her boxes ſome letters which diſcovered to young Sa­vage his birth, and the cauſe of its concealment.

From the moment of this diſcovery it was natural for him to become diſſatisfied with his ſituation as a ſhoe- maker. He now conceived that he had a right to ſhare in the affluence of his real mother; and therefore he di­rectly, and perhaps indiſcreetly, applied to her, and made uſe of every art to awaken her tenderneſs and at­tract her regard. But in vain did he ſolicit this unna­tural parent; ſhe avoided him with the utmoſt precau­tion, and took meaſures to prevent his ever entering her houſe on any pretence whatever.

Savage was at this time ſo touched with the diſco­very of his birth, that he frequently made it his practice to walk before his mother’s door in hopes of feeing her by accident; and often did he warmly ſolicit her to ad­mit him to fee her; but all to no purpoſe: he could neither ſoften her heart nor open her hand.

Mean time, while he was aſſiduouſly endeavouring to **rouſe** the affections of a mother in whom all natural af­fection was extinct, he was deſtſtute of the means of ſupport, and reduced to the miſeries of want. We are not told by what means he got rid of his obligation to the ſhoemaker, or whether he ever was actually bound to him; but we now find him very differently employed in order to procure a ſubſiſtence. In ſhort, the youth had parts, and a ſtrong inclination towards literary purſuits, eſpecially poetry. He wrote a poem; and after­wards two plays, *Woman's α Riddle* and *Love in a Veil:* but the author was allowed no part of the profits from the firſt; and from the ſecond he received no other ad­vantage than the acquaintance of Sir Richard Steel and Mr Wilks, by whom he was pitied, careffed, and re­lieved. However, the kindneſs of his friends not afford­ing him a conſtant ſupply, he wrote the tragedy of *Sir Thomas Overbury;* which not only procured, him the eſteem of many perſons of wit, but brought him in 200l. The celebrated Aaron Hill, Eſq; was of great ſervice to him in correcting and fitting this piece for the ſtage and the preſs; and extended his patronage Rill farther. But Savage was, like many other wits, a bad manager, and was ever in diſtreſs. As faff as his friends raiſed him out of onc difficulty, he ſunk into another; and, when he found himſelf greatly involved, he would ram­ble about like a vagabond, with fearce a ſhirt on his back. He was in one of theſe ſituations all the time wherein he wrote his tragedy above-mentioned; with­out a lodging, and often without a dinner: ſo that he uſed to (cribble on ſcraps of paper picked up by acci­dent, or begged in the ſhops, which he occaſionally ſtepped into, as thoughts occurred to him, craving the favour of pen and ink, as it were juſt to take a memo­randum.

Mr Hill alſo earneſtly promoted a ſubſcription to a volume of *Miſcellanies,* by Savage; and likewiſe furniſhed part of the poems of which the volume was compoſed. To this miſcellany Savage wrote a preface, in which he gives an account of his mother’s cruelty, in a very uncommon ſtrain of humour.

The profits of his Tragedy and his Miſcellanies to­gether, had now, for a time, ſomewhat raiſed poor Savage both in circumſtances and credit; ſo that the world juſt began to behold him with a more favourable eye than formerly, when both his fame and life were en­dangered by a moil unhappy event. A drunken frolic in which he one night engaged, ended in a fray, and Savage unfortunately killed a man, for which he was condemned to be hanged; his friends earneſtly ſolicited the mercy of the crown, while his mother as earneſtly exerted herſelf to prevent his receiving it. The counteſs of Hertford at length laid his whole cafe before queen Caroline, and Savage obtaineda pardon.

Savage had now loſt that tenderneſs for his mother, which the whole ſeries of her cruelty had not been able wholly to repreſs; and eonſidering her as an implaca­ble enemy, whom nothing but his blood could ſatisfy, threatened to haraſs her with lampoons, and to publiſh a copious narrative of her conduct, unleſs ſhe conſented to allow him a penſion. This expedient proved ſucceſsful; and the lord Tyrconnel, upon his promiſe of laying aſide his deſign of expoſing his mother’s cruelty, took him into his family, treated him as an equal, and engaged to allow him a penſion of 2001 a-year. This was the golden part of Savage’s life. He was courted by all who endeavoured to be thought men of genius, and careſſed by all who valued themſelves upon a refined taſte. In this gay period of his life he publiſhed the *Temple oſ Health and Mirth,* on the recovery of lady Tyrconnel from a languiſhing illneſs; and *The Wanderer,* a moral poem, which he dedicated to lord Tyrconnel, in ſtrains of the higheſt panegyric: but theſe praiſes he in a ſhort time found himſelf inclined to retract, being diſcarded by the man on whom they were beſtowed. Of this quarrel lord Tyrconnel and Mr Savage aſſigned very different reaſons. Our author’s known character pleads too ſtrongly againſt him; for his conduct was ever ſuch as made all his friends, ſooner or later, grow weary of him, and even forced moſt of them to become his enemies.

Being thus once more turned adrift upon the world, Savage, whoſe paſſions were very ſtrong, and whoſe gratitude was very ſmall, became extremely diligent in expoſing the faults of lord Tyrconnel. He, moreover, now thought himſelf at liberty to take revenge upon his mother. —Accordingly he wrote *The Baftard,* **a** poem, remarkable for the vivacity of its beginning (where he finely enumerates the imaginary advantages of baſe birth), and for the pathetic concluſion, wherein he recounts the real calamities which he ſuffered by the crime of his parents. —The reader will not be diſpleafſd with a tranſcript of ſome of the lines in the opening of the poem, as a ſpecimen of this writer’s ſpirit and man­ner of verſification.

Bleſt be the baſtard’s birth! thro’ wondrous ways,

He ſhines eccentric like a comet’s blaze.

No ſickly fruit of faint compliance he;

He! ſtamp’d in nature’s mint with ecſtaſy!

He lives to build, not boaſt, a gen’rous race;

No tenth tranſmitter of a fooliſh face.

He, kindling from within, requires no flame,

He glories in a baſtard’s glowing name.

—Nature’s unbounded ſon, he ſtands alone,

His heart unbias’d, and his mind his own.

—O mother! yet no mother! — tis to you

My thanks for ſuch diſtinguiſh’d claims are due.

This poem had an extraordinary ſale; and its ap­pearance happening at the time when his mother was at Bath, many perſons there took frequent opportuni­ties of repeating paſſages from the Baſtard in her hear