Aldus printed, these De Sewell bound:
These, Sir, are Elziver's, and those as good,
For all his Lordship knows they are but wood;
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book.*

I suppose, because he did not find his own works there, he resolved at all hazards to depreciate his betters. Shall I proceed, or have I said enough

To thee, who hast not ear, nor eye, nor soul to comprehend it.

And now, how dare you to abuse my husband? Why, thou, poor paltry garretter! Thou starveling bard! If I have a mind to do it myself, what's that to you?

*The distant Trojan never injured thee.
Pope's Homer.*

*And suppose I've a mind for to drub,
Whose bones is it, Sir, I must lick?
At whose expense is it, you scrub?
You are not to find me a stick.*

Poor creature! And as you say you are in necessity, I hope you will be relieved, even by putting together

Figures ill-paired, and similes unlike:

Letty, and Conny, pious, precious pair!

I suppose this is an illusion to Nisus and Euryalus; but prithee learn more wit,

*Than to make ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.*

For I am certain I never was a match for Mrs. Phillips, either in beauty or in art, in both of which she reigns unrivalled, and I, as in duty bound, give her the pre-eminence. But

*I imagine this Oxonian sitting on his bed,
One greasy stocking round his head,
The t'other he sits down to darn,
With threads of different coloured yarn;
The remnants of his last night's pot
On embers placed, to make it hot;
But now if W—dale deign to drop
A slice of bread, or mutton chop,
Mounting he writes, and writing sings,
While, from beneath, all Grub Street rings.
Swift.*

Hah! Have I guessed right? Thou wicked scribbler, that praiseth the worst best, and best worst; thou art just fit to nurture fools, and chronicle small-beer.

Now to criticise on your wonderful work: in the first place, you say all my characters are well drawn, easy, natural and picturesque; and yet after this high compliment, that I even made a dull story entertaining by the force of a sparkling wit and retentive memory; why, presently after I dwindle, by the force of your pen, into a mere dunce: and so though you promised us a parallel, you give us the contrast; you are a very witty fellow, I assure you, and deal much in the surprising. And so you do not like my poetry, there was no thought of pleasing you when it was writ; but go to my treasurer, tell him I order him to give you three hundred kicks in private, and the Lord send you a better taste!

Hey-day, the Devil rides on a fiddlestick! Fresh news arrived! All my letters to W—rsd—le to be published; oh terrible! Well; I hope he will publish every poem that was enclosed in them, that I may come by my own again? Let him return to me three operas, twenty-five odes, the letters I wrote for him, the poem which begins,

To distant climes, while fond Cleora flies.

And then he has my full leave to publish every letter of mine that he thinks will serve his purpose; but remember that if you and he should sit down, and out of your own loggerheads write nonsense, and offer it to the world as mine, I enter my *caveat*, and will not adopt the spurious issue. So here I quit ye, and upon mature deliberation, I am sorry I wasted so much time, paper, and ink, and so contemptible a subject as either of ye.

My Lord, I beg pardon for so long digressing from my darling theme, but it was almost impossible for me not to bestow those libellers a lash;

*For, though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.*

And though it is not in reality worthwhile to pursue grasshoppers, who die in a season, yet while their noise offends me, I cannot forbear it.

And, now my Lord, and oh! (Since you permit me to call you by that tender name) my friend, and let me add, my guardian angel; for surely, very excellent has thy favour been to me, far surpassing that of kindred, as you generously bid me name my wish to you, and obtain it; and as I, broken with the storms of fortune, for I may truly say with holy David, to my creator,

Even from my youth up, thy terrors have I suffered with a troubled mind, and thou hast vexed me with all thy storms.

Have little to hope for on this side dissolution, and have no other concern about parting with a life, which has been but a continual scene of sorrow, except that of leaving my son unprovided for: let your favour extend to him; as your station and virtue must ever give you a powerful interest; use a portion of it to get him some little employment, or place, which may give him bread, when I no more want it.

I flatter myself he will not be entirely unworthy of your goodness, as he is of a generous, humane, and grateful disposition.

I must beg your Lordship's pardon for praising my son, which indeed, I should not do, but that both his father and Mr. A—e, endeavoured all in their power to injure his character; the latter of whom is since convinced he wronged him.

And here I must apologise for so long deferring the publication of this second volume; and as no reason is so good as the true one, take it as follows:

When I came to Ireland, I took a house near Bow Bridge, as well for the pleasure of a fine air, as to keep retired from busy tongues; but, finding it was highly inconvenient to be at such a distance from printers, stationers, &c. I took a first floor in Abbey Street, and having my own furniture, sent it there, with orders to the men to put up the beds, which accordingly was done: when I came in the evening to take possession of my new habitation, behold! All my furniture was torn down, and lying in heaps in the passage; when I demanded the cause of this, I was told, the Reverend Doctor J—n V—ey, who, it seems, lodged in the house, had, by his own special authority, commanded the goods should be thrown into the Street, but the landlord knowing himself liable to be called to account for what he had received, did not choose to obey him in that article.

Well, as my house was empty, I knew not where I, or my child sleep that night, but, as I was not ill-beloved in the neighbourhood I left, I went back to it, where a good woman gave me part of her bed, and her husband, my son, and two little children of theirs, lay together.

Early next morning, my son took a lodging for me in Big Butter Lane; my goods, damaged as they were, were carried there, but, wot you well, the Parson followed them! Doctor V—ey, I mean, told the people I was a very bad woman, and they were again left in the passage; so when I came, there was no evidence for me, and I was obliged to return to the place from whence I came. *Mem.* I was forty shillings out of pocket by this pious divine, I wish he would pay me.

Next day my son took a lodging for me in Golden Lane, where the woman no sooner understood it was Doctor Van Lewen's daughter, who, as she said, saved her life, but she gladly accepted of me for a lodger; but what the vexation of my mind, and the cold I had got, I fell into a violent fever, and was for many weeks confined to my bed, till, by the care and skill of Doctor Ould, I was once more enabled to pursue my work; and, as I am much indebted to his humanity, I take this opportunity of acknowledging it.

And now do I expect an army of critics to attack my poor work, and to save them the trouble, I will even do it myself, although I own the task to be a little ungrateful. But, Mrs. Pilkington, notwithstanding the regard and affection which I really have you, I must tell you what the world says of you; but however, I will give you fair play, and allow you to make the best defence you can for yourself: suppose you and I enter into a dialogue, I being the accuser, begin Madam, your story has nothing in it, either new or entertaining; the occurrences are common, trivial, and such as happen every day; your vanity is intolerable, your style borrowed from Milton, Shakespeare, and Swift, whom you pretend to describe, though you never knew him; you tell us a story of his beef being over-roasted, and another of a mangy dog; fine themes truly! For my part, I wonder you ever got a shilling for your curious performance; I am sure it is a proof of the stupidity of the Bœtians, who, though they have still done you the honour to advertise in every paper, that you were not a dunce, proved themselves to be little better for taking so much notice of you.

Myself. Hold, hold, you charge me so fast you do not give me leave to reply; to your first article I plead guilty; my story is dull enough, it was therefore I strove to embellish it with such poetical ornaments, as I could beg, borrow, or steal: I have known a gentleman write a Latin poem, and every line of it was borrowed from the classics, yet this was esteemed a beauty in him; why then should it be deemed a fault in your humble servant? Had I not an equal right to make free with Milton, Swift, and Shakespeare, as he had with Virgil and Horace.

I. Oh Lud, Lud! Why the best part of your first volume, is that which you wrote from yourself, without these auxiliaries.

Myself. Oh, upon my word you compliment now.

I. Truly, I did not intend it, but we would rather have some of your own stuff.

Myself. Why I must bring you a simile from what I do not much deal in, that is, needlework; do not ladies buy coarse canvas, and work thereon fruits, flowers, trees, all summer, and all autumn's pride? And should we say the canvas would have been better without the artist's curious embroidery; the same will hold in painting.

I. Oh come, do not think to put us off at this rate, you give us quotation on quotation; why, we know the works of other writers, and expected something entirely new from your superior pen.

Myself. I am sorry it is not in my power to oblige you, but kings and prophets, who lived before me, have declared, there was nothing new under the sun.

I. But you should know reverence, either to Ermine, Crape or Lawn.

Myself. Oh I really do, when the wearers deserve them; but I hope you would not have the pay homage to the things themselves? Why then, I may go and kneel down to all the goods in the shops because as the author of *The Tale of a Tub*, says, in them we live, move, and have our being.

I. But have you no farther regard to station? Is your licentious pen to lash all orders and degrees of people? Are you to indulge your laughing, and lashing humour, at everybody's expense.

Myself. Why, sure I have a right to it; have they not laughed and lashed me round? This is but a retaliation, they were the first aggressors; no person who did not deserve a stripe, ever got one from me: is station a privilege for doing everything evil with impunity? If so, let Satan on his burning throne be honoured!

I. Well, upon my word, Mrs. Pilkington, I am weary of your arguments; you seem resolved to get the better of me, and that my readers may always be assured I will do, when I am both plaintiff and defendant.

And I assure my readers, that if my third volume is not filled with more surprising events, and infinitely more entertaining than either of the foregoing, I will forever quit my magic art, and

*Deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'd drown my book.*
Shakespeare.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.