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MAY BE HAD  
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WRITTEN BY HERSELF,  
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\* \* \* The above Work is replete with entertaining Anecdotes of  
the first Personages in the Kingdom.

MEMOIRS  
*W. H. Coghlan*  
MRS. COGHLAN,  
(Daughter of the late Major Moncrieffe,)  
WRITTEN BY HERSELF,  
AND  
Dedicated to the British Nation;  
BEING INTERSPERSED WITH  
ANECDOTES  
OF THE LATE  
AMERICAN AND PRESENT FRENCH WAR,  
WITH REMARKS MORAL AND POLITICAL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

" And what is friendship but a name,  
" A charm that lulls to sleep—  
" A shade that follows wealth and fame,  
" But leaves the wretch to weep?"

GOLDSMITH

L O N D O N:  
Printed for the AUTHOR,  
And sold by C. and G. KEARSLEY, Fleet-street.

MD.CC.XCIV.

NAMES  
OF THE  
PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS  
IN THESE  
MEMOIRS.

HIS Majesty,  
Louis the XVI.  
Duc d'Orleans,  
Comte d'Artois,  
Monsieur,  
Duc de Montmorenci,  
Duc de Pienne,  
Marquis de Sillery,  
Marquis de Genlis,  
Monsieur de Lomprey,  
Duc de Fitzjames,  
Monsieur Parquet, premier Pre-  
sident of the Parliament of  
Paris,  
Monsieur de Crofne,  
VOL. I. a Madame

# PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Madame Grey, Superior of the  
Dominican Convent at Calais.

Madame Smith,

Madame Lafar,

His Royal Highness the Duke  
of ——— *P. 143*

His Grace the Duke of Leinster,  
Lord Charlemont,

Mr. Grattan,

The Honorable Mr. Fox,

Lord Lauderdale,

Lord Cornwallis,

General Monckton,

General Cornwallis,

General Montgomery,

General Washington,

General Putnam,

General Mifflin,

General Knox,

Sir William Howe,

Lord Howe,

Lord Amherst,

General Gage,

Lord Gage,

The

# PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Lord Lincoln,

The late Duke of Bolton,

Lord Delawar,

Colonel Etherington,

Major Montresor,

Colonel Small,

Honorable Colonel Grey,

Colonel Banker,

Judge Livingston,

Mr. William Livingston,

Colonel Webb,

Duke of Q——y,

Mr. Frederick Jay,

Major Moncrieffe,

Edward Cornwallis Moncrieffe,

Alderman Moncrieffe,

Colonel Moncrieffe,

Governor Heron,

Mr. Vining,

Mr. Fazakerley,

Mr. Giffard, of Chillington,

Mr. Coghlan,

Mr. Walker, late Marshal of the  
King's Bench,

a 2

Mr.

### PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Mr. Jones, the present Marshal,  
Mr. Robert Knight,  
Mr. Beckett,  
Colonel Freemantle,  
General Sheriff,  
Colonel Kemble,  
Prince Louis d'Aremberg,  
Lord Hervey,  
Mr. B\*\*\*\*\*,  
Sir Charles Gould,  
Mr. Chambers, Furnivals Inn,  
Mr. ———, Ely Place,  
Duke of Northumberland,  
Honorable Mrs. Gage,  
Mrs. Montresor,  
Mrs. Putnam,  
Mrs. Washington,  
Sir William Scott,  
Lady Blake,  
Mr. M—g—y,  
Mr. Erskine,  
Lord E———,  
General D\*\*\*\*\*,  
Sir Robert Harland, Bart.  
Marquis de Bouille.

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## P R E F A C E.

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AMIDST the Tempest  
that now rages in the Poli-  
tical World, the Cabals of  
Faction, and the Terrors of  
Revolution, the private Sor-  
rows of an Individual pass  
unregarded: The most  
a 3 splendid



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Mrs. Washington,  
Sir William Scott,  
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Revolution, the private Sor-  
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a 3

splendid

splendid Contributions are raised for Support of Foreign Refugees; Loans and Benevolencies, to an amazing Extent, are piously, if not constitutionally, furnished, to supply the Wants of our suffering Troops; and all the Passions inherent in the Human Breast, are awakened and set in Motion, to give a pompous Display to the Humility and Meekness of tender-

tender-hearted Charity.—

We read of Titled Individuals bestowing Hundreds in Behalf of Emigrant Polish Priests, while ONE SOLITARY GUINEA is prefixed to the same Names in Support of their own Countrymen, poor, industrious, famished Manufacturers\*!

\* A Subscription now on foot for the Benefit of the Spitalfields Weavers.

Our Streets swarm with Beggars, our Looms are deserted; — Poverty every where raises her haggard Mien amongst us; at the same Time that National Treasures are indiscriminately lavished with Profusion upon Foreigners, and expended in the further Prosecution of a most disastrous War; whereby the Fund of Wretchedness is daily

daily augmented; and the Spectacles of Misery that torture the Sight in all our Streets, proclaim the fatal Consequences it has already produced, and the absolute Necessity of putting a Period to the Evil.

The baneful Effects attending this Calamity, fall principally on the poor, and industrious Classes of  
a 5                      Society;

Society; They extend themselves even unto Myself: The Luxuries of the Great will easily admit of Curtailment, but the Wants of the Poor call aloud for Redress. Yet, as the Former find themselves in some Measure, called on to reduce the Number of their Superfluities from the many Claims which the Exigency of public Affairs has upon

them, so are they less disposed to follow the Dictates of Charity in relieving the Pangs of Domestic Woe.

There exists another Description of the Great, who thrive on the Misfortunes which the present System creates, without directing a Thought to their Alleviation; I allude to the vast additional number of

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Contractors, Commissaries, Pensioners, and Human Locusts of every kind, preying on the decayed Vitals of their Country. These Men drain immense Fortunes from the Increase of Public Burthens, and in every new Tax, originates a new Place, whereby the Scale of Influence is alarmingly increased.

Hence

Hence Princes and their Ministers are apt to delight in War: It furnishes them with a Pretext for adding to their Military Establishments; the Splendour of the Throne shines brighter, and they conceive that they enjoy a more perfect State of Security, from the immense Armies they retain in their pay.

Wretched

Wretched, however, is the Prince, who rests his Hope on such Foundation; the NORTHERN DESPOTS of Europe can have no other Basis than Military Force, on which to depend for the Preservation of their Tyranny; but the KING of a FREE Country, should look to other Principles: He should depend for the Preservation of HIS Power on the

the Peace, Happiness, Choice, and Affections of an united People.

While the Bulk of a Nation is distressed, a virtuous Prince can never enjoy a Moment's content; he cannot depart from his Threshold, that he does not meet some Object of Calamity, to strew Thorns in his way, He must reflect on the enormous

enormous Salary that he himself receives, the Magnificence and Waste by which he is surrounded, while so many forlorn Wretches are perishing through Want of the smallest Part of those Superfluities, daily consumed within his own Palace.

The Writer of the following Sheets, nursed in the Lap  
of

of tenderest Indulgence, sprung from a Father whose Attachment to a KING even superseded the Duties he owed to HIS COUNTRY; she who once basked in the Sunshine of Fortune, has lately herself struggled with all the Miseries she has endeavoured to describe.

Affliction cuts the deeper  
from a Recollection of  
former

former Enjoyments: The Memory of past Joys sharpens the Sense of her present Sufferings: She once little dreamed of those Scenes of Horror, through which she has passed; She little anticipated that when ever she should have Occasion for the WORLD'S assistance, the World would withhold it from her. She had fondly imagined, that every

every one was her FRIEND; nor was the Veil of Deception withdrawn, till, alas! she had Occasion for its Friendship. Then the very Persons who had been most anxious to court her Smiles, who had beguiled her with their delusive Flatteries, who had encouraged her Errors, and soothed her Vices, were the first to keep aloof, and shun the Wretched-

Wretchedness they had helped to accomplish.— They who had been the bosom Friends of her Father, refused even to hear the hapless Tale of his ill-fated Child: Nor did his unshaken Zeal in the Cause of HIS SOVEREIGN, ever produce to his Daughter the Recompence of a Shilling from the English Government.

These

These are the Reflections of one, undisturbed by the Frenzy of Party Conflicts, and only zealous in the general Cause of Humanity.—They are the Reflections of a Woman, chastened in Affliction's School, restored to Reason by the wholesome Lessons she has received from that most instructive of all Monitors,—Adversity!

Want



" \* Want, worldly Want, that hungry  
 " meagre Fiend,  
 " Is at her Heels and chafes her in view."

To drive off this Fiend,  
 alas! she has no other Hope,  
 than from the Advantage  
 she may derive from this  
 faint Production of her Pen;  
 The Perspective which the  
 World now presents to her  
 View, is gloomy indeed:  
 Nevertheless, it would be

\* Venice Preserved.

greatly

greatly brightened, if, she  
 conceived that her Example  
 might serve as a Beacon to  
 others of her Sex.

Oh! may the generous  
 Character of the British  
 Nation, which has so often  
 shone resplendent in Acts of  
 amiable Benevolence, long  
 preserve its Lustre; May it  
 wipe off those Tears, cal-  
 culated to fade the Cheek  
 of

of Beauty! May no Political Discord, no Party Rage ever obscure it, and while GALLIA's Refractory Sons are revelling on the Fruits of British Benevolence, let it not be said that Britannia's own Legitimate Children ever sighed or wept in vain!

MARGARET COGHLAN.

DECEMBER 7, 1793.

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## MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. COGHLAN.

---

CAPTAIN Patrick Heron,  
my grandfather, was quartered  
with his regiment at Portsmouth,  
where he made a conquest of  
Miss E. Vining, daughter of Mr.

B

John

John Vining\*; who was at that period mayor of the town.—The lady in question was born to a very considerable fortune.

My grandfather being a young man and a soldier, it was a match quite contrary to the inclinations of the old gentleman (Mr. Vining), who used all possible means

\* A beautiful monument is erected in St. Thomas church, Portsmouth, to the memory of this gentleman, stating him to have been six times mayor of that town.

to

to prevent its taking place, but love, almighty love! sets every obstacle at defiance, and is always sure to furnish means adequate to its ends. An elopement to Scotland was the result of Mr. Vining's obstinacy; from Captain Heron's paternal seat in that country, Miss V. acquainted her father with this act of her disobedience, and implored his forgiveness. The late Duke of Bolton, and the late Lord Delawar,

B 2

became

became mediators with him, and their mediation induced Mr. Vining to relax from his severity.

The first step towards reconciliation, was to write a letter to my grandfather, expressing his reasons for disapproving the marriage, but at the same time, intreating him to quit Scotland, and bring home his bride: In this letter he proposed to settle a handsome fortune on her as her mar-

riage

riage portion, together with Vicars-Hill, a delightful seat in the new forest near Lymington.—Here my grandfather lived in the greatest splendor for several years; his house was the universal receptacle of happiness, where the rich were entertained with magnificent profusion, and where the wretched always found comfort and protection. In the course of years, Mrs. Heron was the mother of nine children; from one of whom,

B 3

Captain

Captain Mark Robinson (son of Admiral Robinson,) is a descendant ; Captain Miller of the marines married one of his sisters, and there are several other sons now living. The liberal mind of my grandfather frequently involved him in disagreeable embarrassments ; one of which obliged him to abandon his country and friends ; he was one evening in a coffee house at Lymington, perusing the news-papers, when a person

person by the name of Boyes applied to him, saying, " Captain Heron, I am a ruined man, " should you refuse the favor I " am about to request ; having a " quantity of Cyder just landed, I " really have no place wherein " to deposit it for the night ; will " you give me permission to lodge " it in your cellar ?" upon which my grandfather consented, and sent to his Butler for the key of the Cellar, where the *supposed* Cy-



der was no sooner placed, than an Exciseman arrived, who had either followed it himself, or had received information where it lay; he told my grandfather "that there had been secreted in his Cellar one hundred and fifty Tierces of Brandy, and that he must search for them;" whereon Captain Heron replied, "That he should not enter *his* premises." The exciseman persisted, and notwithstanding a *se-*

*vere*

*vere beating* which he received from the servants, he forced the door of the Cellar, where he discovered the Brandy. Embarrassed by this discovery, my grandfather flew to his father-in-law, the mayor of Portsmouth, and acquainting him with what had happened, asked his advice; when the Mayor was of opinion, that he ought to conceal himself until he wrote to the minister to solicit some indulgence. He pursued

B 5

this

this advice, and received for answer, that a *capias* had been issued against him, at the suit of the excise office, for the *enormous sum of twenty thousand pounds*; that he could give no other counsel, than for him instantly to join the fortieth regiment, in which he had a company; and which then was stationed at Annapolis-Royal. Thither he went, leaving his wife at Vicars Hill, with her children, where she died broken hearted,

six months after his departure:—such are the cruelties, that for ever flow from excise laws!—He had not been long at Annapolis, when he was appointed governor of that place, which situation he held at the time of his decease.

Here he married Miss Margaret Jephson, daughter of Captain Jephson, belonging to the fortieth regiment, by whom he had Margaret, my mother. On

the death of my grandfather, his widow went from Annapolis to Halifax, in order to take a passage for Cork, where she intended to settle amongst her own friends. Major Moncrieff, my father, who was then aid de camp to General Monckton, married her eldest daughter. Her mother, and the other children, remained with them one month; after which they sailed for Ireland, and almost within sight of the harbour of

Cork,

Cork, the vessel foundered, and every soul perished. Owing to this sad event, my brother Edward Cornwallis Moncrieff, and myself, are the only survivors of that marriage, and by the will of my grandfather, proved in the *prerogative court* of Canterbury, we are the lawful heirs to all his property. The estate in Scotland is computed to be worth *five thousand pounds*, per annum; and that at Lymington is of considerable

siderable value, but at present it is in the possession of my mothers half brothers, and their children, whose names I have already mentioned.

My mother was esteemed a beautiful woman; she was a wife at the age of fourteen, and in her grave before she was twenty, leaving my brother and myself unprotected infants. My father was likewise a very young man, and at that

that time only a lieutenant in the army, although aid de camp to the commander in chief, Sir Jeffery, now Lord Amherst—General Gage, who had a sincere friendship for him, proposed that his children should take up their abode at his house, where we were nursed under the general's immediate inspection, sharing the same attention with his own children; and, the present Lord Gage was the companion of my infant years:

years: my father, however, resolved to send my brother and myself for education to Dublin. At the age of three years, I was sent across the Atlantic Ocean: my brother being then only five years old: On our arrival in Dublin, I was sent to Miss Beard's boarding school, and my brother to the HIBERNIAN ACADEMY; here I remained without seeing my father until I was eight years old, when he returned from America,

and

and was quartered in Dublin with his regiment the (fifty-fifth), in which he had then a company.— He brought with him the daughter of Judge Livingston of New York, to whom he had been some time married; the *person* of this lady was uncommonly forbidding, but her *purse* was irresistible. Young as I was, I did not like my new mother; she had, (as I above remarked,) the most disagreeable countenance; and what is worse, she was a stran-



a stranger to every social virtue, and a rigid Presbyterian. My father having exchanged with the honourable Colonel Grey, from the fifty-fifth to the fifty-ninth regiment, was soon afterwards ordered upon the American station and appointed Major of Brigade upon the Staff; the importunities of my mother-in-law were exerted to induce my father to take me back with them to New York, but he had previously resolved to educate

educate me in Dublin, and persisted in the intention; however, in the year 1772, both my brother and myself were ordered by letters from my father, to return to New York, where we landed the same year; my brother was sent to the college in that city, and I remained under the care of a governess.—In the year 1774, my mother-in-law died, leaving to my father her fortune, for in her marriage articles, she had reserved to

to herself the power of disposing of it.—Six months after her death, my father *took to himself another wife*, one of the loveliest of her sex. In her bosom, virtue, honor, and conjugal affection were blended; but alas! her fate destined her for an early grave. Ten months after her marriage she died in childbirth of her infant son (my youngest brother), leaving him and myself under the care of her brother, Mr. Frederick Jay, who

was

was then member of congress for the province of New York; at this time, my father was with General Gage, at Boston. Thus I found myself in the midst of republicans in war against the crown of Great Britain,—persecuted on every side, because my father was fighting for the cause of *a king!*—At the age of thirteen, I was sent to board at Elizabeth-Town, New Jersey, with the family of an American Colonel,

nel,

nel, where I was forced to hear my nearest and dearest relations continually traduced. I had remained in the house of this gentleman several months, when the appearance of General Howe at Staten Island, obliged the inhabitants of Elizabeth-Town, to seek refuge in the interior part of the country. I was then conducted with Colonel Banker's wife, to a village about ten miles distant; but grieved with the gloomy scene  
before

before me, I availed myself of the absence of the family one Sunday, while they were at church, to make my escape; I rode back to Elizabeth-Town, and placed myself *immediately* under the care of a lady (*Mrs. de Hart*)\*, whose family loved me from my tenderest infancy. However I was not allowed to remain long in this

\* The husband of this lady, was member of the continental congress, who immediately resigned his situation, on the independance of America *being declared*.

retreat,

retreat, the congress, (particularly that part of it which were related to my father by his second and third WIVES) fixed their attention upon me:—They had repeatedly, at the commencement of the war, offered my father a command in the northern army;—a situation which was afterwards given to General Montgomery, his nephew. Bigotted to the cause of *a king*, my father rejected their offers, and thus we

lost

lost the glorious opportunity of adding the laurel of *Patriotism* to a name, high in the ranks of *Military Valour*; and, perhaps, unequalled in Military Science. No man ever served the British Monarch with more fidelity, or fought for him with greater bravery; but I was very near falling a victim to this stubborn attachment. Walking one sultry day in the garden of my protectress, I was beset by a party of

VOL. I. C Riflemen,

Riflemen, just arrived from Pennsylvania; who, presenting their bayonets to my breast, would certainly have killed me, had not one of the men took compassion on my youth, discovering in my features something which conquered his savage purpose.—Thanks be to God! *my countrymen* did not commit an act, which certainly would have stained the bright immortal cause of Liberty; a cause that, I glory to say, first struck

root

root in my dear native country; and, which is now expanding its branches through the whole Continent of Europe.

My beautiful, and unfortunate countrywoman, Miss Mc Rea, experienced a far different fate; she alas! found *no* mercy; her charms served only to stimulate the furious passions of her brutal ravishers: arrayed in her bridal robes, awaiting the arrival of him,

C 2

the



the lover, who was to crown her joys, in the fight of a *British soldiery*, under the command of *British officers*, she was three times violated by Canadian savages in *British pay*, and afterwards, (oh horrible to relate!) in *cold blood, scalped and murdered!*

Delivered from the only savages I ever met amongst my own countrymen, I applied for protection to Mr. William Livingston,

(my

(my first step mother's brother,) who was the governor of New Jersey: He behaved to me with harshness, and even added insult to his reproaches. Thus destitute of friends, I wrote to General Putnam, who instantly answered my letter by a very kind invitation to his house, assuring me, that he respected my father, and was only his enemy in the field of battle; but that in private life, he himself, or any part of his family,

might always command his services. On the next day, he sent Colonel Webb, one of his aid de camps, to conduct me to New York. When I arrived in the Broad Way (a street so called), where General Putnam resided, I was received with the greatest tenderness both by Mrs. Putnam and her daughters, and on the following day, I was introduced by them to General, and Mrs. Washington, who likewise made it their study

study to shew me every mark of regard; but I seldom was allowed to be alone, although sometimes indeed, I found an opportunity to escape to the gallery on the top of the house\*, where my chief delight was to view with a telescope, our fleet and army at Staten Island. My amusements were few, the good Mrs. Putnam em-

\* Almost every gentleman's house in New York, has a gallery, with a summer house on the top.

ployed me and her daughters constantly to spin flax, for shirts for the American soldiery: Indolence in America being totally discouraged; and I likewise worked some for General Putnam, who, though not an accomplished *Muscadin*, like our Dilletantis of St. James's street, was certainly one of the best characters in the world; his heart being composed of those noble materials, which equally command respect and admiration.

One

One day after dinner, the congress was the toast; General Washington viewed me very attentively, and sarcastically said, "Miss Moncrieff, you don't drink your wine." Embarrassed by this reproof, I knew not how to act; at last, as if by a secret impulse, I addressed myself to the American commander, and taking the wine I said, General Howe is the toast.—Vexed at my temerity, the whole company,

C 5

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C 5

especially

especially General Washington; censured me; when my good friend, General Putnam, as usual, apologised and assured them, I did not mean to offend; besides, replied he, "every thing said or done by such a child, ought rather to amuse than affront you"—General Washington, piqued at this observation, then said, "Well Miss,—I will overlook your indiscretion, on condition that you drink my health, or Gene-

"ral

"ral Putnam's, the first time you dine at Sir William Howe's table, on the other side of the water."

These words conveyed to me a flattering hope, that I should once more see my father; and, I promised General Washington, to do any thing which he required, provided he would permit me to return to him.

C 6

Not



Not long after this circumstance, a flag of truce arrived from Staten-Island, with letters from Major Moncrieff, demanding me, for he now considered me as a prisoner. General Washington would not acquiesce in this demand, saying, "that I should remain a "hostage for my father's good behaviour." I must here observe, that when General Washington refused to deliver me up, the noble minded Putman, as if it were by instinct,

instinct, laid his hand on his sword, and with a violent oath swore, "that my father's request "*should* be granted." The commander in chief, whose influence governed the Congress, soon prevailed on them to consider me as a person whose situation required their strict attention\*; and, that I might

\* My father's knowledge of the country, induced General Washington to use every expedient in order to seduce him from the Royal cause, and he knew there was none more

I might not escape, they ordered me to Kings Bridge, where, in justice, I must say, that I was treated with the utmost tenderness; General Mifflin there commanded; his lady was a most accomplished, beautiful woman, a quaker; and here, my heart received its first impression,—an impression, that amidst the subsequent shocks which it has received, more likely to succeed than that of attacking his parental feelings,

ceived,

ceived, has never been effaced, and which rendered me very unfit to admit the embraces of an unfeeling, brutish *husband*.

Oh! may these pages one day meet the eye of him, who subdued my virgin heart, whom the immutable, unerring laws of nature, had pointed out for my husband, but whose sacred decree, the barbarous customs of society, fatally violated. To him  
I plight-

I plighted my virgin vow, and I shall never cease to lament, that obedience to a *father* left it incomplete. When I reflect on my *past* sufferings; now that alas! my *present* sorrows press heavily upon me, I cannot refrain from expatiating, a little, on the inevitable horrors which ever attend the frustration of natural affections; I myself, who, unpitied by the world, have endured every calamity that human nature knows,

knows, am a melancholy example of this truth, for if I know my own heart, it is far better calculated for the purer joys of domestic life, than for that hurricane of extravagance and dissipation on which I have been wrecked.—

Why is the will of nature so often perverted? Why is social happiness for ever sacrificed at the altar of prejudice? Avarice has usurped the throne of reason, and  
the

the affections of the heart are not consulted. We cannot command our desires, and when the object of our being is unattained, misery must be necessarily our doom. Let this truth, therefore, be forever remembered: when once an affection has rooted itself in a tender, constant heart, no time, no circumstance, can eradicate it. Unfortunate then are they who are joined, if their hearts are not matched!——

—With

——With this *Conqueror* of my soul, how happy should I now have been! What storms and tempests should I have avoided! (at least I am pleased to think so) if I had been allowed to follow the bent of my inclinations; and happier; Oh, ten thousand times happier! should I have been with him, in the wildest desert of *our native country*, the woods affording us our only shelter, and their fruits our only repast; than under  
the

the canopy of costly state; with all the refinements and embellishment of courts, with the royal warrior, who would fain have proved himself the *Conqueror* of France,

*My Conqueror* was engaged in another cause, he was ambitious to obtain other laurels: He fought to liberate, not to enslave nations—He was a Colonel in the American army; and high in the estimation

estimation of his country; *His* victories were never accompanied with one gloomy, relenting thought; they shone as bright as the cause which achieved them! I had communicated, by letter to General Putman, the proposals of this gentleman, with my determination to accept them, and I was embarrassed by the answer which the General returned; he intreated me to remember that the person in question, from his  
I political



political principles, was extremely obnoxious to my father, and concluded by observing, " that I surely  
 " would not unite myself with a  
 " man, who, in his zeal for the  
 " cause of his country, would not  
 " hesitate to drench his sword in  
 " the blood of my nearest relation,  
 " should he be opposed to him in  
 " battle:" Saying this, he lamented the necessity of giving advice contrary to his own sentiments; since, in every other respect, he considered

considered the match as unexceptionable. — Nevertheless, General Putnam, after this discovery, appeared in all his visits to Kings Bridge, extremely reserved; his eyes were constantly fixed on me, nor did he ever cease to make me the object of his concern to Congress, and, after various applications,—he succeeded in obtaining leave for my departure, when, in order that I should go to Staten Island with the respect due to my

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fex

sex and family, the barge belonging to the continental Congress was ordered with twelve oars, and a general officer, together with his suite, was dispatched to see me safe across the bay of New York. The day was so very tempestuous, that I was half drowned with the waves dashing against me. When we came within hail of the Eagle man of war, which was Lord Howe's ship, a flag of truce was sent to meet

meet us; the officer dispatched on this occasion, was Lieutenant Brown.—General Knox told him that he had received orders, to see me safe to head quarters. Lieutenant Brown replied, “it was impossible; as no person from the enemy could approach nearer the English fleet,”—but added, “that if I would place myself under his protection, he certainly would attend me thither.”—I then entered the

VOL. I. D barge,

barge, and bidding an eternal  
farewell to my dear American  
friends, turned MY BACK ON  
LIBERTY!—

————We first rowed along  
side the Eagle, and Mr. Brown  
afterwards conveyed me to head  
quarters: When my name was  
announced, the British com-  
mander in chief sent Colonel  
Sherriff (lately made a General)  
and who, during my father's life

time, was one of *his most particu-  
lar* friends (although, alas! the  
endearing sentiment of friendship  
now seems extinct in his breast,  
as far as the unhappy daughter is  
concerned,)——with an invita-  
tion from Sir William Howe, to  
dinner, which was necessarily ac-  
cepted. When introduced, I can-  
not describe the emotion I felt;  
so sudden the transition in a few  
hours, that I was ready to sink  
into the earth. Judge the distress

of a girl not fourteen, obliged to encounter the curious, inquisitive eyes of at least forty or fifty people, who were at dinner with the General—Fatigued with their fastidious compliments, I could only hear the buz amongst them, saying, “she is a sweet girl, she is “divinely handsome,” although it was some relief, to be placed at table next the wife of Major Montresor, who had known me from my infancy. Owing to this circum-

circumstance, I recovered a degree of confidence, but being unfortunately asked, (agreeably with military etiquette,) for a *Toast*, I gave General Putman; Colonel Sheriff said, in a low voice, “you “must not give him here;” when Sir William Howe complaisantly replied, “O! by all means, if he “be the lady’s *sweetheart*, I can “have no objection to drink his “health.” This involved me in a new dilemma, I wished myself

a thousand miles distant, and to divert the attention of the company, I gave to the General a letter, that I had been commissioned to deliver from General Putnam, of which the following is a copy— (and here I consider myself bound to apologize for the bad spelling of my most excellent Republican friend.—The bad orthography was amply compensated by the magnanimity of the man who wrote it.)

“ \* *Ginrole*

“ \* *Ginrole* Putman’s compliments  
 “ to Major Moncrieffe, has made  
 “ him a present of a fine daughter,  
 “ if he dont *lick*† her he must send  
 “ her back again, and he will  
 “ provide her with a fine good  
 “ *Twig* husband.”

The substitution of *Twig*, for *Whig* husband, served as a fund of entertainment to the company.

\* For General. † For like.



Immediately, the General informed me that my father was with Lord Percy\*, and obligingly said, "that a carriage should be provided to convey me to him, gallantly adding, amongst so many gentlemen a *beautiful young Lady* certainly could not want a *Cecisbea* to conduct her."—Knowing Colonel Small from my earliest youth, I asked him to render me that service; to which he consented.—

\* Now Duke of Northumberland.

Lord

Lord Percy then lived nine miles distant from head quarters, and when we arrived at his house, my father was walking on the lawn with his Lordship.—Colonel Small, apprehensive of the consequences which might ensue from a too abrupt introduction, delicately hinted to him that I was at Sir William Howe's.—Lord Percy, equally impatient to see me, replied, "Heaven be praised! Major, let us instantly go and

D 5

"con-

“conduct her hither.” Such trouble was, however, unnecessary: In a few minutes, I was introduced, when, overcome by the emotions of filial tenderness, I fainted in my father’s arms, where I remained in a state of insensibility, during half an hour; at length recovered, mutual congratulations passed on all sides, when it became necessary to consider, in what manner I was to be disposed of, since all his Lordship’s *suite*

slept

slept in Marquees, but the hospitality of this nobleman, rose above ceremony, and that the daughter should not so soon again be separated from her parent, he ordered one of his own apartments to be prepared for me. Here I lived happy, till the Royal Army quitted Staten Island.—A fortnight previous thereto, my father had been appointed Major of Brigade to the division commanded by Lord Cornwallis; an event that

D 6      afforded

afforded us infinite satisfaction :  
 With the uncle of this Lord, he  
 had begun his Military career,  
 having received his first Commis-  
 sion from that General in Flanders,  
 and I am rejoiced in having now  
 the opportunity of publishing to  
 the world, that his merit alone  
 raised him to the confidence of his  
 patron, and to the rank he after-  
 wards held in his profession.

General Cornwallis, as a proof

I

of

of his esteem for my father, in-  
 treated that he might adopt his  
 eldest son, now a Lieutenant in  
 the 60th regiment of foot, and  
 who bears the name of Edward  
 Cornwallis, in addition to that of  
 Moncrieffe : Soon after our de-  
 parture from Lord Percy's, the  
 Royal Army, having left Staten  
 Island, made good their landing  
 on Long Island, where my father  
 was taken prisoner at the battle of  
*Brooklyn*, and, stripped of his regi-  
 mentals,

mentals, was forced to put on the *Red Ribbon*, (a mark which the Americans wore, in order to distinguish their own staff-officers;) and while he was endeavouring to persuade the men to surrender themselves to the Royal Army, they were surrounded by a party of Hessians, who mistaking my father, conceived him, from the badge he had on, to be a Colonel of the enemy: In vain he remonstrated; they made him assist to draw

draw the heavy Cannon, in which laborious exercise, he was recognised by a Colonel in the British Army, the Hessian officer, confused on discovering his error, consequently made every due apology. This event frequently caused us much entertainment: The success of the Royalists soon restored to us the possession of our property at New York, where we were no sooner settled, than my father sent an invitation to the widow

widow of a gentleman (who had been formerly a Paymaster general of the British Forces) requesting her to accept his house as an Asylum; his object in so doing, was on my account, his public situation obliging him to be ever absent from home.—I had now acquired a number of admirers, but having positively *renounced* all thoughts of *Marriage*, I obtained consent to depart for England with Colonel and Mrs. Horsfall, who were to embark

embark in the month of March 1777. It was then resolved that, on my arrival in England, I should be placed at Queen's Square boarding school.—How vain is it for mortals to anticipate plans which Providence in an instant can entirely destroy!—

Mr. Coghlan, my present husband, saw me at an assembly, when, without either consulting *my heart*, or deigning to ask my permission



permission, he instantly demanded me in marriage, and won my father to his purpose.——In a savage mind, which only considered sensual enjoyments, affection was not an object, for I told him at the time he had *not* my affection, and conjured him in the most persuasive terms, to act as a man of honor, and humanity; his reply was congenial with his character, he valued not any refusal on *my part*, so long as he had the

Major's

Major's consent; and, with a dreadful *oath*, he swore, "that my obstinacy should not avail me." Indeed, my refusal signified nothing, he insinuated himself so far into my father's confidence, as to draw upon me the anger of a parent, to whose displeasure I had never been accustomed, and whose rebukes I had not resolution to resist: Confined to my own apartment, I was forbid his presence, unless prepared to receive the husband

husband he had provided for me. Wretched in mind, smarting under the sad reverse, I who had only known the heart cheering smiles of parental fondness, to become the object of parental anger; the idea overcame me, and besieged, at the same time, by the pathetic intreaties of a much-loved brother, I unhappily yielded; and here fate dashed me on a rock which has destroyed my peace of mind in *this* world, and

may

may, perhaps, have paved my way to eternal torments in another.

Unable, as I have said, to refuse the earnest solicitations of a brother, my earliest and dearest friend, I took to my bed a viper, who has stung me even unto death, who has hurled me from the rank to which I was *born*, and for ever banished me from all those amiable enjoyments of society,

ciety, without which, life is a vacuum not to be endured.

In consequence of these fatal intreaties, I was married to Mr. John Coghlan, on the 28th of February, 1777, at New-York, by special licence, granted by Sir William Tryon, who was then Civil Governor of that Province. At this period, I was only fourteen years and a few months old; so early did I fall a melancholy vic-

tim

tim to the hasty decision of well meaning, but alas! most mistaken relations. My union with Mr. Coghlan I never considered in any other light, than an honorable prostitution, as I really *bated* the man whom they had compelled me to marry.

As the prelude was inauspicious so did a dismal omen succeed our wedding: The worthy Doctor Auchmuty, who was then Rector of

of

of New York, and had married us that evening, complained on the same evening, while at supper, of indisposition, and three days afterwards, he finished his mortal race.—We were the last couple married by this truly amiable man, this exemplary pattern of true christian piety,—but when he joined our hands, (I cannot say our hearts,) he wedded me, as I have before observed, to a series of wretched-

ness,

ness, from which, Heaven alone holds forth a prospect of relief.

Educated in the school of virtue, and, I trust, *naturally averse* to those scenes of vice, in which my unhappy stars have since involved me; let my example serve as a salutary caution to other brothers—to other fathers—how they attempt to influence, the choice, or to force the inclinations, of inexperienced female youth, on a

point,

point, where every thing most valuable and sacred is concerned.

—Let the *compulsion* practised on me, apologise with the liberal mind for the transgressions of youth, doomed to the chains of a detested marriage.—Had it been my lot to have been united in wedlock with *the man of my affections*, my soul and body might now have been all purity, and the world would not then have lost a

being,

being, naturally social, generous, and humane.

A few months after our nuptials, Mr. Coghlan was ordered, with his regiment, to Philadelphia, whither he repaired; leaving me at Long Island with my father.—For several months, I never received any letter from him, a circumstance which caused great displeasure to all my relations; but to me, it was of little



consequence, as my greatest happiness was to remain peaceably at home with my family.—However, this satisfaction was not long enjoyed. One evening, as sitting with my father, the arrival of my husband was announced; the master of the house received him with open arms, but I met him with an air of *disgust*, having never learned the secret to disguise my genuine feelings. In the course of conversation, we discovered

covered that he had sold out of the army in defiance of *his* father's positive commands; and that it was his intention, instantly to embark for England, where he proposed that I should accompany him.—Thus, I was forced from the paternal roof of my only friend, *my natural protector*.

Mr. Coghlan took lodgings at New York, where he introduced

me to libertines, and to women of doubtful character. In this city we remained about a month, when a Convoy being ready to sail for Cork, we embarked on the 8th of February, 1778, and had not been many days at sea, before my husband, freed from all restraint, from the protection that I had enjoyed under my father's roof, threw off the mask of deception and appeared in his true native

native character, the *brutish unfeeling tyrant*! never omitting an opportunity to persecute and torment me.—Innumerable cruelties did I endure from this man, while on our passage; and so unrelenting was he in his barbarous treatment, that it, at length became public in the ship, and obliged Captain Kidd, the Commander, to take notice of it, threatening to confine him as a madman, if he persevered in his inhuman career.

reer\*. In three weeks after our departure from New York, the fleet discovered land; but beat off by strong easterly winds, we could not make Cape Clear, so that the Captain was obliged to take all the ships he had under convoy into Crook Haven, a small port in the west of Ireland.—The vessels no sooner came to anchor,

\* Vide the libel exhibited by me against my husband, which remains on record in the Ecclesiastical court.

than

than *my tyrant* sent his horse ashore, which he had brought from America; leaving me, young and unprotected, in the midst of six or seven hundred men, for the space of fourteen days, without a single individual of my own sex in the whole fleet. Thus I was exposed to various insults, for when my husband openly abandoned me, it was natural to conclude that others would not be

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remiss

remiss in practising their arts of seduction against me.

When the wind became favorable, we again sailed and landed at the Cove of Cork. On my arrival in the latter city, I was received by the Mayor, a near relation of my husband's, who soon introduced me to him; I was pleased to find that he made some apologies for having left me so abruptly, remarking that it was in-

con-

consequence of some liberties he conceived Captain Kidd had taken with him.

During my stay at Cork, which lasted ten days, I was treated with all possible civility and respect. From hence we went to Dublin, where, on our arrival, my uncle Alderman Moncrieffe (who is now one of the chief magistrates, and Lord Mayor elect of that City,) expressed great displeasure on hear-

E 6

ing

ing that I had remained so long at Crook Haven, under the circumstances I have described.—In a few days, Mr. Coghlan, leaving me with my uncle, went over to England, where he remained one month. While he had been absent, and in London, his mind had been poisoned by a variety of calumnies that some good natured friends had insinuated against me.—On his return, he roundly told me, that he had taken an old mansion  
in

in Wales, for the express purpose of secluding me from the world; that *his* design was to break my *spirit*; and if that would not do, to break my *heart*.—In vain I practised every art in my power to frustrate this inhuman project; but finding all my intreaties and exertions ineffectual, I positively told both him and my uncle, that I was determined not to remain in Wales, and boldly declared, that I would leave him  
and



and fly to my father's friends in England.—He, however, peremptorily persisted in his resolution, and I believe has since lamented *his folly*. When we had reached the inn at Conway (on our way to the *Old Mansion*) all my thoughts were bent on an escape, and the very first moment that he left me alone, I fled from my tormentor, and sought my way across the mountains, destitute of money, and without a

hut

hut to afford me shelter from the inclemency of the weather ; but, supported by the native innocence of my own heart, I escaped from the great, regardless of all lesser, evils ; I encountered many difficulties on my road. Youth, however, and perseverance, enabled me to surmount them all. —Lovers pressed around me at every inn ; Hibernia's gallant sons, some of whom had seen me in Dublin, made the most liberal offers,

offers, and uttered the warmest vows; they would have escorted me to London, or to any other part of the world; but I turned a deaf ear to their protestations, and continued my pedestrian journey, an innocent, solitary fugitive! From my juvenile appearance, I naturally became an object of suspicion to the different inn-keepers, who considered me as an amorous adventurer, run away from my parents; but on a candid recital of my

my artless tale, and on my reposing implicit confidence in them, they consented to assist and facilitate my flight.—When I arrived at Namptwich, I wrote to Lord Thomas Clinton, (now Lord Lincoln) who had been on very intimate terms with my friends in America.

Here, perhaps, my conduct was imprudent, although, I trust, not altogether *guilty*; nevertheless,

less, this act of indiscretion has possibly occasioned many of the subsequent miseries that I have since endured.—My letter to his lordship, was immediately answered by Mr. Jackson (attorney to Lord Thomas) enclosing, by his lordship's order, twenty pounds, and containing a request from him, that I should consider myself under his protection; signifying that Mr. Coghlan had challenged him, in

con-

consequence of some suspicions which he entertained concerning an amorous attachment between his Lordship and myself.

I had forgot to mention, that my husband pursued me from Conway, but taking a different road, missed his object. When he arrived in London, he instantly repaired to the house of General Gage, who hinted *to him* the probability of his finding me with

Lord

Lord Thomas, the General having heard a report to that purpose.—Alarmed by this intelligence, he sent for his brother-in-law, Mr. Phipps, (the late member for Peterborough,) who accompanied him to Sunning-Hill; at which place Lord Thomas then resided: He immediately accused the latter of having been my seducer, insisted on searching the house, and in case of refusal, declared that he was prepared;  
and

and would insist on that satisfaction, to which an injured husband was entitled. Fortunately, some gentlemen, who were on a visit to his Lordship, interfered, and assured Mr. Coghlan that *I was not in the house*; when, after much persuasion, he was induced to return to London, at the same time denouncing vengeance if he should hereafter discover, that any deception had been practised on him.—I have never ceased to rejoice

rejoice that this affair had no fatal catastrophe. My husband's temper was naturally violent; and, born in a country where the barbarous prejudice of Duelling bears such absolute sway, the noble Lord might have fallen a victim to this savage custom, the Illustrious House of Newcastle might have been deprived of their Heir, and thus another *Hope* of a *puissant Family* have been lost!

—Amongst

—Amongst a brave and enlightened people, who have always displayed the most exemplary valour in defending their rights, and whose generous Volunteers, led on, in the hour of danger, by the Patriots Grattan, Charlemont, Leinster, and other noble chiefs, have never hesitated to make the dearest sacrifice for the public safety, it cannot be too much lamented, that heroes so prodigal of life, should not have courage  
to



to oppose and annihilate, a barbarism, which has for many centuries fixed a stigma on a country in every other respect amiable, and whose Bravery and Gallantry are universally renowned through all the nations of the world.

I am sorry to remark, to the utter disgrace of Lord Clinton, that his behaviour to me, when I fell within his power, was such as reflects dishonor both on his *head* and

and *heart*.— In the former, I at once discovered a vacancy, it did not, therefore, afterwards surprize me to find *a canker* in the latter, having always remarked a weak head and unprincipled mind to be perfectly congenial to each other. \ This *foi disant Nobleman* meanly proposed to surrender me, young and beautiful as I was then considered, (and at the same time under his immediate care,)—to the arms of one of his libertine companions,

panions, only anxious to avoid the menaces of an enraged Hibernian, and to secure himself from an Action of Damages.—Such an act, committed by a man of inferior birth, would have disgraced him among his fellows; while *the Noble* derives from thence additional *fame*, and a breach of every moral duty in the higher circles is regarded as mere fashionable levity, as the elegant *nonchalance* of polite life.—In that class, distinction

keeps pace with *vice*, and a strict observance of morality is deemed dulness and insipidity.—

After what I have said of Nobility, let me be permitted to make one *honourable* exception, I should be ungrateful indeed, and belie the feelings of my soul, if I did not proclaim *My dear friend* Lord Hervey, a Nobleman possessing honor, generosity and affection—His heart, always open

to the congenial feelings of humanity, never refused obedience to its sacred impulse—I knew him in his prime of youth, and altho' now some years have passed since I enjoyed the happiness of seeing him; I am pleased to flatter myself that his soul has escaped the Politician's lot,—that it has not become hardened and corrupt.—

How often have I observed him check the manly tear which had  
instinct-

instinctively started in *his* eye, on a recital of my misfortunes; and how sincerely has he appeared to lament the want *of power* to restore me to that situation, which I was born to fill in the world.—While living under the protection of Lord Clinton, I endured many unhappy hours, and my affliction did not pass unobserved by my attendants,—One day I was surprised *in tears*, by my own woman, to whom I related my story,

as nothing affords more relief to a distressed mind, than giving vent to its sorrows—this compassionate creature, who was by no means privy to his Lordship's plans,—advised me to attempt a reconciliation with my husband, which advice I rejected; but, having written a penitent letter to my friend, (the Honorable Mrs. Gage,) into whose hands I desired it to be delivered, General Gage himself who was ever during his life a friend to my

my family,—contrary to *the opinion of his Lady*, fetched me instantly away from my lodgings in Lower Seymour Street,—and informed Mr. Coghlan's father that the *fair fugitive* was found; when they held a consultation respecting my future destination, the result of which was, that it would be prudent for me to retire to a Convent in France: In this opinion I acquiesced, and consequently departed for Calais, where I hired

F 4                  apart-

apartments in the Dominican Convent: I had not been long in this gloomy retirement, before I was surprised with a visit from Lord Thomas Clinton, who informed me of the death of his brother, the late Lord Lincoln,—and was pleased to say, that his object in coming to Calais, was to know if I was happy. Youth is the season of credulity, and flattery never yet was unwelcome to a *female ear*.<sup>P</sup> Being myself naturally of a lively temper,

temper, I could but ill adapt my ideas to the dismal solitude of a monastery, or to the melancholy habits of its superstitious inhabitants, and a circumstance \* had

\* Alluding to a Ceremony annually observed on All Saints Day, or the Resurrection of Souls; when the Bones and Sculls of the Dead, which had, long before, been peaceably consigned to their Mother earth, together with a Coffin, are placed in the Chapel of the Convent, where all the Ladies of the Society are made to attend the doleful Scene at Midnight.

F 5

lately



lately happened, which had determined me to quit my present companions. I knew it was in vain to ask permission from my friends to return to England, as it had been determined, by them, that I should continue three years in the Convent,—and *absolute* orders had been given to the Superior, that no stranger should be admitted to see me, unless he brought letters from them—I mentioned this circumstance to Lord Lin-

coln ;

coln ; but he was *too* well acquainted with the *secret Virtue* of that *Golden Key* which he possessed, to pay attention to such orders. The scrupulous delicacy of Madame Gray (Superior of the Convent) could not resist the magic of *this Key*, her *virtue* yielded, —and I consequently dined with his Lordship, nor ever more returned to my *disinterested* friend Madame Gray, but agreeable with his Lordship's advice,

F 6

took

took my passage to England.—  
 The Nuns, alarmed at my flight,  
 wrote to my friends, excusing  
 themselves from having been privy  
 to my escape, and imputing the  
 whole blame to *the woman* whose  
 business it is to walk out with the  
 pensioners, as being auxiliary to  
 my departure.—Soon after my  
 arrival in London, General Gage  
 was informed of my return, and  
 of the place where I had taken up  
 my residence.—He immediately  
 dis-

dispatched Major Brown to my  
 lodgings, and by him I was ac-  
 quainted with the misery, which  
 my father suffered on my account.  
 Unable to endure the thought of  
 afflicting the tenderest of parents,  
 whom I, most affectionately loved,  
 I was easily induced to forego those  
 visionary and fatal schemes of  
 happiness, which my imagination  
 had formed: Thus restored to my  
 friends, I was fixed by Mrs. Gage  
 with

with a respectable family near Grosvenor Square.—

Sir Charles Gould, who was in habits of correspondence with Major Moncrieff, paid the expences of my board, at the *Major's* desire,—Here I remained two years, at the expiration of which time, Mrs. Gage informed me that she had received letters from my father—wherein he expressed his wishes that I would form some plan

plan, whereby to gain a future livelihood:—that, as by my imprudence, I had rendered it impossible for *him* to countenance me as *his* daughter, he advised me to endeavour to learn the Mantua-making business.—The proposal I rejected, considering that I was entitled to a separate maintenance from my husband, *proportionate* to *his* fortune.—Thus embarrassed, I waited on Lord Amherst, informing him of my unhappy marriage.

riage. His Lordship, remembered me when in my nurses arms, which recollection *secured* me in *him* a zealous advocate, and mediator with my father; at the same time, flattering me with hopes of success.—On hearing the intention of the latter, his Lordship was equally surprised with myself—he instantly exclaimed, “this surely would be a curious method to restore you to the paths of virtue,” adding, “that

“ he

“ he had a bad opinion of such trades for young women.”—

—My father was a man of rigid, austere principles, whenever virtue or honor were in question; however indulgent he might be himself on other occasions: The severity he manifested in this instance, does not derogate, in the least, from his usual character; the actual dishonor of a beloved daughter, pleads a sufficient excuse

excuse for any harshness which I may have experienced from him.——

Thus deserted, I became almost frantic; I left the family where Mrs. Gage had placed me, and paid a visit to *the man*, whose counsels I ought to have shunned. At his Lordship's house, I was received a welcome guest; on seeing me, he *satirically smiled*, and said, "he hoped I had *now*  
"suffi-

"sufficiently felt the rod of correction, and that it would teach me to be regardless of every other consideration, but that of improving my own fortune."  
—At this period, Lord Lincoln was engaged in a contested Election for the City of Westminster, with that bright Luminary of Genius, who still shines with such resplendent effulgence, in the political world, (the Right Honourable Charles Fox). — I was  
now



now seventeen years old, and felt a natural inclination for the stage: On this subject, I consulted a friend of my father's (Colonel Etherington) who advised me to procure an introduction to the manager of Drury Lane Theatre. Accident, at this juncture, brought me acquainted with the Right Honourable Gentleman just mentioned (Mr. Fox,) whose interest I solicited with Mr. Sheridan, and he, with his usual goodness,

recom-

recommended me to the latter gentleman, and it was then my intention to have made *my debut* at Drury Lane House, the following winter.

The frequent opportunities I at this time enjoyed of seeing Mr. Fox, whose affections were then (I believe) disengaged, were of the highest service to me; Dulness itself could not have failed to profit from the instructions of

so

so able and eloquent a friend, During my acquaintance with this amiable and benevolent man, my soul was consecrated to all the sweet emotions of friendship, and happy should I have been, had this intimacy lasted;—but, alas! such happiness was not reserved for me.—Engaged in the pursuit of most honourable ambition, his heart was ever open to the more endearing virtues of private life.

—The zealous, enthusiastic patriot,

triot, was no less the sincere affectionate friend,—the tender,—the ardent lover; and, perhaps, in no one man were ever before united so many engaging—so many transcendant qualities; in—so much, that the character given of him in the House of Commons, by his friend Sir Charles Bunbury, seems by no means exaggerated,—“ That he was even “ a Hero to his Valet de Chamber! ”

The

The giddiness of extreme youth, and remarkable levity of my disposition, at that time, was not calculated to secure the attachment of this illustrious character, although in every subsequent trial, I have found in him, a most complaisant and liberal benefactor.

It was now my destiny to become acquainted with a man, in almost every instance, the reverse

of

of the former, but he still possessed that *charm*, which with my turn for extravagance, supplied the place of every other. Mr. Fazakerly was *rich*, and what rendered him yet more valuable in my sight,—he was *generous*! He offered me his house, and presented to me his purse; Money seemed no object to him, and such a man was adapted to my purpose. Nevertheless, it

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was

was my nature to be candid, I therefore frankly told him, that I was four months advanced in pregnancy, and concluded by saying, that he probably might deem this circumstance an obstacle to our connection. He wayed however, the objection, made the most liberal offers, insisted on my applying to no other quarter for protection, and during four years, he supported me and my daughter,

*daughter*, without permitting me to draw from *Mr. Fox*, the least supply whatever.

Mr. Fazakerley made with me the tour of Europe, and did all in his power to cultivate my understanding, and to give me all that superficial knowledge and acquirements, which are considered to yield such a polish to our *travelled ladies*. If I had not profited by the advantages

G 2

that

that offered themselves, during my acquaintance with this gentleman, I should deserve more misfortunes than I have even yet endured, if it were possible, they could fall to the lot of any one human being ;—but, I trust, that my mind has not been *altogether* unimproved, and if my heart, may have been corrected by the former gentleman, my understanding and person have certainly acquired graces and accomplishments,

ments, from the pains bestowed on me by the latter.—I am therefore, bound to acknowledge those obligations to Mr. Fazakerley, for the attention I received from him during *four years*, as well as for many liberal pecuniary favors ; but as to real happiness, I never enjoyed it under the auspices of *this gentleman*. His temper being extremely morose and *capricious*, nor had he any of those qualities formed to



conciliate the affections of a delicate woman.

At the end of four years, this connection was dissolved, and unfortunately for me, all his *friendship* perished with it.

During my misfortunes, he has never listened to my complaints ; the more miseries were accumulated on my wretched *head*, the more callous did his *heart*

*heart* seem to what I suffered, and he at length concluded, by withdrawing an annuity of two hundred pounds, which he had *promised should be continued during my life.*

I had now formed an acquaintance with Lord Hervey. Of this noble lord I have spoken in the preceding pages, and even at this moment, I cannot reflect on the virtues and splendid qualities,

lities, that distinguish the mind and person of his lordship, without the most lively sensibility. —With him, I enjoyed, for several months, all the comforts and delights of domestic life, and with him I continued until he was appointed, by his Britanic Majesty, Envoy at a Foreign Court.

Attached to my native country, (America) I fancy the reader will have already discovered, that I  
am

am by no means a friend to arbitrary principles, nor is it because I admire the *man*, that I am to be considered a convert to his *political notions*.

I was therefore concerned when I read the Manifesto which he published at that Court, during his Embassy :—Nothing, however, can abate the lively gratitude and esteem which my heart feels for this valuable friend.—

His lordship had left me only a few months, when I brought forth a pledge of our union (a daughter), whom death soon ravished from me: previous to which loss, a new and amiable connection called me back to Ireland, where I received the above fatal intelligence, which was a terrible drawback upon the happiness I then enjoyed. Captain B\*\*\*\*\*, my new lover, was every way calculated to obliterate the impression

pression I might have received from former admirers, and to soothe the affliction which I felt for the loss of my dear and beloved child.—From him, I have uniformly experienced every kindness that the tenderest affection could bestow. The roving habits of a military life, did not admit any *permanent* attachment of this nature, but it is sufficiently flattering to me, that Mr.

B\*\*\*\*\* never omitted an occasion of seeking my society.

The fruits of our connections are two sons, both now living, and both happy under the protection of their worthy parent, who is himself lately united in marriage with a lady, who, I am told, possesses every virtue, and every necessary accomplishment to secure his happiness, and with whom,

whom, I ardently wish him a continuation of all the blessings and enjoyments which he so eminently deserves.—Let me, however, indulge the hope, without wishing to strew the thorns of jealousy, or discontent, on *her* bridal pillow; that he will never *utterly* neglect his former friend—the *mother* of *his* children! Humanity, and friendship for others, are not uncongenial with conjugal fidelity, and if am rightly

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ly informed of Lady A——'s character, she is not the woman to encourage a dereliction of those duties. The honourable connection that Mr. B\*\*\*\*\* has formed, is incompatible with the union that once subsisted between us, and if previous thereto, there had been any chasm in that union, it was because his *fortune* could not keep pace with my *former extravagance*.

Confident

Confident am I, from all the proofs I have had of his generous and affectionate heart, that the manifold sorrows I have undergone, if he had possessed the power, I should have been spared the suffering.—I could dwell longer on this endearing theme, but prudence commands me to draw the veil.—

I now enter on the subject of a gentleman, whom honor, gratitude,



tude, and every refined sentiment, which dignifies the soul of woman, and impresses it with a sense of past obligation, compel me to mention. Generosity and sincerity were his shining characteristics—a friend to all mankind, *himself*, excepted. The openness of Mr. Giffard's disposition, everlastingly exposed him to the villainies, and base projects of nefarious gamblers, and intriguers of every description; nay, even

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in that elevated circle of Aristocracy in which he moved, there were not wanting *ennobled wretches*, to form their schemes of plunder and robbery against him.—The losses which Mr. Giffard sustained from *these honorable* connections, were fatal to himself and family.—Unsuspicious of the treachery to which he had been the dupe, he paid to the last guinea, although to accomplish that payment,

ment, he had been obliged to discharge his establishment, and to dispose of his equipage. Stupid must be the mind that would not have been corrected by fatal experience like this, and happy am I to learn, that from a regular system of œconomy, which he has of late adopted, and through the interposition of his relations, his finances are repaired, and thus a most worthy man restored to his country.

Ungrateful

Ungrateful should I be, if I did not rejoice in every prosperity which he enjoys. From him, during the time I was so happy to partake of his esteem, I received pecuniary favors that almost outran my own extravagance—and it was only the derangement of his affairs, that could have put a period to them.

While with Mr. Giffard, my humble roof was often visited by  
princes

princes of the Blood Royal, and by Nobles of the highest distinction—and here, I should do a violence to my own feelings, if I did not draw a just comparison in favour of *Plebian Virtue*; let me then honestly proclaim to the world, superior to flattery or dissimulation, that in my journey through life, I have found more liberality of sentiment, more candour and ingenuoufness, in this plain country gentleman, and  
 others

others of a similar description, that I ever experienced, from a certain Duke of Royal Lineage.

But where is the wonder? Fidelity to *vows* is not the virtue of *Princes*.—At perjuries with women they only laugh—During my hard distreffes in a horrid goal, often did I apply to *this Royal Lothario, this perfidious Lovelace*, but who alas! had none of the accomplishments that  
 Lovelace

Lovelace could boast of—and the fruit of my application was silence,—dead, monotonous, obstinate silence! Beware then, ye of my unhappy sex, how ye are beguiled by the gew-gaw of Royal Splendor! Nursed in the lap of luxury, fatiated with enjoyments, the hearts of princes are callous to the purer delights of exquisite sensibility: Princes live only for themselves; they conceive that *Men and Women* are made merely

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for *them*; to be the passive instruments of their voluptuousness; and are only surprised, when the least recompense is required from them, as a poor indemnity, for the dearest sacrifices that have been made to sooth their passions. All I can say, is, that if this princely *Lothario* shines not with greater advantage in the Plains of Mars, than he excels in the Groves of Venus, the Combined Forces have little to expect

expect from his martial exertions.

In the month of May 1788, annoyed by my creditors, and Mr. Giffard's finances being at that time exceedingly deranged, he could only offer certain terms to my creditors, giving one thousand pounds into the hands of Mr. Thomas Vaughan, of Suffolk Street, Middlesex Hospital—for the purpose of settling

with them, while it was judged expedient, that I should transport myself to the Continent, there to remain during eight or ten months.—I should be loth to cast reflections on any man, and I conceive it now necessary to extricate Mr. Vaughan, from aspersions which have been thrown out against him.

My debts, at this time, amounted to near three thousand



pounds, including attornies bills; for it has been my lot, always to pay full sixty shillings for every twenty—it was therefore proposed, that the One Thousand pounds so generously granted by my Munificent friend, should be applied only to the payment of such debts as had been Contracted while I resided under the protection of Mr. Giffard, considering himself in honor bound to discharge them,—But first, there

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was an offer made to all my creditors in general, of ten shillings in the pound, which they were foolish enough to refuse; thus, I was under the necessity of protracting my residence abroad.

On my arrival in Paris, I had taken my residence at the Hotel de l'Université, where it was my fortune to meet *once more* that favourite of the fair sex; that renowned Warrior, equal to both,

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and

and armed for either field, whose glorious exploits in the blood-stained ranks of Long Island, and Charlestown, can testify; and whose superior excellence, in those softer engagements, in the Idalian Vales, Mademoiselle la Maire, and so many other Parisian belles have equally witnessed.

This Heroic chief, this second Agamemnon, uniting all accomplishments,—the fiercest soldier

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in war, the gentlest swain in love, did me the *honor* to take me under his protection.

He was my Cicisbeo who made me acquainted with all the beauties of that superb and magnificent City; he introduced me into all the gay and brilliant circles, of which he himself, shone the most splendid Ornament—The intelligent reader, on perusing the above will not be at a loss to discover, that

that I allude to Gen. D\*\*\*\*\*.

With this Military, and amorous quixote, there was a young man, nearly related and to whom, such is the strange organization of the female mind, I am fair to confess, that I gave the *preference* over his formidable, and illustrious, rival—Jealousy is the characteristic of *Love*;——I had made an impression on the heart of the veteran beau; he *suspected*, (and his *suspicions* were

not

not wrong) that there was a secret understanding between myself, and his younger companion; yielding thereto, he kept a steady watch over all our actions, and when the silent hour approached, that lovers dedicate to the deity of their adoration, my antique admirer eager to convince himself of the truth of what he suspected, posted himself in an obscure corner, where, by favor of the moon, he traced Sir R——\*, to my

\* Sir R\*\*\*\*\* H\*\*\*\*\*.  
apart-

apartments,—and, as soon as he knew that his conjectures were well founded, he withdrew all friendship, and I fear, has never since forgiven me.——“ At “ Lover’s quarrels,” they say, “ Jove laughs,” although this quarrel turned out serious, since no correspondence has subsisted between us since the above fatal period.—But if *Agamemnon* withdrew himself—he still left a *Paris* behind, *to console me.*—

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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