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

Some time after this, Savage formed the resolution of applying to the queen. With this view, he published a poem on her birth-day, which he entitled the Volunteer- Laureat; for which she was pleased to send him L.50, with an intimation that he might annually expect the same boun­ty. But this annual allowance was nothing to a man of his strange and singular extravagance. His usual custom was, as soon as he had received his pension, to disappear with it, and secrete himself from his most intimate friends, till every shilling of the L.50 was spent ; which done, he appeared again, pennyless as before. But he would never inform any person where he had been, or in what manner his money had been dissipated. From the reports, how­ever, of some, who found means to penetrate his haunts, it would seem that he expended both his time and his cash in the most sordid and despicable sensuality.

His wit and parts, however, still raised him new friends as fast as his behaviour lost him his old ones. Yet such was his conduct, that occasional relief only furnished the means of occasional excess ; and he defeated all attempts made by his friends to fix him in a decent way. He was even reduced so low as to be destitute of a lodging, inso­much that he often passed his nights in those mean houses that are set open for casual wanderers ; sometimes in cel­lars, amidst the riot and filth of the most profligate of the rabble ; and not seldom would he walk the streets till he was weary, and then lie down in summer on a hulk, or in winter with his associates among the ashes of a glass-house.

Yet, amidst all this penury and wretchedness, had this man so much pride, and so high an opinion of his own merit, that he was always ready to repress, with scorn and contempt, the least appearance of any slight or indignity towards himself, in the behaviour of his acquaintance, among whom he looked upon none as his superior. This life, un­happy as it may be imagined, was yet rendered more so by the death of the queen in 1738, which stroke deprived him of all hopes from the court. His pension was discontinued, and the insolent manner in which he demanded of Sir Ro­bert Walpole to have it restored, for ever cut off this con­siderable supply.

His distress became now 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 L.50 per annum, on which he was to live privately in a cheap place, for ever quitting his town haunts, and resigning all further 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 in the Bristol stage-coach for Swan­sey, and was furnished with fifteen guineas to bear the ex­pense of his journey. But, on the fourteenth day after his departure, his friends and benefactors, the principal of whom was Mr Pope, who expected to hear of his arrival in Wales, were surprised with a letter from Savage, informing them that he was yet upon the road, and could not proceed for want of money. There was no other method than a remit­tance, which was sent him, and by the help of which he was enabled to reach Bristol, 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 ingra­tiated 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 flattered 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 he finished his tragedy, and resolved to return with it to London ; which was strenuously opposed by his great and constant 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 fit 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 should no longer be kept in leading-strings. He soon returned to Bristol in his way to London ; and there meeting with a repetition of the same kind treatment he had before found, he was tempted to make a second stay in that opulent city. Here he was again not only caressed and treated, but the sum of L.30 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 lost 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 disgustful at every table. He now began to find every man from home at whose house he called. Thus reduced, it would have been prudent in him to have withdrawn from the place ; but prudence and Savage were never acquainted. He staid, in the midst of poverty, hun­ger, and contempt, till the mistress of a coffee-house, to whom he owed about eight pounds, arrested him for the debt. He remained for some time, at a great expense, in the house of the sheriff’s officer, in hopes of procuring bail ; which expense he was enabled to defray by a present of five guineas from Mr Nash. No bail, however, was to be found, so that poor Savage was at last lodged in Newgate, a prison so named in Bristol.

But it was the fortune of this extraordinary mortal al­ways to find more friends than he deserved. The keeper of the prison took compassion on him, and greatly softened the rigours of his confinement by every kind of indulgence. He supported him at his own table, gave him a commodious room to himself, allowed him to stand at the door of the jail, and even frequently took him into the fields for the