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T H E
FOOL of QUALITY;
OR, THE
H I S T O R Y
O F
Henry Earl of Moreland.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

By Mr. B R O O K E.

L O N D O N :

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T O T H E
R I G H T R E S P E C T A B L E
M y a n t i e n t a n d w e l l - b e l o v e d P A T R O N
T H E
P U B L I C .

“ **W** H Y d o n ’ t y o u d e d i c a t e t o
M r . P I T ? ”

Because, Sir, I would rather set forth my own talents than the virtues and praises of the best man upon earth. I love to say things that no one else ever thought of, extraordinary, quite out of the common way. I scorn to echo the voice of every fellow that goes the road. Whether the vessel of the commonwealth shall sink or swim; what is it to me? I am but a passenger.

“ But, then, there is a manner in doing things, you know.”

No, Sir, it is no business of mine. Mr. Pit is the patron of my patron ; let my patron then dedicate to him, and welcome, dedicate statues, temples, monuments as lasting as the benefits conferred ! It is nothing to me ; neither will I say a syllable more about the matter.

May it please your Respectableness,

THOUGH the Dedication is the shortest part of a book, and held by all readers to be the vilest and most contemptible ; yet the writer and his patron, the Dedicator and the Dedicatee, have a different way of thinking ; the latter, on account of the incense that it breathes, and the former, on account of the profit that it brings,

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brings, look upon it as the most important part of the performance.

Alas! how little consideration is left, for the race of writers, among the race of readers, especially on this chapter of Dedications.

Your Respectableness, perhaps, hath not duly perpended the travail, the toil, the marvellous drudgery, the muck that Dedicators are obliged to pass through, and the fences of truth over which they must break, in order to cull, select, and sublimate an offering fit to lay upon the altar of adulation.

Through what a world of weeds do they range to gather their little nosegays; from what a profusion of offences do they extract their perfumes; and, how many nights do they watch, to concentrate and realize

a single mouthful of moonshine for the gratification of their patrons.

The trades also, incumbent upon them, are manifold, such as of painting, patching, and plastering; of embroidering, shaping, and shaving; and of tying, trimming, and tayloring; in order to smooth and garnish the man "whom it delighteth them to honour," and to furnish him with a full suit of praises.

But your Respectableness, I humbly hope, would not wish me to be at all this trouble; for indeed trouble is a thing that I do not affect. There is, also, a kind of delicacy requisite in tickling the ribs of vanity. I am at best but a downright sort of a fellow; and, should I, awkwardly presume to dash your merits, full, into the chops of your modesty, I might deserve but ill at the hands of your Respectableness.

My

My grandmother, peace be with her! I remember one thing among the many good advices, which she gave and I forgot. "Never disgrace yourself," quoth she, "in order to do honour to any one breathing. Think not, therefore, my most respectable patron, that I will either debase myself by cajoling you to your face, or do violence to truth, by any kind of panegyric when your back shall be turned.

That I have received many favours from your greatness, and have a competent sense of gratitude for the same, is most certain. It is also true that all my studies and labours have been applied for your service, and that I wish no other death than that of laying down my life for your sake. Yet, with all my love for your person, and endeavours for your prosperity, I cannot find about me the

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smallest scantling of veneration for your virtues.

You have, however, the satisfaction to be quite easy upon this score, and no way to be mortified at any sentiments to your disadvantage. Your fund of good humour on such occasions is inexhaustible; and you have often joined with me in reproving and ridiculing your own vices and follies, which at all times you take more pleasure to rally, than I apprehend you will at any time take pains to amend.

I remember that in my youth I was a great builder of castles, and, having your interest always at heart, and seldom out of my head, I employed my time in forming a thousand romantic and airy schemes for your advantage.

I once

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I once proposed to build your happiness on religion, on Christian piety, and a deep sense of duty ; but, having in vain sought a foundation whereon I might lay the first stone, the superstructure vanished like the clouds of last September.

I then attempted to plan the establishment of your liberty and renown, upon the ancient and approved principles of the SPARTAN POVERTY. As this had been barely a heathen virtue ; as it had raised and supported that great and glorious people, through many succeeding centuries, in an uninterrupted enjoyment of freedom, power, and prosperity ; and, as nothing appeared to be wanting to the accomplishment of this scheme, save a few simple articles, such as moderation, content, self-denial, and so forth, I made no doubt of your embracing the terms with joy.

On paying my first visit, your Respectableness was just come from a Corporation auction, where I was told you had set your OWN MOTHER up to sale ; but your dignity was so drunk at the cost of the bidders, that I chose to defer matters to a more sober opportunity.

On my next address, I understood that the equipage of your Respectableness was in waiting ; for it is not with you now as in the days of queen Bess. You were hastening to see the Italian puppet-shew. As I advanced to pay my respects, I was dazzled by the ornaments with which you had glorified your person, all the product of foreign looms and of foreign labours ; your linen of the Netherlands, your point of Spain, your ruffles of Dresden, with a full suit in the cut of France, and trimmed like that of the three brothers in a Tale of a Tub.

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Tub. In short you were so satisfied, so wrapt, so full of your finery; you could then attend to nothing, save the contemplation of your fair self.

I still had patience. I watched my time. I attended you late on a Sunday evening when I thought you at leisure from the fervour of your devotions. But, how was I struck of a heap, when your footman informed me that some noblemen and ladies of the most fashionable distinction, had engaged you for the afternoon, at the GAMING-TABLE.

Soon after, I was apprised that, what with spending your time and money, in running to raree-shows; in playing four corners and a fool; in drinking, dressing, drabbing; and in gormandizing and gambling; the finances of your Respectableness were considerably sunk. It also came to my ear that you were hugely fond of

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COCK-MATCHES, though you kept them as far as possible from your own dunghill; that it was your custom to bett on one side, and then to bett on t'other side, and to lose your money on all sides; and that by these and the former means, your Respectableness was dipt so up to the ears in debt, it was thought your yearly income would, in time, barely answer the interest of what you owed.

It was now confidently affirmed, may it please your Respectableness, that you yourself were apprehensive of being reduced to sudden indigence; and I eagerly seized this occasion of waiting upon you, in order, as I trusted, to reconcile you to your fate, and, possibly, to delight you with the prospect of your approaching poverty. For I sighed when I reflected on your intemperate and unbounded thirst after riches, that death to national nature, which

which had proved the mortal poison of Greece and Rome, and of all the people who tasted it, from the beginning of the world to this present good day.

Being shewn to your apartment, I perceived your Greatness seated in a moody kind of attitude. But, having formerly had the honour of being known to you, I took a chair without ceremony; and, chatting with you awhile about the weather, the news of the day, and such like ponderous matters, as sage ministers and sage politicians are wont to do, I began to introduce and open the business.

Pray, Mister, said your Dignity (somewhat short) have you any particular business with me at this time? I am come, may it please you, said I, to propose a speedy and effectual method

thod for the supply of all your wants. At these agreeable tidings, all the ears your Respectableness had, were pricked up and opened to audience. —Go on, my good friend, dispatch, in Heaven's name!

May it please you; added I, it was the custom of all the seers and sages, of ancient days, to introduce truth and wisdom under the covering of fable; and this covering was as a nut-shell; if your teeth were able to crack it, you had the kernel for your pains. Permit me then, at least to imitate their manner; for, though the matter should happen to drop by the way, the first traveller who takes it up may be bettered thereby.

Once upon a time, for so says my story, a householder, with his family, was cast on a certain island, where, through a process of years, they propagated.

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pagated till they became a little nation. The soil was exceeding fertile, but there was neither river nor spring in all the land. Nature, however, had provided for this defect by a kind of fruit that perfectly allayed the thirst; it was bitter to the taste, but left an agreeable flavour in the mouth, and gave health, spirits, and vigour to the whole constitution; and it was called by a name which, in our language signifies as nearly as I can render it, **THE FRUIT OF ABSTINENCE.**

There was also other fruits, of a species wholly the reverse of the former; for the flavour of these was extremely delicious; but then they enflamed the thirst, enervated the frame, and were called by a name that signified the **FRUIT OF INDULGENCE.**

As

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As almost all people made this latter fruit a part of their daily food; the national thirst, in time, became so great, that the liturgy of their church was altogether composed of prayers for rain. O Jupiter, some water, a little water, dear mister Jupiter, water, water, water, we pray for nothing but water! sink us, plunge us, drown us, overwhelm us with water!

On the decline of every sun, several families spread out the fleeces of their flocks, as also their sheets and blankets, for the receiving and retaining of the nightly dew. Others furnished themselves with small alembicks for distilling the urine of their household. Some took a twelve month's voyage to bring back as much liquid as they might subsist on for a few weeks; and the geniuses of the nation employed themselves in various pro-

projects, such as the chemical extraction of moisture from biscuit and old fiddles; as also the hanging nets of a peculiar texture on poles of due elevation, for catching the clouds.

Your Respectableness has my tale.—
 —Can make nothing of it, say you?
 —Suppose the thirst of this people an emblem of their avarice, and wealth to be represented by water, in the fable.—

In short, may it please your Dignity, I have brought you (here it is) a refinement on the institutions of the great Lycurgus. Could I, like the legislator of Lacedæmon, prevail upon you barely to abridge your desires, you would find yourself wholly a stranger to want. You would thereby acquire the wealth of greatness, goodness, gloriousness; that peace, that solidity of sublunary enjoyment,

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joyment, which can only be found in a voluntary POVERTY.

Scarce had I pronounced the last fatal word, when your Respectableness started up in a passion. You asked me if I had not seen the levee of duns at your gate, and the catchpoles that lurked for you at every corner. You consigned me, with a very good will, to the devil; and desired that, the next time I presumed to turn state-quack, I should not prescribe drink to a drowning man.

As I retired under the greatest dejection of spirits.—Ho! you cried, honest friend! Mr. what do they call you? come back! You, who scatter your money as fast as your words; as profuse of your purse as you are of your opinions; you who always run a mile before your rents, and live upon the harvest of the next year's

year's sickle ; are not you also a poor devil, one of the Diogenical gentlemen, as very an emperor of the Tub as myself?

Preach up poverty, with a pox ! first get wherewithal to pay your own debts. The ready runners ! my boy, the passable pictures ! the royal pages ! the sparklers ! the portable ! the portable ! Ay marry, this would do, this would fortify your argument, this would mould me to your form, and persuade me to your faith. It is this, my little lad, that would shut too the door on all manner of temptations, and kick the corruptions you have so often complained of into the kennel. Come, cast me the nativity of this bright son of Phœbus, draw me a scheme for raising this Egyptian from the deep ; and you shall be my darling, my bardling, my hourly
ora-

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oracle, my Apollo of Delphos, and what not.

Was your Respectableness, said I, ever told your fortune? perhaps it might bear some resemblance to my own. I was a boy, when the cunning man, peering earnestly into my palm, uttered a sentence, which I shall remember the longest day I have to live. You will always, said he, be getting a power of money, and, take my word, you will never be worth a groat.

Indeed, could I have prevailed upon your Respectableness to be contented with poverty, I was in hopes you would have enriched your monitor for his pains; but in truth, I'm a very ass at this business of getting money either for you or myself; and as for the keeping it when I have got it, I have long since given up all thoughts

thoughts of the matter. I will, however, do my best to add to the glories, to the virtues, as I may say, of your Respectableness, in a manner more acceptable than my present plan has proved.

I am your Dignity's most devoted,
 and wish you a mighty good
 Evening.

HAVING thereafter consigned my late scheme to Bakers and Barbers, and to all the vilest applications of waste paper, I sat down to study and provide a remedy for that feverish kind of consumption, under which your Respectableness apparently laboured during our late confabulation.

I was sensible at the same time, that your distemper was common to many other countries, and that it was

no

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no where held to be dangerous, forasmuch as it only consisted of two articles, the Sensuality of the Body, and the Corruption of the Mind.

I also knew that, in former ages, a great number of publicks had been affected with the very malady that now possessed your Respectableness, and yet had lived merrily under it to their dying day.

I wished, however, to keep that day at some distance from your Greatness; and, with long and intense labour, and at the cost of many a candle during my nightly lucubrations; I compounded a medicine of approved and infallible efficacy, consisting for the nonce, of a quantum sufficit of the TEMPERANCE and PATRIOTISM of the primitive Romans.

I knew

I knew that the cure would follow, but how to prevail upon your Respectableness to swallow the Prescription, was a small matter of difficulty that yet remained. For, it is a misfortune peculiar to those who are bit by love, avarice, ambition, pride, and such passions, that they detest the thoughts of a restorative, and are so enamoured of their distemper they would rather see the devil than Dr. Apollo himself at their door.

I again, had the honour of being admitted to an audience. I called up and exhausted all the powers of oratory on that capital occasion. I demonstrated to your Respectableness, that the whole weight and elevation of the Roman state rested simply on the two pillars of TEMPERANCE and PATRIOTISM, on which it rose, increased, and stood supported through
many

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many ages ; till, those pillars being gradually sapped, the mighty structure, with its said foundation, decay'd, grew ruinous, and fell confounded together. That temperance is necessary to the strength of a man, as patriotism is necessary to the strength of a people. That each Roman, thus nerved and powerful apart, was yet strengthened, a hundred thousand fold, by an invisible chord which run from man to man, and united all as one in the LOVE OF COUNTRY. That hence sprung the Helicon of their abundant inspiration to toil, industry, frugality, valour, conquest, and glory. They were swallowed like so many drops in this ocean of patriotism. They were lost to every care and sensation of SELF ; and were only found where they laboured, fought, bled, or expired for their COUNTRY !

While,

While, warmed and somewhat raised by the elevation of my subject, I thus reasoned on National power, on Human excellence, on Virtue, on Temperance, on Patriotism, and Glory! I shall never forget the kind concern which your Respectableness expressed for me in the evident alarm and compassion of your countenance, as for a person whose fit you feared was approaching.

Being both of us more composed, your Greatness was pleased to demand whether this Romance was wholly of my own invention, or, if I had lately been fishing the well, where truth was formerly drowned, for an *Ens Rationis* of some speculating philosopher? Where, you cried, in the name of wonder, have you been able to gather together such an old fashioned bundlement of scientific
 VOL. I. B balderdash?

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balderdash? You shall bring me to the practice, exactly at the period that the hogs shall be brought to feed along with the herrings; or at the time of the appearance of the comet with the three tails; or on the week of the four Fridays, so long looked for by astrologians.— Here! exclaimed your Respectableness, who waits? all you, my Printers, Editors, and other porters who attend at the gate of the public! should this fellow come any more with these his preachments of piety, and poverty, and patriotism, and stuff, I command ye to shut my doors directly in his face.

May it please your Respectableness, I am but a very little man, and of a very lowly temper, and yet I could not but be piqued at the severity of this treatment. I was as a trodden worm,

worm, and turned upon your Greatness with a resentment that, possibly, did not become me.

May your Dignity, I replied, continue to be blessed with writers duly levelled to the taste of the reader, with the politicks of court hirelings, the poetry of laureats, the divinity of a H—y; with bawdry from the Fleet, with fragments from the kennel of Grubstreet, with strumpet Biography, with W—— upon Grace, with Treatises on —— ——, and episcopal Essays on Spirit.

I trust that my patron, in recompence for a long life spent in his service, will pardon me the dropping of one observation,—Nay, don't look disgusted,—it is no matter of great offence, it is nothing more than this, that the nose of your Respectable-

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ness hath ever been a ready handle
for the leading of a FOOL, and a
FOOL shall accordingly attend you on
my next visit.

PRE-

P R E F A C E.

I Hate prefaces. I never read them, and why should I write them? They stand like pales about a park; I always overleap 'em, if I am told there is any thing, within, worth seeing. But, what can I do? I am likely to lead a fine life with this performance, when people begin to quarrel with me, upon reading the first word, of the first page, of my works.

This friend, and that friend, and t'other friend asks me, and here sits another, who is mighty curious to know, why I entitle my hero the FOOL OF QUALITY.

Pray, was it not more decent to impute folly to one man, than to mankind, if I found myself under the necessity of doing the one or the other?

Perhaps I call him a fool, in complaisance to a world that will, certainly, honour him with the same title, when they find his wisdom of a size not suited to their own—why, pray what is wisdom?

—Tell me, first, what is folly. I will, then, tell you what is wisdom, if I find any smattering of it in your definition.

I wonder, was there ever an age of wisdom, or a land of wisdom?—look about you. The world will answer for itself.—Does not every age and nation grow wiser and wiser? And have not all fathers, from the flood downward, been accounted no better than fools, by their posterity?—I wish I had not been born for some centuries to come. What a prodigy of wisdom should I then be, in comparison of what I am, at this day!

Indeed, I should be glad to be wise, if I thought I could get any thing by it.—Right, that is all the use that the world makes of it: it is the very end, purpose, goal, and business of all the wisdom upon earth—if a man has length enough of sense to outreach all about him, by a yard and a half; he is, by a yard and a half, wiser than all his neighbours.

But, was not Solomon then a fool to neglect riches, which he might have had with a wish: and to ask for wisdom, whose only use is the obtaining of riches? Was not this wishing to mend a round-about road, when a quarter of an hour would have carried him, by a short cut,
to

to the end of his journey?—I fancy, my dear friend, it would be no great matter of additional burden to take the folly of Solomon upon your own shoulders.

For, in case he had taken the riches, how the pox should he keep them, while any neighbouring power was wiser than himself?

Paris was not five years younger than Solomon, when he, also, might have chosen either riches or wisdom, and yet preferred a pretty wench to the one and to the other. I am not so young as Paris, by five times five years, and would, therefore, prefer the one or the other to the wench—you then allow that Paris was a blockhead in the present case—Sir, I allow any man to be so, in every case, where he happens to differ in opinion from myself—why pray, sage Sir, have you got all the wisdom of the world to yourself, or what quantity thereof, think you, may there be upon earth?—Less, by five scruples, than any man in judiciary robes and a full bottom'd wig, conceives to have fallen to his own share.—But folly you take to be multiplied and various—of two sorts, quoth an eminent author, that which belongs to the writer, and that which belongs to the reader of these works.

Sir, this is wild discourse, and very wide from the purpose. Let me tell you the world was never so wise as now. It is filled with men of deep erudition, and science—True, my monitor; but are they a jot the wiser for all their knowledge?

At the rate that you talk, in the times of ancient ignorance, there might have been a competent modicum of wise folk in the world—possible—and, by the same rule, in these our enlightened days of connoisseurship and erudition, nearly, all our literati may turn out fools—more than probable—these are riddles—that might be solved—explain 'em, I beseech you—not at present. I will tell you a story and pray listen. It is worth the hearing.

Fifty and five pilgrims met, one evening, at a great inn, that led to more roads than there are points in the compass. They supped merrily together, in a large hall; and found, upon enquiry, that they were, all, bound to the Castle of final Repose, appointed for the reception of the sons of science. When the cloth was removed; gentlemen, quoth the pilgrim who first entered, I rejoice to be joined by so much good company, on these my honourable travels; and I am still better pleased to have it in my power to conduct

duct every man of ye, the shortest and surest way to your journey's end. Here, gentlemen, here is my map of infallible directions, the most accurate extract, that ever was taken, of all inquiries, observations, and informations for the purpose. Pardon me, brother, said the Pilgrim who sat next, your map must be erroneous by, at least, five degrees; by five, did I say? by seven, as I hope to get to my journey's end. Look here at my map, and believe your own eyes. I'll be damned, cried a third pilgrim, (peering over the maps of his neighbours, and taking out his own parchment) I'll be damned if the geographers, who designed the one or the other, were any better than adventurers; they never reached the place of destination. I'll be sworn. Gentlemen, said a fourth, with wonderful good temper, I do not swear; but I have, critically, remarked all the charts produced. There's a blind beggar, in our town, who is led by his dog, and, if he does not arrive at the place we are bound to, with better speed, and greater certainty, than any of you three; I give myself, do ye see, and all my goods, to the devil, save a small perpetuity, in remainder, to my son. That may be, ex-

claimed a fifth, but, look ye here, my friends, here are the quotations, here are the authorities. Authorities! quoth a sixth, a fiddlestick for a hobby! are they unquestionable, unassailable, like these in my hand? Thus, every man's chart, throughout the fifty and five, was, like the hand of the son of Hagar, against the chart of every man. Each insisted on being accompanied, in his own way, as a matter of mere charity to all the rest. They set out, the next morning, on as many different roads as there were persons at table; and, yet, no one of them ever arrived at the place proposed, if any dependence may be had on those customary posts, whom the world, from age to age, has paid for intelligence.

I don't clearly apprehend the application of your story,—if that is not your fault, it must be my own. It is at least a dozen of the twelve labours to beat any thing into the head of some people.—I will give you the chance of another tale.

A certain prince sent an invitation to two distant personages, to come to his court. He, further, sent such directions as could not be mistaken by any one, living, who was willing to find the way. And he, lastly, sent a written promise, signed,

signed, and sealed by the seal royal, of the most happy accommodations, upon their arrival.

The one of the parties invited, was a purblind man, who barely saw sufficient to discern his road. He, accordingly, was fearful of error. He cautiously, held on his way; and, thereby, reached his journey's end, the place of happy destination to which he was appointed.

The other was a man who had all his eyes about him; but, he was a genius, had vast invention, and thought it a disparagement to tread in any path that had been beaten by others. He was for contriving short cuts, and opening new discoveries. He made excursions on all hands. He grew impatient of the accommodations, appointed and reserved for him, at the court of the prince. He expected them on his journey, and sought for them at every turn. He found them not. He, therefore, travelled and strayed this way, and that way, in search of them. This led him, still, further and further from his road. Till, maimed by accident, and stiff with age, he grew, equally, ashamed and unable to return.

—As plain as my nose—you can the reader follow—but, talk to me, no more,

about the world and its wisdom. I detest wisdom, I avoid it, I would not be bit by it. It is the Tarantula that spins a web, whereby innocence is entangled. It is a politician who opens a gulph for the swallowing up of the people. It is a lawyer who digs a grave for the burial of equity. It is the science of Hocus Pocus, that bids happiness come and pass, by the virtue of cups and balls. It is a syllabub of fasting-spittle for the fattening of the Virtuosi. It is a robe with a pompous train. A wig spread to the rump. A beard lengthened to the girdle. It is a ditch of puddle, with a hoary mantle, that will not be moved to merriment by any wind that blows. It is an ass in a sumpter-cloth. An owl, solemnly perched, amidst solemn ruins, on a solemn night.

Descend to me, sweet Folly! if thou hast not, as I suspect, been my constant companion. Be, thou, my sister, my playfellow, thou kitten of the solemn cats of state and learning. But, no. Thou never wert the offspring of such stupid progenitors. Thou art ever joyous, ever young, although coeval, in paradise with our first parents, ere, (a pox upon their ambition) they wished for the knowledge of good and evil. Pride pretends to spurn thee ;

thee; science affects to look down upon thee; but they sigh for thee when no one sees; they have frowned thee away, and when they seek they shall not find thee. Come, Folly! for even thy petulance and little wickednesses become delightful, when thou incitest the yearling kids and cooing turtles to combat. Thou art not captious, thou art not testy, they laugh at thee, and thou laughest with them for company. The hours dance before thee, the graces smile in thy train. Thou art a companion for conquerors, a play-fellow for crowned heads. But, alas! thou art not respected as heretofore; when the monarch of all Asia sent his ambassadors to wait upon thee, they came, with a mighty train, even from Persepolis unto Laconia, to see thee riding upon switches, with Agefilaus and his little son.

By—my pleasant friend, thou almost persuadest me to be a fool, during the remainder of my pilgrimage through the wisdom of this world. But, is there no such thing as true wisdom in nature?—Sir, I have written a whole chapter upon the subject; but it lies a great way on, toward the end of my book, and you have much folly to wade through, before you come at it.—Give me a peep, I beseech you.—

you.—No Sir, you shall not anticipate. Do you want to be in port, without making any voyage?—If I must win my way to wisdom, inch by inch, let me set out directly.—Here then, begin. And pray, let me have your remarks, unpremeditated, as you proceed. I will answer you, as whim or judgment shall happen to dictate.

THE

THE
FOOL of QUALITY,
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF
HENRY Earl of MORELAND.

CHAP. I.

RICHARD, the grandfather of our hero, was ennobled by James the first. He married a lovely girl of the ancient family of the Goodalls in the county of Surry, and, at seven years distance, had two sons, Richard and Henry; but dying early, in the reign of Charles the first, he bequeathed 12000*l.* to his youngest, and near 20000*l.* annual income to his eldest son; not in any personal preference to his brother, but as one who

who was to support the name and honours of the family. He appointed his brother in law executor and guardian, who, educating the children agreeable to their different fortunes and prospects in life, in about seven years after the death of their father, sent Richard with a tutor to take the tour of Europe, and bound Henry apprentice to a considerable London merchant.

During the travels of the one and the apprenticeship of the other, the troubles happened, and Cromwell assum'd the regency, before the fortune of the Morelands could be forfeited or endangered, by siding with the crown or the commonwealth.

Richard return'd to England a short time before the Restoration; and being too gay and too dissolute for the plodding and hypocrisy of Cromwell and his fanaticks, he withdrew to the mansion house of his forefathers.

On his landing he had inquired for his brother Henry; but hearing that he was lately married, and wholly absorbed in matters of merchandise, as he had the utmost contempt for all city and traders, he took no further notice of him.

In the country, he amused himself with his bottle, hounds, hawks, race horses, &c.

&c. and in debauching the persons of the neighbouring wenches, and corrupting the morals of the neighbouring squires. But, on the restoration of his majesty, of pleasurable memory, he hastened to court, where he rolled away and shone as in his native sphere. He was always of the party of the king, Rochester, &c. where virtue was laughed out of countenance, and where all manner of dissoluteness became amiable and recommendable by the bursts of merriment and zest of wit. But toward the latter end of this droll reign, earl Richard, being advanced in age, and being still older in constitution than years, began to think of providing an heir to his estate; and, as he had taken vast pains to impair it, he married a citizen's daughter who wanted a title, and with her got a portion of one hundred thousand pounds, which was equally wanting on his part.

With his lady he, again, retreated to the country, where, in less than a year, she made him the exulting father of a fine boy; whom he called Richard.

Richard, speedily, became the sole centre of all his mother's solitudes and affections. And though, within the space of the two succeeding years, she was delivered of a second son, yet, as his infant aspect

pect was less promising and more unformed than his brother's, she sent him forth to be nursed by the robust wife of a neighbouring farmer, where, for the space of upwards of four years, he was honoured with no token from father or mother, save some casual messages, to know from time to time if the child was in health.

This boy was called Henry, after his uncle by the father's side. The earl had lately sent to London, to make enquiry after his brother, but could learn no manner of tidings concerning him.

Mean while, the education of the two children was extremely contrasted. Richard, who was already entitled my little lord, was not permitted to breathe the rudeness of the wind. On his lightest indisposition the whole house was in alarms; his passions had full scope in all their infant irregularities; his genius was put into a hot bed, by the warmth of applauses given to every flight of his opening fancy; and the whole family conspired, from the highest to the lowest, to the ruin of promising talents and a benevolent heart.

Young Harry, on the other hand, had every member as well as feature exposed to all weathers, would run about, mother-naked, for near an hour, in a frosty morning;

morning ; was neither physicked into delicacy, nor flattered into pride ; scarce felt the convenience, and much less understood the vanity of clothing ; and was daily occupied, in playing and wrestling with the pigs and two mungril spaniels on the dunghil ; or in kissing, scratching, or boxing with the children of the village.

When Harry had passed his fifth year, his father, on a festival day, humbly proposed to send for him to his nurse's, in order to observe how the boy might turn out ; and my lady, in a fit of good humour, assented. Nurse, accordingly, deck'd him out in his holiday petticoats, and walked with our hero to the great house, as they called it.

A brilliant concourse of the neighbouring gentry were met in a vast parlour, that appeared to be executed after the model of Westminster Hall.

There was Sir Christopher Cloudy, who knew much but said nothing ; with his very conversable lady, who scarce knew by halves, but spoke by wholesale. In the same range was Sir Standish Stately, who in all companies held the first place, in his own esteem. Next to him sat lady Childish ; it was at least thirty years since those follies might have become her which appeared so very ridiculous at the age of
fifty-

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fifty-five. By her side were the two Stiffons; a blind man would swear that the one was a clown, and the other a gentleman, by the tones of their voices. Next to these were two pair of very ill mated turtles; Mr. Gentle, who sacrificed his fine sense and affluent fortune to the vanity and bad temper of a silly and turbulent wife; and squire Sulky, a brutal fool, who tyrannized over the most sensible and most amiable of her sex.

On the opposite side was lord Prim, who evidently labour'd hard to be easy in conversation; and next to him was lord Flippant, who spoke nonsense with great facility. By his side sat the fair but dejected Miss Willow; she had lately discovered what a misfortune it was to be born to wit, beauty, and affluence, the three capital qualifications that lead the sex to calamity. Next to her was colonel Jolly, with a heart ever tuned to merriment and lungs to laughter; had he known how to time his fits, the laugh might have grown catching. Below him was seated Mrs Mirror, a widow lady, industriously accomplished in the faults of people of fashion. And below her sat the beloved and respected Mr. Meekly, who always sought to hide behind the merits of the company. Next to him was Major Settle; no one

one spoke with more importance on things of no signification. And beside him sat Miss Lovely, who looked sentiment, and, while she was silent, inspired others with sense and virtue.

These were the principal characters. The rest could not be said to be of any character at all. The cloth had been lately removed, and a host of glasses and decanters glow'd on the table, when in comes young Harry, escorted by his nurse.

All the eyes of the company were, instantly, drawn upon him; but he advanced, with a vacant and unobserving phisognomy, and thought no higher of the assembly than as of so many peasants at a country wake.

Dicky, my dear, says my lady, go and welcome your brother; whereat Dick went up, took Harry by the hand, and kissed him with much affection. Harry thereupon having eyed his brother, I don't know you, said he, bluntly, but at the same time held up his little mouth to kiss him again.

Dick, says my lady, put your laced-hat upon Harry, till we see how it becomes him, which he immediately did; but Harry, feeling an unusual incumbrance on his head, took off the hat, and having for some time looked contemptuously at it, he

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he cast it from him with a sudden and agile jerk, as he used to cast flat stones, in order to make ducks and drakes in the mill pond. The hat took the glasses and decanters in full career, smash go the glasses, abroad pours the wine on circling laces, Dresden aprons, silver'd silks, and rich brocades; female screams fill the parlour, the rout is equal to the uproar, and it was long ere most of them could be composed to their places.

In the mean while, Harry took no kind of interest in their outcries or distresses, but spying a large Spanish pointer, that just then came from under the table, he sprung at him like lightning, seized him by the collar, and vaulted on his back with inconceivable agility. The dog, wholly disconcerted by so unaccustomed a burden, capered and plunged about in a violent manner; but Harry was a better horseman than to be so easily dismounted: whereon the dog grew outrageous, and rushing into a group of little misses and masters, the children of the visitants, he overthrew them like ninepins; thence proceeding, with equal rapidity, between the legs of Mrs. Dowdy, a very fat and elderly lady, she instantly fell backward with a violent shriek, and, in her fall, unfortunately overthrew Frank the foxhunter, who overthrew

threw Andrew the angler, who overthrew Bob the beau, who closed the catastrophe.

Our hero, mean time, was happily dismounted by the intercepting petticoats, and fairly laid, without damage, in the fallen lady's lap. From thence he arose at his leisure, and strolled about the room, with as unconcerned an aspect as if nothing had happen'd amiss, and as tho' he had neither act or part in this frightful discomfiture.

When matters were once more, in some measure, set to rights, my heavens! exclaimed my lady, I shall faint, the boy is positively an idiot; he has no apprehension or conception of persons or things. Come hither, firrah, she cried with an angry tone; but, instead of complying, Harry cast on her a look of resentment, and sidled over toward his nurse. Dicky, my dear, said my lady, go and pretend to beat his foster mother, that we may try if the child has any kind of ideas. Here, her ladyship, by ill fortune, was as much unadvised as her favourite was unhappy in the execution of her orders; for while Dick struck at the nurse with a counterfeited passion, Harry, instantly, reddened, and gave his brother such a sudden push in the face, that his nose and mouth gushed out with blood. Dick set up the
 roar,

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roar, my lady screamed out, and rising and running at Harry with all imaginable fury, she caught him up, as a falcon would truss a robin; turned over his petticoats, and chastised him with all the violence of which her delicacy was capable. Our hero, however, neither uttered cry or tear, but, being set down, he turned round on the company an eye of indignation, then cried, Come away, mammy, and issued from the assembly.

Harry had scarce made his exit when his mother exclaimed after him, Ay, ay, take him away, nurse, take him away, the little devil, and never let me see his face more.

I shall not detain my readers with a tedious detail of the many and differing opinions that the remaining company expressed with regard to our hero; let it suffice to observe, that they generally agreed that, tho' the boy did not appear to be endowed by nature with a single faculty of the *Animal rationale*, he might, nevertheless, be rendered capable in time, of many places of very honourable and lucrative employment.

Mr. Meekly, alone, though so gentle and complying at other times, now presumed to dissent from the sense of the company. I rather hold, said he, that
this

this infant is the promise of the greatest philosopher and hero that our age is likely to produce. By refusing his respect to those superficial distinctions, which fashion has inadequately substituted as expressions of human greatness, he approves himself the philosopher; and by the quickness of his feelings for injured innocence, and his boldness in defending those to whom his heart is attached, he approves himself at once the hero and the man.

Harry had now remained six months more with his nurse, engaged in his customary exercises and occupations. He was already, by his courage, his strength, and action, become tremendous to all the little boys of the village; they had all things to fear from his sudden resentment, but, nothing from his memory or recollection of a wrong; and this also was imputed to his native stupidity. The two mongrel dogs were his inseparable playfellows, they were all tied together in the strictest bonds of friendship, and caressed each other with the most warm and unfeigned affection.

On a summer's day as he strolled forth with these his faithful attendants, and rambled into a park whose gate he saw open, he perceived in a little copse that bordered on a fishpond, a stranger seated

on a bench of turf. Harry drew near with his usual intrepidity, till he observed that the man had a reverend beard that spread over his breast, that he held something in his hand on which he gazed with a fixed attention, and that the tears rolled down his cheeks, without ceasing, and in silence, except the half suppress'd sobs that often broke from his bosom. Harry stood, awhile, immoveable, his little heart was affected, he approached the old man with a gentle reverence, and looking up in his face, and seating himself by his side, the muscles of his infant aspect began to relax, and he wept and sob'd as fast as his companion.



FRIEND.—Pray, who is this ancient stranger? I have a great curiosity to know. Is he necessary to your story? is he to have any future connection with the child? how came he by the long beard? beards were not the fashion in those days. There must be some extraordinary reason for it, if there is any reason at all. Is his story long? do you begin upon it directly? It is a great fault in authors to hold their readers in suspense; our curiosity grows languid; twenty to one it is vanished, before you begin to give it any kind of satisfaction.

tisfaction. Who in the world is he? what business has he here?

AUTHOR.—Sir, you see he is a stranger; I have mentioned him as such. If he chuses to continue so, for some time longer, I know of no right that I have to discover him. Perhaps I am the only person breathing whom he has entrusted with the secret of his affairs; I am upon honour not to betray him; you must pardon me —pray proceed.



C H A P. II.

THE old gentleman turned and gazed at the child, as on some sudden apparition. His tears stopped. He returned the picture, which he held, into his bosom. And, lifting up his eyes, Great Power, he cried, is this the one, of all the world, who has any feelings for me? Is it this babe, this suckling, whom thou hast sent, to be a partaker in my griefs, and the sharer of my afflictions? Welcome, then, my little friend, said he, tenderly turning and caressing the child, I will live the longer for thy sake, and endeavour to repay the tears thou hast shed in my behalf.

The language of true love is understood by all creatures, and was that of which Harry had, almost the only perception. He returned his friend's caresses with unaffected ardour, and no two could be more highly gratified in the endearments of each other.

What is your name, my dear? said the old gentleman. Harry Clinton, Sir. Harry Clinton! repeated the old man, and started. And pray who is your father? The child, then looking tenderly at him, replied; I'll have you for a father, if you please, Sir. The stranger, then caught him up in his arms, and passionately exclaim'd, You shall, you shall, my darling, for the tenderest of fathers, never to be torn asunder, till death shall part us.

Then asking him where he lived, and Harry pointing to the town before them, they both got up and went towards it. Our hero was now again all glee, all action; he sprung from and to his friend, and play'd and gambol'd about him, like a young spaniel in a morning, just loos'd from his chain, and admitted to accompany his master to the field. As his two dogs frisked about him, he would now mount upon one, then bound upon t'other, and each pranced and paraded under him as delighted with the burden. The old gentleman-

gentleman beheld all with a pleasure that had long been a stranger to his breast, and shared in the joys of his young associate.

Being arrived near the farm house, nurse, who stood at the door, saw them approaching, and cried out, Gaffer, Gaffer, here comes our Harry with the dumb gentleman. When they were come up, Good people, says the stranger, is this your child! No, no, Sir, answered the nurse, we are but his fosterers. And, pray, who is his father? He is second son, Sir, to the earl of Moreland. The earl of Moreland! you amaze me greatly, is this all the notice and care they take of such a treasure? Sir, replied the nurse, they never sent for him but once; they don't mind him, they take him for a fool. For a fool? cried he, and shook his head in token of dissent. I am sure he has the wisest of all human hearts. I wish it may be so, Sir, said the nurse, but he behaved very sadly, some time ago, at the great house. She then made a recital of all our young hero's adventures in the mansion-parlour; whereat the old gentleman inwardly chuckled, and, for the first time, of some years, permitted his features to relax into a smile of cheerfulness.

Nurse, said he, every thing that I hear and see of this child serves the more to endear and bind me to him. Pray, be so good as to accompany us to my house, we will try to equip him better both as to person and understanding.

As this stranger's feat made part of the village, they were soon there. He first whispered his old domestic, who then looked upon the child with surprise and pleasure. The footman was next sent to bring the taylor, and some light stuffs from the town shop. Matters being thus dispatched, with respect to our hero's first coat and breeches, Nurse was kept to dinner; and after this gentleman had entertained his young guest with a variety of little tricks, childish plays, and other fooleries; toward evening he dismissed him and his nurse, with a request that she would send him every day, and a promise that he should be returned every night if she desired it.

Harry, being thus furnished with the external tokens of a man child having been born into the world, became an inseparable friend and play-fellow to his patron. At times of relaxation, the old gentleman, with the most winning and insinuating address, endeavoured to open his mind and cultivate his morals, by a
thou-

thousand little fables, such as of bold sparrows, and naughty kids, that were carried away by the hawk, or devoured by the wolf, and of good robbins, and innocent lambs, that the very hawks and wolves themselves were fond of. For he never proposed any encouragement or reward to the heart of our hero, save that of the love and approbation of others. At the times of such instruction, Harry, who knew no other dependence; and beheld his patron as his father and as his God, would hang upon his knee, look up to his face, delighted; and greedily imbibe the sweetness of those lessons whose impressions neither age, nor any occurrence; could ever after erase; so prevalent are the dictates of lips that are beloved.

At other times, the stranger would enter with our hero into all his little frolicks and childish vagaries, would run and wrestle with him, ride the rods, roll down the slope, and never felt such sweet sensations and inward delight, as when he was engaged in such recreations.

There was a cock at Harry's nurse's, the lord of the dunghill, between whom and our hero a very particular intimacy and friendship had been contracted. Harry's hand was his daily caterer; and Dick, for the cock was so called, would hop into the

child's lap and pick his cloaths, and rub his feathers against him, and court Harry to tickle and stroak and play with him.

Upon a Shrove-Tuesday, while Harry was on his road from his patron's, intending a short visit to his nurse and foster-father, a lad came to the door and offered Gaffer a double price for Dick; the bargain was quickly made, the lad bore off his prize in triumph, and Gaffer withdrew to the manuring of a back field. Just at that crisis Harry came up, and enquired of the maid for his daddy and mammy, but was answered that neither of them was within. He then asked after his favourite cock, but was told that his daddy had, that minute, sold him to yonder man who was almost out of sight.

Away sprung our hero like an arrow from a bow, and held the man in view till he saw him enter a great croud, at the upper end of the street. Up he comes, at last, quite out of breath, and making way through the assembly, perceived his cock, at some distance, tied to a short stake, and a lad preparing to throw at him with a stick. Forward he rushed again, and stopped resolutely before his bird, to ward the blow with his own person, at the instant that the stick had taken its flight, and that all the people cry'd
out,

out, hold! hold! One end of the stick took Harry in the left shoulder, and bruised him sorely; but not regarding that, he instantly stooped, delivered his captive favourite, whipt him under his arm, caught up the stick, flourish'd it, as in defiance of all opponents, made homeward through the croud, and was followed by the acclamations of the whole assembly.

The old gentleman was standing before his court door when his favourite arrived all in a sweat; what's the matter, my dear, says he, what made you put yourself into such a heat? what cock is that you have under your arm? In answer to these several questions Harry ingenuously confessed the whole affair; and, when his patron with some warmth, cried, why, my love, did you venture your life for a silly cock? why did I? repeated the child, why Sir, because he loved me. The stranger then stepping back and gazing upon him with eyes of tender admiration; may heaven for ever bless thee, my little angel, he exclaimed, and continue to utter from thy lips the sentiments that it inspires. Then, catching him up in his arms, he bathed him with his tears, and almost stifled him with his caresses.

In a few days our hero was again restored by frequent fomentations to the use

of his arm; and his dada, as he called him, and he returned to their old recreations.

As Harry's ideas began to open and expand, he grew ambitious of greater power and knowledge. He wished for the strength of that bull, and for the swiftness of yonder horse: and, on the close of a solemn and serene summer's evening, while he and his patron walked in the garden, he wished for wings, that he might fly up and see what the sky, and the stars, and the rising moon were made of.

In order to reform this inordinacy of his desires, his patron addressed him in the following manner.

I will tell you a story, my Harry. On the other side of yonder hill there runs a mighty clear river, and in that river, on a time, there lived three silver trouts, the prettiest little fishes that any one ever saw. Now God took a great liking and love to these pretty silver trouts, and he let them want for nothing that such little fishes could have occasion for. But two of them grew sad and discontented; and the one wished for this thing, and the other wished for that thing, and neither of them could take pleasure in any thing that they had,
because

because they were always longing for something that they had not.

Now Harry, you must know that all this was very naughty in those two little trouts; for God had been exceedingly kind to them; he had given them every thing that was fittest for them; and he never grudged them any thing that was for their good; but, instead of thanking him for all his care and his kindness, they blamed him in their own minds for refusing them any thing that their silly fancies were set upon. In short, there was no end of their wishing, and longing, and quarrelling, in their hearts, for this thing and i'other.

At last, God was so provoked, that he resolved to punish their naughtiness by granting their desires, and to make the folly of those two little stubborn trouts an example to all the foolish fish in the whole world.

For this purpose, he called out to the three little silver trouts, and told them they should have whatever they wished for.

Now the eldest of these trouts was a very proud little fish, and wanted, forsooth, to be set up above all other little fishes. May it please your Greatness, says he, I must be free to tell you that I do not, at all, like the way in which you

have placed me. Here you have put me into a poor, narrow, and troublesome river, where I am straitened on the right side, and straitened on the left side, and can neither get down into the ground, nor up into the air, nor go where, nor do any one thing I have a mind to. I am not so blind, for all, but that I can see well enough, how mighty kind and bountiful you can be to others. There are your favourite little birds, who fly this way and that way, and mount up to the very heavens, and do whatever they please, and have every thing at command, because you have given them wings. Give me such wings also as you have given to them, and then I will have something for which I ought to thank you.

No sooner ask than have. He felt the wings he wished for growing from either side, and, in a minute, he spread them abroad, and rose out of the water. At first he felt a wonderful pleasure in finding himself able to fly. He mounted high into the air, above the very clouds, and he looked down with scorn on all the fishes in the world.

He now resolved to travel, and to take his diversion far and wide. He flew over rivers and meadows, and woods and mountains; till, growing faint with hunger
and

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and thirst, his wings began to fail him; and he thought it best to come down to get some refreshment.

The little fool did not consider that he was now in a strange country, and many a mile from the sweet river where he was born and bred, and had received all his nourishment. So, when he came down, he happened to alight among dry sands and rocks, where there was not a bit to eat, nor a drop of water to drink; and so there he lay faint and tired, and unable to rise, gasping and fluttering, and beating himself against the stones, till at length he died in great pain and misery.

Now the second silver trout, though he was not so high-minded as the first little proud trout, yet he did not want for conceit enough, and he was moreover a narrow-hearted and very selfish little trout, and provided he himself was snug and safe, he did not care what became of all the fishes in the world. So he says to God:

May it please your Honour. I don't wish, not I, for wings to fly out of the water, and to ramble into strange places, where I don't know what may become of me. I lived contented and happy enough till the other day, when, as I got under a cool bank from the heat of the sun, I
saw

saw a great rope coming down into the water, and it fastened itself, I don't know how, about the gills of a little fish that was basking beside me, and he was lifted out of the water, struggling and working in great pain, till he was carried, I know not where, quite out my sight: so, I thought in my own mind, that this evil, some time or other, may happen to myself, and my heart trembled within me, and I have been very sad and discontented ever since. Now, all I desire of you, is, that you would tell me the meaning of this, and of all the other dangers to which you have subjected us poor little mortal fishes; for then I shall have sense enough to take care of my own safety, and I am very well able to provide for my own living, I warrant you.

No sooner said than done. God immediately opened his understanding; and he knew the nature and meaning of snares, nets, hooks, and lines, and of all the dangers to which such little trouts could be liable.

At first he greatly rejoiced in this his knowledge; and he said to himself, now surely I shall be the happiest of all fishes; for, as I understand and am forewarned of every mischief that can come near me,
I'm

I'm sure I love myself too well not to keep out of harm's way.

From this time forward he took care not to go into any deep holes, for fear that a pike, or some other huge fish, might be there, who would make nothing of swallowing him up at one gulp. He also kept away from the shallow places, especially in hot weather, lest the sun should dry them up, and not leave him water enough to swim in. When he saw the shadow of a cloud coming and moving upon the river, aha! said he to himself, here are the fishermen with their nets, and immediately he got on one side and skulked under the banks, where he kept trembling in his skin till the cloud was past. Again, when he saw a fly skimming on the water, or a worm coming down the stream, he did not dare to bite, however hungry he might be; no, no, said he to them, my honest friends, I am not such a fool as that comes to neither; go your ways and tempt those who know no better, who are not aware that you may serve as baits to some treacherous hook, that lies hid for the destruction of those ignorant and silly trouts that are not on their guard.

Thus this over-careful trout kept himself in continual frights and alarms, and could

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could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep in peace, lest some mischief should be at hand, or that he might be taken napping. He daily grew poorer and poorer, and sadder and sadder, for he pined away with hunger, and fighed himself to skin and bone; till, wasted almost to nothing with care and melancholy, he at last died, for fear of dying, the most miserable of all deaths.

Now when God came to the youngest silver trout, and asked him what he wished for. Alas (said this darling little trout) you know, may it please your worship, that I am but a very foolish and good for nothing little fish; and I don't know, not I, what is good for me or what is bad for me; and I wonder how I came to be worth bringing into the world, or what you could see in me to take any thought about me. But, if I must wish for something, it is that you would do with me whatsoever you think best; and that I should be pleased to live or die, even just as you would have me.

Now, as soon as this precious trout made this prayer in his good and his humble little heart, God took such a liking and a love to him, as the like was never known. And God found it in his own heart, that he could not but take great care

care of this sweet little trout, who had trusted himself so wholly to his love and good pleasure, and God went wheresoever he went, and was always with him and about him, and was to him as a father and friend and companion; and he put contentment into his mind and joy into his heart; and so this little trout slept always in peace, and wakened in gladness; and whether he was full or hungry, or whatever happened to him, he was still pleas'd and thankful; and he was the happiest of all fishes that ever swam in any water.

Harry at the close of this fable, looked down and grew thoughtful, and his patron left him to himself to ruminate on what he had heard. Now Harry had often heard talk of God, and had some general though confused notions of his power.

The next day he requested his patron to repeat the story of the Three little silver Trouts. When he had ended, Dada, says Harry, I believe I begin to guess a little at what you mean. You wou'dn't have me wish for any thing, but leave every thing to God; and, if I thought that God loved me, half as well as you love me, I would leave every thing to himself, like the good little trout. He does,
my

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my Harry, he loves you a thousand times better than I love you, nay a thousand times better than you love yourself. God is all love; it is he who made every thing, and he loves every thing that he has made. Ay, but Dada, I can't, for the heart of me, help pitying the two poor little naughty trouts. If God loves every thing, why did he make any thing to die? You begin to think too deeply, Harry; we will speak more of these matters another time. For the present, let it suffice to know that, as he can kill, he can also make alive again, at his own pleasure.

Harry had now remained about twelve months with his patron, when it was intimated to the earl and his lady, that the dumb man had taken a fancy to their child, and, that he was almost constantly resident at his house. Alarmed at this news, and apprehending that this man might be some impostor or kidnapper, they once more sent orders to the nurse to bring the boy home.

Nurse ran in a hurry to the stranger's, and having informed him of the necessity she was under to take away the child, many mutual tears were shed at parting; but Harry was the sooner pacified when nurse told him that it was but for a short visit, as before.

When

When they came to the castle, there was no company in the parlour, but the earl and his lady, with lord Richard and some other masters of quality, about his age and size. Harry, however, looked about with a brow of disgust; and, when my lady desired him to come and kiss her, maybe you'll whip me, he answer'd sullenly; No, she replied, if you don't strike your brother Dicky any more. I won't beat him, says Harry, if he won't beat mammy. Come then and kiss me, my dear, said my lady; whereon Harry advanced with a slow caution, and held up his little mouth to receive her salute. He was then kissed by his father, his brother, and the little masters, and all things promised future reconciliation and amity.

A number of glittering toys were then presented to Harry on all sides; he received them, indeed, in good part, but laid them all aside again as things of whose use he yet was not wise enough to be apprehensive.



FRIEND. Is it not too early for your hero to shew a contempt of toys?

AUTHOR. My lady, as you will see, imputed it to his folly, not to his philosophy.

FR. But children have a natural fondness for fine things.

AUT. How so, is there a natural value in them?

FR. No. But —

AUT. Education, indeed, has made the fondness next to natural. The coral and bells teach infants on the breast to be delighted with sound and glitter. Has the child of an inhabitant of Monomotapa a natural fondness for garbage?

FR. I think not.

AUT. But when he is instructed to prize them, and sees that it is the fashion to be adorned with such things, he prefers them to the glister of gold and pearl. Tell me, was it the folly, or philosophy, of the Cock in the fable, that spurned the diamond and wished for the barley-corn?

FR. The moral says it was his folly, that did not know how to make a right estimate of things.

AUT. A wiser moral would say it was his philosophy, that did know how to make a right estimate of things; for, of what use could the diamond be to the cock? In the age of acorns, antecedent to Ceres and the royal ploughman Triptolemus, a single barley-corn had been of more value to mankind, than all the diamonds that glowed in the mines of India.

FR.

FR. You see, however, that age, reflection, and philosophy, can hardly wean people from their early fondness for shew.

AUT. I see, on the contrary, that the older they grow, and the wiser they think themselves, the more they become attached to trifles. What would you think of a sage minister of state, who should make it the utmost height of his wishes and ambition to be mounted on a hobby-horse?

FR. You can't be serious, for the soul of you.

AUT. It has been seriously, and truly, and literally the fact; for Haman being asked, by the greatest monarch upon earth, what should be done most desirable for the man whom the king delighted to honour? he answered, (in the persuasion that he himself was the person) " Let the royal
 " apparel be brought, and let him be ar-
 " rayed therewith, and let him be put up-
 " on the horse that the king useth to ride,
 " and let him be brought through the
 " street, and have it proclaimed before
 " him, thus shall it be done to the man
 " whom the king delighteth to honour."
 What shall we say here? could the sage and ambitious Haman think of nothing better than what would have suited the request of a child of five years old? Or was it that the emperor of Asia, of this world

world itself, had nothing more valuable to bestow than a fine coat and a hobby-horse?

FR. How many volumes do you expect this work will contain?

AUT. Sir, a book may be compared to the life of your neighbour. If it be good, it cannot last too long; if bad, you cannot get rid of it too early.

FR. But, how long, I say, do you propose to make your story?

AUT. My good friend, the reader may make it as short as he pleases.



C H A P. III.

MY lady piqued thereat, told the earl that she resolved once more to prove the wits of the youngster in breeches; and whispering to Dicky, he immediately went out and took with him his companions. Soon after, Dick returns without his shoes, but with a pitiful face, and cries, Brother Harry, I want a pair of shoes sadly, will you give me yours? Yes, I will, said Harry, and instantly strips and presents them to him. Then entered another boy and demanded his stockings, in the like petitioning manner;

ner; another begg'd his hat, another his coat, another his waistcoat, all of which he bestow'd without hesitation; but, when the last boy came in and petitioned for his shirt; no, I won't, said Harry, a little moody, I want a shirt myself. My lady then exclaimed, upon my conscience, there is but the thickness of a bit of linen between this child and a downright fool. But my lord rose up, took Harry in his arms, and having tenderly embraced him, God bless thee, my boy, he cried, and make thee an honour to Old England.

Dinner, soon after, was ordered up, and Harry permitted his nurse to retire peaceably to the kitchen, during the interval, as he and all the masters were then on terms of amity.

My lady placed Harry next herself at table, but no peer ever paid such a price at Pontac's, as our distressed hero did that day for his ordinary: for he must sit up just so, and hold his knife and fork just so, and cut his meat, and open his mouth, and swallow his victuals just so and so and so. And then, between every two words, there was to be so many my lords and my ladies, and I thank you sir, and I thank you madam, and master this, and master that, that poor Harry, no longer able to contain

contain himself, cried, I wish I was with my mammy in the kitchen.

After dinner the children were set to questions and commands; but here our hero was beaten hollow, as he was afterward at draw-glove and shuffle the slipper. They next came to hot-cockles, and Harry, being first down, had his left hand well warmed for near a quarter of an hour, till, more by good luck than any good policy, he fixed upon a delicate little gentleman, the son and heir of lord and lady Toilet, who lay down accordingly; when Harry, endeavouring to sum all the favours he had received in one payment, gave master such a whirrick, that his cries instantly sounded the ne plus ultra to such kind of diversions. But Harry being chidden for his rudeness and obliged to ask pardon, all was soon whole again.

Now throughout these several amusements, though this group of little quality behaved themselves with great good manners towards our hero, yet, as my lady's judgment of his intellects became current through the country, and that all took him to be little removed from a natural; these small gentry also held him in the lowest contempt, and gave themselves secret credit for the decency of their conduct in his behalf.

Two or three of them, however, having maliciously contrived to set him in a ridiculous light, prevailed upon his brother to join in the plot. They accordingly proposed a play, wherein Harry was enjoined to stand in the centre for so many minutes, without motion or resentment, let his companions do what they would about him.

Our hero, consequently, fixed himself to a posture and countenance altogether determined. The attack instantly began; some grinned, some pointed, some jeered and flouted at him, some twitched him by the hair, some pinched him by the breech, one tweaked him by the nose, and another spirted water full in his face; but Harry bore all with the firmness and resignation of a stoic philosopher; till my lady, quite impatient, cried out, did you ever see the like; such a stock of a child, such a statue? why he has no kind of feeling, either of body or mind.

While she was pronouncing these words, young Skinker, eldest son to a wealthy squire, a chubbed unlucky boy about the age of lord Richard, put one hand within the other and desired Harry to strike thereon, which he did accordingly; but, feeling unusual smart, and fired at the treachery that he, justly, conceived was in the case, Harry gave him such a sudden

fell in the temple as drove him staggering backward several steps. Skinker, wholly enraged, and conscious of superior strength, immediately returned, and with all his might gave Harry a stroke on the head, which compliment he returned by a punch in the eye as rapid as lightning. All the boys stood aloof and amazed at the combat. My lady vehemently cried out to part them; but my lord rose, and peremptorily commanded fair play. Mean while, young Skinker, wholly desperate to be foiled by one so much his inferior in strength and understanding, flew on Harry like a fury, and fastened the nails of both his hands in his face, from which gripe our hero as quickly disengaged himself, by darting his head into the nose and mouth of his adversary, who was instantly covered with blood, though his passion would not permit him to attend to the pain; for, exerting his last effort, he closed in on our little champion, and determined, at once, to finish the combat, by lifting and dashing him against the ground; but Harry finding himself going, nimbly put one foot behind, and hit Skinker in the ham, and, at the same time pushing forward, with all his force, prone fell the unfortunate Skinker precipitated by the double weight of himself and his antagonist,

tagonist, and his head rebounded against the floor, while up sprung Harry, and with a rising dunt in the stomach, put a period to the fray.

All dismay'd, and, wholly discomforted, Skinker slowly arose, and began to puke and cry most piteously. His companions then gathered about him, and, compassionating his plight, turned an eye of indignation upon the victor; all promiscuously exclaimed, O fie, master Harry, I'm quite ashamed, master Harry, you gave the first blow; it was you that gave the first blow, master Harry; to all which reproaches, Harry surlily replied, if I gave first blow he gave first hurt.

Come, come, said my Lord, there must be something more in this affair than we are yet acquainted with. Come hither master Skinker, tell me the truth, my dear, what was it you did to Harry that provoked him to strike you! Indeed, Sir, said Skinker, I did not intend to hurt him so much. When I gave him one hand to strike, I held a pin, within side in the other, but the pin run up further than I thought for. Go, go, said my lord, you deserve what you have got. You are an ill-hearted boy, and shall not come here to play any more.

My lady then called Harry, desired to look at his hand, and found the palm covered with blood. This she washed away, and, having found the wound, she put a small bit of black sticking silk to the orifice; and Harry instantly held himself as found a man as ever.

It was then, that instead of exulting or crowing over his adversary, he began to relax into melancholy and dejection, and sideling over toward Skinker, and, looking wistfully in his face, if, said Harry, with a trembling lip, if you will kiss and friends with me, I'll never beat you any more. To this overture Skinker was, with a fullen reluctance, persuaded by his companions; and from that moment, the victor began to gain ground in the heart and good graces both of father and mother.

Night now approached, the candles were lighted up, and the children took a short and slight repast. Master Dicky then, privately whispering to his mamma, desired her not to be frightened at what she might see, and immediately withdrew. In a short time he returned, and gathering all his little companions into a group, in the centre of the parlour, held them a while in chat: when, O tremendous! a back door flew open, and, in glided a
 most

most terrifying and horrible apparition; the body and limbs, from the neck downwards, were all wrapt in a winding sheet; and the head, tho' fear could not attend to its form, appeared wholly illuminated with flames that glared thro' the eyes, mouth and nostrils.

At sight hereof, master Dicky, appearing the first to be frightened, screamed out, and ran behind his mamma's chair, as it were for protection; the panic grew instantly contagious, and all this host of little gentry, who were, thereafter, to form our senates, and to lead our armies, ran, shrieking and shivering, to hide themselves in holes and to tremble in corners.

Our hero, alone, stood undaunted, tho' concerned; and, like an astronomer who, with equal dread and attention, contemplates some sudden phenomenon in the heavens, which he apprehends to be sent as an ensign or forerunner to the fall of mighty states, or dispeopling of nations, so Harry, with bent and apprehensive brows, beheld and considered the approaching spectre.

He had never heard nor formed any idea of ghosts or hobgoblins, he therefore stood to deliberate what he had to fear from it. It still advanced upon him, nor had he yet budged. When his brother

cried out, from behind my lady's chair, beat it, Harry, beat it. On the instant, Harry flew back to the corner next the hall, and catching up his staff, the trophy of Shrove Tuesday, he return'd upon the spectre, and, aiming a noble blow at the illuminated sconce, he, at once, smash'd the outward lanthorn; drove the candle, flame and all, into the mouth of him who held it; and open'd his upper lip from the nose to the teeth. Out spouted the blood as from a spiggot. The ghost clapped all the hands that he had to his mouth, and slunk away to shew to his friends in the kitchen, how he had been baffled and mauled by an infant of seven summers.

Heav'n preserve us, cried my lady, we shall have nothing but broils and bloodshed in the house while this child is among us. Indeed, my dear, replied the earl, if there was any thing more than mere accident in this business, it was the fault of your favourite Dicky, who desired the boy to strike.

By this time, the little gentry came, all from their lurking holes, though yet pale and unassured. And, whatever contempt they might have for the intellects of Harry, they had, now, a very sincere veneration for his prowess.

Bed

Bed time now approaching, and all being again settled. Harry, says my lord, you have been a very good boy to day, and have joined with your companions in all their little plays, Now, if you have any plays to shew them I am sure they will have the good manners to do as you desire. What say you Harry, have you any play to shew them? Yes, Sir, said Harry, I have a many of them; there's first, leap frog, and thrush a thrush. To it, then, Harry, says my lord, and pray, all you little gentlemen, do you observe his directions.

No sooner said than done. Harry took his companions, one by one, and, causing them to stoop, with their heads toward the ground in a long line, and at certain distances each before t'other, he returned to the tail, and taking the advantage of a short run to quicken his motion, he laid his hands on the rump of the hindmost, and vaulting lightly over him, he, with amazing rapidity, flew along the whole line, clearing a man, at ev'ry motion, till he alighted before the foremost, and down he popt in the posture of those behind.

My lady, in utter astonishment, lifting up her hands and eyes, exclaim'd, O the fine creature, O the graceful creature! if

SO THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

there was but a mind to match that body, there would not be such another boy in the universe.

Lord Richard, being now hindmost, was the next who adventured, and, with action enough, clear'd his two first men; but then having lost the advantage of his run, and his foreman being of more than ordinary size, he first stuck upon his rump, and, pitching thence, broke his forehead against the floor. He got up however with a pleasant countenance, and, running along side the line, set himself in his former posture before his brother. The hindmost then, and then the next, and the next, and so onward, took their turns, in succession, without any better success. The one bruised his shoulder, another sprained his finger, another bumped his head, another broke his nose, &c. &c. So that, in less than five minutes, my lady had got an hospital of her own, though not altogether consisting of incurables.

Now, spirits and vinegar, brown paper, black plaister, &c. were called for in a hurry, and, the several stupes and dressings being skilfully applied, the children were ordered to their respective beds, and nurse was prevailed upon to continue with Harry, till he should be reconciled to his new friends and associates.

Now

Now Harry was become a favourite, especially among the servants, who, in a manner, adored him, since the adventure of the box and the hobgoblin.



FRIEND. Hobgoblin.—In good time—nothing amazes me, so much, as the terrifying apprehensions that the world, from the beginning, has universally entertained of ghosts and spectres.

AUTHOR. Do you fear them?

FR. No—I can't say—not much—something of this formerly. I should not like, even now, to lie alone, in a remote chamber of a ruinous castle said to be haunted, and have my curtains, at midnight, opened suddenly upon me by a death's-head and bloody-bones. All nonsense, I know it; the early prejudices of a dastardly fancy—I fear, while I am convinced there is nothing to be feared.—Do you think there is any such thing in nature as a spirit?

AUT. I know not that there is any such thing, in nature, as matter.

FR. Not know there is any such thing as matter?—You love to puzzle—to throw lets into the road of common sense.—What else do you know? From what else can you form any kind of idea?

AUT. The room is warm enough, more heat is needless.—I know that thoughts and conceptions are raised in my mind ; but, how they are raised, or that they are adequate images of things supposed to be represented, I know not. What if this something, or this nothing, called matter, should be a shadow, a vacuum, in respect of spirit, wholly resistless to it and pervadeable by it? Or what if it be no other than a various manifestation of the several good and evil qualities of spirit? If one infinite spirit, as is said, fills the universe, all other existence must be but as the space wherein he essentially abides and exists ; indeed, they could not be produced, or continued for a moment, but by his existing omnipotently, indivisibly, entirely, in and throughout every part.

FR. This is new, very new—but I will not batter my brains against your castle — According to your thesis, when a man is apprehensive of a spirit or spectre, it is not of shadows but of substances that he is afraid.

AUT. Certainly ; his principal apprehension arises from his believing it more sufficient, more powerful, and more formidable than himself.

FR.

FR. Excuse me, there are more tremendous reasons. On the supposition of an engagement, those sort of invisible gentry have many advantages over us. They give a man no manner of fair play. They have you here, and have you there, and your best watch and ward is no better than fencing against an invisible flail.— But, seriously, do you think we have any innate fears of these matters ?

AUT. All our fears arise from the sense of our own weakness, and of the power and inclination that others may have to hurt us.

FR. If our horror of apparitions is not innate, how comes it to pass, that soldiers ; that general officers, who dare all other danger, that Heroes who, like Brutus, have given death to themselves, or who have been led to execution without a changing cheek, have yet dreaded to lie alone, or to be left in the dark ?

AUT. We all see that a spirit has vast power. Nothing else in truth can have any power at all. We perceive, by ourselves and others, with what ease it can act upon what we call matter ; how it moves, how it lifts it. Perhaps, were our spirits detached from this distempered prison, to which the degeneracy of our fallen nature has confined them, they

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might more easily whirl a mountain thro' the Atmosphere, than they can now cast a pebble into the air. The consideration of this power, when joined to malevolence, as is generally the case, becomes very tremendous. The stories told by nurses and gossips about a Winter's fire, when the young auditors crouch closer and closer together, and dare not look about for fear of what may be behind them, leave impressions that no subsequent reason or religion can efface. The ideas of an apparition, on these occasions, are connected with all the horror, of which infant imaginations can be susceptible; fangs, horns, a threatening mien, saucer eyes, a flaming breath, and a deadly aspect. When children are told of fairies, who carry off people to dwell with them under ground, and of evil spirits who snatch away soul and body, together, to be their associates in regions of darkness and woe, the fear of such evils greatly surpasses those of death, as it weds misery to existence beyond the grave.—On the contrary side. Had spirits been originally represented to infants as beings of an amiable appearance, and as guardians benevolent and beneficent to man; had they further deigned to visit us under such representations, and, had we experienced

the

the advantage of their instructions and good offices, we should have met them with transport, and have parted with regret.

FR. I observe that, as our female antiquarians drop off, our faith in spectres perceptibly decays. We have not the fiftieth story either propagated or believed, that was credited as gospel when I was a boy. What think you, is it for, or against religion, that such fables should get footing among mankind?

AVT. I never could think it for the interest of religion that the providence of God should be elbowed, as it were, quite out of the world by a system of dæmonism. On the other hand, I take the Devil to be a personage of much more prudence than to frighten his favourites from him by assuming such horrid and disgusting appearances. He rather chuses to lurk behind temptation, in the allurement of beauty, the deceitfulness of smiles, the glozing of compliments, in revel and banquetting, in titles and honours, in the glitter of ornament, and in the pomp of state. When God sends his spirits on messages to man, there is a meaning of importance in the errand. Such was that of his Angel to Manoah for the delivery of a people; and to Zacharias and the blessed

bleſſed Virgin for the redemption of human kind. But, when the Devil is ſaid to ſend his emiſſaries throughout the earth, on what errands does this arch-politician employ them? Even ſuch as could ſuit no other than a dunce or a driveller. I never yet heard of one of theſe miſſions that could be conſtrued to any intention of cunning or common ſenſe. I therefore hold the legends of his ghofly viſitation to be altogether apocryphal.

FR. Every man of common ſenſe muſt be of the ſame opinion. And yet, have you known any perſon wholly free from ſuch prejudices, who made no diſtinction, on this fantaſtical article, between darkneſs and mid-day, between a lonely charnel houſe and a full aſſembly?

AUT. I have; but they were men of exceeding ſtrong nerves; as alſo of exceeding clear or exceeding callous conſciences, which, coming from oppoſite points, equally met for the ſame purpoſe on this occaſion.

Two travellers, the one a man of piety, the other a profligate, met at a country inn juſt as night came upon them. It was Hialontide Eve, the ſeaſon, in thoſe days, wherein the devils were ſaid to keep high carnival, and when all the inhabitants of the viſionary regions were ſuppoſed to
revel

revel and range throughout the earth at pleasure.

For want of better company our travellers made up an acquaintance, and further cemented it by a jugg of good liquor. The night was dark. The girls of the house had new wash'd their smocks, to be hung to the fire, and turn'd by the ghostly resemblances of their sweethearts; and the conversation, in the kitchen, ran on many an authentic narrative of spectres, and, particularly, on the man in gibbets who hung by the road, and who was reported, between twelve and one at midnight, to descend from the gallows, and take just three turns about the old barn.

Do you believe any of this droll stuff, said the profligate. I know not what to think, answered his pious companion, I find all the world in the same story, and yet, as the saying is, I never saw any thing more frightful than myself. As for my share, said the profligate, I think I shouldn't fear the great Devil himself; and indeed I should be glad to have a little chat with the old gentleman. Stout as you are, rejoined his companion, I will lay you a bet of five crowns that you dare not warm a porringer of broth, and go, and offer it without there, to the man in gibbets. I will depend on your honour
for

for performance of articles. 'Tis done, cried the other; the betts were produced, and respectively deposited in the hands of my landlady.

Our pious traveller, who now began to be alarmed for his wager, stole silyly out, while his companion was busied in heating the broth. He made up to the place where the deceased malefactor was taking the fresh air. The gallows was low, and, by the advantage of a bank behind and his own agility, he leaped up and fastened his arms about the shoulders of the corpse, so that they both appeared but as one body.

He had just fixed himself to his mind, when, up comes his companion with the porringer and a stool. He directly mounted the stool, and, reaching up a spoonful of broth to the mouth of the dead, with a firm and bold voice he cried, sup man! why don't you sup?

Scarce had these words been uttered, when, fearful to hear! with a tone deep as Hell and dismal as the grave, the man in gibbets replied——It i—is too ho—t. And damn you, why don't you blow it then? rejoined the other.

FR. My nerves will not admit of this for fact. The tale indeed is good, though such an instance of intrepidity in any mortal

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the more. Fool's head ! repeated my lord, upon my soul, the child has more sense than half our nobility.

Harry had been, now, near a month with his parents, and, as his nurse had not yet parted, he was tolerably amenable to quality government. However, he pined in the absence of his dada, as he called him, and daily importuned my lord and lady to be permitted to go and see him. For, as Harry's heart told him that his bearded dada loved him better than all the world, so Harry loved him better than three worlds ; for, he was ever desirous of going three times as far, in affection and good offices, as any one went for him.

At length, he obtained consent, and was conducted, by his nurse, in all his finery, on a visit to his dear dada.

Their meeting was accompanied by tears of joy on both sides ; when the old gentleman, struck with concern at the garb in which he saw his darling, cried out, and who, my dear, put this fool's coat upon my child ? Fool's coat, Sir, says Harry ; yes, my love, it is worse than all that ; they were very naughty doctors who have endeavoured to poison my boy. There is not a bit, of all this lace and ruffling,

ruffing, that is not full of rank poisons. I will tell you a story my Harry.

There was, once upon a time, a very good and a very clever boy called Hercules. As he grew up, beside his prayers and his book, he was taught to run, and leap; to ride, wrestle, and cudgel; and tho' he was able to beat all the boys in the parish, he never used to hurt or quarrel with any of them. He did not matter cold, nor hunger, nor what he eat, nor what he drank; nor how, nor where he lay; and he went always dressed in the skin of a wild beast, that could bear all winds and weathers, and that he could put on or off at pleasure, for he knew that his dress was no part of himself, and could neither add to him, nor take away any thing from him.

When this brave boy came to man's estate, he went about the world, doing good in all places; helping the weak, and feeding the hungry, and cloathing the naked, and comforting those that cried, and beating all those that did hurt or wrong to others; and all good people loved him with their whole hearts, and all naughty people feared him terribly.

But, O sad and dismal! a lady, whom he had saved from great hurt and shame, made him a present of a new coat, which
was

was called a shirt, in those days, as they wore it next the skin. And now, my Harry, take notice. The lady had covered his coat, all over, with laces, and with ruffings, and with beads of glass, and such other fooleries; so that poor Hercules, looked just as fine, as you do now. And he turned him to this side, and he turned him to that side, and he began to think more and better of himself, because he had got this fool's coat upon him. And the poison of it entered into his body and into his mind, and brought weakness and distempers upon the one and the other. And he grew so fond of it that he could not bear to have it put off. For he thought that, to part with it, would be to part with his flesh from his bones. Neither would he venture out in the rain, any more; nor box nor wrestle with any body, for fear of spoiling his fine coat. So that in time, he lost the love and the praises of every body; and all people scorned him, and pointed at him for a fool and a coxcomb, as he went by.

For some time, after the old gentleman had finished his story, the child continued to gaze up at him, with fixed eyes and open mouth, as fearful of losing any syllable that he might utter. 'Till, recollecting

lecting himself, he cried out, O, this is a very sad case, indeed; I wish my coat was burnt, so I do, but don't fear for me dada. Why, how then Harry? replied his patron. Why, I may find a trick, for all this, dada; I warrant you never see me in this ugly coat again.

After this and some other instructions and mutual endearments, nurse press'd to be gone; and these two fond friends were compelled to sunder, with a promise, on Harry's part, of a speedy return.

For some time after his arrival at the mansion house, Harry appeared thoughtful, and greatly dejected, which they ascribed to his parting with his old friend; but Harry had schemes in his head that they were little able to fathom or guess at. Having peeped about, for some time, he found a knife, in a window, which he instantly seized upon, and then stole up with all possible privacy, to his apartment.

There he stript himself, in a hurry, and, falling as quickly to work, began to cut and rip and rend away the lacings of his suit, without sparing cloth or seam. While he was thus in the heat and very middle of his business, he heard himself repeatedly called on the stairs, and hurrying on his cloaths, to obey the summons, he ran

ran down to the parlour with half the trimmings hanging in geometry, fritters, and tatters about him.

The droll, and very extraordinary figure that he cut, struck all the company into utter amazement. Having gazed on him, for some time, in a kind of silent stupor, Why Harry, cries my lady, what's all this for? Who abused you, my child, who put you in this pickle? Come hither and tell me, who spoiled your cloaths? I did, madam. You did, firrah, cried my lady, giving him a shake, and how dare you spoil them? Why, because they wanted to spoil me, said Harry. And who told you they would spoil you, firrah? I won't tell, said Harry. I'll lay a wager, cried my lady, it was that old rogue with the beard; but I'll have him whipt for a fool and a knave out of the parish. Pray, my dear, be patient a little, said his lordship. Come here, Harry, and tell me the truth, stoutly; and no harm shall happen to you or your dada with the beard. Come, speak, what fault did he find with your cloaths? Why, Sir, he said, as how they would poison me. Poison you, my dear; pray how was that? Why, Sir, he told me as how there was a little master, call'd Herclus, and as how he was a mighty good boy, and was cold and hungry, and almost

almost naked, and did not matter, so as who he could do good to every body; and as how every body loved him with all their heart. And then, he told me, as how he got a mighty fine coat, and looked here and looked there, and minded nothing but his coat; and as how his coat poison'd him, and would not let him do any more good, and as how all the boys then hated him, and piss'd upon him, Sir—and as how—I be-lieve, that's all, Sir—

Here my lord and lady took such a chink of laughing, that it was some time before they could recover; while Harry looked abashed and disconcerted. But my lord, recollecting himself, took the child on his knee, and warmly pressing him to his bosom, I must tell you, my Harry, said he, as how you are a mighty good boy, and as how your dada with a beard is a mighty good dada, and has told you all that is right and true. And that I will go, myself, one of these days, and thank him in person. Thank you, Sir, says Harry.

Well, Harry, said my lord, I promise that no one shall poison you any more, with my consent. Whereupon another new suit was immediately appointed, of a kind that should fear no weather, nor, in case of dirt or damage, draw upon Har-

ry

ry the resentment or admonitions of his mama.

Just as dinner was served up, Mr. Meekly entered and took his seat. He came in order to conciliate a late difference between the earl and Sir Standish Stately; and in this he found no manner of difficulty, as my lord was, by nature, of a kindly disposition, and required no more than a first advance to be reconciled to any man.

During the entertainment, Harry kept his eyes fixed on Mr. Meekly; and, as soon as the cloth was off, he rose, went over to him, looked fondly in his face, and took hold of his hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

Mr. Meekly, said my lord, my son Harry pays you a very particular and very deserved compliment; he puts me in mind of that sort of instinct, by which a strange dog is always sure to discover, and to apply to the most benevolent person at table. Indeed, my lord, said Mr. Meekly, (caressing the child) I know not, whether by instinct, or by what other name to call my own feelings; but certain it is that, the first moment I saw him, in his little peasant petticoats, I found my heart strongly affected toward him.

In a short time my lady retired, with the children, and left the Earl and Mr. Meekly over a temperate bottle. Mr. Meekly, said my lord, (taking him cordially by the hand) I rejoice at the advantage of our late acquaintance, or rather I repine that it was not earlier. I am greatly interested, Sir, in asking you a few questions, if I thought I might do it without offence. Are you any way straitened in your circumstances?—No, my lord,—But, would you not wish them more affluent? would you not wish that your power of doing good were more extensive, more answerable to the benevolence of your own inclinations?—I cannot say that I would, my lord. I have upward of seven hundred a year clear income; and that is fourteen times more than I have occasion to expend.—It would be indelicate, replied the earl, very indelicate to own that I am sorry for your prosperity; and yet I feel that I should have been happy in your distress, in the power it would have given me to serve, to oblige you. I want a friend, I want just such a friend as Mr. Meekly, and I know of no price at which I would not gladly purchase him.—My lord, I am yours, freely, affectionately yours, without fee or condition. Sir, rejoined my

lord, as I find that I cannot make out a title to your particular attachment, I am content to be taken into the general circle of your benevolence.

The world, Mr. Meekly, think me the happiest of men; bless'd in my family, in my friends; with health, honours, affluence; with the power of gratifying every wish that human fancy can form! but alas! my sensations are very far from affirming their judgment of these matters; and I well deserve your advice, your consolation, if you can afford it, by unbosoming myself to you without reserve.

When I reflect on my past life, I look on many parts of it with repentance, and on the whole with regret. Not that I wish the return of pleasures that I now despise, or of years spent in a manner that virtue and common sense must equally disapprove; but I am arrived at my evening of life, like a sportsman who, having been in pursuit of game all the day, returns homeward, sorrowful, fatigued, and disappointed. With every advantage that could gratify either my vanity or my appetites, I cannot affirm that I ever tasted of true enjoyment; and I now well perceive that I was kept from being miserable, merely by amusement and dissipation.

As

As I had the misfortune to be born to title and a vast estate, all people respected, in me, the possession of those objects which they themselves were in pursuit of. I was consequently beset with sycophants and deceivers of all sorts, and thereby, trained from my infancy, to unavoidable prejudices, errors, and false estimates of every thing. I was not naturally ill-disposed, but I was perpetually seduced from all my better tendencies.

Both my parents died, before I arrived at those years wherein our laws allow of any title to discretion. I had but one brother. O that dear brother, how many sighs he has cost me! I was older than him by about seven years, and this disparity of our age, together with the elevating notion of my birthright, gave me the authoritative airs of a father, without a father's tenderness toward him. This mutually prevented that cordiality, that sympathy, as I may say, by which brothers should be cemented during their minority. And, when our guardian, as I then judged, had so far betrayed his trust, as to bind my brother apprentice to a trader, and thereby to deprive him of all title to gentility; I looked upon him as a branch cut off from the family-tree, and, as my thoughts about him were accom-

panied by coldness or disgust, I forbore to make any enquiry concerning him.

I am apt to think, however, that he was not equally unnatural on his part; but, hearing of the dissolute life I led on my return from travel, he might justly deem me unworthy of his acquaintance or notice.

During the time of my intimacy with his late majesty and the ministers of his pleasures and policy, a servant brought me word that a gentleman, attended by a number of the principal citizens, waited for me in my anti-chamber; whereupon I gave orders for their immediate introduction.

On their entrance, I was awfully struck with the presence of their principal, with the elegance of his figure, the nobleness of his aspect, and ease of his address, and I felt myself drawn to him by a sudden kind of instinctive attachment.

My lord, says he, we come to wait upon you in the name of the very respectable body of the citizens of London; some infringements have been lately made on their city-charter, and their first application is to your lordship, as they wish, above all others, to be obliged to you for their redress.

They

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They have been very discreet, said I, in their choice of an advocate. Their demands must be exorbitant, if they fail of success while you are their solicitor.

This paper, proceeded he, contains a clear detail of their rights and the encroachments that have been made thereon. They are sensible of your lordship's interest with his majesty and the ministry, and they humbly petition for your favour and happy influence in their behalf.

Without papers, I replied, or any inducement save that of your own request, let me but know what I am to do, and I shall think myself truly honoured and obliged by your commands.

My lord, he rejoined, I do not wish to betray you into any mistaken or unmerited complaisance. I am but a trader, a citizen of the lower order.

I now felt myself blush with shame and disappointment; I resented my being deceived by the dignity of his appearance; and I was more particularly piqued by the sarcastical kind of smile with which he closed his declaration. All confused, I looked down, and pretended to cast my eye over the paper, in order to gain time for recollection. Having, at intervals, muttered a few words, such as charters, grants, privileges, immunities, and so

forth, I am not, said I, an enemy to the lower ranks of men; poor people must live, and their service, as well as subordination is necessary to society; but I confess I was always fond of those sumptuary laws that confined the degrees of men to their respective departments, and prevented mechanics from confounding themselves with gentlemen.

My lord, says he, with the most easy and provoking unconcern, when you shall be pleased to look down from the superiority of your station, and to consider things and persons according to their merits, you will not despise some, merely for being of use to others. The wealth, prosperity, and importance of all this world is founded and erected on three living pillars, the TILLER of the ground, the MANUFACTURER and the MERCHANT. Of these, the tiller is supposed to be the least respectable, as he requires the least of genius, invention, or address; and yet the plowman Triptolemus was worshipped as a god; and the plowman Cincinnatus is still held in as high esteem as any peer of any realm, save that of Great-Britain.

I have known, said I, a mob of such gods and dictators somewhat dangerous at times. I must be free to tell you, mister,

ter, that matters are much changed since princesses kept sheep, and the sons of kings were cow-herds. The ranks and orders of men are now appointed and known, and one department must not presume to break in upon the other. My baker, barber, brewer, butcher, hatter, hosier, and taylor, are, unquestionably, of use, though I have not the honour of being acquainted with one of them: and, hitherto, I have deemed it sufficient to send my servants to entertain and pay them their bills, without admitting them to a tête a tête, as at present.

He now rejoined, with a little warmth, My lord, we pardon your indelicacy, in consideration of your error. The venerable body, now present, might be admitted to a tête a tête with the first estate of this kingdom, without any condescension on the part of majesty. And, would you allow yourself to be duly informed, I should soon make you sensible that we have actually done you the honour which we intended by this visit.

Permit me to repeat that the wealth, prosperity, and importance of every thing upon earth arises from the TILLER, the MANUFACTURER and the MERCHANT; and that, as nothing is truly estimable, save in proportion to its utility, these are,

consequently, very far from being contemptible characters. The tiller supplies the manufacturer, the manufacturer supplies the merchant, and the merchant supplies the world with all its wealth. It is thus that industry is promoted, arts invented and improved, commerce extended, superfluities mutually vended, wants mutually supplied, that each man becomes a useful member of society, that societies become further of advantage to each other, and that states are enabled to pay and dignify their upper servants with titles, rich revenues, principalities and crowns.

The merchant, above all, is extensive, considerable, and respectable by his occupation. It is he who furnishes every comfort, convenience, and elegance of life; who carries off every redundance, who fills up every want; who ties country to country, and clime to clime, and brings the remotest regions to neighbourhood and converse; who makes man to be literally the lord of the creation, and gives him an interest in whatever is done upon earth; who furnishes to each the product of all lands, and the labours of all nations; and thus knits into one family and weaves into one web the affinity and brotherhood of all mankind.

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I have no quarrel, I cried, to the high and mighty my lords the merchants, if each could be humbly content with the profits of his profession, without forming themselves into companies, exclusive of their brethren, our itinerant merchants and pedlars. I confess myself an enemy to the monopolies of your charter'd companies and city corporations; and I can perceive no evil consequence to the public or the state, if all such associations were this instant dissolved.

Permit me, he mildly replied, once for all, to set your lordship right in this matter. I am sensible that the gentlemen of large landed properties are apt to look upon themselves as the pillars of the state, and to consider their interests and the interests of the nation, as very little beholden or dependent on trade; though the fact is, that those very gentlemen would lose nine parts in ten of their yearly returns, and the nation nine tenths of her yearly revenues, if industry and the arts, (promoted as I said by commerce) did not raise the products of lands to tenfold their natural value. The manufacturer, on the other hand, depends on the landed interest for nothing save the material of his craft; and the merchant is wholly independent of all lands, or rather he is the

general patron thereof. I must further observe to your lordship, that this beneficent profession is by no means confined to individuals, as you would have it. Large societies of men, nay mighty nations, may and have been merchants. When societies incorporate for such a worthy purpose, they are formed as a fœtus within the womb of the mother, a constitution within the general state or constitution; their particular laws and regulations ought, always, to be conformable to those of the national system; and, in that case, such corporations greatly conduce to the peace and good order of cities and large towns, and to the general power and prosperity of the nation.

A nation that is a merchant has no need of an extent of lands, as it can derive to itself subsistence from all parts of the globe. Tyre was situated in a small island on the coast of Phœnicia, and yet that single city contained the most flourishing, opulent, and powerful nation in the universe; a nation that long withstood the united forces of the three first monarchies, brought against her by Nebuchadnezar and Alexander the Great.

The seven United Provinces do not contain lands sufficient for the subsistence of one third of their inhabitants; but they
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are a nation of merchants; the world furnishes them with an abundance of all good things; by commerce they have arrived at empire; they have assumed to themselves the principality of the ocean; and, by being lords of the ocean, are in a measure become the proprietors of all lands.

Should England ever open her eyes to her own interests, she will follow the same prosperous and ennobling profession; she will conform to the consequences of her situation. She will see, that without a naval pre-eminence, she cannot be safe; and, without trade, that her naval power cannot be supported. Her glory will also flow from this source of her interests, and a sail yard will become the highest scepter of her dignity. She will then find that a single triumph of her flag will be more available for her prosperity than the conquest of the four continents; that her pre-eminence by sea will carry and diffuse her influence over all lands; and, that universal influence is universal dominion.

Avarice, my lord, may pile; robbery may plunder; new mines may be opened; hidden treasures may be discovered; gamesters may win cash; conquerors may win kingdoms; but all such means of acquiring riches are transient and determinable. While industry and commerce are

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the natural, the living, the never-failing fountains, from whence the wealth of this world can alone be taught to flow.

And can you, cried I, have the effrontery to insinuate a preference of yourself, and your fellow citizens, to our British nobles and princes, who derive their powers and dignities from the steadfast extent of their landed possessions? Was it by barter and bargain that our Edwards and Henrys achiev'd their conquests on the Continent? or was it by pedlars and mechanics, think you, that the fields of Cressy, of Poitiers, and Agincourt, are rendered immortal? Go, I continued, seek elsewhere for redress of your insignificant grievances; we give little to sturdy beggars, but nothing to saucy rivals.

Wholly kindled by this invective, he cast on me a fierce and menacing regard, and, with a severe accent, and a side-glance that shot fire; When courtiers (says he) acquire common-sense, and that lords shall have learn'd to behave themselves like gentlemen, I may do such a one the honour to acknowledge him for a brother!

Your brother! exclaimed Mr. Meekly, your brother, my Lord? — Yes, Mr. Meekly, my brother, my amiable, my very amiable and honourable brother, indeed. But turning contemptuously from me,

me, he instantly departed with his attending citizens.

I ought to have followed, I ought to have staid him. I should have fallen upon his neck : with my tears and careffes I should have wrung a pardon from him, and not have suffered him to leave me till by my submissions I had obtained full forgiveness. This, indeed, was my first emotion ; but the recollection of my long and unnatural neglect, my utter disregard of his person and concerns, now aggravated by my late insults, persuaded me that a reconciliation on his part was impossible.

I remained disconcerted, and greatly disturbed. I felt with what pride and transport I should now have acknowledged, have courted, have clasped this brother to my bosom ; but my fancy represented him as ice in my arms, as shrinking and turning from me with disgust and disdain. At times, I formed a hundred schemes toward recovering his affections ; but again, rejecting these as ineffectual, I endeavoured to console myself for his loss, by considering his late demeanour as exceeding faulty, and expressive of a disposition insufferably proud and overbearing. My heart, indeed, acknowledged how very lovely he was in his person ; but the

the superiority of his talents, and the refinement of his manners, gave him a distinction that was not altogether so grateful.

All day I kept my apartment, in displeasure at my brother, myself, and the world. The next morning I was informed, that, the moment he left me, he went to the minister, who engaged, at his instance, to have every grievance that he complained of redressed to their extent. That the minister had afterwards introduced him to his majesty in full levee, that the king held him in long and familiar conversation, and that all the court was profuse of their admiration and praises of Mr. Clinton.

This also was fresh matter of triumph to him, and mortification to me. It was now evident that my brother's application to me was intended, merely to do me peculiar honour; and, in return, said I to myself, I have endeavoured to cover him with confusion and disgrace. Yet, when I understood that he had disdained to mention me as his brother, or of his blood; I also scorned to derive lustre from any claim of affinity with him; and I further felt that I could not forgive him the reproaches which he constrained me to give myself in his behalf.

From

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From that time I took great pains to dissipate or suppress those uneasy sensations which the remembrance of him gave me. But after I had married and retired from the glare and bustle of the world; and more particularly on the birth of my first child, when my heart had entered into a new sphere of domestic feelings, this dear brother returned with double weight upon my mind. Yet his idea was no longer accompanied by envy or resentment, but by an affectionate and sweet, though paining remorse.

I wrote him a letter full of penitential submissions, and of tender and atoning prayers for pardon and reconciliation. But, alas, my messenger returned with tidings, that some years past, he had withdrawn from trade, had retired to France or Holland, had dropt all correspondence, and that no one in England knew whether he was dead or alive.

Ah, my brother, my dear brother! (I would often repeat to myself) has any reverse of fortune happened to you, my brother? Perhaps, some domestic calamity, some heavy distress, no doubt! and no brother at hand to console or share your afflictions. Return to me, divide my heart, divide my fortune with me and mine! Alas, wretch that I am, you know

not

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not that you have a brother, one deserving of that name. You know not that this bosom of flint is now humanized, and melted down in the fervour of affection towards you. You hate me, you despise me, my amiable brother! How, how shall I make you sensible that my heart is full of your image, of esteem, of tenderest love for my lovely Harry Clinton?

I again sent other messengers in search of intelligence, I procured letters to the bankers and merchants of principal note abroad; but all my sollicitudes and enquiries were equally fruitless.

The grief that this occasioned first taught me to reflect, and cast a shade over the lustre of every object about me. The world no more appeared as that world, which, formerly, had held out happiness to either hand. I no longer beheld it thro' the perspectives of curiosity or youthful desire; I had worn out all its gaieties; I had exhausted all its delights; for me it had nothing more to promise, or bestow; and yet I saw no better prospect, no other resource.

Should I turn to religion, a little observation taught me, that the devotees themselves were warm in pursuit of objects of which I was tired; that they were still
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subject to the passions and desires of the world; and were no way to be distinguished from other men, save by an unfociable reserve, or gloomy cast of countenance.

May I venture to confess to you, Mr. Meekly, that, at times of my despondence, I dared to call the justice and wisdom of Omnipotence into question. Take this world, (said I to myself) consider it as it seems to stand, independent of any other, and no one living can assign a single end or purpose, for which it could be made. Men are even as their fellow insects; they rise to life, exert their lineaments, and flutter abroad during the summer of their little season; then droop, die away, and are succeeded, and succeeded in an insignificant rotation. Even the firmest human establishment, the best laboured systems of policy, can scarce boast a nobler fate, or a longer duration; the mightiest states and nations perish like individuals; in one leaf we read their history, we admire their achievements, we are interested in their successes, but, proceed to the next, and no more than a name is left; the Ninevehs and Babylons of Asia are fallen, the Sparta and Athens of Greece are no more; and the monuments that promised to endure to eternity,
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are erased like the mount of sand, which, yesterday, the children cast up on the shore.

When I beheld this stupendous expanse, so sumptuously furnished with a profusion of planets and luminaries, revolving in appointed courses, and diversifying the seasons; I see a work that is altogether worthy of a God. Again, when I descend to earth, and look abroad upon the infinite productions of nature, upon provisions so amply answering to the wants of every living being, and on objects and organs so finely fitted to each other, I trace a complicated maze of wisdom, bounty, and benevolence. But, when I see all these beauties and benefits counteracted by some adverse and destructive principle; when the heavens gather their clouds and roll their thunders above, and the earth begins to quake and open beneath us; when the air, that seemed so late to be the breath and balm of life, grows pregnant with a variety of pests, plagues and poisons; when life itself is found to be no other than the storehouse, or habitation of death, and that all vegetable and animal systems include within their frame, the principles of inevitable distemper and dissolution: when additional to all these natural mischiefs, I consider

Consider the extent and empire of moral evil upon earth; when I behold the wretched perishable short lived animal, called man, for the value of some matter of property as transient as himself, industrious and studious of the destruction of his species; when, not content with the evils that nature has entailed upon him, man exerts all his talents for multiplying and speeding the means of perdition to man; when I see half the world employed in pushing the other half from the verge of existence, and then dropping after in an endless succession of malevolence and misery; I cannot possibly reconcile such contrasts and contradictions to the agency, or even permission, of the one over-ruling principle of goodness called God.

Could not Omniscience foresee such consequences at creation? Unquestionably, said Mr. Meekly.

Might he not have ordered matters so, as to have prevented the possibility of any degree of natural or moral evil in his universe?—I think he might, my lord.—Why did he not then prevent them? to what end could he permit such multiplied malevolence and misery among his creatures?—For ends, certainly, my lord, infinitely worthy both of his wisdom and his goodness.—I am desirous it should be
so;

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so; but cannot conceive, cannot reach the way or means of compassing such an intention.

Can you not suppose, said Mr. Meekly, that evil may be admitted for accomplishing the greater and more abundant good? May not partial and temporary malevolence and misery be finally productive of universal, durable, and unchangeable beatitude? May not the universe, even now, be in the pangs of travail, of labour for such a birth, such a blessed consummation?

It were, rejoined the earl, as our Shakespear says, it were indeed a consummation devoutly to be wished. But, might not Omnipotence have brought about a consummation equally good, without any intervention of preceding evil?—Had that been possible, my lord, it would unquestionably have been effected. But if certain relations arise between God and his creatures, and between man and man, which could not arise save on the previous supposition of evil, without which, indeed, neither the attributes of God himself, nor the insufficiency, dependance, or obligation of the creature could have been duly discoverable throughout eternity, then temporary evil becomes indispensably neces-

necessary to the consequence and consummation of the greatest good.

Your notion, exclaimed the earl, is great, amazing, truly glorious, and every way worthy of a God who, in such a case, would be infinitely worthy of all worship! Is this the reason, Mr. Meekly, that what we all so earnestly seek for is nowhere to be found, that no portion or taste of happiness is to be had upon earth?

I do not say so, my lord; I think that a man, even on earth, may be occasionally, nay durably, and exceedingly happy. What, happy? durably, exceedingly happy? repeated the earl. I was told that the experience of ages, that philosophy and even divinity had agreed with Solomon in this, that all upon earth was vanity and vexation of spirit. If any may enjoy happiness, on this side of the great consummation that you speak of, I am persuaded, Mr. Meekly, that you yourself are the man. Your lips indeed say nothing of the matter, but neither your eyes nor your aspect can restrain the expression of some extraordinary peace that abides within. O, say then, my dear, my estimable friend, whence, how, by what means may a man arrive at happiness?—By getting out of himself, my lord.

Out

Out of himself, Mr. Meekly! you astonish me greatly. A contradiction in terms, unnatural, impossible?—God, himself, my lord, cannot make a man happy in any other way, either here, or hereafter.

It is, said the earl, an established maxim among all thinking men, whether divines or philosophers, that SELF-LOVE is the motive to all human actions. Virtue forbid! exclaim'd Mr. Meekly; all actions are justly held, good or evil, base or honourable, detestable or amiable, merely according to their motives. But, if the motive is the same to all, there is an end, at once, to the possibility of virtue; the cruel and the kind, the faithful and the perfidious, the prostitute and the patriot are confounded together.

Do not all men, return'd the earl, act agreeable to their own propensities and inclinations? do they not act so or so, merely because it pleases them so to act? and is not this pleasure the same motive in all?—By no means, my lord, it never was nor can be the motive in any. We must go a question deeper, to discover the secret principle or spring of action. One man is pleased to do good, another is pleased to do evil; now, whence is it that each is pleased with purposes in their nature so opposite and irreconcilable? Because,

cause, my lord, that the propensities or motives to action, in each, are as opposite and irreconcilable as the actions themselves ; the one is prompted and therefore pleased with his purpose of doing evil to others, through some base prospect of interest redounding to himself ; the other is prompted and spurred, and therefore pleased with his purpose of endangering his person or suffering in his fortune, through the benevolent prospect of the good that shall thereby redound to others.

Pleasure is, itself, an effect, and cannot be the cause, or principle, or motive to any thing ; it is an agreeable sensation that arises, in any animal, on its meeting or contemplating an object that is suited to its nature. As far as the nature of such an animal is evil, evil objects can alone affect it with pleasure ; as far as the nature of such an animal is good, the objects must be good whereby its pleasures are excited.

When Damon was sentenced, by Dionysius of Syracuse, to die on such a day ; he pray'd permission, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible conditions of his

procuring some one to remain, as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon; he instantly offer'd himself to durance in the place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly set at liberty.

The king and all his courtiers were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles. Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs; and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms invented by the wise to impose upon the weak. They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly, to the defect of head, merely, and no way to any virtue or good quality of heart.

When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon. Having reproached him for the romantic stupidity of his conduct, and rallied him, some time, in his madness in presuming that Damon, by his return, would prove as great a fool as himself; my lord, said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my
friend

friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue as I am of my own existence. But, I pray, I beseech the gods to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours! and suffer him not to arrive till, by my death, I have redeemed a life, a thousand times of more consequence, more estimation, than my own, more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O, leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon!

Dionysius was confounded and awed by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner (still more sentimental) in which they uttered; he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth, but it served rather to perplex than to undeceive him. He hesitated, he would have spoken, but he looked down, and retired in silence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked, amidst the guard, with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution.

Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanour of the prisoner.

Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the scaffold; and beholding for some time the apparatus of his death, he turned with a pleased countenance and addressed the assembly.

My prayers are heard, he cried, the gods are propitious! you know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come, he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O, could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer; I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble, that his truth is unimpeachable, that he will speedily approve it, that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods. But I haste to prevent his speed; executioner, to your office.

As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard. The croud caught the words; and, stop, stop the execution! was repeated by the whole assembly,

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A man came at full speed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a steed of foam. In an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced.

You are safe, he cried, you are safe, my friend, my beloved; the gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer, and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own.

Pale, cold, and half speechless in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents,—fatal haste!—cruel impatience!—what envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour? —But, I will not be wholly disappointed —Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you.

Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched. His eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuse his assent to truths so incontestably approved by their facts.

He descended from his throne. He ascended the scaffold. Live, live, ye incomparable pair! he exclaimed. Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue, and that virtue equally evinces the certainty of the existence of

a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned! and, O, form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship.

You bring your arguments quite home, Mr. Meekly, said the earl, the understanding cannot reject what the heart so sensibly feels. My soul deeply acknowledges the existence of virtue, with its essential and inherent difference from vice, and this difference, I acknowledge, must as necessarily be founded in the difference of the principles from whence they proceed; but, what those principles are I know not, and I am equally a stranger to what you intend by a man's getting out of himself in order to happiness. What am I to understand by the term SELF, Mr. Meekly?

Every particle of matter, my lord, has a SELF or distinct identity, inasmuch as it cannot be any other particle of matter. Now, while it continues in this its state of SELFISHNESS or absolute distinction, it is utterly useless and insignificant, and is to the universe as though it were not. It has however a principle of attraction (analogous or answerable to desire in mind) whereby it endeavours to derive to itself the powers and advantages of all other portions of matter. But when the DIVINE

INTELLIGENCE hath harmonized certain quantities of such distinct particles into certain animal or vegetable systems; this principle of attraction in each is overcome, for each becomes attracted and drawn as it were from SELF, each yields up its powers to the benefit of the whole, and then, and then only, becomes capable and productive of shape, colouring, beauty, flowers, fragrance and fruits.

Be pleased now to observe, my lord, that this operation in matter is no other than a manifestation of the like process in mind: and that no soul was ever capable of any degree of virtue or happiness save so far as it is drawn away, in its affections, from SELF; save so far as it is engaged in wishing, contriving, endeavouring, promoting, and rejoicing in the welfare and happiness of others.

It is therefore that the kingdom of heaven is most aptly, and most beautifully, compared to a tree bearing fruit and diffusing odours, whose root is the PRINCIPLE of infinite benevolence, and whose branches are the blessed members, receiving consummate beatitude from the act of communication.

I think, indeed, said the earl, that I can form some sort of a notion of such a society

in heaven. But it would pose you, Mr. Meekly, to exemplify your position from any body of men that ever were upon earth.

Pray pardon me, my lord, the states of Sparta and Rome derived their lustre and power, their whole pre-eminence and praise, from this principle of communication, which, in them, was called love of country. But this beatifying principle was still more eminently instanced in the society of the church of Jerusalem, who had all things in common; who imparted their possessions to all men, as every man had need; and, thence, did eat their common bread with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all people.

You say, my lord, that you can form a notion of some such excellence in heaven; but I can form no notion of any excellence more admirable, in heaven itself, than when a man, in his present state of frail and depraved nature, overbears his personal fears of pain and mortality, and yields up his body to assured perdition, for public good, or for the sake of those whom it delighteth him to preserve.

I shall pass over the instances of the Roman Regulus and the Decii, as also that of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans who

who devoted their lives for the liberties of Greece: was that candidate less a hero who, being rejected from being one of these self-devoted, exclaimed, The gods be praised that there are three hundred, in Sparta, better men than myself! But, I come nearer our own times and our own nation, to exemplify this disregard of SELF, the vital source and principle of every virtue, in six mechanics or craftsmen of the city of Calais.

Edward the third, after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens however, under the conduct of count Vienne their gallant governour, made an admirable defence. Day after day the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning; but, when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts raised, nightly erected out of the ruins which the day had made.

France had now put the sickle into her second harvest since Edward with his victorious army sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. The English made their approaches and attacks without remission; but the

citizens were as obstinate in repelling all their efforts.

At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcases of their starved cattle, they tore up old foundations and rubbish in search of vermin. They fed on boiled leather and the weeds of exhausted gardens, and a morsel of damaged corn was accounted matter of luxury.

In this extremity they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, count Vienne was taken prisoner; and the citizens, who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates.

On the captivity of the governour, the command devolved upon Eustace Saint Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth but of exalted virtue.

Eustace now found himself under the necessity of capitulating, and offered to deliver, to Edward, the city, with all the possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

As Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated, to the last degree, against these people, whose sole valour had defeated his warmest

warmest hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wished to avoid the imputation of cruelty. He answered, by Sir Walter Mauny, that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him, their true, and natural sovereign. That, however, in his wonted clemency, he consented to pardon the bulk of the plebeians, provided they would deliver up to him six of their principal citizens, with halts about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had enflamed the vulgar herd.

All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square, and, like men arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected with beating hearts the sentence of their conqueror.

When Sir Walter had declared his message, consternation and pale dismay was impressed on every face. Each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot; for, how should they desire to be saved at the price proposed? whom had they to deliver save parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbours who had so often exposed their lives in their defence? To a long and dead silence deep sighs and groans succeeded; till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly.

“ My friends, we are brought to great
 “ straits this day. We must either sub-
 “ mit to the terms of our cruel and en-
 “ snaring conqueror; or yield up our ten-
 “ der infants, our wives, and chaste daugh-
 “ ters to the bloody and brutal lusts of the
 “ violating soldiery.

“ We well know what the tyrant in-
 “ tends, by his specious offers of mercy. It
 “ will not satiate his vengeance to make
 “ us merely miserable, he would also make
 “ us criminal, he would make us contemp-
 “ tible; he will grant us life on no condi-
 “ tion save that of our being unworthy
 “ of it.

“ Look about you, my friends, and
 “ fix your eyes on the persons, whom you
 “ wish to deliver up as the victims of your
 “ own safety. Which of these would
 “ ye appoint to the rack, the axe or
 “ the halter? Is there any here who
 “ has not watched for you, who has not
 “ fought for you, who has not bled for
 “ you? who through the length of this
 “ inveterate siege, has not suffered fa-
 “ tiques and miseries, a thousand times
 “ worse than death, that you and yours
 “ might survive to days of peace and
 “ prosperity? Is it your preservers, then,
 “ whom you would destine to destruction?
 “ you will not, you cannot do it. Justice,
 “ honour,

“ honour, humanity make such a treason
 “ impossible.

“ Where then is our resource? is there
 “ any expedient left, whereby we may
 “ avoid guilt and infamy on the one hand,
 “ or the desolation and horrors of a
 “ sacked city on the other? There is, my
 “ friends, there is one expedient left; a
 “ gracious, an excellent, a God-like ex-
 “ pedient! Is there any here to whom vir-
 “ tue is dearer than life? let him offer him-
 “ self an oblation for the safety of his
 “ people! he shall not fail of a blessed
 “ approbation from that Power, who of-
 “ fered up his only Son for the salvation
 “ of mankind ”

He spoke—but a universal silence en-
 sued. Each man looked around for the ex-
 ample of that virtue and magnanimity, in
 others, which all wished to approve in them-
 selves, though they wanted the resolution.

At length Saint Pierre resumed—“ It
 “ had been base in me, my fellow citizens,
 “ to propose any matter of damage to
 “ others, which I myself had not been
 “ willing to undergo in my own person.
 “ But I held it ungenerous to deprive any
 “ man of that preference and estimation
 “ which might attend a first offer, on so
 “ signal an occasion. For I doubt not
 “ but there are many here as ready, nay

to recognize him of this martyrdom, than it can be, however modestly and the fear of imputed ostentation may withhold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merits.

Indeed, the station, to which the captivity of lord Mienne has unhappily raised me, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes: I give it freely, I give it cheerfully; who comes next?

Your Son! exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity.—“Ah my child! cried Saint Pierre, I am, then, twice sacrificed.—But, no—I have rather begun ten thee a second time.—Thy years are few, but full, my son; the victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality.—Who next, my friends!—This is the hour of heroes.—Your kinsman, cried John de Alce by your kinsman, cried James Wissant!—Your kinsman, cried Peter Wissant!—Ah, exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, why was I not a citizen of Catalis?

The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied, by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter: he took the six prisoners into

Into his custody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English.

Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers. — What a parting, what a scene! they crowded with their wives and children about Saint Pierre and his fellow prisoners. They embraced, they clung around, they fell prostrate before them. They groaned, they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city and was heard throughout the camp.

The English, by this time, were apprised of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion: each of the soldiers prepared a portion of their own victuals to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way.

At length, Saint Pierre and his fellow victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts and arranged

ed themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere, even in enemies. And they regarded those ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter.

As soon as they had reached the presence, Mauny! says the monarch, are these the principal inhabitants of Calais? They are, says Mauny, they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling. Were they delivered peaceably, says Edward; was there no resistance; no commotion among the people? Not in the least, my lord; the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands.

Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter, but, he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. Experience, says he, hath ever shewn that lenity only serves to invite
people-

people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary to deter subjects into submission by punishment and example. Go, he cried to an officer, lead these men to execution. Your rebellion, continued he, addressing himself to Saint Pierre, your rebellion against me, the natural heir of your crown, is highly aggravated by your present presumption and affront of my power.—We have nothing to ask of your majesty, said Eustace, save what you cannot refuse us.—What is that?—Your esteem, my lord, said Eustace, and went out with his companions.

At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen had just arrived, with a powerful reinforcement of those gallant soldiers, at the head of whom she had conquer'd Scotland, and taken their king captive.

Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. My lord, said she, the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics; it respects a matter, more estimable than the lives of all the natives of France, it respects the honour of the English nation; it

it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king.

You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my lord, they have sentenced themselves, and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward.

They have behaved themselves worthily, they have behaved themselves greatly; I cannot but respect, while I envy, while I hate them, for leaving us no share in the honour of this action, save that of granting a poor, an indispensable pardon.

I admit they have deserved every thing that is evil at your hands. They have proved the most inveterate and efficacious of your enemies. They alone, have withstood the rapid course of your conquests, and have with-held from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would reward them? that you would gratify their desires, that you would indulge their ambition, and enwreath them with everlasting glory and applause?

But, if such a death would exalt mechanics over the fame of the most illustrious heroes, how would the name of my Edward, with all his triumphs and honours, be tarnished thereby! Would it not be said that magnanimity and virtue

books

are

are grown odious in the eyes of the monarch of Britain? and that the objects, whom he destines to the punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve the praise and esteem of mankind. The stage on which they should suffer, would be to them a stage of honour, but a stage of shame to Edward, a reproach to his conquests, a dark and indelible disgrace to his name.

No, my lord. Let us rather disappoint the saucy ambition of these burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expence. We cannot, indeed, wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended, but we may cut them short of their desires; in the place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts, let us put them to shame with praises; we shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue.

I am convinced; you have prevailed; be it so, cryed Edward, prevent the execution; have them instantly before us.

They came, when the queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them.

Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to vast expence of blood

blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

You noble burghers, you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains, we snatch you from the scaffold, and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you shew us that excellence is not of blood, of title, or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those, whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions.

You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk; your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not to carry with you the due tokens of our esteem.

Yet, we would rather bind you, to ourselves, by every endearing obligation; and for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward

ward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons.

Ah my country, exclaimed Saint Pierre, it is now that I tremble for you. Edward could only win your cities, but Philippa conquers hearts.

Brave Saint Pierre, said the queen, wherefore look you so dejected?—Ah madam! replied Saint Pierre, when I meet with such another opportunity of dying, I shall not regret that I survived this day.

Here a long pause ensued. At length the earl recollected himself. Mr. Meeky, said he, you have now proved to me your position more effectually, more convincingly, than all the powers of ratiocination could possibly do. While you related the story of those divine citizens, I was imperceptibly stolen away, and won entirely from self. I entered into all their interests, their passions, and affections; and was wrapt, as it were, into a new world of delightful sensibilities. Is this what you call virtue, what you call happiness?

A good deal of it, my lord. There are in nature but two kinds of self; in other words, there are but two sorts of wills in the universe; the will of infinite wisdom, of infinite benevolence, going forth in beauty;

beauty and beatitude on all creatures; and the will of the creature, desiring, attracting, envying, coveting, and rending all things from all, to its own interest and advantage. In the first will subsists all possible good, from the second arises all possible evil; and did not the first will in some measure, inform and meliorate the second, the will of every creature would be an Ishmael, his hand would be against every one, and every one's hand against him; and there would be nothing but strife and distraction, hatred, horrore, and misery throughout the creation.

Hence it follows that, as there is but one will from eternity, infinitely wise to discern what is best throughout the universe, infinitely good to desire the accomplishment of what is best, and infinitely powerful to put what is best in execution; every will that is not inform'd by this ONE WILL, must of necessity act in ignorance, in blindnes, and error. I will further affirm that every act of every will, that is not informed by the ONE WILL of GOODNESS, must, of equal necessity, be the act of malevolence.

I do not see the necessity of that, replied the earl. I well perceive that God can give to intelligent beings an existence or identity distinct from himself, for I see that

that he has done it. What should therefore prevent him from giving qualities as distinct from himself as the essence? why might he not impart to any limited degree, capacity, discernment, power, wisdom, and goodness? Might not such a being instantly perceive, to a vast extent, the relations of things, with their several fitnesses and disagreements? would he not consequently be enamoured of what was slight and beautiful? would he not act agreeable to such a just approbation? and would not such actions be fitly accounted the act of virtue?

At this instant a messenger arrived on the spur. He brought word to Mr Meekly that his friend Mr. Husband's was taken suddenly ill, and earnestly requested to see him directly; whereupon Mr. Meekly, who preferred any matter of charity to all other considerations, immediately got up, made a silent bow, and vanished.

To return to our hero. As soon as he was new rigged, he press'd for another visit to his patron, who received him with accustomed tenderness, but greatly wonder'd at his peasant dress. Nurse then related to him the whole adventure of the fitter'd robes. Whereat the old gentleman in a manner devoured him with the eagerness of his caresses.

When nurse and Harry were departed, he called to him his old domestic. James, said he, with a tear yet standing in his eye, I can no longer live without the company of this dear child; hasten therefore, the orders I have already given you, and let all things be in readiness for the first opportunity. The domestic, who had caught the silent habit of his master, with a bow, assented, and retired.

Autumn was now advanced, and lord Dickey, with his brother, a number of little associates, and an attending footman, got leave to go to the copse a nutting. As the children were perfectly acquainted with the way, the servant desired to stay behind a while, in order to provide hooks for pulling down the branches. This was granted, and forth they all issued in high chat and spirits.

The copse lay at some distance, on one side of the park behind the mansion-house; but, when they had nearly approached the place of their destination, Harry missed a garter, and promising speedily to rejoin his companions, went back to seek it.

In the mean time his associates, on entering the wood, met with another little posse of the village fry, who were on their return, one of whom carried a bag of nuts that seem'd bulkier than the bearer. So,
gentlemen,

gentlemen, says lord Dickey, where are you going? Why, home, where should we go? says a little boor, sullenly. And, pray, what have you been doing, says the lord? Guess, says the boor. Is it nuts that you have got in that bag, demanded the lord? Ask, To-morrow; answered the boor. Sirrah, says Dickey, a little provoked, how dare you to come and pull nuts here, without our leave? Why, as for that, master Dickey, replied the other, I know you well enough, and I wouldn't ask your leave, an' you were twenty lords, not I. Sirrah, says Dickey, I have a great mind to take your nuts from you, and to give you as good a beating into the bargain, as ever you got in your life. As for that, master Dickey, coolly answered the villager, you must do both or neither. Here I lay down my nuts between us; and now come any two of your watergruel regiment, one down t'other come on, and if I don't give ye your belly-fulls, why, then take my nuts and welcome, to make up the want.

This gallant invitation was accepted on the spot. Lord Richard chose his companion in arms, and both appeared quite flush and confident of victory. For, though neither of them had been versed in the gymnastic exercises, they didn't want

courage, and they knew that the challenger was their inferior in strength and in years.

But, unhappily for these two champions of quality, Tommy Truck, their adversary, had, like Harry, been a bruiser, from two years old and upward, and was held in veneration, as their leader and their chief, by many who were his superiors in age and stature.

Lord Richard began the assault, but was down in a twinkling. To him his friend succeeded, but with no better fortune. A swing or trip of Tommy's sent them instantly, as Alcides sent Antæus, to gather strength from their mother-earth. And though these summer heroes, like the young Roman nobility at the battle of Pharsalia, were solely intent on defending their pretty faces from annoyance, yet Tommy at the third turn, had bloodied them both.

Harry, who was now on his return, perceived the engagement, and running up, and rushing between the combatants, interposed with a voice of authority, and parted the fray.

Having enquired, and duly informed himself of the merits of the case, he first turned him to lord Richard, and said, O brother Dickey, brother Dickey, you ought

ought not to hinder poor boys from pulling a few dirty nuts, what signifies 'em? Then, turning to the challenger, his old acquaintance; Tommy, says he, did you know that Dickey was my brother? Yes, says Tommy, rudely, and what tho' if I did. O, nothing at all, says Harry, but I want to speak with you, Tommy. Whereupon he took the conqueror under the arm, and walked away with him, very lovingly in all appearance, looking about to take care that none of the boys followed him.

Mean time the little gentry threw out their invectives in profusion, against our departed hero. I think, says one, that master Harry had as much to blame in Tommy as lord Dickey. Ay, says another, one would think he might as well have taken his brother's part, as that blackguard's. Indeed, it was very naughty of him, says a third. For my part, says a fourth, I will never have any thing more to say to him.

While thus, they vilified their late friend, he and his fellow champion walked arm in arm, in a sullen and uninterrupted silence. Till, coming to a small opening, in a secreted part of the wood, Harry quitted his companion, desired him to strip, and instantly cast aside his own

hat, coat, and waistcoat. Why should I strip, says Tommy? To box, says Harry. Why should you box with me, Harry? Sure I didn't strike you, says Tom. Yes, Sir, replied our hero, you struck me when you struck Dickey, and knew that he was my brother. Nay, Harry, cried Tom, if it's fight you are for, I'll give you enough of it, I warrant you.

Tom was about eight months older than Harry, his equal in the practice of arms, and much the stronger. But Harry was full as tall, and his motions quicker than thought, prevented the ward of the most experienced adversary.

Together they rushed like two little tigers. At once they struck and parried, and watching every open, they darted their little fists, like engines at each other. But Tom, marking the quickness, and feeling the smart of Harry's strokes, suddenly leapt within his arms, bore him down to the earth, and triumphantly gave him the first rising blow.

Harry rose, indignant, but warn'd, by the strength of his adversary, to better caution. He now fought more aloof, and as Tom pressed upon him, he at once guarded, struck, and wheel'd, like an experienced cock, without quitting the pit of honour.

Tom

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 14

Tom finding himself wholly foiled by this Parthian method of combat, again rush'd upon his enemy, who was now aware of the shock. They closed, they grappled, they caught each other by the shoulders, join'd head to head, and breast to breast, and stood like two pillars, merely supported by their bearing against one another. Again they shifted the left arm, caught each other about the neck, and cuffed and punched at face and stomach, without mercy or remission; till Tom, impatient of this length of battle, gave Harry a side swing, and Harry giving Tom a trip at the same time, they fell side by side together upon the earth.

They rose and retreated, to draw breath, as by mutual consent. They glared on one another with an eye of vindictive apprehension. For neither of them could now boast of more optics than Poliphemus; and, from their forehead to their shoes, they were in one gore of blood.

Again they flew upon each other, again they struck, foined, and defended, and alternately press'd on and retreated in turns, till Harry, spying an open, darted his fist like a shot, into the remaining eye of his enemy. Tom, finding himself in utter darkness, instantly sprung upon his foe, and endeavoured to grapple; but

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Harry, with equal agility avoided the shock, and traversing here and there beat his adversary at pleasure; till Tom cried out, I yield, I yield, Harry, for I can't see to fight any more.

Then Harry took Tom by the hand and led him to his cloaths, and having assisted him to dress, he next did the same friendly office to himself. Then, arm in arm, they returned much more loving, in reality, than they set out, having been beaten into a true respect and affection for each other.

Some time before this, the footman had joined his young lord, with the several implements requisite for nutting. They had already pulled down great quantities; the young quality had stuffed their pockets, and the little plebeians, who had assisted, were now permitted to be busy in gathering up the refuse. When all, turning at the cry of there's Harry, there's Tom, they perceived our two champions advancing leisurely, but hand in hand, as friends and brothers.

They had left their cloaths unbuttoned for the benefit of the cooling air; and as they approached, their companions were frozen into astonishment, at the sight of their two friends all covered with crimson.

They

They were neither able to advance to meet them, nor to speak, when they arrived. Till lord Dickey first inquired into this bloody catastrophe, and Harry remaining wholly silent on the subject, blind Tommy cried out, Why, master Dickey, the truth is, that Harry beat me, because I beat you. Then Dickey, feeling a sudden gush of gratitude and affection rising up in his bosom, looked wistfully on his brother, and said, with a plaintive voice, O brother Harry, brother Harry, you are sadly hurt; and, turning about, he began to weep most bitterly. But Harry said, Shaw! brother Dickey, don't cry man, I don't matter it of the head of a brass pin. Then turning to the footman, with Tom still in his hand, he cried, Here, John, take that bag of nuts and poor blind Tommy to my mamma's, and tell daddy that I desire him to see them both safe home.



FRIEND. Sir, your hero is indeed a hero, he must be every body's hero.

AUTHOR. Sir, you do him vast honour; and I should be proud of your further instructions towards his supporting the dignity of the character you give him. Pray,

what are the ingredient qualities of which a hero is compounded? what idea have you formed of such a personage? tell me, I beseech you, what is a hero, my good friend?

FR. Pshaw! — what a question — every fool knows that. — A hero is — as though one should say — a man of high atchievement — who performs famous exploits — who does things that are heroical — and in all his actions and demeanour, is a hero indeed — why do you laugh — I will give you the instances approved throughout the world; recorded and duly celebrated by poets, painters, sculptors, statuaries, and historians. — There was the Assyrian Ninus, the Sesostris of Egypt, the Cyrus of Persia, the Alexander of Greece, the Cæsar of Rome, and, partly in our own days, there was the Conde of France, the Charles of Sweden, and Persia's Kouli Kan. — What the plague does the fellow laugh at?

AUT. I am laughing to think what a blockhead Themistocles was. Being asked whom he considered as the greatest of heroes; Not him who conquers but who saves, replied Themistocles; not the man who ruins but the man who erects; who of a village can make a city, or turn a despicable people into a great nation.

FR. To be sure, but he was a hero. —

FR. According to your notion of heroism, that boor and barbarian, Peter Alexiowitz of Russia, was the greatest hero that ever lived.

AUT. True, my friend; for, of a numerous people, he disembruted every one, except himself. But then, in all equity, he ought to divide his glory with Kate the washerwoman, who humanized the man that humanized a nation.

FR. Whom do you take to have been the greatest hero of antiquity?

AUT. Lycurgus, without comparison, the greatest of heroes and the greatest of legislators. In those very early days, the people of Lacedæmon were extremely rude and ignorant; they acknowledged no laws, save the dictates of their own will, or the will of their rulers. Lycurgus might have assumed the sceptre, but his ambition aspired to a much more elevated and durable dominion, over the souls, manners, and conduct of this people and their posterity. He framed a body of the most extraordinary institutions that ever centered into the heart or head of man. Next to those of our DIVINE LEGISLATOR, they were intended to form a new creature. He prevailed upon the rich to make an equal distribution of their lands with the poor. He prohibited the use of all

Such money as was current among other nations, and thereby prohibited the importation of the means and materials of pomp and luxury. He enjoined them to feed, in common, on simple and frugal fare. He forbid all gorgeousness of furniture and apparel. In short, he endeavoured to suppress every sensual and selfish desire, by injunctions of daily exercise, toil, and hardship, a patient endurance of pain, and a noble contempt of death. At length, feigning some occasion of being abroad for a season, he exacted an oath from the Lacedæmonians, that they should strictly observe his laws, without the smallest infringement, till his return. Thus, for the love of his country, he went into perpetual banishment from it. And he took measures at his death, that his body should never be found, lest it should be carried back to Sparta, and give his countrymen a colour for dissolving their oath.

FR. Laying Peter aside; who think you was the greatest hero among the moderns?

AUT. To confess the truth, among all that I have heard or read of, the hero whom I most affect was a madman, and the lawgiver whom I most affect was a fool.

FR.

FR. 'Troth, I believe you never would have been the writer you are at this day, if you had not adopted somewhat of both the said qualities. But, come, unriddle I beseech you, where may this favourite hero and legislator be found?

AUT. In a fragment of the Spanish history, bequeathed to the world by one signior Cervantes.

FR. O! — have you led me to my old acquaintance? pray, has not your Pegasus some snatch of the qualities of the famous Rosinante?

AUT. Quite as chaste, I assure you. But, I perceive that you think I am drolling; you don't suppose that you can ever be seriously of the same opinion. Yet, if you demand of your own memory, for what have the great heroes throughout history been renowned? it must answer, for mischief merely, for spreading desolation and calamity among men. How greatly, how gloriously, how divinely superior was our hero of the Mancha! who went about righting of wrongs, and redressing of injuries, lifting up the fallen, and pulling down those whom iniquity had exalted. In this his marvellous undertaking, what buffetings, what bruising, what trappings of ribs, what pounding of packstaves did his bones not endure?

ture? (Mine ached at the recital.) But, toil was his bed of down, and the house of pain was, to him, a bower of delight, while he consider'd himself as engaged in giving ease, advantage, and happiness to others. If events did not answer to the enterprizes of his heart, it is not to be imputed to the man but to his malady; for, had his power and success been as extensive as his benevolence, all things awry, upon earth, at the risque of his limbs and life, would instantly have been set as straight as a cedar.

But, let me turn, with reverence, to kiss the hem of the robes of the most respectable of all governors and legislators, Sancho Panza. What judgments! what institutions! how are Minos, and Solon, and the inspired of the goddess *Ægeria* here eclipsed! Sancho, thou wast a peasant, thou wast illiterate, thou wast a dunce for a man, but an angel for a governor; inasmuch as, contrary to the custom of all other governors, thou didst not desire any thing, thou didst not wish for any thing, thine eye was not bent to any thing, save the good of thy people! therefore thou cou'dst not stray, thou hadst no other way to travel. Could *Æsop's* log have been moved to action upon the same principle, the regency of storks

honks had not prevailed among men, How am I provoked, Panfa, when I see thee insulted ! How am I grieved when I find thee deposed ! Saving the realms of a certain majesty, I say, and sigh to myself, O, that the whole earth were as thine island of Baratavia, and thou, Sancho, the legislator and the ruler thereof.

FR. I feel conviction. I confess it. But tell me, I pray you ; why has the world, through all ages and nations, universally ascribed heroism and glory to conquest ?

AN. Through the respect, as I take it, that they have for power. Man is by nature weak ; he is born in and to a state of dependence ; he therefore naturally seeks and looks about for help ; and, where he observes the greatest power, it is there that he applies and prays for protection. Now, though this power should be exerted to his damage, instead of defence, it makes no alteration in his reverence for it ; he bows while he trembles, and while he detests he worships. In the present case, it is with man, as it is with God ; he is not so awful and striking, he is not so much attended to, in the sunshine and gentle dews of his providence and benignity, as in his lightning

and thunders, his clouds and his tempests.

HERO, heros, and heroes, in the three languages, signify a demigod, or one who is superior to mere man. But, how can this superiority or distinction be shewn? The serene acts of beneficence, the small and still voice of goodness are neither accompanied by noise nor ostentation. It is uproar and tumult, rather the tumbling of sack'd cities, the shrieks of ravish'd matrons, and the groans of dying nations that fill the trump of fame. Men of power and ambition find distinction and glory, very readily, attainable in this way; as it is incomparably more easy to destroy than to create, to give death than to give life, to pull down than to build up, to bring devastation and misery rather than plenty and peace and prosperity upon earth.

FR. Were not mankind, in this instance, as blind to their own interests, as they were iniquitous in giving glory where shame alone was due?

AUT. In so doing, they proved at once the dupes and the victims of their own folly. Praise a child for his genius in pranks of mischief and malevolence, and you quicken him in the direct road to the gallows. It is just so that this wise

world has bred up its heroic reprobates, by ascribing honour and acclamation to deeds that called loudly for infamy and the gibbet; for the world was an ass from its very commencement, and it will continue a dunderhead to the end.

From the beginning of things (a long time ago) the joint invention of mankind has discovered but two methods of procuring sustenance on earth, the first by the labour of their own hands, the second by employing the hands of others.

All therefore are excluded, or at least ought to be excluded from such a world, who refuse to labour, or, what is still worse, who disturb and prevent the labour of others,

Among those who will not labour, we may number all who have the happiness of being born to no manner of end, such as the Monks of every country, the Dervises of Persia, the Bramins of India, the Mandarins of China, and the Gentlemen of these free and polished nations.

These have nothing to do but to sleep it, to wake it; to eat it, to drink it; to dance it, to doze it; to riot it, to roar it; and to rejoice in the happy earnest which this world has given them of the jollities of the next.

Among

Among those who disturb the labour of others, I reckon all your rascally Alexanders and Cæsars, whether ancient or modern, who, in their fits of frenzy and folly, scamper about, breaking the lanterns and beating the watch of this world, to the great amazement of women and terrour of little children; and, who seem to think that Heaven gave noses and heads, for no end in nature but to be blooded and cracked. In short, I have no patience when I hear talk of these fellows. I am not half so fretted when I hear my own works read—Go on, I request you, it may happen to put me in temper.



C H A P. V.

TH E young gentlemen were, now, upon their return; and, as they approached the house, they crouded about Harry to keep him from being seen, till he took an opportunity of slipping away and stealing up to his chamber. He now grew stiff and sore, and his nurse, having got an intimation of what had happened, hurried up to him, and wept over him with abundant tears of cordial affection. She strait undressed, and put him

to bed; and, having ordered some white-wine whey, of which she made him drink plentifully, she, also, undressed, and went to bed to him, and Harry, casting his little arm about her neck, and, putting his head in her bosom, was fast in a twinkling.

By this, John had returned from the execution of his commission. He had been fully apprized by Tommy, on the road, of all the circumstances relating to this bloody business; and, going to his lord and lady, he gave them the whole detail, occasionally dwelling, and expatiating on Harry's courage, his prowess, his honour, and his generosity. They could, now, no longer forbear indulging themselves with the sight of a child, in whom they held themselves honoured, above all titles. They stole, gently, up stairs; and, having got a peep at Harry, and observing that he was fast asleep, they stole, as softly, back again, each inwardly exulting in their glorious boy.

Our hero was scarce recovered, from his wounds and bruises, when, on a day, he met a little beggar boy, at the hall-door, half naked, and whinging, and shivering with cold. His heart was, instantly, touched with wonted compassion; and, taking him by the hand, what is your

your name, my poor little boy, says Harry? Neddy, Sir, says the child. And, where's your daddy and mammy? O, Sir, answered Ned, I have no daddy nor mammy in the world wide. Don't cry, don't cry, says Harry. I have several daddies and mammies, and I'll give you one or two of 'em. But, where did you leave your cloaths, Neddy? I haven't any, Sir, replied the child in a piteous accent. Well well, it don't matter, Neddy, for I have more cloaths, too, says Harry. So, taking him again by the hand, he led him up to his apartment, without being perceived of any; and, helping him to strip, he ran to his closet for the shirt which he had last thrown off, and put it on the new comer with equal haste and delight. He, next, ran for the entire suit that his bearded dada had given him, and, having helped, and shewn him how to put on the breeches. he drew on the stockings and shoes with his own hands. To these succeeded the coat and waistcoat; and Ned was, now, full as well rigg'd as his benefactor.

Never had our hero enjoyed himself, so highly, as while he was thus employed. When he had finished his operations, he chuckled and smiled, turn'd Ned, round and round, walked here and there about him,

him, and was as proud of him, as if he had been wholly of his own making.

He now, again, became thoughtful, forecasting in his mind the particulars that might further be requisite for the accommodation of his guest: for he was grown too fond of him to think of parting suddenly. He then recollected an adjoining lumber-room, and, taking Ned with him, they found a little old mattrafs, which, with united strength they dragged forth, and lodged in a convenient corner of the closet. To this they added a pair of old blankets, and Harry, having spread them for Ned's repose, in the best manner he was able, asked his dependant if he was yet hungry. Yes, very, very hungry indeed, Sir, cried Ned. No sooner said, than Harry flew down to the kitchen, and, looking about, and spying a large porringer of milk and a luncheon of bread, that one of the servants had provided for a young favourite of their own, he seized upon them like a hawk, and hast'ning again to his chamber, delivered them to Neddy, who, already, had half devoured them with his eyes. Ned, instantly, fell to with the rapture of a cormorant, or any rapture that can be supposed less than that of his friend Harry, who stood over him with the feelings of a parent turtle; that

that feeds his young with the meat derived from his own bowels.

For a few days, Harry kept his dependent shut up in his chamber, or closet, without the privity of any of the family, except nurse, to whom he had reveal'd the affair under the seal of the strictest secrecy.

But, on a cross day, Sufy the housemaid, having entered with a new broom into our hero's apartment, perceived, in a corner, the tatter'd deposite of Ned's original robeings, and, lifting them, at a cautious distance, with a finger and thumb, she perceived, also, as many other philosophers have done, that there is no part of this globe which is not peopled with nations of animals, if man had but attention, and optics duely accommodated to the vision. She dropt the living garment, as though she had taken up a burning horse shoe; and was, instantly, peopled, by her prolific imagination, with tribes of the same species from head to foot.

In this fit of disgust, Sufy happen'd, unfortunately, to step into the closet, and spy'd Ned in a dark corner, where he had squatted and drawn himself up to the size of a hedge-hog. She, immediately flew at him, like one of the Eumenides, and dragged

dragged him forth to the light, as Hercules is said to have hauled Cacus from his den. She questioned him, with a voice of implacable authority, and Ned, with humble and ingenuous tears, confessed the whole adventure. But Susy, no way melted, exclaimed, what, sirrah, have you, and your master Harry, a mind to breed an affection in the house? I will remit of no such doings, for I have an utter conversion to beggar-brats and vermil. She then commanded him to bundle up his old raggs, and, driving him down stairs before her, she dismissed him from the hall-door with a pair of smart boxes on each side of his head, and ordered him never more to defend her sight.

Poor Ned went weeping and wailing, from the door, when who should he see, at about fifty paces distant, but his beloved patron Harry, who had been cutting a switch from the next hedge. To him he ran, with precipitation. Harry, touched with a compassion not free from resentment, to see his favourite in tears, demanded the cause of his apparent distress, which Ned truly related. Our hero, thereupon, became thoughtful and moody; and, judging that Susy had not acted thus without authority, he conceived a general disgust at a family who had treated him

him so injuriously in the person of his Neddy; but, comforting his dependent the best he could, Come Neddy, says he, don't cry, my man; I will bring you, that I will, to my own dear dada, and he will welcome and love you, for my sake. Then, making his way through a small breach in the neighbouring hedge, he ordered Ned to follow him, and flew across the field, like a bird of passage, in a direct line to his patron's.

The old gentleman saw him approaching and gave sign to his ancient domestic, who withdrew with precipitation. He received and caressed our hero with more than usual transport, and who, my dear says he, is this pretty little boy that you have got with you? Harry, then, like the Grecian Demosthenes, taking time to warm himself with the recollection of his own ideas, and, setting his person forth with an action and ardour that determined to prevail, made the following oration.

Why, dada, I must tell you as how this poor little boy, for he is a very poor little boy, and his name is Neddy, Sir, and he has no friend in the wide world but you and I, Sir; and, so Sir, as I was telling you, he comes to the door, crying sadly for cold and hunger, and he would have pitied every body, for he had no
cloaths,

cloaths, nor daddy nor mammy at all, Sir, and I had a many of them, and that wasn't fair, you know, Sir; and I was in the humour to give him all the dadas and mamas I had in the world, except you, Sir, and mammy nurse. And so, I takes him up stairs, and I puts the cloaths upon him, that you gave me when I was a poor little boy, Sir; for no body had to say to 'em, but you and I, Sir; and I knew that you would pity poor little Neddy, more than I pitied him myself, Sir. And so, dada, they takes my poor little Neddy to day, and boxed him, and beat him sadly, and turned him out of doors; and so I meets him crying and roaring, and so, you know, Sir, as how I had nothing to do, but to bring him to you, Sir, or to stay, and cry with him for company. Sir.

Here, orator Harry ceased to speak, except by his tears, which he could no longer restrain, and which proceeded to plead most emphatically for him. But, his patron took him in his arms, and kissed the drops from both eyes, and said, Don't cry, my darling, for I am yours, my Harry, and all that I have is yours, and, if you had brought a whole regiment of poor little Neddies, with you, they

they should be all welcome to me, for your sake, my Harry.

Then Harry sprung up and caught his patron about the neck, so that it was some time before the old gentleman could get loose. But Harry, says he, I am going just now to leave this country; will you and your man Neddy come along with me? Over the world wide, Dada, says Harry; but where are you going, Sir? I am going a begging, Harry. O, that will be brave sport, says Harry, I'll tell you what you shall do, dada. What's that, my love? Why Sir, says Harry, you must get a great bag, like the old man and little child that was at door, 'tother day; and Neddy and I will beg for you, Sir; and we will put all that we get into your great bag, as that good little child did for his daddy, without touching a bit; though he was a hungry enough himself, poor fellow, I warrant. But don't let us go to beg to papa's door, Sir; for if you do, they will box and beat us, and drive us away, as they did to poor little Neddy to-day, Sir.

The old gentleman thereat, had his countenance divided betwixt the rising tear and the bursting laugh. But, taking Harry by the hand, he said; No, no, my heavenly creature, I am not going to beg
of

of any man living, but to beg of God to pour down his full weight of blessings upon my Harry, and to endeavour to confirm them to him, both here and hereafter by my care and instructions.

Having thus spoken, he put a large cake into the hand of each of the children, and, causing them to drink a full glass of small white wine, he took them into a back yard, where a light coach with six horses and three servants, ready mounted, attended; and, having placed his young companions, and seated himself between them, away the coach drove at a sweeping gallop.

About the time that our hero and his patron set out, Nurse went up stairs with a most bountiful cut of home-baked bread and butter, for the amusement of the young caitiff whom she had left in the closet; but not finding him there, she hastily dropped her provender on the first window she met, and hurrying down to the kitchen, earnestly enquired for the little beggar-boy whom master Harry had taken into his service; at this question all the servants stood in silent amazement, except Susy, who, bridling up, and assuming the whole importance of her station, Why, Nurse, says she, you mustn't oppose that I am come here to sweep and
to

to clean after lousy little flagrants ; it was enough to breed an antagion, that it was, in the house ; so what magnifies many words, I took the little dirty bastard and cuff'd him out of doors. You did, hufsey, says nurse, you dare to affront and vex my child, my little man, the honour and pride of all the family ? and so saying, she ups with her brawny arm, and gave Sufy such a douse on the side of the head, as left her fast asleep for an hour and upward. Then running up stairs again, she went searching and clamouring for her Harry, about the house, in order to comfort and condole with him for his loss.

Dinner was now served up, and the company seated, and all the servants ran severally here and there, repeatedly summoning master Harry to attend ; but Harry was out of hearing, by many a mile. When the cloth was removed, nurse entered with an aspect, half in tears and half distracted, and exclaimed that her child was not to be found. And what, nurse, says the earl, do you think is become of him ? I hope, my lord, says she, that he is either strayed to his daddy, or to the dumb gentleman's. Then messengers were instantly dispatched to both houses, who speedily returned with tidings,

ings, that master Harry had not been seen at his foster-father's, and that no one was at home at the house of the dumb gentleman.

The business now became serious and alarming; the whole house was in commotion, and all the domestics, and our hero's loving nurse, with lord Dickey in her hand, ran searching through the gardens, the fields, and the groves, that resounded on all sides with the name of the absentee.

On their return from a disquisition, as fruitless as solicitous, Nurse declared her apprehensions, that Harry was gone off with a little favourite boy whom he had taken into service, and whom the housemaid that morning had beaten out of doors. Susy, being nearly recovered, and now called and questioned hereon, was compelled to confess the fact, though in terms less haughty and less elegant than usual; when my lord, looking sternly at her, And who, you strumpet, he cried, gave you authority to turn any one out of my house whom my noble and generous boy was pleased to bring in? get you instantly away, and never let me be so unhappy as to see that face again.

By this time, the whole village and neighbourhood, as well as this noble family

mily, were in trouble and alarms for the loss of their little favourite; when a countryman entered in sweaty haste, and desired, without preface, to be admitted to the earl. My lord, says he, I think I can give you some news of your dear child. As I was returning home on the London road, I saw a coach and six driving towards me at a great rate, and, tho' it passed me in haste, I marked that the gentleman with the beard was in it, and that he had two children with him, one on each hand, though I had not time to observe their faces.

Here is something for your news, said the earl, it may be as you say.—Here, John! take a posse of the servants along with you; go in haste to that man's house: if no one answers, break open the door; and bring me word of what you can learn concerning him.

John, who was the house-steward, hurried instantly on his commission; and, finding all in silence, after loud and repeated knockings, he and his myrmidons burst open the door, and rushing in ran up and down through all the apartments. They found the house richly furnished, a library of choice books above stairs, a beaufet full of massy plate, and every thing in order as if prepared for the reception

ception of a family of distinction. At this they all stood astonished, till John, casting his eye toward a table in the street-parlour, perceived a paper which he hastily snatched up, and found to be a letter, duly folded and sealed, and addressed to his lord. Exulting at this discovery, he left some of the servants to watch the goods, and hurried back with all possible speed to his master.

My lord, says John entring, and striving to recover breath, the dumb gentleman, as they call him, must be a main rich man, for the very furniture of his house cannot be worth less than some thousands of pounds. John then presented the letter, which the earl hastily broke open, and found to be as follows :

“ My Lord,

“ I AM at length presented with an opportunity of carrying off your little Harry, the greatest treasure that ever parents were blessed with.

“ The distress that I feel, in foreseeing the affliction that his absence will cause to your whole family, has not been able to prevail for the suspension of this enterprize, as the child's interest and happiness outweighs with me, all other considerations.

" Permit me, however, to assure your
 " lordship that our darling is in very safe
 " and very affectionate hands, and that
 " it shall be the whole concern, and em-
 " ployment of my life, to render and to
 " return him to you, in due time, the
 " most accomplished and most perfect of
 " all human beings.

" In the mean while, your utmost
 " search and enquiry after us will be
 " fruitless. I leave to your lordship my
 " house and furniture as a pledge and
 " assurance of the integrity of my inten-
 " tions,

And am, &c.

The mystery of our hero's flight was
 now, in a great measure unravelled; but
 no one could form any rational conjecture,
 touching the motive of the old gentle-
 man's procedure in the case; and all were
 staggered at his leaving such a mass of
 wealth behind him.

As the falling on of a dark night ren-
 dered all pursuit, for that time, imprac-
 ticable; my lord ordered the servants to
 bed, that they might rise before day;
 and then to take every horse he had,
 coach-cattle and all, and to muster and
 mount the young men of the village, and
 to pursue after the fugitives, by different
 roads,

roads, according to the best likelihood or intelligence they might receive.

In this hopeful prospect, the house was again in some measure composed; all, except poor nurse, who would not be comforted, neither could be prevailed upon to enter in at the doors; but all night on the cold stairs, or rambling through the raw air, continued clapping and wringing her hands, and bewailing the irreparable loss of her Harry.

On the following day, my lord ordered a minute inventory to be taken of all the furniture in the forsaken mansion-house; and further appointed Harry's foster father, with his family, to enter into possession, and to take care of the effects, till such time as the proprietor should renew his claim.

After three tedious days, and as many expecting nights, the posse that went in quest of our runaways returned; all drooping and dejected, most of them slowly leading their overspent horses, and universally bespatter'd or covered with mire, without any equivalent of comfortable tidings to balance the weight of their languor and fatigue.

The happiness or wretchedness of human life, as it should seem, does not so much depend on the loss or acquisition of

real advantage, as on the fluctuating opinions and imaginations of men. The absence of this infant, who, but a few months before, had no manner of interest in the views, affections, or solitudes of this noble family, appeared, now, as the loss of all their honours and fortunes. A general face of mourning seemed to darken every apartment; and my lord and lady no more paid visits, nor received public company. They were, however, inventive in many contrivances for amusing and consoling their darling Dickey, but even this was to little purpose, for he was often found silently languishing in corners; or crying, O, where's my brother Harry, my own sweet brother Harry! shall I never see my own brother Harry any more?

My lord had already dispatched a multitude of circular letters to all his acquaintances, with other notices, throughout the kingdom, containing offers of ample rewards for the recovery of his child. But, finding all ineffectual, he caused advertisements to the same purpose, to be repeatedly inserted in all the public papers; as the same, no doubt, are still extant, and may be found in the musty chronicles of those days.

Within a few weeks after the publishing of these advertisements my lord received

ceived a letter, respecting his son Harry, that afforded great consolation to him and his lady; insomuch, that, with the help of the lenient hand of time, in less than the space of twelve months, this noble family were restored to their former cheerfulness and tranquillity.

But to return to the situation in which we left our hero: the coach drove on, at a round rate, and the children continued in high glee, and thought this kind of conveyance the finest sport imaginable.

When they had entered a space, on the first common, the coachman looked about, to take care that no one was in sight; and, turning to the right hand, he held gently on, till he came to another great road, on which he drove at his former rate. This he did again at the next common, and coming to another road that led also to London, and night now approaching, he put up at the first great inn he came to.

Harry's patron had the precaution to keep his great coat muffled about his face, so that no one could observe his beard, till they were shewn to a room, and fire and candles were lighted up. Then his ancient friend and domestic having provided scissars and implements for shaving,

locked the door, and set to work in the presence of the children.

Harry was all attention during the whole process; and when the operation was quite compleated, he drew near to his patron, with a cautious kind of jealousy, and looking up to his face with the tears in his little eyes, Speak to me, Sir, says he, pray speak to me. It is, answered the old gentleman, the only comfort of my life to be with you and to speak to you, my Harry. The child, hearing the well known voice of friendship, immediately cleared again, and reaching up his little arms to embrace his patron, O, indeed, says he, I believe you are my own Dada still.

Though Harry was now reconciled to the identity of his friend, yet he felt a secret regret for the absence of his beard. For he loved all and every part of him so entirely, that the loss of a hair appeared a loss and a want to the heart of Harry.

After an early supper, and two or three small glasses of wine per man; this gentleman, whom his servants had now announced by the name of Mr. Fenton, became all things in all with his young companions. He delighted them with several entertaining tricks. He put the point of a large needle to the edge of a drinking-

ing glass, and then, placing the centre of a pewter plate on the top of the needle, he began to turn it about with an encreasing motion, till it whirled round, at a rapidity that was altogether joyous and amazing to the little spectators. He next turned two plates with their faces to each other, and placing them on the brim of a large beer-glass, he put an egg upon the plates, and giving the plates a slight stroke with the side of his hand, the plates instantly flew from between the glass and the egg, and the egg fell plumb into the glass without the smallest fracture.

After some other of the like fooleries, the table was removed; and, as the room was very large, Mr. Fenton proposed Hide and go Seek to his associates. This invitation was accepted with transport, and after they were cloyed with Hide and Seek, they all played Tagg till they were well warmed.

Mr. Fenton then ordered a pallet into the chamber, for James his faithful domestic, and little Ned. Then helping to undress Harry, he put him first to bed; and, hastening after, he took his darling to his bosom, and tenderly pressed him to a heart that loved him more than all the world, and more than that world ten times told.

In about three days more they arrived safe at Hampstead, and stopping at the court of a large house, that was delightfully situated, they were welcomed by a gentlewomanly looking matron, whom James had fixed for housekeeper about a fortnight before.

The next day Mr. Fenton and his blithe companions were attended at table by James and the two footmen.

As soon as the latter grace was said, and the cloth taken away; Harry, says Mr. Fenton, it is now our turn to wait on James and his fellow-servants. For God made us all to be servants to each other, and one man is not born a bit better than another, and he is the best and greatest of all who serves and attends the most, and requires least to be served and attended upon. And, my precious, he that is a king to day, if so it shall please God, may become a beggar to morrow, and it is good that people should be prepared against all that may happen.

Having so said, he took his associates down to the hall, just as the servants had sat down to dinner. He gave his domestics the wink, and beginning to set the example, asked Mrs. Hannah, and Mr. James, and Mr. Frank, and Mr. Andrew, what they would please to have? The
ser-

servants, readily falling in with their master's scheme, ordered Harry to bring such a thing, and Ned to fetch such a thing, and Harry to do this, and Harry to do that. While Harry, with a graceful action, and more beautiful than Ganymede the cup-bearer of the gods, flew cheerfully about, from side to side, preventing the wishes of all at table; so that they poured upon him a thousand blessings from the bottom of their hearts, and would now scarce have parted with him for the mighty rewards which his father some time after proposed for his recovery.

Within a fortnight after this, Mr. James, the house-steward, had furnished a large lumber-room with thousands of coats, out-coats, shirts, waist-coats, breeches, stockings, and shoes, of different sorts and sizes, but all of warm and clean, though homely materials.

When this was done, Mr. Fenton led his favourite up to the stores, and said; My Harry, you see all these things, and I make a present of all these things to my Harry. And, now tell me, my love, what will you do with them? Why, dada, says Harry, you know that I can't wear them myself. No, my dear, says Mr. Fenton, for you have clothes enough beside, and some of them would not fit you,

and others would smother you. What then will you do with them, will you burn them, or throw them away? O, that would be very naughty and wicked indeed, says Harry. No, dada, as I don't want 'em myself, I will give 'em to those that do. That will be very honestly done of you, says Mr. Fenton, for, in truth, they have a better right to them, my Harry, than you have, and that which you cannot use, cannot belong to you. So that, in giving you these things, my darling, it should seem, as if I made you no gift at all. O, a very sweet gift, says Harry. How is that, says Mr. Fenton? Why, the gift of doing good to poor people, Sir. Mr. Fenton, then stepping back, and gazing on our hero, cried; Whoever attempts to instruct thee, my angel, must, himself, be instructed of heaven, who speaks by that sweet mouth.

But Harry, it would not be discreet of you to give these things to the common beggars who come every day to our door; give them victuals and half-pence or pence a-piece, and welcome; but, if you give such beggars twenty suits of clothes, they will cast them all off, and put on their rags again, to move people to pity them. But, when you spy any poor travellers going the road, and that your eye sees that they

they are naked, or your heart tells you that they are hungry; then, do not wait till they beg of you, but go and beg of them to favour you with their acceptance; then take them in to the fire and warm them and feed them; and when you have so done, take them up to your store-room, and cloath them with whatever you think they want: and, believe me, my Harry, whenever you are cold, or hungry, or wounded, or in want, or in sickness, yourself; the very remembrance of your having cloathed, and fed, and cured, and comforted, the naked and the hungry, the wounded and the afflicted, will be warmth, and food, and medicine, and balm to your own mind.

While Mr. Fenton spoke, the muscles of Harry's expressive countenance, like an equally tuned instrument, uttered unisons to every word he heard.

From this day forward, Harry and Ned, by turns, were frequently out on the watch; and often single, or in pairs, or by whole families, Harry would take in a poor father and mother, with their helpless infants, driven perhaps from house and home, by fire, or other misfortune, or oppressive landlord, or ruthless creditor; and having warmed, and fed, and cloathed, and treated the old ones as his
pa-

parents, and the little-ones as his brothers and sisters, he would give them additional money for charges on the road, and send them away the happiest of all people except himself.

By this time, Mr. Fenton had enquired into the circumstances and characters of all the poor in the town and throughout the precincts, and having refuted or confirmed the intelligence he had received, by a personal inspection and visit from house to house, and, having made entries of all such, as he deemed real objects and worthy of his beneficence, he invited the heads of the several families to take a dinner with him, every Sunday at his hall.

On the following Sunday, there came about thirty of these visitants, which number soon increased to fifty weekly guests.

On entering, they found the cloth ready spread, and Mr. James having counted heads, laid a crown, in silver, upon every plate; which first course was a most relishing sauce to all that followed. A plentiful dinner was then introduced, and the guests being seated, Mr. Fenton, Harry, Ned, and the four domestics attended, and disposed themselves in a manner the most ready to supply the wants of the company. The guests, all abashed and confounded at what they saw, sat, some time, with

with open mouth, and unswallowed victuals, much less did they presume to apply to the waiters for any article they wanted; till, being encouraged and spirited up, by the cheerfulness, ease, and readiness of their attendants, they became, by degrees, quite happy and jovial; and, after a saturating meal, and an enlivening cup, they departed, with elevated spirits, with humanized manners, and with hearts warmed in affection toward every member of this extraordinary house.

By the means of this weekly bounty, these reviving families were soon enabled to clear their little debts to the chandlers, which had compelled them to take up every thing at the dearest hand. They were also further enabled to purchase wheels and other implements, with the materials of flax and wool, for employing the late idle hands of their household. They now appeared decently clad, and with happy countenances. Their wealth increased with their industry; and the product of the employment of so many late useless members became a real accession of wealth to the public. So true it is, that the prosperity of this world, and of every nation and society therein, depends solely on the industry or manufactures of the individuals. And so much

more.

more nobly did this private patron act, than all ancient legislators, or modern patrons, and landlords; whose selfishness, if they had but common cunning, or common sense, might instruct them to encrease their proper rents, and enrich their native country, by supplying the hands of all the poor, within their influence, with the implements and materials of the prosperity of each.

In the mean time, Mrs. Hannah, daily, instructed the children in the reading of English. Neither was Mr. Fenton inattentive to any means that might preserve and promote the health, action, and corporal excellencies of his little champion.

He had a large lawn, behind his garden: and, hither he summoned, three times in every week, all the boys of the vicinage, that were within two years advanced above the age of our hero. To these he appointed premiums for football, hurling, wrestling, leaping, running, cudgelling, and buffing. But the champions were enjoined to invest their fists with little mufflers, insomuch, that, how great soever their vigour might be, the bruises that they gave stopped short of mortality.

Now, though these premiums were almost universally adjudged to the party of which Harry then happened to be a member,

ber, or, individually, to himself for his single prowess and preeminence; yet, he never would consent to bear the prize from the field; but, either gave it to some favourite among those, with whom he had been associated; or to the particular champion whom he had worsted in contest. For he felt the shame and defeat of his mortified adversary, and consolingly hinted at the injustice of the judges, and reformed their error, by the restoration of the reward.

One day, while Harry was watching to intercept poor travellers, as eagerly as a fowler watches for the rising of his game; he heard a plaintive voice, behind the hedge, as he thought, in the opposite field. He flew across the road, and, passing through a small turnstile, soon found the unhappy objects he sought for. He stood, for some time, like a statue, and his compassion became too strong for tears or utterance: but, suddenly turning, and flying back again, he rushed, with precipitation, into the room where Mr. Fenton was writing a letter. 'What is the matter,' said Mr. Fenton, starting, 'what has frightened you, my Harry, what makes you look so pale?' To this Harry replied not, but catching hold of his hand,

and

and pulling with all his force, O come, says he, O come, dada, and see.

Mr. Fenton then got up, and suffered himself to be led where the child pleased to conduct him, without another word being asked or answered on either side.

When they were come into the field, Mr. Fenton observ'd a man sitting on the ground. His clothes seem'd, from head to foot, as the tattered remainder of better days. Through a squalid wig, and beard, his pale face appear'd just unobscured with a faint and sickly red. And his hollow eyes were fixed upon the face of a woman, whose head he held on his knees; and who look'd to be dead, or dying, though without any apparent agony; while a male infant, about four years of age, was half stretched on the ground, and half across the woman's lap, with its little nose pinched by famine, and its eyes staring about, wildly, though without attention to any thing. Distress seem'd to have expended its utmost bitterness on these objects, and the last sigh and tear to have been, already, exhausted.

Unhappy man, cried Mr. Fenton, pray, who or what are you? To which the stranger, faintly, replied, without lifting his eyes: Whoever you may be, disturb not the

the last hour of those who wish to be at peace.

Run, Harry, says Mr. Fenton, desire all the servants to come to me, immediately; and bid Mrs. Hannah bring some hartshorn and a bottle of cordial.

Away flew Harry, like feathered Mercury, on his Godlike errand. Forth issued Mr. James, Frank, and Andrew. And last came Mrs. Hannah, with the house-maid and cordials.

Hannah stooped, in haste, and applied hartshorn to the nose of the woman, who appeared wholly insensible. After some time, her bosom heaved with a long-rising and subsiding sigh, and her eyes feebly opened, and immediately closed again. Then Hannah and the house-maid, raising her gently between them, got a little of the cordial into her mouth, and bending her backward, they observ'd that she swallowed it. Then James, Frank, Andrew, and the house-maid, joining their forces, lifted her up, and bore her, as easy as possible, toward the house. While Harry caught up her infant, as a pismire does its favourite embryo, in a time of distress, in order to lodge it in a place of protection and safety.

In the mean time Mr. Fenton and Mrs. Hannah put their hartshorn, with great tender-

tenderness, to the nostrils of the stranger, and requested him to take a sup of the cordial. But he, turning up his dim, though expressive eyes, feebly cried, Are you a man or an angel? and directly fainted away.

They rubbed his temples with the spirits, and did their utmost to recover him, but a sudden gust of grateful passion had proved too strong for his constitution. On the return of the servants he was also carried in. A physician was, instantly, sent for; beds were provided and warmed, in haste; the new guests were all, gently, undrest and laid therein; and, being compelled to swallow a little sack whey, they recovered to a kind of languid sensibility.

The physician gave it, as his opinion, that this unhappy family were reduced to their present state, by excess of grief and famine; that nourishment should be administered in very small proportions; and, that they should be kept as quiet, as possible, for a fortnight at least.

While all imaginable care is taking for the recovery of these poor people, we beg leave to return to the affairs of their protectors.

FRIEND. A plague upon your return ! This is just like a man in whose company I once travelled ; we were advanced on our journey, in a fair and happy road, when he took it into his head to ride back again, in search of an old glove. Here you have raised my curiosity to the highest, and equally distressed me in favour of this unhappy family, when, in the instant, you fly off from the satisfaction expected. But here also, I presume, you are upon honour ; you are entrusted with secrets, and would not for the world betray them to your readers.

AUTHOR. Sir, you never were more mistaken. I know nothing at all of these people's affairs. As soon as they are able they will speak for themselves. I know of no advantage that they can get by their silence, whatever they may derive from your compassion and generosity by telling their case. But the doctor, for the present, will not permit them. — Proceed, my friend, I pray you. Your patience will have but a very short trial.



C H A P. VI.

A BOUT a month before this, Mr. Fenton had engaged one Mr. Vindex, the schoolmaster of the town, to come for an hour every evening, and initiate the two boys in their Latin grammar. But, he had a special caution given him, with respect to the generous disposition of our hero, which was said to be induced to do any thing, by kindness; but to be hardened and rouzed into opposition by severity.

In about ten days after the late adventure, Mr. Fenton was called to London, where he was detained about three weeks, in settling his books with his Dutch correspondents; and in calling in a very large arrear of interest, that was due to him upon his deposits in the funds.

During his absence, Mr. Vindex began to assume a more expanded authority, and gave a freer scope to the surly terrors of his station.

Ned was, by nature, a very lively, but very petulant boy; and when Vindex reproved him with the imperial brow and voice of the great mogul, Ned cast upon him

him an eye of such significant contempt, as no submissions or sufferings, on the part of the offender, could ever after compensate.

The next day, Mr. Vindex returned, doubly armed, with a monstrous birch rod in one hand, and a ferule in the other. The first he hung up, in terrorem, as a meteor is said to hang in the heavens, threatening future castigation to the children of men. The second he held, as determined upon present action; nor was he unmindful of any hook, whereon to hang a fault; so that, travelling from right to left, and from left to right, he so warmed the hands of the unfortunate Edward, as ruined the funny oeconomy of his countenance, and reduced him to a disagreeable partnership with the afflicted.

On the departure of Vindex, though Ned's drollery was dismayed, his resentment was, by no means, eradicated. For the principle of Ned was wholly agreeable to the motto of a very noble escutcheon, and *Nemo me impune lacessit*, was a maxim of whose impropriety not Saint Anthony, himself, could persuade him.

All night he lay ruminating, and brooding on mischief in his imagination, and, having formed the outlines of his plan toward morning, he began to chuckle, and comfort

comfort himself, and exult in the execution. He, then, revealed his project to his bedfellow, Mr. James, who was greatly tickled therewith, and promised to join in the plot.

Full against the portal that opened upon the school-room, there stood an ancient and elevated chair, whose form was sufficiently expressive of its importance. Mr. Vindex had selected this majestic piece of furniture as, alone, suitable to the dignity of his exalted station. For he judiciously considered that, if Thrones and Benches were taken from among men, there would be an end of all dominion and justice upon earth.

Through the centre of the seat of this chair of authority, Ned got Mr. James to drill a small hole, not discernable, except on a very minute scrutiny. He then provided a cylindrical stick of about six inches in length, to one end of which he fastened a piece of lead, and, in the other end he fixed the head of a large needle. This needle had been a glover's, of approved mettle, keen, and polished, and three square, toward the point, for a quick and ready penetration of tough leather. He, next, fastened two small cords, transversely, to the leaden extremity of the stick, and, James assisting, they turned the

the chair with the bottom upward, and tacked the four ends of the cords, in such a manner, as answered to the four cardinal points of the compass; while the stick remained suspended in an upright direction, with the point of the needle just so far through the drill, as put it upon a level with the surface of the seat. Lastly, they fastened a long, and well waxed thread about the middle of the stick, and, drawing this thread over the upper rung, they dropped the end of it just under Ned's stool; and replaced the seat of learning in its former position.

Greatly did Ned parade it, when, on trial, he found that his machine answered to a miracle; for, the stick being restrained from any motion, save that in a direction to the zenith; on the slightest twitch of the thread, the needle, instantly, mounted four sixths of two inches above the surface of the seat, and was, as quickly, recalled by the revulsion of the lead.

At the appointed hour of magisterial approach, in comes Mr. Vindex. Master Harry and Ned are called. Each seizes his book; and takes his seat as usual in a line, nearly diagonal to the right and left corner of the chair of authority. Mr. Vindex assumes the chair. But, scarce was he down, when Ned gives the pre-

meditated, intimation to his piercer, and up bounces Vindex, and gives two or three capers, as though he had been suddenly stung by a tarantula. He stares wildly about; puts his hand behind him, with a touch of tender condolance; returns to the chair; peers all over it with eyes of the most prying inspection; but, not trusting to the testimony of his ocular sense, in a case that, so very feelingly, refuted its evidence, he moved his fingers over and over every part of the surface; but found all smooth and fair, in spite of the late sensible demonstration to the contrary.

Down again, with slow caution, subsided Mr. Vindex, reconnoitring the premisses, to the right hand, and to the left.

As his temper was not, now, in the most dulcet disposition; he, first, looked sternly at Ned, and, then turning toward Harry, with an eye that sought occasion for present quarrel, he questioned him, morosely, on some articles of his lesson. When Ned, not enduring such an indignity to the patron of his life and fortunes, gave a second twitch, with better will, and much more lively than the first; and up, again, sprung Vindex, with redoubled vigour and action, and bounded, plunged, and pranced about the room, as bewitch'd.

witch'd. He glared, and searched all about with a frantic penetration, and pored into every corner for the visible or invisible perpetrators of these mischiefs. He now began to imagine that some devil wanted a pincushion, and proposed no other for the purpose, than his capacious material.

In this thought he retreated to the next chamber, stripped off his clothes, his shoes, and breeches, and, to know whether a lodgment had been duly made, he groped for the heads of the supposed weapons. He next searched his breeches, and every skirt and posterior fold of coat and waistcoat. But, finding the coasts clear of any ensigns of hostility, he writhed and twisted his head and eyes to this side and to that to discern, if possible, the devastations that had been made in the field of honour; when, hearing a little titter in the neighbouring school room, he began to smell a fox, and dressing himself again, with a malignant determination of better note for the future, he returned with a countenance of dissembled placability, and, resuming his chair, began to examine the boys, with a voice apparently tuned by good-temper and affection.

During this short serene, poor Ned hap-
pened

pened to make a little trip in his rudiments; when Vindex turned, and cried to our hero, Master Harry, my dear, be so kind to get up and reach me yon ferule.

These words had not fully passed the lips of the luckless pedagogue, when Ned plucked the string with his utmost force, and Vindex thought himself, at least, impaled on the spot. Up he shot, once more, like a sudden pyramid of flame. The ground could no longer retain him, he soared aloft, roared, raved, cursed, and swore, like a thousand infernals. While Ned, with an aspect of the most condoling hypocrisy and words, broke by a tone of mourning, tenderly enquired of his ailments.

Vindex turned upon him an eye of jealous malignity, and taking a sudden thought, he flew to the scene of his repeated infliction, and turning up the bottom of the seat of pain, this complicated effort of extraordinary genius lay revealed, and exposed to vulgar contemplation.

He first examined minutely into the parts and construction of this wonderful machinery, whose efficacy he still so feelingly recollected. He then drew the string, and admired, with what a piercing agility the needle could be actuated by so distant a hand. And lastly, and deliberately,

rately, he tore away, piece by piece, the whole composition, as his rascally brethren, the Turks, have also done, in their antipathy to all the monuments of arts, genius, and learning throughout the earth.

In the mean while our friend Edward sat trembling and frying in his skin. All his drollery had forsaken him; nor had he a single cast of contrivance, for evading the mountain of mischiefs that he saw impending. How indeed could he palliate? what had he to hope or plead in mitigation of the penalty? where, in the party, so highly offended, he saw his judge and his executioner.

Mr. Vindex had now the ball wholly at his own foot, and, that Ned was ever to have his turn again, was a matter no way promised by present appearances.

Vindex, at length, looked smilingly about him with much fun in his face, but more vengeance at his heart. Mr. Edward, said he, perhaps you are not yet apprised of the justice of the Jewish laws, that claim an eye for an eye, and a breech for a breech; but I, my child, will fully instruct you in the fitness and propriety of them.

Then, reaching at the rod, he seized his shrinking prey, as a kite trusses a robin; he laid him, like a little sack across

his own stool, off he go the breeches, and with the left hand he holds him down, while the right is laid at him with the application of a woodman, who resolves to clear part of the forest before noon.

Harry, who was no way privy to the machination of the needle, now approached, and interposed in behalf of his unhappy servant. He petitioned, he kneeled, he wept; but his prayers and tears were cast to the winds and the rocks, till Vindex had reduced the posteriors of poor Ned, to a plight little different from those of Saint Bartholomew.

Mr. Vindex justly deemed that he had now given a lesson of such ample instruction, as might dispense with his presence for some days at least.

In the mean time, the scalping of Ned's bottom held him confined to his bed, where he had full time and leisure to contrive with one end, a just and worthy retribution for the sufferings of the other.

Harry went often to sit and condole with Ned, in this the season of his calamity; and, as he had now conceived a strong aversion to the pedagogue, on account of his barbarity; he offered to assist his friend in any measures deemed adequate to the stripes and injuries he had received.

The

The house of Mr. Vindex was a large and old-fashioned building, with a steep flight of stone stairs, and a spacious landing-place before the door. Ned was again on his legs, the night was excessive dark, and the family of the preceptor had just finished an early supper.

About this time a gentle rapping was heard, and a servant opening the door, looked this way, and that way, and called out repeatedly to know who was there; but no voice replying, he retired and shut all to again. Scarce was he re-enter'd when he hears rap, rap, rap, rap. The fellow's anger was now kindled, and, opening the door suddenly, he bounced out at once, in order to seize the run-away. But, seeing no creature, he began to feel a coming chilness, and his hairs to stir, as the peach had got the life of an eel. Back he slunk, closed the door with the greatest tenderness, and crept down to reveal a scantling of his fears to his fellows in the kitchen.

Now, though men and maids laugh'd heartily at the apprehensions of Hodge; they yet resented this insult on their house, as they called it, and, getting all up together in a group, they sily crouded behind the door, with the latch in one of

their hands ready to issue, in an instant, and detect the delinquents.

They were not suffered to freeze. Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock. Open flies the door, and out rush the servants. Nothing appear'd. They all stood silent, and astonished beyond measure. Some, however, with outward bravado but inward tremblings, went searching along the walls and behind the posts for some lurcher. Again they gathered to the landing-place, and stood whisperingly debating what this might be. When, to the inexpressible terror and discomfiture of all present, the spontaneous knocker assumed sudden life and motion; and gave such a peal and alarm to their eyes and ears, as put every sense and resolution to the rout, and in they rushed again, one on the back of t'other, and clapped to the door, as in the face of a host of pursuing Dæmons.

Mr. Vindex and his lady, for some time past, had been sitting opposite, and nodding over a fire in the back parlour, where they returned each other's salute, with the greatest good manners and punctuality imaginable. He now started, on hearing the rustling in the hall, and angrily called to know what was the matter.

Vindex,

Vindex, from the prejudice of education during his infancy, had conceived the utmost spight to all spectres and hobgoblins, infomuch that he wished to deprive them of their very existence; and laboured to persuade himself, as well as others, of their nonentity, but faith proved too strong within him, for all his verbal parade of avowed infidelity.

While the servants, with pale faces and short breath, made their relation, the magisterial philosopher did so sneer, and contemptuously toss this way and t'other, and throw himself back in such affected fits of laughter, as nothing could be like it. Till, bouncing at the sound of another peal, he mustered the whole family, boarders and all, to about seventeen in number; together with madam Vindex, who would not be left sole; and now they appeared such an army as was sufficient to face any single devil, at least, and forth they issued, and filled the landing-place, leaving the door on the jar.

Here, Mr. Vindex turned, and, with his face toward the knocker, thus addressed the assembly.

My honest, but simple friends, quoth he, can any thing persuade ye, that a spirit, or ghost, as ye call it, a breath, or being of air, a something, or nothing,

that is neither tangible, nor visible, can lay hold of that which is? Or are ye such ideots as to imagine, that yon knocker, (for he did not yet venture to touch it) a substance of solid and molten brass, without members or organs, or any internal system or apparatus for the purpose, can yet be indued with will, design, or any kind of intelligence, when the least locomotive faculty, in the meanest reptile, must, of necessity, be provided with an infinitely varied mechanism of nerves, tubes, reservoirs, levers, and pulleys for the nonce. I should discredit my own senses on any appearance contrary to such palpable demonstration. In all lights—Soft—break we off—look where it comes again—For, in this instant of affirmation, so peremptory and conclusive; the knocker, as in contempt and bitter despiht to philosophy, so loudly refuted every syllable of the premisses, as left neither time nor inclination to Vindex, for a reply. But, rushing desperately forward, he burst in at the portal, with such as had presence of mind to take advantage of the opening, and, turning again, and shutting the door violently in the face of half his family, he ran and threw himself into his chair, in an agony of spirits.

The

The servants and boarders, whom Vindex had shut out, not abiding to stay in presence of the object of their terrors, tumbled, in a heap, down the stairs, and gathering themselves up again, ran diversly to communicate to all their neighbours and acquaintance, the tidings of the enchanted knocker. Their contagious looks and words gave the panic throughout; but curiosity prevailing above apprehension, the town began to gather, though, first in thin parties, and at a cautious distance; till the croud encreasing, took heart and resolution from number, and venturing up a step or two of the stairs, and being still press'd and urged forward by new comers from behind, they, at length filled the whole flight and the landing-place, and one of them growing bold enough to lift his hand toward the knocker, the knocker generously convinced him that no assistance was wanting. Rap, rap, rap, rap. Rap, rap, rap, rap. Rap, rap, rap, rap. Back recoil the foremost ranks, casting off and tumbling over the ranks behind. No one stay'd to give help or hand to friend or brother, but, rising or scrambling off on all fours; each made the best of his way to the first asylum; and, in less than ten seconds, there

was not a mouse stirring throughout the street.

If I had the ill-nature of most authors, who seldom communicate any thing worthy the knowledge of the public, I might also leave the foregoing *Ænigma* to be solved, or rather made more implicit, in such ways as philosophy might happen to account for. But, in compassion to the pains of a labouring imagination, I chuse to deliver my reader, with all possible ease and dispatch.

The fact is, that these astonishing and tremendous phænomena, that discomfited a little city, alarmed the country round, and resuscitated the stories and legends of the old women of all the parishes from Barnet to London, was the whole and sole contrivance of our hero's petulant founding, during a nightly lucubration.

Ned had accordingly imparted his plan of operations to Harry, and Harry had engaged Mrs. Hannah in the plot.

Now, Mrs. Hannah had a house in a narrow part of the street, just opposite to that of Mr. Vindex, where her niece and an old servant resided. This house was narrow, but of the height of four stories; and, on the said memorable night, Ned dropped the end of a bottom of small
twine

twine from the garret window, which Hannah took across the way, and fastened with a double knot, to the knocker of Vindex's door. And now it is twenty to one, that if Vindex's family and the rest of the neighbourhood had been, even thus far let into the secret, they would not have been altogether so much alarmed at the consequences.

I have read of generals who could gain, but not maintain conquests; and of women who could keep all secrets but their own. Thus it happen'd to Ned. His vanity was, at least on a level with his ingenuity; he was so elated with the success of his recent stratagem, that he boasted of it to some, and half whispered it to others, till it came to the ears of the much exasperated Vindex. Vindex, in the first heat, and very boil of his passions, snatches up a huge rod, just cut from that tree whose bare name strikes terror through all our seminaries of learning, and taking with him one of his boarders, he marches directly down to the house of Mrs. Fenton, and thus formidably armed, he enters the fatal school-room.

Ned, by great good fortune for himself, was then absent. But, our hero happening to be there, Vindex instantly shut the door and called him to task.

Master

Master Harry, says he; did you know any thing of the strange knocking at my door, last Tuesday night? To this question, Harry, who was too valiant to be tempted to tell a lye through fear, without hesitation, answered in the affirmative: You did, sirrah, cried the pedagogue, and have you the impudence also, to confess it to my face? Here, Jacky, down with his breeches, and horse him for me directly.

Jack was a lusty lubberly boy, about ten years of age, and stooping to unbutton Harry, according to order, our hero gave him such a sudden fist in the mouth, as dashed in two of his teeth, that then happened to be moulting, and set him a crying and bleeding in a piteous manner. Vindex then rose into ten-fold fury, and took our hero in hands himself, and, notwithstanding that he cuffed and kicked, and fought it most manfully, Vindex, at length, unbuttoned his breeches, and set him in due form, on the back of his boarder.

The Pedagogue, at first, gave him the three accustomed strokes, as hard as he could draw. So much, my friend, says he, is for your own share of the burden; and, now, tell me who were your confederates and abettors in this fine plot? That

That I will never tell you, deliberately and resolutely answered our hero. What shall I be bullied and out-braved, replied the frantic savage, by such a one as you? You little stubborn villain, I will flea you alive, I will carbonade you on the spot. So saying, he laid at him, as though he had been a sheaf of wheat; while Harry, indignantly, endured the torture, and, holding in his breath, that he might not give Vindex the satisfaction of a groan, he determined to perish rather than betray.

In the mean time, Ned had peeped in at the keyhole, and, spying the situation and plight of his loved patron, he ran to Mrs. Hannah and imparted the horrid tidings. Hannah rose, with all the wrath of Typhoon in her countenance, and, flying to the school-room, she rushed violently against the door, burst it open in a twinkling, and springing forward, fastened every nail she had in the face and eyes of Vindex, and tore away and cuffed at a fearful rate. Jack at this period, had let his rider to the ground, when Harry, catching at a sword that hung against the wainscot, whipt it down and drawing it from the sheath as quick as lightning, he sprung at Vindex, in order to run him through the body; but, happily not having had the patience to put up his breeches they

they trammelled him in his advance, and he fell prostrate with the sword, in his hand, which reached the leg of the Pedagogue, and gave him a slight wound, just as he was endeavouring to make his way through the door. Jack had, already, made his escape, and the mauled preceptor scampered after, with his ears much better warmed, and his temper better cooled, than when he entered.

Harry bore his misfortune, with a sort of sullen though shamefaced philosophy. But, every other member of this honorable family almost adored him for the bloody proof that he had given of his virtue; and vowed unpitiful vengeance on the ungenerous Vindex.

During the above transactions, the strangers, whom Mr. Fenton had received into his house, had been tended with great humanity and were, now, on the recovery.

Mr. James, on conversing with the head of this little family, observed that he was an exceeding sensible person, and had provided him with a decent, though cast suit of his master's; and had also, with the assistance of Mrs. Hannah, put his wife and little boy into clean and seemly apparel.

As James's invention was on the rack to get adequate satisfaction on the base spirited

spirited Vindex, he went to consult his new friend, who dropped a tear of generosity and admiration, on hearing the story of Harry's heroism and nobility of soul.

By his advice, Mr. James dispatched a messenger to a druggist, at London, and to several other shops for a sundry apparatus, and, having all things in readiness, and Harry being now able to bear a part in the play; James sent a strange porter to Vindex, with compliments from his master, as though he were just come home, and requested to speak with him.

Vindex, accordingly, comes, and knocks. The door opens, he enters, and it instantly flutters upon him. He starts back with horror as at the sight of Medusa. He perceives the hall all in black, without a single ray, save what proceeded from a flicking lamp, that made the gloom visible. He is suddenly seized upon by two robust devils, covered over with painted flames. They drag him to the school-room, but O terror of terrors! he knows the place of his pristine authority no more. He beholds a hell more fearful than his fancy had yet framed. The ceiling seemed to be vaulted with serpents, harpyes, and hydras, that dropt livid fire. On one side ran Phlegeton in waves of burning sulphur. And here, the Tisiphone, Magæra, and
Alecto,

Alecto, of the heathens, appeared to contend for frightfulness with Milton's death and sin. Four fiends and two little imps, at once laid their fangs upon him, and would have dragg'd him to the ground. But the Pedagogue was a sturdy athletic fellow, and cuffed, and scratched, and roared it out most manfully. The devil, however, proving too strong for the sinner, he was cast prostrate to the earth; and, being left, in retrospection, as bare as father Time, some sat upon his shoulders to keep him down, while others, on each side, alternately keeping time, like the threshers of barley, gave our flogger such a scoring, as imprinted on his memory to his last state of magistracy, a fellow-feeling for the suffering of petty delinquents.

Being all out-breathed in turns, they remitted from their toil; and, now, appeared to be a set of the merriest devils that ever associated. They fastened the clothes of the disconsolate Vindex about his neck, with his own garters; and, having manacled his hands before him, they turned him loose to the street. While he, with a wonderful presence of mind in the midst of his terrors, raised his hands, the best he could, to cover his face, and hurried homeward, judiciously recollecting, that

forty-

forty-nine in fifty would have recognized the one end, who would not recognize the other, especially in the present pickle.

Within a few days after this adventure, Mr. Fenton returned. At the first sight of one another, he and his Harry grew together for near half an hour. He, then, addressed every member of his family, one by one; and, with a familiar goodness, inquired after their several healths and concerns. He also asked after his late guests, and desired to see them; but on Mr. James's intimation, that he had somewhat of consequence to impart to him, they retired to the next room.

Here, James made him a minute recital of the preceding adventures; and set forth, in due contrast, the baseness and barbarity of Vindex on the one part; and the unassailable worthiness of his Harry on the other, while the praise of this chosen of the old gentleman's soul sunk, like the balm of Gilead, upon his wounded mind, and almost eradicated every memorial of former grief, and planted a new spring of hope and joy in their room.

The table being spread for dinner, Mr. Fenton sent to desire that the stranger and his little family should join company. They came, according to order, but entered, evidently overcome with a weight
of

of shame and gratitude too grievous to be borne.

Mr. Fenton saw their oppression, and felt the whole burden upon his own shoulders. He accordingly was interested and solicitous in the removal, which he effected with all that address of which his humanity had made him a great master.

Through the enfoldings of the stranger's modesty, Mr. Fenton discerned many things preceding the vulgar rank of men. Mr. Clement, said he, I am astonished, beyond measure, that a person of letters, as you are, and who has so much of the gentleman in his person and manner, should, yet, be reduced to such extremity in a christian country, and among a people distinguished for their humanity. There must be something very singular and extraordinary in your case. And, this night, if you are at leisure, and that the recital is not disagreeable to you; you would oblige me by your story.

Sir, answered Mr. Clement, since my life is yours, you have, surely, a right to an account of your property. Whenever you think proper, I will cheerfully obey you.

Mr. Fenton now rose, and stepped into town, and calling upon a neighbour whom he took to the tavern, he sent for Mr. Vindex, who came upon the summons.

Mr.

Mr. Vindex, says he, pray take your seat. I am sorry, Mr. Vindex, for the treatment you have got in my house, and still sorer that you got it so very deservedly.

I have long thought, Mr. Vindex, that the method of school masters, in the instruction of our children, is altogether the reverse of what it ought to be. They, generally laid hold on the human constitution, as a pilot lays hold of the rudder of a ship, by the tail, by the single motive, I say, of fear alone.

Now, as fear has no concern with any thing but itself, it is the most confined, most malignant, and the basest, though the strongest of all passions.

The party, who is possessed with it, will listen to nothing but the dictates of his own terror, nor scruple any thing that may cover him from the evil apprehended. He will prevaricate and lye; if that lye is questioned he will vouch it by perjury; and, if he happens to do an injury, he will be tempted to commit murder to prevent the effects of resentment.

Fear never was a friend to the love of God, or man, to duty or conscience, truth, probity, or honour. It, therefore, can never make a good subject, a good citizen, or a good soldier; and least of all, a good christian; except the devils who believe
and

and tremble, are to be accounted good christians.

How very different is the lesson which our master CHRIST teacheth, who commandeth us, not to fear what man can do unto us; to smile in sickness and calamity; to rise superior to pain and death; and to regard nothing, but as it leads to the goal of that immortality which his gospel has brought to light.

There is, Mr. Vindex, but one occasion, wherein fear may be useful, in schools or common-wealths. That is, when it is placed as a guard against evil; and appears, with its insignia of rods, ropes, and axes, to deter all, who behold, from approaching thereto.

But this, Mr. Vindex, is far from being the sole occasion on which school-masters apply the motive of fear and castigation. They associate the ideas of pain to those lessons and virtues which the pleasure of encouragement ought alone to inculcate. They, yet, more frequently apply the lash, for the indulgence of their own weaknesses; and for the gratification of the vivulence of their own naughty passions. And I have seen a giant of a Pedagogue, raving, raging, and foaming over a group of shrinking infants; like a kite over a crouching parcel of young turkeys.

There

There are, I admit, some parents and preceptors who annex other motives to that of the rod. They promise money, gaudy clothes, and sweet-meats to children; and, in their manner of expatiating on the use and value of such articles, they often excite, in their little minds, the appetites of avarice, of vanity, and sensuality. They, also sometimes add the motive of what they call emulation, but which, in fact, is rank envy, by telling one boy how much happier or richer, or finer, another is, than himself.

Now, though envy and emulation are often confounded, in terms; there are not two things more different, both in respect to their object, and in respect to their operation. The object of envy is the person, and not the excellence, of any one; but the object of emulation is excellence, alone; as when CHRIST, exciting us to be emulous of the excellence of God himself, bids us be perfect, as our father which is in heaven is perfect. The operation of envy is to pull others down. But the act of emulation is to exalt ourselves to some eminence or height proposed. The eyes of envy are sore and sickly, and hate to look at the light. But emulation has the eye of an eagle, and soars, while it gazes in the face of the sun.

Were

Were tutors half as solicitous, throughout their academies, to make men of worth, as to make men of letters; there are a hundred pretty artifices, very obvious to be contrived and practised for the purpose. They might institute Caps of Shame, and Wreaths of Honour in their schools. They might have little medals, expressive of particular virtues, to be fixed on the breast of the atchiever, till forfeited by default. And on the report of any boy's having performed a signal action of good-nature, friendship, gratitude, generosity, or honour; a place of eminence might be appointed for him to sit on, while all the rest of the school should bow, in deference, as they passed. Such arts, as these, I say, with that distinguishing affection and approbation, which all persons ought to shew to children of merit, would soon make a new nation of infants, and consequently, of men.

When you, Mr. Vindex, iniquitously took upon you to chastise my most noble and most incomparable boy, you first whipt him for his gallant and generous avowal of the truth: and next, you barbarously flead him, because he refused to betray those who had confided in his integrity.

When

When I behold so many scoundrels walking openly throughout the land; who are stiled your honour, and your honour, and who impudently usurp the most exalted of all characters, the character of a gentleman; I no longer wonder, when I reflect that they have been principled, or rather unprincipled, by such tutors as Mr. Vindex.

The merry devils, Mr. Vindex, who took you in hand, were not of a species so alienated from humanity, as you might imagine: they have, therefore, appointed me their vehicle of some smart-money in recompence, but desire no further advantage from your company or instructions.

So saying, Mr. Fenton put a purse of five and twenty guineas into the hands of the pedagogue, and withdrew without speaking another word.



FRIEND. Upon my credit, this Mr. Fenton—I long to know something more of him—he is a sensible kind of a man, and has given us some very valuable hints upon education. But, may I be so free with you as to drop some general remarks upon the whole of what I have read?

AUTHOR. Free, Sir?—by all means—
as free as you please, to be sure—believe
me, you cannot do me a greater favour.

FR. Why, there's the plague on't now,
—You begin to kindle already.—Ah,
were you authors to know the thousandth
part of the liberties that are taken behind
your backs, you would learn to bear, with
more humility, a gentle admonition, tho'
uttered to your faces.—Few, indeed, have
the generosity, or even humanity, to in-
timate what they themselves think, or
what the world speaks of you. We are
seldom over forward to say any thing that
might give displeasure to others, because
we like that others should be pleased with
ourselves; but, in your absence, we pay
ourselves largely for our taciturnity in
your presence; and I have often been in
company, where the intimates and confi-
dants of you authors, have depreciated
and ridiculed the very same passages,
which they applauded with cries and claps
in your closets. The world, my friend,
has substituted good manners in the place
of good nature; whoever conforms to the
former is dispensed with from any observ-
ance of the latter. Shall I add, (for the
misfortune of you authors,) that there is
a set of men, who, at once, dispense
with common manners and common hu-
manity.

manity. They go under the name of critics, and must be men of wealth, that the deference paid to fortune, may give a sort of stamp and currency to the dross of their erudition. In the strictest sense, indeed, they may be called Men of Letters, their study as well as capacity, being nearly confined to a just or orthographical disposition of the alphabet. Their business is to reconnoitre the outworks of genius, as they have no key to the gates of nature or sentiment. They snuff faults from afar, as crows scent carrion, and delight to pick, and to prey, and to dwell upon them. They enter, like wasps, upon the gardens of literature, not to relish any fragrance or select any sweets, but to pamper their malevolence with every thing that favours of rankness or offence. Happily for them, their sagacity does not tend to the discovery of merit; in such a case, a work of genius would give them the spleen for a month, or possibly depress their spirits beyond recovery.

To these high and dreaded lords justiciaries, the critics, authors deem it incumbent to submit the products of their lucubrations; not in the prospect of any advantage from their advice or animadversions; neither in the hopes of acquiring their friendship or patronage; but

merely to sooth and deprecate the effects of their malignity. Accordingly, I have been present when some of these dictators have been presented with a manuscript, as with an humble petition; they have thereupon assumed the chair, as a judge assumes the bench when a criminal is called before him, not in order to trial or hearing, but to sentence and condemnation. To what scenes of mortification have I been witness on such occasions! to what a state of abatement, of abasement, of annihilation, have these entertainers of the public been depressed?—"I am sorry, Sir, to tell you, that this will not do,—a few attempts here and there, but that will not compensate.—Here again, how injudicious, absurd, unpardonable!—Lord, Sir, you should have considered that when a man sits down to write for the public, the least compliment they expect from him, is, that he should think—Here, my friend, I have seen enough; I cannot affront my judgment so much as either to recommend or patronize your performance; all I can do for you is to be silent on the subject, and permit fools to approve who have not sense to discern."—Thus do these critics paramount with the delicacy and compassion of the torturers of the inquisition, search out

out all the seats of sensibility and self-complacence, in order to sting with the more quick and killing poignancy.

Now, my dear friend, as you have not applied for the favour of these established arbitrators of genius and literature, you are not to expect the least mercy from them, and I am also free to tell you that I know of no writer who lies more open to their attacks. You are excessively incorrect; your works, on the one hand, have not the least appearance of the *Lima labor*; nor, on the other, have they that ease which ought to attend the haste with which they seem to be written. Again, you are extremely unequal and disproportioned; one moment you soar where no eye can see, and strait descend with rapidity to creep in the vulgar phrase of chambermaids and children. Then you are so desultory that we know not where to have you; you no sooner interest us in one subject, than you drag us, however reluctant, to another; in short, I doubt whether you laid any kind of plan before you set about the building; but we shall see how your fortuitous concourse of atoms will turn out.

AUT. Do I want nature?

FR. No.

AUT. Do I want spirit?

FR. Rather too much of fire, at times.

AUT. Do I want sentiment?

FR. Not altogether.

AUT. Then, Sir, I shall be read, and read again, in despite of my own defects, and of all that you and your critics can say or do against me. The truth is, that the critics are very far from being bugbears to me; they have always proved my friends, my best benefactors; they were the first who writ me into any kind of reputation; and I am more beholden to their invectives, than I am to my own genius, for any little name I may have got in the world; all I have to fear is, that they are already tired of railing, and may not deem me worth their further notice.

—But pray, my good Sir, if you desire that I should profit by your admonitions, ought you not to give me instances of the faults with which you reproach me?

FR. That would be time and labour altogether thrown away, as I have not the smallest hope of bringing you to confession. You are a Disputant, a Casuist by your education; you are equally studied and practised in turning any thing into nothing, or bringing all things thereout. But don't flatter yourself that I have yet given you the detail of half your faults; you are often paradoxical, and extremely pe-

peremptory and desperate in your assertions. In this very last page you affirm that the character of a gentleman is the most revereable, the highest of all characters.

AUT. I did, Sir, I do affirm it, and will make it good.

FR. I knew it, Sir, I knew it, but don't chuse at present, to enter into the discussion. At the next pause I shall willingly hear you on this question.



C H A P. VII.

ON his return he ordered a fire and a bottle of wine into his study, and sent for Mr. Clement. Mr. Clement, says he, sit down. I assure you, Mr. Clement, I am inclined to think very well of you. But, pray let me have the narrative of your life and manners, without disguise. An ingenuous confession and sense of past errors has something in it, to me, full as amiable, or more, than if a man had never strayed.

Sir, says Mr. Clement, I have, indeed, been faulty, very faulty, in my intentions; though God has hitherto preserved me from any very capital act, and has, by your hand, wonderfully brought me to this day.

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History of the MAN of LETTERS.

Bartholomew Clement, Sir, a retailer of hard-ware, on the Strand, is my father. He was low-bred, and, as I believe, of narrow capacity; but proceeding in what they call the dog-trot of life, and having a single eye to the making of money, he became vastly rich, and has now a large income from houses and ground-rents in the city of Westminster, the fruits and acquisition of his own application.

I remember nothing of my mother, except her fondness for me, nor of her character, except the tears that I have seen my father shed, when occasional circumstances have brought her fresh to his memory. She died when I was in my seventh year. I was their only surviving child; and my father transferred all his tenderness for her to me.

The love of my father was not the mere partiality or prejudice of a parent; it was not an affection, he had a passion for me, that could be equalled by nothing but his vanity, in my behalf. He resolved, he said, that there should be one gentleman in the family, and with this view, he resisted his desire of having me always in his sight, and sent me to Westminster-school, and from thence to Cambridge-college, where I con-

I continued till I was twenty years of age, without any thing happening that was uncommon, or deserving of your attention.

In the mean time, my father was as prodigal of his purse toward me, as he was of his caresses. He had me with him every vacation. He visited me frequently during Term, and seemed to lose the better half of his existence, when we parted.

He had infused into me a strong tincture of his own vanity and views. I lost even a portion of that tenderness and respect which I had felt in his regard. He was a trader, a mechanick, I sighed for his reptile state; and I looked down upon him, as Icarus did on that very father, from whom he had derived wings for so exalted a flight.

My application accordingly, was equal to my ambition. I was not merely a master, I was a critic in the classical languages. I relished, and commented on the beauties of the Greek and Latin authors, was a thorough connoisseur in the customs and manners of the ancients, and could detect the slightest transgression of a sculptor or designer, in their folding of the Roman Toga. I also had the honour to be intimate with all the great of antiquity, I frequently sat in synod, with the whole posse of heathen gods, on Olympus; and I kept them, as I imagined, in

a kind of dependence, by my perfect knowledge of all their secret lapses and mistreadings. I had traced the system of nature, from Aristotle and Pythagoras down to Epicurus and Lucretius, and from them down to Des Cartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes, and I was so thorough-paced an adept in all the subtleties of logic, that I could confute and change sides, without losing an inch of the ground that I had gained upon my adversary.

I now imagined that I was arrived at the very pinnacle of human excellence, and that fortune and honour were within my grasp on either hand. I looked on the chancellorship, or primacy, as things that must come, in course, and I was contriving some station more adequate to the height of my merits and ambition, when I received this letter.

Son Hammel,

“ HAVE lately enquired into thy
 “ life and character, am sorry to
 “ find them too bad to give hope of
 “ amendment. Have lost my money,
 “ and my child. Thou hast cut thyself
 “ from my love. I have cut thee from
 “ my fortune. To comfort myself, have
 “ taken a neighbour’s widow to wife.
 “ Come not near me, I will not see thee.
 “ Would pray for thee if I did not think
 “ it in vain.

“ Bartholomew Clement.”

For some time after the receipt of this cruel letter, I remained in a state of stupidity. I could not believe the testimony of my senses. I gave a kind of discredit to all things. But, awaking from this lethargy into inexpressible anguish, my soul was rent by different and contending passions.

Whatever contempt I might have for the station of my father, I still loved his person better than riches and honours. But he loved me no more, he was gone, he was lost; he was already dead and buried, at least to me. I cast myself on the ground, I groaned, I wept aloud, I bewailed him, as though he had lain a lifeless corpse before me. At length having vented the first ravings of my passion; I rose and wrote to my father an answer, of which this, in my pocket-book, is the copy.

Sir,

“ IF you had not wished to find those
 “ faults you sent to seek after, in a
 “ life that defies malice and is wholly ir-
 “ reproachable, you would not have given
 “ credit to scoundrels who cannot judge
 “ of the conduct of a gentleman, nor
 “ have condemned your only child, with-
 “ out hearing or defence.

“ In cutting me from your fortune,
 “ you only cut me from what I despise,

K 6

“ but,

“ but, in cutting me from your love, you
 “ have unjustly robbed me of that which
 “ no fortune can repair. I see that you
 “ are irretrievably taken away from me.
 “ I shall never more behold my long in-
 “ dulent and fond father; and I shall
 “ not cease to lament his loss with tears
 “ of filial affection. But for this new fa-
 “ ther, whose heart could dictate so un-
 “ natural and inhuman a letter, I equally
 “ disclaim all commerce and concern
 “ with him. And, could it be possible
 “ that a person of my talents and abili-
 “ ties, should be reduced to indigence
 “ or distress; you, Sir, are the very last
 “ man upon earth, to whom I would ap-
 “ ply, or from whom I would deign to
 “ accept relief.

“ But if, on the other hand, it should
 “ please God, hereafter, to visit your
 “ hard-heartedness with affliction and po-
 “ verty; and that I, like the son of the
 “ black-smith, in the days of our eighth
 “ Harry, should stand next the throne in
 “ dignity and honours; you will then
 “ find me desirous of making you all sorts
 “ of submissions, you will then find the
 “ dutifullest, the fondest, and **tenderest**
 “ of children, in,

“ SIR,

“ Your little known and much injured;

HAMMEL CLEMENT,

Having

Having thus vented the gusts and feelings of my heart, I began, seriously, to think of the course I ought to take; and considered London as the sphere in which a luminary would appear with the greatest lustre.

I discharged my servant, sold my two geldings, disposed of my room, my furniture, and most of my books, and, having mustered somewhat upward of three hundred and fifty pounds, I lodged the 300*l.* with a Cambridge dealer, from whom I took bills on his correspondent in London; and set out, on my expedition, in the first stage.

I took cheap lodgings, near Charing-Cross; I was altogether unknowing and unknown in that great city; and, reflecting that a hidden treasure cannot be duely estimated, I daily frequented Markham's coffee-house, amidst a promiscuous resort of swords-men, literati, beaux, and politicians.

Here, happening to distinguish myself, on a few occasions, where some articles of ancient history, or tenet of Thales, or law of Lycurgus, chanced to be in question; I began to be regarded with better advantage.

An elderly gentleman, one day, who sat attentive in a corner, got up and whispered that he would be glad of my company

pany to take share of a pint in the next room. I gratefully obeyed the summons, and, when we had drank a glass a-piece; Mr. Clement, says he, you appear to have but few acquaintance, and may, possibly, want a friend. My fortune is small, but, I have some influence in this town; and, as I have taken an inclination to you, I should be glad to serve you. If the question is not too free, pray, what is your present dependence, and prospect for life?

Having, with a grateful warmth, acknowledged his goodness to me, I, ingenuously confessed that my circumstances were very slender, and, that I should be glad of any place wherein I could be useful to myself and my employer. And pray, says my friend, what place would best suit you? I hope, Sir, answered I, my education has been such, that, laying aside the manual crafts, there is not any thing for which I am not qualified. I am greatly pleased to hear it, replied Mr. Goodville, and hope, soon, to bring you news that will not be disagreeable.

Within a few days, Mr. Goodville, again, entered the coffee-house with a happy aspect. He beckoned me aside. Clement, says he, I have the pleasure to tell you that I have brought you the choice of two very advantageous places. Mr. Giles,

Giles, the banker, wants a clerk who can write a fine hand, and has made some proficiency in arithmetic. And, my good friend Mr. Tradewell, an eminent merchant, would give large encouragement to a youth who understands the Italian method of book-keeping; as his business is very extensive, and requires the shortest and clearest manner of entry and reference.

My friend here paused; and I blushed, hung down my head, and was wholly confounded. At length, I answered, hesitatingly, Perhaps, Sir, you have happened on the only two articles, in the universe, (mechanics, as I said, apart) of which I have no knowledge. Well, well, my boy, says he, don't be discouraged. I will try what further may be done in your behalf.

Within about a fortnight after, Mr. Goodville sent me a note to attend him at his lodgings, in Red-lion Square. I went, flushed with reviving hope. My child, said he, as I entered, I have, now, brought you the offer of three different places; and, some one of them, as I trust, must surely fit you.

Our East-India company propose to make a settlement on the coast of Coromandel, and are inquisitive after some youths who have made a progress in geometry,

geometry, and are, more especially, studied in the science of fortification. There is, also, the colonel of a regiment, an old intimate of mine, who is going on foreign service, and he, in truth, applied to me, to recommend a person who was skilled in the mechanic powers, and more particularly, who had applied himself to gunnery and engineering. There is, lastly, the second son of a nobleman to whom I have the honour to be known; he is captain of a man of war, and would give any consideration to a young man of sense and letters, who is a proficient in navigation and in the use of the charts and compass, and who, at the same time, might serve as a friend and companion.

Sir, said I, quite astonished, I have been a student, as Goliath was a man of war, from my childhood. If all my tutors did not flatter me, my genius was extensive; and my progress in learning may prove, that my application has been indefatigable. I know all things from the beginning of time, that the ancient or modern world, as I was told, accounted matters of valuable erudition or recognizance; and, yet, I have not so much as heard of the use or estimation of any of these sciences required, as you say, by persons in high trust and commission.

Mr. Goodville, hereupon, looked concerned, and shook his head. My dear Clement, says he, I do not doubt your talents or learning; but, I, now, begin to doubt whether they have been directed or applied to any useful purpose. My cousin Goodville informs me that the bishop of St. Asaph is in distress for a young gentleman, a man of morals and a linguist, who has some knowledge in the canon and civil law, as his vicar general is, lately, dead. He tells me, further, that a gentleman, a friend of his, who is in great circumstances, and who is now about purchasing the place of surveyor general, wants a youth who has got some little smattering in architecture, and has an elegant hand at the drawing of plans and sections. I am also known to one of the commissioners of excise, and, if you are barely initiated in gauging, or surveying, I think I could get you into some way of bread.

Alas, Sir, I replied, in a desponding tone, I am equally a stranger to all these matters.

Perhaps, said Mr. Goodville, I could get you into holy orders, if you are that way inclined. Are you well read in theology?

Yes,

Yes, yes, Sir, I briskly answered, I am perfectly acquainted with the gods and manners of worship, through all nations, since the deluge.

But, are you, replied my friend, equally versed in the Christian dispensation? Have you studied our learned commentators on the creeds; are you read in Polemic divinity? and, are you a master of the sense and emblematical reference that the Old Testament bears to the New?

Sir, said I, I have often dipped, with pleasure, into the Bible, as there are many passages, in it, extremely affecting; and others full of fine imagery and the true sublime.

My poor dear child, (mournfully answered Mr. Goodville,) by all I can find, you know no one thing, of use to yourself, or any other person living, either with respect to this world or the world to come. Could you make a pin, or a waistcoat button, or form a pill box, or weave a cabbage net, or shape a cobbler's last, or hew a block for a barber, or do any of those things by which millions, daily, maintain themselves, in supplying the wants and occasions, or fashions and vanities of others; you might not be under the necessity of perishing.

The

The ways of life, for which your studies have best prepared you, are physic and the law. But, then, they require great expence, and an intense application of many years to come, before you can propose to enter on a livelihood, by either of those professions. And, after all, your success would be very precarious, if you were not supported by many friends and a strong interest, at least on your setting out.

I have, already, told you, Clement, that I am not rich; and, if I were, it is not he who gives you money, but he who puts you into a way of getting it, that does you a friendship.

I am advised to go to Montpellier for the establishment of my health, after a tedious fit of sickness that I had at Bath. I shall set out, in about a month. But, before I go, my child, I earnestly wish, and advise you, to fix on some craft, or trade, or manner of employing your time, that will enable you to earn a certain subsistence, and, at the same time, make you a worthy member of the community. For, believe me, my boy, that it is not speculative science; no, nor all the money and jewels upon earth, that make any part of the real wealth of this world. It is

is industry, alone, employed on articles that are useful and beneficial to society, that constitutes the true riches of all mankind.

As soon as you have made your election, let me see you again. And, in all events, let me see you before I set out.

Hereupon, I bowed and retired, the most mortified and dejected of all beings. I was so low and dispirited, that I could scarce get to my lodgings. I threw myself on the bed. The gildings of the vapours of grandeur and ambition, that like the sky of a summer's evening had delighted my prospects, now wholly disappeared, and a night of succeeding darkness fell heavy on my soul.

One third of my principal fund was almost sunk; and my imagination considered the remainder, as already vanished, without the possibility of supply or resource. I, now, secretly cursed the vanity of my father: he must breed me a gentleman, thought I, with a pox, as though I had been born to no manner of end. Had I been the son of a cobbler, of a porter, an ostler, of the lowest wretch who wins his bread by the sweat of his brow; I should not yet have been reduced to the worst species of beggary, that of begging
with

with sound limbs and a reasonable soul, the least pitied, though most pitiable object of the creation; for, surely, that is the case of a poor scholar and a poor gentleman.

For some following days, I went about, prying and enquiring into the various and numberless occupations that maintained so many thousands of active hands and busy faces, throughout that wonderful city.

One evening, as I returned late, and fatigued, through Cheapside; I observed a man very importunate with a woman who walked before me. Sometimes she would hurry on, and, again, make a full stop, and earnestly beseech him to go about his business; but, in spite of her entreaties, he still stuck close to her, till, coming to the end of a blind alley, he, suddenly, seized her by the arm, and pulled her in after him,

She shrieked out for help, with repeated vociferation; when, recollecting all my force, and drawing my sword; Villain, I cried out, quit the woman, instantly, or you are a dead man. He perceived the glittering of the weapon, and retired a few paces; but, taking out a pocket pistol, he

he discharged it full at me, and ran off with precipitation.

The ball entered my clothes and flesh, and lodged on the rotula of my left arm. I felt a short pang, but, not attending to it, I took the woman under the arm, and, returning with her to the street, I told her we had no time to lose, and desired to know where she lived. She answered, at the sign of the fan and ruffle, in Fleet-Street, where she kept a millener's shop. We had not far to go; we made the best of our speed, and were let in by a servant maid, who shewed us to a back parlour.

Jenny, said Mrs. Graves, (that was her name) bring a glass and a bottle of the cordial-wine, you look a little pale, Sir, I hope you are not hurt. Not much, I think, madam; but I feel a small pain in my left shoulder. Sir, here is my best service to you, with my best blessings and prayers for you to the last hour of my life. You must drink it off, Sir, we both stood in need of it; this was a frightful affair. Jenny, where's Arabella? Within a few doors, madam, at the miss Hodginses. Come, Sir, said Mrs. Graves, I must look at your shoulder; then, opening the top of my waistcoat, she, instantly screamed out, God preserve my deliverer!

I

I fear he is wounded dangerously. Jenny, fly to Mr. Weldon's, bring him with you, immediately, do not come without him. Dearest, worthiest of men, let me press another glass upon you. It is necessary in such a waste of blood and spirits. Madam, I replied, the wound can't be of consequence, but, I was greatly fatigued; at the time I had the happiness to rescue you from that ruffian.

The surgeon soon came, and, looking at my wound, said something apart to Mrs. Graves, who, thereupon, order'd Jenny to get a fire, and to make and warm the bed in the best chamber.

Sir, said I to Mr. Weldon, don't alarm the gentlewoman. I am not of a fearful temper, and hope to bear my fortune like a man. Sir, said he, your wound has been made by a rifled ball, and it may cost you much pain to extract it. You must not think of stirring from hence, for the present. By the time your bed is ready, I will be back with the dressings.

During the surgeon's absence, Mrs. Graves was all in tears; while I sat suspended between my natural fears of an approaching dissolution, and my hopes of being suddenly and lastingly provided for. The cruelty of my father, the disappointment

ment and overthrow of all my elevated expectations, and my utter incapacity of being of the smallest use to myself or mankind, had given me a kind of loathing to life. I had not, indeed, attended to my duty as a Christian! but, I was, then, innocent of any actual or intentional evil, and as my conscience did not condemn me, I looked to mercy with a kind of humble resignation.

Mr. Weldon came with the dressings, his eldest apprentice, and a man servant. I was, then conducted to my chamber, and helped to bed, where I was put to great anguish in the extraction of the ball; as the periosteum had been lacerated, and that the lead, being flattened, extended much beyond the wound it had made.

Having passed a very painful and restless night, I remember'd nothing further till at the expiration of one and twenty days, I seemed to awaken out of a long and uneasy dream.

I turned my head and beheld as I imagined, all arrayed in shining white, and at my bedside, an inhabitant of some superior region; for never till then had I seen, nor even conceived an idea of any form so lovely.

Tell

Tell me, said I, fair creature, on what world am I thrown? But instead of replying, it flew out of my apartment, and soon after, returned, accompanied by Mrs. Graves, whose hands and eyes were elevated, as in some extraordinary emotion.

Mrs. Graves, said I, how do you do? I hope you are well. I now begin to conjecture whereabouts I am. But, neither did she answer; but, falling on her knees by my bed, and taking hold of my hand, I thank, I thank thee, O my God, she cried, and, bursting into tears, she wept and sobbed like an infant. Ah, Mrs. Graves, said I, I fear that you have had a very troublesome guest of me. But then, says she, we remember that trouble no more, now that you are, once again, born into the world.

During the few succeeding days, in which I kept my bed, Mrs. Graves and her fair niece Arabella, whom I had taken for a vision, constantly breakfasted and spent their evening in my apartment.

I gave them a short narrative of my foregoing history; and understood, on their part, that they were the sister and daughter of the late reverend Mr. Graves of Putney, who had little more to bequeath than his books and furniture, a-

mounting to about five hundred pounds, which they held, in joint stock, and had, hitherto, rather encreased than diminished.

As I scarce remembered my mother, and had now, as it were, no father, relation, nor friend upon earth, I felt a vacuity in my soul, somewhat like that of an empty stomach, desirous of seizing on the first food that should present itself to my cravings. Delightful sensibilities! Sweet hungerings of nature after its kind! This good woman and her niece became all the world to me. The one had conceived, for me, all the passion of a parent; the other, that of the fondest and tenderest of sisters. On the other hand, I had, for Mrs. Graves, all the feelings of a child who conceives himself a part of the existence of her who bore him; and my eyes and actions could not forbear to discover to Arabella, that my heart was that of the most affectionate of brothers, though too delicate to indulge itself in those familiar endearments which the nearness of kindred might venture to claim.

When I was up and about the house, I requested Mrs. Graves to make out her bill for my board, and for physician, surgeon, drugs, &c. during my long illness. Hereupon, she looked eagerly and tenderly

derly at me. Mr. Clement, says she, I think you are too generous, designedly, to reproach us with what we owe you. But, for what is it, my child, that you desire us to charge you? Is it for rescuing me from death, or a shame worse than death? probably, from both? or, is it for delivering this my darling from the bitter grief and distress that my loss must have brought upon her? Or, do you, rather, desire to pay us for the fearful pains and sickness which you suffered on our account, and for having, nearly, forfeited your life in our defence? No, Mr. Clement, you must not think of paying us the very debts that we owe you; more indeed, Mr. Clement, than all our little fortune, than the product of the industry of our lives can ever repay.

Here, I was silenced, for the present, but, in no degree convinced. And I felt, in a sort, the disgust of an injured person, uneasy and studious, till some revenge might be had.

In two days after, while Mrs. Graves was at market, and Arabella gone, with a Brussels head and ruffles, to a young lady of distinction; I stepped into the shop, where Jenny waited the commands of those that should call. I had scarce entered,

when a sheriff's officer appear'd at the door, and, bolting in, laid an execution on the shop, for eighty five pounds odd shillings, at the suit of Mr. Hardgrave, the cambric and lace merchant.

I was, at first, surpris'd and griev'd, but pleasure, quickly, succeeded to my concern on the occasion. I took out my pocket-book, immediately discharged the debt, with costs, and gave a crown to Jenny, on her solemn assurance that she would not betray a syllable of what had happened to her mistress or Arabella.

Soon after, this good gentlewoman and her niece returned, dinner was ordered up, and I sat down to table with a heart and countenance more easy and cheerful than ordinary.

Before the cloth was removed, Jenny came and deliver'd a note to her mistress.

She read it over and over with apparent surpris'e and attention, asked if the messenger was waiting, and stepped to the door. Again, she returned, sat down without speaking a word, and the muscles of her countenance being strongly affected, she could no longer retain her passion, and her tears burst forth.

What is the matter, cried Arabella, my aunt, my dear dear mother, my only friend

friend and parent's hand, breaking also into tears, she threw herself about her neck.

Oh, there is no bearing of this, exclaimed Mrs. Graves. This young man, my Arabella, distresses us beyond expression. He has, this very day, my love, for the second time, snatched us from instant ruin. I would tell you, if I could speak but read that note. Which she did, accordingly:

The note was signed Freestone Hardgrave, and imported how sorry he was, that his late losses, by sea, had put him under the necessity of laying an execution on her house without customary notice. That he was glad, however, she had so large a sum ready as £90, the receipt of which he acknowledged; and hoped that this affair would make no difference with respect to their future dealings.

And why, best and dearest of women, said I to Mrs. Graves, why would you grieve that I should endeavour to relieve myself from a part of that burden, with which your goodness and obligations have so greatly oppressed me? Oh, that it were, that it were in my power, I cried, and my hands pressed each other with an involuntary ardour, but, it never will, it never

can be possible, for me, to prove the passion that my soul has for you and—there I hesitated—to shew you, I say, the love that I have for you, Mrs. Graves. You two make my world, and all that I am concerned for or desire therein.

Since that is the case, said Mrs. Graves, with a smile and a tear that glistened together, if you will admit an equal passion, from one so old as I am, it were pity we should ever part. Send my child, this very day, and discharge your former lodgings. The time that we spend together can't but be happy. All cares are lessened by the society of those we love; and our satisfactions will be doubled by feeling for each other.

I did not, at that time, know the whole reason of the delight with which I accepted this generous invitation. I settled at Mrs. Graves's without any formal agreement; and all my little matters were, directly, brought home.

O, how happy were many succeeding days! how still more happy, when contrasted with the misery that ensued! We spent all the time together, that business and attention to the shop would permit; and we grudged every moment that was spent asunder. I related to them a thousand

land entertaining stories, and passages, occasionally recollected from the poets and historians of antiquity. And a secret emotion, and inward ardour for pleasing, gave me, fluently, to intersperse sentimental observations and pertinent digressions, more delightful to my auditory than all my quoted authorities.

I was, now, daily gathering health and strength, to which the complacence of my mind greatly contributed; when, one evening, Mrs. Graves returned, more dejected than ordinary. I inquired into the cause, with a solicitude and countenance that, naturally, expressed the interest I took in her concerns. Why, my dear child, says she, perhaps I have been both impertinent and indiscreet, but I meant all for the best. You must know, then, that I have been on a visit to your father. To my father, madam! Even so, I would to Heaven, that he were worthy to be called father to such a son. But, as I was saying,

Your father, Mr. Clement, is in great circumstances; he keeps his coach, has taken a fine new house, and lives at a high rate. I sent in my name, with notice that I came to him on business of consequence. I was, thereupon, shewn to a back par-

lour, where he sat, in company with Mrs. Clement and a lusty ill looking young gentleman; but, your stepmother has a comely and good-humoured countenance, she also appears to be far advanced in her pregnancy. Mrs. Graves, said your father, take a seat. What are your commands with me, madam? I came, sir, to let you know that your son, Mr. Hammel Clement, the best of human beings, has been on the point of death. Have you nothing to say to me, madam, but what concerns my son Hammel? I have not, I confess, sir, but that is more than enough; it is very interesting and affecting, and concerns you most nearly. Here Mr. Clement, for I will never more call him by the sacred name of father, here, I say, he started up, and, catching at a book, he pressed it to his lips, and cried, I swear by the virtue of this and all other holy books, that I will never listen to any person who would speak a single word in behalf of Hammel Clement; and so, Mrs. give me leave to shew you the way out again. So saying, he caught my hand and drew me to the door, while I turned, and cried to your stepmother, O madam, what sort of a heart is yours, that refuses its intercession on this occasion? But she gave

gave me an eye and sneer, of such a mischievous meaning, as expressed the whole fiend under the guise of an angel. When Mr. Clement had taken me to the outward door, I just turned, and said, I am sorry, sir, that a man of your grave and sensible appearance, should suffer yourself to be duped by people whose interest it is to deceive you. But, swelling into choler, he gave me a violent push from him, and clapped to the door in my face. So that, in short, my dear child, I fear I have done you harm, where I meant you true service.

It matters not, my mother, said I, (endeavouring to suppress a tear of tender resentment) I will soon, I trust, procure some kind of independence on that Barbarian and his fortune; and, while I have you and your Arabella, I shall want neither father nor friend.

Being now very nearly re-established in my health, I set out again, in search after some employment that might suit me. As I was strolling, on Tower Hill, I observed a shop on my left hand; it was that of Mr. Welleott, a bookseller and printer. I stepped in, and, after some introductory discourse, I asked him if he had occasion, in the way of his business, for a friend of mine; a gentleman in distress,

but of parts and learning. Alas, sir, cried Wellcot, such creatures as you mention, are a drug upon earth, there is a glut of them in all markets. I would give any one a broad piece per man who should deliver me from three or four of them, who lie heavy on my hands. Not, sir, that they are greedy, or idle, in the least. I can get one of these gentlemen, as you are pleased to call them, on whose education more money has been expended, than at the common and legal interest, would maintain a decent family, to the end of the world; I can get one of them, I say, to labour, like a hackney horse, from morning to night, at less wages than I could hire a rascally porter, or shoe boy, for three hours. I employ them, occasionally, in correcting the press, or folding, or stitching the sheets, or running of errands. But then, sir, they have, all of them, aspects of such a bilious despondence, that a man may, with less melancholy, behold a death's head. And really, sir, I could not stand it, if custom, as I may say, did not harden me by the perpetual vision of these spectres.

While Wellcot was speaking, I made a secret vow against having any kind of commerce or concern with booksellers or printers,

printers, for, at least, a century to come. But, fearing to be suspected as a party concerned, I affected an air, as easy as possible, and, observing some females, who were busy in stitching pamphlets, I asked him if they contained any thing new or entertaining.

Sir, said Wellcott, this is an elaborate performance of the most eminent of our patriot writers; I pay him, at the lowest, five guineas, weekly. And, could any man write, with double his spirit and genius, I could better afford to give that author a hundred. For, good writings are like diamonds, that are valued, according to their carrats; do but double their weight, and they immediately become of twenty times the estimation.

This pamphlet consisted of a sheet, sewed in blue paper. I instantly paid my twopence, and sat down to peruse it. I found that it contained several very free remonstrances against his majesty, and the ministers, for joining with France in the war against Holland, in opposition to the civil and religious interests of England. Together with a few collateral digressions, in assertion of Magna Charta, of the freedom of man, in general; and of Britons, in particular. I perceived that it was written

with much more judgment than genius. And what, said I to Wellcot, will you give to that man who shall, confessedly, excel this your most eminent of patriot writers, upon his own subject, and in his own way? Give, Sir? cried the bookseller, many thanks, and a proportionable ventresafe of profits. Enough, sir, I answered, you shall soon hear from me again. I wish you a good morrow.

On my return, I called at Mr. Goodville's, but he had sailed for France, about a fortnight before. I then went about to a number of pamphlet-shops, and bought up all the political papers that had any reference to the matter in hand.

I sat down to my work, like a hungry man to his victuals; and I grudged my heart those short indulgencies, which it enjoyed in the society of the two objects of its fondest affections.

Having finished my first paper, in about a fortnight, I entitled it the WEEKLY MONITOR, and took it directly to Wellcot's. Here, sir, said I, is my friend's first venture! But, has your friend demanded Wellcot, in a discouraging accent, the usual indemnity for the first impression of a young author? That shall not be wanting, I answered, if you require it,

ie, Mr. Wellcot. Why, said he, I do not take upon me to be a judge in these matters; and yet, custom has given me a shrewd sort of a guess. Come, sir, I have a few minutes to throw away, and they are at your service. He then sat down, and having read about a dozen lines, Ay, ay! says he, they don't always do thus at Newmarket; your friend, I find, has set out at the top of his speed. Going on, something further, he cried, Well supported by —! and then, proceeding to the third page, This, says he, must have been stolen from one of the ancients, because there is no modern who could write like it. Well, sir, you need not give yourself further trouble, for the present. I will print this first paper at my own suit. Desire your friend to be careful about the second. Call to me, in a week, and, I think I shall be able to tell you something that will please you.

How diligent is expectation, how elevated is hope! I returned with the feathers of Mercury at my heels. I set about my second paper, with double genius and application. My ideas were more expanded, my spirits more sublimed. All the persuasives of Cicero; all the thunder of Demosthenes;

mosthenes; all that I had read, on the topic of liberty, in popular governments, or common-wealths, occurred to my remembrance.

I finished my second essay, within the week. I went with it to Wellcot, and he presented me, at sight, with twenty guineas. It is more, said he, than hitherto comes to your share; but, I love to encourage, and I trust that, in the run, I shall not be a loser. I sell this pamphlet for two pence. Nearly two fourths thereof go to printing, paper, &c. another fourth I reserve, as an equivalent for my application and knowledge in this way; and, the remainder is a redundance which, on extraordinary tides, ought to flow to the writer. The demand, for this paper, has been very uncommon; and, by what I can judge, the sale may, in time, amount to twelve thousand. You need not, sir, be ashamed to acknowledge yourself the author. Preserve but a moiety of the spirit of this Elijah, with which you have set out, and my own interests will instruct me to serve you effectually.

I now returned, as in a triumphal chariot. I never, before, received the prize, as I may say, of personal prowess. The fortune of my father, the fortune of all men

men living, who were merely born to fortune, diminished beneath me. O, how sweet, said I, to myself, how delicious are the fruits of a man's own plantation! Then, like the sagacious and independent spider, his labours will be crowned, with personal honour and success, while he spins his subsistence from his proper bowels. It is then, and then only, that a man may be said to be the true proprietor of what he possesses; and the value is endeared, and the enjoyment doubled thereby.

I hastened to impart my transports to the two loved objects of all my cares and satisfactions. Jenny told me that her mistress was not at home, but, that Miss Arabella was above in her closet. I ran up. I tapped at the door, but no one answered. Again I tapped, and added the soft voice of affection, requesting to be admitted. At length she opened, but looked pale, and with swollen and downcast eyes. I perceived she had been in tears, and a sudden frost fell upon all my delights. What is the matter, Miss, I cried, my sister, my sweet friend, my dearest Arabella? and I gently took her hand between both of mine. I wish you had not come, at this time, Mr. Clement, said she, coolly. But, you must permit me to keep my little

the griefs to myself. Yes, I replied, if it is your pleasure to torture, to kill me outright, refuse me my portion in your interests and concerns. O, Mr. Clement, says she, your soul is too generous, I dare not tell you. I feel what you would suffer, should you know that you are concerned in the cause of my tears. But, we must part, sir, indeed, we must; we must part, Mr. Clement, and that suddenly.

Here, her voice failed, and, throwing herself into a chair, she burst out afresh into a gush of affliction. While I stood astonished, and, dropping beside her on one knee, awaited, with unspeakable anguish, the suspension of her grief.

At length perceiving my situation, Rise, sir, she cried, I entreat you to rise and take a chair beside me; and I will tell you, as fast as I can, of this distressful business.

You must know that I was, a while ago, to the Miss Hodginfes. They are very friendly, and good young women, and told me, in confidence, though with much concern, of a whisper, in the neighbourhood, that my aunt had entertained a young gentleman, in the house, who was admitted to such familiar and convenient

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intimacies, as could not, at all times, be without their consequence, especially, between persons of our age and sex.

Now, Mr. Clement, I am no way ashamed to confess that I have nothing in heaven but my innocence, nor on earth but my character; and, I think you wish me better, than to desire that I should forfeit the one, or the other. Desire it! O heavens! I suddenly exclaimed, I will forever guard them both, to the last drop of my blood, and last breath of my life. Alas, cried Arabella, you are the man, of all others, whom the world would not admit for my champion, in this case; they are absolute judges, they ought to be obeyed, our parting will be painful, but it must be complied with.

But, my sister, my Arabella, most lovely and most beloved of all the human species; tell me, says I, my angel, is there no other way, no expedient to satisfy a misdeeming world, save a remedy that is worse than death itself? No, said she, with an air somewhat resolute and exalted, there is no other expedient, at least, no other, to which I consent. O, Miss Graves, answered I, with a hasty dejection, if that is the case, you shall be obeyed; I am, indeed, very unhappy, but I will not be importunate. Adieu, dearest of creatures,

creatures, adieu, for ever! I spoke, and suddenly withdrew, and gave her, as I imagined, the last farewell look.

Hold, Sir, she cried, pray stay a moment. I should be wretched, beyond expression, if you went away in the greatest of all errors. But, is it possible, you should think that I could mean any slight to you, Mr. Clement? No, Sir, no, of all men living, indeed, it was not possible. I spoke, through an humble sense of my own demerits; my determination was just, I do not repent me of it. I— but perhaps, Sir, I have not understood you. Indeed I scarce know what I say or mean myself. Of this however be assured, that I neither do, nor ever did, nor ever can, mean any offence to Mr. Clement.

While she spoke, I had knecled before her. I took her hand and press'd it to my lips and bosom. My Arabella, said I, I confess that this was no premeditated motion of mine. Nay, this very morning, the world should not have prevailed with me, to have accepted this hand, for which I now kneel. I was, then, poor and wretched, without resource. And, I could not think of bringing distress upon her, independent of whose happiness I could have no enjoyment. I was sensible that I loved you, with infinite tenderness,

with

with unspeakable ardour ; but, my passion did not dare to admit of desire. I could have suffered all things to have heaped blessings upon you ; but I would not permit to my soul the distant, though dear wish, of being happy with you—Ah, what posture is this ! exclaimed Arabella. Nay you shall not stir, I cried, nor will I rise till you have heard me a few words. Since morning, I say, I have got room to hope that my Arabella would not be so unhappy, as I feared, in being united to me. — I will not urge her however. I leave her free, I leave her mistress of her own will and actions. But, here I vow to heaven, that whether she live or die, consent, or not consent, I will never marry another. I am, from this moment, her wedded for eternity, the faithful and fond husband of her image and remembrance.

So saying, I rose and seated myself beside her. She looked astonished, and affected beyond the power of utterance. But, covering her face with a handkerchief, she gently leaned toward me, and shed a plenteous shower of tears upon my bosom.

When Mrs. Graves returned, I told her of my extraordinary success at the bookseller's. I had, beforey made her the treasurer

surer of my little possessions, and I poured my twenty pieces into her lap.

Arabella, as I conjectured, did not delay to impart, to her aunt, the late adventure; for I observed that the eyes of that good woman dwelt upon me with a fresh accession of fondness and delight.

Having finished my third paper, I took it to Wellcot, who presented me with twenty guineas, and, further, acknowledged himself my debtor. Returning homeward, I cast up, in a pleasing kind of mental arithmetic, how much my weekly twenty guineas would amount to at the year's end, and found it much beyond my occasions, even in the state of matrimony.

I now looked upon myself, as in the certain receipt of a plentiful income; and this encouraged me to press for the completion of my happiness. Decency, alone, could give difficulty or delay, in an affair that was, equally, the wish of all parties. We were privately married, in the presence of the Miss Hodginses and two or three other neighbours; and I was put into possession of the blushingest, fearfullest, and fondest of all brides.

Job, very justly, says, "shall we receive good at the hands of God and not receive evil?" And yet, I imagine, that
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the recollection of past happiness, rather heightens than alleviates the sense of present distress. My soul, in those days, enjoyed a tide of delight, to the fullness of its wishes, and to the stretch of its capacity. I thought that, till then, no person had ever loved, as I loved. But the love of my Arabella was a kind of passion, that wanted a new name whereby to express it. It was an absence, a sort of death to all other objects. It was a pleasure to paining, a distressful attention, the avarice of a miser who watches over his hoard, and joins to the rapture, with which he beholds it, the terrifying ideas of robbery and loss.

I had now, within the space of five weeks, received about one hundred and twenty guineas, on the sale of my Monitor. When, going abroad, one evening, I was stopped, within a few doors of my house, by a genteel looking person who asked if my name was Clement. It is, Sir, I answered. Then Sir, says he, I arrest you, in his majesty's name, for sedition and a libel against the government. Then, beckoning to three or four serjeants, that attended, he had me directly seized and conveyed toward Newgate.

As I was not of a timorous temper, nor conscious of the smallest tincture of

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the crimes with which I was charged, I should have made little more than a jest of this business; had I not trembled for the apprehensions of those who I knew would tremble for me.

On the way, this officer informed me, that my book-seller had betrayed me, and had confessed, to the ministers, that I was the author of a famous pamphlet, entitled the WEEKLY MONITOR. Being delivered to the keeper, I put a few pieces into his hand, and was conducted to a decent apartment, considering the place.

I immediately sent for Humphry Cypher Esq. serjeant at law, whom I had, once, occasionally feed in behalf of Mrs. Graves; and I sent, at the same time, for a set of the WEEKLY MONITOR. When Mr. Cypher came, I put five pieces into his hand, and, having told him my case, I requested him to peruse the papers in question, and to give me his opinion thereon.

Having read them, with due attention; Mr. Clement, says he, I perceive that you are a learned and ingenious young gentleman; but I find that you are better acquainted with the republics of Greece, than with the nature and constitution of our limited monarchy. Hence, alone, hath proceeded some lapses, and misapplications, that your adversaries would lay hold

hold of. Yet, there is nothing grossly
 scurrilous or malicious, throughout, nor
 what may amount to the incurring of a
 praemunire, by the most violent constraint
 or wresting of the sense. If you are in-
 clined, says he, to proceed in the course
 of these papers, I would advise you to put
 in bail, and to stand the action. But, as
 I am persuaded that the court have
 commenced this prosecution as a matter,
 merely, *in terrorem*, to deter you from a
 work that gives them great disgust, if
 you have any gentle friend, who would
 solicit in your favour, and promise a fu-
 ture conduct more amenable to power,
 you would, undoubtedly be discharged,
 without further cost or trouble.

I returned my warm acknowledgments
 to the serjeant for his friendly counsel,
 and told him I would consider of it, be-
 fore I gave him further trouble. When
 he was gone, I dispatched a letter to
 Mrs. Graves, wherein I gave her an ac-
 count of my present situation, in a man-
 ner, as little alarming as possible. I re-
 quested her to provide bail for my ap-
 pearance at bar; but insisted that, till
 this was done, neither she nor Arabella
 should come to my prison; and, that I
 had given express orders that they should
 not be admitted.

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Alas!

Alas! had they complied with my directions, how happy might we have been, all together, at this day. But, the excess of their goodness was the cause of our common ruin. Their affection would not be satisfied with simple bail; and they resolved never to rest, till they had procured my full discharge.

They went about to all their customers of any distinction. They solicited, petitioned, and bribed without measure. They borrowed money to the utmost extent of their credit; and pawned, or sold all their effects under prime cost. They gave a purse to one, to bring them acquainted with another, on whom they bestowed a larger sum, to introduce them to a third. Having, at length, made their way to lord Stivers, an agent of the minister, he thought he saw an advantage in granting their request, and my discharge was made out, without further delay.

On the fifth evening from my imprisonment, the door of my chamber opened, and, in came my dear aunt with my dearer Arabella. They flew upon me; they clasped me, on each side, in their arms; and my wife, instantly, swooned away upon my bosom. She soon revived, however, at the known voice of love, and, as every door for my enlargement had

had been previously opened, we went down, stepped into the coach, and drove home directly.

Here, I saw the first subject and cause of alarm. The shop was shut up. I was shocked; and felt a sudden chillness come upon me; but did not venture to inquire, except by my eyes.

The kettle being down, and all seated to tea, I introduced the affair, with an affected unconcern; and, by question after question, artfully extracted, from my companions, the whole history and adventures of the five preceding days; whereby, I found that they had expended in my behalf beyond the last penny of their own substance; and that nothing remained, save one hundred and fifty pounds, to which the several deposits amounted, which I had made with Mrs. Graves.

I could now no longer contain myself. Cruel women, inhuman friends! I cried. The bitterness of enmity, the rancour of malice could never have brought an evil, like this, upon me. Accursed wretch that I am, ordained to be the instrument of perdition to those, whom I would feed with my blood and foster with my vitals. Would to heaven I had not been born! or, would I had been cut off by some quick and horrid judgment ere this had happened!

Here Mrs. Graves drew her chair close to mine, and catching me about the neck, and dropping upon me a few tears, that she struggled to suppress; Don't grieve, my child, she cried, don't afflict yourself for nothing. All is as it should be. There is no harm done. Your Arabella and I can always earn genteel and independent bread, without shop or other means than the work of our hands. We can never want, my Hammy. We have done nothing for you. Neither has any thing happened wherewith you ought to reproach yourself. What we did was for ourselves, for the relief of the anguish of our own hearts; to bring you home to us, again, as soon as possible, my son, since we found that we could live no longer without you.

Within a few days, I perceived that my dear aunt began to decline in her health, perhaps, occasioned by her late fatigue and anxiety of spirits. I brought an able physician to her, but, he could form no judgment of the nature of her disorder, till, some time after, when her complexion began to change, and the doctor declared her to be in the jaundice. He began to apply to the customary medicines, and, no care nor expence was spared for her recovery. Arabella and I sat
up

up with her, alternately, every night; and, all the day, we read to her some book of amusement, in order to dissipate the melancholy of her disease. But, alas, all our cares and remedies; our attention and solicitude, our prayers and our tears, proved equally unsuccessful; and, at the end of five months, she expired within our arms.

Arabella then quitted her hold, and, crossing her arms upon her bosom, and looking, eagerly, on the face, once so lovely, and always beloved; You are then at peace, said she, my mother. O death, hadst thou not enough of terrors, in thy aspect, without adding to thy agonies those of tearing from us that which we prized above life. O my friend! my only parent! my dearest dearest mother!— She could no more, but, immediately, fainted away upon the body.

I took her up in my arms, and, carrying her into the next room, I laid her on the bed; I ordered Jenny and the two nursekeepers to take care of her recovery, and charged them not to permit her to see her aunt any more.

I, then, returned to the chamber, wherein the precious ruins of the half of my world was laid. I locked the door within side. I approached the body, and hung

over it, and gazed upon it, with inexpressible emotion. I repeatedly clapped my hands together. I stooped down, and kissed, and re-kissed her cold lips, in an agony of affection. I gave a free scope to my tears, sobs, and lamentations. Ah, I cried, my parent; my patroness; ah, mother to the son of your unhappy election! Have I lost you, my only prop? Are you, for ever, departed from me, my support and consolation? I was abandoned by the world, by friends, father, and relations; but you become the world and all relations to me. "I was a stranger, and you took me in; I was sick, and in prison, and you ministered unto me." But, you are gone, you are gone from me afar off. And I die a thousand deaths in the anguish of surviving you. Here you lie, my mother, the victim of your goodness to your unlucky guest. Wretch that I am! doom'd to bring no portion, save that of calamity, to those who regard me. Woe of woes! Where, now, shall I ease my soul of its insupportable burden? Of the debt, with which it labours, to this kind creature? She will no more return, to take aught at my hands; and I must suffer the oppression, through life, and through eternity.

Having thus vented the excesses of my passion,

passion, my spirits subsided into a kind of gloomy calm. I returned to my wife,

— But, I see, Sir, you are too much affected. I will not dwell on this melancholy scene any longer.

When I had discharged doctor's fees, apothecaries' bills, and funeral expences, I found that our fortune did not amount to fifty pounds. My wife was, now, far advanced in her pregnancy; her labour was hastened by her grief and late fatigues; and she was delivered of that boy whom your charity a second time brought into this world.

As I was, now, all things, to my Arabella; the only consolation she had upon earth, I never left her during her illness. By the time she was up and about; what with the charges of child-bearing, and a quarter's rent, &c. our fund was, again, sunk within the sum of ten pounds; and I was going, one evening, to look out for some employment, when we heard a rapping of distinction at the door.

Jenny came, in a hurry, and brought us word that lord Stivers was in the parlour, and desired to speak with me. I went down, greatly surprised, and something alarmed at his visit. Mr. Clement, says he, with a familiar air, I have long wished to see you, but I did not think it

reasonable to disturb you, during the misfortune of your family and the illness of your wife. Your WEEKLY MONITORS have genius and spirit, but they have done some mischief which we wish to have remedied. As how, pray, my Lord? Why, Mr. Clement, I never knew a writing, in favour of liberty, or against any measures of government, which the populace did not wrest in favour of licentiousness, and to the casting aside of all manner of rule. Now, Mr. Clement, we want you to undertake our cause, which is, by much, the more reasonable and orderly side of the argument; in short, we want you to refute your own papers.

O, my lord, I answered, I should think it an honour to serve your lordship or the ministry, on any other occasion. But, in a matter that must bring public infamy upon me; indeed, my lord, you must excuse me. I should be pointed at, as an apostate and prostitute, by all men, and bring my person and writings into such disgrace as would, for ever, disable me from serving either myself, or your lordship.

Well, sir, replied my lord, I will not, then, insist on a formal refutation of your own writings. I only ask, if you are willing to engage in our quarrel, as far as is consistent with honour and truth? I am,
my

my lord, I rejoined, as far as is consistent with my own credit, and the good of my country.

The good of your country, Mr. Clement, says my lord, I hope you do not think that government is contrary to the good of your country. Pray, in what do you make this LIBERTY consist, of which you are become so eminent a patron?

There are two sorts of LIBERTY, my lord, I answered. The first constitutes the duty and happiness of a man, independent of community. The second constitutes the privilege and happiness of a man, merely, as he is a member of any state or commonwealth.

Independent of community, a man is so far free and no further, than he acts up to the dictates of reason and duty, in despite of inward appetite and outward influence.

As a member of community, a man is, so far, free, and no further, than as every other member of that community, is legally restrained from injuring his person, or encroaching on his property.

Inimitably well defined, cried his lordship; I have read volumes, in folio, upon the subject; but, never knew what LIBERTY was before. Well, Mr. Clement, as this LIBERTY of yours, is in all re-

spects, so opposite to the licentiousness I was talking of; it cannot but make, mainly, in favour of good government. I therefore request you to write a treatise to the purpose of your definition; and to take us with you, as far as you can. We shall not be ungrateful, we are good pay-masters, Sir. Why do you hesitate? Did you not tell me you were disposed to serve us?

My lord, I replied, I fear I should fall greatly short of your expectations. I am not studied in the constitution of modern states; and how, should I be able to justify any government, with respect to measures that, perhaps, are a secret to all, except the ministers? I must further observe to your lordship, that my former field would be greatly contracted, on this occasion. It is very easy and obvious to find fault and to call in question; but, to vindicate truth itself against popular prejudice, *hoc opus hic labor est*.

Mr. Clement, says my lord, I am proud that we have got a gentleman of so much honesty and ingenuity to befriend us. It shall be my care to provide you with materials, and, I am confident that so great a master of his instrument, as you are, will make excellent music on a few fundamental notes. Here are twenty guineas

neas earnest, and ten guineas shall be pay'd you, weekly, till we can fix you in some station of due honour and advantage. I will take a glass, or a dish of tea with you, in a few days, and wish you a good evening.

On the third morning after this interview, my lord returned with a large bundle of *anti-patria* pamphlets, in his chariot, and some manuscript notes and hints for my instruction. He breakfasted with us, and was easy, polite, and chearful.

I now entered on my new province, but, not with usual ardour. As I had, formerly, lashed the insolence, encroachments, and rapaciousness of power, less ambitious of conquest, over aliens and enemies, than over the very people it was ordained to protect: I now, on the other hand, rebuked, with like acrimony, the riotous, factious, and seditious propensities of a turbulent, licentious, and unsatisfied people; ever repughant to government, and reluctant to the rein of the gentlest Ruler. I proved, from many authorities, and instances, derived from Greece and Rome, that power is never so dangerous to a populace as when it is taken into their own hands. That the governors and governed, by the violence of collision, are apt to fly to extremes, on either side.

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That anarchy is the most direct, of all roads, to tyranny. And that a people, who have no will to be governed, reduce themselves to the necessity of being crushed, insulted, and governed, whether they will or no.

Now, sir, though I, thus alternately, sided with the people against power, and with power against the people, yet I struck at nothing but faults, on either hand; and equally asserted, on both sides of the question, the cause of my country, of liberty, and truth.

I took five times the pains with these latter papers, than I had with the former, and yet, I confess I had not equal pleasure in the delivery. I am, also, persuaded, that these had more than double the merit of the other; and, in point of sentiment, moral, and general instruction, were of twenty times the value to mankind: but, how can that instruct which is not attended to? It was intimated to the people that these had been written at the instance of their governors; and they would not have listened to an oracle, if uttered from that quarter.

Six months had now elapsed in these lucubrations. I had delivered to my wife two hundred and sixty guineas, the weekly price of my labours. We had lived with

great

great frugality. Arabella had, again, taken in as much work as her nursing and attention to the child would admit. And we had some pieces left of our former maintenance; when lord Stivers called in upon me, with pleasure and good news, as it were, prologue in his aspect.

Mr. Clement, says he, I want to speak to you, apart. I had, yesterday, some talk with the minister about you, and he has promised me four hundred a year pension for you, till something better can be done; and this is to be wholly clear and over your weekly wages of ten guineas, while we keep you so hard at work. But, tell me, Clement, says he, laying his hand with an affectionate familiarity upon my shoulder, are you of a jealous temper? The furthest from it, my lord, of any man breathing. O, I'm glad of that, but, if you were, I have nothing exceptionable to propose. To be short; half a dozen of noblemen, all my friends, and people of strict probity and virtue, have engaged to spend a share of to-morrow, in a party of pleasure upon the Thames; and, we have, each of us, laid a bet of a hundred guineas, that, from the number of his relations, his friends, or acquaintance, he will bring the prettiest woman to this field of contention. I had fixed on

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lady Fanny Standish, a lovely creature, and a relation of my own; but she, unfortunately, happened to be pre-engaged to one of my rivals. I am, therefore quite at a loss, and must, infallibly, lose my wager, if you do not favour me with the company of Mrs. Clement. With her I can make no question of conquest; and I give you my honour to pour into her lap, the whole five hundred guineas, the just prize of her beauty.

Why, my lord, I answered, this is indeed, a very pleasant project; and has nothing in it exceptionable, that I can perceive, if no one was to know any thing of the matter. But, what will the world say to see your lordship so pair'd? Shaw, damn the world, Clement, I am your world, man. Your lordship has a very good right to damn an inferior world, I rejoined; but the world has an equal right, and would, certainly, make use of it, in the damnation of my wife. What, said he, warmly, you will not then, confide her to my friendship and honour? I will not, my lord, confide her honour, unnecessarily, to any man from under that guardianship and protection which I vow'd to her, in marriage. It is very well, Mr. Clement, you may hear from me to-morrow. And away he went.

He was as good (as his word.) The very next morning, I was arrested at his suit for two hundred and fourscore guineas, the amount of all that I had received from him; and I was hurried to the Fleet prison, without being permitted to speak for any one!

As my lord knew that, on issue, I must cast him in his action, and, further, come upon him for special damage and false duress, it instantly occurred that this was, merely, a stratagem, for the seduction of my Atabella; and her defenceless state gave me inexpressible torture. I immediately wrote her an account of my situation and apprehensions, which, unhappily for all parties, were too well founded. But, sir, I will give you a detail of these extraordinary events, in the order of time, in which they happened, as I, afterwards, learned them, from the mouth of my wife, and from the testimony of others, on trial in public court.

Before my wife could have the least intelligence of my confinement, my lord paid her a visit; and, entering with his accustomed freedom and good humour, Mrs. Clement, says he, I am come to prevent your being alarmed, when you should hear that I sent your husband to the Fleet prison this morning. But, to convince

convince you that I intend him no manner of harm; I have, here, brought you the money for which he was arrested; and it is at your own choice to release him, within this hour, or on the feast of saint Simpleton, if you are not in a hurry. So saying, he put a large purse into her hand. And, pray my lord, then demanded Arabella, on what account was it that you had him arrested? To punish him, answered my lord, for being the most jealous-pated coxcomb in Europe. Jealous, my lord! pray of whom can he be jealous? Of you and I, madam. Of us, my lord? Sure we never gave him cause. No, that I'll be sworn, rejoined my lord; but more is the pity; the jealousy came first, and the cause ought, now, in all conscience, to follow.

Before the last words had escaped his mouth, he sprung forward, and, catching her in his arms, he pressed and kissed her with the rudest ardour. But, quickly disengaging herself, and, pushing him, violently, from her; I see you are a villain, she cried, and desire that you will instantly quit my house; and, so saying, she threw the purse out at the door. My lord, however, stood his ground, and, looking at her with astonishing ease and unconcern; Mrs. Clement, says he, the
 destiny

destiny of your husband and yourself is in my hands; and I must tell you it does not become you to treat your best friend in so injurious a manner. I have, here, brought you a settlement of five hundred a year, for life. It is perfected to you without condition, and, how far you will be grateful, lies, wholly, at your own election. May heaven forsake me, she cried, when I accept the smallest advantage from you or your fortune. Well, well, Arabella, replied my lord, I must, and will have you, on your terms, or my own; but, if you had really a mind to contest this business with me, what a little fool you were, so simply, to cast away the sinews of war? I leave you, child, for the present, to wiser reflections; then insolently smiling in her face, he retired.

As soon as he was gone, my wife hurried to the Miss Hodginses, and prevailed upon one of them to keep her company till she should be able to procure my enlargement. She, then, went to a person, who dealt in household furniture, and requested him to come, the next morning, and make a purchase of some goods that she had to dispose of. And, lastly, she writ me a letter with an account of all these matters; and a promise to be with me the day following.

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I should have apprised you before this, that our faithful and affectionate Jenny had forsaken us. A small legacy had been left her, whereupon she quitted service and went to live with her parents; and we were obliged to hire a strange maid in her room.

The next day, Arabella sold, as much of her furniture to the forementioned dealer and some neighbours, as amounted to upward of forty guineas. She had put these, with her former deposit of two hundred and sixty, into her pocket; it was now afternoon, and she was joyfully preparing to come and give me freedom; when our new maid entered and told Miss Hodgins that a lady waited for her, at home, on earnest business, but promised not to detain her above five minutes. Alas! Miss Hodgins was scarce gone, when lord Stivers entered, and my wife, giving a violent shriek, dropped backward in a chair.

Lord Stivers, thereupon, drew another chair, and, with an impudent appearance of tenderness, seated himself beside her. My dear Arabella, said he, don't be alarmed. By, — I am not come to do you the smallest injury. I tell you, however, that you're wholly in my power. Your street door is bolted. I have two able footmen below

below in your kitchen; and the maid, who contrived to get your friend out of the way, is much more my servant than yours, I assure you. I have loved you long, my Arabella, and the frequent visits, I payed, are to be placed to your credit, and not to that of the stupid politics, with which I amused your husband; and now, my angel, if you will make any concession, but the slightest return to the excess of my passion and fondness for you; I, here, vow to you perpetual faith and constancy for life, and, both my fortune and person shall be, wholly, devoted to you. But, don't attempt to impose; don't hope to deceive me.

No, no, my lord, she cried, I will not deceive you, by pretending to sacrifice the least article of duty to your person or fortune. I see that I'm in danger; on the brink of perdition. I see that hell is strong, and subtle at devices. Heaven save me, any how! strike, strike me dead, this instant! You thunders and earthquakes, that once were my terrors, be now my deliverers!

Why, my Arabella, says lord Stivers, this is all very fine. It is the sweetest rant I ever heard. And you are the sweetest girl, upon my soul, that ever I saw. I perceive that you are really alarm-
ed,

ed, my love; but, what is it that frights you? you shall never receive any treatment from me, save proofs of the fondness and violence of my affection. Recall your spirits, child; and prepare yourself, with patience, for what must be. For I swear to you, Arabella, by — &c. &c. that no power, in the universe, shall snatch you, this hour, from the ardour of my caresses.

The wretched object of the lust of this barbarous man, then, dropped upon her knees in a frantic agony. O God! she cried out, if you are in heaven, if you hear and see these things; if virtue and purity are not an offence unto you; send, send, and deliver me by some sudden salvation! O, my lord, once our generous patron and protector, the friend and support of our declining house! would you now tumble into deep and irreparable ruins, the work of your own hands? Alas! you know not what you do; you cannot guess at the horrors you are about to perpetrate. If ever you had a touch of pity. If ever — but, what shall I say! If you do not, like devils, delight in the miseries of wretches, damned for eternity; shield, shield me, my dear lord; be you, yourself, my saviour, from this my hour of terrors, from this hell that is close up-

on me, I have, already, suffered the pangs of death; in the bare apprehension. I will never live to bear in me, and about me, a detestable being. Hope it not; dream not of it. By heaven, I will not a moment survive my pollution! O mercy! mercy! mercy! And, so saying, her voice was stopped, by an agony of sobs and tears.

Charming girl! enchanting creature! exclaimed the deliberate villain; every action, every word, intended to dissuade, was fresh fuel and incitement to my passion for you, my Arabella. But, I see that you will not consent to my happiness; and that I must give you an apology, for your acceptance of any favour or fortune at my hands.

So saying, he arose. And up he sprung at the instant, and running to the furthest corner of the room, recollected all her spirits and force for her defence. She struggled, and shrieked, and called out upon heaven, and earth, to save her. But, no help appearing nigh, she, suddenly, recollected a pair of long and sharp pointed scissors that she had in her pocket, and, in the moment that Lord Stivers threw her prone upon the floor, she drew them forth, and aiming at him with all her strength, she almost buried
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the weapon in his left side; whereat he gave a loud curse, and over he tumbled gasping, and groveling, beside her.

Up she got, with all haste, and running to the cradle where her infant lay crying, she caught him in her arms; and opening the chamber door softly, and shutting it after her, she stepped down stairs as upon feathers, and stealing to the street-door, she opened it suddenly, rushed into the street, and hurried on till she came to a stand of coaches; where she hired the first she met, threw herself hastily into it, and desired the man to drive with speed to the Fleet-Prison.

On her arrival, she discharged the action and fees of arrest, with all possible dispatch, and then hurried up to my apartment. On the first glimpse, I sprung to her, and caught her in my arms with unspeakable transport; but finding the child with her, and observing that her breath was quick and uneven, I withdrew a step or two, and looked eagerly at her; and perceiving that she was pale, and had a kind of wildness in her eyes and motions; What is the matter, my love, I cried, what has happened to you? I have not been well, she answered, with an affected unconcern before the keeper. But pray

pray come down, my dear, you are much wanted, and the coach is in waiting.

Nothing further passed between us, till we got into the coach, and that my wife desired the man to drive to some neighbouring street, and to stop at the first door where he saw a bill for lodgings. For lodgings, again I demanded, for whom does my Arabella desire to take lodgings? For you and I, Mr. Clement, for you and I, she cried, wringing her hands together; lord Stivers lies weltering in his blood at our house, deprived of life within this half hour by my unhappy hand.

I was suddenly struck dumb with surprise and horror. All the occasions and consequences of this direful event whirled through my imagination in a fearful succession. What must now become of my soul's sole enjoyment? what indignities must have been offered! what violation might she not, or rather, must she not have suffered, before she could be brought to perpetrate so terrible a deed; I grew instantly sick, and putting my head through the window, desired the coachman to stop at the first tavern. I ordered the drawer to hasten, with a pint of Spanish white wine, to the door, and I pressed and compelled my wife to swallow
a part.

a part. Our spirits being in some degree settled thereby, we drove to a private street, on the right-hand of Cheap-side, where I took a back-room and closet, up two pair of stairs, at one Mrs. Jennett's, an old maid and a mantua-maker. I immediately ordered a fire to be kindled, and the tea things to be laid, and, giving the servant a crown, desired her to bring the value in proper ingredients.

The evening was now shut in; and, while the maid was abroad, not a syllable passed between my wife and me. I dreaded to enquire of what I still more dreaded to understand; and Arabella seemed to labour under some mighty oppression; when retiring to the closet, where our bed stood, she covered her child up warm, and kneeling down by his side, broke forth into a violent torrent of tears, intermingled with heavings and half-strangled sobs.

I sat still without seeming to observe her emotion. I was sensible that nature wanted this kindly relief. The teas and sugars were brought; the kettle put on the fire; and the maid again retired; when I gently called to my Arabella to come forth, with a voice of the truest love, and softest endearment, that ever yet breathed from a human bosom.

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Her eyes were already wiped, her countenance composed, and her motions and demeanour much more settled than before. She sat down with a rising sigh, which she checked with a half smile. My Arabella said I, my only joy! my unmeasured blessing! What is it that thus distracts my dearer part of existence? Your mind, your spirit, my angel, is still pure and unpolled; and bodies are merely as bodies, incapable of defilement, being doomed from our birth to dissolution and corruption.

Ah, my Hammy, she exclaimed, you are quite beside the mark, I sigh not, I weep not, I grieve not for myself. I fear not, nor regard the consequences, however fatal, of what has happened. Suppose a sudden and shameful death, I thank my God for it, death will offer me up a victim still pure and unpolled. But O the wretched Stivers, what is now become of him? sent, so sudden and unprovided, to his eternal audit. Unhappy that I am! perhaps an instrument of perdition to an immortal being. Ah, rather that I had not been born! would I had perished in his stead! A death, in the cause of virtue, had been my advocate for mercy.

How is this? my Arabella, I cried.

Is condemnation then to be brought upon the good, because they oppose themselves to evil? Would you have censured any one living, except yourself, for having given you this deliverance, by the death of the ravisher? No, surely. In the daily and nightly robberies, massacres, and assassinations, that the violent machinate against the peaceful; is it the fault of those who stand in the defence of righteousness, that villains often perish in the act of transgression? Tell me, my sweet mourner; in the sacking of a city, when the lustful and bloody soldiery are loosed to their whole delight in burnings, rapes, rapines, slaughters, howlings, and violations; is it the perpetrators of all these horrors that you compassionate, when they happen to be crushed in the ruins they have wrought? Meritorious, my Arabella, most meritorious were that hand who should cut a whole host of such infernals from the earth; remaining innocence and virtue would be his debtors for ever. Commiseration to the flagitious is cruelty to the just; and he who spares them becomes the accomplice of all their future crimes.

During tea, my wife gave me an ample narrative of all that happened at our house,

house, while I was in confinement. As she spoke, I was first speechless, with fearful and panting expectation; I was then kindled into fury and a vehement thirst of vengeance. And lastly, I was elevated into an awful rapture. I looked at my wife with eyes swimming with love and veneration. I rose from my seat. I threw myself on my knees before her. Adorable creature, I cried, divine Arabella! supreme excellence of women! thus let me worship, through the purest of all mediums, that GOD-HEAD who inspires and delights in such perfections!

Our fortune was now reduced to very little more than fifteen guineas. We had no clothes but what we wore; and we did not dare to go or send to our house for others; neither to make ourselves known to any acquaintance. We went by the name of Stapleton; and on the following night I ventured abroad, and bought for myself a few second-hand shirts, with a common gown, and some changes of linen for my wife.

On the fifth day, at breakfast, while Arabella was casting her eye over a newspaper that she had borrowed from Mrs. Jennett, she turned suddenly pale. What, she cried, before I could question her, accused for robbery, as well as murder? that is hard indeed. But I trust that

city, that shall not exceed my resignation. And so saying, he handed me over the paper with a smile, in which heaven appeared to open.

The advertisement ran thus—
 WHEREAS Arabella Clement, alias Graves, did, on the 15th day of September instant, most barbarously stab and murder the right hon. James * * *, late lord Stivers, at a house of ill report, where she formerly had kept a milliner's shop, in Fleet-street: and whereas she did further rob the said right hon. &c. of a large purse of money, his gold repeater, snuff-box, diamond ring, &c. and did, lastly, flee for the same, as may be proved, and is evident, from the examination and testimony of three concurring witnesses: Now his majesty, in his gracious abhorrence of such crimes, doth hereby promise a reward of three hundred guineas to any person who shall stop, discover, or arrest the said Arabella, so as that she may be brought to condign and adequate punishment, if any such may be found for such unequal'd offences.

O, said my wife, I perceive that my enemies will swear home; indeed. Their plunder of lord Stivers can, no way, be

assured, save by my condemnation. But, be it as it may, that Providence, who over-rules the wickedness of this world, may yet give submission a clue to escape its perplexities. And, my innocence, I trust, will be an equivalent to all that the world can inflict, and much more than an equivalent to all that it can bestow.

I now had every thing to fear for my Arabella, as well from the interested villainy of the witnesses, as from the power of the ministry, and the resentment of the relations of so great a man; and I looked upon her death to be as certain as her captivity. Had I been the first in remainder, to the greatest estate in England, I would have exchanged my whole interest, for as much ready cash as would have served to convey us to some region of safety. But this was not practicable, with the very small remainder of the wreck of our fortune; and, we had taken our lodging certain at fifty shillings per quarter.

We appeared, as little as possible, even to the lodgers of the house; and I intimated, to my landlady, that it was the fate of many a gentleman to be obliged to abscond, till his affairs could be compounded with hard-hearted creditors.

During the space of nine months, our principal diet was weak tea and bread, and, if we ventured, at odd times, on a

small joint of meat, it served us cold, hashed and minced, from one week to the other.

As my wife did not dare to take in work, nor to stir abroad to look for employment, our chief entertainment was the reading some old folio books of history and divinity, which I borrowed from Mrs. Jennetts, and which had belonged to her father.

How small must be the cravings of simple nature, when a family, like ours, accustomed to affluence, could subsist, in London, without murmuring, for upward of nine months, on less than eight guineas. But, our fund was now exhausted to a few shillings; and my sword, watch, and buckles were also gone, in discharge of our three quarters rent to the landlady. Ruin stared us in the face. I beheld, as it were a gulph, unfathomable and impassable, opening beneath our feet, and heaven and earth joining to push us down the precipice.

We, yet, lived a month longer, on coarse bread and cold water, with a little milk which we got, now and then, for the child; but, I concealed from my wife, that we had not a single six-pence now left upon earth.

I looked up to Heaven, but without love or confidence. Dreadful power, I cried, who thus breakest to powder the poor vessels of thy creation? Thou art said

to be a bounteous and benevolent caterer to the spawn of the ocean, and to the worms of the earth. Thou clotheſt the birds of the air, and the beaſts of the foreſt: they hunger, and find a banquet at hand. Thou ſheddeſt the dew of thy comforts, even on the unrighteous, thou openeſt thy hand, and all things living are ſaid to be filled with plenteouſneſs. Are we, alone, excepted from the immenſity of thy works? ſhall the piety of my wife, ſhall the innocency of my infant, thus ſamiſh, unregarded and unpitied, before thee?

Ah! it is I who am the accuſed thing, who bring plagues upon all with whom I am connected. Even the labours of my life, the iſſues of my honeſt induſtry, have been changed, by thy ordinances, into nothing but damage; to the impriſonment of my perſon; to the ruin of thoſe who had the miſfortune to befriend me; and to the death, danger, and deſolation of all whom I held dear. I ſtrive, in vain, with thy Omnipotence, it is too mighty for me, and cruſhes me below the centre. Pour out then the veſſels of thy wrath upon my head, but, on my head alone, O juſt Creator! and take theſe little-ones to thy mercy, for they cannot have participated of the guilt thou art pleaſed to impute to me.

The night was now advanced, but that,

which fell upon my soul, was a night which would admit no ray of comfort, nor looked even to behold another morning. I wished for dissolution to myself, to the universe. I wished to see the two proprietors of my soul's late affections, now lying pale and breathless before my eyes. I would not have endured my hell-anthony moment. I would have given myself instant death; but I dreaded to leave my desolate widow, and helpless orphan, without a friend, as I then conceived, either in heaven or earth.

My wife had lain down, with her infant, on the bed. A sudden reflection started. My death, thought I, may yet be useful to those for whom alone I could wish to live. I rose, frantically determined. My brain was on fire. I took down an old pistol, which hung in a corner; I put it into my breast; down stairs I went, and issued to the street.

I was bent on something desperate, but knew not what. I had not gone far, when I saw a large tavern open beside me. I passed through the entry, and, running up stairs, boldly enter'd the dining room, where a numerous company of gentlemen sat round their bottle. I elapt to the door, and taking out the pistol, Gentlemen, I cried, I starve, I die for want; resolve, instantly, to relieve, or to perish along with me.

They all fixed their eyes upon me, but the meagre frenzy, as I suppose, which they saw in my countenance, held them silent. The person, who was nearest, directly took out his purse and presented it to me. I, again, returned it to him, and, putting up my pistol, No, no, Sir, I cried, I will not take your gold. I am no robber. But, give me some silver, among ye, to keep, a while, from the grave, three creatures who famish amidst a plentiful world.

They all, as by one consent, put their hands to their pockets, and instantly made a heap of upwards of three pounds. I devoured it with my eyes. I beheld it as a mint of money, and panting, and grappling at it like a vulture, I stuffed it into a side pocket; and being too full of acknowledgments to thank my benefactors, by word or token; I burst forth into tears, and, turning from them, I got, once more, into the street, without any interruption.

I made directly home, and, stepping softly up stairs, I first restored the pistol to its old station. I, then, went to the closet, where my wife lay, still asleep. I gently waked her, by the fondness of my caresses. My Arabella, I cried, I have ventured out, for the first time; and heaven has sent us some small relief by a

friend that I happened to meet. Here my love, I said, putting a crown into her hand, call the maid, and send out for some comfortable sustenance; our fast has been long indeed.

Within a few days, our strength and our spirits began to recruit, though we still continued to live much within the bounds of temperance. My soul, again, settled into a kind of fullen calm, and looked forth, though at a distance, to some future dawning.

One day, as my landlady's Bible lay shut, before me, a sudden thought occurred. I breathed up, to God, a short and silent ejaculation, beseeching him to instruct me in what I ought to do, by the passage, upon which my thumb should happen to rest, on opening the book. I, instantly, made the venture, and found the following words. "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, father, I have sinned against thee, and before heaven, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

Alas, I was far from imagining at that time, that it was no other than my father in heaven, who called me, and who would, thereby, have directed and conducted me to himself.

I puzzled and racked my memory, to discover in what I had given just offence.

to my earthly progenitor, but resolved, in all events, to observe the admonition.

In the dusk of the evening, I tied my handkerchief, failor-like, about my neck; I pulled my wig forward, and slouching my hat, I slid out of doors, and stooping half-double, I limped with a counterfeited gait, toward my father's door, was duly appriz'd, that, if I knocked at the door, or directly enquired for him, I should not be admitted. I, therefore, walked to and again, now near, now aloof, for near an hour, before his door, in patient expectation of his appearance.

I had repeated this exercise for five successive evenings, when the door at length opened, and a servant in livery came up and accosted me. Is your name Clement, Sir? Suppose it were, says I. Supposing so, replied he, I am ordered to tell you that my master is well informed of all your wicked designs; and that if ever you appear again in sight of his windows, he will send you to Newgate, without bail or mainprize, and prosecute you to the last of the laws of the land.

We parted without another word, and I crossed over the way to a chandler's shop. The good woman of the house also happened to sell some small ale in her back apartments. I called for a mugg, and requested her company for a few minutes.

minutes. After some introductory chat, I addressed her in a manner that I judged most engaging for one in her sphere. She very freely told me the history of my father and his present family; and further, that it was his custom on every Monday and Friday to repair to the Tradesman's Club, at the Golden-anchor in Temple-lane, about eight of the clock at night, and not to return till about eleven.

I went home something satisfied with this intelligence, as I now knew where to find my unnatural parent, though his last barbarous and insulting message had rendered me hopeless, and quite averse to any kind of application to him.

We had now lived three months longer on the last booty, or charity, I know not which to call it. We were again reduced to the last shilling, and what was still worse, our landlady became importunate for her quarter's rent. My wife had lately requested her to look out for some sempstry-work among the neighbours. This she promised to do, but purposely declined, as she and her family got the benefit of her labour gratis.

I began again to return to my former evil thoughts. I resolved to make war upon the whole race of man, rather than my wife and infant should perish in my sight; but I reflected that it was more

equitable to begin with a father, on whom nature had given me a right of dependence, than to prey upon strangers on whom necessity alone could give me any claim.

It was Monday night. The clock struck ten. I took down the old pistol, and marched toward the Anchor. I patrolled near the place of expectation above an hour. The night was excessive dark, and no lamps in that part; at length I listened to the sound of distant steps, and soon after heard a voice cry murder, murder, robbery! watch, watch!

I ran to the cry, and perceived one man on the ground, and another stooping in act to rifle his pockets. I instantly drew my pistol, and striking at the robber's head with my full force, I laid him senseless on the pavement. I then gently raised the other, who was bleeding and stunned by the stroke he had received. I supported him step by step toward a distant lamp, where at length we arrived, and found a tavern open. I entered and ordered a room with fire and lights; and desired that a surgeon should be immediately called. The gentleman, whose face was nearly covered with blood and dirt, began now to recover his strength and senses. I got him to swallow a small dram of spirits, and he stepped with me up stairs, scarcely leaning on my shoulder.

While we sat at the fire, and a napkin and warm water were getting ready, the stranger grew passionate in his acknowledgments for the life, which he said he owed me, and which service he promised to recompense to the stretch of his power and fortunes. But when he had washed and wiped away the blood and dirt from his face; heaven! what was my emotion at the sight of an aspect once so loved and so revered! all my injuries and resentments vanished instantly from my memory. I fell at his knees with a great cry, Is it you then, my father! my once dear, my ever dear and lamented father! Is it the face of a father that I at last behold? I burst into tears: I wept aloud. I interruptedly demanded, Will you not know me? will you not own me? will not nature speak in you? will you not acknowledge your son, your once beloved Hammel, so long the comfort of your age, and the pride of your expectations?

While I spoke, my father looked wild and eager upon me. He, at length, recollected me through all my leanness and poor apparel; and, hesitating, replied, I, I, I believe indeed you are my child Hammel, and strait fainted away.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.



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