

## Some Thoughts on the Emendations of *Laetitia Pilkington's Memoirs* in Notebook VI.B.45

Viviana-Mirela Braslasu and Ian MacArthur

Over the years, genetic criticism has brought to light many of the sources that inspired Joyce in writing *Finnegans Wake*. What at first took a lot of hard work to read many potential sources until stumbling over the right one, now, with the help of the WWW, such a quest can be accomplished in a few hours. Type a few keywords from one of Joyce's notebooks on any web search engine and you hit the jackpot (or not). This is made possible by the ever growing number of books, magazines or newspapers that are now in the public domain. Moreover, this bounty helps the genetic critic to build up a digital library of Joyce's sources where new titles are added every year.

Since Issue 19 of the *Genetic Joyce Studies*, we have identified a number of the sources that Joyce read and annotated. One of these was René Daumal's *Les pouvoirs de la parole*<sup>1</sup> (VI.B.45.129-30, 132) that we document in the current issue of the University of Antwerp's online platform. This new find and Geert Lernout's identification of *Mesures*<sup>2</sup>, the review where Joyce read Daumal's essay (and which he must have followed closely: Joyce contributed to its first issue) together with the acquisition of the 1928 digital edition of Laetitia Pilkington's *Memoirs* triggered the following thoughts and the present emendations.

Among the contributors listed on the Internet page of *Mesures*, two names and their writings caught our attention: Ernest Fenollosa, *L'écriture chinoise considérée comme Art poétique* (*Mesures*, no 4, 15 October 1937) and Jonathan Swift's *I. Le boudoir de Madame / II. Récit véridique et fidèle de ce qui s'est passé à Londres* translated from the English by Armand Petitjean and published in the following issue of the review, of the 15th of January 1938. Could the 'Madame' and the 'Récit véridique et fidèle' refer to Laetitia Pilkington, her *Memoirs*<sup>3</sup> and her friendship to Swift? The date of the French translation and the time of *Remember G's* compilation match. And is Fenollosa's *L'écriture chinoise* the piece that made Joyce harvest *The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry*<sup>4</sup> in Notebook VI.B.30 almost one year later after its publication in *Mesures*? With these in mind we proceed to our job at hand.

The present emendations include: the identification of five new notes coming from Laetitia Pilkington's *Memoirs* (VI.B.45.125(i)-126(a)-(d)), the corrected page numbers according to the 1928 edition<sup>5</sup> that we think Joyce used, and the lowercasing of some capitalised parts of speech—in the genetic source transcription—in accordance with the orthography rules in use at the time. For the convenience of the reader we have also added some extra text and we have fully transcribed page 160 that Joyce so mysteriously jotted down as 'p 160' (VI.B.45.133(j)). All additions to *Memoirs* are in red. Furthermore, we also transcribed of a few other entries referring to Abraham Lincoln that Joyce squeezed between the notes he took down from René Daumal's essay. These units probably came from John George Nicolay *A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln*<sup>6</sup>, although it seems strange that Joyce should have harvested only these

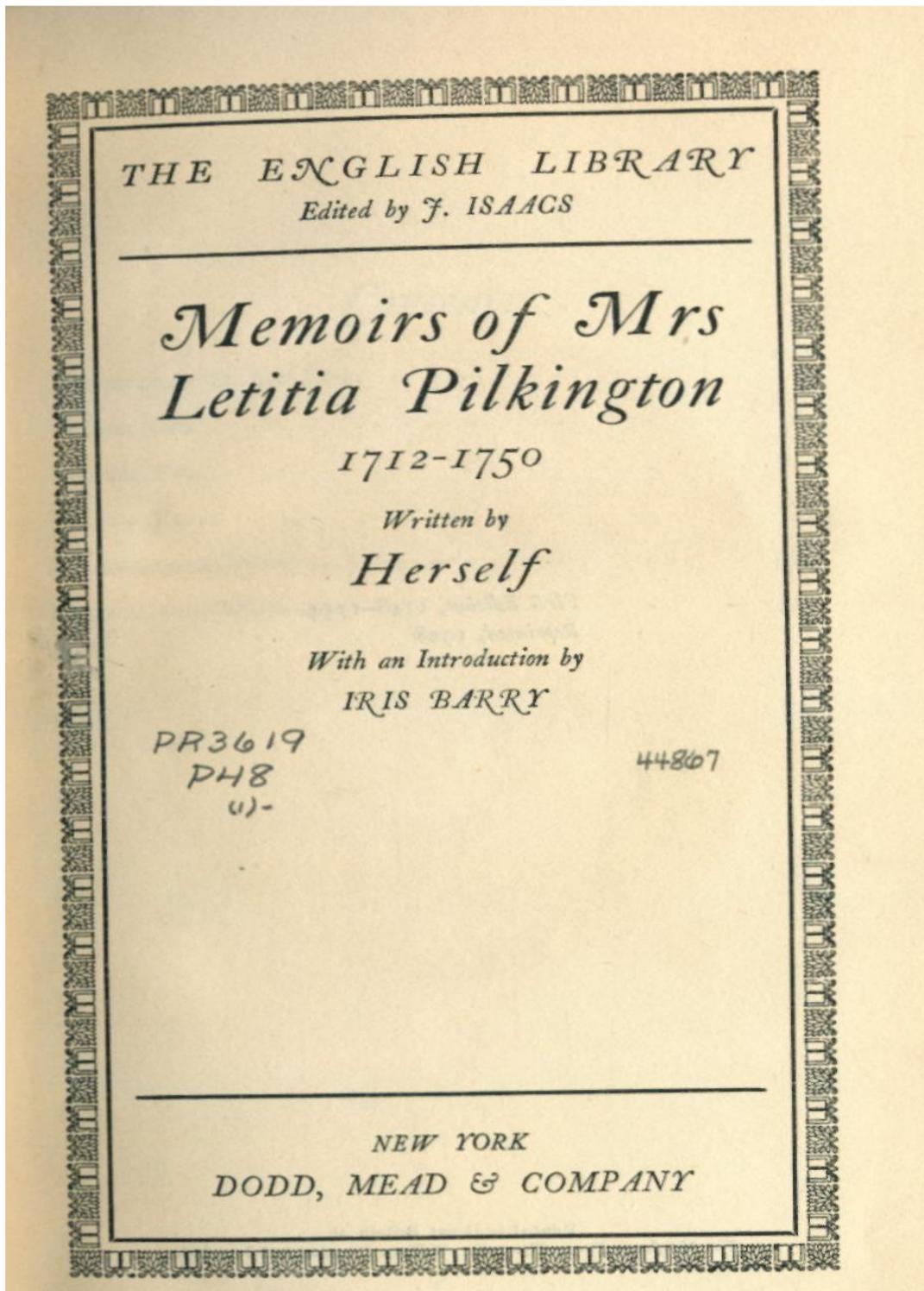
words. The relevant passage may have been quoted in some other publication. The genetic transcription follows the notebook pages.

The authors wish to thank Dipanjan Maitra—PhD student at the University of New York, in Buffalo—for taking the time to scan the *Memoirs of Mrs Letitia Pilkington 1712-1750 Written by Herself* and for making the book available to us.

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2. *Mesures* (1935-1940) at: <http://www.revues-litteraires.com/articles.php?lng=fr&pg=1316>.
3. Ian MacArthur and Viviana-Mirela Braslasu: 'Memoirs of Laetitia Pilkington in VI.B.45' in Genetic Joyce Studies—Issue 18 (Spring 1918) at: <https://www.geneticjoycestudies.org>.
4. Ian MacArthur and Viviana-Mirela Braslasu: 'Ernest Fenollosa's *The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry* in VI.B.30' in Genetic Joyce Studies—Issue 19 (Spring 1919) at: <https://www.geneticjoycestudies.org>.
5. Pilkington, Laetitia. *Memoirs of Mrs Letitia Pilkington 1712-1750 Written by Herself*. With an Introduction by Iris Barry. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1928.
6. Nicholay, John George. *A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln*. New York: The Century Co., 1923.

*Memoirs of Mrs Letitia Pilkington 1712-1750 Written by Herself*



VI.B.45.125

(i) <sup>s</sup>Laetitia van Lewen

*LP I 38-41*: My father readily consented to accept of her as a pupil; and gave her a general invitation to his table, so that she and I were seldom asunder. My parents were well pleased with our intimacy, as her piety was not inferior to her learning. Whether it was owing to her own desire, or the envy of those who survived her, I know not; but of her various and beautiful writings, except one poem of

her's in Mrs. Barber's *Works*; I have never seen any published; 'tis true, as her turn was chiefly to philosophical or divine subjects, they might not be agreeable to the present taste; yet could her heavenly muse descend from its sublime height to the easy epistolary style, and suit itself to my then gay disposition; as may appear by the two following poems. To make them intelligible, my reader must observe, that I being in a country town at the assizes time, had writ her an account [38] to Dublin of the principal entertainments I met with there and in the rest of the country. I must also beg pardon for publishing the compliments paid to me in them, which I really would omit were it possible. Her answer to my first letter was this:

*To Miss LAETITIA VAN LEWEN*

The fleeting birds may soon in oceans swim,  
And Northern whales through liquid azure skim:  
The Dublin ladies their intrigues forsake;  
To dress and scandal an aversion take;  
When you can in the lonely forest walk,  
And with some serious matron gravely talk [...] [39] [...]

As this lady was perfectly well acquainted with Mr. Pilkington's regard for me, he applied to her to entreat a meeting at her lodgings, where I frequently went.

She had too much compassion for a despairing honourable lover to refuse his request; and accordingly she gave him notice the next visit that I made to her, after having asked my consent to it. Our interview was very melancholy, and his sighs and tears prevailed so much on my young soft heart, that, at last, I faithfully promised to be his; but added, 'We were both so young, that it would be [40] prudent to wait till he had some preferment, or till my parents came into better temper; and that, in the meantime, I would see him, or write to him, as often as I conveniently could.'

MS 47476a-254, ScrPrBMA: ^+, for all regale to the ~~light~~ ^+like+^ of the legs he left behind with Litty fun Letty fan Leven,+^ | JJA 49:527 | early 1938 | I.7§1.11/2.11 | FW 184.25

## VI.B.45.126

### (a) §Mr Dean >

MS 47477-290, ScrPrLMA: ^+I've a seeklet to sell thee if old Deanns won't be threaspanning.+^ | JJA 51:431 | Jan 1938 | II.1§1.9/2.7/3.8/4.10/5.8/6.8/7.7 | FW 248.26

### (b) §a regale

*LP I 51-2*: The Dean thanked Mr Pilkington for his sermon: 'I never,' says he, 'preached but twice in my life, and [51] then they were not Sermons, but Pamphlets.' I asked him: 'What might be the subject of them?': he told me: 'They were against Wood's half-pence.' 'Pray, Madam,' says he, 'do you smoke?' 'No, indeed, Sir,' says I. 'Nor your husband?' 'Neither, Sir.' 'It is a sign', said he, 'you were neither of you bred in the University of Oxford; for drinking and smoking are the first rudiments of learning taught there; and in those two arts no University in Europe can out-do them. Pray Mrs Pilkington tell me your faults.' 'Indeed, Sir, I must beg to be excused, for, if I can help it, you shall never find them out.' 'No,' says he, 'then Mr Pilkington shall tell me.' 'I will, Sir,' says he, 'when I have discovered them.' 'Pray **Mr. Dean**,' says Dr Delany, 'why will you be so unpolite, as to suppose Mrs Pilkington has any faults?' 'Why, I will tell you', replied the Dean; 'whenever I see a number of agreeable qualities in any person, I am always sure they have bad ones sufficient to poise the scale.' I bowed, and told the Dean: 'He did me great honour.' And in this I copied Bishop Berkeley, whom I have frequently heard declare: 'That when any speech was made to him, which might be construed either into a compliment, or an affront, or, that (to make use of his own word) had two handles, he was so meek and so mild that he always took hold of the best.'

The Dean then asked me: 'If I was a Queen, what I should choose to have after dinner?' I answered: 'His conversation.' 'Pooh!' says he, 'I mean what **regale**?' 'A dish of coffee, Sir.' 'Why then I will so far make you as happy as a Queen—you shall have some in perfection; for when I was Chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley, who was in the Government here, I was so poor, I was obliged to keep a coffee-house, and all the nobility resorted to it to talk treason.' I could not help smiling at this oddity, but I really had such an awe on me that I could not venture to ask him, as I longed to do, what it meant. The bottle and glasses being taken away, the Dean set about making the coffee; but the fire scorching his hand, he called to me to reach him his glove, [52] and changing the coffee-pot to his left hand, held out his right one, ordered me to put his glove on it, which accordingly I did; when, taking up part

of his gown to fan himself with, and acting in character of a prudish lady, he said: 'Well, I don't know what to think. Women may be honest that do such things, but, for my part, I never could bear to touch any man's flesh except my husband's, whom perhaps', says he, 'she wished at the Devil.'  
MS 47476a-254, ScrPrBMA: ^+, for all regale to the ~~light~~ ^+like+^ of the legs he left behind with  
Litty fun Letty fan Leven,+^ | JJA 49:527 | early 1938 | I.7§1.11/2.11 | FW 184.24

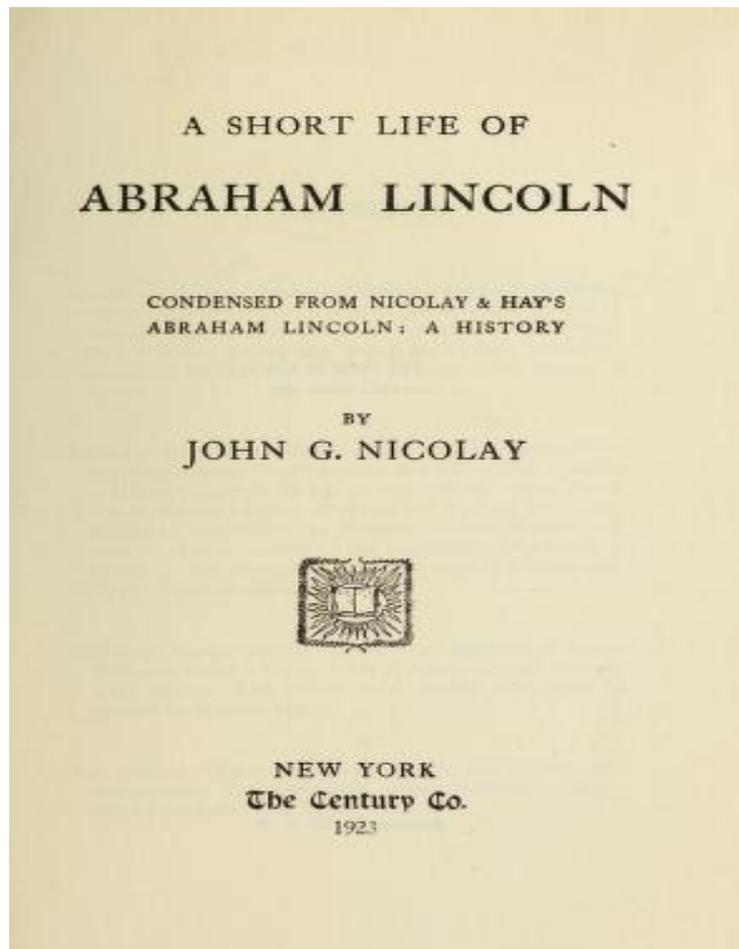
(c) **§Sheridan's / Art of Punning**

LP I 55: On our return to the Deanery House, we found there waiting our coming Dr Delany and Mr Rochford, to whose wife, *A Letter of Advice to a new-married Lady* (published since in the Dean's works) was written, and which by the bye, the lady did not take as a compliment, either to her or the sex, Mr Pilkington, Dr **Sheridan**, author of *The Art of Punning*, with two or three other clergymen, (who usually passed Sunday evening with the Dean).  
MS 47476a-254, ScrPrBMA: ^+, acuredent to Sharadan's Art of Panning+^ | JJA 49:527 | early 1938 | I.7§1.11/2.11 | FW 184.24

(d) **shut up your / wit**

LP I 66-7: 'Very fine', said the Dean, 'I have got much by complaining to you, to have all your wife's faults laid at my door.' 'Well, Sir,' said I; 'all these misdemeanours may be included under the article of *Pride*: Now, let me know my other Crime.' 'Why,' said he, 'you can't walk fast; but at present, I excuse you.' 'Well, Sir, if I can't mend my pride, I'll try to mend my pace.' 'Mr. Pilkington,' said he, 'I have a mind to clip your wife's wit.' 'Indeed, Sir,' said I, 'that's death by law, for 'tis sterling.' '**Shut up** [66] **your** mouth, for all day, Letty', said Mr. Pilkington, 'for that answer is real **wit**.' 'Nay,' said the Dean, 'I believe we had better shut up our own, for at this rate she'll be too many for us.' I am sure, if I was not proud before, this was enough to make me so.

## *A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln*



## VI.B.45.131

### (c) **ʳAnn Rutt. plays / Ann Ruttl**

*Note:* Ann Rutledge (January 7, 1813 – August 25, 1835) was allegedly Abraham Lincoln’s first love. *A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln* 54-5: Lincoln’s stature and strength, his intelligence and ambition—in short, all the elements which gave him popularity among men in New Salem, rendered him equally attractive to the fair sex of that village. On the other hand, his youth, his frank sincerity, his longing for sympathy and encouragement, made him peculiarly sensitive to the society and influence of women. Soon after coming to New Salem he chanced much in the society of Miss **Anne Rutledge**, a slender, blue-eyed blonde, nineteen years old, moderately educated, beautiful according to local standards—an altogether lovely, tender-hearted, universally admired, and generally fascinating girl. From the personal descriptions of her which tradition has preserved, the inference is naturally drawn that her temperament and disposition were very much akin to those of Mr. Lincoln himself. It is little wonder, therefore, that he fell in love with her. But two years before she had become engaged to a Mr. McNamar, who had gone to the East to settle certain family affairs, and whose absence became so unaccountably prolonged that Anne finally despaired of his return, and in time betrothed herself to Lincoln. A year or so after this event **Anne Rutledge** was taken sick and died—the neighbors said of a broken heart, but the doctor called it brain fever, and his science [54] was more likely to be correct than their psychology. Whatever may have been the truth upon this point, the incident threw Lincoln into profound grief, and a period of melancholy so absorbing as to cause his friends apprehension for his own health.

MS 47476a-183, ScrPrLMA: ^+2 and we’ll come to those baregazed shoeshines if you just shoodov a second. And let oggs be good old goggles and ~~andhodt phrys~~ ^+Ann ^+Isther Estarr+^^ ^+3 play Yesther Asterr. In the drema of Sorestost Areas, Deseased.+^^ | *JJA* 49:387 | early 1938 | I.3§1.10/2.10/3.10 | *FW* 069.14

### (d) **ʳSangamon R >**

MS 47478-349, ScrPrBMA: ^+It is, it is Sangannon’s dream.+^ | *JJA* 53:328 | 1938 | II.2§1.13/2.11/3.13/5.3-6.5/7.4/8.14/9.12 | *FW* 297.F3

### (e) **ʳplank in plankform**

*A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln* 38: But the joyous dream of the New Salemites, that the Sangamon River would become a commercial highway, quickly faded. The *Talisman* was obliged to hurry back down the rapidly falling stream, tearing away a portion of the famous dam to permit her departure. There were rumors that another steamer, the *Sylph*, would establish regular trips between Springfield and Beardstown, but she never came. The freshets and floods of 1831 and 1832 were succeeded by a series of dry seasons, and the navigation of the **Sangamon River** was never afterward a telling **plank in** the county **platform** of either political party.

MS 47476a-219, ScrPrRMA: ^+; mountunmighty, faunonfleetfoot; plank in our platform, blank in our scouturn; hidal, in carucates he is enumerated, hold as an earl, he counts; shipshaped phrase of buglooking words with a form like the easing moments of a graminivorous; to our dooms brought he law, our manoirs he made his vill of;+^ | *JJA* 49:461 | early 1938 | I.6§1.8/2.5/3.11/4.7 | *FW* 128.08

### (f) **ʳblank —**

MS 47476a-219, ScrPrRMA: ^+; mountunmighty, faunonfleetfoot; plank in our platform, blank in our scouturn; hidal, in carucates he is enumerated, hold as an earl, he counts; shipshaped phrase of buglooking words with a form like the easing moments of a graminivorous; to our dooms brought he law, our manoirs he made his vill of;+^ | *JJA* 49:461 | early 1938 | I.6§1.8/2.5/3.11/4.7 | *FW* 128.08

## *Memoirs of Mrs Letitia Pilkington 1712-1750 Written by Herself*

## VI.B.45.132

### (d) **ʳrusty gown**

*LP I 68:* (’Tis to be observed, his [Swift’s] **g**own was generally very rusty, and his person no way extraordinary.)

### (e) **ʳorrery**

*LP I 76-7*: The next morning a lady came to visit me, [76] who told me, it being the Dean's birthday, he had received a book very richly bound and clasped with gold, from the Earl of **Orrery**, with a handsome poem, wrote by himself to the Dean in the first page, the rest being blank; and that Dr Delany had sent him a silver standish, with a complimentary poem.

(f) **'chid**

*LP I 87*: Corrigible people are to be **chid**; those who are otherwise, may be very safe from any lectures of mine: **I should rather choose to indulge them in their follies than attempt to set them right.**

(g) **'but an odd**

*LP I 98*: Though I thought this **but an odd** manner of life for a clergyman [her husband, with whom she suffered an acrimonious separation.], I did not say so, being unwilling to offend him.

(h) **'I desired he w. ask >**

(i) **'a barren ewe**

*LP I 104-5*: **I desired he would ask** his lady, who had invited me to use me ill: which he said, he hoped she would not do, even in regard to my condition (being then pregnant). But, Heaven knows! had he but considered how cruel [104] all barren creatures naturally are, insomuch that I have seen a **barren ewe** attempt to kill a young lamb, he would rationally have judged what might have, even in law, been my protection was the very cause of her hatred and displeasure to me.

(j) **'as I shall answer to G**

*LP I 107*: I should not have dwelt so long on every trivial circumstance, had I not been strangely traduced about this affair, which, **as I shall answer it to God**, I have related with the utmost truth and exactness.

(k) **'of facetious memory >**

(l) **'bemeshawl**

*LP I 139-40*: But I had a fellow-lodger, one Mr Donnellan, an ensign, who it seems knew me so well that he thought proper to bring the late Earl of Rosse, **of facetious memory**, and several other persons of distinction, to break open my lodging. On hearing them coming upstairs, I ran into the dining-room, and locked myself in. When those worthy peers could not find me, they threatened to kick the landlady; and one of them, putting his mouth to the keyhole of the dining-room, cried: 'Do, my dear, open the door: by Heaven ! it is nobody but I, Dubourg, the Fiddler.' I made no reply; so, being disappointed, they were forced to decamp, cursing and vowing revenge against the woman of the house.

This accident so terribly alarmed me that I resolved to quit this lodging the next day; but Mr Donnellan was determined not to permit me to depart in peace; for, being a military man, he stood sentinel at the door of my chamber all night, frequently entreating me to let him in; but truly had I been amorously inclined, the sight of the various medicines in his apartment would

*Have damped all passion sympathetic. [139]*

For, as I had a back-room when this gentleman was abroad, I frequently, for variety, went into his, which looked into the street.

However, at last he went to bed; and early next morning he told the landlady that I had kept him awake all night, and that I was a most notorious common strumpet. '**Arah, by my shoul** (said the old dame) you would make her one, if you could. What business had you, and all those lords, with her? One of them bid the Devil to break my own neck; but I hope he will be hanged first.'

## VI.B.45.133

(a) **'Mother Brown**

*LP I 140-1*: And in process of time, it came to light, that the venerable house-keeper of the Earl was neither better nor worse than the celebrated [140] **mother Brown** [a bawd]: and indeed I received many visits from ladies of her sublime calling.

(b) **'L. P breaks into verse / 141**

*Note: '141' is the page number Joyce referred to in his note. See below.*

*LP I 141:* And if every married man, who has ever attacked me, does not subscribe to my *Memoirs*, I will, without the least ceremony, insert their names, be their rank ever so high, or their profession ever so holy.

*I'll dash the proud gamester from his gilded car;  
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star.*

And the more formal villains, who, in the robes of sanctity, commit worse frauds than highwaymen, surely ought not to remain unexposed.

*For me, while Heaven affords me vital breath,  
Let them behold me, as their scourge, till death;  
Them, through their serpent mazes, I'll pursue,  
And bring each latent vice to public view:  
And, what their cunning studies to conceal,  
Shall be my constant pleasure to reveal;  
Till warned mankind shall from their mischiefs fly,  
And hate them more, if possible, than I.*

*Ay, my little good Lord Cardinal!  
I'll scare you worse than did the midnight bell,  
When the brown wench lay kissing in your Arms!*

I once was acquainted with a prelate, who had certain stated prices for all his sins; as thus:

|                           | £. | s. | d.      |
|---------------------------|----|----|---------|
| For Adultery              | 1  | 7  | 0       |
| For Simple Fornication    |    | 10 | 6       |
| For Venial Transgressions | 0  | 5  | 0 each. |

And,

*Yet he was a Bishop, and he wore a mitre, [141]*

Which, all in good time, may be

*Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.*

*How nearly this Bishop my Bishop resembles!  
But his has the odds, who believes and who trembles.*

141n1: Mem. My Maid on the Crpet. [sic]

(c) **owned his work** >

(d) **every jot**

*LP I 149-50:* Mr. Worsdale now began to make some figure; and though he kept me pretty fully employed, he drove an underhand trade with Mr Pilkington. And as he was not willing that either of us should believe him incapable of writing, he used to shew Mr Pilkington's **work to me and** swear it was **his own**; and in return, he, with the same modest assurance, presented mine to him; but we were too well acquainted with each other's style to be deceived. At last, Mr Pilkington, not satisfied with all the expense he put him to in London, made a demand on him for fifty pounds; but as Mr Pilkington had before made the best penny of me to him he possibly could, and Worsdale finding what I wrote passed **every jot** as well as his, he thought it most convenient, if he did disburse any thing, to give it to me, as thinking I most wanted it; so I was now [149] full of poetical business, by which my poverty was relieved, and my mind amused.

(e) **he wd be cast**

*LP I 150:* But this outrageous manner of proceeding rather injured himself than me: the delegates were appointed; and, as every body whom he consulted, assured him **he would be cast**, his haughty spirit was willing to capitulate; but nobody would undertake to deliver his message to me, least he should scandalize them for it; so at length with great entreaty he prevailed on Worsdale to make a

proposal from him to me, of giving me a small annuity and thirty pounds in money, which, in regard to my children, I rather chose to accept of than ruin their father, as I certainly had it in my power to do.

(f) **'unlawful converse**

*LP I 150:* Mr. Pilkington was so vexed at losing his chap, that in revenge he endeavoured to insinuate that we **conversed unlawfully** together; but this met no credit, as I very seldom saw him, and never alone.

(g) **in labour**

*LP I 151:* But Heaven knows, as I had everything to provide for a child and myself, and rent also to pay, this sum lasted not long, especially as I had no friend near me.—No, nor any honest person; for my landlady, of whom before I had conceived a good opinion, when she found I was **in labour**, insisted either on my paying double the rent I had engaged **for or** quitting her house, which, as it was then too late for me to do, I was necessitated to comply with her exorbitant **demand**, which made her very complaisant.

(h) **'fleshmonger**

*LP I 152-3:* Thus we may see how early priestcraft began; from the very first, they were **fleshmongers**; and priests [152] of all religions are the same.

(i) **cloven tongue**

*LP I 159:* *But courage, my spouse, though it cannot be said,  
That one **cloven tongue** ever sat on your head;  
I'll hold you a **groat**, and I wish I could see 't,  
If your stockings were off, you could show cloven feet.*

(j) **p 160**

*Note:* 'p 160' is the page number Joyce took down from *LP*. See below.

*LP I 160:* principal cause of a separation between the parson and me, I thought I had a right to demand a subscription from her; which, since my return to Ireland, I did in very civil terms. And I think myself in duty bound to give my learned readers a taste of her excellent style, in answer to me.

Whoosomdever you aree, I aboar yow and yowr Filthy Idyous; I submit my Cows to the Devil, and fear nout hiss Enemoys, whileoust I am undder his Preteckshon. As to the Parson yow metown, tis wile nowne what hee iss; he ruinged my Sun by his Ungraitfullnesse. It is not in your Power to defamatonous my Corector in your wild Memboirs. So I am, wythh harti Prawours for yowr speedi Deformation,

Yours——

I really took great pains to find out the meaning of this elaborate epistle: what it is, future critics (who are better skilled in broken English) may decide. But I do assure the public it is genuine; which, if they doubt, I can produce it in the lady's own scrawl. This lady sent a captain of a ship to me, when she heard I was going for England, to hurry me out of the kingdom; which circumstance made me stay in it six months longer than I intended. And, having not yet done with her, I cannot forbear remarking that one L—ty, a painter, a rude fellow, a few nights after my separation from the parson took the liberty on not readily finding him in his own house, of breaking open his bed-chamber door, to which the maid pointed, where the lady and gentleman were administering Christian consolation to each other. Ill-bred as he was, when he found how matters were, he begged pardon for spoiling sport: 'But parson', said he, 'I did but follow your own example.' So he retired without drinking (though invited) a share of the punch, of which stood a large bowl before them; but gold can work miracles.

(k) **'sink you / or fire you**

*LP I 165:* D—n you! **sink you!** G—d **fire you!** I have beggared myself between your scoundrel husband and you, all to support a little dirty vanity.

**VI.B.45.138**

(a) **'L P ombre**

*LP II 171*: My landlady, who was really a gentlewoman, and he, and I, diverted away the time with ombre, [a card game] reading, and prattling, very tolerably and, as the gentleman knew my misfortunes and had known all my family, he very generously, and not without many apologies, gave me three guineas—a very seasonable assistance.

(b) **ˈpay my club**

*LP II 172*: but the worst circumstance of all was, that they used to sit up drinking all night, and forced me to pay my club for the wine, though I never even saw it.[...] I always permitted him to pay my club; but, like a true Levite, he began to offer a little more of his civility than I was willing to accept of; so, finding that would not do, he made me a present of a ginger-bread-nut, curiously wrapped up in white paper, and after making me give him a promise to write to him, he left us.

(c) **ˈbait at inn**

*LP II 172*: However, we all baited at the same inn, at Barnet [took food & lodgings], and this prodigious man insisted on having the ladies for his guests

(d) **ˈOctober (ale) >**

(e) **ˈsweet sir**

*LP II 173*: So, by way of amusement, I scribbled as follows:

S I R,

Your gingerbread, unbroken,  
Remains a true love-token.

I am assured, by your honourable countrymen, that you pass for a wit in Wales; it is therefore my sincere advice to you, never to quit it, lest the rest of the world should be malicious enough to refuse you your due praise. As for the favour you offered to me, why you offered it like a priest, and I refused it like a fool; if you write to me, direct, To the Right Honourable the Lady Walpole, in Downing-street, Westminster. I will endeavour to prevail on my spouse elect to send you a fiddle and a hogshead of good October, to entertain your parishioners every Sunday.

I am, sweet Sir Crape,  
Yours.