

THE CONFESSIONS OF HONOR DELANY

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The Confessions of Honor Delany by George Brittain

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GEORGE BRITTAINE

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It isn't but I know there's few would care to hear whether I lived or died, or what became of me; and that it is little matter to any body if the stories John Malone tells about me be true or false: but I don't like to lie under his tongue without saying a word to clear my character: above all, when he makes free with the names of them he has no right to meddle with: so I will tell, without fear or favour, all that ever happened unto me from the day I was born to this good hour—and not one word of lies will I say, nor lay a heavier charge to any man's door than they deserve; nor will I screen myself from blame when blame lies upon me, though the blush should come up in my old cheeks while I tell it—why should I? I am past fourscore, with a dim eye and a tottering foot, and if I had my lap full of gold, what good would it do me now, if it