

rect the manners of others, and reprove sins, who would pardon him, if he himself should deviate from his duty in any thing?"

He did me the honour, on that occasion to liken me to Cleland, the reputed author of the *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, a book which few of my readers have not either heard of or seen: I doubt very much, the truth of the story as to Mr. Cleland, having received £100—per annum from government, in order to keep him from the necessity of again having recourse to similar means, in order to maintain himself, tho' I have seen it recorded somewhere: but I have not at present any book at hand, in which that circumstance is related, and can not, therefore, either confirm or refute it. If he be the same Cleland, as the gentleman mentioned in the short biographical notice, added to his preface to the fourth edition of Pope's *Dunciad*, which the reader may see below,* it is evidently a very unlikely circumstance. As to the book itself, of which he is the supposed writer, the opinion that was given of it by the monthly reviewers, on its first publication, may from its being completely contradictory to the general sentiments relative to it, be considered as a literary curiosity. I copy it (in a note†) from the 2d vol. of the *Monthly*

* William Cleland, was bred at the university of Utrecht, with the earl of Mar. He served in Spain, under earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commissioners of the customs in Scotland, and then a commissioner of taxes in England; in which, having for twenty years, shewn himself a diligent, punctual, and *incorruptible* servant of the public, although without any other income to depend upon, he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for a friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country.

† *Memoirs of Fanny Hill*.—This is a work of the novel kind, thrown into the form of letters from a reformed woman of the town, to her friend, containing memoirs of her past life, and describing the steps by which she was led into the paths of vice and infamy. It does not appear to us that this