

**MEMOIR OF MRS. DYOTT,
UNDER THE SOLEMN
FORM OF AN OATH,
WRITTEN BY HERSELF**

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Memoir of Mrs. Dyott, under the solemn form of an oath, written by herself by Mrs. Eleanor Dyott

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MRS. ELEANOR DYOTT

**MEMOIR OF MRS. DYOTT,
UNDER THE SOLEMN
FORM OF AN OATH,
WRITTEN BY HERSELF**



ELEANOR DROTT.

*And little deem'd he what thy heart's fulfild:
When soft could feel, and when insens'd would dare.*

Lord Byron.

MEMOIR
OF
MRS. DYOTT,
UNDER THE
SOLEMN FORM OF AN OATH,
WRITTEN BY HERSELF,
ACCOUNTING FOR
HER SEPARATION FROM GEN. DYOTT,
WITH
Various Letters
OF THE
GENERAL AND OTHER PERSONAGES.

"Patience is the surest remedy against calumnies: time soon or
late discovers the Truth."

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR W. WRIGHT, 46, FLEET STREET.

1821.

[*Price Two Shillings.*]



LONDON:

SHACKEL AND BROWEMITH, JOHNSON'S-COURT.

INTRODUCTION.

" Fier de la liberté d'exprimer ma pensée je sais dire la
" vérité avec courage; je me garderai d'offenser la con-
" venance, mais je démasquerai le vice.

It seldom happens that a female unjustly accused and mal-treated, appeals to a generous and enlightened public in vain. The Author of the following pages claims only that indulgence, which, as an Englishwoman, she considers to be her birth-right,—*to be heard at the bar of public Justice before condemned.* It is true, a sort of *legal-mockery*, which, perhaps, my enemies may construe into a trial, took place; but that justice which in Britain is supposed to flow spontaneously to meet anticipated wrong, has been denied me.

In the darker ages of priestcraft, when tyranny and oppression swayed the sceptre of ignorance, woman was considered in those times of bigotry, a sort of secondary being—and her rights and

privileges withheld from her as if unworthy to enjoy them: passing from the dominion of that age of superstition to the present time, we find England, which was so elegantly painted by a celebrated author, "*cette terre classique de la liberté*," is in the present siècle returned to its former darkness, and though freed from the dominion of monks, it is overwhelmed in our days by that of lawyers, who are no less numerous in this great metropolis than locusts in the plains of Egypt.

The machinations employed against me by those *creatures*, (disciples of Themis), at the instance of a husband who ought to have protected me, have forced me to give an *echantillon* of these *locust-lawyers*—and I do flatter myself, that there is not one honourable person in the United Kingdom, that will doubt the fidelity of the *portraits* I have drawn of an *English Attorney* and an *Irish Proctor*.—We find too a JUDGE IN HIS OFFICIAL CAPACITY, placed on his Magisterial Bench, MISDIRECTING the jury in my case, and obtaining a verdict by these *odious means*, and what is still more extraordinary, an uncle appearing voluntarily as a witness against his niece, and using every *ruse* that *falsehood* could suggest to ruin and destroy her.—One sees also an old aunt *inspired*

by hypocrisy, and three sisters playing a rôle in the same drama equally disgusting—but it is too true, when once the arm of calumny is employed against the female character, she finds often that her own family are the last to shield her from the base attacks of the calumniator—thus she is often deprived of her repose unjustly from the want of friends to espouse her cause.

In the present case we see a husband resorting to the most illicit practices to degrade that wife whom at the altar he had sworn to protect, and employing those *hireling-locusts* by every means of *chicane* to disturb her happiness, and destroy her repose for the sake of gain.—But the success of this avaricious husband will be short-lived—the tide of reason will return and take its proper course, and the exposor will become the exposed—in spite of all the sophisms of an Attorney-General, the *misrepresentations* of a judge, and the testimony of perjured witnesses.

From the earliest epoch of history, we find that woman has always been judged by partial justice. “Le cœur des femmes,” says a modern writer “est comme ce pays inconnu où l’on aborde sans y pénétrer.”—St. Jerome declares that *a good woman is more rare than a phoenix*—Boileau, Shakespeare, and even that little

crooked thing, Pope, have assisted, with all their malice and their might, to calumniate our sex—Such is the fate of unhappy woman—whilst man may enjoy himself as a lawless libertine—woman, poor weak woman, it would appear, is destined by nature to be the victim of prejudice, and her fair fame is often blasted by the whisper of malevolence, or the suspicions created only by the heated imaginations of a jealous brain.—She is reproached without a shadow of real proof—it is enough for men unaccustomed to reasoning, and unacquainted with the world, that she is reproached!!!

The Author has been indignantly attacked and calumniated in the public opinion, by a husband who was evidently the aggressor. He found means to employ her own relations to second his views.—Strange reversement of ideas!—strange transposition of persons and things!—and yet more strange, when it is well known by all her real friends, that her soul would revolt at any act derogatory to the strict laws of morality and delicacy.

The following materials, under the solemn form of an Oath, will shew the odious attempts that have been made to ruin her character, and deprive her of her property. I write not for myself, for I prefer freedom in an humble cot-