

MEMOIRS
OF
MRS. COGHLAN,

(Daughter of the late Major Moncrieffe,)

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

AND

Dedicated to the British Nation;

BEING INTERSPERSED WITH

A N E C D O T E S

OF THE LATE

AMERICAN AND PRESENT FRENCH WAR,

WITH REMARKS MORAL AND POLITICAL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

" 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?"

GOLDEN.

L O N D O N:

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MEMOIRS

MRS. COGHLAN.

SIR Robert Harland, the next day informed me, that my late admirer was so exceedingly offended, that it would render my longer continuance, in the same

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Hotel,

Hotel, very disagreeable;—I therefore departed, taking lodgings at the Hotel de la Reine, Rue des Bons Enfants.—I was no sooner settled in my new apartment, than one of my servants told me, that my husband lodged in the same house, and as he was the *last man* in the world whom I wished to see, I instantly took leave of the landlord, and went to Madame Lafar's Hotel Rue Caumartin; a *Lady* who happily

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possesses

possesses the *convenient accommo-*
dating talents of obliging all her
 guests, both male and female, never
 asking impertinent questions, and
 being perfectly indifferent as to
 the mode of arrangement amongst
 them. In this Hotel, I found
 the *famous* Colonel Mc. Carthy,
 who was pleased to *honor* me with
 his *particular* attention: By this
 gentlemen, I was introduced to
 the Marquis de Genlis, whose
 superb Hotel was the constant

B 2

recep-

receptacle of all the *Elegants* of that once luxurious City.—*This Nobleman*, in his youth, had been the most accomplished *Petit Maitre* of the day, and in the decline of life, when I knew him, he reminded me very much, both in his dress and address, of our old Duke of Q———: The French Marquis, however, was rather more celebrated for hospitality, than the Scotch Duke.—When I retrace in my imagination the

the nocturnal orgies, and every refinement of luxury, that was visible in this temple of voluptuousness, contrasting it with the present gloomy scene, which my mind pictures to itself, I, in some measure, forget my own sorrows: The Graces, I am told, have entirely abandoned that city, where they had so long resided:—Stern, inexorable Republican virtue, has usurped the Empire, which they once held, and Politics now sup-
B 3 ply

ply the place of Gallantry and Love.—The ill fated brother of M. de Genlis, the Marquis de Sillery, husband to the accomplished writer of that name, tainted by education with the prejudices of *Aristocracy*, and vitiated by the long habits of Parisian debauchery, has lately suffered under the fatal axe of the Guillotine; and this example, confirmed by so many others, ought to serve as a wholesome, and most useful lesson, how

how, at this juncture, persons embark on the dangerous ocean of Politics, unless they are really and honestly attached to the principles which they profess.—

The Jacobin Club is undoubtedly (whatever it may be in other respects) the most vigilant and enlightened corps of diplomacy in Europe.—Innumerable instances have proved the impossibility of escaping their keen, penetrating

trating researches, and the least deviation from the path of the Constitution, (that is from the unity and indivisibility of the Republic) is sure to meet detection, and to be followed by an ignominious death. Let us then implore the Grace of Divine Providence to put an end to these horrors!

To resume the thread of my narrative—About the latter end of July, 1788, a Mr. Beckett, with

with whom I became acquainted, and for which acquaintance I am indebted to my old friend Colonel Freemantle, *came to Paris*—He lived in the same Hotel with myself, in the greatest splendour; his table was continually crouded by persons of the highest rank, amongst whom were the late unfortunate Duc d'Orléans, the Duc de Monmorency, Pienne, Prince Louis d'Arenberg, Marquis de Bouille, &c. &c. &c.—

Amidst my manifold misfortunes, I consider it some consolation that the persons with whom I have been acquainted, were the most part distinguished for genius and talents, and this young man was remarkably so:—Mr. Beckett flattered me by his addresses, at a time when all the Parisian beauties were emulous with each other for his affections; whether it were vanity, affection, preference, or any sentiment bordering on self-love,

love, I will not say; but, living in the same Hotel with him, he continually made choice of me as the Sultana to preside at his table, and I had the direction of all his entertainments. At the end of four months, after various oblique and fruitless hints, Madame Lafar became clamorous for payment of her bill, which amounted to the *small sum* of five hundred pounds. He drew bills upon his father for fifteen hundred pounds, which

were the amount of his whole debts.—A special Courier was dispatched to England, and as the father would not, or could not, pay the extravagant demands of his son, the bills returned to Paris *protested*.—In this situation I advised him to consult his own Countrymen, then in Paris: He was at that time intimately acquainted with Lord Gillford, son of Lord Clanwilliam.—This young nobleman, assured him that

he

he had only a few hours to determine on his escape, as he had private information, that Madame Lafar meant to arrest him.—I must do Mr. Beckett the justice to say, that it was with the utmost reluctance that he pursued the advice of his friends, as he expressed strong apprehensions for my safety; however, touched with his generosity, I became entirely regardless of myself, and positively *insisted on his flight*,—

and

and he yielded obedience.—He had not departed many hours, before all his creditors were in an uproar, the hue and cry was raised, that an Englishman had run away for his debts: The police officers were sent after him, but returned with sorrowful countenances, their mission unaccomplished.—

Madame Lafar, *who, poor dear woman!* was the principal

pal sufferer, now turned all her vengeance against me, knowing that I had a travelling Post Chaise and a Chariot, together with several valuable effects, on these articles she fixed *her attention*, determined to plunder me.

Two days after Mr. Beckett left Paris, I was, while on a visit at Madame Smith's, informed by Mr. Robert Knight, (another of the few good men I have found in the

the world) that his carriage had just been surrounded by a party of armed ruffians, inquiring for me, and he had scarcely uttered the words when the house of Madame Smith was beset by at least an hundred men, preceded by Mr. de Lomprey, Exempt de Police. *My friends*, alarmed for my situation (for I was then seven months advanced in pregnancy) intreated the Exempt to dismiss his followers.——Mr. Knight kindly
 pledging

pledging himself to be responsible for any complaint which they had to make against me.—Mr. de Lomprey replied, “that he had a “*Lettre de Cachet* from the King, “ordering me to close confinement in the *Hotel de la Force*.” My valuable *friend*, who was a young man of very independent fortune, would not suffer this arbitrary act of power to be exercised against an helpless woman, without first demanding that satisfaction

tion to which he thought me entitled.—He, therefore, at *that late hour*, went to the Duke of Dorset, *the English Ambassador*: His Grace was from home; thus I was obliged to go, at two o'clock in the morning, to that mansion of slavery, the Hotel de la Force: I had with me my infant son, then only two years old. The innocence of this tender lamb—who seemed sensible that some misfortune had happened, overcame

what

what resolution I possessed, he held up *his little hands* and cried out, “ Oh! you shall not hurt *“ my Mother!*” Mr. Knight, however, comforted me by every assurance of protecting the child, and carried him away in his carriage, having first attended me himself to the wretched apartment destined for me—a miserable *Bed of Straw*, with one wretched blanket was all the furniture in the room,—and the floor was completely

completely covered with vermin.

—'Till this moment, I was a stranger to prisons; therefore, perhaps, my mind was more sensible to the *shock*, but even now that I have been habituated to the horrors of confinement, I cannot conceive such a dreadful epitome of wretchedness as this vile dungeon, on mature reflection, still appears to be;—and, for the sake of humanity, I fervently pray, that if it be not already done, the

new

new government of France, may utterly destroy familiar *abominations*.

—My woman, the faithful partner of all my misfortunes, accompanied me, nor could even this spectacle of horror induce her to forsake her Mistress.—We passed the few remaining hours, conversing on the sudden transition of *fortune*—I wished to convince her of the mutability of human

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human happiness.—In three days I was reduced from scenes of pleasure and tranquility, to my present wretched condition!—As soon as day approached, we examined our sad habitation;—the first object that struck my eye, was a huge tremendous padlock, projecting from the Ceiling, and to which was fastened an immense iron Collar—We could not, at first, imagine the use of this frightful instrument, but my poor, faithful

ful attendant soon guessed it, and exclaimed, “ O, Madam ! it is to “ fasten us up at night ! ” She had scarce uttered these words, when the Goalor appeared (for, in France, it is the duty exacted from the keeper of such a place to pay personal attendance to the unfortunate *in his power*); he had a great bunch of Keys in his hand—he walked up to me, and immediately cried out, “ *Oh, Ciel ! quel dommage !* ” adding, that he had received

received orders from the Government to treat me with the greatest respect—This civil Frenchman ended his harangue by requesting me to give him permission to order my breakfast.—I thanked him for his politeness, but declined receiving any refreshment until my friends came to me.—At a very early hour (before noon,) Mr. Knight, accompanied by Mr. Western, the present Member for Malden, paid me a visit.—

These

These gentlemen, in concert with Captain Winder, of the Guards, were for ever employed to obtain my liberty, availing themselves of a most necessary and humane law that exists in France, prohibiting the imprisonment of pregnant women for debt.—If such laws were in full force under the most Despotic Government of Europe, how much more consistent were it in force under that which calls itself the most free? Aged

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persons

persons were also exempt from this penalty, but here our ears are for ever stunned with the found of Liberty, and Humanity: Women in the pangs of Child-bed, Men in the agonies of Death, (such instances have occurred) in virtue of a Sheriff's Writ, may be dragged to the most *loathsome Goal*; Were it not then devoutly to be wished, that our Legislators, instead of empty Panegyric, would afford us a little of the Substance?—In

my own opinion, who have had some experience in these cases, the reason why such horrible laws are suffered to exist, is under the supposition of their being seldom or ever executed; the fact, however, is notoriously otherwise; at all events, Policy, as well as Mercy, requires,—*the* national character demands,—that the life of Freemen should not be exposed to the discretion, or depend on the pity, of a Sheriff's Officer.

Madame Lafar, alarmed lest I should escape out of the snare she had laid, endeavoured to persuade my friends, I was not in the predicament described; but all her projects failed, as they insisted on a consultation of the Faculty, who ascertained my pregnancy; at the same time, expressing apprehensions of immediate labour from the sudden revolution I had undergone. In this situation, a female of my acquaintance,

quaintance, (although by no means a lady of rigid virtue, not therefore less susceptible of generosity and compassion,) immediately repaired to Monsieur Pacquet, then first President of the Parliament of Paris, relating the circumstance, and at the same time, giving a Miniature picture of me. This gentleman went the following day to Versailles, and informing Monsieur, and the Comte d'Artois, *the late*
C 3 *king's*

king's Brothers of my misfortune; they, with a generous sympathy, rarely to be found in Princes, and which causes me to lament most bitterly their sad reverse of fortune, took pity on my situation and became my advocates; and in a few hours I received his Majesty's order for my release.—

The Comte d'Artois, in particular, entered into the hardships of my case, and on delivering the king's signature, cancelling the

Letter

Letter de Cachet, advised that I should put myself under the protection of his Palace*, signifying that Mr. Beckett's creditors, might then proceed against me in a Court of Law.—The instant I returned from prison, I went accordingly to the Place du

* The Temple at Paris where Louis the XVI. and the Royal Family were confined, was formerly a palace occupied by the Comte d'Artois, and its environs afforded protection to unhappy insolvent debtors.

C 4. Temple,

Temple, where I had not remained many hours, before I received a visit from the Duc de F——, another nobleman who also boasts of Royal Blood in his veins, but whose actions unfortunately were not calculated to efface those unfavorable prepossessions, with which I had been inspired by a similar conduct in a truly Royal Duke, who now makes such a capital figure on the theatre of European Politics.

the

The familiar epithet applied to the *ci devant* Duc de F—— in Paris, (that loyal and renowned Emigrant) was an *Escroc*, (in English, signifying Sharper or Greek.) All I can say is, that I have no reason to dispute the propriety of the application.

In my new abode I had soon the mortification to learn from my servants, that my two Carriages, together with all my

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Cloaths.

Cloaths and Jewels, were seized by Mr. Beckett's Creditors, so that I was, in an instant, stripped of every necessary, in a country where I had no connections, but such as had been formed on the principles of interest.—Thus circumstanced, a young Irish Nobleman, in whose favor I had made an exception, and from my general opinion of his friendship I had confidence, I frankly communicated what had befallen me,

and

and received from his Lordship every assurance of *protection*; but his fortune not being adequate to his generosity, he immediately proposed a subscription amongst my friends then in Paris, and in the course of twenty-four hours, I found myself, through their exertions, in possession of two hundred and fifty Louis-d'Or's.

I have before observed, that adversity is the true criterion of

C 6 friendship,

friendship, and I am bound in gratitude, to render justice to that virtue in the French Nation.

In France I ever met with the greatest humanity, tempered with delicacy and politeness; and if my misfortunes, during the latter part of my residence in that country, called for the aid of others, I also received it: at the same time, it was always conveyed in a manner which re-

flected

flected honor on the generous donors, ever unaccompanied with those disgusting marks of ostentation, which too frequently attend acts of pecuniary relief.

I remained six months in the Temple, and returned to England ten days before that *glorious* Epoch, the 14th of July, 1789, when Frenchmen threw off for ever, THE YOKE OF SLAVERY.

—Oh! may that day yield an awful

awful and impressive lesson!—
 It forms an æra replete with
 events, still in the womb of time
 to produce. It threatens destruc-
 tion to long established systems—
 to long established orders. It
 presages Revolution, and strikes at
 those antique Governments, in
 defence of which, so many of my
 Ancestors have bled.

Should they have bled in vain,
 and if a new order of things be
 destined

destined to succeed; may humani-
 ty still profit by the change!—
 may a more equal distribution of
 sublunary enjoyments, banish
 from the face of the earth, those
 scenes of horror that have so long
 tortured the sight, and disgraced
 the policy of social institutions!—
 Perhaps the Millenium, so long
 and so anxiously anticipated, is
 at hand, when nations will be
 linked in one fraternal bond—
 when civil discord and foreign
 wars

wars shall cease to desolate the world.—Which ever party may prevail in this tremendous crisis, my only prayer is, that it may terminate to the advantage and improvement of the human race ! —The reader will pardon these frequent digressions; they arise naturally from the subject, and are the spontaneous emanations of a soul, fraught with sensibility and glowing with zeal, for the general happiness and improvement.

ment of mankind.—I have formerly experienced from Frenchmen, compassion and generosity; and I have sometimes found those virtues in the English.—Born in America, and resident many years in England, I feel no local partialities, no prepossessions or disgusts; My Country is the World! and whatever the Political sentiments of others may be, I consider it the duty of Citizens

to

to yield implicit submission to the Laws of that Government under which they live.

Passing eighteen months in France, under her ancient Monarchy, I had the opportunity of manifesting my respect to the Laws which then existed, and if I were at present in that nation, now that it has judged proper to adopt the Republican form of Government,

Government, I should hold myself equally bound, faithfully to obey the laws of that Republic.

Such are my opinions, which I believe are founded in truth and justice, and I should be ever emulous to preserve the character of a *peaceful*, and, I hope, in future, to add, of a *virtuous* Citizen.

It

It is the fashion amongst us, vehemently and outrageously to condemn the French for the excesses and cruelties they have committed; but we must in candour allow, that in the progress of this war, they have been at least equalled in acts of cruelty by the Prussians and Austrians, and far surpassed therein by their own Emigrants.—Very lately an account was transmitted to the Convention, by one of its Commissioners:

missioners at Lille, of an Austrian soldier taken prisoner; on searching whom, it was discovered, that his cartridges were poisoned, which at once explained the cause of that amazing mortality which had prevailed amongst the French wounded soldiers.

Monfieur Beaulieu, an Austrian general, on a late occasion, previous to an engagement, likewise signified to his troops that prisoners

soners were only an incumbrance, in consequence of which the soldiers took *the hint* and gave no quarter.

What tender heart then, but recoils from those dreadful proscriptions and executions which now daily take place in that distracted country ! but as in Morals, it would be held madness to harbour in our bosom a serpent to sting us to death : so in Politics,

the

the maxim holds equally good.— France cannot be denied to have contained innumerable enemies within her bosom, and from the exterminating principles of this destructive war, which operate equally on both sides, it is evident if she wished to consolidate her Government,—that if she do not strive to destroy those enemies they will finally succeed to destroy the Republic. Let us then be just amidst the violence

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of

of Revolutionary Paroxysms.—

We are not to expect *that* temper and moderation which ought to be the basis of settled, tranquil Governments, but which (we fatally experience,) is too seldom the characteristics of such Governments.

To return to my subject :—

When I arrived in London, I sent to my house in New Cavendish Street, desiring a female servant,

whom

whom I had left in charge of it, to come to the Hotel—She gave me to understand, that although several of my creditors were much dissatisfied with the manner in which Mr. Vaughan had disposed of the money, destined to settle their demands, still they were, by no means, inclined to harass me : These assurances encouraged me to return to my own house, and in a few days I called a meeting of all my un-

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satisfied

satisfied creditors, (acting in this instance as my own Attorney :) From them I obtained a Letter of Licence; I however was so foolish as to ask for only six months indulgence, when they would readily have granted it for as many years—There were nevertheless two obdurate ungrateful creditors, Linen Drapers of Oxford Street, who, regardless of the many obligations which they owed to me and my friends, thought

thought proper to arrest me, contrary to the opinion of all the rest who had any claims against me.—With these men I had dealt for years, in which time they had both received from me several hundred pounds, and now they thought proper to have me confined for the moderate sum of Three hundred and fifty pounds: My own Attorney civilly leaving me in a Spunging House, to get out as I could. In this hour of distress,

D 2 when

when friendship makes the deepest impression, a Gentleman* of Furnivals Inn came fortunately to the house, and hearing of my confinement, generously became my bail ;—and here let me again pour forth the tribute of a grateful heart ! but words are inadequate to express the sense that I have of *his* liberality and kindness. Unacquainted with the chicanery, villainy, and hard-

* Mr. Chambers.

heartedness

heartedness of other lawyers, from which I have so cruelly suffered, from certain experience, he rose, in my opinion, above every man in his profession. He found me beset by Plunderers, Jews, and Swindlers, combined to rob me of what property I possessed. The sufferings I had hitherto endured, had not operated the necessary conviction, or hindrance, in choice of acquaintance ; I have ever been the dupe of the
D 3 worthless

worthless part of both sexes, and at this time I was stupidly infatuated with the society of a certain Jewess.——

——This woman possessed several natural good qualities;—qualities which far over balanced her faults, and as it is impossible for any human production to be perfect, I overlooked her imperfections, and adopted her as my bosom friend.——Mrs. G——,

—had

had a mother who was ever in league with Bailiffs, and low Attorneys, and often have both her daughter and myself suffered from her unnatural Intrigues.——

——In the month of November, 1789, it was necessary that I should either surrender to Mr. Chambers', or settle the debts for which he was answerable. I therefore consulted this female serpent, whom I had nursed in

D 4

my

my bosom to sting me, she gave it as her advice, that it would be prudent for me to call upon the Plaintiff's Attorney, who she was pleased to remark, would be happy to become one of my humble *slaves*.—Eager to exonerate my good friend, Mr. Chambers, from any danger, on my account, I applied to an Attorney of Ely-Place, and proposed to give security for the debt in which he was concerned.—This

accom-

accomplished Limb of the Law, seeing me in a splendid Equipage, agreed to accept my own terms, and insinuated himself so far into my good opinion, that he afterwards completely ruined me, plundering me of the last Guinea. I have since learnt that Mr. P—— in order to enhance his own costs, made it his business to discover the credulous part of my creditors, whose debts being small, were prevailed on to sue me,

D 5

and

and in one of these instances, I can attest that I was taken in execution for Five pounds—and paid Twenty for it.—Fourteen days after I had agreed to employ Mr. P-----, he delivered to me his Bill of Costs, *modestly* making me his debtor Two hundred and twenty-two pounds: I had, at this time, Three hundred and fifty pounds to receive from Mr. Giffard, and as it was not immediately convenient

for

for the latter gentleman to advance the money, I requested this virtuous Practitioner, this Ornament of *Attorneyship*, to wait a few weeks for payment; but he had far other views; he had a scheme in agitation, which entirely precluded all impertinent clamours of conscience.—He, as I have before observed, was instructed with my circumstances, and while I was loaded with various debts,—some of which were enormous—he took

D 6

a Lawyer

a Lawyer-like, and *conscientious* advantage of my Female weakness, seducing me to make over all the furniture of my house to him,—a delusion that finally led to my *destruction*.—I could wish to speak with moderation concerning this man, but my wrongs are such, that (waving irony,) I must intreat permission to speak with freedom. The very moment I had executed the Bond which made him master of my effects,

he

he sent one *Ross*, a Sheriff's Officer, to take possession of them, although he had given me his *sacred word* OF HONOR, that he would never proceed, unless to protect me from other Executions. Not satisfied with this base, and perfidious, act, he was also the person who advised another Creditor to sue me for sixty pounds. On hearing of this Writ, I was obliged to take refuge in the Verge of the Court, and on the next day

when

when I sent one of my servants to my house, for a change of Cloaths, they were refused; the man in possession signifying that he had positive orders not to suffer any property to be taken out of the house. In this dilemma, I once more applied to my much valued and *never-failing Friend*, Mr. G*****, and received from him Two hundred pounds—which I paid to this IMMACULATE Attorney, requesting he would
with

withdraw the Execution. He answered, that the sum was not sufficient, (although he was pleased to take it) as his demand was now increased to Fifty pounds more; therefore, he persisted in selling the effects, and I have never, to this hour, received any account from him, although it is pretty well known, that the produce of that sale brought him a very considerable sum of money; besides

the

the Two hundred pounds I had before advanced him.

—His next object was my Coach, but that he might get it in his possession with as much *decency* as possible, he *affected* to secure it to myself—by an Assignment to a friend. Fool as I was, after my experience, I consented to his proposal, and had he desired me to sign my own death-warrant; such was *the ascendancy* he had then

then over me, I verily believe that I should have obeyed the proceedings of this VIRTUOUS Practitioner.

I had not long executed the said Assignment, before my Coach was seized in behalf of his brother-in-law, a Linen-Draper, and sold (or rather given away) for One hundred and twenty pounds, although I had paid Mr. Godsal four hundred pounds for it, and never

never used it more than eight months.

————The next step of this truly honest Attorney, was to get my person seized, and it is a fact well known, that the monster, under pretence of taking me before the late Lord Chancellor, on business fold me to Bailiffs. Thus I was arrested, and dragged to a Spunging House, where I was locked up seven weeks—during which

which time I employed myself in endeavouring to arrange my affairs.—It was repeatedly proposed to me to make an application to my friends, but unaccustomed to solicit favors, I declined the proposal, and reconciled myself to the idea of ending my days in a Prison.—

————In this Spunging House I remained until Easter Term, 1790, when I was compelled to take

take up my abode in the King's Bench, and now I consider it a tribute of justice due from me not to confound the liberal Creditor with the designing, wicked Shylocks, who condemned me to Prison; having met with the greatest indulgence and liberality from all my principal Creditors.— They who oppressed me were the persons who had the least right to do so; and, sorry am I to say, to the utter disgrace of *my own sex*,
that

that the two Creditors whose cruelty and inflexible obstinacy obliged me to continue *two years* in the King's Bench, were Women; (Milleners): One of whom had been in the habit of cheating me for a number of years.—When I balanced accounts with her, I had Receipts for Fourteen hundred pounds, and yet the conscience of this *honest woman* (for she is married) did not scruple to declare, that she would never release me, until
I either

Neither paid Three hundred pounds,
or gave security for the like
sum.—

—A young man of fashion, who
was at that time unable to extri-
cate me out of my difficulties,
wished to awaken the feelings of
this married *Lady*, this paragon
of her sex! and intreated her to
remember, that my situation
claimed *some compassion*, for I was
then pregnant, with my youngest
son

son, whom I mentioned in the
beginning of these Memoirs.—
She replied, that it was quite
immaterial whether I was brought
to bed in a *Prison*, or, elsewhere;
Soaring above the feelings of
humanity, this dealer in flimsy,
smuggled commodities, persisted
in pursuit of her dearly loved self,
and forced me to endure all the
miseries of a loathsome Goal.—
Torn from the bosom of my native
Country, I bore my sorrows in
silence,

silence, unknown, unpitied ! having met with few friends disinterested enough to prove their regard while I was incapable of making them any return ; Such is the instability of mankind ! while we can administer to their pleasures, or gratify their vanity, they are our abject slaves ; the scene once changed, then, Adieu to friendship ! Thus situated, destitute of all support, except such as the precarious benevolence of a

few friends, allowed me, I was advised to sue my Husband * for a separate maintenance. who, regardless of the ties of Honor and of Duty, was publicly living with a woman of *notorious* character, whom he still suffers to *assume my name*, and I am told, he has even the indecency to introduce her into several respectable families

* Mr. John Coghlan, resides in Chester Place, London, and the Isle of Thanet, County of Kent.

(calling her his wife). But to clear up the deception, I beg leave to say, although it be *a title* I never fought, it is my misfortune, *still to drag* those horrid chains of Matrimony and SLAVERY which never can be dissolved but by *his* death or *mine*.

——The action which I exhibited against him, proving from the most respectable witnesses, his cruelties, gained me the support

that

that my necessities then called for; but not before I had endured every misery that hunger, cold, and confinement could inflict.

——Sir William Scott, the Judge of the Consistory Court of London, sentenced my husband to allow me One hundred and seventy pounds a year, during the time that our cause was depending: He refusing to comply with the decree, was publicly excommuni-

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cated

cated in his own Parish Church, St. Georges, Hanover Square.— Under these deplorable circumstances, the time now approached when I was to suffer ten thousand additional horrors; my friends, more anxious to preserve my life than I was, had provided a gentleman of the faculty to attend me during my lying-in—When I was taken ill, he was sent for, who being from home, could not reach the King's Bench, before

ten o'clock. At that hour, it is the constant, and, often *fatal*, practice, to shut the gates, whereby many an innocent and valuable life has been lost: Any attempt to break through this barbarous custom, would have been vain. The life of a woman is not considered as worth preservation, at the expence of breaking through the established rules of a Goal.— Nevertheless, humanity bleeds in reflecting on these abuses, sancti-

oned by Law, which are still allowed to exist, without an effort from those in whom the power is vested to remove them.—

In this critical and lamentable state, I remained several hours, struggling with death; The only professional man in the place, was a very young Surgeon, who at first offered his assistance, but afterwards declined it, considering my situation too dangerous
for

for him to be of any service; however, his delicacy was afterwards over-ruled, and owing to his kind interference, I was snatched from Death, to be reserved for a series of new calamities. Delivered from the agonies of Child-bed, my infant was suffered to remain naked for two days; for, alas! the unfortunate Mother had not Cloaths, even for herself!

—In this deplorable state we both continued, till an unknown

friend, touched with compassion, remitted me a few Guineas.

—I should commit an injury against my own feelings, If I did not here declare, that I have every reason to believe myself indebted for this humane act to Mr. Walker, the late Marshal of the King's Bench,—as I afterwards experienced from him every kind attention, possible for one fellow-creature to shew another.—

May

May I, on this occasion, be permitted to hold forth myself as an example to the giddy, dissipated fair ones of my sex: now, perhaps, in full enjoyment of the smiles and adulation of men.—

Beware, then, ye lovely victims of their crocodile caresses! while the sunshine of fortune beams around you,—while the bloom of beauty lasts, and the charms of novelty hold their sway, waste not your precious hours in unpro-

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fitable

fitable idleness, and wild extravagance.—Make the false dissemblers, while they pay homage to your beauty, provide also for your interest: Lay up stores against a *rainy day*. I, like you, when I thought myself beloved, now too late discover that all was flattery: The tempest came unexpectedly on,—none of my gay friends approached at my bidding; I was left to bide the pelting of this pitiless storm in a horrid Goal,

naked and penniless, with a new born infant at my breast, crying for the sustenance that famished nature refused! and when my former gay companions, on whom I vainly thought I could depend, kept all aloof, I was relieved, at last, by the fortuitous generosity of an utter stranger. Let me hope, therefore, my fate will serve as a lesson to others, that they may not founder on the rock on which I am wrecked.—

—Five weeks after my lying-in, a message came from Mr. Walker, signifying that he wished to see me; I was shewn to his house, where, after lamenting, in the kindest terms, the hardships I had suffered, he declared how much he was concerned to see in a Prison; a woman, whom, he was pleased to say, deserved a better fate—and, at the same time, with a delicacy peculiar to liberal minds,

and

(and incompatible, one should have thought, with his situation,) intreated me to accept a trifle as a pledge of his friendship; giving into my hand a piece of paper, which, on my return to my apartment, I found to contain three Guineas, with these lines:—
 “Never, while you remain here,
 “neglect applying to me in your
 “moments of pecuniary want.”—
 My adverse stars soon deprived me of this new friend, who was,

shortly

shortly afterwards, seized with a fever, which carried him off in a few days, leaving behind an amiable character, well worthy of his successor's imitation: May he, like Mr. Walker, remember, that he is placed in a situation where he has all the most important duties of humanity to perform; and in which, a neglect of them would be still more criminal than the just and liberal performance of them, would be amiable and meritorious:

ritorious:—Nevertheless, I must ingeniously confess, speaking of the King's Bench Prison, (and I am told other prisons are still more wretched) that the evil exists in itself, and although a Goaler may certainly correct the horrors of the System, yet it is impossible for him effectually to remove it:—The corruptions of a Goal, according to the present establishment, call aloud for Legislative interference; and while such corruptions

ruptions are acknowledged on all sides, there can be only one reason why no attempt is made to destroy them; and that is the immense emoluments derived therefrom by the principal and subaltern Practitioners of the Law.—It is not the partial delusive scheme of oppression against a few wretched Attorneys, that can produce any material benefit; it may serve as a temporary manœuvre to reconcile us to the
 barbarous

barbarous practice a little while longer.—But the whole Augean Stable must be cleansed. It is not the *petty Rogue* that constitutes the great nuisance; we must go through all the different gradations of the infamy, before we can hope to render any effectual service: Experience enables me to speak with decision on this subject, and all I can say, is, that if every other department of Government is in the same corrupt
 rupt

rupt state, as that of which I am now speaking, we are in a deplorable condition indeed.

Having imbibed my Political principles at an early age, amongst Citizens struggling for Freedom, and where now every individual is equally privileged, and equally protected, by the law, -I cannot but inveigh against partial immunities, and the propensity which the English people betray to deprive
their

their fellow creatures of that Liberty of which they so inconsistently boast.—Not but a rational discrimination ought necessarily to be kept up, between fraud and imprudence, villainy and misfortune; nothing can more fully demonstrate the negligence and insensibility of Government, than that they should be confounded indiscriminately together; that no distinction should be made between them;—Yet such most
unfor-

unfortunately is the case, and what aggravates, beyond measure, this grievance, is that the man who enters a prison, honest and virtuous, seldom fails, during his abode therein, to contract the vilest habits, and to be ever after unfit for society.——

Thus it is the height of impolicy and cruelty, to make no distinction between the unfortunate Debtor, and the designing fraudulent

fraudulent Swindler—for although the justice of the Legislature, should provide a punishment for the one; a certain and more lenient degree of protection, than has hitherto been adopted, ought surely to be held out to the other.—But the interest of Lawyers does not require such discriminations to be made, and therefore it is judged right, that things should remain as they are.

—They

—They for ever tell us, they cannot be better.

How long will this infatuation last! Oh Englishmen! Let it no more be said, that, with passive, ignoble tameness, ye suffered a servile race of mercenary, corrupt, vindictive Lawyers, to forge the chains of hard captivity for your Free-born limbs; ye have a Constitution, whose leading principle,

ciple, ye are told, is Liberty; sacred, Immortal Liberty! Ye have a King, who is said, ardently to desire the prosperity of all his people. Cherish then, this sacred principle of your Constitution; accomplish the desires of your virtuous King; rouse from your torpor; The lion slumbereth, he is not dead; but, oh! whenever he shall awake, wheuever his wrath shall be kindled, let him know to distinguish in his
rage

rage—Let none but the Guilty bleed!

The news of Mr. Walker's sudden death, caused me many poignant reflections; as the horrors of confinement were, in some measure, lessened, while I considered myself under the custody of that Gentleman, and not under the controul of a mercenary Gaoler; for this lucrative

finecure

finecure, (such in fact it is,) too generally falls to the lot (I say it without meaning to offend any individual) of the most worthless, or insignificant characters:—Men, not selected from any particular merit, that would render them fit for the office;—not distinguished for their disinterestedness, charity, or diligent attention to the wants and morals of the prisoners;—but appointed merely as relations, or dependants, on

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my

my Lord Chief Justice of the Day; who, for the most part, (if not always) takes care to saddle them with a VERY HEAVY RIDER.

Soon after Mr. Walker's death, the arrival in England of my amiable friend, the father of my children, revived my hopes, nor were they disappointed. He at once administered to my wants, and cheered my sorrows. The

excellence of Mr. B*****'s heart, was my security with him against those frivolous and ungenerous excuses, which, in the hour of adversity, it has been my lot to receive from so many others; whom, also I had once thought my friends:—He embraced the earliest opportunity of visiting me in my confinement, and instantly took the children under his protection;—the youngest of whom was, at that

time, only three months old. It is a very harsh trait in the human creature, (nevertheless, I fear it is too faithful a one,) that calumny is, generally, the most busy against those who most want comfort and protection.

While I was suffering all the complicated miseries of a loathsome Gout, insinuations to my disadvantage, were most malignantly, and industriously, propagated, with the cruel design of ruining

me in the opinion, and affection, of this my best friend; but, superior to all illiberal prejudice, and making every allowance for my solitary and unhappy situation, he would not consent to abandon me, so that these cruel efforts, of my enemies, most of whom, I have discovered to exist in the circle of my own acquaintance, ended in disappointment and abortion; and I ingenuously confess, that my

vanity exulted in the triumph which I atchieved on this occasion; and my heart was preserved from the shock it would have sustained, had the father of my children, to complete the sum of my misfortunes, withdrawn his countenance and affection from them; but, I trust in Providence, that I am not reserved for this additional calamity! —Mr. B*****'s finances could, by no means, keep pace with

with the liberality of his mind; and in my distressed circumstances, it was absolutely necessary, to find out some other source of relief:—I therefore, in the month of March, 1791, (Mr. Coghlan, being then involved in a law-suit with his Niece, Lady Blake,) by the advice of my Proctor, (Mr. Walker, of Doctors Commons) petitioned the Court of Delegates, before whom the said cause was to be heard. A

F 4 petition

petition from his wife, dated from a prison, to which his brutality had condemned her, alarmed his tender feelings; and thus, as I have already observed, I obtained a present supply, and a promise of an adequate settlement, on condition that I would withdraw the petition: To this I consented, and the result of my compliance was, a mutual agreement to execute articles of separation, which are, *moreover*

and

and *nevertheless*, as the Gentlemen of the Robe are pleased to term it, only during our mutual pleasure. The last clause of my deed of settlement, compelling me *to return home, to this kind, affectionate husband*, whenever his caprice should induce him to require it.

Thus, separated from him, on the 26th of December, 1791, I received security for an Annuity

F 5

of

of an Hundred pounds for my life, subject to the condition above mentioned.—But, alas! I had no sooner obtained it, than the accomplished, virtuous Milliner, who had so essentially contributed to my distresses, by encouraging me in that stupid system of extravagance, on which her present fortune was raised, and which exalted her to the enviable rank of an honest married lady; like a tygress, darting upon the

the wretched victim of her savage appetite, seized on me, insisting that I should give immediate security for her debt,—a debt contracted for *gew-gaw frippery, and tinselled, flimsy trumpery*; I had already, in the course of a very short time, paid this *Harpy* Fourteen hundred pounds, for articles of this like description. The humane reader will revolt with abhorrence, on finding that this woman, after such

F 6 emoluments

emoluments derived from my folly, should proceed against me for another debt of *Three Hundred Pounds*, which, I am morally convinced, I did not owe;— But for which, she absolutely compelled me to assign over Fifty pounds a year of my Annuity to her, for the four ensuing years; which now helps to support her, and a Banker's Clerk, whom she has lately taken to her *virtuous Bed*, in the ease and luxury which
they

they seem to enjoy. When it is remembered, how many unfortunate, unexperienced women, this extortioner has plundered, not only with impunity, but success; how many wretched female captives she has held, (and I believe still holds,) in Goal;—the fortune she has acquired by constant impositions on youthful folly and credulity,—it must excite regret, that there are no laws in force, to stop the depredations
of

of similar Miscreants, almost as great nuisances in society, as those low petty-fogging Attorneys, with whom, for the most part, they are connected; and between whom, such an attractive sympathy exists.—For my own part, I am so well acquainted with their enormous charges, and the fatal consequences of them, that I would rather trust for mercy to the tenderness of a Wolf, than to a civilized Bar-

barian,

barian, like the lady of whom I am now speaking; and I am convinced, from woeful experience, that the generality of persons in trade, with whom unprotected females have any pecuniary dealings, would be overpaid in receiving one third of their overcharged, extravagant demands. The reader may believe this picture exaggerated, but I can assure him *it is not*, Hundreds of thoughtless women, be-

fides

fides myself, having fallen within her snares, and from her may date their ruin: To her alone, I am indebted for *Two Years* close confinement in a Gaol; where wretchedness and vice of every description rule triumphant;—where no remedy is applied to the relief of one, or the suppression of the other;—where every comfort,—every virtue,—is left to depend on the Guinea in our pockets, and where they, who

who have it not, have only the casual charity of Prisoners themselves to depend on.

There, even in that gloomy Mansion!—I have often beheld Vice and insensibility triumphant; Virtue and tenderness of heart, dejected and in tears. The unfortunate friend, whose amiable confidence has involved him in debts he was unable to pay: I have here beheld languishing, in

in want of those necessaries, which in happier days, he himself had so freely administered to others. The Veteran Soldier, all covered with wounds, which he had received in battle in the service of his King, I have there beheld dying with hunger, naked and forsaken; cast on the common side, a prey to filth and vermin; too proud and conscious of his own merit, to expose his emaciated forlorn figure, to the
curious

curious researches of his fellow prisoners; chusing rather to die, than trust to precarious bounty, sensible of his just claims on those with whom pity, alas! is so seldom resident!

During my residence in the King's Bench, the gallant Captain Abbot of the Royal Artillery, then whom, no man in the Army had ever served with more distinguished merit, died, literally
in

in that Prison, through want, in the situation which I have described. This brave man had a wife and three children, who were all drowned on their voyage from America. But all *his sufferings*, all his services, were of no avail! he was thus left to die without a single enquiry from the part of Government concerning him; and to the immortal honor of a noble Duke, (M——r G——l of the

Ordnance,) taking advantage of his imprisonment, he suspended him from his situation, as Captain in the Royal Artillery.— Oh! that I could for ever efface the dreadful scene from my memory! as it was my misfortune to have known the Gentleman, of whom I now speak, in America;—but the impression is too deep on my heart.

Shortly

Shortly after the death of this my lamented, friend, I obtained my release from the King's Bench; but not from the liberality of those who confined me:—On the contrary, I was under the necessity of pleading my Coverture, in the Court of King's Bench, where I obtained a Rule of Court to sett aside a deed which I had formerly signed, and which my situation, as a married woman,

made

made illegal.—Thus I was for a time, liberated from confinement; and in the month of January following, I had occasion to summon up all my fortitude; although superstition be a failing to which I am by no means addicted, still the following circumstance, may, in the opinion of some, expose me to the suspicion of being under the influence of that frailty;—In all my days of dissipated pleasure, and heart-rending afflictions,

tions, never did an hour pass that my Father did not present himself to my imagination. At this time, I dreamed I beheld his Funeral with my youngest Brother, as his Chief mourner, and on the Coffin of the deceased, lay a bleeding Heart: This dream made such an effect upon my senses, that no person could induce me to believe my Father was not actually dead, and such was the ascendancy of my fears, that I absolutely put on deep

deep mourning on the occasion: In my sable Robes, I one day met Colonel Small, (an old friend of my Father's) who expressed much surprize on seeing me arrayed in these melancholy Emblems of Grief; and inquired into the cause. I replied, it were not from these outward signs of sorrow he was to judge; as what I suffered for the loss of a much loved Father surpassed all shew: The Colonel answered, " your Father

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“ is in perfect health, as I am informed by Colonel Kemble, who received letters from him early in December.”

It was a vain attempt of his friends to persuade me——The Dream had made such a deep impression on my mind, that I persisted to express a certain conviction that he was dead, and gone to receive the reward of his many virtues; and, alas! the fol-

lowing

lowing month realized my fatal apprehensions respecting his Death as he had finished his mortal career on the 10th of December, 1791, in the City of New York, having burst an Artery of his Heart.

To leave the World with the high reputation which he enjoyed, should ever be the bright emulation of Man: He was universally, and most justly, beloved

G 2

by

by all who knew him.—His remains were followed to the Grave by Three Hundred People, his Pall borne by Eight of the principal Gentlemen of New York; and he was interred in Trinity Church, in the same Tomb with his friend Colonel Maitland, Uncle to Lord Lauderdale, who, in dying, made it the last request that his ashes should be mixed with my Father's.—How different the end of his near relation and friend,

the

the late Colonel Moncrieffe, lately killed, fighting in the cause of the Combined Powers, before the Walls of Dunkirque!—His kindness to me was never interrupted. He was wont to sympathize with my sorrows, and to take compassion on my follies; and it was so much the more cruel, that I should lose him at a moment when *friends* are so very, —very scarce; Oh! that I could have evinced my Gratitude, by attending

G 3

tending

tending the Brave, Dying Soldier, in his last moments; I would have bound his bleeding wound, and, without respect to Political opinions, dropping the sympathetic tear over his mangled corpse, have cheerfully braved the danger, that put a period to his Existence!

My Father's Death now drew upon me once more the attention of my Creditors, who always con-

sidered

sidered me entitled to a Fortune, when that event should take place. But such was the hapless fate of the surviving Children of this Gallant Hero, that they discovered the reward of their Parent's Loyalty to be—a total deprivation of all his Property in America! I had been only four months released from a long and dreadful confinement; inflicted on me by the Laws of a Free Country, when I was again

G 4

arrested,

arrested, and committed for the second time, a prisoner to the King's Bench; and, however repugnant to my own feelings, I found myself under the necessity of defending the unjust actions for which I was confined. In one of these causes, I had occasion for more courage than I naturally possessed; but supported by an honest, upright heart, I undauntedly repaired to the Court of King's Bench to meet my opponents,

ponents, relying upon the Candour of that Honourable Tribunal to afford me that justice which I claimed.—Had my pursuit, like that of Diogenes, been seeking for an honest man, I should not, perhaps, have explored a Court of Law, wherein to find so rare an Object; however, in the midst of my embarrassment and confusion, excited by the cause which brought me there, and by the indecent impertinent questions, put to me by

G 5 the

the Plaintiffs Counsel—Mr. M—, I felt myself much relieved by the able defence made in my favour, by that Ornament of his Profession, Mr. Erskine.

It is much to be lamented, that Barristers, in the course of their professional pursuits, should consider themselves warranted in tormenting witnesses, (however respectable, or intitled to their compassion) by the most cruel and
irrelevant

irrelevant questions: I am sorry to observe, that the habitual practices of Mr. M——, expose him, perhaps, more than any other of his Profession to this censure. In saying this, I am aware that I say a great deal; but the little Indulgence shewn to me, by this Advocate, under the most trying circumstances, warrants more than I have said; and it will be a satisfaction to me if this should ever

reach him, and he should profit by the Rebuke.

My Brother, Edward Cornwallis Moncrieffe, of the sixtieth Regiment, now on Half-pay, could not be an idle spectator of my misfortunes. With him I continued in correspondence; he pitied my distress, and generously offered to divide his fortune with me, provided my Creditors would consent

consent to sign, in my favor, a Letter of Licence for a few years.

—At the same time, he advanced a Sum of Money to raise my drooping head, and to sooth the miseries of the King's Bench Prison: That heart, which has ever made me an unsuspecting, unhappy victim to the over-reaching tricks of Lawyers, again exposed me to suffer from them; The vilest of this Profession are those who promise the fairest; and

and hence I again employed one of these hopeful Plunderers of Society,—those Petty-foggers who live upon the distresses of the unfortunate, to defend the remaining Actions for which I was confined, and to effect my Liberation, gave him Sixty Pounds of the Money that had been given me by my Brother; but, instead of pursuing *my* interest in the friendly manner I had a right to expect, the Money was devoted to pay a

Debt

Debt wherein I suppose his own Interest was concerned.—On this my Brother again wrote to me, desiring me to take a Copy of my Grandfather's Will out of Doctors Commons; with his desire I complied, and for this service I was indebted to my much esteemed Friend, Mr. Walker (the Proctor) and as the Testator, my Grandfather, left a large Property in Hampshire, I found it necessary to visit that place. I therefore

persisted

persisted in making every effort to emancipate myself from the King's Bench, and in consequence obtained what I desired.—Therefore, last July, I left town to pay a visit to my Mother's relations, who reside at Portsmouth, and in its Neighbourhood. Soon after my arrival there, I made it my business to make every inquiry after my Grandfather's Property, and considered it necessary to present my claim.

The

The Gentleman who has so *honourably* possessed himself of the said Estates, is my Cousin; but, when I inform the reader that he is a *Lawyer*, it will be a sufficient Apology for his too scrupulous delicacy of Conscience. This new-found Relation, affected to receive me with extreme tenderness, invited me to see the Pictures of all my Ancestors, and gave me every encouragement to sue for my Grandfather's *Paternal*

Estate

Estate in Scotland; which he informed me had been seized by a distant Relation,—under the supposition, that all our Grandfather's Deeds, &c. were lost with his Widow, at the time she was drowned; but, on my observing that I had a Copy of his Will, proved in the Prerogative Court, which absolutely entitles myself and my Brother to all his Property, wherever we could find it,—the honest Lawyer seemed alarmed,

particularly

particularly as I assured him my Brother was determined to institute a Suit in Chancery for the purpose of establishing his claim.

My female Cousins were the first to take alarm on my account, and they even went so far, as to declare me an Imposter. Thus I was under the necessity of applying to Colonel Mulcaster*,

* Commandant Engineer at Portsmouth.

who

who was, during my Father's life-time, one of his Friends, and who knew me from my childhood. From him, I obtained a Certificate that I was the real Daughter of Major Moncrieffe, and Wife to Mr. John Coghlan. Thus, having it in my power to confute the Calumnies of *my good Cousins*, I waited on a very near Relation, a Captain in the Royal Navy, a Gentleman distinguished for his Maritime Skill, and not
 less

less so for his private Virtues: To him I confided my unhappy story, and received from him the advice to which adversity is entitled, but which it rarely receives. Platonic Friendship. Men are apt to hold in Mockery; and thence I was very soon accused of having kindled tenderer sensations in the bosom of my Cousin, merely because he was a young Widower, and had given me an invitation to his house, in which he offered
 me

me a secure retreat—an Asylum from every future *Störm*; and with this honest Seaman, I hoped to pass the remainder of my days, blessed with the affectionate smiles of *virtuous Friendship*. But, alas! how transitory, how vain have my pursuits after tranquility and happiness been! I ever have grasped at a Shadow—the Substance I could never attain: The paths of life are strewn with thorns, and when we even gather the Rose,

we

we are unconscious for the moment of the Briars that grow beneath it; and which, in one moment, destroys the fugitive Phantom that our imagination had raised.— This Friend, who commanded a first Rate Man of War, was ordered to the West Indies.

I now received an invitation from two Aunts, who lived nine miles from Portsmouth. On my introduction to these good women,

I, who

I, who ever detest falsehood, candidly acquainted them with every circumstance of my life, and my mournful tale had such an effect that I was bedewed with the affectionate Tears of two Relations, my Mother's Sisters: They accused my Husband as the Author, of all my Sorrows, and were kind enough to observe, that a Woman possessing such sensibility, never could, *from choice*, pursue the dangerous paths of Vice. Alas!

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had

had it been my good fortune to have discovered these amiable Women, when first I fatally left my unkind Husband's roof, what misery should I have avoided!—With them, the beauty I possessed would have served to make me an object of tenderness and compassion, at the same time, that it would have set them on their guard against the snares placed against me.—With them, I

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might

might have resided free from guilt, and my heart, from their instructions and example, would have learnt to pity and to pardon, even the faults of *him*, to whom the customs of Religion, although now so fashionably neglected, had united me.

When I returned to Portsmouth, the absence of my dear relation, made me resolve to
leave

leave that place. I went therefore to Southampton, intending to make that town, and Winchester, my route to London. In the course of my journey, I met with the Reverend Mr. Radcliffe, brother to Mr. Fazakerley; the former gentleman ever shared my esteem, and I only wish Fortune had been more sparing of her favors to one Brother, and more liberal to *him*

who most deserved them. When I arrived at Southampton, it was impossible to obtain Lodgings, the place was so crouded. The arrival of a certain wealthy Lord, of Jewish extraction, had thrown the town into a state of confusion;—not from any extraordinary merit his Lordship possessed, —not from any extraordinary strength of Mind or Body, like his namesake *Sampson*, the Jew

of

of Antiquity,—but from that respect which Riches always attract, even when Virtue and Wisdom fail.—Of this *Aecomplished, new-made* Peer, it was my intention to have given the Reader a finished portrait; but his Lordship, conscious of his own *Excellencies*, through a singular and meritorious delicacy, has intreated me to be silent on this subject. As generosity has

H 3

ever

ever been the leading feature in my character, I will spare his Exquisite Sensibility the recital of those scenes, in which he occasionally plays such a distinguished part, and in which he is reported so capitally to excel.—

At Winchester, my eyes were attracted by the Number of poor French Emigrants, who reside in that City; Six Hundred and Thirty of whom are daily fed by public

public subscription, and lodged in a Palace of the most liberal and charitable Prince, that ever graced the Throne of Great Britain.—In London, the first scene that presented itself was a Prison, to which place my old acquaintances, the Sheriffs Officers, without ceremony, conducted me.—From thence, I was almost instantly released, by the well timed bounty of a perfect stranger; on thanking this

H 4 stranger

stranger for his goodness, and requesting to know his name, he declined telling me to whom I was obliged, remarking, that he felt a sufficient reward, to rescue a pretty Woman from the confines of a prison.—This generous benefactor paid above Forty pounds for my liberty, and I have never ceased to lament that I still am ignorant of his place of residence; that by a discovery of the latter, I might offer

offer him the just tribute of a sincerely grateful heart.—The object of his goodness, however, was not accomplished, for such generosity only provokes fresh attacks from the watchful Creditor, and his nefarious Attorney.—Arrest after arrest, pursues me; from a hope, that friends will not permit me to remain long in confinement. My whole debts it is impossible for me to pay, as they almost all arise from folly.

and extravagance, and far exceed my means; but on calculating all *my real debts*, I am certain, Four Hundred Pounds would discharge them.—But to raise that sum, where is my hope? Alas! I have no other, than in the Gallantry and Liberality of the British Nation! A Nation that stands eminently conspicuous on the Rolls of Fame, for acts of Charity and Munificence! But let not ostentatious deeds,

rehearsed

rehearsed with all the Pomp of Declamation and Public Acclaim, impede the milder, but not less meritorious performance of private benevolence; I was nursed in the lap of luxury; my mind softened, and perhaps, in some degree, debauched by early enjoyments. In those hours, I never wanted friends,—it is only *now*, that they keep far off! but let me hope, this faint effort of a very imperfect Pen,—of one un-

H 6

used

used to Literary Essays, may still produce the means of soothing those sorrows, by which her life, has of late, been embittered. She submits her simple Narrative to the Public, and particularly to that circle of society, in which she herself was wont to figure, with some degree of eclat.—Let it not be said, that she who never sued in vain, in the soft hours of luxurious dalliance, should now apply in vain, when she is fain

to

to believe that she exhibits some testimony of her claim to their protection.

Other female candidates for their favor, have formerly appealed to their generous indulgence; most of them also were, like her, unfortunate. It would ill become the author, to say, if their pretensions were *worse*, or *better* founded;—as far as her own opinion goes, the *Wretched* are equally

equally entitled to the patronage of the *Rich*;—the only distinction which ought to be made, consists in this undeniable Truth;—the more wretched the individual, the more forcible that individual's claims.—On this ground, her pretensions are indisputable:—but she has others, and she submits them, not only to the Nation at large, but to the consideration of that *Great Personage*, within whose reach she sincerely hopes,

that

that her poor Memoirs may fall. Let him reflect, that she is of a family distinguished for their Loyalty to *His Person* and Government; several of whom, have bled, and some have died, in his service. Ah! let not the sources of Royal Munificence be dried up! let the daughter of a Man, known in Person by his Merit, not solicit in vain from the fountain of all Mercy; or at least, from that fountain, where

Mercy

Mercy ought to flow ! Amidst the severe examples of punishment, (perhaps of *necessary* punishment) that we now behold, let them not be unaccompanied with some few partial acts of Heaven-born Charity. The subject of these Memoirs is in deep distress : — Distress unknown to Palaces ; and may it never approach them ; but, if the Highest Rank's keep aloof from Poverty, where, alas ! is it to seek a shelter ? Let us

look

look to the sad reverses incidental to the Human Lot : Not long since, when the lofty Turrets of Versailles seemed, as it were, to touch the skies ; — when the gay, thoughtless Inhabitants thereof, perhaps too neglectful of those dreadful scenes that surrounded their Gorgeous Palaces, little dreamt of what was to befall them ! Had they displayed more zeal, had they shewn more attention to private or public woe,

it

it not is unlikely, that all which has happened, and all which is likely to happen, might have been avoided.

In this Country, renowned for its free and equal Laws, where we are told, there are no distinctions; let not Poverty be suffered to rear her Ghastly Mien; let not the freeborn spirit sink under the depression of Indigence!

It

It is such dreadful abuses that damp the ardour of Patriotic Loyalty, and inspire disgust, where all else, would be Zeal and Gratitude.

It has been too often, and barbarously alledged, that persons bring their misfortunes on themselves, and therefore are entitled to no indulgence. Let such cruel, unjust objections be scouted.

scouted. They are the spurious,
 miserable objections of proud
 Prosperity; Humanity rejects
 them. Are no allowances to be
 made for the frailties of inex-
 perienced, unprotected youth?
 Are the persons who raise the
 objection, exempt from those
 very frailties they impute to
 others? Oh, no; but Riches
 and Power yield a shelter against
 every enormity!

“ Cloath

“ Cloath sin with robes,
 “ And the strong lance of justice, hurt-
 “ less breaks;
 “ Cloath it in rags,
 “ A pigmies straw does break it;
 “ Robes and fur gowns, hide all.” *

Such are the pitiful pretexts of
 Avarice, invented by Opulence,
 against the claims of Poverty!

If the Throne would set an
 Illustrious example, and attempt
 to destroy that Inequality of

* Shakespear.

condition

Condition which now prevails, Revolutions would be no longer heard of:—Misery be banished from the Earth, the temptations to Vice would be done away, and the frivolous definitions of Monarchies and Republics would excite no discussion; Men would rejoice under those Governments, where they found Liberty best protected.—In England, the Sovereign has undoubtedly many Virtues: No Person, perhaps,

perhaps, has fewer Vices; *but Kings* should never neglect the opportunity of doing Good. Negative Praise is rarely beneficial, but active Virtue is what the World, according to its present Constitution, requires.

Princes are considered as Gods, they should at least act like Men: What is the first duty of Man? To relieve the wants of his fellow Creatures,—to prevent those
horrible

horrible scenes of distress, which hourly present themselves.

In England, we all look up to the Throne as the Focus, where every Virtue is, or ought to be concentrated; There we admire Private Oeconomy, Connubial Fidelity, Domestic Accomplishments, and Honorable Punctuality! It were to be lamented, that an inattention to the Calamities of the Public, or even of Private Individuals,

Individuals, fallen within its knowledge, should obscure the Lustre of those Virtues.

Example, and Experience, are two instructive Monitors: The People are led by *one*, and Princes should *profit* by the other.

The Vices, or Virtues, of the Community, depend on the Governments under which they live.—“ When the Righteous are

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“in Authority, the People re-
 “joice; but when the Wicked
 “are in Power, the People
 “mourn.”

How incumbent, therefore, is it
 in Princes, to profit from Ex-
 perience; to inculcate good Ex-
 amples: In that case, we should
 be no longer melancholy witnesses
 to the Horrors that have been de-
 scribed; no longer that discord
 and dissention would prevail in
 Society,

Society, which threaten the very
 existence of the actual Establish-
 ments! We should be all leagued
 in one Bond of Confraternity,
 and the Author of these Sheets,
 without having been Condemned
 to weep over so many of her
 Family, fallen in the Wars of
 Britain, would have escaped those
 terrible stripes of misery, which
 she, in her own Person has
 suffered.

(172)

May the Representation of God
on Earth, in these Realms, yield
to the Voice of Universal Mercy,
and may He, amidst the general
impulse extend its rays to her,
than whom none can have more
forcible claims on the score of
Want, or on the Merits of her
worthy, and loyal Family!

DECEMBER 7, 1793.

F I N I S.

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