10826 d.2.

MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs. *Lætitia Pilkington*,

WIFE TO THE

Rev. Mr. *Matthew Pilkington*.

Written by HERSELF.

Wherein are occaſionally interſperſed,

All Her POEMS;

WITH

Anecdotes of ſeveral eminent Perſons, Living and Dead;

Among others,

Dean *Swift*, *Alexander Pope*, Eſq;
&c. &c. &c.

DUBLIN Printed;

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TO

Sir ROBERT KING, Bart.

SIR,

THIS a very great Pleaſure to me, in an Age where Vice is looked on as a Kind of faſhionable Accompliſhment, to hear of one young Gentleman, who is not aſhamed of being ſingularly good; who has a Tear for Pity, and a Hand open as Day for melting Charity, without any ſiniſter Views; and who has happily united the Fine Gentleman to the Good Chriſtian.

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DEDICATION.

These, Sir, are unfading Honours! these shall embalm and sanctify your Name on Earth; and, when this transient Scene is past, be a sweet and acceptable Sacrifice to God.

That your Virtues may long adorn and bless this World, and receive a full and glorious Recompence in the next, is the ardent Prayer of,

SIR,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient Servant,

L. PILKINGTON.

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PREFACE.

IT is uſual with all Authors to write Prefaces, either to beg the Applauſe of the Public, or elſe,

By Way of filling,
To raiſe their Volume's Price a Shilling.

As a moſt eminent Poet is ſaid to have done.

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I own, if the Merit of any Writer is to be judged by the Number of Sheets they have written, I have very little Pretence to Favour: But as

Multum in Parvo,

is an Expreſſion of an ancient Poet, I hope my Readers will excuſe me, as I would rather have them riſe from Table with an Appetite, than glut them; a Rule of Temperance equally conducive to the Health of our Minds as of our Bodies.

I once had the Misfortune of writing for a Printer, who never examined the Merit of the Work, but uſed to meaſure it, and tell me, it would not do at all, except I could ſend him half a Dozen Yards more of the ſame Stuff: And, as Dr. *Young* remarks, on large Folios, well gilt and bound, very

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very proper to adorn a Library, whether the Owner of it can read or write, or not:

So Tonſon, *turn'd Upholſterer, ſends home*
The gilded Leather to adorn the Room.

If I am obliged to ſend my Work in a blue Paper Covering, let them look on the Inſide, which, I flatter myſelf, will at leaſt amuſe them.

As I wrote theſe Memoirs in *England*, the deſcribing particular Places or Cuſtoms peculiar to *Ireland*, in order to make the Work intelligible to the *Engliſh* Readers, will, I hope, be excuſed; for all Countries vary from each other in many Points.

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So neither ſervilely fearing Cenſure, nor vainly hoping Applauſe, I refer my Readers to the enſuing Pages.

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MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs. *PILKINGTON.*

ALTHO' it has been the common Practice, with Writers of Memoirs, to fill their Volumes with their own Praiſes, which, whatever Pleaſure they may have afforded to the Authors, by indulging their Vanity, are ſeldom found to give any to the Readers; I am determined to quit this beaten Track; and by a ſtrict Adherence to Truth, pleaſe even my greateſt Enemies, by preſenting them with a lively Picture of all my *Faults*, my

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my *Follies*, and the *Misfortunes*, which have been conſequential to them.

And I am the more inclined to proceed, in that I think the Story may be inſtructive to the *Female* Part of my Readers, to teach them that *Reputation*

Is the immediate Jewel of their Souls,
And that the Loſs of it
Will make them poor indeed! Othello.

So that I propoſe myſelf, not as an Example, but a Warning to them; that by my Fall, they may ſtand the more ſecure.

However numerous my Miſtakes in Life have been, they have ſtill had moſt ſurprizing Additions made to them, not only by baſe and unworthy Minds, Wretches devoid of Truth and common Honeſty, but alſo by Perſons of high Rank, and ſuch as outwardly profeſs Chriſtianity; who have fancied it an Act of Piety to believe and ſpread of me the moſt improbable and notorious Falſhoods! nay, ſo far has their perſecuting Zeal been carried, that they have rendered my honeſt Induſtry in effectual

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effectual; and by depriving me of any Means to ſupport Life, endeavoured to make me even ſuch a one, as they repreſented me to be: That Clergymen, and Ladies of Honour, ſhould unite, in driving to Extremity, a Perſon, who never yet, either in her Converſation, or Writing, offended againſt the Laws of Decency or Humanity, is but too apt to make one think, they had quite forgotten the Chriſtian Grace, *Charity*, without which we are told, all other Virtues are of no Avail, and conſequently, fall far ſhort of Perfection themſelves.

I therefore hope thoſe who have taken ſuch unbounded Liberties with my Character, will alſo allow me to paint out theirs, only with this Difference, that I ſhall confine myſelf to Truth, a Favour I never yet received at their Hands; ſince even the prieſtly Robe, and Mitred Head, have, with Regard to me, diſclaimed it, of which, in the Series of theſe melancholy Adventures, I ſhall be able to produce many ſurprizing Inſtances.

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I was born in the Year 1712; by my Mother's Side deſcended of an antient and honourable Family, who were frequently intermarried with the Nobility. My Great Grandfather was Earl of *Killmallock*, whoſe Daughter married Colonel *Meade*, by whom he had twenty-one Children, twelve of whom lived to be married. This Gentleman, to his Honour be it ſpoken, tho' he was a Man of Fortune, and in the Army, declared on his Death-bed, 'That he never had, either when a Batche-'lor, or a married Man, criminal Conver-'ſation with a Woman; never was drunk; 'never broke his Word; nor ever uſed 'Tobacco.'

The late Duke of *Ormond*, when Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, dining at Colonel *Meade*'s, offered to confer on him the Honour of Knighthood; but he then being in an advanced Age, declined it for himſelf telling his Grace, 'As he was going out of 'the World, and his eldeſt Son coming 'into it, he would chuſe, if he thought pro-'per, his Grace ſhould beſtow it on him: Which accordingly he did.

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Thi

This Gentleman, Sir *John Meade*, was bred to the Law, and deſervedly diſtinguiſhed, as one of the fineſt Orators that ever ſpoke at the Bar: He was a perfect Maſter of claſſical Learning; and a Lover and Judge of the muſe-like Arts; his paternal Eſtate was about Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year, which was augmented by marrying ſucceſſively two great Heireſſes; as well as by the vaſt Buſineſs he had in his Profeſſion: So that with all thoſe Advantages of Nature, Education, and Fortune, it was no Wonder he ſhould meet with univerſal Reſpect and Eſteem.

He was in this Situation, when Sir *Edward Seymor* had an Eſtate of five Thouſand Pounds a Year left to him in *Ireland*; this was a Matter too conſiderable for Sir *Edward* to hope immediately to poſſeſs without Law-ſuit or Difficulty; ſo that he found his perſonal Appearance abſolutely neceſſary. It is to be obſerved, that Sir *Edward Seymor* was accounted the proudeſt Man in *England*; and Sir *John Meade* was as remarkable for the ſame Fault; neither indeed did I ever meet with any Perſon of either

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either of thoſe Names in *England* or *Ireland*, who was not abundantly ſtocked with it, tho' without the ſame Pretenſions to ſupport it.

Sir *Edward Seymor* landed at *Dublin*, filled with that natural Contempt for the whole Country, which thoſe of the *Engliſh*, who have not been reſident amongſt them, are but too apt to expreſs on every Occaſion: He there found ſome of his own Countrymen in Places of Profit and Truſt, of whom he enquired, 'Whether there are 'any ſuch Things as good Lawyers to be 'met with in this damned Place?'

They anſwered, 'Yes, very good; but 'if he hoped to carry his Cauſe, he muſt 'ſee Sir *John Meade*: Well, ſaid he, let 'one of my Footmen go for him.'

'Your Footman, Sir *Edward!* ſaid one 'of the Gentlemen, who knew Sir *John*: 'Why, 'tis odds if he will ſpeak to You. 'I aſſure you, if he does, 'tis a Favour few 'of his Clients obtain from him.' 'What, 'a *Duce*, return'd he, do *Iriſh* Lawyers 'take ſuch State upon them?' 'You are 'to conſider, Sir *Edward*, he is a Gentle-

man

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'man of Family, has a noble Fortune, and 'is ſo eminent in his Profeſſion, that ſhould 'he be employed againſt you, you may 'bid Farewel to your Claim.'

This laſt Argument had ſuch Force with Sir *Edward Seymor*, that he condeſcended to wait on Sir *John Meade* next Morning: Sir *John* had been apprized of what the other had ſaid; and reſolving to be as ſtately as himſelf, ſent him down Word, 'He 'was very buſy, but if he pleaſed to wait 'till he was at Leiſure, he would ſee him.' So Sir *Edward* was ſhewn into a Parlour, where he remained above an Hour, fretting himſelf to Death, at this diſreſpectful Uſage offered to a Perſon of his Dignity.

When Sir *John* thought he had pretty ſufficiently mortified him, he ſent to let him know, he ſhould be glad to ſee him, and received him with a Politeneſs natural to him; but when Sir *Edward* went to open his Caſe to him, he told him, 'He muſt 'leave him his Brief, for he could not ſpare 'Time to hear him:' So Sir *Edward* laid down his Brief, with a large Purſe of Gold on it; and, having got his Audience of

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of Leave, departed, full of Indignatio
at meeting with a Man as proud as himſel

When the Day appointed for the impor
tant Trial was come, there were Numbe
of Lawyers engaged on either Side of th
Queſtion: Sir *John* being, I ſuppoſe, re
ſolved to try his Client's Patience to th
uttermoſt, permitted every one of the
to ſpeak before him, without Interruptio
and ſat drawing Birds with a Pencil, ti
Sir *Edward* was ready to burſt with Rag
at him, eſpecially as he found the Cau
likely to go againſt him: At length, whe
their Pleadings were ended, and Judgme
going to be pronounced againſt Sir *Edwar*
Sir *John Meade* aroſe, and deſired to
heard, which he ever was with Favour a
Attention by the Court, when making
Speech, which took an Hour and a h
in Time, he ſo fully confuted all Sir *E*
ward's Antagoniſts, and made his Title
the Eſtate ſo evident, and with ſuch powe
ful Eloquence, that he had a Decree to
put in immediate Poſſeſſion.

Sir *Edward* was ſo charmed with S
John's graceful Elocution, that he cou

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not forbear ſeveral Times crying out in Extacy, *An Angel! by Heaven, an Angel!* But when he found the happy Effects of it ſo much to his own Advantage, he could no longer contain himſelf, but cathing Sir *John* in his Arms, *My dear, dear Friend!* ſays he, permit me to have the Honour of calling you ſo: I do not wonder you ſhould be proud, who have more Cauſe to be ſo, than any Man living.

The Court not breaking up, till it was late, Sir *Edward* preſſed Sir *John* to give him his Company that Evening; Sir *John* excuſed himſelf, telling him, 'He was 'every Night engaged to a Club:' 'Well, 'then, ſaid Sir *Edward*, if you will give 'me Leave, I will accompany you; (pro-'vided you think it will be agreeable to 'your Friends?)' Sir *John* anſwered, 'They would all, he was ſure, eſteem it 'as a very great Honour.' So accordingly Sir *Edward* met them, and they were mutually delighted with each other's Converſation, we may preſume, by their ſtaying together till Four the next Morning. Some of Sir *Edward*'s Friends finding him in

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in Bed at Twelve o'Clock the enſuin
Day, he told them, 'He had ſat up a
'Night:' 'With whom, Sir *Edward*
Why, returned he, 'With *Homer*, *Plat*
'*Socrates*, *Cicero*, and all the antient *Gre*
'and *Roman* Poets, Philoſophers and Hi
'torians.'

From this Time, Sir *Edward* and S
John contracted a Friendſhip, which d
not terminate, but with their Lives.

As this little Piece of Hiſtory redoun
to the mutual Honour of both theſe gre
and eminent Gentlemen; I hope it will n
be accounted Vanity in me to recite it.

One of Sir *John Meade*'s Siſters, bei
ſmitten with the good Mien of a *Rom*
Catholick Officer in King *James*'s Arm
ſtole a Match with him, of which my M
ther was the Firſt-fruits; but her Moth
dying in Childbed of her ſecond Chi
and King *William* entirely ſubduing *I*
land, my Grandfather thought proper
follow his Royal Maſter's Fortune
France, leaving my Mother, then an
fant, to the wide World: However, P
vidence did not abandon the helpleſs C

pha

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phan; her Grandmother, the Widow of Colonel *Meade* before-mentioned, took her Home to her; and while ſhe lived, with true maternal Tenderneſs, beſtowed on her the beſt and politeſt Education: And when the Truſtees ſat in *Ireland*, it being proved ſhe was bred a Proteſtant, ſhe recovered her Mother's Fortune, which had been ſettled on her, and which ſhe had been ſome Years kept out of, on Account of her Father's being a forfeiting Perſon.

He, in the mean time, returned privately to *England*, and married a Niece of the celebrated Jeſuit Father *Hugh Peters*: by this ſecond Venture, he had one Daughter, who was married to Mr. *Fowler* of St. *Thomas* in *Staffordſhire*, the ſole Heireſs of whom is the preſent Lady *Faulconbridge*, to whom, were it of any Uſe to me, I have the Honour of being a firſt Couſin by the Half-Blood.

My Mother being now in Poſſeſſion of a handſome Fortune, and by the Death of her Grandmother entirely at her own Diſpoſal, for her Father never enquired what became of her, did not, it may be ſup-

poſed,

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poſed, want Admirers; eſpecially as ſh
had a very graceful Perſon, with Abun
dance of Wit, which was improved b
reading and keeping the beſt Company
however, none of them made any Impreſſio
on her Heart, till ſhe ſaw my Father, wh
was the Son of a *Dutch* Phyſician, that ac
cidentally ſettled in *Ireland*, and who ha
no other Fortune to boaſt of, than a libera
Education, and a very amiable Perſon an
Underſtanding; Qualities which recom
mended him to my Mother ſo powerfully
that ſhe had Conſtancy enough to wait fo
him three Years, while he went to *Leyde*
where he ſtudied Phyſick under the late fa
mous Dr. *Boerhaave*; and having taken h
Degree, he returned to *Ireland*, uniting hin
ſelf in Marriage to his faithful Miſtre
Her Friends were at firſt much diſpleaſe
with her; but my Father's Merit ſoon r
conciled them to her Choice; and the
being then but one Man-Midwife in th
Kingdom, my Father made himſelf Maſt
of that uſeful Art, and practiſed it wi
great Succeſs, Reputation, and Hum
nity.

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I was their ſecond Child, and my eldeſt Brother dying an Infant, for a long Time their only one; being of a tender weakly Conſtitution, I was by my Father greatly indulged; indeed I cannot ſay, but it was in ſome Meaſure neceſſary he ſhould, by his Gentleneſs, qualify my Mother's Severity to me; otherwiſe it muſt have broke my Heart; for ſhe ſtrictly followed *Solomon*'s Advice, in never ſparing the Rod; inſomuch that I have frequently been whipt for looking blue of a froſty Morning; and, whether I deſerved it or not, I was ſure of Correction every Day of my Life.

From my earlieſt Infancy I had a ſtrong Diſpoſition to Letters; but my Eyes being weak, after the Small-pox, I was not permitted to look at a Book; my Mother regarding more the Beauty of my Face, than the Improvement of my Mind; neither was I allowed to learn to read: This Reſtraint, as it generally happens, made me but more earneſt in the Purſuit of what I imagined muſt be ſo delightful. Twenty times a Day have I been corrected, for aſking what ſuch and ſuch Letters ſpelt; my

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Mother uſed to tell me the Word, accompanying it with a good Box on the Ear, which, I ſuppoſe, imprinted it on my Mind. Had *Gulliver* ſeen her Behaviour, I ſhould have imagined, he had borrowed a Hint from it for his floating Iſland, where, when a great Man had promiſed any Favour, the Suppliant was obliged to give him a Tweak by the Noſe, or a Kick on the Rump, to quicken his Memory. However, I do aſſure you, it had this Effect on me, inſomuch, that I never forgot what was once told me; and quickly arrived at my deſired Happineſs, being able to read before ſhe thought I knew all my Letters; but this Pleaſure I was obliged to enjoy by Stealth with Fear and Trembling.

I was at this Time about five Years of Age; and my Mother being one Day abroad, I had happily laid hold on *Alexander's Feaſt*, and found ſomething in it ſo charming, that I read it aloud; --but how like a condemned Criminal did I look, when my Father, ſoftly opening his Study-door, took me in the very Fact; I dropt my Book, and burſt into Tears, begging Pardon,

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Pardon, and promiſing never to do ſo again: But my Sorrow was ſoon diſpelled, when he bade me not be frightened, but read to him, which, to his great Surprize, I did very diſtinctly, and without hurting the Beauty of the Numbers. Inſtead of the whipping, of which I ſtood in dread, he took me up in his Arms, and kiſſed me, giving me a whole Shilling, as a Reward, and told me, 'He would give me 'another, as ſoon as I got a Poem by 'Heart,' which he put into my Hand, and proved to be Mr. *Pope*'s ſacred Eclogue; which Taſk I performed before my Mother returned Home. They were both aſtoniſhed at my Memory, and from that Day forward, I was permitted to read as much as I pleaſed; only my Father took care to furniſh me with the beſt, and politeſt Authors; and took Delight in explaining to me, whatever, by Reaſon of my tender Years, was above my Capacity of Underſtanding.

But chiefly was I charmed and raviſhed with the Sweets of Poetry; all my Hours were dedicated to the Muſes; and, from a

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Reader, I quickly became a Writer; I may truly ſay with Mr. *Pope*,

I liſp'd in Numbers, for the Numbers came.

My Performances had the good Fortune to be looked on as extraordinary for my Years; and the greateſt and wiſeſt Men in the Kingdom did not diſdain to hear the Prattle of the little Muſe, as they called me, even in my childiſh Days. But as I approached towards Womanhood there was a new Scene opened to me; and by the Time I had looked on thirteen Years, I had almoſt as many Lovers; not that I ever was handſome, farther than being very fair. But I was well-dreſt, ſprightly, and remarkably well-tempered, unapt to give or take Offence; inſomuch that my Company was generally coveted; and no doubt but I ſhould have been happily diſpoſed of in Marriage, but that my Mother's capricious Temper made her reject every advantageous Propoſal offered, and at laſt condemn me to the Arms of one of the greateſt V——s, with Reverence to the Prieſthood

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hood be it ſpoken, that ever was wrapt up in Crape.

And here I cannot forbear obſerving, how very few who wear that Sacred Habit are adorned with any real Sanctity of Manners: What Ambition, Avarice, Luſt, and Cruelty reigns among them; they are generally the firſt Seducers of Innocence (as the Holineſs of their Office gives them free Admittance into every Family) and as ſoon as they have made a Breach in the tender Mind for Ruin's waſteful Entrance, (provided they can but ſlip their own Necks out of the Halter and remain unexpoſed) they ſhall be the firſt to perſecute with Eccleſiaſtical Courts, and Spiritual Authority, that very Perſon, whom they themſelves firſt taught the Way to ſin.

Let none preſume to cenſure this as Spite,
I ſuffer for their Crimes of whom I write.

And 'tis ever allowed that the Loſers may have leave to ſpeak.

I would not, by this Reflection, be thought to ſtrike at Religion, or the valuable Part

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of the Clergy: Thoſe who are poſſeſſed of Chriſtian Charity, and make the Sincerity of their Faith appear in the Righteouſneſs of their Life, are truly worthy of Reverence and Honour; but alas! their Number is ſo few, that the Ears of Corn are ſcarce diſcernable among the Tares, of whom no doubt Satan will reap a plentiful Harveſt.

But to return. Amongſt all thoſe who addreſt me, my Heart retained its Freedom; and if their Flattery pleaſed me, it was only as it fed my Vanity; that Paſſion, which, like Pride, is ſo univerſal: I had no particular Engagement, was entirely ſubmiſſive to my Parents, punctual to all the Duties of Religion, unaffectedly innocent, and much more pleaſed with my Female Friends, than with the Company of Men.

There were two young Ladies, in particular, for whom, from my Childhood, I had a very tender Affection, and whom, as often as I could, I viſited; as their Brother was a Clergyman, many of the Gown frequented their Houſe, and amongſt the reſt the Reader of our Pariſh-Church, Mr

P——n

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P——n. He had a good Face, and many agreeable Accompliſhments; as a tolerable Taſte in Muſic, and a poetical Turn, which greatly entertained me; but being a Man of obſcure Birth, and low Fortune, I had no farther Thoughts of him, than merely as an Acquaintance: However, it was my Misfortune to be liked by him, when I leaſt imagined it; as he played very well on the Organ, he gave us an Invitation to Church, promiſing, after Evening-Prayer, to ſing an Anthem for us. I, who always delighted in Church-Muſic, begged my Mother's Permiſſion to go, which, with ſome Difficulty, I obtained. After the Muſic he invited us into the Veſtry-Room, where he had prepared a little Collation of Fruit, Wine, *&c.* and ſingling me out, he began to addreſs me in a very paſſionate Stile, and earneſtly begged Leave to viſit me: I told him, 'I was 'to go into the Country next Day, to ſtay 'all the Summer, and were I not, I had no 'Male Viſitants, but ſuch as my Parents 'approved of; and conſequently it was out 'of my Power to grant his Requeſt.' My Mother ſending for me, prevented any farther

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ther Converſation for that Time; and ea
ly the next Morning we ſet out on our i
tended Journey.

During my Stay in the Country,
wrote me a great many poetical Comp
ments, and ſubſcribed himſelf *Amintas*:
they were really very elegant, my M
ther, who always examined my Lette
expreſt great Curioſity to know the W
ter; ſaying, 'I ought to return a Le
'of Thanks to him:' But as I took
only for a Trap, I told her, which
true, I knew not who it was; leſt I ſho
be denied the Pleaſure of viſiting the yo
Ladies, where I firſt ſaw him, if I ſho
have given her the ſmalleſt Hint, tha
gueſſed at the Perſon.

I had, by this Time, a Brother of ab
nine Years of Age, of whom my Fa
and Mother were fond even to Extra
gance; whenever I went abroad, he
to cry to go with me, and was conſta
indulged in it.

A few Days after our Return to To
I went to wait on the young Ladies bef
mentioned, and took my Brother with

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I was ſcarce ſeated when Mr. *P—n* came in; and after ſaluting me, began to reproach me with Cruelty, in never having favoured him with an Anſwer to any of his Letters. I told him, 'I was much obliged 'to him, for the agreeable Entertainment 'they had afforded me; but that, except-'ing my Father, I had never wrote to any 'Man, neither was I Miſtreſs of Wit e-'nough to correſpond with him.' A good many civil Things were ſaid on either Hand, during Tea Time; after which my Brother growing urgent with me to return Home, I happened to ſay he was ſo great a Favourite, I durſt not contradict him; upon which, Mr. *P——n* made his Application to him, and gave him an Invitation to his Lodgings; where he entertained him ſo kindly, that the Child returned in Raptures with him; and loaden with Toys and Sweetmeats. Upon this Civility to my Brother, my Father ſent and invited Mr. *P——n* to Dinner; (and you may be ſure he did not refuſe him) but quickly found the Art of making himſelf ſo agreeable to my Parents, that they were even uneaſy when-

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whenever he was abſent; which ſeldom happened, except when his Duty required his Attendance. He now began openly to court me; and, to my great Surprize, neither of them ſeemed averſe to it; but allowed him as much Liberty of converſing with me, as a reaſonable Man could deſire; and for my own Part, he gained ſo large a Share in my Eſteem, that as they ſeemed to approve of him, I was very well ſatisfied.

One Year paſt on in this Manner, during which Time, Mr. *P——n* never omitted any Thing to convince me of the Sincerity of his Paſſion; and tho' he ſaw me every Day, and all the Day; yet every Day was ſtill but as the firſt:

So eager was he ſtill to ſee me more.

The enſuing Spring, my Mother took a Lodging, about a Mile from *Dublin*, by the Sea-ſide, for the Benefit of bathing, where my Father and Mr. *P——n* came every Afternoon together to viſit us; but my Father's Buſineſs ſeldom permitting him

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him to ſtay above half an Hour, he gene-rally left Mr. *P——n* with us: Who, one Night happening to ſtay later than ordinary, left a Gold Watch, and a handſome Diamond Ring in my Poſſeſſion; leſt, as he ſaid, he ſhould be robbed of them going Home. My Father and he coming to us the next Day, (according to Cuſtom) I brought to Mr. *P——n* his Ring and Watch; but he would by no Means accept of either, but inſiſted on my keeping them as a Preſent; my Father and Mother were both by; and neither of them ſhewing any Diſlike to it, I was, with great Reluctance, obliged by him to take them.

I mention theſe Particulars, trifling as they are, becauſe I have been accuſed of Diſobedience to my Parents, in marrying without their Conſent or Knowledge; whereas they were acquainted with the Affair from Beginning to End; neither was I any more than paſſive in it; never having allowed myſelf to have any Will but theirs.

My Father was at this Time ſo eminent in his Profeſſion, and lived after ſo elegant

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a manner, that every body concluded, h
was able to give me a very good Fortune
and few People could believe he counte
nanced Mr. *P——n*'s Addreſſes to me
he neither having any Preferment in th
Church, nor any other Fortune: And what
ever Merit an *Iriſh* Clergyman may poſſeſs
he has little Hope of Advancement by it
unleſs he has ſome Relation in the Houſe
of Commons, who, by betraying the Inte-
reſt of his Country, can procure for him,

The Leavings of a Church diſtreſt,
A hungry Vicarage at beſt;
Or ſome remote inferior Poſt,
With forty Pounds a Year at moſt. Swift.

And in this, the preſent State of poor *Ire-
land* nearly reſembles that of *England*, un-
der the Reign of Queen *Mary*, when, as
ſoon as a Biſhoprick became vacant, an *Ita-
lian* was immediately nominated to it.
Ireland groans under the ſame Calamity:
An *Engliſh* Viceroy, *Engliſh* Judges, *Eng-
liſh* Biſhops, with their long Train of Re-
lations and Dependants, lay their hard
Hands

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Hands on all Preferments; while her learned Sons languiſh out Life, in hopeleſs Poverty and Dejection of Spirit.

I have frequently obſerved it, as a Want of Policy in the *Engliſh* Government, to permit the People of *Ireland* to have an Univerſity: Learning naturally inſpires Men with the Love of Liberty; the Principles of which ought to be diſcouraged in the Minds of thoſe, whom their Maſters are pleaſed to condemn to Slavery, Want and Oppreſſion; unleſs, perhaps it may be done with a cruel Intent, of making their Yoke the more galling to them.

Ireland, while free, was remarkable for producing braye and valiant Men. Ever witneſs for her,

Her matchleſs Sons! whoſe Valour ſtill remains
On French *Records for twenty long Campaigns;*
Yet from an Empreſs, now a Captive grown;
She ſav'd Britannia's *Right, and loſt her own.*
Swift.

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I hope I ſhall be pardoned by all true Patriots for this Digreſſion; if not, I can only make Uſe of *Falſtaff*'s Apology, *That Rebellion lay in my Way, and I found it.*

But to reſume my Thread. All my Friends and Relations attacked my Father warmly on this Head; who ſolemnly declared, 'He knew nothing of any amorous 'Correſpondence between Mr. *P*——*n* 'and his Daughter, that the Gentleman 'came to viſit us, as being Pariſhioners:' But withal declared: 'Since ſuch a Report 'was ſpread, he would civilly forbid him 'the Houſe;' which accordingly he ordered my Mother to do. Mr. *P*——*n* came as uſual, and my Mother delivered her dreadful Commiſſion to him. No ſooner was the fatal Sentence pronounced, but my aſtoniſhed Lover fell pale and ſpeechleſs to the Floor; and to ſay the Truth, my Caſe was little better than his: I raiſed him in my Arms, and ſenſeleſs as he ſeemed, he graſped me cloſe, and leaned his drooping Head upon my Boſom; whilſt my Mother applied Remedies to him

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him till he revived: When he came to himſelf, he blamed us for our Care: ſaying, 'Since I was loſt, he could not, would 'not live.'

As I was naturally of a ſoft compaſſionate Temper, the Condition I ſaw him in pierced my very Soul; but I was too much in Awe of my Mother to venture to ſay ſo at that Time. So he left me with Sorrow deeply imprinted in his Countenance, and, as I believed, in his Heart.

About two Years before this, a young Woman of about eighteen Years of Age, was brought to my Father, by a Stationer, to be by him inſtructed in Midwifery: She was Miſtreſs of *Hebrew*, *Greek*, *Latin* and *French*, underſtood the *Mathematicks*, as well as moſt Men: And what made theſe extraordinary Talents yet more ſurprizing, was, that her Parents were poor illiterate Country People; ſo that her Learning appeared like the Gift poured out on the Apoſtles, of ſpeaking all Languages, without the Pains of Study; or, like the intuitive Knowledge of Angels: Yet in as much as the Power of Miracles is ceaſed; we

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muſt allow ſhe uſed human Means for ſuch great and excellent Acquirements. And yet in a long Friendſhip and Familiarity with her, I could never obtain a ſatisfactory Account from her on this Head; only ſhe ſaid, 'ſhe had received ſome little 'Inſtruction from the Miniſter of the Pa-'riſh, when ſhe could ſpare Time from her 'Needlework, to which ſhe was cloſely 'kept by her Mother.' She wrote elegantly both in Verſe and Proſe; and ſome of the moſt delightful Hours I ever paſt, were in the Converſation of this female Philoſopher.

My Father readily conſented to accept of her as a Pupil; and gave her a general Invitation to his Table, ſo that ſhe and I were ſeldom aſunder. My Parents were well pleaſed with our Intimacy, as her Piety was not inferior to her Learning. Whether it was owing to her own Deſire, or the Envy of thoſe who ſurvived her, I know not; but of her various and beautiful Writings, except one Poem of her's in Mrs. *Barber*'s Works, I have never ſeen any publiſhed; 'tis true, as her Turn was chiefly

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ly to philoſophical or divine Subjects, they might not be agreeable to the preſent Taſte; yet could her heavenly Muſe deſcend from its ſublime Height to the eaſy epiſtolary Stile, and ſuit itſelf to my then gay Diſpoſition; as may appear by the two following Poems: To make them intelligible, my Reader muſt obſerve, that I being in a Country Town at the Aſſizes Time, had writ her an Account to *Dublin* of the principal Entertainments I met with there and in the reſt of the Country. I muſt alſo beg Pardon for publiſhing the Compliments paid to me in them, which I really would omit were it poſſible. Her Anſwer to my firſt Letter was this.

To Miſs LÆTITIA VAN LEWEN.

THE fleeting Birds may ſoon in Ocean ſwim,
And *Northern* Whales thro' liquid Azure ſkim:
The *Dublin* Ladies their Intrigues forſake;
To Dreſs and Scandal an Averſion take;

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When you can in the lonely Foreſt walk,
And with ſome ſerious Matron gravely talk,
Of Poſſets, Poultices, and Waters ſtill'd,
And monſtrous Caſks with Mead and Cyder fill'd;
How many Hives of Bees ſhe has in Store,
And how much Fruit her Trees this *Summer* bore;
Or Home returning in the Yard can ſtand,
And feed the Chickens from your bounteous Hand:
Of each one's Top-knot tell, and hatching pry,
Like *Tully* waiting for an Augury.
When Night approaches, down to Table ſit
With a great Crowd, choice Meat, and little Wit,
What Horſe won the laſt Race, how mighty *Tray*
At the laſt famous Hunting, caught the Prey;
Surely, you can't but ſuch Diſcourſe deſpiſe,
Methinks, I ſee Diſpleaſure in your Eyes:

O,

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O my *Lætitia*, ſtay no longer there,
You'll ſoon forget, that you yourſelf are fair;
Why will you keep from us, from all that's gay,
There in a lonely Solitude to ſtay?
Where not a Mortal thro' the Year you view,
But bob-wigg'd Hunters, who their Game purſue
With ſo much Ardor, they'd a Cock or Hare,
To thee in all thy blooming Charms prefer.
You write of Belles and Beaux that there appear,
And gilded Coaches, ſuch as glitter here;
For gilded Coaches, each eſtated Clown
That gravely ſlumbers on the Bench has one;
But Beaux! they're young Attorneys! ſure you mean!
Who thus appear to your romantic Brain.
Alas! no Mortal there can talk to you,
That Love or Wit, or Softneſs ever knew:
All they can ſpeak of's *Capias* and Law,
And Writs to keep the Country Fools in Awe.
And,

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And, if to Wit, or Courtſhip they pretend
'Tis the ſame Way that they a Cauſe de
fend;
In which they give of Lungs a vaſt Ex
pence,
But little Paſſion, Thought or Eloquence
Bad as they are, they'll ſoon abandon you
And Gain, and Clamour, in the Tow
purſue.
So haſte to Town, if ev'n ſuch Fools yo
prize;
O haſte to Town! and bleſs the longin
Eyes

Of your CONSTANTIA

The Second was as follows:

IF my *Lætitia* ſtill perſiſts to love
The Country Village, and the ſha
Grove,
The murm'ring Riv'let and the Turt
Moan,
Deſpiſing all the Grandeur of a Town;
Where Beauty triumphs, and where Ple
ſure reigns,
And Rounds of Mirth relieve our da
Pains; Whe

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Where *George*'s mighty Subſtitute appears,
And every Face with blooming Pleaſure
chears;
Grafton! whom never fair one ſaw un-
mov'd,
Whom ev'n great *Churchill*'s beauteous
Offſpring lov'd.
For him whate'er o'er all our Kingdom's
fine,
They in this happy Place together join;
With him each warlike glittering Soldier
goes,
With him the tender Race of whining
Beaux;
In ſhort, we've here all that may hope
t'engage,
One of your Wit, your Beauty, and your
Age.
If all theſe pow'rful Arguments ſhou'd
fail,
I'll in the tendereſt Part your Heart aſſail;
The lovely *Damon* languiſhes and dies,
Nor can revive, but by your charming Eyes;
But I forgot ——— Mamma theſe Lines
muſt ſee,
So you ſhall hear no more of him from me.

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As this Lady was perfectly well
quainted with Mr. *P——n*'s Regard
me, he applied to her to intreat a Meeti
at her Lodgings, where I frequently we

She had too much Compaſſion for a d
pairing honourable Lover to refuſe his R
queſt; and accordingly ſhe gave him N
tice the next Viſit that I made to her, af
having aſked my Conſent to it. Our I
terview was very melancholy, and his Sig
and Tears prevailed ſo much on my you
ſoft Heart, that, at laſt, I faithfully pr
miſed to be his; but added, 'We w
'both ſo young, that it would be prude
'to wait till he had ſome Preferment,
'till my Parents came into better Ter
'per; and that, in the mean time, I wou
'ſee him, or write to him, as often as
'conveniently could.'

I forgot to mention, that I had ſent hi
his Watch and Ring ſome Days before;
would fain have prevailed on me to ta
them again, but I abſolutely refuſed ther

The next Morning, my Father told m
I muſt prepare to go and ſtay a Year wi
my Grandfather, who lived a hundred Mil

diſta

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diſtant from *Dublin*, and that I muſt ſet out in two Days. I made no Anſwer, but thought proper to give Mr. *P——n* Notice of my Departure, and eaſily prevailed on my Brother to give him a Letter; but Heav'ns! how was I frighted when he, returning in a few Moments, told me, Mr. *P——n* had ſtabbed himſelf with his Penknife: I ran all in Tears to my Mother, entreating her Permiſſion to go and ſee him. She appeared much concerned, and ſent for him to come to us, which pleaſing Summons he readily obeyed. But I could ſcarce forbear laughing at my own Credulity, when my wounded Swain came to us in perfect Health. He had indeed given himſelf a Scratch, on Purpoſe to terrify us, and had juſt ſuch a deſperate Wound as I have frequently received from the Point of a Pin, without complaining.

However, by this Artifice he once more gained Admiſſion to us, and had an Opportunity of aſſuring my Mother, 'That 'if ſhe ſent me to the *Weſt-Indies*, he 'would follow me;' and added alſo, 'That 'he was next Heir to a good Eſtate;' which

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which was the moſt prevailing Argument
could make uſe of to her; and took ſu
an Effect, that ſhe not only kept him
Supper, but ſo far indulged him, as
give him a Key to the Garden which
pened into a little Stable Lane, by whi
means he could come in and go out
often as he pleaſed unnoticed. As ſoon
he left us, my Mother ſpoke to me in th
Manner: 'Child, ſaid ſhe, I believe th
'young Man loves you ſincerely, neith
'have your Father or I any Objection
'him; but in the Light we appear in
'the World, it would ſeem ſtrange to a
'cept of him as a Son-in law. Your F
'ther is not, at preſent, able to give you
'Fortune; and I know moſt of thoſe wh
'addreſs you, hope for one with you; a
'he chuſes rather to reject them, than
'them into his real Circumſtances: Wh
'I would therefore adviſe you to is this
'If you love this Man, marry him; w
'ſhall at firſt ſeem diſpleaſed, and the
'forgive it, and do for you every thin
'within our Power; as he is an ingeniou
'ſober Man, your Father's Intereſt ma

ſo

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'ſoon get him a Living, and till then ye 'ſhall both live with us.'

This Diſcourſe ſtrangely ſurprized me, and left me doubtful how to act; to take to myſelf the Reproach of Diſobedience, in the Eyes of the World, appeared very ſhocking to me; and tho' I was reſolved to marry Mr. *P——n* ſome Time or other, yet I was ſtartled at the Thought of doing it immediately, and told my Mother my Objections: However they appeared but trifling to her. The next Morning ſhe called me pretty early to Breakfaſt, and, to my great Surprize, I found Mr. *P——n* with my Father, his Harpſichord placed in the Parlour, which, with a Cat and an Owl, were all his worldly Goods.

He told me with great Rapture, that he was going for a Ring and a Licence to be married in the Evening. As for my Part, I thought he only jeſted, till my Father confirmed it, by telling me I muſt either reſolve to marry immediately, or break off with Mr. *P——n* entirely, leaving it to my Choice which to do. I was too

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much confounded to make any other Return than to give my Hand to Mr. *P*———*n*, who kiſſed it with great Extacy; and my unfortunate Nuptials being thus concluded, we were married privately in the Evening by the Vicar-General, having no other Witneſſes but my Father and Mother, and his Father, and we reſolved to keep it ſecret for a few Days to avoid the Hurry and Expence of Matrimony. We went into the Country to my Uncle Brigadier *Meade*'s Seat for a Fortnight; where my new eſpouſed Huſband ſtaying from me a whole Day, in Purſuit of his Game (for he delighted in Fowling) at his Return, I preſented him with the following Lines, my firſt Attempt in Poetry that was not quite childiſh:

The Petition of the BIRDS.

AH Shepherd, gentle Shepherd! ſpare
Us plum'd Inhabitants of Air,
That hop, and inoffenſive rove
From Tree to Tree, from Grove to Grove;
What

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What Phrenzy has poſſeſt your Mind?
To be deſtructive of your Kind?
Admire not if we Kindred claim,
Our ſep'rate Natures are the ſame;
To each of us thou ow'ſt a Part,
To grace thy Perſon, Head or Heart;
The chaſte, the fond, the tender *Dove*,
Inſpires thy Breaſt with pureſt Love;
The tow'ring *Eagle* claims a Part
In thy courageous, gen'rous Heart;
On thee the *Finch* beſtow'd a Voice,
To bid the raptured Soul rejoice;
The *Hawk* has giv'n thee Eyes ſo bright,
They kindle Love and ſoft Delight;
Thy ſnowy Hue and graceful Mien,
May in the ſtately *Swan* be ſeen;
The *Robin*'s Plumes afford the Red,
Which thy ſoft Lips and Cheeks beſpread;
Thy filial Piety and Truth,
The *Stork* beſtow'd to crown thy Youth.
Did we theſe ſev'ral Gifts beſtow?
To give Perfection to a Foe?
Did we ſo many Virtues give,
To thee too fierce to let us live?
Suſpend your Rage, and every Grove
Shall echo Songs of grateful Love.

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Let Pity ſooth and ſway your Mind,
And be the Phœnix of Mankind.

This little poetical Eſſay met with more Applauſe than it really merited, on Account of my Youth, and was extremely acceptable to Mr. *P——n*, who, with the Raptures of an enamoured Bridegroom, read it to every Perſon whom he thought poſſeſſed of Taſte or Genius.

On our Return to Town, we received the Viſits and Compliments of all our Acquaintance; every one of whom my Mother aſſured, I had married without their Conſent; but this was not all, for ſhe ſaid it ſo often, that at length ſhe perſuaded herſelf it was ſo; and made it a Pretence for giving me all imaginable ill Treatment, both in publick and private, which, having no Remedy, I was obliged to bear as patiently as I could; for if I quitted her Houſe, I had no Place to go to, as Mr. *P——n*'s whole Income would ſcarce have paid the Rent of a tolerable ready furniſhed Lodging. However I had ſome Conſolation in Mr. *P——n*'s Tenderneſs, which ſeemed

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ſeemed daily to increaſe for me, and in the Converſation of a very agreeable Set of Friends, ſome of whom it may not be amiſs to give a particular Deſcription of.

In the firſt Place, I had the Honour of being well received by Mrs. *Percival*, who is married to the Brother of the Earl of *Egmont*, to whoſe Virtues I cannot refuſe doing Juſtice, (altho' her Cenſures of me have not been over-charitable) a Lady of moſt univerſal Genius, there being no one Accompliſhment, that adorns the Woman of Quality but what ſhe poſſeſſed; and her Station gave her an Opportunity of ſhewing them to Advantage; ſhe was alſo extremely happy in her Family; her Huſband was a moſt worthy Gentleman; both her Sons Men of Senſe and Honour, and one of her Daughters very agreeable. It may eaſily be ſuppoſed this Belle Aſſembly engaged the Company of all the learned and polite World; every Night was a Drawing-Room, and the ingenious and curious of both Sexes went Home delighted and improved. As my Father was Phyſician to Mrs. *Percival*, and her eldeſt Son married

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to a near Relation of mine, I had at all Times free Acceſs, and ſo found a frequent pleaſing Relief from my Vexations.

I had alſo the much envied Honour of being known to Dr. *Swift*, whoſe Genius, excellent as it was, ſurpaſſed not his Humanity in the moſt judicious and uſeful Charities; altho' often hid under a rough Appearance, till he was perfectly convinced both of the Honeſty and Diſtreſs of thoſe he beſtowed it on: He was a perpetual Friend to Merit and Learning; and utterly incapable of Envy. Indeed why ſhould he not? who, in true genuine Wit, could fear no Rival.

Yet as I have frequently obſerved in Life that where great Talents are beſtowed there the ſtrongeſt Paſſions are likewiſe given: This truly great Man did but too often let them have Dominion over him and that on the moſt trifling Occaſions. During Meal-times he was evermore in a Storm; the Meat was always too much or too little done, or the Servants had offended in ſome Point, imperceptible to the reſt of the Company; however, when the Clot

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was taken away, he made his Gueſts rich Amends for the Pain he had given them by the former Part of his Behaviour. For

Then was truly mingled in the friendly Bowl
The Feaſt of Reaſon and the Flow of Soul.
Pope.

Yet ſtrict Temperance preſerved; for the Doctor never drank above half a Pint of Wine, in every Glaſs of which he mixed Water and Sugar; yet, if he liked his Company, would ſit many Hours over it, unlocking all the Springs of Policy, Learning, true Humour and inimitable Wit.

It is a very great Loſs to the World, that this admirable Gentleman never could be prevailed on to give us the Particulars of his own Life; becauſe, as it is the Fate of all eminent Perſons to have various Characters given of them, ſo it was more remarkably his: One Reaſon for this may juſtly be aſſigned; that as at his firſt ſetting out Party ran high, thoſe who on either Side had any Talents for Writing, ſpared not to throw the blackeſt Aſperſions on the other;

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other; ſo that, if we give them both Cr
dit, we muſt conclude, there was neith
Honour nor Virtue among them; but th
all who were out, *Tories* and *Whigs*, *Whi*
and *Tories*, were equally corrupt: Inde
Ambition is a grand Deceiver, and apt
undermine Integrity itſelf; and this t
Doctor himſelf was ſo ſenſible of, that
have frequently heard him declare, 'H
'thought it a great Bleſſing that all
'Hopes of Preferment were at once cut o
'inſomuch that he had nothing to tem
'or miſlead him from a Patriotiſm,
'which his grateful Country found th
'Happineſs and Security.'

This leads me to a Story, I remem
to have heard him tell, and therefore
hope, cannot be impertinent:

A Clergyman, whoſe Character grea
reſembled that I have heard Biſhop *Ber*
give to Biſhop *Atterbury*; namely, a m
learned fine Gentleman, who under the ſ
eſt and politeſt Appearance concealed
moſt turbulent Ambition: This Cler
man having made his Merit, as a Preach
too eminent to be overlooked, had it e
rewar

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rewarded with a Mitre; his Friend Dr. *Swift* went to congratulate him on it; but at the ſame Time told him, 'He 'hoped, as his Lordſhip was a Native of '*Ireland*, and had now a Seat in the Houſe 'of Peers, he would employ his powerful 'Elocution in the Service of his diſtreſſed 'Country.' The Prelate told him, 'The 'Biſhoprick was but a very ſmall one, and 'he could not hope for a better, if he did 'not oblige the Court.' 'Very well, ſays '*Swift*, then it is to be hoped, when you 'have a better, you will become an honeſt 'Man.' 'Ay, that I will, Mr. Dean, 'ſays he, till then, my Lord, farewel.' This pious Prelate was twice tranſlated to richer Sees; and, on every Tranſlation, Dr. *Swift* waited on him to remind him of his Promiſe, but to no Purpoſe; there was now an Archbiſhoprick in View, and till that was obtained, nothing could be done: This in a ſhort Time he likewiſe poſſeſſed; he then ſent for the Dean, and told him, 'I am now at the Top of my Pre-'ferment, for I well know no *Iriſhman* 'will ever be made Primate, therefore as

'I

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'I can rise no higher in Fortune or Sta
'tion, I will zealously promote the goo
'of my Country.' (A fine Reason truly!
And so he commenced a most outrageou
Patriot, from those very laudable Motive
and continued so till his Death, which hap
pened within these few Years.

I hope my Readers will indulge me i
the frequent Mention I shall make of D
Swift; for tho' his Works are unive
sally esteemed; yet few Persons now livin
have had so many Opportunities of seei
him in private Life; as my being a Pers
sans Consequence afforded me, which Ha
piness I obtained by the following Mean

The learned Nymph before-mentione
whom Curiosity engaged every Person
see, had shewn many of my Scribbles
Dr. *Delany*, known sufficiently by
own incomparable Life and Writings:
she was one of the first to congratulate
on my Marriage; she was a Witness h
severely both Mr. *P——n* and I were us
or rather abused by my Mother; she t
Dr. *Delany* of it, and made such
vourable mention of the poor young Coup

t

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that he generouſly imagined his countenancing Mr. *P——n* might be a Means of procuring us better Treatment. He had been Claſs-fellow with my Father in the College, and tho' they did not viſit, yet they had that mutual Eſteem for each other, which good Men feel for good Men; and were pleaſed whenever Accident threw them into each other's Company. The Doctor, preaching at our Pariſh Church immediately after our Marriage, was ſo kind as to join us coming out, and accompany us Home, to wiſh the young Couple Joy, a Favour we were all extremely proud of; at parting he gave us all an Invitation to to dine at his beautiful Villa, about a ſmall Mile diſtant from *Dublin*; what Opinion I conceived of him and his Improvements, may be ſeen in the following Lines, compoſed in one of his lovely Arbours: ——

Delville *the Seat of the Rev. Dr.* DELANY.

HAIL, happy *Delville!* bliſsful Seat!
The Muſe's beſt belov'd Retreat!
With Proſpects large and unconfin'd;
Bleſt Emblem of their Maſter's Mind!

Where

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Where fragrant Gardens, painted Mead
Wide op'ning Walks, and twilight Shad
Inſpiring Scenes! elate the Heart!
Nature improv'd, and rais'd by Art;
So Paradiſe delightful ſmil'd,
Blooming, and beautifully wild.

Thrice happy Sage, who ſafe retir'd,
By Heav'n and by the Muſe inſpir'd;
In poliſh'd Arts, or Lays ſublime,
Or God-like Acts employ your Time.
Here Nature's Beauties you explore,
And ſearching her myſterious Store,
Thro' all her Operations find
The Image of the Sov'reign Mind,
And in each Inſect, Plant and Flow'r,
Contemplate the creating Pow'r:
Nor is thy Love of him alone
In fruitleſs Speculation ſhewn;
Thro' Life you happily exert,
The Chriſtian Virtues of your Heart;
To give new Schemes of Culture Birth,
And bleſs and beautify the Earth;
To raiſe th' Afflicted from Deſpair,
And make the friendleſs Wretch thy Ca

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To thee the higheſt Bliſs is given, ——
A Soul to praiſe, and copy Heaven.

Whether it was owing to my Youth, or any real Merit in the Verſes, I know not, but, weak as they were, from the Candour of the Company they met with great Applauſe, and the worthy Gentleman to whom they were directed, praiſed the Poetry extremely, only modeſtly wiſhed I had a better Subject to employ my fine Genius, as he was pleaſed to call it.

I hope, if I ſhould live to publiſh theſe Writings, none of the honourable Perſons mentioned in them, as having been once my Friends, will be offended at it; ſince whatever Misfortunes have ſince befallen me, I was not then quite unworthy of the Regard they ſhewed me, and ſtill retain a grateful Senſe of their Favour; only lamenting that by one fatal Folly it is irrecoverably loſt.

And now I muſt confeſs, as I have talked of Ambition, I had a ſtrong one to be known to Dr. *Swift*: As Dr. *Delany* had recommended and introduced Mr. *P——n*

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P——n to him, and the learned Lady before-mentioned, I thought it a little hard to be excluded from the Delight and Inſtruction I might poſſibly receive from ſuch Converſation; and having often remonſtrated on this Head, to no Purpoſe, I at laſt told them, (for to give me my due I was pretty pert) 'that truly they were 'envious, and would not let me ſee the 'Dean, knowing how much I ſurpaſſed 'them all.' As I ſpoke this but half ſerious, I ſet them all a laughing, and as they were to meet the next Day at the Deanery-Houſe to keep the Anniverſary of his Birth-day, I incloſed to Dr. *Delany* the following Lines:

To the Rev. Dr. SWIFT, *on his* Birth-day.

WHILE I the God-like Men of Old,
In Admiration wrapt behold!
Rever'd Antiquity explore,
And turn the long-liv'd Volumes o'er,
Where *Cato*, *Plutarch*, *Flaccus* ſhine
In ev'ry Excellence divine;

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I grieve that our degen'rate Days,
Produce no mighty Souls like theſe;
Patriot, Philoſopher and Bard,
Are Names unknown, and ſeldom heard.
Spare your Reflection, *Phœbus* cries,
'Tis as ungrateful as unwiſe;
Can you complain this ſacred Day,
That Virtues, or that Arts decay?
Behold in SWIFT reviv'd appears
The Virtues of unnumber'd Years;
Behold in him with new Delight,
The Patriot, Bard and Sage unite;
And know, *Ierne* in that Name
Shall rival *Greece* and *Rome* in Fame.

Dr. *Delany* preſented theſe Lines to the Dean, and at the ſame time told him my ſaucy Speech above-mentioned. The Dean kindly accepted of my Compliment, and ſaid, 'He would ſee me whenever I pleaſ-'ed.' A moſt welcome Meſſage to me!

A few Days after, the Dean ſent the Doctor Word, he would dine with him at *Delville*, and deſired to meet Mr. and Mrs. *P——n* there: You may be aſſured I obeyed this welcome Summons, and a Gen-

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tlewoman was ſo kind as to call on me to go with her; when we arrived, Dr. *Delany*'s Servant told us, his Maſter, the Dean, and Mr. *P——n* were walking in the Garden; we met them on a noble Terraſs, whoſe Summit was crowned with a magnificent Portico, where Painting and Sculpture diſplayed their utmoſt Charms: The Lady preſented me to the Dean, who ſaluted me, and ſurprized me, by aſking her, 'If I was her Daughter?' She ſmiled and ſaid, 'I was Mrs. *P——n*.' 'What, ſays 'he, this poor little Child married! God 'help her, ſhe is early engaged in Trouble.' We paſſed the Day in a moſt elegant and delightful Manner; and the Dean, engaging Mr. *P——n* to preach for him at the Cathedral the *Sunday* following, gave me alſo with the reſt of the Company an Invitation to Dinner. As the Communion is adminiſtered every *Sunday* in this antique Church, dedicated to St. *Patrick*, the firſt Prelate who taught the Goſpel in *Ireland*, I was charmed to ſee with what a becoming Piety the Dean performed that ſolemn Service; which he had ſo much at Heart, that

he

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he wanted not the Aſſiſtance of the Litur-gy, but went quite thro' it without ever looking in the Prayer-Book. Indeed an-other Part of his Behaviour on this Occa-ſion was cenſured by ſome as ſavouring of *Popery*, which was, that he bowed to the Holy-Table; however this Circumſtance may vindicate him from the wicked Aſper-ſion of being deemed an Unbeliever, ſince 'tis plain he had the utmoſt Reverence for the Euchariſt. Service being over, we met the Dean at the Church-Door, ſur-rounded by a Crowd of Poor, to all of whom he gave Charity, excepting one old Woman, who held out a very dirty Hand to him; he told her very gravely, 'That 'though ſhe was a Beggar, Water was 'not ſo ſcarce but ſhe might have waſhed 'her Hands:' And ſo we marched with the Silver Verge before us to the Deanery-Houſe. When we came into the Parlour, the Dean kindly ſaluted me, and without allowing me Time to ſit down, bade me come and ſee his Study; Mr. *P——n* was for following us, but the Dean told him merrily, He did not deſire his Company; and

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and ſo he ventured to truſt me with him into the Library: 'Well, ſays he, I have 'brought you here to ſhew you all the Mo- 'ney I got when I was in the Miniſtry, 'but do not ſteal any of it.' 'I will not 'indeed, Sir, ſays I;' ſo he opened a Ca- binet, and ſhewed me a whole Parcel of empty Drawers; 'Bleſs me, ſay he, the 'Money is flown;' he then opened his Bureau, wherein he had a great Number of curious Trinkets of various Kinds, ſome of which he told me, 'Were preſented to 'him by the Earl and Counteſs of *Oxford* 'ſome by Lady *Maſham*, and ſome by La- 'dy *Betty Germain*;' at laſt, coming to Drawer filled with Medals, he bade m chuſe two for myſelf; but he could no help ſmiling, when I began to poize ther in my Hands, chuſing them by Weigh rather than Antiquity, of which indeed was not then a Judge.

The Dean amuſed me in this Manner t we were ſummoned to Dinner, where h Behaviour was ſo humorous, that I cann avoid relating ſome Part of it: He plac himſelf at the Head of his Table oppoſ

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to a great Pier-Glaſs, under which was a Marble Side-board, ſo that he could ſee in the Glaſs whatever the Servants did at it; He was ſerved entirely in Plate, and with great Elegance; but the Beef being over-roaſted put us all in Confuſion, the Dean called for the Cook-maid, and ordered her to take it down Stairs, and do it leſs; the Maid anſwered, very innocently, 'That ſhe 'could not:' 'Why, what Sort of a Crea-'ture are you, ſays he, to commit a Fault 'which cannot be amended?' And turning to me he ſaid very gravely, 'That he 'hoped, as the Cook was a Woman of 'Genius, he ſhould, by this Manner of ar-'guing, be able in about a Year's Time 'to convince her ſhe had better ſend up 'the Meat too little than too much done;' charging the Men Servants, 'Whenever 'they imagined the Meat was ready, they 'ſhould take it Spit and all, and bring it 'up by Force, promiſing to aid them, in 'caſe the Cook reſiſted.' The Dean then turning his Eye on the Looking-glaſs eſpied the Butler opening a Bottle of Ale, and helping himſelf to the firſt Glaſs; he very

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very kindly jumbled the reſt together, th
his Maſter and Gueſts might all fare alik
'Ha! Friend, ſays the Dean, Sharp's t
'Word, I find you drank my Ale, f
'which I ſtop two Shillings of your Boar
'Wages this Week, for I ſcorn to be ou
'done in any thing, even in cheating
Dinner at laſt was over to my great Jo
for now I had Hope of a more agreeal
Entertainment than what the ſquabbli
with the Servants had afforded us.

The Dean thanked Mr. *P——n*
his Sermon: 'I never, ſays he, preacl
'but twice in my Life, and then they w
'not Sermons, but Pamphlets.' I aſk
him, 'What might be the Subject
'them;' he told me, 'They were aga
'*Wood*'s Half-pence.' 'Pray, Mad
'ſays he, do you ſmoke;' 'No inde
'Sir, ſays I;' 'Nor your Huſban
'Neither, Sir:' 'It is a Sign, ſaid he,
'were neither of you bred in the Uni
'ſity of *Oxford*; for drinking and ſmo
'ing are the firſt Rudiments of Learn
'taught there; and in thoſe two Arts
'Univerſity in *Europe* can out-do the

'I

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'Pray Mrs. *P——n* tell me your Faults;' 'Indeed, Sir, I muſt beg to be excuſed, 'for if I can help it, you ſhall never find 'them out;' 'No, ſays he, then Mr. '*P——n* ſhall tell me;' 'I will, Sir, 'ſays he, when I have diſcovered them.' 'Pray Mr. Dean, ſays Dr. *Delany*, why 'will you be ſo unpolite, as to ſuppoſe Mrs. '*P——n* has any Faults?' 'Why, I will 'tell you, replied the Dean; whenever I 'ſee a Number of agreeable Qualities in 'any Perſon, I am always ſure, they have 'bad ones ſufficient to poize the Scale.' I bowed, and told the Dean, 'He did me 'great Honour:' And in this I copied Biſhop *Berkley*, whom I have frequently heard declare, 'That when any Speech was made 'to him, which might be conſtrued either 'into a Compliment, or an Affront, or '(that to make uſe of his own Word) had 'two Handles; he was ſo meek and ſo 'mild, that he always took hold of the 'beſt.'

The Dean then aſked me, 'If I was a 'Queen, what I ſhould chuſe to have after 'Dinner?' I anſwered, 'His Converſa-'tion;'

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'tion;' 'Phooh! ſays he, I mean what 'Regale?' 'A Diſh of Coffee, Sir;' 'Why then I will ſo far make you as hap-'py as a Queen, you ſhall have ſome in 'Perfection; for when I was Chaplain to 'the Earl of *Berkley*, who was in the Go-'vernment here, I was ſo poor, I was ob-'liged to keep a Coffee-houſe, and all the 'Nobility reſorted to it to talk Treaſon:' I could not help ſmiling at this Oddity, but I really had ſuch an Awe on me, that I could not venture to aſk him, as I longed to do, what it meant? The Bottle and Glaſſes being taken away, the Dean ſet about making the Coffee; but the Fire ſcorching his Hand, he called to me to reach him his Glove, and changing the Coffee-pot to his Left-hand, held out his Right one, ordered me to put the Glove on it, which accordingly I did; when taking up Part of his Gown to fan himſelf with, and acting in Character of a prudiſh Lady, he ſaid, 'Well, I do not know what to 'think; Women may be honeſt that do 'ſuch Things, but, for my Part, I never 'could bear to touch any Man's Fleſh——

'except

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'except my Husband's, whom perhaps, 'says he, she wished at the Devil.

'Mr. *P*———*n*, says he, you would not 'tell me your Wife's Faults; but I have 'found her out to be a d—ned, insolent, 'proud, unmannerly Slut:' I looked confounded, not knowing what Offence I had committed.———Says Mr. *P*———*n*, 'Ay, 'Sir, I must confess she is a little saucy to 'me sometimes, but———what has she 'done now?' 'Done! why nothing, but 'sat there quietly, and never once offered 'to interrupt me in making the Coffee, 'whereas had I had a Lady of modern good 'Breeding here, she would have struggled 'with me for the Coffee-pot till she had 'made me scald myself and her, and made 'me throw the Coffee in the Fire; or per-'haps at her Head, rather than permit me 'to take so much trouble for her.'

This raised my Spirits, and as I found the Dean always prefaced a Compliment with an Affront, I never afterwards was startled at the latter, (as too many have been, not entering into his peculiarly ironical Strain) but was modestly contented with

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the former, which was more than I deserved, and which the Surprize rendered doubly pleasing.

By this Time, the Bell rang for Church; and Dr. *Delany* and Mr. *P——n*, who with myself were now all the Company, (for the rest departed before the Coffee was out) were obliged to attend the Summons: But as there is no Service in the Cathedral, but Evening-Prayer at Six o'Clock, I chose rather to attend the Dean there, than go to hear another Sermon; by this means I had him all to myself for near three Hours, during which Time he made me read to him the Annals of the four last Years of the Reign of Queen *Anne*, written by himself; the Intentions of which seemed to be a Vindication of the then Ministry and himself, from having any Design of placing the Pretender on the Throne of *Great-Britain*: It began with a solemn Adjuration, that all the Facts therein contained were Truth, and then proceeded in the Manner of Lord *Clarendon*, with giving the particular Characters of every Person whom he should have occasion to mention; amongst whom,

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I remember, he compared Lord *Bolingbroke* to *Petronius*, one who agreeably mingled Buſineſs with Pleaſure. At the Concluſion of every Period, he demanded of me, 'Whether I underſtood it? For I 'would, ſays he, have it intelligent to the 'meaneſt Capacity, and if you compre- 'prehend it, 'tis poſſible every Body may.' 'I bowed, and aſſured him I did.' And indeed it was written with ſuch Perſpecuity and Elegance of Stile, that I muſt have had no Capacity at all, if I did not taſte what was ſo exquiſitely beautiful.

Mr. *P*———*n*, when he was Chaplain to Alderman *Barber*, in the Year of his Mayoralty, mentioned thoſe Annals to Mr. *Pope*, who ſaid he had diſſuaded the Dean from publiſhing them; as the Facts contained in them were notoriouſly falſe. I was greatly aſtoniſhed when Mr. *P* — *n* told me this, nor could I tell what to determine: It ſeemed ſtrange to me, that a Perſon of the Dean's good Senſe and Veracity, ſhould in the moſt ſolemn manner invocate the Almighty to bear Teſtimony to Falſhoods, publicly known to be ſuch.

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And yet as Mr. *Pope* was in Proſe a Man of unqueſtioned Probity, and united to the Dean in the ſtricteſt Bonds of Friendſhip, and conſequently, without doubt, well acquainted with the Tranſactions of thoſe Times, we can hardly ſuppoſe he would ſpeak in the manner he did, without juſt Grounds for ſo doing; and his Evidence ſeems ſtrengthened by his being of the *Romiſh* Religion, which muſt certainly incline him to wiſh well to a Prince of the ſame Faith. However, upon the whole, I am inclined to judge charitably of the Dean; and to believe, that tho' the Miniſters frequently employed him as a Writer, and entertained him as a Companion; yet they had not let him into the Depth of their Deſigns, *the Myſtery of Iniquity!* So that what he relates in his Annals of the inviolable Attachment of thoſe in Power to the *Hanover* Succeſſion and the *Proteſtant* Faith, might be by him believed to be Truth: For who ſo wiſe but may be deceived? And perhaps Mr. *Pope*'s long and intimate Correſpondence with Lord *Bolingbroke* gave him a better Knowledge of what

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what was really intended at that critical Juncture. Pardon this Digreſſion.

The Bell rang for Evening-Prayer, to which I accompanied the Dean. There is a fine Organ in this Church, which, with its antique Magnificence and ſo harmonious a Choir, brought *Milton*'s Lines into my Mind:

And let my due Feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious Cloyſters pale,
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antique Pillars, maſſy Proof,
And ſtory'd Windows richly dight,
Shedding a dim religious Light;
There let the pealing Organ blow
To the full-voic'd Choir below;
In Service high! and Anthem clear,
Which may with Pleaſure thro' mine Ear,
Diſſolve me into Extaſies,
And bring all Heaven before my Eyes.

On our Return to the Deanery-houſe, we found there waiting our coming Dr. *Delany* and Mr. *Rochford*, to whoſe Wife, *A Letter of Advice to a new-married Lady*,

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(publiſhed ſince in the Dean's Works) was written, and which by the bye, the Lady did not take as a Compliment, either to her or the Sex, Mr. *P———n*, Dr. *Sheridan*, Author of the Art of Punning, with two or three other Clergymen, (who uſually paſſed *Sunday* Evening with the Dean) Mr. *P———n* and I were for going Home, but the Dean told us, 'He gave 'us leave to ſtay to Supper;' which from him was a ſufficient Invitation. The Dean then pulled out of his Pocket, a little Gold Runlet, in which was a Bottle-Screw, and opening a Bottle of Wine, he decanted it off; the laſt Glaſs being muddy, he called to Mr. *P———n* to drink it: 'For, ſays 'he, I always keep ſome poor Parſon to 'drink the foul Wine for me:' Mr. *P——n*, entering into his Humour, thanked him, and told him, 'He did not know 'the Difference, but was glad to get a 'Glaſs at any rate:' 'Why then, ſays the 'Dean, you ſhan't, for I'll drink it my-'ſelf: Why, P—x take you, you are 'wiſer than a paultry Curate, whom I 'aſked to dine with me a few Days ago; 'for

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'for upon my making the ſame Speech
'to him, he told me he did not underſtand
'ſuch Uſage, and ſo walked off without
'his Dinner. By the ſame Token, I told
'the Gentleman who recommended him
'to me, That the Fellow was a Blockhead,
'and I had done with him.'

The Dean then miſſing his Golden Bottle-Screw, told me, very ſternly, 'He was ſure 'I had ſtolen it:' I affirmed, very ſeriouſly, 'I had not:' Upon which he looked for it, and found it where he himſelf had laid it; ''Tis well for you, ſays he, that I 'have got it, or I would have charged you 'with Theft:' 'Why, pray, Sir, ſhould 'I be ſuſpected more than any other Per-'ſon in the Company?' 'For a very good 'Reaſon, ſays he, becauſe you are the 'pooreſt.'

There now came in, to ſup with the Dean, one of the oddeſt little Mortals I ever met with: He formerly wrote the *Gazetteer*; and upon the Strength of being an Author, and of having travelled, took upon him not only to dictate to the Company, but to contradict whatever any other

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other Perſon advanced Right or Wrong, till he had entirely ſilenced them all: And then having the whole Talk to himſelf, (for, to my great Surprize, the Dean neither interrupted nor ſhewed any Diſlike of him) he told us a whole String of Improbabilities, ſuch as, 'That each Pillar of St. 'Peter's at *Rome* took up more Ground 'than a Convent which was near it, where-'in were twelve Monks, with their Cha-'pel, Garden, and Infirmary.' By this Account, every Pillar muſt take up, at leaſt, half an Acre, and, conſidering the Number of them, we muſt conclude the Edifice to be ſome Miles in Circumference. No one preſent had ever been at *Rome*, except himſelf, ſo that he might tell us juſt what he thought proper.

I took notice, that before this dogmatical Gentleman the Dean was moſt remarkably complaiſant to Mr. *P*——*r* and me, and at our going away, the Dean would hand me down all the Steps to the Coach, thanking us for the Honour of our Company, at the ſame time ſliding into my Hand as much Money as Mr. *P*——*r* and

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and I had given at the Offering in the Morning, and Coach-hire alſo, which I durſt not refuſe, leſt I ſhould have been deemed as great a Blockhead as the Parſon, who refuſed the thick Wine.

It has been a Matter of Diſpute amongſt the Learned, whether *England* or *Ireland* had the Honour of giving to the World this admirable Perſon; 'tis probable Poſterity may contend this Point, as warmly as the ſeven Cities of *Greece* did the Birth-place of *Homer*: And tho' in reality, 'tis of no great Importance where a Man is born; yet as the *Iriſh* are the eternal Ridicule of the *Engliſh* for their Ignorance, I am proud *Hibernia* had the Happineſs of producing this brilliant Wit, to redeem the Credit of the Country; and to convince the World, a Man may draw his firſt Breath there, and yet be learned, wiſe, generous, religious, witty, ſocial and polite.

The Account I have frequently heard the Dean give of himſelf, was, that he was born in *Hoey's-Alley*, in *Warburgh*'s Pariſh, *Dublin*; his Father was a Lawyer, and returning from the Circuit, he unfortunately brought

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brought home the Itch with him, whic
he had got by lying in ſome foul Bed o
the Road. Somebody adviſed him to u
Mercury to cure it, which Preſcriptio
coſt him his Life in a very few Days aft
his Return. The Dean was a poſthumou
Son to this Gentleman, but, as he ſai
came Time enough to ſave his Mother
Credit. He was given to an *Iriſh* Woma
to nurſe, whoſe Huſband being in *Englan*
and writing to her to come to him; as ſh
could not bear the Thoughts of partin
with the Child, ſhe very fairly took hi
with her, unknown to his Mother, or a
of his Relations, who could learn no Ti
ings either of him or her for three Year
at the End of which Time, ſhe returned
Ireland, and reſtored the Child to his M
ther, from whom ſhe eaſily obtained a Pa
don, both on account of the Joy ſhe co
ceived at ſeeing her only Son again, wh
ſhe had in a manner loſt all Hope of it;
alſo, that it was plain, the Nurſe had
other Motive for ſtealing him, but pu
Affection, which the Women of *Irela*
generally have in as eminent Degree,

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the Children they nurſe, as for their own Offspring.

I believe the Dean's early Youth did not promiſe that bright Day of Wit which has ſince enlightened the learned World. Whilſt he was at the Univerſity of *Dublin*, he was ſo far from being diſtinguiſhed for any Superiority of Parts or Learning, that he was ſtopped of his Degree as a Dunce. When I heard the Dean relate this Circumſtance, for I ſet down nothing but what I had from his own Mouth, I told him, I ſuppoſed he had been idle; but he affirmed to the contrary; aſſuring me, he was really dull, which, if true, is very ſurpriſing.

I have often been led to look on the World as a Garden, and the human Minds as ſo many Plants, ſet by the Hand of the great Creator for Utility and Ornament. Thus, ſome we ſee, early produce beautiful Bloſſoms, and as ſoon fade away; others, whoſe Gems are more ſlow in unfolding, but more permanent, when blown; and others again, who tho' longer in arriving at Perfection, not only bleſs us then with Shade and Odour, but alſo with delicious

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delicious wholeſome Fruit. To go on with the Allegory, we often hear from Children very bright Sallies of Wit, and Reflections above their Years: From theſe hopeful Beginnings we are apt to expect ſomething very extraordinary in their Maturity, but how often are we diſappointed? How often do we ſee theſe ſparkling Children dwindle gradually into the moſt humdrum Men and Women, as if, to make uſe of the Floriſts Phraſe, the *Blow* was quite over; and ſome, whoſe Childhood has given no Preſages of great Talents, have improved every Year, till they have brought forth the beautiful Flowers of Poetry and Rhetorick, and the rich Fruits of Wiſdom and Virtue.

Whether this Compariſon will hold, I ſubmit to the Judgment of thoſe who are better acquainted with the ſecret Workings of Nature, than I can preſume to be. I am afraid of going out of my Depth, and yet I have a great Inclination to ſay a little more on this Subject.

I have known a Perſon, who in his Youth was an extraordinary Adept in Muſic, and performed

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performed on ſeveral Inſtruments extremely well. I ſaw the ſame Perſon ſome Years after; and lo! his muſical Talent was entirely loſt, and he was then a very good Painter. Now I could not help forming a Notion in my own Mind, that as our Ideas depend on the Fibres of the Brain, it was poſſible we might by the continual Uſe of ſome particular one, weaken it ſo as to make it periſh; and at the ſame time, another might exert from that very Cauſe itſelf with double Strength. Thus, I ſuppoſe, when this Gentleman's muſical Fibres periſhed, his painting ones ſhot forth with Vigour. If there be any Truth in this Whim of mine, which, I own, I am fond of believing myſelf, we may eaſily account for the various Diſpoſitions which we meet with, even in the ſame Perſon at different Periods of Life.

But to return. Altho' it is not in my Power to give a ſuccinct Account of the Dean's Life, neither have I any intention to attempt it, yet I believe I am better qualified to do it, than moſt of thoſe who have undertaken it, as they were abſolute Strangers

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Strangers to him, and relate Things up
Hearſay. The Dean, for the latter Part
his Life, contracting his Acquaintance in
a very narrow Compaſs, for as he was fr
quently deaf, he thought this Infirmi
made him troubleſome, and therefore ke
no Company but ſuch as he could be ſo fr
with, as to bid them ſpeak loud, or rep
what they had ſaid; it was owing to th
that Mr. *P——n* and I frequently paſ
whole Days with him, while Numbers
our betters were excluded; and as he w
like another *Neſtor*, full of Days and W
dom, ſo like him, he was pretty mu
upon the Narrative, than which noth
could be more delightful to me, as Pleaſ
and Inſtruction flowed from his Lips:

His Words

Drew Audience, and Attention ſtill as Nig
Or Summer's Noontide Air. Mil

I remember in one of theſe period
Fits of Deafneſs, for they returned on
tain Seaſons on him, he ſent for me e
in the Morning; he told me when I ca

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he had found Employment for me; ſo he brought to me out of his Study a large Book, very finely bound in *Turkey* Leather, and handſomely gilt; this, ſays he, is a Tranſlation of the Epiſtles of *Horace*, a Preſent to me from the Author, it is a ſpecial good Cover! But I have a Mind there ſhould be ſomething valuable within ſide of it; ſo taking out his Penknife, he cut out all the Leaves cloſe to the inner Margin. Now, ſays he, I will give theſe what they greatly want, and put them all into the Fire. He then brought out two Drawers filled with Letters: Your Taſk, Madam, is to paſte in theſe Letters, in this Cover, in the Order I ſhall give them to you; I intended to do it myſelf, but that I thought it might be a pretty Amuſement for a Child, ſo I ſent for you. I told him, I was extremely proud to be honoured with his Commands: But, Sir, may I preſume to make a Requeſt to you, yes, ſays he, but ten to one I ſhall deny it. I hope not, Sir, it is this; may I have leave to read the Letters as I go on? Why, provided you will acknowledge yourſelf amply re-

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warded for your Trouble, I do not much care if I indulge you ſo far; but are you ſure you can read? I do not know, Sir, I will try. Well then begin with this: It was a Letter from Lord *Bolingbroke*, dated ſix o'Clock in the Morning; it began with a Remark, how differently that Hour appeared to him now riſing cool, ſerene, and temperate, to contemplate the Beauties of Nature, to what it had done in ſome former Parts of his Life, when he was either in the midſt of Exceſſes, or returning Home ſated with them; ſo he proceeded to deſcribe the numberleſs Advantages with which Temperance and Virtue bleſs their Votaries, and the Miſeries which attend a contrary Courſe. The Epiſtle was pretty long, and the moſt refined Piece of moral Philoſophy I ever met with, as indeed every one of his were, and I had the unſpeakable Delight of reading ſeveral of them.

Nor can I be at all ſurprized, that Mr. *Pope* ſhould ſo often celebrate a Genius, who, for Sublimity of Thought, and Elegance of Stile, had few Equals. The reſt of the Dean's Correſpondents were, the Lady

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Lady *Maſham*, the Earl of *Oxford*, Dr. *Atterbury*, Biſhop *Burnet*, Lord *Bathurſt*, Mr. *Addiſon*, Archdeacon *Parnell*, Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Pultney*, Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Gay*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*; a noble and a learned Set! So my Readers may judge what a Banquet I had. I could not avoid remarking to the Dean, that notwithſtanding the Friendſhip Mr. *Pope* profeſſed for Mr. *Gay*, he could not forbear a great many ſatirical, or, if I may be allowed to ſay ſo, envious Remarks on the Succeſs of the *Beggar's Opera*. The Dean very frankly owned, he did not think Mr. *Pope* was ſo candid to the Merits of other Writers, as he ought to be. I then ventured to aſk the Dean, whether he thought the Lines Mr. *Pope* addreſſes him with, in the Beginning of the *Dunciad*, were any Compliment to him? *viz.*

O thou! whatever Title pleaſe thine Ear.
Dunciad.

'I believe, ſays he, they were meant as 'ſuch; but they are very ſtiff;'—'Indeed, Sir,

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'Sir, ſaid I, he is ſo perfectly a Maſter of 'harmonious Number, that had his Heart 'been in the leaſt affected with his Subject, 'he muſt have writ better;' 'How cold, 'how forced, are his Lines to you, com-'pared with yours to him:'

* *Hail happy* Pope, *whoſe generous Mind.*

Here we ſee the maſterly Poet, and the warm, ſincere, generous Friend; while he, according to the Character he gives of Mr. *Addiſon*, damns with faint Praiſe.—'Well, 'replied the Dean, I will ſhew you a late 'Letter of his to me;' he did ſo; and I own I was ſurprized to find it filled with low and ungentleman-like Reflections both on Mr. *Gay* and the two noble Perſons who honoured him with their Patronage after his Diſappointment at Court. 'Well, 'Madam, ſaid the Dean, what do you 'think of that Letter? (ſeeing I had gone 'quite through it:)——'Indeed, Sir, re-'turned I, I am ſorry I have read it; for 'it gives me Reaſon to think there is no 'ſuch

* See *Swift's* Libel on Lord *Carteret*.

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'ſuch thing as a ſincere Friend to be met 'with in the World.' 'Why, replied he, 'Authors are as jealous of their Preroga- 'tive as Kings, and can no more bear a 'Rival in the Empire of Wit, than a Mo- 'narch could in his Dominions.' 'But, 'Sir, ſaid I, here is a *Latin* Sentence writ 'in *Italics*, which, I ſuppoſe, means ſome- 'thing particular; will you be ſo kind to 'explain it?' 'No, replied he, ſmiling, '— I will leave that for your Huſband to 'do; — I will ſend for him to come and 'dine with us, and in the mean time we 'will go and take a Walk in *Naboth*'s 'Vineyard:' 'Where may that be, pray, 'Sir?'—— 'Why a Garden — I cheated 'one of my Neighbours out of.' — When we entered the Garden, or rather the Field, which was ſquare, and incloſed with a Stone Wall, the Dean aſked me how I liked it? 'Why pray, ſaid I, where 'is the Garden?' 'Look behind you,' ſaid he; I did ſo, and obſerved the South Wall was lined with Brick, and a great Num- ber of Fruit Trees planted againſt it, which being then in Bloſſom, looked very beau- tiful.

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thul. 'What are you ſo intent on, ſaid 'the Dean?' 'The opening Blooms, Sir, 'which brought *Waller*'s Lines to my Re-'membrance: ———

Hope waits upon the flow'ry Prime.

'Oh! replied he, you are in a poetical 'Vein; I thought you had been taking 'Notice of my Wall, it is the beſt in *Ire-'land*; when the Maſons were building it, '(as moſt Tradeſmen are Rogues) I 'watched them very cloſe, and as often as 'they could, they put in a rotten Stone, 'of which however, I took no Notice, till 'they had built three or four Perches be-'yond it; now as I am an abſolute Monarch 'in the *Liberties**, and King of the Mob, 'my Way with them, was to have the 'Wall thrown down to the Place where I 'obſerved the rotten Stone, and by doing 'ſo five or ſix Times, the Workmen were 'at laſt convinced it was their Intereſt to 'be honeſt;' or elſe, Sir, ſaid I, your Wall 'would have been as tedious a Piece of 'Work

* *Liberties* belonging to the Dean.

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'Work as *Penelope*'s Web, if all that was 'done in the Day was to be undone at 'Night:' 'Well, anſwered he, I find you 'have Poetry for every Occaſion; but as 'you cannot keep Pace with me in walk-'ing; (for indeed I was not quite ſo light 'then, as I had been ſome Months before) 'I would have you ſit down on that little 'Bank, till you are reſted or I tired, to 'put us more upon a Par.'

I ſeated myſelf, and away the Dean walked, or rather trolled, as hard as ever he could drive. I could not help ſmiling at his odd Gait, for I thought to myſelf, he had written to ſo much in Praiſe of Horſes, that he was reſolved to imitate them as nearly as he could: As I was indulging this Fancy, the Dean returned to me, and gave me a ſtrong Confirmation of his Partiality to thoſe Animals; 'I have been 'conſidering, Madam, as I walked, ſaid 'he, what a Fool Mr. *P*——*n* was to 'marry you, for he could have afforded to 'keep a Horſe for leſs Money than you 'coſt him, and that, you muſt confeſs, 'would have given him better Exerciſe and 'more

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'more Pleaſure than a Wife: —— Wh
'you laugh, and do not anſwer me——
'not it Truth?' 'I muſt anſwer you, Si
'with another Queſtion; Pray how can
'Batchelor judge of this Matter?' 'I finc
'ſaid he, you are vain enough to giv
'yourſelf the Preference:' 'I do, Sir, t
'that Species here, a *Huyoniam*, I would,
'becomes me, give Place to: But, Sir,
'is going to rain;'— 'I hope not, ſaid h
'for that will coſt me Six-pence for
'Coach for you, (this Garden being
'ſome Diſtance from his Houſe) com
'haſte: O how the Teſter trembles in m
'Pocket!' I obeyed, and we got in
Doors juſt Time enough to eſcape a heav
Shower. 'Thank God, ſaid the Dean,
'have ſaved my Money; here, you Fe
'low, (to his Servant) carry this Six-pen
'to the lame old Man that ſells Ginge
'bread at the Corner, becauſe he tries
'do ſomething, and does not beg.'

The Dean ſhewed me into a little Stree
Parlour, (where ſat his Houſekeeper,
matron-like Gentlewoman at Work) 'He
'ſays he, Mrs. *Brent*, take Care of t
'Chil

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'Child, meaning me) and ſee ſhe does no 'Miſchief, while I take my Walk out 'within Doors:' The Deanery-Houſe has I know not how many Pair of Back-Stairs in it; the preceding Dean who built it being, it ſeems, extremely fearful of Fire, was reſolved there ſhould be many Ways to eſcape in caſe of Danger.

The Dean then ran up the Great-Stairs, down one Pair of Back-Stairs, up another, in ſo violent a Manner, that I could not help expreſſing my Uneaſineſs to the good Gentlewoman, leſt he ſhould fall, and be hurted; ſhe ſaid, 'It was a cuſtomary Ex-'erciſe with him, when the Weather did 'not permit him to walk abroad.'

I told Mrs. *Brent*, 'I believed the Dean 'was extremely charitable;' 'Indeed, Ma-'dam, replied ſhe, No body can be more 'ſo; his Income is not above ſix hundred 'Pounds a Year, and every Year he gives 'above the Half of it in private Penſions 'to decayed Families; beſides this, he keeps 'five hundred Pounds in the conſtant Ser-'vice of the induſtrious Poor: This he 'lends out in five Pounds at a Time, and takes

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'takes the Payment back at twelve Pen
'a Week; this does them more Servic
'than if he gave it to them entirely, as
'obliges them to work, and at the sam
'Time keeps up this charitable Fund f
'the Assistance of many. You cannot
'magine what Numbers of poor Tradesme
'who have even wanted proper Tools
'carry on their Work, have by this sm
'Loan, been put into a prosperous Wa
'and brought up their Families in Cred
'The Dean, added she, has found out
'new Method of being charitable, in whi
'however, I believe, he will have but fe
'Followers; which is, to debar himself
'what he calls the Superfluities of Life,
'order to administer to the Necessities
'the Distressed; you just now saw an I
'stance of it, the Money a Coach wou
'have cost him, he gave to a poor Ma
'unable to walk; when he dines alone,
'drinks a Pint of Beer, and gives aw
'the Price of a Pint of Wine; and thus
'acts in numberless Instances.'

My Reader will, I hope, do me the Ju
tice to believe I was quite charmed with t

Accou

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Account of the Dean's beneficent Spirit; and I no longer wondered ſo many of the Clergy endeavoured to depreciate him; for, as it is well known, there are not, in the general, a more voluptuous Set of Men living, this Doctrine of *Self-denial*, was enough to make them pour out all their Anathema's on him, and brand him with the Name of *Atheiſt*, Unbeliever, and ſuch like Terms, as they in their Chriſtian Zeal thought proper to beſtow.

I before admired the Dean as a Perſon of diſtinguiſhed Genius, but now I learned to revere him as the Angel of *Ireland*. The Dean running into the Parlour, threw a whole Packet of Manuſcript Poems into my Lap, and ſo he did for five or ſix Times ſucceſſively, till I had an Apron full of Wit and Novelty, (for they were all of his own Writing,) and ſuch as had not then been made public, and many of them, I believe, never will. Mr. *P——n* coming, according to the Dean's Deſire, to Dinner, found me deeply engaged, and ſat down to partake of my Entertainment, till we were ſummoned to Table, to a leſs

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noble Part. 'Well, Mr. *P*——*n*, ſaid th
'Dean, I hope you are jealous; I hav
'had your Wife a good many Hours
'and as ſhe is a likely Girl, and I a ver
'young Man, (*Note*, he was upwards o
'Threeſcore) you do not know wha
'may have happened: Tho' I muſt te
'you, you are very partial to her; ſo
'here I have not been acquainted wit
'her above ſix Months, and I have al
'ready diſcovered two intolerable Fault
'in her; 'tis true, I looked ſharp, or per
'haps they might have eſcaped my No
'tice: Nay, Madam, do not look ſur
'priſed, I am reſolved to tell your Huſ
'band, that he may break you of them.
'Indeed, Sir, returned I, my Surprize is
'that you have not found out two and
'fifty in half that time; but let me know
'them, and I will mend of them, if
'can.' 'Well put in, ſays he, for I be
'lieve you can't; but eat your Dinner
'however, for they are not capital.'
obeyed, yet was very impatient to know
my particular Errors; he told me, '
'ſhould hear of them Time enough.'

Th

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The Things being taken away; 'Now, 'good Sir, ſaid I, tell me what I do amiſs, 'that I may reform;' 'No, returned he; 'but I'll tell your Huſband before your 'Face to ſhame you the more:——In the 'firſt Place, Mr. *P*——*n*, ſhe had the in-'ſolence this Morning, not only to deſire 'to read the Writings of the moſt cele-'brated Genius's of the Age, in which I 'indulged her; but ſhe muſt alſo, for-'ſooth, pretend to praiſe or cenſure them, 'as if ſhe knew ſomething of the Matter; 'indeed her Remarks were not much a-'miſs, conſidering they were Gueſs-'Work; but this Letter here of Mr. '*Pope*'s ſhe has abſolutely condemned; 'read it, (he did ſo;) take notice of it, 'ſaid the Dean; ſhe would alſo have had 'me explain that *Latin* Sentence to her, 'but I had ſome Modeſty, tho' ſhe had 'none you ſee.' 'Why, Sir, ſaid I, ſure 'Mr. *Pope* would not (eſpecially to you) 'write any thing which even a Virgin 'might not read.' Now, Mr. *P*——*n*, 'ſaid the Dean, is her Curioſity at work; 'I'll be hang'd if ſhe lets you ſleep to-'night till you have ſatisfied it. But this

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'is not all; ſhe had the Vanity to affirm,
'that ſhe thought herſelf preferable to a
'Horſe, and more capable of giving you
'pleaſure: Nay, ſhe laugh'd in my Face
'for being of a different Opinion; and
'aſked me how a Batchelor ſhould know
'any thing of the Matter? If you don't
'take down her Pride, there will be no
'bearing her.'

'Indeed, Sir, ſaid Mr. *P*———*n*, 'tis
'your Fault that ſhe is ſo conceited; ſhe
'was always diſpoſed to be ſaucy, but
'ſince you have done her the honour to
'take notice of her, and make her your
'Companion, there is no ſuch thing as
'mortifying her.' 'Very fine, ſaid the
'Dean, I have got much by complaining
'to you, to have all your Wife's Faults
'laid at my Door.' 'Well, Sir, ſaid I
'all theſe Miſdemeanors may be included
'under the Article of *Pride:* Now, let
'me know my other Crime:' 'Why
'ſaid he, you can't walk faſt; but at pre-
'ſent, I excuſe you.' 'Well, Sir, if
'can't mend my Pride, I'll try to mend
'my Pace.' Mr. *P*———*n*, ſaid he,
'hav

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'have a mind to clip your Wife's Wit.', 'Indeed, Sir, ſaid I, that's Death by Law, 'for 'tis Sterling.' 'Shut up your Mouth, 'for all Day, *Letty*, ſaid Mr. *P——n*, 'for that Anſwer is real Wit.' Nay, 'ſaid the Dean, I believe we had better 'ſhut up our own, for at this rate ſhe'll 'be too many for us.' I am ſure, if I was not proud before, this was enough to make me ſo.

The Dean gueſſed right, when he ſaid, I would not let Mr. *P——n* ſleep till he had explained to me the *Latin* Sentence in Mr. *Pope*'s Letter; which, at my Requeſt, he did. And, indeed, none but ſuch a wicked Wit could have contrived to turn the Words of our bleſſed Saviour, ſo as to make them convey a very impure, as well as a moſt uncharitable, Idea to the Mind.

Feuds ran ſo high between my Mother and Mr. *P——n*, that my Life became very unhappy. So we determined to quit my Father's Houſe for a little one of our own, which my Huſband's Father made us a Preſent of; and which, by the Bounty of our Friends, who came a Houſe-

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warming to us, was ſoon elegantly furniſhed; there was a large Garden to it, which Mr. *P———n* laid out in a moſt beautiful Taſte, and built a delightful Summer-houſe in it, fit indeed for a Nobleman; here we uſually entertained our Friends; here alſo we both invoked the Muſe. Mr. *P——n* coming in Curate, (by the Removal of Dr. *Owens* to a Living, of whoſe Behaviour to me in my Misfortunes, I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak) and by having the Honour of being Chaplain to Lady *Charlemont*, with an annual Allowance I had from my Father, our Income was about one hundred Pounds a Year; ſo that having no Rent to pay, and having my Father's Coach and Table always at our Command, we could, in ſo cheap a Country as *Ireland*, live in a very decent Manner; as Dr. *Swift* mentions our doing in a Letter of his to Mr. *Pope*, now publiſhed amongſt others.

The Dean came to dine with us in our *Lilliputian* Palace, as he called it, and who could have thought it? He juſt looked into the Parlour, and ran up into the Garret,

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ret, then into my Bed-chamber and Library, and from thence down to the Kitchen; and well it was for me that the Houſe was very clean; for he complimented me on it, and told me, 'That 'was his Cuſtom; and that 'twas from 'the Cleanlineſs of the Garret and Kitchen 'he judged of the good Houſewifery of 'the Miſtreſs of the Houſe; for no doubt, 'but a Slut would have the Rooms clean, 'where the Gueſts were to be entertained.'

He really was ſometimes very rude, even to his Superiors, of which the following Story, related to me by himſelf, may ſerve as one Inſtance amongſt a thouſand others.

. The laſt time he was in *London*, he went to dine with the Earl of *Burlington*, who was then but newly married. My Lord being willing, I ſuppoſe, to have ſome Diverſion, did not introduce him to his Lady, nor mention his Name: 'Tis to be obſerved, his Gown was generally very ruſty, and his Perſon no way extraordinary. ——After Dinner, ſaid the Dean, 'Lady '*Burlington*, I hear you can ſing; ſing 'me a Song.' The Lady looked on this unce-

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unceremonious manner of aſking a Favour with Diſtaſte, and poſitively refuſed him. He ſaid, ſhe ſhould ſing, or he would make her. 'Why, Madam, I ſuppoſe 'you take me for one of your poor paul-'try *Engliſh* Hedge Parſons; ſing, when 'I bid you.' As the Earl did nothing but laugh at this Freedom, the Lady was ſo vexed that ſhe burſt into Tears, and retired.

His firſt Compliment to her, when he ſaw her again, was, 'Pray, Madam, are 'you as proud and as ill-natured now, as 'when I ſaw you laſt?' To which ſhe anſwered with great good Humour,——'No, 'Mr. Dean; I'll ſing for you, if you 'pleaſe.'——From which time he conceived great Eſteem for her. But who that knew him would take offence at his Bluntneſs? It ſeems Queen *Caroline* did not, if we may credit his own Lines, wherein he declares, That he

With Princes kept a due Decorum,
But never ſtood in Awe before 'em;

And

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And to the preſent Queen, God bleſs her,
Would ſpeak as free as to her Dreſſer;
She thought it his peculiar Whim,
Nor took it ill—as come from him.

SWIFT, on his own Death.

I cannot recollect that ever I ſaw the Dean laugh; perhaps he thought it beneath him; for when any Pleaſantry paſſed, which might have excited it, he uſed to ſuck in his Cheeks, as Folks do when they have a Plug of Tobacco in their Mouths, to avoid Riſibility. He frequently put me in mind of *Shakeſpear*'s Deſcription of *Caſſius*:

He is a great Diſcerner, and he looks
Quite thro' the Deeds of Men——
Seldom he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his Spirit,
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

As the Dean, and, after his Example, Mr. *P——n*, were eternally ſatyrizing and ridiculing

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ridiculing the *Female* Sex; I had a very great inclination to be even with them, and expoſe the Inconſtancy of Men; and borrowing a Hint from a Story in the *Peruvian* Tales, I formed from it the following Poem; and I hope it will be acceptable to my fair Readers, as it is peculiarly addreſſed to them.

The STATUES: Or, the Trial of CONSTANCY. A TALE.

For the LADIES.

IN a fair Iſland in the Southern Main,
Bleſt with indulgent Skies and kindly Rain;
A Princeſs liv'd, of Origin divine,
Of Bloom celeſtial, and Imperial Line.

In that ſweet Seaſon, when the mounting Sun
Prepares with Joy his radiant Courſe to run;
Led by the Graces, and the dancing Hours,
And wakes to Life the various Race of Flowers;

The

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The lovely Queen forſook her ſhining Court,
For rural Scenes, and healthful ſylvan Sport.

It ſo befel, that as in chearful Talk,
Her Nymphs and ſhe purſu'd their Evening Walk;
On the green Margin of the oozy Deep,
They found a graceful Youth diſſolv'd in Sleep,
Whoſe Charms the Queen ſurvey'd with fond Delight,
And hung enamour'd o'er the pleaſing Sight:
By her Command, the Youth was ſtrait convey'd,
And, ſleeping, ſoftly in her Palace laid.

Now ruddy Morning purpled o'er the Skies,
And beamy Light unſeal'd the Stranger's Eyes,
Who cry'd aloud, Ye Gods; unfold this Scene!
Where am I! What can all theſe Wonders mean?

Scarce

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Scarce had he ſpoke, when with officious Care,
Attendant Nymphs a fragrant Bath prepare;
He roſe, he bath'd, and on his lovely Head
Ambroſial Sweets, and precious Oil they ſhed:
To deck his poliſh'd Limbs, a Robe they brought,
In all the various Dyes of Beauty wrought.
Then led him to the Queen, who on a Throne
Of burniſh'd Gold, and beamy Diamonds ſhone:
But oh! what Wonder ſeiz'd her beauteous Gueſt!
What Love, what Extaſy, his Soul poſſeſt!
Entranc'd he ſtood, and on his falt'ring Tongue
Imperfect Words, and half-form'd Accent hung:
Nor leſs the Queen the blooming Youth admir'd,
Nor leſs Delight and Love her Soul inſpir'd.

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O Stranger! ſaid the Queen, if hither driven,
By adverſe Winds, or ſent a Gueſt from Heav'n,
To me the wretched never ſue in vain,
This fruitful Iſle acknowledges my Reign,
Then ſpeak thy Wiſhes, and thy Wants declare,
And no Denial ſhall attend your Pray'r;
She paus'd and bluſh'd,——the Youth his Silence broke,
And kneeling thus the charming Queen beſpoke:

O Goddeſs! for a Form ſo bright as thine,
Speaks thee deſcended of celeſtial Line;
Low at your Feet a proſtrate King behold,
Whoſe faithleſs Subjects ſold his Life for Gold;
I fly a cruel Tyrant's lawleſs Hand,
And Shipwreck drove my Veſſel on your Strand.
But why do I complain of Fortune's Frowns?
Or what are Titles, Honours, Scepters, Crowns

To

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To this ſweet Moment? While in fo
Amaze
On ſuch tranſporting Excellence I gaze
Such Symmetry of Shape! ſo fair a Face
Such finiſh'd Excellence, ſuch perf
Grace!
Hear then my only Wiſh, and oh! appro
The ardent Prayer which ſupplicates
Love.

From *Neptune* know, O Prince, my B
I claim,
Replies the Queen, and *Lucida*'s my Na
This Iſland, theſe attendant Nymph
gave,
The fair-hair'd Daughters of the a
Wave!
But he whoſe Fortune gains me f
Bride
Muſt have his Conſtancy ſeverely try'
One Day each Moon am I compell'
go
To my great Father's wat'ry Realms b
Where coral Groves cœleſtial red diſp
And blazing Di'monds emulate the D

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In this ſhort Abſence if your Love endures,
My Heart and Empire are for ever yours ;
And hoary *Neptune*, to reward your Truth,
Shall crown you with immortal Bloom and Youth ;
But inſtant Death will on your Falſhood wait,
Nor can my Tenderneſs prevent your Fate.
Twice twenty Times in Wedlock's ſacred Band,
My royal Father join'd my plighted Hand;
Twice twenty noble Youths, alas! are dead,
Who in my Abſence ſtain'd the Nuptial Bed ;
Your Virtues, Prince, may claim a nobler Throne,
But mine is yielded on theſe Terms alone.

Delightful Terms! reply'd the raptur'd Youth,
Accept my Conſtancy, my endleſs Truth,
Perfidious faithleſs Men! enrag'd, he cry'd,
They merited the Fate by which they dy'd ;

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Accept a Heart incapable of Change,
Thy Beauty ſhall forbid Deſire to range;
No other Form ſhall to mine Eye ſeem fair,
No other Voice attract my liſt'ning Ear,
No Charms but thine ſhall e'er my Soul approve,
So aid thy Vot'ry, potent God of Love!

Now loud Applauſes thro' the Palace ring,
The duteous Subjects hail their God-like King:
To feaſtful Mirth they dedicate the Day,
While tuneful Voices chant the nuptial Lay.
Love ditty'd Airs, hymn'd by the vocal Quire,
Sweetly attemper'd to the warbling Lyre;
But when the Sun deſcending ſought the Main,
And low-brow'd Night aſſum'd her ſilent Reign;
They to the Marriage-bed convey'd the Bride,
And laid the raptur'd Bridegroom by her Side.

Now

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Now roſe the Sun, and with auſpicious
Ray,
Diſpell'd the dewy Miſts, and gave the
Day;
When *Lucida*, with anxious Care oppreſs'd,
Thus wak'd her ſleeping Lord from downy
Reſt:

Soul of my Soul, and Monarch of my
Heart,
This Day, ſhe cry'd, this fatal Day we
part;
Yet if your Love uninjur'd you retain,
We ſoon ſhall meet in Happineſs again,
To part no more; but rolling Years employ
In circling Bliſs, and never fading Joy:
Alas! my boding Soul is loſt in Woe,
And from mine Eyes the Tears unbidden
flow.

Joy of my Life, diſmiſs thoſe needleſs
Fears,
Reply'd the King, and ſtay thoſe precious
Tears;

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Should lovely *Venus* leave her native Sky,
And at my Feet, imploring Fondneſs, lie,
E'en ſhe, the radiant Queen of ſoft Deſires,
Should, diſappointed, burn with hopeleſs Fires.

The Heart of Man the Queen's Experience knew
Perjur'd and falſe, yet wiſh'd to find him true:
She ſigh'd retiring, and in Regal State,
The King conducts her to the Palace Gate;
Where ſacred *Neptune*'s chryſtal Chariot ſtands,
The wond'rous Work of his celeſtial Hands:
Six harneſs'd Swans the bright Machine convey
Swift thro' the Air, or pathleſs wat'ry Way;
The Birds with eagle-ſpeed, the Air divide,
And plunge the Goddeſs in the ſounding Tide.

Slow to the Court the penſive King returns,
And ſighs in ſecret, and in Silence mourns

S

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So in the Grove ſad *Philomel* complains
In mournful Accents, and melodious Strains:
Her plaintive Woes fill the reſounding Lawn,
From ſtarry *Veſper* to the roſy Dawn.

The King, to mitigate his tender Pain,
Seeks the Apartment of the Virgin Train,
With ſportive Mirth ſad Abſence to beguile,
And bid the melancholy Moments ſmile;
But there deſerted lonely Rooms he found,
And ſolitary Silence reign'd around.

He call'd aloud, when, lo! a Hag appears,
Bending beneath Deformity and Years,
Who ſaid, my Liege, explain your ſacred Will,
With Joy your Sov'reign Purpoſe I fulfil.
My Will! deteſted Wretch! avoid my Sight,
And hide that hideous Shape in endleſs Night.

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What! does thy Queen, o'er-run with rude
Diſtruſt,
Reſolve by Force to keep a Huſband juſt?

You wrong, reply'd the Hag, your
royal Wife,
Whoſe Care is Love, and Love to guard
your Life.
The Race of Mortals are by Nature frail,
And ſtrong Temptations with the Beſt
prevail.
Be that my Care, he ſaid, be thine to ſend
The Virgin Train, let them my Will
attend.

The Beldam fled——— The chearful
Nymphs advance,
And tread to meaſur'd Airs the mazy
Dance;
The raptur'd Prince with greedy Eye ſur-
veys.
The bloomy Maids, and covets ſtill to gaze;
No more recals the Image of his Spouſe,
How falſe is Man! nor recollects his Vows;
With wild Inconſtancy for all he burns,
And ev'ry Nymph ſubdues his Heart by
turns.

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At length a Maid ſuperior to the reſt,
Array'd in Smiles, in Virgin Beauty dreſt,
Receiv'd his Paſſion, and return'd his Love,
And ſoftly woo'd him to the ſilent Grove.

Enclos'd in deepeſt Shades of full-grown Wood,
Within the Grove a ſpacious Grotto ſtood,
Where forty Youths, in Marble, ſeem'd to mourn,
Each Youth reclining on a fun'ral Urn:
Thither the Nymph directs the Monarch's Way,
He treads her Footſteps, joyful to obey.
There, fir'd with Paſſion, claſp'd her to his Breaſt,
And thus the Tranſport of his Soul confeſs'd.

Delightful Beauty! deck'd with ev'ry Charm
High Fancy paints! or glowing Love can form!
I ſigh, I gaze, I tremble, I adore!
Such lovely Looks ne'er bleſt my Sight before!

Here,

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Here, under covert of th' imbow'ring
Shade,
For Love's Delights and tender Tranſports
made,
No buſy Eye our Raptures to detect,
No envious Tongue to cenſure or direct;
Here yield to Love, and tenderly employ
The ſilent Seaſon in extatic Joy.

With Arms enclos'd, his Treaſure t
retain,
He ſigh'd and woo'd, but woo'd and ſigh'
in vain:
She ruſh'd indignant from his fond Embrace
While Rage with Bluſhes paints her Virgi
Face;
Yet ſtill he ſues with ſuppliant Hands an
Eyes,
While ſhe to Magic Charms for Vengeanc
flies.

A limpid Fountain murmur'd thro' t
Cave;
She fill'd her Palm with the tranſluce
Wave,

A

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And ſprinkling cry'd, Receive falſe Man, in Time,
The juſt Reward of thy deteſted Crime.
Thy changeful Sex in Perfidy delight,
Deſpiſe Perfection, and fair Virtue ſlight,
Falſe, fickle, baſe, tyrannic, and unkind,
Whoſe Hearts, nor Vows can chain, nor Honour bind:
Mad to poſſeſs, by Paſſion blindly led;
And then as mad to ſtain the nuptial Bed:
Whoſe roving Souls no Excellence, no Age,
No Form, no Rank, no Beauty, can engage;
Slaves to the Bad, to the Deſerving worſt,
Sick of your twentieth Love, as of your firſt.
The Statues, which this hallow'd Grot adorn,
Like thee were Lovers, and like thee forſworn;
Whoſe faithleſs Hearts no Kindneſs could ſecure,
Nor for a Day preſerve their Paſſion pure;

Whom

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Whom neither Love, nor Beauty could
restrain,
Nor Fear of endleſs Infamy and Pain.
In me behold thy Queen; for know with
Eaſe
We Deities aſſume each Form we pleaſe;
Nor can the feeble Ken of mortal Eyes
Perceive the Goddeſs thro' the dark Diſ-
guiſe.
Now feel the Force of Heav'n's avenging
Hand,
And here inanimate for ever ſtand.

She ſpoke——Amaz'd the liſt'ning Mo-
narch ſtood,
And icy Horror froze his ebbing Blood;
Thick Shades of Death upon his Eyelids
creep,
And clos'd them faſt in everlaſting Sleep;
No Senſe of Life, no Motion he retains;
But fix'd, a dreadful Monument remains;
A STATUE now, and if reviv'd once more,
Would prove, no doubt, as perjur'd as
before.

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I doubt not but the World will expect to hear from me ſome of the Dean's Amours, as he has not quite eſcaped Cenſure, on account of his Gallantries; but here I am not able to oblige my Reader, he being too far advanced in Years, when I firſt had the honour of being known to him, for Amuſements of that kind. I make no doubt but he has often been the Object of Love, and his *Cadenus* and *Vaneſſa* ſeem to aſſure us, that he was the Favourite of one Lady; but to ſpeak my Sentiments, I really believe it was a Paſſion he was wholly unacquainted with, and which he would have thought it beneath the Dignity of his Wiſdom to entertain. Not that I ever imagined he was an Enemy to the Fair; for when he found them docile, he took great pleaſure to inſtruct them: And if I have any Merit, as a Writer, I muſt gratefully acknowledge it due to the pains he took to teach me to think and ſpeak with Propriety; tho', to tell the Truth, he was a very rough ſort of a Tutor for one of my Years and Sex; for whenever

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I made uſe of an inelegant Phraſe, I wa
ſure of a deadly Pinch, and frequently re
ceived Chaſtiſement before I knew m
Crime. However I am convinced, ha
he thought me incorrigibly dull, I ſhoul
have eſcaped without Correction; and th
black and blue Favours I received at hi
Hands, were meant for Merit, tho' be
ſtowed on me. Yet tho', to my Shame
own it, I was fond of Admiration to
Fault, and a little too much upon the Co
quette, for a married Woman, I woul
at any Time give up any Pleaſure or Ga
ty, for the more rationaln Etertainment
the Dean's Converſation.

Five Years rolled inſenſibly away in
Kind of tolerable Happineſs, as Lady *Town*
ly terms it; but that it ſeems, I was n
much longer to enjoy: However, before
begin to ſpeak of Offence and Trouble,
ſhall endeavour to enliven my Narratio
with all the little amuſing Incidents I ca
poſſibly recollect.

The following Trifle, as it was produ
tive of a handſome Letter to me from t
Dean, and of more Honour than I cou

poſſib

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poſſibly expect from it, my Vanity will not let me omit. My Brother teized me one Evening to write ſome Verſe as a School Exerciſe for him, I aſked him what I ſhould write upon; Why, ſaid he pertly, what ſhould you write upon but the Paper? So taking it for my Subject, I wrote the following Lines.

O ſpotleſs Paper, fair and white!
On whom, by Force, conſtrain'd I write,
How cruel am I to deſtroy,
Thy Purity, to pleaſe a Boy?
Ungrateful I, thus to abuſe
The faireſt Servant of the Muſe.
Dear Friend, to whom I oft impart,
The choiceſt Secrets of my Heart;
Ah, what Atonement can be made
For ſpotleſs Innocence betray'd?
How fair, how lovely didſt thou ſhew,
Like lilly'd Banks, or falling Snow!
But now, alas, become my Prey,
No Floods can waſh thy Stains away.
Yet this ſmall Comfort I can give,
That which deſtroy'd, ſhall make thee live.

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As the Lines did not ſuit my Brother's Purpoſe, they lay careleſsly on the Table, when a Lady of Diſtinction, who was going to *England*, came to take her leave of us: She would examine what I had been ſcribbling, and ſeemed ſo well pleaſed with my Rhymes, that ſhe did them the Honour to put them in her Pocket-Book, and I never thought more of them.

About four Years after this, making a Viſit to Baron *Wainwright*'s Lady, ſhe told me, ſhe had got a very pretty Poem from *London*, wrote by the Lord Chancellor *Talbot*'s Daughter, a young Lady of but twelve Years of Age, and deſired I would read them for the Good of the Company; but how great was my Surprize, to find they were the above Lines! however, I went through my Taſk, and Mrs. *Wainwright* aſked my Opinion of them, and ſeemed impatient at my Silence. I told her, the young Lady muſt have wrote them at leaſt four Years before, becauſe I had ſeen them ſo long ago. Upon which the Baron ſaid, that he alſo remembered them, and that he was told by the Perſon he ſaw them with,

that

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that they were writ by a very young Girl, who was married to a Clergyman in *Ireland*. My ſmiling made them gueſs at the Perſon, and at the ſame Time excuſed me for being not over forward to praiſe them. When I returned home, I found a Letter from Mr. *P——n*, who was in *London*, with a News Paper incloſed, wherein the above Poem was printed. I related this to the Dean, who ordered me to ſend the Lines to him. The next Morning a Lady came to viſit me, who told me, it being the Dean's Birth-Day, he had received a Book very richly bound and claſped with Gold, from the Earl of *Orrery*, with a handſome Poem, wrote by himſelf to the Dean, in the firſt Page, the reſt being blank; and that Dr. *Delany* had ſent him a ſilver Standiſh, with a complimentary Poem. 'Why then, ſaid I, as the Dean 'is furniſhed with Paper and Ink, it is the 'leaſt I can do to ſend him a Pen;' ſo having a fine Eagle's Quill, I wrapt it into the following Lines, and ſent it to the Dean, and alſo the Bit of a News Paper, wherein

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wherein the Lines on PAPER were printed in *London*.

Sent with a QUILL *to Dr.* SWIFT, *upon hearing he had received a* BOOK *and a* STANDISH.

SHALL then my Kindred all my Glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal Fame?
To ev'ry Art my gen'rous Aid I lend,
To Muſic, Painting, Poetry, a Friend.
'Tis I celeſtial Harmony inſpire,
* When fix'd to ſtrike the ſweetly warbling Wire;
I to the faithful Canvas have conſign'd,
Each bright Idea of the Painter's Mind;
Behold from *Raphael*'s ſky-dipt Pencils riſe,
Such heav'nly Scenes as charm the Gazers Eyes.
O let me now aſpire to higher Praiſe!
Ambitious to tranſcribe your deathleſs Lays;

Nor

* Quills of the Harpſichord.

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Nor thou, immortal Bard, my Aid refuſe,
Accept me as the Servant of your Muſe;
Then ſhall the World my wondrous Worth
declare,
And all Mankind your matchleſs Pen revere.

On *New-Year's-Day* I received from the Dean the following Letter.

Deanery-Houſe, Jan. 1. 1733-4.

Madam,

'I Send you your Bit of a News-paper 'with the Verſes, than which I never 'ſaw better in their Kind; I have the ſame 'Opinion of thoſe you were pleaſed to write 'upon me, as have alſo ſome particular 'Friends of Genius and Taſte, to whom I 'ventured to communicate them, who uni-'verſally agree with me. But as I cannot 'with Decency ſhew them except to a very 'few, I hope, for both our Sakes, others 'will do it for me. I can only aſſure you 'I value your Preſent, as much as either 'of the others, only you muſt permit it to 'be turned into a Pen, which Office I will 'perform.'

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'perform with my own Hand, and never 'permit any other to uſe it. I heartily 'wiſh you many happy New Years, and 'am with true Eſteem,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged

Friend and Servant,

J. SWIFT.

But as I have mentioned Mr. *P——n*'s being in *London*, I ought alſo to inform my Reader what Inducement he had to quit his Family for a whole Year, which was as follows. Dr. *Swift* had, in Queen *Anne*'s Reign, been the firſt Promoter of Alderman *Barber*, who afterwards by many lucky Accidents roſe to be Lord Mayor of *London*, which Station he filled with diſtinguiſhed Abilities, and retained ſo grateful a Senſe of the Dean's Favour to him, that he made him the Compliment of nominating a Chaplain to him; the Dean offered this Honour to Mr. *P——n*, who gladly accepted of it,

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ſt, and came home in high Spirits to acquaint me with his Preferment; but whatever Joy it brought to him, I was quite ſunk in Sorrow at the Thoughts of parting for ſo long a Time with one I ſo dearly loved. All his Friends were againſt his going; and the late Primate Dr. *Hoadly*, then Archbiſhop of *Dublin*, remonſtrated to him, that ſerving under a Perſon ſo remarkably diſaffected as the Alderman, might very probably prejudice him in the Eyes of the Government; but all in vain. Mr. *P——n* was ever raſh, obſtinate, and ſelf-willed; and ſhould I add treacherous, cruel, and ungrateful, I ſhould not wrong the Truth; but however unwilling I am to ſpeak harſhly of the Huſband of my Youth, and the Father of my Children, I muſt draw his Character, wherein I will

——— *Nothing extenuate,*
Nor ſet down aught in Malice. Othello.

That he is both a Scholar, and a Man of Genius, all who know him muſt allow; but like Mr. *Pope* he is ſo plagued with Envy, that

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that he even hated me becauſe I could write, and took an invincible Averſion to Counſellor *Smith*, becauſe he excelled him on the Harpſichord. It happened one Evening that this Gentleman ſung and played to us the Oratorio of Queen *Eſther*; unfortunately for me I was ſo charmed with it, that at the Concluſion of the Muſic I wrote the following Lines.

To JOHN SMITH, *Eſq*;

MUSIC once more her antient Pow' diſplays,
Reſiſtleſs now, as in *Timotheus'* Days;
Our varied Paſſions change at thy Command
Our correſpondent Hearts obey thy Hand

Who can untouch'd attend the awful Sound?
When ſwelling Notes proclaim *Jehova* crown'd.
Borne on the hallow'd Strains our Souls ariſe,
Till Heav'n ſeems preſent to our raviſh' Eyes. Whe

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When to its Source thy Soul ſhall wing
its Flight,
And with eternal Harmony unite,
Thy ſkilful Hand ſhall heav'nly Joys im-
prove,
And add new Rapture to the Bliſs above.

As the Lines were wrote off-hand, as, to ſay the Truth, every Thing of mine is, for I am too volatile to reviſe or correct any thing I write, Mr. *Smith* complimented Mr. *P——n* on having a Wife who could write better than himſelf, he ſuppoſing Mr. *P——n* to be ſo much the Lover, that he would be delighted with my Praiſe, and join in it. But, lack-a-day! he little knew what I was to ſuffer for the Superiority of Genius he was pleaſed to aſcribe to me. I then was continually told with a contemptuous jibing Air, O my Dear! a Lady of your Accompliſhments! why Mr. *Smith* ſays you write better than I; and to be ſure he is a great Judge! But another unlucky Accident likewiſe happened: How fatal to me has Praiſe been! We ſupped at the Dean's

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Dean's, and I had been reading out, b
his Command, ſome of his proſaic Work
he was pleaſed to ſay I acquitted myſelf ſ
well, that I ſhould have a Glaſs of his beſ
Wine, and ſent Mr. *P——n* to the Cella
for it. The Dean in the mean Time ſaic
to me, 'I would have every Man writ
'his own *Engliſh*.' 'To be ſure, Sir, ſaic
'I, that would be beſt.' 'Ay, to be ſure
'Sir; you give me an Anſwer, and P——x
'take you, I am ſure you do not under-
'ſtand my Meaning.' 'Very poſſible,
'Sir; but I certainly underſtand my own,
'when I have any.' 'Well then, what do
'you underſtand by writing one's own *Eng-*
'*liſh?*' 'Why really, Sir, not to confine
'one's ſelf to a Set of Phraſes, as ſome o
'our antient *Engliſh* Hiſtorians, *Camden* in
'particular, ſeems to have done, but to
'make uſe of ſuch Words as naturally oc-
'cur on the Subject.' 'Huſh! ſays he,
'your Huſband is coming; I will put the
'ſame Queſtion to him.' He did ſo; and
Mr. *P——n* anſwered, 'To be ſure a
'Man ought to write good *Engliſh*.'
'Nay, but his own *Engliſh*; I ſay his own;

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what

'what do you underſtand by that?' 'Why, Sir, ſaid he, what ſhould I un-'derſtand?' 'P—x on you for a Dunce, 'ſaid he; were your Wife and you to ſit 'for a Fellowſhip, I would give her one 'ſooner than admit you a Sizar.'

And now my Buſineſs was compleatly done. Mr. *P———n* viewed me with ſcornful, yet with jealous Eyes. And tho' I never preſumed to vye with him for Pre-eminence, well knowing he not only ſurpaſſed me in natural Talents, but alſo had the Advantage of having thoſe Talents improved by Learning; and was ſenſible the Compliments I received were rather paid to me as a Woman, in whom any thing a Degree above Ignorance appears ſurprizing, than to any Merit I really poſſeſſed; he thought proper to inſult me every Moment. Indeed he did not beat me, which ſome of the good-natured Ladies have brought as an Argument that he was an excellent Huſband; but how a Clergyman ſhould ſtrike a Wife, who never contradicted him, and who was the moſt remarkably gentle, even of her own ſoft Sex, I know

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know not. Beſides, I had then a dear an honoured Father to protect me. I a ſure I may ſay with *Ophelia*,

My Violets all wither'd when he dy'd.

Then was I left defenceleſs to all the In juries my Huſband's ſubtle Cruelty coul deviſe againſt open unſuſpecting Innocence

Another trivial Accident alſo offende my Huſband. He was one Winter's Eve ning reading *Horace*, and ſaid he woul engage to write an Ode exactly in his Man ner; ſo he directly ſet about it. The Fan cy came into my Head to write one alſo though I underſtood not a Word of *Latin* nor knew no more of the Poet than fro the *Engliſh* Tranſlations. My Lines wer as follow:

An ODE.

I Envy not the Proud their Wealth,
Their Equipage and State;
Give me but Innocence and Health,
I aſk not to be great.

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I in this ſweet Retirement find
A Joy unknown to Kings,
For Scepters to a virtuous Mind,
Seem vain and empty Things.

Great *Cincinnatus* at his Plough,
With brighter Luſtre ſhone,
Than guilty *Cæſar* e'er cou'd ſhew,
Tho' ſeated on a Throne.

Tumultuous Days, and reſtleſs Nights,
Ambition ever knows,
A Stranger to the calm Delights
Of Study and Repoſe.

Then free from Envy, Care, and Strife,
Keep me, ye Powers divine;
And pleas'd, when ye demand my Life,
May I that Life reſign.

As I had finiſhed my Taſk firſt, I ſhewed it to Mr. *P*——*n*, who, contrary to my Expectation, (for I imagined he would be pleaſed) was very angry, and told me the Dean had made me mad, that the Lines were Nonſenſe, and that a Needle became

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a Woman's Hand better than a Pen and Ink. So to bring him into Temper praiſed his Ode highly, and threw my own into the Fire. And here let me ſeriouſly adviſe every Lady, who has the Misfortune to be poetically turned, never to marry a Poet, but remember *Swift*'s Lines:

What Poet wou'd not grieve to ſee
His Friends cou'd write as well as he;
And rather than be thus out-done,
He'd hang them every Mother's Son.

Her End when Emulation miſſes,
She turns to Envy, Stings and Hiſſes;
The ſtrongeſt Friendſhip yields to Pride,
Unleſs the Odds be on our Side.

And if a Man cannot bear his Friend ſhould write, much leſs can he endure it in his Wife; it ſeems to ſet them too much upon a Level with their Lords and Maſters; and this I take to be the true Reaſon why even Men of Senſe diſcountenance Learning in Women, and commonly chuſe for Mates the moſt illiterate and ſtupid of the Sex; and

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then bleſs their Stars their Wife is not a Wit.

But if a Remark be true, which I have ſomewhere read, that *a fooliſh Woman never brought forth a wiſe Son*, I think the Gentlemen ſhould have ſome Regard to the Intellects of thoſe they eſpouſe.

But to return from this long tho' neceſſary Digreſſion, and take things a little more in their Order. Mr. *P*———*n*, contrary to every body's Advice, who had any Regard for him, went for *England*. I was very deſirous of going with him; but he told me plainly he did not want ſuch an Incumbrance as a Wife, and that he did not intend to paſs there for a married Man; and that in ſhort he could not taſte any Pleaſure where I was. As this was a Secret I did not know before, I received it with Aſtoniſhment; for amidſt all his *wayward Moods*, I ever imagined till then that he loved me, and that the many ill natured Speeches he made me were rather the Effect of a bad Temper, than any ſettled Averſion he had taken againſt me; eſpecially as I obſerved he treated every body with Con-

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tempt, even Perſons every Way ſuperior to him (the Dean alone excepted, to whom he paid even a ſervile Complaiſance.) And tho' he now fairly plucked off the Maſk, and let me ſee my Miſtake, I could hardly give him Credit; ſo unwilling are we to believe Truth, when it runs counter to our Wiſhes.

The next Day he went on board the Yacht in Company with Mr. *Edward Walpole*, to whom he was recommended by a Man of Quality ſince dead, and left me and my three Children almoſt without an Adieu: So eagerly did he ſeek his own Deſtruction.

I am hardly able to deſcribe the various Emotions with which my Heart was agitated on his Departure. Love, Grief, and Reſentment for his laſt Speech, by Turns poſſeſſed it. However, I received a very kind Letter from him from *Cheſter*, which made me a little eaſy; and as my Friends ſeldom permitted me to be alone, I did not give much way to Melancholy.

I believe it will be expected from the general Reflections I have thrown out againſt the Clergy, that I ſhould deſcend to Parti-

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Particulars, and expoſe by Name the Guilty; but this invidious Taſk I muſt decline: Beſides, as *Angelo* ſays in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, when he is tempting a Virgin, and ſhe threatens to expoſe him;

Who will believe thee, Iſabel?
My unſoil'd Name, th' Auſtereneſs of my Life,
My Intereſt in the State, may vouch againſt you,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own Report,
And ſmell of Calumny.

Beſides, I ſhould arm a formidable Body againſt me, who would not fail, ſooner or later, to take ample Vengeance. *As unforgiving as a Churchman*, is become proverbial; ſo, as I am a Sort of a Prieſteſs, I will, like a faithful Mother Confeſſor, keep the Secrets of my ghoſtly Brethren.

I have another Inducement to Silence, not I muſt own quite ſo good-natured, which is, that I have a malignant Pleaſure in keeping thoſe in Awe, who awe all the World beſide, which I ſhould loſe the Moment

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ment I had done my worſt. I remember a certain Gentleman, who happening to be guilty of a venial Tranſgreſſion with a mean Woman, it unluckily manifeſted itſelf: The Gentleman was young, and had a very ſevere Father, who gave him but a ſcanty Allowance, all of which did not ſatisfy the mercenary Wretch of a Woman, who hoping to gain more, went and told her Story to his Father; the Conſequence of which was, that ſhe never afterwards had a Shilling from either.

The dulleſt Genius cannot fail,
To take the Moral of the Tale.

So let the ſtricken Deer go weep,
The Hart ungall'd go play.

The Innocent cannot take Offence, and for the Guilty, I will for the preſent with the charitable Ghoſt in *Hamlet*,

Leave them to Heav'n,
And to the Thorn that in their Boſoms lodge,
To prick and goad them there.

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But once more to gather up my Clue.
I received ſo paſſionately tender a Letter
from *London* from Mr. *P——n*, that I
quite forgot all his Unkindneſs; and ſit-
ting down to anſwer it, without the leaſt
Intention of Rhyming, the following Lines
flowed from my Pen:

Theſe Lines, dear Partner of my Life,
Come from a tender faithful Wife;
Happy, when you her Thoughts approve,
Supremely happy in your Love:
O may the bliſsful Flame endure!
Uninjur'd, laſting, bright, and pure.
Thus far in Verſe, but can the Muſe
Deſcend ſo low as telling News?
Or can I eaſily in Rhime
Inform you how I paſs my Time?

To ſooth my Woe, and baniſh Care,
I to the Theatre repair,
Where, charm'd with *Shakeſpear*'s lofty
Scenes,
And pure inimitable Strains,

My

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My Rapture rais'd ſo high appears,
It ſeeks to hide itſelf in Tears.

On *Tueſday* laſt all Day I ſtray'd
In *Delville*'s ſweet inſpiring Shade;
There all was eaſy, gay, polite,
The Weather and the Gueſts were bright
My lov'd *Conſtantia* there appear'd,
And *Southern* long for Wit rever'd,
Who like the hoary *Pylian* Sage,
Excels in Wiſdom, as in Age.
'Tis thus your Abſence I beguile,
And try to make Misfortune ſmile;
But never can my conſtant Mind
A real Pleaſure hope or find,
Till Heav'n indulgently once more
My *Colin* to my Eyes reſtore.

P. S.

Permit me here e'er I conclude
To pay a Debt of Gratitude;
To *Worſdale*, your ingenious Friend,
My Praiſes, and my Thanks commend;

Ye

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Yet all are far beneath his Due,
Who ſends me * what reſembles you.

The Dean had given Mr. *P——n* Letters of Recommendation to ſeveral eminent Perſons in *England*, and amongſt the reſt, one to Mr. *Pope*; who, no ſooner received it, but he invited Mr. *P——n* to paſs a Fortnight with him at *Twickenham*, he not being yet entered on his Office of Chaplain. I received from him from thence a Letter filled with Mr. *Pope*'s Praiſes, and the extraordinary Regard he ſhewed him, introducing him to ſeveral Noblemen, and even oppreſſing him with Civilities, which he modeſtly attributed to Mr. *Pope*'s Reſpect for the Dean, and handſomely acknowledged the Obligation. As I thought this a very proper Letter to communicate, I went directly with it to the Deanery. The Dean read it over with a fix'd Attention, and returning it to me, he told me, he had, by the ſame Pacquet, received a Letter from Mr. *Pope*, which, with ſomewhat of a ſtern Brow, he put into my Hand, and walked

tuo,

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out into the Garden. I was ſo ſtartled at his Auſterity, that I was for ſome Minutes unable to open it, and when I did, the Contents greatly aſtoniſhed me. The Subſtance of it was, that he had, in pure Complaiſance to the Dean, entertained Mr. *P——n*; but that he was ſurpriſed he ſhould be ſo miſtaken, to recommend him as a modeſt ingenious Man, who was a moſt forward, ſhallow, conceited Fellow: That in the Hope of having an agreeable Companion, he had invited him to paſs a Fortnight with him, which he heartily repented, being ſick of his Impertinence, before the End of the third Day; and a great deal more, much to the ſame Purpoſe. By the time I had read it thro', the Dean returned, and aſked me, what I thought of it? I told him, I was ſure Mr. *P——n* did not deſerve the Character Mr. *Pope* had given of him; and that he was highly ungenerous to careſs and abuſe him at the ſame time. Upon this the Dean loſt all Patience, and flew into ſuch a Rage, that he quite terrified me; he aſked me, Why I did not ſwear that my Huſband was ſix Foot high? And, Did I think

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think myſelf a better Judge than Mr. *Pope?* or, Did I preſume to give him the Lie? and a thouſand other Extravagancies. As I durſt no. venture to ſpeak a Word more, my Heart ſwelled ſo that I burſt into Tears, which, he attributing to Pride and Reſentment, made him, if poſſible, ten times more angry, and I am not ſure he would not have beat me; but that, fortunately for me, a Gentleman came to viſit him. As I was in a violent Paſſion of Tears, the Dean did not bring him into the Room where I was, but went to receive him in another, and I gladly laid hold of that opportunity of making my eſcape from his Wrath.

The next Morning early I wrote him a Letter, expreſſive of the Anxiety I was under, leſt I had any way offended him; and aſſured him, which was Truth, my Tears did not flow from Pride, but from the Apprehenſion I had, that Mr. *Pope* might influence him to withdraw his Favour from us. I added on my own Part, that even if I was partial to Mr. *P——n*, I hoped it was the moſt pardonable Error a Wife could be guilty of; and concluded with begging, if he

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he had any Regard for my Peace, he would honour me with an Answer. By the Return of the Messenger I received the following Lines:

Madam,

"YOU must shake off the Leavings of your Sex. If you cannot keep a Secret, and take a Chiding, you will quickly be out of my Sphere. Corrigible People are to be chid; those who are otherwise, may be very safe from any Lecture of mine: I should rather chuse to indulge them in their Follies, than attempt to set them right. I desire you may not inform your Husband of what has passed, for a Reason I shall give you when I see you which may be this Evening, if you will. I am very sincerely,

Your Friend,

J. SWIFT.

According

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Accordingly I waited on the Dean about five o'Clock in the Evening, an Hour I knew he would be free from Company. He received me with great Kindneſs, and told me, he would write a Letter of Advice to Mr. *P——n*; 'But, ſaid he, ſhould 'you acquaint him with this Letter of '*Pope*'s, he might, perhaps, reſent it to 'him, and make him an Enemy.' How kind! how conſiderate was this! The Dean then ſhewed me the Poem he wrote on his own Death; when I came to that Part of it,

Behold the fatal Day arrive!
How is the Dean? He's juſt alive.

I was ſo ſenſibly affected, that my Eyes filled with Tears: The Dean obſerving it, ſaid, 'Phoo, I am not dead yet——but 'you ſhall not read any more now.' I then earneſtly requeſted he would let me take it home with me, which he did on certain Conditions, which were, that I ſhould neither ſhew it to any body, nor copy it, and that I ſhould ſend it to him by

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by Eight o'Clock the next Morning; all which I punctually performed.

But the Dean did not know what ſort of a Memory I had, when he intruſted me with his Verſe: I had no occaſion for any other Copy, than what I had regiſtred in the *Book and Volume of my Brain:* I could repeat the whole Poem, and could not forbear delighting ſome particular Friends with a Rehearſal of it. This reached the Dean's Ear, who imagined I plaid him falſe, and ſent for me to come to him. When I entered, he told me, I had broke my Word with him, and conſequently forfeited all the good Opinion he had ever conceived of me. I looked, as I think he generally made me do, like a Fool; I aſked what I had done? He told me, I had copied his Poem, and ſhewn it round the Town. I aſſured him, I had not. He ſaid I lyed, and produced a Poem ſomething like it, publiſhed in *London*, and told me, from reading it about, that odd Burleſque on it had taken riſe. He bade me read it aloud. I did ſo, and could not forbear laughing, as I plainly perceived, tho'

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tho' he had endeavoured to diſguiſe his Stile, that the Dean had burleſqued himſelf; and made no manner of ſcruple to tell him ſo. He pretended to be very angry, aſked me, did I ever know him write Triplets? and told me, I had neither Taſte nor Judgment, and knew no more of Poetry than a Horſe. I told him I would confeſs it, provided he would ſeriouſly give me his Word, he did not write that Poem. He ſaid, P--x take me for a Dunce. I then aſſured him, I did not copy his Poem; but added, when I read any thing peculiarly charming, I never forgot it; and that I could repeat not only all his Works, but all *Shakeſpear*'s, which I put to this Trial; I deſired him to open any Part of it, and read a Line, and I would engage to go on with the whole Speech; as we were in his Library, he directly made the Experiment: The Line he firſt gave me, he had purpoſely picked out for its ſingular Oddneſs:

But rancours in the Veſſel of my Peace.

Macbeth.

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I readily went on with the whole Speech, and did ſo ſeveral times, that he tried me with different Plays. The Dean then took down *Hudibras*, and ordered me to examine him in it, as he had done me in *Shakeſpear*; and, to my great Surprize, I found he remembered every Line, from Beginning to End of it. I ſay, it ſurprized me, becauſe I had been miſled by Mr. *Pope*'s Remark,

That where Beams of warm Imagination
play,
The Memory's ſoft Figures melt away.
Eſſay on Criticiſm.

To think Wit and Memory incompatible things. I told the Dean he had convinced me the old Proverb was falſe; and, indeed I know not how any Perſon can be witty without a good Memory. When I returned home, I found I had not been miſtaken in the Opinion I had conceived, that the Dean had burleſqued his own Poem. I had Confirmation of it in a Letter from Mr. *P*——*n*, to whom he had ſent it, to have it printed in *London*.

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My Evening's Chat with the Dean furniſhed me with Matter of Speculation on that moſt amazing Faculty of the human Mind, Memory; which, according to my uſual Cuſtom, I threw into Rhime, and hope it will not be diſpleaſing to my Reader.

MEMORY, a POEM.

IN what Receſſes of the Brain,
Does this amazing Pow'r remain,
By which all Knowledge we attain?

What art thou, Memory? What Tongue can tell,
What curious Artiſt trace thy hidden Cell,
Wherein ten thouſand diff'rent Objects dwell?

Surpriſing Store-houſe! in whoſe narrow Womb,
All Things, the paſt, the preſent, and to come,
Find ample Space, and large and mighty Room.

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O falsely deem'd the Foe of sacred Wit!
Thou, who the Nurse and Guardian art of it,
Laying it up till Season due and fit.

Then proud the wond'rous Treasure to produce,
As Understanding points it, to conduce
Either to Entertainment, or to Use.

Nor Love, nor holy Friendship, without thee,
Could ever of the least Duration be;
Nor Gratitude, nor Truth, nor Piety.

Where thou art not, the chearless human Mind
Is one vast Void, all darksome, sad and blind;
No Trace of any thing remains behind.

The sacred Stores of Learning all are thine;
'Tis only thou record'st the faithful Line;
'Tis thou mak'st Human-kind almost divine.

And

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And when at length we quit this mortal
Scene,
Thou ſtill ſhalt with our tender Friends
remain,
And Time and Death ſhall ſtrike at thee
in vain.

Lord, let me ſo this wond'rous Gift em-
ploy;
It may a Fountain be of endleſs Joy,
Which Time, nor Accident, may ne'er
deſtroy.

Still let my faithful Memory impart,
And deep engrave it on my grateful Heart,
How juſt, and good, and excellent thou
art.

My Reader may now plainly perceive, I was moſt incorrigibly devoted to Verſifying, and all my Spouſe's wholeſome Admonitions had no manner of Effect on me: In ſhort, I believe this ſcribbling Itch is an incurable Diſeaſe; for tho' *Horace* ſays *, taking ſome Phyſic in the Spring rid him of

* ſee his Art of Poetry.

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of it, yet, as he even relates this in flowin
Numbers, we have no Cauſe to give hi
Credit. He alſo declares, all Poets a
viſibly poſſeſſed, and mad. *Shakeſpe*
ſeems to be of the ſame opinion, tho' h
deſcribes it with greater Elegance than ev
Horace has done, at leaſt in the Tranſlation

The Poet's Eye, in a fine Frenzy rollin
Doth glance from Heav'n to Earth, fr
Earth to Heav'n;
And as Imagination bodies forth
The Forms of Things unknown, the Poe
Pen
Turns them to Shapes, and gives to a
Nothing
A local Habitation and a Name.

The Truth of which he has fully verifi
giving us in his divine Works a new Cr
tion of his own, with a new Language a
peculiar to the different Species and Ord
of Beings he introduces to us. *Milton* h
ſtudied him with Care, and, like the B
committed many ſweet Theſts on his
mortal Blooms. Whoever reads the I

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of the Fairies in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, may eaſily perceive how many beautiful Images *Milton* has borrowed thence to adorn his Maſque of *Comus*. And really, I think, as *Shakeſpear* had plundered all Art and Nature, the viſible and inviſible World, it was but juſt to make Reprizals, and ſteal from his rich Store.

I hope my Reader will pardon me for ſo often running away from *myſelf*; I cannot ſay, I am *Egotiſt* enough to be much enamoured of ſuch an unhappy Theme, and have often wiſhed I could do it in reality; for I have been plunged in ſuch Calamity, that I have even thought it impoſſible to be true, and vainly hoped to wake, as from ſome hideous Dream, to find a better Fate.

And as one travelling in a barren Waſte, could not be diſpleaſed to be ſometimes led out of the direct Road to view a more agreeable Proſpect, I deal thus with my Readers, and turn them from the gloomy Vale of my Life, to relieve them with ſomething more pleaſing.

To

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To amuſe myſelf, and indeed with no other View, I wrote, in my Huſband's Abſence, all the following Poems; which, if they ſhould not happen alſo to amuſe my Readers, they are at their own Liberty, and may turn them over.

Advice to the People of Dublin *in their Choice of a* RECORDER.

IS there a Man, whoſe fix'd and ſteady Soul
No Flatt'ry can ſeduce, no Fear control;
Conſtant to Virtue, reſolutely juſt,
True to his Friend, his Country, and his Truſt:
Like *Tully*, Guardian of the *Roman* State,
Is Patriot, Lawyer, Orator compleat;
If ſuch there be, O! let your noble Zeal
Advance him to defend the Public Weal.

Painters and Poets are in this alike,
Mean Artiſts oft a ſtrong Reſemblance ſtrike;
And who can this unfiniſh'd Picture ſee,
But owns, O STANNARD! it was drawn for thee.

VERS

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VERSES *wrote in a* LIBRARY.

SEAT for Contemplation fit,
Sacred Nurſery of Wit!
Let me here enwrap'd in Pleaſure,
Taſte the Sweets of learned Leiſure:
Vain, deceitful World, adieu;
I more ſolid Bliſs purſue.

Faithful Friends, ſurround me here,
Wiſe, delightful, and ſincere;
Friends, who never yet betray'd
Thoſe who truſted in their Aid;
Friends, who ne'er were known to ſhun
Thoſe by adverſe Fate undone.

Calm Philoſophy and Truth
Crown'd with undecaying Youth,
Glowing with celeſtial Charms,
Fondly woo me to their Arms.
Here immortal Bards diſpenſe
Poliſh'd Numbers, nervous Senſe;
While the juſt Hiſtorian's Page
Back recals the diſtant Age;
In whoſe Paintings we behold
All the wond'rous Men of old;

Heroes

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Heroes fill each finiſh'd Piece,
Once the Pride of *Rome* and *Greece*.

Nor ſhall *Greece* and *Rome* alone,
Boaſt the Virtues all their own;
Thou, *Ierne*, too ſhalt claim
Sons amongſt the Heirs of Fame;
Patriots who undaunted ſtood,
To defend the public good;
Foremoſt in the ſacred Line,
Ever ſhall the DRAPER ſhine:
Next be virtuous STANNARD plac'd,
With unfading Honours grac'd;
Godlike Men! accept my Praiſe,
Guard, and elevate, my Lays.

Learning can the Soul refine,
Raiſe from human to divine.
Come then, all ye ſacred Dead,
Who for Virtue wrote or bled;
On my Mind intenſely beam,
Touch it with your hallow'd Flame.
And thou chaſte and lovely Muſe,
Who didſt once thy Dwelling chuſe
In *Orinda*'s ſpotleſs Breaſt,
Condeſcend to be my Gueſt;

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Bring with thee the bloomy Pair,
Young-ey'd Health, and Virtue fair;
Here your pureſt Rays impart,
So direct and guard my Heart,
That it may a Temple be
Worthy Heav'n, and worthy thee.

FLAVIA's *Birth-Day*, May *the* 16*th*.

To Miſs HOADLY.

WHILST thy fond Friends their annual Tribute pay,
And hail thee Daughter of the fragrant *May*;
Whilſt they behold, with Rapture and Surprize,
New Charms enrich thy Soul, and point thine Eyes.
Ah! let the Muſe her ſecret Joy declare;
Attend her Tranſports, and her Words revere:
She looks on Time, and with prophetic Eyes,
Sees him, for thee, ſtrew Bleſſings as he flies;

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And, whilſt all other Beauties he impairs,
Add new Perfection to thy ripen'd Years;
Till ev'ry Year, improv'd with ev'ry Grace,
You ſhine unrival'd both in Mind and Face.

So the ſame Sun, with unreſiſted Pow'r,
Burns the wide Lawn, and animates the Flow'r;
Bids it unfold its Beauties, and delight
With Sweets the Senſe, with ſunny Dyes the Sight;
Bids it, like you, each Hour new Grace aſſume,
And ſmile, unmatch'd, in Lovelineſs and Bloom.

An Invitation to a Gentleman.

A Female, moderately fair,
Pleas'd with your Spirit, Wit and Air,
To me aſſigns the pleaſing Taſk,
Your Company to-night to aſk:
She has prepar'd a Feaſt refin'd,
A ſacred Banquet for the Mind;
And you ſhall ſup in ſolemn State,
Whilſt round the tuneful Siſters wait;

Who,

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Who, if you wiſh for Drink, ſhall bring
You Water from *Pieria*'s Spring;
More elevating than Champaigne,
And far more apt to heat the Brain.
Pindar, who wrote in antient Days,
Has celebrated Water's Praiſe;
But if, with *Flaccus*, you encline,
To like the Product of the Vine,
And chuſe a more ſubſtantial Feaſt,
She'll do her beſt to hit your Taſte.

SOLITUDE.

THE Sun had ſunk his glitt'ring Head
In the fair Ocean's wat'ry Bed,
And Ev'ning came, that ſooth'd the Pain
Of ev'ry toil-endüring Swain,
When faint from Noon's exceſſive Heat,
I ſought a peaceful cool Retreat,
A deep impenetrable Shade,
Where not a Sun-beam ever ſtray'd.

O ſacred Solitude, ſaid I,
To thy calm Boſom let me fly;
O bleſs with thy ſeraphic Joys,
A Soul averſe to Pomp and Noiſe;

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Wiſdom with Contemplation dwells,
In twilight Groves, and lonely Cells;
She flies the Proud, ſhe ſhuns the Great,
Unknown to Grandeur, Wealth, and State.
Hail, Heav'n-born Virgin! deign to bleſs,
This ſacred, ſilent, ſweet Receſs;
Give me, celeſtial Maid, to know
The Joys that from thy Preſence flow;
Do thou inſtruct my Voice to ſing
That God, from whom thou firſt did'ſt
ſpring,
That God, at whoſe Almighty Call
From Nothing roſe this beauteous All.
Then when the Morning Stars proclaim,
The Glory of *Jehovah*'s Name,
When Praiſes ev'ry Tongue employ,
And Men and Angels ſhout for Joy,
Aſſiſt me with thy Aid divine,
In thoſe bleſt Hymns my Voice to join.

To STREPHON, *written for a La*
to her Lover.

BEHOLD the Spring in freſh Attir
Gay blooming Seaſon of Deſire,
With fragrant Breath ſalutes the Grove,
Awaking Nature, Joy and Love;

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The Woods in verdant Beauty dreſs'd,
Have her enliv'ning Pow'r confeſs'd,
What means this Coldneſs in your Breaſt?
Not all the kindly Warmth in mine,
Can thaw that frozen Heart of thine.
Go then, Inconſtant, go, and rove,
Forget thy Vows, neglect thy Love;
Some ſenſeleſs, taſteleſs, Girl purſue,
Bought Smiles befit ſuch Swains as you;
While for the worſt I ſee you change,
You give me a complete Revenge.

A SONG.

STREPHON, your Breach of Faith and Truſt
Affords me no Surprize;
A Man who grateful was or juſt,
Might make my Wonder riſe.

That Heart to you ſo fondly ty'd
With Pleaſure wore its Chain,
But from your cold neglectful Pride,
Found Liberty again.

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For this no Wrath inflames my Mind,
My Thanks are due to thee;
Such Thanks as gen'rous Victors find,
Who ſet their Captives free.

To a very young Lady.

THY Genius, Beauty, Innocence command
This humble Tribute from the Muſe's Hand;
A faithful Muſe, who hears with ſecret Joy
Thy early Virtues ev'ry Tongue employ.

O ſtill thy Parents godlike Steps purſue
Still keep their mutual Excellence in View
So ſhall the wond'ring World with Tranſport ſee
All Virtue, all Perfection live in thee.

Queen MAB *to* POLLIO.

THE Queen of the Fairies this Summons does ſend,
To *Pollio*, her Counſellor, Couſin, and Friend;

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We order you here to attend us to-night,
We revel by Moon-light with Pomp and
Delight!
Our Grove we illuminate, glorious to ſee,
With glittering Glow-worms begemming
each Tree;
We'll drink up the Dew that impearls the
Flow'rs,
And in circling Joys ſpend our circling
Hours.
If you fail in Attendance, by my Sceptre I
ſwear,
My Fairies ſhall bring you by Force through
the Air.

But however reluctantly I do it, I muſt return.

The following Ode of *Horace* bearing ſome Similitude to my then preſent Circumſtances, I took the Liberty of paraphraſing, and ſent it to my Huſband, notwithſtanding his former Lectures.

The

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The Seventh Ode of the Third Book of H
RACE *paraphraſed.*

Quid fles, Aſterie?

ASTERIA, why will you conſume
In Sighs and Tears your roſy Bloom
No more your youthful Huſband mourn
He ſoon ſhall to your Arms return:
Propitious Winds ſhall waft him o'er,
Enrich'd from *Britain*'s fruitful Shore.
In vain the Nymphs diſplay their Charm
To win him to their longing Arms:
Tho' ſtrong Temptations court the You
Doubt not his Conſtancy and Truth;
They fix'd as Rocks unmov'd remain,
While Winds and Waves aſſault in vain

You only teach his Soul to know
The ſecret Pang, the tender Woe;
For you he feels a thouſand Fears,
And oft bedews his Couch with Tears.

Ah! then in kind Return beware,
Leſt tempting Words your Heart enſn
A

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Avoid the Duſk and ſilent Shade,
Nor heed the plaintive Serenade:
Let Prudence, that unerring Guide,
O'er ev'ry Thought and Act preſide;
So ſhall your Faith and Virtue prove
Worthy his matchleſs Truth and Love.

Mr. *P——n*, who loved me beſt at a Diſtance, wrote me a very kind Letter, wherein he told me my Verſes were like myſelf, full of Elegance and Beauty; that Mr. *Pope* and others, whom he had ſhewn them to, longed to ſee the Writer; and that he heartily wiſhed me in *London*. And this put the Fancy into my Head of going there; and as ſome of my Acquaintance intended for it, with whom I thought I could agreeably travel, I ſoon reſolved to accompany them.

Mr. *P——n* had been abſent nine Months; a tedious Time in a Lover's Reckoning. In three Months Time his Office expired; for every new Lord Mayor of *London* has a new Chaplain; ſo I thought I ſhould have the Pleaſure of paſſing the Winter in *London*, and then, if nothing better

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ter offered, we ſhould return home tog
ther. *London* has very attractive Char
for moſt People, as our *Iriſh* Nobility a
Gentry ſufficiently evidence, by ſpendi
the greateſt Part of their Time and Fortu
there; and can it be wondered at, that
young lively Woman ſhould be fond
taking the only Opportunity ſhe might e
have of ſeeing its Magnificence in Perf
tion. Well! but how to execute my P
ject; for I was apprehenſive if either
own Parents or Mr. *P——n*'s were
quainted with it, they would prevent m
ſo I reſolved to make but one Confida
which was a very faithful Servant, who
the Evening put my Portmanteau abo
the Yacht. Next Morning, the W
being fair, I went, under Pretence of ſe
my Friends ſafe aboard, down the R
with them, and into the Ship as it were
of Curioſity; but being then out of I
ger of Purſuit, I told them my Intent
which ſome approved of, and ſome blam
However, as I did not queſtion a kind
ception from my Huſband, and knew
Children would be well taken care of b

Par

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Parents, I was very chearful and eaſy, and little regarded what was thought of my Frolick; neither could I divine that any evil Conſtruction would be put upon it.

We had a very ſafe Paſſage, and a pleaſant Journey. I wrote to Mr. *P——n* from *Parkgate*, and he and Mr. *W——e* met me about four Miles Diſtance from *London*. So I took leave of my Fellow-Travellers for the preſent, and went into the Coach to them, which drove to Mr. *W——le*'s. Mr. *P——n* received me very obligingly, and called me his little Fugitive and Run-away; but a Stranger would have thought Mr. *W——le* was my Huſband, he welcomed me ſo kindly, and paid me ſo many Compliments. As I had been up at three o'Clock in the Morning, I was heartily fatigued, and deſired Mr. *P——n* to take leave; but he whiſpered me to invite Mr. *W——le* home to Supper with us, which accordingly I did; and he was ſo tranſported with this Civility, he could not conceal his Joy; whatever I commended amongſt his Paintings, he would force me to accept of; and putting as many Bottles of

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of Wine into the Coach-Box as it wou
conveniently hold, we went to Mr. *P——n*
Lodging, which I found very handſome an
convenient. Wine and good Chear enter
tained us till Midnight to our mutual Sati
factions.

When Mr. *P——n* and I were alon
he told me, that tho' he was very glad t
ſee me, he was afraid I would have but
lonely Time of it in *London*, he being ob
liged to attend on the Lord Mayor, fro
Nine in the Morning till Six in the Ev
ning, and from thence he always went t
the Play, and afterwards to Supper to Mr
Heron, one of the Actreſſes, of no ver
good Fame. Though I thought this b
an odd Manner of Life for a Clergyman,
did not ſay ſo, being unwilling to offen
him. I had heard it whiſpered, that
liked this Woman, but I reſolved patien
ly to wait the Event.

The next Day, when he was going ou
I put him in Mind that Mr. *W——le* ſa
he would paſs the Evening with us; but
laughed at my believing it; and ſaid he w
a Man ſo uncertain in his Temper, that p
ha

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haps I might never ſee him again while I lived. Juſt then a Lady who came over with me, called on us; and Mr. *P——n* and ſhe had ſome private Chat. When ſhe was gone he told me, ſhe had brought him a Letter and ſome Poetry from the Dean, which he had ordered him to diſpoſe of, and put the Money in his own Pocket; as he could not ſtay to read them, he took them with him to the Lord Mayor's.

However, Mr. *P——n* was miſtaken in imagining Mr. *W——le* would fail in his Appointment; he came and told me Mr. *P——n* was at the Play, but would ſup with us. He made uſe of his Abſence to compliment me at an unmerciful Rate, and ſung me all the tendereſt Love Songs he could think of in the moſt pathetic Manner: In ſhort, he exerted his Talents to entertain me, and behaved himſelf ſo much in the Stile of a Lover, that had I not been married, I ſhould have imagined, he intended to addreſs me. When Mr. *P——n* returned, he told him, he was certainly the happieſt Man living, and wondered how he could be a Moment out of

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my Company, where he could ſtay for ever. Mr. *P——n* ſeemed much pleaſed with his Gallantry, and ſaid, he hoped I would induce him to ſee us often. When we were alone, he told me, he believed his Friend was in love with me. I anſwered, if he thought ſo, I wondered he gave him ſo warm an Invitation. He ſaid, he was a very generous Man, and that his liking to me, if well managed, might prove very profitable; for he valued no Expence where a Lady was in the Caſe. So, it ſeems, I was to be the Bait, wherewith he was to angle for Gold out of a Rival's Pocket: A Scheme which had a twofold Proſpect of Gain annexed to it; for while a Lover has Hope, he ſeldom quits the Chace; and will even thank the Huſband, for taking the friendly Freedom of uſing his Purſe; and yet ſhould the Gallant be detected in taking any friendly Freedoms with the Wife in return, the Law is all againſt him, Damages and Impriſonment muſt enſue. Which Conſideration may ſerve as a Warning to all Men, not to invade Properties, or commit wilful Treſpaſs on their Neighbour's Ground.

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If my Readers are by this Time the leaſt acquainted with my Spirit, they may judge, I looked on this Project with the Contempt it deſerved; however I promiſed Complaiſance, which indeed Mr. *W——le*'s ſeeming Merits might well deſerve. The next Day I was invited to the Lord Mayor's, who, on account of the reſolute Oppoſition he had given to the Exciſe Act, was the Darling of the People. He was but indifferent as to his Perſon, or rather homely than otherwiſe; but he had an excellent Underſtanding, and the Livelineſs of his Genius ſhone in his Eyes, which were very black and ſparkling. He always treated me with great Complaiſance, and gave me a general Invitation to his Table. As the Lord Mayor was a Batchelor, he had a Gentlewoman who managed his Houſhold Affairs, and who, except on public Days, did the Honours of his Table. Mr. *P——n* told me ſhe was violently in love with him, and was ready to run mad upon hearing I was come to *London*. How true this might be I know not; but as ſhe was very civil to me, and was old enough to

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be my Mother, I was not the leaſt diſturbed with Jealouſy on her own Account; tho' I can't help ſaying, ſhe gave me a great deal of Uneaſineſs, by relating to me many Inſtances of my Huſband's extraordinary Regard for the Player afore-mentioned: We went together to the Play on Purpoſe to ſee her; and to do her Juſtice, ſhe was a graceful, fine Woman; at leaſt ſhe appeared ſuch on the Stage, and had a peculiar Skill in dreſſing to Advantage. Mr. *P——n* and Mr. *W———le* were at the Play; they met us going out, and Mr. *P———n* committed me to the Care of his Friend, who had a Coach waiting to convey me home; but Mr. *P———n* went to his old Rendezvous to the Actreſs, to my very great Mortification; becauſe I really preferred his Converſation to any other in the World: However, he was ſo complaiſant, he uſed every Evening to ſend Mr. *W—— le* to keep me Company, while he purſued his Pleaſures; and, as I ſhall anſwer it to Heaven, he did every thing in his power to forward and encourage an Amour between his Friend and me.

On

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One Inſtance, out of an hundred I could produce, I ſubmit to the impartial Judgment of my Reader. One of the young Ladies, at whoſe Houſe I firſt ſaw Mr. *P——n*, happening to be in *London*, and but in low Circumſtances, came to viſit me; ſhe inſiſted on my paſſing the next Evening with her, and juſt as I was going Mr. *W——le* came in, and offered to accompany me, to which I gladly conſented, hoping as he was then a Man of Intereſt, he might recommend her to ſome good Family, as a Governeſs to Children, or a Lady's Woman; when he knew how well qualified ſhe was for either Place. As her Spirit was far above her Ability, I was concerned to ſee what Expence ſhe had put herſelf to for my Reception, having provided a very genteel Supper, to which ſhe would oblige us to ſtay. While ſhe was giving Orders for it, I informed Mr. *W——le* of her Diſtreſs, who immediately gave me a Guinea for her, but entreated I would give it to her as Preſent from my ſelf, which, as I knew it was the only Method to make her accept of it, I did.

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When I came home, I related to Mr. *P——n* Mr. *W——le*'s obliging and generous Behaviour; but little was he pleaſed with the Recital: What could I think of him, when he told me, I did very ill to introduce a new Woman to him, *i. e.* Mr. *W——le*; and that he hoped I would loſe him; and that henceforth he would beſtow his Favours on her? A Speech more proper for the Mouth of one of thoſe abandoned Wretches, who live by the Sale of the Innocent, than for a Huſband, a Gentleman, and one who ought to be a Chriſtian. But I believe he was of Opinion that

Let the malicious World ſay what it pleaſe,
The fair Wife makes her Huſband live at eaſe.

And, provided he ſold me well, and *put Money in his Purſe*, little regarded either my temporal or eternal Happineſs.

Another Inſtance either of his extraordinary Confidence in my Fidelity to him, or rather Indifference about it, was, that he

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he obliged me to go alone with his Friend to *Windſor*, though, as it was Winter, there was no Poſſibility of going there and returning the ſame Day, it being twenty Miles diſtant from *London*; ſo that we had not only two Days, but a Night alſo, to paſs together. Could any Huſband be more obliging to his Rival, than to give him ſuch an Opportunity to accompliſh his Wiſhes? Had mine but concurred, I had then been undone; for truly the Gentleman tried every Argument to win me to them, but in vain. My Huſband's Miſconduct in expoſing me to ſuch Temptation, ſtung me to the Quick; nay, I could not help believing they were both in a Plot to betray me to Ruin; and as we were at the top Inn in the Town, I ſtarted at every Noiſe of Horſemen who ſtopped there; and concluded, though falſly I believe, that Mr. *W——le* had given Mr. *P——n* a Direction where to find us; and as this Imaginatlion wholly poſſeſſed me, I little regarded either the Elegance of our Entertainment, or the Tenderneſs and Paſſion the Gentleman expreſſed in every Word and

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and Look: His ſoft Endearments were all loſt on one who regarded him as an Enemy; I was obſtinately ſullen, and pretended Wearineſs, on purpoſe to quit his Company; but I loſt all Patience, when calling to the Maid to ſhew me to my Chamber, I found there was but one, nay, and but one Bed too, provided for two Gueſts; for, it ſeems, my Gentleman had ſo ordered it, hoping, no doubt, to ſupply my Huſband's Place.

I was now in a manner convinced, there was Treachery intended againſt me, and reproached my deſiring Swain in ſuch bitter Terms, that he had no Way to prove his Innocence, but by retiring, tho' very reluctantly, to another Apartment; and I took ſpecial Care to barricade my own, not only double-locking it, but alſo placing all the Chairs and Tables againſt the Door to prevent a Poſſibility of being ſurprized.

I roſe very early next Morning to take a Survey of what Curioſities *Windſor* afforded; as it was too late the Night before to ſee any thing; but found nothing worth Obſervation, except the Caſtle, whoſe eminent Situation and *Gothick* Grandeur, might very

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very well, ſome Ages ago, make it eſteemed a *Non-pareil:* But as it has frequently been deſcribed and celebrated, I ſhall only ſay, that conſidering it as the Palace of the *Edwards* and *Henrys*, I was touched with ſomething like a religious Veneration for it, which no modern Building could inſpire me with.

Mr. *W——le* attended me with great Reſpect, and excepting that he tenderly reproached me with what he called my Cruelty the Night before, gave me no farther Cauſe of Diſpleaſure, but brought me ſafely home in his Chaiſe to Mr. *P——n.*

But pray, gentle Reader, ſuppoſe it had happened otherwiſe; that Night-Solitude, an agreeable and importunate Lover, ſhould have prevailed on human, yielding Frailty, whom could my Huſband ſo properly have blamed for it as himſelf? He who beſt knew our Frames, bids us avoid Temptation, as the ſureſt Method, nay and perhaps the only one of avoiding Sin; for who ſo firm that may not be ſeduced? Why then ſhould he, Mr. *P——n*, drive me into

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into the Toils, unleſs he meant to have me made a Prey of?

I fairly confeſs this Action greatly ſunk him in my Eſteem; nay, it even did the ſame in Mr. *W*——*le*'s, eſpecially as he reaped no Satisfaction by it. I could ſcarcely after regard Mr. *P*——*n* as a Huſband; but rather as a Man whoſe Property I was, and who would gladly diſpoſe of me to the beſt Bidder.. Shocking Thought!

And yet this Scheme was ſo artfully managed, as indeed all his againſt me have ever been, that I could not well reproach him for it; for he would have alledged, it was a Party of Pleaſure intended by him for my Health and Recreation; and to have mentioned Mr. *W*——*le*'s Attempt, why, to ſay the Truth, I looked upon it as a Thing which any Man in the ſame Circumſtances might naturally be guilty of, even tho' he had no previous liking to, or Thought of the Woman. So, as there was no Harm done, I judged it moſt prudent to be ſilent. Beſides, no Faults are ſo eaſily pardoned by our Sex, as thoſe we believe to be occaſioned by our own Charms th

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the eager Lover's conſtant Excuſe, and which our Vanity is but too apt to admit as a reaſonable one.

Of all Things in Nature, I moſt wonder why Men ſhould be ſevere in their Cenſures on our Sex, for a Failure in Point of Chaſtity: Is it not monſtrous, that our Seducers ſhould be our Accuſers? Will they not employ Fraud, nay, often Force to gain us? What various Arts, what Stratagems, what Wiles will they uſe for our Deſtruction? but that once accompliſhed, every opprobrious Term with which our Language ſo plentifully abounds, ſhall be beſtowed on us, even by the very Villains who have wronged us.

O Heav'n that ſuch Companions thou'dſt unfold!
And put a Whip in ev'ry honeſt Hand,
To laſh ſuch Raſcals, naked thro' the World,
Even from the Eaſt to the Weſt.——

I am ſure the whole Female Sex will join with me in a hearty *Amen.*

Mr.

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Mr. *P——n*'s Year of Chaplainſhi being near expired, I hoped that he woul return to *Ireland*; but he had entertained Belief that Mr. *Walpole* would provide fo him, and therefore determined to ſtay i *London*, ſo I was forced to return ſingle for as Mr. *P——n*'s Income ceaſed wit his Office, he choſe to accept of an Offe from Mr. *W——le* to lodge in his Houſe For ſeveral Reaſons I thought it moſt pro per to reviſit my native Country; the firſ and chief was the Affection I bore to m dear little ones; the next, to avoid bot the Temptation and Scandal I muſt hav ſuffered, by going into the Houſe of Perſon, who, with regard to Women, ha an avowedly diſſolute Character.

But however cautiouſly and prudently acted in this Affair, it was not my goo Fortune to eſcape Calumny; ſo far fro it, that I was both traduced for going t *London*, and for returning from it; an the Wife of a certain B——, who invite me to dine with her a Day or two after m Return to *Dublin*, when we retired to ou Tea, abuſed me in Language I ſhould hav

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ſcorne

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ſcorned; in reſpect to my own Gentility, to have given to the meaneſt Servant I was ever Miſtreſs of: And becauſe my Huſband had made me a Preſent of a few little Trinkets, all of which in the Expence amounted but to a Trifle, told me ſhe was ſure ſome Gallant had given them to me. But, as I have ſince been informed, ſhe was ragingly jealous of me, although without any Reaſon, I can the more readily pardon her inhuman Treatment of me.

But as I did not chuſe to bear Reproaches I did not deſerve, I ſent for a Chair, and, burſting into Tears, left the Room. In the Hall I met the B———, who was coming to drink Tea with the Ladies: He was ſurprized to ſee me ſo diſordered, and tenderly laying hold of me, enquired the Cauſe. I deſired he would aſk his Lady, who had invited me, to uſe me ill: Which he ſaid, he hoped ſhe would not do, even in Regard to my Condition (being then pregnant). But, Heaven knows! had he but conſidered how cruel all barren Creatures naturally are, inſomuch that I have ſeen a barren Ewe

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attempt to kill a young Lamb; he would rationally have judged what might have even in Law, been my Protection, wa the very Cauſe of her Hatred and Diſpleaſur to me.

However, as this Lady was the firſt t attack my Character, I can do no leſs tha return her theſe my public and gratefu Acknowledgments; for though perhap half the World cannot tell whom I mean yet as it is more than probable the Perſo concerned may read over theſe Memoirs ſhe at leaſt will know her own Portrait.

'Tis really a ſad Misfortune, that th honeſt Liberty of the Preſs is ſo ſuppreſſe in *Ireland*: But, however, I promiſe a my Subſcribers to oblige them with a Ke to whatever Secrets I have been obliged t lock up; and many I have been oblige to ſtrike out of my Work, otherwiſe could never have had a ſingle Line printe Vice in Power will command at leaſt outward Homage; and helpleſs Pover dare not either oppoſe or expoſe it.

A few Days after my Return to *Irelan* Sir *Daniel Molineux* ſaid in *French* to m

Broth

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Brother in St. *Ann*'s Church, that he was ſurpriſed to ſee me look ſo chearful, conſidering my Huſband was in the *Baſtile*. My Brother told it to me; but for my Life I could not gueſs what the Gentleman meant.

But too ſoon I was informed by the News-Papers, that Mr. *P*——*n*, Mr. *Motte*, and Mr. *Gilliver*, were all taken up on account of ſome treaſonable Poetry, which Mr. *P*——*n* had given to the two latter to print; I then recollected the Papers aforementioned, delivered to him by one of my Female Fellow-Travellers.

Who was the Informer I know not, both Parties having violently accuſed each other; but in my Soul I believe Mr. *P*——*n* was innocent, and I am ſure I have no Reaſon to be partial to him. But certain it is, his Character ſuffered ſo much that it almoſt broke my Heart, as it deprived me of any Hopes even of his having Bread for his Family. The Notion of his having betrayed Dr. *Swift* incenſed the whole Kingdom of *Ireland* againſt him; and as I did not for many Weeks receive a Letter from him, I knew not how to juſtify him;

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and when called upon by the late Primate (Dr. *Hoadly*) to give him an Account of the Affair, I could only anſwer him with Tears, which, as both he and his Lady were exceedingly humane, pleaded his Cauſe as powerfully as the moſt moving Eloquence could have done; his Grace bade me be comforted, and write to my Huſband to come over and mind his Duty and he would ſtill be a Friend to him and generouſly added, that as many Perſons buſied themſelves in bringing Stories to him to Mr. *P*————*n*'s Diſadvantage I ſhould be welcome to his Table every Day, which would diſcountenance thoſe who endeavoured to prejudice him, when they ſaw it did not make him or his Spouſe withdraw their Regard from me.

His Grace's Goodneſs affected me ſo much, that my Tears of Sorrow were converted to thoſe of Gratitude; nor could I forbear falling on my Knees to pay my Acknowledgments to him and his friendly Lady, for the Relief their Kindneſs had given to a Heart overcome with Anguiſh

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At length I received a Letter from Mr. *P———n*, which he was obliged to inclose to a Gentleman for me, otherwise it would have been carried to the Castle, and there examined; so great Notice was taken of these Poems. He wrote me word he had been ill of the Rheumatism, and in great Trouble; that he would directly return to *Ireland*, but that he had not Money to bear his Expences. I made an Application to my Father for him, who bade me let the Fellow go to the *West-Indies*, and he would take care of me and the Children. But, unfortunately for me, I had too much Good-nature to take this wholesome Advice; so far from it, that I never ceased importuning him, but followed him from Morning till Night, like *Niobe* all Tears, till he give me a Bill of twenty Pounds to send to him, with which he came over to *Ireland*; but so pale and dejected, that he looked like the Ghost of his former self; and the Disregard he met with from every body went very near his Heart. Every Day there was a new Abuse published on him; my Father battled for him,

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him, and I did every thing in my power to chear and comfort his Spirits. Compaſſion wrought now the ſame Effects on me, as Love had done heretofore; and as he frequently wept, I could not forbear mingling my Tears with his; and, by way of Conſolation, wrote to him the following Lines.

NO more, lov'd Partner of my Soul,
At Diſappointments grieve,
Can flowing Tears our Fate control,
Or Sighs our Woes relieve?

Adverſity is Virtue's School
To thoſe who right diſcern;
Let us obſerve each painful Rule,
And each hard Leſſon learn.

When wintry Clouds obſcure the Sky,
And Heav'n and Earth deform,
If fix'd the ſtrong Foundations lie,
The Caſtle braves the Storm.

Thus

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Thus fix'd on Faith's unfailing Rock,
Let us endure a while
Misfortune's rude, impetuous Shock,
And glory in our Toil.

Ill Fortune cannot always laſt,
Or tho' it ſhould remain,
Yet we each painful Moment haſte
A better World to gain:

Where Calumny no more ſhall wound,
Nor faithleſs Friends deſtroy,
Where Innocence and Truth are crown'd
With never-fading Joy.

I ſhould not have dwelt ſo long on every trivial Circumſtance had I not been ſtrangely traduced about this Affair, which, as I ſhall anſwer it to God, I have related with the utmoſt Truth and Exactneſs. I never had any Breach with Mr. *P*——*n*, till our final Separation; and I am ſure if my Father had ſuſpected me of any Diſhonour, he would ſooner have joined with my Huſband to proſecute me, than have given

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given him a ſingle Shilling to make u
Matters between us.

Neither can I really imagine what I ha
done to merit all the cruel and ſcandalo
Aſperſions thrown on me, eſpecially by t
Ladies: It would be infinite Vanity to ſu
poſe Envy had any Share in their gent
Breaſts; or that the Praiſes I received fro
the other Sex, on Account of my Writing
awaked their Diſpleaſure againſt me: F
though

They had no Title to aſpire;
Yet, when I ſunk, they roſe the high'i

But what I think moſt ſurpriſing,
that Women, who have ſuffered in th
own Reputations, are generally moſt cr
in their Cenſures on others. I could me
tion a Lady, who was ſo fond of a c
tain Colonel, that when he died, ſhe w
almoſt mad, though he was a marr
Man; and yet ſhe was heedful of
main Chance, in prevailing on him
leave her his Eſtate from his Wife, wh
Brother's Eſtate ſhe had before ſecured
herſ

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herſelf, he being married to her. I remember this Lady the whole Town-talk of *Dublin*, and yet, by having a large ill-got Fortune, ſhe procured a ſecond Huſband, commenced Prude, though not till Youth and Beauty were fled, and is, if ſhe yet lives, one of the bittereſt Eenmies to any Woman, who has ever committed even an Act of Indiſcretion, that can be found in the World, as I have proved many Years ago by woful Experience.

So Flavia, *full of inward Guilt,*
Calls Florimel *an arrant Jilt.*

But enough of this. When Mr. *P*———*n* was once more ſettled in his Cure, I being very much inclined to a Decay, my Father ſaid, nothing would more effectually reſtore my Health than the Country; ſo having often been invited to his Brother's at *Cork*, I reſolved on going there for a few Months, where I was very kindly received. We took the Diverſions of the Seaſon at *Mallow*, where nothing remarkable happened to me, except that one Gentleman

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Gentleman there took it into his Head to do, what they there call black-guard me inceſſantly. It was the reigning Humour of the Place, amongſt the young Folks, to call Names, ſell Bargains, and ſometimes talk indecently, all of which I abhorred, and therefore this Gentleman ſingled me out as a Mark for this Sort of Wit; and the more he found it vexed me, the more he perſiſted in it. At laſt, I very ſeriouſly demanded of him, what I had done to provoke him to teize me in the manner he did? He ſaid, he heard I was a Wit; and wiſhed I would write a Satire on him. So, to oblige him, I ſent him the following Lines, which obtained me a Truce from his anti-ſublime Conceits.

The MIRROR.

STREPHON, ſince my Skill you taſk,
And ſo oft your Picture aſk;
Leſt my Colours prove too faint,
Such a various Mind to paint,
I, who ne'er deſcend to flatter,
And abhor to deal in Satire,

Hav

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Have at length contriv'd a Way
Your Reſemblance to diſplay.
I have brought Truth's poliſh'd Mirror,
Which ſhall ſhew you ev'ry Error;
And, as faithful Glaſſes do,
Shall reflect your Graces too.

Barren Minds, like barren Soils,
Mock the Cultivator's Toils;
Tho' he ſows the choiceſt Seeds,
The Produce is Chaff and Weeds;
Thine, with wild luxuriant Growth,
Yields us Corn and Thiſtles both.
Ev'ry Virtue to it's Side
Has a Neighbour Vice ally'd;
Theſe, tho' ſprung from diff'rent Roots,
So immix and blend their Shoots,
That we know not what to call
Products ſo equivocal.

All who know you, would admire
Your true Courage, Senſe, and Fire:
Did not oft the Rude and Raſh,
With theſe nobler Talents claſh.

Bounteous

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Bounteous Nature fram'd your Mind
Fit for Senſe and Taſte refin'd:
You her choiceſt Gifts refuſe,
And the meaneſt Manner chuſe;
If from thence you Merit claim,
Ev'ry Shoe-boy has the ſame.

How can you to Fame aſcend,
If your Courſe you downward bend;
You, indeed, may hope in Time,
To atchieve the low Sublime:
And ſuppoſe the Bottom g ain'd,
What but Filth could be obtain'd?

If my Freedom here offend you,
Think it kindly meant to mend you.
In your Mind are Seeds of Worth,
Call their latent Virtues forth:
Nor need you far from Wiſdom roam,
Your beſt Examples are at home*.

And here, gentle Reader, I muſt
you take leave of the Hope of any far
chearful Amuſement; here commence
mo

* His Father Colonel *Murray*, and his
Wife Lady *Blaney*.

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mournfulleſt Tale which ever yet was either told or read.

The Winter's Return brought me to *Dublin*. My Huſband met me about a Mile from Town, and took me and my Aunt *Van Lewen*'s Siſter, who came to Town with me, out of the Stage-Coach into a Hackney one. He entertained me with an Account of a violent Quarrel he had with my Father; and ſaid, he hoped, if I had any Regard for him, I would never go with inſide his Doors. This was a ſtrange Command, and as ſtrange did it appear to me, that he ſhould quarrel with the beſt natured Gentleman in the World; his Father in Effect, as he treated him as his Son! I told him, I hoped he would excuſe my once diſobeying him; for I owed, if poſſible, a ſuperior Duty to my Father, than a Huſband could claim. Mr. *P———n* was very angry. This was on *Thurſday* Night: The next Morning, at all Hazards, I went to wait on my Father, who received me with a Coldneſs, which ſtruck me to the Heart. I aſked him, if I had any way offended him? He ſaid,

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Mr. *P——n* had uſed him ſo ill, he did not deſire to ſee his Wife. 'Dear Sir '(ſaid I) am I not your Daughter?' 'Yes, '(ſaid he) and had you taken my Advice 'in letting the Villain go to the *Weſt-* '*Indies*, I ſhould have regarded you as 'ſuch; but, make much of him; and 'remember, the Hour will come, when 'you will wiſh you had followed your 'Father's Counſel.' My Aunt's Siſter was with me, to whom he never once ſpoke, but walked to and fro in a ſort of a diſtracted Manner, and looked ſo ill, that, imagining my Preſence diſturbed him, I aſked him where my Mother was? He ſaid, ſhe was gone to take the Air; and that he had Company to dine with him, ſo that he could not aſk me to ſtay. I took the Hint, and departed from him, in ſuch inconceivable Sorrow, as I never in my Life experienced before, becauſe I really loved him more than any thing in the World.

I paſſed the Remainder of the Day in Tears, for my Huſband never came home till Twelve o'Clock at Night; ſo that had

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had full Liberty to indulge my Sorrow. I ſent my Compliments on *Friday* and *Saturday* Morning to my Parents; they anſwered, they were very well; but they neither aſked me to come to them, nor came to me.

On *Sunday* I was invited to Dinner to Mr. *Dubourg*'s. I found myſelf ſo ill, that I could not go to Church; however, about Two o'Clock, I went to dine with my Friends, who looked on me with as much Surprize as if they had ſeen an Apparition. They had no ſooner ſeated me, but they both went out of the Room, and held a long Conſultation at the Door: Little did I think how deeply I was concerned in it. At length Mrs. *Dubourg* came in: I tenderly reproached her with her Coldneſs to me: She ſaid, ſhe was not well; and aſked me, had I heard from *Moleſworth-ſtreet* that Day? I told her, I had not. She aſked me, if Mr. *P——n* would come to Dinner? I told her, he was engaged to preach at *St. Peter*'s Church in the Afternoon, and therefore went to Mrs. *Warren*'s, where they dined early.

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A little while after, Counſellor *Smith* came in; but they called him out, and held a long Conference with him. In ſhort, every body behaved themſelves ſo oddly to me, that I knew not what to make of it.

Juſt as Dinner was ſerved up, Mr. *P—n* came in: 'My Dear (ſaid I) you are bet-'ter than Promiſe.' 'Why (ſays he) I 'am not come to dine, but to tell you 'your Father is ſtabbed.' Had he plunged a Dagger in my Heart, it could not have given me a deeper Wound.

It ſeems, this Accident, for ſuch my Father declared it to be, happened at Nine o'Clock in the Morning; and ſo unkind were my Mother and Siſter, they never ſent me the leaſt Notice of it. The Company I went to, had known of it ſome Hours before; and conſequently were ſurprized to find me ignorant of what ſo nearly concerned me, and what, by that Time, all *Dublin* knew. None of them could find in their Hearts to tell me of it; and this was the Occaſion of the many Conſultations they held, which had appeared ſo ſtrange to me. It would be tedious to my Readers, to relate every

Difficult

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Difficulty I had even to ſee my Father. In reſpect to the Aſhes of my Mother, I do not chuſe to tell how ill I was uſed upon this Occaſion; but as I owe no ſort of Reſpect or Ceremony to my Siſter, (if I may call her one, who by no means deſerves that Title) I muſt proceed. I roſe from the Table, had a Chair called, and went to my Father's: Three of the Servants ſat in the Hall, and my Siſter, exceſſively dirty, walked to and fro in it. She would willingly have kept me out; but however, the Servant knowing me, opened the Door. The firſt Noiſe which ſtruck my Ear, upon my Entrance, was the deep and piercing Groans of my dear Father. When I attempted to go up Stairs to offer my Duty to him, my Siſter by Violence pulled me down; but the Agony I was in for my Father, and the Reſentment I conceived at her groſs Uſage of me, ſupplied me with Strength to get up in deſpight of her. When I opened the Dining-room Door, the Floor was all beſmeared with Blood; my Mother, in an arbitrary Voice, aſked me, what Buſineſs I had there? I told her,

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I had a Child's Right to pay my Duty to my Father. She ſaid, if I ſpoke to him it would kill him. Upon which, for the firſt, and indeed the only Time that ever I gave her an impertinent Anſwer; I ſaid, that if every Perſon about my Father had loved him with half my Tenderneſs, he would not have been reduced to the Condition I was then too ſure he was in. Upon this, I offered to go into the Bed-chamber, but was not only forcibly withſtood, but even beaten by my Mother, and again aſked, if I intended to kill my Father? I made her no Reply but ſat down, and aſſured her, that the firſt Perſon who opened that Door I would go in. In about three Minutes time Dr. *Cope*, Dr. *Helſham*, Mr *Nicholls*, and in all ſeven Phyſicians and three Surgeons (as my Father was univerſally eſteemed) came of their own Accord to viſit him; when I heard them on the Stairs, I took that Opportunity to open the Bed-chamber Door, in which neither my Mother nor my Siſter could well oppoſe me, as the Gentlemen were come in the Dining-room, before they were appriſ

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of my Intention; but, Heavens! how ſhall I deſcribe the Agony that ſeized me, when I beheld my dear Father pale as Death, and unable to utter any thing but Groans? thoſe only who have loved a Father as well as I did mine, can judge of my Condition: I kneeled down by the Bedſide: Weak as he was he kindly reached out his Hand to me: He aſbed me if this was not an unhappy Accident. I begged he would not ſpeak, becauſe Mr. *Nicholls* had told me, his Lungs were wounded, and that every Word was detrimental to him; but as I had not ever knowingly offended him, I begged he would give me leave to pay my Duty to him, and that he would ſignify it, by laying his Hand on my Head, which he not only did, but deſired I would not leave him. But here my Father gave me an impoſſible Taſk; for no ſooner were the Gentlemen departed, but my Mother ſaid ſhe muſt ſpeak with me; and whether ſhe was really mad, or counterfeited to be ſo, I know not; but ſhe inſiſted on my going to Bed with her, alledging that my Siſter was younger and ſtronger than I, and

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and better able to bear the Fatigue of ſittin
up. This ſeemed to carry the Appearanc
of Love and Tenderneſs; but Heave
knows it was far otherwiſe, as I afterward
found out; for the three following Day
my Mother never permitted me to leav
her; if I ever attempted it, ſhe tore he
Hair, and ſcreamed like a Lunatick. Th
fourth Night I heard my Father ring
Bell, my Mother was aſleep, and as m
Thoughts were ever on him, I ran dow
Stairs to him undreſt as I was. He ſeeme
ſurprized to ſee me, having been told that
was in my own Houſe, and would not un
dertake the Trouble of attending him.
found him in a very cold Sweat; it ſud
denly came into my Head, that if I coul
change that into a hot one, it might, pe
haps, relieve him. So after aſſuring him
that I had not quitted him, nor had ev
been out of the Houſe, but was prevente
by my Mother and Siſter from attending
him, he ſaid he was very dry, and aſked m
what the Phyſicians had ordered for hi
to drink. As they all concluded he wou
not out-live that Night, they had order
nothin

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nothing, but left him to take what he pleaſed, as, in ſpight of all Precautions to the contrary, I had overheard. Upon this, I reſolved ſo far to turn Phyſician myſelf as to tell him, they ordered him to drink ſome Hock and Sack made warm. Weak as he was he could not forbear ſmiling, and ſaying, he never heard of ſuch another Preſcription; 'Ten Gentlemen meet to 'order me ſome Hock and Sack mixed! 'ſaid he; well, give it me: it muſt 'certainly be a Cure for a pleuretick Fever.' I did ſo; nay, I not only gave it to him that Time, but plied him with it every Time he called for Drink all Night, till it produced the Effect I deſired, and threw him into a fine breathing Sweat, and a deep Sleep. It may now be demanded, where my Siſter was all this Time? why, as ſhe had not, if I may ſpeak my Mind, half the Regard for my Father that I had, ſhe was faſt aſleep in the Arm-Chair, nor could he awake her.

When the Phyſicians came in the Morning, they were agreeably ſurprized to find my Father's Fever quite gone, and his Eyes look

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look very lively; he told them, their merry Preſcription had done him great ſervice I winked at them not to undeceive him they underſtood me, and Dr. *Helſham* called me aſide, under Pretence of giving me ſome Directions, but in reality, to enquire of me what I had adminiſtered. told him, and he could not forbear ſmiling He called the Gentlemen into the next Room to a Conſultation, to which preſently after I was ſummoned. As both Dr. *Helſham* and Dr. *Cope* were Men of Wit and Pleaſantry, they rallied me agreeably preſuming to practiſe Phyſick, having never taken my Degrees; and aſſured me I ſhould be called before the College of Phyſicians and be proſecuted as an Empyrick.

I roſe up, and making a low Courteſy told them, as the beſt Part of the College of Phyſicians were then preſent, they would I hoped, have Candour enough to permit me to make my own Defence; to which they all aſſented by a gracious Nod, and bade me proceed; I then, making another Reverence, told them, that as to my Right of practiſing Phyſick, I held it *extra*

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dice, and ſmiling ſaid, I ſuppoſed they all underſtood *Latin*—— but as their proper Buſineſs was to deſtroy Life, I hoped they would not take it amiſs, if I for once, in a Caſe which ſo nearly and deeply concerned me, had, to the utmoſt of my power, fruſtrated their Deſigns; neither had I preſumed to interfere, till they themſelves had aſſured me all Hope of my Father's Life was gone, and that he could not live till Morning. But, ſaid I, making another Courteſy, I, with all reſpect to this honourable Board, humbly preſume to believe,

They had rather chuſe that he ſhould die,
Than their Prediction prove a Lye.

Nothing, except my Father's being ſo very weak, and ſo very near to us, could have prevented the Gentlemen's laughing heartily at my fine Harangue. However, I was diſmiſſed with Honour; and as my Father ſeemed now to want nothing but Reſtoratives, I was directed to make him ſome Viper Broth, Hartſhorn Jelly, Chocolate, and other nouriſhing Aliments.

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From this Time we entertained Ho
of my Father's Recovery. In a few D
he was ſo ſtrong as to be able to ſit
from Morning till Night. The wh
Town ſeemed to participate in our Joy; a
many who had never viſited him befo
came now to congratulate him and his
mily on this happy Change. Whethe
was owing to his having ſeen too mu
Company, or to his own over-Neatneſs
inſiſting on having his Chamber cleaned
know not; but I received a Meſſage fr
Mr. *P*———*n*, that he was taken very
and deſired to ſee me. As I had flatte
myſelf my Father was out of Danger
obeyed the Commands of my Huſba
and prevailed on Mr. *Nicholls* to com
viſit him. He had got a Cold, and w
little feveriſh; Mr. *Nicholls* thought
per to take a little Blood from him, a
ſtaid with him that Night and Part of
enſuing Day. Mr. *P*———*n* being m
relieved, gave me leave in the Evenin
go to my Father's, where I found
Things in Confuſion, and he ſo ill
there was now not the leaſt Hope o

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Recovery: He coughed inceſſantly, was ſeized with what they call a galloping Conſumption, and in a very few Days after expired, leaving me in inconceivable Sorrow. About an Hour before he departed, I left the Room being unable to ſee his laſt Agonies, and went up to my Mother, who was as faſt locked up in Sleep as guiltleſs Labour. Some time after I heard the Windows thrown up, by which I knew his mortal Cares were ended.

We had that Evening engaged a Nurſe Keeper, but did not dare to let her into my Father's Preſence, leſt he ſhould ſay, as he once did, on propoſing ſuch a thing, that we were tired of him; but now her Aſſiſtance was abſolutely neceſſary, tho' my Siſter told me, ſhe herſelf helped to waſh and lay my Father out. I am ſure I could have died ſooner; but ſome Perſons have uncommon Courage, or rather, as *Swift* obſerves,

Indiff'rence clad in Wiſdom's Guiſe,
All Fortitude of Mind ſupplies.

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About three o'Clock in the Morning, on New-Year's-Day, my Sister came into the Room, and desired me to come and help her to take my Father up, that he wanted to rise. Tho' I was certain he was dead, as I had not taken off my Cloaths, I went with her, and sent in the Maid to sit by my Mother. I asked my Sister on the Stairs, was my Father alive? She answered, No. So with a heavy Heart I went into the Dining-Room; but by no means could I summon up sufficient Spirits, to look upon the clay-cold Figure of him, who, under God, was the Author of my Being. My Heart fluttered; my Tongue refused it's Office; neither had I the poor Relief of Tears— no Wonder, when *the very Spring and Fountain of my Life was stopt—— the very Source of it was stopped*, if the Streams thereon dependant, were for a while froze up and dead.

While I was lost in melancholy-musing, my Sister was very industrious in making the Tea-Kettle boil. I do not say this by way of Reflection on her; for tho' I was less assiduous about it, my own Mouth was perfectly

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perfectly parched with Thirſt, and I was very glad of ſomething to moiſten it.

When the Tea was ready, unluckily we had no Sugar, nor was there any in the Houſe, but what was in the Tea-Cheſt, the Key of which was in my Mother's Pocket under her Head. My Siſter went up and waked her, telling her, my Father wanted a little burned Wine. She readily gave it, and prayed devoutly that it might do him good. My Siſter came down laughing, to think how ſhe had impoſed on her. If any thing could have added Weight to the intolerable Burthen of my Sorrows, I now felt it, by conſidering how terrible my Mother's Surprize and Diſappointment muſt be!

About ſix o'Clock, I thought is was proper to ſend the Cheſt of Plate into Dean *Madden*'s, and to lock up whatever was valuable; a prudent Precaution, as it too ſoon appeared. After this I went into my Mother's Chamber; ſhe aſked me how my Father was. I told her he had been very ill in the Beginning of the Night, but was now very quiet. She ſaid, ſhe hoped Sleep would

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would do him good. I anſwered, I truſted in God it had. So ſhe aroſe, and would not put on her Shoes leſt ſhe ſhould diſturb him: Nay, ſo ſtrong was the Force of her Imagination, that ſhe even ſaid, ſhe heard him cough as we paſſed by his Chamber Door: But a ſad Counterfeit was I; for when we came into his Dreſſing-Room, which opened to the Garden, as it was now Day-light, my Mother eaſily perceived the Concern in my Countenance; ſhe ſhrieked when ſhe looked at me, and with great Impatience aſked me, what ailed me: 'O 'Lord! cried ſhe, cannot you give me 'one Word of Comfort?' I anſwered very faintly, I wiſhed it was in my Power: But alas! her worſt Fears were but too true; all was over. I really thought ſhe would now have run quite mad; ſcarcely could I prevent her going into his Chamber. I ſent in for Dean *Madden*, who by Prayers and ſpiritual Advice, a little calmed her; but one Woe trod upon the other's Heels: Mr. *Nicholls*, who for the particular Regard he had for my Father, was his firſt Viſitor, and whoſe Humanity during the whole

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whole Time of his Sickneſs, deſerves a grateful Acknowledgment; which, if the ſurviving Part of his Family refuſe, I think it incumbent on me to pay, ſo far at leaſt as Words can do it, came into the Dining-Room; he gueſſed our Loſs 'ere we could ſpeak it, and ſeemed to bear a Part in our Sorrows. He aſked me what Hour he ſhould come to open my Father. I told him, he had left his Curſe on any Perſon who attempted it. He ſaid he was very glad of it; for as this diſmal Operation muſt have fallen to his Share, it would, I am certain, greatly have ſhocked his Humanity. I would have had him go up to ſee my Mother: He ſaid it would but renew her Trouble, and that when ſhe was a little more calm he would make her a Viſit.

I now thought it highly neceſſary to perſuade my poor Mother to take, at leaſt, a Diſh of Tea, which I could not do, but by aſſuring her I was ready to faint. Juſt as it was prepared, a Servant, looking like a Ghoſt, opened the Door, and beckoned me to follow him; I did ſo, and upon coming

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ing down Stairs, found the Houſe filled with Sheriff's Officers: One of them, whoſe Name was *Williams*, was moſt remarkably inſolent, and abuſed me very groſly. I once more ſent in for Dean *Madden*; I believe the worthy Gentleman thought his Words might prevail, but the Scoundrel *Williams* bade him, go talk in his Pulpit. However, I had Preſence of Mind ſufficient to write a Line to Counſellor *Smith*; he happened not to be at home; ſo I begged of the Dean to go to my Mother, leaſt thoſe licenſed Robbers ſhould plunder the Houſe. About ſeven in the Evening Mr. *Smith* came; he found the Wretches very buſy in taking an Inventory of the Furniture. They were full as rude to him, as they had been to the Dean; and at laſt carried it ſo far, as to inſiſt upon arreſting my Father's Body, juſt then laid in a Coffin. I, almoſt wild with Grief, ran after them; the Coffin was open, and I raiſed my dear Father in my Arms, and, as if he could have heard me, aſked him, Would he not protect his Family? Mr. *Smith* had, in the mean Time, ſent for the High-Sheriff; he

was

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was a young, good-natured Gentleman; and, after heartily reprimanding the Fellows, nay, and even making *Williams* beg pardon on his Knees, diſmiſſed them all, except one, whom he ordered, not only to be civil, but alſo to do the Work of a Servant; aſſuring us, he would take an Inventory of the Things himſelf, as ſoon as the Funeral was over.

The next Day, being *Sunday*, we determined to have my dear Father buried, according to his own Directions, privately, at Twelve o'Clock at Night; and I eaſily prevailed on Mr. *Smith*, and his preſent Lady, to give their Company to my Mother, during the Time of this laſt ſad ſolemn Ceremony. As my Mother wept inceſſantly, it made her ſleepy; but the Noiſe made in carrying down my Father's Corpſe, awak'd her; and as ſhe had only ſlumber'd in her Chair, ſhe ſtarted up, crying out, they were carrying her dear Huſband to the Grave, and that ſhe would go and be buried with him. We were obliged by Violence to reſtrain her; nay, and alſo to aſſure her he had been interred ſome

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ſome Hours, and that the Noiſe ſhe hear
was only that of the Servants, who wer
ſetting Things in Order. Mr. *Smith* an
his Lady, who, according to their Promiſ
came and paſſed the Evening with my Mo
ther, ſaid every thing that Reaſon, Chriſt
anity, or Humanity could dictate, to mit
gate her Afflictions. Gratitude for the
Kindneſs made her endeavour to ſupre
the Anguiſh of her Soul; nay, out
Complaiſance to them, ſhe drank a Glaſs
two of Wine, which, as ſhe had not do
for ſome Weeks before, produced t
Effect I deſired, of making her ſleep. M
P———n attended the Funeral Ob
quies, which was the only Proof of R
ſpect or Kindneſs he ever ſhewed to the F
mily.

Early the next Morning, I roſe; and
in the melancholy Situation of my So
any thing could have made me ſmile,
Cookmaid's Simplicity would certainly ha
done it; for, finding her Fire made,
Diſhes waſhed, and every thing ſet in go
Order, ſo well did the Bailiff, who
left in the Houſe, obey the High Sheri

Ord

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Orders, in doing the Work of a Servant; and he having walked into the Garden; the Maid not recollecting there was any ſuch Perſon in the Houſe, ſtood croſſing herſelf, and praying to the Bleſſed Virgin, and all the Saints in Heaven. I aſked her, What was the matter? 'O my dear Ma-'dam! (ſays ſhe) my Maſter was always 'neat; and ſee, for all he is dead, how 'he made the Fire, and cleaned up the 'Kitchen for me.'

I left the poor Girl in her Miſtake, and went up to my Mother. It grieved me to awake her; yet knowing the High Sheriff would be early with us, and that the Inventory of what was in her Chamber muſt be taken, I thought it was moſt decent for her to be up, as her unhappy Situation could not authorize her taking on the State of a Lady of Quality, to lie in Bed a Month for Faſhion's-ſake.

She was not long up before the Gentleman came: From him I learned, that this Execution was laid at the Suit of the Widow *Ford*, who being Executrix to her Children, had aſked my Father, where ſhe could

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could lay out their Money to Advantage
As Mr. *Monck* wanted Money, my Fathe
immediately thought of him; but as h
Eſtate was not liable to his Debts, my Fathe
became Surety for him. This was enoug
for me; I immediately wrote to Mr. *Monck*
who, on Receipt of the Letter, came t
Town, and, with great Honour, not onl
diſcharged his own Debt, but alſo paid th
Sheriff's Fees, which in three Days amoun
ed to Twenty Pounds.

This Gentleman was the late *Henry Stan*
Monck, of *St. Stephen's Green.*

My Siſter, like all provident Perſon
made the beſt of her Way to her Huſband
Mother; who being aſſured, by Dean *Ma*
den, that he himſelf had married my Siſt
to her Son, which had been queſtioned,
Account of his abrupt Departure from h
ſoon after he had made her a Mother, w
ſo kindly received by her new Parent, th
for three Weeks after, ſhe never eith
ſent, or came, to know what was become
the old one.

As my Father had poſitively prohibi
us from writing any Account to my B
th

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ther, then at *Paris*, of the Misfortune that had befallen him, I thought it not proper to diſobey him; yet, at the ſame time, judged it highly neceſſary he ſhould be apprized of the melancholy Situation of his Affairs at home; I therefore engaged a young Gentleman, an intimate Friend of my Brother's, to undertake the mournful Taſk, and adviſe him immediately to return to *Ireland*: But his beſt Speed could not overtake his Father's Life, who had been three Weeks buried e're he arrived. When he ſaw us in deep Mourning, and miſſed the dear Parent, who uſed ever to receive him with the Love of a Father, and the Freedom of a Companion, all his Reſolution could ſcarce ſupport it: and tho' he endeavoured to comfort us, 'twas but too viſible he wanted it himſelf. My Heart bled for him; ſo diſappointed in all his Hopes, which, as they had been high raiſed, were now the more depreſſed. In ſhort, we were all mere Outſide, each endeavouring, by a forced Chearfulneſs, to conceal their inward Anguiſh from each other.

As

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As my Brother, ſoon after, ſold off th Goods by Auction, and placed my Mother who was left entirely dependant on him, t board at a Clergyman's Houſe in the Coun try, after which I never ſaw her more; returned to my own Houſe.

Mr. *P——n*, having now no Expecta tion of a Fortune by me, he threw off a Diſguiſe, and ſhewed himſelf in his prope Colours; he had, it ſeems, while I was i the Country, in a bad State of Health, go in League with the Widow *W—rr—n* whom he intended, if I had died, as wa expected, ſhould ſupply my Place. How ever, he was reſolved to gid rid ofme at an rate; and as nothing but my Death, or Divorce, could accompliſh his Deſires, th latter ſeemed the ſafer Method. To th End, he ſet all his Engines to work. H firſt Scheme I ſhall here relate.

One Morning pretty early, he ſent f me to come to him to Breakfaſt in t Summer-houſe; as I thought he was alon I ran to him quite undreſt; but was co founded at the Sight of a Gentleman, who I had never ſeen before, and who was dr

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out with the utmoſt Magnificence and Curioſity, rather in the Habit of a Birth-Night Beau, than a Morning Viſitor. I was for retiring, but Mr. *P*———*n* obliged me to come in, and introduced him to me. I ſat down with the beſt Grace I could; and made the Tea: Before it was half over Mr. *P*———*n* ſaid, he was obliged to go viſit a ſick Perſon; but that he ſhould return in half an Hour, engaging me not to let the Gentleman go till then; at the ſame time aſſuring him, I was very well qualified to entertain him agreeably. The Gentleman did not expreſs the leaſt Reluctance at complying with his Requeſt; ſo far from it, that as ſoon as he was gone, he ſaid, he was much indebted to Mr. *P*———*n*'s Complaiſance, for the favourable Opportunity he had afforded him of ſpeaking his Wiſhes; and, laying hold of my Hand, he began to addreſs me in a moſt bombaſtic Stile, with Fuſtian from exploded Plays. For my part, I thought he was mad, and growing angry at what I deemed a great Incivility to a married Woman, I aſſured him, if he perſiſted in ſuch Impertinence,

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tinence, I would quit the Place. He then begged Pardon moſt humbly indeed, for he threw himſelf on the Carpet at my Feet, ſwearing he would never riſe till I had forgiven him; which, not to be plagued with his farther Impertinence, I was forced to ſay, I did. He then wanted me to confirm it by a Kiſs, but that I would by no means grant. In ſhort, his Company was ſo tireſome, that I moſt impatiently longed for a Releaſe; which, however, Mr. *P——n* was reſolved not to give me: So finding the Gentleman was determined to proſecute me, I told him I was engaged to dine abroad, and hoped he would excuſe my leaving him, as I expected a Lady to call upon me, which laid me under a Neceſſity of going to dreſs.

Upon this civil Diſmiſs, to my great Satisfaction he took his Leave, promiſing me, he would do himſelf the Honour of waiting on me again very ſpeedily, to which I made no Reply.

I believe he went to Mr. *P——n* to give him an Account of what had paſt

who

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who ſome time after returned, and ſeemed much offended, that I had ſuffered his Friend, as he called him, to go away; adding, that he was related to the Duke of *Dorſet*, and might, by his Intereſt, get him a good Living. I anſwered, Let him be ever ſo well related, he was a very troubleſome Coxcomb, and if he liked ſuch Company, I did not.

A few Days after my youngeſt Child died, and that I might avoid ſeeing the Funeral, I retired to the Summer-Houſe, where I ſat weeping; when ſuddenly this ſame fine Spark opened the Door. He told me, Mr. *P———n* had ſent him to deſire I would have ſome Coffee ready, and that he would be at home immediately. I deſired the Gentleman to go with me to the Dwelling-Houſe, not chuſing to ſtay alone with him at ſo great a Diſtance from every Body. The Coffee was prepared, but no Mr. *P———n* came, ſo we drank it without him, and the Gentleman fell into his old Vagaries again. I then,

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All ſmarting with my Griefs, being vex'd
To be ſo peſtered by a Popinjay,

Shakeſpear.

Burſt into Tears, and demanded of him, what he meant by ſuch Inſolence? He looked very much confounded, and aſked me, was I in earneſt? I aſſured him I was, and that I would acquaint Mr. *P——n* with his Rudeneſs. He ſmiled at that Threat, and to my great Surprize, made me the following Speech. 'Madam, I 'am convinced by your Behaviour, that 'you are a Woman of Honour, and am 'very ſorry I ſhould be ſo unfortunate as 'to provoke your Tears: The beſt Re-'compence I can make you, is, to entruſt 'you with a Secret; and I doubt not but 'you will have Diſcretion enough to make 'a proper uſe of it. Mr. *P——n* de-'ſcribed you to me, as a Lady very li-'beral of your Favours, and begged I 'would be ſo kind as to make him a 'Cuckold, ſo that he might be able to 'prove it, in order to a Separation from 'you;

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'you; promiſing to give me Time and 'Opportunity for it: He aſſured me, it 'would be no difficult Taſk; that I need 'but throw myſelf at your Feet, whine 'out ſome Tragedy, and you would quick-'ly yield. But I am now convinced, that 'he is a very great V——n, and very un-'worthy of you.'

I leave my Reaſon to judge of my Aſtoniſhment. I could ſcarce give the Gentleman Credit; and yet it was but too evident that he ſpoke Truth, as it was now nine o'Clock at Night, and Mr. *P——n* not come home to his invited Gueſt.

When I had recovered Power to ſpeak, I told him, I ſuppoſed Mr. *P——n* knew him to be a Perſon deſtitute of all Honour and Humanity, when he propoſed ſuch a Scheme to him as that of betraying any Woman. 'Faith, Madam, returned he, 'I never intended it; for had you made 'me happy, I would, like a Gentleman, 'have forſworn it, and alſo have given 'you a proper Caution: But I would not 'pay you ſo ill a Compliment, as not to 'aſſure you, the Bait was very illuring.

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'I believe there are very few young Fel-
'lows who would have refuſed him the
'Favour he deſired of me.' I then beg-
ged he would be ſo kind to leave me, which, accordingly, taking his Leave very reſpectfully, he did.

I went to Bed full of Diſquietude; but the bitter Anguiſh of my Soul quite baniſhed Sleep. I conſidered the Snares were laid for me, and that he who ought to be the Guardian and Protector of my Innocence, was the very firſt Perſon who ſought to deſtroy it. I wept abundantly, and prayed heartily to God, to deliver me out of my Trouble; at length I fell into a Slumber, when methought my Father, juſt as I had ſeen him in his Coffin, drew open the Curtain, and muttered ſomething to me very low and indiſtinct; but the Words *Trouble*, *Sorrow* and *Shame*, I very plainly heard. I ſtarted up, and turned the Head Curtain back; but ſeeing nothing, concluded the Trouble of my Mind produced ſuch terrifying Dreams, and recommending myſelf to Heaven, once more addreſſed myſelf to Sleep; when ſuddenly, me-

thought,

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thought, I was in the midſt of a Parcel of Ruffians who were fighting, and that I, though I knew not why, was the Occaſion of their Quarrel. At laſt I thought one of them gave me a ſevere Blow over the Head, at which I ſcreamed out, and Mr. *P———n*, who was now in the Chamber, waked me, and aſked me, what was the matter? I told him, I had a very ſhocking Dream. 'Why, ſays he, you 'grieve ſo much after your Father, and 'your Brat, and take no Suſtenance, that 'it is no Wonder you ſhould be in the 'Vapours.' I deſired he would be ſo kind as give me a little Water; for I was in a faint cold Sweat; but as he always kept ſome Cherry-Brandy in his Study, he made me take a little of it, which greatly revived me. I then told him Mr. *H———d* had been to ſee him. He aſked me, how long he ſtayed? I anſwered, till I was weary of him. 'Why, did he offend 'you?' 'Indeed (returned I) he did.' 'How?' ſaid he. 'By a great deal of 'Impertinence, not worth relating. I 'ſuppoſe (ſaid he) the Coxcomb was re-

'peating

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'peating his Poetry to you.' 'No (re
'turned I) he ſpoke nothing of his own
'he had a proper Authority, I believe
'for whatever he ſaid.' I looked earneſt
ly in Mr. *P———n*'s Face, and coul
eaſily perceive he was in great Confuſion
ſo he put out the Candle, and came to Bed
without aſking me any farther Queſtions.

Early the next Morning he went out o
Town, without either leaving a Shilling t
provide for his Family, which conſiſted o
a Maid, a Footman, two Children, and my
ſelf, or any Perſon to ſerve his Cure; nei
ther did I, for the Space of two Months
hear from him, or receive any Supply; ti
at laſt, by Accident, I learned he was wit
the Widow *W—rr—n*. For the Truth o
this, the Reverend Dr. *Bradford* can bea
Witneſs; I mean, ſo far as his going awa
without either aſking his Permiſſion, or ſub
ſtituting any Perſon to do his Duty.

But when a Lady's in the Caſe,
All other Bus'neſs muſt give Place.

Gay's Fable

Even in Religion itſelf.

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I now beg leave to demand of every Perſon, who has been ſevere in their Cenſures of me, what Duty, Love, or Reſpect was due to ſuch a Huſband? When an honeſt Man is linked to a perfidious Woman, his Misfortunes claim Compaſſion; but ſure a voluntary Cuckold is the meaneſt Wretch in Human Nature, and deſerves nothing from the World, but the utmoſt Contempt.

In the mean time the Pariſh was quite in an Uproar; nobody to viſit the Sick, or read Six o'Clock Prayers. I related this Part of my Diſtreſs to my Brother, who prevailed on a young Gentleman, who had been his School-fellow and Companion, then newly ordained, to do Mr. *P——n*'s Duty.

As for my two Children, I ſent them to School, and they dined every Day with Mr. *P——n*'s Father; the Servants were forced to run in Debt for Proviſion; and, for my own part, I quartered myſelf on my next Door Neighbours, Mr. *Lindſay* and his Spouſe, where I always met a chearful and friendly Reception.

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I muſt here obſerve, that becauſe I love reading, Mr. *P——n* took with him the Key of his Study, into which he had removed all my Books, Preſents to me from my Friends before I was married. He alſo locked up the Garden, rather chuſing it ſhould be overgrown with Weeds, and the Plants and Flowers die for Want of Water, than that either I or the Children ſhould have the Pleaſure of amuſing ourſelves in it. The Tea-cheſt was alſo ſecured; ſo I was left like a tame Cat, with the Liberty of walking about through two or three empty Rooms.

When I had learned where Mr. *P——* was, I wrote to him; but received no Anſwer. At length, one *Saturday*, about Twelve o'Clock at Noon, his Horſe was brought home and a mangy Dog, of which I was ordered to take a particular care, which I did; and now expected the Maſter. But as his buxom old Widow (and old enough ſhe was to be my Mother, and big enough to make four of me) came to Town with him, he ſtayed with her till Twelve o'Clock at Night. His firſt Que-

ti-

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tion when he entered was, where was his Dog? with which having played about half an Hour, hugging, kiſſing, and calling it an Angel, he at laſt vouchſafed to come up Stairs. I ſat in my Cloſet in a very penſive Poſture; his firſt Salutation to me was, to aſk me, how I had the Impudence to write to him about my Family Affairs? I aſked him to whom elſe ſhould I write? 'Very fine! (returned he) ſuppoſe Mrs. '*W—rr—n* had opened my Letter!' 'I 'could not ſuppoſe that, Sir, becauſe it is 'a Liberty I never took with you.' 'You 'took with me! why ſhould you? 'Nay 'then (ſaid I) why ſhould ſhe? 'I have '(ſaid he) great Patience, that I do not 'turn you out of Doors.' 'As ſoon as 'you pleaſe, Sir; I know my Way to *St.* '*Sepulchres*, and late as it is, I dare ſay 'they will give me Admiſſion.'

I believe he thought he had now gone too far, and was more than half afraid I would publiſh all his Villanies; ſo he fell into his old Trade of Diſſimulation, in which he is a perfect Maſter; and taking me by the Hand, told me, he did not think

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think ſo gentle a Temper as mine could b
diſturbed at any Thing; and that it wa
very unkind in me to be diſobliged at hi
taking a little Recreation in the Country
adding, that he often wiſhed for me there
I aſked him why he did not take me wit
him? He ſaid, he had propoſed it to Mrs
W—rr—n; but that ſhe had objected a
gainſt it, telling him, I was a Woman o
ſo bad a Reputation, that ſhe would no
for all the World countenance me. I mu
beg leave to aſk my Readers, what Sort
Terms this Couple muſt be on, when ſh
took the Liberty of traducing his Wife
him? She may be very chaſte, for aug
I know; but I verily believe many an u
happy Creature, who has even proſtitut
herſelf for Bread, would not have be
guilty of her Crime.

Curſed be he that parteth Man and W
is Part of our *Aſh-Wedneſday* Service,
which I ſay *Amen*, with all my Heart a
Soul.

But to return: I told Mr. *P——n*
was extremely obliged to the Lady; t
moſt Men, even if they hated their Wi

wo

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would resent any Injury offered to them as being Part of themselves; but he was too good a Christian for that. So I arose, and was for leaving the Room. He asked me, where I was going? I answered, 'To sleep 'with my Children; for why should I, Sir, 'go to bed to a Man, in whose Person, 'Mind, or Fortune, I have no longer a 'Share; and who has actually divorced him-'self from me, as the Law can do!'

However he insisted on my staying with him, which accordingly I did. We both rose pretty early; and the Children coming in to ask his Blessing, he whipt his Daughter severely, because, as he said, she resembled my Mother; though indeed she was infinitely more like his own: And, to shew his Impartiality, he whipt the poor little Boy, for being like himself.

When this Scene was over, the Children were turned down to the Kitchen, and the mangy Dog, which it seems was given him by Mrs. *W—rr—n*, invited to a good Plate of Toast and Butter and half a Pint of Cream for his Breakfast; so well did he

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fulfil the old Proverb, *Love me, love my Dog.*

After theſe Holy Exerciſes, he went to the Communion; which indeed I had intended to do, but as he had really vexed me paſt my Patience, I could not compoſe myſelf ſufficiently for the worthily receiving thoſe ſublime Myſteries.

Thus we may ſee it is in the power of a bad Man, not only to deſtroy our temporal, but alſo our eternal Happineſs.

I ſaw no more of him till Midnight; buxom *Joan* engaging him till then, or in other Words, the Widow *W——rr——n.*

Mr. *P——n*'s Father hearing he was in Town, came the next Morning to ſee him, and demanded of him the Money he had paid for his Childrens Tuition; upon which he turned to me, with an Air of great Contempt, and told me, he thought when he had married ſo accompliſhed a Lady, ſhe might have taught her Children to read, write, work, *&c.* and at leaſt have ſaved him the Expence of their Education. I told him, and indeed it was Truth, that I ſhould never deſire a more delightful Em-

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ployment than that of cultivating their Minds; but that he ought to consider, he left no Support for our Bodies, and consequently I was obliged to go abroad every Day to seek for Food, and could not encumber such Company, as I might be welcome to, with my Children. Here Mr. *P——n*'s Father interrupted me, by saying, I might always have been welcome to him. Indeed I doubt it not, for he was a good-natured Man; but as he kept an Alehouse, it was no very agreeable Place for me to pass my Time in.

Next Morning buxom *Joan* came in her own Coach for her Chaplain; a Right which most Widows of Fortune claim. I looked at her, and she hid her Face. Mr. *P——n* soon waited on her, and away they went together, leaving me just as desolate as I was before.

Mr. *P——n* has often alledged, in order to prove me an Adultress, as I was with Child when we parted, that he had no manner of matrimonial Commerce with me for four Years. I was but just four and twenty Years of Age when we were sepa-

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rated; and, as my Reader may obſerve, he would not permit me to have a ſeparate Bed, whether what he not only ſaid, but ſwore, was true or falſe, I do not ſee how he could gain any Honour by it.

For as the *Spaniſh* Friar ſays, when old *Gomez* boaſts that his Wife was a ſpotleſs Virgin for him;

A fine Commendation truly!
The Church did not put you together for that.

And here, gentle Reader, give me leave to drop the Curtain: To avouch mine own Innocence in a Point, where Appearances were ſtrong againſt me, would perhaps little avail me: The ſupreme Judge of Hearts alone will at the laſt great Day clear or condemn me; to whoſe unerring Juſtice and boundleſs Goodneſs I ſubmit my Cauſe.

When Snares and Limed-Twigs are ſpread for a poor Bird, it cannot well eſcape. Yet I may ſay with the condemned Duke of *Buckingham*, in *Shakeſpear*'s *Henry the Eighth*,

We

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We both fell by our Servants;
Therefore, this receive as certain:
Where you are lib'ral of your Loves and Counſels,
Be ſure you are not looſe; for thoſe you make Friends,
And give your Hearts to, when they perceive
The leaſt Rub in your Fortune, fall away
Like Water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to ſink ye.

A proper Caution to both Sexes, to be duly on their Guard againſt Confidants.

I could reckon up numberleſs Inſtances of Mr. *P——n*'s Averſion to me; one in particular I cannot paſs over. One Day, at Dinner, the Pin in the Robing of my Gown, pricked my Breaſt; as there was no body but my Huſband and Children preſent, I made no Scruple of uncovering my Boſom, to examine what had hurt me; upon which Mr. *P——n* roſe from Table, and ſaid I had turned his Stomach. As I really had a fine Skin, and was then a moſt remarkably neat Perſon, I thought he only

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jeſted; and merrily told him, he ſhould kiſs my Breaſt and make it well: But alas! it was not like *Prior*'s *Lover's Anger*, where when the Lady complains, that

An ugly hard Roſe-bud has fall'n in my Neck,
It has vex'd me, and plagu'd me to ſuch a Degree!
Look here now; you'll never believe one, pray ſee,
I' th' Left Side of my Breaſt what a Mark it has made!
So ſaying, her Boſom ſhe careleſs diſplay'd:
That Seat of Delight I with Wonder ſurvey'd,
And forgot ev'ry Word I deſign'd to have ſaid.

For he told me, he was ſure he ſhould faint if I came near him; and either pretended to throw up his Dinner, or did it in reality. After which polite Compliment, he drank a large Glaſs of Cherry-brandy, to ſettle his Stomach; and repaired to his uſual Haunt, *i. e.* to buxom *Joan*.

About

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About Twelve at Night, he returned, and awaked me out of a ſweet Sleep, by telling me, I was a moſt expenſive extravagant Woman. I aſked him in what? He ſaid, in putting on clean Linen every Day; whereas Mrs. *W—rr—n*, who had a Thouſand Pounds a Year, aſſured him, ſhe never ſhifted herſelf but once a Week, and ſhewed him Half-ſleeves, which ſhe wore, to ſave the Expence of waſhing. I anſwered him very careleſly, that I ſuppoſed that was what charmed him; and therefore, Dirt to Dirt.

I beg leave here to remark, that my Huſband's Complaints were very different from thoſe of moſt married Men; their general Excuſe for going aſtray is, that their Wives are dirty, ſlothful, ignorant, &c. the very Reverſe of which ſwiniſh Qualities made my good Man hate me.

Well, grant me guilty, which never yet
was proved;
Yet I do think, if Wives do fall, it is
their Huſbands Fault.

Say,

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Say; that they ſlack their Duty, and pour
our Treaſure into foreign Laps,
Or elſe break out in peeviſh Jealouſy,
Throwing Reſtraint on us: Or ſay, they
ſtrike us;
Or ſcant our former Having, in Deſpight:
Why, we have Galls; and though we have
ſome Grace,
Yet we have ſome Revenge. Let Huſ-
bands know,
Their Wives have Senſe like them: They
ſee and ſmell,
And have their Palates both for ſweet
and ſour,
As Huſbands have. What is it that they
do,
When they change us for others? Is it
Sport?
I think it is. And doth Affection breed
it?
I think it doth. Is't Frailty that thus
errs?
It is ſo too. And have not we Affections
Deſire for Sport? and Frailty, as Men
have?

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Then let them use us well; or let them know,
The Ills we do, their Ills inſtruct us to.
Shakeſpear.

And in one of the Sermons on Social Duties, publiſhed lately by a real Divine, he makes this Obſervation, That he believes, very few Women have either been ſo weak, or ſo wicked, to wrong the Marriage-bed, but when they have been provoked to it, either by the ill Treatment they received from their Huſbands, or in Revenge to their prior Falſhoods.

If I have not delivered the moſt worthy Author's Sentiments with his own Elegance of Style, I am ſure he will pardon me, as I only quote from Memory, not being Miſtreſs of his admirable Works.

I do aſſure my Reader, I do not, by thoſe Quotations, mean to countenance Vice,

Or to arm my Pen
Againſt the Sun-clad Power of Chaſtity.
Milton.

So

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So far from it, that in my Opinion, Nothing can excuſe the Breach of it; and a Female

Should ſtrip herſelf to Death, as to a Bed
Which, longing, ſhe'd been ſick for,
Rather than yield her Body up to Shame.

All I intend is this; the World has been pleaſed to ſay, I had a moſt excellent Husband; and therefore have thought proper not thinking their Bill of Accuſation large enough, to add *Ingratitude* to every other Vice and Folly they are pleaſed to attribute to me.

But ſo many Yards of Prunella and a Bit of clear Cambrick, properly placed under the Chin, it ſeems make a Holy Man

Yet, let's write Good Angel, on the Devil's Horn,
'Tis not the Devil's Creſt.
And ſo an outward Sainted Prieſt, may
In all his Dreſſings, Titles, Caracts, Form
Be an Arch-villain; and his Filth being
caſt,

Appe

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Appear a Pond as deep as Hell.
Shakeſpear.

I hope Mr. *P——n* will return his Acknowledgments to me, for making him publicly known; for, as I hear, his Poems have ſuffered the Fate of all Things mortal; and, to uſe his own Lines,

Since he and his Writings ſo ſoon are forgotten,
E'er his Carcaſs become, like his Principles, rotten;
My Muſe ſhall forbid it, tranſmitting his Merits,
As the Curious, for Shew, preſerve Monſters in Spirits.

P——n's Elegy on the Rev. Mr. *Graffan*, written many Years before the Gentleman's Death.

And ſo if my *Quondam* Huſband arrives at Fame, or ever goes to Heaven, either of which I very much doubt, I think he muſt ſtill reſt my Debtor.

For

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For Fame *has but two Doors, a white*
and a black one,
The worſt you ſay, he's ſtole in at the back
one.

And that Cuckolds go to Heaven, no body ever yet diſputed. Were he one, he ought to thank me that helped to ſend him thither. If I have beſtowed on him Fame in this World, and Salvation in the next, what could a reaſonable Man deſire more from his Wife? But ſome Folks are never to be ſatisfied!—But whether he is entitled to the Horn or not, muſt always be a Secret: I hope ſome curious Commentator will hereafter endeavour to find out the Truth of it; for my Mind gives me,

That I, like the Claſſics, ſhall be read
When Time, and all the World are dead

And if a *Scotch* Barber, one *Allan Ramſay* promiſes himſelf ſo much, in a Sort of Burleſque on *Horace*, why may I not be indulged

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dulged in equal Vanity, the ruling and darling Paſſion of our Sex? Tho' I ſhall never carry it to ſuch an unnatural Height, as Dr. *Young* makes a Lady do, when ſhe is dying,

Odious, in Woollen! 'twould a Saint provoke!
Were the laſt Words that dying Flavia ſpoke.
No, let a charming Chintz, and Flander's *Lace,*
Shade my pale Corſe, and deck my lifeleſs Face.
One wou'd not ſure, look ugly when one's dead;
And——Betty, *give my Cheeks a little red.*

I muſt beg my Reader's Pardon for theſe numerous Quotations; but, as *Swift* ſays, 'thoſe anticipating Raſcals the Ancients, 'have left nothing for us poor Moderns to 'ſay:' But ſtill to ſhew my Vanity, let it ſtand as ſome ſort of Praiſe, that I have ſtolen wiſely.

At length the fatal Hour arrived, when Mr. *P*——*n*'s Machinations wrought the Effect he ſo long deſired, namely, my De-

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ſtruction; and, as he never did Things by Halves, that of his own Children alſo; to whom his Barbarity has exceeded any thing I ever either heard or read of; but that in due Place.

I own myſelf very indiſcreet in permitting any Man to be at an unſeaſonable Hour in my Bed-Chamber; but Lovers of Learning will, I am ſure, pardon me, as I ſolemnly declare, it was the attractive Charms of a new Book, which the Gentleman would not lend me, but conſented to ſtay till I read it through, that was the ſole Motive of my detaining him. But the Servants, being bribed by their Maſter, let in twelve Watchmen at the Kitchen Window, who, though they might have opened the Chamber-Door, choſe rather to break it to pieces, and took the Gentleman and myſelf Priſoners.

For my own Part, I thought they had been Houſe-breakers, and would willingly have compounded for Life, when entered Mr, *P*———*n*, with a Cambric Handkerchief tied about his Neck, after the Faſhion of Mr. *Fribble*, and with the Temper

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Temper of a Stoic, bid the authorized Ruffians not hurt me: But his Chriſtian Care came too late; for one of them had given me a violent Blow on the Temple, and another had dragged two of my Fingers out of Joint. The Gentleman, at the Sight of Mr. *P——n*, threw down his Sword, which he obſerving, made two of the Watchmen hold him, while he moſt courageouſly broke his Head.

After this heroic Action, he told me, who ſtood quite ſtupified between Surprize and Pain, that I muſt turn out of Doors; but obſerving that I was fainting, he brought up a Bottle of Wine, and kindly drank both our Healths. He would fain have prevailed on us to pledge him; but we were not in a Temper to return Civility. Upon which he took my Hand, and very generouſly made a Preſent of me to the Gentleman, who could not in Honour refuſe to take me, eſpecially as his own Liberty was not to be procured on any other Terms. Mr. *P——n* kindly diſmiſſed our Guards, and aſſured us, as ſoon as ever he had obtained a Divorce, he

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would with great Pleaſure, join us together in holy Matrimony. At the Door the Gentleman's Sword was delivered to him. Mr. *P*——*n* offered to kiſs me at parting, which mean Piece of Diſſimulation, ſo much in the Stile of *Jack Ketch*, gave me the utmoſt Contempt for the V——n.

It was by this time two o'Clock in the Morning, and we knew not where to ſteer our Courſe: However, the Gentleman's Servant always ſat up for him, and therefore he judged it more adviſeable to go to his own Lodging, than to ſearch for any other, and, truly, I little cared where I went.

And here, I ſincerely aſſure my Reader, that neither of us even entertained a Thought of any thing like Love, but ſat like Statues till Day-break; when recollecting that I had nothing to change me with, I wrote a Letter to Mr. *P*——*n* to deſire he would ſend me my wearing Apparel, or at leaſt ſome clean Linen.

He complied with my Requeſt, and wrote me a long Letter, wherein he ſeemingly expreſſed an infinite Concern for my Loſs, but

as

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as I had moſt ſtrenuouſly recommended our Children to his Care, he gave it then under his Hand that he was perfectly convinced they were his own, and that I might depend on his Tenderneſs to them; but at the ſame time, as he was determined to be legally divorced, he expected I would not give him any Oppoſition in it.

Before I received this Letter, I had taken a Lodging in *Abbey-ſtreet* up two pair of Stairs, where my Clothes were brought to me, together with it; but not a ſingle Shilling to aſſiſt me, my Watch, my Books, and even what few Jewels I poſſeſſed before Marriage, were detained from me, which threw me quite dependant on the Courteſy of the Perſon I was accuſed with.

But Mr. *P——n* was ſo highly provoked at our not cohabiting together, as he wiſhed, that he forced the Gentleman to fly, who having Notice that there was an Action taken out againſt him, made the beſt of his way to *London*, leaving a Letter with five Guineas encloſed in it for

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me, in the Hands of a Diſſenting Miniſter, who very faithfully diſcharged his Truſt.

Curioſity made me go to the Gentleman's Lodging to enquire of his Landlady what ſhe knew relating to him; the Gentlewoman was very obliging, but could give me no Satisfaction or Light into the Affair: However, ſhe made me drink Tea with her, and we ſat together till near nine o'Clock at Night.

At my return to my own Lodging, the Maid told me my Room was Let; I ſaid that was odd, as it was taken by the Week, and one not then expired, to Let it without giving me Warning to provide myſelf, which, at that Hour, in a Winter's Night, it was impoſſible for me to do.

The Maid, to whoſe care this Houſe was entruſted, for I know not who was Landlord, told me, I might if I pleaſed lie in the firſt Floor, as the Family were not come to Town, and there were only their Servants in the Houſe, whom ſhe could diſpoſe of into worſe Beds; but, to my great Surprize, I found the Lock had been taken off the Bed-chamber Door, which I will remembered

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bered had been on it in the Morning, as I had ſome Difficulty to open it to take thence ſome China.

I aſked her the meaning of it? She inſiſted poſitively that there never had been a Lock on it, which knowing to be a Falſhood, I began to be apprehenſive ſome foul play was intended, nor was I miſtaken.

I then aſked her for a young Woman, whom ſhe had told me was a Servant out of Place, that lodged in the back Parlour; ſhe ſaid ſhe was a Bed in the Garret, and that my Trunk was there alſo; this gave me a ſufficient Excuſe, as there was no Lock on the Trunk, to go up to her; and as ſhe had been a Lady's Woman, and very well knew who I was, I told her all my Apprehenſions, and ſhe readily conſented to quit her own Bed and come to mine.

We brought down the Trunk between us, and placed it againſt the Chamber-Door; as the Maid was buſied with her new Gueſts, ſhe took it for granted I was alone, and therefore reſolved to provide me with

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a Male Bed-fellow, as a proper Conſolation for a Perſon in my unhappy Situation.

About ſeven o'Clock in the Morning, not then clear Day, ſhe very furiouſly puſhed open the Chamber-Door, and told me, one Mr. *B——k* deſired to breakfaſt with me, who was a Member of P————t, and a Man of Fortune, and the Perſon who had taken the Houſe. I told her I never wiſhed to ſee any human Creature, and ſhould be glad I could hide myſelf even from myſelf; but ſhe, ſuppoſing me to be alone, directly introduced a Man, full ſix Feet high, and of the moſt diſagreeable Aſpect I ever beheld —— Perhaps it was my Terror that painted him ſo to my Imagination.

I ſtarted up and threw my Gown about me, but I was not quite ſo quick in putting on my Clothes as the Gentleman was, in taking his off, reſolving, without the leaſt Ceremony to come to Bed to me, I pulled my Companion, who aſked him what he meant; why, who the D——l are you, you old B—ch ſaid he: This Lady, meaning me, is publickly known thro' all the Coffee-houſes in *Dublin*. Had the Gentleman

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man been ſtudying how to diſappoint his own Intentions, he could not more effectually have done it, as he brought all the Horror of my Condition full upon my Mind. And as I had no Protector, no Friend, no Guardian, I burſt into Tears, and told him, if he was a Gentleman, he would not inſult Miſery. 'Do I occaſion 'Tears, Madam?' 'You do, Sir, and 'and therefore I deſire you will depart.' 'Well, Madam, ſaid he, I beg pardon, I 'had a full Hiſtory of you from the Maid 'of the Houſe, who ſaid, ſhe believed a 'Companion would not be diſagreeable to 'you, eſpecially as ſhe was apprehenſive 'you had no Money.' 'Sir, ſaid I, ſhe is 'miſtaken, I have at leaſt enough to diſ-'charge my Lodging, which I will imme-'diately do; and once more I deſire 'you to withdraw, which accordingly he 'did.'

I then prevailed on the young Woman who was with me to take a Lodging for me, and in about half an Hour I went to it.

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But now came the general Slander Charge
Which ſome invent, the reſt enlarge.

So from my Heart, I wrote the following Lines.

SORROW.

WHILE ſunk in deepeſt Solitude and Woe,
My ſtreaming Eyes with ceaſeleſs Sorrow flow,
While Anguiſh wears the ſleepleſs Night away,
And freſher Grief awaits returning Day;
Encompaſſed round with Ruin, Want and Shame,
Undone in Fortune, blaſted in my Fame;
Loſt to the ſoft endearing Ties of Life,
And tender Names of Daughter, Mother, Wife;
Can no Receſs from Calumny be found?
And yet can Fate inflict a deeper Wound!

As

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As one who in a dreadful Tempeſt toſs'd,
If thrown by Chance upon ſome deſert Coaſt,
Calmly a while ſurveys the fatal Shore,
And hopes that Fortune can inflict no more;
Till ſome fell Serpent makes the Wretch his Prey,
Who 'ſcaped in vain the Dangers of the Sea;
So I who hardly 'ſcap'd Domeſtic Rage,
Born with eternal Sorrows to engage,
Now feel the poiſonous Force of ſland'rous Tongues,
Who daily wound me with envenom'd Wrongs.

Shed then a Ray Divine, all Gracious Heav'n,
Pardon the Soul that ſues to be forgiv'n,
Tho' cruel Humankind relentleſs prove
And leaſt reſemble thee in Acts of Love;
Tho' Friends who ſhou'd adminiſter Relief,
Add Pain to Woe, and Miſery to Grief,
And oft! too oft! with Hypocritic Air,
Condemn thoſe Faults in which they deeply ſhaer.

Yet

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Yet thou who doſt our various Frailties know,
And ſee'ſt each Spring from whence our
Actions flow,
Shalt, while for Mercy to thy Throne I fly,
Regard the lifted Hand and ſtreaming Eye.

Thou didſt the jarring Elements compoſe,
Whence this harmonious Univerſe aroſe;
O ſpeak the Tempeſt of the Soul to Peace,
Bid the tumultuous War of Paſſion ceaſe;
Receive me to thy kind Paternal Care,
And guard me from the Horrors of Deſpair.
And ſince no more I boaſt a Mother's Name,
Nor in my Children can a Portion claim,
The helpleſs Babes to thy Protection take,
Nor puniſh for their hapleſs Mother's ſake:

Thus the poor Bird when frighted from
her Neſt
With agonizing Love, and Grief diſtreſs'd,
Still fondly hovers o'er the much lov'd Place,
Tho' ſtrengthleſs, to protect her tender Race;
In piercing Notes ſhe movingly complains,
And tells the unattending Woods her Pains

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* And thou once my Soul's fondeſt deareſt
Part,
Who ſchem'd my Ruin with ſuch cruel Art,
From human Laws no longer ſeek to find,
A Pow'r to looſe that Knot which God has
join'd,
The Props of Life are rudely pull'd away,
And the frail Building falling to Decay,
My Death ſhall give thee thy deſir'd Releaſe,
And lay me down in everlaſting Peace.

I believe Mr. *P———n* would ſay with old Sir *Paul Plyant*, when he finds a Love-Letter from a Gentleman to his Wife, ſigned, your dying *Ned Careleſs*, 'Ads 'bud, I wiſh it were true!' But,

My kind Companion never fear,
For tho' you may miſtake a Year,
Tho' your Prognoſticks run too faſt
They'll certainly prove true at laſt.

Swift.

* Mem. My Huſband, who was then ſuing for a Divorce.

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But I had a Fellow-Lodger, one Mr. *Donnellan*, an Enſign, who it ſeems knew me ſo well, that he thought proper to bring the late Earl of *R——ſſe*, of facetious Memory, and ſeveral other Perſons of Diſtinction, to break open my Lodging. On hearing them coming up Stairs, I ran into the Dining-Room, and locked myſelf in. When thoſe worthy P—rs could not find me, they threatened to kick the Landlady; and one of them putting his Mouth to the Key-hole of the Dining-Room, cried, 'Do, my Dear, open the Door; by 'Heaven! it is nobody but I, *D—g*, the 'Fiddler.' I made no Reply; ſo being diſappointed, they were forced to decamp, curſing and vowing Revenge againſt the Woman of the Houſe.

This Accident ſo terribly alarmed me, that I reſolved to quit this Lodging the next Day; but Mr. *D——n* was determined not to permit me to depart in Peace; for, being a military Man, he ſtood Centinel at the Door of my Chamber all Night, frequently intreating me to let him in; but truly had I been amorouſly inclined,

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clined, the Sight of the various Medicines in his Apartment would have

Damp'd all Paſſion ſympathetic.

For, as I had a back Room, when this Gentleman was abroad, I frequently, for Variety, went into his, which looked into the Street.

However, at laſt he went to Bed; and early next Morning he told the Landlady that I had kept him awake all Night, and that I was a moſt notorious common S——t.

'Arah, by my Shoul (ſaid the old 'Dame) you would make her one, if you 'could: What Buſineſs had you, and all 'thoſe Lords with her? One of them 'bid the Devil to breake my own Neck; 'but I hope he will be hanged firſt.'

While my Landlady, to whom I had never told my Name, related this to me, I heard ſomebody enquire for Mrs. *Pilkington*, ſo I deſired to know who it was, and up came a very well dreſt matron like Female of about Fifty; ſhe expreſſed great

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Concern for my Misfortunes; ſaid, my dear Father had ſaved her Life, and that ſhe was at preſent Houſe-keeper to the Earl of *A——in*, who was extremely troubled for his Rudeneſs to me, and hoped I would give him an Opportunity of begging my Pardon. I told her, as I did not know whom to blame, I wanted no Apology; it was my wretched Fate to be ſubject to the Inſolence of every Fellow.

She then urged, what I own was a prevailing Argument to one not worth a Shilling, that my Lord was very generous, and would, ſhe was ſure, make me a handſome Preſent, in Recompence of the Terror he had put me into. As I looked on my preſent Circumſtances to be quite deſperate, being near Lying-in, and having nothing to aſſiſt me, I agreed to ſee him any where, except at my own Lodging. Upon which the artful old Crone told me of a Houſe in the Neighbourhood, a very reputable one according to her Account, where my Lord would meet me in the Evening.

Ac-

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Accordingly I went; but let any one judge of my Surprize, when inſtead of the Earl, I met a Gentleman whom I had never ſeen before: So I inſtantly departing left him to his Contemplations. And in Proceſs of Time it came to light, that the venerable Houſe-keeper of the Earl, was neither better or worſe than the celebrated Mother *Brown*: And indeed I received many Viſits from Ladies of her ſublime Calling.

And what moſt ſurpriſed me, was, that they were generally employed by ſober married Men, and ſuch as to my own Knowledge, lived very well with their Wives; but theſe Ladies aſſured me, their Huſbands hated them, and would rather have any other Woman. So I found I was not alone in my Misfortune. And if every married Man, who has ever attacked me, does not ſubſcribe to my *Memoirs*, I will, without the leaſt Ceremony, inſert their Names, be their Rank ever ſo high, or their Profeſſion ever ſo holy.

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I'll daſh the proud Gameſter from his
gilded Car;
Bare the mean Heart, that lurks beneath
a Star.

And the more formal Villains, who, in the Robes of Sanctity, commit worſe Frauds then Highwaymen, ſurely ought not to remain unexpoſed.

For me, while Heav'n affords me vital
Breath,
Let them behold me, as their Scourge, till
Death;
Them, thro' their Serpent Mazes, I'll
purſue,
And bring each latent Vice to public View:
And, what their Cunning ſtudies to conceal,
Shall be my conſtant Pleaſure to reveal;
Till warn'd Mankind ſhall from their
Miſchiefs fly,
And hate them more, if poſſible, than I.

Ay, my little good Lord Cardinal!
I'll ſcare you worſe than did the Midnight
Bell,

When

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When the brown Wench lay kiſſing in your Arms.*

I once was acquainted with a Prelate, who had certain ſtated Prices for all his Sins; as thus:

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
For Adultery ——	1	7	0
For Simple Fornication	0	10	6
For Venial Tranſgreſſions	0	5	0 each

And,

Yet he was a B—p, and he wore a Mitre,

Which, in all in good Time, may be

Surrounded with Jewels of Sulphur and Nitre.

How nearly this B——p my B——p reſembles!
But his has the Odds, who believes and who trembles.

What

* Mem. My Maid on the Carpet.

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What I thought moſt cruel in him was, that he never gave a Farthing to the poor Women themſelves. But to make up Matters with Heaven, he took up ten Baſtards every Year; fed, clothed, and apprenticed them; hoping, no doubt, as his Dealings were pretty promiſcuous, ſome one of them might belong to him. So

How could his Charity be better ſhewn,
Or whom ſhould he provide for, but his own?

As I do not chuſe to be guilty of *Scandalum magnatum*, if nobody can gueſs who I mean, I will fairly acknowledge myſelf to be as arrant a Dunce as any B——p or Parſon in the World, and really that is ſpeaking largely;

Conſidering what Dulneſs reigns
Amongſt our P——s, Prieſts and Deans.

And as *Milton* obſerves on the Devil's breaking into Paradiſe:

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So since into God's Fold
Climb Thieves, and Russians, and lewd
hireling Slaves,
Turning the Sanctuary of th' Almighty
Into a Den.

And it were to be wished that our Blessed Saviour would once more come, and drive those Money-Changers out of the Temple.

I was again once more obliged to change my Lodging, and knew not how to provide for the approaching Calamity: I wrote to Mr. *P——n*, who generously sent me Six-pence by my eldest Son, to put me above the Temptations to which Want exposes our helpless Sex; for so he expressed himself in a long Epistle he wrote with it.

But when things are at the worst they generally mend; for who should arrive from *London* but Mr. *W——le*. He no sooner heard of my Misfortune, but he came to visit me, and as he had a strange Ambition to be thought a Poet, he assured me, if I would devote my Genius to his Service he would liberally reward me; to which I gladly consented, as an easy and

honour-

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honourable Method of getting a Subſiſtence.

I really would not be ſo ungenerous to ſtrip the *Jack-Daw* of his borrowed Plumes, but that his Uſage of me in *London* was ſo inhuman, that it merits a worſe Puniſhment from me, than meerly expoſing his Vanity, and the World may conclude,

That of all the fine Things which he keeps
in the Dark,
There's ſcarce one in ten, but what has
my Mark.

Though Mr. *P——n* and *Harry C—ry* were his two Subalterns, or under Strappers in poetical Stock-jobbing. As Mr. *W—le* was a muſical Man, my firſt Taſk was to write a Song for him, which I performed in the following manner.

STELLA, Darling of the Muſes,
Fairer than the blooming Spring;
Sweeteſt Theme the Poet chuſes,
When of thee he ſtrives to ſing.

Whi

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While my Soul with Wonder traces
All thy Charms of Face and Mind,
All the Beauties, all the Graces,
Of the Sex in thee I find.

Love, and Joy, and Admiration,
In my Breaſt alternate riſe;
Words no more can paint my Paſſion,
Than the Pencil cou'd thine Eyes.

Laviſh Nature thee adorning,
O'er thy Lips and Cheeks hath ſpread,
Colours that might ſhame the Morning,
Smiling with celeſtial Red.

Would the Gods, in bleſt Condition,
Our Requeſts indulgent view,
Sure each Mortal's firſt Petition
Would be to reſemble you.

Mr. *W——le* ſhewed this Ballad to Mr. *P——n*, who thought proper to alter the laſt Verſe, giving it this prophane and nonſenſical Turn;

Cou'd

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Cou'd the Gods, in bleſt Condition,
Aught on Earth with Envy view,
Lovely *Stella*, their Ambition
Wou'd be to reſemble you.

As for the Gods envying Mortals, and wiſh
ing to be like them, it has neither Senſe
Engliſh, nor even Novelty to recommen
it; nor is it agreeable to the Dictates
Reaſon or Religion; for even a Heathe
Author ſtands condemned for ſetting *Ca*
in a Light ſuperior to the Gods; but
Chriſtian Divine may ſay any thing, a
ſo much for an old Song.

I thought my Circumſtances might ha
ſecured me from any farther Attacks fro
the Male World; but it ſeems I was
have no more Reſt than the Patriarch's Do
had; for I had a furious Onſet from

A Tinſel Babler Blunderbuſs of Law.
Newburgh's Hie

One *C——n*, a Perſon not otherwiſe know
than by his being acquainted with all

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Tricks and Roguery of the Courts; who, becauſe I treated him with the Contempt he deſerved, railed at me wherever he went, inſomuch that I was obliged to compliment him with the following Lines.

To Counſellor C———N.

WHY C———*n* with cruel Aim?
Seek you to hurt a wounded Fame?
Or how have I provok'd your Rage,
To bring me thus upon the Stage?
'Tis true, indeed, I cou'd not love you;
But why ſhould that ſo greatly move you?
Are you not us'd to plead in vain,
And practis'd to endure Diſdain?
You tamely bear the Scorn of Men,
Why vex'd at it from Women then?
When you approach'd me in Diſguiſe,
And ſwore to fifty thouſand Lyes;
And more your ſelf to recommend,
Baſely traduc'd your abſent Friend?
When you invok'd each Pow'r, to prove
The Truth and Ardour of your Love,
I look'd thro' all the vile Deceit,
Saw C———*n*, and knew the CHEAT.

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Thy Wife, with Hide of well tann'd Oak,
May ſure to rove her Spouſe provoke;
And you from Cuckoldom be ſafe,
Either from *D——cy*, or from *T——ffe*.
And Jealouſy muſt be a Jeſt,
For her whom all Mankind deteſt.
Take then ſome culinary Fair,
Nor ſeek a Star beyond your Sphere.
How cou'd you hope to meet Succeſs,
Unſkill'd in Breeding or Addreſs?
Unbleſs'd with Eloquence to move
The melting Soul to mutual Love?
Your Lodgings, Gold, and Wine three Doz'n,
I ſcorn'd, and eke to call you Couſin;
And cou'dſt thou, dull Impoſtor, think
To purchaſe me with Gold or Drink?
Yet ſtill, in Principles, 'tis known,
We judge of others by our own;
And I excuſe the ſordid Thought,
In thee, whoſe Soul is to be bought.
Thy licens'd Tongue the Law may murther;
But, prithee, mangle me no further:
For tho' my Colours are too faint,
Such glaring Crimes as thine to paint;
Yet

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Yet I ſometimes, in Black and White,
Can draw a Knave's Reſemblance right.
Thy Envy then, and Rage give over,
Thou worthleſs, mean, rejected Lover!
Or in a Print, I ſwear to ſhew you,
So like, that all Mankind ſhall know you.

This did not happen to ſilence the Fellow, who now carried his Impudence ſo far, as to declare to all the Lawyers at the *Roſe* Club, that I made Love to him; ſo, recollecting a Story his Nephew, who was married to my Siſter, had related to me, of a vile Uſe to which he adapted three large Folio Volumes of his Uncle's Philoſophy, I wrote the following Ballad, and pacquetted Mr. *T——ffe* with it, at a Time I knew ſeveral Lawyers would be aſſembled at the Tavern aforementioned; and threatened Mr. *T——ffe*, if he did not read it out for the Amuſement of the Company, he ſhould be my next Subject for Satyr; but no body ſo earneſtly inſiſted on ſeeing the Song as *C——n* himſelf. To oblige him and entertain the Company,

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Mr. *T——ffe* ſung it to the Tune of *Chevy Chace*.

YE Sons of Science mourn with me
In ſad and doleful Strains,
The Loſs which fair Philoſophy
And Literature ſuſtains.

Three Volumes of enormus Size,
O *C——n* had penn'd,
And lent them, for to make him wiſe,
To an ingenious Friend;

Who on the puzzling Pages por'd
Three live-long Summer Days;
But cou'd not underſtand one Word:
For ſo my Author ſays.

He, thro' the palpable obſcure,
Grop'd out his uncouth Way,
Where neither Truth, nor Reaſon pure,
Had ſhed one Friendly Ray.

In *Newton*, *Bacon*, *Locke*, and *Boyle*,
He found celeſtial Light;
Whoſe ſacred Beams o'er-paid his Toil;
But here reign'd deepeſt Night.

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In

In fam'd *Laputa*'s floating Iſle,
As *Gulliver* has taught,
They ſwallow Learning like a Pill,
Without Expence of Thought.

This Way he try'd, but all in vain,
Thoſe Writings ne'er aſcend;
They Gravitation's Laws maintain,
And to the Center tend.

Enrag'd to find all Methods fail,
Theſe Works, he ſurely ſaid,
May be adapted to the Tail,
Tho' never to the Head.

Theſe *Sybil* Leaves, Oh Spight and Shame!
In Pieces torn he takes,
And wip'd a Part not fit to name,
And plung'd them in a Jakes.

Wake *C*——*n* thy noble Heart,
Explore that hoary Deep;
Nor ſuffer thine immortal Part
In Silence there to ſleep.

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Or on the Orifice all Day
Thy nether End expoſe,
By whoſe inſpiring Fumes you may
New Syſtems yet compoſe.

Henceforth be ſcorn'd great *Maro*'s Tomb,
And eke the *Delphic* Shrine;
For that fam'd Privy-Houſe, whoſe Womb
Contains thy Works divine.

I have been credibly informed that this Song made *C*——*n* bluſh, which was more than any thing had ever done before. However he took a Copy of it, which he promiſed to publiſh; but finding he has not been as good as his Word, I muſt even be at the Expence of doing it my ſelf.

But to return: Mr. *W*——*le* came to me, and told me, he had been ſo unfortunate to diſoblige a Lady of Diſtinction; for not being appriz'd that ſhe underſtood *French*, and being aſked in that Language, how he liked her? he ſaid, ſhe was an indifferent Picture of her Siſter: But he eaſily perceived, by an Alteration in her Countenance, that ſhe

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ſhe too well underſtood him, and that he was out of Hope of obtaining her Pardon, unleſs ſomething pretty could be wrote upon the Subject by way of Apology; ſo I raiſed his Spirits in about half an Hour after, by ſending him the following Lines.

To Miſs PL——KETT.

A Thouſand diff'rent Arts I try'd,
To vary *Celia*'s Face;
And at each Alteration ſpy'd
Some new reſiſtleſs Grace.

Now chearful Mirth with gay Delight
Shines in her Eyes confeſs'd;
Now Sorrow clouds their beamy Light,
And heaves her ſnowy Breaſt.

Each diff'rent Turn of Mirth or Spleen
Still gave the Maid new Charms;
Anger alone remain'd unſeen,
Which ev'ry Nymph diſarms.

Fair

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Fair one, can you forgive the Art
Which did your Wrath provoke;
Alas! far diſtant from my Heart
Was that raſh Word I ſpoke.

And know, this Paſſion only ſhew'd
New Graces to my Sight,
Your Cheeks with brighter Beauties glow'd,
Your Eyes flaſh'd keener Light.

Like *Semele*'s my daring Aim,
Wou'd on *Jove*'s Lightning gaze,
But ſunk amidſt the fatal Flame,
And periſh'd in the Blaze.

In the Evening Mr. *W——le* returned and told me, the Lines had made up a Matters; that the other young Lady ſaid ſhe wiſhed he had affronted her, ſo he ha made her ſuch a pretty Apology. 'I mu 'beg of you now, ſaid he, to impro 'that Hint, and write me ſome Lines f 'her Siſter.' I readily writ for him the

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To Miſs BETTY PL——KETT.

WHY, Fair one, ſhouldſt thou wiſh thy Friend
Thy matchleſs Sweetneſs to offend;
Alas! thy Beauty need not uſe,
This Method to engage his Muſe:
Since nought could keep her mute ſo long,
But Fear thy Lovelineſs to wrong.
When other Nymphs my Song require,
And bid me ſtrike the ſounding Lyre,
To gratify the vaineſt ſhe,
I tell her, ſhe reſembles thee.
But not a Bard ſince *Milton*'s Days,
However elegant in Praiſe,
Poſſeſs'd that Dignity of Thought,
To draw an Angel as he ought.

The Lines had the deſired Effect, and both the Ladies were reconciled to the ſuppoſed Author.

My next Taſk being a charitable one, I could by no means refuſe; which was to write the following Prologue, for the Benefit of a diſtreſſed Perſon in Jail.

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A PROLOGUE, ſpoke at the THEATRE in *Smock-Alley*.

THIS Land for Learning, and Religion fam'd,
In antient Times the *Iſle of Saints* was nam'd.
And Heav'n-born Charity, prime Grace, once more
Shall this bleſs'd Title to its Sons reſtore.
A fitter Object Pity ne'er cou'd find,
For this divineſt Virtue of the Mind,
Than honeſt Induſtry, and Worth diſtreſs'd,
And ſuff'ring Innocence by Fraud oppreſs'd,
By pale-ey'd Want, and ſallow Sickneſs pin'd,
Within a Priſon's diſmal Gloom confin'd,
Where everlaſting Sighs and Anguiſh reign,
And each ſad Moment ſeems an Age of Pain.
'Tis yours to raiſe him from his dreadful Care,
To ſoften Anguiſh and remove Deſpair;
The Great and Pious in the Taſk combine,
And glorious emulate the Power Divine;
Mercy her white Celeſtial Wings diſplays,
And to the Throne of Grace your Zeal con veys;

Whence

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Whence thick as Dew from Heav'n ſhall
Joys deſcend,
And endleſs Bleſſings on your Race attend.

Mr. *W——e* now began to make ſome Figure; and tho' he kept me pretty fully employed, he drove an underhand Trade with Mr. *P——n*. And as he was not willing that either of us ſhould believe him incapable of Writing, he uſed to ſhew Mr. *P——n*'s Work to me, and ſwear it was his own; and in return, he, with the ſame modeſt Aſſurance, preſented mine to him; but we were too well acquainted with each other's Stile to be deceived. At laſt, Mr. *P——n*, not ſatisfied with all the Expence he put him to in *London*, made a Demand on him for fifty Pounds; but as Mr. *P——n* had before made the beſt Penny of me to him he poſſibly could, and *W——le* finding what I wrote paſſed every Jot as well his; he thought it moſt convenient, if he did diſburſe any thing, to give it to me, as thinking I moſt wanted it; ſo I was now full of Poetical Buſineſs,

by

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by which my Poverty was relieved, a
my Mind amuſed.

Mr. *P——n* was ſo vexed at loſing h
Chap, that in Revenge he endeavoured
inſinuate that we converſed unlawfully t
gether; but this met no Credit, as I ver
ſeldom ſaw him, and never alone.

In the mean time he carried on a vigorou
Proſecution againſt me in the Spiritual Cour
in which I gave him no oppoſition; as h
ſolemnly declared he would always allo
me a Maintenance to the utmoſt of hi
Ability; and to live with him, I by n
means deſired.

For never cou'd true Reconcilement ſprin
Where Wounds of deadly Hate ſo deep wer
fix'd.

But no ſooner had he obtained a Separa
tion from me, but he retracted every Wor
he had ſaid; not only refuſing to give m
any Aſſiſtance, but alſo abuſing me, in th
moſt unchriſtian, falſe, and ſcandalou
manner, and publickly triumphed in hav
ing over-reached me. Upon this I wa
adviſe

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adviſed to lodge an Appeal againſt him, which made him quite mad. He abuſed his Advocate Proctor, and the Judge himſelf, as all doing him Injuſtice; and tho' I knew none of them, inſiſted on it, they were Confederates with me againſt him.

But this outragious manner of Proceeding rather injured himſelf than me; the Delegates were appointed; and as every body whom he conſulted, aſſured him, he would be caſt, his haughty Spirit was willing to capitulate; but nobody would undertake to deliver his Meſſage to me, leaſt he ſhould ſcandalize them for it; ſo at length with great Entreaty he prevailed on *W——le* to make a Propoſal from him, to me, of giving me a ſmall Annuity, and thirty Pounds in Money, which, in regard to my Children, I rather choſe to accept of, than ruin their Father, as I certainly had it in my power to do.

W——le, who has really a good deal of Humour, came to me one Morning after my being a Week without ſeeing him, and in a Theatrical manner delivered the following Speech:

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Before I ſpeak the Meſſage of the Prieſt; firſt give me leave to glory in the Title of his Ambaſſador.

I wondered what odd Whim had now taken *W———le*; and begged he would deliver himſelf like a Man of this World.

He then related the Propoſal aforementioned, on which I deſired two Days time to conſider, and then acquieſced, and withdrew the Appeal, like an eaſy Fool as I was.

Dearly have I ſince repented it, as no Articles of the Agreement were kept, altho' I thought they were as ſtrongly aſſured to me, as the Law could make them; in which there are ſo many Loop-holes, that even Perſons converſant with it may be deceived; how then ſhould a Female be ſufficiently on her Guard, againſt the Profeſſors of a kind of unintelligible Jargon, whoſe Skill is to puzzle the Cauſe, or a Science where,

Endleſs Tautologies and Doubts perplex;
Too harſh a Study for our ſofter Sex!

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Of the Thirty Pounds, I never received but Fifteen, and thoſe Mr. *W——le* aſſured me he advanced out of his own Pocket, and never was paid, as I can prove under his own Hand.

But Heav'n knows, as I had every thing to provide for a Child, and myſelf, and Rent alſo to pay, this Sum laſted not long, eſpecially as I had no Friend near me.—No; nor any honeſt Perſon; for my Landlady, of whom before I had conceived a good Opinion, when ſhe found I was in Labour, inſiſted either on my paying double the Rent I had engaged for, or quitting her Houſe, which, as it was then too late for me to do, I was neceſſitated to comply with her exorbitant Demand, which made her very complaiſant.

Before I had received even this ſmall Relief I wrote to many Ladies, to whom my Father had been Phyſician, and who once ſeemed to be my Friends; but to no purpoſe; their conſtant Anſwer was, that I deſerved nothing; to which general Rule, I never met with but two Exceptions.

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I wrote alſo to the B——p of *C*——, who after long Deliberation, picked out of his Purſe half a Piece, which extraordinary Bounty, he by the Force of Imagination doubled; and alſo declared that I had ſent to him for it, a Woman who had been whipt thro' the Town; who, as ſhe really was a Gentlewoman of good Character, but of low Fortune, had it not been for my Perſuaſion to the contrary, would have ſued his L——p for Defamation.

But as he was ſo kind to give my Son, who is his God-ſon, Five Shillings in ſmall Change in *London*, which he told the Youth was a Crown Piece, who knowing there was ſuch a Coin as a Five Shilling Piece of Gold, ſearched amongſt the Half-pence narrowly to find it, tho' without Succeſs, I think I muſt pardon him; eſpecially, as on my threatning to expoſe him ſince I came to *Ireland*, he, to bribe me to Secrecy, ſent me one Pound, a remarkable and unaccountable Charity from his Lordſhip, to any Perſon of whom he had not Carnal Knowledge.

And

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And tho' in a Letter of his, he assures me he desires no public Praise for what he has done, and makes as long and learned a Disquisition between the Law of our Members and the Law of our Minds, as he once did between *Graminervous* and *Carniverous*, which, as I do not understand *Latin*, I may very possibly mispel, tho' their Signification is, I believe, Grass or Flesh devouring Animals; of the later of which, I believe his L———p would make the best Meal. The antient Priests were never permitted to burn Flesh, but as a Sacrifice to the Almighty; but it is reported, that one of them turning a Stake, when it was a little too hot, burned his Finger, on which he licked it, and found it so savory, that he devoured that part which was intended for the Gods; and as the Laity beheld him, to their Opinion, breaking the Law in eating Flesh, he assured them, that he had an immediate Revelation, that it was lawful for him to eat the prime Part of the Flesh, and leave the Garbage for the Laity. Thus we may see how early Priestcraft began; from the very first, they were Flesh-

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mongers; and Prieſts of all Religions are the ſame. Thoſe who want to look farther into the Deceits of Prieſthood, may trace it up even to the *Nile*, from whence Superſtition and the Crocodile firſt ſprung, both alike deſtructive to Mankind.

It is known to every learned Divine, that the Prieſts engroſſed the whole Country of *Egypt*, as the eldeſt Son of every Prieſt was born a Prieſt, and was therefore intitled to a tenth part of the Land; upon which *Joſeph*, who was not only an admirable Man but an excellent Politician, and had a Divine Revelation that the Land ſhould ſuffer Famine ten Years, ordered the Prieſts to pay in all their Subſidies to the King, whereby, in thoſe ten Years of Dearth, the King purchaſed, at ſo low a Rate as giving the People a little Corn, all the Lands in *Egypt*. Theſe are Remarks of the admirable Lord *Shaftſbury*, whoſe inimitable Style and clear Manner of Reaſoning carry Conviction with them.

I never knew any Clergyman who quoted him but to his Prejudice, except Dr. *Turnbull*: And yet I cannot ſee why Morality, or

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or the Preaching of it, ſhould in any wiſe be offenſive to a Chriſtian; ſince there is a certain Beauty in Holineſs, which, tho' it were never to be hereafter rewarded, gives a ſincere Satisfaction and Quietude of Mind in this Life,——And therefore Virtue does ſtill,

With Scorn the mercenary World regard,
Where ſordid Minds do Good, and hope Reward,
Above the worthleſs Trophies Men can raiſe
She ſeeks not Honour, Fame, or empty Praiſe,
But with herſelf, herſelf the Goddeſs pays.

All I would infer from this rambling Digreſſion is,

That Authority, tho' it errs like other,
Bears yet a kind of Medicine in itſelf,
To ſkin the Sore on the Top.

And that Subtilty and Avarice have been almoſt inſeparable from the Prieſthood ever ſince the World began.

But

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But to return. Having at length paſſe the Pain and Peril of Child-birth, by th Care and Humanity of Dr. *Arbuckle*, I wa in great Diſtreſs. It is true, Mr. *P*—— kindly adviſed me to leave my Child, whic was a Female one, upon the Pariſh; an as he would willingly have done the ſame or worſe, to thoſe whoſe Legitimacy h never queſtioned, I had the leſs Reaſon t blame him; but ſuch a Piece of Inhumani ty I from Soul abhorred, nor could an thing prevail on me to put it in practice.

Mr. *W*——*le* went to *Mallow*, whe at his Requeſt I ſent to him the followin Poems.

The HAPPY PAIR.

A BALLAD.

AT dewy Dawn,
As o'er the Lawn,
Young *Roger* early ſtray'd,
He chanc'd to meet
With *Jenny* ſweet,
The blooming Country Maid;

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H

Her Cheeks ſo red
With Bluſhes ſpread,
Shew'd like the breaking Day,
Her modeſt Look
The Shepherd took;
She ſtole his Heart away.

With tender Air,
He woo'd the Fair,
And movingly addreſt;
For Love divine,
Can Clowns refine,
And warm the coldeſt Breaſt;
Her Eyes he prais'd,
And fondly gaz'd,
On her inchanting Face,
Where Innocence,
And Health diſpenſe,
Each winning roſy Grace.

Young *Jenny*'s Breaſt,
Love's Pow'r confeſs'd,
And felt an equal Fire;
Nor had ſhe Art,
To hide her Smart,
Or check the ſoft Deſire.

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Hymen unites,
In bliſsful Rites,
The fair, the matchleſs two;
And Wedlock ne'er
Could boaſt a Pair
More lovely or more true.

Ye Rich and Great;
How ſeldom Fate
Gives you ſo mild a Doom;
Whoſe wand'ring Flames,
And wanton Dames,
A mutual Plague become;
While Coach and Six
Your Paſſion fix,
You buy your State too dearly;
Ah, courtly Folks!
You're but the Jokes
Of thoſe who love ſincerely.

MALLOW. WATERS,

Written for Mr. *W*——*le*, who was choſ
Poet-Laureat to the Honourable Socie
of Ladies and Gentlemen erected the

NOT fam'd *Pieria*'s hallow'd Sprin
Near which the ſacred Siſters ſing
Cou

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Could more deſerve the Poet's Lays,
His ſofteſt Song, his choiceſt Praiſe,
Than *Mallow*'s ſweet inſpiring Stream,
The Source of Health, the Muſe's Theme.
Thy Draughts, *Nepenthe* like, remove
All Sorrows, but the Pains of Love;
And on thy Banks ſuch Nymphs appear,
That none eſcape that Paſſion here.
While Art, in vain, attempts to ſhew
Their Features, and celeſtial Glow;
Thy ſmooth, expanded, liquid Glaſs,
Lively reflects each beauteous Face,
And ſhews them that tranſcendent Bloom,
Which from thy Bounty they aſſume.

If all be true which Poets dream,
There dwells a Nymph in ev'ry Stream;
Sweet *Naiad* that inhabit'ſt here,
In criſped Brook, or Fountain clear,
O teach me, in exalted Verſe,
The matchleſs Charmers to rehearſe,
And as you gently glide along,
To diſtant Fields convey my Song.

Firſt ſing our Queen, ſublimely grac'd,
With Breeding, Elegance, and Taſte;

And

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And *Blaney*, with each Charm replete,
Which decks the Worthy, or the Great;
In *Dunſcomb*'s faultleſs Form and Mind,
A thouſand winning Charms we find;
And graceful *Bond*, whoſe eaſy Air
Beſpeaks the unaffected Fair.

O *Lyſaught!* ſuch a Form as thine,
In *Homer*'s deathleſs Lays ſhould ſhine;
Since he, who *Helen*'s Beauties drew,
Alone can give thy Charms their due:
From thee I turn my dazzl'd Sight,
And lo! where radiant *Plunkett* bright,
As Noon-tide Sun in Summer Skies,
Wounds with new Light my aking Eyes.

Ah *Mallow!* what avail thy Shades?
If tyrant Love their Peace invades;
Not all thy Groves and wooded Hills,
Thy cooling Streams, or healing Rills,
Can guard us from his piercing Rays,
Or give the burning Anguiſh Eaſe;
Thy Waters quench each meaner Fire,
But make this Heav'n-born Flame mou
high'r.

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In *Jepſon*'s blooming Form we meet
The Gay, the Sprightly, and the Sweet;
While *Smith*, with Virgin Beauty crown'd,
Shall with her Siſters be renown'd
Thro' Time, and leave a deathleſs Name,
Fair as their virtuous Mothers Fame.
Not *Philomel*'s melodious Throat,
Can equal *Bruſted*'s warbled Note;
Soft *Syren!* whoſe enchanting Strains,
Fetter the priſon'd Soul in Chains.
With Rapture on the Dance we gaze,
When *Purcell* ſwims th' harmonious Maze.

How many Charmers yet remain!
Well worthy the ſublimeſt Strain!
What Hearts unnumber'd ſhall be won,
By *Colthurſt*, *Harper*, *Knap*, and *Dun!*
And thou, agreeable *Codroy*,
The nobleſt Poet might'ſt employ.

What blooming Beauties ſmile around!
Thick as the Flow'rets paint the Ground,
When warmer Suns and genial Rain
Make them to deck the verdant Plain;

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Thick as the Stars their Beams diſplay,
Which join to form the Milky Way.

Ah, fair ones! Language is too faint,
The Graces ye poſſeſs to paint;
Happy, if my aſpiring Strain
Your judging Ears may entertain;
The Verſe, believe me, is well meant,
However ſhort of the Intent:
Smile then on my ambitious Aim,
And give your Poet endleſs Fame.

A SONG.

LYING is an Occupation,
Us'd by all who mean to riſe;
Politicians owe their Station,
But to well concerted Lyes.

Theſe to Lovers give Aſſiſtance,
To inſnare the Fair one's Heart;
And the Virgin's beſt Reſiſtance
Yields to this commanding Art.

Study this ſuperior Science,
Would you riſe in Church or State;
Bid to Truth a bold Defiance,
'Tis the Practice of the Great.

In

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In Return, he ſent me the following Lines; which he aſſured me were his own.

VERSES to Mrs. *P——n*, on ſeeing a Poem inſcribed to her, the Seaſon ſhe was at *Mallow*, in the Lines

If Sappho *lends a gracious Smile,*
Be damn'd all Critics of our Iſle;
The Royal Stamp is on thoſe Lays,
Which ſecond Dacier *deigns to praiſe:*
Propitious then attend my Call,
My Muſe, my Goddeſs, and my All.

Mr. *W——le* to Mrs. *P——n.*

THOU azure Fount, whoſe chryſtal Stream
Was once a nobler Poet's Theme,
While, to inſpire the tuneful Strain,
Sappho was call'd; nor call'd in vain.
Ah! let, the World forgive, if here
I pay the Tribute of a Tear,
In friendly Grief at *Sappho*'s Fate,
The Wonder of thy Banks ſo late.

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So many Virtues were thy Share,
Thou moſt accompliſh'd, ruin'd Fair!
One Error, ſure, may be forgiv'n,
And Pardon find from Earth and Heav'n!
That ſov'reign Pow'r, who fram'd us all,
Suffer'd the Sons of Light to fall;
And oft, to humble human Pride,
From Virtue lets the wiſeſt ſlide.
Ye Fair, no more her Fault proclaim!
For your own Sakes, conceal her Shame;
Since, if a Nymph ſo good could fail,
We well may think your Sex are frail.

Who wrote thoſe Lines I know not; but as I am certain the Author need not bluſh to acknowledge them, I hope he will not only pardon my Vanity in making them public, but alſo ſubſcribe to my Writings.

I can only aſſure the World, I believe Mr. *W——le* never wrote a poetical Line in his Life; and therefore I am indebted to ſome humane and ingenuous Perſon, who, ſuppoſing me guilty, makes an almoſt divine Apology for me.

But as it was impoſſible for me to ſubſiſt meerly on Praiſe, I made one ſtrong Effort to

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to deliver myſelf out of Calamity, which was, to beg Mr. *P——n* to ſend me ſome Money, to bear my Expences to *London*, aſſuring him I was weary of *Ireland*; which indeed was true: for I am of the ſame Opinion with the pleaſant Lady *Dorcheſter*, that *Dublin* is a Place of the leaſt Sin, and the moſt Scandal, of any City in the World.

Perhaps the Reverſe would have better pleaſed her, as the Lord Chief Juſtice ſays to *Falſtaff*:

Ld. Ch. Juſt. *Your Waiſt, Sir* John, *is very great, and your Means very ſlender.*
Falſt. *Wou'd it were otherwiſe, my Lord; that my Means were greater, and my Waiſt ſlenderer.*

This Text wants no Comment.

But if my learned Huſband will oblige me with one, I ſhall be his very humble Servant. He has threatened to give a true and impartial Narrative of my Proceedings to the Public; and I wonder why he, who rides ſo faſt, has not got the Whip-hand

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of me: I fear his Appeal comes half an Hour too late:

But, Courage my Spouſe; tho' it cannot be ſaid,
That on: cloven Tongue ever ſat on your Head;
I'll hold you a Groat, and I wiſh I could ſee't,
If your Stockings were off, you could ſhew cloven Feet.

I am a ſad digreſſive Writer; by which my Readers may plainly perceive I am no Methodiſt.

Mr. *P——n* agreed to my Propoſal; and as he was fully determined never to give me any more, ſent me nine Pounds, for which, as he ſaid, he ſold my Diamond Ring to Mrs. *Dubourg*, and the Chain of my Watch, which coſt ſix Guineas, to Mrs. *W—rr—n*, for the Promiſe of forty Shillings; for which I ſuppoſe Mr. *P——n* and ſhe have ſince accounted. A good-natured Man will eaſily be ſatisfied with a Lady

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Lady that will return him a Toy for a Trinket.

Nothing that ever ſhe got vexed me ſo much as Mr. *P——n*'s giving her my Father's Snuff-box, which he borrowed from me, under Pretence, that taking a little Snuff preſerved him from catching Sickneſs in Places he was obliged to go to. He declared to me he had loſt it; but I afterwards ſaw it with her, as alſo ſeveral other Things belonging to me.

But he is not the firſt Man who has plundered his Wife to oblige his ——. As this Lady was, I may ſay, the principal Cauſe of a Separation between the Parſon and me, I thought I had a Right to demand a Subſcription from her; which, ſince my Return to *Ireland*, I did in very civil Terms. And I think myſelf in Duty bound to give my learned Readers a Taſte of her excellent Style, in anſwer to me.

WHOOSOMDEVER yow aree, I aboar yow and yowr Filthy Idyous; I ſubmit my Cows to the Devil, and fear-

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fear nout hiſs Enemoys, whileouſt I am undder hiſs Preteckſhon. As to the Par ſon yow metown, tis wile nowne what he iſs; he ruinged my Sun by his Ungrai fullneſſe. It is not in your Power to defa matonous my Corector in your wild Mem boirs. So I am, wythh harti Prawours fo yowr ſpeedi Deformation,

Yours ——

I really took great Pains to find out t Meaning of this elaborate Epiſtle; what is, future Critics (who are better ſkilled broken *Engliſh*) may decide. But I do ſure the Public it is genuine; which, they doubt, I can produce it in the Lad own Scrawl. This Lady ſent a Captain a Ship to me, when ſhe heard I was goi for *England*, to hurry me out of the Kin dom; which Circumſtance made me ſ in it ſix Months longer than I intend And having not yet done with her, I c not forbear remarking that one *L——ty* Painter, a rude Fellow, a few Nights a my Separation from the Parſon, took

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Liberty, on not readily finding him in his own Houſe, of breaking open his Bed-chamber Door, to which the Maid pointed, where the Lady and Gentleman were adminiſtering Chriſtian Conſolation to each other: Ill-bred as he was, when he found how Matters were, he begged Pardon for ſpoiling Sport; 'But Parſon, (ſaid he) I 'did but follow your own Example.' So he retired without drinking (though invited) Share of the Punch, of which ſtood a large Bowl before them; but Gold can work Miracles,

Make Baſe, Noble; Old, Young; Cowards valiant;
Ha! this, ye Gods! will lug your Prieſts and Servants from your Sides!
This yellow Slave!
Will knit and break Religions; bleſs the Accurſt;
Make the hoary Leproſy ador'd!
This it is, that makes the wappen'd Widow wed again;
She, whom the Spital Houſe, and ulcerous Sores,

Would

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Would caſt the Gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
To th' April *Days again.*

But I ſuppoſe this Widow was willing to have a Taſte before Matrimony. And I am certain Mr. *P——n* could not poſſibly have any other Motive for liking this Woman, but merely that ſhe was rich.

I ſtill continued ſcribbling for Mr. *W—le*, to whom I ſent to *Mallow*, the following Poems on ſeveral Occaſions, as he demanded them.

A SONG.

Set to Muſick by Mr. ARNE.

TO melancholy Thoughts a Prey,
With Love and Grief oppreſt;
To Peace a Stranger all the Day,
And all the Night to Reſt.

For thee, diſdainful Fair, I pine,
And wake the tender Sigh;
By that obdurate Heart of thine,
My balmy Bleſſings fly.

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O look to yon celeſtial Sphere,
Where Souls in Rapture glow,
And dread to want that Mercy there,
Which you refus'd below.

A SONG.

SOME for their Forms I have deſir'd,
And others for their Wit admir'd;
Yet, Fair one, I can truly vow,
I never, never lov'd till now.
No Language can deſcribe the Pain,
Which in your Abſence I ſuſtain;
Or paint the rapturous Delight,
Which ſwells my Boſom at your Sight.
So when the golden Sun declines,
Sad *Heliotrope* her Head declines;
But quickens with his vital Ray,
And ſpreads her Beauties to the Day.

To a LADY *who defended the Author's Character.*

WHILE other Females trifle Life away,
In Dreſs and Scandal, Equipage and Play;
Stella,

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Stella, with Senſe exalted and refin'd,
And each ſuperior Grace adorns her Mind
There Friendſhip, Honour, Truth, and Vir
tue live,
With all the Charms that Art or Natur
give.

O how ſhall Words my Tenderneſs im
part!
Or ſpeak the Dictates of a grateful Heart!
To thee, fair Patroneſs! who could'ſt de
ſcend,
My Character thus nobly to defend.
Who would not wiſh to have ſuſtain'd
Wrong,
To have their Cauſe ſupported by th
Tongue?
So diſappointed Malice drops its Aim,
And what was meant to ſink, exalts m
Fame.

The WISHES. *A Song.*

O Love! by thy almighty Pow'r,
Transform me to that new-blow
Flow'r,

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Which, fram'd for Sweetneſs and Delight,
Attracts my lov'd *Almeria*'s Sight.
Behold, in vernal Beauty dreſt,
It decks the lovely Virgin's Breaſt;
Whence it ſuperior Grace aſſumes,
And with unrival'd Beauty blooms.

Why am I not that gentle Air,
Which flutters, fans, and cools the Fair!
Too happy Zephyr! balmy Gale!
That Fragrance from her Breath you ſteal;
See, while your Pain you ſoftly ſigh,
And on her ſnowy Boſom die;
Thy Goddeſs, *Flora*, jealous grows,
And with divine Reſentment glows.

Why am I not that Bird, whoſe Note,
Sweet warbling in his liquid Throat,
Bids ev'ry Grove and Vale rejoice;
His tender, ſoft, melodious Voice,
Nightly with his enchanting Strain,
Does, in the Woods, my Love detain,
Till, liſt'ning, ſhe forgets to fear
The Dangers that may threaten there.

When *Phœbus* darts direct his Beams,
Almeria ſeeks the cooling Streams;

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The River-God with Pride receives
Almeria to his azure Waves;
With murm'ring Joy they round her move,
And take her for the Queen of Love.
Ye Gods! were I that happy Stream!
How ſhould my fierce, my rapid Flame——

Pardon, thou bright, thou matchleſs Fair!
The bold Preſumption of my Pray'r.
Gladly would I my Being change,
Gladly from Form to Form I'd range;
Might I, in any Shape, delight
Almeria's Senſe, or pleaſe her Sight;
Or might thoſe Variations prove
The Truth of my unalter'd Love.

Theſe and fifty others, of which I have no Copy, did this Gentleman get from me, almoſt for nothing.

In the mean time, having received an unexpected Bounty from a Gentleman of very high Rank and diſtinguiſhed Honour, I wrote to him the following Lines.

To

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To the Honourable Mr. * * * *.

ADMIRE not, if the grateful Muſe,
With fond Affection, ſtill purſues
Thee, Pride and Glory of a Race,
Whom ev'ry Muſe and Science grace!
They in thy gen'rous Boſom ſhine,
And lighten from thy Eyes divine!

Thus raptur'd, I the Strain eſſay'd,
And begg'd *Apollo*'s pow'rful Aid.

The angry God in Rage reply'd,
Go check thy Inſolence and Pride;
Not that I blame thy happy Choice,
But 'tis too lofty for thy Voice;
Who pine like thee, with Want oppreſs'd,
Forſaken, comfortleſs, diſtreſs'd:
In vain attempt ſublimer Lays,
The beauteous Work of Minds at Eaſe.

What tho' in early Hours of Life,
'Ere yet a Mother or a Wife,
I tun'd thy infant Voice to ſing,
And plac'd thee near my hallow'd Spring

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My fav'rite *Swift* thy Numbers prais'd,
Cou'd mortal Worth be higher rais'd?
Yet I'll no more thy Wants ſupply,
Since Fortune leaves you, ſo will I.
Thy Laurel Chaplet now reſign,
Let mournful Yew and Cypreſs twine
Around thy melancholy Head,
'Till thou art number'd with the Dead:
Nor dare to let thy Female Pen
Profane the firſt, and beſt of Men:
As well, when with Meridian Rays
I give the Summer Noon-tide Blaze,
Might'ſt thou expect to add new Light
To Beams intolerably bright,
As hope to heighten ****'s Fame,
Or add new Luſtre to his Name.
Whate'er adorns the Wife and Good,
By him is truly underſtood;
Nor lives he for himſelf alone.
But Humankind his Bounty own.

Convinc'd, abaſh'd, I drop'd my Suit;
Wonder and Sorrow held me mute;
Yer tho' I wake the String no more,
Silent thy Virtues I adore.

O!

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O! let thy juſt ſuperior Senſe
Forgive this laſt, this fond Offence.
Led by Deſpair, the Hand of Death
Muſt quickly ſtop this vital Breath:
His fatal Pow'r alone can part
Thy Image from my grateful Heart.

At the Gentleman's own Requeſt I omit his Name; but when I ſay he is the elder Brother of the greateſt Man in this Kingdom, he may, perhaps, be gueſſed at.

This worthy Gentleman ſoon afterwards fell ſick, on which I ſent him the following

Invocation to HEALTH.

THOU roſy Goddeſs of the Plains,
Where Innocence, thy Siſter, reigns,
If Goodneſs can deſerve thy Care,
To Godlike * * * * 's Couch repair;
Let him thy matchleſs Charms enjoy;
What Nymph to * * * * can be coy?
Nor ſhou'd thy Favours be deny'd
To him who ſpreads thy Empire wide.

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When Want and all her gloomy Train,
Pining Diſeaſe and racking Pain,
On poor afflicted Mortals prey,
His Bounty drives thoſe Ills away;
Swift as the Shadows wing their Flight,
Before the purple dawning Light.
Come young-ey'd Maid, ſerenely gay,
With healing Looks and Breath of *May*;
His Virtues to our Wiſhes give,
And guard that Life by whom we live.

Mr. *W——le* had the Conſcience to write to me, to deſire I would, by the Return of the Poſt, ſend him a hundred Ballads of my own Compoſition, as he had already begun to take in Subſcriptions for them; and on the Receipt of them, he would order a Gentleman to pay me two Guineas. I ſuppoſe he thought I could write as faſt as the Poet, whom *Horace* deſcribes ſtanding on one Leg, while he wrote a thouſand Lines: And becauſe I was unable to comply with this Requeſt, he ſent me the following moſt ſtrange Epiſtle.

To

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To Mrs. P——N.

D——N you! ſink you! G—d fire you! I have beggared myſelf between your ſcoundrel Huſband and you, all to ſupport a little dirty Vanity. When I want any thing from him, his d——ned Spirits are ſunk: Nor has he given me any think worth a Farthing, for the monſtrous Sums he has drawn out of me. I could write before I ever ſaw either of your ugly Faces, tho' not quite ſo well——and d——n me, if I ever write another Line of Verſe——You underſtand me——I ſhall be in Town, ſo as to meet the P——t. The Eyes of all *Europe* are on me, and d——n me, if you do not ſend me the Ballads, but I will deſpiſe, and defy you for ever.

Yours,

J. W.

P. S.

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P. S. By G——, I cannot ſtir out, for my Landlady has beat me through the Town with a hot Shoulder of Mutton, which ſhe ſnatched from the Fire, Spit and all, only for catching me a little familiar with her Daughter.

I concluded by this Letter, that the poor Man's Head was turned, and therefore thought it not worth anſwering, being now ſeriouſly determined to leave *Ireland*; for though I led the Life of a Recluſe, I had every Day ſome new Story invented of me. If I went out to take a little Air, they ſaid I had great Impudence to ſhew my Face; and if I ſtaid at Home, I was then in Keeping with ſome Man who confined me; and in ſhort, I could pleaſe nobody: Which gave riſe to the following Lines.

EXPOSTULATION.

O God! ſince all thy Ways are juſt,
Why does thy heavy Hand
So ſore afflict the wretched Duſt,
Thou didſt to Life command?

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Thou ſpeak'ſt the Word, the ſenſeleſs Clay
Was quick'ned with thy Breath,
Chearleſs to view the Beams of Day,
And ſeek the Shades of Death.

Thro' ev'ry Scene of Life diſtreſs'd,
As Daughter, Mother, Wife;
When wilt thou cloſe my Eyes in Reſt,
And take my weary Life.

To the paſt, preſent, and to come,
Are ever-more the ſame;
Thou knew'ſt of all my Woes the Sum,
'Ere I my Thoughts cou'd frame.

'Twas thou gav'ſt Paſſion to my Soul,
And Reaſon alſo gave,
Why didſt thou not make Reaſon rule,
And Paſſion be its Slave?

O pardon me, thou Pow'r Divine!
That thus I dare preſume
At thy Correction to repine,
Or murmur at my Doom.

Lord,

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Lord, give me Penitence ſincere
For ev'ry Error paſt,
And tho' my Trials are ſevere,
O give me Peace at laſt.

So theſe were the laſt Strains I ſung in *Ireland*; which, ill-uſed as I was in it, I could not quit without very great Regret; and as the Coach drove by Mr. *P——n*'s Door, I thought my very Heart would ſplit with Sorrow; for there indeed was all the Treaſure of my Soul encloſed; namely, my dear little ones. Many a Sigh and Tear they coſt me; many a Prayer did I offer up to the Almighty for their Preſervation; and had he not been an infinitely more gracious Father to them, than their earthly one proved, long long ago had they been finally loſt!

My Eyes, even after I went on board the Yatch, were evermore turned to the Shore of *Ireland*, reſting there as on their laſt Period; till finding myſelf obſerved, and that ſome of the Paſſengers, Colonel *Dalway* in particular, wanted to ſee my Face,

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Face, which I concealed, I pretended to be Sea-ſick, and deſired the Steward to ſhew me a Cabin.

He left me for a few Minutes; and returning, told me, all the Beds were engaged; but however, there was a Gentleman on board, who ſaid, he would ſooner ſit up, than a Lady be unprovided for. I returned my Compliments, without ever ſo much as enquiring to whom I was obliged.

The Sickneſs I feigned proved preſently true; for no ſooner was the Ship under Sail, but I grew violently Sea-ſick; when the Steward once more entered the Cabin, and told me, the Gentleman, to whom it belonged, deſired a Moment's Chat with me. I begged him to make my Apology, as indeed, what with Sickneſs and Sorrow, I was little in Temper to receive any Perſon.

However, the Gentleman reſolved not to be ſo eaſily diſmiſſed; for following the Steward into my Cabin, he told me, he knew me to be Mrs. *P*———*n*; that, he could not ſit up all Night; and therefore, he

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he hoped I would not refuſe him the Liberty of ſleeping in his own Bed.

I anſwered, I would not, provided he would be ſo kind as to leave me for a few Moments; on which, weak as I was, I ſprung out of Bed, and, as I had not undreſſed myſelf, ſoon met him upon Deck.

Who this ſame Gentleman was, may, in due Seaſon, be revealed: I can only aſſure my Readers, that, I believe had I accepted of the Offers he made me, Poverty would never have approached me, as he was a Man of Honour, or at leaſt appeared to me as ſuch: A Man of Fortune he certainly is; and I doubt not but he has enjoyed many a lovely Lady, without promiſing them any Reward, or offering them a Settlement for Life, as he really did me.

I dined with him at *Parkgate*; and I hope Virtue will be rewarded; for though I had but five Guineas in the World to carry me up to *London*, I yet poſſeſſed Chaſtity enough to refuſe fifty for a Night's Lodging, and that too from a handſome well-bred Man, whoſe Name if I ſhould

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inſert,

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inſert, all the World would acknowledge I ſpoke but Truth of him.

I ſhall ſcarcely ever forget his Words to me, as they ſeemed almoſt prophetic. 'Well, Madam, (ſaid he) you do not 'know *London*; you will be undone there.' 'Why, Sir, (ſaid I) I hope you do not 'imagine I will go into any bad Courſe of 'Life?' 'No, Madam, (ſaid he) but 'I think you will ſit in your Chamber, 'and ſtarve;' which, upon my Word, I have been pretty near doing; and, but that the Almighty raiſed me one worthy Friend, good old Mr. *Cibber*, to whoſe Humanity I am, under God, indebted both for Liberty and Life, I had been quite loſt.

I dare ſay, nobody will imagine he ſerved me from any carnal Views; ſince,

If Truth in Spite of Manners muſt be told,
Why really Seventy-ſix is ſomething old.

So here I cloſe the Firſt Volume; and as it has been induſtriouſly and maliciouſly

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reported, that I had in reality nothing to publiſh, I hope this will convince the World, that Mrs. *Pilkington* was never yet reduced to the Meanneſs of Falſhood or Tricking. And if this Volume meets with a favourable Reception, I can aſſure my Readers, the next will be infinitely more entertaining, and is now ready for the Preſs.

End of the FIRST VOLUME.

BRITISH
10 MY 72
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In the Preſs, and ſpeedily will be Publiſhed,

VOL. II. of this WORK,

Which will conclude the Whole.

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MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs. *Lætitia Pilkington*,

WIFE TO THE

Rev. Mr. *Matthew Pilkington*.

Written by HERSELF.

CT 788 P66 A3 1748a v. 2

Wherein are occaſionally interſperſed, Her

POEMS,

With VARIETY of

SECRET TRANSACTIONS

of ſome EMINENT PERSONS.

VOL. II.

Curs'd 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, longæ
Ambages: ſed ſumma ſequar faſtigia rerum.
VIRG. ÆN. I.

——Pudet hæc opprobria nobis,
Et dici potuiſſe, & non potuiſſe reſelli. OVID.

DÚBLIN Printed:
London Reprinted: and Sold by *R. Griffiths*, at the *Dunciad* in *Ludgate-ſtreet*. 1749.

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TO

The RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Lord Baron *Kingſborough.*

MY LORD,

THO' Your Lordſhip has been pleaſed poſitively to prohibit my Dedicating this Volume to You, yet as I had the following Poem written, I

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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.

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Oh! KING, *Live for ever!*

TO Thee within whoſe Heaven-illumin'd Breaſt,
Reſides each Virtue, which adorns the Bleſt;
'Tis bold Preſumption to attune my Lays,
Seraphic Notes ſhou'd 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 Saphire Fount, or Flower-enamell'd Mead,
By Wiſdom nurs'd, by Contemplation fed,
By both, to every Art and Science led;
While ſacred Honour, that immortal Gueſt
Lives in each Action of thy Life confeſt;
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

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For Nature, prodigal to KING, has given
All Gifts, admir'd 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,
Extract one ſolar Ray, tho' finely ſpun;
Then, in that Ray, the various Colours ſhew,
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, aſtoniſh'd, 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 invok'd, will ne'er refuſe
Her Aid, appear'd, 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;

Pleas'd.

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Pleas'd with the Taſk, 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 grac'd;
Hence take their Source, oh Fav'rite 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 ceas'd; Thanks heavenly Viſitant, I
ſaid,
To Thee my Gratitude be ever paid;
For what, ſufficient, may I render Thee,
Who rais'd a PATRON that protected me;
Who view'd my Anguiſh with a pitying
Eye,
When even a Son, and Brother paſt it by.
All-righteous Heaven, attend my ardent
Pray'r,
Make him thy conſtant, thy peculiar Care,
Whoſe Mercy, like the Dews that bleſs the
Ground,
Silently falls, refreſhing all around;
While,

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While, with ſuch winning Grace, his Bounties flow,
They double all the Bleſſings they beſtow;
Touch'd with a painful Joy, the lab'ring 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 ev'ry 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.

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MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs. *PILKINGTON.*

SO being entered on a new Scene, I proceed: I got as far as *Cheſter*; but, as it was Winter, the Stage Coach ſet out but once a Week, namely on *Monday*; and as I did not land till *Tueſday*, I had near a Week to ſtay at an Inn, an Expence 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,

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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 Pratling, very tolerably: And as the Gentleman knew my Misfortunes, and had known all my Family, he 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 Places 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 Cholick, for they made themſelves very eaſy:

But

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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 *Welch* 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 wrapt up in white Paper, and after making me give him a Promiſe to write to him, he left us.

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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 ſhewed 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 two 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 up Stairs 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 ſhew.

My Adventures with the *Welch* 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

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the Letter ſhould go ſafe. So, by way of Amuſement, I ſcribbled as follows:

SIR,

Your Ginger-bread, 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.

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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 Reck'ning! and we ſmil'd 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 tho' I am not fond of making national Reflections, yet I would of all things never

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never truſt a *Welchman*, leſt, as *Falſtaff* ſays of the *Welch* 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 Guinéas 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 ſate 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

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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 Gentleman 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 conſider'd where they ſlept;
Himſelf, as rich as fifty Jews,
Was eaſy, tho' they wanted Shoes.

Swift.

On this I aroſe, and told him, as I perceived it was not in his Inclination to do me

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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 LAUREAT. 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 ſupply'd,
I muſt a thouſand Times have dy'd.

I muſt not here omit, that 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*

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Street, exactly oppoſite to *White*'s Chocolate-houſe, where happening to ſee Capt. *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 Expence: 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. Capt. *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

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ſwered 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 Philoſphy, on which the Doctor gave us an Invitation to a Courſe of Experiments the next Day. Tho' nothing I then ſaw was new to me, yet his Reflections on every Object were, as by them he demonſtrated the Divinity; and, wrapt in holy Extaſy, 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 him my Acknowledgments 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 he promiſed not only to ſubſcribe himſelf, but alſo to uſe his Intereſt for me; I told

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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 Day-break I aroſe, and walked into *Buſhy-Park*; I ſat down by the Side of a 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 Reverend Dr. HALES.

HAIL, holy Sage! whoſe comprehenſive Mind,
Not to this narrow Spot of Earth confin'd,
Thro' num'rous Worlds can Nature's Laws explore,
Where none but NEWTON ever trod before;
And,

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And, guided by Philoſophy divine,
See thro' his Works th' Almighty Maker ſhine:
Whether you trace him thro' 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 Heav'n 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;

Shews

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Shews the rich Treaſure that her Breaſt contains,
In azure Fountains, or enamell'd Plains;
Each healing Stream, each Plant of virtuous Uſe,
To thee their Medicinal Pow'rs 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, unnumber'd Rivers glide,
And faithful back return their purple Tide;
How fine the Mechaniſm, by Thee diſplay'd!
How wonderful is ev'ry Creature made!
Veſſels, too ſmall for Sight, the Fluids ſtrain,
Concoct, digeſt, aſſimilate, ſuſtain:
In deep Attention, and Surprize, we gaze,
And, to Life's Author, raptur'd, pour out Praiſe.

What

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What Beauties 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!
Nought from Thy Penetration is conceal'd,
And LIGHT, Himſelf, ſhines to Thy Soul reveal'd.

So when the Sacred Writings You diſplay,
And on the mental Eye ſhed purer Day;
In radiant Colours Truth array'd we ſee,
Confeſs her Charms, and guided up by Thee;
Soaring ſublime, on Contemplation's Wings,
The Fountain 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!

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If, thro' weak Words, one Ray of Reaſon
ſhine,
Thine was the Thought, the Errors only
mine.
Yet may theſe Numbers to thy Soul im-
part
The humble Incenſe of a grateful Heart.
Trifles, with GOD himſelf, Acceptance find,
If offer'd with Sincerity of Mind;
Then, like the Deity, Indulgence ſhew,
Thou, moſt *like Him*, of all his Works be-
low.

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 Pacquet, 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

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So having got a little Money, and Capt. *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 yet been 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 adviſ'd me, Sir, to chuſe
Some odd new Subject for the Muſe,

From

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From Thought to Thought unpleas'd I
chang'd,
Thro' Nature, Art, and Science rang'd;
Yet ſtill could nought diſcover New,
Till, happily, I fix'd on You.
Your Stoic Turn, and chearful 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:
The Wiſe, the Weak, the Sot, the Sage,
Your Hours can equally engage:
Tho' 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 fix'd 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 th' Afflicted Tears;
Has

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Has Merit pin'd 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 Patton, and reveal him;
You paint ſo true, you can't conceal him:
Their gawdy 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 wou'd rave;
While jealous Bards by Dunces ſtung,
With Verſe provok'd, aveng'd the Wrong.
With an uncommon Candour, you
Such Bards more humanely ſubdue:
Calm and compos'd, your conſcious Spirit
Can celebrate with Praiſe their Merit:
Thus yielding conquer; for ſure Nature
Muſt feel ſuch Praiſe ſting worſe than Satyr.

Still

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Still am I warm'd to ſing your Oddneſs,
Your Singularity in Goodneſs!

When to the Wealthy and the Great,
Adorn'd with Honours and Eſtate,
My Muſe, forlorn! has ſent her Pray'r,
Shunn'd were the Accents of Deſpair,
'Till your excited Pity ſped her,
And with collected Bounties fed her;
Chear'd her ſad Thoughts, like genial
Spring,
And tun'd once more her Voice to ſing.
Bear then her grateful Notes, and be
Yourſelf her Theme and Harmony.
Cou'd ſhe, like yours, exalt her Lays,
Polite Artificer of Praiſe!
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 Recep
tion, and Mr. *Cibber* ſhewed it to all th
Noblem

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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 depreſt 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 really never ſeen any Perſon with whom I was better entertained, and, therefore, if he 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

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out of it. He ſwore a good Oath, he b
lieved me, and liked me for my Sincer
ty.——— I could relate a Number
pleaſant Stories of this old Gentleman; b
as his Wit generally bordered on Indece
cy, and ſometimes on Prophaneneſs, th
are not proper for a female Pen.

He uſed to hire me to write Love Le
ters to him, which, as a Proof of his bei
a young Man, he ſhewed at *White*'s; Lo
W—m—th was curious to ſee the Write
upon which he brought his Lordſhip, a
Lord *Aug—ſtus F—tz R—y*, ſince dea
to viſit me. They bantered me on m
Taſte, in writing ſo many fine Things
an old Fellow, when ſo many young one
themſelves in particular, would be prou
of them——— I aſſured their Lordſhip
I would oblige them on the ſame Terms
did the Colonel, who always paid me hand
ſomely for my Compliments.

This turned all their Raillery on the Co
lonel, who with great good Humour con
feſſed the Truth. "Why Colonel, ſai
"Lord *F—z R—y*, you told us you ſup

"porte

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" ported this Lady."——" Ay, returned " he, but you know I am an old Lyar."

The Noblemen inſiſted on my telling them how much a piece the Colonel gave me for writing Billetdoux to him. The Colonel anſwered, that his Money had been fatal to my Family; for that he had lent my Uncle Colonel *Mead* twenty Guineas one Night at the Groom Porters, who died the next Morning of an Apoplectic Fit; and ſo, ſaid he, " out of pure Af- " fection to my dear little one here, I am " very cautious how I give her any; be- " ſides, added he, very archly, I could " not be convinced of the Sincerity of her " Paſſion for me, if ſhe made any De- " mands on my Pocket."

Lord *W——m——th* aſked me, how I approved of this Doctrine? I anſwered, the Colonel, had ſo genteel and witty a 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

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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 incloſed to Lord *F——z-R——y*.

To the Hon. Colonel D—NC—BE.

SINCE ſo oft to the Great of my Favours you boaſt,
When, you know, you enjoy'd but ſome Kiſſes at moſt;
And thoſe, as you ſay, never ought to be ſold,
For Love's too divine, to be barter'd for Gold.
Since this is your Maxim, I beg a Receipt,
To know, how without it a Lover can eat.
For tho' the fine Heroes, we read in Romances,
Subſiſted whole Weeks upon amorous Fancies;

And

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And yet were ſo ſtrong, if thoſe Writers
ſay true,
That 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 chirrupping Glaſs;
And ſo much in myſelf of 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.

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Lord *A——ſtus* did not fail to ſhew 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 Flower-pots, which ſtood on 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 chear me:
The Cauſe I gueſs,
Is ſurely this,
The Bottle is not near me.

You ſhew that Sight,
To give Delight,
If I may truly judge ye:
But would ye move
My Wit, or Love,
I beg, Sir, I may pledge ye.

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Lord *W——nch——ea* bid the Colonel ſend me all the Wine in the Houſe: "Ah! (ſaid the Colonel) that might in-"jure her Health, but I will ſend her one "Bottle of *Burgundy*, to chear 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 K—g, D— of *C——l——d*, the whole M————y, and me into the Bargain. I aſked him, whether giving me a Bottle of Wine had grieved him ſo much? He ſaid, No; but that he had been fifty Years in the Army, and was but Lieutenant-Colonel; and that the D—— of *C——l——d* had put a young Fellow over his Head. He pulled down his Stocking, and ſhewed me where he had been ſhot through the Leg at the Siege of *Liſle*; then he opened his Boſom, on

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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 it 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 very penſive, ſaid his Head aked, 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 o

M—lb—gh

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M——lb——gh, a lovely Gentleman; he preſented him to me, by his Title, which was honoured by his wearing it. The D—— 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 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 to-night or to-morrow Morn-"ing; for I have a mind to have a little "Chat with this Lady alone." The Colonel knew his Duty too well to diſobey a *M—lb—gh*, and left us, wiſhing his Grace Succeſs.

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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 Pocket-Book, preſented me with a Bank Note 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 at 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 Chearfulneſs, 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

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could write, I gave him, in about ten Minutes, the following Lines.

STREPHON to-night his *Chloe* told,
He had the Head-ach, and grew old;
Tho' well she knew her artful Swain
But counterfeited Age and Pain,
To hide his cold declining Passion,
His Want of Love and Inclination;
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 Knight shall boast a Pair
More large, more branching, or more fair:

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Their Horns are gilt, but yours ſhall be
As naked as a blaſted Tree.

So, Sir, no more of your Deception,
For I am bleſt with quick Perception;
Phœbus has given me piercing Eyes,
To look thro' Falſhood and Diſguiſe;
Then lay aſide this little Art,
I have, and I will keep your Heart.

His Grace was very well pleaſed with my Gaity, 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

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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. *Tr—v—r* deſired to know which of the *Sp—n—r*'s it was, I threatned the Colonel with? I told him, I wrote any thing 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 any Diſtreſs; and in the mean Time, 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 now 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 Ser-

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vant, 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 every thing of me which they thought could injure, or expoſe me; that being naturally liberal, and, till I heartily ſuffered for my Folly, no very great Oeconomiſt, 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 may be 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 Repu-

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Reputation, but either by the Thefts, or the Tongues of the *Iriſh*.

My Landlady came up one Morning very chearful, and told me her Daughter's Huſband, Dr. *T—rn—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 Lodging in her Houſe that Night. I congratulated herupon 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

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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, and did not return till about Six in the Evening; ſo not meeting any body 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 apprized 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 Bed-time, ſo being willing to cultivate the good Opinion he ſeemed to have conceived of me, I ſent him my own Poems in Manuſcript, which, pardon my Vanity, did not fail to confirm it.

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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 Judgment, 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 incur his Diſpleaſure againſt me; but Colonel *D—nc—be*, whoſe Curioſity was up, reſolved at a Diſtance to reconnoitre the Ground,

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Ground, and bring them a faithful Account of the Enemy's Situation, for ſo he ſtiled the Parſon.

There was a very grand Milliner's Shop next Door to my Lodging, from whence I received a Meſſage, that 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 there found the Colonel, who told me, he was the Lady; and, with his uſual Gaity, added, that if 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 peacable Innocence of a Man of Threeſcore, 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

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" the Church could have had half that " Continency. But, my dear little one, " (for that was the Name he always called " me), I have ſome News to tell you; I " deſire you may bruſh up your Counte- " nance, your Fire, and yourſelf, becauſe " you are likely to have ſome very grand " Viſitors to-morrow; no leſs than Mr. " *St—h—e*, the Earl of *W—nch—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 a Paſon walking in my Room; and aſked, who it was? I told him, it was Dr. *T—bull*, 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 was yet excelled by any of the primitive Biſhops; a Perſon, in whom the

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the Beauty of Holineſs fully appears. I went to his Houſe, in *Kenſington-ſquare*, and, to my infinite Surprize, 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, had nobly taken up Arms in the Defence of Liberty, Property, and the Proteſtant Religion.

Having 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

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Late to the pious Prelate, YORK, reveal'd,
What from the Sons of *Belial* lay conceal'd;
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-lov'd fav'rite Iſle,
Lo, all Impurities her Face defile!
Why are there Pray'rs, or public Faſts proclaim'd?
My Pow'r is mock'd at, and my Word blaſphem'd;
Think they, vile Worms! with Arts, or gloſſing Lines,
To 'ſcape my Vengeance, or deceive my Eyes?
No; as to Idol Luſts their Bodies bow,
So ſhall their Limbs the foreign Fields beſtrew,

Nay,

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Nay, ev'n the proud Metropolis, ſhall feel
The red-hot Vengeance, and the mur-
d'rous Steel.

Then, holy YORK, the Lord of Life
beſpoke:
Oh, gracious God! this dread Decree re-
voke;
Wilt Thou, with Wiſdom, Juſtice, Mercy
crown'd,
Alike the Virtuous and the Vile con-
found?
Twenty, perhaps, in *Britain* may'ſt 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 Thee, 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

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Ten Men, whom no Temptation can ſub-
due,
True to Religion, to it's 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 ev'ry Action Good and
Great;
Stemming Corruption with an out-
ſtretch'd Hand;
Who, but Himſelf, the Torrent can
withſtand?
See Him, like *Nile*, diffuſing Bounty
round,
To bleſs a barren, an ungrateful Ground;
Thro' various Channels, Pleaſure to impart,
To raiſe the Fall'n, to chear 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,

Con-

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Conſcious of Thee, it's ſacred hidden Source,
To re-unite thy Bounty, bends it's Force.

Wiſely thou ſpeak'ſt, the living Lord reply'd,
Nor be thou, righteous Advocate, deny'd;
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 ſhewed 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 aſſociate 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

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ſaid, he was ſure I had not breakfaſted, and bid one of the Servants bring ſome Tea, and deſire 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, taking 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 gayly 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

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His Grace could not avoid ſmiling, as he plainly perceived by the Chearfulneſs, 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 Batchelor, managed his domeſtic Affairs, threw me into 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 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 *Shakeſpear*'s Lines into my Mind:

An

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And what have Kings, that Privates
have not too,
Save Ceremony, general Ceremony?
And what are thou, thou Idol Ceremony?
What kind of God art thou, that ſuffereſt
more
Of mortal Griefs, than do thy Worſhip-
pers;
What are thy Rents? What are thy
Comings in?
Oh Ceremony! ſhew 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 fear'd,
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

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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, incloſed in a Letter, in my Hand; a Gentleman, who is Door-keeper to 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 firſt Prelate who entered, was the Lord Biſhop of *Norwich*, a venerable Gentleman, whoſe graceful grey Hairs the Hand of Time had ſilvered: As he paſt by, I made him a Courteſy, on which he ſtopt, 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 ha

bee

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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 courteſied, 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 as ſome of the Noblemen demanded an Explanation

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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 Deſire 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

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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 the 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 a Perquiſite ſoftened him into Conſent, 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 unprelatical Countenance, for it was full of Carbunckles, and Knobs, and Flames of

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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, "Yow "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 lye; but as you ſay yow "are in Diſtreſs, there's Half a Crown "for yow:" I thanked his Lordſhip, and turning 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

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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 Br—te'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 Dr. *Swift*'s Lines:

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

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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 Holydays, 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 marvellous 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 Arch-"biſhop of *York* ſpeak to yow, 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 Humliity was their beſt Orna-"ment:——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

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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 aſſured me, the B———p of *S*———*y* was a very honeſt Man;——I told him, "I did "not ſuſpect him to be a Pick-pocket; "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.

When I expected three, but one came, a very old gouty Gentleman, whoſe Name I do not think proper to inſert; the reſt had

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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 Lye of him; I aſſured them, provided they would but give me leave to inform him of it, I would ſay what they pleaſed; for I was fully of Opinion, that, if a Lye 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*.

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I was at this Time applied to, by Mr. *V—ſt—r*, to write an Ode on the Princeſs of *Wales*'s Birth-Day, 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 Birth-Day of her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of* WALES. *Intended for Muſic.*

LIGHT of the World, with pureſt Beams adorn
The Front of Heav'n, and gild the ſacred Morn!
Come from thy Chamber, in the Eaſt,
In richeſt Gold, and Purple, dreſt,
Bright, as the Royal Fair, who on this Day was born.
Say, in all thy glorious Round,
Haſt thou ſo much Beauty found?
Tho' Nature ſpreads, for Thee, her Charms,
Her faireſt Store of finiſh'd Forms,

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The radiant Gem, the flow'ry 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 thro' the balmy Air,
That Heav'n, indulgent to *Britannia*'s Iſle,
Created for her lov'd, her God-like Heir
This matchleſs Virgin, this illuſtrious Fair,
In whom the Virtues, and the Graces ſmile.
What Joy, oh Royal Youth! was thine?
When You beheld the Nymph Divine!
Like *Venus*, riſing from the Sea,
While round officious *Cupids* play;
Neptune confeſs'd, his Breaſt before
So rich a Treaſure never bore;
He huſh'd the noiſy Winds to ſleep,
And ſmooth'd the Surface of the Deep.

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Hymen, quick, thy Taper light,
Join, whom Love before had join'd,
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,
In vernal Luſtre, rob'd appear
The Lilly, and the new-blown Roſe;
So, from this pure, this hallow'd Flame,
Behold the num'rous Offspring riſe,
Of future Bards the bliſsful Theme,
And Rapture of a Nation's Eyes.

Let Hymns of Praiſe to Heav'n aſcend,
For this propitious Store,
Oh, ſtill the Royal Race defend!
And *Britain* aſks no more.

What Succeſs this met, I know not; but Mr. *V—ſt—r* ſoon after applied to me for a *Lilliputian* Ode, on the Birth-

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day 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 flow'ry 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 crown'd with Fruits of Wiſdom, Virtue, Truth.

Ye,

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Ye, to whoſe Care,
Britannia's Heir
Is now conſign'd,
To form his Mind;
O to your Truſt,
Be firmly juſt;
Let Flatt'ry 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 Parents Eyes,
With glad Surprize,
Shall view a Son,
Worthy their Throne,
And *Albion* bleſs
The Royal Progeny's deſir'd Increaſe.

I know not what Reward 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,

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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 him but finiſh the Comedy of *Le Païſan Parvenu* in the ſame Stile I wrote the firſt Act for him, and I will own myſelf to be the Dunce, he ſo freely calls me.

I muſt here obſerve, 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 Satyric Dialogue between the Poet *and his* Friend.

In the Year 1739.

F. WRITING a Satire? *P.* If I ſhould, what then?

F. 'Tis the moſt dang'rous Province of the Pen;

Ex-

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Example more Diſcretion ought to teach,
Examples move beyond what Prelates preach:
Be warn'd, my Friend,—write Satire!—pray deſiſt,
You ſee what Fate attends the * Satiriſt.
P. If honeſt Satire, theſe licentious Times,
Is look'd 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;
Tho' theſe the wholeſome Means, by Heav'n aſſign'd
To awe the Vile, or raiſe the worthy Mind.
F. Yes Panegyric may be ſafely writ.
P. It may, if Bards will proſtitute their Wit,

To

* Mr. *Whitehead*,

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To varniſh Faults, or gild a Knave's Deceit,
Or prove a Title makes a Villain great;
But Virtue plac'd, in its Meridian Light,
Hurts the weak Eye, and pains the Courtier's Sight;
Thus ſhou'd the Muſe a Patriot's Worth proclaim,
And crown her *Stanhope* with undying Fame,
They take Offence, and think you thus deſcant,
To ſhew Mankind the Qualities they want.
F. Truſt me, their Raſhneſs merits no Excuſe,
That fall from Satire into groſs Abuſe;
Vice may be ſham'd 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

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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 em-
ploy'd,
And ev'ry gen'rous Pleaſure full enjoy'd.
P. 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 ev'ry Good ſup-
plies,
Sought by the Juſt, the temperately Wiſe;
Oeconomy his Freedom's beſt Support,
Sets him above Temptation from a Court;
No Bribe he takes, that Freedom to con-
troul,
No Penſion, to enſlave his nobler Soul;
He ſcorns to fill a Stateſman's ſervile
Train,
And looks on high-plac'd Guilt with juſt
Diſdain; For

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For Him, the Muſe ſhall ſtrike the ſounding String,
And Fame, her ever-verdant Laurels bring.

Unlike *Favonius*, who, with ev'ry Vice,
Ruin'd 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 your's, my Lord, — but mind — this Note,
'Tis but a ſhort Direction, how to vote.
Hard Terms! but Luxury muſt be ſupply'd,
He ſells his Virtue to ſupport his Pride!
F. Softly, my Friend,—you quit the Taſk aſſign'd,
Which, to the Praiſe of Merit, was confin'd:
Bold Truths, like theſe, a Puniſhment may bring,
Incenſe a M———r, perhaps a———

P.

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P. As, in a Picture, Light is to be ſhewn
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 Riſque you run,
Or, are you reſolute to be undone?
At Courts you rail, at Courts you take Offence,
Unmindful of the Good deriv'd from thence.
P. 'Tis true, from thence proceeds the Royal Youth,
The God-like Friend of Liberty, and Truth;

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The pureſt Bounty of indulgent Heav'n,
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!
Fix'd 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 thro' the Land;
Free, on the Wings of Winds, our Ships ſhall roam,
And ſafely bring their far-fought 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 advent'rous Strain,
P. Then gueſs the reſt. *F.* I do, alas! too plain. *P.*

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P. Jugurtha, for his Crimes, arraign'd at *Rome*,
The Senate brib'd, and went triumphant Home;
Yet, on it's Pride, caſt back a ſcornful Eye,
And wiſh'd ſome Merchant wou'd 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,
Tho' it no Application here can find;
For ſhou'd 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 it's Noon-tide Blaze; See

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See it, from STAIR, break forth with
Rays Divine,
And round the learned Head of STAN-
HOPE ſhine;
From COBHAM's Mind, we hail it's beau-
teous Beams,
And CARTERET kindles with it's hal-
low'd Flames;
While W——E turns, aſtoniſh'd, from
the Sight,
And ſickens at the pure æthereal Light;
Or, vainly hopes it's Abſence to ſupply,
By glitt'ring Star, and String of azure
Dye;
Thoſe Ornaments, which grace the Good
and Brave,
To ſharper Ridicule——expoſe the Slave
Stateſmen, like Meteors, vulgar earth-
born Things,
Rais'd by the ſtrong attracting Force of
Kings;
Splendid they ſhine, in Fortune's Summer
Sky,
Till, falling, all their ſhort-liv'd Glories
die;

Bu

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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, cœleſtial Muſe inſpire!
In whom, with Wonder, and Delight, we find,
To blooming Youth, experienc'd Wiſdom join'd;
What forceful Reaſon! manly Eloquence!
Adorn'd Him in his Country's dear Defence?
When, dauntleſs, 'midſt the Murmurs of a Crowd,
He own'd the Cauſe of Liberty aloud;
Th' intrepid * Angel, thus unſhaken, ſtood
'Midſt faithleſs Numbers, eminently good.

F.

* See *Milton.*

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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, num'rous Ills
prevent.
P. For once, uninterrupted, let me ſpeak,
Nor, thus, each Period with your Cau-
tions break:
Where did I ſtop? *F.* With *Pitt*. *P*
Then let the Song
To LITTLETON, the Muſe's Friend
belong;
Born, in each poliſh'd Science to excell,
As fam'd for ſpeaking, as for writing
well;
Diſtinguiſh'd Pair! with pureſt Manner
grac'd!
High in your Royal Maſter's Favou
plac'd;
That Bliſs, ſupreme, doth bounteou
Fate prepare
For gen'rous Minds, that make Mankin
their Care.

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Ye noble Few, who, in a ſhameleſs Age,
Dare bring heroic Virtue on the Stage;
Behold, where Heav'n-born Fame conſpicuous ſtands!
Unfading Laurels fill her ſacred Hands!
Emblems of undecaying, freſh Renown,
Prepar'd your ever-honour'd Heads to crown:
Theſe Wreaths be your's, 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 ev'ry worthy Mind ador'd!
Whoſe Oratory conquers like his Sword;
His Country's drooping Genius born to raiſe,
And warm, anew, her cold declining Days;

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With him, ye Patriot Sons! unite your Force,
And ſtem Corruption in it's headlong Courſe;
See, wide it ſpreads! and, in it's ſable Wave,
What Prelates bathe! what Stars and Garters lave?
There may they ſink, ſince *Lethe*-like, it's Stream
Hath baniſh'd 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-govern'd States,
Prevent the Ruin waſteful War creates;
Thoſe healing Arts have vainly been ap-ply'd,
Now diff'rent Counſels in their Turn preſide;

Ar-

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Array'd in Terror, ſee *Britannia* riſe,
And hurl vindictive Thunder thro' the Skies!
Bent to chaſtiſe the Inſolence of *Spain*;
And re-aſſume her Empire o'er the Main:
View all things in a clear impartial Light,
And Reaſon ſhall confeſs theſe Meaſures right;
Ceaſe then to cenſure, that which merits Praiſe,
And, timely, ſtop your keen ſatyric Lays;
E'er frowning Pow'r aſſumes the awful Nod,
And ſhews the Terror of it's Iron Rod.
P. A good Intention is the beſt Defence,
True Fortitude proceeds from Innocence;
Let *Gallic* Slaves deſpotic Pow'r 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 confeſt,
And lives in *Carteret*, and in *Talbot*'s Breaſt;

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Oh, may the heavenly Flame diſpel our Fears,
Re-kindle Hope, and dry *Britannia*'s Tears!

And ſince, from the Great, I have digreſſed to the Vulgar; I cannot forget Dr. *Ow——ns*, whom, at the End of my Firſt Volume, I promiſed to record, and ſcorn to deal in Lyes, 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. *R—ly*, an Officer of Mace, in *Michael's-Lane*, a little while after I was parted from my Huſband, together with his Curate, Mr. *R—b—nſ—n*, 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 an excommunicated Perſon,—(a Lye;) that I had run away from my Huſband, (another Lye;) —that ſince I had left him, I had ſeven Baſtards,—which was pretty quick, as we had been but ſeven Months aſunder, —(ano-

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(another Lye;)—but when a Churchman is in for it, he will out-lye 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 Lye; 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 to return to *Albion*. I had 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.

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On the Change of the Miniſtry, I wrote the following Lines:

To the Rt. Hon. HENRY PELHAM, *Eſq;*

AMIDST contending Parties Strife for Sway,
Eager to rule, reluctant to obey;
How juſt, how noble, muſt his Conduct ſeem!
Whom all unite to honour, and eſteem?
This bliſsful Fate, this Happineſs divine,
Has Heaven reſerv'd to crown a Life, like Thine;
This the Reward ſublimer Virtues claim,
Unenvy'd Honours, and unſpotted Fame!
Integrity in faireſt Light confeſs'd,
Lives in the ſacred Centre of thy Breaſt;
Oh, never, never, from her Laws depart!
So, reign, confeſs'd, the Friend of ev'ry Heart;
Fix'd on her ſolid Baſe, thy Worth ſhall ſtand,
And *Britons* bleſs thy delegated Hand:

Ev'n

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Ev'n reſtleſs Faction ſhall enſure thy Peace,
And only Heav'n thy Happineſs increaſe.

I ſhewed 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 call'd 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:

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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, ſhou'd your guardian Care decreaſe,
Their animating Fires muſt ceaſe;
Since Novelties alone delight you,
I've found a Method to excite you;
A Scheme, untry'd before to move you,
'Tis plainly to confeſs, I love you;
Now, look not with Surprize, or Coldneſs,
Nor call this Declaration Boldneſs;
For mine's a Flame divinely pure,
For ever fitted to endure;
From ev'ry groſſer Thought refin'd,
A Love for your accompliſh'd 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

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To COLLEY CIBBER, *Esq*;

CAN now a Masquerade delight you?
What are it's Charms that can invite you?
Have not your Eyes to Age survey'd
The medley World in Masquerade?
Where Friendship's Masque conceals the Knave,
And Cowards wear the Masque of Brave;
The Masque of Love, we frail Ones find
Worn, when our Ruin is design'd;
The Patriot's Masque conceals *Sedition*,
And soft Humility's, *Ambition*;
Ev'n you, sometimes, the Masque will wear,
And, what you are not, oft appear;
Rally your Faults with Wit, and Spirit,
And make your Folly masque your Merit:
Come undisguis'd then, come reveal'd
To me, and Truth; let Folly yield,
And leave the Masque to Fools conceal'd.

Mr. *Cibber* received these Lines with his usual Partiality to me and my Performances.

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And here, it may not be amiſs to give a particular Character of this Gentleman, as no Man has ever been more ſatyrized, or leſs deſerved it.

And, I think, I cannot do it, in a better Manner, than I have uſed in deſcribing Dr. *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 with 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

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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 the Vivacity of a Youth of Fifteen, and, making me a courtly Bow, ſaid, he was ſure I did not known 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 courteſied, and, as we both ſtood, "Sit "down, ſaid he, be leſs ceremonious to "be better bred; come, ſhew 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;

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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 humanized as his,

Where dwelt the pitying Pang, the tender Tear,
The Sigh for suff'ring Worth, the Wish preferr'd
For Humankind, the Joy to see them blest,
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 Dr. *Swift*; he had the Patience to listen to me three Hours, without ever once interrupting me; a most uncommon Instance of good Breeding, especially from a Person of his Years, who usually

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uſually dictate to the Company, and engroſs all the Talk to themſelves: For, as Dr. *Young* obſerves,

A Dearth of Words a Woman need not fear;
But 'tis a Taſk, indeed, to learn to hear!
In that the Skill of Converſation lies,
'Tis that muſt prove you both polite and wiſe.

And I do aſſure my Readers, the Gentleman neither yawned, ſcratched his Head, beat Tatoo with his Foot, nor uſed any ſuch ambiguous Giving-out, to note that he was weary.

So far from it, that tho' 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 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,

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Story Dr. *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 paſt, and it ſo befel, they met juſt in 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 *R——chm——nd*'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 Stile, ſhe related to me Part of a very entertaining Novel, ſhe held in her Hand, and, I believe, in better Words than the Author wrote it. A

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Summons to Breakfaſt broke off 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 tho', 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 Dutcheſs 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.

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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, as I occaſionally introduced them, he made me give him a Copy of, and communicated them to the Earl of *Cheſterfield*, who poſitively inſiſted on it, that I muſt underſtand *Greek*, and *Latin*, otherwiſe I never could write *Engliſh* ſo well. Mr. *Cibber* ſaid, he had not enquired, but that he would that Moment: And, accordingly, came, and told me,

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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 Dr. *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 Dr. *T—rnbull* 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 Poſt-man 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*, I ventured

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tured to open it; it was wrote in a Text-Hand, the Contents of it were as follow:

SIR,

IN the Abſence of my Client, Mr. *P*———, I received your Letter; and he would have you to 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, Your's,

J. WALSH.

Could

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Could one believe that any thing leſs than infernal Malice could have forged 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

Shou'd never pray more, abandon all
Remorſe
On Horrors Head, Horrors accumulate,
Do Deeds to make Heaven weep, all
Earth amaz'd;
For nothing can he to Damnation add,
Greater than this.

Tho' I was far from the leaſt Appreſion 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 Declaration that I was not intitled to any thing from him might hurt mine; I ſuppreſſed the Letter for a Day or two, 'till learning, by Accident, that the Lord Biſhop of *Kilmore*, now Lord Archbiſhop of

Tuam

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Tuam (to whoſe Family my Father had the 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 a Manner, with his Compliments, that it added tenfold Weight to his Favour.

When my Lord's Gentleman came to me, Providence ſo ordered, that Dr. *T——bull* was drinking Coffee with me, and upon this Encouragement of a Prelate's taking Compaſſion on my loſt Eſtate; I 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 Perfidiouſneſs of the Wretch, as I had been; for whoever wrote the Letter, it was certainly done by

Mr.

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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,

I Beg pardon for giving you this Trouble, though 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 Surprize, I was informed by a Gentleman of Diſtinction, lately come from *London*, that he ſaw you, that you 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,

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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, 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*, on your Separation; and be aſſured neither Money nor Friends ſhall be wanting to ſupport your Intereſt; and though 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.*

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I anſwered this Letter the Moment I received it, which was three Weeks after the Date, and never heard of the Gentleman 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 ſtiles 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

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Lodging and Servant, and went to board and lodge at 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 a *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 ſtiled him, which Name, his generous Maſter ſoon after entitled him to, by giving him a Commiſſion, dined with us; he looked very attentive

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tentively at 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; I in-

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genuouſly told him, I had no other For tune than my Pen, and, at his Requeſt ſhewed him ſome of my Writings; h told me his Maſter delighted in Poetry and was one of the moſt generous Gentle men living, and that he was certain, if applied to him, he would be a Friend t me: I was eaſily prevailed on to write t him, to beg he would do me the Honou of ſubſcribing to me, and ſent him ſuch o my Rhymes as I myſelf had the beſ Opinion of. The General wrote me a very polite Anſwer, and, as he lived but a few Doors from 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 attempt his Character, being aſ- ſured my beſt Painting would fall infi- nitely ſhort of the excellent Original. Nor was I at all ſurprized that he ſhould be a Fa- vourite 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

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And if in an advanced Age he ſhone ſo brightly, what muſt he have done in his firſt Bloom, when

His kindling Cheeks, with purple Beauties glow'd,
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 *Phædra.*

O God-like Form! O Extaſy, and Tranſport!

This worthy Gentleman ſubſcribed to me for Twelve Books, and alſo engaged the late Duke of *Argyle*, the Earl of *Stair*, the 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, tho' a Prieſt, no Prophet, who

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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, a 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 was gone the Circuit; ſo finding

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finding the City 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 ſurprized 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 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 his Attendance, and the Lady ſaid, he was gone into the Country.

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The Nightly Knocking at the Door did ceaſe,
The noiſeleſs Hammer ruſted there in Peace.

Some Weeks paſt 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 her Apprehenſion of the approaching Hour, I could eaſily perceive had ſome more ſecret and latent Cauſe.

And as in my Life I had never ſeen a more retired, or modeſt Perſon, I had the utmoſt Compaſſion for her, 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 ſurprized 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

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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 Surety 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 Œconomiſt, 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 hun-

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dred 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——rn——l*, for ſo was he 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 mean Time, 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

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Hours as he had done, being choſen a Member of the Philoſophic Club; in which were many Gentlemen of Diſtinction, whoſe Acquaintance it was greatly his Intereſt to 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 any thing 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 ſurprized 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 Ri-

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ding 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, tho' 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 advertiſe him, which accordingly I did.

Some Days after, a very well dreſt young Gentleman deſired to ſee me; I ſhewed 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 Surprize, 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:

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me: "Madam, ſaid he, my Name is "*L——ck——y*, I have a good Eſtate, and "am newly called to the Bar; your Huſ- "band 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, and ſtayed by me 'till I came to myſelf; the Agonies I felt, are only known to thoſe who have truly and tenderly loved: dread- ful Alternative! either to proſecute a be- loved Huſband to Death, or be myſelf deemed an infamious 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 Eye-lids.

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I longed as much for the next Night, as the *Sultan*, in *The Arabian Nights Entertainment*, did to hear the charming *Scherazade*'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 adviſeable for me to do, and then I would return a politive Anſwer; ſo, having an Uncle in *Bond-ſtreet*, I ſent my Houſhold 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 her Fortune, as ſhe had not aſked his Conſent

My

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My Uncle would not permit either a Letter, or a Meſſage to be delivered to me; but kept me a perfect Priſoner; however, there was a young Lady in the Neighbourhood, whom he had ſome Inclination 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 Surprize! 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 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

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ledged 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 stile myself innocent or guilty for my Condescension to him.

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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 any thing which might be ſerviceable to her, and riſing early next Morning, ſhe gave

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gave me a Letter to him, which I pro
miſed not to deliver, but into his ow
Hand.

Accordingly, I ſet out on my Embaſſy
and found the Gentleman, ſuch as ſhe ha
deſcribed him, a polite, handſome Ma
of above thirty Years of Age; he wa
alone, and received me very civilly:
preſented the Letter, but ſeemed ignoran
of the Contents; I could eaſily perceive h
was much diſturbed; however, with
marvellous Aſſurance, he ſaid, he coul
not give Charity to every Body; that h
had often aſſiſted that unfortunate Perſon
that ſhe ought to work for her Bread, a
many of her Betters did, and a Number o
ſuch inhuman Speeches, common on thoſ
Occaſions. I told him her preſent Condi
tions did not enable her to perform any
but Needle-work, and that he who pu
her into it ſhould ſupport her; he aſke
me what I meant? Nothing but Honeſty
if a Man gets a Child he ought to take
care of it. What, ſaid he, would you
have me father a Baſtard? She could not

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I am ſure, have One by you; and would not, I am convinced, have One by any Body 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 a Halter, juſtly due to him, he has, by this Time, inherited it, for I would have ſuch Offenders ſo cut off.

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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 ſhewn 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 Ale-houſe Pot, with ſome Porter

in

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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 it 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 ev'ry 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, than give a Vote "againſt my Country."——This ſurprized me; I told him, I hoped, as he expreſſed ſuch a Spirit of Patriotiſm, he had

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a Seat in the Houſe: He ſaid, he had th
Honour of repreſenting the ancient City
of *Canterbury*; that his Father was Ad-
miral *Rooke*, and that he was married to
the Siſter of the Lord *Guilford 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 do
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 her Friends had deſtined her;
"an Obligation never to be forgot by a
"grateful Spirit." This Gentleman had
ſuch an uncommon generous way of think-
ing, that, inſtead of minding the Game, I
was quite attentive to him, which he ob-
ſerving, ſaid, "Take away the Cards,
"they are only fit to amuſe ſuch as are
"incapable of taſting a more rational
"Entertainment."

I was very glad of this;—the old Scrib-
bler walked into the Shop, to recreate him-
ſelf

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ſelf 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 on 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,

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it, they propoſed ſendi g for you, whic being very agreeable to m, was imm diately done; ſo, Madam, this is the Hi tory of the Day.

I thanked the Gentleman, for his Con plaiſance in relating it.

The Tea pu him into ſuch high Spirit that he, finding me a Sort of a Politicia told me many entertaining Stories abo Sir *Rob—t W——le*'s various Schemes have always the Majority of the Houſe his Side; of which, as many as I can collect that were humorous, I preſent n Readers with.

The Firſt was this: One Sir *Cl— M—cd——l*, a *Scots* Baronet, without Foot of Eſtate, was returned duly electe for what Shire I have forgot; howeve he came to *London*, took a Hackne Coach, and drove to Sir *Rob—t*'s; t Servants ſaid, he was engaged; but *Cl—dy* inſiſted on his carrying up Name, and, leſt he ſhould forget it, jumped out of the Coach, and, runni up Stairs after him, delivered his Emba

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himſelf. Sir *Rob—t* 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 Com- "pliments; I ha ne Siller to get a Lodg- "ing, ſo I'll e'en ſtay here till you give "me ſome:" So Sir *Rob—t* 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 near ſighted, 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 Scheme, 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 his Intereſt.

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

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A *Scots* Peer, who was alſo a Pen ſioner, and a remarkable fat Man, cam one Morning, according to Cuſtom, to Si *Rob—t*'s Levee, and, without the leaſ Ceremony, laid hold of his Ribbon; Si *Rob—t* could not readily diſengage him ſelf, and the Nobleman lugged him t the Window, in which, ſouſing him ſelf down, he happened to have an Eſcape which carried with it ſo loud a Report that it threw the whole Company int Laughter.

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

" Why, this it is, Sir *Rob—t*, I ow " Fifteen Hundred Pounds, and by G—d " if you don't give it to me, I'll go to " morrow to the Houſe, and vote ac " cording to Conſcience." 'Tis to b preſumed his Demand was complied wit in private, though laughed at in publi as he always voted with Sir *Rob—t*.

Mr. *Rocke* finding me attentive, pro ceeded: The late Duke of *Wh—ton* wa a Man of infinite Variety, and Humour

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at the Time of the Diſcovery of *Atterbury*'s *Plot*, as they called it, which was proved by decyphering 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 alight, told him, he was ſurpriſed he did not ſend that 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 G—, "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,
F ſtands for gay *France*, which we hope will not ſwerve,
And *G* ſtands for *George*,—whom God long preſerve,

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P ſtands for the *P—x*, 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, an
being naturally of a pacific Temper, too
this as quietly as he did G-n-r-
Ch—ch—ll's lying with his W-fe.

As I had never heard the Story, I beg
ged he would relate it: Why, ſaid he S
R-b-rt went out very early one Mornin
to the Houſe, but having forgot ſom
Paper of Importance to the dirty Wor
of the Day,—he returned Home for i
and paſſing through his Wife's Apartme
to his Cloſet, what ſhould he ſee, but h
ſerene Spouſe and the General in amoro
Dalliance———the General, All-Hero
he was, jumped out of Bed, and beſoug
Mercy, from, as he ſuppoſed, his incenſe
Rival; but the good Man, reſembli
Cato in one Point,

W

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Who, if a Friend or ſo ſhould chance to need her,
Would recommend her as a ſpecial Breeder.

ſaid careleſly, " 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 in 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*

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à propos 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 chuſing to hurt the Kingdom by the K——'s uſing foreign Commodities, when we had ſo much cheaper and better at Home, recommended to him Miſs *Sk—rr—t*, as an Hand-Maiden; his M——— liked her ſo well, that he invited her to ſup with him in the C——teſs of *Y———b*'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, drew 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 Hat, and retired to his Apartment, marvelouſly diſtempered with Choler.

Well, Sir, ſaid I, ſurely Sir *R——t* was a moſt neceſſary Servant, that would even Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become, and that for his own Daughter, to oblige his M——; but an able Politician will turn

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his Hand to any thing, 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 fy, 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 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 who advanced ſhould die on Point of *Fox*.

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No body ventured to encounter a *Ch—ll*, ſo the Prime M——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, Bagnio's, *&c.* which my Huſband ſays he can prove, (*Mem.* he lyes) 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 a 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 noble Atchievements, 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

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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 till the ſmall Hours without Drowſineſs, nor did we deſire the Aid of *Bacchus* to keep up our Spirits.

I humbly hope no body will attempt to decypher my Initials; for I do aſſure them, the great *M*—— is an innocent Letter, and does not like *Mitching*, *Mallicho*, 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.

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I riſe about Nine, drink Coffee, not that I like it, but that it 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 the Dinner together;———then I go the Opera or Play, *Vaux-Hall* 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, or what think you "of the laſt Hour, wherein I go to Bed?" "Oh, Sir, you are ſo much better enga-"ged, it would not only be Wickedneſs, "but Folly alſo, to think of that at all."

Well,

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Well, depend on it, said he, I'll see you to-morrow; so we took Leave for ever, 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,

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ſo was every body 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 excell'd;
So making others Wiſdom known,
She pleas'd them, and improv'd her own.

For no ſooner did the Doctor perceive that I knew *Mark Anthony* from *Julius Cæſar*, 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

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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 *Gondamore* the *Spaniard*, that he uſed to talk bad *Latin* to King *James* I. who being a Pedant rather than a Prince, had ſo much Pleaſure in, as he thought, ſetting this *Machiavel* right, that, to oblige his Pupil, he complimented him with the Head of that 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 *Cæſar*,

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

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Very few People are Virtue Proof there, all, 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*, a-kin to the Faculty, being a Physician's Daughter, upon which he arose, and said he must salute his Niece; and, that if ever I should fall sick, he claimed the Honour of attending me. We stayed together till Twelve very chearfully, and then parted in Peace.

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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 light-headed, 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 a 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 paſt 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

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more reaſſumed 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 it's 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

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but a Day. I might have 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 it's 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 recollect what was for ever loſt in Oblivion.

Indeed I have frequently had theſe ſupernatural Sollicitings, or a Kind of Indication of whatever was to befal me before it happened: Nay, what is more ſurprizing, I have read a Hiſtory, to me quite new, and it has occurred to me, that I myſelf had been ſome way principally concerned in the moſt material Tranſactions of it, tho' 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 th' unbody'd Spirit flies.

Nay,

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Nay, I ſhould have been afraid to kill
Woodcock, leſt I ſhould diſinherit t
Soul of my Grand-dame.

If my Reader thinks me whimſical, l
him judge by the Event.

A Woman, (in whoſe Garden I ha
once walked in *Ireland)* the firſt Day
was able to ſit up, and very weak I wa
after ſo long Sickneſs, even while my kin
Phyſician was rubbing my Temples wi
Hungary Water to recover me out of
fainting Fit, ruſhed into the Room, an
without the leaſt Ceremony, cried ou
"Do you know what that Villain h
"done?" As I neither knew her, nor wh
ſhe ſpoke of, I was quite ſtartled, an
aſked her, who ſhe talked about, or wha
ſhe meant? "That Villain *P*———;
"ſays ſhe, who has ſold your two younge
"Children for Slaves to *New York*:" Th
was ſuch a monſtrous Crime I could ſcarc
give any Credit to it; for, even admi
ting what he had ſo cruelly charged m
with in Regard to his Bed, was Truth
how had their helpleſs Innocence offende

him

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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 of 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 it's 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

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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 ſurprizing, was, that Mr. *P———n*'s Mother was one of the Contrivers of this infernal Plot; Grand-mothers 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 Judgment of the next World, as it fell on her in this.

Theſe Facts are ſo publickly 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 Eye up-turned to Heaven, could believe him capable of all Manner of Crimes;

Pre

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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 *heav'nly temper'd*
Spear
Would make the Fiend in his own Shape
appear,

Or

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Or pluck the holy Furr 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 embruing 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

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At length, I thought of writing to *W——rſ——le*, as I had learned he was in *Dublin*: He wrote me Word, that 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 Shew, 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 tho' 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.

And now I do aſſure my Readers I was alſo ſincerely ſorry for the Death of old Mr.

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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, tho' 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, tho', 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 Heav'n!

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

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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 being 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, tho' 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

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of from the Head of Good Duke *Humphrey*, at *St. Albans*, 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 Cambrick 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 ſtile old Beggar-women, and Cinder-Pickers.

This makes me digreſs to relate 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

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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 tho' 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 *Grays-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 accept of it. My Hoſteſs, for

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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 chuſes," 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 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

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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, and 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 Table Cloth, dreſſed her 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 Scene made us laugh heartily, for ſhe fed with ſuch keen Diſpatch, and drank ſo often, that ſhe ſeemed like a ſtarved Pierot, devouring all before her.

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Her Rage of Hunger being now, as we hoped, 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 un- "done, if you continue here:" I anſwered, "It was but too true; but that, at pre- "ſent, I ſaw no Method of Relief, as "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 in Board and "Lodging."

Here Madam once more ruſhed in, when, to my great Surprize! 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 in 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

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very good Bed-chamber, 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; and 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.

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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 a Line to him, with a Direction, where to find me, he would do every thing in his Power to ſerve diſtreſſed Merit, as he was pleaſe 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 chuſe, but, in Complaiſance to my Benefactor, and alſo as a Means of engaging

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gaging 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 ſhew 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:

O Decency, cæleſtial Maid!
Deſcend from Heaven to Beauty's Aid;
Tho' Beauty may beget Deſire,
'Tis thou muſt fan the Lover's Fire,
To hold him in Deluſion ſtill,
And make him fancy what you will.

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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 Heav'n, I had rather coin my Heart
for Gold,
And drop my Blood for Drachma's.

Shakespeare.

Mr. *E*——*e*'s Return broke off my Contemplation; he had ordered a slight, but elegant Repast, with a Flask of *Champaigne*; 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, but talked of History, Poetry, and every Muse-like Theme; called all the mighty Dead before us, re-judged their Acts, commented on the Works of *Milton*, *Shakespear*, *Spencer*, and all the *British* Classics.

Refin'd

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Refin'd 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 Gueſt, whoſe kind Injunctions, in regard to my Removal, I promiſed to obey.

The Maid, whom her Miſtreſs half ſtarved, and though ſhe was really her Betters, uſed ſo ill, that ſhe down-right 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.

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Revolving in my clouded Soul
The various Turns of Things below,
Now and then a Sigh I ſtole,
And Tears began to flow.

I open'd the Window, looked at the Moon
Riding near her higheſt Noon,
Like One, who had been led aſtray
Thro' the Heav'ns wide pathleſs Way;
And oft, as if her Head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping thro' 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 to 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

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Remains of Life, even but a Clay Habitation in ſome ſequeſtered Scene, where,

On ev'ry Thorn delightful Wiſdom grows,
In ev'ry 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 Honey-dew of Sleep, 'till it was very late in the Day.

It ſeems the Maid had, on purpoſe to mortify her Miſtreſs, told her how genteely Mr. *E——e* had entertained me; which, though ſhe herſelf had been guilty of ſuch ſoul Intemperance, and ſwiniſh Gluttony, raiſed her Indignation to ſuch a Height, that

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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 ſuppoſed 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 are in the way of Trade, may eaſily diſpoſe of five Shillings Worth of Goods.

The

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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 off 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

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Or that, when all ſublim'd, he roſe to Heaven,
I had inherited his ſacred Mantle;
Then midſt the Prophets might I, in Strains
Such as delight the Ear of God, pour forth
Unfetter'd Harmony.

But to deſcend to this terrene Spot: I dreſt, and wandered forth in queſt of a new Lodging; not well knowing this Part of the Town, I paſt 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 ſhewed 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,

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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 high a Character, that we agreed on my taking Poſſeſſion of my 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 apprized me of it, being willing to expoſe her brutal Miſtreſs to the utmoſt, but ſhewed 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

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hoped never to see the Wretch again, I did not bid her Adieu.

My Landlord was a Master-Taylor, in very good Circumstances, and his Wife a very sober modest Woman.

I past 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 at 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 stedfastly 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:

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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 her, 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 friend-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 Evening, when on my return Home, there was a large Bonfire, and a great Crowd at the Temple-

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Temple-Gate; I ſtopped a little, being ſtartled, and not well knowing how to paſs by, when an old Gentleman very well dreſt, 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 where I lodged, I ventured to inform him. My Landlord happened to be his Taylor, 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 ſurprized at this new Kindred, and 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 it 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

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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 Lye, 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 Gentleman, and 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 our 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 Con-

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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; it grew pretty late, when to my great Aſtoniſhment, the Gentleman ſaid, "Couſin, I "think you told me, you wanted Mo-"ney, I have a good deal of your's in my "Hands, though not much about me at "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 had left me a Legacy; but having never ſince my Diſtreſs, received the ſmalleſt Favour from one of them, I could hardly hope they ſhould now feel any com-

punctuou

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punctuous 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 aroſe, 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

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part 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 Muſtachio's. Her Eyes were black and fierce, her Back nobly prominent, her Dreſs tawdry, and take her for all in all, I hope I never ſhall 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 *Connaught* Brogue, told me ſhe knew all 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——l-w——y*

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w——*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 but that I should have been glad to see his Lordship, as I knew he had a Regard for my Father; but a Woman must appear in a comtemptible Light, when introduced to a Nobleman 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 two, one of which he presented to Madam Procuress, and the other to the Lady who granted him a Favour.

This infernal Embassadress had taken on her the Name of *Cunningham*, being, as she said, ruined by a Gentleman of that Name, who had recommended her to several of the *Irish* Noblemen, as a very necessary Person. Oh how detestable it is

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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 had the Honour of being known to you, but find I have been impoſed upon; if you will 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 excepted of the Honour of his Company.

About Six he came, and related to me the Trick Mrs. *Cunningham* had put on him;

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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 her, but the Lady was very kind; nay, ſo kind that 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 were 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

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had been of 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 inexorable. To turn off this Sort of Diſcourſe, I talked of public Affairs, which put my Lord in the Head of making me pacquet Commiſſioner *Th——mpſ——n*, then Candidate in the Election for the City of *Y—rk*, with old *Engliſh* Rhymes, 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

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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 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 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 *D——nc——be* and Mr. *Sp——nc——r*, 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——l-w——y*, but that had no Effect, for he ſwore he ſhould not have Admittance; he

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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 Viſit, but to make you mine for ever, to raiſe ſuch Merit above Diſtreſs, and to make you as happy as I can.

Sir, returned I, your Goodneſs deſerves my Acknowledgment, but your Meaning ſeems doubtful; on 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*'s 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

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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. *Sp——nc——r* 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 Bed-chamber; I opened the Door for Lord *G——lw——y*, who brought with him 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

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make, only to ſay I had been aſleep. The Noblemen ſeated themſelves, to the no ſmall Vexation of Mr. *Sp——nc——r*. Lord *G——lw——y* asked me who was in the Bed-chamber? I ſaid, Nobody; ——well, Madam, ſaid he, I know you are a Lady of Veracity, but for once I preſume to doubt it; ſo ſaying, he made to the Door, which ſtood open, and Mr. *Sp——nc——r* clapped it in his Face, doubled-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

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called me twenty ungrateful Devils and Jilts, and I know not what, which ſurprized 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 *R——y-m——d*, 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

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of being known to ſo accompliſhed a Nobleman; we alſo gave him ſome Poetry, and a Direction where to find his moſt enamoured Nymph. This done, the Letter was diſpatched 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 dependant 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*, Eſq; civilly asked me to be.

Now, as I have mentioned this Fellow, for ſuch is the Term his Behaviour to me merits, who am 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.

I hope my Reader will allow me to give them a ſhort Sketch of him, with Regard to

* I do not mean a Fellow of T. C. D.

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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 Rev. 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 old Devil for Money, whom he hated, and wanted a Girl to take into Keeping, which he depended on my Skill to chuſe 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

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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 Recompence 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 ballotting, and one black Bean is ſufficient to overturn any Man's Pretenſion to that Honour. I told my Story ſo effectually, that they all concluded him unfit for Society, and as many Friends as he imagined he had amongſt three hundred Nobles, and, as vaſt a 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 ſhew 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

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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 Stile 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 venture to viſit any Woman) I will meet you.

I am,

MADAM,

Your's,

R—YM—D.

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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 vant with his Lorde? 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 mis-spelt, to Lord *M——dd——x*, who shewed 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 Nick-name Lord *M——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

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me, Lord *R—ym—d* 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.

This put me in mind of a merry Story told me in *London*, of Col. *C—nn—m*, who took Delight in paying his Addreſſes to young Ladies, merely for Amuſement; and no ſooner did he perceive he had gained their Affection, but he deſpiſed his Conqueſt.

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 exceeding 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 intirely devoted herſelf to the Pleaſure of loving him; which he no ſooner perceived, but he grew cold, civil, and reſpectful, and

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and at laſt went to *London*, without ſo much as bidding her Farewel.

Her Step-father, Brigadier *V——ſ——y*, having ſome Call there, took his Lady and her Children with him, where, though Miſs *A———t*, 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 Dutcheſs, 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 it was given to him in the Street, and he was ordered to leave the Anſwer at a Mercer's, where it would be ſafe delivered to the Perſon who wrote the Letter.

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This Secrecy made him quite ſure he had gained the Heart of ſome high-born 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 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 him 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,

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covery, 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, than 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 Acknowledgment.

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 Minute, 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

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when a Porter delivered a Band-box 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 Lyes.

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

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vail 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*, Eſq; 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 fortuned 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

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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 knows her ſo many Years, will, at leaſt, be as kind as Strangers have been to her: Without

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out doubt, Sir, ſaid Mr. *H——e*, it is the Duty of every Gentleman to do it; ſo 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 me; which ſame Opportunity, as he never found in *London*, I hope he will in *Ireland*, and have ſuch a Dependance 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 judged 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 him 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 him ſpeak to me, for, recollecting the beſt Part of a very ſevere Satyr Mr. *P———n* had

wrote

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wrote on him, I let him know I had it, on which he invited me to his Houſe, received me very kindly, apologized 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 Dutcheſs 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 Dutcheſs 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 ſhew him up, and found he anſwered her Deſcription; he aſked me, was my Name *Meade?* I ſaid, yes; why then,

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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. Edmondſbury*, but the Lady I was ordered to inquire for 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, nor 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 ſhewed me a Letter, to my Fancy authentic, wherein I was deſired, if living, to wait on Counſellor *Clark* in *Eſſex-Street* in the *Strand*, who had 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 is 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, tha Power, who *Build*

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Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' 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:* Now 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

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a handſome Conſideration for them, if you will give them to me to publiſh.

This Diſcourſe ſurprized me almoſt as much as the firſt; I therefore begged he would not hold me any longer in Suſpence, but let me know who I converſed with? He anſwered his Name was *Edmund Curl*, upon which, in ſpite of Vexation, and the Diſappointment of my new-born Hope, I could not forbear laughing at the fine Scheme he had laid, to trick me out of any valuable Manuſcripts I might poſſibly poſſeſs; ſo making him a Courteſy, I ſaid, Farewel, 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. *Curl* ſwore heartily, that his Letter, with regard to the Legacy, was genuine,

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genuine, I went the next Day to Counſellor *Clark*; there was indeed an old Gentleman of his name newly dead, at *St. Edmonsbury*, 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. *Curl* 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 it's gloomy Train, not only to me, but many Perſons who ſeem in good Circumſtances) left me quite deſolate, and obliged me to take a cheaper Lodging, which I did in the Houſe of one Mrs. *Triſoli* in *Duke-ſtreet*, *St. 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

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her at 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 avaritious Wretch, I was adviſed to apply to Dr. *Mead*, who was a Man of Taſte, and had ſixty thouſand Pounds left him, to give in 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 addreſt him in the following Lines:

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To Doctor MEAD.

SCARCE was the heavenly Virgin higher bleſt,
When viſited by a cœleſtial Gueſt;
Hail'd by the glorious Meſſenger of Grace,
And honour'd high above the human Race,
Scarce ſtronger Rapture cou'd his Words impart,
Than thoſe which lately extaſy'd my Heart,
When You, God's nobleſt Image here below,
Your honour'd Preſence promis'd to beſtow;
My Hope reviv'd, I wak'd the ſilent String,
The Muſe, once more, attun'd her Voice to ſing,
Pleas'd, that tho' long depreſt by adverſe Fate,
She yet found Favour with the Good and Great,
And that her melancholy flowing Strain
To Gen'rous MEAD was not addreſt in vain.

Oh, Thou, the Muſes Judge, the Muſes Friend!
Say, muſt thoſe Hopes in Diſappointment end;

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Muſt ev'ry beauteous, bright Idea fade,
And Death enwrap me in his ſilent Shade?
Death, the poor ſuff'ring Wretch's laſt Relief,
Led in by pale-ey'd Want, and piuing Grief.

Would Heav'n but one aſſiſting Friend ſupply!
How quickly might he bid thoſe Sorrows fly?
Whoſe Wiſdom cou'd my Induſtry direct,
And as that merited his Aid, protect;
Not thus with endleſs Application griev'd,
And tho' ſo oft ſupported, ne'er reliev'd.

Pardon the bold Preſumption of my Pray'r,
Courage is oft 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 Heav'n all Pity, all Relief denies,
Loſt in the Ocean, he forgotten dies.

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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, high 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 ſhew. 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, opened it, 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, Arah, are you vanting Charity, and "taakes up my Maiſhter's Name to claim

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"Kin with him; well, ſtay there, I'll "tell him." So he 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 am very certain, had I thought it worth my While to have acquainted the Docter with his Inſolence, he would have been diſcharged. A proper Caution to Livery-wearing Fellows to ſpeak with Civility to every Body.

The Doctor ſhewed me into a handſome Street-parlour, adorned with ſeveral Curioſities, of which here needs no Account: He asked me for 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 pleaſant 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

Im-

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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 Mo-"ney 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 Recollection, 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 a Couple of Guineas for you: This, though far ſhort of my Expectations, was a little preſent Relief, and as the Gentleman was under no Obliga-

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tion to reward or encourage me, I very gratefully accepted of them, and yet

Proud was the Muſe I ſerv'd, 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 Dr. *Swift* told me, he ſaw a Beggar attack at Biſhop, who charitably from his Abundance, ſpared him a Half-penny, and ſaid, God bleſs you; preſently after he attacked Brigadier *Groves*, who threw Half a Crown to him, and bade G—d d———m him; which, ſaid he, do you think the Beggar prayed for at Night?

But

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But as I have mentioned Dr. *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 Majſty; but ſure the Pope himſelf, in all his pontifical Robes, never was half ſo proud. I was conducted by an Eſcort thro' ſix or ſeven Rooms, one of which was entirely wainſcotted, if I may ſo term it, with China; but like the Idol to whom

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a ſtately Temple was conſecrated, which a Traveller, attracted by it's 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 he 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,
Tho' Neſtor *ſwore the Jeſt were laugh-*
able.

Of

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Of this latter Sort was Sir *H——ns-*: Tho' I had ſent him up a Letter which lay before him, he 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, Dr. *Mead* had recommended me to him, ſaid, "Poor Creature! I ſup-"poſe you want Charity; there is Half a "Crown for you." I could hardly reſiſt a ſtrong Inclination I had to quoit it, as *Falſtaff* ſays, into his Face, like a Three-penny Shovel-groat; and was only conſtrained 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 Dr. *Meade*.

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I had forgot to tell my Readers, that rejoicing at my Succeſs, when I returned from his Houſe, I threw the two Guineas up, and had the Misfortune to loſe one in a Chink of the Room; the Board 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 round, like the Biſhop's Paſtoral Letter; it was, as *Swift* ſays,

——*In another Reign,*
Change but the Name, 'twill do again.

I wrote a fire new one for himſelf, which was really paying him a higher Compliment

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than he deſerved, as my Readers may perceive hereafter. I had compleated 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 ſurprized 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, with the utmoſt

* *Mem. Chocolate*, a Word uſed by a very eminent Comedian, one Mr. *Foote*, for Satire.

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utmoſt Humility, to his L—d—p again.

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 ev'ry juſt Man, that now pines with
Want,
Had but a moderate, and beſeeming Share
Of that, which lewdly pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon ſome Few, with vaſt
Exceſs;
Nature's full Bleſſings would be well diſ-
pens'd
In unſuperfluous even Proportion,
And ſhe no Whit encumber'd by her
Store:
And then the Giver would be better
thank'd,

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His Praiſe due paid; for ſwiniſh Glut-
tony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n, 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, any where, 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 Teakettle, though I had no Tea; ——— then I ſaid I was engaged to dine abroad, and took a ſolitary Walk to *Weſtminſter-Abby*, ——and ranged the ſolemn Iſles 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

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not Fardles 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 a Poſſibility of preſerving it. Filled with gloomy Ideas, I took my uſual Walk, and took notice of the Corner, between the Monuments of *Shakeſpear* and *Rowe*, where I wiſhed to be interred, and that Mr *Pope*'s Lines,

How lov'd, how honour'd, 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

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might be my Epitaph. I really found room for Meditation, even to Madneſs.

In this Temper I went into *St. 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 by me; they, in an elegant Stile began to praiſe the ſweet and ſolemn Beauties of the Moon-light Scene, the Winds gently whiſpered through the fragrant Lime-trees, juſt then in full Flower; and, indeed, though they were not vernal 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

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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 Sopha, ſat a very handſome Man in a Gold Brocade Night-Gown, 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 on 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, 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,

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nour, who was very handſome, was in Love with him, notwithſtanding he was an old Hump-back'd 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, to 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 *Alhallow*'s Eve, a Night of Pleaſure and Diſport in *Ireland*, among the young Maidens and Batchelors, my Brother and Siſter, who had invited ſome Perſons, agreeable to their own Age, to celebrate it 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

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if we could not be as chearful as they: I no ſooner propoſed the Scheme than they all agreed to it. As my Father was no Supper-Man, I had ordered a Cuſtard to be made for him, and having a barnſtable 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 Smoak, 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 Expence; 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, he, knowing I like a new-laid Egg for my Supper, watche

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the Hen-roost close, and every Egg was in a Basket sent to the Widow *W——rr——n*, covered with a Damask Napkin, of which she got no less than eighteen given to me by Brigadier *Meade*: At length, one Evening, when my Husband was abroad, my Brother 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 for his Poultry, he very magisterially ordered his Eggs to be got ready; this was a Thunder-clap to me; however, as it was in 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.

What,

* *Mem.* He says, in one of his Letters, that the Nobility scorned me, and my vile Insinuations and Impudence.

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What, ſaid he, did you eat my blac
Hen's Egg? Could not any other ſatisf
your dirty Guts? I wiſh the Devil was i
the Egg, and that it had choaked you.

I anſwered, he had preferred his chari
table Wiſh too late; and, leſt it ſhoul
take any Effect, I drank a Glaſs of my Bro
ther's Wine, that I might digeſt all toge
ther.

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

Though my *Park* Adventure had d
verted the Execution of my ſad Schem
for one Evening, yet, as it had brough
me no Relief, I ſtill kept my Purpoſe, an
reſolved to fulfil it the next: To this End
I came and ſat in the ſame Place; I mad
ſeveral Attempts to throw myſelf in, an
ſtill, when I came near the Water, the Fea
of ſomething after Death puzzled the Will
I examined my Heart ſtrictly, to know
what groſs Offence I had ever committed
that it ſhould

Pleaſe Heav'n to try me with Affliction,
To ſteep me in Poverty up to the ver
Lips; *Gi*

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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?* 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 her? 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 half way, I very ſeriouſly demanded of him, who he was? He anſwered, he was Capt. *Hamilton*, who had once

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once the Honour of ſeeing me at my Unc
Van Lewen's in *Cork*, and who ſhould thi
himſelf very happy, if it was any way
his power to ſerve me. We got a co
Fowl and ſome Ham, of which I eat
little, and took a Glaſs or two of *Cha*
paigne, and I found it revive me ve
much. We then fell into Diſcourſe, and
very ſincerely related to him my unhapp
Situation, and the Peril his Appearan
had delivered me from. My Story affect
him ſo much, that it drew Tears from hi

After we had regaled ourſelves, it grov
ing late, we left the *Park*, and he was
kind to ſee me to my Lodging; when
putting a conple of Guineas into my Han
we parted, and he promiſed to ſee me ne
Morning; but I ſaw him no more.

I am ſure, when Mr. *P*————*n* com
to this part of my Story, he will wiſh t
Gentleman had been buried, ſooner than
ſhould do him ſo ill an Office, as that
ſaving my Life; but I, among oth
things, was born to let the World ſe
what the Inſide of a Prieſt is made of;

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Prompt, or to ſtab, or ſaint, to ſave, or damn;
Heav'n's Swiſs, *who fight for any God, or Man!*

Pope.

Take notice, I always except the good and valuable part of the Clergy, whom nobody more highly reſpects and honours than I ſincerely do; for when they poſſeſs, like *Berkley*, every Virtue under Heaven, who can refuſe it?

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 Country-

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woman, 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 Confidante to my Diſtreſs, which ſhe as conſtantly revealed to my inexorable Landlady; who one Day, pretending great Compaſſion, told me what a Snake I harboured in my Boſom, 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 Acknowledgment 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, e'er ſhe came Home, took out a Writ againſt me, for the Money ſhe had paid for them.

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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 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

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old Woman, being very much depreſſed in Spirit, I went to Bed.

Early next Morning, to my no ſmall Surprize, entered a Couple of ill-favoured Fellows, the Sight of whom ſtruck Terror to my Soul. I demanded their Buſineſs; one of them anſwered, "Get up, you *Iriſh* "Papiſt Bitch, and come along with us." The other, who had employed himſelf in looking over my Papers, cried, "Ay, "the *Iriſh* Whore, here is ſomething a-"bout ſome *Roman* Father, that's the "Pope, and be damn'd 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 "damn'd modeſt;—don't quit the Place:" The Fellows, who had more Decency than ſhe, looked out at the Window, while I dreſſed myſelf, in which Time my Agony was inconceivable; they called a Coach, and thruſting me into it, conveyed me to the Houſe of an Officer of Mace at *Charing-croſs*; as I happened to have a Gui-

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nea 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; O, 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 ſtupified; 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 ſeized me, and ſung a long Song about Garniſh, and were going to pull my Clothes off, till a Servant, who had ſeen me before, ſaid, "For God's ſake don't "uſe Dr. *Meade*'s Wife ill:" Upon this a moſt ugly Woman came up, and ſaid, "G—d d——n you, you B—h, do you

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" pretend to be Dr. *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 any thing, I in Despair threw myself down on a Bed I saw there, and resolved never to rise again. Three Days and Nights past, 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 do; 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 Dr. *M*——*de*, telling him my Distress, and, among other Things, these Lines:

CAN

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CAN, alas! the plaintive Pray'r,
Dictated by Grief ſincere,
Hope to reach a friendly Ear:
Will thy kind and bounteous Heart
Sympathize 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:

To Mrs. MEADE *in the* Marſhalſea.

Ormond-ſtreet, October 16, 1742.

MADAM,

I Have ſo many Applications for Charity, that it 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.

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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*, Eſq; 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 compell'd to ask;
More dreadful ſtill to have a Suit deny'd,
Or take a niggard Alms, giv'n 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, than he ſent me a Guinea all changed into Six-pences, leſt it ſhould tempt ſome one 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

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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 Dr. *M—de*, who had a Child by her, and ſupported her in his Houſe for ſome time; at length they parted, and he was to allow her 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 it to drive to her Lodging, 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 alledged, it would be very expenſive; but the Doctor having Charity-money enough to ſupply ſuch Exigencies, ſaid, he valued not the Expence, ſo ſhe was ſecured. Upon

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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 growing weary of the Expence, 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 Diſtreſt 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,

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A noble Superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your Whores
and Knaves!

I remember, twenty Years ago, to have heard Dr. *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 thro' and ſteal: Whenever he comes to pay his Mortal Debt———which Hour be far away!———all he will have left on this ſide of a bleſſed and glorious Immortality, will be a Shower of Orphans and of Widows Tears, to bedew 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

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am obliged to return to them again, and give them an Account even of ſo diſmal a 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 look'd on better Days,*
And had with holy Bell been knoll'd to Church,
And ſat at good Men's Feaſts, and wip'd the Eye
Of Drops, which ſacred Pity had engender'd.

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

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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 alledge, that I have been ſevere on him in my Writings; let him but conſider, the Extremity that he drove a worthy Gentleman's Daughter to, nurtured in 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 Chappel belonging to the Jail, where Dr. *Friend*, a Clergyman, Brother to Dr. *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

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to such an unfortunate Creature as I for Sixpence; which, unfortunate as I was, I could not refuse to so fine an Orator, a 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.

How-

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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 than 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

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had like to have fruſtrated his own generous Deſign of preſerving me.

However, after all Debts, Extortions, and Dues were paid, I had juſt thirteen Shillings left, with which Sum 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 turn quite giddy, and my Legs fail me, inſomuch that I went into a Jeweller's Shop, who perceiving 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 teize my Readers, I have ſlightly paſſed over: for what Entertainment can it poſſibly give to the curious, learned, or polite Reader to hear from me what every

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Perſon, who has ever been in a Jail, can relate as well as I.

Well, I was carried to her Houſe, where, as 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 of 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*
Thro' 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

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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 dreſt; 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

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of Acknowledgment, 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, *Eſq*;

LOST in a Priſon's joyleſs Gloom,
Chearleſs and dreary as the Tomb,
Where on the Bed of Care I lay,
And wept the lonely Hours away:
When ev'ry Hope and Wiſh was fled,
But to be number'd with the Dead,
You, like a Meſſenger of Grace,
Spoke my deſpairing Soul to Peace;
Wip'd 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 Heav'n no longer guard that Breath
You reſcu'd from untimely Death,
Than Gratitude attunes my Lays
In ſweeteſt Notes to hymn your Praiſe;

Nor

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Nor can the Song offend the Ear,
Thus offer'd from a Soul ſincere.

Enlarg'd, 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-boſom'd 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,
Unenvy'd deathleſs Wreaths prepare.
Thoſe modeſt Virtues You conceal,
Shall Heav'n-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,
It's grateful Raptures can impart.

My dear old Friend was pleaſed with my
Senſe of his Goodneſs to me; only he tol
me

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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, being now 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 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 *Shakeſpear* obſerves,

There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which taken at the Height, is proſperous;
But, ſlighted, the Reſidue of their Lives
Is bound in Shallows and in Miſery.

So 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*,

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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, any more than making myſelf clean; but was extremely ſurpriſed, when I was directed to a Houſe of a very grand outward Appearance, and had it been a Palace, the beneficent Maſter deſerved it.

I met a very civil Reception from him; and he not only made me breakfaſt, but alſo dine with him, and his agreeable Wife and Children. After Dinner he called me into his Study, and ſhewed me an Order he had received to pay me twelve Guineas, which he immediately took out of his Eſcrutore, and put it into my Hand; but when I went to tell them over, I found I had fourteen, and ſuppoſing the Gentleman had made a Miſtake I was for returning two of them; but he wit

* *Mem.* Not our preſent Set of Printers, who are many of them Gentlemen, and Perſons in good Circumſtances, prrticularly my own.

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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 Surprize was now over, as I found he had only given to 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 ſhewing 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 ſhou'd Misfortune croſs his Foot;

But

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But Peace ſhou'd be within his Walls 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 Inclination ſo well as a Pamphlet-Shop, nor no Place was ſo proper for my Purpoſe as *St. James*'s-*Street*, where I ſhould be in the Center 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 before-hand, 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

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So, Reader, here was a new Scene, and I, for 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*, dreſs'd *à la mode de Paris*, with long ſloped double Ruffles, ſuch as the Ladies wear; he took down the Print of *Shakeſpear*'s Monument, and, though it was marked Price Eighteen-pence, he bade 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 a 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

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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 demon- "ſtrates a future State, where Rewards "and Puniſhments will be impartially diſ- "tributed; but why ſhould I tell this to "Mrs. *Pilkington*, who may better in- "ſtruct her Teacher?"

I begged of the Gentleman to inform me, where I had had the Honour of ſeeing him? He told me, he was Son to Colonel *Stuart*, 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

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ſons 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 all 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,
Cou'd I her various Gifts command,
Her nobleſt Offering wou'd I give
To Him, whoſe Bounty bade me live,
A golden Goblet, richly chas'd,
Cloſe by a mantling Vine embrac'd,
Whoſe Fruitage round the Brim ſhould ſhine,
And ſeem to yield the ſparkling Wine,

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Or radiant Gems, of Value rare,
Shou'd ſpeak my Gratitude ſincere,
For thy far nobler Gift to me,
Ineſtimable LIBERTY!

Tho' Poets boaſt a fair Eſtate,
They ſeldom deal in Gems, or Plate;
For yet in all *Parnaſſus* Mold,
There ne'er appear'd one Vein of Gold.
We toil, and labour all our Days
For a few Sprigs of barren Bays;
They, Thunder-proof, its Rage defy,
Yet, touch'd by Envy, blaſted die.

Yet Verſe can conſecrate a Name,
And worthy Deeds conſign to Fame;
Oh! cou'd I raiſe a Song ſublime,
Triumphant over Fate and Time,
Thy Virtue in the Lays divine
Should with immortal Luſtre ſhine:
Let others place phantaſtic Joys
In orient Trinkets, ſplendid Toys!
While your exalted Soul refin'd,
Like Heav'n, accepts the GRATEFUL MIND.

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I ſent theſe Lines to my dear Gentleman, who preſently came to me, as I was once more in his Neighbourhood,——and in his chearful 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 ſtile 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 of, that could let ſuch a Son, not only want the Advantages of Education, which had it not been

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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 falſly and cruelly reported; he is, like all Perſons of his Age, ſo full of Mirth and overflowing Spirits, that, I am certain, the Dulneſs his Father brings, as an Excuſe for taking him from School, never was his Fault;

For he is ——

All

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All my Mirth, my Exerciſe, my Matter,
He makes my July's *Days ſhort as De-*
cember,
And, with his varying Playfulneſs, kills
in me
Thoughts which would thick 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, debar'd 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 ſchool'd, learn'd; full of noble
Device,
And of all Sorts enchantingly belov'd.
Shakeſpear, As you like it.

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But to return. I wrote to *Ireland* to my eldeſt Son, who, either through Fear of his Father's Anger, or an ill-natur'd Spirit derived from him, did not think me worth an Anſwer; however, he ſhewed the Letter to his Siſter, who, in her low Stile, 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 termed it, amounted to Death, intreating Mr. *Ar—e* to proſecute the Child, for ſuch he then was, and declaring that nothing in the World would give him greater

Satis-

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faction than to hear that the Dog was hang'd.

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 had ſince received a Letter from him, which he ſhewed 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. *A—e* had ſaid; I begged of him to come to me, and that as 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 Twelvepence; Petitions alſo drawn at the ſame Rate.* Mem. *Ready Money, no Truſt.*

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A Man came in, very badly dreſt, with a greaſy Leather Apron before him; he looked over ſome Prints, when the Poſtman brought me a large Pacquet, 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-apron'd 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 ſurprizing, 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 civilly entreated his Permiſſion to peruſe 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

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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 *Champaigne* 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*.

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This put me in Mind of an Adventure I once had in *Ireland*, when one of the fineſt Gent'emen in it came to viſit me in a Grazier's 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 houſhold 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, tho' I ſhould not now in the Decline of Life be able to ſtruggle through Misfortunes, as in

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it's 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 pleas'd 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 had ſcarce known how duly to praiſe that eternal Goodneſs, who evermore gave me Strength adequate to the ſevere Afflictions he was pleaſed to try me with. Be then all Praiſe to him, who

From ſeeming Evil, ſtill educes 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:

Edin-

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Edinburgh, Sept. 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 deſire me to give you a particular Account of whatever has befallen me ſince I had the Misfortune of looſing 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 (tho' Mr. *Baldrick* whom my Grandfather put me to School to, when the good old Man was dead, would have taught for me nothing) would he

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he permit me to go 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 the Kitchen Fire; nay, and as my Father ſaid, it was too much Indulgence for

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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. *A—e*'s Affair. I lived with him 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. *A—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 Fits 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. *A——e* on to abuſe me and Mr. *A—e*, who is really a good-natured Man. I was diſcharged from fetching Half-quarterns to my Miſtreſs; and there being an old Box in the Garret, in which Mr.

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Mr. *A—e* kept ſome Muſick-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, 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. *A—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. *A——e* was obliged to agree to for Quietneſs ſake. When I had ſtaid a Day away, I wrote to him, telling him, I was ſurprized 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. *A—e*, his Wife, and *L——e* were beating me for three Hours,

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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 pleaſed, 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 down ſtairs, got to the Street, and run five Streets Length in my Stockings: What Advantage the Maid might make of finding the Door open and me gone I know not, as Mrs. *A——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 any thing of theirs, that I did not take my Hat, a Shirt, or any thing elſe with me. Now all the Reaſon I can ever deviſe for her uſing me ſo, was, I believe, be-

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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 Hiſterick Cholick*, under which I languiſhed many Days; but my Hour was not yet come, nor had my Sorrows reached their Summit. But of 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 felt for my Children, from whom I could ſeldom diſengage my Thoughts, although the ſad Remembrance grieves my Soul,

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Soul. I muſt proceed: I went to indulge a pleaſing Fit of Melancholy into *Weſtminſter-Abbey*,

Where breathing Paint, and ſpeaking Marbles ſhew
What Worthies form the hallow'd Mold below.

I wandered through the Cloyſters; 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, reverborated through

Long ſounding Iſles, 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 Subject of Amuſement to me, now looked dreadful, when each Mole-hill Ant ſwelled to huge *Olympus*; I knew not what to do but

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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 Iſles, 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 no where 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 every where, and able to defend

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defend me; that he was not ſlow to hear
nor impotent to ſave; and alſo that th
Church was peculiarly under his Care, a
conſecrated to Acts of Holineſs, and bot
relying on his Providence, and commi
ting to his Protection, I found my Min
as tranquil and compoſed, as if I had bee
at home in my Bed, and fell into a dee
Sleep: And here, tho' I may be thoug
whimſical or ſuperſtitious for it, I cann
avoid relating my Dream, produced, n
doubt, by the ſame Set of Ideas which h
poſſeſſed my waking Thoughts, and ſt
held their place in Sleep.

I imagined myſelf to be exactly whe
I was, and that ſuddenly the Graves ga
up their mighty dead, who walked in ma
tial Array before me; I thought, by ſo
ſecret intuitive Knowledge, I became
quainted not only with their Names, b
alſo with their Aſpects. Many crown
Heads and ſceptered Hands ſtalked by
in venerable Majeſty: *Henry* V. clad
Armour, drew in a particular manner
Attention, inſomuch that I could not f
bear bleſſing him; I thought he ſmil
a

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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 Daugh-"ter 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 for 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

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be that of *Anna Bullen*, 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 the early Service did not begin till Six, I once more endeavoured to compoſe myſelf to Reſt.

I muſt reaſſume 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 Implements 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,

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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:

Piec'd, patch'd, and pye-bal'd, 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.

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Next appeared a Queen, to whom a Gentleman, with a 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 in it 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 felt for him awaked 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 frighted, 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

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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 Tea-cup in his Pocket; I am ſure I wanted a Cordial, and therefore took a 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 awoke extremely ill, notwithſtanding which I cleaned myſelf, and went into my Shop.

A young Gentleman, but very gravely dreſt, was my firſt Cuſtomer; he aſked me the Price of an old Print in the Window, and ſeemed ſurprized 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 to know the Value of

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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 none ſince my dear Father died, who was one of the Faculty: Then, Madam, ſaid he, 'allow me to have that 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 over Night, aked 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 Dr. *Lawſon*.

And

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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, Dr. *W—lk—r* refuſed me a Subſcription, altho' every other Phyſician had, on my dear Father's Account, relieved his unhappy Family; but he alledged 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 fee'd according to his Skill, he might not be worth a ſingle *Marvedi*; 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 fear he will never be able to perform.

I might alſo give the ſame Advice to Dr. *O——ns*, whoſe two Siſters took a ſolitary Walk over *Eſſex-Bridge* every Evening, perhaps to ſay their Prayers.

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But to return to *Albion*. I had one Evening been invited abroad, and at my Return, my Servant told me there had been two very fine Gentlemen 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 *Southwel*, since dead, and the other the L—d V———t *D*———*le*; Mr. *Southwel*, 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 Lordship 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. *Southwel* very politely said, I should be always young; but my Lord urging

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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 upon Deck; he was ſupported by two Men, weak, cold, 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 dare to 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 ever I 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.

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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 chuſe to overlook.

Mr. *Southwel* then told me, Lord *D———le* had abuſed me all Day, tho' 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,

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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 on ſo proper a Subject for Satire, which Mr. *Southwel* had ſnatched from me, and directly carried to his Lordſhip.

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 ſhewn 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

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Shop in *Caſtle-ſtreet, Dublin*, to diſpoſe off for him, knowing how much Dreſs commands Reſpect, I put a pair of Diamond Ear-rings 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 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 Shilling to command, no more than the meaneſt Sailor aboard, the Money being all, as he ſaid, paid into the Treaſury, from whence no

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Man, without the utmoſt Difficulty, could extract one 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. *Southwel* 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 there-

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fore preſent my Readers with the follow-ing Sketch of his inimitable Character.

To the Right Honourable the L——d V——t
D————LE.

SATYRIC 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-cheek'd Nymph turns wan, and pale,
Touch'd by infectious *D————le;*
Light Goſſamer would turn the Scale,
Weigh'd '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 practis'd once by *D————le;*
For Hell may *Charon* hoiſt his Sail
O'er *Styx*, to waft curſt *D————le:*
In ſhort, my Subject now grows ſtale,
I'm tir'd with Rhymes to *D————le;*

So

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So were each Fault and Vice combin'd,
That e'er debas'd 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 intitled 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, that 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

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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 Cap and 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 *Shakeſpear'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 *W—rſd—le* inſiſted on my going to ſee it, aſſuring me, he would have a Lettice 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

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On theſe Promiſes I ventured to go; when behold! the Lettice was full; but that was no Matter, the Ladies, though my intimate Friends, quickly decamped, and Mrs. *Dub——g*, the Fidler's Wife, declared ſhe had like to faint at the Sight of the *odious Creature!* the Rev. Mr. *Gr—n* alſo took to his Heels, ſo I had indeed the whole Lettice 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 *Mercuries*, Parſon and all, tho' he was bulky, and tipſy, and dull, and ſo forth; tho' indeed, thoſe Qualities might make him deſcend with the greater Velocity, and give him a 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 bowed to me; preſently after the Orange Girl came up, and ſaid

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ſaid a Gentleman deſired I would accept of half a Dozen Oranges; I aſked who it was? and ſhe ſhewed me a Perſon dreſſed in Scarlet, trimmed with Black; as I did not know him, I told her 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 came 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—rſ-d—le* came to put me into a Chair, ſaid he would ſup with me, and kept his Word.

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I related to him the Play-Houſe Adventure, and asked him what kind of a Man L—d *D———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 ſeemed to vie for Pre-eminence; 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 lead 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 enquired, whether Buſineſs or Pleaſure had brought him

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him to *London?* He ſaid, both; and pulling out his Pocket-Book, told me, he would ſurprize me; I cannot ſay indeed but he did; for he ſhewed me Dr. *Swift*'s Head, engraven in Vellum, not in 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 ſhewed 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 to 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 very well knew who I was, and that our united Intereſt might be ſerviceable to each other, an Offer I did not reject.

As

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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—l*; he obeyed me, and I waited on the old Gentleman with it, and a few complimentary Lines, which I have now forgot. I ſent in my Preſents, and the General deſired I might be ſhewn 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 Sopha, at a Table adorned with Dreſſing-plate. He deſired I might ſit down on a Sopha, 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 to me quite uſe- "leſs, as all my Houſe is Stucco Work; "however, if you'll be ſo kind as to come "up ſtairs with me, we may perhaps find "ſome

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" ſome Place, where a Nail may be driven
" 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 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——L.

FIVE Weeks, Great *Ch*——*ll*, to my Coſt,
Cutting your Coat of my Arms I loſt;
I por'd my Eyes, I ſoil'd my Rayment,
Not doubting of a gen'rous Payment:

When,

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When, well I wot, your whole Deſign
Was bent to quarter your's with mine.

Curſe on your plaguy Stucco Work;
Sure 'twas invented hy ſome *Turk*,
To bid to Chriſtian Art Defiance,
And overturn each beaut'ous Science;
No Nail, forſooth, their *Paſte* muſt enter,
Would one were ſtuck in the Inventor!

But will a Chief of *Marlborough*'s Strain,
The Off'ring of the Muſe diſdain,
Or give her Reaſon to complain?

Should I be ſeiz'd 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,
Our Bays thrives beſt beneath your Laurel:
Your Province is to ſhine in Fight,
But our's your noble Acts to write.
Achilles' Deeds had loſt their Glory,
'Till famous made by *Homer*'s Story:

Nor

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Nor can You eternize your Name,
'Till we conſign your Praiſe to Fame.
Want damps the Poets genial Fire,
Bounty can Thoughts ſublime inſpire;
So, cruſted o'er with Flint and Clay,
The Di'mond ſcarce emits a Ray,
'Till diſencumber'd of the Mold,
Poliſh'd with Art, and ſet in Gold,
Reſplendent Glory it diſplays,
And rivals *Phœbus'* 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 burned, for ſhe never ſcrupled, if even 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 Judgment.

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I can recollect but very few Lines of the Poem to his Excellency, which were as follows:

To his Excellency the Earl of STAIR.

Arma Virumque cano. Virg. Æn.

IN *Rome*, when all was Happineſs and Eaſe,
In the full Splendor of voluptuous Days,
Their Chiefs neglected ſought the ſilent Shade,
'Till loudly ſummon'd to their Country's Aid.
For when tempeſtuous Ills aſſault a Realm,
They call 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 Off'ring, nor refuſe
The varied Labours of an artleſs Muſe:
No Herald can add Luſtre to thy Birth,
No Poet juſtly praiſe thy noble Worth;

Yet

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Yet let the fair Attempt Acceptance find,
And my weak Sex plead to thy gen'rous Mind;
What Wonders then may I hereafter do?
At once protected, and inſpir'd by You!

A very fine young Gentleman undertook to deliver my Preſent to the Earl, and a Servant ſhewed 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 before 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 a 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 Courteſies 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

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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 compleat." Accordingly, it was finiſhed, and the next Morning I waited on his Excellency with it, when, to my great Surprize, I had no Admiſſion to him, but a Footman brought down five Guineas to me.

I was not a little ſurprized 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 abovementioned, 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.

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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 or 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 low-born, 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 an Unicorn, it ſhould, at leaſt, have been to me a *Cornu-Copia*.

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 encompaſſed me on every Side, like ſo many Bulls of *Baſan*: and though they ſhould now kick up their Heels,

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Heels, like ſo many wild Aſſes in the Valley of *Geohron*; though the Dunces ſhould make Songs of me, and though

Envy ſhou'd my faireſt Deeds belie,

I think it would not afflict 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 belyed? Nay, indeed, of whom have I ſpoke half the Evil which it 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 Inclination to it, that it is hard to reſiſt, eſpecially when a Lady of Quality, (that is

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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 am really aſhamed to uſe her Ladyſhip's Words on the Occaſion, being much too indecent for a Repetition, methinks 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

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As ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, my Life could be nothing but a continued Series of ——, I am aſhamed to ſpeak the Word; —— 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. *Manly* 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 Stile, 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: bleſs'd Revolution!

Yet, of the two, leſs dang'rous is th' Offence,
To tire the Patience, than miſlead the Senſe.

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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 Philips*, the matchleſs *Orinda*, celebrated by Mr. *Cowly*, 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. *Cowly*'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 Step-mother; nor could I ever read it without Tears, a Proof it was wrote from her Heart. And

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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-eſſay'd below, great Saint Thou continueſt to celebrate thy Maker.

Oh pour thy Spirit o'er my Lays,
Cæleſtial Melody inſpire!
Sweet as the Royal Pſalmiſt's Lyre,
That I with Thee may hymn his Praiſe.

I cannot, except my own Country-woman, 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 *Berkley's Bermudian* Scheme; the Plan of it was this: She ſuppoſes that the Night before St. *Paul* ſuffered, an Angel appeared to comfort him with the future Proſpect of the Church,

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and the Growth of Chriſtianity; the Angel informs him that in ſuch a Year there 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 Embaſſador of

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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 have 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 induſ-"trious, 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, tho' you are a Conjurer, you need not be a

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Bl.b: Oh, fy! is it thus you return my generous Paſſion? for, by your own Account, you did not pay me well; why *Juggy Mackſhane*, 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 not you a little cenſorious, think you? Why you, tho' in the Vauward 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 Cuckhold; beſides, you know it was in

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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; tho' 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 an hundred Pounds to cure the Anguiſh your Infidelity has given me, and I will try to conquer my hopeleſs ill-ſtar'd 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 an admired 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 a
Blame,
I'll take a Reſolution to be free,
Without Return, I ſcorn to burn,
And oh! I will be free.

* Mrs. *Pilkington.*

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

Oh thou,
Jow Jow, Bow Wough!

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 St.* 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 Expence 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;

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Oh rav'nous Hell Kite!
Wou'dſt thou have Maid, and Miſtreſs
*At one fell * Swop?*

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.

But you are, as the good Man ſaid of *Nero*, a very Wag!

Hang it, why ſhould you and I go to Logger-heads? Order your Equipage to drive here to-morrow Morning, and let us buſs, as we uſed to do, and be Friends.

Otherwiſe, I have two or three Pieces of

* This Word admits of various Readings, ſome call it Smoonſhonoſe, ſome *Swop*, which latter

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of the ſame Stuff, of which I have given you Samples at your Service.

Lord, 'tis a ſtrange Thing that all B—— will needs be Authors! now would they avoid manifeſting their Dulneſs, we the illiterate 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 Dulneſs is not confined to them, it deſcends to their Sons, witneſs our celebrated Comedy, *The Suſpicious Husband*, which, but for it's neither having one Character well drawn, any Plot, any thing like a Sentiment, and wrote too in a gallimawfry Stile, might be a good Performance; but as long as it is ſtamped with a Name, it paſſes current, tho' Sterling No-Senſe.

But, my L—d B——, tho' 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 unſavory Simile; I am much offended that you ſhould

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ſay, when I was laſt at Shriſt with your Holineſs, that we had no better Accommodation for our Feaſt of Love, but a Carpet, whereas I inſiſt on it, that the Penance you enjoyned 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 were an 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 fortuned, 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

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for an Alms, at this he loſt all Patience, and cried, " Did not I ſeven times re-" lieve you?" " Ah, quoth the poor " Man, Lord bleſs my Lord *Aboulcaſem*, " I have walked three hundred times " round his Pavilion, been three hundred " times relieved, and yet I am certain he " does not know my Face.

So, to apply the Story, God bleſs my dear loved Lord *Kingsborough*, who gives Hundreds without blowing a Trumpet before his good Deeds, or defaming the Characters of thoſe whom his Bounty bleſſes.

I have often been ſurprized at one of our C———s, which, to ſhew my Charity, I will inſert.

O Lord, who alone workeſt great Marvels! ſend down upon our B——— and C——— the healthful 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

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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 Gentlemen had too much Modeſty and Diffidence of their own ſuperior Talents

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Talents to give their Works to the Preſs; but I hope, as they are charitable, they won't be diſpleaſed, 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, will 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 *Shakeſpear*, *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 compaſſed 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 publick View. I ſuppoſe every one 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* preſſed very hard for a Place, it would be a ſtrong Proof of my Vanity, to inſert his anti ſublime Compliments to me.

An-

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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 menace me with Law, I would as lieve 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 an 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 a 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.

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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 Falſhood 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 any where, 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

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Let my unhappy Tale be falſely told
By the raſh Young, or the ill-natur'd Old;
Let ev'ry Tongue it's various Cenſures
chuſe,
Abſolve with Coldneſs, or with Spite ac-
cuſe,
Fair Truth, at laſt, her radiant Beams
ſhall raiſe,
And, Malice vanquiſh'd, heighten'd Vir-
tue's PRIOR *Praiſe.*

In *London* almoſt every one, 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 Amuſement 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 pull the Beam out of their own. I could mention Numbers of theſe Scandal-mongers,

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gers, who have ſaid, "Oh Lord! may be "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 any thing that is ſaid of me by a *Woman*, as it is more than Four to One it is a Lye ——But as the great *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 ſhew her Wit, at leaſt ſhewed 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 Dr. *Young*, in one of his Satires, ſays,

Tea! how I tremble at the dreadful Stream!
As Lethe *fatal to the Love of Fame;*

What

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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 tippling this Liquor but Scandal ſtrait 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 Graces to the common Enemy of Man. I think

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think I might juſtly apply to theſe Sectaries Mr. *Pope*'s Lines:

'Tis your's 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 giv'n for you to hate
Go on, by all divine in Man, unaw'd,
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

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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. St. *Gregory* the Younger, preaching old St. *Gregory*'s Funeral Sermon, forty Years after the Death of *Julian*, when one would have thought Reſentment might be alſo 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

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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 eſpecial 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, if my favourite Apoſtle St. *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 Dr. *Delany*, whoſe preaching goes even to the dividing of the Blood and Spirit. And let me here, dear Sir, beg you will 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 chear a dying Sinner with Hope of Peace and Pardon; for the Doctrine of Damnation is now ſo univerſally received

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ved, that Half the World are caſt into Deſpair.

Theſe poor Enthuſiaſts uſed, in *London*, to ſteal every thing they could lay their Hands on from me, inſomuch that at laſt they ſtole my one Pair of Shoes; and yet they brought 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 Dr. *Delany*, who underſtanding *Hebrew* perfectly, turned over to it to there, where it is very differrently 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

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became the peculiar 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, if ſuch may be found, 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 beg 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 intend not 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*

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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 Gentlemen 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 not I 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 *El—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 allied to, nor could I conceive that they came in that manner only to inſult a Woman, who never offended either of them; indeed, as for the Dean's Son, I muſt acquit him, for he did not affront me, but I took it ill he ſhould bring with him a Fellow he knew deſigned it.

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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 Butter-milk to the Poor at a Penny a Quart, with his own Hand, in a hard Seaſon, when every other Perſon gave their's 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 am ſure I give *Caſtle-Bl—nd—n* its proper Title when I ſtile it one, I was not in the leaſt intimidated, and only bade him go ſhew 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, groveling, baſe Heart, your Argument is that of a

- High-

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Highwayman's, you bring a loaden Piſtol, clap it to the Fair-one's Boſom, and ſay, "Deliver your Treaſure, or you are dead."

Could not you have taken your ancient Father, the old Stick-picker's Advice, and have coaxed the Girl, and have given her a Cherry-coloured Top-knot? but you

Were like the haughty, hot-brain'd Spaniard,
Inſtead of Love, you brought a Poignard.

And filthy as your rotten Leg, and more corrupted Soul, muſt have been every thing you could produce; for thou art the Quinteſſence of Filth, and I am weary of writing, when every thing baſe, every thing low, every thing 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.

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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 permit it 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 him ſo far as to ſay a Prologue I wrote for the King's 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 any thing 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

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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 laurell'd 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!
Shou'd Heav'n th' inimitable *Shakeſpear* raiſe
To breathe Hiſtoric Truth in tuneful Lays,
How wou'd 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 adorn'd a Stage!

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Not the Great Ruler of the genial Year,
Whoſe radiant Beams the whole Creation chear,
Inſpires ſuch Joy, ſuch Rapture, ſuch Delight,
As ſwells each Boſom at their Monarch's Sight.
Oh, may our Loyalty this Bliſs deſerve,
And Heav'n the Hero to our Hopes preſerve!

I believe none, but ſuch a Conjurer as Mr. *Sherridan*, would have found out Blaſphemy in theſe Lines, and I am ſorry he did not ſay they were as flat Burglary too as ever was 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 my Acknowledgments!

However, at all Hazards, I'll venture to ſtand the Teſt of publiſhing the Following, becauſe Mr. *Cibber* approved it.

THE

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THE ROMAN FATHER, a Tragedy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN. Appius Claudius,
Clodius,
Virginius,
Iccilius.
Officers, Servants, Attendants, &c.

WOMEN. Virginia.
Nurſe.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Diſcovers Appius Claudius, *and* Clodius.

App. THUS far has Force maintain'd what Cunning won,
And haughty *Rome*, who with indignant Rage,
Spurn'd off the regal Yoke, now lowly bows
Beneath my ſtronger Sway!
While under Covert of chuſing from the *Grecian* Laws the beſt;

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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 ſov'reign
Guide:
Say, *Clodius*, is it not a Maſter-piece of
Art,
To hold the *Romans* thus enſlav'd?
Clo. Sir, I applaud, and wonder at your
Wiſdom,
As fair Succeſs has crown'd your tow'ring
Hopes:
The bold Plebeians, who with reſtleſs
Outrage,
For ever brawl'd at every Innovation,
And urg'd the Senate for the Execution
Of the *Agrarian* Law, now bleſs your
Mercy,
For Leave to live, and prate no more of
Lands:
The haughty Senators, ſtripp'd of their
Pride,
Retire for Safety to their native Fields,
While the *Decemvirate* triumphant reign,
Regardleſs of their Murmurs, or their
Threats.

App.

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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 look'd the chaſte Divinity herſelf.

App. Oh *Venus!* wilt thou ſuffer ſuch
a Wrong,
That heav'nly Beauty, radiant as thy own,
Shou'd, coldly obſtinate, reject thy Power?

Clo. However, ſhe may ſcorn the wanton
Goddeſs, Her

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Her Son exerts his Empire o'er her Heart;
Her Nurſe, whom to your Intereſt I have brib'd,
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 renown'd for military Virtue
Than for the poliſh'd Arts which ſoften Life,
And win the Soul of Woman; he to-morrow
In *Hymen*'s Rites for ever joins the Fair.

App. Thy Tale has ſhot ten thouſand burning Arrows,
Which pierce with agonizing Pangs my Soul:
Oh, ſhould thoſe Charms, which might adorn a Throne,
Be doom'd 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 wond'ring World.

Clo.

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Clo. You would not wed her.

App. Ignorance! thou know'ſt
I am already married, and our Law's
Still to preſerve the noble Blood unmix'd,
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 ſoften'd 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 ſchem'd
A Way to rob the Lover of his Bliſs,
Only

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Only do you approve what I ſhall act,
And truſt my Diligence to make her 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 th
Temple,
Led by the deſtin'd Bridegroom; beſt retire
Leſt Paſſion hurry you to Indiſcretion,
Where Policy, and Craft muſt win ou
Cauſe. [*Exeunt*

ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter Iccilius, *and* Virginia.

Iccil. Was not that *Appius?* how the Ty
rant ey'd me,
As if he mark'd me for his future Victim
No Matter; let me but enjoy to-morrow,
Let me but live to call *Virginia* mine,
And I ſhall reſt your Debtor, bount'ou
Gods!
Let what will come hereafter.

Virg

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Virg. Alas! *Iccilius*, a thouſand boding
Cares poſſeſs my Soul,
And Heavineſs and Woe, unfelt before,
Hang deathful on my Heart; to-morrow,
ſaidſt thou,
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 to-morrow?

Iccil. Lock'd in the Circle of each others
Arms,
And taſting ev'ry Tranſport, ev'ry Sweet,
Which *Hymen*, Guardian God of chaſte Delights,
Profuſely ſheds to crown the happy Pair,
By him in holy Union join'd for ever.

Virg. Believe me, were my Soul to form
a Wiſh,
And have that Wiſh indulg'd me by the
Gods,
For ever 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,
Wou'

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Wou'd be the utmoſt Scope of my Deſires.

Iccil. Tranſporting Sounds! oh, may thoſe awful Pow'rs
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.

Virg. A dreadful Viſion has deſtroy'd 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!

Virg. Laſt Night, when ſleep had ſpread her downy Wings
O'er half Mankind, and lull'd my Cares to Reſt,
Methought I walk'd with thee, my deareſt Lover!
Thro' flow'ry Meads, in vernal Beauty dreſs'd,

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All.

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All Nature bloom'd, around us falling Streams,
And warbling Birds in tuneful Concert join'd,
Charming the Air with Melody divine!
While ev'ry lovely Object of Delight
Receiv'd new Luſtre from *Iccilius'* Preſence;
Sudden the Foreſt ſhook, and thro' the Trees,
With dreadful Cries, ruſh'd forth, an hungry Lion,
Who ſought me for his Prey; I trembling fled
To my lov'd Father's Arms; he drew his Poignard,
And when I look'd he ſhould have ſlain the Savage,
With erring Fury plung'd it in my Heart;
The piercing Anguiſh wak'd me, and the Terror
Remain'd, when all the horrid Scene was vaniſh'd.

Iccil. This is the Mimickry of active Fancy,
Who when the Senſes are all charm'd to Reſt, Pre-

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Preſents herſelf to the Imagination
In vary'd Figures, and unnumber'd Shapes,
Theſe leſſer Faculties diſport at large,
When Reaſon, ſov'reign Miſtreſs of the
Soul,
O'er-wrought with Care, repairs herſelf by
Reſt;
Believe me, 'tis no more; raiſe then th
Eyes,
And bleſs *Iccilius* with their wonted Sweet
neſs:
My Care ſhall be to ſeek thy Godlike F
ther,
And urge him to appoint the bliſsful Hou

Then ſmiling Love each Moment ſhall en
ploy,
Tranſporting Rapture, and ecſtatic Jo
[Exeun

Enter Virginius *ſolus.*

Virg. How long, oh *Rome!* ſhall t
majeſtic Head
Be cruſh'd by the tyrannic Hand of Powe
Oh Liberty! thou beſt Prerogative of H
mankind,

H

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How have the bloody *Decemvirs* defaced
Thy moſt tranſcendent Beauties? ſhall they then
Rage unreſtrain'd, 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.

Virg. Welcome *Iccilius*; Welcome, dear *Virginia*,
My Soul's Delight, my laſt remaining Comfort.
Iccil. Oh! ſhe was born to give tranſcendant Joy
To her glad Father, and her raptur'd Lover;
And all thoſe outward Charms ſo heav'nly ſweet, Are

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Are but an Emanation from thy Soul,
Where ev'ry Beauty, Grace, and Virtu
live;
Since then your Approbation crowns m
Love,
And gives the matchleſs Virgin to m
Wiſhes,
I claim your Promiſe, that to-morrow's Su
May ſee us one.

Virg. Auſpicious may it riſe upon you
Union,
Clear unclouded Days, and Nights of ſwe
Repoſe for ever wait you.
I know when Love has winged the eage
Wiſh,
It flies impatient to the promis'd Joy,
Nor ſhall Delay retard your youthful Ardo
Take her, *Iccilus*, from her Father
Hand.——

Iccil. Thus kneeling I receive, and ble
your Bounty;
Oh my *Virginia!* but all Words are faint
To paint the Extaſy which ſwells my
Heart:
Nor Air, nor Light, nor Liberty, no
Health,

To

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To one long pin'd within a joyleſs Dungeon,
Are half ſo lovely, charming, ſweet, or welcome!

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. An Officer from *Appius Claudius*, Sir, demands Admittance.

Virg. Bid him enter.
Retire, my Child; what can the Tyrant want? [*Exit* Virg.

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 arriv'd,
With Notice, that the *Capuans* have revolted;
And to your Care, brave Veteran, they truſt
The Conduct of their Legions: on the Inſtant
Muſt you ſet forth, and thou, *Iccilius*, with him.

Virg.

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Virg. Their Pleaſures be obey'd, but this is ſudden.

Off. The Time cries haſte, delay not then a Moment;
May Victory and Fame attend your Arms.
[*Exit Off.*

Enter Virginia.

Virg. 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,
Mean time thy Innocence ſhall reſt in Safety
Beneath the friendly hoſpitable Roof
Of good *Iccilius'* Father. Do not weep,
I go to ſeek him, take a ſhort Farewel,
And follow me. [*Exit* Virginius.

Iccilius *and* Virginia.

Iccil. Oh my lov'd *Virginia!* are all my eager Longings,
Wiſhings, Hopes, defeated thus? now muſt I leave you;

Now,

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Now, oh 'tis a Pang too great to bear, and
live!
Virg. Thus fade our Dreams of Happineſs
and Bliſs:
Not that a ſhort, or momentary Abſence,
When our lov'd Country call'd thee to its
Aid,
Cou'd ſhake my Temper; no, I oft with
Pride,
Have ſeen my Hero arm him for the Field,
And only griev'd that my weak Sex denied
me
To ſhare the glorious Toils, the noble Dan-
ger;
But now my ſad preſaging Heart aſſures
me,
We part to meet no more.
Iccil. Oh ſofteſt Charmer!
Ceaſe t' afflict me with a Thought ſo ſad,
Leſt, Coward like, I ſtain my ſacred Ho-
nour,
And, ſhunning Glory, and the duſty Field,
Remain for ever in *Virginia*'s Arms;
For what are Trophies, Honours, Tri-
umphs, Spoils,

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Th' envy'd Pageant, and the People's Shout,
To the tranſporting Joys of mutual Love,
And Harmony of correſpondent Souls?
Virg. No, my *Iccilius*, let not my fond Fears
Betray thee into miſbecoming Weakneſs;
I love thy Glory dearer than thy Perſon,
And wiſh thy Name enroll'd amongſt the foremoſt
Who arduous trod the ſteep Aſcent to Fame:
High on the Summit of a lofty Hill,
Encompaſs'd 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

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Not the chaſte Fair, who ſwam the rapid *Tyber*,
Nor ſhe who fearleſs pierc'd her ſnowy Boſom,
And with pure Blood waſh'd out the fatal Stain
The brutal Tyrant gave her, e'er poſſeſs'd
Such Dignity of Soul, ſuch Fortitude,
Such Wiſdom, or ſuch Innocence as thine;
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 a Greatneſs ſo divine.

Virg. Forever cou'd I liſten to thy Language,
More chearing 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 Pow'rs

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Conduct you forth, and bring you back in
Safety.

Iccil. Thy pious Pray'r ſhall charm
down Bleſſings on us,
And Love ſhall guard me for *Virginia*'s
Sake.

Think with what fierce Impatience I ſhall
burn,
'Till to thy Arms triumphant I return;
To bid thy Sighs, thy Tears, thy Anguiſh,
ceaſe,
And ſooth thy gentle Soul to Love and
Peace. [Exeunt

END OF THE ACT.

One Day, as I was in my Shop, a Gen-
tleman, 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 to
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 Gal-
lantry, and quite new. He told me he
wa

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was going to his Seat in the County 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 till 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, than it could possibly be to Mr. *Heydeigger*.

But, alas! before the Return of Winter, I had neither Shop, nor almost an Habi-

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tation. 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 Servant 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 ſhews all Parties off;

Or

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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,
Tho' ev'ry Muſe, and ev'ry Grace ſhould crown me,
Why then, ev'n 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 it, that I wrote the following Lines, which I ſhewed to Mr. *Cibber*. As his Excellency was returned to *England*, Mr. *Cibber* was ſo well

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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.

O 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 Pow'r
With ſuch tranſcendent Luſtre ſhin'd.

For when, to grace *Hibernia*'s Throne,
The God-like *Cheſterfield* was giv'n,
How did the joyful People own
Their Monarch's Love! the Care of Heav'n?

On

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On thy exalted * *Speech* their Senates hung,
And bleſt the Elocution of thy Tongue!

'Tis *Stanhope* can alone untie
The *Gordian* Knot of Policy.
He ev'ry Kingdom's Int'reſt knows:
Were to his Care the World conſign'd,
Th' 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 Boaſt and Pride;
So *Phœbus* 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 fear'd a Soul, ſo eminently wiſe,
Was call'd to grace th' Synod of the Skies.

Skies

* His Speech to both Houſes of *Parliament*, in *Dublin*.

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But ſoon the Roſe-lip'd Cherub Health,
Commiſſion'd by the Pow'r Divine,
Reſtor'd *Britannia*'s Deareſt Wealth,
The Glory of her Patriot Line.
Oh may'ſt Thou long from better Worlds be ſpa'd,
And late receive thy Virtues full Reward.

Ev'n I, whom many Griefs oppreſs,
Enraptur'd with thy flowing Strain,
A while forget my own Diſtreſs,
And Anguiſh ceaſes to complain;
Such Charms to Heav'n-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 it 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 Draught I had given to Mr. *Cibber*, and having the Honour of his Correction, who is

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is a fair and candid Critic, ſent it again to him.

W—ſd—le came in the Evening, told me that the Earl 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 ſhort 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 it's intrinſic Worth, is now reduced to two, which I deſire you will come and receive from the Hand of

Your old humble Servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.

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By this I found Mr. *W—rſd—le* had boaſted of an 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 ta-"ken 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 attack'd by all the "World with paultry Rhimes, 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, "Oh I had forgot, there's two Guineas for "her, but don't put them into your Sil-"ver Pocket, leſt you ſhould make a "Miſtake and pay your Chair with them:

"So

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"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 fav'rite Lord is none of thoſe,

Who owe their Virtue to their Stations,
Or Characters to Dedications;
His Worth, altho a Poet ſaid it
Before a Play, would loſe no Credit.
Nor Swift *would dare deny him Wit,*
Altho' to praiſe it I have writ.

Juſt as I was writing about *W—rſd—le*, a Gentleman brought me a Pamphlet entituled, *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 ingenouſly did not *W—rſd—le* hire you to write it, becauſe he was indolent; dull, I ſuppoſe

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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't he ſhall have no Cauſe of Complaint on that Head, but I cannot break in on 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. Critick, 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 lye; 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 a while his ſhining and uncommon Excellencies, is no more than ſaying he was human, and conſequently liable to Error.

Then

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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 Art 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 it in theſe high-ſounding unharmonious Words:

*And he, whoſe Thunder ſtorm'd th'*Iberian
Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now prues
my Vines.

Why, one would have thought he had hired the Earl for a Gardener.

And as for his Gratitude, let that 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*

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His Wealth Lord Timon *gloriouſly con-*
founds,
Ask'd for a Groat, he gives an hundred
Pounds;
Or, if three Ladies like a luckleſs Play
Takes the whole Houſe upon the Author'
Day.

Was this any Defect in his Grace's Charac
ter, eſpecialy in a poetical Eye? No, ſurely
but I ſuppoſe Mr. *Pope* was angry, as h
was not a Dramatick Writer, that his Grac
ſhould beſtow any Favour on them.

He then proceeds to ridicule his Grace'
Library, and the Grandeur and Magnifi
cence of his Improvements.

And when up ten ſteep Slopes you've drag'
your Thighs,
Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs you
Eyes.
His Study! with what Authors is i
ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is m
Lord.

T

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To all their letter'd Backs he turns you round,
Theſe Aldus *printed, theſe* De Sewel *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 paultry Garretteer! thou ſtarveling Bard! if I have a Mind to do it myſelf, what's that to you?

The diſtant Trojan *never injur'd thee.*
Pope's Homer.

And

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And ſuppoſe I've a Mind for to drub,
Whoſe Bones is it, Sir, I muſt lick?
At whoſe Expence 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-pair'd, and Similies unlike:

Letty *and* Conny, *pious, precious Pair!*

I ſuppoſe this this is an Alluſion 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. *Philips*, 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,
While

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While t'other he ſits down to darn,
With Threads of different colour'd Yarn;
The Remnants of his laſt Night's Pot
On Embers plac'd, 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.

Ha! have I gueſſed right? thou wicked Scribbler, that praiſeſt the Worſt beſt, and Beſt worſt; thou art juſt fit to nurture Fools, and chronicle Small-beer.

Now to criticize 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 a Contraſt; you are a very witty Fellow, I aſſure you, and deal much in the

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the Surprizing. 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 Fiddle-ſtick! 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 incloſed 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 De-

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Deliberation, am ſorry I waſted ſo much Time, Paper, and Ink, on 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, tho' tis hopeleſs to reclaim them,
Scorpion Rods perhaps may tame them.
Swift.

And though it is not in reality worth while to purſue Graſhoppers, 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

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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*—*t*, endeavoured all in their Power to injure his Character; the latter of whom is ſince convinced he wronged him.

And

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And here I muſt apologize 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 Dr. *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 an Account for what he had re-

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received, did not chuſe to obey him in that Article.

Well, as my Houſe was empty, I knew not where I, or my Child could 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! Dr. *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 Entrance 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 I was Dr. *Van Lewin*'s Daughter, who, as ſhe ſaid, ſaved her Life, but ſhe gladly accepted of me for a Lodger;

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but what with 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 Dr. *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, altho' I own the Task to be a little ungrateful. But, Mrs. *Pilkington*, notwithſtanding the Regard and Affection which I really have for 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 Stile borrowed from *Milton*, *Shakeſpear*

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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 *Bœotians*, who, tho' 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 Classicks, 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 *Shakespear*, as he had with *Virgil* and *Horace*.

I. O 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.

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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, Needle-work; do not Ladies buy coarſe Canvaſs, 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. O 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 ſhew no Reverence, either to Ermin, Crape or Lawn.

Myſelf. O I really do, when the Wearers deſerve them; but I hope you would not have me 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.

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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 every Bodies Expence.

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 every Thing 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 surprizing Events, and infinitely more entertaining than either of the foregoing, I will for ever quit my Magic Art, and

Deeper than did ever Plummet sound,
I'll drown my Book. Shakespear.

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END *of the* SECOND VOLUME.

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The Third and laſt Volume

OF THE

MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs. *Lætitia Pilkington*,

Written by HERSELF.

Wherein are occaſionally interſperſed,

VARIETY of POEMS:

As alſo the

LETTERS of ſeveral PERSONS of DISTINCTION:

With the Concluſive Part of the Life of the Inimitable Dean *SWIFT*.

Finis Coronat Opus.

LONDON:

Printed for *R. Griffiths* at the *Dunciad* in *Pater-noſter Row*. 1754.

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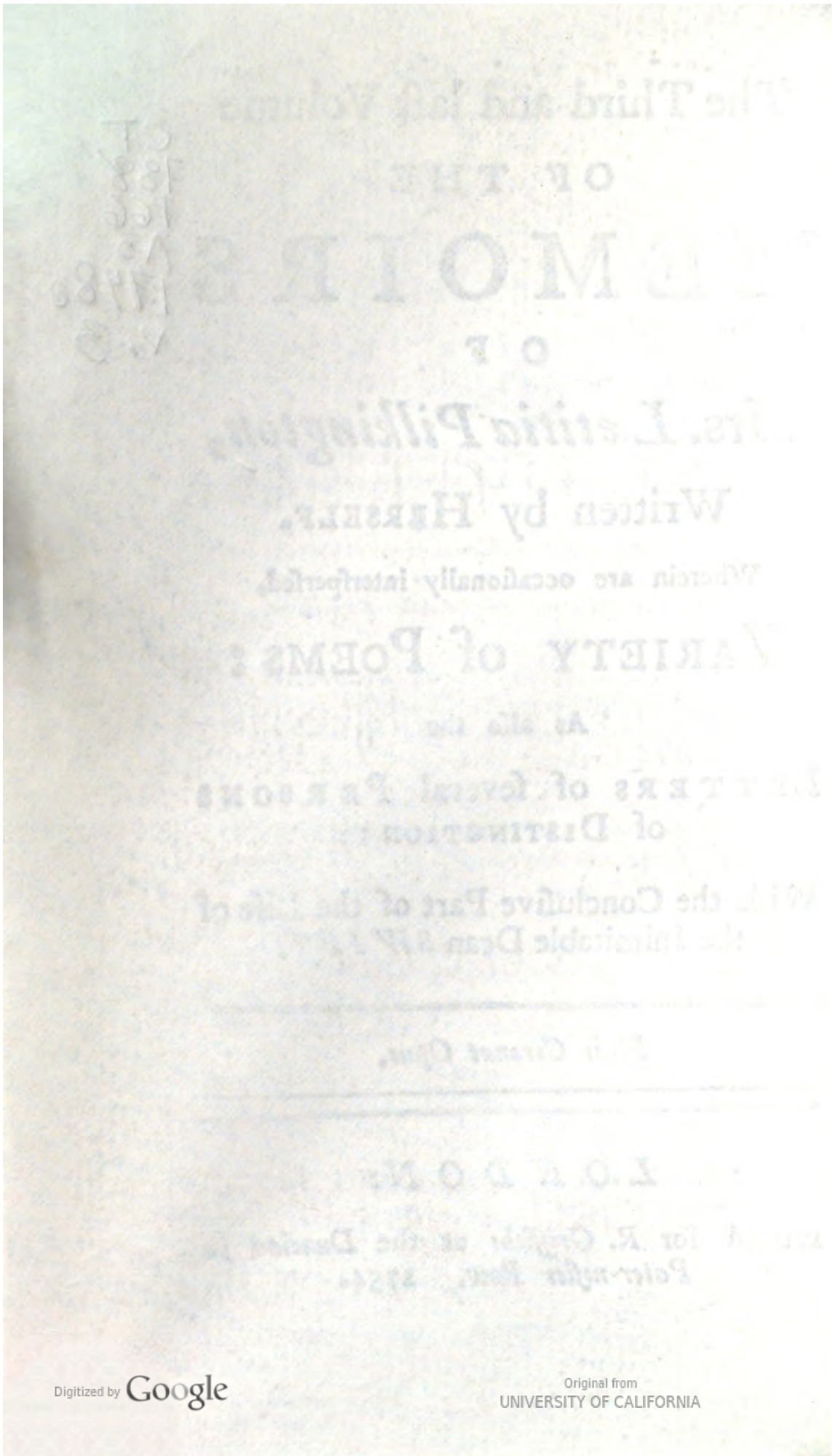

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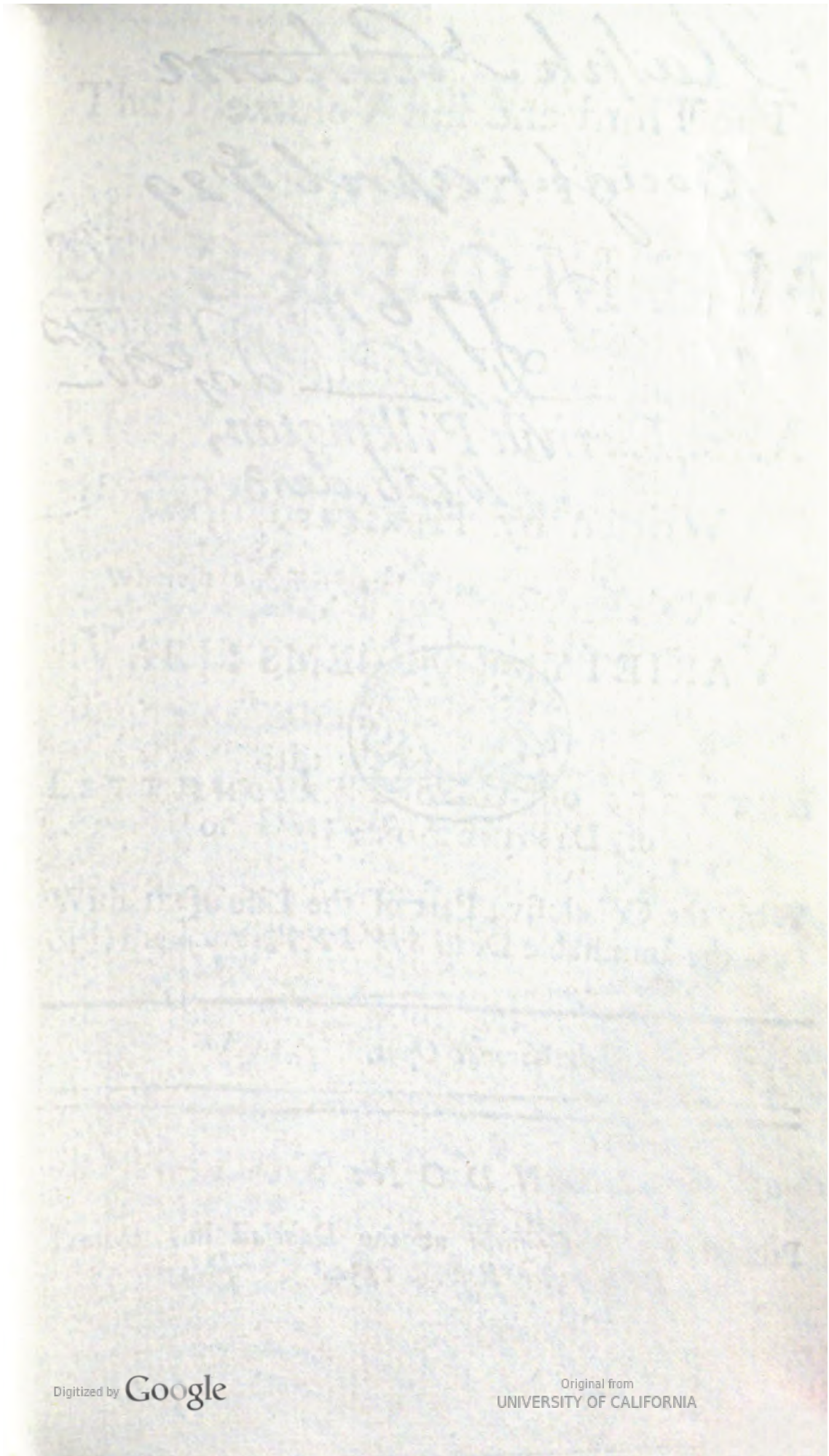

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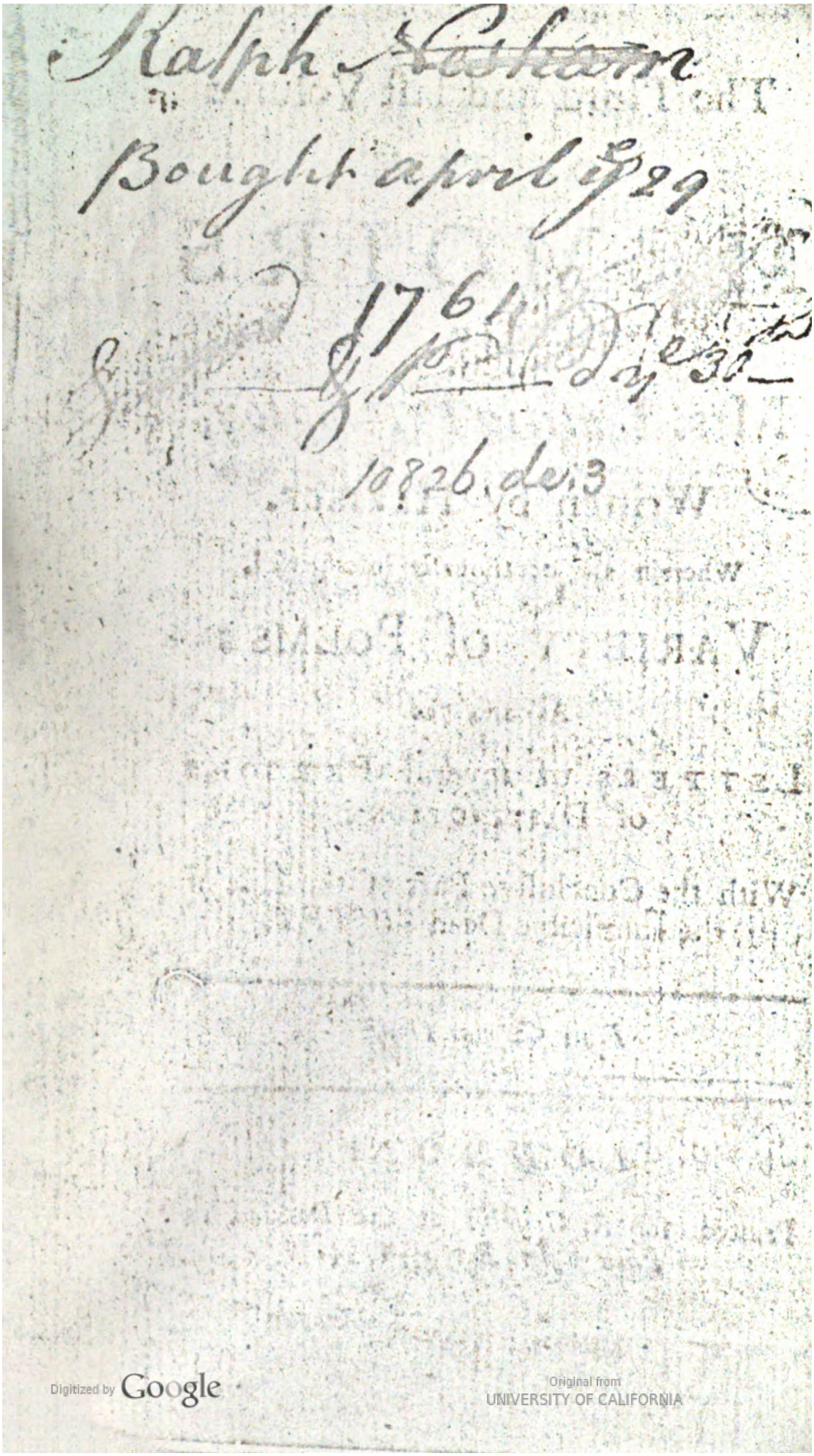

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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Sir John Lewis Ligonier,

KNIGHT *of the* BATH,

One of his Majesty's most Honourable
PRIVY-COUNCIL, *&c. &c.*

SIR,

'TIS Customary with Mankind, to deem all Dedicators Flatterers, who rather pay Court to the Fortune of their Patrons, than to any real Merit they possess.

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But in order to avoid Cenſure, on Account of this too obvious Meanneſs, I have happily made Choice of a Gentleman, to preſent this laſt Offſpring of my beloved Mother to, of whom, had I Eloquence enough to ſay all that is good and great, the World muſt allow 'twere but barely doing Juſtice to his exalted Character.

To expatiate, Sir, on the various Points in which you excel, would be a Task more fitly adapted to the Accuracy of a Plutarch, or the Perſpicuity of a Rapin, than a Pen ſo unſkilled as mine, in every poliſh'd Art.

Since to diſplay your Magnanimity in the Field, Wiſdom

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in the Council, singular Politeness, and universal Benevolence, demands the Flowers of Rhetorick and Poesy.

Yet, Sir, that you are dear to the Soldier as his Honour, to the Publick as a Guardian, and to all who are blest with a Participation of your social Hours, as a sincere Friend and most agreeable Companion, I hope I may be allow'd to say.

I should never, Sir, have arrived at the Honour, of drawing, even this imperfect Sketch of Sir John Ligonier, but that I retained the Sentiments from my Mother, whose Intent it was, had she liv'd, to have inscrib'd this Volume to you.

In

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In this Addreſs, therefore, Sir, at the ſame Time that I ſatisfy my own Ambition, I do an Action, grateful to the Manes of a departed Mother; ſince, though ſhe hated Vice, and was bold enough to reprove it; Goodneſs like your's was her darling Theme.

I have the Honour, to be with unſpeakable Reſpect,

SIR,

Your moſt devoted,

Moſt Obedient,

And moſt humble Servant,

Long-acre, Jan. 21, 1754.

J. C. Pilkington.

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Reflection of which, would

made publick.

My Mother, before her Death, had taken in a Number of Subscriptions in *Ireland*, and after her Departure from Life, as I was left quite destitute of Money or Friends, I was obliged to pursue the Design of Printing the Vo-

to

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to raise a sufficient Sum to defray the Expence of Printing; but on the contrary, thro' the Resentment of those, whom my Mother had formerly describ'd, I was not only basely traduc'd in my Reputation, but plung'd into a World of Calamities, which I may, perhaps, at some Time hereafter relate, together with the various Passages of my Life. However, amongst many Accusations that fell heavy on me, one was, that I had defrauded the Publick, by Subscriptions to a Work, which not only had not a Design of Printing, but one that never existed, except in my Imagination; as they were kind

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enough to declare, that my Mother never wrote such a Book.

Yet should I have been content, to have stood all this Reproach, and much more, nay, as the Subscribers were Persons of Fortune and Humanity, whose Contributions proceeded more from a Desire of serving me, than a Curiosity to see the Book, I would have remain'd their Debtor for ever, sooner than have brought such an Affair over; but, that having a Wife and Family to support, and finding it impossible to obtain from my Father the smallest Succour, though

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though I applied to him in the most submissive and pathetick Manner: On the contrary, when I found him endeavouring to hurt me in the Opinion of those with whom I had some Interest; I thought it but prudent, to acquit myself of the Charge of Dishonesty, by delivering the Books to my Benefactors, and at the same Time, to endeavour to make as much as possible by it. To this end I came to *London* last *October*, but had not brought the Manuscript with me, which was in the

particularly the Lord Bishop of [illegible] to whom I am much obliged, [illegible] not known the Gentleman's Hand

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Hands of Mr. *Powel*, Printer in *Dublin*. I thought it prudent, not being over-stocked with Cash, to try how a Subscription would take in *London*, before I ventured to pay a Sum, which was due to *Powel*. I therefore printed Proposals, and communicated my Plan to Mr. *Foote*, who had, when in *Ireland*, profess'd a great Friendship for me, (not without some Cause) as will be seen hereafter. He highly approv'd my Project, and assured me I might make a considerable Sum by it; and that for his own Part, he would get me at least a hundred Subscribers, all which, not knowing the Gen-

tleman's

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though by [illegible] Disposition, I
sincerely believed. His Part of
the *English Man* in *Paris*, was
at this Time acting; and I
ventured to write the following
Lines upon it, which I sent to
him in a Letter, and beg'd his
Permission, to insert them in
the Daily Advertiser.

To Samuel Foote, *Esq*; *on seeing*
him as an Englishman in Paris.

When Brilliant Merit justly
claims Applause
Commands Esteem, and
miration
Where real Action suits
please
delights the Sense, and elevates
the Mind: Each

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enough to declare, that my Mother never wrote ſuch a Book.

Yet ſhould I have been content, to have ſtood all this Reproach, and much more, nay, as the Subſcribers were Perſons of Fortune and Humanity, whoſe Contributions proceeded more from a Deſire of ſerving me, than a Curioſity to ſee the Book, I would have remain'd their Debtor for ever, ſooner than have brought ſuch an Affair over; but, that having a Wife and Family to ſupport, and finding it impoſſible to obtain from my Father the ſmalleſt Succour, though

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though I applied to him in the moſt ſubmiſſive and pathetick Manner: On the contrary, when I found him endeavouring to hurt me in the Opinion of * thoſe, with whom I had ſome Intereſt; I thought it but prudent, to acquit myſelf of the Charge of Diſhoneſty, by delivering the Books to my Benefactors, and at the ſame Time, to endeavour to make as much as poſſible by it. To this end I came to *London* laſt *October*, but had not brought the Manuſcript with me, which was in the

* Particularly the Lord Biſhop of *Derry*, to whom I am much obliged.

Hands

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Hands of Mr. *Powel*, Printer in *Dublin*. I thought it prudent, not being over-ſtocked with Caſh, to try how a Subſcription would take in *London*, before I ventured to pay a Sum, which was due to *Powel*. I therefore printed Propoſals, and communicated my Plan to Mr. *Foote*, who had, when in *Ireland*, profeſs'd a great Friendſhip for me, (not without ſome Cauſe) as will be ſeen hereafter. He highly approv'd my Project, and aſſured me I might make a conſiderable Sum by it; and that for his own Part, he would get me at leaſt a hundred Subſcribers, all which, not knowing the Gentleman's

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tleman's real Diſpoſition, I ſincerely believed. His Farce of the *Engliſhman* in *Paris*, was at this Time acting; and I ventured to write the following Lines upon it, which I ſent to him in a Letter, and beg'd his Permiſſion, to inſert them in the Daily Advertiſer.

To Samuel Foote, *Eſq; on ſeeing his* Engliſhman in Paris.

When brilliant Merit juſtly
claims Applauſe,
Commands Eſteem, and Admiration draws;
When ev'ry Action ſuits to
pleaſe Mankind,
Delights the Senſe, and elevates
the Mind: Each

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Each Bard enraptur'd ſhould
exalt his Lays,
And gladly pay his tributary
Praiſe;
Yet *Britiſh* Wits are ſilent
when they ſee,
Thy laſt inimitable Comedy;
In which, a Spirit lives through
every Part,
That charms, that ſooths, that
captivates the Heart.
'Tis thine, O *Foote*, with a
peculiar Eaſe,
At once to laſh, t'inſtruct us,
and to pleaſe:
So ſweet, yet poignant, all
your Satires flow,
That patiently from you our
Faults we know; The

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The Dunce, the Fribble, the affected Wit,
Chaſtiz'd by you, muſt ſilently ſubmit.
Still may *Britannia*, with a grateful Senſe,
Thy matchleſs Labours ſtrive to recompenſe;
Thus we in Time, may ev'ry Error find,
And *Foote* ſtill prove a Mirror to Mankind.

The Gentleman was pleaſed to honour me with the following Anſwer:

Dear Sir,

IT is impoſſible for me to thank you as I ought, for your

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your incloſed Favour; and full as impoſſible for me, to anſwer the Contents of your obliging Letter*; there is at preſent, ſuch a Conflict in me, between Modeſty and Vanity, that as neither can get the better, I muſt leave the Deſtination of your elegant Piece, to your own Diſcretion.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Moſt ſincerely Yours,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

Covent-Garden.

* To correct it.

An

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An indifferent Perſon would now imagine, that this Gentleman was inclinable to ſerve me; but whether he contracted Inſincerity, in his late Tour to *Paris*, or whether 'tis native to him, I know not. But when I went to him, with the Subſcription Papers, he took a Quantity of them, and deſired me to call in about a Week; he then excus'd himſelf, by ſaying he had been unwell, but finally, when I preſs'd him hard, he wrote me the following polite and obliging Note.

SIR,

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SIR,

I am ſorry the diſadvantageous Light, in which ſome of your Countrymen have placed you here, has put it out of my Power, to be as uſeful to you as I could wiſh. I have ſent you Half a Guinea, together with all your Subſcriptions; you will conſider, that the many Calls I have of this Kind, (though not too much for my Inclination) are a little too heavy for my Income.

Your's, &c.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

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I ſhall make no Comment in this Place, upon this extraordinary Revolution; perhaps as he ſays himſelf,

'Tis Pride, nay ſomething worſe,
the Pocket's low.

Epilogue to the *Engliſhman* in *Paris*.

But on his acting the Characters of *Ben the Sailor*, and *Buck* in the *Engliſhman* in *Paris* one Night, ſome envious anonymous Scribbler, furniſhed out the following Lines; and as that Gentleman's tranſcendant Abilities, are ſuperior to any low Things of this Nature, that can be ſaid, I hope it will not be thought

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thought Malice in me, to tranſcribe them here.

To S——l F——te, *Eſq*; *on his condeſcending to enact* Ben *and* Buck.

Oft haſt thou ſought the Comick Muſe in vain,
While thy ſtrain'd Geſture but excited Pain;
For when Sir *Courtly Nice* was play'd by thee,
The murm'ring Audience cried, *it cannot be*;
With like Succeſs ſome other Parts you tried,
Nay, ev'n for Favour in the *Buſkin* vied;
But

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But all in vain, you were compell'd to drop it,
And act the Satyr, the Buffoon, and Poppet*;
Till wisely pond'ring what compos'd your Mind,
Where you no gen'rous Sentiment could find;
You saw the Error, and to end Diſpute,
Shin'd in your native Character a *Brute*.

I am told, that the ludicrous Author of this, was not threatned with ſo ſlender a Revenge as Tea or Coffee, but abſolute *Newgate* and the *Pillory*; which poor Subterfuge gave him ſo much Reaſon to pity his

* *i. e.* In the Haymarket.

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his Antagoniſt, that he has ſince held him incorrigible, below the Notice, even of a Scribbler.

And here I cannot help remarking at the ſame Time, that I return my moſt ſincere Acknowledgments to my noble Subſcribers in *England*, that amongſt the Number of Perſons, whoſe Characters my Mother had endeavour'd to illuſtrate by due Praiſe, not one, except his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, and Sir *John Ligonier*, to whoſe ſuperlative Bounties I am unſpeakably indebted, would aſſiſt me. But as they are the greateſt and nobleſt Characters, which compoſe her Writings, I muſt e'en content

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content myſelf; and tho' this Volume is not in Octavo, which I at firſt propos'd, but was afterwards oblig'd to alter my Deſign, in order to make it match the other two, I am perſuaded, that as my Subſcribers are compos'd of the greateſt and beſt Perſons in *England*, they will pardon that Defect, ſince it contains the purpoſed Quantity*. However, any Perſon who imagines they have paid too much, ſhall have the Overplus return'd, on ſending to me.

N. B. *A Liſt of Subſcribers is omitted for particular Reaſons, which the Reader will be better qualified to gueſs at after he has peruſed the enſuing Pages.*

* *The Iriſh Edition is in Octavo.*

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MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs. Letitia Pilkington.

A Third Volume of Memoirs is really a bold Undertaking, as they are generally light, frothy, and vain; yet I have met with ſuch unhop'd Succeſs, that I am quite encouraged to proceed; more eſpecially as my Word is paſs'd to the Publick; and my Word I have ever held ſacred. I cannot, like a certain Female Writer, ſay, I hope if I have done nothing to pleaſe, I have done nothing to offend; for truly I mean to give both Pleaſure and Offence: Lemon and Sugar is very pretty. I ſhould be ſorry to write a Satire which did not

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ſting, nor will I ever write a Panegyrick on an Undeſerver: If a Rogue ſhould happen to be mine honeſt Friend, I owe him Silence; but that is the moſt he can expect.

Many indeed are glad to become Purchaſers of it. Perſons whom I know nothing of, come and beg I may not put them into the Third Volume; and they will ſubſcribe: Surely then they ſhould knock at their own Hearts; and if it confeſs a natural Guiltineſs,

Let it not breathe a Thought upon their Tongue
To my Diſhonour——— Shakeſpear.

I threaten not any, nor did I ever do it; but Characters are my Game, who

Eye Nature's Walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they riſe.

I ſhould now be glad to know how I could proſecute my own Hiſtory without intermingling that of others; I have not lived in Deſarts, where no Men abide, nor in a Cave, like *Eccho*; therefore it is

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is no more in my power to grant ſuch unreaſonable Requeſts, when a Book is requir'd of me, than it is in that of an hiſtorical Painter to give a good Piece, when he is poſitively commanded never to draw the Likeneſs of any thing in Heaven or on Earth.

But, Oh my dear LADIES, why are you ſo frightened? Why ſo many Supplications to a Perſon unacquainted with you? Have you all then a ſore Place, which you are afraid I ſhould touch? But now *, I ſay this to you, or to the ſame Defect: Ladies, or moſt fair Ladies, I would requeſt you not to fear, not to tremble; my Life for yours, if you think I come as a Lion, 'twere Pity of my Life: No, no, I am no ſuch thing; I am a Woman, as other Women are——

But, after all, it does not a little ſurpriſe me, that every Perſon who ſuffers a Panick, leſt their own Reputations ſhould be attack'd, has not a little Compaſſion for that of another: No, no! let

* Taken from the Play of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, in *Shakeſpear*'s *Midſummer Nights Dream*.

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them find a Flaw in a Brilliant, and by the Help of their magnifying Talents, they ſhall dim it all over: If they look upon this as a Virtue, 'tis one I ſhall never be emulous of.

I remember Doctor *Swift* told me, he once dined at a Perſon's Houſe, where the Part of the Table-Cloth, which was next to him, happened to have a ſmall Hole in it, which, ſays he, I tore as wide as I could; then aſked for ſome Soop, and fed myſelf through the Hole. The Dean, who was a great Friend to Houſwifery, did this to mortify the Lady of the Houſe; but, upon my Word, by the general Love of Scandal and Detraction in *Dublin*, one might reaſonably imagine they were all to feed themſelves through the Holes, which they had made in the Characters of others:

But 'tis of no Conſequence to me; as Treaſon and Malice now have done their worſt. Shakeſpear.

Reputation once gone is never to be retriev'd: The Wiſe ſay, it is as often gain'd

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gain'd without Merit, as loſt without a Crime; ſo I muſt comfort myſelf the beſt I can. The Fable of *Reputation*, *Fire*, and *Water*, is too well known to want a Recital; and, to quote a Paragraph from a late Letter of Mr. CIBBER's to me, in Anſwer to one of mine, wherein I had acquainted him, that a Gentleman who had formerly been prejudiced againſt him, was now his very ſincere Admirer; as his Lines may in ſome Meaſure be applicable to me, I ſhall inſert them as follows:

" It is now growing too late in Life,
" to be much concerned about whatever
" Good or Evil the World may think
" it worth their while to ſay of me. All
" I have to do, is to fix a Conſciouſneſs
" of my own Integrity, and then let the
" Devil do his worſt. Truth has a
" ſtrong Arm, and in that the weakeſt
" Perſon living, with an honeſt Heart,
" may truſt for their Protection."

So let this ſerve by way of *Preface*, while I proceed in my *Narrative*, or,

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Take the ſprightly Reed, and ſing and play,
Careleſs of what the cenſuring World may ſay.

And here, before I proceed, to give Eaſe to every Heart, which may poſſibly ſuffer any Anxiety, on Account of what might be ſaid of them, I proclaim Peace to all, but thoſe who have directly affronted me: 'Tis but a mean Piece of Cowardice to inſult a Woman, and as ſome Gentlemen have had the Courage to challenge me, by the known Laws of Chivalry, I have a right to chuſe the Weapons; a *Pen* is mine, let them take up another, and may-hap they will meet their Match.

But *Hibernian* Writers are evermore threatened, not with the Wit of their Antagoniſts, but the Arm of the Fleſh; and truly that is ſuch a knock-down Argument, as I, at leaſt, am utterly unable to reſiſt.

Upon my Word, were any Folly of mine to produce real Wit in another Perſon,

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ſon, I ſhould not be diſpleaſed to be roundly rallied.

I was very well diverted with Mr. *Woodward*'s * Coffee, and humorous Deſcription of me, crying,

Subſcribe, or elſe I'll paint you like the Devil.

Though how I, who never either was a dramatick Writer, or a Player, came to have ſuch extraordinary Marks of Diſtinction paid me from the Theatre, is more than I can readily account for.

However I enjoy'd the Jeſt, and the worſt Mark of Reſentment I ſhew'd, was to ſend him a Crown for a Box Ticket, which he graciouſly accepted; and in Return, got his Friend in the College to add ſix Couplets of Scurrility to his former Encomium on me.

No marvel, for I remember the Dean told me, he paid a Man's Debt on Account of his having wrote ſomething tollerably good; and the next Proof he gave of his Talents, as ſoon as he was

* When this Gentleman exhibited at *Dublin*, in Oppoſition to Mr. *Foote*'s Tea.

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releas'd from Jail, was to write a Satire on his Benefactor and Deliverer. I told this Paſſage to Mr. *Cibber*, who aſſured me he had been juſt ſerv'd in the ſame Manner.

Gratitude is, of all Virtues, the moſt ſeldom practis'd; the Cauſe of this Defect, I take to be our innate Pride; few Perſons can bear to be under the Weight of an Obligation, not conſidering that,

The grateful Heart by paying owes not,
But ſtands at once indebted and diſcharged.
MILTON.

Doctor *Swift* very well obſerves, that many Perſons have done a *juſt*, many a *generous*, but few a *grateful* Act.

I have indeed experienced Gratitude, even to painful Extaſy; eſpecially, when you my dear, and honoured Lord *Kingſborough*, vouchſafe to cheer my Habitation, with the Muſes, Loves, and Graces in your Train; with all the Virtues that adorn the *Good*, and every ſhining Excellence which diſtinguiſhes the *fine* Gentleman

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Gentleman: So *Cyrus* deigned to visit *Zoroaster*, and bless his solemn Grotto.

You have, my Lord, another Talent, which as Leisure and Fortune give you a Power of exerting it, I hope you will; and which, by the Honour you have allowed me, of being your Correspondent, I have discovered, and, like a true Woman, cannot bear the Pain of keeping a Secret. Amongst all the Letters I have yet seen published, I never saw any so truly elegant, learned, and polite, as those with which your Lordship has condescended to honour your poor Servant: Invoke then, my Lord, the sacred Nine; not one of the beauteous Virgins can be coy to such a Lover, resembling so much their own *Apollo*. I am very certain they have all bestow'd their Favours, though you are too much the Man of Honour to reveal it.

Let *Britannia* boast her *Shaftesburys*, *Dorsets*, *Mulgraves*; and let us tell her in Return, we have our *Kingsborough*. And here I must vindicate the Learning, as well as the Politeness of the Nobility;

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though it be in Oppoſition to Mr. *Pope*'s Opinion; who ſays,

What woeful Stuff this Madrigal would be
In ſome ſtarv'd Hackney Sonnetteer, or me?
But let *My Lord* once own the happy Lines,
How the Wit brightens, how the Stile refines!

Why ſure every Perſon muſt acknowledge, that while *he* is inſulting *his* Betters, his Ethic Epiſtles are little more than Lord *Shaftſbury*'s Rhapſody berhym'd; *his Windſor Foreſt* ſtollen from *Cooper*'s *Hill*; and his *Eloiſa* and *Abelard*, the moſt beautiful Lines in it, taken from *Milton*'s *Il Penſeroſo*; and if I wrong his Merit, let the Learned judge. Mr. *Pope* ſays, in his Deſcription of the Convent,

Where awful Arches, make a Noon-day Night,
And the dim Windows ſhed a ſolemn Light.
MILTON.

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MILTON ſays,

And ſtory'd Windows richly dight,
Shedding a dim religious Light.

Which of theſe is beſt, I leave to any Perſon of Taſte to determine.

POPE.

From the full Choir when loud Hoſanna's riſe,
And ſwell the Pomp of dreadful Sacrifice.

MILTON.

There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full-voic'd Choir below.
For Service high, &c.

But I forget, and am launching into a Criticiſm e'er I am aware of it.

Now though I have held out the Olive Branch to my Friends, to whom I would be kind, as the life-rendering Pelican; yet my Foes are not included in the Trea-

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ty. You, my Lady of the Fiſhponds and Lakes of *Lebanon*, muſt be remembered.

And I cannot avoid paying my Acknowlegements to the Vice Queen of a certain Village. *Vice-Queen* I term you, for the lovely * Goddeſs of the Plains has as much Humanity and Politeneſs as you want, and I cannot pay her a higher Compliment; though indeed it is no wonder, as ſhe is the Daughter of an *Engliſh* Earl, and you derive your Pedigree from a *Scotch* Pedlar; I will not name you, becauſe you ſhall not take the Law of me, but deſcribe you I will.

Pray, when I ſent you a Book, how came it to intitle me to an Affront? and your civil Meſſage, that if my third Volume was worth reading, you would buy it at the Stationer's: Why, it will coſt you a Crown there.

But how long have you commenced a Judge of the Belles Lettres? That you may be a competent one of Men, nobody diſputes; and for your Honour, I believe

* Lady *Ann Connolly*.

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believe a certain Relation of mine was pretty intimate with it at *********.

And do you and your two Companions take a Friſk ſtill, now you are grown old! Certainly it muſt be as entertaining as the Witches in *Macbeth*.

Why, Madam, had I ſaid that your Fa——r died blaſpheming the Almighty, and of the foul Diſeaſe; had I ſaid that he refus'd to ſee his Wife's Cubbs, as he call'd your Siſters, at the Hour of his Death; had I ſaid, that you hid Lady *D*——— behind the Arras, to ſee——. Nothing-----which you ſaid, your little Tom Titmouſe of a Huſband had, you cou'd not have uſed me worſe.

But I ſcorn your low Invectives, which ſavour more of Malice than of Wit; theſe and many other valuable Secrets, which I have the Honour of knowing of you, ſhall be buried in Oblivion.

Stand apart now, ye *Roderick Randoms*, *Foundlings*, baſtard Sons of Wit,
Hence, ye Profane, be far away,

All

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All ye that bow to Idol Luſts, and Altars raiſe,
Or to falſe Heroes give fantaſtick Praiſe:

While I, the Cream of Hiſtorians, Mirror of Poets, worthy not only the Bays but the Laurel made for mighty Conquerors, for my ſignal Victories, proceed in my true Hiſtory, which take as follows, from me the genuine Succeſſor of *Cid Hamet*, and immortal SWIFT:

Thus much may ſerve by Way of Proem,
Proceed we now to Tale or Poem.

ONE Day as I was ſitting in my Shop, * a Woman who though very badly dreſt, had a Dignity in her Air which diſtinguiſh'd her from the Vulgar, ſtood reading the Paper I had ſtuck up, with Regard to writing Letters and Petitions. At length ſhe came in, and begg'd of me to write a Petition for her, to his Majeſty, from whom, as ſhe ſaid, ſhe hop'd for a Penſion. I aſked

* Vide the 2d Vol. of theſe Memoirs.

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aſked her what Title ſhe had to it? She ſaid, if I could have Patience to hear her Story, ſhe was certain I would think ſhe had a very juſt one. As I was fond of Novelties, I aſſured her ſhe could not oblige me more; ſo to avoid Interruption, I took her into the Parlour, when ſhe began her Hiſtory as follows:

" I am, ſaid ſhe, Grandaughter to " the Marquis of *Vendoſme*; my Mother, " whoſe Name was *Margaretta de Tia-* " *ange*, was one of the moſt celebrated " Beauties in the Court of *France*. The " late Electreſs of *Hanover* (poor Lady, " though her Huſband was crown'd " King of *England*, ſhe never was ac- " knowledg'd as Queen) had ſo fond an " Affection for her, that ſhe could not " think of parting with her; but when " ſhe was married, entreated ſhe would " accompany her to *Hanover*; their uni- " ted Prayers prevailed on my Grand- " father to give his Aſſent, and the " Electreſs plac'd her in Quality of the " firſt Lady of her Bedchamber, that

" ſhe

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" ſhe might ever have her near her Per-
" ſon,----

" Whatever Regret my Mother felt,
" at the ſtrange Difference ſhe found be-
" tween the Court of *Paris* and the
" Houſe of *Herenhauſen*, yet being happy
" in the Favour of her Royal Miſtreſs,
" young and chearful, ſhe made herſelf
" quite eaſy; and ſhe and Count *Con-*
" *ningſmark* uſed to ſet their Heads to-
" gether, to ſtudy what might be moſt
" amuſing to the lovely Lady.

" But alas! while they thought only
" of Innocence, the Princeſs *Sophia*, and
" the Dutcheſs of *Munſter*, a diſcarded
" Miſtreſs of the *Elector*'s, had other
" Schemes in their Heads, which not
" long after they put in Practice, to the
" Deſtruction of the *Count*, the Diſgrace
" of the *Electreſs*, and the Baniſhment
" of every Perſon, whom ſhe honoured
" with her Confidence.

" I have frequently heard my Mo-
" ther declare, that ſhe believ'd there
" was not in the World a more virtuous
" Perſon than the Electreſs, and in-

" deed

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" deed her Conduct from the Time of
" her Separation from the late King, to
" the Hour of her Death, ſufficiently
" convinced the World of her unſpotted
" Purity.

" Well, in the general Ruin my
" Mother, as her firſt Favourite, was in-
" evitably involv'd: She was order'd
" to return home to *France*; and as ſhe
" was a Woman of Quality, a Man of
" War was fitted out for that Purpoſe."

I could not here avoid interrupting her, to ſay I wonder'd that the Princeſs *Sophia* ſhould enter into any Scheme which might in the leaſt reflect on the Honour of her own illuſtrious Family; ſhe anſwer'd, the Princeſs lov'd nothing ſo well as Dominion, and as the Ladies of *France* had a natural Turn to Politicks, ſhe was afraid the Electreſs might interfere, ſo as to injure her Power, which was almoſt abſolute. Oh! Ambition! by what cruel Means doſt thou compaſs thy Ends? I deſired her to proceed, which ſhe did as follows.

" My

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" My Mother return'd home ſafe, " though much dejected at a Separa- " tion from her Miſtreſs, with whom " had ſhe been permitted, ſhe would " willingly have embraced an Exile from " the gay World. But as Time inſen- " ſibly wears off Affliction, and leſſens " the Object, by removing it to a greater " Diſtance, ſo ſhe began to reſume her " native Chearfulneſs, and once more " ſhone at Court.

" The firſt Night ſhe appeared there, " an *Engliſh* Nobleman, for as ſuch he " paſs'd himſelf, (neither did his good " Mien or Politeneſs, in the leaſt con- " tradict this generally received Opini- " on) paid his Addreſſes to her. Gal- " lantry and Complaiſance are ſo much " the Mode at *Paris*, that my Mother " took all he ſaid of *his* Paſſion, and *her* " Charms, meerly as Words of Courſe, " and told him ſo; he anſwered that he " found ſhe was unacquainted with the " Temper of the *Engliſh*, who, above all " other People, particularly valued " themſelves on Sincerity, and ſcorned

" Deceit

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" Deceit or Hypocriſy even to the Fair,
" to whom moſt Men practiſe it. She
" anſwer'd, the Ladies in his Country
" muſt certainly be very happy; he ſaid,
" the moſt convincing Proof he could
" give of the Reality of his Paſſion, was,
" that, provided her Heart and Hand
" were diſengaged, he would uſe his
" utmoſt Endeavours to merit both. She
" aſſured him ſhe was intirely at her
" Father's Diſpoſal, and that if he was
" ſerious in his Declaration, he muſt ap-
" ply to the Marquis of *Vendoſme*. Ac-
" cordingly, next Day he paid the Mar-
" quis a Viſit, and brought ſuch Cre-
" dentials, of his being a Man of For-
" tune and Quality in *England*, that the
" Marquis had but one Objection, which
" was an Unwillingneſs to part with my
" Mother; however, my Father pro-
" miſed they would once a Year pay the
" Marquis a Viſit: So all Things being
" agreed on, the Marriage was celebra-
" brated with great Pomp and Feſ-
" tivity.

" No

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" No ſooner were the Rejoicings end-
" ed, than it was whiſper'd my Father
" was not a Man of Quality, but an
" Impoſtor. This greatly afflicted both
" the Marquis and my Mother; they
" mentioned it to my Father, who aſ-
" ſured them it was a malicious Fal-
" ſhood, rais'd by ſome Perſons who en-
" vy'd his Happineſs. As it was too
" late to retract what was done, they
" could only hope the beſt. Shortly
" after, my Father urg'd a Neceſſity of
" his returning to *London*, to which the
" Marquis reluctantly conſented.

" At *Dover* my Father's Chariot met
" them, carried them to a very handſome
" Houſe, where there were a Number of
" Servants in rich Liveries, waiting the
" Commands of the Bride and Bride-
" groom.

" But after all, not to hold you longer
" in Suſpenſe, my Father was a Limner;
" but ſo excellent in his Art, that he
" could well afford to keep his Wife
" like a Man of Quality. However, as
" there is no Country where Perſons ſet

" a

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" a higher Value on noble Blood than
" *France*; my Mother was cruelly mor-
" tified to find herſelf impoſed upon,
" and fell into a deep Melancholy, which
" preying on the very Pith of Life, ſhe
" languiſh'd in a Conſumption for three
" Years and died, leaving me and another
" Daughter deſolate Orphans.

" After this Loſs, which I was too
" young to regret, my Father brought
" in a Woman, whom it ſeems he had
" ſome Time kept as a Miſtreſs, to order
" his Houſhold, and take care of us,
" which ſhe did ſo well, that at length
" my Father married her.

" Here happened a moſt ſtrange Re-
" verſe of Fortune to us: For no ſooner
" did this Woman attain her Ends, than
" ſhe altered her Conduct, and from a
" fawning Servant, turned a haughty
" and deſpotick Tyrant. My Father
" was oblig'd to turn off all his old Ser-
" vants, becauſe they did not pay Reſ-
" pect enough to her Ladyſhip, for he
" had the Honour of Knighthood con-
" ferred on him by King *William*.

" This

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" This Step-Dame now continually
" endeavour'd to ſet my Father againſt
" us; till at length, wearied out with In-
" juries, I hired myſelf as a Servant to
" the Governor's Lady of *St. Chriſtophers*;
" and ſhe being informed who I was,
" treated me with the utmoſt Kindneſs.

" This unhealthful Climate ſoon de-
" prived me of her, who with her dying
" Breath, recommended me to the Care
" of the Governor; he called me up,
" told me her Requeſt, and kindly ſaid,
" whoever was dear to her, it ſhould be
" his particular Care to protect, even for
" her Sake.

" I kneeled down by the Bedſide, to
" bleſs them both for their Goodneſs,
" my Miſtreſs took my Hand, graſp'd
" it very hard, and inſtantly expir'd.

" I fainted away, and my Maſter, as
" I was afterwards informed, quitted the
" Chamber, bidding the Servants take
" care of the poor Child.

" When the Funeral was over, and
" that the firſt Tranſports of my Maſter's
" Sorrow were abated, he deſired to ſee
" me,

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" me, and renew'd his kind Aſſurances
" of Protection and Favour to me. He
" made me dine at his Table, ſaying,
" that my innocent Prattle diverted his
" Melancholly; and I, ſtudious to pleaſe
" him, did it ſo effectually, that inſtead
" of my being his Servant, he became
" mine; and as he was too humane and
" generous, to entertain a diſhonourable
" Thought, he propoſed Matrimony to
" me, an Offer too conſiderable for me
" to reject.

" The Evening before the Day ap-
" pointed for our Nuptials, my dear
" Maſter, Friend, and Lover, was taken
" very ill, on which they were deferred.
" But his Illneſs increaſing, he thought
" proper to have the Marriage Ceremo-
" ny performed, made his Will, and as
" he had no Children, left me all his
" Fortune, and died the next Day.

" Though I cannot ſay I was in Love
" with this Gentleman, yet Gratitude
" made me a ſincerely ſorrowful Widow;
" though I was young, rich, and, as the
" World ſaid, handſome.

" When

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" When my Year of Mourning ex-
" pired, I had ſeveral Matches propoſed
" to me, of which I made Choice of the
" worſt. He was an *Engliſhman*, but
" to ſay the Truth had nothing but his
" Perſon to recommend him. He was
" addicted to every Vice, and conſe-
" quently ſoon ſquandered the plentiful
" Fortune I had brought him.

" And at laſt, one Day when I was
" abroad, he robbed the Houſe of every
" thing it contained that was valuable,
" and he, with a Negro Woman Ser-
" vant I had, got on board a Veſſel bound
" for *England*.

" I was now plung'd into not only the
" Extremity of Sorrow, but alſo of
" Want. However, being very expert
" at my Needle, particularly in Em-
" broidery, and alſo very curious in Shell
" Work; I ſet up a School, and in-
" ſtructed young Ladies. Money is
" very eaſy to be got there, and ſo it
" ought, for the Iſland is productive of
" nothing for the Service of Life, neither

" the

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" ther Fruit nor Herbage, and conſe-
" quently there are no Cattle, but what
" they have either from the Continent,
" or ſalted from *England*.

" Well; bad as the Place was, I lived
" there thirty Years after the Departure
" of my ſecond Huſband, tolerably
" eaſy; till at length I received, from an
" *Engliſh* Captain of a Ship, a Letter
" from the Siſter I have mentioned, who
" was extremely well married in *Lon-*
" *don*, and gave me a kind Invitation to
" come and paſs the Remainder of my
" Life with her.

" Accordingly I embraced the firſt
" Opportunity of returning to my dear
" native Country; all the Ladies entreat-
" ed me to ſtay, but finding me deter-
" mined to the contrary, they gave me
" ſignal Marks of their Favour: Each
" making me a Preſent, and aſſuring me
" that if ever I returned, I ſhould be af-
" fectionately received.

" We had a tolerable Voyage, even
" till we were in Sight of the Engliſh
" Shore; when a furious Tempeſt aroſe,

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" which ſet us almoſt beſide ourſelves.
" The Goods were thrown over Board,
" ſo that I loſt all my Cloaths; and a
" few Minutes after, we ſtruck upon a
" Rock, but by God's Providence, not
" a Soul periſhed. All that I ſaved was
" a Baſket of Curioſities, ſuch as the Iſland
" afforded.

" But not to detain you with trivial
" Circumſtances, I got to *London*, and
" went to my Siſter's Houſe, which I
" found hung with black, ſhe in her
" Coffin, and the Hearſe ready to con-
" vey her to the Grave.

" This was a dreadful Diſappointment
" to me, for I was quite a Stranger,
" moneyleſs, and could not reaſonably
" hope for much Favour from a Bro-
" ther-in-law, whom I had never ſeen,
" eſpecially as the Link of the Chain
" which united us, was now diſſolv'd.

" The next Day I went to him; and,
" upon telling him the Circumſtances of
" my Life, exactly as my Siſter had
" done, he had the Goodneſs to give me

" her

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" her Cloathes; a ſeaſonable Relief, as " my own were loſt.

" The following Day I went into a " Broker's Shop, to know if the Perſon " who kept it would buy ſome of my " Merchandize: He deſired me to come " in, and ſeemed ſurpris'd at the Variety " and Beauty of my Collection; and " perceiving me very faint, for indeed " I was all almoſt famiſh'd, he offered " me a Dram; which I refus'd, as I " was ſenſible it muſt have got the better " of one ſo weak as I was.

" However, I accepted of ſome Toaſt " and Ale, which, I really think, ſaved " my Life: After this Act of Civility " I told my Diſtreſs to him, and he " kindly gave me a Lodging, and re- " commended me to you."

I wrote a Petition for this unhappy Stranger; which had no manner of Effect on his Majeſty: I afterwards wrote to her Brother-in-law; who gave her Five Guineas, with which Sum ſhe again ſet out for *St. Chriſtophers*; and, as I after-

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wards learne, the Ship, with all the Paſſengers, were loſt.

I think this poor Lady's Life was but a continual Scene of Storms and Misfortunes, as if Heaven had

Bar'd her Boſom to the Thunderſtone.

But alas! how ſhall we poor Reptiles preſume to judge the Ways of Providence; all things are ordered with Harmony and Beauty; though, like a Fly, our feeble Ray ſees but an Inch around, yet dares diſlike the Structure of the Whole.

As well might a Mariner, in the midſt of the wide World of congregated Waters, hope, with his Line, to ſound the deep Abyſs, as our finite Minds to comprehend the Ways of Deity.

Here then let us reſt,

Whatever is, is right; Wiſdom and Goodneſs govern all.

Reader

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Reader, have Patience with my Philoſophick Whimſies, which I muſt ſometimes indulge: 'Tis frequent, in Converſation, to ſay, of thoſe that are drown'd, That they are gone to the Bottom of the Sea; but, with due Deference to better Judges, I cannot conceive the Ocean to have any Bottom, except near the Shore. I have obſerved every ſingle Drop of Water to be an intire Globe; put another to it, they unite by Adheſion of Parts, like Quickſilver, to form a larger: Thus the tributary Streams pour in globulous Chryſolites, to form that wondrous Maſs of Waters, which we term the Ocean, and which, no Doubt, goes quite through the Center of the Earth, without any middle Way to ſtop it.

I know it may be here objected, that a Ship loſt on one Side ought, by this Rule, to riſe at the oppoſite Place: Not at all; the Preſſure of the Atmoſphere is every-where equal, nor is there any ſuch thing as up or down in Nature: As many Stars beſpread the Firmament beneath us, as above us: As Travellers, ſuch as have

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ſailed round the World, ſufficiently evidence; and did not the ſtrong Laws of Gravitation hold all in firm Union, the Sea, no Doubt, would tumble on our Heads.

Oh! thou rever'd Spirit of NEWTON, who couldſt take the Dimenſion of each Planet in our Solar Syſtem, and then demonſtrate to us,

How other Planets circle other Suns.

Giving us thereby the moſt auguſt View of that Being, who pour'd forth new Worlds to all Eternity, and peopled the Infinity of Space: If I have err'd, through Pride, in endeavouring to ſearch into the Secrets of Nature, wherein I may very poſſibly err; let thy honour'd Manes vouchſafe to ſet me right,

For I ſo much a Catholick will be,
As for this once, great Saint, to pray to thee. Cowley.

I think I have ſcarce ever read Two better Lines than Mr. POPE's Epitaph on

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on this Prince of Philoſophers, which, to prove my regard to him as a Poet, I will inſert:

Nature, and Nature's Laws, lay wrapt in Night,
GOD ſaid, Let *Newton* be, and all was Light!

His Inſcription on Sir *Godfrey Kneller*'s Monument is as remarkably bad as this is excellent:

* *Kneller* by Heav'n, and not a Maſter, taught,
Whoſe Art was Nature, and whoſe Pictures Thought,
When now two Ages he had ſnatch'd from Fate,
Whate'er was beauteous, and whate'er was great,
Reſts crown'd with Princes, Honours, Poets, Lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirſt of Praiſe,

* See *Weſtminſter-Abbey*.

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Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie,
Her Works, and dying, fears herſelf ſhall die.

And bad as it is, 'tis but a lean Tranſlation from the *Italian*, an enervate Language, well adapted to the ſoft Warblers of it, but incapable of manly Strength, Dignity, or Grace.

I always find in myſelf a ſtrong Inclination to Criticiſm, and, if I live to finiſh this Volume, I ſhall certainly indulge it: For my Part, let the World ſay what they pleaſe of Criticks, I eſteem them as very uſeful Members of the Commonwealth of Learning. Whatever is well written will ſtand the Teſt of ſtrict Examination, ay, and of Ridicule too; and when that is paſt, the Work appears like Gold from the Furnace, with ten-fold Luſtre: Therefore I fairly invite the whole Body of Criticks to canvas my Writings; if they point out an Error I ſhall eſteem them as Friends, and endeavour to amend: If they make an injudicious

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judicious Criticiſm, for ſome ſuch I have ſeen publiſh'd againſt me, they prove their own Ignorance, and cannot give me a greater Triumph: I only wiſh I may have a *Longinus*, not a *Zoilus*, to judge me.

Well now, Mrs. *Pilkington*, ſays, perhaps, my Reader, What, in the Name of Wonder have we to do with all this?

Why, truly, no more, I think, than with a Buff Jerkin, or mine Hoſteſs at *St. Albans*; but I am no Methodiſt either in Writing or Religion; ſometimes Irregularities pleaſe; ſhapeleſs Rock, or hanging Precipice, preſent to the poetick Imagination more inſpiring Dreams than could the fineſt Garden: Where

Grove nods at Grove, each Alley has a Brother,
And half the Platform juſt reflects the other.

I am, in ſhort, an Heteroclite, or irregular Verb, which can never be declined, or conjugated.

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But however, conſidering it was a Hiſtory of myſelf, I promiſed to the World, I now proceed in it thus:

Two very fine young Gentlemen, whom I did not know, came to buy ſome Prints, and obſerving a large Book in Manuſcript, open before me, one of them demanded, Was that my Account-Book? I aſſured the Gentlemen, my Revenue was eaſily caſt up, and that I was but a bad Arithmetician, though I frequently dealt in Figures and Numbers.

This Gentleman, whom I preſently after found was an Earl, by his Companions calling him by his Title, inſiſted on ſeeing the Subject of my Amuſement. This was the Firſt Volume of my Work, which when once he had began, he went quite through with, and gave it more Applauſe than ever an Author's dear Partiality to their own Offspring could poſſibly make me believe it deſerved.

However, his Lordſhip made a juſt Remark, That I was very fond of introducing

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ducing the Sun by way of Simile, in all my Poems, and ſaid, he had a Mind to cut it out where-ever he met it.

I told his Lordſhip, he would then leave my Book in the Land of Darkneſs, and the Shadow of Death.

The Earl then aſked me, if I intended to print it? I ſaid I would, if I could get Subſcribers to it, otherwiſe it muſt, like many other valuable things, be buried in Oblivion. He gave me a Subſcription, and, as it was Dinner-time, took his Leave, with a Promiſe of drinking Coffee with me the next Evening; when, as it was *Sunday*, I ſhould be diſengaged from Buſineſs; which Promiſe, however, he did not fulfil; and having vainly expected him till Eight, I then went up Stairs, to ſit with the Counteſs of *Yarmouth*'s Steward's Wife; and, on my Return, found my Shop broke open, and every Article of my Wearing Apparel taken away: This was a dreadful Mortification, and a ſad Loſs! All my Comfort was, that the Thieves had taken nothing but what belonged to me.

This

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This Robbery quite ruin'd me, as I was obliged to lay out my Money for Neceſſaries to appear decent; my Landlord ſeiz'd for a Quarter's Rent, though he was my Countryman, and profeſs'd great Friendſhip for me.

I was once more in doleful Plight; however, I got a ready-furniſh'd Lodging, juſt tolerable.

One Evening, when I came Home from a Friend's, my Landlady told me, there was a young Woman to viſit me, who wept ſadly that I was abroad. I aſk'd her what ſort of a Perſon ſhe was? She told me, ſhe thought ſhe greatly reſembled me, and that ſhe would be with me early in the Morning: Accordingly ſhe came, and I knew her, at firſt Sight, to be my Daughter: The Surprize made me faint away; not but I was very glad to ſee her, but Joy is overcoming as Grief; and when I conſider'd how little it was in my Power to help her, it quite ſunk my Spirits. She was in a Garb which beſpoke Poverty, and gave me

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a long Account of her Father's Inhumanity to her, and his youngeſt Son.

A few Days after her Arrival came the Son I have now with me, from on board a Privateer, as ragged as a Prodigal return'd from keeping Swine; but, poor Child, I wonder how he ſubſiſted at all, conſidering the Hardſhips he had ſuffer'd, and what to do with them both I could not tell: Mr. *Richardſon* * was ſo kind to give my Son a new Suit of Clothes, which put him in a Capacity of going amongſt my Friends, from whom I received a tranſient Relief.

At length the Girl, finding how Matters were, went to wait on a Lady, and Captain *Meade* took my Son with him on board a Man of War, with which a Number of Tranſports, and others, then went on a ſecret Expedition, but were prevented in their Deſign, by having their Intentions betray'd to the *French*.

Well, this was a little Reſpite to me: I heard *Worſdale* was in *London*, and wrote to him, but receiv'd no Anſwer; a Day

* Author of *Clariſſa*.

or

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or two after, as I was going through *Spring-Garden*, pretty early in the Morning, who ſhould I ſee but the very identical Man, ſtanding at a Coffee-Houſe Door!

I ſtop'd, and look'd at him, when he immediately recollected me, and ſeem'd over-joy'd to ſee me: He invited me to Breakfaſt, and told me, he was upon his Keeping; ſo that he had been obliged to quit a pretty ready-furniſh'd Houſe, he had in *Mount-Street*, *Berkley-Square*, and leave it to the Care of a Servant, to retire to this privileg'd Place.

After Breakfaſt he deſired I would write a Letter for him to the *Bavarian* Ambaſſador, and to two others, whom I have now forgot, to beg their Protection; which accordingly he obtain'd, though not directly. He made me dine with him, and promiſed to reward me when he ſhould be at Liberty to purſue his Work; and, in the mean time, he ſaid, I ſhould be welcome to his Houſe in *Mount-Street*; an Offer which I readily accepted,

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accepted, as well for the fine Air, as being Rent-free:

He allow'd me a Shilling a Day to live on, which I could very well do: But he came every Morning to know how much I had wrote. He would give me Fifteen Subjects at once, and expected I ſhould compoſe ſomething excellent on every one of them: In ſhort, there was no End to my Labour, nor any Relaxation from it, except ſometimes a kind of troubled Sleep; for, amongſt other Miſfortunes, I was not able to make my Bed, nor light the Fire; and the old Woman, his Houſe-keeper, proud, ignorant, and inſolent beyond Imagination, aſk'd me, Where the Devil I was bred, that I could not ſweep Rooms, light Fires, and make Beds, as well as other Servants; and that truly Mr. *Worſdale* was a Fool to hire me, who did nothing but write all Day long.

Though I conceiv'd a good deal of Indignation at being thought the Servant of a Colour-grinder's Son, yet I could not forbear

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forbear laughing at the Ideas of this good Creature.

Never did any Soul lead a more ſolitary Life than poor *Lætitia*; for *Worſdale* had poſitively order'd the old Woman not to let any human Creature come near me; and ſhe punctually obey'd him, more out of Malice than Integrity.

In this Sequeſtration from the World I wrote three Ballad Operas, one of them plan'd on the Story of the old Song, *A Pennyworth of Wit*; where I have ſo exalted the Wife over the Harlot, that at laſt, as *Worſdale* is a profeſt Libertine, I began to think it was quite neceſſary to apologize for his writing any thing to the Honour of Virtue, or expoſing of Vice; ſo I wrote the following Epilogue, to be ſpoke by a Woman:

EPILOGUE to *Virtue Triumphant.*

DUce on't, I wonder what the Author means,
To peſter thus the Stage with moral Scenes!

The

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The Fool! He ſent me hither to excuſe him;
Faith I'll be even with him, and abuſe him.
I hope he liſtens, while I ſpeak my Thoughts
And tell, what he muſt bear to hear, his Faults.
Firſt he endeavours, in a free-born Nation,
To bring the wearing Fetters into Faſhion,
Nor would have loving Couples go together,
Till they are yok'd by matrimonial tether.
Here he does plainly Liberty invade,
And is, beſides an Enemy to Trade:
Should his Advice be follow'd thro' the Land,
What muſt became of Drury, *and the* Strand?
In France, *when Age appears thro' Walls of Paint,*
Each batter'd Jade turns Devoté, or Saint;
And, when her Looks no longer Love inſpire,
Does wiſely to a Nunnery retire:

But

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But here ſhould pretty Females leave off
ſinning,
What muſt they do? betake themſelves to
Spinning!
Why, ſure, 'twou'd vex the Heart of Jew,
or Turk,
To ſee the pretty playful Creatures work.
Well, after all his railing thus at Harlots,
'Tis ſaid, he lik'd them once, by lying Var-
lets;
And that, unleſs he perfectly had known
'em,
He never cou'd ſo perfectly have ſhewn
'em.
But, Jeſts apart, the Poet bad me ſay,
He to the gen'rous Fair commends this
Play,
To ſhew their matchleſs Excellence deſign'd,
And cure the roving Madneſs of Mankind;
To ſhew the Fair, tho' Husbands may be
led
By artful Wiles, to ſtain the nuptial Bed;
Yet Virtue ſhall, at laſt, triumphant prove,
And Husbands bleſs the Joys of faithful
Love.

Studious

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Studious the Worthy and the Good to pleaſe,
If ſuch with Approbation crown his Lays,
Our happy Author ſeeks no other Praiſe.

I am ſorry I have not the Opera, but *Werſdale* was too cunning for me, and ſeiz'd it, Sheet by Sheet, as faſt as I wrote it: And having now Liberty, by means of the Protection, and a good deal of Work beſpoke in the City, he took a Floor near the *Royal-Exchange*, in a large old-faſhion'd Houſe, with very antique Furniture; and there he gave me a little Room to myſelf; but, as it was within ſide of his Painting-room, I was a Priſoner all the Morning, and might faſt and write till Three o'Clock in the Day; then I was called to Dinner, of Beef-ſteaks, or Mutton-chops, cook'd by himſelf: The manner of our eating I muſt deſcribe.

We had four Play-bills laid for a Table-cloth, Knives, Forks, or Plates, had we none; no matter for that——

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I had a Blade,
With which my tuneful Pens were made---
And, ſo to make my Dinner ſure,
I for a Fork employ'd a Skewer.

The Butter, when we had any, was depoſited in the cool and fragrant Receſs of an old Shoe, a Coffee-pot of mine ſerved for as many Uſes as ever *Scrub* had, for ſometimes it boil'd Coffee, ſometimes Tea, it brought ſmall Beer, ſtrong Beer, and I am more than half afraid it has been applied to leſs noble Uſes; but be that as it may, I've done the Man ſome Service, and he knows it—— No more of that.

He happened to paint, as he told me, the young Chevalier's Picture, at *Manchester*. As he went to *Richmond* he left all his Pictures in my Care, when, one Morning, a very beautiful young Lady, of about Sixteen, and her Brother, a fine young Gentleman, came to the Houſe; I was called down, and they walk'd up Stairs; when, after a little Heſitation, the

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the Lady aſk'd me, could ſhe ſee the Picture of the Highlander? I anſwered, yes, and brought it to her: She kiſs'd the Face, Feet, and every Bit of it; and judging from this that ſhe was a Roman Catholick, a Religion that **Patrick Sarſfield*'s Neice can never hate, let who will take Offence at it; for he was generous, noble, and humane; and, in God's Name, let every one of his Creatures be as upright and juſt as he, (and no Doubt but he will look down well pleas'd, and bleſs the fair Variety).

The young Lady repeated two Lines of a Poem of Lady *Mary Wortley Montague*, on ſeeing this Picture:

In ev'ry Linament of which we trace
The injur'd Saint, and Royal Martyr's Face.

Their Curioſity being ſatisfied, the Lady would have given me ſome Money: I told her, I was not a Servant, but that, as I lodged in the Houſe, Mr. *Worſdale* left the Pictures in my Care: Madam, ſays

* Lord *Lucan*, eldeſt Son to the Earl of *Kilmalock*.

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ſays ſhe, I beg Pardon; but how can I make you a Recompence for your Trouble? By giving me, Madam, the Remainder of the Poem: She repeated it; and, finding I had ſomething like Taſte, ſhe kindly embraced me, giving me a Direction where to wait on her; and we parted, I believe, delighted with each other; but I only ſpeak for myſelf.——

Worſdale came to Town, and called on this Lady, and Gentleman: They were ſo kind to praiſe me highly, and aſk him, who I was? He declared he did not know; he left, he ſaid, an old Chairwoman to look after his Houſe, perhaps it was ſhe.———

This Anſwer did not ſatisfy them, they were ſo unreaſonable as to inſiſt on it, that I was a Gentlewoman, that they knew it by my Speech, and Hands, by my refuſing Money, and begging Poetry: But *Worſdale* renounced me more heartily than ever he did the Devil, whoſe Servant he is.——

He came home very angry, abuſed me at an unmerciful rate, and told me, I ſhould

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ſhould not ſtay in his Houſe, to ſhew my Wit and Breeding, forſooth, when I had neither; and boaſt of my Family, when it would have been better for me to have been the Daughter of a Cobler. As this Fellow always boaſted of his being Sir *Godfrey Kneller*'s Baſtard, I could not avoid telling him, that ſome People were ſo fond of Family, that, to keep it up, they would prove themſelves Sons of Whores.

The Hour of my Deliverance, from this worſe than *Egyptian* Bondage, now approach'd; a young Woman, for whom I had wrote ſeveral Love-Letters to a Gentleman who had, it ſeems, kept her till he married, and then forſook her, as indeed he ought, found me out.

The Scheme was to perſuade him, that at the Time he diſmiſſed her, ſhe was with Child by him, though ſhe in Reality confeſt ſhe was never in that Circumſtance in her Life: But, Bite the Biter was fair enough; if he cheated her out of Innocence (a Loſs never to be retriev'd) I think ſhe had a juſt Title to ſome of his

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his Money, of which he had more than he knew how to uſe.

I was writing a melancholy Epiſtle for her, when in came *Worſdale*; he gave me a furious Look, and withered all my Strength before he ſpoke; then he went out of the Chamber, and ſent for me, demanding of me, whether I intended to neglect his Buſineſs, and turn Secretary for the Whores. I was really ſurpriſed, that he of all Men, ſhould fall ſo hard on kind Females; and as their Money was honeſtly earn'd by me, and they are generally liberal, I never thought I did any thing amiſs, in helping them out with a ſoft Epiſtle: He ſtorm'd at me, ſhe heard him, and finding his Wrath was raiſed on her Account, was very much troubled, and ſlipping a Guinea into my Hand ſoftly, whiſpered me to come to her Houſe in *Golden-ſquare*, and ſhe would make me full amends for my Vexation.——Of all Men I ever ſaw, *W*——*e* has the ſtrongeſt Appearance of Charity and Compaſſion, and the leaſt of it in reality. He would take any curious

Artiſt

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Artiſt out of trouble, provided their Work, which he appropriated to himſelf, would yield him ten-fold Intereſt. Love, Favour, or even common Decency, no Perſon ever met with from him, except on terms of becoming his Slave. I have often reflected with Wonder, on the vaſt Propenſity that appears in Perſons of Quality, to provide for the ſpurious Offſpring of Beggars, Vagrants, &c. by depriving themſelves of the Enjoyments of Life, to amaſs vaſt Treaſure, and when that tremendous Hour arrives, in which all earthly Glories, Honours, Wealth, and Titles, cannot give a Moment's Eaſe, or prolong frail Life, the Queſtion is, "How ſhall I diſpoſe of this, to appeaſe "that God, at whoſe Tribunal I expect "ſhortly to appear? Oh! I'll leave it all "to the Poor."--- As if the Omnipotent could not ſee through the ſhallow Device, or that his eternal Kingdom was to be purchaſed with their Leavings.

I have obſerved, that moſt of thoſe, who have choſen to be publick ſpirited after their Death, have in their Life-

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time been meer unhoſpitable narrow hearted Souls; and if a Perſon of Birth and polite Education, had by any Misfortune fallen into Diſtreſs, and made an Application to them, ſuch would not fail of meeting with an Affront, and having their Letter ſent back open, with the Civil Meſſage, that truly my Lord or my Lady did not know any Thing of it, and had Dependants enough of their own to provide for.

And pray now let us enquire, who are theſe Poor, that the publick and private are eternally providing for; are there not Collections daily in Churches, beſides the vaſt Legacies left to Pariſhes, Hoſpitals, &c. and yet to Appearance no Soul the better.

Are not the Streets infeſted with Beggars of all Denominations? and in the Houſes, Objects that would raiſe Compaſſion in any humane, well-judging Perſon?

Here we ſhall find a poor Wretch, for a few Shillings a Week, ſlaving to ſupport a Wife and Children, and perhaps at

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at the End of the Quarter, is ſtripped by a cruel Landlord, and torn relentleſly from the Relief of his Family, while they are expoſed to the ſharpeſt Pangs of Want, Cold and Nakedneſs.

And where ſhall they apply for Relief? if to the Pariſh, perhaps they may obtain a few Half-penee, but no real Succour.

If to a beneficent Lady, who diſtinguiſhes herſelf, by giving a Gown once in the Year to ſome particular old Beggar Women, and Six-pence a Week for their Support, to give them a Taſte of Life, (as the ſame Woman muſt not expect to be ſerv'd two Years ſucceſſively). Why, truly my Lady *Bountifull* is not at home, or the Servant durſt not carry up any Letter or Petitions: So the poor Sufferer may return, loaden with Poverty, and ſwollen with Sorrow.

And yet this Lady expects to be almoſt deified for her Munificence, and Patriotiſm; ſhe laid out her Money on a Houſe, not to ſatisfy her Vanity, but to employ her diſtreſſed Countrymen;

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ſhe never ſaw the Naked, but ſhe cloath
ed them; nor the Sick, but ſhe viſite
them; nor the Hungry or Thirſty but ſh
relieved them, whilſt the Rich ſhe ſe
empty away. In which charitable Op
nion of her own Virtues, ſhe expects t
go directly to Heaven; but now hear th
Opinion of Impartiality.

Indeed ſhe never ſaw her Fellow Crea
tures in Diſtreſs, but ſhe being of a com
paſſionate Temper, found it neceſſary fo
her own Quiet, to relieve them; there
fore, ſhe always choſe a back Room t
ſit in, that ſhe might not view ſuch di
agreeable Objects; and in order to ſav
her Money for ſome great laſt Stroke
if Perſons of Rank dine or ſup with he
they muſt take ſuch as the Houſe affords
by which Means the Rich are always ſe
empty away.

If no body knows this Picture, with
out writing the Name under it, I wi
confeſs myſelf to be as bad a Painter a
W———*e*.

Dean SWIFT's excellent Scheme fo
building an Hoſpital for Lunaticks an
Idiot

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Idiots, was of a different Caſt from thoſe of moſt other Men, as it was not a Matter utter'd with his laſt Breath, but ſtudied, calculated, and determined for many Years before, as the following Lines in his Elegy on his own Death ſufficiently evince.

He left the little Wealth he had,
To build a Houſe, for Fools and Mad:
And ſhew'd by one Satyrick Touch,
No Nation wanted it ſo much.

And according to his uſual Wiſdom, he committed the Regulation of it to Gentlemen of real Worth, Honour, and Probity, in which, would others follow ſo great, ſo laudable an Example, perhaps the many Sums that were deſigned for good * Uſes, but are now appropriated to the purchaſing Eſtates, and ſplendid Equipages for ſome particular People, might have the wiſh'd Effect of being a univerſal Benefit.

* Mem. The Work-Houſe in *Dublin*.

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The *Dean* could not abide the thoughe of being like other Mortals, forgot a ſoon as his venerable Duſt was convey'd to the Earth; and therefore he alway endeavour'd to render himſelf worthy o a grateful Remembrance in the Hearts o the People; yet how true are his own Lines!

And now the Dean no more is miſs'd,
Than if he never did exiſt;
Except amongſt old-faſhioned Folks,
Who now and then repeat his Jokes.

A remarkable Inſtance of his whimſica Diſpoſition, which I omitted in my firſt Volume, as I find

His ſacred Name remains ſtill dear,
To every juſt Hibernian Ear;

I will here inſert, and muſt ſay, 'tis with infinite Pleaſure, I find that my weak Attempts to delineate his inimitable Character, have met with ſuch unhoped Approbation, both here and in *England*

no

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not so much for the Vanity of an Author, as the Pleasure I feel at seeing so vast a Respect paid to his Memory.

I believe the *Dean* on his first coming to *Ireland*, was very melancholy, and indeed it was not to be wonder'd at, as he was then separated from those whom he lov'd, Mr. *Pope*, Lord *Bolingbroke*, &c. and in one of his Poems, he seems to despair of meeting with Friendship in a strange Country, or that,

Not a Judas could be found,
To sell him for three Hundred Pound.

I one Day ask'd him how he came to write that Poem; he told me he had three Times like to have been hang'd, "and, Pox take me, said he, but I be- "lieve the People thought I could bring "the Pretender in my Hand, and place "him on the Throne."

I remember a worthy Gentleman, who had the Honour of his Acquaintance, told me, that the Dean and some other Per- sons of Taste, whom I do not now re-

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collect, came to a Reſolution to have a Feaſt once a Year, in imitation of the *Saturnalia*, which, in heathen *Rome*, was held about the Time we keep our *Chriſtmas*, whereat the Servants perſonated their Maſters, and the Maſters waited as Servants.

The firſt Time they put this Scheme in Practice, was at the Deanery Houſe. When all the Servants were ſeated, and every Gentleman placed behind his own Man, the Dean's Servant took an Opportunity of finding Fault with ſome Meat that was not done to his Taſte, and taking it up in his Hand, he threw it in his Maſter's Face, and mimick'd him in every other Foible which he had ever diſcover'd in him.

At this the Dean flew in a violent Rage, beat the Fellow, and put every Thing into ſuch Diſorder, that the Servants affrighted, fled the Room; and here ended the Feaſt of *Saturnalia*.

Stella, * whom he has ſo beautifully praiſed through his Writings, was actually

* Mrs. *Johnſon*, ſaid to be his own Siſter.

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ally his Wife, though they never, I am convinced, taſted even the chaſte Joys which Hymen allows.

It is certain, they retain'd for each other, a moſt tender Love; and though they did not indulge the Deſires of the Body, yet their Souls were united by the ſtricteſt Bonds of divine and ſocial Harmony.

He, in the latter Part of his Life, offered to acknowledge her as the Partner of his Heart; but ſhe wiſely declin'd it; knowing that while ſhe continued only as a Viſitor, he would treat her with Reſpect; which would ceaſe, as his Temper was unpaſſive, if ſhe lived intirely with him; and every Fault of his Servants would be attributed to her. I am certain he muſt have tenderly loved that Lady; as I have been a Witneſs, that the bare mention of her Name has drawn Tears from him, which it was not eaſy to effect.

I remember he ſent for me one Morning very early, to Breakfaſt; and as I always drank Tea or Coffee, I expected

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to have found one of theſe ready; but after he had detained me two Hours, diſcourſing on his Houſhold Oeconomy, and other Matters, amongſt which one was, that a Piece of his Garden Wall had fallen down; and "ſo ſaid he," "one of my Fellows forſooth, muſt "needs get a Trowel and Mortar, and "undertake to mend the Breach.

"I happened, continued the Dean, "to ſpy him out of my Window at "this Employment, and call'd to him "to know why he did that? he told me "he had been bred a Bricklayer, and "that his doing it, would ſave me Mo-"ney; ſo I let him finiſh it, which he "did very compleatly in about an Hour's "time. I gave him a Moidore; and "Pox take me, but the Fellow inſtead "of going as he ought, to the Alehouſe "or a Whore, went and bought Silver "Buckles, and is grown very proud "upon it."

I think, Sir, ſaid I, the Man made a good Hour's Work of it.

"Come

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" Come ſaid he, ſhall we go to Break-
" faſt, I know you were once *Bermudas*
" mad; now I'll give you ſome of that
" Country Cheer; *open* that Drawer and
" reach me a flat Bottle you'll find there."
I ran to obey him, and as the Drawer was low, kneeled down to it.

I no ſooner attempted to unlock the Drawer, but he flew at me and beat me moſt immoderately; I again made an Effort, and ſtill he beat me, crying, " Pox take you, *open* the Drawer." I once more tried, and he ſtruck me ſo hard, that I burſt into Tears, and ſaid, Lord, Sir, what muſt I do?

Pox take you for a Slut, ſaid he, " would you ſpoil my Lock, and break " my Key?" Why, Sir the Drawer is lock'd. " Oh! I beg Pardon, ſaid he, " I thought you were going to pull it " out by the Key; well, open it and do " what I bid you."

I did ſo, and found the Bottle. " Now " ſaid he," " you muſt know I always " breakfaſt between my own Houſe and " the Church, and I carry my Proviſion

" in

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" in my Pocket," upon this he pulled out a Piece of Gingerbread, and offered me ſome.

As I was terribly afflicted with the Heart-burn, the very thoughts of any thing ſo dry, made me ten times worſe, which I told him, and begged he would excuſe me. He poſitively inſiſted on my eating a Piece of it, which I was, on Penalty of another Beating, obliged to comply with.

" Now, ſaid he, you muſt take a Sup " out of my Bottle." I juſt held it to my Mouth, and found it ſo ſtrong, that I intreated he would not aſk me to taſte it: He endeavoured to perſuade me; but finding that would not avail, he threw me down, forced the Bottle into my Mouth, and pour'd ſome of the Liquor down my Throat, which I thought would have ſet my very Stomach on Fire. He then gravely went to Prayers, and I returned home, not greatly delighted, but, however, glad to come off no worſe. I went the enſuing Evening to pay a Viſit to my Kinſman Doctor *S——ge*, then

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then lately conſecrated Lord B——p of * * * *. This Gentleman, and his Family, were extremely fond of my Father, and always pleaſed when I did myſelf the Honour to call on them; and received me with that Eaſe and Politeneſs, peculiar to well bred People. I congratulated the Biſhop on his Preferment: He modeſtly told me, that his Honours did not ſit eaſy on him, and that he would willingly diſpence with his Friends not ſaluting him by his Title of Lord, as it always made him uneaſy. He then aſked me, as he ſaw my Father's Chariot at the Door, where I intended to go? I told him, to the Dean. Well, ſaid he, I beg you'll give my Compliments to him, and tell him, That, as 'tis to his Recommendation I owe my preſent Happineſs, I am ſurpriſed I never had the Pleaſure of ſeeing him ſince he conferred ſo great a Favouron me: While I was plain Doctor *S--ge*, continued he, the Dean uſed to ſend his Wine and Bread before him, and frequently take a Dinner with me; but now, I believe, he is aſham'd

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aſham'd to own me: Pray ſpeak to him, and let me know his Anſwer. I promiſed I would, and then departed.

I found the Dean at home, and alone, which gave me an immediate Opportunity of delivering the B———p's Meſſage. He liſten'd to me very attentively, and then ſaid, "Oh, I remember ſome-"thing of it: L——d *C*———*t* ap-"plied to me for a Perſon to make a "Biſhop of, whom I knew was not an "honeſt Man; and, as I wanted the "Living of *W*——*b*'s, for *D*———*y*, "I recommended *S*———*ge* to the "Biſhoprick, with an Aſſurance, that he "would anſwer his Excellency's Pur-"poſe; and Pox take me if I ever "thought him worth my Contempt, till "I had made a Biſhop of him."

The Dean then told me, that as he had no Company, and did not know how to diſpoſe of his time, I ſhould have the Honour to ſup with him; and, ſaid he, I will give you a moſt kingly Entertainment.

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I accordingly waited, in Expectation of ſome extraordinary Repaſt, till about Nine o'Clock, in which Interval, my Readers may be aſſured, I wanted not Amuſements for the Mind: However, at length, the Cloth was laid on a ſmall Table, and, to my great Surprize, the Servant brought up four blue Eggs, on a China Plate: "Here, Huſſey, ſaid he, "is a Plover's Egg; King *William* uſed "to give Crowns apiece for them, and "thought it Prophanation in a Subject "to eat one of them; as he was, amongſt "his other immortal Perfections, an "Epicure, a Glutton, and a———— "Hold, ſaid he, I had like to have "ſpoken Treaſon: But how do you like "the Eggs?" Sir, I have eat none yet. "Well, eat like a Monarch then, and "tell me your Opinion." I did eat, and told him, I had not that elevated Notion of his Banquet, which he might poſſibly have, from ſo great a Precedent. "Well, "ſaid he, theſe Eggs coſt me Six-pence "apiece, which is a little extravagant; "conſidering a Herring will coſt but a "Half-

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" Halfpenny; but I never exceed two;
" and this is the only Article in which I
" am luxurious."

I muſt here again apologize to my Reader for my frequent Digreſſions, in which, however, 'tis poſſible, they will find more Entertainment than a ſimple Narrative will afford.

I believe there never was any Set of People ſo happy in ſincere and uninterrupted Friendſhip, as the Dean, Doctor *Delany*, Mr. *Pilkington*, and myſelf; nor can I reflect, at this Hour, on any thing with more Pleaſure, than thoſe happy Moments we have enjoyed! 'Tis for this Reaſon I am fond of mentioning Matters, which bring the pleaſing Ideas to my Mind. I have obſerved, that the Scent of a Flower, or the Tune of a Song, always conveys to Remembrance the exact Image of the Place in which they were firſt noticed. Well, therefore, in the Relation of a Story, where one Circumſtance inſenſibly brings on another, may a Writer, who ſcorns to deal in Romance, be led, like me, to digreſs.

Mrs.

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Mrs. *Barber*, whoſe Name, at her earneſt Requeſt, I omitted in my firſt Volume, and who was the Lady I mentioned to have been with me, at my firſt Interview with the Dean at Dr. *Delany*'s Seat, was at this time writing a Volume of Poems, ſome of which I fanſy might, at this Day, be ſeen in the Cheeſemongers, Chandlers, Paſtry-cooks, and Second-hand Book-ſellers Shops: However, dull as they were, they certainly would have been much worſe, but that Doctor *Delany* frequently held what he called a *Senatus Conſultum*, to correct theſe undigeſted Materials; at which were preſent ſometimes the Dean, (in the Chair) but always Mrs. *Grierſon*, Mr. *Pilkington*, the Doctor, and myſelf. One Day that he had appointed for this Purpoſe, we received from him the following Lines, which, as they contain a Compliment to me, from ſo eminent a Hand, I muſt inſert: Take notice, that as we were both diminutive in Size, Mr. *Pilkington* was ſtiled *Thomas Thumb*, and I his Lady fair:

Mighty

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Mighty *Thomas*, a ſolemn *Senatus* I call,
To conſult for *Saphira*, ſo come one and all;
Quit Books, and quit Buſineſs, your Cure and your Care,
For a long winding Walk, and a ſhort Bill of Fare.
I've Mutton for you, Sir; and as for the Ladies,
As Friend *Virgil* has it, I've *Aliud Mercedes*;
For *Letty*, one Filbert, whereon to regale,
And a Peach for * pale *Conſtance*, to make a full Meal;
And for your cruel Part †, who take Pleaſure in Blood,
I have that of the Grape, which is ten times as good:
Flow Wit to her Honour, flow Wine to her Health,
High rais'd be her Worth, above Titles or Wealth.

* Mrs. *Grierſon*.

† My Mother, who uſed to argue with the Doctor about his Declamations againſt eating Blood.

We

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We obeyed the Summons, and had a very elegant Entertainment; and afterwards proceeded to our Buſineſs, which we completed, to the Satisfaction of all Parties.

Of all the Gentlemen I ever knew, this I muſt ſay, that Doctor *Delany* excels in one Point particularly; which is, in giving an elegant Entertainment, with Eaſe, Chearfulneſs, and an Hoſpitality, which makes the Company happy.

Lord *Carteret*, in his Lieutenancy, being very fond of this Gentleman, who is indeed worthy of univerſal Eſteem, came one Day, quite unattended, and told the Doctor he was come to dine with him. He thank'd his Excellency for the Honour he confer'd on him, and invited him to walk into his (beautiful) Gardens; which his Excellency did, with great good Humour. They took a Turn or two, when the Servant came to inform them, that Dinner was on the Table. The Doctor had generally ſomething nice, in the Seaſon, for himſelf and his Mother, to whom he behaved with true filial Tenderneſs and

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and Reſpect; for which, no Doubt, his Days will be long in the Land, which the Lord hath given him.

The Doctor made the old Lady do the Honours of his Table; for which, nor for the Entertainment, he never made the leaſt Apology, but told his Lordſhip, that

To Stomachs cloy'd with coſtly Fare,
Simplicity alone was rare.

This Demeanor of his was infinitely agreeable to Lord *C*———*t*, who, tho' a Courtier, hated Ceremony when he ſought Pleaſure, which is indeed inconſiſtent with it. And what Reſpect ſoever our Nobility may think is owing to the *French* Mode of cringing and complimenting, I muſt confeſs I never ſee it practiſed, without a peculiar Pain, which I can compare to nothing but the Apprehenſions I am under at the Sight of Tumblers, Rope-dancers, *&c.* ſuch as, I believe, all rational Creatures ſhare, at ſeeing Men deform their Viſages by a thouſand

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thouſand aukward Grimaces, and their Bodies like jointed Babies, only becauſe it is Alamode Francoiſe: Neither do we often ſee any but the moſt illiterate Coxcombs practiſe it.

His Excellency, after the Cloth was taken away and the Bottle introduced, (when conſequently, the Lady departed) told the Doctor, " that he always be-
" lieved him a moſt well-bred Gentle-
" man, but never had ſo clear a Demon-
" ſtration of it, as he had this Day ſeen.
" Others, ſaid he, whom I have tried
" the ſame Experiment on, have met me
" in as much Confuſion as if I came to
" arreſt them for High-Treaſon; nay,
" they would not give me a Moment of
" their Converſation; which, and not
" their Dinner, I ſought, but hurry from
" me; and then, if I had any Appetite,
" deprive me of it by their fulſome Apo-
" logies for Defects. This, ſaid his Ex-
" cellency, is like a Story I heard the Dean
" tell of a Lady, who had given him
" an Invitation to Dinner: As ſhe heard
" he was not eaſily pleaſed, ſhe had ta-
" ken

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" ken a Month to provide for it. When " the Time came, every Delicacy which " could be purchaſed, the Lady had " prepared, even to Profuſion, (which " you know *Swift* hated.) However, " the Dean was ſcarce ſeated, when ſhe " began to make a ceremonious Ha- " rangue; in which ſhe told him, that " ſhe was ſincerely ſorry ſhe had not a " more tolerable Dinner, ſince ſhe was " apprehenſive there was not any thing " there fit for him to eat; in ſhort, that " it was a bad Dinner: *Pox take you for* " *a B*——, ſaid the Dean, *why did you* " *not get a better? Sure you had Time* " *enough! but ſince you ſay it is ſo bad,* " *I'll e'en go Home and eat a Herring.* " Accordingly he departed, and left her " juſtly confuſed at her Folly, which had " ſpoilt all the Pains and Expence ſhe " had been at."

And here, if it will not be thought impertinent in me, to intrude into ſuch Company, I alſo have a Story, which I ſomewhere heard, not unapplicable to the above.

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A certain *Engliſh* Nobleman, who had the Honour to be ſent Embaſſador to *France*, was ſaid to be one of the moſt polite accompliſhed fine Gentlemen in *Europe*. This reached the Ears of the *French* King, who thought ſuch a Character due to none but himſelf; but as every thing is proved by Trial, his Majeſty took this Method of informing his Curioſity. One Morning that the Ambaſſador had a private Audience, the King told him he ſhould be glad of his Excellency's Company, to take an airing with him; the Ambaſſador did not heſitate on accepting the Offer; but told his Majeſty, he was ready to wait on him; the King's Chariot was at the Door, which he very careleſsly deſired the Nobleman to ſtep into: *No, Sir*, replied the Ambaſſador, *not before your Majeſty*; at which the King burſt out a Laughing, and ſaid, "No, "no, my Lord, you are not the beſt "bred Man in the World; otherwiſe "you would have done what I deſired, "ſince you might well know, that if it "was not agreeable to me, I ſhould ne-

"ver

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"ver have paid you the Compli-
"ment."

And indeed I have heard thoſe who ought to be the beſt Judges of Manners, declare, that in Company with Superiors, to act implicitly according to their Directions, is the moſt effectual Method of being always acceptable; which leads me to another little Circumſtance related by Mrs. *Percival*.

This Lady, with a Company of very agreeable Perſons, reſolved in the Summer-time to take a Trip to the *Hague*; they accordingly ſet out, and landed at ſome Place in *Holland*, the Name of which I have now forgot: However, on their firſt Day's Journey, they ſtopp'd at an Inn to dine, and enquired what they could have to eat; they were told there was nothing in the Houſe but a Neck of Veal; which, tho' inſufficient, they deſired to be dreſſed, as there was not an Inn for ſome Miles forward; therefore they made it up with ſome of their Sea Proviſions, which the Servants had fortunately brought in. After Dinner they called

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called a Bill, and amongſt other Articles of Extortion, they were charged for Meat One Pound Four Shillings, which was ſo palpable an Impoſition, that tho' each of the Company had Fortune and Liberality enough, yet they called for the Man, and told him they abſolutely would not pay ſo extravagant a Price; ſooner than which, as they came meerly for Pleaſure, they would ſtay a Month and ſpend a hundred Pounds a Piece in Law; the Booriſh Fellow told them that it was the common Price in this Place; which if they doubted, he was willing to appeal to the Magiſtrate. This they readily agreed to, and were all preparing for a ſerious Trial of the Matter, when Minheer told them, in an ironical Tone, that he was himſelf the Ruling-Officer and Diſpenſer of Law and Juſtice in that Place. Finding this to be the Fact, and that the Defendant muſt be the Judge in this Cauſe, the Plaintiffs thought proper to ſubmit, and pay'd him.

If the Reader thinks this little Narrative is not quite in Point; which, now it is related, I begin to find out myſelf,

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he may blot it out of his Book if he pleaſes, but he ſhall not blot it out of my Manuſcript, for that would be to deprive me of a Page, that is worth a Crown to me: Nay, and as it is *Truth*, who knows but it may prove worth two Crowns to the Reader, if he ſhould happen to make the ſame Tour.

My dear Mr. *Cibber*, to whom, for his Amuſement, I uſed to relate ſuch little Incidents, would frequently admire what a Fund of Matter for Entertainment my Brain contained, and he bad me write it all; ſince, if it pleaſed him, it might poſſibly have the ſame Effect on others. This Gentleman's frequent Converſation with the Great, gave him a better Opportunity of knowing their Diſpoſition (as he had infinite Penetration) than moſt others: In Conſequence of which, he adviſed me, when I ever had Occaſion to ſollicit a Favour from any Perſons of Diſtinction, to take Care to Time it properly; for Inſtance, ſaid he, "Never write to him or her, of a dark foggy froſty Morning; particularly before Breakfaſt, at which Time it is Ten

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to One, they are out of Temper; nor though you ſend at any Time, and even received an unmannerly Anſwer, do not let a raſh Pride drive you to return the Affront, ſince it is impoſſible for you to know what at that Inſtant had chagrin'd their Temper. He who will not be your Friend at one Time, may at another; and tho' you never can bring him to do you any Service, yet do not provoke him to be your Enemy; a Man may have had ill Succeſs at Play, miſſed an Appointment with a fine Woman, or twenty ſuch Accidents; which may for the preſent ſour his Diſpoſition; whereas if you continue your Aſſiduities, in Proceſs of Time he might do you more Service than you could hope. Theſe are Truths which I have ſince experienced, and I ſhould be wanting in Gratitude as well as Sincerity, if I did not make it publick. Here follows an Inſtance.

Nicholas Loſtus Hume, Eſq; whom I mentioned in my ſecond Volume, that came to ſee me in *London*, but declined ſubſcribing to me, becauſe he was going to the Duke of *Dorſet*'s to Dinner, has

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ſince my being in this Kingdom, been kind enough to ſend me Five Guineas as a Subſcription; for which I reſt his moſt obliged Servant.

I remark'd to Mr. *Cibber*, upon this Converſation, that though the *Engliſh* Nobility were outdone by none in Muniſicence and Liberality; yet I could by no Means conceive, that their Buildings were the leaſt expreſſive of it; ſince there was ſcarcely one fine Houſe in *London*, which was not obſcured by a monſtrous high Wall, that intirely intercepted the Proſpect, and took much from the Magnificence the Streets might poſſibly have. He told me, it was the Method in *Italy*, from whence our Peers, and others, tranſplanted it as a great Beauty, becauſe the Surpriſe has a vaſt Effect. Sir, ſaid I, in *Italy* thoſe Walls are requiſite, to keep off the extreme Heat of the Sun; and if poſſible to ſhut out the Eye of God from their abominable Pollutions; but as we enjoy a mild and temperate Region, and are I hope, untainted with their beaſtly Vices, I ſee no Reaſon for our Peers to affect it; there is beſides, generally at

theſe

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theſe Gates, a moſt avaricious Cerberus, who, ſhould a Stranger happen to ſtand and gaze at any occaſion of the Gates being opened, would very judiciouſly ſlap it in their Faces, as if our Eyes, like the Sphynx of *Egypt*, could penetrate Stone Walls. If you have the ſmalleſt Suit to make to his Maſter, the Fellow will be as dull of Apprehenſion as the Mock Doctor, till you tip him the Symptoms; which when you have given him, he prevails on the Valet to deliver it, which muſt alſo be accompanied by a Daub in the Fiſt. I have computed the Expence of Writing to a Great Man, as under,

	£.	S.	D.
For Pen, Ink, and Paper,	0	0	1½
For a Perſon to find when his Lordſhip is at Home,	0	1	0
To the Porter,	0	10	6
To the Valet,	1	1	0
To the Footman, who brings the Anſwer,	0	5	0
The amount of which is,	1	17	7½

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These Observations I thought proper to communicate, as I am persuaded some of the Nobility of *England*, will be curious enough to read this Work, and I do assure them, nothing so much dims their Lustre, as the Arrogance and Penury of their Vassals; which, when they know, perhaps they may reclaim. Dean *Swift* discharged a Servant only for rejecting the Petition of a poor old Woman; she was very ancient, and on a cold Morning, sat at the Deanery Steps a considerable Time, during which the Dean saw her through a Window, and no doubt commiserated her desolate Condition. His Footman happened to come to the Door, and the poor Creature besought him in a piteous Tone, to give that Paper to his Reverence. The Servant read it, and told her with infinite Scorn, his Master had something else to mind than her Petition. "What's that "you say, Fellow, said the Dean, look-'ing out at the Window, come up here.'

The

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The Man trembling obey'd him: he alſo deſired the poor Woman to come before him, made her ſit down, and ordered her ſome Bread and Wine; after which he turned to the Man, and ſaid, "At what "time, Sir, did I order you to open "a Paper directed to me? or to refuſe "a Letter from any one? Hark ye, "Sirrah, you have been admoniſh'd by "me for Drunkenneſs, idling, and other "Faults, but ſince I have diſcovered "your inhuman Diſpoſition, I muſt diſ-"miſs you from my Service: So pull "off my Cloaths, take your Wages, "and let me hear no more of you."---- The Fellow did ſo, and having vainly ſollicited a Diſcharge, was compelled to go to Sea, where he continued five Years; at the end of which time, finding that Life far different from the Eaſe and Luxury of his former Occupation, he returned, and humbly confeſſing, in a Petition to the Dean, his former manifold Crimes; he aſſured him of his ſincere Reformation, which the Dangers he had

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undergone at Sea, had happily wrought, and begg'd the Dean would give him ſome Sort of Diſcharge, ſince the Honour of having liv'd with him, would certainly procure him a Place. Accordingly, the Dean call'd for Pen, Ink and Paper, and gave him a Diſmiſſion, with which, and no other Fortune, he ſet out for London.

Among others he applied to me, who had known him at his late Maſter's, and produc'd his Certificate; which for its Singularity, I tranſcribed, and believe it may not be diſpleaſing to the Reader.

"Whereas the Bearer ——— ſerv'd "me the Space of one Year, during "which time he was an Idler and a Drun-"kard, I then diſcharged him as ſuch; but "how far his having been five Years at "Sea, may have mended his Manners, I "leave to the Penetration of thoſe who "may hereafter chuſe to employ him."

J. SWIFT.

Deanery-Houſe,
Jan. 9th, 1739.

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I adviſed him to go to Mr. *Pope*, who, on ſeeing the Dean's Hand-writing, which he well knew, told the Man, if he could produce any credible Perſon, who would atteſt, that he was the Servant that the Dean meant, he would hire him. On this Occaſion he applied to me, and I gave him a Letter to Mr. *Pope*, aſſuring him, that I knew the Man to have been Footman to the Dean. Upon this Mr. *Pope* took him into his Service, in which he continued till the Death of his Maſter.

'Tis now, I think, full time for me to take up my Clue, and go on with my Memoirs; previous to which it is, however, I think, it incumbent on me, to intreat my Readers Forgiveneſs for my ſo frequently mentioning, in the Proſecution of my Story, a Perſon ſo contemptible, ſo unworthy even of Satire, as one *Worſdale*, a Painter; yet thoſe who examine theſe Writings will find, that he is ſo unluckily interwoven in my Hiſtory, that it is as impoſſible for me to eradicate him, as it was for Jack, in the Tale of

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a Tub, to ſtrip his Coat of its Foppe-ries, without viſibly defacing the whole.

Worſdale went abroad, and I took an Opportunity to make my Eſcape, to viſit Mr. *Cibber*, and met, according to Cuſtom, a very kind Reception: For his Friendſhip to me was inviolable. He was writing the *Character and Conduct of* CICERO conſider'd; and did me the Honour to read it to me: I was infinitely pleaſed to find, by the many lively Sallies of Wit in it, that the good Gentleman's Spirits were undepreſs'd with Years; —Long may they continue ſo. This gave me an Opportunity of writing a Poem to him, which *W——e* had the Confidence to aſk from me; but I did not chuſe to compliment him with it: [The Editor has applied to Mr. *Cibber* for a Copy of this Poem, but he having diſpoſed of them all, we are obliged to omit it].

Mr. *Cibber* was exceeding well pleas'd when I waited on him with it, and ſaid, he would give it a Place, but that it wanted Correction, which he promiſed to beſtow on it: This I readily agreed to, being

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being convinced his Judgment far surpaſſed mine.

I waited on him next Morning, and found he had greatly improved my Work: I thank'd him for his obliging Pains, but remarked his Modeſty in having ſtruck out ſome Lines, in which he was moſt praiſed.

Well, Madam, ſaid he, there are two Guineas for your Flattery, and one more for the Liberty I took. I bleſſed my Benefactor ſincerely, from my Soul; he ſmiled benevolent: "Come, ſaid he, I "have more good News for you; Mr. "*Stanhope* alter'd a Line, for which he "deſires you will accept of a Guinea: "Mr. *Hervey* alſo pays you the ſame "Compliment, for changing one Mo-"noſyllable for another:" To ſay the Truth, I only wiſhed every Gentleman at *White*'s had, on the ſame Terms, taken the ſame Liberty, till my Work, like Admiral *Drake*'s Ship, had been ſo often mended, that not a Bit of the original Stuff it was compos'd of, ſhould remain; for

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Here, in nice Balance, Truth with Gold
she weighs,
And solid Pudding, against empty Praise.

I could do no more than (after some joyful Tears) to assure Mr. *Cibber*, that neither his own Favours to me, nor those he had sollicited for me, should ever be forgot, while this poor Machine of mine had any Existence.

Surely I hope we shall know our Friends after Death, that we may hold sweet Communion with them; and

——*Quaff Immortality.* Milton.

If, in the melancholy Shades below,
The Flames of Friends or Lovers cease
to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last, mine unde-
cay'd,
Burn on thro' Death, and animate my
Shade. *Homer*'s Odyssey.

What strange things are thought; and Reflections, how do they wander? Who but

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but the Almighty can account for them? I went, when in *London*, to be electrified, when finding the Motion given to a glaſs Globe not only made Sparks of Fire come out of my Arm, but alſo ſet a Bowl of Sand under it a boiling, I could not help thinking, that the Earth revolving each Day on its own Axis, muſt of courſe take Fire, as I have ſeen a Chariot-wheel do: Our Globe may then become a Comet, and the Inhabitants of others gaze on it with Surprize and Admiration. I think no Philoſopher has yet been able to tell us, by all their mathematical Rules, what Comets are. I have been told many Stars, which once adorn'd the blue etherial Space, have diſappear'd; Worlds perhaps loſt in a Conflagration, which no more fill the wide Expanſe.

But how I ramble out of my Sphere, in a vain Attempt to ſoar above it,

For while this muddy Veſture of Decay,
Doth groſly cloſe me in, I cannot do it.

Milton.

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I long to liſten to the young ey'd Cherubims, and am weary of the World; but what of that, I gave not Life to myſelf, nor dare I attempt to abridge it.

Reader, excuſe me; if you are a Man of Senſe I am certain you will, and from the Ladies I yet hope Compaſſion; tho' rarely met with from one Woman to another.

Had I ſtray'd from the Paths of Virtue, when turn'd out deſolate to the wide World, forſaken by all my once dear ſeeming Friends, and tender Relatives, I might at leaſt have hoped for Pity, and given Neceſſity as a Plea for Error: This has made me ſo circumſtantial in every Particular of my nine Years living in *London*, where I am certain I have many Friends, and thoſe ſuch as would be an Honour to any Perſon to gain. And I really was

Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their Train. *Pope.*

My dear and honour'd Lady *Codrington*, thou lovely Epitome of every female Virtue,

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Virtue, whoſe Ear is ſhut to Scandal, whoſe Hand is liberal, whoſe Chaſtity immaculate, whoſe Zeal to ſerve the diſtreſs'd unwearied, whoſe Friendſhip I experienced when you kindly pleaded in my behalf to her Grace the late Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, to the royal Offspring of our auguſt Monarch, and whoſe Politeneſs is as conſpicuous as your every other amiable Virtue;

Pardon me, Abſtract of all Goodneſs, that I dare to whiſper your immortal Name; but your ſweet Epiſtle, when you told me it was neceſſary for me to write a Letter of Acknowlegement to her Grace, which Letter I ſubmitted to your Ladyſhip's ſuperior Judgment to correct, where there was any thing defective; pardon my Vanity, I muſt inſert:

To Mrs. *Meade*.

Madam,

I Have obſerved that ſuperior Geniuſes have ever more a Diffidence of themſelves; you pay me a very high Compliment in believing me capable of mending

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ing what comes from you: I wiſh it may have the Effect I deſire, of a farther Bounty from her Grace: I am,

Madam,

your real Friend, and

moſt obedient Servant,

Arlington-ſtreet. *Eliza. Codrington.*

As I had wrote my Letter to her Grace in a very ſmall Hand, a Fault we Scribblers are apt to run into, whence ariſe numerous Miſtakes, I aſked Lady *Codrington*, whether her Grace, who was now declin'd into the Vale of Years, could ſee to read it? She aſſured me, ſhe could, as well as I: This put me in mind of ſome very fine Lines, wrote on this illuſtrious Lady, in the Kit-cat Toaſts, which cannot but be acceptable to my Readers.

On the Dutcheſs Dowager of Marborough:

Let others Youth eſteem, this Glaſs ſhall boaſt,
A great, immortal, undecaying Toaſt,

In

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In the quick Luſtre of whoſe radiant Eye,
Still lives the beauteous Spark of Liberty,
Whoſe Spirit undepreſs'd by fourſcore Years,
Except for *England*'s Safety knows no Fears;
From whom a Race of Toaſts, and Patriots came,
England ſhall pledge me, when I MALBRO' name.

To all this noble Family my Reſpect and Gratitude are due; 'tis a Bleſſing to our Iſland, that ſome of their Deſcendants, equal in Wiſdom and Virtue to their Anceſtors, vouchſafe to reſide in it, where may they flouriſh like the Cedars of *Libanus*.

But to return: I was now able to quit my Confinement; for *Worſdale* made his Houſe a ſevere one to me: Oh how I rejoiced at my Deliverance, and took a little decent Lodging; but my Joys were periſhable as the baſeleſs Fabrick of a Viſion: Captain *Meade*, with whom I mentioned my Son's going on the ſecret Expe-

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Expedition, came to tell me, that the Boy and he landed the Day before; that my Son was ſeized with all the Symptoms of a violent Fever, and wanted to ſee me. I went to the Captain's Lodgings, in *Scotland-Yard*, and found my poor Wanderer quite light-headed. The Captain ſent a Phyſician and a Surgeon to him, with Orders to the Miſtreſs of the Houſe to provide for him whatever was neceſſary, and he would anſwer the Expence. For many Days we deſpair'd of his Life, till at length God's Mercy reſtor'd him to my Prayers and Tears. When he came perfectly to himſelf he told me, they had been in a violent Tempeſt, where, the Waves rolling Mountains high, he was wet to his Skin, and the Ship in imminent Danger of being loſt: Captain *Meade*, he ſaid, begged of God, that he might juſt ſee his Wife and Children, and then he ſhould die without the ſmalleſt Reluctance; his Prayer was heard, the Storm abated, and all got ſafe on Shore.

As he was impatient to ſee his Family, he had left Directions for my Son to follow

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low him to *Teddington*, if it pleaſed God he recover'd. As I knew nothing could be a greater Reſtorative, after a Fit of Sickneſs, than a pure Air, I recommended that ſovereign Elixir to him: He went the Moment he was able, and ſent me the next Day the following Letter.

Dear Mamma,

I Have return'd to what I had juſt left, *Sickneſs:* The Captain is in a malignant Fever, beyond any thing I ever ſaw; he knows nobody, nor has he any Phyſician; I don't believe he can outlive to-morrow Night: I am really greatly griev'd, as I am ſure he lov'd me, and on account of his poor Wife, who is almoſt diſtracted: The four little Girls, I fear, will be quite unprovided for: All things here are in Confuſion: Adieu, my dear Mother, Heaven preſerve you to

Your affectionate and dutiful Son,

Teddington, Friday
Morning. *John Carteret Pilkington.*

My

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My Son's Prognoſtick happened to prove true, the Captain expir'd about four the next Morning, of which the Boy was firſt inform'd by the diſmal Outcry of the Widow and Children. This Woman's Character has ſomething in it ſo far ſurpaſſing any thing I have yet met with, that I hope it may at once divert and inſtruct my Readers; the Story is genuine.

She was the Daughter of Mr. *Wh-----f----ld*, of *Canterbury*, an ancient and honourable Family, many of whom had Seats in Parliament; but it ſeems he had ſtray'd from the Wiſdom and Virtue of his Anceſtors, and devoted himſelf intirely to *Belial*. Women and Wine were all his Joy, till he broke his Lady's Heart: And, Oh ſtrange to hear, ſhocking to human Nature! had the the Cruelty to attempt his Virgin Daughters! one of whom, to protect herſelf from ſuch deviliſh Solicitations, ran away with his Coachman.

She

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She thought it neither Shame nor Sin,
For John *was come of honeſt Kin.*
Swift.

The Heroine of our Story, being left alone, was ſo tormented by his inceſtuous infernal Fire, that ſhe fled to her younger Brother, who was an Apothecary, and lived at *W---d---r*.

As he was a Batchelor, he was very glad of her, to over-ſee his domeſtick Affairs, which, I dare ſay, ſhe did very well, as ſhe was a good Houſewife, eſpecially in the frugal Part of Management: It happened another Apothecary fell in love with her, but nothing could prevail on her to accept of him as a Huſband, tho' her Brother tried every Art he could to perſuade her to it.

Things were in this Situation when Captain *Mead* was commanded on Duty to *W---d---r*, and as he had often been there, was well acquainted with the Town, and as well eſteem'd: Miſs *Wh- - f---d* and her Brother, with ſome young Ladies, were walking on the Terraſs, when

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when Captain *Meade* accoſted them. They fell into Chat, and Mr. *Wh--f--ld* invited the Captain to Supper; after which the young Lady retir'd.

Mr. *Wh---f---ld* then acquainted the Captain with his Siſter's obſtinate Refuſal of an advantageous Match. "She has, ſaid he, "ſeem'd to pay a particular "Deference to every Word you ſpoke "to-night, and, I am certain, if you "undertake the Lover's Cauſe, you will "bring my Siſter to Reaſon."

The Captain ſaid it would be too abrupt to pretend to adviſe a Lady he had never ſeen before, in ſo delicate a Point as that of Matrimony, wherein many Circumſtances ought to be conſidered, in order to a Union firm and laſting. It may be, ſaid he, the young Lady's Heart is pre-engaged; in that Caſe, how cruel would it be to force her into a hateful Wedlock, the Conſequence of which is Miſery?

Mr. *Wh--f--ld* then aſſured him, he had no ſuch Intention, all he aimed at was her Happineſs: "Cultivate, added he,

"a

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" a Friendſhip with her; you may eaſily " do it, and diſcover the true Cauſe of " her Averſion toward an honeſt good " Man, who loves her, and is in Cir- " cumſtances to maintain her in Eaſe and " Plenty."

Captain *Mead* promiſed all in his Power, and when, by frequenting the Houſe, he had got into a little Intimacy with her, he in a paternal Stile, when they were alone, expoſtulated with her, to no purpoſe: She ſaid, ſhe was determined never to marry, as ſhe was certain ſhe ſhould never have the Man ſhe only could love.

He preſſed very hard to know who it was; aſſuring her of his Friendſhip; and, at the ſame time, laying hold of her Hand, ſaid, he muſt be inſenſible indeed, who did not, above all other Conſideration, regard ſo much Tenderneſs and Beauty.

He perceiv'd ſhe trembled, bluſh'd, and ſeem'd quite confounded: " Would " to God, Madam, ſaid he, that I was " the happy Occaſion of all thoſe tender " Emotions which ſwell your fair Bo- ſom,

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" ſom, how bleſt ſhould I think my-
" ſelf?" And are you, ſaid ſhe, in a fault'ring Voice, are you in earneſt, or do you only trifle with a Weakneſs, which your Penetration muſt have obſerved, even from the firſt Moment I beheld you?

Altho' this Declaration was very plain, yet it was ſo unexpected, that the Captain was for ſome Moments at a Loſs how to make a ſuitable Return: But, recovering himſelf, he told her, Joy had made him ſpeechleſs, but from that Hour he was intirely devoted to her for Life.

He then aſk'd her in Marriage of her Brother, who abſolutely refuſed her to him, on account of his being in the Army.

But as the Lady was willing to be the kind Companion of his Flight, he hired a Chariot and Six, and took her with him.

This Story Captain *Meade* told me before her: Nor did ſhe in the leaſt attempt to deny it; but ſaid, ſhe had gain'd

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gain'd a good Huſband by her Sincerity.

Indeed, while I was with them, they ſeemed to me perfect Patterns of conjugal Love; but her Fondneſs ſeem'd to ſurpaſs all things, for ſhe would kiſs her Husband's Linen, ſaying, they ſmelt of Violets and Roſes; but truly, though I lov'd my dear Relation very well, I was grown ſo delicate I did not like a *dirty* Shirt (for that was ſometimes the Caſe) to be offered to me as a Noſegay.

Her Piety was ſo great, that *Whitſunday* Morning, when we were going to Church, which was near half a Mile from Captain *Meade*'s Houſe, a young Lady called to us, to know, did the Bell ring? Mrs. *Meade* anſwered, yes, but finding even the Church-yard Door not open'd, ſhe ſaid, ſhe would not receive the Sacrament that Morning: I aſked her, why ſhe ſhould not? Becauſe, ſaid ſhe, I have told a Lye, in ſaying the Bell rang: I told her Scruple to Doctor *Hales*; who join'd us, and preſently diſpelled her

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Fears, by aſſuring her, an innocent Miſtake could never be deemed a Lye.

Upon this we both ventured to receive the bleſſed Euchariſt, adminiſtered to us by a truly holy Hand; for, aſſuredly, Doctor *Hales*, yours is ſuch. And let no Perſon ſay, I do not reverence the Clergy, for I really do; but not any one of them, who does not, as near as Humanity can go, aim at the Perfection of their Maker and Redeemer.

As I have already related the Manner of Captain *Meade*'s Death, let us ſee how his pious Widow behav'd herſelf on the Occaſion; after having yell'd and ſcream'd to ſave Appearances, ſhe lock'd up his Body, and had him next Day buried.

She deſired my Son, who remained diſconſolate in the Houſe, to go to the Tower, and bring home whatever of the Captain's was there; but he being apprehenſive that, perhaps, on Account of his Youth, and his not having a Line with him, they might be refuſed to him, begg'd of me to accompany him; which, as I was truly deſirous of rendering any Service

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Service I could to his Family, I readily did. When we arrived at his Apartment there, for the Officers keep one in every Place where they are obliged to be on Guard, and told the Miſtreſs of the Houſe my melancholly Errand, ſhe gave me the Keys of his Bureau, Portmanteau, Trunk, &c.

When I took out his Regimentals, his Saſh, and many other things appertaining to him, in which I had ſo often ſeen him array'd, I could not refrain burſting into Tears, to think the dear Wearer of them was now no more. Amongſt other things we found two Guineas, which was a ſeaſonable Relief to the Widow. The Soldiers on Duty wept like Children at his Death's ſad Story. My Son convey'd all things ſafe; but the Sight of them did not take the ſame Effect on his Relict that they had done on me; for ſhe only ſaid, ſhe was very glad to get them.

My Boy, who colours Prints beautifully, was employed by Mr. *Millan*, ſo that he was innocently and elegantly em-

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ployed. The Sweets of getting Money made him doubly diligent; and, to be quite undisturbed, which it was impossible he should be with me, so many Persons coming for Letters, Petitions, &c. he took a Lodging for himself. I was one Day exceedingly surprised when the Penny-post brought a Letter, directed to my Son; as it was marked *Teddington* I open'd it, judging it was some Business that Mrs. *Meade* wanted to have transacted; when, O shameful! it was a Love-letter to the Child, who was but sixteen Years of Age, and she is four Years older than I am, with a Direction to him to meet her at a Coffee-house in *London*, and an Offer of Marriage to him.

I really could scarce believe the true and credible Avouchment of my own Eyes. Bless me! she amaz'd me! yet, thinking this might be a Counterfeit, I shew'd it to the Boy, and desired he would go, and see into this Matter, neither of us being acquainted with her Hand, which was a desperate bad one.

He

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He went accordingly, and ſtay'd moſt Part of the Evening abroad: When he return'd, he ſaid he had inquired after her every-where, and could not learn any Tidings of her; ſo I conceived this Letter was either wrote by ſome Enemy of hers, or elſe for Sport, by ſome of the Girls at *Teddington*, in order to ſend him on a Wild-gooſe Chaſe.

About ſix Weeks after the Captain's Death an Officer inquired for me; as I did not know him I aſked, what Commands he had for me? He deſired to know of me, whether I was not a near Relation to Captain *Meade*: To which, anſwering in the Affirmative, I deſired the Gentleman to ſit, for he looked as if he had ſomething of Importance to deliver. Pray, Madam, ſaid he, can you inform me what is become of the Captain's Widow; my Reaſon for inquiring is this; a prior Wife has ſet up a Claim to the Penſion, and produced a Certificate, which we believe to be a Counterfit, as it is dated twenty Years ago, and 'tis but reaſonable to think ſhe would,

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in that time, have aſſerted her juſt Rights. But this is not all, the Officers have made a Collection for the Lady he acknowledg'd, and the Children: But there is a Report ſpread, that ſhe is married to a Boy, young enough to be her Son, who was a Helper in the Captain's Stable. This has damped the Charity of thoſe who, had ſhe even been deceived by the Captain, would have aſſiſted her.

I told him I had often heard the Captain relate that, in his younger Days, he got in a League with one Mrs. *Meadows*, who, after having been divorced from her Huſband, ſet up a Coffee-houſe, where he boarded and lodg'd: He found her in every Reſpect ſo unfaithful to him, that he quitted her. Not long after ſhe broke; and, being in Diſtreſs, applied to Captain *Meade*, who, in Conſideration of former Friendſhip, agreed to give her annually 20 *l.* provided ſhe retired; which ſhe agreed to.

I can't, Sir, ſaid I, help thinking this is ſome Piece of her Contrivance: 'Tis very poſſible, Madam, return'd he; and if

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if you will be ſo kind to inquire into it, that theſe Reports may be confuted, it will be of the utmoſt Conſequence towards the future Welfare of the Widow and Orphans of your deceaſed Relation. I ſhall pay my Reſpects to you again in two or three Days. The Gentleman left me, and, after a good deal of Search amongſt Mrs. *Meade's* Acquaintance, I learned ſhe lodged in the *Strand*. There I went, and found her in a very indifferent Lodging; the Children were in deep Mourning, but Madam herſelf was deck'd out very gay. After cuſtomary Compliments, I told her I was ſurpriſed to ſee her out of Mourning: Why, *Cawzan*, for that was her manner of Pronunciation, I am married. What, already, return'd I, e'er the Man you ſeem'd to doat on, even to Extravagance, is cold in his Grave. Cold, ſays ſhe, aye, he's cold enough, and rotten too, by this time. May be you made him ſo before Death. Why ſhould you think ſo? Becauſe you ſeem to have thrown of common Decency: And is this all the Re-

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ſpect you pay to ſo good a Huſband? In anſwer to this, and to my great Surprize, ſhe aſſured me, ſhe never was married to the Captain in her Life.

Here was Hypocriſy! (that ſly Fiend who 'ſcapes all but the piercing Eye of GOD) in its utmoſt Perfection; if one may make uſe of ſuch an Epithet to ſuch a deviliſh Sin. To live in Fornication, yet go to the Communion without the leaſt Purpoſe of Amendment of Life, and to pretend ſuch ſtrong Affection to a Man, whoſe very Memory ſhe ſhewed ſhe hated; I ſhall ever after this ſuſpect the Sincerity of ſuch an over-acted Fondneſs.

I told her my Errand, and that I was really ſorry ſhe had put it out of my Power to vindicate her Conduct; which, out of Regard to the poor Children, I would gladly have done. She told me, Doctor *Hales* approved of her Proceeding; and ſo ſhe did not care what I thought. Though I am certain this muſt have been falſe, for the Doctor had ſuch high Notions of conjugal Fidelity, that he

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he was true to the *Aſhes* of his Spouſe whom he loſt when he was but a very young Man, and having an agreeable Perſon, a ſweet Temper, and unbounded Learning, might no Doubt have raiſed his Fortune by a ſecond Marriage.

Amongſt other Inſtances of her Hypocriſy, this Woman uſed to pretend, that even ſmall Beer got into her Head, and would ſeverely cenſure any Lady who drank a Glaſs of Wine; yet now, though it was but nine o' Clock in the Morning, ſhe called for a Dram, drank it off, and would have had me follow her Example, but I had no Inclination to ſuch a Breakfaſt: Beſides, having no other Eſtate but my Head, on which were hourly Demands, it was by no other means my Intereſt to deſtroy it.

I took my Leave; and, when I related this to my Son, the Boy laughed exceſſively; and, as he then had no manner of Reſpect for her, he told me, he had gone to her according to her Appointment; that ſhe had treated him with two Bottles of Mountain, and preſs'd him

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him hard to marry her: Indeed I remember, when he came home, I ſaw he had been drinking, but he ſaid ſome young Gentlemen of *Ireland*, whom he met, gave him a Bottle of Wine.

However, ſome time after, ſhe made him pay for his Liquor, for ſhe opened a Punch-houſe, which I believe ſhe ſtill keeps, at leaſt ſhe did when I left *London*; ſhe wrote a Letter to my Son, to deſire to ſee him; accordingly he went; and Madam Temperance carried him into the Dining-room, and ordered her Husband, who ſerved in Quality of Waiter, to bring up a Bowl of Arrack-Punch, and half a Dozen Glaſſes of Jelly. The Boy was well pleaſed with this ſumptuous Fare; but when the good Chear was ended, ſhe demanded Payment, and he was obliged to part with his Week's Earning, which he had juſt received. What could the moſt mercenary Proſtitute have done worſe?

But I believe ſhe is ſufficiently puniſh'd, for I was well aſſured the Groom took

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took the Liberty of correcting her, and no-body pitied her.

I think the Philoſopher was in the wrong who wiſhed for Windows in the human Breaſt; how miſerable muſt we have been, when we beheld thoſe whom we eſteem'd Friends, under ſpecious Appearance, plotting our Deſtruction; the Object of our Love, even in the midſt of well-feign'd Rapture, wiſhing themſelves in the Arms of another: The Son who bows his Knee in filial Reverence to his hoary Sire, curſing the Gout, Pitargo, and the Rheum, for ending him no ſooner. In ſhort, the Scenes would be too ſhocking; they would quite imbitter Life.

Thoſe philoſophical Gentlemen, who have ſearched into the Secrets of Nature, have admired the Wiſdom of Providence, in kindly concealing from us many things, which known, would make us wretched: I am ſure it was well for poor Captain *Meade* this Woman's Breaſt was not tranſparent.

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They have farther obſerved, that were our Perceptions ſtronger than they are, the Senſes, which convey Pleaſure to us, would become the Inſtruments of intolerrable Pain.

The Touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
Would ſmart and agonize at ev'ry Pore.
Or quick Effluvia darted to the Brain,
Die of a Roſe, in aromatic Pain.
Shou'd Nature thunder in our open'd Ears,
And ſtun us with the Muſic of the Spheres,

Pope's Eſſay on Man.

How terrible muſt be our Condition?

Moſt married Perſons, even in the happieſt Wedlock, which is, at beſt, but tolerable, look back with ſecret Regret on the ſweet Hours of Freedom, when no Anxiety reign'd, ſuch as the Care of a Family, the Sickneſs, or Diſobedience of Children, the total Loſs of them, and a thouſand Troubles which perplex the married Life; and yet no ſooner

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ſooner are they ſingle, but they run into the ſame Toils again, hardly affording time for a decent Mourning: Strange Infatuation! In which, I think, the Ladies more excuſable than the Men, ſince their Weakneſs may make them want a Protector; yet they who can have Reſolution enough to know no ſecond Bride-bed but the Grave, certainly claim a higher Degree of Reſpect and Veneration.

In this aimable Light ſhines the preſent Lady Dowager *Meade*, who, tho' left a Widow, in the Bloom of her Youth and Beauty, the Widow of a Gentleman old enough to be her Father, who loſt her ſole Guardian to their Offſpring, turn'd all her Thoughts to the Improvement of her Childrens Minds, and Fortunes, in both of which Heaven crown'd her Goodneſs with Succeſs, and the World with Honour.

I could mention another great Lady, not unallied to her, who though ſhe has many Virtues, as I have acknowledged in my firſt Volume, being left exactly in the ſame Situation, was ſo faithful a Steward

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Steward for her Son, that with his Rents, which ſhe received during his Minority, ſhe purchaſed an Eſtate for herſelf; a thouſand Pounds a Year Jointure not being ſufficient for her, neither would ſhe ever come to any Account with him for the Produce of his Eſtate. The Gentleman had too high a Senſe of filial Piety to commence any Suit in Law againſt his Mother, though ſhe was married to a ſecond Husband, much younger than herſelf, and has been

Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
"Long withering out a young Man's
"Revenue." *Shakeſpear.*

I am ſure, Mr. *Pilkington*, I pray heartily for your Life, leſt I ſhould ever be ſuch a Fool as to engage in new Scenes of Trouble; for if I could not keep your Heart, properly due to me, at a Time when the flattering World called me agreeable,

Much

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Much leſs would my declining Age,
A ſecond Husband's Love engage;
Nor from the Dregs of Life could I re-
ceive,
What the firſt ſprightly Running could
not give.

And now, to convince you, that I bear no Malice to you, I will tell you an authentic Truth, true as the Goſpel; for one Truth is, even by mathematical Demonſtration, adequate to another.

I was, ſince I came to *Dublin*, invited to a Widower's Houſe to Dinner: As his Buſineſs called him out, he had left Orders for my Reception; your youngeſt Son was with me, and we were ſhewn into a Parlour, where a Gentleman ſat reading my firſt Volume. I did not interrupt him, as he ſeem'd to be deeply engaged. The Maſter of the Houſe coming in, and ſaying, "Mrs. *Pilkington*, "I am very glad to ſee you, and your "Son;" made the Gentleman look at us attentively: After Dinner, he told us, he had a Bond and Judgment entered on it,

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it againſt you, at the Suit of Mr. *Clark*, the Brewer; that hitherto he had been compaſſionate, ſuppoſing us to be ſuch Creatures as your Imagination had painted us out to the World to be: But, ſaid he, now I am convinced of my Error, I ſhall ſhew him no farther Mercy: My Boy ſtarting up, cry'd, What do you mean to do to my Father? Nothing, ſaid Mr. *Edwards*, only to try how he will brook Impriſonment; 'tis full as fit for him as for your Mother; for my own part I was weak enough to burſt into Tears, and your Son ſwore a good privateer Oath, that he would ſhoot any Man who ſhould offer to diſtreſs his Father.

Mr *Edwards* ſeem'd ſurpriſed, as judging, no doubt, we ſhould have rejoiced in your Calamity, as you had done in ours; yet being of a generous, humane Diſpoſition, he was touch'd with our Sorrows, and granted that Liberty you now enjoy to our Interceſſion: You know the Perſon, and, if I ſet down a Falſhood, let him diſprove me.

Upon

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Upon my Word, I muſt contradict the witty Mr. *Congreve*, who ſays,

Heaven has no Rage, like Love to Hatred turn'd,
Nor Hell a Fury like a Woman ſcorn'd.

For I do not hate you. I am in an Apathy, a cool Suſpence from Pleaſure, and from Pain, both of which I muſt acknowledge I received from you; but that was when you wrote in my Praiſe; and, at the very ſame time, ſaid every thing diſagreeable to me: Was not this done to deceive the World? "I "will make them believe I love her; "and, as ſhe has too much Pride and "Decency to complain of me, I will in-"dulge my Pleaſure abroad, with Miſs "* *N——y S——d—s*, or the Widow, "or any W——e."

I can't indeed ſay, but Miſs *S---d--s*'s Father owed a Favour to Mr. *Pilkington*, who kindly taking Compaſſion on his Neceſſities, when his Lady was not ſatisfied with his keeping a Miſtreſs in the

* His preſent Wife.

Houſe

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Houſe with her, and inſiſted on her being diſmiſs'd: Mr. *P——x*, ever humane, received her to his Habitation with open Arms, gave the old Gentleman free Ingreſs and Egreſs, for which he gratefully permitted the Parſon to go to bed to his Daughter; indeed I ſhould have pitied her, had ſhe been deceived by the Report of my Death, ſo induſtriouſly ſpread, into Marriage; but ſhe had it under my own Hand, that I was living, for I did the Creature the Honour, S—t as ſhe is, to write to her, in order to prevent her being impoſed on. I think the Form of Matrimony really wants an Explanation, if we go according to the ſtrict Letter of the Law. What a happy State muſt a young Woman imagine herſelf entering into, where ſhe is to be lov'd, honour'd, cheriſh'd, nay, even worſhipped; ſhe has a Protector till the Hour of Death, who is to forſake all, even his Parents, for her, if it be required, who endows her with his Fortune, and promiſes all this ſolemnly at the Altar.

Then

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Then follow the Words, *Thoſe whom* GOD *hath joined, let no Man put aſſunder.*

Now let us ſee how this is really to be interpreted, at leaſt how far this Covenant is uſually kept.

No ſooner is the Honey-moon expir'd but the fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord: Inſtead of honouring his Wife, 'tis Odds if he treats her with common Civility; he ſhall tell her, to her Face, he wiſhes her Death, in order to marry another. The Cuſtom authorizes this free way of ſpeaking; yet I never knew it agreeable to any Wife, nor did I ever doubt but the Huſband ſpoke in the Sincerity of his Heart.

As for our being endow'd with the worldly Goods of our Husbands, 'tis known they are ſo little apt to ſhare with us, that it has always been found neceſſary, in a Marriage-Settlement, to ſtipulate for Pin-money, a very uſeful Clauſe even to the Husband, and it is much better his Wife ſhould have a Share of his Fortune, than be obliged to a

Gallant

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Gallant for a Trifle, which Gratitude may make her repay in too tender a manner.

Indeed the laſt Article againſt Divorcement, I intirely diſapprove of; and am glad it has ſeem'd good to the Wiſdom of the Church to act in direct Contradiction to it: This has made Numbers eaſy, and, as they tell us, 'tis not lawful to ſeparate on any Cauſe, ſave that of Adultery. A Woman of Spirit, who is married to a ſordid diſagreeable Wretch, has nothing to do but to make him a Cuckold; and then welcome thrice dear Liberty: Yet methinks the Husbands ſhould, in Juſtice, return to their Wives, when they abandon them, the Dowry they brought with them: Now, leſt my worthy Husband ſhould ſay by this Rule, I ſhould have nothing, who had not a Portion regularly paid, and yet was a perpetual Fortune to him, I'll tell him a Story.

The Counteſs of *Eglantine*, one of the greateſt Beauties in *Scotland*, fell under the Diſpleaſure of her Lord, for no other Cauſe

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Cauſe but having brought him ſeven Daughters, all charming as this fair Northern Laſs, and never a Son: On this his Lordſhip aſſured her, he was determined to ſue for a Divorce. The Lady told him, ſhe would readily agree to a Separation, provided he gave her back what he had with her. He, ſuppoſing ſhe meant pecuniary Affairs, aſſured her ſhe ſhould have her Fortune to the laſt Penny. Nay, nay, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, "that winna do; return me my Youth, "Beauty, and Virginity, and diſmiſs "me as ſoon as you pleaſe:" His Lordſhip being unable to anſwer this Demand, ſpoke no more of parting with his Lady, and, e'er the Year expired, ſhe made him the glad Father of a lovely Boy, whoſe Birth reſtored Love and Harmony to his noble Parents. This was related to me by the late Lord *Primroſe*; and therefore I believe it.

But now, Mr. *P*——*n*, tho' I preſented you with this Piece, don't think I meant you ſhould take a Hint, and endeavour to end our matrimonial Warfare

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fare in the ſame manner: No, no, tho' you linger about the Door in an Evening, in your long Cloke, and Slops; and that I do believe thee to be my Spouſe, by the amorous Glances darted thro' thy Spy-glaſs, at the Window of my ſacred and ſequeſtred Bower, where no profane thing, Prieſt, Dog, nor Worm, dare enter, I am reſolved to remain obdurate: Sooner ſhall Lambs make Love to Lambs, Tygers to Tygers, and every Creature couple with its Foe, as the Poet wittily expreſſes it, than I unite with thee.

Yet verily thou doſt manifeſt ſome Tokens of Grace, inaſmuch as thou dareſt not to contradict the Truth; I fancy when thy *Pen-uſing* Talents periſh'd, thy *Pen-making* ones ſhot forth; which have been ſo fortunate as to recommend thee more effectually to a certain B——'s Favour, than could ten hundred thouſand Folios, ſprung from thy ſhallow Brain.

And truly this is an uſeful Accompliſhment; I wiſh I poſſeſſed it, 'twould ſave me ſome Pence in the Year; but there are different Talents beſtow'd on different

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different People; I muſt even reſt contented with ſuch as I have,

And ſooner will I wear
My Plectrum to the Stump in uſing of it,
Nay,
Not blacker Tube, nor of a ſhorter Size,
Smoaks Cambrio-Briton vers'd in Pedigree,
Who on a Cargo of fam'd Ceſtrian Cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing rides.

Philips's Splend. Shill.

than mine ſhall be,

—— Ere once my learned Pate
Ducks to a golden Fool:

I make no Application.

There are many ſtrange Ways of getting into the Favour of the Great, Pimping, Lying, Flattering: Who can be Proof againſt the Force of ſuch united Virtues? For your great Men who have too much Honour to pay a juſt Debt never fail to reward the Servant of their Vices;

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Vices; and it may be, ſome odd Knack recommends them, where thoſe baſer Appliances are not required. On which I have thought of a Story not quite foreign to the preſent Purpoſe.

A Man who had a ſpent a good Part of his Life in driving Pins into a Wall; on the Point of each he would with infinite Dexterity throw a Pea; his Fame ſpread even to the Emperor, who deſired to ſee this matchleſs Son of Science; overjoyed he came, ſhewed his Trick to the infinite Pleaſure of the Spectators; the Emperor highly applauded him, and as he ſuppoſed this muſt be a Work of long Practice to arrive at ſuch a Proficiency in it, demanded of him how many Years he had ſpent in attaining it; the Fellow being willing to inhance his own Merit, aſſured the Monarch he had ſpent thirty Years in it; on which the Emperor ordered him thirty Baſtinadoes on the Soals of his Feet, for having ſo much miſſpent his Time.

And, my dear Huſband, if you have your Deſert, you merit juſt ſuch a Reward for miſapplying Time in Trifles.

Writing

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Writing one good Sermon, or uſeful Book, both of which when I knew you, you were as capable of as moſt young Men, would have tended more to your Reputation, than any merely mechanical Art.

But in ſhort, I ſincerely pity you, and if ever you want a Shilling, let me but know it, and if I have the good Fortune to have a Guinea Subſcription, for Gentlemen ſeldom ſend me any ſmaller Coin, you ſhall not go without one.

The dignified Clergy indeed have been niggardly to me. Yet not againſt them all do I bring this Accuſation, many of them have even a bleeding Humanity for the Diſtreſſes of their Fellow Creatures; and have not only pitied, but aſſiſted me; and while I can in that noble Liſt inroll the ſacred Names of *Berkley* and *Delany*, Patterns of Virtue in their Lives, really apoſtolick in their Doctrine, winning ſtraying Souls with Goodneſs and Humility, learned as far as Humanity can ſoar; ſurely no other of the Clergy need ſend me a Meſſage when they ſubſcribe, not to

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divulge ſo terrible a Secret: I always in this Caſe judge there is more Fear than Charity in their Contributions. But here I muſt remember a certain croſs Dean, to whom, as my Father was Phyſician, I took the Liberty of applying: My Son went with the Letter; he came out, and cried, "Boy, opening his ponderous and toothleſs Jaws, what do you want? An Anſwer, Sir, ſaid he; why, then my Anſwer is, I won't. My Son proteſted he was quite ſtartled at his ferocious Features and ſtentorian Voice. Yet, after all, we laugh'd away our Indignation, as he was really not worth it.

This admirable Orator ought to have a larger Roſtrum than the narrow Limits of a Pulpit to diſplay his graceful Action, and never-enough to be admired Grimace. A Theatre would ſuit his Genius; a Puppet one I mean, where glorious Punch himſelf muſt yield the Prize.

I remember once to have ſeen this Reverend Flamen, in his lengthened Dreſs, aſcend St. *Andrew*'s Pulpit; where, recollecting

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collecting the enormous Iniquities of the Congregation, he of ſudden gave ſo furious a Toſs to his Head, like a metal-ſome Horſe hard rein'd, that back fell his Wig and down flew his Sermon; which not being well ſecured, fluttered in numerous Leaves about the Church, ſcattered like the Ungodly, as Chaff before the Wind; the Sleepers awoke, the old Men who dream'd Dreams, and the Virgins who ſaw Viſions, ſtarted from their downy Trance; and he, willing at leaſt, to give us his Benediction, cried aloud, "Depart ye curſed into everlaſting Fire, "which that ye may all do, *&c. &c.* "*&c.*"

The late Lady *Rawden*, not long after ſhe became a Widow, invited the Dean as her Pariſh Miniſter, to Dinner; the Lady went to take the Air, and Sir *John*, then a Child, was in the Parlour; the Dean fell into Chat with the ſweet Boy, and amongſt other Queſtions ſaid, do you know me? No, Sir; why I am Dean C——, your Pariſh Miniſter. Poor Maſter innocently verified the old Pro-

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verb, that Children ſpeak Truth, for
cried out, O indeed, I heard my Man
ma ſay, you were the worſt Preach
in *Dublin*: His Reverence's Wrath w
hereupon ſo rais'd, that he failed not
reproach the Lady, who, to pacify hi
corrected the poor Child: However, ſh
could not avoid relating the Story; whic
I heard from Lady *Rawden*, at Mr
Percival's, to the infinite Laughter of th
Auditors, and which I from hencefort
conſign to Fame in theſe my immorta
Labours.

I was much obliged to Sir *John*'s Hu
manity in *London*, which I gratefully ac
knowledge. But there is one great Ma
I cannot paſs over; great, according t
Serjeant *Kite*'s Definition of one, for h
is full ſix Foot high; his Fortune rais'
from the noble Spirit of Malt; for I d
remember, like Prince *Henry*, that poo
Creature's Small-Beer, which his Fathe
ſold to mine; and from the golde
Grains aroſe a princely Fortune; from
the humbly Dray appeared a Coach
ſuch as Ambaſſadors uſe when on publi

Occaſions

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Occaſions, they by their State give us a Picture of the Grandeur of the Potentate they repreſent.

For if the Man ſuch Honour have,
What muſt be his, who keeps the Knave?

Not that I would hence infer all Ambaſſadors to be Rogues, farther than lying a little for the Good of their King and Country.

It was this worthy Gentleman who told them at *White*'s that I had nothing to publiſh: I had quick Intelligence of his Favour; after which Obligation he came to viſit me, and would have been very kind to me becauſe I was a Gentlewoman, a Perſon he could depend on; and he was then in Diſtreſs, being at a Diſtance from his Lady and native Country; to be ſure I ought to have been charitable, but that I always ſtood in the Way of my own Preferment; and another unlucky Circumſtance for my Swain was, that I remembered the deplorable

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Condition to which he reduced his firſt Wife, who died of his Love, as did alſo his Child, the Nurſe it was given to, and her Huſband. Noble Atchievements worthy of your illuſtrious Birth and Lineage. For,

'Tis you can taint the ſweeteſt Joy,
And in the Shape of Love deſtroy.

However, I ſhould have paſs'd you over in Silence, but that you told a Nobleman here, I had been quite compliant to your Deſire: Why then you prove yourſelf a generous Lover, in ſending me Five Britiſh Shillings for a Book. A wondrous Bounty really; why your Neighbour the B—— always pays a Moidore Commutation for Adultery; and ſure you ought to give more than a Man, who by the Power committed to him from above, is entitled to give himſelf Abſolution.

Your hoary canting Sire was a Votary to *Venus*, even in old Age. When a certain Widow, and her dancing Daughter lodged at *Glaſnevin*, a young Gentleman

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tleman who was much enamoured of the younger Dame, uſed to viſit her every Evening; as he did not care to have it known, he went in thro' a low Window to Miſs's Bedchamber: It happened that Miſs being abroad, the venerable Pair made Choice of that Place, to indulge the gentler Paſſions: The young Gentleman came according to Cuſtom, and without Ceremony threw up the Saſh, flew in, and unfortunately ſtarted from their downy Couch the reverend Elder and the chaſte Matron.

Miſs following her Mother's Example, reſigned her Virgin Charms to you, and loſt at once her Health and Reputation.

This might have been my unhappy Lot; but that however careleſs I have been about Reputation, I was always determined not to put my own precious Perſon into any Peril.

Now ſays my Reader, if he be a Gi-ber, how this prating old Woman, who certainly never had any Temptation, boaſts of Chaſtity: Ay, 'tis no Matter, I

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have had ſo many amorous Epiſtles, Odes, Songs, Anacreonticks, Saphics, Lyricks, and Pindaricks, in Praiſe of my Mind and Perſon too, ſent to me ſince I came to *Ireland*; that I believe ſome Gentlemen, tho' I cannot, have found me out to be a marvellous proper Woman.

I'll get my Room hung round with
Looking-Glaſſes,
And entertain a ſcore or two of Tay-
lors;
And ſtudy Faſhions to adorn my Body.

And ſome time or other, as I find it is the Mode in *London*, for the Ladies to publiſh the Triumphs of their Eyes, and how many Men fell a Prey to their Luxury; or, as Dr. *Young* ſays,

Had ever Nymph ſuch Reaſon to be
glad?
In Duel fell three Lovers, two ran
mad.

Though

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Though I cannot indeed produce ſuch dreadful Proofs of my Beauty as ſome of them; nor chuſe I to have my Print exhibited before my Work, but Teſtimonies of Authors with Regard to it, I hope I may be allowed. The ſame Vanity Mr. *Pope* ſhews in the Vindication of his Wit, Learning and Humanity may be pardoned in a Female, in the Vindication of that far nobler Part, external Lovelineſs; for a Mind in a Woman is of little Conſequence. Dr. *Young* ſeems of a different Mind; but great Authors ſometimes vary: As it is now my Intereſt to be of his Side the Queſtion, I ſhall give his Opinion, and who knows if it ſhould chance to be true, but my Admirers may be real ones.

What's Female Beauty but an Air divine,
Thro' which the Mind's all gentle Graces ſhine;
They like the Sun irradiate all between,
The Body charms, becauſe the Soul is ſeen.

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Hence ſome we ſee are Captives of a Face,
They know not why, of no peculiar Grace.

And ſo much for what I never had, except according to his Judgment. There as a Proof of my Humility, I put in my Claim, and will, like * *Socrates*, diſpute the Prize even with *Alcibiades*.

Now I have mentioned this ſmall but inimitable well wrote Book, which was recommended to me by Dr. *Swift*, and which I in return commend to all ſuch of my fair Readers as have a Taſte for real Wit, in which the divine *Socrates* as conſpicuouſly ſhone, as he did in Purity of Life and Conſtancy in Martyrdom; that they peruſe it with Care, as it will refine their Ideas and improve their Judgments, poliſh their Stile, ſhew them true Beauty, and lead them gently and agreeably to its

* See Zenophon's Banquet.

prime

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prime Origin and Source; here they will find

Divine Philoſophy,
Not ſo harſh and rugged as ſome falſely think,
But muſical as is *Apollo*'s Lute;
And a perpetual Feaſt of nectar'd Sweets,
Where no crude Surfeit reigns.

Milton.

I muſt here obſerve in my tracing Authors thro' each other, *Zenophon* and *Plato* borrowed from *Socrates*, whoſe Diſciples they were. *Zenophon* acknowledges it as freely as I do the Inſtructions I received from Dr. *Swift*. Lord *Shaftſbury*'s Search after Beauty, is copied from *Socrates*; Mr. *Pope*'s Ethics ſtolen from both; and the learned Mr. *Hutcheſon*'s Beauty and Harmony, an Imitation of the great Philoſophers and excellent Moraliſts firſt mentioned.

Had Mr. *Hutcheſon* ſtop'd at this Book, by which he had acquired ſome Degree of Reputation, both as a Writer, a Divine,

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and a Mathematician, he had done wiſely; but O! his Eſſay on the Paſſions overturned his ſcarce eſtabliſhed Praiſe; if it has any Meaning, it is like dark veil'd *Cotyto*, in her Ebon Chair, cloſe curtained round, impenetrably obſcure, or from his Flames,

No Light, but rather Darkneſs viſible.

I really thought it was the Defect of my Head that made me not comprehend this Piece, till I heard the preſent Lord Biſhop of *Elphin*, whoſe Learning or Judgment were never yet doubted, declare he did not underſtand it. After all, whether the Defect lay in the Book or the B——p let the Reader determine.

Wollaſton's Religion of Nature delineated, tho' frequently intermingled with Mathematical Proofs, is yet ſo plain, that it demonſtrates the Author's Thoughts clearly; which whoever does, can never fail to write with equal Perſpicuity. But Learning ſeems encumbered

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bered with Words or technical Terms ſignifying nothing; and our Schoolmaſters, leſt our Children ſhould attain it too ſoon if they ſhould lead them to the Fountain from whence the Streams of Knowledge flow copious to quench or rather to increaſe that Deſire of it which we obſerve from their firſt prattling Infancy, chuſe rather to make them begin at the Bottom of ſome Rivulet, from whence, with infinite Difficulty, when they have waded about half Way, they are obliged to retire by the Command of another, then begin at another, till wearied they give over, and hate the fruitleſs, endleſs, unprofitable Toil. I believe that formerly they had a better Method of inſtructing than what is now practiſed. I judge this by the Eloquence ſhewn by the Youth of thoſe Ages, and the beautiful Pieces of Poetry ſtill extant, ſome of them ſtiled the minor Poets; perhaps to diſtinguiſh them from the venerable Antients, or on Account of the juvenile Years of the Authors.

Perhaps

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Perhaps Nature in her prime Creation was productive of more Strength and Beauty even in the Mind, than at this Time, when Luxury and Exceſs pull down our ros'd-cheek'd Youth, emaciate their Bodies, and enervate their Underſtandings; for Mind and Body are ſo cloſely united, that whatever affects the one, muſt of Conſequence affect the other.

I hope my Reader will pardon my Reflections on the Works of thoſe valuable Writers I have mentioned, for I mean no Diſreſpect to their ſacred Memories; but as I am accuſed of being a Plagiary myſelf, which I own I am; my Intention is to prove all Writers to be Thieves as well as their humble Servant, *Shakeſpear* alone excepted.

Some of my learned Correſpondents ſend me Word I do not write theſe my own Memoirs; why I fancy were I to publiſh their Epiſtles, the World would not believe that any of them were my Aſſiſtants; but their Modeſty makes them conceal

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conceal their Names, and I have no Curiosity to discover them.

With such all Authors steal their Works or buy,
Garth *did not write his own Dispensary.* Pope.

But Authors are a little too fond of Fame to let any one run away with it from them, or a tolerable Performance pass for the Work of another; I speak from Experience; I have wrote for Numbers, and do still, but no Human Creature ever helped me out with a single Line; if they did let it appear against me, and my Writings be torn to Fragments, or condemned to Flames.

And talking of burning, puts me in mind of dear Lord *Kingsborough*, who because he saw that I endeavour'd to do but barely Justice to his inimitable Pen, bid me burn all his Letters, upon which in a Passion, I snatch'd up my Pen, even before his Face, and scribbled the following Lines.

To

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To the Right Hon. the Lord KINGS-BOROUGH.

* How could my dear Lord make me
such a Requeſt?
I flatter myſelf, you are only in
Jeſt;
Thoſe Epiſtles which all my ſoft Rap-
tures inſpire,
Do you think I could bear to commit to
the Fire;
Like *Mutius*, I'd put my own Hand in
the Flame,
For the Elements us'd to compoſe your
lov'd Name:
Should I promiſe Obedience, I ſurely
ſhould lye,
Give me a more gentle Command, I'll
comply;

* For the Benefit of the illiterate, to whom theſe Lines may appear as obſcure as ſome in *Perſius* let them read the Works of *Livy* and *Pythagoras* and may-hap they may gueſs at the meaning; if they cannot, their Time at leaſt will be innocently employ'd, till they can come at the Grand Arcana of the Roſicruſians, or diſcover the Longitude,

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But here I ſhould baffle the beſt of your Art,
For each Line you have wrote, is engrav'd on my Heart.

His Lordſhip was ſo humane, as not to inſiſt on my Obedience; and now my Lord, I tell you publickly, that, not the grim Tyrant Death ſhall divorce me from the ineſtimable Treaſure I poſſeſs, they ſhall reſt with me in the Grave, next to my Heart,

When every Motion, Senſe, and Pulſe is o'er,
And even my Kingſborough *belov'd no more.*

I have often, my Lord, reflected with Pleaſure, on the Bleſſing my Father gave me, when he brought your Lordſhip into the World; why according to the Midwife's Phraſe, you are one of his Children, and conſequently my Brother, for I muſt prove a Kindred to you, though I fetch it from *Japheth*; as I have been long buried to my Brother, and by your Lord-

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Lordſhip's Bounty, have acquired a kind of ſecond Birth.

New born I may a nobler Brother claim,
And join'd to thine immortalize my Name.

Pardon my Preſumption if I am too bold; 'tis owing to your Lordſhip's Indulgence both to my Scribbling and Prattling Vein. So.

You muſt excuſe a Nymph of Letters,
Thus Poets often treat their Betters.

But I think I muſt ſpeak in the Superlative Mood, and call you beſt of Men; for what Day of your Life paſſes, without a worthy Deed to crown it? Your Virtue would ſigh to loſe one.

Indeed, my Lord, I love you, and if you are too great to be beloved,

Be greater greater ſtill, and be ador'd.

Now, in return, I beg a Place in your Friendſhip, where, if I grow, the Harveſt is your own.

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But Oh! I am Sick of many Griefs,

And this frail Tenement of Clay,
Muſt quickly, very quick decay.

But, perhaps all things are ordered for the beſt, on which Hope, I relate what I know to be Truth.

A Captain of a Man of War took a Fancy to deſpiſe his Wife, and engage with another Woman: The Wife took it patiently, till at laſt he had the Impudence to tell her, he would either bring his Harlot to live with her, or ſhe and his three Children ſhould turn out: The Lady was confounded at ſo ſtrange a Propoſal, and begg'd three Days time to conſider of it; and then ſhe would give him a determinate Anſwer: He agreed: She told her Affliction to a Friend, and begg'd her Advice; on which they reſolved to conſult Doctor *Potter*, late Lord Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*: Accordingly they took a Boat, and went to *Lambeth*: The good Prelate propoſed an Invocation to the Almighty to

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to direct their Counſels: After Prayers he deſired the Lady not, by any means, to quit her Houſe, but to acquieſce in her Husband's Deſire, and let him bring the Woman home; and, depend on it, ſaid he, God will aſſiſt you, and what at preſent appears an Evil, will turn out a Bleſſing to you: So, giving them his Benediction, they departed full of Hope of an happy Iſſue.

The Husband, who flatter'd himſelf that the Wife would quit the Houſe, was not a little aſtoniſh'd to find her quite ſubmiſſive to his Commands, and conſenting to live with his Miſtreſs.

Accordingly he ordered his Chariot, bade his Wife prepare Dinner, and went for his Harlot, whom he brought home triumphant, and handed into the Dining-room; the Wife received her with a Civility that confounded and enraged her; ſhe brought her a Glaſs of *Lisbon* Wine, and then left her with the Captain, who, in a few Minutes came down, and ſeeing all things ready for Dinner, ordered his Wife to go and bring the Lady down: She

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She obey'd, but Madam called her a hundred Names, flew at the Captain, beat him, and put herſelf in ſuch a Rage, that ſhe fell into Fits, was ſeiz'd with a Fever, and died.

After this Cataſtrophe, the Captain ſeriouſly reflecting on the Submiſſion and Virtue of his Wife, thus addreſs'd her: My Dear, if I thought there was a Poſſibility of your pardoning my paſt Errors, and never reproaching me with them, I do aſſure you, I wou'd never fall into them again, but make a faithful tender Huſband to you. The Lady burſt into joyful Tears at this happy Change, and kindly aſſured him, ſhe would never even think of what was paſt: She told him it was by the Archbiſhop's Advice ſhe had acted with the Moderation ſhe now found to be ſo happy in the Event; and they both went to thank the venerable Prelate, who truly partook in their Joy. The Captain died about a Year after, and left his whole Fortune to his Lady, who lives an honourable Widow at *Greenwich*.

Thus

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Thus we may ſee, if we perſevere in our Duty, the Almighty is not ſlow to hear, nor reward;

But, when we ſink beneath a Load of Grief,
By unforeſeen Expedients brings Relief.

I was told a pretty Circumſtance of his Grace, when he was at *Weſtminſter* School: It ſeems he ſtood terribly in awe of the Rod, and having committed ſome Miſtake that deſerved Chaſtiſement, which Doctor *Busby* was very liberal in beſtowing, he was ready to die with the Apprehenſion of it; when a good bold-ſpirited Lad, taking Compaſſion on him, own'd the Fault, and took the Whiping; for which his timid Friend promiſed to be grateful, if ever it came in his way to ſerve him: They both took holy Orders, but met not till many Years after, when his Grace was an Archbiſhop, his Friend remained a Curate; but Time, which brings all things about, ſo order'd it, that the Archbiſhop and the Curate met

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met at a Nobleman's Houſe: His Grace, hearing him named, recollected both the Gentleman, the Whipping, and his own Promiſe of Gratitude; and finding the Curate had no Preferment, he gave him a very good Living.

I hope theſe Incidents will not be diſagreeable to my Readers, as I really ſet down nothing but what I know to be Truth, which is more than moſt of our modern Memorialiſts can ſay, who preſent us with Heaps of Improbabilities, and expect implicit Faith from us; and if what ſome of them have told us be genuine, though it may redound to their Profit, it never can to their Honour; for their Actions are neither worthy being recorded, nor their Writings of being read; the true End of Writing being to give Inſtruction with Pleaſure, which, whoever is ſo happy to do, may juſtly hope for a Place in the Temple of Fame: But

All human kind will needs be Wits,
" Tho' Millions miſs for one that hits:

" Our

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" Our chilling Climate, hardly bears,
" A Sprig of Bays in Fifty Years,
" Yet every Fool his Claim alleges,
" As if it grew in common Hedges.

Swift's Rhapſody.

And having once more quoted our unrivalled Dean, and being well aſſured no Part of my Work can be half ſo agreeable or entertaining to the Publick, as that which relates to him, I ſhall, as far as in my Power, preſent them with his lively Portraiture. The moſt minute Circumſtances relating to ſo great a Man cannot, I hope, be deem'd trivial; ſince we find by Experience, that the Night-Scene, ſo beautifully drawn by *Shakeſpear*, between *Brutus* and his Domeſticks, ſleeping in his Tent, the little Incident of his taking the Lute out of the Boy's Hand, and ſaying, when he fell aſleep,

This is a ſleepy Tune:---- O murtherous Sleep,
Layeſt thou thy leaden Mace upon my Boy,

That

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That plays thee Muſick? Gentle Knave, good Night:
I will not do thee ſo much Wrong to wake thee;
If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy Inſtrument,
I'll take it from thee, and, good Boy, good Night.

Do we not love him more in this amiable View of him, than in all his Conqueſts; or that ſad Act whereby he thought to give his Country Liberty? The World are ſufficiently acquainted with the Dean's publick Character, be it then my Taſk to trace him in private Life; for there only it is we can frame a true Judgment of any Perſon, the reſt is frequently mere Outſide.

When the Dean was at *Bellcamp*, at the Houſe of the Reverend Doctor *Gratton*, he wrote to Doctor *Delany*, to come and dine with him, mighty *Thomas Thumb*, and her ſerene Highneſs of *Lilliput*, meaning my Husband and me: Accordingly we went; the Dean came out

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to meet us, and I, by Agreement, hiding my Face, Mr. *Pilkington* told him they had picked up a Girl on the Road, and deſired to know whether they might bring her in? He, gueſſing who it was, ſaid, let her ſhew her Face, and if ſhe be likely, we'll admit her. On this I took down my Fan, and ſaid, O, indeed, Sir, I am: Well then, ſaid he, give me your Hand. He led me into a Parlour, where there were twelve Clergy men, and ſaid, thoſe Fellows coming in had brought a Wench with them; but, added he, we'll give her a Dinner, poor Devil! and keep the Secret of our Brethren:——As moſt of the Gentlemen knew me, we were very merry on this odd Introduction.

Pox on you, you Slut, ſaid the Dean, you gave me a Hint for my polite Converſation, which I have purſued: You ſaid, it would be better to throw it into Dialogue; and ſuppoſe it to paſs amongſt the Great; I have improved by you: O dear Sir, ſaid I, 'tis impoſſible you ſhould do otherwiſe. Matchleſs Saucineſs! re-

turn'd

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turn'd he: Well, but I'll read you the Work; which he did with infinite Humour, to our high Entertainment.

It was *Chriſtmas* time, and froze very hard: The Dean, meditating Revenge, ſet the Wine before a great Fire, the Corks of the Wine being ſecured with Pitch and Roſin; which began, in a little while, to melt: No ſooner did the Dean perceive they were fit for his Purpoſe, but he ſlyly rubbed his Fingers on them, and daubed my Face all over. Inſtead of being vexed, as he expected I would, I told him he did me great Honour in ſealing me for his own. Plague on her, ſaid he, I can't put her out of Temper; yet he ſeemed determined to do it, if poſſible, for he aſked the Company, if they had ever ſeen ſuch a Dwarf? and inſiſted, that I ſhould pull off my Shoes till he meaſured me: To this I had no Inclination to ſubmit, but he was an abſolute Prince, and Reſiſtance would have little availed me; ſo when I obey'd, he ſaid, Why, I ſuſpected you had either

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broken Stockings, or foul Toes, and in either Caſe ſhould have delighted to have expoſed you.

He then made me ſtand up againſt the Wainſcot, leaned his Hand as heavy as he could upon my Head, till I ſhrunk under the Weight, to almoſt half my Proportion; then making a Mark with his Pencil, he affirmed, I was but three Foot two Inches high.

Dinner was brought up, and I being, like Mrs. *Qualmſick* the Curate's Wife, always a breeding, could not eat any; the Gentlemen gueſſing at my Circumſtances, by my decreaſing Face, and increaſing Waſte, were ſo over-obliging to know what I liked beſt; that at laſt I told the Dean, I wiſh'd I was a Man, that I might be treated with leſs Ceremony: Why, ſaid the Dean, it may be you are: I wiſh, Sir, ſaid I, you would put the Queſtion to the Company, and accordingly to their Votes, let my Sex be determined. I will, ſaid he; *Filkington*, what ſay you? A Man, Sir: they all took his Word; and, in Spite of

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of Petticoats, I was made a Man of after Dinner: I was obliged to put a Tobacco-pipe in my Mouth; but they so far indulged me, as to let it be an empty one; as were the Dean's, Doctor *Delany*'s, and my Husband's.

The Dean asked me, could I play Cribbidge? I said, I could: Upon which he called for Cards; but, upon Recollection, said, he would not play with a Beggar, for he should stand no Chance; for if he won, he would not take the Money, and if he lost, he must in Honour pay. But why a Beggar, Mr. Dean, said Doctor *Delany?* A married Curate must of Consequence be a Beggar, return'd he, and you are another; and Pox on me, if I can ever get acquainted with any Persons but Beggars; and I don't think but this Woman, or Man here, is in the way of producing another. Then, Sir, I hope you will be so kind to stand Godfather, which will secure it from so hard a Fate. So! said he, more Demands upon me! Well, if it be a Boy, I don't much care

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if I do; but if it be a little Bitch I'll never anſwer for her.

A Day or two after this the Dean came to Town, and ſummoning a *Senatus Conſultum*, as he called thoſe few Friends whom he peculiarly regarded; he placed us round a great Table, where he told us, we were an empannell'd Jury; and he placed himſelf at the Head of it, where he ſat as Judge. He then told us, the Reaſon why we were ſummoned, Mr. *Gratton*'s favourite Hen was put to Death by an unlucky Stroke of a Whip, by one of my Fellows, as I ſuppoſe: I accuſed them, and they denied the Fact; but as Murder always will come to light, I found the Hen's Head and Neck in the Seat of my Chaiſe-box; and now I want to convict the Criminal: Accordingly he ordered his three Men Servants to come before us, and related the following Story to them: When Doctor *Donne*, afterwards Dean of *St. Paul's*, *London*, took Poſſeſſion of the firſt Living he ever had, being a ſpeculative Man, he took a Walk into the Church-yard, where the Sexton was

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was digging a Grave, and throwing up a Skull, the Doctor took it up, to contemplate thereon; and found a ſmall Sprig, or headleſs Nail ſticking in the Temple, which he drew out ſecretly, and wrapt it up in the Corner of his Handkerchief; he then demanded of the Gravedigger, whether he knew whoſe Skull that was? He ſaid he did, very well; declaring it was a Man's who kept a Brandy-ſhop, an honeſt drunken Fellow, who one Night taking two Quarts of that comfortable Creature, was found dead in his Bed the next Morning: Had he a Wife, ſaid the Doctor? Yes, Sir: Is ſhe living? Yes: What Character does ſhe bear? a very good one; only indeed the Neighbours reflected on her, becauſe ſhe married the Day after her Husband was buried; though, to be ſure, ſhe had no great Reaſon to grieve after him. This was enough for the Doctor, who under Pretence of viſiting all his Pariſhioners, called on her; he aſked her ſeveral Queſtions, and amongſt others, What Sickneſs her firſt Husband died of? She giv-

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ing him the ſame Account he had be-fore received, he ſuddenly opened the Handkerchief, and cried, in an authoritative Voice, *Woman, do you know this Nail?* She was ſtruck with Horror at the unexpected Demand, and inſtantly owned the Fact: And ſo, Fellow, ſaid Dean *Swift*, do you know this Head? The Criminal confeſſed his Fault, and the Jury brought him in guilty of Henſlaughter, in his own Defence, for he declared he was hungry, and did eat it, having no Malice prepenſe to it, but rather Love. On Account of his Sincerity, and our Interceſſion, the Dean pardon'd him.

Mr. *Gratton* had preſented the Dean with a ſmall Caſk of fine Ale, of which he was very choice; good Malt-Liquor not being eaſily purchaſed even in *Ireland*. On *Sunday* Evening the Dean's Set of Intimates came as uſual, to paſs it with him, and he being in high good Humour, ſaid, he would treat us with a Pot of this Ale. I had the Honour of being intruſted with the Key of the Cellar

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lar, with a particular Order to hold the Candle in ſuch a Poſition, that it might drop into the Tankard; as alſo not to put the Spiggot faſt in, but let the Drink run about. After receiving his Commands, which I promiſed punctually to obey, I went down, but had ſcarce open'd the Door, when Doctor *Delany* and Doctor *Sheridan* were with me. O Breach of Truſt, unpardonable! We ſat down on a Bench, and each of us drank; but we laughed ſo heartily at cheating the Dean, that he ſtole down, having ſome Suſpicion, that where there was a Woman, and two Clergymen, there might be a Plot, and ſurpriſed us: I, in Imitation of his Servant, told him, the Parſons ſeduced me, and I did drink: Pox choke you all, ſaid he.

In vain did I, with all the moving Eloquence of a female Orator, plead for Pardon: The Key was taken from me, and Mr. *Rochford* was, before my Face, inveſted with my Honours; and I, O hu fatal Sentence! condemn'd to be Sock-

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waſher to the blackguard Boy, who waited on the under Butler's under Butler.

I would have perſuaded Mr. *Rochford* to plead in my Behalf, but he was obdurate as Adamant; eſpecially as by my Diſgrace he roſe. However, not long after, I preſented him with an humble Petition, wherein I failed not to extol the Neatneſs of the Boy's Feet, ſince they came into my Hands, inſomuch

——— that not the niceſt Noſe
Cou'd, in the Dog-days, ſmell his Toes.

And, as a Reward, I was made Inſpectoreſs-general of all the drinking Veſſels; but no more intruſted with the Key of the Cellar: To ſay the Truth, I could not well vindicate my Conduct in that important Point.

The Dean had twenty of thoſe agreeable Whims, which kept us all chearful, as was his Intent; for I ſuppoſe my Readers will believe, that neither he nor we valued the Ale, but for the Jeſt's ſake.

No

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No Man living told a Story to more Advantage than the Dean; there never was a Word too little or too much in it, it was always apt, full, clear, and conciſe, truly epigrammatick.'

It would be well for their Readers, if ſome of our Writers had learn'd this happy Art; but they draw out their Tales to a tireſome Length, dwelling on every trivial Circumſtance, and omitting things of greater Conſequence, and when they would ſeem wiſe, they grow obſcure.

Thus the ſmall Silk-worm ſpins her
ſlender Store,
And labours till ſhe clouds herſelf all o'er.'
Pope.

The Dean told me, he did remember that he had not laugh'd above twice in his Life; once at ſome Trick a Mountebank's Merry-Andrew play'd; and the other time was at the Circumſtance of *Tom Thumb*'s killing the Ghoſt; and, I can aſſure Mr. *Fielding*, the Dean had a high Opinion of his Wit, which muſt

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be a Pleaſure to him, as no Man was ever better qualified to judge, poſſeſſing it ſo eminently himſelf.

Yet was he ſo free from any vain Oſtentation of it, that he could ſuit his Converſe to the Talents of his Company; inſomuch that, I believe, had they propoſed to play Puſh-pin, or talk Nonſenſe, he would have complied even with the latter, if it had been in his Power.

I have known him fill up Rhymes, given after the manner of the *French*, though he had found it true muſical Rhythm, ſo eſteem'd by the Antients; nay, he could deal in the

Pun ambiguous, or Conundrum quaint.

Which ſome book-learned Blockheads, for ſuch I have ſeen, with each a Store of Lumber, crude and undigeſted in their Brains, would no doubt have ſcorn'd: But, as *Horace* obſerves, there is a Sweetneſs in ſometimes mingling Folly with Wiſdom; and I am well convinced no Perſon, without a good Underſtanding, can even play the Fool agreeably.

Trifles

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Triflers can't even in trifling excel,
For only ſolid Bodies poliſh well. Young.

One Night, that I had the Honour to be in as polite a Set of Company as ever *Europe* bred, they took a Fancy that each of them would imitate the Voice of a different Animal, either Bird or Beaſt, each having fixed on what ſuited their Inclination; they began the Conſort at once: Would not any one, who had refuſed to join in the Frolick, have ſeem'd ridiculous? 'Tis true, indeed, this was attended with one mortifying Conſequence; for the Servants, ſcar'd at the hideous Yelling, and concluding we were all fighting, ran haſtily in to part us; but finding all was right, they left us; however, we heard them laugh heartily at our Entertainment.

As I have often mentioned the Dean's Charity, one ill conferr'd Inſtance of it cannot, I believe, but make my Readers ſmile:

He

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He obſerved a Woman, whoſe whole Eſtate was a Sieve of Fruit, which ſhe had in a Stall, where ſhe ſat footing worn-out Stockings. Seeing the Woman very decent, and always at work, he judged her to be a proper Perſon for him to aſſiſt; eſpecially as, by the Report of her Neighbours, ſhe was a very honeſt Woman. The Dean aſked her, why ſhe did not try to borrow twenty Pounds, and ſet up a handſome Fruit-ſhop. Alas-a-day, Sir, ſaid ſhe, who would truſt a poor Creature like me with ſuch a Sum? Why, ſaid he, if I thought you would improve it, I would lend it you. The Woman promiſed fair and the Dean lent her the Money; and, at the ſame time, wrote down the particular kinds of Fruit he would have her furniſh herſelf with. She was to let him know when ſhe was ſtock'd, and he promiſed to recommend her to Cuſtomers.

The Woman, overjoy'd at her good Fortune, went about five o'Clock next Morning to a Gardener's, produced her Bill of Fare, on which they, judging by her Ap-

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Appearance ſhe could not pay for ſuch a Cargo, laugh'd at her. This provok'd the Pride of the new-rais'd Beggar; who, to convince them of her Wealth, produced it to their aſtoniſh'd View; upon which they alter'd their Note, and as it was a cold Morning, ſaid, That "Bargains were "never made with dry Lips." They drew in the poor Woman to drink plentifully of * Hotpot, which ſoon left her ſtupid in the Ale-houſe; but not till they had firſt done her the Favour to rob her.

When ſhe came a little to herſelf, the Woman of the Houſe demanded Payment; the Fellows being gone. She was going to pay the Reckoning, but alas! her Money was gone too: It was in vain for her to enquire for it, every-body diſavowed the Fact; but the Gardener, out of his great Charity, gave her a Baſket of Windfalls, with which ſhe was obliged, ſeeing no Remedy, to return to her original Poverty.

The Dean vainly look'd for the Product of his Charity; he could neither

* Brandy and Ale mixt.

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ſee Shop, nor Woman, for ſhe kept out of his way; at length he happened in Church to be ſeiz'd with the Cholick, and went out in the middle of Service; and who ſtood at the Church-door, but the very Perſon? He ſtopp'd, and demanded, why he had not heard from her, and how ſhe proceeded? Upon this the Woman flew into a Rage, abuſed him all the Way to his own Houſe, told him, that his curſed Money had bewitch'd her; that all the Neighbours knew ſhe was a modeſt, virtuous, ſober Woman, and that he had made her turn Whore and Drunkard; the Dean ran in, clap'd the the Door upon her, and begged the Protection of his Domeſticks againſt the mad Woman.

And here I muſt obſerve, that as the Dean was very juſtly ſatirical on the Vices of human Kind, yet when he fell on Infirmities, he ſeem'd to have done a diſpleaſing Act to Heaven, inaſmuch as he was puniſhed with them all in a remarkable manner; he lived to be a

Struld-

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Struldbrugg, helpleſs as a Child, and unable to aſſiſt himſelf.

I ſay not this as any Reflection to his ſacred Memory, Heaven forbid I ſhould; but with all the Reverence I have for the Dean, I really think he ſometimes choſe Subjects unworthy of his Muſe, and which could ſerve for no other End except that of turning the Reader's Stomach, as it did my Mother's, who, upon reading the *Lady's Dreſſing-room*, inſtantly threw up her Dinner.

Here I digreſs, oddly enough, on a whimſical Circumſtance. Having once had the Honour of being known to Lady ******, I took the Liberty of applying to her for a Subſcription; her Neice came out, and miſtaking the Perſon who brought the Letter for me, ſaid, "Her Lady wondered at my Impu-"dence, to apply to her, when I knew "how I had uſed Sir *******:" But if ever I uſed him, or he me, then am I no two-legged Creature; for, to my Knowledge, I never even ſaw him; if the Man did dare to contradict me, I wou'd

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wou'd make him eat a Piece of my Pen: But how uſed him? not unlawfully, I hope. Did your Ladyſhip ever ſee me lewdly lolling on a Love-bed with him? No, if we ever met, he was ſupported by two reverend Prelates, proper Supporters for a Chriſtian Hero; but I never heard that the Gentleman was addicted to Women; ſo that I hope I may reſt uncenſured by him, and alſo by your L---p.

I do this, Madam, in regard to the Gentleman's Character, for my own is of no Conſequence.

'Tis Bare-bit, and knawn by Treaſon's
Canker-Tooth. *Shakeſpear*

And pray now, Sir C——, for t thee I call, but with no friendly Voice What time? what Day? what Hour di I ever diſoblige you? the Injuries yo have done me, I freely forgive, and

If you pleaſe,
Will honour you with Panegyrick Lay

B

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But then take notice you muſt come down handſomely; you are not Lord *Kingsborough*, nor will my Verſe flow ſpontaneous.

His Virtues might the humbleſt Bards inſpire,
And fill their Boſoms with poetick Fire.

So now, for ever and for ever farewel, *Brutus!* if we do meet again, why we ſhall laugh, if not, why ſurely we ſhall never weep; a more inſpiring Theme demands my Attention: So, Sir Knight of the Oracle, adieu, if thou dyeſt before me, as you ſhould, ſince you ſtept into the World thirty Years e'er my dim Speck of Entity was animated; I have wrote your Epitaph, which I beg you may have engrav'd on your Tombſtone; leſt you ſhould not, I will raiſe you a Monument more laſting than Braſs.

I preſume, by the Information of your Boots, you have read *Horace*, take your Encomium.

Here

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Here lies the greateſt Man that e'er was
born,
All Womankind ſincerely did he
ſcorn,
And kept the good old Proverb in his
Mind,
He that won't go before— muſt go be-
hind.

And if my Printer ſhould dare to put a
daſh or blank in your illuſtrious Name
I will in Capitals inſert it, and you know

When in bold Capitals expreſs'd,
The dulleſt Reader takes the Jeſt.

This, Sir, I give you as a farther Proo
of my Impudence, in which I own you
Family to have far the Superiority
mine; for though ſome of them did E
ecution in the well-fought Field, y
none of them were condemn'd to ſuf
one: So read this, and then to Breakf
with what Appetite you may.

I

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But after all I have ſaid, I bear you no Ill-will; but you began with me this Tennis-game, and I have match'd my Racquet to the Balls; and, depend on't, whoever begins with me, I bear the Motto of the Thiſtle:

Nemo me impune laceſſit.

The Hour now came, when the Dean's Promiſe was to be claim'd; as I brought forth a Son, I wrote to him, but he was in the Country, and in five Days the Boy died: The Dean did not return till I was a Fortnight brought to Bed.

He came directly to viſit me: Mr. *Pilkington* open'd the Door for him, and brought him up to me. After wiſhing me Joy, he aſked, where was his God-ſon elect? I told him in Heaven: The Lord be praiſed, ſaid he, I thought there was ſome good News in the way, your Husband look'd ſo briſk: Pox take me, but I was in Hopes you were dead your-ſelf; but 'tis pretty well as it is, I have

ſav'd

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ſav'd by it, and I ſhould have got nothing by you.

He drank a little Caudle with me, and then went away; about an Hour after his Servant brought me a Letter, and a great Bundle of brown Paper, ſealed with the utmoſt Care, and twiſted round with I know not how many Yards of Packthread; my Curioſity led me to read the Letter before I examined the Contents of the Paper, which, to the beſt of my Knowledge, was this:

Madam,

I Send you a Piece of Plumb-cake, which I did intend ſhould be ſpent at your Chriſtening; if you have any Objection to the Plumbs, or do not like to eat them, you may return them to,

Madam,

your ſincere Friend and Servant,

J. Swift.

I now examined the Contents of the Paper, in which I found a Piece of Ginger-bread, in which were ſtuck four Guineas,

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Guineas, wrapt in white Paper, on the Outside of each was wrote Plumb.

I sent the Dean a real Piece of Plumb-cake, with this Answer:

Sir,

I Have heard that Ostridges could digest Iron, but you give me a harder Task, when you bid me eat Gold; but suppose I should, like the rich Streams of the *Tagus*, flow potable Gold, the Interpretation of which is, that I mean to drink your Health this Minute, in a Glass of Sack; and am, with the utmost Respect, Sir,

Your ever devoted Servant,

L. Pilkington.

Just when he had fix'd Mr. *Pilkington* to be Chaplain to Alderman *Barber*, the Dean received from *Spain*, from one Mr. *Wogan*, a green Velvet Bag, in which was contained the Adventures of *Eugenius*; as also an Account of the Courtship and Marriage of the Chevalier, to the Princess *Sobieſky*, wherein he repre-

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ſents himſelf to have been a principal Negotiator. It was wrote in the Novel Stile, but a little heavily: There was alſo ſome of the Pſalms of *David*, paraphras'd in *Miltonick* Verſe, and a Letter to the Dean, with Remarks on the *Beggar's Opera*; in which he ſays he believes the People of *England* and *Ireland* had quite loſt all Remains of Elegance and Taſte, ſince their top Entertainments were compoſed of Scenes of Highwaymen, and Proſtitutes, who all remain unpuniſh'd and triumphant in their Crimes: He concluded with paying the Dean the Compliment of intreating him to correct the Work.

The Dean ſaid, he did not care to be troubled with it, and bid Mr. *Pilkington* take it to *London*, and look it over at his Leiſure, which accordingly he did.

He was ſcarce gone, when the Dean came to me for the Bag; I told him my Huſband had; according to his Commands, taken it with him. He proteſted he never gave him any ſuch Permiſſion; that

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that I was impudent to ſay it, and my Husband more ſo to do it; the Concluſion of which was; that he ordered me to write to him to return it immediately; and, leaſt I ſhould forget it, he gave me a very good Beating. Well; I writ Mr. *Pilkington* an Account of the Dean's Wrath, and he ſent me the fatal Bag by a Clergyman: I directly carried it to the Dean, and hoped he would be pleaſed, by my punctual and ready Obedience to his Will; but far otherwiſe it fell out, for the Dean flew into a Paſſion, for my daring to preſume to write for it, and gave me another Beating.

But did not this more reſemble the Actions of a Lunatick than of a Gentleman of ſuperior Wit and Knowledge? Indeed, I believe too much Learning had turn'd his Head, or too deep a Search into the Secrets of Nature; as nothing could eſcape his Obſervation. And this wrong Turn in his Brain, I fancy had poſſeſſed him a long time before it was taken notice of, as numberleſs Proofs might be produced; and even

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amongſt the Facts that I have relate there are ſome ſtrong Inſtances of it; ha he been leſs witty, it would ſooner hav been taken notice of; but, as the Poe obſerves,

Great Wit to Madneſs ſure is near allied
And thin Partitions do their Bounds di
vide.

The firſt Proof he gave of his Incivility was affronting the Lord Lieutenant, at the Lord Mayor's Table; who, becauſe he had not paid his Compliments to him in due Form, he very civilly accoſted, by the extraordinary Title of, you, Fellow with the blue String. Some little time after this, he invited two Clergymen to take the Air with him, and when he got them into a Coach, he did ſo belabour them and knock their Heads together, that they were obliged to cry out for Aſſiſtance.

From this he fell into a deep Melancholly, and knew no body; I was told the laſt ſenſible Words he uttered, were on this Occaſion: Mr. *Handel*, when

abou

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about to quit *Ireland*, went to take his leave of him: The Servant was a conſiderable Time, e'er he could make the Dean underſtand him; which, when he did, he cry'd "O! A *German*, and a "Genius! A Prodigy! admit him." The Servant did ſo, juſt to let Mr. *Handl* behold the Ruins of the greateſt Wit that ever liv'd along the Tide of Time, where all at length are loſt.

If ought elſe relating to him, ſhould occur to my Remembrance, I will faithfully relate it; as I am certain it cannot but be acceptable to the Public, whoſe Intereſt he had evermore at Heart, and whoſe Liberties on all Occaſions, he warmly and nobly aſſerted.

'Tis mine, O honoured Shade, to celebrate thy Goodneſs, without extenuating thy Faults; I deal impartially, which is the true Taſk of an Hiſtorian, and I would inſcribe thy Tomb-Stone, were I permitted; but without Characters, Fame lives long. Thine will laſt, while Wit or Genius are admired in this ſublunary Globe.

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However disagreeable it may be to me, I find I must prosecute my own History, till my leaving *London*, to which Metropolis I never intend to return, as has been insinuated, in order to hurt my Subscription: While ever I can find Means of subsisting in my native Country, where I have received more Favour, than I could reasonably hope for, I should esteem myself not only ungrateful, but unjust to raise Contributions on the Public, and carry the Money from this poor Island, to spend it in a rich and opulent City.

Besides my Days of Vanity are over. The Woods, Groves, Fountains, sacred Recesses, dear to the Muses, would be my Choice, even had I a Fortune to entitle me to enjoy the Splendor of a Court in its utmost Magnificence. O how I languish for Retirement; even as the Heart panteth after the Water Brooks, so longeth my Soul after it; where I might sit upon sunless Side of some Romantic Mountain, Forest crown'd. I wish my best and dearest Friend, would take this into Consideration, and in some Part of his wide extended

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extended Domains, afford his Muſe an humble Hermitage.

I ſhould not then be diſtracted with Fears of an imperious Landlord's Threats. No; your happy Tenant would pay her Debt in Weeds, which, when I once told your Lordſhip, you very politely anſwered, that ſuch Verſes as mine were the fineſt Flowers in the Garden of the Muſes.

I muſt here relate to your Lordſhip, a little Circumſtance which happened to me lately. I took a Lodging in *Drumcondra-lane*; the two Ladies, (Siſters) who keep the Houſe, kindly invited me to Dinner; it was very natural for me to enquire what Perſons of Diſtinction lived in our Neighbourhood; they told me Lord *Kingsborough* had lately purchaſed a Houſe in it, a moſt worthy fine Gentleman. I happened to expreſs ſo much Pleaſure, at hearing this agreeable piece of News, and at the ſame time ſo warmly joined in their Sentiments, that one of the Ladies ſaid: Well, Madam, though you have made a Myſtery of your Name,

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I am certain you are Mrs. *Pilkington*; I am ſure you are the Perſon; becauſe you ſpeak of his Lordſhip, in the very ſame Stile you have wrote of him. I have the two Volumes.

As I found they were prepoſſeſſed in Mrs. *Pilkington*'s Favour, I confeſs'd they had gueſs'd right. But whenever I want Concealment, if your Lordſhip is mentioned, I will take Care to be ſilent. Otherwiſe I ſhall ſoon betray myſelf, as out of the Abundance of the Heart, the Mouth ſpeaketh. Though I am afraid, that like holy David, it would be Grief, and Pain to me, and while I ſat muſing the Fire would kindle; the Sacred Fire of Friendſhip and Gratitude, would unlock my Tongue and give me Utterance, even though I had been born dumb.

Why, my dear Lord, were but a few Perſons of Diſtinction, in your Way of thinking, Earth itſelf would become a Paradiſe: no more would the ſorrowful Sighing of the Priſoner, nor the Voice of Lamentation be heard in our Streets, and 'tis with infinite Pleaſure, I ſee our long ſtain'

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ſtain'd Nobility, *who were only famous for undoing*, and built their *Characters on Rapes and Ruin*, now almoſt to a Man, not only juſt, but beneficent; not only learned themſelves, but Encouragers of Science in others. If amongſt our Country's Worthies, I name you Lord *Moleſworth*, who have diſtinguiſhed yourſelf in Fields and Senates, in the Seats of the Muſes, and Academic Groves; whoſe well try'd Valour has approved itſelf; not in Raſhneſs, but a noble Intrepidity and Scorn of Death, whenever your God, your King, or Country, requir'd your Service; I hope it will not offend you, to ſay, may your God, your King, and Country, make you as happy, as my much obliged, and moſt truly grateful Heart ſincerely wiſhes, ſhall ever be my ardent Prayer.

Your Lordſhip has kindly viſited the Virtues of my Father on his Daughter. I am ſure I had no other Claim, to the Favours or Honours for which I am indebted to your Lordſhip, and for which I reſt your faithful Servant.

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At length, through ſtrange Viciſſitudes and Variety of Misfortunes, finding I could get no Relief from *Ireland*, I determined, with my Son, to reviſit it; and though late in Life, try my Fortune in *Hibernia*. But how to compaſs a Journey and a Voyage without Money, was really a difficult Taſk; to this End I ſet my Wits to Work, to find out whether any Perſons of my own Country were in *London*, from whom, by revealing my Diſtreſs, I could hope for Relief. At length I learned, that Dr. *Delany* was there, who never rejected the Petition of the afflicted, even though they had no other Merit to recommend them, but that of Anguiſh. My Suit was granted in the moſt compaſſionate and obliging Manner; accompanied by his Tears for my Misfortunes, and Prayers for the Preſervation of my Soul and Body. And ſure the Oraiſons of one ſo good, muſt have uncommon Efficacy in them, to turn the Sinner, and confirm the Juſt in well-doing, while his own Example ſtrengthens all his Precepts.

How

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How different was the Reception I met with, at the Hands of this worthy Man, from the rough Return made to my Sollicitations, for a Subſcription from Lady ****; who, "wondered at "my *Impudence* in applying to her."

Ladies, let me entreat you will drop that naſty paw Word *impudent*, at leaſt don't annex it to my Name, who never yet had the Aſſurance to appear in any publick Place, ſince I came laſt to this Kingdom; nor ever to apply in Perſon for a Favour. But a Woman who has ſuffered in Reputation, knows not what to do; 'tis all Impudence, though her Betters have more; for that in the Captain is but a Choleric Word, which in the Soldier is flat Blaſphemy.

Upon my Word, if inſtead of the Impudence I am charged with; you would call me a deſolate afflicted Wretch, you would ſpeak the Truth; for poor *Lætitia* is become the Foot-ball of Fortune; but why ſhould I complain? when the Son of Man ſays, that the Foxes had Holes, and he himſelf had no Place to lay his Head

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in! Anſwer me ſome of ye great, learned, and pious Divines; why is our Bleſſed Redeemer ſtiled the Son of Man? When we are told, that a Virgin ſhould conceive; that the Power of the higheſt ſhould over-ſhadow her! How was he then the Son of Man? We are all ordered to apply to our Heavenly Father, and therefore may ſtile ourſelves the Children of God; why then is there any Exception made in this Caſe?

I hardly dare allow myſelf the Liberty of thinking, leſt I ſhould do it too deeply, and Reaſon be my Diſeaſe; and yet I believe it was given me to follow and ſearch after Truth; where then ſhall I find it? not on Earth, no more than Peace or Juſtice, who are long fled from theſe lower Regions. Boldly then let me purſue them, even to the high Place from whence they ſprung; the Seat of Calms and Eaſe, the Manſions of the Bleſt, where holy Hope and conſtant Faith, ſhall be loſt in Fruition of that Happineſs, which hath not yet entered into the Heart of Man to conceive.

Mr

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Mr. *Woolaſton*'s Religion of Nature delineated, ſhews us powerfully, how much a Lye muſt offend the Creator; as I am tax'd with numerous Quotations, which are tedious (as ſome of my Readers tell me) I ſhall not borrow one from him, but refer the Learned to his inimitable Work; though I am perſuaded, no Perſon who has not a clear Head, can taſte his Beauties: And truly, I have paid myſelf no ſmall Compliment here; but, as it is written, e'en let it paſs.

And here, Mr. *Blake* * permit me to tell you, though no Perſon can more revere your every amiable Quality than I do, yet as the Objection you ſtarted to my Philoſophic Doctrine, of the Ocean's having no Bottom, has deprived me of Reſt ever ſince, I could find in my Heart to be angry with you; You aſked me then, how I could account for Iſlands, which muſt have a Foundation? I am not ſure of that, perhaps they float like *Delos*! 'Tis demonſtrable that wherever we dig

* *Ignatius Blake*, Eſq;

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deep, we find Water, not Salt indeed like that of the Sea; but may it not be Purified by running through the Veins of the Earth, and ariſe to us in freſh Fountains, mineral Streams, or milky Currents, ſuch as *Mallow* affords. Our Foundation we know is on the Waves, our Building on the Great Deep: This was ſo at the firſt Creation; then, when the Windows of Heaven were opened, and the deep Abyſs or Receptacle of Waters broke up; what had we but the Ruins of a World to inhabit, the Fragments of which may ſwim; at leaſt, moſt worthy Sir, I can find no better Solution, for the Doubt you rais'd in my Mind, pray conſider the Queſtion yourſelf; and if your Learning, which I own is extenſive, be adequate to your Virtue, you are better qualified to give me an Anſwer, than moſt Men living.——Now do I know I give your Modeſty Pain, but amongſt other Inſtances of my *Impudence*, I could not forbear this.

And had I never honoured you, for your own Goodneſs, yet your Anſwer when

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when I asked you, did you love Lord *Kingsborough*? "Who knows him, but "must love him."! would have commanded my Respect and best Wishes, and they both sincerely attend you. And here, my polite *Roman*! * my Friend, beloved by all, but the malicious and unworthy, who persecute you for no other Cause, but that you excel in Courage, and Learning; accept of my Thanks, for the many fine Encomiums you have bestowed on me; think of me as one incapable of pursuing the Advice you gave me, of forsaking a Friend in the Hour of Calamity. Sure 'tis then our Duty, to administer Consolation, as far as our Power extends; the Fortunate want it not: Your Magnanimity of Soul bears up against the Storms of Fortune, and

Amidst the Noise of Chains and Keys,
Thou can'st of *Cupid* sing;
The Warders their hoarse Bawling cease,
And Drawers watch thy String.

* *John Brown* of the *Neal*, Esq; then going to take his Trial.

But,

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But, says my Reader, what have I to say to your Philosophy, or particular Attachments? proceed in your Story; inform us how you got to *Ireland?* Well, now you have reminded me of it, I think I will. To confess the Truth, I had like to have forgotten myself; my Thoughts are apt to wander through Eternity, and

Like *Pompey*'s transported to Regions of Day,
Disdain to be ty'd to a Mansion of Clay.

After receiving the worthy Doctor *Delany*'s Bounty, which was sufficient to pay every Debt I ow'd in *London*; which, as I was cautious in contracting any, a Sum, though less, would have paid. But I had not a Sufficiency to answer the Expence of travelling Charges, for two Persons. The Parliament was dissolved, the Nobility gone to enjoy the Sweets of Spring, *April* having deck'd all Things in fresh and fragrant Bloom; all, but wretched Humankind, from whom, whence parted, it no more returns, to blush or beautify

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tify the Cheek again. But let us not Sorrow after that, as thoſe who have no Hope beyond this Life; if we can go unſtain'd through this World, which 'tis almoſt impoſſible to do, or ſeeing the Errors of our Ways, forſake them; we have Aſſurance given us, of a joyful and triumphant Reſurrection.

Mark with what Hope, upon the furrow'd Plain,
The chearful Plowman caſts the pregnant Grain;
There hid, as in a Grave, a while it lies,
Till the revolving Seaſon bids it riſe;
Till Nature's genial Power, command a Birth,
And potent call it, from the teeming Earth;
Then large Encreaſe, the buried Treaſure yields,
And with full Harveſt crowns the plenteous Fields.

I wrote, in order to gain Relief, to a Prelate of *Ireland*, then reſident in *London*,

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don; I ſent the Letter by the Daughter of a diſſenting Clergyman, of whoſe Honour and Virtue I was confident. He received her civilly, read over my Letter, and declared he did not know me; but as he had ſome ſlight Knowledge of my Family, there was a Guinea for me. This anſwered no End: But yet he gave me ſome Comfort, by bidding her call again, and he would think of ſomething for my Service: Accordingly, in a Week's Time ſhe went again, and again; till at length his Lordſhip vouchſafed to ſend out a very rough Anſwer, not in the leaſt befitting his Function or Dignity, eſpecially to one whom he knew from her Infancy, to be a Woman of good Birth, and Education.

But I reſolving to be as chuffy as he, ſent him in reality another Epiſtle, not over-courteous I own; yet it wrought a better Effect, than my complaining one produced, for his Gentleman came to me early next Morning, with a very civil Letter; and produced ten Guineas, to my unſpeakable Joy; but there was a Draw-

back

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back on my Happineſs, for I was obliged to return ten Shillings Change, which I very reluctantly complied with.

With this Sum my Son and I quitted *London*, and being on the ſaving Scheme, took Places in the Waggon. A moſt tireſome Way of travelling! *May* Morning we ſet forth, our Slow-pac'd Cattle were adorned with Ribbands and Flowers, and till then, I never underſtood the meaning of the vulgar Expreſſion, of being as fine as a Horſe, for it ſeems it is cuſtomary on this Month, to preſent the Waggoners with a Ribband, at every Inn; till our Flea-bitten Nags, were almoſt blinded by the tawdry party-coloured flowing Honours of their Heads. I was really almoſt fatigued to Death, for I was called up at three o'Clock in the Morning, though perhaps you don't ſet out till five. Tea or Coffee, none to be had, unleſs in ſome of the Towns: Indeed, if I could, like our Driver, have eat a Breakfaſt of Salt Beef and Cabbage at that ſqueamiſh Hour, it was laid there ready. They bait not all Day; ſo one might

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might have an Appetite by Evening, but it happened not ſo to me. The Heat and Duſt quite depriv'd me of any Inclination to Food, and eſpecially to the rough Fare provided.

My chief Delight was liſtening to the Nightingale, who then warbled forth her love-laboured Song, to indulge the Pleaſure of hearing the ſoft Warbler, pour forth her plaintive and harmonious Lay: I uſed when we were near our reſting Place, to alight and walk through the flower-enamell'd Meads, filled with Cowſlips, Primroſes, and wild Violets, for

In rural Scenes the Soul of Beauty reigns,
The Soul of Pleaſure lives in rural Scenes. POPE

My Son and I found out a ſweet Place canopy'd with Wood-bine, which had enringed itſelf in Plats about a large Apple Tree, whoſe Bloſſoms ſhed Perfume while the whole Seaſon warbled round our Head

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Heads; we ſeated ourſelves under the wide ſpreading Shade, liſtening with Delight to thoſe wild Muſicians. Suddenly the Boy cry'd out, O Mamma what ſhall I do? What is the Matter, Child? Look at my Leg: I did ſo, and behold a Snake had twiſted up it; I, though heartily ſtartled, had Preſence of Mind ſufficient, to beg he would not ſtrike it; he took my Advice, though indeed both he and I were ready to faint, and the evil Worm crawled away, without doing him any Prejudice. But not being well aſſured that all the Serpent Race, ſworn Foe to Man, might be ſo complaiſant, I was never after tempted to ſit down in Albion's fruitful Fields.

We lodged this Night at a ſtrange old Village, whoſe Name I have forgot; I believe the Inn had formerly been a Convent, by the numerous little Cells and Cloyſters, ſmall Windows, almoſt darkened with Jeſſamine aud Vines; it had a moſt romantic melancholy Air, fit for ſtudious Contemplation, but not repleniſhed with rich Repaſt, or chearful Wine-

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Wine. The next Day being Sunday, a Day of Reſt, we took up our Quarters at another Inn, where we got a Chicken and a Pint of Wine, and lived ſumptuouſly.

We then walk'd out to ſee what kind of Curioſity this Place afforded, worth Remark; but finding none, we ſtrayed out on a Common, when the firſt Object which ſtruck my Sight, was that of a Man ſuſpended high in the Air, hanging in Chains on a Gibbet; ſhocking as it was, it engaged my Attention; I concluded he muſt have been a moſt undutiful Son, when the Birds of Prey had devoured him, and the Ravens picked out his Eyes. Suddenly I was ſurprized with the Voice of a Man, who cried, O my dear Coſhen Paddy, I wiſh thoſe who put you there for noting, were there themſelves. I looked about, and ſaw fifteen or twenty Men and Women lying in a dry Ditch; I would have fled, but conſidering that might not be ſafe, I rather choſe to walk at an eaſy Pace: One of the Fellows made up to us, and aſked where we were going,

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going; I told him to our Country, *Ireland.* Arah, ſaid he, are you a Catolic? I ſaid I was! Upon I which he ſaid, Faith poor Paddy *Lawler*, who hangs there was a good one. And what, Sir, brought him to ſo unfortunate an End? Why, ſaid he, he was in Love with a proud ſcornful Huſſey, and ſhe ſlighted him, ſo he met her in this Plaiſh, and becauſe ſhe would not accept of his Shivility, he lent her a Nock on the Head, and ſo he got his Will of her. She died the next Day, after ſhe had given Information againſt him; to be ſure her Skull was broke, but he did not deſhine that.

While he was telling me this Story, I trembled, but made the beſt Speed I could to the Village, being infinitely more frightened at him, than I had been at the Snake. He accompanied us there, for which I returned him Thanks; how ſincerely my Readers may judge. But I made a Virtue of Neceſſity, and gave him fair Words: Now ſaid he, are not all theſe Heretics damn'd Rogues? Ay, ſaid I, and I hope our true

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true King will put all Villains to Death, Arrah, give me your Fiſt for that; I was obliged to comply. When I got to the Inn I told him, I ſhould be glad of his Company, but that I had a jealous Huſband, who would certainly kill me, if he found any Man in my Company. Damn the Rogue, ſaid he, if I was as you, I would make him a Cuckold in a crack. I deſired he would pleaſe to accept of a Pot of Drink, which he did, and making a Leg, walk'd off leaving us unmoleſted, and I bleſt God I had purchaſed Life at ſo cheap a Rate.

That ſoft Anſwers turn away Wrath, is moſt aſſured; for I remember ſome Years ago, when the *Cavan* Rabble were up in Arms, my Mother, Siſter, and I, went to pay a Viſit at *Rathfarnam*, to the Lady of our excellent * Recorder. On our return home, we were ſurrounded by a Pack of theſe Wretches, who ordered my Father's Coachman to pull off his Hat to them, which he refuſing, and they be-

* *Eaton Stannard*, Eſq; who reſigned.

ing

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ing all armed with ſhort thick Oak Tree Clubs, they ſwore we ſhould not ride in a Coach, and they walk; my Mother, with ſurprizing Preſence of Mind, ſaid Gentlemen, you are very welcome to the Coach, my Daughter and I will walk, to oblige you with it; which, Villains, Ruffians, and Murtherers as they were, they would not permit, but only deſired we might Huzza for them, this notwithſtanding our Terror, we chearfully did; and my Mother ſaid, Gentlemen perhaps you are dry, and gave them a Crown, with which they were ſo well pleaſed, that they huzza'd for us, offering to guard us ſafe to Town; but ſhe alledging that would be too much trouble, they left us with a kind Aſſurance, that they would drink our Healths, and fight for us any Time we ſtood in need of their Protection.

Nothing material happened to us till we got to *Cheſter*; we took a Survey of the Cathedral Church, which had nothing like Beauty to recommend it, any more than

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than the old black Walls which environ Part of the City.

Next Day we ſet out for *Parkgate*, which was crowded with Nobility and Gentry, waiting for a fair Wind; here we were ſo long detained, that my Purſe was quite exhauſted, even my laſt Shilling gone; this was a ſad Situation, we were fixed to a Point without any Power of Moving one way or another, wanting the neceſſary Agent Money. There was but one Way left, which was even to apply to Lady *Kildare*, who was there; but being aſhamed to do it in my Name, I e'en did it in my Son's, who waited on her Ladyſhip with it, met a favourable Reception, and brought home a Guinea. The Wind ſprung up fair and we embarked on board the Race Horſe. As I am always deadly Sick at Sea, I choſe to keep on Deck, as long as I poſſibly could. My Son being well inured to the wat'ry Element, ſkipped about, and ſung Marine Songs. Moſt of the Paſſengers went to their Cabbins, when Mr. *Hudſon*, the Clergyman, ſeeing my Boy ſpeak to me, aſked

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aſked me, was not that young Lad's Name *Pilkington?* I ſaid Yes! I thought ſo ſaid he, for he is very like Mr. *Pilkington* the Clergyman; he has ſome Cauſe to be ſo, Sir, for he is his Son. How can you anſwer for that, Madam? Why indeed, Sir, I have ſome Cauſe of Knowledge of it, for I am that worthy Divine's Wife, and the Boy's Mother. The Gentleman confeſſed the Force of my Plea, and expreſſed great Compaſſion for us both; and I do verily believe, had he known our Circumſtances, he would have added Relief to Pity.

He ſeemed to be a learned and worthy Gentleman, which I had the better Opportunity of diſcovering, as he, my Son, myſelf, and a Gentleman whom I did not know, ſat all Night in Lady *Kildare*'s Coach, which was laſh'd upon Deck. We there were becalm'd, and amongſt other things, Mr. *Hudſon* ſaid, that had he ever been ſo unfortunate to take a common Woman, and ſhe had brought forth a Son ſo like him, as mine was to

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my Huſband, he would at leaſt have c
cluded that to be his own.

Upon which I related to him a t
Story. A Servant Maid who had liv
with Mr. *Pilkington* in *Ireland*, enquir
of the Perſons who kept the next Hou
who were the new Lodgers they had g
the Name made her but more inquiſitiv
and ſhe begg'd I would permit her to ſ
me, but as I had met with many a Tric
in Life, I bid my Son and Daughter ſ
behind the Bed Curtain, and then deſir'
her to come up; Iaſked her, did ſhe kno
me; ſhe ſaid no indeed! but ſhe ha
lived with one Mr. *Pilkington* in *Irelan*
who had turn'd his Wife out of Doors
and that he lived on *Lazer*'s *Hill*. An
what ſaid I were the Names of the Chil
dren? Why, returned ſhe, there wa
Maſter *Billy*, Miſs *Betty*, and Maſte
Jack! And how came you to leave him
Why, indeed he was beating Miſs and
Maſter ſadly, and I aſked him why he did
it? he ſaid becauſe they were none of his

Oh!

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Oh, Sir, ſaid I, ſure Maſter Jack is yours, for he is your own Picture. Ay, ſaid he, the Mother was thinking of me when he was got. In troth, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I don't doubt that, for I believe you were the neareſt Perſon to her; for which Offence, ſhe was directly diſmiſſed: And could he have found Matter againſt her Life, he would have proſecuted her.

The Children knew her, and whatever little Favours ſhe had by Stealth done for them in my Exile, I did my utmoſt to return to her. A Benefit is ſeldom loſt.

At length the Day broke and diſcovered us my native Earth; I hail'd the Mother Land which gave me Birth, but knowing how little Money I had, did not chuſe to Land at *Dunlary*, which muſt be attended with more Expence, than I had any Poſſibility of anſwering: The other Paſſengers all went aſhore; 'twas about three o'Clock, and my Boy and I waited in the Ship, not doubting but we ſhould be ſoon at *Ringſend*; but it happened

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otherwiſe, for we were becalm'd; we once more took our Seats in the Coach, and found there the Hammer Cloth, in which I wrapt myſelf, and fell faſt aſleep. In the Night I was awaked by the terrible Curſes of the Captain of the Ship, who ſwore dreadfully we ſhould be that Moment loſt. I dropt the Glaſs, and aſked him what was the Matter; he ſaid he had fallen aſleep, and truſted the Ship to one who had directly thrown us on the *North Bull.* And are we then to be loſt? I ſee no Remedy, we ſhall ſtrike in a Minute. I pulled my Son, who laughed at my Fears, which really were very great. The Ship ſtruck upon a Sand-Bank, with ſuch Force, that it rebounded on another, and beat it almoſt to Pieces. However, the Morn aroſe, that gilded all the flowery Plains, and preſented to our View a moſt agreeable Proſpect, both of Land and Water; the Tide left our Ship on the Strand, ſo that without Expence or Difficulty, we walked to *Ringſend.*

Here we took a little decent Lodging, till I could be able to remove to *Dublin*; and

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and I immediately diſpatched my Son, with a Letter to a Nobleman, whom I had formerly ſeen at my Father's; who obligingly ſent me a Guinea: This enabled me to diſmiſs my Lodging; my Son brought me a Coach, in which we put our Portmanteau, and remov'd to an Apartment he had taken for me at a ſmall Rent in *Aungier-ſtreet*.

Well, Reader, I have now brought you with me to *Hibernia*; where you will ſuppoſe the Daughter of a Gentleman ſo univerſally eſteemed, as Doctor *Van Lewin*, would, after ſo long an Exile, have ſurely found ſome Friends.

I wrote a very mannerly Epiſtle to my beloved Spouſe, in which I ſlightly mentioned his mercileſs Treatment of me, and his poor Children; and told him, that if he would pay me the Sixty five Pounds, for which I had his Bond in Counſellor *Smith*'s Hands, I would not only forego the Intereſt, which amounted to a conſiderable Sum, but alſo immediately leave the Kingdom; provided alſo, he would give me Aſſurance, that he

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would take Care of his youngeſt Son. I leave every Perſon of Candour, to judge whether or not this was a fair Propoſal: And I moſt ſolemnly proteſt to Almighty God, that I had no other intention, as there was not at that Time, above forty Pages of my Firſt Volume wrote; however he ſcorned to ſend me an Anſwer of any kind. Well, I wrote again, yet ſtill his Reverence was ſilent as the Grave.

This I confeſs a little incenſed me; and firſt determined me in the Deſign, of publickly vindicating my Innocence, and laying open, for univerſal Benefit, his unparallel'd Character; in which, if I have err'd, 'tis through Tenderneſs, as his Actions,

Call Virtue Hypocrite,
Pluck the fair Roſe from a young innocent Love,
And plant a Bliſter there.——

SHAKESPEAR.

I wrote to Counſellor *Smith*, and told him how Mr. *Pilkington* had treated me

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and withal informed him, that if he had too much Lenity to ſue him for my lawful Right, I inſiſted on his delivering me the Bond, that I might put it in Force, for the Relief of myſelf and my Child.

The Counſellor was at a Loſs how to act in ſo critical a Point. He knew Mr. *Pilkington*'s Talent, of traducing every Perſon, who did not act in Compliance to his Inclination; and, on the other Hand, Juſtice compell'd him to think I had a Right to be paid, what had ſo long and ſo unlawfully been withheld from me; and by which I was drove to ſuch Extremities in *London*.

He therefore wrote to him, and I ſuppoſe acquainted him, how much it was out of his Power, as an honeſt Man, to defend him from the Conſequences of that Bond. Mr. *Pilkington* finding all his Policy of no Effect in this particular Affair, condeſcended to honour the Counſellor with a moſt ſtupid Epiſtle, in which he inſinuated, " that his Motive for giv-
" ing that Bond, was in order to make
" me live virtuouſly for the future, which

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" he could ſufficiently prove I had not " done." [Produce your Evidence Mr. Parſon.] " That if he was allow'd only " ſuch Time to pay it, as his Circum- " ſtances would not allow, he would try " what Remedy he could obtain from a " Court of Equity, when a full State of " the Caſe was laid before them." Theſe are pretty near the Words; I wiſh you had my dear Spouſe, as it muſt have given Pleaſure to any Court, to ſee you look CONSCIENCE in the Face.

But not to be tedious, after much Trouble and Vexation of Spirit, I procured from him twenty Pounds at one Payment, with which I took a little rural Habitation near *Bow-Bridge*.

I wrote a Letter to my dear old Friend, Mr. *Cibber*, and told him, that however improbable it might ſeem to him, I had actually Twenty Pounds in my Pocket; and added, that I had

A little Room to lodge a Friend,
A River at my Garden's End,

and

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and wanted nothing, but the Delights of his Converſation, to make my Situation compleatly agreeable. I believe Mr. *Cibber* had not till then heard of my Expedition, ſo that my Letter muſt have ſurpriz'd him. By the return of the Poſt, I received from his dear Hand the following humorous Epiſtle.

To Mrs. *Lætitia Pilkington*, &c.

THOU frolickſome Farce of Fortune: What! is there then another Act to come of you yet? I thought you had ſome Time ago, made your final Exit. Well, but without Wit or Compliment, I am glad to hear you are ſo tolerably alive. I have your agreeable Narrative from *Dublin* before me, and ſhall, as you deſire, anſwer every Paragraph in its Turn, without once conſidering its Importance or Connection. In the firſt Place, you ſay I have for many Years been the kind Preſerver of your Life. In this, I think I have no great Merit, as you ſeemed to ſet ſo little Value on it yourſelf, otherwiſe you would

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have conſidered, that Poverty was the moſt helpleſs Handmaid, that ever waited on a high ſpirited Lady. You ſeem to have a Glimpſe of a new World before you; think a little how you are to ſqueeze through the Crowd, with ſuch a Bundle at your Back, and do not ſuppoſe it poſſible, you can have a Grain of Wit, till you have twenty Pounds clear in your Pocket; with half that Sum, a greater Sinner than you, may look the Devil in the Face.

Few People of Senſe will turn their Backs on a Woman of Wit, that does not look as if ſhe came to borrow Money of them; but when Want brings her to her Wit's End, every Fool will have Wit enough to avoid her.

I am not ſure your Spouſe's having taken another Wife, before you came over, might not have proved the only Means of his becoming a better Huſband to you; for had he pick'd up a Fortune, the Huſh of your Prior Claim to him might have been worth a better ſeparate Maintenance,

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Maintenance, than what you are now likely to get out of him.

As to my Health and Spirits, they are as uſual, and full as ſtrong as any body's that has enjoy'd them the ſame Number of Years.

If the Value I have for you, gives you any Credit in your own Country, pray ſtretch it as far as you think it can be ſerviceable to you; for under all the Rubbiſh of your Misfortunes, I could ſee your Merit ſparkle like a loſt Jewel. I have no greater Pleaſure, than in placing my Eſteem on thoſe, who can feel and value it. Had you been born to a large Fortune, your ſhining Qualities might have put half the reſt of your Sex out of Countenance. If any of them are uncharitable enough to call this Flattery, tell them what a poor Devil you are, and let that ſilence them.

I hope you have but one Volume of your Works in the Preſs, becauſe if it meets with any Succeſs, I believe I could give you ſome natural Hints, which, in

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the eaſy Dreſs of your Pen, might a good deal enliven it.

You pay your Court very ill to me, by depreciating the natural Bleſſings on your Side the Water: Pray what have we to boaſt off, that you want, but Wealth and inſolent Dominion? Are not the Glory of God's Creation there?—— Woman, lovely Woman there, in their higheſt Luſtre! I have ſeen ſeveral and frequent Samples of them here; and have heard of many, not only from yourſelf, but others, who for the agreeable Entertainments of ſocial Life, have not their equal Play-Fellows in *Old England*.

And pray what would Life be worth without them? Dear ſoft Souls, for now too they are laviſh of Favours, which in my Youth, they would have trembled to truſt me with. In a Word, if inſtead of the Sea, I had only the dry Ground *Alps* to get over, I ſhould think it but a Trip to *Dublin*; in the mean time, we muſt even compound for ſuch Interviews, as the Poſt or Packet can bring or ſend, to

Your real Friend and Servant,

C. Cibber.

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I communicated this Letter to Lord Chief Baron *Bowes*, the Hon. *Arthur Hill*, Eſq; and ſeveral Perſons of Taſte, who were infinitely delighted with it, as they were with many others, which I had from Mr. *Cibber*, and which would conſiderably have embelliſhed my Work, had I not the Misfortune to loſe them, by lending them to a Man of Diſtinction, who by ſome Accident miſlaid them; ſo I muſt e'en entertain you, with the neat Product of my own Brain.

Mr. *Victor*, whom I have mentioned in my Second Volume, and who is now Treaſurer of the Theatre Royal in *Smock-Alley*, came to viſit me ſeveral Times, and frequently favoured us with an Order to ſee the Play, as we were upon a very friendly and familiar Footing. My Son uſed, when he had an Inclination, to call on my Friend for a Paſs; one Night he ſent once or twice for that Purpoſe, when the Gentleman was abroad? What does the giddy Creature do, but aukwardly counterfeits his Hand in an Order for two. He told me of it, and ſaid he was

ſure

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ſure Mr. *Victor* would not deny it, when he was informed who had taken that Freedom with his Name: I laugh'd at the Reflection of the Jeſt, when it came to be known, as Mr. *Victor* had had the Boy in his Arms when an Infant. Accordingly we took a Coach, went to the Play, and the Forgery ſeem'd to paſs extremely well. The firſt Act was ſcarce begun, when a Perſon entered, and as the Houſe was thin of Company, tapt my Son on the Shoulder. I did not apprehend the Cauſe of it, but began to grow uneaſy when I found him ſtay a full Hour; at length he returned, and informed me, that he had been, at the Inſtigation of Mr. *Sh----n*, arreſted by two Conſtables, from whom he was only delivered by the Sollicitations of Mr. *Victor*. This greatly aſtoniſhed me, as I thought Mr. *Sh----n* ought to have had a little more Reſpect for the Son of a Clergyman, eſpecially as he was well convinced, that as I knew his Father, (whom *the Dean* entertained more as a Buffoon, than a Friend or Companion) and his Mother, I had a Power

of

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of furniſhing the World with ſome Anecdotes, which were hitherto unrevealed; but the Scheme of letting my Son eſcape was not any Lenity in him, but a Bait to catch me going out, whom they imagined they ſhould diſcover by the Boy; but it happened that a Gentleman handed me me out, by which this generous Intent was fruſtrated.

His little deformed Brother had the Aſſurance to tell my Son ſome Nights after, that Mr. *S——n* would eſteem any Satire I wrote on him a Panegyrick; which when I heard, in order to oblige him with a Compliment to his Taſte, I inclos'd to Mr. *Victor* the following Lines, to be forwarded to his Mightineſs.

To Mr. S——n.

FAIN would the Muſe record thy Crimes,
And leave them to ſucceeding Times;
But finds it difficult to trace,
The Vices of thy motly Race;
Whether thy Inſolence and Pride,
Spring from thy S——l Father's Side.
That

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That Pedant, who with Rod in Hand,
Could in his paultry School command,
And underneath his cruel Yoke;
Many a generous Spirit broke;
Who elſe were form'd in Camps to ſhine,
Or grace the Noble Patriot Line:
Or didſt thou from thy Dam inherit,
Thy ſordid avaricious Spirit,
Of whom I heard old SWIFT declare,
So many Vices were her Share,
That were her Sex created all,
Pure as the firſt before the Fall;
And but her Crimes thro' all diſtributed,
The beſt would merit to be gibbeted.
Thy Father he applauded next,
Studying a Wench more than a Text;
Who having got of Money ſtore,
Laviſhing all upon a Whore,
Was ſent to Hell, his lateſt Journey,
By her baſe Brother an Attorney;
Such be thy Fate, thou Wretch accurs'd,
Or elſe with Spleen and Envy burſt;
Or with thine Uncle, brave *M'Faddin*,
Whoſe Infamy thy Soul is clad in,

To

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To free the ſuffering Stage and Nation,
Be doom'd like him to Tranſportation.
But who thy Deſtiny can alter?
Thy very Looks, preſage a Halter.
Oh may I live to hail the Day,
When the glad Players ſhall ſurvey,
Their Tyrant ſtript of all Command,
High on the well fixt Ladder ſtand.
And taking thence, one glorious Swing,
How will they ſpout, "God ſave the King?"
Then ſhall thoſe Cloaths, in which diſguiſe,
You'd ſeem a Lord to vulgar Eyes.
Did not thy baſe and abject Mien,
Betray the Beggar's Brat within,
Be by thy Kinſman Hangman worn,
And ſtill a Scoundrel Thief adorn.

This, Sir, I moſt humbly beg your Acceptance of, as 'tis indeed the only thing which I could without Diſſimulation ſay of you.

I was told, that this worthy Gentleman, in a Letter to the inimitable Mr. *Garrick*, ſaid, "We ſhine like *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, "you

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" you adorn *Great Britain*, while I illu-
" minate *Hibernia*." Nothing ſure, but his matchleſs Ignorance, could have drawn ſo diſproportionate a Parrallel. I remember the firſt time I had the Pleaſure of ſeeing Mr. *Garrick* perform, it was the Character of King *Lear*; I was in one of the Boxes, and when he came to the mad Scene, I was ſo much affected at it, that I got up inſenſibly, and was going out till I was wak'd, like one from a Trance, by the Lady who accompanied me, pulling me by the Sleeve, and demanding where I was going? and to ſay the Truth,

He made me Marble, with too much conceiving. MILTON.

I am certain no Perſon was ever capable of making the Audience feel a Part, which they did not ſincerely do themſelves; and I'm convinced, Mr. *Garrick* never play'd a Part, wherein he did not, through the whole Performance, believe himſelf the Man; whereas *Pollux*, as *Sh——n* modeſtly

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modeſtly ſtiles himſelf, is no other than Tom *Sh*———*n*, though he change Dreſs and Perriwig twenty Times a Night; he is indeed, *Semper Eadem*, *worſe* and *worſe*, as my Countryman has it.

This brings to my Memory, a Story of a very eminent Player, who was to perform the Part of *Hannibal*. A Nobleman behind the Scenes, took the Liberty to give a Twitch to one Tye of his Peruke. The enraged Hero turned on his Heel, and with his martial Truncheon, ſmote the Peer over the Cheek.

A Blow, by Heaven! and from an Actor's Hand!
He did not ſtab him, for that were poor Revenge.

But when he came off the Stage, my Lord told him, he believed he thought himſelf really *Hannibal*, when he could give with Impunity, ſuch an Indignity, to a Man of his Conſequence. My Lord, ſaid the Player, if I did not think myſelf *Hannibal*, I ſhould never be able to make the

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the Audience do ſo.——So much for Theatrical Affairs.

I now began ſeriouſly to reſolve on Publiſhing my Writings, and to that End had Propoſals printed. Perſons were at firſt a little timorous, leſt I ſhould print a Liſt of Subſcribers, and by that Means they might unwittingly give Offence; but when I declared no Names ſhould be inſerted, I had a numerous Contribution, from all the Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry; amongſt whom, when I name our excellent *Lord Chancellor*, in whom Titles and Honours had made no Alteration, but that of increaſing his Politeneſs, Munificence, and Liberality, to every Individual; our Patriot *Speaker*; and worthy Recorder *Eaton Stannard*, Eſq; I believe no Perſon of Diſtinction, will bluſh to have their Names mentioned.

Well, at length my firſt Volume was finiſhed, and I wrote a bantering Letter to Sir *J——n F——ke*, to whom I have the Diſhonour to be allied, to tell him, that I intended to dedicate it to him,

Nemine

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Nemine Con. He, whoſe Mind is truly pictured in his ill-favoured Face, told my Son, that for himſelf, every Body would take it as a thing done to make him ridiculous, ſince he had not any Accompliſhments, that might merit an Encomium, which indeed was true, except 'tis his matchleſs Impudence, in keeping Poſſeſſion of an Eſtate, which his own Mother, the Lady ——, told him he had no more Right to, than to the Dukedom of *Burgundy*.

When his ſuppoſed Father, Sir *B----ph F——ke* died, this young Spark was an Enſign in the Army, and ſtepping at once into Affluence, he being naturally of a covetous Diſpoſition, refuſed to pay his Mother the Jointure which ſhe claim'd, and was going to commence a Suit with her; when one Morning ſhe called on him and ſaid, Hark ye, Sir *John*, do you reſolve to go to Law with me for what's my Right? He begg'd to be excuſed, but told her, Self-Preſervation was the firſt Law of Nature; ſo it is Sir, ſaid ſhe, calling him by his real Father's Name; then you

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you are no longer Sir *J———n F——ke* which I will go inſtantly and make publick.

He fell dutifully on his Knees, entreated her Pardon for his Diſobedience, and promis'd for the future to pay all proper Reſignation to her ſuperior Uuderſtanding. —— This, Sir *John*, you and many others know to be Fact.

He pointed out to me, as a ſubject for everlaſting Praiſe, my beloved Lord *Kingsborough*, then Sir *Robert King*, and though I had not the Felicity I have ſince experienced of a perſonal Acquaintance with him, yet the Character pleaſed me, and accordingly I wrote a trifling Dedication, far inferior to his Merit, which notwithſtanding he kindly accepted, and ſent me the following Letter:

Madam,

I Return you my Thanks for the Favour of your Dedication, which tho' I am ſenſible is too high a Compliment, yet my Vanity will not permit me to refuſe. I beg you will take the Trouble

to

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to ſend your Servant to me to-morrow Morning, and you'll oblige,

Madam,

Your devoted humble Servant,

R. KING.

I accordingly ſent my Son, who returned with a Letter, in which were incloſed two Notes for ten Pounds each. The Letter was only this;

Madam,

I Once more return you Thanks for the Favour you intend me, and have the Honour to be,

Madam,

Your obliged humble Servant,

York-ſtreet, R. KING,

Tueſday Morning.

An obliging and eaſy manner of conferring the higheſt Favours, is what few ev'n amongſt the moſt Polite have been able to arrive at, a Perfection which alone is given to adorn a *Marlborough* or a *Kingsborough.*

But

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But alas, how vain, how fleeting were all the Joys I ever propoſed to myſelf. This Nobleman, in whoſe Eſteem I imagined myſelf to be ſo deeply riveted, that not Fortune, Time, or Fate, could ever diſplace me, was, as I have ſince learned, by the Inſinuations of one *Clancy*, an old blind Beggar, whoſe Wants I had often ſupplied, both in *London* and *Dublin*, perſuaded to believe, that I had ſpoken diſreſpectfully of his Lordſhip; and that my Son ſaid he would print his Letters, and ſell them for Halfpence a-piece; all which was moſt notoriouſly falſe: However, it had ſuch an Effect, that his Lordſhip came to me, and giving me ten Guineas in a ſort of commanding Tone, deſired me to give him his Letters; I burſt into Tears, and told him, I would reſign them, (or even any thing, if poſſibly dearer) to his Pleaſure. I went to my Drawer, took as many as I could find, and delivered them as I would,

The ruddy Drops that viſit my ſad Heart.

He

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He took them abruptly, and departing, told me he would ſend in the Morning for the Remainder of them; he left me in a Condition which I am utterly incapable of deſcribing. A Circumſtance ſo unlook'd for, ſunk me into a Train of the moſt gloomy Reflections, which might have been attended with fatal Conſequences, had not the Entrance of ſome agreeable Company diſſipated my preſent Reflections.

The next Morning before I was up a Chairman came and knock'd at the the Door; the Servant aſked who he wanted: He ſaid he came from Lord *Kingsborough*, and muſt ſee Mrs. *Pilkington* herſelf; he told him I was not up; but he ſwore and ſtormed, ſaying he would not leave the Place till he had his Lord's Letters from me. I happened to overhear him, and deſired the Maid to tell the Chairman, I would ſend to his Lordſhip preſently; I accordingly aroſe, and piqued at the Uſage I had received from the Fellow, I muſt confeſs with Shame, I wrote a little

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warmly on the Subject to my Lord, and without allowing myſelf time for Thought diſpatched it off.

For I bear Anger as the Flint bears Fire,
Which much enforced, ſhews a haſty Spark,
And ſtrait is cool again. SHAKESPEAR.

The fatal Epiſtle had ſcarce left my Hand, e'er my Heart was agitated with the moſt ſenſible Remorſe. I in vain diſpatched a Meſſenger after the firſt,

'Twas paſt, 'twas gone, 'twas irrecoverable;

It reach'd his Hands, and he only ſent for Anſwer, "'Tis very well:"

I believe the judicious Part of my Readers, muſt have apprehended that the Sin of Ingratitude is not amongſt the Number of mine, ſince I have endeavoured through my Work, if poſſible, to make the contrary conſpicuous, by rendering

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dering due Praiſe to all my Benefactors. Yet what could my beloved Lord imagine, but that he had beſtow'd all his Favours on an unworthy Perſon?

I did not believe that after all the Anguiſh of Mind I had ſuſtained through my Life, any thing could move my Philoſophy, (which had made me determine never to be overjoyed or ſurprized, at any Advancement in Life, nor dejected or caſt down at any Adverſity on this Side Futurity) ſo much as this.

Downy Repoſe was a Stranger to my Pillow, and I fell a Prey to the greateſt Languor and Heavineſs of Soul. However as I knew his Lordſhip was filled with the Milk of human Pity, I imagined, by apologizing for the raſh Act, I ſhould be bleſt with his forgiveneſs, and a Renewal of his Friendſhip to me, to which End I wrote the following Lines:

To the Right Hon. the Lord *Kingſborough.*

No more my Lord with Pleaſure I expect,
Your friendly Aid my Weakneſs to protect.

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Loſt to thoſe Tranſports, you have oft inſpired,
And every Happineſs my Soul deſir'd;
Oh where for Succour, whither ſhall I fly,
But buried in unheard of Sorrows die?
The Soul of Pity dwells not in a Slave,
But kind Compaſſion dignifies the brave.
At *Darius'* Woes, great *Philip*'s Warlike Son
Was mov'd, when Conqueſts and when Toils were done.
Each Godlike Hero has a tender Part,
And Woes like mine, wou'd melt a ſavage Heart.
E'er long my Soul had no Deſire in View,
No Hope or Wiſh, but that of pleaſing you.
One Smile from you could make a rich Amends,
For ſhatter'd Fortune, and the Loſs of Friends:
Eſteem'd by you, I could with Eaſe ſurvey
My Name and Honour, to the World a Prey.

But

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But now no more, I'm raviſh'd with
that Voice,
Whoſe ſacred Sound bids Agony rejoice.
The vernal Blooms no longer give me
Eaſe,
Nor painted Violets my Fancy pleaſe.
Each Darling Object but elates my Grief,
And Death's cold Hand can only give
Relief.
Yet, when *Lætitia* ſhall exiſt no more,
But Duſt to Duſt, as ſhe muſt ſhort, re-
ſtore,
Shed one kind Tear of Pity on her
Hearſe,
Thou matchleſs Subject of her lateſt
Verſe;
And let no Stone or Marble ever tell
What Woes her Children, or herſelf, be-
fel:
But, mix'd and cover'd, with forgotten
Clay,
Time ſhall diſſolve her Memory away.

His Lordſhip ſent me the following Anſwer, which only added more Weight to my oppreſſed Soul.

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Madam,

I Am extremely honoured, by that Eſteem and Friendſhip which you profeſs for me in your really fine Copy of Verſes; yet, when I reflect on a late Letter of yours, which I ſtill have by me, I cannot help thinking myſelf as unworthy of your Praiſes, as I was of your Threats.

I am,

Madam,

Your very humble Servant,

———.

I concluded from this Letter, that I had loſt all the Share in his Eſteem, that I once flattered myſelf I was poſſeſſed of; which ſhews the Inſtability of human Affairs.

And here, gentle Reader, my Story and my Life draw to a Period. I am convinced, from the preſent Situation of my Health, that I ſhall never live to ſee this Volume publiſhed. It is the only Legacy I have to leave my poor Boy, who, I fear, will

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will meet with many Enemies, on account of my Writings, when it will be out of my Power to protect him. But Oh! ye Good and Great, to you and the Almighty I commend him; and hope that Tenderneſs which melted you to compaſſionate my Woes, will incline you to aſſiſt him. Believe me, my dear Lord *Kingſborough*, no Creature living holds your Lordſhip in higher Eſteem than he; and, as you told me in one of your Letters, your Inclinations were, and Endeavours ſhould be, to ſerve him, let not the Memory of my Offence prevent your keeping that Promiſe ſacred.

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APPENDIX.

I Promiſed in my Propoſals for printing this Volume by Subſcription, to give the Readers a Key to the firſt, ſecond, and third Volumes, in this Place; but having been adviſed by ſome judicious Friends, that ſuch a thing would only tend to create ill Blood, and excite a Reſentment too powerful to be withſtood by ſo inconſiderable a Perſon as myſelf, it has been thought expedient to furniſh them with an Account of my Mother's Death; which I am the more capable of doing, as I remained with her to her laſt Moments.

She had been a long time in a declining State of Health, having an extreme bad Stomach, and Digeſtion: Nor did ſhe

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ſhe imagine that Nature could have held out as long as it did.

She never ſeemed in the leaſt uneaſy at the Knowledge of her approaching End; often declaring, that if ſhe could take me with her to Felicity, ſhe would leave this World without Reluctance.

And indeed, I am not ſurprized, that her maternal Love extended ſo far, as ſhe even then foreſaw the Calamities which I have ſince ſuſtained; and knew, that if the World, at her firſt ſetting out as a Writer, with her extraordinary Talents, ſcarce afforded her Bread, my Fate muſt be even harder, except I met the Patronage of ſome illuſtrious Perſon.

And Providence ſeemed inclinable to comply with her Wiſh; for, in the latter End of *June*, 1751, I was ſeized with a moſt violent Pleuretic Fever, which I got by an extreme Cold, I ſent for Doctor *Fergus*, a moſt eminent Phyſician, and worthy Gentleman; my Mother was at this time ſo weak as to be obliged to keep her Bed: When the Doctor ſaw me, and

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heard the Symptoms of my Diſorder, he told me I was a dead Man; that I ſhould have applied ſome Days ſooner, ſince he was now of Opinion it had got too far the Aſcendency over me for any Cure to be effected: However, he ordered me to be blooded four times that Day, and then went up to my Mother's Apartment.

She aſked him his Advice upon her own Caſe and mine; and he told her a little too frankly, that Nature might do ſomething for my Recovery, but that her Death was inevitable; ſhe ſmiling, ſaid to him, That the Worms would have but a poor Feaſt of her, ſhe being quite worn away.

Well, I was blooded according to his Order, and the Fever abated conſiderably. I had the next Night an exceſſive Perſpiration, which carried off all the Symptoms except a little Weakneſs.

In the Morning a young Lady, who honour'd me with a particular Regard, came to ſee me. She was ſo exceſſively delighted at my ſpeedy and unexpected Recovery, that ſhe reſolved to ſpend the Day

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Day with me; and my poor Mother, ever willing to contribute to my Satisfaction, told the Nurſe-keeper that ſhe found herſelf much better, and deſired ſhe might be brought to my Apartment; accordingly ſhe lifted my dear Mother like a Child, in her Arms, and placed her in an Elbow-chair by my Bed-ſide: She affected, in order to pleaſe me, to be extremely chearful; and the young Lady kneeled down, and aſked her Bleſſing; telling her ſhe wanted to have a Wedding in the Houſe inſtead of a Burying from it. My Mother, who retained her Spirits and good Humour to the laſt, gave us both her Bleſſing very devoutly, and her ſincere Permiſſion to marry. I had a ſmall Chicken dreſſed for my Dinner, of which my Mother partook, but her Stomach was too weak to keep it, or a Glaſs of Wine, which ſhe drank after it; ſo ſhe was obliged to be carried to Bed.

After her Departure, as the Weather was vaſtly warm, I ordered the Maid to open the Saſh-window; and, in the meantime, comes the Doctor; we were juſt

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going to drink Tea: This Gentleman is a little near-ſighted; but ſeeing the Saſh up, and Company in the Room, What, ſaid he, this poor Boy's gone; I thought ſo! And was going out: No, Sir, ſaid I, I am ſtill alive: Alive! ſaid he, And what are all theſe People doing here? He immediately went and darkened the Window, taking the Company by the Shoulders, and turning them out; he then charged the Nurſe-keeper, not to open the Window, nor let any Perſon talk to me for a Week.

I thought this Preſcription a little hard, as I imagined myſelf quite well: Accordingly the next Morning I ſent the Nurſe out, got up, dreſſed myſelf, and went to my poor Mother; ſhe was agreeably ſurprized to ſee me, but upon opening the Curtains, I found ſhe had a great Caſt in her Eyes, which ſhocked me extremely, and ſhe told me, that every thing appeared double to her; I did not give her to underſtand, that I perceived it, but told her, ſhe looked better than I had known her do a long

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Time. She ſaid the Doctor had given her over: Why ſo he did me, Madam, and yet you ſee I am alive; and if you will take my Preſcription, I dare ſay you will make a Fibber of him.

She ſaid ſhe would, and I propoſed, that my Spouſe as I call'd Miſs *C—w*, and ſhe, and I, ſhould the next Morning go to *Chapel Izod*, a Place about three Miles from Dublin, and ſpend the Day. She ſeemed quite pleaſed with my Requeſt, and ſent to have a Landau beſpoke for that Purpoſe.

In the Morning ſhe was up and dreſſed before me, and was as ſprightly as I had ever ſeen her, tho' quite weak, inſomuch that ſhe was obliged to be carried into the Machine and out again.

We ſet out before Breakfaſt, and went thro' the *Phœnix* Park, it was a fine Day, and we had the Landau opened; the freſh Air vaſtly revived her, and ſhe repeated a good many Lines of the Poem on *Windſor-Foreſt*; ſhe even complained of being hungry. When we came to the Tavern, I ordered ſome Tea; and to my

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my infinite Surprize; my Mother called for a Plate of Ham, and ſome Oil and Vinegar, eat very hearty, and drank two Glaſſes of White-wine.

The Readers may judge that I was overjoyed at ſeeing ſo fair a Proſpect of her Recovery; ſhe after made a Shift to walk down into the Flower-Garden, and ſeemed to enjoy the balmy Fragrance with great inward Satisfaction. I then went in, and beſpoke Dinner, which was young Ducks, and Green Peaſe; my Mother lay down and ſlept 'till 'twas ready, at which Hour ſhe roſe, and eat very hearty: There happened to be a Couple of Gentlemen in the Houſe of our Acquaintance, who after Dinner joined Company with us; and my Mother told them that the Doctor had given her over, but ſhe was reſolved to outlive the whole Faculty. In ſhort, ſhe related twenty agreeable Stories to our infinite Entertainment.

Little did I imagine, that our preſent Joy was only the Prologue to the Grief I too ſoon after received. We did not leave *Chapel Izod* till Ten at Night, when

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when we all ſet out in the Landau; I know not whether the Air might not have been very fatal to her, for no ſooner were we got a hundred Yards, but ſhe began to cough, and continued ſo all that Night, during which I ſat up with her.

We lodged at this Time in the Houſe of one *Sheil*, in *Phraper-Lane*, *Dublin*: We had a firſt and ſecond Floor, for which we conſtantly paid Ten Shillings and Six-pence a Week; the Man of the Houſe had been a Pariſh-Clerk, and had held that Dignity under my Father for ſome Years; he afterwards turned Farrier, or Horſe-Doctor, in which meeting with no Succeſs, he came to *Dublin*, took a Houſe which he let to Lodgers, except the Parlours and Kitchen, and commenced a famous Quack; I queſtion whither the moſt eminent of that Profeſſion in *London*, which I take to be *R——k*, ever tried more ſalutary Methods to deſtroy the human Species, than this profound *Eſculapius* had done, nor with more Succeſs; whom we ſhall here-

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hereafter diſtinguiſh by the Title of Doctor *Sheil*.

This Wretch, who was ignorant beyond Conception, was a Compound of Pragmataciſm and Hypocriſy, his Eyes were eternally bent to Heaven, with the moſt ſolemn and auſtere Aſpect, while his Heart was perpetrating the Deſtruction of all who had the Misfortune to be thrown into his Houſe.

The firſt Inſtance which convinced me of it, was this; the light Guineas were now cried down, ſo that People would ſcarcely accept them on any Account. This Doctor was very particular every *Saturday* to call for his Money; being the moſt avaricious Mortal I had ſeen. It happened one Evening, that we had no Money in the Houſe but theſe Guineas, one of which was very remarkable and wanted Six Shillings. This I gave him, and allowed him the Deficiency. In a few Days after, every light Guinea which my Mother had, ſhe ſold, and took current Guineas for them. She had exactly five Weight ones in her Purſe.

One

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One Morning that I went out, ſhe left her Pocket hanging on a Chair; as ſhe was never ſuſpicious of any one. When I returned, ſhe was going to ſend me to pay ſome Caſh; when what ſhould I ſee but the light Guinea I had ſome Days before given *Sheil*. The Thing aſtoniſhed me; I aſked if *Sheil* had been in the Room, ſhe ſaid no, nor any Perſon beſides Nurſe; this Nurſe, under the Roſe, was much addicted to Liquor, I called her, and examined her cloſely about the Matter, ſhe ſtrenuouſly denied her knowing any thing of it; at length, by Threats and Entreaties, ſhe confeſſed that *Sheil* had given her Half a Pint of Rum to change them in her Pocket, he aſſuring her it was the ſame Thing.

I now beſought my Mother's Permiſſion to lay the old canting R——l in Newgate, but ſhe begged, that I would let her die in Peace, and not cauſe her laſt Moments to be diſturbed with Contention; ſhe farther conjured me not to mention it till ſhe was either dead, or in ſome other

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other Lodging. In Compliance to her Requeſt, I dropt the Affair.

But notwithſtanding her Deſire of Quietneſs, this Blood-hound, for ſuch alone I can ſtile him, reſolved to haſten her Exit; for the next Day watching his Opportunity, when I was out, he came up, and with an auſtere Countenance demanded three Weeks Rent, which was that Day due to him, ſhe told him in a faint Voice, that I was gone for Money, and would pay him at my Return; but he ſwore he would not be trifled with any longer; and if ſhe did not inſtantly pay him, he would turn her into the Street.

Imagine what a Shock this Behaviour muſt be to one in her feeble Condition; ſhe could make no Anſwer, but burſt into Tears. Come, Madam, ſaid the inhuman Cannibal, theſe Arts won't paſs on me; give me either my Money, or Value for it, or by G——d you ſhall go out of this Lodging.

She gave him the Keys of her Drawers, and deſired him to take any Moveables

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ables he thought proper for his Security, and intreated for Chriſtian Charity he would leave the Room, as his Preſence was baneful to her.

This was all he aimed at, ſo very modeſtly helped himſelf to every Thing that was valuable, and left the Room.

I returned ſoon after, and was greatly ſurprized, to ſee my poor Mother trembling, and pale, ſo that ſhe ſcarce ſeemed to live; ſhe faintly looked up at me, and ſaid my dear Child, that Villain *Sheil* has been the Death of your Mother; I knew I had not long to exiſt, but ſure it was cruel to ſtab at Half an Hour of my frail Life.

I could ſcarce contain the various Paſſions riſing in my Breaſt; Love, Pity, Horror, and Reſentment, reciprocally took Place, and I ſhould doubtleſs have gone and taken his Life, but that filial Duty withheld me from adding to my dear Mother's Affliction.

I

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I prevailed on her to take a little mull'd Wine, after which ſhe went to Bed; and I found on the Table theſe Lines, which were the laſt ſhe ever wrote;

My Lord, my Saviour, and my God,
I bow to thy correcting Rod;
Nor will I murmur or complain,
Tho' ev'ry Limb be fill'd with Pain;
Tho' my weak Tongue its Aid denies,
And Day-light wounds my wretched Eyes.

I ſat up with her all this Night, during which ſhe ſlept little for the heavy Cough on her Lungs; but ſhe retained her Senſes ſo well, that ſhe entertained me with many Stories, and repeated Part of a Poem written on Mrs. *Waller*. I believe, Madam, ſaid I, ſhe's a Subſcriber to you; Yes, ſaid ſhe, ſhe paid the Money to my Father. I now found her Brain begin to grow defective; which gave the moſt piercing Anguiſh to my Heart I had ever received.

She doz'd a little about four o'Clock in the Morning; and when ſhe awoke, told

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told me, she had a mighty agreeable Dream; which was, that her Father came to her in a Mourning Coach and Six; and told her he was very angry she had been so long ill, and yet never sent for him whom she knew was always ready to assist her: I am come, continued he, to bring you out of all your Troubles; and with that, took her in his Arms, like a Child, and carried her away in the Coach.

My boding Heart readily interpreted this Dream, as indeed did her own; my Dear, said she, you know the Usage I have received from your Father, together with the Knowledge I have that there are but few good Clergymen to be found, have ever made me declare that I would permit none of them to visit me in my last Hours, except dear Doctor *Delany*: However, since he is from Town, and the World would add Impiety to all they have said of me, if I don't have some one of them, pray send for the Curate of this Parish; I accordingly did, and we all joined in Prayer; after which she fell into a good deal of Discourse with him,

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him, and they drank a Glaſs of Wine together: He aſked her if ſhe forgave my Father; and ſhe related the following Story to him.

There was an honeſt *Iriſh* Papiſt, on his Death-bed, and when the Prieſt was going to give him Abſolution, he aſked the ſick Man, If he freely forgave all his Enemies? Otherwiſe he could not adminiſter that Sacrament to him; the Man replied, Arah faith, Father, I do forgive every one, only *Teddy Brenan*, that pounded my Cow. Nay, but, ſaid the Prieſt, you muſt forgive him alſo, or I cannot abſolve you; Well, ſaid he, Father, if I die, I will forgive him; but if I live, I never can. Will that do, ſaid the ſick Man? Arah faith, ſaid the Prieſt, if it won't do, it muſt do; and accordingly proceeded.

So, Sir, ſaid ſhe, if I die I do forgive him; and I wiſh the God whom he has offended may do the ſame; but if I live, mark you that, Maſter Parſon, I never will.

The

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The Clergyman departed, and in about an Hour's time came a great long Letter, written, I ſuppoſe, at the Deſire of Doctor *Sheil*, by ſome of the enthuſiaſtical Methodiſts, of which *Dublin* is now the chief Receptacle in his Majeſty's Dominions; it was written in their whining Stile, declaring that ſhe, my Mother, was damned beyond Redemption; that ſhe was now on the Brink of Hell; and that not the Blood of the Lamb could intercept her.

We both laughed at this fantaſtic Contrivance, and ſhe only wiſhed for Strength to be able to anſwer it properly; but alas, that ſhe never had.

This Day ſhe retained her Senſes tolerably till Evening, when ſhe began to talk incoherently. I ſat up till Four in the Morning, at which time I grew very heavy: What, ſaid ſhe, can't you watch and pray a Moment, till this bitter Cup paſſes from me; a Moment, and I ſhall be no more: Come, ſaid ſhe, kneel down, and take my Bleſſing, and the laſt Adieu. With a Heart rent in twain, I complied, and

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and ſhe laid her Hand on my Head, and ſaid, very devoutly, the God of *Abraham*, *Iſaac*, and *Jacob*, bleſs you; the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghoſt, protect and guard you, and bring you ſafe to everlaſting Peace, where I go a little before you; for, ſurely, my dear Child, I believe, through Chriſt, I ſhall be happy hereafter.

The Words made ſo deep an Impreſſion on my Soul, that I could not help repeating them; and I do it more particularly, becauſe ſome People have been cruel enough to ſay, ſhe died an Atheiſt; but ſurely ev'ry Perſon, who examines her Writings, will find that ſhe was a ſincere Believer in the Doctrines of Chriſtianity, as taught by the Church of *England*; the perpetual Benefit of which I hope ſhe now enjoys. I remember in the Beginning of her Illneſs, ſhe called me to her; and ſaid, I have a thing to requeſt, and you muſt by no means deny me, but promiſe on your Life, your Honour, and your Soul, to perform it; I told her, as I had not often diſobeyed her, ſhe need

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not be ſo particular in charging me; 'tis this, ſaid ſhe, in a few Days you'll loſe your poor little Mother; and as you know I have no Money, your Father undoubtedly will bury me, and, perhaps, may propoſe putting my Remains in his Family Burial Place; but if you ſuffer that, you have my heavy Curſe; nay, if it's poſſible, I will come from the Grave to reſent it. Lay me by my dear Father, and let our kindred Aſhes mingle together; for, were I put in the Ground with your Father,

The Miracle of *Thebes* wou'd be renew'd,
And the dividing Flames burn different Ways.

Theſe were her very Words: Now, ſaid ſhe, if ever you grow rich, erect a little ſquare Marble Stone over me; and let this Inſcription be on it;

Here lyeth, near the Body of her honoured Father, John Vanlewen, *M. D.* *the Mortal Part of*

Mrs. LÆTITIA PILKINGTON,

M *Whoſe*

* She and her Father are buried in *St. Anne's* Church, *Dawſon-ſtreet*,

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Whoſe Spirit hopes for that Peace, thro' the infinite Merit of CHRIST, *which a cruel and mercileſs World never afforded her.*

I ſincerely promiſed to obey her Injunction. But to return:—Between Five and Six her Breath grew ſhort, and her Eye-Sight failed her, I went, and embracing her Hand, which was now almoſt lifeleſs, aſked her if ſhe knew me: Yes, ſaid ſhe, you are my eldeſt Son, come from the College for my Bleſſing; you might have called before, but God bleſs you. It ſeemed as if her not being permitted to ſee him diſturbed her laſt Moments. She then deſired me to kneel down and pray by her, which I did, ſtill keeping her Hand in mine, I found it grow cold, and heavy, and looking up juſt ſaw her expire with a Sigh.

I now beheld the moſt tender and endearing Mother departed from me: My only Prop and Succour gone: While I ſaw myſelf ready to be expoſed to all the Malice of Fortune. I too well before experienced the obdurate Temper of my Father,

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Father, to hope any Favour from him. However, ſummoning up all my Philoſophy, and repoſing my intire Confidence in divine Providence, I left that Scene of Sorrow and Lamentation, and retired to take a little Repoſe.

I had ſome few Days before this ſecured all my Mother's Manuſcripts in the Hands of a Friend, which was very fortunate for me, ſince the Moment old *Sheil* heard ſhe was dead, he ran into the Dining-Room, and ſecured every Thing he could lay Hands on; after which he went to inform my Father of the long wiſhed and joyful News. He could ſcarce credit it at firſt; but when the pious Mr. *Sheil* aſſured him on the Word of a Chriſtian, that he ſpoke Truth, my Father, with great Compoſure, ſaid it had been well for her, to have died ſome Years ago; old *Sheil* aſſured him, that he believed ſhe would not have died this Bout, but for the Fright he gave her in her Sickneſs; for which kind Office my Father could not but thank him.

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He gave immediate Orders for her Funeral, which you may depend on it was not profuſe; he allowed her, however a decent Oak Coffin and Shrowd, and the Nurſe-keeper told me, that *Sheil* was ſo unparalleled a Wretch, that ſhe could ſcarce keep him out of the Room while ſhe ſtripped the Corpſe, which the Moment ſhe had done, and put her Shrowd on, he came and took the Linen in which ſhe died, and ſecured that alſo.

When I aroſe in the Morning, the old Hypocrite aſked me to Breakfaſt with him, and endeavoured to comfort me, by ſaying my Father was too good a Chriſtian to let me want; and that as the Cauſe of his Anger to me was now removed, by the Death of my Mother, the Effect would undoubtedly ceaſe.

I told him I expected nothing from him, nor ſhould I, tho' infinitely diſtreſſed, make any Application to him; that Nature inſtructed me to love and protect my Mother, whoſe Cauſe my Duty prompted me to eſpouſe, of which

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I could not be aſhamed, ſince I would do it, were it to be done again.

He ſaid I ought to ſubmit to my Father, and write to him; and, ſaid he, thoſe Papers and Letters you have, ſend them to him, which will prove your Reſpect, and I will engage to mediate Matters ſo well between you, that he ſhall allow you Twenty Pounds a Year, tho' he won't ſee you.

As I am too apt to be credulous, had any Perſon, but this Man, whom my Soul abhorred, made ſuch Overtures, I ſhould have thought there was ſomething in it; but if the Harmony of Angels proceeded from his Lips, whom I looked on as the Murderer of my dear Mother, it would to me be hateful as the Hiſſing of Serpents.

However, I liſtened to him, and anſwered that thoſe Papers would certainly obtain Money for me, and Promiſes were often broke; that as to Twenty Pounds a Year, my Father would as ſoon give Twenty of his Teeth; but if the officious Mr. *Sheil* would prevail

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on my Father to give me Fifty Pounds, I would not only reſign them, but would go to ſome Part of the World, where he ſhould never hear of me.

The latter Part of this my Father would readily agree to, nay have given me his Bleſſing at my Departure, *but not a Word of the Nine and Forty Pieces.* Indeed another *pious Divine* offered me a Sum of Money to go to *America*, which becauſe I did not conſent to, he has ſince utterly rejected me; but a little Time will ſhew the World his Motives for that, and open a very *unexpected Scene to the Publick*; and tho' I have not kept my Promiſe to him in making the Affair known before now, yet I take this Opportunity of informing his Reverence that I have not forgot him.

In ſhort, the Doctor (*Sheil* I mean) went to my Father, and told my Conditions; but he only laughed, and ſaid I had not my Mother's Genius, and muſt quickly fall into Contempt, therefore he very fairly ſet me at Defiance; and ſhould I dare to print any Thing againſt

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againſt him, he had Intereſt enough to ſend me over the Water. I am ſorry for the diſagreeable Neceſſity I am under of ſpeaking or writing any Thing to diſpleaſe him, but Facts may be related, I hope, without Offence.

The next Day Mr. *Faulkner* inſerted the following Paragraph in his Paper.

Yeſterday Morning died Mrs. Letitia Pilkington. And the Author of *Pue's Occurrences*, one of the worſt Papers publiſhed there, (I ſuppoſe by my Father's Direction) inſerted a very falſe and ſcandalous Paragraph; while Mr. *Eſdall*, who is a Gentleman of known Worth and Integrity publiſhed a genteel Encomium on her.

A few Days after I wrote the following little Piece, which, as it was almoſt my firſt Attempt in Rhyme, and on ſo particular a Subject, I hope the Readers will pardon me for introducing it here.

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On the DEATH *of my* BELOVED MOTHER.

And ſhall no mournful elegiac Lay,
Thy matchleſs Worth and Excellence diſplay?
From me, at leaſt, 'tis but a poor Amends,
Thou tendereſt Mother, and thou beſt of Friends;
While, from my Eyes, the ſtreaming Sorrows run,
Accept this Tribute from thy darling Son;
Who, taught by thee, in melting Numbers tells
What agonizing Pain his Boſom ſwells;
What dreadful Anguiſh preys upon his Mind,
That thou art fled, and he remains behind:
Pleas'd if with you he might aſcend the Sky,
To the bright Regions of Felicity;
But here no Joy, no Comfort, no Delight,
Can charm his Fancy, or divert his Sight:
Wilt

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Wilt thou from never-fading Bliſs de-
ſcend
Me from the Storms of Fortune to de-
fend?
Midſt the rude Strokes of adverſe Fate
protect,
Or in ſweet Viſions all my Ways direct:
Alas! too many Bleſſings wait on thee,
To know one anxious, tender Pang for
me.
Yet ſure the pure celeſtial Joys above,
Cannot extirpate thy maternal Love;
Which, with a Care, Deſcription that ſur-
paſt,
Defended me from each untimely Blaſt;
Rais'd me to Knowledge in each poliſh'd
Art,
Refin'd my Manners, and improv'd my
Heart;
Taught me from pleaſing, ſacred Truths
to know,
The Source from whence perpetual Mer-
cies flow:
Then, to the Throne of never-dying
Worth,

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Taught me to pour my Supplications forth.
May that tranſcendant Pow'r, which call'd you hence,
Be ſtill my Shield, my Refuge, and Defence,
Till the grim Tyrant kindly ends my Pain,
And we, enraptur'd, meet in Heav'n again.

I never communicated theſe Lines to any one; and now tranſcribe them only from my Memory.

Since, by writing this little Account, I have obtained the Honour of ſpeaking to the Public, it gives me an Opportunity of ſaying ſomething in Favour of myſelf, who I am convinced have been miſrepreſented to them, and for which, I hope, I ſhall be excuſed, as Self-preſervation is the firſt Law of Nature. There are many Perſons of ſome Note in Life, who have, on hearing me mentioned, cried, Oh, horrid Dog, ſhocking Fellow, &c. Pray, Gentlemen and Ladies, for what?

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what? Where are my Accuſers; let them name the particular Crimes for which I deſerve thoſe Epithets, or elſe not mention me at all.

My Lord *Stafford*, I think, is the only Inſtance which *Engliſh* Hiſtory furniſhes us with, of a Perſon being condemn'd for accumulated Treaſon; nay, even he had a fair Hearing for his Life: But theſe People are for condemning me unheard, for no particular Fault, only that ſuch and ſuch People ſay ſo and ſo.

A Conſciouſneſs of this has made me reſolve to write my own Life, by which means only I ſhall have a Power of ſetting Things in a clear Light, and of adjuſting many preſent Ambiguities; and, though I confeſs the Public are burthened with Things of this kind already, many of which have no Tendency to reform the Manners of the Age, but rather vitiate them; yet I flatter myſelf, among the Variety of real Incidents, and whimſical Revolutions I have met with, they may find as well Entertainment, as Matter, to moralize on.

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As I do by no means aſſume the Name of a Writer, ſo the Public may be aſſured I ſhall never attempt Satyr; if my Betters have Faults, that's no Affair of mine; I am to purſue my own Story. A Man who can't put up with a Tweak by the Noſe, and a Foot in the Rump, is not fit to live in this faſhionable World; I therefore aſſure the Public, before hand, that I will be quite paſſive; and tho' I name the Error, not the Man; by which manner of Proceeding, 'tis not improbable that by the time I am fourſcore, I may have an Annuity of forty Pounds a Year; upon the Hopes of which I may reaſonably ſubſiſt and keep up my Spirits. And in this I ſtrictly follow the Advice of a certain great Man in *Ireland*, whoſe Place of Abode is not remote from the *Phenix-Park*; and whoſe Acquirements have juſtly raiſed him from Obſcurity to Opulence; his extenſive Plans in Building have excited an univerſal Admiration of his Taſte in Architecture. This worthy Perſon I applied to, after the Death of my Mother; and informed him, that I

was

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was poſſeſſed of ſome Letters, which he had in her Life-time been pleaſed to honour her with; and that as her Papers would, undoubtedly, fall into the Hands of a Printer, I thought proper, leſt the Publication of them might be offenſive to him, to give him this Information.

He ſent his Compliments by the Meſſenger, and deſired to ſee me the next Morning; I accordingly waited on him; and tho' my Circumſtances were not in the flow, yet, in order to convince him that I had no lucrative Motive in addreſſing him, I put the Letters under a Cover, and ſent them in before me.

I was then introduced to his Preſence; he received me with the utmoſt good Manners, deſiring me to ſit: Young Man, ſaid he, I have had a Letter from you lately, concerning ſome Writings of mine to your Mother; ſhe was a Lady whom I regarded, on account of her Father and Family, whom I well knew; and therefore I correſponded with, and aſſiſted her, my Letters you have here ſent me; and, young Man, I'll keep

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keep them; and will give you a Piece of Advice better than Gold, if you'll follow it.

There has been lately at my Houſe his G——ce the P——te * * * * *, and ſeveral other Perſons of the moſt eminent Stations in this Kingdom, and diſcourſing of your Mother's Writings, introduced you; and it was ſaid, that you had taken the Liberty to write to ſeveral great Men, very much in the Stile of your Mother; they imagined, when ſhe was dead, they ſhould have heard no more of the Matter; but you ſeem'd to keep her Spirit alive. Now, young Man, ſaid he, conſider you are not a Woman, from whom ev'n a Blow cannot hurt Honour: We tollerated thoſe Things in her, which, in you, would be culpable in the higheſt degree; in ſhort, if you have any Talents, as I am told you have, apply them to make Friends, inſtead of troubling your Head about the Follies of Mankind; find out their Virtues, and make that your Theme. Indeed, Sir, that, ſaid I, will be a difficult Matter.

In

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In ſhort, Sir, continued he, if you do not apply your Genius, according to the Will of your Superiors, Care will be taken to ſend you out of the Kingdom before you are aware of it.

I thanked him ſincerely for his Admonition, which I determined from that Moment to eſtabliſh as my Principle; and, on my Return thro' the Park, upon examining the Affair, found it more rational to ſuppoſe, that I ſhould live by writing Panygeric than Satyr, I reſolved to try the Experiment, and, at the ſame time, determined to beſtow random Praiſe, no matter to me tho' the Perſon I addreſſed was tainted with the moſt diabolical Vices, I was to form the ſuppoſed Virtues and Graces from my own copious Idea. The firſt I exerted my Talent on, was the *Son of a Baſhaw*, then reſident in theſe *Dominions*; and one whoſe *wiſe Interpoſition* in the *S———te* Matters of that *Kingdom*, have made him ſo much the Darling of the *grateful* People, and ſo far raiſed Envy on this Side the Water, that on his Return, inſtead of Acclamatio is,

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clamations he is accoſted with Sneers and Hiſſes, where-ever he appears; while he, conſcious of his innate Worth, ſheds a contemptuous Smile on the ſenſeleſs Idiots, who are weak enough to cenſure his ſuperior Abilities.

I remembered to have heard him receive the Applauſe of the Senate-houſe, for telling Mr S———r, that as the Seaſon was far advanced, and the Gentlemen deſirous of returning to their Seats, he thought it beſt to p——ge the P——t till *April* enſuing.

This ſublime Piece of Elocution was Matter enough for me, who, from my preſent Syſtem, you'll allow was a profeſs'd Sycophant; I accordingly wrote ſome Lines on the Occaſion, which were not of Conſequence enough to ſubſiſt till this time; therefore cannot be here recited. I waited on his L——p, and put them into his Hand as he ſtept into his Chariot; he received them, and drove off; the next Morning I waited at the ſame Place, till he was going out, and had the Honour of a gracious Smile; upon

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upon which, I liv'd elegantly that Day. The ſucceeding Morning I receiv'd, What? a familiar Nod! Upon which I ſubſiſted tollerably, till five that Afternoon. At that Time indeed, ſome extraordinary Emotion in my Stomach, gave me to underſtand, that Nods and Smiles though conferr'd by the Sons of Baſhaws, will not fill the Belly.

The indifferent Succeſs of my firſt Enterprize made me almoſt determine, never to attempt any Thing more in that Way; though an Affair of like Nature, which happened ſome Time before, might, if I had common Senſe, have been ſufficient to deter me.

As I was walking one Day, penſive and pennyleſs through *Henry-ſtreet*, I ſaw ſome Footmen and Chairmen with White Gloves and Cockades; and on enquiring the Occaſion, was told that L—d *H——th*, was that Day married to Miſs *K——g*; I immediately ran to a Coffee-Houſe, call'd for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and wrote a flaming Epithalamium, which I as ſuddenly diſpatch'd, reſolving to have

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have the Start of all *Grub-ſtreet*. His L——dſhip came out and told the Meſſenger, that when Mr. *Pilkington* wrote better Verſes, he would ſend him a Reward.

I was at this Time in a Window oppoſite to his Lordſhip, who ſaw the Man come over and deliver me the Anſwer; I took a Pen, and before his Face, wrote Extempore the following Truth:

To the Right Hon. the Lord H—th.

In a Coffee-Houſe hurried, and preſt by my Fate,
I wrote a few Lines to get ſomething to eat;
Perhaps, though the Subject, a Dunce might inſpire,
The want of Subſiſtence has ſlackened my Fire;
But if your kind Lordſhip, that Want will ſupply,
No Man ſhall write faſter, nor better than I.

His

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His Lordſhip ſent Word it was very well: It may be ſo, thought I, but Faith I found it very ill.

I could not avoid repeating the Story, in ſome Companies I after fell into, and whether they reſented the Reception I met, or had ſome former Pique to that N———n, I ſhall not pretend to ſay, but ſhortly after, the following Epigram was handed about;

When in proper Terms, we Dulneſs would cloath,
We ſay you'r as dull as the Hill that's in *H———th*;
But would you give Dulneſs the Force of Record,
Say that every Thing ſtupid reſembles my L———d.

I ſhould be ſorry, by producing theſe Pieces, to be thought to harbour the leaſt Reſentment, for the Fate of my Mar-

* 'Tis frequent in *Dublin*, to ſay you are as ſtupid as the Hill of *Heath*.

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Marriage Poem; the Judgment of a P——-r muſt ever be Superior to that of the Inſect, called a Scribbler, whoſe Views extend no farther than a Dinner, or a Shilling; and I only relate theſe little Anecdotes, to ſhew that I am quite incapable of reſenting any Thing my Superiors are pleas'd to do.

As this is the firſt Time I have been bleſſed with an Opportunity, of addreſſing the polite World, I find myſelf much inclin'd to prate, though I already begin to fear I ſhall be cenſur'd for this impertinent Intruſion, where I am an entire Stranger; yet as I have got ſo far, and my Publiſher, who is a Man of real Taſte, and diſtinguiſhed Abilities, neither of which, my Printer is deſtitute of; as they I ſay, have not yet rejected any Part of this Appendix as Nonſenſe, I have a ſtrange Inclication to venture upon a Page or two more.

I remember to have ſeen amongſt my Mother's Papers, an Advertiſement which ſhe intended to have publiſhed in *London*; and as it contains ſome Humour,

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mour, I here recite it as well as I can recollect.

" Since it is become cuſtomary with " every Perſon, to advertiſe the Talents, " they either in Reality or Imagination " poſſeſs; I have been told I have a " Stock on my Hands, which is of " no manner of uſe to me, and having " ſold every Thing, but the Gift of God " to me, if any Simon will purchaſe I " will diſpoſe of it as follows:

" If any illiterate Divine, from *Cam-* " *bridge* or *Oxford*, has a Mind to ſhew " his Parts in a *London* Pulpit, let him " repair to me, and he ſhall have a Ser- " mon, not ſtolen from *Barrow*, *Tillot-* " *ſon*, or other eminent Preachers, as is " frequently the Practice, with thoſe " who have Senſe enough to do it; but " Fire-new from the Mint. If any " Painter has a Mind to commence Bard " without Wit, and join the Siſter Arts, " I alſo will aſſiſt him. If any Author " wants a Copy of Commendatory Ver- " ſes, to prefix to his Work, or a flat- " tering Dedication, to a worthleſs Great " Man;

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" Man; any poor Perſon, a Memorial
" or Petition, properly calculated to diſ-
" ſolve the Walls of Stone and Flint
" which invir n the Hearts of rich Men,
" P——tes in particular; any Print-
" ſeller, Lines to put under his humor-
" ous, comic, or ſerious Repreſentati-
" ons; any Player an occaſional Pro-
" logue or Epilogue; any Beau a hand-
" ſome *Billetdoux*, from a fair Incog-
" nita; any old Maid, a Copy of Ver-
" ſes in her Praiſe; any Lady, of high
" Dreſs, and low Quality, ſuch as are
" generally the Ladies of the Town,
" an amorous melting delicate Epiſtle;
" any Projector a Paragraph in Praiſe
" of his Scheme; any extravagant Pro-
" digal, a Letter of Recantation to his
" Honoured Father; any Miniſter of
" St——te, an Apology for his Conduct,
" which thoſe Gentlemen frequently
" want; any Undertaker a Funeral
" Elegy; or any Stone-Cutter an Epi-
" taph; or in ſhort, any Thing in the
" Poetical Way; ſhall be diſpatched in
" the moſt private, eaſy, and genteel
" Manner,

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" Manner by applying to me, and that " at the moſt reaſonable Rates."

I think this Advertiſement may ſeriouſly now ſerve for me, ſince I find I have no Means of ſubſiſting, but by a ſmall Smattering of Wit, which is ſomehow inherent to me, to which I do aſſure the Readers, nothing but Neceſſity could make me have Recourſe. I too well know, that the greateſt Genius's in that Way, have been ſcarce able to keep a Coat to their Backs; therefore if ſome generous, noble, or humane Perſon, would beſtow on me a ſmall Annuity, which might barely ſet me above Want, I would reſign all Pretenſions to the Pen, into the Hands of thoſe, who by Education, and native Endowments, are better qualified to uſe it. Some Perſons of Rank who are inclined to banter, tell me they would by no Means deprive the World of their Entertainment, by giving me a Proviſion; but if they will pleaſe to conſider, that one leiſure-well-finiſhed Line, is of more Importance, than Volumes written

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written in a Hurry, they will be of another Mind. If the great Mr. *Dryden* had been poſſeſſed of an eaſy affluent Fortune, his Works, which are now almoſt buried in Oblivion, would have been had in much greater Eſteem than they are; ſince 'tis impoſſible to think, but a Perſon of ſo extenſive a Capacity, muſt at one Time or other have produced ſomething excellent.

And ſince I have ſaid ſo much, one Thing more, Truth, Gratitude, and Honour, compels me to ſay, which is in relation to Mr. *James Worſdale*, ſo often mentioned in theſe Memoirs. I'm ſorry I'm oblig'd to confeſs, that I think my Mother carried her Reſentment too far, in deſcribing the Character of this Gentleman; but all Perſons who have any ſuperior Qualification, have generally ſome Imperfection adequate to it, which is done by Providence, to ſhew us, that none are perfect on Earth. Thus we ſee, an *Apollo* in Muſick, a Swine in his Appetite: Thus *Swift*, unrival'd in Wit, was a Slave to Peeviſhneſs and ill Tem-

per,

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per; which obſcur'd his Merit, in the moſt ſocial Hour; and my Mother, who poſſeſt a pretty Manner of Writing, was apt to fall too hard, on thoſe whom ſhe imagined herſelf injured by.

However, I'm convinced Mr. *Worſdale* never did, nor intended Injury to her, or any other Perſon, as he is good-natur'd to a Fault, and as he has ſaid himſelf,

Anxious to gain, but not to keep his Pelf,
A Friend to ev'ry Creature but himſelf.

And this is a Truth that I can aſſert, having liv'd ſome Years in his Houſe, which was truly hoſpitable to every indigent Perſon that fell in his Knowledge, but particularly ſuch as had any Pretenſions to Merit.

What my Mother has ſaid of him proceeded from ſome little Pique, and therefore I hope People who read it, will only laugh at her Humour, but not ſeri-

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ously reflect on it, to the Diſadvantage of a Perſon, who is incapable of acting, but with Honour, Juſtice, and Integrity, which will be more fully in my Power to demonſtrate, in the little Account I intend to give of my own Life.

And though it would exceed the ſmall Limits I am preſcrib'd, to apologize to every particular Perſon, pointed at in this Volume, yet I hope they will be humane enough, to harbour no Reſentment againſt me, for any Thing it contains, ſince I have before ſpecified the Neceſſity I was under of publiſhing it; and as many Characters are there, of which I am really ignorant; ſo it would be impoſſible to break in upon the Connection of one Part with another, by making Alterations, or leaving any Part out.

There were ſome Perſons, whom my Mother was highly obliged to, and to whom, had ſhe lived to compleat this Work, ſhe would have returned her Acknowledgments publickly; one of them was the Earl of *Clanrickarde*, a Noble-

man

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man of moſt illuſtrious Deſcent, and one who conſpicuouſly retains the united Virtues of his Anceſtors. My Mother having wrote his Lordſhip a Letter for a Subſcription, he ſent her in Return a moſt polite Epiſtle, which I have now the Honour to poſſeſs, in which his Lordſhip promiſed ſhortly to favour her with a Viſit, and in ſome Time he came. After having ſat about half an Hour chatting, he told her, he had promiſed to ſubſcribe to her Works, but that he imagined a Poem in her Praiſe, written by himſelf, would be of infinitely more Service to her; upon which he delivered her a Sheet of Paper, and ſhe really believing him ſerious, was about to open it. Pardon me, Madam, ſaid my Lord, you muſt not read my Verſes while I am preſent, or you'll offend my Modeſty. She laid the Paper down, and ſhortly after my Lord took his Leave. When ſhe opened it, ſhe found a Draft on *Dillon* and Company, for twenty Pounds. I hope I ſhall obtain his Lordſhip's Forgiveneſs for the Freedom I here

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here take of mentioning his Name; but I think ſuch Actions, and ſuch alone compoſe his Life, ought not to be obſcured; and tho' doubtleſs this is but a trivial Inſtance of the Munificence and Honour of that worthy Nobleman, yet as my Mother was an intire Stranger, and that his Lordſhip did it purely in Compaſſion to her Sufferings and Regard to her Talents, ſhe ever eſteemed both the Gift, and the Manner it was given in, as the genteeleſt Thing that could poſſibly be done: and as ſhe did not ſurvive to ſpeak her Sentiments on that Occaſion, I hope I ſhall be pardoned for attempting it.

FINIS.

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