Walpole to have it reſtored, for ever cut off this confiderable ſupply; which poſſibly had been only delay­ed, and might have been recovered by proper applica­tion.

His diſtreſs now became ſo great, and ſo notorious, that a ſcheme was at length concerted for procuring him a permanent relief. It was propoſed that he ſhould retire into Wales, with an allowance of 501. *per annum,* on which he was to live privately, in a cheap place, for ever quitting his town-haunts, and reſigning all farther pretenſions to fame. This offer he ſeemed gladly to accept; but his intentions were only to deceive his friends, by retiring for a while, to write another tragedy, and then to return with it to London in order to bring it upon the ſtage.

In 1739, he ſet out for Swanſey, in the Briſtol ſtage- coach, and was furniſhed with 15 guineas to bear the expence of his journey. But, on the 14th day after his departure, his friends and benefactors, the principal of whom was no other than the great Mr Pope, who expected to hear of his arrival in Wales, were ſurpriſed with a letter from Savage, inſormingthem that he was yet upon the road, and could not proceed for want of mo­ney. There was no other remedy than a remittance; which was ſent him, and by the help of which he was enabled to reach Briſtol, from whence he was to pro­ceed to Swanſey by water. At Briſtol, however, he found an embargo laid upon the ſhipping; ſo that he could not immediately obtain a paſſage. Here, there­fore, being obliged to ſtay for ſome time, he, with his uſual facility, ſo ingratiateel himſelf with the principal inhabitants, that he was frequently invited to their houſes, diſtinguiſhed at their public entertainments, and treated with a regard that highly gratified his vanity, and therefore eaſily engaged his affections. At length, with great reluctance, he proceeded to Swanſey; where he lived about a year, very much diſſatisfied with the

diminution of his ſalary; for he had, in his letters, treated his contributors ſo inſolently, that moſt of them withdrew their ſubſcriptions. Here be finiſhed his tra­gedy, and reſolved to return with it to London: which was ſtrenuouſly oppoled by his great and confiant friend Mr Pope; who propoſed that Savage ſhould put this play into the hands of Mr Thomſon and Mr Mallet, in order that they might ſit it for the ſtage, that his friends ſhould receive the profits it might bring in, and that the author ſhould receive the produce by way of annuity. This kind and prudent ſcheme was rejected by Savage with the utmoſt contempt. He declared he would not ſubmit his works to any one’s correction; and that he would no longer be kept in leading-ſtrings. Accordingly he ſoon returned to Bri­ſtol, in his way to London; but at Briſtol, meeting with a repetition of the lame kind treatment he had before found there, he was tempted to make a ſecond ſtay in that opulent city for ſome time. Here he was again not only careſſed and treated, but the ſum of 30l. was raiſed for him, with which it had been happy if he had immediately departed for London: But he never conſidered that a frequent repetition of ſuch kindneſs was not to be expected, and that it was poſſible to tire out the generoſity of his Briſtol friends, as he had be­fore tired his friends everywhere elſe. In ſhort, he remained here till his company was no longer welcome. His viſits in every family were too often repeated; his wit had lolt its novelty, and his irregular behaviour grew troubleſome. Neceſſity came upon him before he was aware; his money was ſpent, his clothes were worn out, his appearance was ſhabby, and his preſence was diſgultſul at every table. He now began to find every man from home at whoſe houſe he called; and he found it difficult to obtain a dinner. Thus reduced, it would have been prudent in him to have withdrawn from the place; but prudence and Savage were never

the bar of either houſe of parliament, but only that her confeſſion was *public;* and as he has taught us in his Dictionary, that whatever is *notorious* or *generally* known is *public;* public, in his ſenſe of the word, that confeſſion certainly was, if made to different individuals, in ſuch a manner as ſhowed that ſhe was not anxious to conceal it from her huſband, or to prevent its notoriety. She might, however, have very cogent reaſons for denying her guilt before parliament, and for making a ſtrenuous defence by her counſel; as indeed, had ſhe acted otherwiſe, it is very little probable that her great fortune would have been reſtored to her, or that ſhe could have obtained a ſecond huſband.

But Mr Boſwell is of opinion, that the perſon who aſſumed the name of Richard Savage was the ſon of the ſhoemaker under whoſe care Lady Macclesfield’s child was placed; becauſe “his not being able to obtain pay­ment of Mrs Lloyd’s legacy mull be imputed to his conſciouſneſs that he was not the real perſon to whom that legacy was left.” He muſt have a willing mind who can admit this argument as a proof of impoſture. Mrs Lloyd died when Savage was in his 10th year, when he certainly did not know or ſuſpect that he was the perſon for whom the legacy was intended, when he had none to proſecute his claim, to ſhelter him from oppreſſion, or to call in law to the aſſiſtance of juſtice. In ſuch circumſtances he could not have obtained payment of the money, unleſs the executors of the will had been inſpired from heaven with the knowledge of the perſon to whom it was due.

To theſe and a thouſand ſuch idle cavils it is a ſufficient anſwer, that Savage was acknowledged and patronized as Lady Macclesfield’s ſon by Lord Tyrconnel, who was that lady’s nephew; by Sir Richard Steel the inti­mate friend of colonel Brett, who was that lady’s ſecond huſband; by the Queen, who, upon the authority of that lady and her creatures, once thought Savage capable of entering his *mother’s* houſe in the night with an intent to murder her; and in effect by *the lady herſelſ,* who at one time was prevailed upon to give him 501. and who fled before the Satire of the *Baſtard,* without offering, either by herſelf or her friends, to deny that the author of that poem was the perſon whom he called himſelf, or to inſinuate ſo much as that he might *poſſibly* be the ſon of a ſhoemaker. To Mr Boſwell all this ſeems *ſtrange:* to others, who look not with ſo keen an eye for ſuppoſititious births, we think it muſt appear *convincing.*