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THE
FOOL OF QUALITY;

OR,
The History of Henry Earl of Moreland.

EDITED BY THE
REV. JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

WITH BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. I.

CHISWICK:

PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM.

SOLD BY THOMAS TEGG, 73, CHEAPSIDE;

N. HAILES, PICCADILLY;

BOWDERY AND KERBY, OXFORD STREET,

LONDON:

AND R. GRIFFIN AND CO. GLASGOW.



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1829.

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to's Stage.

TO
THE READER.

THE whimsical title prefixed to this book gave me such a prejudice against it, that I expected to find nothing in it worth reading. So I just opened it, and threw it aside. But some time after, having read one page, I was clearly convinced, it would be worth while to read the whole. I was indeed a little disgusted with the spinning out of the story, so as to fill five volumes : and wished some of the digressions had been pared off, that it might have come within a reasonable compass.

This is now done, by retrenching, at least, one-third of what was published in those five volumes, more to the satisfaction of the bookseller than of the judicious reader. I have omitted, not only all the uninteresting Dialogues between the Author and his Friend, but most of the trifling and ludicrous incidents, which would give little entertainment to men of understanding. I likewise omit the remarks upon the feudal government, which are of little use to the generality of readers ; as also great part of the mystic divinity, as it is more philosophical than scriptural.

I now venture to recommend the following Treatise as the most excellent in its kind of any that I have seen, either in the English or any

other language. The lowest excellence therein is the style, which is not only pure in the highest degree, not only clear and proper, every word being used in its true genuine meaning, but frequently beautiful and elegant, and, where there is room for it, truly sublime. But what is of far greater value is the admirable sense which is conveyed herein: as it sets forth in full view most of the important truths, which are revealed in the oracles of God. And these are not only well illustrated, but also proved in an easy, natural manner: so that the thinking reader is taught, without any trouble, the most essential doctrines of religion.

But the greatest excellence of all in this treatise is, that it continually strikes at the heart. It perpetually aims at inspiring and increasing every right affection: at the instilling gratitude to God, and benevolence to man. And it does this not by dry, dull, tedious precepts, but by the liveliest examples that can be conceived: by setting before your eyes one of the most beautiful pictures, that ever was drawn in the world. The strokes of this are so delicately fine, the touches so easy, natural, and affecting, that I know not who can survey it with tearless eyes, unless he has a heart of stone. I recommend it therefore to all those who are already, or desire to be, lovers of God and man.

J. W.

BRISTOL, MARCH 4, 1780.

THE
HISTORY
OF
HENRY EARL OF MORELAND.

RICHARD, the grandfather of our hero, was ennobled by James the First. He married one of the ancient family of the Goodalls in the county of Surrey, and, at seven years distance, had two sons, Richard and Henry; but dying early in the reign of Charles the First, he bequeathed twelve thousand pounds to his youngest, and near twenty thousand pounds annual income to his eldest son. 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 assumed the regency before the fortune of the Morelands could be forfeited or endangered, by siding with the crown or the commonwealth.

Richard returned to England a short time before the Restoration; and soon 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, racehorses, and the like. Till on the

restoration of his majesty, he hastened to court, where he rolled away and shone as in his native sphere. But toward the latter end of this droll reign, being advanced in age, and he 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, and with her got a portion of one hundred thousand pounds.

With this 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 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 boy, yet, as his infant aspect was less promising 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 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 inquiry after his brother, but could learn no tidings concerning him.

Meanwhile, 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 hotbed, by the warmth of applauses given to every slight of his opening fancy; and the whole family conspired, from the highest to the lowest, to ruin promising talents.

Young Harry, on the other hand, had every member as well as feature exposed to all weathers: would run about naked, for near an hour, in a frosty 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 pigs and two mongrel spaniels on the dunghill ; 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, decked 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.

The cloth had been lately removed, and glasses and decanters glowed 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 physiognomy, 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 cast it from him with a sudden 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, silvered 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 meanwhile 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 fox-hunter, who overthrew Andrew the angler, who overthrew Bob the beau, who closed the catastrophe.

Our hero, meantime, 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 happened amiss, and as though he had neither act nor 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, sirrah, she cried with an angry tone; but, instead of complying, Harry cast on her a look of resentment, and sidled over towards 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 pash in the face, that his nose and mouth gushed out with blood. Dick set up the 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 nor 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, though the boy did not appear to be endowed by nature with a single faculty of the *rational animal*, he might, nevertheless, be rendered capable, in time, of many places of very honourable and lucrative employment.

One alone presumed to dissent from the sense of the company. I rather hold, said he, that this infant is the promise of the greatest hero that our age is likely to produce. By refusing his respect to those superficial distinctions, which fashion has 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 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 cove 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 suppressed 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 sobbed as fast as his companion.

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 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 exclaimed, 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 played and gamboled about him like a young spaniel in a morning, just loosed 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 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. I am sure he has the wisest of all human hearts. I wish it may be so, 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 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 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 seat 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 tailor, 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 din-

ner ; and after the gentleman had entertained his young guest with a variety of little childish plays, towards 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.

Harry, being thus furnished, became an inseparable friend and playfellow to his patron. At times of relaxation the old gentleman, with the most winning address, endeavoured to open his mind and cultivate his morals, by a 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 robins, and innocent lambs, that the very hawks and wolves themselves were fond of. At the times of such instruction Harry beheld his patron as his father, would hang upon his knee, look up to his face, 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 the lips that are beloved.

There was a cock at Harry's nurse's, the lord of the dunghill, between whom and our hero a very particular intimacy 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 clothes, and rub his feathers against him, and court Harry to tickle, and stroke, 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 inquired of the maid for his daddy and mammy ; but was answered that neither of them was within. He then asked after his 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 crowd 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 stepped resolutely before his bird, to ward the blow with his own person; at the instant the stick had taken its flight, and that all the people cried 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, flourished it, as in defiance of all opponents, made homeward through the crowd, 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 in 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 admiration; May heaven for ever bless thee, 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.

In a few days our hero was restored 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 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 little 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 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 kindness, they blamed him 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 the other.

At last, God was so provoked, that he resolved to punish their naughtiness by granting their desires.

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 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 on the left, 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, but that I can see well enough, how 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 clouds, and 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 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 light 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, yet he did not want for conceit, and he was moreover narrow-hearted and very selfish, and provided he himself was snug and safe, he did not care what became of all the fishes in the world. So says he to God:

May it please your Honour, I do not wish, not I, for wings to fly out of the water, and to ramble into strange places, where I do not 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 a great rope coming down into the water, and it fastened itself, I do not 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 of my sight: so, I thought in my mind, that this evil, some time or other, may happen to myself, and

my heart trembled within me, and I have been very sad 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.

No sooner said than done. God immediately opened his understanding ; and he knew the nature of 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 am forewarned of every mischief that can come near me, 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 swallow him up. 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, Ah ! 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 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, 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 trouts that are not on their guard.

Thus this overcareful trout kept himself in continual frights and alarms, and could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep in peace, lest some mischief should be at hand. He daily grew poorer and poorer, and sadder and sadder, for he pined away with hunger and sighed himself to skin and bone ; till, wasted almost to nothing, 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, that I am but a very foolish and good for nothing little fish; and I do not know, not I, what is good for me or what is bad for me; and I wonder 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, God took such a liking and a love to him, as was never known. And God found it in his own heart, that he could not but take great care of this sweet little trout, who had trusted himself 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 waked in gladness; and whether he was full or hungry, or whatever happened to him, he was still pleased and thankful; and he was the happiest of all fishes that ever swam.

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 trouts. When he had ended, Dada, says Harry, I believe I guess a little at what you mean. You would not 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 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 cannot, 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 at his house. Alarmed at this, 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.

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, May be you will whip me, he answered sullenly; No, she replied, if you do not strike your brother Dicky any more. I will not beat him, says Harry, if he will not 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 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 was not yet wise enough to be apprehensive.

My lady piqued thereat, told the earl that she resolved once more to prove the wits of the youngster; 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; another begged his hat, another his coat, another his waistcoat, all of which he bestowed without hesitation; but when the last boy came in and petitioned for his shirt, No, I will not, 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 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 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 drawglove and shuffle the slipper. They next played at 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 up 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.

Two or three of them, 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 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 fist 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. Meanwhile, 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, 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 dismayed, 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 am 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 sound a man as ever.

It was then, that instead of crowing over his adversary, he began to relax into dejection, and sidling over toward Skinker, and looking wishfully in his face, If, said Harry, with a trembling lip, if you will kiss and be friends with me, I will never beat you any more. To this overture Skinker was, with a sullen 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 awhile in chat: when, O tremendous! a back door flew open, and in glided a most terrifying and horrible apparition; the body and limbs, from the neck downwards, were all wrapt in a winding sheet; and the head, though fear could not attend to its form, appeared wholly illuminated with flames that glared through 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, though 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 a 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 returned upon the spectre, and aiming a noble blow at the illuminated sconce, he, at once, smashed the outward lanthorn; drove the candle, flame and all, into the mouth of him who held it; and opened his upper lip from the nose to the teeth. Out sprouted the blood as from a spigot. The ghost clapped all the hands that he had to his mouth, and slunk away to show to his friends in the kitchen how he had been baffled and mauled by an infant of seven summers.

Heaven 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.

Bedtime 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 show them I am sure they will have the good manners to do as you desire. What say you, Harry, have you any play to show 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 the 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 every motion, till he alighted before the foremost, and down he popped in the posture of those behind.

My lady, in utter astonishment, lifting up her hands and eyes, exclaimed, Oh the fine creature! Oh the graceful creature! if 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, cleared 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 alongside 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. 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 plaster, 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 Harry was become a favourite, especially among the servants, who, in a manner, adored him, since the adventure of the box and the hobgoblin.

Ruffled linen, laced hat, silk stockings, &c. had now been ordered for Harry, with a new suit of clothes, trimmed like those of your beau-insects, vulgarly called butterflies. They were tried on, in the presence of his parents, and highly approved by all, except Harry himself, who seemed, by his fidgetings, to be somewhat disgusted at this new kind of incumbrance. Harry,

says my lord, puts me in mind of the son of Jesse in the armour of Saul, he has not yet proved them. Well, Harry, how do you like yourself? I do not know, not I, says Harry. But, papa, can you tell me what these things are for? In truth, Harry, you pose me. Will not people love me better, sir? Not a whit indeed, Harry, replied my lord. L—d help that little fool's head of thine, interposed my lady, if people will not love thee, they will respect thee 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 well content. 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.

This meeting was accompanied by tears of joy on both sides; when the old gentleman, struck with concern at his garb, 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 that is not full of rank poison. 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 though 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 clothing 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, oh sad and dismal! a lady, whom he had saved from great hurt and shame, made him a present of a new coat, which was called a skirt 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 himself, he cried out, Oh, this is a very sad case, indeed; I wish my coat was burnt, so I do, but do not 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 pressed to be gone; and these two fond friends were compelled to separate, 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 up, and then stole up, with all possible privacy, to his apartment.

There he stripped 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 clothes, to obey the summons, he 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 is all this for? Who abused you, my child, who put you in this pickle? Come hither and tell me, who spoiled your clothes? I did, madam. You did, sirrah, 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, sirrah? I will not tell, said Harry. I will lay a wager, cried my lady, it was that old rogue with the beard; but I will have him whipped 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 clothes? 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, called Her-

cules, and as how he was a mighty good boy, and was cold and hungry, and almost naked, and did not matter, so as how 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 poisoned him, and would not let him do any more good.

Here my lord and lady took such a fit 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 Harry the resentment or admonitions of his mamma.

Just as dinner was served up, one Mr. Meekly entered and took his seat.

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 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 pleasant 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. 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 ten 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; blessed 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 confirming their judgment; and I will 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 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.

Both my parents died, before I arrived at those years wherein our laws allow of any title to discretion. I had but one brother. Oh 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 sympathy, 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 accompanied by coldness or disgust, I forbore to make any inquiry 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, he might justly deem me unworthy of his acquaintance.

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 antichamber; 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 ad-

dress, 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 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 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 ploughman Triptolemus was worshiped as a god; and the ploughman 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, that matters are much changed since princesses kept sheep, and the sons of kings were cowherds. 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 tailor, 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 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.

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 pedlers. I confess myself an enemy to the monopolies of your chartered 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 dependant 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 materials 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 bene-

ficent 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 *foetus* 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.

The seven United Provinces do not contain lands sufficient for the subsistence of one third of their inhabitants; but they 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.

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 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 city, to your 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 achieved their conquests on the continent? or was it by pedlers or mechanics, think you, that the fields of Cressi, 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 lords shall have learned 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, 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 caresses 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 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 expressive of a disposition insufferably proud and overbearing. My heart indeed acknowledged how very lovely he was in his person ; but 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 was also 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 that time I took great pains to 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 this 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 dropped 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, 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 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 inquiries 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 through 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 subject to the passions and desires of the world ; and were no way to be distinguished from other men, save by an unsociable 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, 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 Ninevels and Babylons of Asia are fallen, the Sparta and Athens of Greece are no more ; and the monuments that promised to endure to eternity, are erased like the mount of sand, which, yesterday, the children cast up on the shore.

When I behold 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 balm of life, grows pregnant with a variety of plagues and poisons; when life itself is found to be no other than the storehouse 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 the extent and empire of moral evil upon earth; when I behold the wretched perishable shortlived animal, called man, for the value of some matter as transient as himself, 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 overruling 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; 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 more abundant good? May not partial and temporary 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 Shakspeare 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 necessary to the 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 no where to be found, that no happiness is to be had upon earth?

I do not say so, my lord; I think that a man, even on earth, may be 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 enjoy happiness, 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 refrain the expression of some extraordinary peace that abides within. Oh, say then, my dear, my estimable friend, by what means may a man arrive at happiness?—By getting out of himself, my lord.

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.

Do not all men act agreeable to their own 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. 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 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 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 not the cause; 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 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 prayed 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 instantly offered 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, 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 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 stupidity of his conduct, and rallied him, for 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 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 of his honourable endeavours! and suffer him not to arrive till, by my death, I have redeemed a life, of a thousand times more consequence than my own, more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. Oh, leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon!

Dionysius was confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner in which they were 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; you know, my friends, 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. Oh, 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. But I haste to prevent his speed; executioner, do 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 crowd caught the words; and Stop, stop the execution! was repeated by the whole assembly.

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 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, Oh, 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 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.

Be pleased now to observe, my lord, that the kingdom of heaven is most aptly 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; this beatifying principle was 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, 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, that 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 ancient instances and come nearer our own times, 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 governor, 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 carcasses of their starved cattle, they tore up old foundations 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 governor, 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 hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge. He answered, that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him, their sovereign. That, however, in his wonted clemency, he consented to pardon the plebeians, provided they would deliver up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar herd.

All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square, and expected with beating hearts the sentence of their conqueror.

When sir Walter Mauny had declared his message, 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 Saint Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly:

My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either submit to the terms of our cruel conqueror; or yield up our tender infants, our wives and chaste daughters to the bloody and brutal lusts of the soldiery.

We well know what the tyrant intends, by his specious offers of mercy. It will not satiate his vengeance to make us miserable, he would also make us criminal

he would make us contemptible; he will grant us life on no condition, 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 siege, has not suffered fatigues 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, humanity make such a treason impossible.

Where then is our resource? Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid guilt on the one hand, or the desolation of a sacked city on the other? There is, my friends, there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself for the safety of his people! he shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind.

He spoke—but a universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue in others, which all wished to approve in themselves, 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. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that estimation which might attend a first offer, on so signal an occasion. For I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay more zealous of this martyrdom than I can be, however modesty may withhold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merits.

Indeed, the station, to which the captivity of lord Vienne 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 begotten 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 Aire! 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 Calais?

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 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 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 apprized 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 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 themselves on each side, to behold, to admire this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed 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, but he suppressed his resentment. Experience, says he, hath ever shown that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary to awe subjects into submission. 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 conquered 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 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 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 of your enemies. They alone have withstood the rapid course of your conquests, and have withheld from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would indulge their ambition, and enwreath them with everlasting glory?

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, be tarnished! Would it not be said that magnanimity and virtue 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 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, an indelible disgrace to his name.

No, my lord. Let us rather disappoint these burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. 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; 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, cried 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 expense of 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 in you that valour by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

You noble burghers, you excellent citizens ! though you were tenfold our enemies, we can feel nothing, on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tried. 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 show 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 raised above all human distinctions.

You are 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 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. Meekly, said he, you have now

proved to me your position, more convincingly, than all the powers of ratiocination could 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 wrapped, 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 but two sorts of wills in the universe; the will of infinite wisdom, of infinite benevolence, going forth in 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. 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, horror, 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 informed by this ONE WILL, must of necessity act in ignorance, in blindness, and error.

At this instant a messenger arrived on the spur. He brought word to Mr. Meekly that his friend Mr. Husband 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 pressed for another visit to his patron, who received him with accustomed tenderness, but greatly wondered at his peasant dress. Nurse then recited to him the whole adventure of the frittered robings. 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 Dicky, 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 seemed bulkier than the bearer. So, gentlemen, says lord Dicky, 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 Dicky, a little provoked, how dare you to come and pull nuts here, without our leave? Why, as for that, Master Dicky, replied the other, I know you well enough, and I would not ask your leave, and you were twenty lords, not I. Sirrah, says Dicky, 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 Dicky, 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 the other come on, and if I do not give you your bellyfulls, 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 did not 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 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 inquired, and duly informed himself of the merits of the case, he first turned him to lord Richard, and said, Oh, brother Dicky, brother Dicky, you ought not to hinder poor boys from pulling a few dirty nuts, what signifies them? Then, turning to the challenger, his old acquaintance; Tommy, says he, did you know that Dicky was my brother? Yes, says Tommy, rudely, and what though if I did? Oh, 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.

Meantime 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 Dicky. 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 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 did not strike you, says Tom. Yes, sir, replied our hero, you struck me when you struck Dicky, and knew that he was my brother. Nay, Harry, cried Tom, if it is fight you are for, I will 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 opening, they darted their little fists like engines at each other. But Tom, marking the quickness and feeling the smart of Harry's strokes, suddenly leaped within his arms, bore him down to the earth, and triumphantly gave him the first rising blow.

Harry rose, indignant, but warned 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 wheeled, like an experienced cock, without quitting the pit of honour.

Tom, finding himself wholly foiled by this Parthian method of combat, again rushed upon his enemy, who was now aware of the shock. They closed, they grappled, they caught each other by the shoulders, joined

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; 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 Polyphemus; 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 pressed on and retreated in turns, till Harry, spying an opening, darted his fist like a shot, into the remaining eye of his enemy. Tom, finding himself in utter darkness, instantly sprang upon his foe, and endeavoured to grapple; but 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 cannot see to fight any more.

Then Harry took Tom by the hand and led him to his clothes, 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 clothes 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 were neither able to advance to meet them, nor to speak when they arrived. Till lord Dicky first inquired into this bloody catastrophe, and Harry remaining wholly silent on the subject; blind Tommy cried out, Why, Master Dicky, the truth is, that Harry beat me, because I beat you. Then Dicky, feeling a sudden gush of gratitude and affection rising up in his bosom, looked wishfully on his brother, and said, with a plaintive voice, Oh, brother Harry, brother Harry, you are sadly hurt; and, turning about, he began to weep most bitterly. But Harry said, Shaw! brother Dicky, do not cry, man, I do not 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.

The young gentlemen were now upon their return; and, as they approached the house, they crowded 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 straight 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; and, going to his lord and lady, he gave them the whole detail, occasionally 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, he met a little beggar boy, at the hall door, half naked, and shivering with cold. His heart was instantly touched with wonted compassion; and, taking him by the hand, What is your name, my poor little boy? says Harry. Neddy, sir, says the child. And where is your daddy and mammy? Oh, sir, answered Ned, I have no daddy nor mammy in the world wide. Do not cry, do not cry, says Harry. I have several daddies and mammies, and I will give you one or two of them. But where did you leave your clothes, Neddy? I have not any, sir, replied the child. Well, well, it does not matter, Neddy, for I have more clothes, 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 shown 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 rigged 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, turned Ned round and round, walked here and there about him, and was as proud of him, as if he had been 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 mattrass, 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 dependent 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 lucheon of bread, that one of the servants had provided for a young favourite of their own, he seized upon them like a hawk, and hastening 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.

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 revealed the affair under the seal of the strictest secrecy.

But, on a cross day, Susy, the house-maid, having entered with a new broom into our hero's apartment, perceived, in a corner, the tattered deposite of Ned's original robings, 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 duly accommodated to the vision. She dropped 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, Susy happened, unfortunately, to step into the closet, and spied Ned in a dark corner, where he had squatted and drawn himself up to the size of a hedgehog. She immediately flew at him, and dragged him forth to the light. She questioned him, with a voice of implacable authority, and Ned, with humble 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 rags, 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, judging that Susy had not acted thus without authority, Come, Neddy, says he, do not 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, ordered Ned to follow him, and flew across the field, 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 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 clothes, nor daddy, nor mammy at all, sir, and I had a many of them, and that was not fair, you know, sir. And so, I takes him up stairs, and I puts the clothes upon him, that you gave me when I was a poor little boy, sir; for nobody had to say to them, 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 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. But, his patron took him in his arms, and kissed the drops from both eyes, and said, Do not 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 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. Having thus spoken, he put a large cake into the hand of each of the children, and, causing them to drink a 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 inquired 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 must not oppose that I am come here to sweep and 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 cuffed

him out of doors. You did, hussy, 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 Susy 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 him for his loss.

Dinner was now served up, and the company seated, and all the servants ran here and there, 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, 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; the whole house was in commotion, and all the domestics, and nurse, with lord Dicky 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, 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 called and questioned thereon, 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, were in trouble 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, though 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.

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 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.

My lord, says John, entering, 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 enterprise, as the child’s happiness outweighs, with me, all other considerations.

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

“In the mean while, your utmost search and inquiry after us will be fruitless. I leave to your lordship my house and furniture as a pledge and assurance of the integrity of my intentions.

“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 gentleman’s procedure; and all were staggered at his leaving such a mass of wealth behind him.

As the falling on of a dark night rendered all pursuit, for that time, impracticable; 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, 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 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 bespattered with mire, without any comfortable tidings to balance the weight of their languor and fatigue.

The absence of this infant, who, but a few months before, had no manner of interest in the 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 Dicky; but even this was to little purpose, for he was often found silently languishing in corners; or crying, Oh, where's my brother Harry, my own sweet brother Harry? shall I never see my own brother Harry any more?

My lord had already despatched 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.

Within a few weeks after the publishing of these advertisements my lord received 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 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 shown 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 completed, 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, immediately cleared again, and reaching up his little arms to embrace his patron, Oh, indeed, says he, I believe you are my own dada still.

After an early supper, and two or three small glasses of wine per man; Mr. Fenton, as he was now called, 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.

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 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, 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 not 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 coats, out-coats, shirts, waistcoats, 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 cannot 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? Oh, that would be very naughty indeed, says Harry. No, dada, as I do not want them myself, I will give them 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.

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 halfpence or pence apiece, 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 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 clothe them with whatever you think they want: and, believe me, my Harry, whenever you are cold, or hungry, or wounded, or want, or in sickness, yourself; the very remembrance of your having clothed, 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 clothed, and treated the old ones as his 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 inquired 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 open mouth, and unswallowed victuals, much less did they presume to apply to the waiters for any article they wanted; till, being encouraged, by the cheerfulness and readiness of their attendants, they became, by degrees, quite happy; and, after a saturating meal, and an enlivening cup, they departed, with elevated spirits, 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 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 increase 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.

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 pulling with all his force, Oh come, says he, oh 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 observed a man sitting on the ground. His clothes seemed, from head to foot, as the tattered remainder of better days. Through a squalid wig, and beard, his pale face appeared just tinctured 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 looked 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 seemed 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 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, on his godlike errand. Forth issued Mr. James, Frank, and Andrew. And last came Mrs. Hannah, with the housemaid 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 housemaid, raising her gently between them, got a little of the cordial into her mouth, and bending her backward, they observed 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, 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 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, undressed 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.

About 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 roused 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 more 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 reprov'd him with the imperial brow and voice of the great mogul, Ned cast upon 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 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.

All night he lay ruminating and brooding on mis-

chief in his imagination, and, having formed the outlines of his plan toward morning, he began to chuckle, and 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 expressive of its importance. Mr. Vindex had selected this majestic piece of furniture, as 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 discernible, 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 metal, 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 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 ring, 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, the right and left corner of the chair of authority. Mr. Vindex assumes the chair. But, scarce was he down, when Ned gives the premeditated 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 condolence ; 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 premises 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 bewitched. 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 schoolroom, 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 happened 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, tenderly inquired 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, 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. 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 plead in mitigation of the penalty? Where, in the party so highly offended, he saw his judge and his executioner.

Vindex looked smilingly about him with much mirth in his face, but more vengeance at his heart. Mr. Edward, said he, perhaps you are not yet apprized 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 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 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, 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.

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 a just and worthy retribution.

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, he offered to assist his friend in any measures deemed adequate to the injuries he had received.

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 reentered 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 runaway. But, seeing no creature, he began to feel a chillness, and his hairs to stir, as though each 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 laughed 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 slyly crowded 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 appeared. They all stood silent, and astonished beyond measure. Some, however, with outward bravade 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 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 resolution to the rout, and in they rushed again, one on the back of the other, and clapped to the door, as in the face of a host of pursuing demons.

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, from the prejudice of education during his

infancy, had conceived the utmost spite to all spectres and hobgoblins, insomuch 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 contemptuously tossed this way and the other, and threw himself back in affected fits of laughter. Till, bouncing at the sound of another peal, he mustered the whole family, boarders and all, about seventeen in number, together with madam Vindex, who would not be left; 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, can any thing persuade you, that a spirit, 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 idiots as to imagine, that yon knocker (for he did not yet venture to touch it), a substance of solid brass, without members or organs, or any internal system or apparatus for that purpose, can be endued 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 to philosophy, so loudly refuted every syllable of the premises, 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 vio-

lently in the face of half his family, he ran and threw himself into his chair, in an agony of spirit.

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 diversely 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 crowd increasing, took heart from number, and venturing up a step or two of the stairs, and being still pressed 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. Back recoil the foremost ranks, tumbling over the ranks behind. No one stayed 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.

The fact is, that this astonishing and tremendous phenomenon, that discomfited a little city, was the whole and sole contrivance of our hero's petulant foundling, during a nightly lucubration.

Ned had 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 the bottom of small twine from the garret window, which Hannah took across the way, and fastened with a double knot to the knocker of Vindex's door.

I have read of women who could keep all secrets but their own. Thus it happened 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 Vindex. Vindex, in the first heat, 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 Mr. Fenton, and enters the fatal schoolroom.

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 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 tell a lie 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 set him a crying and bleeding in a piteous manner. Vindex then rose in tenfold 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. So much, my friend, says he, is for your own share of the burden; and, now, tell me who were your confederates in this fine plot? That I will never tell you, resolutely answered our hero. What, shall I be outbraved, replied the frantic savage, by such a one as you? You little stubborn villain, I will flay you alive. 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, determined to perish rather than betray.

In the mean time, Ned had peeped in at the keyhole, and, spying the situation of his loved patron, he ran to Mrs. Hannah, and imparted the horrid tidings. Hannah rose, and, flying to the schoolroom, 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 let his rider to the ground, and 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 honourable family almost adored him for the bloody proof that he had given of his virtue; and vowed unpitying 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 Vindex, he went to consult his new friend, who dropped a tear of generosity and admiration, on hearing the story of Harry's nobility of soul.

By his advice Mr. James despatched a messenger to a druggist, at London, and to several other shops, for a sundry apparatus, and, having all things in readiness, 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 shuts upon him. He starts back with horror. He perceives the hall all in black, without a single ray, save what proceeded from a sickly lamp, that made the gloom visible. He is sud-

denly seized upon by two robust devils covered over with painted flames. They drag him to the schoolroom, 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, harpies, and hydras, that dropped livid fire. Four fiends and two little imps, at once laid their fangs upon him, and would have dragged him to the ground. But the pedagogue was a sturdy fellow, and cuffed, and scratched, and roared most manfully. The devil, however, proving too strong for the sinner, he was cast prostrate to the earth; and, some sat upon his shoulders to keep him down, while others, on each side, alternately keeping time, 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 outbreathed, 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, raised his hands the best he could to cover his face, and hurried homeward.

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. 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 the barbarity of Vindex on the one part, and the worthiness of his Harry on the other.

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

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; that a person of letters, as you are, and who has so much of the gentleman in his person and manner, should be reduced to such extremity among a people distinguished for their humanity. There must be something very singular in your case. And, this night, if 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, stepped into town, and sent for Mr. Vindex, who came upon the summons.

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

I have long thought, Mr. Vindex, that the method of schoolmasters, in the instruction of our children, is altogether the reverse of what it ought to be. They generally lay hold on the human constitution, by the single motive of fear.

Now, as fear has no concern with any thing but itself, it is 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 lie; if that lie 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.

There is, Mr. Vindex, but one occasion wherein fear may be useful, in schools or commonwealths. 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 schoolmasters apply the motive of fear. 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 their own passions.

There are, I admit, some parents and preceptors, who annex other motives to that of the rod. They promise money, gaudy clothes, and sweetmeats to children; and, in their manner of expatiating on the 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.

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 achiever, till forfeited by default. Such arts as these, with that distinguishing affection and approbation, which all persons ought to show 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 incomparable boy, you first whipped him for his gallant and generous avowal of the truth: and next you barbarously slayed him, because he refused to betray those who had confided in his integrity.

When I behold so many scoundrels walking openly throughout the land, who are styled 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 alienated from humanity: they have, therefore, appointed me their vehicle of some smart-money in recompense, 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.

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. Pray let me have the narrative of your life and manners, without disguise. An ingenuous confession 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 capital act, and has, by your hand, wonderfully brought me to this day.

Bartholomew Clement, sir, a retailer of hardware in 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 fruit 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, where I continued till I was twenty years of age.

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.

My application 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 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 adequate to the height of my merits and ambition, when I received this letter:

“ SON HAMMEL,

“ HAVE lately inquired 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 irreproachable, you would not have given credit to scoundrels who cannot judge of the conduct of a gentleman, nor have condemned your only child, without hearing or defence.

“ In cutting me from your fortune, you only cut me from what I despise, 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 indulgent and fond father; and I shall not cease to lament his loss with tears of filial affection.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your little known and much injured,
“ HAMMEL CLEMENT.”

Having thus vented the feelings of my heart, I began seriously to think of the course I ought to take; and considered London as a 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 three hundred pounds 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 duly estimated, I daily frequented Markham's coffee-house, amidst a promiscuous resort of swordsmen, 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 to take share of a pint in the next room. I gratefully obeyed the summons, and, when we had drunk a glass apiece; 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 prospect for life?

Having, with a grateful warmth, acknowledged his goodness, 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, the banker, wants a clerk who can right 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 exten-

sive, and requires the shortest and clearest manner of entry and reference.

My friend here paused; and I blushed, and was wholly confounded. At length, I answered, hesitatingly, Perhaps, sir, you have happened on the only two articles, in the universe, of which I have no knowledge. Well, well, my boy, says he, do not 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 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, 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 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; and, yet, I have not so much as heard of the use 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 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 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, 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 commentators on the creeds? Are you read in Polemical divinity? And, are you a master of the sense and 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 or fashions and vanities of others; you might not be under the necessity of perishing.

The ways of life, for which your studies have best prepared you, are physic and the law. But, then, they require great expense, and an intense application of many years 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.

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. I shall set out in about a month. But, before I go, my child, I earnestly 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 industry alone, employed on articles that are useful to society, that constitutes true riches.

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 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 me, now wholly disappeared, and 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. I, now, secretly cursed the vanity of my father: he must breed me a gentleman, thought I, 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 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 inquiring into the 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 in 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 a weapon, and retired a few paces; but taking out a pocket pistol, 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 milliner's shop. We had not far to go; we made the best of our speed, and were let in by a servant maid, who showed 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 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 is 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 fear he is wounded dangerously. Jenny, fly to Mr. Weldon's; bring him with you immediately; do not come without him. Madam, I replied, the wound cannot 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, ordered Jenny to get a fire, and to make and warm the bed in the best chamber.

Sir, said I to Mr. Weldon, do not alarm the gentleman. 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 lastingly provided for. The cruelty of my father, the disappointment of all my 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 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 lead,

being flattened, extended much beyond the wound it had made.

Having passed a very painful and restless night, I remembered 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, or even conceived an idea of, any form so lovely.

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 thee, oh 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, 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 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, amounting to about five hundred pounds, which they had, hitherto, rather increased 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. 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.

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 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 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, than all our little fortune can ever repay.

Here, I was silenced, for the present, but in no degree convinced.

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 appeared 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, surprised and grieved, but pleasure quickly succeeded to my concern. 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, 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 delivered a note to her mistress. She read it over and over with apparent surprise, 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 dear, dear mother, my only friend and parent? and, 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 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 ninety pounds, the receipt of which he acknowledged; and hoped that this affair would make no difference with respect to their future dealings.

And why, 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 obligations have so greatly oppressed me? Oh! 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 show 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 cannot 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.

Oh, 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 would permit; and we grudged every moment that was spent asunder. I related to them a thousand entertaining stories, and passages, occasionally recollected from the poets and historians of antiquity. And a secret emotion, and inward ardour for pleasing, gave me, to intersperse observations and pertinent digressions, more delightful to my auditory than all my quoted authorities.

I was, now, daily gathering health and strength, when, one evening, Mrs. Graves returned, more dejected than ordinary. I inquired into the cause, with a countenance that expressed the interest I took in her concerns. Why, my dear child, says she, perhaps I have been 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.

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 on business of consequence. I was, thereupon, shown to a back parlour, where he sat in com-

pany 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, 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 affecting, and concerns you most nearly. Here Mr. Clement started up, and, catching a book, he pressed it to his lips, and cried, I swear by this holy book, 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 show 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, Oh, madam, what sort of a heart is yours, that refuses its intercession on this occasion? But she gave me a 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 so 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. 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, while I have you and your Arabella, I shall want neither father nor friend.

Being now very nearly reestablished in my health, I set out again, in search after some employment. As I was strolling, on Tower Hill, I observed a shop on my left hand; that of Mr. Wellcot, 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 can get one of these gentlemen, on whose education more money has been expended, than at the common and legal interest, would maintain a decent family, to labour, like a hackney horse, from morning to night, at less wages than I could hire a rascally porter, for three hours.

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

Sir, said Wellcot, 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, I could better afford to give that author a hundred. For, good writings are like diamonds, that are valued according to their carats ; double their weight, and they become of twenty times the estimation.

This pamphlet consisted of a sheet, sewed in blue paper. I instantly 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. 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 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 ? Give, sir ! cried the bookseller, many thanks, and a proportionable increase of profits. Enough, sir, I answered, you shall soon hear from me again.

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.

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.

He sat down, and having read about a dozen lines, Ay, ay! says he, they do not 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 on me, in a week, and I think I shall be able to tell you something that will please you.

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; all that I had read, on the topic of liberty, 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. The demand for this paper has been very uncommon. You need not, sir, be ashamed to acknowledge yourself the author. Preserve but a moiety of the spirit with which you have set out, and my own interest 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 living, who were merely born to fortune, diminished beneath me. Oh, how sweet, said I to myself, how delicious are the fruits of a man's own plantation!

Then, like the independent spider, his labours will be crowned, with personal honour and success, while he spins his subsistence from his proper bowels.

I hastened to impart my transports to the two loved subjects 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, 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 griefs to myself. Yes, I replied, if it is your pleasure to kill me outright, refuse me my portion in your interests and concerns. Oh, 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, waited, with unspeakable anguish.

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 this distressful business.

You must know that I went, awhile ago, to the Miss Hodginses. 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 intimacies as could not 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! Oh heavens! I suddenly exclaimed, I will for ever guard them both, to the last drop of my blood. Alas, cried Arabella, you are the man, of all others, whom the world would not admit for my champion ; they are absolute judges, they ought to be obeyed ; our parting will be painful, but it must be complied with.

But, my Arabella, most lovely, and most beloved of all the human species ; tell me, said I, is there no other way to satisfy a misdeeming world, save a remedy that is worse than death itself? No, said she, with an air somewhat resolute, there is no expedient. Oh, Miss Graves, answered I, with a hasty dejection, if that is the case, you shall be obeyed ; I am, indeed, unhappy, but I will not be importunate. Adieu, dearest of creatures, adieu, for ever ! I spoke, and suddenly withdrew.

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, it was not possible. I spoke, through an humble sense of my own demerits. But of this be assured, that I neither do, nor ever did, nor ever can, mean any offence to Mr. Clement.

While she spoke I had kneeled before her. I took her hand and pressed 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 ; 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 actions. But, here I vow, that whether she consent, or not consent, I will never marry another.

So saying, I rose and seated myself beside her. She looked astonished, 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 success at the bookseller's. I had, before, made her the treasurer 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 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 years' 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 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 fear-fullest 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 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 fulness of its wishes. 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 name whereby to express it. It was an absence, a sort of death to all other objects. It was 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 a libel against the government. Then, beckoning to three or four serjeants, that attended, he had me directly seized and conveyed towards Newgate.

As I was not of a timorous temper, 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 bookseller had confessed to the ministers, that I was the author of a famous pamphlet, entitled the WEEKLY MONITOR.

I immediately sent for Humphrey 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, and to give me his opinion.

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 that your adversaries would lay hold of. Yet, there is nothing scurrilous or malicious throughout. If you are inclined 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 merely to deter you from a work that gives them great disgust, if you have any genteel friend, who would solicit in your favour, 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. When he was gone, I despatched a letter to Mrs. Graves, wherein I gave her an account of my present situation, in a manner as little alarming as possible. I requested her to provide bail for my appearance; 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.

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, 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 been previously opened, we went down, stepped into the coach, and drove home directly.

Here I saw the first cause of alarm. The shop was

shut up. I was shocked, 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 the whole history 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 could never have brought an evil, like this, upon me. Accursed wretch that I am, to be the instrument of perdition to those, whom I would feed with my blood. Would to heaven I had not been born! or, would I had been out off by some quick 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; Do not grieve, my child, she cried, do not afflict yourself for nothing. All is as it should be. There is no harm done. Your Arabella and I can always earn genteel bread, without 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, 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. No care nor expense was spared for her recovery. Arabella and I sat up with her, alternately, every night. But, alas, all our cares and remedies, our prayers and our tears, proved 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. Oh my friend! my only parent!—She could no more, but 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 nurses to take care of her, 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. I gave a free scope to my tears, sobs, and lamentations. Ah, I cried, my parent; my patroness! 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 became 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! doomed 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? She will no more return, to take aught at my hands; and I must suffer the oppression through life.

Having thus vented the excesses of my 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 expenses, 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 childbearing, and a quarter's rent, &c. our fund was 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. Mr. Clement, says he, with a familiar air, I have long wished to see you; but I did not think it seasonable 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, 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; in short, we want you to refute your own papers.

Oh, 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, 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 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.

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 respects, so opposite to the licentiousness I was talking of; it cannot but make in favour of a 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 paymasters, 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. It is very easy to find fault; 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

earnest, and ten guineas shall be paid you, weekly, till we can fix you in some station. 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 pamphlets in his chariot, and some manuscript notes. He breakfasted with us, and was easy, polite, and cheerful.

I now entered on my new province. As I had, formerly, lashed the insolence, encroachments, and rapaciousness of power, I now, on the other hand, rebuked the riotous, factious, and seditious propensities of a turbulent, licentious, and unsatisfied people; ever repugnant to government, and reluctant to the rein of the gentlest ruler.

I took five times the pains with these latter papers than I had with the former, and these had more than double the merit of the other; and, in point of sentiment, 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 frugality. Arabella had, again, taken in as much work as her nursing the child would admit. And we had some pieces left of our former remnant; when Lord Stivers called in upon me, with 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. Oh, I am glad of that, but, if you were I have nothing exceptionable to propose. To be short; half a dozen 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 Lady Fanny Standish, a lovely creature, and a relation of my own, but she unfortunately happened to be preengaged. 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 paired? Shaw, damn the world, Clement, I am your world, man. Your lordship has a 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 honour? I will not, my lord, confide her honour, unnecessarily, to any man from under that guardianship and protection which I vowed 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 to any one.

As my lord knew that, on issue, I must cast him in his action, and, further, come upon him for special damage, it instantly occurred that this was merely a stratagem, for the seduction of my Arabella; and her

defenceless state gave me inexpressible torture. I immediately wrote her an account of my situation and apprehensions, which 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.

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 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 will 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 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 promised to be with me the day following.

I should have apprized 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 mounted to upward of forty guineas. She had put these, with the 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, do

not be alarmed. By —, I am not come to do you the smallest injury. I tell you, however, that you are wholly in my power. Your street door is bolted. I have two able footmen 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 paid 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; I here vow to you perpetual faith and constancy for life, and both my fortune and person shall be wholly devoted to you. But, do not attempt to impose; do not 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 am 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 alarmed, my love; but, what is it that frights you? You shall never receive any treatment from me, save proofs of the 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. Oh, 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! Oh, my lord, once our gene-

rous 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 come upon 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. Oh 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, are fresh incitements to my passion, 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 at my hands.

So saying, he arose, and up she 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 upon the floor, she drew them forth, and aiming at him with all her strength, she almost buried the weapon in his left side; whereat he gave a loud curse, and over he tumbled gasping, and grovelling, 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; 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 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 we saw a bill for lodgings. For lodgings, again I demanded, for whom does my Arabella desire to take lodgings? For you and me, Mr. Clement, she cried, wringing her hands; 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. Our spirits being in some degree settled thereby, we drove to a private street, on the right hand of Cheapside, 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 inquire 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, that ever yet breathed from a human bosom.

Her eyes were already wiped, her countenance composed, and her 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 unpolluted; 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 unpolluted. But, Oh, the wretched Stivers, what is now become of him? Sent, so 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? 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, 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! thus let me worship, through the purest of all mediums, that GODHEAD 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; on the following night I ventured abroad, and bought for myself a few secondhand 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 my lot shall not exceed my resig-

tion. And so saying, she 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 September instant, most barbarously stab and murder the right hon. James * * *, late lord Stivers, at a house of ill report, where she formerly 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. as may be proved, 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 punishment."

Oh, 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 overrules the wickedness of this world, may yet give a clue to escape its perplexities.

I now had every thing to fear for my Arabella, as well from the interested villany of the witnesses, as from the power of the ministry, and the resentment of the relations of so great a man. Had I had the greatest estate of England, I would have exchanged my whole interest, for as much ready cash as would have conveyed us to some region of safety. But this was not practicable, with the very small remainder of our fortune.

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 hardhearted 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.

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 gulf, 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 sixpence 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 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 filled with plenteousness. Are we, alone, excepted from the immensity of thy works? Shall the piety of my wife, shall the innocence of my infant, thus famish unregarded and unpitied before thee?

Ah! it is I who am the accursed 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 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, Oh, just Creator! and take these little ones to thy mercy.

The night was now advanced, but that which fell upon my soul, was a night which would admit no ray

of comfort. I wished for dissolution to myself, to the universe. I wished to see the two proprietors of my soul's affections lying pale and breathless before my eyes. I would not have endured my hell another 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 entered the dining-room, where a numerous company of gentlemen sat round their bottle. I clapped 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 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, to keep awhile, 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 acknowledgment to thank my benefactors, I burst forth into tears, and, turning from them, got once more into the street, without 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 sullen calm, and looked forth, though at a distance, to some future dawning.

One day, as my landlady's Bible lay 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 it was no other than my father in heaven, who called me, and who would, thereby, have directed and conducted me to himself.

I 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, sailorlike, 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. I was duly apprized, that, if I knocked at the door, or directly inquired 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 even-

ings, 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.

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 mug, and requested her company for a few 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 message had rendered me hopeless, and quite averse to any kind of application to him.

We had now lived three mouths longer on the last charity. 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!

I ran to the cry, and perceived one man on the ground, and another stooping 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 his life, which he said he owed me, and which service he promised to recompense to the stretch of his power. 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 straight fainted away.

During his fit, the surgeon came with his instruments and dressings; and having taken some blood from him, he opened his eyes, and began to breathe with freedom. He then examined his wound, which was a little above his forehead, and declared it so slight, as scarce to be an excuse for keeping his chamber. The surgeon, having dressed it, received his fee and retired. And my father, ringing for the drawer, ordered a flask of Burgundy, with a cold fowl.

When the table was laid, and the waiter desired to withdraw, my father, again, looking earnestly upon me, I believe, says he, my child may be hungry; and, straight, his countenance falling, and the muscles of his lips beginning to work, he broke into tears. Barbarous wretch! he exclaimed, unnatural ostrich! who could thus leave the first-begotten of thy bowels to the nakedness of the sands, and to the blasting of the elements.

No, no, my father, I cried; again throwing myself on my knees before him; kill me not with your tears, crush me not with this, your unmerited concern! all is well, all is happy, as I can bear it to be. This moment overpays my years of anguish, it is like heaven after passing the vale of death.

After supper, of which my father scarce tasted, he got up, and, as I rose at the same time, he stepped to me, and, catching me passionately in his arms, and putting his neck across mine, My child, he cried, my beloved child, my life's blessed preserver! come once more to my bosom, enter thy forsaken mansion! Too long has it been desolate, without thee! But, here, I vow to the Almighty, that no step-dames, nor viperous instruments, shall ever hereafter insinuate between us; accursed be they, who shall attempt to divide us; and may they come to an evil end, who shall desire to deprive me of thee, the light of mine eyes.

While we sat over our bottle, my father called for ink and paper, and first presenting me with a purse of 60 guineas, he again gave me a bill, at sight, on his

banker, for five hundred pounds. I started up, but stopping me, he cried, Hold, hold, my Hammy, I see myself overpaid in the acknowledgments of that dear, though meagre countenance: and, then, as I kneeled before him, with both hands held over me and eyes raised to heaven, he blessed me in an ejaculation of the tenderest ardour.

The reckoning being discharged, and two chairs ordered to the door, my father desired me to meet him at the same tavern, the following evening: and said in the mean time, he would think of settling some certain income upon me; and thus we parted, as though our souls had accompanied each other.

It was now near two o'clock. My Arabella had long since put her child to rest; and I found her in tears by a fire, scarce alive. She started up, on my entering; her face gleamed with a sickly joy; and she uttered some soft reproaches, for my absence at those hours.

Before I ventured to let in the full tide of our returning happiness on her weak and alarmed spirits, I took out some sack, which I had purposely brought in my pocket, I broke some Naples biscuit in a cup, and, pouring some of the wine upon it, I set her the example, and prevailed on her to eat.

Meanwhile she gazed earnestly, and inquisitively, in my face. My Hammy, she tenderly cried, what is the meaning of this? What eyes are these, Hammy, what new kind of a countenance is this you have brought home to me? Ah, forbid it my God! that the darling of my soul should have done any thing criminal. First, perish your Arabella, perish also her infant, rather than, on our account, the least of the virtues of my Hammy should be lost.

No, no, my angel, I cried, God has been wonderfully gracious to me; he blesses me, for your sake, my Arabella. I have seen my father, we are happily reconciled, and famine and affliction shall come near us no more.

I then lighted up a good fire, and while we were emptying our pint, I gave her a detail of what had

passed ; and poured my purse of guineas into her lap. So we went to bed in peace, the happiest of all the pairs on whom the succeeding sun arose.

We lay in bed, till day. I then, calling up the landlady, discharged our quarter's rent.

When she was dismissed, I consulted with my wife whether she would choose to retire to France or Holland, or to York, or some other remote place, within the kingdom. But reflecting again on my father's tenderness for me, she joined in thinking it advisable to act with his concurrence ; and I determined, that very evening, to reveal to him the whole pathetic history of our marriage and adventures.

Meanwhile, I thought it best, in all events, to secure the means of moderately compassing our purpose, by taking up the five hundred pounds from my father's banker. I found by experience, that I had now little to fear from being known to any one. My shabby apparel, and emaciated face and limbs, that had prevented the remembrance of a father, appeared a double security against all other eyes. I therefore ventured, though not without circumspection, to Mr. Giles's in Lombard-street, and, presented my bill.

My friend, said Mr. Giles, it is not two hours since a stop was put to the payment of that draught ; and I was desired, at the same time, to put this paper into the hands of the party who should call. So saying, he gave me a note which I opened, with a trepidation that was turned into agony on reading the following words :

TO HAMMEL CLEMENT.

“ MOST subtle, and most accursed of all cruel contrivers ! thou didst thyself, then, set that villain on thy foolish and fond father ; by whom his blood was shed, and his life nearly lost. I renounce thee, I abjure thee from henceforth, and for ever. And, as I continue to disclaim all sorts of ties with thee, either here, or hereafter ; so may heaven continue to prosper,

BARTHOLOMEW CLEMENT.”

On reading this dreadful paper, I retired from the

counter without speaking a word. I got home, I knew not how, for I neither knew what I did, nor considered what I was about. I walked up stairs, without perceiving that I was followed. But, I had scarce got into my room, when five or six men entered, almost along with me; and one of them, stepping directly up to my wife, cried, Mistress, I arrest you in his majesty's name.

Hereat, I turned, and was stunned, and roused again in an instant. I caught up the poker, and aiming at a well dressed man, whose face was not wholly unknown, and who appeared the most active and joyous of the crew, I missed the crown of his head, but tore off one ear, and cut him through his clothes and shoulder to the bone. I then flew upon the rest. I dealt my blows with inconceivable fury and quickness. I cleared my room in a few seconds, and though several shots were fired at me from the stairs, I chased them all to the entry, and returning to my Arabella, I barricaded the door.

It was then that she interposed, and, dropping on her knees before me, What is my Hammy about, she cried; what madness has possessed my love? Would you be guilty of murder, through a rash and vain attempt, of rescuing from our laws a person whom God nor man hath yet condemned? This indeed, were to ensure the ruin you apprehend. Ah, no, my heart's master, let us neither commit nor fear iniquity. Join with me, my Hammy, let us trust in our God, and nothing but good can happen unto us.

While she spoke, the late terrors of her countenance disappeared; and her aspect was gradually overspread with a serenity, to be imagined, in some measure, from the face of an evening heaven in autumn; when the songs of harvest are heard through the villages, all about.

I gazed on her, with a speechless reverence. She gently took the weapon from my unresisting hand; and leading me back, she seated me in the furthest chair. She, then, removed every obstacle to their

entrance. The stairs were now filled with people who had been called to the assistance of the king's officers ; but they still appeared apprehensive and fearful of advancing.

Gentlemen, said Arabella, be pleased to walk in ; I deliver myself peaceably into your hands ; ye shall find no further opposition to his majesty or the laws. The officers accordingly entered, but bowing, and with a timid kind of respect ; neither did any of them offer to lay a hand upon her. Good God ! madam, exclaimed the foremost, is it possible ye should be guilty of the crimes laid to your charge, by that rascal whom your husband has half killed ? He is carried off to the doctor's ; but I think, in my conscience, that he has got his deserts ; and as for the few hurts that we have received, we excuse your husband, madam, for your sake ; and we think him the braver and the better man, for what he did. By my soul, sweet madam, you are well worth defending.

I thank you, gentlemen, said my wife, gracefully smiling and curtsying ; pray be pleased to sit, while I prepare to attend you. I am guilty indeed, of the death of a man, and, yet guilty of nothing that I would not repeat in the defence of virtue. But, gentlemen, says she, again smiling, you are likely to be troubled with more prisoners than you look for. One of them, indeed, is young, and as little meaning of harm to any one, as his mother. I must therefore, beg your indulgence in sending for a coach ; and, pray, do me the favour to accept this trifle, as the means of washing away animosity between you and my husband. So saying, she presented their chief with a guinea, who, rising and awfully bowing, ordered one of the others to step for a coach.

Had the harp of Orpheus been tuned, like the voice of my Arabella at this season, it is not to be wondered that tigers should grow tame, and bears crouch down before him ; since wretches like these, hardened in hourly acts of insolence and inhumanity, were now awed to reverence ; and on her return from the closet

with her infant in her arms, dropped a tear of compassion, as though they had not wholly forgotten that they were born of women.

In the mean time, my fury having subsided, I should have fainted, if I had not been relieved by a gush of tears; which I endeavoured to conceal, by turning aside and putting my handkerchief to my face. A cloud of thick darkness again overspread my soul; and every idea laboured with apprehension and horror. I cursed my meeting with my father, and his treacherous appearance of bounty, which had served to bring this decisive ruin upon us; and I looked upon fortune as industrious to bring evil and destruction, out of every promise of advantage.

Being conducted to Newgate, I agreed with the keeper for a tolerable apartment, at two guineas per week; and, putting on the best cheer I could affect before my wife, I sent out for a nourishing dinner. For I judged it late to be frugal, when death was at our door, and I had determined not to survive my Arabella a moment.

The day following, I procured copies of the depositions of the three witnesses, the first of whom was our own servant maid. These I laid before two of the most learned in the law, but received no consolation from their report. They told me that, had my wife been actually guilty of the robbery, as alleged, she might have had some prospect of being acquitted of the murder, by being enabled to bribe off the evidence. But, that, if she was really innocent of the robbery, as I affirmed, it then became the interest of the guilty evidence, to have her condemned on both articles of accusation.

As the fearful day approached, I bought, at second-hand, two decent suits of mourning, with the requisite appendages for my wife and myself. Whenever I could get apart, I was drowned in my tears, and I did every thing, but pray for my Arabella; for I could not think of lifting my heart to a heaven, where I had lost all dependance.

In the mean time, my beloved daily recovered flesh

and health. Her eyes grew more brilliant, her complexion more clear, her countenance was as the surface of a depth of peace; and I gathered, I knew not why, a kind of confidence, by beholding her aspect.

Early, on the fatal morning, when I had left her within at her prayers, and had pulled my hat over my eyes, and sat down in a corner, to vent the throbbings of my heart; I cast my eye on a paper that appeared from under the door. I took it up with precipitation, and in it found the following lines:

Though mountains threat thy naked head,
 Though circling gulfs around thee close,
 Though help is distant; hope is dead;
 Though earth and hell are sworn thy foes:

Yet, Heaven their malice shall defy,
 And strong, in last extremes, to save;
 Shall stand, with guardian seraphs nigh;
 And with thy slanderers glut the grave.

I had no sooner read this paper, than I dropped down involuntarily on my knees. My hands clenched together; and I breathed up a most ardent petition, that some overruling Power would take my Arabella under his protection.

Soon after, she came forth, adorned like the moon when girt about with clouds, through whose blackness her beauty breaks forth with improved lustre.

While we sat at breakfast, I presented her with the verses. She read them, over and over, with deep attention; and then, returning them with a smile, This, says she, is the stratagem of some charitable person, who judged hope was wanting to support me at such a trial.

As the dreadful hour was at hand, and as I had considered, before now, that at last it must come, I had prepared a small bottle of salts, to support myself, as well as my wife, from an unseemly dejection of spirits in court.

Ah, sir! can you tell me how one thing should come to pass? Can you account for this most extraordinary

of all the workings in human nature? That a man, at some times, should more feelingly live, or die, in others, than in himself? Had I been called to my last audit, had the decision of my own existence been at stake, my apprehensions, as I think, could not have equalled what I felt at that period.

At length, the keeper appeared, and warned my Arabella that she must speedily set out. I turned, instantly, cold and pale; and it was long before I recovered strength to rise from my chair. In the mean time my wife returned to our bedchamber, and bringing out her infant, gave him in charge to a nurse; she then held her hands over him, and raised her eyes to Heaven, in blessing, for some time. Again she fixed them on his face, and gazing upon him, as it were, for a last farewell look; tear dropped after tear, in a pathetic and affectionate silence.

Being conducted to the Old Bailey, my wife, on entering the court, turned suddenly pale; and her countenance was downcast with a diffidence that she could not for some time overcome. The concourse was excessively great, and chiefly consisting of the nobility and gentry of both sexes. The great man himself was there, with a crowd of his dependants, and all the male and female relations and friends of the deceased.

I gave my Arabella the salts to smell to, and, as she weakly and bashfully advanced to the bar, a confused and jarring murmur was heard on all sides; and the words Impudence and Innocence resounded throughout.

When, according to order, she had held up her hand, and heard her indictment; the judge, with a countenance and voice equally stern, demanded guilty or not guilty? She answered, Guilty, my lord, I confess, of the death of lord Stivers, but never guilty of any kind of robbery or malice. Woman, said the judge, you confess yourself guilty, and I should proceed to your sentence. But, I ask you, for the last time, guilty or not guilty? Not guilty, my lord, she then rejoined; if to do what I approve, and shall never repent of, is not to be guilty.

Again, the murrur was repeated, but continued much longer, and with more virulence on the one part, and more concern on the other.

I shall not detain you, sir, with an account of the examination of the two first witnesses, one of whom had been our own servant girl, and the other the principal footman of lord Stivers. They had all manner of countenance from the court, and concurred in every circumstance that could serve for condemnation. The sound of triumph was heard through all the gentry, and the populace, sighingly, gave my Arabella for lost.

The third witness was then called. He was a very genteel and modest looking young man, and was now out of livery.

My lord, says he, with a respectful but resolute voice, before I give my testimony, I request that the two first witnesses should be taken into custody. Into custody? cried the judge, do you know what you say? I do know what I say, my lord, and I repeat my request that they should be taken into custody. Why, friend, said the judge, they are as you are, they are witnesses for the crown against a criminal, and no man has a right to order them into custody. I say, rejoined the youth, with an air still more determined, that they are witnesses against innocence, against his majesty, and against the laws; that they alone are criminal; that I am evidence against them; and I, again, require it of your lordship, of the jury, and of all present, that they should not be permitted to make their escape.

I see, exclaimed the judge, you are a prevaricating villain; but, I shall trounce you before we part. Where is this fellow's examination?

My lord, my lord, said the young man, with somewhat of a severe and sarcastical tone, you were not placed there to prejudicate in any matter, no more than I was called here to be browbeat and sentenced without trial. If you find that I prevaricate, if you desire to sift me as wheat, and find any chaff in me; I refuse not the bitterest punishment that our laws can inflict. But as your lordship observes, I am an evidence for the crown; and his majesty, God be praised,

will not fix his tribunal in unrighteousness. I therefore demand to be heard, in the cause to which I am cited; and all present shall be assured that I speak nothing but the truth. And you, gentlemen of the jury! I petition you to intercede in favour of equity with his lordship, and to prevail that these criminals, for such I affirm them to be, should not be suffered to get away. And further, that they should be instantly searched; and all that is found about them, reserved for the inspection of yourselves and his lordship.

My lord, said the foreman, I humbly conceive that no ill consequence can ensue from searching and setting a watch over those people; their testimony is already given, and cannot be invalidated thereby.

I cannot agree to it, answered the judge. They are free subjects. There is no indictment or deposition against them. They are, also, evidence for his majesty, and are therefore under his peculiar protection. But I would willingly hear what this fellow, this turncoat, has to say for himself.

My lord, replied the youth, I now stand before a tribunal that is infinitely more awful than that of your lordship. And, provided I approve my truth before God, I shall be the less afflicted for having fallen under your lordship's displeasure. My name is Edward Longfield. I was born to happier prospects. My father was a gentleman; and about eighteen months ago, I took the degree of bachelor at Queen's College in Oxford. But, misfortunes happening in our family, I was left to be the former of my own fortunes, and, arriving at London, I was taken into service by my late lord Stivers. He grew fond of me beyond my merits, and I began to partake of his friendship and confidence, at the time that I was deprived of the most generous of masters, by the most unhappy of all events.

My lord had one foil to his many virtues. It was an invincible passion for female beauty. The last night of his life, having called me aside, Ned, says he, I must take you on an adventure to-morrow. I have positively the finest girl in the universe in chase; and I

must enjoy her at all events. But the devil on it is, that she is virtuous, though I hope not incorruptible. I have put her husband out of the way upon a feigned action for debt; and I have bribed her maid over to my party. So that I have nothing to contend with but her own lovely person, and that will be the sweetest dispute in the world. Sure, my lord, I cried, you would not force her. Pshaw, said he, damn your impertinent scruples. Another such word, Ned, and you are blown with me. I can tell you, a fine woman, my lad, must be won at any rate; if she is garrisoned with virtue, and cannot be got by stratagem, she must be taken by storm.

The day following, my lord took me, and his footman Robert there, who is one of the witnesses, to a tavern directly opposite to the house of the prisoner. He dined there, alone, and kept us in waiting most part of the afternoon, in expectation of intelligence from that other witness there, who has borne false testimony against her mistress. As he looked out, from time to time, at one of the street windows, he at last, as I suppose, received the appointed signal; for, hurrying down stairs, he ordered us to follow. The door was purposely held open for us by that woman. Is all safe, Deb? says my lord. Yes, says Deb; but may I depend on these who come with you? You may, child, cries my lord, they are my own people. It is very well, cries Deb, I have just got Miss Hodgins out of your way. My mistress is above, and alone for want of better company. To her then, my lord, she is a dish for an emperor. But, if she should prove too many for you, I know where the shame will lie for ever. Well, well, cries my lord, shut the door softly, Deb; and take these lads down with you to the kitchen. But, whatever ye hear, on your lives! let me have no stir, I charge ye. So saying, my lord went, tripping up stairs; and we followed that bad woman to her darker region.

I soon observed that my companion, Mr. Robert there, was intent on making up his acquaintance with Mrs. Deborah; and, as I found myself extremely un-

easy, I gave them the slip, without being observed ; and stealing up stairs, I put my ear to the door where I heard the voice of my master. Blessed Heaven ! to what surpassing sentiments was I then an amazed witness ! to what proofs of virtue, that cannot be rated at less than divine ! If I should not be tedious, I would deliver to the court, to you, my lord, in particular ; and to you gentlemen of the jury, the best account I can of those wonderful passages.

Hear him, hear him, hear him ! was then almost the universal cry ! till he was permitted by the bench, and desired by the jury, to speak with freedom.

He, then, repeated, in a more ample and pathetic manner, all that passed as I have told you, between lord Stivers and my wife. But, stopping, as he drew near to the fatal catastrophe, I could no longer bear, he said, the piercing cries and agonizing shrieks of such virtue, in such extremity. Had I had any kind of weapon, I thought I should have done my lord good service, by protecting the purity he was about to violate. But I trembled and grew exceeding sick, and hastening down to the kitchen, I threw myself into a chair, and swooned away.

While I was in my fit, and that Robert and Deborah were busy about me, the fatal stroke, as I imagine, was given, and the prisoner made her escape, with her infant in her arms. When I was somewhat recovered, Mrs. Deborah put on the kettle, and invited us to a dish of tea. I requested my companions from time to time, to step out and listen ; but they reported that all was quiet above stairs ; and, when I wondered at this, Tut, says Deborah, the lovers have made it up before now, I warrant ; it is well for your master, if he gets off before midnight.

At length it grew darkish, and, being all of us surprised that no candles were called for, we went, in a body, up stairs, and Deborah ventured, gently, to tap at the door ; but hearing no voice nor stirring in the chamber, she turned the bolt softly ; and, peeping in, she gave a loud shriek, and drew suddenly back again. We then entered together, and as I was prepared by

my knowledge of the lady's virtue, for some dreadful catastrophe, I was the less shocked and concerned at what I beheld.

The floor was half covered with clotted blood. My master lay in the midst, already stiff and cold; and part of the fatal scissars was still within the wound. We all stood for some time in silent astonishment, and then, with joint tears, lamented his fate. At length, says Deborah, I would gladly see if my bloody mistress has taken care to provide for her journey. So saying, she stooped, and taking his lordship's purse from his pocket, she counted down two hundred and ninety-seven guineas. She then took out his fine gold repeater; and, next, his gold snuff-box; and last took his large diamond ring from his finger.

Come, my lads, says Deborah, my lord's silence gives consent, and we can no more be said to rob this piece of earth, than the people in the mines, who gather gold from clay. If my mistress is ever taken, she must suffer death for the murder; and they can do no more to her for the robbery, and twenty such matters together. If you will, therefore, be of my counsel, we will comfort ourselves, as we ought, for this melancholy business; and share a prize between us, that no one else has a right to, and that nobody will want.

Robert did not hesitate long. In a little time, he appeared more sanguine than Deborah herself; and they urged me to join them, by a number of interesting and cajoling instances. I was dispirited. I was affrighted. I saw a scene of blood and slaughter before me; and I doubted not that, if I refused them, I should be made the victim to their resentment and avarice. I pretended to value the watch at an unmeasurable rate, and that I should be greatly the gainer, if I got it for my dividend. Mrs. Deborah then went to her mistress's drawers; and, taking out half a dozen of silver spoons, a tea equipage, and several articles in laces and cambrics, she fairly laid them before us; and observed, at the same time, that her mistress would not call in a hurry to demand them; and that the landlord would take all if we did not come in for snacks.

She then made a new division; she compelled me farther to accept of the snuff-box. She gave the purse of gold entire to Robert; and contented herself with the diamond ring, some gold medals, my lord's handkerchief, and the plunder of her mistress.

While Mr. Longfield was in this part of his testimony; the foreman of the jury cried out, Stay, sir! Good people, pray stop those witnesses, there! I see, they are making off. And now, do us the favour to search their pockets; and to put what ye find into two hats severally; and to hand them up to us.

This being accordingly done; Mr. Longfield, says the foreman, be pleased now to proceed.

I have little further to say, replied Mr. Longfield. Here is my noble master's watch; and here is his snuff-box. They are undoubtedly known to many honourable persons at present in court. And I bless my God that I have been enabled to preserve them, for the vindication of innocence, and the illustration of virtue.

Here Mr. Longfield paused; and the judge cried out, Clerk, hand me up the examination of this prevaricator. This his lordship perused with a countenance and scrutiny apparently inveterate. But, finding that the deponent had not touched upon the robbery, and that neither the words *feloniously* nor *of malice* were inserted in that part that referred to the death of lord Stivers, he tore the examination into twenty pieces. Come, come, he cried again, I have not yet done with this same Longfield. I perceive, perfectly well, how he came by the watch and snuff-box. The transference was not difficult, from the prisoner who stole them, to this her confederate. But tell us, my wonderfully honest friend! how came you to keep these things from their lawful owners for the very long space of twelve months and upwards? Why did you not immediately, or long before now, give examinations against those, whom you so suddenly take it into your head to accuse? And why would you suffer that so exceeding chaste and innocent lady to labour, all

this time, under the infamy with which her character, in my judgment, is still justly loaded ?

To all these questions Mr. Longfield barely smiled ; but bowing with his head, and making a motion with his hand to two gentlemen who sat on one side in the gallery, Mr. Archibald, an eminent merchant and an alderman of the city, got up and spoke to the following effect :

I wish, my lord, that I could as well content your lordship, as I can satisfy the jury, and all others present, on the articles you require. The day immediately succeeding this fatal accident, Mr. Longfield came to me, and, in presence of Mr. Truelove here, my worthy and substantial neighbour, gave a detail, almost word for word, of all that he has this hour deposed in court. He then deposited the watch and snuff-box with us ; and did not reclaim them till early this morning. As I am of his majesty's peace, he also gave in this examination before me, which however I must not venture to hand over to your lordship, till I have your previous engagement that you will not tear it. I thereupon offered to issue warrants for apprehending the delinquents ; but Mr. Longfield most judiciously observed, that such a step must unquestionably shut the door against justice and all knowledge of the truth : that the criminals were two to one against their accuser : that on the slightest alarm, they would infallibly abscond ; or make away with the effects, of which they now held themselves the peaceable and unquestioned possessors ; or contrive some further plot, to invalidate his evidence ; or probably, make him away by pistol or poison, and so deprive that unhappy gentlewoman of the only witness of her innocence. But, says he, if they are permitted to enter the court, under the confidence of my confederacy, they will have no reserve upon them ; no foreformed evasions, or contrivances for escape. My unexpected testimony will confound their guilt ; and they may happen to carry some articles about them, which may serve for their conviction beyond ten witnesses.

In the mean time, Mr. Longfield, Mr. Truelove, and I, were unwearied in our inquiries after the unfortunate prisoner, that we might persuade her to stand her trial. But all our search proved fruitless, till the day in which she was discovered and taken.

Here Mr. Archibald ended, and the judge exclaimed, Crier! call the two first witnesses into court; that we may hear what they say to this fair weather speech. The crier accordingly vociferated several O Yes's, for Deborah Skinner, and Robert Callan, to come into court. But, had they been within call, they did not choose to hear. During the attention of the court and jury to alderman Archibald, they had imperceptibly slipped behind their next neighbours, and proceeding from one to another, at length got clear off.

My lord then began to sum his charge to the jury; and dwelled, with much emphasis, on some articles. Here, says he, we have lost a nobleman; a minister; one of the first ornaments of our country. And what, I pray ye, have we got, in recompense of this great damage! Why, my friends, we have got a new thing upon the earth; we have got a saving of the honour of a milliner. But, if this princess is inviolate, as still is pretended; how come she to be guilty of this most horrid murder, before she knew to what extremity his lordship would have proceeded? How did she dare capitally to execute a peer of the realm, on a simple attempt, for which our laws would not have confined a common porter? This woman must certainly have been a trader in blood; and her felonious intents, and malice, are fully expressed, in the very peculiar use of the weapon, with which she perpetrated this most desperate deed. You need not therefore, gentlemen, go out of your box to bring her in guilty of the murder. I will not affirm, with equal certainty, touching the robbery. And yet, to me it is apparent, that she could not have enterprised so barbarous a fact, if she had not done it in prospect of plundering the deceased. But, as she is capitally punishable in the first instance; I leave you, gentlemen, to determine of the second, at pleasure.

First, permit us, my lord, replied the foreman, to examine what we have got in these hats. He then drew a long purse, from among the relics of Robert, and having counted out seventy guineas, Mr. Longfield, says he, would you know my lord's purse? If it is my master's purse, said Longfield, it is of green silk, and has toward the top, a coronet and the letter S. wrought under it, in silver twist. The very same, sir, indeed, rejoined the foreman. And now let us see what Mrs. Deborah might have got in her honest keeping? So saying he took from the second hat, a small wooden box. It was stuffed with cotton, in which he found my lord's diamond ring, three gold medals, and the ends of the handles of several silver spoons. Mrs. Clement, says he, I imagine we may have got some of your property among us. Pray, had you any mark to your silver spoons? Yes, sir, said she, scarce audible; a G. at top, for Graves, and a D. and A. below, for Dorothy and Arabella. I wish, madam, replied this gentleman, that we were equally enabled to find an equivalent for your merits, as to restore to you this trifling remnant of your rights.

Come, gentlemen, cried the judge, the day wears apace. It is time for you to retire, and consult on the verdict you are to bring in.

My lord, answered the foreman, you truly observed that we need not leave our box for the purpose you require. We are already agreed, and unanimous in our verdict. And I would to Heaven! that we were not confined, on this occasion, to literal precedents and forms of law, that we might give a verdict, some way adequate to the merits of the prisoner, who, however depressed by fortune, is superior in all excellencies, whom we judge to be an honour to human nature, and the first grace and ornament of her sex. But, since we are limited, by custom, in these matters, we do say, with one voice, and a conscience that compels us to utterance, Not guilty, my lord, not guilty!

The words were scarce pronounced, when the court-house was almost split by a sudden peal. Hats, caps, and wigs, universally filled the air, and jostled against

each other. The triumph was caught and echoed by the crowds without; and the sound was repeated and floated from street to street, till it seemed to die away, in distant parts of the city.

My wife then turned, gracefully curtsying to the foreman, I thank you, sir, says she; I thank you, gentlemen, says she, again curtsying to the rest of the jury. And then, glancing modestly round, she saluted the assembly, and sat down. But I could not contain my gratitude, my transport overpowered me; and falling on my knees, and lifting my hands towards the jury, God alone can reward you, gentlemen, I cried; may he for ever preserve the properties, honours, and families of the worthy citizens of London, from violation and insult!

I then rose, hastily. I slipped out of the bar; and, rushing up to Mr. Longfield, I caught him eagerly about the neck. I could not speak. I hid my face in his bosom, and broke into tears. He attempted to disengage himself; but I held him fast. I believe, said he, you must be Mr. Clement. I congratulate you, sir, with all my soul. But you owe me nothing; I barely did my duty.

Oh, my friend, my brother, my preserver! I cried; I owe you more than life. Existence had been my greatest of curses, without you. That I am not, at this moment, the deepest damned of the creation: that I find myself the most blessed of all beings: to you, alone, it is owing, my Longfield, my deliverer! Nay, hope not to escape me; we never more must part. You are my captive for life. And I, and all that I am or have, is yours to eternity.

As the people, within and without, were still in great commotion, the court appeared much alarmed; and the judge, and most of the gentry, made homeward, through a private door that opened into a back alley. But their fears were groundless; for the crowd was wholly intent on another object, and impatiently waited for a sight of my Arabella.

As she walked forward, attended by Mr. Longfield and myself, they made way for her, on either hand;

and the atmosphere again rung with shouts and acclamations. So sincere is the respect the populace pay to virtue; and such is their exultation when innocence rises superior to oppression. But, when innocence and virtue are accompanied by beauty, their reverence grows almost criminal, and approaches to adoration.

Thus we returned to Newgate, amidst the blessings, prayers, and praises, of a yielding multitude, who still respectfully opened as Arabella advanced. The windows, on all sides, poured forth congratulations, and those through whom we had passed pressed forward for another sight, as though their eyes could not be satisfied with beholding.

Before we entered her late prison, my wife turned about, and curtsied, three or four times, to her numerous attendants, with an acknowledging grace and humility that seemed oppressed by their favours. She then entered hastily, and, running up stairs, she caught her child from the nurse. She held him some time in her arms; her bosom gently heaved; and the tears rolled, in silence, down her placid countenance. But on our approach, she turned suddenly into the bed-chamber; shut to the door: and continued there in private for near an hour.

In the mean time, I sent out for a warm dinner and a bottle of wine. Mr. Longfield now told me that he had often been tempted to introduce himself to us, during my wife's confinement: but, he feared that the discovery of an acquaintance or correspondence between us might prejudice Arabella upon her trial; and that, therefore, he had made use of the little stratagem of the verses, which he had thrust under our door, in order to preserve us from a total depression of spirits.

When the cloth was laid, I whispered through the keyhole, to my Arabella; and soon after she came forth, with a harmony of motion and aspect, as though she had instantly dropped from that heaven, which had wholly possessed her during her absence.

At table, Mr. Longfield gave us some heads of his history. He further told us, that since the death of

his late lord, he had entered into another service ; but that he had been out of place for about a month past.

After some further discourse, I called up the keeper, discharged the reckoning and fees, and returned thanks for his civility to my Arabella. I then sent for a coach, and we drove home together.

On the way, I prevailed upon Mr. Longfield to take up his lodgings at Mrs. Jennet's ; provided he could be accommodated at a reasonable rate.

Mrs. Jennet received us with warm congratulations : we immediately invited her to a dish of tea ; over which she agreed with our friend, for the street-room on the same floor, at three shillings per week.

The day following, I left Mr. Longfield to entertain my Arabella. I went to our late landlord, and called him to an account for the furniture we had left in his house. Hereupon, he produced an inventory of particulars, taken upon oath, with the bill of appraisement and sale, and returned me the surplus that remained over the rent, amounting to somewhat upwards of nine pounds. Dehorah, as I suppose, had carried off whatever was most valuable and portable.

Arabella was now at liberty to revisit her old acquaintance. She was caressed more than ever ; and took in so much work that she was obliged to hire a girl to attend the child.

I was now at the very pinnacle of human happiness. We lived in a kind of frugal affluence. Affliction was no more. The remembrance of distress and poverty had vanished as a dream. Our days moved upon down ; and joy and peace nightly prepared our pillows.

Mr. Longfield was very lovely in his person and manners. We had contracted a friendship which I imagined too strict for time to untie : and I loved him the better for his attention to my Arabella, whose entertainment seemed to form the chief delight of his life.

I gave him my story, in parts, from time to time ; and he had plentifully watered the several passages with his tears. His own experience had taught him to join, with Mr. Goodville, in thinking that the edu-

cation of a more scholar was no way suited to the common occasions of life. He, therefore, introduced me to Mr. Marfelt, his late master, to whom he had recommended me as private tutor to his son; and we agreed at fifty pounds per annum, to commence as soon as the young gentleman should descend from the nursery.

Mr. Longfield, as I told you, was very lovely in his person; and he daily became more amiable and engaging in my eyes. I was pleased that he appeared in the same light to my wife. She was indebted to him for her life, and, in her, I held myself indebted to him for all things. I thought that we could never love him enough; and I daily importuned my Arabella to affect him with a tenderness equal to my own.

At length I became uneasy, I knew not why nor wherefore. I grew diffident at the comparison which I made in my mind between Longfield and myself, and I was disgusted, as it were, with my own demerits; wherefore I grew dejected, and yet affected to appear the reverse of what I was. I however sighed in secret. When I could form a pretence for retiring or going abroad, I took a solitary walk, or withdrew to some recess, where I lightened my oppression by giving a loose to my tears; and I was thereby the better enabled to seem cheerful, on my return, and to assume a face of gaiety that was foreign to my heart! Ah! are not the real evils of life sufficient? Yet man adds to the heap by his tendency to realize what is merely imaginary!

The source of my malady was now no longer a secret to me. My Longfield, I cried to myself, my Arabella, my angel! you are still faithful, my Longfield; you are still chaste, my Arabella; and there is nothing wherewith to reproach the one or the other. But you are, both of you, too amiable; you are fitted for each other. Your Clement loves you too well to be a bar to your happiness. He will have no bliss but yours; your happiness shall be his; and he will die to accomplish it; since his life is an interruption.

I was pleased that I daily declined; but the affecta-

tion of cheerfulness became painful to me. One night as we sat together, my wife looked at me with an affectionate disturbance! What is the matter, Hammy? she cried. What is come over my love? You look not, you speak not, like the once fond, the delighting and delighted consort of your Arabella.

Ah, I cried, it is enough. I die, and I die contented, since I leave the only two happy, for whom I could wish to live. What is this I hear, Hammy? replied my Arabella; you die, you say, and you say also, that you die contented. Ah!—You love me no longer.—What business have I then any longer to—live, she would have said, but she instantly swooned.

My eyes were suddenly opened. I cursed my infatuating jealousy. I wished for instant death to rid me of my confusion. Neither did I dare to look up into the face of my injured friend, who, by this, had discovered my folly; and who, all trembling and pale as death, was assiduous in helping to the recovery of my wife.

At length she opened her eyes, and looking about with a languid kind of displeasure, Mr. Longfield, says she, your services have been great; but, at present, I am not under any necessity for your assistance: whereupon, he silently bowed, and withdrew to his apartment.

I then dropped on my knees before her. My Arabella, my angel, I cried! loveliest of womankind!—But here, with a forbidding hand, and a countenance averted, No, Hammy, no, says she (in a voice interrupted by tears), after what has passed your lips, I cannot be deceived, and I will not be comforted. You would leave me, you say, Hammy, and you would leave me forlorn. But I will not be forsaken, I will prevent your unkindness. I will go where I shall not be altogether friendless. Ah, my aunt! my all relations in one, why did you abandon me? You thought you left me the world, in this husband, this friend, and protector, as you called him. But he says, he is contented to part, and he bids me be happy without him. I come then, my dear aunt; I will rejoin you, my be-

loved parent; you will take your forsaken Arabella to your bosom. You will comfort her the best you can; and we will part no more.

Here, her words were suffocated by sobs and a burst of affliction. But still continuing my posture, I am guilty, my love, I cried, I am guilty past pardon. Alas, you have been wedded to weakness and frailty, ill deserving of purity like yours. But I will live, if you desire it, my Arabella; I will live to repent my follies, and to repair my defaults. But I cannot, a minute longer, survive your displeasure.

She then beckoned me to rise and sit beside her, which I did; when reaching one arm about my neck, and gently leaning over, she joined her face to mine, and silently shed her sorrows into my bosom.

Soon after, I perceived that she was seized with a kind of shivering; and calling to the girl, I ordered her, in all haste, to warm the bed, and I assisted my wife to undress.

As soon as she lay down, and was somewhat composed, I stepped to my friend's apartment. I found him leaning on a table, with his eyes downcast, like the image of Discomfort stooping over a monument. What is the matter? I said; what ails my dear Longfield? I hope I have not offended him past forgiveness. Indeed I am not well, says he. Do not look at me, Hammy, I cannot bear to be looked at. I beseech you to leave me to my own thoughts till morning. I understand you, Mr. Longfield, I cried; I confess myself no longer worthy of your friendship, and I shall no more demand it of you, till you condescend to make the tender; and, so saying, I suddenly quitted his chamber.

All night, my Arabella was cold and hot by turns; and her sleep was discomposed by starts and moanings. In the morning, I observed that her breath was short and feverish, and I got up in haste, and went for a physician.

As soon as he had written his prescription, I went eagerly, to wish Mr. Longfield a good morning and to apologize for the abruptness of last night's behaviour.

But my Longfield had taken a long adieu, and this letter, which I shall ever preserve about me, was all I had left to console me for his loss; or rather, to give me cause to lament his departure for ever.

“ TO MR. H. CLEMENT,

“ I LEAVE you, dearest of friends, and I leave you for ever. Wretch that I am, to have brought affliction on the only two for whom I would have lived, for whom I would have died.

“ Heavens, what a fate is mine! I voluntarily depart, and I go where I must be miserable, since I leave those whose sight and converse made the whole of my enjoyment. That which doubles my unhappiness is partly to suspect that I have been guilty; is it any alleviation, that I had no knowledge of my fault; and that I now fly from it on the first notice?

“ Your Arabella, my Hammy, I begin to fear, that I loved your Arabella. Alas! I feel that I still love her, and that I must love her during life; I loved her indeed, with a tenderness full of infinite respect; but the pangs I suffer, at parting, give me, also, to understand that I loved her with infinite passion.

“ Ah, fond and foolish passion! that could neither hope, nor wish, nor even accept of any kind of gratification, save the sight and society of the object of its ardour. No, most amiable of men, were it possible for your Arabella to stray but in thought from her truth, from her duty, from her tenderness to you, I could have loved her no longer. She would have lost that more than mortal purity, for which I almost adored her; which gave a sweet apology to my heart for its affection; and betrayed me into a persuasion that I loved her no more than I ought.

“ I am jealous for you, my friend, I am jealous of myself, in your dearer behalf; and I will amply avenge you on the injurious and hapless Longfield.

“ Ah, let no man henceforward confide in his own strength. I daily beheld your Arabella; I daily conversed with her; but I saw not my danger; I, therefore, did not resist the current that drew me beyond

my depth. The gracefulness of her motions, the sound of her voice, and the loveliness of her aspect, hourly sunk upon my soul, with an intoxicating delight; and I wished, and was solicitous to become pleasing in her eyes, at the time that I would have taken the life of any man, who had attempted to deprive you of your full right in her affections.

“My confession reaches the utmost of my faults; but, from what a dream of delight has it suddenly awaked me! How blessed have I been with my Hammy and his Arabella! how happy were we in each other, surpassing the lot of mortality! Enchanting sensations! ye are departed for ever; and all the future portion, that ye leave me, is bitterness.

“But, beware of one thing, I conjure you, beware, that you never reveal the smallest hint of my love to your Arabella. Wound not her delicacy, I beseech you, with so disgustful a recollection. Neither deprive your unhappy friend of the only consolation that now is left him; an innocent, though fond hope, that should she ever remember your Longfield, it may not be with detestation.

“P. S. In the drawer of my table, on the left hand, you will find another paper, carefully sealed, and addressed to you. It contains a poor legacy, though all that could be bequeathed by

“Your departed

“EQ. LONGFIELD.”

I wept, as I read this pathetic epistle. I felt all the anguish of my friend. My breast heaved, and was agitated with emotions of self-reproach, and with a tide of returning tenderness to my Longfield.

Ah, unjust, though most generous of men, I exclaimed, I alone am guilty, and thou assumest to thyself a burden that thy virtue disclaims. Would to heaven that men, and angels, might love my Arabella with a purity like thine; she would not then, as now, be wholly dependant on my poor guardianship for the defence of her innocence.

I found seventeen guineas in the forementioned

paper; a most seasonable, and yet a most unacceptable, supply, as I feared, from the generosity of my Longfield's temper, that it contained very nearly the whole of his possessions.

My wife's distemper turned out a tertian ague; and, at length settled into a rheumatism, that principally affected her arms and hands, and thereby prevented her earning any subsistence for herself or her infant.

It was now upward of four months, since Mr. Longfield had left us; during all which time, I hardly ever departed from the side of my Arabella. Our finances were again reduced to about two guineas, and this was not sufficient to discharge our sixth quarter, that had been due some time. I was, however, confident of a supply in the tutorship promised me by Mr. Marfelt; and I dressed in the best I could, and waited upon him.

I was concerned to find the family in black. But, when Mr. Marfelt himself appeared, and told me, with a voice interrupted with sighs, that his only son, my pupil in expectance, had been lately carried off by a malignant smallpox, my mourning passed all shows of sorrow.

I took my leave, with a dejection and absence of mind, that forgot there was any road left for me upon earth. I went, I knew not where, a way that led from home. I saw nothing but the labyrinth within my own soul; and from thence I could perceive neither outlet nor escape.

Rapines and robberies again offered themselves to my view, as the only expedients by which Heaven had ordained, that my wife and my infant, that virtue and innocence should be permitted to live. Nature has cast my lot, said I to myself, among tigers and vultures, who have no choice, save to perish, or subsist by prey. I dwelt, long, on this thought; and then pushed it to extremity. Again, the stretch of my resolution began to relax; and the tide of my thoughts flowed backward to the sensations and meltings of humanity. Ah, I cried, my fellow creatures; you in whom I see myself; my brothers, in whose service I would gladly spend

my life; pardon me that I take from you what I would give you twenty-fold.

My eyes at last were opened, and I perceived that I was now much further from my lodgings than when I set out from Mr. Marfelt's. I turned homeward, as well as I could, fatigued in body, and with more than a mountain's weight upon my mind. On the way, I lifted my eyes, and wrung my hands together, in a kind of agony; Bread, bread! I cried inwardly, merciful heaven, a little, but a very little bread! my helpless wife, my helpless infant! a little pittance for them, I crave it, in mercy! and, Oh, save me from more than the torments of the damned, from beholding them famished, and gasping for a morsel of sustenance before my face.

I looked round, and beheld nothing but scenes of luxury or plenty; with joy, business, or content, visible in the countenance of the meanest. Ah, what is here? said I to myself: powerful Being, how partial are thy dispensations! how highly are those exalted! to what a depth dost thou crush the wretch whom thy wrath has distinguished! I am selected from among thy works. I am, equally, the outcast of heaven and of earth. Might I become but as one of yonder beggars, I should derive a chance morsel from that charity, which now hardens itself against me, against my babe, and my Arabella, the most pitiable objects of the creation.

As soon as I had crawled home, another weight was added to the burden I already bore. A bailiff was in waiting; and my landlady, with an aspect as inexorable as iron, ordered me directly into custody for the last quarter's rent.

I was, on this occasion, obliged to disburse my last two guineas, and further to deposit my wife's gown as a security for the small remainder of rent and fees. I had not, now, wherewithal to purchase a pennyworth of bread, that, like the widow of Sarepta, my wife, my child, and I, for this last time, might sit down together and eat, before we died.

Thus abandoned of every hope, divine or human, I did not dare to turn my eye, to borrow patience, or

consolation, from the countenance of the saint to whom I was united. I pretended to have forgotten somewhat, and again hastened out of doors. The night had just fallen, and was still and gloomy. Rage, anguish, and despair, gave me new strength and spirits; and I turned, fiercely, down an unfrequented street, without any arms, save my fury and natural fangs, with which I determined, like the maternal lioness, to rend subsistence for my young, from the first I should encounter.

I perceived a man advancing at some distance. I hastened to meet him, and, coming within a few paces, Stand! I cried, pass no further! Why said he, with a fearless and benevolent voice, is there any thing wherein you desire I should serve you? Oh, save me! I replied, you must, you shall save me from the terrible damnation of seeing my wife and infant famish before me. God, said he, sends you this by my hands. He sees your distress, but disapproves your conduct. But, Clement, beware the third time; another offence like this would prove fatal to you.

He spoke, and, putting five guineas into my hand, he instantly slipped away; for, such was my sudden astonishment and confusion, that I neither remarked nor saw what became of him.

At length, I awaked, as from a trance. I stepped up to a single lamp that glimmered before me; and, opening my hand, I perceived that the money which I held was gold. I hurried it into my pocket; and turning back, I began, slow and pensive, to move toward home. The fury with which I was so lately exasperated against heaven and earth again subsided; and my heart began to feel a new infusion of compunction and humanity.

Ah, I cried, I am then known. The darkness of the night hath not been able to conceal me. My guilt is laid open before God and his angels; and my present and past transgressions are entered in his book. He yet pities, he yet relieves me. He snatches me from the gulf, wherein I had already plunged and saw no bottom; to show me that no extremity can pass his power; and that, on this side of existence, it is always too early to despair of his bounty. I will, then, be

patient, O my God! I will no more repine at thy dispensations. This last instance of thy goodness! it is enough, it is enough! I desire no further proof of thy providence; and, though thou kill me, I will trust in thee, to the latest gasp. But, for me, it matters not how thou pleasest to dispose of me. I will surrender to thee that which is infinitely more dear. I confide to thee my wife and child. Oh, that thou didst love them with a love like mine! But, they are thine, as I am thine; and if they perish before my eyes, why, let them perish. We were all born to perish before the eyes of our heavenly Father; and he may slay without compunction, who can revive at his pleasure; who would not, perhaps, slay us, if it were not to revive us to a better life; to a life that shall no more be acquainted with calamity.

As soon as I got to my lodgings, I redeemed my wife's gown, and sent out for a frugal supper. I then stepped up stairs, and taking a chair, just opposite to my wife, I sat down and continued silent, but dared not to look up. She eyed me through and through. My Hammy, says she, you are apt to meet with strange adventures; I know you not for the same person; you are not what you were a few minutes ago.

I then, found myself under the necessity of avowing to her all that had happened. But, gracious Heaven! through time, and through eternity, never shall I forget the reply she made.

Hammy, said she, with the face, air, and accent of Heaven's mildest minister, it ill becomes me to reprove a respected husband for the excess of his goodness to me and my child; and yet, I have suffered more from the consideration of this excess, than from all our other calamities put together. I love you entirely, my Hammy, but I love that part of you the most, which you appear to regard the least; it is a part that must survive the dissolution of all the rest, their short joys, their idle anxieties, their fierce desires, and empty possessions, and it must be yourself to all eternity.

When a man is bound on a voyage to some distant region, he fails not to inquire into the length and

dangers of the way; the nature of the climate; the disposition of the inhabitants; and what sort of goods bear a price in so remote a country. With such goods alone, a wise voyager will load his vessel; nay, he will be careful to make and transmit lodgments, before he sets out; as also, to establish previous friendships in that country, that he may not be rejected, when he happens to arrive. Ah, my husband, I will not adventure to ask what inquiries, and provisions, you have made for the great purpose.

I once thought, my love, that learning was the principal promoter of piety. But I have long since discovered that, to know, is not to feel; and that argument and inclination are often as opposite, as adversaries that refuse all means of reconciliation.

I will suppose you, for instance, in the depth of your knowledge, the widest discoverer of the attributes of Infinity. But what will this do for you, my Hammy? You may contemplate these great objects, as matters with which you are no way connected. You may yet repine, and curse, in secret, the particular dispensations of that Providence, whose general wisdom your philosophy admits.

God, with all his omnipotence, can no otherwise make us happy, than by connecting us with himself. And this connexion can no way be formed, but by our dependance upon him. And this dependance can no way be made, but by our confidence in him; by feeling that, in ourselves or the world around us, there is neither footing nor hold to save from sinking for ever; and by catching at God alone for the support of that existence which his bounty bestowed.

It is this confidence, my dear husband, which is called by the name of FAITH; of which we ought to have such a portion at least as might enable us to say, to the worst that can befall, what the three Jewish captives said to the king of Assyria; "Our God is able to deliver us, and he will, in time, deliver us from all these afflictions. But, though he should not deliver us, we will not forsake our confidence in him; neither bow to any temptation that guilt can set up."

From the beginning to this day, the world has proved a traitor to those who trusted in it. And Oh, my Hammy, that you would join with me, in looking only to the principle, from whence salvation can come to a poor and impotent creature. For all creatures are poor and impotent in themselves.

Since God, therefore cannot communicate happiness to one who refuses to trust in his goodness, or to repose upon his power; where he is peculiarly favourable, he blesses him with all sorts of crosses and disappointments. He breaks, under him, all the props of worldly confidence. He snatches from him the helps on which his hope had laid hold; that, in the instant of sinking, he may catch at his Creator; and throw himself on the bosom of that infinite benevolence.

Be pleased to reflect, my love, how affectionately solicitous (if I may venture to say so) your Saviour has been to win you to himself. He has left you, by turns, to the confidence of a variety of the most promising establishments. But, you may remember, that your God caught all these pillars as suddenly from under you, as though they had been instantly changed to a void. And yet, you did not appear, at those times, to discern, that it was no other than your heavenly Father, and your heavenly Friend, who contrived by such crosses, to wean you from impotence; and to win you, from your courtship of a cloud, to an affiance with essential and infinite beauty.

I am your loving wife, my husband, and this is your dear and promising infant. But, what are we further to you? You neither made us, nor can you preserve us; nor are you obliged to provide for us, beyond your weak and finite endeavours. Commit us then to Him, in whom we have our existence; and know that, should he permit this innocent to suffer, and my confidence in his mercy to fail of support, the retribution is instantly and infinitely in his hands.

I love you, my Hammy, too much, too intensely for my own peace here. And yet, were it put to my choice, I would rather famish with you from day to day, provided you perished content and resigned, and in a

blessed conformity to the will of your Creator ; than enjoy, in conjunction with you, for a million of ages, all that this world can bestow, till its dissolution.

Here ended my Arabella, but the sweetness of her voice continued to vibrate in my ear.

She had laid hold of the season for making the impression she desired ; as my mind was still affected and softened by the late adventure. I did not indeed, yet, behold the world or its Author in the light by which they are represented in the Christian system ; but, even in the eye of philosophy, all that my wife had said appeared reasonable, and conformable to the nature of a Being infinitely powerful, benevolent, and wise. Here was a PRINCIPLE, without whose continued will and operation, no one thing in the universe, could either begin or continue to exist ; and as all things must of necessity depend upon him, he had of necessity an equal claim to their confidence in him. I reflected, indeed, that he had hitherto permitted much of evil to intermingle with the beauties both of material and moral nature ; but I considered him as a being who chose to work by progression ; first producing a chaos out of nothing ; again, producing the present system out of chaos ; and lastly, preparing the present system for a final state of consummate perfection.

In these sentiments I eagerly applied, for further instruction, to those writings that had brought life and immortality to light. I began at the creation, and proceeded with the deepest attention and delight. Another system of matter and morals, another world, and another God presented themselves before me. But I shall not, here, detain you with an account of my new faith, as I may justly call it. For though I always had held myself, vulgarly speaking, a Christian ; I found on examination, that I had been wholly a stranger to the necessity, as well as beauty, of the Christian dispensation ; neither had I felt a single ray of its comforting influence.

My wife began now to recover of her rheumatism, and hoped soon to be able to take in work. I determined however to be beforehand with her, if possible ;

for at this time, I regarded not how mean my occupation would be, provided I might earn any kind of honest bread.

Accordingly, as I rambled in search of such employment, I observed a porter, attending before the door of a tavern, clad in an ordinary frock, with a belt about his waist, and an apron before him. I thereupon went to Moumouth-street, and purchased a uniform for the like purpose. I then passed through several streets, till I came to a splendid tavern, where no porter was in waiting. I stepped over the way, where I deposited my former coat with a poor huckster-woman, to whom I promised some small matter for the trouble I gave her. I then dressed in my porterly robes, and applying to the chief drawer, I promised him part of my earnings, provided he put me into speedy employment.

I had not staid long, till I was despatched to a considerable distance with a letter. I was afterwards sent on a variety of errands and messages; and by the close of the day, I had accumulated three shillings; sixpence whereof I gave to the drawer. I then stepped in high triumph to my friend the huckster-woman. I gave her twopence: reassumed my former garb; and left my weeds in her custody. I returned home, with a satisfaction to which I had been a stranger for a long time: and I, that night, eat heartily, talked cheerfully, and slept in peace.

I continued this occupation, during five successive days, in one of which I earned to the amount of five shillings. It is sure that, laying personal pain and the social feelings apart, human happiness does not, in any way, depend on the degrees of station or fortune, or on any external circumstance whatever. It is merely domestic; it is wholly imbosomed, and cannot live from home. I was now engaged in one of the lowest and least lucrative employments of life; but a DIVINE FRIEND was at hand, of whose favour I was confident. I was content, I was cheerful; and I felt a peace within that passed all the understanding I should otherwise have had of happiness, though I had been in possession of the crown revenues.

Late on the fifth night of my new occupation, as I was on my return, and within a few doors of my lodging, I was seized and assaulted by four men, who were porters, as I found by the sequel. I struggled the best I could, and got one of them under me; but the rest fell upon me, and cuffed, kicked, and bruised me in a miserable manner. O, they cried, you are a gentleman, and be damned, and yet, thief as you are, you must steal into our business, and glean away the few pence by which we get our daily bread; but we will cure you for carrying of burthens, we warrant you!

They would undoubtedly have murdered me, had I not feigned myself already dead; but, observing that I lay without any signs of life, they made off in haste.

I rose as well as I was able, and, holding by the rails and wall, got with difficulty home, where, crawling up stairs, my wife helped to undress me, and I went to bed.

She sent for our old physician, who ordered me some potions, with outward fomentations to assuage the contusions. I was, however, seized, that night, with a violent fever, which continued upwards of three weeks, but without any delirium; and, within another week, I was able to sit up, though still very weak and greatly emaciated.

Our last five guineas, with the fruits of my late employment, were now nearly expended on doctor, drugs, and so forth. Wherefore, I found it necessary to abridge our domestic charge as close as possible; and, having sent our girl with a token for my porter's habiliments, I gave them to her in lieu of what remained of her wages, and with the help of an additional shilling, discharged her.

I was now able to bear the light, and the windows were half opened; but, how was I shocked, on observing that my Arabella and my little Tommy were as pale and as much fallen away as myself: for Arabella had half starved her infant, and almost wholly starved herself, in order to have sufficient for my sustenance during my illness; yet she bore up with a sweet and smiling

semblance ; and in her alone was realized all that ever I have seen, of the boasted patience of stoicism, or of the power of christianity in effecting a new nature.

Within a little time, I was once more able to walk about the room ; when, on the day preceding that within our quarter's rent was to become due, Mrs. Jennet entered with a face wherein was prefaced whatever insolence, hardness of heart, or contempt of our wretched situation could dictate. Mr. Clement, says she, if so be your name be Clement, I suppose I am not to tell you that to-morrow is quarter day. And yet, if some people, Mr. Clement, cannot afford to eat, I cannot see how they can afford to pay rent, Mr. Clement ; and so you know, it is every bit as comfortable to starve in jail, as in lodgings. But this is nothing to the purpose. I am, myself, but a poor woman, and no better than richer folks. Yet, poor as I am, comparisons may be odious between some people and some people, and, then, I do not come for charity ; I come for nothing but my own ; and that, you know, is the least that will satisfy any body. If you had any one else to befriend you, but myself, you might have been put upon the parish before this. But, as I was saying, I cannot be an only friend and all friends at once. And I must tell you that I hate objects ; for I have so much pity in my nature, that it pains me to look at them ; and, above all, I cannot abide them in my own house. And so, as I told you, Mr. Constable will be here in the morning ; and he will show you to lodgings that will fit you much better ; and so Mr. Clement and Mrs. Clement, if so be that your names be Clement, I wish ye both a mighty good morning. And so away she went, without waiting an answer.

As soon as she was gone, Hammy, says Arabella, our kind landlady puts me in mind of the wife of honest Socrates, whom he took for the exercise of his patience. Ah, how cringing was this woman ! how insolent is servility when it attains any power ! but what I wonder is become of our friends the Miss Hodginses ? I would have sent to inquire after them ; but I was petted at their neglect of us, during our long illness. I will step

there this minute, and borrow as much, at least, as will snatch my Hammy from the fangs of this fury.

So saying, weak as she was, she dressed herself with a cheerful air, and going, pleasantly repeated, Your servant, Mr. Clement, if so be that your name be Clement, I wish you a mighty good morning.

She was not long abroad, and, on her return, I observed a kind of heavenly radiance that seemed to beam through her countenance, from whence I prophesied all manner of happy success. But, continuing silent for some time, and looking eagerly at me, she suddenly threw herself into my bosom, and burst into tears.

Ah! Hammy, she cried, I had hopes, I was very stout; but frail nature, in spite of grace, confesses me a coward. I thought I could have seen you perish with patience, with delight, provided I saw a happy immortality before you. But, now that your sufferings are at hand, I find them insupportable. I tremble also for your faith, lest it should not support you under the impending trial. Yes, Hammy, all is over. All is finished, my love, and the hand of our God is in it. Our dear Miss Hodginses were not to blame; the eldest died suddenly, since we saw them; and the youngest is with a distant relation in the country. We have nothing further to hope, neither to fear, from this world. Our God has shut us out by every door; and will neither permit the friendship, the humanity, or charity of others, neither our own industry or ingenuity, to yield us a morsel of bread; to convince us that we are his; and that all things are his; that when he openeth his hand, there is plenty on every side; but when he pleaseth to shut, there is no resource. What say you then, my husband? are you willing to run this last short course? The prize is glorious, unspeakable, and lies within a very few paces of your grasp. You must run it, my husband, and your repugnance would but serve to make it insufferable. But patience and courage would give you strength to endure; and a little further conformity to the will of our Disposer, would turn all the bitterness into delight. Our time is done, our task is finished; we are already brought to nothing, that our all may be in God.

Yes, I answered, it is evident from a chain of successive proofs. I see the hand of God in all that concerns us; and I am pleased with any instances of his notice and attention, whatever his final purpose may be. I will no longer struggle with his omnipotence; nor make my ignorance a sounding-line for his unbottomed wisdom. If to see you and your little innocent thus famishing by the hour; if, in contemplating your wants and imagining your pains, I feel an anguish above what death can give; why, let it be; rend, heart, into a thousand pieces! A period must at length be put to our sufferings; and all beyond shall be peace, or what God pleases. But do you, Arabella, do you lead the way, my patroness, my director! I will endeavour to keep the brightness of your example in view: that neither here or hereafter, I may lose sight of her, without whom, here or hereafter, I think I cannot be happy.

About nine the next morning, our landlady entered, followed by two constables and two appraisers. Thus authorized, as she imagined, the first thing she did was to search our pockets for money, but, without effect; as we had expended our last penny, the day before, for bread. She, however, found my wife's case of scissars and other implements for her business; and gathering up our boxes, linen, handkerchiefs, and a variety of articles, which we never had a notion of converting into money, she laid them all before the appraisers, who, on frequent consultation, valued the same to four pounds nine shillings, my wife's gown included, being nine and thirty shillings more than we owed. But this our honest landlady very prudently observed was scarce sufficient for costs, and other damages, which she had suffered, or might have suffered, or might yet suffer on our accounts.

Thus we were turned out, almost naked, to the mercy of the elements. Oh, how deeply degraded below the birds of the air, the beasts of the forest, or even the worms of the sod, who rightfully claim sustenance from the earth whereof they were bred; and have some hole apart whereto they may creep for shelter.

The world indeed lay before us. It was wide and

all-sufficient; and yet nothing to our purpose. We had neither act or part, concern or interest, therein. It was to us, as a harbour to tempest-beaten mariners, who are shut out and driven thence, on suspicion of the plague.

All hopeless, weak, and faint, we took our way, we knew not whither; without home whereto we might travel, or point whereto we might steer. We could think of no one living, who would receive or acknowledge us; and we seemed to have no way, save that of hastening, as fast as we could, from the presence of mankind.

Slow and tottering as we went, my wife and I carried our little Tommy by turns, and in the smoother places he walked with the help of our hands. Thus, with much toil and fatigue, we got out of London, and reposed ourselves on a bank that lay a little off the causeway. Here we found ourselves greatly distressed with thirst, and getting up again, we made toward a small hut that stood beside the road, where they had the charity to treat us with a draught of cold water. With this we were wonderfully refreshed and recruited; and, putting on again, Hammy, says my Arabella, no conqueror, on his triumphal entry into Rome, ever exulted as I do in your fortitude this day. And what signifies it now, that it comes to the test? It is but to travel, my love, till we can travel no further; and then we drop fit and ready, and ripe for eternity. Oh how sweet it is to perish with a patience that is pleased; how fearful, how horrible, to die struggling and kicking against the Almighty.

As we went gently along, still mutually supporting and exhorting each other; I applied for alms, from time to time, to a number of passengers; but my voice and address were so feebly importunate, or their attention was so engaged on distant and different matters, that my oratory returned empty.

At length I met a poor beggarman, with a wife and seven children following in a train. I looked at him wistfully, and having civilly saluted him, I entreated some little matter, from his bag or his can, to keep my

infant from perishing on the highway. God's mercy, master! says the charitable mendicant, I am very sorry to see any body poorer than myself; but the truth is, that I have travelled a great way, and have eat and drunk all, with a pox, except this last twopence half-penny; here it is, master, God's blessing go along with it; I grieve, that is not two pounds for your sake.

In expectation of the refreshment we should derive from this supply, we kept on at a creeping pace, till we came to a little alehouse, that stands about half a mile from this town. There we entered, and called for a pennyworth of bread and a pint of drink, with some milk for the child. While we sat to repose ourselves, the poor man of the house having eyed me with a kind of earnest compassion, You look, said he, to be in much trouble; but if your trouble is of a kind that may be cured, there is one Mr. Fenton at hand, whom God has placed in this country, as the sun in heaven, to give comfort to all within his reach.

My heart revived within me at these tidings, and was further prophetic of some happy revolution. Having finished our pint, and laid up the remainder of our bread in store, we discharged our reckoning and set out on our last stage.

The prospect of speedy relief, and the possibility that it might not arrive too late, gave us spirits beyond our powers, and we pushed on till we came nearly opposite to this house; though we did not then know to whom it belonged. Here, slackening our pace, we found ourselves growing extremely sick; whether it was that we were overpowered by the late nourishment we had taken, or by a toil and fatigue that surpassed our abilities.

Hammy, said my Arabella, God be praised! it is done, it is finished. I die, my Hammy, but I would not die within the gaze of public passengers. Help me into the field, if you are able, my love. I have no further use for charity now, save that of laying my limbs, with decency, in the ground.

She spoke, nor had I the power to answer. But overcome as I was by sickness and anguish, I exerted

myself to help her through the turnstile; and sitting down on the sod, I laid her head in my lap, where she fainted away. And there we remained in the situation in which your charity found us.

Mr. Clement, said Mr. Fenton, I am singularly obliged and instructed by your story. The incidents of your life have been very extraordinary, and have been evidently accompanied by the control and attention of a peculiar providence. The same providence is, undoubtedly, with and over all his works; though we are not willing to admit him in what we call common occurrences, and which, we think, we can account for without his interposition. But, in the passages of your story, we see Omnipotence walking along with you, step for step; by sudden successes, by calamities as sudden, compelling you to attend to him; wrenching every other prop and support from your dependence, shutting every other prospect and resource from your sight; and never forsaking you, in weal or in woe, till he had fully convinced you of his fellowship and regard, and had reconciled you to the bitterest of the dispensations of your Creator.

Your story, my dear friend, has been generally conversant in middle or low life; and I observed that there is scarce a circumstance in it, which might not have happened to any body, on any day of the year. And yet, in the whole, I find a chain of more surprising and affecting events, than I have met with in history, or even in romance.

God, I see, has made use of very severe methods to call you, and as I may say, to compel you to come in. But do you think, Mr. Clement, that any methods less severe would have been equally effectual? You must admit they would not.

Had I been in your situation, on the day in which you say my charity relieved you, I should have thought myself very little beholden to that person, who would have plucked me back from my opening paradise, into a world of whose woes I had been so justly weary. No, no, my friend, I did you and your Arabella the worst office, as I think, that ye will ever

receive. It was not to you that God intended any benefit, by restoring you to life; it was to those, and I hope they are many in number, who are to have the advantage of your example and instructions. It is an advantage of which I, also, propose to avail myself; and I request you, in behalf of my little Harry in particular, to accept your first retainer from our hands.

So saying, Mr. Fenton carelessly slid a purse of a hundred guineas into Clement's coat pocket, and hastily calling to know if supper was ready, left the room without ceremony.

In about an hour the cloth was laid, and Mr. Fenton ordered his family to be called together. He had seldom seen Arabella, and never had noticed her, for fear of adding to that confusion with which he saw her oppressed at their first meeting. But now his senses were all open and alive for observation, and, on her entrance, he saluted her, as he would have received and saluted a descending seraph.

She had not yet recovered her flesh or her complexion; and Mr. Fenton for some time looked at her, in vain, to discover those striking and irresistible beauties, to which lust had fallen a victim, by which friendship had been seduced, and to which a whole people had borne joint testimony, by a voucher of public prostration and applause. But, of all that Mr. Fenton had previously thought necessary for producing such extraordinary and astonishing effects, he saw nothing but a sentiment of lowliness throughout; a something, in face, in voice, and in motion, that was lovely, for no other reason, that he could find, but for its being quite impossible that it should not be beloved.

When they had set down to table, and eat, and chatted a while on indifferent matters; Dada, says Harry, sure Mrs. Clement is a greater scholar than Mr. Vindex; and she taught me a Latin lesson to-day; and I would rather learn five lessons from her than one from him; for she cannot look so cross at me as Mr. Vindex: do you think she can, dada? No, Harry, I think not, says Mr. Fenton; if she can find in her heart to be cross, we cannot find it in her face, and so we shall

know nothing of the matter. Well, well, dada, says Harry, for all that, I am sure she cannot find in her heart to whip half so hard, and so I do not repent of my bargain. What bargain, Harry? Why, says Harry, you must know that she is to be my tutor, and I am to pay her at the rate of twenty kisses a day. But, indeed, it is not an honest bargain, as you shall hear; poor Mrs. Clement has cheated herself most sadly; for every kiss I give her, I take two away; and they are the sweetest kisses you ever got in your life.

Here poor Arabella was put sadly to the blush, though she could not help joining in the laugh of the company.

Harry, says Mr. Fenton, you talk as feelingly of kisses, as if you had been the son and heir of one Secundus, who wrote a very ingenious treatise on the subject. But pray, Mrs. Clement, do you understand the languages? Ah, sir, said Arabella, again blushing, I fear that my young lover has brought me into a sad scrape. I know nothing indeed, sir, that does not serve to put me in mind of my own ignorance. Ah, what a boast is there, replied Mr. Fenton; the wisdom of Solomon, and all subsequent philosophers fall infinitely short of such an extent of knowledge. But tell me, Hammel, continued Mr. Fenton, does your Arabella understand the Latin and Greek languages? Not that ever I knew of, I do assure you, sir, said Clement; and yet I thought I had discovered the limits of her talents; though I despaired of ever reaching the extent of her virtues.

Hammy, Hammy, said Arabella, would you banish me from a table, where conversation makes the feast, and Mr. Fenton is the speaker? But, sir, since my desire of instructing this your little Harry, the dearest and loveliest of all human creatures, has brought me to the shame of betraying a foolish smattering in such matters, I will tell you how it happened.

My dear good father was a clergyman; and as his living was very small, he derived his principal income from boarding and instructing the children of the neighbouring gentlemen. As I was his only child, he

loved me to a faulty excess, and hardly ever suffered me to be out of his sight. I used therefore to work at my sampler in his school-room; and the frequent repetitions which the boys made of their lessons, insensibly and involuntarily forced themselves upon my memory. I was, by degrees, infected with the desire of knowing something of what engaged the whole attention of all about me. The floor and the windows were often spread with books, which I took up and perused in private at my pleasure. And at length, I was applied to, by most of the scholars, as well for my assistance in framing their exercises, as for my powerful mediation in saving them from the lash.

My error, in thus wandering from the sphere of my sex, will appear, as I hope, the more excusable, when I assure you, sir, that, from the moment I entered the world with my dear deceased aunt, I never looked into one of those my favourite authors; though I still retain many of the passages in them. But, above all, I shall never forget the indiscretion of Homer, in his character of Hector, the great enemy of Greece. The poet appears to make a mighty parade of the power, the valour, and virtue of his countrymen. He further gives them the whole merit and justice of the cause; and he calls upon gods and men in their favour, for the righting and reformation of iniquity and offence. But, does he give you the sensible and odious instances of this iniquity on the part of the adversary? By no means, as I take it. He sums up all Troy, and even all Asia, in the character and prowess of a single man. On the part of the Trojans, on the side of the delinquents, you see nothing but Hector, you hear nothing but Hector. And again, what do you hear of him, or what do you see of him? Even all that is admirable; all that is amiable; whatever can be, severally, culled and collected from the worth and the sweetnesses of human nature; in his submissions to his king, in his attachments to his country, in his filial affections, in his conjugal delicacies, in his paternal fears and feelings, in his ardour for his friends, in his humanity to his enemies, and even in his piety to the gods that he worshiped (no deduction from his courage according

to ancient arithmetic). I should be glad, I say, to know in what history, true or feigned, I might find his fellow.

How injudiciously, then, did this author connect an iniquitous cause with so righteous a person; to whom no one living could take exception; and with whom no one living could cordially be at variance! In favour therefore of Hector, you wish well to the abettors of the ravishers of Helen; and in favour of Hector, you are almost tempted to wish ill to those generous patriots, who, at the risk of their honours, their fortunes, and their lives, came to vindicate the undoubted rights of their country; and consequently, the rights of all mankind.—But—but—Is there no one so friendly, here, as to interrupt me, before all my folly is let out?

You have no such friend here, I assure you, madam, said Mr. Fenton.

Well, well, gentlemen, said Arabella, blushing deeper than before, I leave you to laugh away; and I would stay, and laugh with you with all my heart, at any expense but that of female learning, you know. And so saying, up she started, and away she would have flown, but Mr. Fenton got between her and the door.

Mrs. Clement, Mrs. Clement, said he, would you serve us so? Do but think, what sort of a world this would be without a woman; and then think what a figure this humdrum Hammy of yours and I should make without you. So saying, he took her hand and replaced her in her chair. But why, continued he, why all this blushing, my dear Mrs. Clement? Indeed, my child, it is a compliment that we cannot deserve.

Ah, sir, cried Mrs. Clement, it is a compliment which I would very gladly spare, if I could help it. But, I must be a very guilty body to be sure; and my faults I find must be very much my enemies, when they are ready to fly in my face every moment.

Why, Mrs. Clement, said Mr. Fenton, do you hold blushing to be any evidence of guilt? Certainly, sir, said Arabella, it can be nothing but a consciousness of somewhat amiss, that ought to give shame to any sen-

sible person. Mr. Serjeant Clement, cried Mr. Fenton, pray, what is your judgment on the case in hand?

In truth, sir, said Clement, it is a case to which I am not prepared to plead. I have, indeed, heard many and various opinions on the subject, though generally coinciding with that of my Arabella. And more particularly in conversations of ribald entendre, I have heard it affirmed, that the blushing of a woman is a sure proof of her understanding much more than became her.

Hold there, cried Mr. Fenton, the mere understanding of good or evil can no more be a fault in the creature than in the Creator; the essence of guilt bears no reference to knowledge, but consists in the approbation of evil alone. A woman therefore, who blushes at what she disapproves, blushes not for herself, but for the faults of her rude and ill mannered company, who have not the grace to blush for themselves.

It is therefore from the fountain of virtue alone, that this flush of shamefacedness can possibly flow; and a delicacy of compunction, on such occasions, is as a sensitive plant of divinity in the soul that feels, shrinks, and is alarmed on the slightest apprehension of approaching evil.

Well, sir, said Arabella, allowing all you have advanced in behalf of blushers (and that is doing them more favour than I fear they deserve), can it amount to more than this, that, however faulty they may be, they still have goodness enough to acknowledge their guilt, or in other words, that they have the justice to be ashamed of themselves?

Yes, madam, said Mr. Fenton, it amounts to much more, and you know that it does. But you are a wicked little sophister, and deserve to be punished, by our yielding to you the cause that you have undertaken against yourself.

When I observed that nothing but virtue could undesignedly express a disapprobation of vice, I ought further to have observed, that the greater and the purer, the more excellent and more vivid this virtue is, the more apt it will be to take alarm at the bare

apprehension of having said or done, or of being suspected to have said, or done, or thought of any thing amiss, or contrary to its own nature.

However, my dear child, as this emotion is generally attended with some little matter of pain, the present company are too much your friends to receive any kind of pleasure from a compliment as unmerited as it is wholly unnecessary. And, in truth, there is but one thing I can think of, for which Mrs. Clement ought to blush.

Pray, sir, do not hold me in pain, what is it, I beseech you? It is for being a reproach almost to her whole sex.

Ah, sir, cried Arabella, rising, smiling, and blushing, excuse me if I do not stay to hear myself so abused; and, turning, she disappeared in an instant.

As soon as she was gone, Clement took out his purse of a hundred guineas. And pray, sir, said he, what shall I do with all this money? Oh, as for that matter, said Mr. Fenton, I know people not half so ingenious as you are, who could quickly contrive to get rid of a much larger sum. Lay it out in decent clothing for yourself and your Arabella, and I will find some way to have you reimbursed. In short, Hammel, I cannot think of parting with you, if my fortune may serve for a sufficient cement. I will pay you two hundred guineas yearly, while you stay with me; and I will settle on you one thousand pounds, in case of my mortality, to put you into some little station of independence.

Sir, sir, cried Clement, hesitatingly, you oppress me, you—Hush, hush, said Mr. Fenton, putting his hand to his mouth, no compliments, my dear friend. It is not your thanks but your services that I want; and you may readily make them more than an equivalent to such matters. I value the instilling of a single principle of goodness into the mind of my dear Harry, beyond all the wealth that the Indies can remit. Ah, Hammel, why was not that brat of yours a girl instead of a boy? She might one day have been the wife of my precious Harry; and I might then have had some of the breed of this wonderful Arabella.

But, Hammy, continued Mr. Fenton, I would not

have you, through any zeal, or attachment to me, think of pushing my boy into learning of the languages, beyond his own pleasure. Neither would I have you oppress or perplex his infant mind with the deep or mysterious parts of our holy religion. First, give him, by familiar and historical instances, an early impression of the shortness of human life, and of the nature of the world in which he is placed. Let him learn from this day forward, to distinguish between natural and imaginary wants; and that nothing is estimable, or ought to be desirable, but so far as it is necessary or useful to man. Instruct my darling, daily and hourly, if possible, in a preference of manners and things that bear an intrinsic value, to those that receive their value and currency from the arbitrary and fickle stamp of fashion.

Show him also, my Hammel, that the same toils and sufferings, the same poverty and pain, from which people now fly as they would from a plague, were once the desire of heroes, and the fashion of nations; and that thousands of patriots, of captains, and philosophers, through a love of their country, or of glory, of applause during life, or distinction after death, have rejected wealth and pleasure, embraced want and hardship, and suffered more, from a voluntary mortification and self-denial, than our church seems to require in these days, for the conquest of a sensual world into which we are fallen, and for entitling us to a crown in the kingdom of eternity.

So saying, Mr. Fenton got up from table, and observing that it was late, wished Clement a good night.

Our hero was now eight years of age; and weekly and daily continued to be exercised in feats of bodily prowess and agility; and in acts of mental benevolence, and service to mankind.

Mr. Fenton had, already, provided his favourite with a dancing-master, the most approved for skill in his profession; as also, with a noted fencing-master, who further taught him the noble sciences of the cudgel and quarter-staff. He now purchased for his Harry a small but beautiful Spanish jennet that was perfectly dressed, as they call it, or rid to the menage;

and once in every week or fortnight, he accompanied his darling to the riding-house in Islington, where he saw him instructed in all the arts and elegancies of horsemanship.

Within a few weeks after the late dissertation upon blushing, the same company being present, and dinner removed; Harry, says Mr. Fenton, tell me which of the two is the richest, the man who wants least, or the man who has most? Let me think, dada, says Harry—Why sure they are the same thing; are not they, dada? By no means, my darling, cried Mr. Fenton.

There lived two famous men at the same time, the one was called Diogenes, and the other Alexander. Diogenes refused to accept of any worldly goods, save one wooden cup to carry water to his mouth; but when he found that he could drink, by lying down and putting his mouth to the stream, he threw his cup away, as a thing that he did not want.

Alexander, on the other side, was a great conqueror; and, when he had conquered and got possession of all the world, he fell a crying because there was not a hundred more such worlds for him to conquer. Now, which of these two was the richest, do you think?

Oh, dada, exclaimed Harry, Diogenes to be sure, Diogenes to be sure. He who wants nothing is the richest man in the world. Diogenes, dada, was richer than Alexander by a hundred worlds.

Very true, my love, rejoined Mr. Fenton. Alexander had a whole world more than Diogenes wanted, and yet desired a hundred worlds more than he had. Now, as no man will allow that he wants what he does not desire, and all affirm that they want whatsoever they do desire, desires and wants are generally accounted as one and the same thing; and yet, my Harry, there is a thing of which it may be said, that the more we desire it, the less we want it; and that the less we desire of it, the greater is our want.

What in the world can that be, dada?—It is goodness, my love. Well, says Harry, I will not puzzle my brains about nice matters. All I know is, that no man has more goodness than he wants, except it be yourself. I do not talk of women, for I believe Mrs.

Clement here is very good; pray look in her face, dada, do not you think she is very good?

I see, Harry, says Mr. Fenton, that young as you are, you are a perfect physiognomist. Pray, sir, said Arabella, is it in earnest, your opinion, that the character of mind or manners may often be gathered from the form of the countenance?

As the heavens are made expressive of the glory of God, said Mr. Fenton, though frequently overcast with clouds and tempest, and sometimes breaking forth in thunders that terrify, and lightnings that blast; so the general tenor of a human countenance is made expressive of the nature of the soul that lives within; and to which it is ordained an involuntary interpreter.

Many persons have made it the study of great part of their lives, to counteract Providence in this honest appointment; to shut this window, by which an impertinent world is so apt to peep in, and spy what they are about; and, as far as possible, to make the expressions of their countenance belie every sentiment and emotion of the heart.

I have known hypocrisy, treachery, pride, malice, and lust, assume the opposite semblance of saintship, fidelity, lowliness, benevolence, and chastity: but it is painful to keep the bow of nature long bent; its elasticity will still struggle to have it restored; and a skilful discernor at the time of such delusion, will often detect the difference between a real character and the acting of a part. For when nature dictates, the whole man speaks; all is uniform and consenting in voice, mien, motion, the turn of each feature, and the cast of the eyes. But when art is the spokesman, and that nature is not altogether suppressed, the turn of the eye may contradict the tongue, and the muscles of the face may counteract each other in their several workings. And thus I have known an expression of resentment remain on the brow, while the face laboured to invest itself with a smile of complaisance; and I have known the eye to burn with ill governed concupiscence, while voice, action, and address, united in the avowal of chaste and honourable regards.

I am persuaded that there is not a single sentiment,

whether tending to good or evil, in the human soul, that has not its distinct and respective interpreter in the glance of the eye, and in the muscling of the countenance. When nature is permitted to express herself with freedom by this language of the face, she is understood by all people; and those who never were taught a letter can instantly read her signatures and impressions; whether they be of wrath, hatred, envy, pride, jealousy, vexation, contempt; pain, fear, horror, and dismay; or of attention, respect, wonder, surprise, pleasure, transport, complaisance, affection, desire, peace, lowliness, and love.

But I have outtalked my time, says Mr. Fenton, rising and looking at his watch. I am engaged for an hour or two, and wish you a good evening.

While Mr. Fenton was abroad, Ned, who would not willingly have exchanged his unluckiness for the heirship of an estate, happened to take a little ramble through the town. He held a stick, to the end of which he had a long ferule of hollow tin, which he could take off at pleasure; and from the extremity of the ferule, there arose a small collateral pipe, in an angle of about forty-five degrees. He had filled this ferule with puddle-water; which, by sudden pressure of the stick, he could squirt out, to double the height of his own stature.

On his return, he saw an elderly gentleman advancing, whose shadow, being lengthened by the declining sun, attended with a slow and stately motion. As Ned approached, he exclaimed, with a well counterfeited fear, Look, look! what is that behind you? take care of yourself, sir, for heaven's sake, take care!

The gentleman, alarmed hereat, instantly started, turned pale, and looked terrified behind him, and on either side; when Ned, recovering his countenance, said, Oh, sir, I beg pardon, I believe it is nothing but your shadow. What, sirrah, cried the gentleman, in a tone highly exasperated, have you learned no better manners than to banter your superiors? And then, lifting a switch, he gave our merry companion a few smart strokes across the shoulders.

Ned was not of a temper to endure much, without

attempting at retaliation; and directing the pipe of his ferule to the front of his adversary, he suddenly discharged the full contents in his eyes and face, and upon his clothing; and, straight taking to his heels, he hoped to get in at the door, before the stranger could clear his sight to take notice where he sheltered.

Ned however happened, at this time, to be somewhat over sanguine in his expectations. Mr. Snarle, for that was the name of the party bespattered, had just cleared one eye, in season to remark where his enemy entered; and hastening home, he washed, undressed, and shifted his linen and clothes, with less passion and fewer curses by the half, than he considered to be due to so outrageous an insult.

Mr. Snarle had himself been a humourist, in his time, and had acquired a pretty competence by very fashionable means; such as gambling, bearing testimony for a friend in distress, procuring intelligence for the ministry, and wenches for the peerage. He had, some years ago, been bullied into marriage by the relations of a young termagant, while he attempted to take such a sample of her charms as might enable him to recommend her to an acquaintance of quality. She was neither gentle by nature, nor polished by education; she liked nothing of her husband except his fortune; and they lived together in a state of perpetual altercation and mutual disgust.

Old age, and a quarrelsome companion for life, seldom happen to be sweeteners of the human temper; and Mr. Snarle had now acquired such a quantum of the infirmities both of body and mind, as might justly apologize for a peevish disposition. He had lately taken a handsome house on the hill for the benefit of air. As soon as he had reclaimed himself from the pickle into which Ned had put him, he sent to inquire the name and character of the owner of that house where he had taken refuge; and being sufficiently apprized of what he wanted to know, he walked toward Mr. Fenton's, hastening his pace with the spirit and expectation of revenge.

Mr. Fenton had arrived but a little before, and desiring to know Mr. Snarle's commands, he was informed

in terms the most aggravating of the whole course and history of Ned's misbehaviour. The delinquent thereupon was called up to instant trial. He honestly confessed the facts, but pleaded, in mitigation, the beating that Mr. Snarle had already given him; but as Mr. Fenton did not judge this sufficient to reform the natural petulance of a disposition that otherwise was not void of merit; a rod was immediately brought, and Andrew was ordered to horse and Frank to flog the criminal in presence of the party aggrieved.

During this operation, Mr. Snarle observed that Frank's hand did not altogether answer to the benevolence of his own heart; whereupon he furiously snatched the rod from him, and began to lay at Ned with might and main. Hereat Mr. Fenton ordered Andrew to let the boy down, and observing that he would no further interfere in a cause where the appellant assumed judgment and execution to himself, he carelessly turned his back upon Mr. Snarle, and left him to cool his passions by his evening's walk homeward.

Poor Ned was more afraid of Mr. Fenton's displeasure, than he would have been of a full brother to the whipping he had got. But Mr. Fenton was too generous to add the severity of his own countenance to the weight of Frank's hand, and Ned was quickly reinstated in the good graces of the family.

His genius however returned with an involuntary bent toward obtaining satisfaction for the injuries he had received from Mr. Snarle, provided he might retaliate without fear or detection; and he was not slow in contriving very adequate means.

There was a villager in Hampstead, about ten years of age, who had conceived an uncommon kindness for Ned on account of his sprightliness, his wit, and good humour. To this condoling friend he had imparted his grievances; and on him alone he depended for execution of the project proposed for redress.

On a certain moonless night they mustered four tame cats, and having bound some furze round three or four inches of the extremity of each of their tails, they lodged

them together in a bag ; and somewhat after supper-time, when all the town was silent, they marched softly and cautiously to the house of Mr. Snarle. There Ned's friend, with his knife, dexterously picked away the putty from a pane of the window of a side-chamber, where no light appeared ; and having put fire to the furze of each tail successively, they slipped their cats, one by one, in at the window ; and again having pegged the pane into its place, they withdrew to a little distance to watch the issue.

The poor cats remained silent, and universally inoffensive, while they felt no damage. But as soon as the fire had seized on their tails, they began to speak in a language wholly peculiar, as one would think, to sentiments and sounds of diabolical intention.

Mr. and Mrs. Snarle had been jangling over the fire in an opposite parlour, when their dispute was suddenly settled by this outcry, as they imagined, of a legion of infernals. They instantly started up, and cast a countenance of pale and contagious panic at each other. But George the footman, a strong and bold fellow, having just before entered on some business to his master, turned and ran to the chamber from whence the peal came. He threw open the door with his wonted intrepidity ; but this was as far as mortal courage could go ; for the cats spying a passage whereby, as they conceived, they might fly from their pain, rushed suddenly and jointly on the face and breast of George, and back he fell with a cry of terror and desperation. On however went the cats, and flying into the parlour, one fastened a claw in each cheek of Mr. Snarle ; and as his lady screamed out and clapped her hands before her face, another fastened, with four fangs, on her best Brussels head, and rent and tore away after a lamentable manner.

The chambermaid and cook, hearing the uproar from the kitchen, were afraid to stay below alone ; they therefore crept softly and trembling up stairs. The torture the cats were in did not permit them to be attached to any single object. They had quitted Mr. and Mrs. Snarle, and now flew about the parlour,

smashing, dashing and overturning piers, glasses, and china, and whatever came in their way, as though it had been the very palace of Pandemonium itself.

George was again on his legs; his master and mistress had eloped from the parlour, and met the two maids in the middle of the entry. They concluded, *nemine con.* to get as speedily as they might from the ministers of darkness, and would willingly have escaped by the street-door; but, alas! this was not possible, one of the devils guarded the pass, and clinging to the great lock with all his talons, growled and yelled in the dialect of twenty of the damned. The stairs however remained open, and up they would have rushed, but were so enfeebled by their fright, that this could not be done in the way of a race.

Having scaled as far as the dining-room, they all entered and bolted the door, and Mr. Snarle opening a window, saw a large posse of neighbours who had gathered below. What is the matter, sir, cried one of them, what is the meaning of this horrible uproar and din? One would think that hell was empty, and that all its inhabitants were come to keep carnival in your house.

Oh, a ladder, a ladder, cries Mr. Snarle, deliver us, good people, good Christian people, a ladder, we beseech you, a ladder, a ladder! That indeed, cries a wag, is the last good turn an honest fellow has occasion for.

The ladder was soon brought, and this panic-stricken family were helped down and charitably conducted to the great inn of St. George and the Dragon, where, with the help of sack whey, warm beds, and their remaining terrors, they got a hearty sweat, and were somewhat composed by ten o'clock next morning. They then got up, and hurried to London, without adventuring to send to the haunted mansion for any change of clothes or linen.

Some time after this, Mr. Fenton privately took Ned into his closet, and desired him to give the best history he could remember of himself, and of his adventures before he met with Harry.

Sir, said Ned, the first thing that I remember of

myself, is my going from house to house a begging with my mammy. I dreamed indeed that I was once in a fine house, and among fine people, but I do not know where nor when; and so I believe, as I say, it was only a dream.

Do you remember your daddy, Ned? No, sir, I never had a daddy that I know of. My mammy was very cross to me, and used to take from me all the money and victuals that I begged, and that was a great deal, for I never let people rest till they gave me something. And so, sir, as I was saying, my mammy was very cross to me, and used to half starve me, and gave me a beating for every hour in the day.

Did she teach you your prayers, Ned? No, sir, I believe she had no prayers to teach me; for she used to swear and scold sadly. And so, sir, as I was telling you, we begged from house to house, sometimes in a town, and sometimes in the country, till the day she run away from me.

How came your mammy to run away from you, Ned? Why, sir, we were begging in your town, and had got some halfpence and filled our bag, when my mammy took up a child at the town's end, and ran with it till she got into the next fields. The child, sir, cried sadly, and my mammy went so fast that I could not keep up with her, do my best. And so, we heard a man shouting behind us, and my mammy turned and saw him running after her very fast, and so she threw down the child and her great bag on the ground, and made the best of her way to the next hedge, and got through, sir; and so I never saw any more of her.

What became of the child, Neddy? When the man, sir, came up, he lifted it off the ground, and he kissed it a great many times, and made it quiet; and I am thinking he was so glad to see it, he took no notice of me; but he took up my mammy's great bag, and turned back and went the way he came. Then, sir, I fell a crying and roaring terribly to be left alone, and to have nobody in the world who would have any thing to say to me; and I wished for my mammy

again, bad as she was to me, and I strove to follow her through the hedge, but was not able. And so, I saw a great house on one side, and I was very sad when I went to it: and there it was that I met my own young master, and he put clothes upon me with his own dear hands, and he took me to himself, and he is ever since so kind to me, that it troubles me very much; for I can do nothing at all for him, you know, sir, and that grieves me more than all the world.

Well, Neddy, says Mr. Fenton, do not cry, my child. Be a good boy, and mind your book, and be sure you tell no lies, nor do mischief to any body; and I will take care of you, and be a father to you myself. But tell me, Ned, would you know the woman, you call your mammy, if you should see her again? Yes, yes, sir, cried Ned. There was not a day of my life but she gave me reason to remember her; I should know her from all the world, if I was not to see the face of her for a hundred years to come.

I find, Ned, you are not over fond of your mammy. No, indeed, sir, answered Ned, I love master Harry's little finger, and I would love yourself if I dare, sir, better than a thousand such mammies as mine was; and that I suppose is very naughty; for all good children, they say, love their fathers and mothers. Well, Ned, says Mr. Fenton, if you happen at any time to see her among the great number of beggars that come to our door, do not you speak to her, or show that you take the least notice of her; but come and tell me, or honest James, in my absence, that we may take care of her, and force her to confess, whether she is, in reality, your mother or not.

While Mr. Fenton was speaking, Andrew entered with tidings that a chariot was overturned not twenty yards from the door; and that he feared the people in it were much hurt. Mr. Fenton's humanity was much alarmed at the news; he ordered the servants to follow him, and instantly hurried out to give all the assistance he could to the strangers.

The chariot happened to be overturned by the slipping out of one of the linchpins that kept the wheel on

the axletree. The company had already got out. They were an agreeable young couple, Mr. Fielding and his wife, who had come from London on purpose to take an airing on the hill. Mrs. Fielding had suffered nothing except from her fears; but Mr. Fielding's right arm was something bruised, by his endeavouring to preserve his lady in the fall.

Mr. Fenton appeared the greatest sufferer of the three, and addressed the strangers with a countenance that convinced them how feelingly he was interested in their safety. He left Andrew to have the chariot set to rights; and, having conducted his new guests to his own house, he ordered up a bottle of sack and some Naples cakes to the parlour.

When they were all seated, I find, sir, said Mr. Fielding, that people are apt to be disgusted with what they call accidents, and which may afterward turn out to their greatest advantage. Perhaps I should never have known what true humanity was, if our carriage had not been overturned this day. If you knew all, said Mr. Fenton, with a tender bluntness, you would be far from laying any humanity at my door, since I rejoice at an accident, where the damage is all yours, and the advantage that arises from it is all my own.

I would hold fifty to one, cries Mrs. Fielding, that this is the very Mr. Fenton we have heard so much about. Indeed, madam, said Mr. Fenton, you surprise me much; if I had the pleasure of ever knowing you, there is something in that face I should not have readily forgot.

No, sir, said Mrs. Fielding, I speak from information. I never had the happiness of being known to you, till now. There is in this village one Rose Jenkins, a poor widow, one of those many persons you have down in your list. She was nurse to our only child; while he lived and was with us, she was a constant visitant; but as soon, as —— Here Mrs. Fielding hesitated, her lip trembled, and her eye glistened with a filling tear—I say, sir, as soon as a very sad affair happened, the poor woman came near us no more. One day, as we were taking the air through this town,

I thought I saw a face that was familiar to me. I called to the coachman to stop. It was my old nurse. She had a family of small children, and had fallen sadly to decay before you came, Mr. Fenton, to settle in the town. I chid her for becoming a stranger to us. Ah, madam, said the kind creature, the tears bursting from her eyes, how could I go near a place where every thing would put me in mind of my dear lost child—she still continued to weep—and I—wept for company—I put a guinea in her hand, and insisted on her coming to see us. She did so. It was then, Mr. Fenton, that we learned your name and character; and you must expect the mortification, now and then, of hearing a little of those many things that are spoken to your advantage. I am sorry, madam, said Mr. Fenton, that my nothings should be talked of, lest it should intimate that other people are less ostentatious.

Mrs. Fielding was still affected by what she had been saying; and, though Mr. Fenton wished to know what the sad affair was at which she had hinted, he declined asking any questions, for fear of renewing her affliction.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement had walked abroad, upon a visit, with their pupil Harry; so that Mr. Fenton and his friend Ned, with Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, made the whole of the present company.

You are happily situated, sir, says Mr. Fielding. I blame myself, and all others, who have any independence, and yet live in a city. Health, pleasure, and spirits are all for the country. Did any poets or philosophers ever place their golden eras, or golden scenes, amidst such a town as London? A man can scarce be himself; he is confused and dissipated by the variety of objects and bustle that surrounds him. In short, sir, I am like many others, the reverse in persuasion of what I am in practice; I live in a city, although I detest it. It is true that I am fond of society and neighbourhood, but experience has shown me that London is not the place in which I can enjoy it.

No, sir, said Mr. Fenton, if I was a lover of solitude,

if I wished to be the most recluse of all anchorites that bid adieu to the commerce of mankind, I would choose London for my cell. It is in such a city alone, that a man may keep wholly unknown and unnoticed. He is there as a hailstone amidst a great shower, he jumps and bustles about awhile, then lies snug among his fellows, without being any more observed than if he were not upon earth, till he melts away and vanishes with the rest of his fraternity.

I am not for a cell, sir, replied Mr. Fielding; I love society, but yet a society that is founded in friendship; and people in great cities are so divided and dissipated by the multitude of soliciting objects and acquaintance, that they are rendered incapable of a particular attachment. I imagine, however, that in a well peopled and civilized part of the country, a man might make an election of persons deserving his esteem, such as he would wish to live with in a happy interchange of kind offices and affections. This indeed is my plan for my remainder of life; but the lawsuits, in which I am at present involved, will not permit me to go in search of my Utopia.

While the gentlemen were talking, Mrs. Fielding beckoned Ned to a remote part of the room, and was greatly taken with his lively and innocent chat.

Pray, Mr. Fenton, said she, is this your son? No, madam, said Mr. Fenton, we know not to whom he belongs, poor fellow; and I am persuaded, from many circumstances, that he was stolen, in his infancy, from his true parents.

Mrs. Fielding instantly coloured like scarlet; and, casting at her husband an eager and animated look, Gracious Heaven! she exclaimed, who knows, my dear, but this may be our precious, our lost and long lamented boy, to whom Providence this day has so wonderfully conducted us?

Madam, said Mr. Fenton, it is thought that hundreds of children are yearly spirited away from their parents, by gipsies, by beggars to excite charity, and by kidnappers to carry to the plantations; but I hear of very few that ever have been restored, except in romance. Pray, had you any particular memorandum

or mark whereby you would know him to be your child, on the presumption of his being found?

Alas! no, sir, said Mrs. Fielding; he was scarce two years old when his nurse got leave to go and see a relation, the only visit, poor woman, that she made from the time she took my child to the breast. She left him in the care of the housemaid, who used to caress him with particular tenderness. He stood with her at the door; some one called her in suddenly, but, quickly returning, my child was gone!

Ah! could the wretches who took him have guessed at the heart-rending anguish which that loss cost me, it were not in the nature of barbarians, of brutes, of fiends themselves, to have imagined a deed of such deadliness. For three days and nights, life hovered like a flame that was just departing, and was only retained by my frequent and long swoonings, that, for a time, shut up all sense and recollection. Neither do I think that my dear husband suffered much less than myself, however he might constrain and exert his spirits to keep up, as it were, some appearance of manliness.

We dispatched criers throughout the city, and through all the neighbouring towns, with offers of vast recompense to any who should discover and restore our child to us; and we continued, for years, to advertise him in all the public papers. But, alas, he must have been taken by some very illiterate wretches, who could not read, and who never heard of the rewards that were offered; their own interest must otherwise have engaged them to return him. Pray, Mr. Fenton, how did you come by this pretty boy?

Here Ned assisted Mr. Fenton to give a detail respecting himself of the circumstances already recited; and Mr. Fenton mentioned the precaution he had taken for seizing his former mammy, if ever she should make her appearance.

If heaven should ever bless me with more children, said Mr. Fielding, I have determined to fix some indelible mark upon them, such as that of the Jerusalem letters, that, in case of accident, I may be able to dis-

cover and ascertain my own offspring from all others. Such a precaution, said Mr. Fenton, is more especially incumbent on those who send their children abroad to be nursed; where it is practicable for nurses to impose a living infant in the place of one who has died; or, by an exchange, to prefer a child of their own to an inheritance; for the features of infancy generally change to a degree that shortly leaves no trace of the original cast of countenance; and it is common with parents to leave their children at nurse, for years, without seeing or renewing the memory of their aspects.

Mr. Fenton, says Mr. Fielding, will you give me your interest in this sweet fondling? I will regard him as my own child, I will be good to him for the sake of the one I have lost. Tell me, my dear, will you come and live with me?—What say you, Ned, says Mr. Fenton, would you like to go and live with that lady? Oh, sir, cried Ned, could I find in my heart to leave master Harry and you, to be sure I would give the world to be with this dear lady. So saying, he caught at her hand, and pressed it eagerly to his lips. Mrs. Fielding found herself surprised and agitated by this action; and taking him in her arms, and repeatedly kissing him, the gush of passion, which she had some time suppressed, broke forth; and she shed a plenteous shower of tears upon him.

Word being now brought that the chariot was put to rights, and at the door, Mr. and Mrs. Fielding took a tender farewell of Mr. Fenton and Ned, and set off for London.

It was the latter end of August, the weather fair and pleasant, when Harry issued forth to his little *Campus martius*, accompanied by Neddy and the faithful James.

He was there met by his customary companions in arms; and they had nearly settled their exercises for the evening; when a young phenomenon of nobility made his appearance, like a phoenix among the vulgar birds, attended by two servants in flaming liveries.

All the boys, except Harry and Ned, who kept close to him, immediately approached the glittering stranger,

paid their respect with admiration, and a kind of awkward obeisance; while Harry eyed him askance, with a half sullen, and half disdainful regard, and, notwithstanding the native benevolence of his temper, felt no kind of complacence toward him.

The young nobleman, to make a parade of his wealth, and at the same time to indulge his petulance of disposition, took a handful of sixpences and shillings from his pocket, and throwing them among the crew, cried, A scramble boys, a scramble!

Hereupon a scuffle royal instantly ensued. All of them, save three, eagerly grappled at the pieces that had fixed their eye; while each at the same time seized and struggled with his fellow. Our hero, meanwhile, observed all that passed with a distinguishing attention. But, as the cause of quarrel was quickly conveyed from sight, nothing worse happened than a few trips and boxes, to which the parties had been accustomed, and therefore did not resent; insomuch that my lord was wholly defeated of the benevolent intention of his generosity, and looked upon himself as defrauded of his coin.

To make surer for the future, of his dearly beloved mischief, he took a crownpiece from his pocket, and holding it up to the full view of the assembly, he proclaimed it as the prize of victory between any two, who should step forth on the spot, and engage in a boxing match. At the word an unknown champion sprung forward, instantly stripped, and challenged the field.

This unknown had arrived but that very morning with his parents, who came to settle at the village. He was by nature a very valiant but very quarrelsome boy; he had consequently been engaged in a number of occasional combats, wherein he had generally come off victorious; and this gave him as full an assurance of conquest as though his brow had already received the wreath.

The stranger in bulk and stature exceeded the field, and no one had yet offered himself an antagonist; when

Harry stepping up, thus addressed him in a gentle, but admonishing accent :

I find, sir, you are a stranger ; you are therefore to be excused, as you yet are unacquainted with the laws of this place. But I must be so free as to inform you, that whoever quarrels here or boxes for money, must afterwards take a turn with me for nothing. As well before as after, briskly replied the adversary ; but I scorn to take you at an advantage, prepare yourself and strip ! You must first show me, rejoined Harry, that you are worth stripping for.

The unknown instantly fired, and leaping forward, aimed a punch at Harry's stomach with all his force. When Harry nimbly catching the right wrist of his adversary in his left hand, and giving him at the same instant a sudden trip with his right foot, and a stroke across his neck with his right arm, the strange hero's heels flew up, and his shoulders and head came with a squelch to the earth.

As this unfortunate champion lay, dismayed, and wholly disqualified by his fall from further contention, Harry generously stepped forward, and offered to raise him. But, turning from him, he painfully and slowly arose, and muttering something not intelligible, he walked away with a sullen, but much abased motion.

Harry's companions, hereat, began to set up a cry of triumph and derision. But Harry suddenly stopped them and cried, For shame, my friends ! he is a brave boy and deserves to be honoured, though a stranger to our ways ; and I hope in my heart, that he may not be hurt, nor discouraged from coming among us any more.

Our young nobleman, meanwhile, had observed all that passed, and considered our hero with an envious and indignant attention ; when Harry, calling to him three boys who had declined to partake of the scramble for my lord's money ; My good boys, cries he aloud, you had the honour to refuse to quarrel and tear your companions and friends to pieces, for the dirty matter of a few sixpences, and the first part of your reward shall be many sixpences.

So saying, he put his hand in his pocket, and taking out three crowns, made a present of one to each. Then, feeling a secret touch of self-approbation, he turned to my lord's servants, and addressed them, in an accent, and with an action rather too highly elevated. Go, he cried, my friends, take your young master home to his father and mother; and tell them, from me, that, since they have already made him a LORD, I wish the next thing they do would be to make him a GENTLEMAN.

What, you scoundrel, cried my lord, do you tell me, to my face, that I am not a gentleman? and flying instantly at Harry, he gave him a smart stroke on the left cheek. Harry had just begun to recollect his error. But, being again kindled to quick resentment, he half repressed and half enforced a sudden punch which he reached at the nose of his lordship, who, giving a scream, fell backward, and measured his length on the field.

The two servants immediately stooped to raise their bleeding master; and one of them, highly exasperated to see his lord in that condition, turned furiously upon Harry. But Jack Freeman, his fellow servant, straight caught him by the arm, crying, Hold, Patrick, hold! remember; fair play and Old England!

So saying, he suddenly stooped, caught at our hero's hand, pressed it warmly to his lips, and cried, Oh, my noblest child, how I envy the happiness of those who serve you! then turning, he took his lord by the hand, and straight led him away from the field of battle.

Never did Harry feel himself so deeply mortified, so debased in his own eyes, as when my lord's footman, with an action so uncommonly respectful, had stooped and kissed his hand. His heart, but just before, had whispered to him, that the manner, in which he had admonished the young nobleman, expressed more of the pride of his own temper, than any friendly intention to reform the faults of another; and he already began to suspect that the manner in which he had dispensed his own bounty, showed the same ostentation which he meant to reprove.

Thus disgusted with himself, he turned away from

his companions, walked sad and silent homeward ; and, passing softly through the hall, withdrew to his own chamber.

James had followed Harry at such a distance as just to keep him in sight, and entering where his master sat reading in the parlour, Mr. Fenton inquired eagerly after his boy. James cast at his master a look of much solemnity, and shaking his head, Ah, sir, said he, I am sorry to tell you, that master Harry, to-day, was not altogether as good a boy as I could have wished. Indeed I observe of late that, at times, he is apt to be very passionate. I doubt, sir, we shall have woful doings by and by ; he has terribly battered the son and heir of the earl of Mansfield, one of the worthiest noblemen in all England. To be sure we shall have sad complaints against him. I was present at all that passed ; and truly master Harry was very much in fault.

You delight me, cried Mr. Fenton, my only affliction was that he had no faults. I want him to have faults, such faults as may make him feel them. But tell me minutely, how this affair happened. James then gave a special detail of what we have recited. Whereupon Mr. Fenton exclaimed, Oh, my noble, my generous, my incomparable boy ! where is he ? Let me see him, what is become of him ?

Upon inquiry, Mrs. Susan reported that she had seen him stealing softly up stairs. Mr. Fenton then stole up after his Harry ; and, opening the chamber door with the least noise possible, saw him seated in a dejected attitude, in a far corner of the room ; and, looking attentively at him, perceived that he had been in tears.

He thereupon took a chair, and gently seating himself beside him, What is the matter, my Harry ? he said ; what ails my love ? Do not ask me, do not ask me, sir, cried Harry ; I dare not tell you, indeed I dare not. You would love me no longer, you would hate me, if I should tell you. Hate you, my darling, cried Mr. Fenton, that is quite impossible, I can never hate you, my Harry ! But come, be free with your friend, tell me

openly and honestly, for what do you think I should hate you? For my faults, sir, for my faults. To be sure there is not in the world so bad a boy as myself; and what is worse than all that, when I think, and mean to do better than ever, something comes in the way, and spoils the whole, and so turns all the good that is in me into nothing but naughtiness.

Here Harry could contain no longer, but burst into a passionate gush of tears and sobs; and Mr. Fenton tenderly embracing him, and taking him on his knee, and clasping him to his bosom, gave way to the kindred emotion that swelled in his own breast, and mingled his joyful tears with those of his Harry.

As soon as the passion of these two friends had subsided, Harry began to take new courage from the caresses of his dear dada, who, as he sensibly felt, would never hate or forsake him, however he might condemn and detest himself.

Well then, dada, says he, since you are so very good, I will trust you with my story.

You must know, that I had no sooner got into your field that you gave me for our plays, than a young master came up to us, so grandly dressed and attended, and with such a saucy air, that he seemed to say in his own mind, All these are but dirt in comparison of myself.

As I looked at him, he brought to my mind the story you once told me of Hercules, who was poisoned by his fine coat. So I began to pity him, and I believe to despise him too; and that you know was not right; for you told me that whoever despises another grows worse than him he despises, and falls below him while he thinks to set himself above him; but that did not come into my head at the time.

And so, sir, to show us all that he did not matter money, or that he loved mischief better, he took out a handful of silver and threw it among my companions, to set them by the ears; and this provoked and began to make me very angry with him; and thus one fault brought me into another after it.

But this did not satisfy my young lord (for they called him lord), but he must take out a crown, and

offer it to any two of my companions that would box for it. So that a stranger that was just come offered to box any one in the company for it; but I do not repent of my beating him, because he was the challenger.

But the worst is yet to come, dada. There was some of my companions who refused to join in the scramble for the money, and that pleased me very much; and so to reward them I took out a handful of money, and gave them a crown apiece. But you know, I need not have taken out more money than I meant to give them, if it was not partly to show my lord that I had as much money as himself; and so I got myself up to the head and ears in the very same fault that I found with him.

Now comes the worst of all. For, growing proud and conceited, as if I had no one fault in the world; and, as if the like of me was only fit to reprove others; I desired the fine master to take himself home, and since he was a lord, to learn how to be a gentleman. Upon that he gave me a blow which I deserved very well; but I did not matter his blow a fillip, if I had not thought it an affront before my companions. So my passions began to rise, and I gave him half a stroke: unluckily it hit him full in the nose, and I am afraid he is hurted sadly.

Besides all, dada, I know well enough there will come sad complaints against me, and so I shall bring trouble upon you; and that is grief upon grief.

Do not fear for me, Harry, I shall do well enough, says Mr. Fenton. But, Harry, you have not told me near as great news as you thought to do. I knew all along that you had a very naughty boy within you; but I forebore to tell you so, because I rather wished you should make the discovery yourself; and now, God be praised, you have found out the secret.

And what good will it do me, dada, to know that I am bad, when I do not know how to make myself better? For, to-day I thought and meant to be very good, and yet found myself in the end to be worse than ever. But, as you say, to be sure I have been very bad, though I hardly knew any thing of the matter till now. I now remember how I had like to murder poor Mr. Vindex

with the sword ; and a hundred other things if I could bring them to my mind. What shall I do then, dada, what shall I do to grow good ?

I will tell you, my Harry, says Mr. Fenton. And as you have generously intrusted me with one secret, that of having a bad boy within you ; it is but fair that I should intrust you with another secret, which is, that of having a good boy within you.

What, two boys, in one, dada, how can that be ? It is even so, my darling, you yourself told me as much. Did you not say, that, this very day, the one was struggling and fighting within you against the other ? That the one was proud, scornful, ostentatious, and revengeful ; the other humble, gentle, loving, and forgiving ? And that when the bad boy got the better, the good boy took him to task, severely rebuked him, and made him cry bitterly ?

But, sir, says Harry, since, as you say, and as I find, I have two different boys or souls within me ; pray, how came they to be different ? Did the same God that desired to make the one soul good, desire also to make the other soul evil ?

Your question, my darling, is very proper, though very deep. I will however endeavour, to the best of my power, to accommodate my answer to your capacity.

God, who is nothing but goodness, cannot possibly desire any kind of evil ; and therefore cannot be the author thereof. But he can make such poor little insignificant beings as you and I are, Harry ; though all that God himself can do in our behalf cannot possibly make us good, any otherwise than by informing us with his own goodness and perfections.

This would lead me, my love, to the unfolding that capital secret of which you are not yet susceptible : a secret, upon which this world, sun, moon, and stars, with all the worlds upon worlds that lie beyond them, depend.

The angels that are now in heaven are great, good, perfect, and glorious beings ; because they are filled with the greatness, goodness, glory, and perfection of God. For they know that of themselves they are

nothing; and that in themselves they are no other than empty and dark creatures, only prepared for the reception and enjoyment of the light, virtue, and blessedness of their bountiful Creator.

How the spirit of man came to be, in itself, so much worse than an empty and dark creature: how it came to be filled and polluted with all manner of evil, with selfishness, pride, covetousness, and abominable lusts, envy, hatred, malice, revengefulness, and wrathfulness: how it further came to have a different spirit within it, informing its heart to sentiments of humility, charity, purity, love, patience, and peace; this, Harry, is the great secret of which you are not yet capable; the secret, as I told you, whereon the world now hangs, whereby it has been changed, and whereby it will be renewed.

In the mean time let it suffice for you, to feel and to know that your dark spirit so filled, as I said, with evil, is yourself, my Harry, is all that you have of the creature within you; and that the good spirit, which is within your evil spirit, is breathed into you by the power and Spirit of God himself, in order to oppose and conquer the evil, and enlighten the darkness, and purify the foulness of your selfish spirit; that you may finally become as the angels that are in heaven, filled with the purity, glory, and blessedness of your God.

Know, therefore, from henceforward, and let the sense of it sink into your soul, my darling, that all the evil which is in you belongs to yourself; and that all the good which is in you belongs to your God: that you cannot, in or of yourself, so much as think a good thought, or form a good wish, or oppose a single temptation. From hence learn to think meanly of yourself, and not to ascribe to yourself any kind of goodness or virtue; for that would be sacrilege, it would be to rob God of his peculiar property of goodness. From hence further learn never to prefer yourself to others, or to think better of yourself than of any one living; for, so far as you are a creature, no one can be viler or faultier than you are.

Never exalt yourself, my Harry, neither in company or conversation, of any kind; say I did this or I did

that, or I said this or I said that; for, in exalting yourself, you exalt your own proud and evil spirit above the good spirit of God that is in you. Let all praise mortify you; but take blame with patience and pleasure; in so doing you will approve yourself a lover of justice, as well as a lover of your own reformation.

Lastly, my love, turn your whole will and affections, from your own evil spirit, to the spirit of God that is in you, for that is the utmost that any man can do toward his own salvation. Reject, spurn, and detest every motion to evil; embrace, cherish, and take to your heart every motion of good; you will thereby acquire the never ending glory of having joined with God, in the conquest that he is desirous of obtaining over all the guilt, uncleanness, and depravity into which your nature has fallen.

Here Andrew came up with notice to his master that the earl of Mansfield was below, and requested to speak with him. At this Harry coloured up, and cried, Did I not tell you, sir, what trouble I should bring upon you? Do not be alarmed, my dear, says Mr. Fenton; do you stay here. If there is a necessity for your appearance, I will send you word.

The father of young lord Bottom was, in every respect, the reverse of his son. He had come on foot, without attendants, was dressed in a plain napped coat, and had the mien and appearance of an honest country grazier.

My lord, says Mr. Fenton, I should think myself greatly honoured by this visit, if I was not so much concerned at the occasion of it. I am truly grieved that my son should have done such great offence to young lord Bottom. Sir, says the earl, I find you have quite mistaken the intent of my visit; I am come to thank your son for the just and noble lesson which he gave to mine; and which he has so forcibly impressed upon his memory, as will not, I trust, permit him to forget it in a hurry. My lord, replied Mr. Fenton, my little fellow is very sensible of his misbehaviour in this business. He was the first to chide him-

self, and he told me the story very much, I assure your lordship, to his own disadvantage.

Mr. Fenton, rejoined the earl, after what I have heard of your boy, from one Jack Freeman, a very faithful and intelligent servant of mine, I am quite impatient to see him, and there is nothing generous which I am not willing to believe concerning him. My wife, indeed, is not at all times in my way of thinking. She has taken her young lord with her, to town, to the doctor's; and I am concerned at the resentment which she expressed on this occasion, as it may be a means of deferring that acquaintance and intimacy, which I heartily wish to cultivate with the family of Mr. Fenton. But where is this wonderful boy? I request to see him.

Harry hereupon was immediately called down. As he apprehended that he was sent for to be severely chidden, a little resentful haughtiness arose in his mind, and strengthened it against the violence of the reproofs that he expected. He therefore entered with an air that no way savoured of mortification, and made but a cold though solemn bow to the earl.

Bless me, exclaimed my lord, what a striking resemblance! I never saw two faces or persons so much alike. There is no difference, Mr. Fenton, between you and your son, except what age has made. Mr. Fenton smiled, and my lord continued: I always had a notion that your heroes were huge fellows, but here I think we have got heroism in miniature. Can this be he who, as I am told, with a trip or a blow, overthrows and demolishes all before him? Come to me, my dear, and give me leave to salute you.

Harry respectfully approached; and my lord, taking him in his arms, and warmly kissing him, said, I thank you, my little man, for the generous lesson which you gave to my very naughty boy; and for the difference which you taught him to make, for the future, between the sauciness of a lord and the sentiments of a gentleman.

Harry felt himself, at once, disconcerted, abased, and wholly cut down by this compliment from his

lordship. At length, recovering himself, he answered : You mean to be sure, sir, to reprove me the more by what you have said ; but if you are in earnest, I am sure it is a very bad lesson which you teach me, sir, when you praise me for my faults. Faults ! my dear, cried the earl, I heard of none such ; what do you mean by your faults ? I mean, sir, that when I told your son as much as that he was not a gentleman, it showed that I was still less of the gentleman myself ; and I very well deserved the blow which he gave me for such an affront ; and I am ready to ask his pardon whenever you please, my lord. No, no, my man, cried lord Mansfield, you shall never disgrace yourself so much as to make any submissions to my naughty boy. I shall think it no disgrace, quick and affectingly replied Harry, to make submissions to any one who is son to such a gentleman as my lord Mansfield.

My lord, for some time, looked with astonishment at the child ; when, eagerly catching and pressing him to his bosom, he cried out, On my soul, you are the sweetest as well as the noblest fellow I was ever acquainted with ; and, sir, I shall think it an honour to be admitted among your friends ; and that is what I would not say to many in old England. Mr. Fenton, continued the earl, if you will give yourself the trouble to inquire out my little lodge on the hill, you will oblige me ; though I envy your character, I shall be glad of your acquaintance. So saying, lord Mansfield got up, after his blunt manner, and precipitately withdrew.

On the following evening, Mr. Fenton took Harry and Mr. Clement into his study, and taking from his pocket-book a number of bank bills, Mr. Clement, says he, I here make my Harry a present of fifteen hundred pounds, reserving only to myself the privilege of advising how it may be laid out to the best advantage.

To-morrow morning you and he are to set out on foot for London, and there to take lodgings as near to the Fleet prison as you can conveniently. You are then to apply to the keeper, and to give him a gratuity for making out a written list of all the prisoners under his custody, with their quality and condition annexed,

as also the sums respectively due, and the terms during which they have been in confinement.

You are then to inquire the several characters, distresses, and merits of all the prisoners of note, and to make an entry thereof in a separate paper; but you are not to depend altogether on his report. You are to go from room to room, to converse with the prisoners apart, and to inquire from each the characters, fortunes, and disasters of the others.

This inquisition, in all likelihood, will take you up above a fortnight. But above all, remember that those, among them, who are most affected by the distresses of their fellows, ought to be the principal objects of your own charity.

Let five hundred pounds of this money be appropriated to the enlargement of such prisoners as are under duress for sums not amounting to ten pounds. You will thereby free the captive; give means of bread to the hungry, and restore to your country many members that are worse than useless, that are a dead weight and incumbrance upon her. Let the remaining thousand pounds be applied to the relief of those prisoners of note, whose cases call for singular compassion. And be sure to keep an account, where your money may fall short of such valuable purposes; and as far as five hundred pounds more will reach, we will supply the defect.

Hereupon Harry caught his patron about the neck, and repeatedly kissing him, cried, Oh, dada, how happy, how very happy you make me! Oh, that we had money enough to employ every fortnight, the year round, like this sweet fortnight!

The next morning our travellers set out. But, we forbear to say any thing, relative thereto, till their return; as they themselves are the best qualified to give the particulars of their own extraordinary adventures.

Our Harry and his friend Clement had not been gone above an hour, when Mr. Fenton received a card from the countess of Maitland, requesting his company to coffee in the evening. She was widow to the late

earl, a very lovely woman, had taken the most sumptuous house on the hill, and was resorted to by numbers of the first figure.

Mr. Fenton attended my lady precisely at the time appointed. When he entered, she was writing a note at her desk. On turning her eye to the door, she was struck with the grace of his figure, the sweetness of his aspect, and ease of his deportment. She was further struck with a recollection as of something very interesting, but which had happened at a vast distance, or of which she had dreamed. Her heart was affected, she coloured and again turned pale, without being yet able to move from her chair. At length, recovering, and rising and advancing toward him, Mr. Fenton, says she, this is a very singular favour, a favour for which I have long wished. This, sir, you know, is my third time of asking, but my two former cards were not so happy as to bring you. Madam, said he, carelessly, I am but a very poor visiter; however, I could not refuse myself the honour of attending your ladyship's summons, at least for once. I have been now, said the countess, three months on the hill. Within that time I have applied to all my acquaintance, in order to get some of them to introduce me to you; but none of them were so fortunate as to know any of your name. To be known, madam, replied Mr. Fenton, a person must have been, in some way, considerable; indeed it is no way disagreeable to my own inclinations to pass the short remnant of an insignificant life, as little noticed as possible. Much company then came in, and the evening was spent in agreeable conversation.

On the following morning, as he sat in his study, some one tapped at the door, and, on desiring them to walk in, who should enter but lady Maitland in an agreeable dishabille.

Mr. Fenton, said she (deeply blushing and hesitating), I, I—you must think it very odd—I say, sir, I should not have intruded upon you, thus out of all form, perhaps indecently unseasonable.—Please to be seated, madam.—The business I come upon,

sir, is so very interesting, so concerning to my peace, that I could not refuse myself this opportunity of breaking in upon you.—Be assured, my dear madam, that the greatest pleasure you can do me is to let me know, as soon as possible, wherein I can serve you.

Here the countess, looking eagerly on him, put her hand in her bosom, took out a picture, and alternately surveying the one and the other, Yes, she cried, it is, it must certainly be so. Then, reaching out the picture, Can you tell me, sir, said she, for whom this was drawn, or rather do you remember to whom you gave it?

Mr. Fenton took the picture, looked at it, and started; when, recollecting ideas and passages, as from afar off; Good God! he exclaimed, is it possible, can you be my little Fanny Goodall? Yes, my dearest cousin, answered the countess, as surely as you are the still too amiable Harry Clinton.

Hereupon they both rose suddenly, and Mr. Fenton, catching his Fanny in his arms, pressed her to his bosom with warm and kindred affection. But the agitation of the countess was too big for utterance, till, resuming her chair, she gave scope to her passion, and burst into a violent flood of tears.

After a mutual and affecting silence; Ah! cries Mr. Fenton, in a voice expressive of much emotion, how am I, my lovely cousin, to interpret these tears? Am I to consider them as further proofs of your ancient aversion to me, or as dear instances of your returning affection?—The countess answered not; and Mr. Fenton continued:

You may remember, my cousin, that I had very few relations. My only brother ever continued to behave himself toward me as an alien and an enemy; and my only uncle and guardian, who, in his latter years, became your father, was no way agreeable to my taste or disposition. In you, therefore, from your infancy, in you alone, my amiable cousin, I had centred all my sensations of fatherhood, brotherhood, all the affections and tender feelings that naturally arise from kindred and consanguinity. How have I been delighted with

your infant prattle! how have I exulted in your opening charms! On the death of my first wife you were my only consolation; and, in your innocent caresses and attractive endearments, I felt a sweetness that I never felt before.

On my return from France, with what transports did you receive me! we grew as it were, in our embracements, to each other. You were then, as I apprehend, about ten years of age. But, on my next visit, you refused to be seen by me. Soon after, you were taken ill. I daily went with an aching heart to inquire after your health, but your mamma peremptorily refused me admission to your presence, till, on your recovery, you were conveyed from me, and secreted into the country.

Though this unkindness went near my heart, it did not alter my affections; I still continued to inquire after you, I still continued to be interested in you, and I preferred my ardent wishes and prayers to Heaven for your prosperity.

Mr. Fenton, said lady Maitland (you have unquestionably your reasons for choosing to be so called), I am very sensible of your extraordinary partiality to me from my earliest years. Your tenderness, as you mentioned, was that of the fondest of fathers or brothers. You knew the degree and kind of affection that was suitable between such relations; and you kept yourself precisely within the limits. But, alas! for my part, I knew no such distinctions. I was as a piece of virgin wax, willingly yielding to the first kindly impression. You made that impression, my cousin, you made it deep and entire. As I had but one heart, so I had but one love; and that love was all your own, without distinction or degree.

Gracious Heaven, exclaimed Mr. Fenton, what is this you tell me, madam? Is it possible that, at your years, you should actually conceive a passion for one who might almost have been your grandfather? Ah, if that be the case, what have I not to answer for?

Alas, replied the countess, if you have any thing to

answer for, on that account, the charge is weighty which I have to bring against you.

I was not eight years old when I begged this picture from you, which you generously enriched with this circlet of diamonds. Soon after you went to France : and, during your absence, this picture was my constant companion, whom I caressed, whom I talked to, and to whom alone I made my complaints in all my little matters of grievance.

I know not by what instinct it was, that I endeavoured to conceal my affection for this your resemblance, and never made my court to it but when I was alone.

The morning after your visit, on your return from Paris, as I was carelessly performing the business of my little toilette before the glass, I took out your picture, and surveyed it with new and increasing delight. In the mean time I did not know that my mamma stood behind me, attentive to all my motions that were reflected to her by the mirror. She heard me talk to your picture, she saw me kiss it and eagerly press it to my bosom. At last I turned my eye to the glass, and perceived a piece of her image, whereon I started, coloured, and trembled, and was thrown, I knew not why, into the utmost confusion.

Ah, Fanny, cried my mother, what is this that I see? Your young heart, my child, is certainly affected. Unquestionably you love your cousin Clinton.

Ought I not to love him, madam, does he not love me as well as I love him? No, no, my darling, said my mother, I would to Heaven that he did. Your cousin Clinton indeed is worthy of all love, but then he has lately given away his heart to another. He is married, my Fanny——And cannot he love me still, for all that, madam?——By no means, my sweet innocent. When once a man marries, he vows to love nobody but his wife; and what is more, my Fanny, it is accounted very naughty in any girl to think of loving such a one afterwards.

What emotions did I then feel, what a conflict of

opposing passions! but resentment, for the time, got the upper hand. I had yet formed no idea of the relations of sex, or matrimony, or any conjugal obligation, save that of love alone. But then it was sufficient to me that I had given you my whole heart; that nothing less than your whole heart could satisfy me in return; and I felt myself outraged to the last degree, by your having imparted a share thereof to another.

The day following, as I sat, languid, and much discomposed, as well by my passion as want of rest the night before, my mamma came up to tell me that you were below and inquired for me. No, no, my dearest mamma, said I, it does not signify, I will not see him. Let him go to whomever he loves best.——But, what shall I say to him, my Fanny, what excuse shall I make?——No matter for excuses, madam, tell him that I never desire to see his face any more.

As something informed me that you could not help still loving me a little, I laid hold of that little love to be revenged of you for your perfidy. But, as soon as I was told you were gone, my heart sunk down, as from a mount of triumph into a depth of desolation.

My mamma came up to console me. She highly applauded my spirit; and blamed you for marrying another, at a time that you pretended so much fondness to me. She further endeavoured to set me against your age. She told me that you must soon be old and ugly, and that you was much fitter to be my father than my lover. She also spoke to me of my vast fortune, of my beauty, and so forth; and that I might have my choice of all the young and handsome earls and dukes in the nation. She opened to me, in a variety of glittering prospects, all the pleasures and advantages of wealth, title, state, equipage, with the respect and admiration of crowds bending around me. As she represented them to my imagination, I caught at each of them for comfort; but alas, I did not find you among them, and all to me became empty.

That night my tender mamma forsook her own bed, and came to lie in mine. I saw that she had been afflicted; so, for fear of adding to her trouble, I sup-

pressed my own emotions, and pretending to be asleep, I lay quiet by her side, till toward morning, when I was seized with a violent fever. During my illness I was told that you came daily to inquire about me ; and that, I believe, above all things contributed to my recovery. One day, my mamma came and informed me that you sat below in tears, and earnestly requested to see me. Oh, how sweet did those tears seem to drop upon my heart ; but, mustering all my little pride, No, no, my mamma, I cried, I will die first ! If he does not first unmarry himself, I will never see him any more.

When I had gotten strength enough to walk about the chamber, my mamma and I being alone, I went to my drawer ; and taking out your picture, and turning my head aside, I reached it to her, saying, Here, madam, take this and lock it up from me ; for while I love it and hate it so much, it troubles me to look at it. My mamma thereupon took it from me, and caught me to her bosom ; but, without saying a word, she burst into tears, and straight quitted the room.

As soon as it was judged that I was able to travel, my parents took me into the country. My mother, in the mean time, had unquestionably confided my secret to my father ; for, though he was naturally of a severe temper, he became extremely tender and indulgent toward me.

As I was the only child they ever had, their whole solicitude was employed in procuring me a variety of amusements. When I was in spirits, they were in a kind of triumph ; but my dejection was to them the most grievous of all oppressions. They took down my French mistress and my music master with them ; and they collected from all parts the most agreeable set of misses and masters that they could muster ; so that my time was portioned out the most happily that could be, between business and recreations. They had taken care that your name should never be mentioned before me ; and though, at times, my soul was athirst, and my ear opened and turned to hear tidings concerning you, yet a certain native bashfulness did not permit me to inquire after you.

Thus a length of absence, and a variety of dissipations, by degrees greatly abated the ardour of my passion, insomuch that I did not seem to feel any more for you. When any occasion, however, renewed in me the impression of former scenes, a thrilling sort of chiliness would run through my blood. And, at other times, when alone and thinking of you, a swimming kind of stupor would fall sadly upon my soul.

On our return to London, after five years absence, the great number of people, with the novelty and variety of objects, engaged my whole attention. But, when we entered the old mansion; when I turned my eyes on the places where you sat, where you walked, where you talked and used to caress me, you became as it were actually visible to my eyes; something seemed to wring my heart; and I was seized with a sickness near to fainting. I took hold of my maid by the arm, and with her help walked into the garden for fresh air; but there too you had got before me, on the terrace, in the walks and alleys, where you used to run feigned races with me, and to gather fruit for me, and to play with me at bob cherry, and afterward to press the lips that had gained the prize. I then turned away from a place that afforded me no asylum from you. My mother met, and eagerly asked what ailed me? Let us go, mamma, I cried, let us go somewhere else, I am not able to stay in this place. Accordingly, that very evening we removed to lodgings; and, in a few days, my dada took a new house.

I shall not dwell, my dear sir, on a trivial detail of the many little incidents that happened during the space of four succeeding years. An infinity of suitors paid their addresses to me or my fortune, I neither knew nor cared to which; for I continued alike insensible to all. It is true that during such a number of years, having neither seen nor heard from you, I dropped all thoughts of you, and scarce retained the traces or lineaments of your person or aspect. From the impression, however, which you left in my mind, I had formed to myself a confused image of the lovely,

of the desirable, and this I looked for every where, but could no where find any resemblance thereof.

In the mean time my parents urged me strongly to matrimony. They represented that they should not die in peace, if I did not afford them the prospect of perpetuating themselves in my offspring; such is the fond succedaneum which shortlived creatures propose for eking out their existence, and supplying the lot of an inevitable mortality, by the flattering, though poor substitute of a name!

At length I told my parents that, as I could not form any choice of my own, I would trust wholly to their judgment. Hereupon they recommended the earl of Maitland to me. I kept to my promise, and we were consequently married.

My husband was comely in his person, easy and affable in his temper, and a man of singular sense and letters. He loved me with passion; and, as I could not pay him in specie, I endeavoured to supply my want of affection to him by my attention and assiduities.

On the fifth year of my marriage my father died of a good old age; and in four years more my dearest mother left me desolate. In her I lost the only object of fond affections that I had upon earth, and my looks tacitly reproached my husband for want of power to console me.

I believe it was equally unhappy for my lord, as myself, that we were not blessed with children. The tender attachments that bind parents to their offspring serve also as a more affecting nuptial band for uniting parents more intimately to each other. It draws about them a new circle of interests and amities; and, by creating a mutual confidence, forbids the intrusion of jealousies. This, however was not the case between lord Maitland and me. We never had a child. Perhaps, in some constitutions, a union of souls as well as persons may be requisite for such an effect.

During the two years succeeding the death of my dear mother, I conceived a disgust against company

and entertainments. I took a religious turn. I looked upon this world and all that it contained quite unworthily the regard of an immortal being. The principal part of my time was taken up in books and offices of devotion; in which employment I alternately sunk under the most gloomy depression of spirits, and again was elevated above myself into a new world of joys and inexpressible openings.

At length I was taken ill of what the physicians called a fever upon the nerves, which confined me to my bed above six weeks. During my illness, my husband was the most constant and assiduous of all my attendants. The affectionate sadness, the painful distress, the tender solicitude, that was visible in all his looks and actions, made way into my soul; and, while I reproached myself for my ungrateful defect of sensibility toward him, love, or something tender and very like to love, took place in my bosom.

As soon as I was on the recovery, my husband disappeared, without taking leave or giving me any notice; and for three weeks I knew not what was become of him. At length he returned, pale and greatly emaciated. I had lost none of the tenderness which I conceived for him during my illness. I took him affectionately by the hand, which glowed like a coal of fire. Ah, I cried where have you been, what looks are these, my lord, what is the meaning of all this? He answered not, but withdrawing his hand, and scarce deigning to look toward me; I am not well, he faintly said, I must go to my bed.

While his servants undressed him, I stood in silent astonishment, vainly guessing at the cause of this extraordinary behaviour: but as soon as he had lain down, I took a seat by his side; and, seizing and pressing one of his hands between mine, I broke into tears.

After a sad and mutual silence, Ah, madam, cried my husband, what am I to understand by these tears? I am willing to consider them as proofs of your humanity, but I cannot consider them as instances of your affection. You love me not, madam; you never did love me. All the constancy of the most ardent passion,

all my assiduities have not been able to procure me the smallest interest in your heart. I blame you not, madam; alas! we are not the masters of our own affections. I am sensible that I never deserved your love. That was a blessing reserved for a more amiable object. But then the tenderness of my attachment to you might surely have laid claim to a share of your confidence. Ah, how precious had such a confidence been to my heart! it had stood to me in the place of your love, and I should not have reproached you for irresistible propensities. Yes, madam, I say irresistible, for I know you are virtuous. Perhaps it was not in your power to refuse another your love; but then you might have admitted your husband to a share of your friendship.

You have my friendship, I cried, my tenderest friendship, my most affectionate regards. If my love is not so ardent as you could wish, you however have all the love of which I am capable, and you possess it entire and undivided.

What is this you tell me, madam? I would to heaven you could still deceive me, that I had still continued in ignorance! but that is past, it is over, madam, my eyes are opened to my wretchedness; and I die in the double want of your faith and your affection. I have seen your lover, lady; I saw him four days ago from an opposite window. He stood before this house in converse with another. I expected every moment, that taking advantage of my absence, he would have gained admission to you. I held my sword ready to follow, to pierce his heart, and sacrifice him to the claims of my honour and my love. But, he suddenly disappeared and disappointed my vengeance.

Gracious heaven, I exclaimed, what madness is this? Do you dream, or who is it that has thus cruelly imposed upon you? You shall see the impostor, madam, replied my lord. So saying, he suddenly put his hand back; and taking your picture from under the pillow, he indignantly demanded, Do you know the original of this portrait, lady? Ah, I screamed, I confess it, I do know him, I did know him indeed; he was the idol

of my heart, I delighted in him, I doted upon him! You then acknowledge, you avow it, rejoined my husband; and at length you deign to make me the confidant of a passion which I suppose, in your favour, to have been involuntary. Ah, had I been earlier apprized of my unhappiness, I might not have sunk under the sudden pressure as I do at this day. But say, who and what is this formidable rival, who robs me of my peace, who tears my life from me?

First tell me, my lord, said I, how you came by this picture? I found it in your cabinet during your illness, said he, when I searched for your essences to relieve you from a fainting fit. I flatter myself that I am not of a jealous disposition. Curiosity first incited me to hurry it into my pocket. I afterwards surveyed it more at leisure, and some starting doubts arose. I endeavoured to suppress them; I argued with myself that it might be a family picture, the representative of a brother or dear relation deceased. But then, some enemy of my peace again whispered, that, if this had been the case, you would not be so solicitous to conceal it from me; you would rather have boasted of such an ornament of your lineage; you would have been proud to exhibit it before all people. This staggered me I confess; and additional doubts were impelled upon my soul. She reserves this, said I to myself, for her own eye; to revise it, to gaze and dwell upon it in secret, and to please her sight with the favourite image that is impressed upon her heart. At each of these reflections I felt a sting in my bosom; and the more I debated on these uncertainties, the greater strength they gained. Ah, I cried, her real coldness and feigned regards are now equally accounted for. She deceives me, she imposes upon me; and I will counterfeit in my turn till this mystery is detected. I then attempted, and would have constrained myself to look at you with my accustomed tenderness; but I found it impossible. I therefore withdrew suddenly and without any notice. If she ever had a tincture of friendship for me, thought I, the apprehension of my loss will awake in her a sense thereof. I disguised

myself; and, as a stranger, took lodgings over against you. I took my station at the window. I was on the watch from morn till noon, to make a thorough inquiry into your conduct during my absence. I shall discover her disposition, said I, by the visitants whom she receives: but, during a fortnight of observation, I could not perceive that of the numbers who called, any one was admitted. My jealous passions abated; and I began to reproach myself for having ever conceived them; when, to my utter confusion, there stood full to my view, in dress, aspect, mien, attitude, the distinguished original of the portrait which I had in my pocket.

Here, I passionately broke in upon my husband's narration. God be praised, I exclaimed, he then lives, he still lives, my most dear and amiable cousin, though I never wish to behold his face any more! my only relation, you are still living, and I trust you are happy; and that is enough.

Your relation, your only relation, madam, cried my lord! is he so near? Is he no nearer, no dearer to you than consanguinity will warrant? Proceed, my lord, I said, I will then tell you all, without disguise or palliation.

I confess to you, answered my husband, that the sight of him struck my soul with the fullest conviction of my being betrayed. My jealous pangs returned with double poignancy. I was set on fire, my heart was rent several ways. A violent fever seized upon me, but my thirst of vengeance supported me under it. For four days longer I held up in the impatient expectation of once more beholding your lover, that I might pierce him in a thousand places, in every seducing part about him. But nature at length gave way, I sunk under the oppression; and I returned, once for all, to behold, to reproach, and to expire before you.

Oh, my husband, my friend, my true lover, I cried, how I feel for you! I excuse your suspicions, however injurious, since your jealousy perhaps is not wholly without foundation. I did indeed love the person for

whom that portrait was drawn, with tenderness, with passion. But believe me, when I assure you that I have not set my eyes, either on the original or picture, these twenty years.

What is this you tell me? exclaimed my lord. You are not yet, as I take it, thirty years of age. Could you love, even to passion, at so very early a period?

Here I found myself under the necessity of discovering to my husband the little adventures, and sentiments of my infancy, wherewith you are already acquainted. When I had finished my short narrative, he seized my hand, and pressing it passionately to his lips, and then to his burning bosom, he melted into tears. Oh, my Fanny, he cried, my most noble, my adorable creature! what a combat have you fought, what a conquest have you gained, of grace over nature, of virtue against passion! Can you excuse me, will you forgive me? May I hope that you will restore me to the blessings of your friendship? May I flatter myself that you gave me as much as you could of your affections? That if you had been able, you would have loved me with a love like mine?

I will not distress you, my cousin, by a description of the affecting scenes that ensued. My husband left me vastly rich, but still more forlorn. During the first years of my widowhood, I looked upon myself as a friendless and unnecessary burden upon earth. Though I thought of you at times, it was not without a resentment and a tincture of aversion, for your never having deigned to inquire or find out, whether any such person, as your too affectionate Fanny Goodall, was in the land of the living. At length my physicians and my friends (as they styled themselves) prevailed upon me once more to enter into the light and air, and amusements of their world. I consented, and I gradually got rid of the grievous oppression that lay upon my spirits.

When you entered, I did not know you. The strange name of Fenton, as well as the alteration which years had made in you, shut you out almost wholly from my recollection. I felt myself, however,

agitated I knew not why. Something in your person and manner renewed in my heart impressions kindred to those which were once its sole concern. I could not look at you, I could not speak to you, without emotion. All night I lay disturbed, in vain endeavouring to remember when or where I had seen you. At morning a sudden light darted into my mind. I got up, and flew to your picture, which at once laid all open, and detected your disguise.

You are much altered, cousin. The ruin, however, is still very noble, and endearingly renews in me the idea of what the building once was.

Your abstracted air and the change of your name seem to intimate some distressing situation. But, if fifty thousand pounds, or that sum doubled, will be of use to you, I shall for once think that fortune has been of advantage to me.

My most dear and generous cousin, replied Mr. Fenton, I shall never pardon myself those griefs which the excess of my affection inadvertently occasioned you. No brother ever loved a sister, no parent a child, with fonder passion. The aversion, which I thought you had suddenly taken to me, was one of the most sensible afflictions of my life; and my ignorance of what lately became of you, can only be accounted for by an abstract of my own story.

The world, my lovely cousin, is to man as his temper or complexion. The mind constitutes its own prosperity and adversity; winter presents no cloud to a cheerful spirit, neither can summer find sunshine for the spirit that is in dejection. In my youth every object presented me with happiness; but, alas! the time came when the universe appeared as a vault wherein joy was entombed, and the sun himself but a lamp that served to show the horrors around me.

As my father and mother died before I was taken from nurse, I knew none of those parental endearments that serve to humanize the soul and give it the first impressions of social attachment; neither were those sweetnesses, in any degree, supplied to me by the behaviour of an imperious brother, or of a magisterial

guardian. As I was naturally, however, of a benevolent cast, I sought for those affections among strangers which I had not found in relations.

I pass over the immaterial parts of my life at school and college, and hasten to the more important period of my apprenticeship.

Your father bound me to Mr. Golding, a very wealthy merchant, who lived over against the Exchange. He had been some years a widower, and his only child, a daughter, was then at the boarding-school.

Mr. Golding, with a plain understanding, was a man of strict honesty. At first sight he conceived a partial affection for me, whereof he gave me very frequent proofs; and, as he stood to me in the place of a father, I felt for him all the fondness of a child.

In the fourth year of my apprenticeship he called me to his closet, and, taking me by the hand, Harry, says he, I love you; your interest lies near my heart; for, though you are not the begotten of my body, you are the child of my affections.—Be quiet, Harry!—Let me speak!—I have to talk to you of matters of consequence.—I went yesterday to your uncle Goodall to know how accounts stood between you—though he is but a cold kinsman, he is a very faithful guardian.—He has just married a very lovely young woman, and I would have you go and pay your compliments to them on the occasion.—Your uncle has laid out your little penny to good advantage, and your twelve thousand pounds is now nearly doubled.—And now, Harry, as your father did not behave like a father toward you, in the dividend which he made between you and your brother, I propose, in some measure, to supply his place, and I make you a present of this note of twelve thousand pounds, which added to your little patrimony may enable you—O, sir! I cried.—Be quiet, child, I say again, till you find whether or no you shall have reason to thank me—I am growing old, my Harry, and, by a long course of industry, have earned a title to some little rest; I would therefore gladly make a composition between your application and my repose. I shall not be so often in the counting-house as usual.

I propose to take you into immediate partnership. But, as I also propose that you shall be at three fourths of the trouble, it is but just I should offer you a proportionable advantage.—Now as my capital, Harry, is more than five times as much as yours of thirty-six thousand pounds, I offer to your acceptance a full moiety of all the profits in recompense of your extraordinary application.—Hear me out!—I do not think that I shall lose by this bargain. The affairs of Potiphar prospered under the hands of young Joseph; and I believe that you, also, are a favourite of your God.

I could not speak. The good man perceived my oppression, and catching me in his arms, and pressing me to his bosom, he shed a silent tear of satisfaction, and withdrew without saying another word.

For several days following Mr. Golding was employed in advising his correspondents that I was now become his partner, and I was wearied with congratulations on my being one of the principal merchants in London before I had attained my twentieth year.

The obligations and advantages which the good man thus delighted to heap upon me incited me to double application in superintending and guarding the interests of my patron.

On a day in summer I rode to Barnet to settle accounts with Mr. Fradgil, a correspondent of my master's. As I approached the town, I observed an elderly gentlewoman walking leisurely towards me, attended by an orderly train of young maidens. I observed, at the same time, two men in glistening apparel who hastily followed, and, coming quickly up, put all the females to a stand, and caused them to gather a group, as for a mutual defence. One of the men rudely caught one of the elder misses in his arms, and, repeatedly kissing her, thrust his hand into her bosom. Meanwhile the young lady shrieked and cried aloud for help, when, riding suddenly up, I struck the ruffian to the ground, with the heavy end of my whip. His companion drew his sword and turned upon me: but, pushing my horse at him, I cast him also to the earth; then alighting, I broke their swords,

and, leaving my gallants in a plight not suddenly to be dreaded, I led my horse by the bridle till I saw my fair wards all safe to their dwelling.

Some months after, Mr. Golding called me aside. Harry, says he, my daughter is now drawing to woman's estate, and should learn something more substantial than needlework, and dancing, and harpsichords. I therefore propose to take her home, where, by the help of our cook and housekeeper, she may be taught how to make a pudding, and to superintend a family.

I go to see her once in every month accompanied by some male or female acquaintance, but never called you to be of the party, as we could not so conveniently be both from home.

My child, though a plain girl, is very dutiful and good-natured. Her fortune, as you are sensible, will entitle her to the first lord of the land; yet, I know not how it is, I would rather that my girl should be happy than great. I do not wish to have her a fine titled dame. I would rather see her married to some honest and tender hearted man, whose love might induce him to live peaceably and pleasingly within his family circle, than to see her mated with a prince of the blood.

Now, Harry, as this affair, of all affairs, sits nearest at my heart, it is greatly in your power to oblige me. On my daughter's coming home, I conclude we shall be beset by a number of courtiers. Wherefore, my son, I would have you keep a sharp eye about you, and to take good note of the manners and dispositions of such suitors as my daughter shall appear to regard; as also to inquire minutely into their circumstances and characters. Your vigilance may save us from ruin. Should my child be made unhappy, your friend must be miserable. But I depend, my dear Harry, that while I live, you will prove a kind brother to her; and that you will prove a father to her in case of my mortality. Here the good man, no longer able to restrain his passion, put his handkerchief to his eyes and quitted the chamber.

Within a few days Mr. Golding set out, accompanied by a number of his city friends, in order to conduct his daughter home. On their arrival I was deeply engaged in the counting-house, and it was near the time for supper before I could attend. As I entered, Mr. Golding presented me to his daughter, saying, This, my dear, is Mr. Clinton my partner, my friend, my son, and your brother. Hereupon Miss Golding coloured, and, drawing back as I approached to salute her, If I am not mistaken, sir, says she, he is something more to us than all you have mentioned; it would ill become me to forget that he is the deliverer of your daughter.—Your deliverer, my dear Matty! how, where, when?—Why, pray, papa, did Mr. Clinton never tell you of his adventure at Barnet?—No, indeed, my dear.—It is not every one who would be silent, papa, where so much was to be said to their own honour.

Here Miss Golding began to give a narrative of the matter already recited, but in terms of aggravated encomium. While, all abashed and confused, I withdrew.

In truth I was much surprised to hear Miss Golding mention the adventure of Barnet, for I did not recollect that I had ever seen her, and had taken much more note of two or three other misses than I had of her.

Being resummoned to supper, Mr. Golding met me as I entered, and clasping me in his arms, O, my Harry, he cried, how wonderfully gracious has God been to me in sending my best friend to the rescue of my only child! in sending, at so critical a conjuncture, perhaps the only person who had either gallantry or humanity enough to preserve her. Indeed, sir, I replied, you owe me nothing; I did not even know that the lady was your daughter, and I could not pride myself, in any degree, on an action which I thought incumbent on every man to perform.

During supper Miss Golding was very cheerful and agreeable. Her face indeed could not be numbered among the beauties, but her person was grace and

majesty, though in miniature, her conversation was pleasing, and her mien and motions were music.

For the first three months after Miss Golding's arrival, all was crowding and gaiety at our house. She was as a magnet that drew all the peerage and gentry of England together. But, as business happened to crowd upon us uncommonly at that season, I was not at liberty to partake of their amusements.

As those suitors, in a numerous succession, applied to Mr. Golding for his consent, his general answer was that his good liking was inseparable from that of his only child. But when he repeatedly questioned his daughter, she would take his hand between hers, and, kissing it, say, O no, my dear papa, this is not the man.

One day, as I sat alone in the counting-room, Miss Golding entered and presented me with an order from her father for two hundred and fifty pounds. And pray, madam, said I, why this ceremony? Sure Miss Golding may, at any time, command twenty times this sum without any order save her own intimation.—Indeed! are you serious, Mr. Clinton? I am very proud, to have so much credit with you.—But, Mr. Harry, how comes it to pass that we have so little of your company?—Your father's business, madam, deprives me of the pleasure I should otherwise have in attending you.—

Sir! I am quite proud that it is your attention to my father, alone, which prevents your having any attention for his daughter—so saying, she vanished.

Immediately I was struck with a glimpse of some uncommon meaning in the words and behaviour of Miss Golding, but I passed it lightly over.

Among the concourse of suitors there was one Mr. Spelling, a young gentleman highly accomplished in his person and manners, and of a most amiable countenance and disposition. His father, like Miss Golding's, had been a merchant, and, like him too, had amassed a very large fortune. As he was modest, as I may say, to a degree of shamefacedness, he did not declare himself a lover, till nearly the whole multitude of competitors had been discarded. Then, he avowed his passion

to Mr. Golding, and earnestly besought his consent. You have not only my consent, replied the good old man; you have also my best wishes. However I must warn you at the same time, Mr. Spelling, that I will not do any violence to the inclinations of my child, although there are not two in the world whom I would prefer to you.

I was writing in my closet when Mr. Golding came in, with an anxious importance in his countenance, and telling me what had passed between him and Mr. Spelling, asked if I did not approve of the match. I do not know, sir, said I, that man in England who is so deserving of your daughter as Mr. Spelling. Then, my dear Harry, I have a commission to give you; Matilda has a great respect for your judgment! I beseech you to make use of your influence with her, in behalf of this young man.—Sir, said I, since you are bent upon it, I will obey you, but it is the first time that I ever obeyed you with reluctance.

Soon after Mr. Golding left me, his daughter entered, with a countenance visibly anxious and confused. My papa, sir, said she, informs me that you have a business of consequence to impart to me.—Indeed, my dear Miss Golding, this office was not of my choosing, and I hope, I say, you will be so good as to pardon my presumption, in consideration of my acting by your father's command.—You alarm me, Mr. Clinton, pray proceed.—Your father highly approves of Mr. Spelling for a son-in-law; and indeed, miss, might I dare to speak my judgment, I know not where you could choose to better advantage.—If that is the case, Mr. Harry, I wish that I could be of the same opinion.—And, madam, what exception can you have to my friend Spelling?—A very simple one, sir, that he is not the man who can make me happy.—I am sorry for it, my dear Miss Golding; were I to pick from mankind, if any one can deserve you, it is, surely, this same Spelling.—And yet, Mr. Harry, I remember to have seen the man, who is infinitely preferable to your favourite Spelling.—Where, when, my dear miss?—When I am brought to the torture, I may

possibly be under the necessity of confessing.—Pardon, pardon, sweet madam, I meant no offence; and yet I wish to heaven I knew.—But that you never shall know, Mr. Harry.—Pray then, madam, if I may adventure on one question more, has the party so highly favoured any knowledge of his own happiness?—I hope not, Mr. Harry. But can you suppose that such a person could deign to look with favour on such a one as I am?—I do not believe, madam, that the man is in England who would not think himself highly honoured with your hand. But then are you assured, miss, that this man is worthy of it?—Ah, there lies my misfortune! he is too worthy, too noble, too accomplished, for my wishes to leave any thing to my hopes. And now, Mr. Harry, that I have intrusted you with my secret, I hope you will not betray my confidence, and reveal it to my papa. Use some other colour for reconciling him to my refusal of Mr. Spelling. And to make you some amends for rejecting your advocacy in behalf of your friend, I here engage never to marry without your approbation. There is one thing further, Mr. Clinton, in which you may oblige me, it is to prevail on my father to dismiss these assemblies and revels; indeed, they never were to my taste, but now they are grown quite insufferable to me.—Here her eye began to fill, and, heaving a gentle sigh, she curtsied and withdrew.

Immediately my heart was softened, I saw the child of my friend and patron, in whom his hopes, and very life, were wrapped up; I saw that she was unhappy, and would gladly have parted with half my fortune to have given her ease.

In the mean while, it was the farthest of all things from my imagination, that I was the person who sat so near her heart. I daily saw the loveliest youths of the land attendant on her words and smiles. I saw also that her immense fortune and rare attractions entitled her to their homage; and I was neither vain enough nor base enough to attempt a competition.

One day, as I happened to pass near her antichamber, I heard the warble of distant music. I approached

toward the sound, the door was on the jar, and, gently opening it, I entered and stood behind her unperceived. She sat and sang to her lute. The words were Shakspeare's, but sweetly set by herself. They expressed that passage in his play of the Twelfth Night, where it is said of Viola, *She never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud, feed on her damask cheek.* Ah, how affectingly did her instrument answer to her voice, while she gently tuned her sighs to the soft and melancholy cadences! My breast was so swelled by a mixture of anguish and compassion that I could no longer wholly suppress a rising groan. Hereat she started and turned, and, rising suddenly, her face glowed with indignation. But observing the tears that still trickled down my cheeks, her countenance was as suddenly changed into kindness, and she cast upon me a look of inexpressible complacence.

Ah, Mr. Harry, says she, I see you have a gentle heart, and that, if ever you love, you will love with great tenderness.—Have you ever loved, Mr. Harry?—Indeed, madam, I cannot say! my commerce has been very little among the ladies. But, my charming sister (your father has honoured me with the privilege of calling you by that tender name), why will you not intrust your truest friend with the secret of your disquiet? Whoever the object of your esteem may be, I here solemnly engage, at the risk of my life, to bring him voluntarily to pay his vows at your feet. Oh, my sister, I would to Heaven that he had been now present to have his soul melted as mine has been; his heart must have been harder than the stones, if you did not attract it and move it, at pleasure.—Ah, you flatterer, she cried, with a voice tuned to harmony, you almost tempt me to tell you what I would not wish that any one in the world should know. But I must snatch myself from the danger.—So saying, and casting at me a vanishing glance, she was out of sight in an instant.

As our assemblies were now discontinued, Miss Golding seemed quite pleased with our domestic quiet, which giving us frequent opportunities of being

together, I endeavoured, by a variety of little amusements, to dispel the melancholy under which she laboured. I was greatly surprised at my success, her cheerfulness returned; she discovered new graces in her manners and conversation, and in a little time did not appear to want any consolation.

One day, being on the Exchange, I was accosted by a Jew, who told me he would sell me a jewel of great price. It was a solitaire composed of oriental pearls, with a diamond in the centre; after some chaffering, we agreed for three thousand pieces, and I put it into my pocket-book. As my business detained me on the Exchange till it was late, I did not return till the evening was advanced.

On my entering, I was told that Mr. Golding was abroad, and that Miss Matilda had just ordered coffee for some ladies. I ran up and opened the door without ceremony, but was struck with the look which she turned toward me, a look that at once intimated dejection and disgust.

As soon as the cups were removed the fair visitants got up; and very formally took their leaves.

When she had seen them to the door, she turned without speaking to me and withdrew toward her own apartment. I followed, and, as she was about to enter, My Matilda, said I, do your Harry the favour to accept this trifle, as an instance of my regard for the dearest object upon earth. So saying I presented her with my recent purchase; she did not, however, even deign to look at it; but, surveying me from head to foot with an eye of strange passions, she took it and dashed it against the floor, and, rushing into her chamber, she shut the door upon me without speaking a word.

I stood in an inconceivable astonishment. In vain I searched my memory for some instance wherein I might have offended her; but, not presuming to obtrude upon her in order to expostulate with her, I retreated to my apartment.

Mr. Golding did not return till it was late in the evening. He immediately sent for me. Harry, says

he, what is the matter, has any thing happened amiss? I never saw you look so discomposed. Indeed, sir, I am not as well as I could wish. Bless me! we had better send for a doctor. No, sir, I am in hopes it will soon be over.—Where is Matilda?—In her chamber, sir, I believe.—He then called Mrs. Susan, and bid her tell Matilda that he desired to speak with her, but she answered that her mistress was gone to bed indisposed.

Supper being served up, we sat down in silence, and, as neither of us offered to taste a bit, I rose, wished Mr. Golding a good night, and retired to my chamber.

After a sleepless night, my servant entered in a visible alarm, and told me that Miss Golding was extremely ill.

Very unhappy were many succeeding days. I saw my friend, my father, the man I loved above the world, I saw him in a depth of distress, and I found my heart wrung with inexpressible anguish.

Though I was constant in my inquiries after Miss Golding, yet I purposely avoided appearing in her presence, lest the sight of one so obnoxious should add to her distemper. At length the good old man came to me, Will you not go, Harry, says he, will you not go and see Matilda before she dies? The doctors tell me they have tried all the powers of medicine, but that they do not yet know what to make of her sickness.

My dear sir, said I, it is then no longer time to conceal from you what I conjecture concerning this matter. Miss Matilda, herself, intrusted me with the secret, but under the strictest injunctions of silence; the extremity of her case, however, ought to dispense with all such engagements. Your daughter loves, sir, but who the object of her affections is I cannot imagine. Let it be your part to discover what she so industriously hides; she will refuse nothing to the tenderness of such a parent.

Here Mr. Golding left me, but returned in about an hour. His whole frame seemed to labour with something extraordinary. You were right, Harry, he cried,

you were right in your conjectures. With difficulty I have wrung the secret from her. Oh, my son! it is greatly in your power to befriend us. Would you not do something for the relief of a family who dote upon you as we do? Something for you, sir?—said I, yes, every thing, all things that are possible to be done. But, pray, sir, do I know the party? You do, Harry, you do, for, as the prophet said unto David, “thou art the man.”

I, sir! I exclaimed, impossible! she cannot bear my sight, she detests the ground I go upon. Not so, said he, not so, she loves the very dust upon which you tread. Something surely is due in mitigation of the calamities which you have occasioned. We lie at your mercy, Mr. Clinton, my precious daughter and myself! It is yours to bid us live or die at your pleasure. If not for her sake, yet for mine, my beloved Harry, let me beseech you to constrain yourself before her, to affect some little tenderness, that may revive her from the deplorable state under which she languishes.

While he spoke I was agitated by unutterable emotions, and he might have proceeded much further, before I should have had the power to reply. At length I cast myself on my knee, and catching his hand to my bosom, Ah, my friend, my father, my dear father, I cried, am I then no better than a barbarian in your sight? To me would you impute such cruelty and ingratitude? Take my hand, sir, take my heart, dispose of them as you please.

The good man caught me in his arms, and pressed me to his breast in a long and speechless ecstasy; then, taking me by the hand, he led me in silence to his daughter's apartment.

As we entered she turned her eyes toward the door, and her pale countenance was straight suffused with a shortlived red. I was so affected that I scarcely was able to reach her bedside, where kneeling down I gently took one of her hands, and pressing it between mine, I bathed it in a silent shower of tears.

Ah, my papa, she faintly cried, I fear you have be-

trayed me! Mr. Harry is certainly informed of my weakness. I am informed, said I, my lovely sister, I am informed that I may hope for a happiness infinitely above my merit, but it shall be the business of my life to deserve it.

My dear, said Mr. Golding, I perceive you are something flurried, your constitution is too weak for such emotions as these. For the present your brother Harry must leave you. To-morrow, I trust, you will be better able to support our company.

Hereupon I took her hand, and, impressing upon it a tender kiss, I just ventured to look up, and saw her fine eyes suffused with a glittering tear, and her countenance bent upon me with a look of inexpressible sweetness; but Mr. Golding, to prevent the effects of too tender a scene, instantly took me by the arm and led me away.

As he perceived that my spirits had been much disturbed, he took me to his own chamber, and told me that he requested some further converse with me. As soon as we had taken our seats, he looked earnestly upon me, then seized me by the hand, and looked at me again. But suddenly getting up, he stepped to the window, and, breaking into tears, wept and sobbed for a good part of an hour.

When he was somewhat composed, he resumed his seat. Mr. Clinton, says he, are you really sincere in your professions to my daughter? May I venture to ask, should it please the Almighty to raise her from her present bed of sickness, is it actually your intention to make her your wife?

My dear father, I answered, that lady is not alive whom my judgment or inclinations would prefer to your Matilda.

Then, said he, I pronounce her the happiest of women. And now, my Harry, I will tell you a secret. From the first time that I beheld you, I wished you for my daughter, I wished that she might have charms to fix your heart; but, as I feared, and was persuaded that this was not the case, I forbore to indulge myself in such flattering expectations. You know I never

took you with me to see her at the boarding-school; the true reason was, I dreaded exposing her young and inexperienced heart to such a temptation, lest she should conceive and languish under a hopeless passion.

On her return to town, my apprehensions, on your score, were much abated, as I imagined the great number of her suitors would divert her attention from you; and I purposely laid all the business of our house on your shoulders, that she might have as little of your company as possible.

But notwithstanding, I had not given up all thoughts of you myself. While she talked or sung in your presence, I often turned my eye upon you, and thought, at times, that I perceived a growing tenderness in your behaviour, which, further acquaintance, I trusted might ripen into love. But when, in order to try you, I proposed your advocacy in behalf of Spelling, and that you appeared to undertake it with readiness, I at once dropped all my flattering hopes concerning you, and heartily wished that my child had accepted that worthy young man. Blessed, however, be the favouring hand of that Providence, who, so unexpectedly fulfilled the capital wish of my life. But I will no longer delay carrying to my dear child the glad tidings of your affection; it will prove the best of balms to her wounded mind, and will close her eyes, for this night, in rest and peace of heart.

I was scarce dressed the next morning, when Matilda's favourite maid entered my chamber and bid me good morrow. Mrs. Susan, said I, your pleasant countenance bids me presume that Miss Golding is better.—O, vastly better, vastly better, sir, I assure you; she slept sweetly all the night, and did not want for happy dreams either I warrant.—Here is something for your good news.—No, sir, no, I never take money from gentlemen; my mistress's generosity does not leave me to the temptation. I love my mistress, sir, and I think we ought all rather to join and see you, Mr. Harry, as well for yesterday's visit, as for another which I hope you will pay her to-day.—Mr. Harry, she continued, I would give my last quarter's wages to know what

charm it is that you carry about you, to make all the pretty ladies so fond of you.—In truth, Mrs. Susan, I am equally a stranger to the charm and to the fondness that you talk of.—Do not tell me, sir, do not tell me. The very day of that night on which my mistress fell sick, here was a lady in her chariot to inquire for you, one of the loveliest young creatures I ever set my eyes on. She asked very particularly and very affectionately for you.—It must, I cried, have been some mistake or some imposture, for I assure you, Mrs. Susan, I know of no such a person. But pray be so good as to go to your young lady, and tell her that I wait her permission to attend her.

I forgot to tell you, madam, that agreeable to the advice which Mr. Golding had given me, I went to felicitate my uncle Goodall on his marriage with your mother. He had already been informed of my admission into partnership, and thereupon received me with very unusual marks of esteem.

Your mother, at that time, was exceeding lovely in her person and manners, at every season of leisure I frequented their house, and she conceived a very tender friendship for me, but, during Miss Golding's illness, I had not been to visit them.

Susan was but just gone, when Mr. Golding came and told me that he believed Matty would be pleased to see me. I instantly obeyed the summons. As I entered I observed that she sat up in her bed, a morning gown was wrapped about her, and Susan, with the help of pillows, supported her behind. On my appearing her spirits again took the alarm. She scarce ventured a glance toward me. I was greatly pained by the abashment under which I saw she laboured, and I hastened to relieve myself as well as her from the distress.

I sat down by the bedside, and gently taking one of her hands, without looking in her face, My dear Miss Golding, said I, I hope you will not be jealous of your papa's affection for me. He has indeed, been too partial toward me, and has approved himself more than a father to me. He is not satisfied with allowing me

to call you by the tender name of sister; he gives me to hope that I may be united to you by the dearest of all ties. Nothing but your consent is wanting, my sister, to make me the happiest of mankind. You are silent, my Matilda, may I venture to call you mine? Blessed be your silence; I will dare then to interpret it in my favour!—Indeed I should long since have avowed my passion for you; but I did not presume to listen to my own heart. I deemed it a flight too high for me, to aspire at the happiness of your hand.

Here, venturing to look up, I perceived that she had put her handkerchief to her eyes. Ah! Mr. Clinton, she cried with a trembling voice, from the moment you preserved me, against arms and against odds, at the great peril of your own life, in you, and you alone, I saw every thing that was amiable. But then I dreaded lest all women should behold you with my eyes; and, above all, I was assured that you never would have any eyes or attention for me. You have at length seen, or rather been informed of my malady. You pity me, you wish to relieve me, and you would love me if you could. It is enough, Mr. Harry; even this perhaps is quite as much of happiness as I can bear.

Here, again, I began to protest the sincerity of my affections; but she cut me short and said: I am very sensible of the tenderness of your friendship for me, and that sensibility constitutes the whole of my happiness. I trust also that it is all the happiness I shall ever desire. To see you, to hear you, to have you with me, to be permitted to attend, to serve you, to conduce to your satisfaction, is a lot that will cause me to account myself the first among women.

Ah, I cried, can I say nothing, can I do nothing to convince you how dear, how exceedingly dear you are to me? I certainly loved you, long before I knew what it was to be a lover. Believe me, my Matilda, when I presumed to present you with this as a token of my affection, I held it for a trifle altogether unworthy of you; accept it, however, for the sake of the giver.

And is this the gem, says she, which I cast from me with such disdain!—Forgive me, my brother, it is just so that the world casts from them the pearl of much price. I would to heaven, that I could reject all the pomps, pleasures, and vanities of this transitory world, with the same aversion that I spurned from me this jewel; but there is little hope of that, Mr. Harry, while you yourself may be partly numbered among transitory things.

But tell me, and tell me truly, Mr. Clinton; these gems, when you first purchased them, were they actually intended for me? Were they not rather intended for your Fanny, for your own Fanny, Mr. Clinton? What can you mean? I exclaimed, I know of no Fanny in the universe with whom I have any acquaintance. That is strange! she replied; but, lest you should think me of a jealous temper. I will relate the affair to you precisely as it happened.

On the day in which I took to my bed I was looking out at the parlour window, when a chariot whirled up to our door. I observed a single lady in it, whom I supposed of my acquaintance, and instantly sent Susan to request her to walk in. On her entering, I was greatly struck by the beauty of her figure, and eyed her from head to foot. Having curtsied gracefully to me, Can you tell me, miss, says she, is Mr. Clinton at home? No, indeed, madam, said I; but if you will be pleased to intrust me with your commands.—It is only, miss, that I request to see him as soon as possible.—And pray, madam, where shall he attend you?—O, he will know that instantly, when you tell him it was Fanny Goodall, his own Fanny Goodall who was here to wait upon him.—Good Heaven, I cried out, my aunt, my aunt Goodall.—What do you say, your aunt, sir, can it be? Ah, she is too young, and too lovely to be an aunt, Mr. Harry.—The very same, indeed, madam. I admit, as you say, that she is young and exceedingly lovely, but still she is a wife, and likely soon, as I think, to be a mother. Alas, says my Matilda, what a doleful jest is, this! a cruel aunt she

has been to me; what days of sighs and nights of tears she has cost me! ah, that heart-breaking term, *his own, his own* Fanny; I think I shall never be able to forgive her that expression!

As Mr. Golding just then entered, we dropped the subject. Why, Matty, says he, you are quite another creature; I think I never saw you wear so happy a face. I know you are come to chide me, says she, for keeping your partner from business; but pay me down the portion you intended for me, papa, and I will reimburse you the damage of every hour of his absence. Yes, my love, cries the tender father, if wealth might serve for wages to a heart like that of my Harry, he shall be amply paid for every instance of his attention to you. Every hour of my life, I cried, is already her due; she has nothing to pay to one who is her debtor beyond account.

During several following days, Miss Golding recovered with amazing rapidity. In less than five weeks she looked fairer than ever. Peace smiled in her countenance. Joy laughed in her eyes. Her whole frame appeared as actuated by some internal music. And thus, all lovely and beloved, she was given up to my arms, in the presence of my uncle and aunt, and of a few city friends.

Here the countess, for the first time, broke in upon her cousin's narration. Happy Matilda, she cried, how distinguished was thy destiny! were it but for a year, were it but for a day, for that day thou didst enjoy the consummation of all thy wishes, a lot rarely allowed to any daughter of Adam. I was not then born to envy her state. But tell me, my cousin, how could you be so long ignorant of the girl's affection for you? Indeed, madam, replied Mr. Clinton, she herself led me away from any such apprehension by drawing so many pictures of the man whom she said she loved, disguised with such imaginary excellences as must have prevented myself, as well as every one living, from perceiving the smallest trace of my own resemblance. Do not tell me, cried Lady Maitland, she was a true and a sweet painter; and I should have

known you by her portrait in the midst of a million. But proceed, I beseech you ; my whole soul is in your story.

Within a few months after my marriage, continued Mr. Clinton, you, my cousin, first opened your fair eyes to the light, and my Matty and I had the honour of being your sponsors.

Within the first year of my marriage, my girl, also, brought a son into the world, and within the two years following was delivered of a daughter.

The joy of the grandfather, on those events, was inexpressible. He saw himself, as it were, perpetuated in a descending and widening progeny, who, like their native Thames, should roll down in a tide of expending wealth and prosperity.

A number of external successes also assisted to persuade us, that felicity was to be attained upon earth. We sent our ships to the east, and to the west, and wealth came pouring in upon us from all quarters of the globe.

In the mean while my wife and I lived together in perfect harmony. I had no friendships, from home, that partook of heartfelt tenderness, except for your mamma. All my pleasures and desires, all my world was, in a manner, confined within the compass of my own walls. In the good old man and his daughter, and in the pledges of their endearing attachment to me, every wish of my soul was centred. Mutual joy sat round our board, mutual peace prepared our pillows ; and, during a swimming period of six years, I scarce remember to have experienced the smallest discontent, save what arose from the inordinancy of my wife's affection for me.

I thought that no one had ever loved with greater warmth than I loved her ; and yet, at times I remarked a striking difference between the effects of our feelings for each other. If business detained me an hour extraordinary abroad, the panting of her bosom, that eagerness of look with which she received me, was an evidence of her anxiety during my absence. If my head or my finger ached, I found myself under the

necessity of concealing it, to prevent her ready alarms. On the other hand, my affection was tranquil and serene; it was tender and fervent, indeed, but without tumult or disturbance; a species of love which I afterwards found to be by far the most eligible.

Thus the years of my life moved onward upon down, when the smallpox became epidemical in the city. Our children caught the contagion. All possible care was taken, and all possible art employed. Fifteen days of their illness were already elapsed, and the doctors pronounced them out of danger; when the distemper took a sudden turn, and, in one and the same minute, both my babes expired in the arms of their mother.

I was in the room at the time, and as I knew the extreme tenderness of my Matty's nature, all my concern, as well as attention, was turned upon her. I took her fondly by the hand, and, looking up to her face, I was instantly alarmed by that placid serenity which appeared in her countenance, and which I expected to be quickly changed into some frantic eruption. But, first dropping a smiling tear on her infants, and then lifting her glistening eyes to heaven, I thank thee, I thank thee, oh, my master, she cried, thou hast made me of some use; I have not been born in vain; thou hast ordained me the humble vehicle of two angels, living attendants on thy throne, and sweet singers of thy praises in the kingdom of little children, for ever and ever. I have yet sufficient left, more blessings remaining than suit the lot of mortality; take me from them, I beseech thee, whenever it is thy good pleasure, for I fear there are some of them, which I could not bear to have taken from me. So prayed the dear saint, and looking eagerly at me, No, my Harry, she cried out, I fear I could not bear it! so saying, she suddenly cast herself into my bosom, and gushing into a flood of anguish, we mingled our sobs and our tears together till no more were left to be shed.

You are affected, my dearest cousin; I had better stop here.

Go on! cried the countess. I love to weep! I joy

to grieve! It is my happiness to have my heart broken to pieces.

We were both of us, he proceeded, much relieved by the vent of our mutual passion; for, though my wife still continued to cling about me, she yet seemed to be sweetly composed.

At length I listened to a kind of murmur in the hall, and I heard one cry, O, my master, my master!

We started up at the instant. Mr. Golding had been from home at the time of the deadly crisis of my two little ones, and had quieted all his fears, in the full assurance of their quick recovery. We had been too much engaged in our personal griefs, to give our servants the seasonable precaution of breaking the matter to our father by unalarming degrees; and a rude fellow, at his entrance, bluntly told him, that the children were both dead; whereupon he clapped his hands together, and, casting himself into a chair, remained without sense or motion.

When we ran down we were greatly terrified by the manner of his aspect, though his eyes were closed, his brows were gloomy and contracted.

I instantly sent for a surgeon, while my Matty stood motionless, with her hands closed together and her eyes fixed upon her father. At length she cried out, My dear papa, I would I had died before I came to this hour! but, blessed be thy will, since it is thy will, O God! when all other props are plucked from under me, I trust to fall into thee, my Father, which art in heaven!

Being put to bed, and bled, he recovered motion and speech, though he did not yet recollect any person or thing about him.

Notwithstanding our late fatigues, Matty and I sat up with him most of the night; and then, ordering a pallet to be brought into the room, we lay down to take a little rest toward morning. Alas, said I to myself, how rich was I yesterday, how is my world abridged!

Poor Mr. Golding was but ill qualified to bear calamity. His life had been a life of sound health

and successes; and he never had been acquainted with affliction, save on the death of his wife, whom he had married for money, and on the illness of his daughter as already related.

As he had taken an opiate, he did not awaken till it was late in the day. Turning his head toward me, Is it you, Harry? says he. How do you find yourself, sir? said I. Why, has any thing been the matter with me? Indeed I do not feel myself right; but send my children to me. Send my Jacky and my little Harriet! the sight of them will be a restorative beyond all the cordials in the world.—You are silent, Harry!—What is the meaning!—Oh, now I begin to remember! My sweet babies, I shall never see you any more!

Here he burst into the most violent gush of passion. He groaned, he wept, he cried aloud with heart-piercing exclamations, while I caught up Matty in my arms, and running with her to a distant apartment, caught a kiss and locked her in.

I returned, but found him in the same violence of agitation, I would have comforted him; but he cried, Be quiet, Harry, I will not be comforted. I will go to my children! They shall not be torn from me! We will die! We will be buried! We will lie in the same grave together.

As I found myself sick, and ready to faint, I withdrew to the next chamber, and there plentifully vented the contagious shower.

After some time I listened and perceived that all was quiet, and, returning, I found him in a kind of troubled doze, from whence he fell into a deep and peaceful sleep. Thus he continued, for three days, wailing and slumbering by fits, without tasting any matter of nourishment, though his daughter and I implored him on our knees, and with tears. No reasonings, no entreaties could avail for appeasing him. It was from the association of our sorrows alone that he appeared to admit of any consolation.

At length his passion subsided into a sullen calm; he would speak to nobody! He would answer none of us except by monosyllables.

Within a few following weeks, news was brought me that our ship the Phoenix was arrived in the Downs, richly laden from the East Indies.

Immediately I carried the tidings to the old man. But, fixing his look upon me, Wherefore, Harry, dost thou tell me of ships and Indies? he cried. Both Indies are poor to me, they have nothing that they can send me. I have no road to go upon earth, no way upon sea to navigate! I am already become a wild and wasted Babylon, wherein the voice of music shall never more be heard. Oh, ye old and unblessed knees, where are now your precious babies, who were wont to play about you and cling and climb upon you? Goue, gone, gone, gone, never, never, to return.

Here, breaking into tears, I cried, We are both young, my father; we may have many children to be the comfort of your age. No, my Harry, no, he replied! You may, indeed, have many children, but you will never have any children like my darling children.

Love, as it should seem my cousin, like bodies, gains additional velocity in the descent. It descends from God to his creatures, and so from creature to creature, but rarely knows a due return of affection. It is incomparably more intense in the parent than in the child, and still acquires increasing fondness toward the graudchild, and so downward. Nay, you may almost universally observe it more warm in patrons toward their dependents, than in those who are benefited toward their benefactors.

Mr. Golding, from this time, no more entered his counting-house, nor kept up any correspondence. Even my company, and that of his daughter, appeared to oppress him, and he rarely left his apartment, where an old folio bible was his only companion.

Hereupon I began to withdraw our effects from trade, and having called in the best part of them, I lodged near half a million in the Dutch funds. When I went to advise with my father on the occasion, What, my child, said he, what have I to say to the world? Do just as you please with the one and the other; and

never consult a person on any affair wherein he has no concern.

One morning as I lay in bed, Matty threw her arms about me, and hiding her blushing face in my bosom, My Harry, says she, if you could bring it about to my poor papa, perhaps it would be some consolation to him to know that I am with child.

When I broke the matter to him, he did not at first appear to be affected; in time, however, the weight of his affliction seemed considerably lightened; and, as my wife advanced in her pregnancy, he began to look us in the face, and became conversable as formerly.

One day I went to dine with Mr. Settle, a hardware merchant, who had appointed to pay me a large sum of money. On my return in the evening, through Moorfields, attended only by my favourite Irishman, a very faithful and active fellow, I was suddenly set upon by a posse of robbers, who rushed from behind a cover. The first of them fired directly in my face, but did me no further damage, than carrying away a small piece of the upper part of my left ear. Had they demanded my money, I would have given it them at a word; but finding them bent on murder, I resolved that they should have my life at as dear a rate as possible. I instantly drew my sword, and run the first through the body; and then, rushing on the second assailant, I laid him also on the ground, before he had time to take his aim, so that his pistol went harmlessly off in his fall.

In the mean while my brave companion was not idle; with two strokes of his oaken cudgel he had levelled two more of them with the earth. Hereupon the remainder halted, and then stood and fired upon us altogether; but, observing that we did not drop, they cast their arms to the ground, and run off several ways as fast as they could. My good friend, Tirlah O'Donoh, then turned affectionately to me, Are you hurt, my dear master? says he. I believe I am, Tirlah, let us make home the best we can. Oh, cried the noble creature, if nobody was hurt but Tirlah, Tirlah would not be hurt at all.

Here, taking me under the arm, we walked slowly

to the city, till, coming to a hackney coach he put me into it, and, sitting beside me, supported me, as I began to grow weak through effusion of blood.

As soon as we got home, the coachman, as is their practice, thundered at the door, and my *Matty*, according to custom whenever I was abroad, was the readiest of all our domestics to open it.

By this time I had fainted, and was quite insensible; but when my tender mate saw me borne by two men into her presence, all pale and bloody, she, who thought she had fortitude to support the wreck of the world, gave a shriek, and instantly falling backward, got a violent contusion in the hinder part of her head.

Immediately we were conveyed to separate beds, and all requisite help was provided. It was found that I had received six or seven flesh wounds, but none of them proved dangerous, as they were given at a distance and by pistol shot. But, alas, my *Matty's* case was very different; she fell into sudden labour, and, having suffered extreme anguish all the night, during which she ceased not to inquire after me, she was with difficulty delivered of a male infant, who was suffocated in the birth.

In the mean while, the good old gentleman hurried about, incessantly, from one of us to the other, wringing his hands, and scarcely retaining his senses.

As soon as my wounds were dressed, and I had recovered my memory, I looked about and hastily inquired for my wife; but they cautiously answered that she was indisposed with the fright which she got at seeing me bloody, and that her father had insisted on her going to bed.

On the second dressing of my wounds, I was pronounced out of danger, and then they ventured to tell me of my *Matty's* miscarriage, and of the bruise which she had got in her fall when she fainted. On hearing this my heart was cleft, as it were, in twain; I accused myself of the murder of my wife and infant; and I accused all, without exception, of their indiscretion in not concealing my disaster from her.

. At times I began to fear that my wife was either

dead, or much worse than they represented. On my third dressing, therefore, I peremptorily insisted on my being carried into her chamber. I sent her notice of my visit, and, on entering the room, He lives then, she cried, my husband, my Harry lives! It is enough; I shall now depart in peace.

I ordered myself to be laid by her side, when having taken a hand which she had feebly reached out, and pressing it to my lips, You would forsake me then, my Matty! You die, you say, and you die happy in leaving me the most desolate of men. You die, my love, you die; and I, who would have fostered you and your babe with my vitals, it is I who have dug a grave for the one and for the other. But, you must not forsake me, my Matty, I will not be forsaken by you. Since we cannot live asunder, let us die, let us die together.

Here a passionate silence ensued on either part. But, my wounds beginning to bleed afresh, I was obliged to be carried back to my own apartment.

Within a few days more, I was so well recovered as to be able to walk about, from which time I was a constant attendant on my beloved, and became her most tender and assiduous nurse.

My Matty was the holiest of all saints, without any parade. Hers was a religion, of whose value she had the daily and hourly experience; it was, indeed, a religion of power. It held her, as on a rock, in the midst of a turbulent and fluctuating world. It gave her a peace of spirit that smiled at provocation. It gave her comfort in affliction, patience in anguish, exaltation in humiliation, and triumph in death.

In about five weeks after her unhappy miscarriage, she appeared on the recovery, though by very slow degrees, and with assistance, at times, sat up in her bed; when her oldest physician, one morning, called me apart, I am loath, sir, said he, very loath to acquaint you with my apprehensions. I wish I may be mistaken, but I fear greatly for you! I fear that your dear lady cannot recover. By the symptoms, I conjecture that an abscess, or imposthume, is forming within her; but a few days will ascertain matters.

Had all sorts of evil tidings come crowding one upon another, I should not have been affected as I then was affected. I could not rise from my seat. My knees trembled under me! A swimming came before my eyes! and a sudden sickness relaxed my whole frame. Alas, I had not, at that time, the resource of my *Matty*; I had not on the armour with which she was armed to all events. I, however, raised my thoughts to heaven, in a kind of helpless acquiescence rather than confident resignation.

Having recollected my strength and spirits the best I could, I adventured to enter my wife's apartment. She was just raised in her bed, from whence her pale countenance looked forth as the sun, toward his setting, looks through a sickly atmosphere.

Having dejectedly seated myself beside her, she reached out both her hands, and, pressing one of mine between them, I love you no longer, my *Harry*, she cried, I love you no longer! Your rival, at length, has conquered. I am the bride of another. And yet I love you in a measure, since in you I love all that is him, or that is his, and that I think is much, a great deal indeed, of all that is lovely. Oh, my dear, my sweet, mine only enemy, as I may say! Riches were nothing unto me, pleasures were nothing unto me, the world was nothing unto me; you, and you only, *Harry*, stood between me and my heaven, between me and my God. Long, and often, and vainly have I strove and struggled against you; but my bridegroom, at length, is become jealous of you! My true owner calls me from you, and takes me all to himself! Be not alarmed, my *Harry*, when I tell you that I must leave you. You will grieve for me, you will grieve greatly for me, my beloved! but give way to the kindly shower that your Lord shed for his *Lazarus*, and let the tears of humanity lighten the weight of affliction.—Ah, my *Harry*, I tremble for you! What a course have you to run!—what perils! what temptations! Deliver him from them, my Master, deliver him from them all!—Again, what blissful prospects!—They are gone, they are vanished!—I sink, under

the weight of succeeding misery!—Again it opens! All is cleared, and his end, like that of Job, is more blessed than his beginning.—Ah, my Harry, my Harry, your heart shall be tried in many fires; but I trust it is a golden heart, and will come forth with all its weight.

You have been dreaming, my love! I said, you have been dreaming; and the impression still lies heavy and melancholy on your memory.

Yes, she replied, I have been dreaming indeed; but then my dreams are much more real than my waking visions. When all things sensible are shut out, it is then that the spirit enlarges, grows conscious of its own activity, its own power and prescience, and sees by a light whose evidence is beyond that of the sun. I will tell you a secret, my Harry; there is nothing in the universe but littleness and greatness, the littleness of the creature, and the greatness of God; and in the sense of this lies the essence of all philosophy and of all religion. Be content, then, with your lot, my husband, be content to be little, if you wish to be great. Become an emptiness, and then your God will bring the fulness of his own immensity upon you, and will open a world in your spirit more expanded and more glorious than this surrounding world with all its luminaries.

Oh, my angel, I cried, should any thing happen to you, I should then be little indeed. But I dare not look that way, for I know, I find, I feel that I could not survive you.

You must survive me, my Harry, nay, you will once more be married. I beheld your bride last night. Even now she stands before me, the sister of my spirit, and one of the loveliest compositions of sin and death, that ever was framed for dissolution. Here, also, you will lose; and you will think, nay, you will assure yourself that no powers in heaven and earth can avail for a ray of comfort. In this life, however, you will finally, unexpectedly, and most wonderfully be blessed; and, soon after, we shall all meet and be more intimately and more endearingly wedded than ever;

where yet there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

While she yet spoke, her pains, as the pains of labour, again came upon her, and went off, and again returned, after intermitted swoonings.

Oh, my cousin, what a solemn, what a fearful thing is death! All our inlets of knowledge and sensation closed at once! the sound of cheerfulness and the voice of friendship, and the comfort of light shut out from us for ever! Nothing before us but a blackness and depth of oblivion, or, beyond it, a doubtful and alarming sensibility, strange scenes, and strange worlds, strange associates, and strange perceptions, perhaps of horrid realities, infinitely worse than nonentity! Such are the brightest prospects of infidelity in death.

Where, at that time, are your scoffers, your defiers of futurity? Where your merry companions, who turn their own eternity into matter of ridicule? Dejected and aghast, their countenance wholly fallen, and their heart sunk within them, they all tremble and wish to believe, in this the hour of dissolution. They feel their existence sinking from under them; and nature compels them, in the drowning of their souls, to cry out to something, to any thing, Save, save, or I perish!

Far different was the state of my Matty, at that tremendous period; where all others would have sunk, there she soared aloft; and she dropped the world and its wealth, with her body and all the sensible affections thereof, with the same satisfaction that a poor man, just come to a great estate, would drop his tattered garb to put on gorgeous apparel.

Oh, my beloved! she would cry in the midst of her pains, I have been weak through life; I have been weakness itself, and therefore not able to take up thy cross! But be thou strong in my weakness, show thy mightiness in me, and then lay it upon me with all its weight!

Again, after a swoon, and when her pangs became excessive, I refuse not thy process, my Master, she cried! Thy cross and thorny crown they are all my ambition. Point thy thorns, twist them harder, let

them pierce into my soul, so thou suffer me not to fall from thee!

When she drew near the goal of her blessed course upon earth, Oh, my almighty Samson! she faintly cried, thou shakest the two pillars of my frail fabric! finish then thy conquest in me; down, down with the whole building appointed to ruin! let no one, Oh, Lord, of mine enemies or of thine enemies escape thy victorious arm! so saying, her pains in an instant forsook her. The form of her countenance was suddenly changed from the expression of agony into that of ecstasy. She raised her hands on high, and cried, I come, I come! then sighed and sunk down.—The muscles of her face still retained the stamp of the last sentiment of her soul; and while the body hastened to be mingled with earth, it seemed to partake of that heaven to which its spirit had been exalted.

During the latter part of my wife's illness, and for some weeks after her death, Mr. Golding was confined to his chamber by a severe fit of the gout, and the acuteness of his pains scarce permitted him to attend to any other concern. While my Matty lived, I divided my time as equally as I could between the daughter and father, and at any intervals of ease, I used to read to him his favourite passages in the Bible.

As soon as my saint had expired, I charged the servants not to give any intimation of her death to their master; but, alas, our silence and our looks were enough.

Having looked, several times, intently in my face, Well, Harry, says Mr. Golding, all is over then, I see! We must go to her, but my child shall no more return to us.—You are silent, my Harry.—Oh thou fell glutton, death! I had but one morsel left for the whole of my sustenance, and that too thou hast devoured! Here he gave a deep groan, and sunk into a state of insensibility, from which, however, he was soon recovered by the return of an agonizing fit of the gout.

I had not yet dropped a tear. I was in a state of

half stupid and half flighty insensibility; as one who, having lost every thing, had nothing further to look for, and therefore nothing to regard. But when I saw my dear old man, my best friend, my father, whelmed under such a depth of affliction, all the sluices of my soul were laid open, and I broke into tears and exclamation, till, like David in his strife of love with Jonathan, I exceeded. I accused myself of all the evils that had happened to his house; and I devoted the day to darkness wherein, by my presence and connexions, I had brought those mischiefs upon him. The good man was greatly struck, and, I think, partly consoled by the excess of my sorrows; and, all desolate as he was, he attempted to administer that comfort to me which he himself wanted more than any who had life.

Break not your heart, my Harry! Break not your heart, my child, he cried! Deprive me not of the only consolation that is left me! You are now my only trust, my only stay upon earth. A wretched merchant I am, whose whole wealth is cast away, save thee, thou precious casket. My girl, indeed, was thy true lover; her love to thee, my son, was passing the love of woman! But, we have lost her, we have lost her, and wailing is all the portion that is left us below.

On the following day I got the precious remains of my angel embalmed. She was laid under a canopy with a silver coffin at her bed's foot, and every night, when the house was at rest, I stole secretly from my bed and stretched myself beside her; I pressed her cold lips to mine; I clasped her corpse to my warm bosom, as though I expected to restore it to life by transfusing my soul into it; I spoke to her, as when living; I reminded her of the several endearing passages of our loves; and I reminded her also of the loss of our little ones, by whom we became essentially one, inseparably united in soul and body for ever.

There is surely, my cousin, a species of pleasure in grief; a kind of soothing delight that arises with the tears which are pushed from the fountain of God in the soul, from the sensibilities of the human heart divine.

True, true, my precious cousin, replied the countess, giving a fresh loose to her tears; Oh, Matilda, I would I were with thee!

Upon the ninth night, continued Mr. Clinton, as I lay by the side of all that remained of my Matty, overtoiled and overwatched, I fell into a deep sleep. My mind, notwithstanding, seemed more awake and more alive than ever. In an instant she stood confessed before me. I saw her clearer than at noonday. Every feature and former trace seemed heightened into a lustre without a loss of the least similitude. She smiled ineffable sweetness and blessedness upon me. And, stooping down, I felt her embrace about my heart and about my spirit. After a length of ecstatic pleasure, which I felt from her communion and infusion into my soul; My Harry, says she, grieve not for me; all the delights that your world could sum up in an age would not amount to my bliss, no, not for an hour! It is a weight of enjoyment that, in an instant, would crush to nothing the whole frame of your mortality. Grieve not then for me, my Harry, but resign my beggarly spoils to their beggarly parent, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust! I have obtained a promise that my Master and your Master, my Beloved and your Lover shall finally bear you triumphant through all the enemies that are set in fearful array against you. At these words my soul was overpowered with ecstasy, too mighty for mortality to bear! Every sense was suspended; and I sunk into a state of utter oblivion.

Toward the dawning I was awakened by the clapping of hands and the cries of lamentation. Starting up, I perceived Mr. Golding at the bedside, suspended over his Matty and me, and pouring forth his complaints.

There was a favourite domestic of his, a little old man, who had always kept a careful eye over every thing that concerned our household. This Argus, it seems, had suspected my nightly visits to the dead, and lurking in a corner, saw me open and enter the chamber where the corpse was deposited. As he lay in his master's apartment, he took the first opportunity of

his being awake to impart what he thought a matter of extraordinary intelligence. Sir, says he, if I am not greatly deceived, my young master is this moment in bed with his dead lady. What is this you tell me? cried Mr. Golding, No, John, no, what you say is impossible. All who live, love that which is living alone; whatever savours of death is detestable to all men. As I am here, replied John, I am almost assured that what I tell you is fact. If you are able to stir, I will help you to go and see. I am sure the thought of it melts the very heart within me.

Accordingly, Mr. Golding, like old Jacob, strengthened himself and arose; and, pained as he was, he came, with the help of his John, to the place where I lay.

Having for some time looked upon me, as I slept with his Matty fast folded in my arms, he could no longer contain his emotions, but he and John broke forth into tears and exclamations. Oh, my children, my children, my dearest children, he cried, why did ye exalt me to such a pitch of blessedness? Was it only to cast me down into the deeper gulf of misery, a gulf that has neither bank nor bottom?

As I arose, all ashamed, the good man caught me in his arms. My Harry, my Harry, says he, what shall I pay you, my son, for your superabundant love to me and to mine? Could my wretchedness give you bliss, I should almost think myself blessed in being wretched, my Harry!

I now prepared to execute the last command of my angel, and to consign to earth the little that was earthly in her. But when our domestics understood that all that was left of their loved mistress was now going to be taken away from them for ever, they broke into tears anew, and set no bounds to their lamentations.

Her desolate father was desirous of attending the funeral, but, on my knees, I dissuaded him from it, as I was assured it would burst in twain the already over-stretched thread of his age and infirmities. He then insisted on having the lid of the coffin removed, and,

bending over, he cast his whole body on the corpse ; again he rose and gazed upon it, and clapping his hands with a shout, Is this my world, he cried, the whole of my possessions? Are you she that was once my prattling Matty?—The playfellow of my knees, the laughter away of care, who brought cheer to my heart and warmth to my bosom? Are you she for whom alone I spent my nights in thought and my days in application? Is this all that is left then, of my length of labours? Oh! my spark of life is quenched! In thee, my Matty, my Matty, the flowing fountain of my existence is dried up for ever.

There is something exceedingly affecting, my cousin, in the circumstances and apparatus of our funerals. Though I grieved no more for my Matty! Though I was as assured of her bliss as I was of my own being; yet when the gloom of the procession was gathered around me; when I heard the wailings of the many families whom her charity had sustained; when I heard the bitter sobbings of the servants, whom her sweetness had so endearingly attached to her person; when all joined to bewail themselves, as lost in her loss; my heart died, as it were, within me, and I should have been suffocated on the spot, had I not given instant way to the swell of my sorrows.

The tempest of the soul, madam, like that of the elements, can endure but for a season. The passion of Mr. Golding, on the interment of every joy that he could look for upon earth, within a few weeks subsided, or rather sunk into a solid but sullen peace, a kind of peace that seemed to say, there is nothing in this universe that can disturb me.

Harry, said he, one evening, I have been thinking of the vision that I have had. Vision, sir! said I, has my Matty then appeared to you? Yes, he answered, she was the principal part of my vision for these twenty years past. The vision that I mean, my Harry, is the dream of a very long and laborious life. Here have I, by the toil of fifty years application, scraped together as much as, in these times, would set kings at contention, and be accounted a worthy cause for spilling the

blood of thousands; and yet what are these things to me, or of what value in themselves more than the stones and rubbish that make our pavement before the door? I have been hungering and thirsting after the goods of this world; I have acquired all that it could give me; and now my soul, like a sick stomach, disgorges the whole. I then took one of his hands, and pressing it tenderly between mine, Oh, my father; I cried, oh, that I might be made sons and daughters, and every sort of kindred to you! All that I am and have should gladly be spent in bringing any kind of comfort to you, my father!

In about a fortnight after, as I entered his apartment one morning, I observed that his countenance had much altered from what it was the evening before; that he looked deeply dejected, and seemed to breathe with difficulty.

Are you not well, sir? No, says he, my spirits are greatly oppressed. I find that I must leave you shortly; I believe that I must go suddenly; but where to? That is the question! The very terrible question! The only question of any importance in heaven or in earth! Sure, sir! said I, that can be no question to you, whose whole life has been a continued course of righteousness, of daily worship to God, and good will to all men! If you have any sins to account for, they must be covered tenfold by the multitude of your charities.

Talk not, Harry! said I, of the filthy rags of my own righteousness. I am far from the confidence of the boastful Pharisee! alas, I have not even that of the humbled Publican, for I dare not look up to say, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" wherefore then do you speak of having finished my course toward God and toward man? It is but lately, very lately, that I set out upon it, and I am cut short before I have got within sight of the goal. Yes, Harry! I fear, I know, I feel that there is no salvation for me.

You amaze me, sir! said I, you terrify me to death. If there is not salvation for such as you, what a depth of perdition opens for the rest of mankind!

I would you could comfort me! he cried, I want to be comforted! I desire comfort, any kind of consolation. But I feel my condemnation within myself; moreover, I see every text of the Bible set in broad array against me. What text, sir? said I; I am sure I know of no texts that bring terror or condemnation to the just. Ah, Harry, he replied, what says the great apostle? "Circumcision availeth nothing, neither uncircumcision, but a new creature." For Christ himself had said, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." Again, the same apostle saith, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man." And again, "My little children of whom I travail in birth again, until Christ be formed in you." Now, if these corresponding expressions of being "born again," a "new creature," a "new man," an "inward man," "Christ formed in us," are to be explained away as meaning little more than a state of moral sentiments and moral behaviour, there can be nothing of real import in the gospel of Christ.

Again, hear what the Redeemer saith, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Again, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Again, "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

If these things, I cried, are to be taken according to the apparent sense and import, neither the teachers of the gospel, nor those who are taught, can be saved.

Therefore, replied he, it is said, that, "Many be called but few chosen." And again, "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Oh, my Harry, my Harry, our lives have been employed in seeking and "loving the world and the things of the world," therefore "the love of the Father could not be in us." Oh, that I had never been born! Oh thou God, whose tribunal, at this hour,

is set up so tremendously against me; at length I feel the propriety of thy precepts, in rejecting the world and all that is therein! for what can they yield, save a little food and raiment to bodily corruption, or incitements to that pride which cast Lucifer into a gulf that now opens before me without a bottom?

As I had nothing to answer, I proposed to bring some of our clergy to him. No, Harry, no, says he, I will have none of their worldly comforts! I will not rest my soul on expectations as baseless as the bubbles which float in the air. Can they persuade me that I am one of the few who are chosen; can they tell me wherein I have striven to enter in at the strait gate, where many shall seek to enter but shall not be able?

Here he sunk into a fit of agonizing desperation, so that a cold dew broke forth from all parts of his body, and fell, drop after drop, down his ghastly countenance. Never, madam, never did I feel such horror as I then felt! I was all frozen to my inmost soul.

At length, I recollected myself a little. My master, I cried, my father, my dearest father, since you will not take comfort in your own righteousness, take comfort in that of him who was made righteousness for you. Do you not now reject the world? Do you not now deny yourself? I do, I do, he said, I detest the one and the other. And do you not feel that you are wholly a compound of sin and death? Ay, he cried, there is the weight, there is the mountain under which I sink for ever. Come then to Christ, my father, heavy laden as you are, and he will, questionless, embrace you and be rest to you, my father! I would come, Harry, he cried, but I dare not; I am not able. Strive, my father; do but turn to him, and he will more than meet you. Cry out, with sinking Feter, "Save, Lord, or I perish!" and he will catch you with the hand of his ever ready salvation.

Here his countenance began to settle into an earnest composure; and his eyes were turned and fixed upward; while his enfeebled body continued to labour under the symptoms of near dissolution. At length he started, and seizing my hand with a dying pressure,

There is comfort, Harry, there is comfort! he cried, and expired.

I was now cast, once more, upon a strange and friendless world. All the interests of my heart were buried with this family; and I seemed to myself, as without kindred or connexions in the midst of mankind. Your dear mamma, indeed, sometimes called to condole with me, and water my losses with her tears; and in her, and you, my cousin, young as you then were, was locked up the whole stock I had left of endearing sensations.

As the scenes of my former happiness served, daily and nightly, to render me more wretched by a sad recollection, I determined to quit my house and to take private lodgings. For this purpose I summoned Mr. Golding's domestics, and, as he had made no will, I first paid them their wages, and then gave them such addition as brought their tears and their blessings in a shower upon me.

As soon as I had discharged all, except the two favourite servants of my master and my Matty, I desired that John, our little old man, should be sent to me.

John, said I, as he entered, here is a bill for five hundred pounds, which may help, with what you have saved, to soften and make easy the bed of death in your old age. Do you mean to part with me, sir? said John, seemingly thankless and unconcerned about the gift I had offered. Indeed, John, said I, in my present state of dejection, attendance of any kind would but be an encumbrance to me. Then, sir, you may keep your bounty to yourself; for I shall break my heart before five and twenty hours are over. Nay, John, said I, I am far from turning you from me; stay with me as my friend and welcome, but not as my servant, and I shall see the comfort of old times in always seeing you about me. Thank you, thank you, sir, he cried, I will not disturb you with my tears; but I should die unblessed, I should die unblessed, if I died out of your presence! so saying, he rushed from me in a fit of restrained passion.

I then sent for my wife's maid, whom I formerly mentioned. She had just heard of my discharging the other servants, and entered with a sad countenance. Come near, Mrs. Susan, I am going to part with you, said I, come to me and give me a farewell kiss. She approached with downcast looks, when taking her in my arms, I pressed and kissed her repeatedly, and scarcely withheld my tears. Oh, my girl! my Matty's precious girl! I cried, I am not forgetful of your love, your honour, and disinterestedness toward us. Here, my Susy, your darling mistress presents you with this bill of a thousand pounds. This, however, does not discharge me from my regard and attention to you; you are of a helpless sex, my Susy, that is subject to many impositions and calamities; wherefore, when this sum shall fail you, come to me again; come to me as your friend, as to your debtor, Susy, and I will repeat my remembrance, and repeat it again, as you may have occasion.

Here the grateful and amazed creature threw herself on the floor. She cried aloud, while the family heard and echoed to her lamentations. She clasped my knees, she kissed my feet again and again. I could not disengage myself, I could not force her from me. Oh, my master! she cried, my all that is left of my adored, my angel mistress! Must I then be torn from you? Must you live without the service of the hands and heart of your Susy? But I understand your regard and care for me, my master! it is a cruel and naughty world, and must be complied with.

Here I compelled her to rise, and, kissing her again, I turned hastily to the chamber where my Matty's corpse had been laid; and bolting the door, and casting myself on the bed, I broke into tears, and at length wept myself to sleep.

While I was preparing to leave the once loved mansion, I found in Mr. Golding's cabinet a parchment that much surprised me. On my marriage he had proposed to make a settlement of his fortune upon me, which, however, I obstinately refused to accept; whereupon, without my privity, he got this deed perfected,

which contained an absolute conveyance to me of all his worldly effects ; and this again renewed in me the tender and endearing remembrance of each of those kindnesses and benefits which he had formerly conferred upon me.

I now found myself in possession of near a million of money, which, however, appeared no worthier than so much lumber. And I know not how it was that through the subsequent course of my life, although I was by no means of an economical turn, though I never sued for a debt, nor gave a denial to the wants of those who asked, nor turned away from him who desired to borrow of me, yet uncoveted wealth came pouring in upon me.

It was not without some sighs and a plentiful shower, that I departed from the seat of all my past enjoyments. I took lodgings within a few doors of your father ; and my little household consisted of my favourite Irishman, my little old man, two footmen, and an elderly woman who used daily to dress a plain dish of meat for us.

It was then, my fairest cousin, that your early attractions drew me daily to your house ; my heart was soothed and my griefs cheered by the sweetness of your prattle ; and I was melted down and moulded anew, as it were, by the unaffected warmth and innocence of your caresses.

As I had no faith in dreams, not even in that of my *Matty*, I thought it impossible that I should ever marry again. I therefore resolved to make you my heir, and to endow you, in marriage, with the best part of my fortune.—But you are a little pale, madam ! You look dejected and fatigued. If you please I will suspend my narration ; and in the morning, as early as you will, I shall proceed.—Here he pressed her hand to his lips. She withdrew with a tearful eye ; and the next day he resumed his narration as followeth :

Though you, my cousin, at that time, were a great consolation to me, yet the griefs of heart which I had suffered fell on my constitution, and affected my nerves or spirits. I think our doctors pretty much

confound the one with the other. I was advised to travel for change of air and exercise; and I was preparing for my journey, when there happened in my family the most extraordinary instance of an ever watchful providence that occurs to my memory.

My little old man John began to decline apace, and at length took to his bed; and, having a tender friendship for him, I went to sit beside him, and to comfort him the best I could. John, said I, are you afraid to die? No, sir, not in the least. I long to be dissolved and to be with our loving Lord. Indeed, John, said I, I am inclined to think you have been a very good liver. A dog, sir, a mere dog, desperately wicked, the vilest of sinners! I am a murderer too, my master, there is blood upon my head. Blood! said I, and started. Yes, sir, replied John, but then the blood that was shed for me is stronger than the blood that was shed by me. Blood, however, John, is a very terrible thing; are you not afraid to appear before the judgment seat of Christ? By no means, my dear master! I have long since laid the burden of my sins before him, for I had nothing else to bring to him, nothing else to offer him, and he has accepted them and me, and my conscience is at rest in him. Then, John, there may yet be room for hope. There is assurance, my master, for I have laid hold upon the rock, and cannot be shaken.

But how do you intend to dispose of your worldly substance? All that I have, sir, I got with you and my old master, and where I found it, even there I resolve to leave it. Indeed, John, I will not finger a penny of your money. How much may it amount to? Eight hundred and thirty-seven pounds, sir, or thereabout. And have you no relations of your own? Not one living that I know of. Then think of some one else, for no part of it shall lie on my conscience, I assure you.

I have read somewhere or other, sir, of a great king who was advised of God, in a dream, to take the very first man whom he should meet the next morning, to be his partner in the government. Now, if it pleases you, I will follow the like counsel, and whosoever

shall be first found before our door, let that person be the inheritor of my substance ! It shall be even as you say ; I will go and see whom God shall be pleased to send us.

Accordingly I went and opened our door, when a woman, who had passed, turned about at the noise, and perceiving me, came up and said, A little charity, sir, for the sake of him who had not where to lay his head !

I was strongly affected by the manner in which she addressed me, and, eyeing her attentively, I observed that she was clean though meanly apparelled ; wherefore, to make a further trial, I slipped a guinea into her hand, and desired her to go about her business. Accordingly, she curtsied and went from me a few steps, when, looking into her hand, she turned suddenly back ; Sir, sir, says she, here had like to have been a sad mistake ! You meant to give me a shilling, and you have given me a whole guinea ! It was, said I, a mistake indeed ; but be pleased to come in, and we will try to rectify our errors.

Here, I took her into the chamber where John lay, and, having constrained her to sit down, I put my hand in my pocket. Here, good woman, said I, here are ten guineas for you, to make you some amends for the mistake I was guilty of in giving you but one. The poor creature could scarcely credit her senses, but raising her eyes in ecstasy, and dropping from the chair upon her knees, she was proceeding to bless me ; but I peremptorily insisted on her retaking her seat. Mistress, said I, what I want from you is the story of your life ; tell me who and what you are, without suppressing any circumstances, or concealing the faults of which you have been guilty, and I will make you the mistress of twenty guineas, that shall be added to what you have already received.

Sir, said she, you frighten me ! My story is a very unhappy story, and cannot be of the smallest consequence to you. Sure you are too much of the gentleman to desire to ensnare me ; and, indeed, I know not of any thing whereby I may be ensnared. Wherefore,

bountiful sir! unto you, as unto Heaven, I will open my whole soul, without seeking to know why you look into the concerns of such a worm as I am.

I was the daughter of a farmer in Essex, my maiden name was Elenor Damer. I was married, early in life, to a man who kept a chandler's shop in a little lane that led to Tower Hill, his name was Barnaby Tirrell. Barnaby Tirrell! exclaimed John. Are you very sure that his name was Barnaby Tirrell? Peace, John, I cried, whatever you may know of this man, I command you not to interrupt the woman till she has finished her story.—She then continued.

I had neither brother nor sister, sir, but one brother, a twin brother; and we loved one another as though there was nobody else in the world to be loved.

About three years before my marriage, my brother Tommy, then a sweet pretty lad, took a seafaring life, and went from me, I knew not where, upon a voyage that I was told was a great way off; and so I cried, day and night, as many tears after him as would have served me to swim in.

My husband was very fond of me, and when he used to see me cry, while I spoke of my Tommy, he would kiss me and try to comfort me, and say, that he wished for nothing more than his return to Old England, that he might welcome him and love him as much as I did.

One night, on the ninth month of my marriage, as I sat moping and alone, my husband being abroad upon some business, I heard a knocking at the door, which was opened by our little servant girl. And then, before you could say this, in leaped my brother, and caught me fast in his dear arms.

I gave a great shout for joy, you may be sure: and pushing my Tommy from me, and pulling him to me again and again, we embraced, and cried, and kissed; and embraced and kissed again, as though we never could be tired.

In the mean while the door being open, my cruel Barnaby entered, unperceived by either of us; and seeing a strange man so fond and familiar with me, he

opened a long hasped knife which he had in his pocket, and rushing up, he gave my darling brother three stabs in the body, before he could speak a word, or turn about to defend himself. Then, casting down the knife, in a minute he was out of the house, and I never saw him more.

For a time I stood like a stone, and then giving a great shriek, I fainted and fell on my brother as he lay weltering in his blood.

Our little Mary, in the while, ran about like a wild thing, and alarmed the street. Our neighbours crowded in, and sent for the next surgeon. My brother's wounds were dressed, and he was laid in our bed.

Mean time, being forward with child, I fell into strong and untimely labour, and after very grievous travail, was delivered of a boy, who was christened and called James, after my dear and lately deceased father.

No pains of my own, however, kept me from inquiring after that dear brother who had been killed, as I suppose, for his love to me. But his youth and natural strength carried him through all dangers. In three months he was up and about as well as ever. And, in less than three more he set out on another voyage, from whence he never, never, returned.

Before he went abroad, my dear sweet fellow had left me a power to receive his wages. But, in five years after, I heard that he was cast away, or killed by the Barbary people; and, though I went and went again, in the middle of my wants, to petition for his pay, I never could get an answer of any comfort.

My little Jemmy, however, grew and prated apace, and was my only prop under all my afflictions. My husband, indeed, had left me in pretty circumstances, and had he but stayed with me, we should have prospered above our fellows. But what can a woman do, single, weak, and unprotected? I was imposed upon by some; by others I was refused payment for the goods that I had given, and at length I was reduced to poverty, and obliged to shut up my shop.

Mean time I had spared no cost on the bringing up of my Jemmy. I had given him school learning, and he was now grown a very clever boy. And my sweet fellow every night used to bring to me whatever he had earned in the daytime.

In the loss of my husband and brother; in the loss of my Barnaby, and in the loss of my Tommy, to be sure I had grief upon grief; so that my health went from me, and next my strength, and I was not able to work, and go out a washing as before. But this did not signify much while my child had his health; for he had now got a porter's place in the Custom House, and, young as he was, he willingly carried heavy burdens to have the pleasure of bringing home his hard earnings to his mother. But about six weeks ago, may it please your honour, my dear boy fell ill of a quartan ague, as they call it, under which he, and his mother's heart, still continue to labour.

As soon as she had ended her short narrative, Well, John, said I, methinks this business will do; in my opinion you have got a very worthy inheritor of your fortune; what say you to it, John? First, sir, let me ask her a question or two, if you please. Honest woman, draw your chair a little nearer to me, I pray you. And now tell me the truth; did you ever love your husband? Yes, dearly, indeed, very dearly did I love him; for he had loved me very dearly, till that miserable night. But when, as I thought, he had killed my brother, I hated him as much as I had loved him before. But then again, when my Tommy had recovered of his wounds, I sent far and near to inquire after him, and when I could learn no tidings of him, I put it into all the printed papers that Thomas Damer was well recovered, and that Barnabas Tirrell, who had wounded him, might return without danger to his wife and infant.

And he is returned! shouted John: he is returned, my Nelly! Your barbarous husband, who stabbed your brother, and left you and your infant to famish, he is returned to you, my Nelly! and, in his death, he shall make you amends for all the sufferings which he

brought upon you, during his lifetime. But, my master! my dearest master! send immediately for my child, my Jemmy, I beseech you, that, bad as I am myself, I may give him a father's blessing before I die!

I was surprised and affected, madam, beyond expression, by incidents that were at once so wonderful and so tender; and I directly sent servants and a sedan chair for James, with orders to have him carefully wrapped up; for what his mother told me of him had already given me a very strong prejudice in his favour.

Meanwhile the poor woman had sunk on her knees by her husband's bedside, and was plentifully pouring forth her tears upon him; partly for joy of having found him, and partly for grief of having found him in that condition.

O, my Nelly! my Nelly! cried Barnabas, had I known who the person was whose blood I drew that terrible night, I would sooner have thrust my knife into my own heart, than into any part of the body of that dear brother of yours. But jealousy is a mad devil that rages in the breast like hell fire; it never knew how to spare, but tears and consumes every thing that comes within its reach.

At length James was brought to us; and as we were in his father's apartment, a chamber no way adorned, James entered without any respect to persons. He was a tall and comely youth, but very pale and lean, and, as it was one of his well days, he walked in without help. He had barely been told that his mother sent for him in a hurry, so that he entered with a visible alarm in his countenance.

What is the matter, my dear mother? says he; alas, I am little able to help you at present. I hope nothing has happened that is distressful. Nothing amiss, my child! more than that your dear father, for whom I have been sighing this many a year, lies dangerously ill in this very bed, my Jemmy! Am I then so blessed, cried the boy, as to see and embrace a father? Oh, my child! exclaimed the old man, and eagerly stretched his arms toward him, come to my bosom, thou only

offspring of my life ! I may now say, with blessed Jacob, let me die, let me die, since I have seen thy face, and thou art alive, my son !

I would at any time give a thousand pounds, my cousin, for a tenth of the enjoyment that I then had, in the feelings which God poured into the hearts of this little family, on their unexpected and marvellous meeting. It appeared to me, however, that young James even exceeded his parents in love ; and this gave me such a cordial attachment to him, that from that hour to this we have never been sundered. He never failed nor forsook me ; and, at this very day, he is my respected friend, and the superintendant of my family.

John, otherwise Barnabas, continued to linger, for about a fortnight longer, and then departed quite happy, and without a groan. During the same space James was daily attended by my own physician, and was nearly reestablished in his health.

Being then intent on my departure, I sent for the widow. Mrs. Tirrell, said I, I should be much inclined to take your James along with me, if I did not think you would grieve overmuch in his absence. No, no, sir ! said she, I would to Heaven I were myself a young man for your sake. I desire no better either of him or for him, than that he should live and die faithfully in your service.

The next day I went down the Thames in a barge, to speak to the captain of the vessel in which I proposed to embark. As I drew near to the Custom House wharf, I observed a wherry crowded with men whom she was about to land at the stairs ; and, on inquiry, I was informed that they were slaves, whom our consul at Algiers, by his intercession or bounty, had ransomed and sent home.

Immediately compassion rose powerfully in my bosom. Alas ! said I to myself, I see that I am not without companions in affliction. I, indeed, have now neither wife nor children, nor father nor mother, nor brother, as I may say, nor sister, nor any connexion with the world in which I live. I am shut out, as it

were, from every enjoyment upon earth. Let me not however be envious; let me rather wish, and give, and dispense enjoyment to others; since, to give joy to others is all the joy that is left to myself.

Here I ordered my people to land, and coming up to the late captives, My friends! said I, you are welcome once more to Old England! I am fond of hearing adventures; you also may have got your appetites; and if you will favour me with your company, I will order a dinner for us at yonder tavern.

I need not tell you, madam, that the parties were soon agreed. While a plentiful dinner was providing, I met alderman Bicker, a city magistrate and an old acquaintance of mine. Sir Thomas, said I, I insist on your dining with me to-day, at the Phoenix there. Perhaps your companions will not appear to you of the most honourable sort. They are, however, good gospel guests, sir Thomas! and consist of the halt, the lame, the maimed, and the beggar. In short, I have invited all yonder ragged regiment, being about five and thirty slaves from Barbary, to dinner; and, after I have filled their bellies, I intend to give them a hundred pounds per man, to help them to begin the world again, and to keep them from being an encumbrance on their country.

Five and thirty hundred pounds! exclaimed sir Thomas Bicker, five and thirty hundred times twenty shillings of English sterling money! It is well for you, Harry Clinton! that old Golding was born before you; but nothing can hold you long at this rate. To whom again do you propose to give this unmeasurable bounty! To nuisances and offences against society, to wretches whom England has spewed forth from a sick and debauched stomach. But I suppose you expect to purchase extraordinary glories in heaven, as a reward of these extraordinary charities on earth. No, indeed, sir Thomas! said I, I shall never crave nor look for any thing at the hands of the Son of David, save only mercy from him, and justification in him. However, my good friend, if you will indulge me with your company, you yourself shall be judge of the merit of the parties, and I will wholly be guided by your ad-

vice. Then, says he, stay here a few minutes, while, in order to open the hearts of your guests, I go and give them a priming before dinner.

As soon as sir Thomas had executed his purpose, he came forth, and beckoning me to him, put his mouth to my ear. Do not be offended, says he, at some free expressions that I may happen to let loose, in order to encourage these fellows to the like liberty.

Dinner was now served up, and sir Thomas, with an easy and cheerful familiarity, desired that they would seat themselves without ceremony. This many of them did with a freedom not far from impudence, while others drew back abashed, and begged permission to stand.

At the head of the first sort was seated a fellow whose first sight gave my nerves a thrill of horror. His countenance was of that cast in which any one would place an implicit confidence, who wanted an associate for any dark, traitorous, or bloody purpose.

When the cloth was removed, my friend pushed the bottles about very jovially, and began to talk so freely that he gained the confidence of every rogue in company.

As soon as most of them were well warmed (for some drank but sparingly), sir Thomas took out his purse, and, tossing a guinea to each of them, Now, my brave friends, says he, if you desire any more favours, you must tell me honestly the use you intend to make of your money to-night. Why, master, answered the ill looking villain, as for me and my six companions here, we have had a long Lent, and a wench is the word! That is gallantly spoken, cried out sir Thomas, here are three guineas more apiece for you seven. And now, my brave friends, I shall not be backward of another bounty, if you will give me a short history of your adventures.

That is soon done, my master, answered the spokesman. We seven were taken prisoners by an Algerine corsair, after an engagement in which seven and twenty more of us lay in blood upon deck. We were sold to one Pedro Paolo, a renegade, who, having been of all religions in Christendom, had at length turned Turk.

We were used very severely. However, we were hardy dogs and did not matter this very much; when one of their priests came privately to us, and promised that if we would forsake Christ and turn to Mahomet, he would ensure us liberty and riches here, and paradise hereafter. These, sir, as you know, were tempting things. But as soon as our master understood that we had complied with the terms, he hurried us, by night, into one of his galleys, where we were chained to the oar, and, at every meal of bread and water, we received ten lashes. At length his honour the ambassador, found us out and redeemed us, and so you see us here.

Pray, my friend, said sir Thomas, are there any more in this company whom you could recommend to me, as being of the same gallantry of spirit with yourself? Yes, said he, there are the two Johns, and the two Andrews yonder, who are none of the Saint Johns or Saint Andrews, I promise you. But yonder sits our Saint Thomas, a canting son of a bitch; he wanted truly to preach to us during our voyage; and, in the last storm, he would have persuaded us forsooth to join with him in prayer. Here then, cried sir Thomas, you two no Saint Johns, and you two no Saint Andrews, here are three pieces a man for you also; and that money I hope, gentlemen, will be sufficient to maintain you in gaol, till we can hear a better account of you. Ho, drawer! are the people I sent for in waiting? They are, please your honour. Desire them to step in.

Here entered a constable with a great posse of his people. Constable, said sir Thomas, take these seven and these four into custody, and keep them in close durance till you hear further from me; I would rather open the Tower cages, and let all the wild beasts abroad through the streets, than loose such reprobates as these among mankind.

At this instant, as a constable was laying hold on our gallant spokesman, he suddenly drew an instrument that was half knife and half dagger, and leaping across me, he caught sir Thomas by the throat, and raising his arm, would have plunged the steel into his bosom;

but, at the same moment, I seized his hand, and throwing up his heels, I cast him on his back and wrenched the weapon from him.

As soon as we were thus rid of eleven of our guests, a young man came earnestly up to us: Gentlemen, says he, till those seven hell-hounds were secured, I did not dare to open my mouth. I know them all right well, and, had they known me, there is not one of them but would have thrust his knife into my heart.

About eleven years ago, I was taken as cabin boy, when they, with many more, were taken as sailors on board the good ship *St. Catharine*, Mr. William Tomson, master, bound for the West Indies. As soon as we came alongside the Canaries, this big villain, Patrick M'Douel, prevailed on most of the crew to enter into a conspiracy, whereupon they barbarously murdered the master, the officers, and all who were not of their own gang, except myself, being then about ten years of age. But they did not prosper long, for the very next morning we were held in chase, and then they wished for the help of those hands whom they had cut off. So, as M'Douel told you, after a very bloody battle we were boarded and taken, and those seven confederates were sold to one master; and, well as it happened for me, I was sold to another; and all this and more, I am ready to witness in any court.

On the entrance of the constables, I had cast my eye round the room, and remarked that most of our messmates seemed much alarmed, and turned pale on the caption of their late comrades, which rendered their characters also somewhat suspected to me. Wherefore, lest I should cast my seed on a wholly barren soil, I wished to get some further intelligence concerning them. Where, said I, is the person whom they call Saint Thomas? I desire a few words with him.

Here a man approached respectfully from the farther end of the table, to which, through modesty, he had retreated with his few companions. Mr. Thomas, said I, looking earnestly at him, have I not seen your

face before? No, please your honour, I think that must be impossible. It is now eighteen years since I set foot in this kingdom, and your honour must then have been but a child. Do you know any thing, Mr. Thomas, of these people or their affairs? Nothing of their affairs, sir, and little more of their persons, than that they are all men of profane lips; except the lad who spoke to you last, and my five messmates yonder, the only people who, during our long and dangerous voyage, would return thanks to God for any of his mercies.

Then, said I, we will proceed between extremes. On the one side we will not minister fuel to the lusts of these unhappy creatures; neither will we leave them to perish; or tempt them, through want, to robbery, on the other side. Here, landlady, take this bill. Give twenty pounds to each of these seventeen fellows, and if any of them, within a month, shall bring you a certificate of his good behaviour, give him twenty pounds more. Now, sir Thomas, I may hope that I do not exceed your good pleasure. Not much, Harry, not much! In time you may be tractable.

Here the poor wretches looked amazed, and scarce crediting the reality of the bounty that was ordered for them, they cried, Thank your honours, thank your honours! and withdrew. One of them however seemed to linger after the rest, and going out last, he returned again quickly, and threw himself at my feet. I am a reprobate, sir, a mere reprobate, he cried, and am not worthy of your charity. Does your conscience condemn you then? said I. It does, sir, it does. Then I condemn you not; rise, rise, and give me your hand, my brother!

Mr. Clinton, said sir Thomas, now that I have kept you from casting so much money on the quicksands, you can afford to be the more generous to these worthy fellows. You will allow me then, said I, to order our landlady to pay them a hundred pounds apiece. With all my heart, says he, and if you will be so honest as to reimburse me the sixty or seventy pieces which I threw away, for your use, upon the other villains, I

will add something to that also, and divide it among them.

Then, sir Thomas, if you will indulge me with your company for an hour or two longer, let us send for a salesman to put our friends here in decent apparel, while we listen to what they shall be pleased to tell us of their fortunes. Agreed, Harry, agreed. So let us resume our seats, and have the other bottle.

Master Thomas, said I, pray what may be your surname? Damer, sir. Damer, Damer! have you any relations in this kingdom? Alas, sir, I fear not; my father, James Damer of Essex, died a little before I set out on my last voyage. And had you no relation beside? Oh, sir, that is it which brought the tears so suddenly into my eyes. I had a sister, an only sister, a sister that I loved dearer than health or safety. But—I fear—I fear,—here his speech was stopped by his emotion; while I was ready to leap up and catch him in my arms; but I suppressed my inclinations for the present, that I might heighten the pleasure which I foresaw there would be at the meeting of the twins.

While things were providing for the clothing of our guests, they successively gave us an abstract of their respective histories. Let us have them, let us have them, by all means! cried lady Maitland. My dear madam, said Mr. Clinton, were I to relate to you the several affecting stories that occurred to me throughout my travels, I should never make an end.

But, said the countess, the poor creature who felt so sudden and affecting a compunction; I have a friendship for that fellow, and I am deeply interested in all the concerns of my friend, I must tell you. Well, madam, you shall have his story then, as nearly as I can recollect at this distance of time.

THE HISTORY OF A REPROBATE.

I KNOW not, gentlemen, said he, who my parents were. I was found, when an infant, wrapped in rags on a cobbler's bulk in Westminster. The parish officers sent me to the poor-house; and, when I was capable of instruction, they sent me to the charity-school.

When I had learned to read and write, I was bound for a servant to Mr. Skinner, a neighbouring attorney. My mistress grew fond of me: she was a very holy woman; she taught me my prayers and psalms, till I had nearly got half the Bible by rote.

As my master used to send me on many errands, and to intrust me with little matters of money on such occasions, on finding me always honest, he began to love me almost as much as my good mistress did.

But now came on my first falling away from all goodness. I was about twelve years old, when, in a cursed hour, my master sent me to a distant part of the town with a bill to pay some money, and to bring him back the change. The change amounted to about four pounds in glittering silver. It appeared a mint of money. I had never been in possession of so large a heap; and I sighed, and said to myself, how blessed must they be who are become the owners of so much money! Then some one seemed to whisper me, that I was the owner; and again some one seemed to whisper me that I was not the owner. Then I would go forward toward my master; and again I would stop and go aside. Then I would thrust my hand into my pocket and feel the greatness of my treasure, then turn to the wall and lay the brightness of it before my eyes. Then I would run a piece off; and again I would stop, and turn, and strive to force myself homeward. Till, what with doubting and delaying, and going backward and forward, I considered that if I went home I should now get nothing but blame, and so I took a head, and ran into the country as fast as my feet could carry me.

As I ran myself out of breath, from time to time, I would look back and look back, and run on and run on, in the thought that my master, or some one from him, was at my heels. But often since I have reflected, and was persuaded in my mind, that my kind master and mistress had not the least suspicion of me, but rather inquired and sorrowed after me, as being kidnapped from them; and this was, at times, a great grief of heart to me.

When I was quite tired, and night came on, I turned up to a sorry kind of an inn, which happened to be near. But, as I feared every thing, I had the cunning to conceal my treasure, and, taking a penny from my pocket, I begged the woman of the house, for that and charity's sake, to give me a little bread and milk, and some hole to lie in.

Having finished my supper, I was shown to a kind of hovel under the stairs, where, throwing myself on some straw, with a piece of a blanket over me, I fell as fast as a rock. Awakening, however, about midnight, or somewhat after, and seeing all dark about me, and no creature near hand, I began to tremble greatly; and then I wished to say my prayers, but I did not dare to pray; and so I lay sweating and trembling, and trembling and sweating, till the dawning of the day brought some relief to my spirits.

Having breakfasted at the cost of a second penny, I set out, though not with my former speed; for, reflecting that I had not my livery on, but a small frock coat, I was under the less fear of being known. However, I pushed on as well as I was able, wanting still to get as far from danger as possible; and indeed I hoped, by going on still further and further, to get away from my fears and from my conscience.

On the fifth morning of my travels, having expended what halfpence and small silver I had, I took out half a crown, and offered it to the man of the house, desiring him to return what was over the reckoning. As he took it he gave me a look that I thought went through me, and, continuing to stare me in the face, he shamed me so, that I was constrained to turn aside. He gave me the change, however, and I set forward on my journey, all trembling and apprehending I knew not what.

I had not gone above a mile when, meeting a dirty road, I turned over a stile that led to a path through the fields. Here I walked on a little way, when, turning, I saw my landlord making long strides after me; whereupon my heart beat, and my knees grew so weak under me that I stood as still as a stone.

He came quickly up with me, and, seizing me by the neck, he cast me on my back. Ha! you young rogue, says he, let us see what money you have got. Then, diving into my pockets, he pulled out the whole stock in which I trusted for happiness. O, you little villain, from whom have you stolen all this treasure? But I must go and return it to the right owner. O, good sir, good sir, I roared out, will you not leave me a little; ever so little, dear sir, to keep me from starving? But he was deaf to my cries, and away he went.

Hope, the last comfort of the miserable, now forsook me. I lay a long time as one who had no use for limbs nor any further way to travel upon earth. At length I broke out into a great gush of tears, and, having got some ease by venting my sorrows, I rose and went on I knew not whither.

Growing hungry after noon, I would willingly have begged the charity of passengers; but this I did not dare to do, for fear they should ask me whence I came, and where I was going. So I bore my hunger as well as I could, till, coming at night to a hovel where a farmer kept his pigs, I made way for myself among them, and slept in the straw till morning.

The day following, as I passed slowly and half famished through a small village, my eye caught at a penny loaf that lay on a little shop window which jutted into the street. I looked here and there, and peered into the shop, and was just going to seize the tempting spoil, when something whispered at my heart, Do not touch it for your life, starve, starve, rather than steal any more; and so I tore myself away, and running as fast as I could, for fear of turning back, I at last got clear off from the reach of this temptation.

When I had travelled something farther, I got into an enclosed country, where there were hedges on every side, with plenty of haws and bramble berries on every bush. And here I filled my belly with berries to serve me for dinner; and I stuffed my pockets with haws against I should want. Upon this I grew wonderful glad that I had not taken the loaf, and peace again

began to come upon my mind; and about nightfall, having reached a copse on one side of the road, I crept, like a hare, under the shelter of the bushes; I then supped upon my haws, after which I kneeled down and half ventured at a prayer to God; and, gathering up in my form, I slept happily till morning.

Having lived thus for some days, I came in an open country, where there was scarce any path, nor any haw or berry within many a mile. I now began to grow sick and faint with hunger; and again my sickness went off, and I became so ravenous that I was ready to eat my own flesh from the bones. Soon after I spied, at a distance, a confused heap of something at the root of a great tree that grew in the open fields. I made up to it in expectation of I knew not what, and found an old beggarman fast asleep in his patched cloak, with a bundle of somewhat lying beside him.

Instantly I opened his little baggage, when, to my inexpressible transport, a large luncheon of brown bread, with some halfpence, struck my eyes. I did not hesitate a moment about seizing the bread, for I could no more withstand the cravings of my appetite at the time than I could withstand a torrent rushing down a hill. Having appeased my stomach, I began to demur about what I should do with the remainder of the bread, and felt a motion to leave it behind me. But "no," said I to myself, "this is all the bread that I have, or may ever have during life, and I know not where to get a bit in the whole world; beside, I do this man no harm in taking it away, since I leave him money enough wherewith to buy more." So I put the bread in my pocket and went on my way, leaving behind me about four or five pence in the wrapper.

That night I took up my lodging in a waste hut that lay a little way off the road. But though, as I thought, I had plenty of bread, yet I found myself exceeding heavy, and I was not able to pray as I did the foregoing nights.

During all this time I neither knew where I was, nor whereto I was going, nor any thing more of my travels than that I came from London. When I was

walking, slow and melancholy, on a by-path that led through some woody lawns, I heard the voice of merriment, and quickly after perceived a group of gipsies that came from behind some trees.

As I saw I could not escape them, I gathered courage and went forward, when, coming up, they stopped and eyed me with much attention, and made a ring about me. Where are you going, my child? says a man with a broad girdle and a very formidable beard. Indeed, sir, said I, I cannot tell. And where did you come from then? From London, sir, so please you. From London, child? why, that is a great way off. And pray, what made you leave London? To get away from my master. But I hope you did not come away empty; you brought something from him, did not you? Some little matter, good sir, but I was robbed of it on the way. Hereupon this venerable regent smiled, and, turning to his dependents, As far as I see, said he, this chap will answer our purposes to a hair.

Here one of the females asked if I was hungry; and, on my answer in the affirmative, they all invited me with a jovial air to dinner. We then turned a distance off from the path wherein we had met, and gradually descended into one of the pleasantest spots in the world. It was a dell surrounded with hills, some of which were slanting, some headlong and impending, and all covered or spotted with groups of trees of different heights, sorts, and colours; through which there descended a gurgling rivulet, which, having rolled over stones and pebbles, grew silent in a small lake, that reflected the circling objects from the hills around.

Immediately Nature's carpet was covered with a large cloth. The baggage was taken from the shoulders of the bearers; and, before I well could observe what they were about, there was spread, as by art magic, before my eyes a various banquet. Down instantly sunk the guests; some sitting, like the Turks, cross-legged; while others lolled, like the Romans, beside each other.

As they had travelled far that day, they all eat in silence; and in a short space the burden of the luggage-carriers was pretty much lightened. In the mean time some arose and unladed two asses of the creels which they carried. The cloth then was quickly emptied of the cold fowls and baked meats, with the loins of beef and mutton; and leather jacks, that contained plenty of the best wines and other liquors, were set before us. These, again, were decanted into clean japanned pitchers; and a japanned cup, of equal measure, was given into every hand.

Then began mirth and jollity to flow round with the cups; never did I see so pleasant, so gleeful a company. Joke and banter, without offence, were bandied from every side; and bursts of laughter were echoed from the answering hills.

As soon as I was warmed and my heart opened by what I ate and drank, they all expressed a liking for me, and requested that I would tell them my story without disguise. Accordingly I made an ingenuous confession of all the matters related. But, instead of meeting those reproofs which I expected for my wickedness, they jointly began to ridicule my scruples, and put to shame the little shame that I had of my evil deeds.

I continued among this singular people near the space of three years; during which time they initiated me into all the arts and mysteries of their manifold iniquities. But during my three years incorporation with this fraternity I never once lifted my heart to God, nor ventured to petition for any kind of favour from him.

Though these reprobates continued to perpetrate and to glory in their daily iniquities, yet hitherto they had not proceeded to blood.

On the night wherein I left them we were overtaken by a sudden and violent tempest, whereupon we took shelter in a waste barn.

When we had struck a light, we set together what combustibles we could find in the house, and had just kindled a fire, when one of the company came and whis-

pered that there was a man asleep in the far corner. Hereupon they took the candle, and found a pedler stretched along, with his head on a wisp of straw, and his box close beside him. They immediately lifted the box, and brought it away in silence to the place where I was sitting. On opening it, with as little noise as possible, they found therein a large quantity of silks, linens, and laces, with a rich variety of hard wares, and, at the bottom, a little padlocked chest full of English and Spanish pieces of gold; in all likelihood the whole amount of the labours of his life.

Immediately all was in a kind of bustle and whispering commotion. The great question was how to possess themselves of such a prey with safety to their persons. It was objected that the man might awake, they were unluckily seen coming that way, and, it may be, entering into that house; the country might be alarmed, and rise upon them; they might be overtaken; they might be seized in the very fact.

At length a bold villain proposed to cut his throat, and that then there could be no witness to testify against them; but to this it was objected, that the blood itself would be the surest of all witnesses. Whereupon another proposed to strangle him, and bury his corpse on the spot; to which scheme, though many were silent, yet no one expressly excepted.

During this deadly consultation, notwithstanding my long course of evil habit, my blood curdled throughout my body, and fear, horror, and detestation arose in my bosom. But when they went, as I supposed, to put the deed of death into execution, I crouched and shrunk inward; and, creeping out at the door, the dread of being also seized and murdered gave me strength to get on my feet; and, feeling along by the wall, I got away from the house, and made off I neither knew nor cared whither.

The tempest still continued; the driving of the clouds added to the natural horrors of night; I could scarcely discern that I had a road under my foot. But though I could not see my pursuers, I yet feared that their eyes were better than mine; and I still turned

and listened, to try if the foot of the murderer was behind me.

Having travelled all night as fast and as far as I could, on the rising of the day I saw a large town before me, and, for the first time of three years, I lifted up my eyes, and inwardly blessed God for his mercy in my escape. Thereupon I felt a pleasure that I had never felt before; and I said in my heart, if thou wilt once more be my God, I will be thy true servant.

I then walked leisurely; my fatigue went from me, and I seemed quite lightsome. On entering the suburbs I met a gentleman taking his *morning's* walk. I stopped and looked him wistfully in the face; whereupon he also stopped and eyed me with much attention. Who are you, my pretty lad? says he. An unhappy stranger, sir, who wants a service, or any means of earning a little honest bread. And pray what service can you do? Not much, sir, I fear; but my good-will shall strive hard to make up my lack of ability. Then, cried he, you shall be my servant. All the servants I ever had promised every thing, but did little; I will now try what may be done by one who promises nothing. What is your name, my boy? David Doubtful, sir. And what wages must I give you, David? Just as much, sir, or as little as you shall think I deserve.

Here he took me to a handsome house, where he kept a mercer's shop in Plymouth. His name was Felton; he had been a widower of some years, and had an only son who was then at Westminster school.

My master at first set me to the most servile offices, such as cleaning his and the servants' shoes, sweeping the street before his door, and carrying out the dirt of the house; but all this I did with willingness, and even with pleasure, as some little penance for my long course of evil deeds.

On my separating from my brethren in iniquity, as I have told you, I was the proprietor of one hundred and seventy odd pounds, which was locked up in the common chest, being my allotted dividend of the fruits of our knavery; but, in my present turn of mind, I would no more have accepted any part thereof than I:

would have taken a bar of red hot iron into my hand. I had in my pocket a few crowns with some small silver, but these I secretly distributed among the poor, that no part, as it were, of Achan's accursed thing might remain about me.

In about three weeks my master changed the whole manner of my service, and set me to brush his clothes, dress his wigs, whet the knives, lay the cloth, and attend at table; these were matters in which I was quite expert, as I had not yet forgotten my employment with my first master.

In some time after Mr. Felton asked me if I could read. A little in the Bible, sir, said I. And can you write too, David? If you please, I will try, sir. Why, David! this beats the hand of my clerk: where in the world did you come by all this learning? From a very good master to a very bad servant: but pray, sir, do not inquire the particulars of my naughtiness; for, indeed, you could not desire a severer monitor than my own conscience is to me. Well, my child, said the good man, I will not put you to pain; and so, giving me a squeeze by the hand, he went out with a glistening eye.

From this time my master showed me an uncommon respect. He discharged me from all the menial offices of his household; he gave me his burdens of silks and other wares to carry to his customers; and he desired me to take particular notice of the nature and values of what I carried. On this encouragement I became vastly more assiduous than he looked for. I attended the shop closely, and took private notes of all that was estimated or transacted therein. My master looked quite amazed on asking me some questions with respect to his affairs. His eldest apprentice soon after set up for himself. He then placed me behind the counter, over his younger apprentice, and in joint authority with his journeyman. And soon after he gave me the key of his till, and the trust of all his treasure. I now dined with him at the same table, and consulted and conversed with him as his friend and companion. He frequently gave me pocket-money, which he told me

he would not charge to the account of my wages. I walked with him every evening, went to church with him every Sunday, and read to him in the Bible every night. I was now wholly reconciled to my God, and felt him in my soul as a friend and benefactor. Pleasure played about my heart, peace lay under my pillow, and my happiness seemed as a ship that, after a long and desperate voyage, had anchored in a calm and secure haven.

I had now been something upward of a year in the service of Mr. Felton, when one day I heard a bustling noise in the street. I stepped to the door, and, looking to the left, saw a great crowd about a cart, wherein were five criminals going to execution. I stayed till they came just opposite to me, when, to my utter astonishment, I saw five of my old acquaintance, and, in the front of them, the bloody villain who had proposed cutting the throat of the unfortunate pedler. Instantly I turned all pale as my shirt, and, dreading that they would claim acquaintance with me, I shrunk in, and running backward threw myself half fainting into a chair.

I now reflected that it was happy for me no one was in the shop to take notice of my confusion; and, endeavouring to assume some courage, on the entrance of our journeyman, I put on the most unconcerned appearance I could.

Mr. Felton happened to dine abroad that day, and did not return till the cloth was laid for supper. He took his chair at table, and desired me to sit beside him. David, said he, is it not wonderful that people should continue so incredulous, notwithstanding the frequent and daily proofs of an all-seeing and an all-detecting Providence? If a sparrow falls not to the ground without the notice of our God, how much more will he take account of the life of him whom he formed in his own image? The villain trusts to hide his villany, and dares to affirm (with the first murderer) in the face of God and of man, "I know not where is my brother." But blood has a voice, a crying voice, David; it cries aloud to heaven from the very bowels

of the earth: no depth can cover it, no darkness can conceal it; for the light that shineth in darkness will bring it forth to the day.

About twelve months ago a pedler was murdered in a waste house, called Fielding's barn. The murderers were of the people whom they call gipsies, the most subtle of all sorts of reprobates; so that the fact lay a long time in silence. This pedler, it seems, had an only brother, to whom the reversion of his substance belonged; and this brother, not seeing or hearing from him of a long time, went through many parts of the kingdom inquiring after him. At length he arrived one evening at an inn some miles from hence, where he found in the kitchen seven men jovially seated over a bowl of punch; he quickly accepted their invitation, and having spent the time pleasantly, and the house being thronged, he and one of the company were shown to the same bed.

About midnight his companion began to moan most piteously; when jogging and asking him why he groaned? Oh, Fielding's barn! he cried; Fielding's barn! Fielding's barn! again he cried, You cannot say it, you cannot say that my hand was in the murder. Again he would mutter, with a half-smothered voice, See, see how he struggles; see how he kicks; put, put him out of pain; oh, put him out of pain!

Hereupon the brother rose and dressed as quietly as possible, and making away to the next magistrate, he returned, seized, and carried off his bedfellow before any of his comrades were apprized of the matter.

What have you done, you villain, said the magistrate without preface, what have you done with the body of the pedler whom you murdered in Fielding's barn? On this question the wretch, thinking that all was detected, instantly fell on his knees. I had neither hand nor heart in the murder, sir, he cried; and if you will get me a pardon, I will faithfully tell you the whole affair. On his confession, the five principal rogues were taken before they were out of bed. And on his evidence, and that of their seventh companion, they were sentenced, and this day executed.

During this narration I could not refrain from expressing, by my countenance, the strong compunction I felt on recollecting my long association with those reprobates; but my good master ascribed my emotions merely to the detestation which I had of their deeds.

I had been close upon two years in the service of Mr. Felton, and he had lately agreed with me at twenty-five pounds yearly, when one evening, as I stood behind the counter, a young woman came in and desired to see such and such goods. While she was cheapening on the one hand, and I was setting forth the extraordinary value on the other, several intelligent glances were exchanged between us. Whenever her eyes met mine, she instantly cast them down with a blushing modesty; and yet whenever I looked at her, I saw that her eyes had been fixed upon me. At length, having bought some little matters, she made me a bashful courtesy, and going out at the door, she turned upon me with a significant glance and departed.

All that night I felt myself as I had never felt before; I turned and turned again from the image of this girl, and yet she seemed to stand before me, and to look upon me, as she had done the day before.

For five tedious days she withheld herself from my sight, and I feared that I should never behold her more. At length she came, and I strove in vain to conceal my joy on her appearance. After cheapening and paying for some little matters, she cast her eye on a piece of silk, which, she said, she fancied greatly, but feared that her pocket would not reach so far. O miss! said I, we shall not quarrel for such a matter, provided I know where to call for the money. On Sarah Simper, sir, said she, at such a sign, in such a row.

As I had three or four spare hours from business every evening, I gladly laid hold of the occasion I had gotten for spending that time in visits to my beloved. I went indeed without forming any purpose, save the pleasure of seeing her. Her fondness seemed at least to equal my own; and though we proceeded at times to toying and dallying, yet for three weeks we kept

within warrantable limits. But this was not always the case. Our first transgression was succeeded on her part by tears and reproaches, and on mine by a depth of sorrow and remorse.

As this was my first fault, with respect to woman, my conscience was yet unsteeled. I spent the night in sighs and tears of contrition; and I repeated a thousand promises and vows to my God that I never would be guilty of the like again.

For five entire days I kept from going to her. At length I considered that, as I had injured her, I ought to make her such recompense as was in my power. I put about twelve pounds into my pocket, being all that I had left of my last year's salary, and went and told her that I was come to take my leave of her; then, pouring the money into her lap, I promised to give her what I should earn from time to time, and to marry her whenever I should be enabled to maintain a family. Here we both fell into tears, and from tears we proceeded to caresses, till at last we became as guilty as we had been before.

In like manner, for the six ensuing weeks, I kept on in a course of repenting and sinning, and of sinning, and again repenting. Every night I formed resolutions which I imagined would be stronger than any I had made before; but whatever strength I exerted, I never was able to persevere for three days together. When I felt myself drawn to her, as by some irresistible power, I vowed and flattered myself on the way that I would return without transgressing; but when I came to her, I found it as impossible to keep from sinning with her as it was to keep from her. Thus I daily continued to add to my guilt; till at length I became hopeless of any ability to resist temptation, and sinned on with my eyes open, and yet with less remorse than before.

As I was sitting with her one evening, a bailiff entered suddenly, and laid an action upon her for fifteen pounds, which, he said, she promised to pay for her mother in her last illness. Whether the debt was feigned and preconcerted between them, I know

not; but I afterward recollected that she did not seem to be so alarmed as one would have expected on such an occasion. My soul was filled with bitter and distracting thoughts. I could not think of suffering my love to be confined among fellows in a common prison; and yet how to come by the money I knew not. I offered the man my note, payable when my salary should be due; but he refused to depart without instant payment. Hereupon I hurried home, and, taking fifteen pounds of my master's money, I returned and discharged the action.

From this time my fair one began to extend her appetites and to rise in her passions. Under colour of being with child, her longings and fits came frequent upon her; and I was in a manner constrained to indulge her till I had taken of my master's money to the amount of fifty pounds.

David, said she one day, it is time to tell you that I must soon quit my mantua-making business; for I am growing too big to appear with decency among my customers: so you must take other lodgings for me, and provide a sufficient fund to defray the expenses of childbirth. And where, my dearest Sally! may such a fund be provided? I have already gone lengths for you that may bring me to the gallows. If you had not been a poor spirited fellow, says she, you could not bear to live in the fears that haunt you so; you would long since have made away with that old scoundrel your master. Here, throw this little dust into his broth or his posset, and you may wallow in money without fear of account.

Here I looked her full in the face, when every beauty that had once enchanted me, suddenly vanished from my sight. However, I suppressed my horror as well as I could; and, putting back the paper, No, Sally, said I, I would rather die the worst of deaths myself than have a hand in making away with my kind old master. And die you shall then, she cried; for I will not perish alone. She then dropped on her knees and vowed, with fearful imprecations, that she would go directly to Mr. Felton and make a discovery of my

robberies; that she would also go to the next magistrate and swear a rape against me; and that she would poison herself and the bastard within her, that she might not bring into the world any part of such a villain.

While she spoke her aspect looked livid and deadly, and wrath and despair flashed from her eyes.

My dear Sally, said I, lower your passions a little; give me that paper again; we shall see what may be done. And here I leave you my watch as a pledge of my return by to-morrow at noon. This I did, however, not with the smallest intention of keeping my promise; for I determined never more to look her in the face. But I bequeathed to her, as it were, the only stake of value which remained to me, that the wretch whom I had ruined might not be left altogether without means of life.

When I got into the street I hastened homeward, without deliberating a moment on what I was about, or on the consequences that might ensue. My master was in a back chamber looking over some letters, when I rushed in precipitately, and shut the door behind me. What is the matter, child, says he; are you not well? You look pale and affrighted; what is the matter, David? Oh, sir! oh, sir! (and I sunk upon my knees), I bring to you a villain, a reprobate, a thief, a robber, a betrayer of trusts, also the vilest sinner that ever sinned against God and against man. I got in league with a bad woman, who seduced me by her beauty, and then prevailed upon me to rob you, and would have persuaded me to murder you; but there I stopped short; I could not be prevailed upon to murder you, my master! Pray then, said he somewhat sternly, to what intent are you come? To demand justice, sir! I cried, and to appease my own conscience by suffering for my faults. Tell me then, said he mildly, and tell me truly, of how much money have you defrauded me? Of fifty pounds, sir, I answered, a few shillings under or over. Rise then, pray rise, my David! he cried; I would not bring you to shame, and much less to punishment, for five

times the value of fifty pounds. I owe you for your services very nearly that sum, and I forgive you the remainder with all my heart. No, sir! I cried aloud, and burst into tears; you do not forgive me, you cannot forgive me; for this your goodness does but heap the heavier guilt upon my soul.

He then got up and came to me, and, raising me to his bosom, he embraced me and cried, I rejoice over thee, my David; I rejoice over thee, my child, as Heaven rejoiceth over the sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine that have no need of repentance. You now know your own frailties; you will be cautious of future falls; and you stand upon firmer ground than ever.

You know me not, I exclaimed; you know me not, my good master. I am wholly irreclaimable. The devil has taken possession of me, and reigns through all my members. I have no more strength than a midge against temptation; no more power than a fainting man against a torrent that already has borne him far away.

I will pray for you, my son, said the good man vehemently; I will wrestle with my God for you; and his grace shall be sufficient. No, sir, I replied, after that which has happened I never shall be able to look you in the face; I will not trust myself. I know that I should fall on the first trial. Will you leave me then, he cried; will you leave me, my son David? and he took out his handkerchief and wiped away the falling tear. I must, I answered, I must leave you, my dearest master; I should be miserable if I stayed. I will go directly to sea; I will confine myself in some ship, where I shall be shut from any commerce with mankind, and not have it within my reach to wrong or damage any person: and, indeed, I could not bear to stay in one town, or even in one kingdom, with that bad woman. Where may she be found, David? said Mr. Feltou. Ah, sir! I exclaimed, leave her to God and to her own evil conscience. I believe she is with child by me. Do not desire, my master, to hurt a little innocent that has not yet seen

the light. No, my David, no; I mean nothing but comfort to her. I mean to supply her wants and to soften her distresses. She will not then be tempted to wish hurt to her benefactor; and I will take care of the little wretch which she carries in her body, for your sake, my David.

There was something so affecting, gentlemen, in such a proof of wonderful goodness, as must have struck to the heart of the most abandoned reprobate. I was quite overcome thereby. I fell suddenly at his feet, and I wished to pour out my very soul in the same manner as I poured my tears upon them.

As he now found that I was bent on departing, David, says he, since you will go, you must not go unprovided. A sailor ought to have proper necessaries; and, if you will give me your company for three or four days longer, I will get you a good birth in some ship or other. Meantime I would advise you to set about your preparations; for which purpose you must accept these fifty guineas, which you may please to return me when some happy adventure shall furnish you with means. No, no, sir, I cried, putting his purse back with my hand, your plan is not the plan of your reprobate servant; your good births are not at all for my purpose. I will go as a common sailor; the meanest offices and the greatest drudgery will be a penance too little, much too little, for my transgressions. And, so saying, I turned and went hastily out.

I made directly to the quay, where I saw a crowd of citizens intermixed with sailors. On going up I found that they were enlisting volunteers, to whom they offered from one to three guineas per man. And what will you give me, captain, if I go with you? He then looked earnestly at me, and, having eyed me several times from head to foot, I will give you, my lad, said he, five guineas in your fist; and here is my hand for a hearty welcome into the bargain. If your honour then will be pleased to order those five pieces to be laid out for me in such necessaries as you think fitting; I live at such a place, and shall be ready at a call.

Enough, said the captain; our ship is called the Centurion, of thirty guns; the brave David Jenkins, commander. We set out by morning's tide, between ten and eleven; and if you come without a call you will be the more welcome. So saying, he gave me a familiar shake by the hand, and we parted.

I then went directly home, and calling Mr. Felton aside, I told him of my engagement in the Centurion, suppressing only the time of my departure; for I felt that I could not stand the parting with him, and I thought it best to make it as little painful to him and myself as might be.

During supper I endeavoured to chat, but I could not. And as Mr. Felton at times looked affectionately upon me, I turned my head aside, and a silent tear stole down my cheek.

I spent the night in sighs and tears; and, getting up before day, I took my shoes in my hand, and, stepping softly down stairs, would have stolen out at the street door; but in that instant the door of a side parlour was opened, and before I could look about my master had me in his arms. Will you leave me then, David; will you indeed leave me! he cried. Oh, David, David, I love you next to my only child. Stay with me yet, my son; oh, stay with me, my David, and I will do every thing, I will do all things that may be done for you.

Here I sunk, and was just fainting under the pressure of his goodness. Do not kill me, my master, do not kill me outright, I cried. You must no longer be burdened by my body of sin and death. As God has forsaken me, I must leave you, my master; let him do with me as he will, and if I perish, I perish. So saying, I broke from him, and away I rushed, weeping and sobbing all the way as though my heart would cleave in sunder.

The captain received me with great cordiality, and at times called me his namesake, and was very familiar with me. The sailors also, after his example, began to affect me without any appearance of envy; for though I had not been exercised in their profession,

yet I was strong, hale, and active, and ready to assist them at every turn.

I was now incorporated with a fraternity whose wickedness was of a species quite different from that of my former brotherhood. Our sailors were so far from cheating and defrauding, that they scarce seemed to have any regard for property; and they were as brave a set of fellows as ever trod a deck. But then they were as hardened to any sense of religion or piety as the nether millstone; and the sacred names of God and his Christ were of no other import to them than the ball of a billiard table, to be tossed and bandied about for sport.

At first this was a matter of great offence to me. But in time it became less irksome to my ears, and by degrees I began to relish and to catch the common contagion.

Our ship had been destined to protect the trade in the Levant. Within the space of five months we had rescued from the captors six English ships, and made prize of three stout frigates of those African pirates who war upon the world; when the boy from the mast-head cried out, A sail! We immediately made chase, and found by evening that we had gained considerably upon her; but as the night came on thick and hazy, we shortened sail and lay to till morning, but hung out no lights.

At dawn of day we renewed the chase, though no sail was then in sight; but we had not continued it above four or five leagues when we clearly discerned the same vessel, and perceived that she altered her course and was bearing toward us.

Hereupon we shortened sail and waited for her. But we had not waited long till we perceived a second vessel that seemed in chase of the first; and some time after saw a third that seemed in chase of the two former.

On this the lieutenant, an old and experienced sailor, looked somewhat blank, and desired that the captain would instantly call a council of war. Gentlemen, says he, the many captures we have lately made could

not fail of informing our enemies that we are in these seas ; and I apprehend that they have made choice of their best means to overreach and overmatch us. And indeed you may already perceive that the ship which we had in chase has shortened sail, and waits to be joined by her two consorts, whom she seemed so lately to fear. At this they cried with one voice, No flying! no flying! Let them come on, the circumcised dogs, as many as may be of them. To work then, my brave lads! cries Captain Jenkins; for we are likely to have as warm a bout of it as we could wish.

Our ship at this time was full manned with about two hundred and seventy spirits, all as ready and desirous to go and meet death as a beau to go to a ball, or an alderman to a feast.

The three consorts were now joined, as our mate had foreseen, and bore down upon us right before the wind; and then it was that my sins came crowding into my mind; and I believe I was the only person of the ship's company who trembled.

They all came up with a desperate boldness; and while one attacked us on our bow, a second lay upon our quarter, while the third bore away under our stern, and raked us fore and aft with her whole broadside; nor were we idle in the mean time, but plied our guns with such success as soon obliged them to sheer off.

Our ship was of English oak, and stood their shot to a wonder; our metal was also much weightier than theirs; but then they outnumbered us three to one in men and guns.

Having got out of the reach of our shot, they moved off, as intending to make their escape; but having repaired their damage, as well as time would allow, they returned upon us with twofold fury.

Then it was, gentlemen, that such a scene was opened as was sufficient to strike hell itself with horror.

They now entertained us with a new kind of warfare; for, getting up within pistol-shot, they tossed their granadoes among us, that were filled with broken bottles and with rusty and ragged pieces of old iron.

These did fearful execution, and our deck was quickly covered with blood and brains and pieces of human flesh, while the noise of the cannon could scarcely drown the screams of the wounded and the groans of the dying.

In this desperate situation we loaded all our guns with grape shot, which made such havock among our enemies as obliged two of them to sheer away again as fast as they could; while the third kept playing upon us at a distance, till we forced her also to follow her consorts.

We now had leisure to clear our deck, and with sorrowful hearts threw our dead companions overboard.

Having once more set all to rights, we bore down on all three; but they crowded away from us, maintaining a running fight with their stern chase; and, as they levelled their shot almost wholly at our rigging, by evening we were incapable of further pursuit.

Meanwhile we had plied them with our cannon so well that, as it began to wax duskish, we perceived the crew of the hindmost in much confusion, and making signals of distress to their consorts. Soon after we saw them heave out their boat, and they had scarce crowded into her when their ship went down. Hereon we gave a great shout, which we repeated on seeing their boat overset. But as the Moors are excellent swimmers I suppose most of them got safe, and were taken in by their companions. In the mean space our gallant captain Jenkins had his right leg and thigh carried off by a cannot shot; I think it was the last shot the enemy fired.

As I stood by my captain's side I caught him in my arms before he fell, and cried out for the surgeons; but the effusion of blood was so great, that we quickly despaired of any life for him.

As I supported him on the deck he found himself growing faint, and turned his face to me. David, said he, I am not afraid to die, for I am a Christian. I believe, as surely as I am here, that Christ came into

the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief; and he is so great and so gracious, that he will not suffer hell or the grave to disappoint him of an end for which he paid so dear a price. Here, my David, here is my purse and my watch, which I bequeath to your love as my last legacy; and here is my diamond ring, with which I intrust you, as a token to my dear daughter, if ever it shall be your fortune to revisit Old England. And if you should go to London, my dear David, inquire out my good old friend alderman Bicker; tell him of my behaviour during your service with me, and that I beseech him to use his interest in procuring my pay for my poor sweet child.

And that I will right heartily, cried out Sir Thomas. I will also speak a word for yourself, my lad; the protector cannot refuse his favour to one who has had the honour of serving in the action of the Centurion, whose fame our very enemies have spread through Europe. But pray proceed in your narration; I long to hear the event of so interesting a scene.

Though we greatly grieved for our captain, we were still more concerned for the honour of England, lest our good ship should fall into the hands of the barbarians: for she now lay like a hulk on the face of the water. She could neither pursue, nor avoid an enemy; and though she had been in plight, we had not hands left sufficient to work her.

Night came on apace, hostilities ceased on both sides; the pirates hung out lights to prevent, as we supposed, their parting from each other; and we mournfully called a muster of our men in the dark; whereon we found that, of two hundred and seventy odd men, we had but fifty remaining, twenty of whom were wounded, though not disabled.

Come, my lads, cried the old lieutenant, it is as good to be merry as sad. I take upon me to promise that, if you will be guided, I will make you masters of one of yonder vessels before sunrise.

We engaged compliance to a tittle; and accordingly, after we had refreshed ourselves, he ordered our boats

to be heaved overboard and let drive with the wind. We then set our watch, and went down to take a few hours' repose.

Two hours before the day we were roused by the lieutenant; and the first thing we did was to bore a large hole in the side of our ship, about a foot below water, for which we had an occasional plug prepared.

As soon as the day dawned we set watches to give us timely notice of the enemy's approach; and then lay down on our small arms out of observation.

The pirates, as we presumed, held up their glasses, but, seeing neither men nor boats in our ship, they concluded that we had made an elopement by night, and came on without precaution.

As soon as they had arrived within about half a league our watchmen, according to order, drew forth the plug, and, creeping upon deck, crouched down with us.

The consorts had agreed to board our ship on each side, in confidence of a rich and unresisting prize. But the moment we heard the first of them rustling alongside, and perceived that they were beginning to get up our side, we jumped up as one man, and setting up a great shout, and, overturning all we met, leaped into their vessel.

Never was amazement like that of the enemy. They scarce made any resistance, and in less than a minute not a moor was left upon deck.

Meantime the other pirate had boarded our late vessel almost to a man. They had heard, indeed, the shout with the clamour and groans of their fellows; but did not rightly know what to make of it; till, moving close round the head of our former ship, we shot the few who were left in the second frigate; then, throwing out our grapplings, we towed her off, and then bored and sunk her in the face of her owners.

They thereupon set up such a yell of despair and horror as was affecting even to the hearts of their enemies. At length they turned the cannon of the Centurion upon us, but we soon got out of reach of their shot; and by the time we were about three leagues

from them we saw our good Centurion go to the bottom, the glorious tomb of her noble captain.

We now thought that, of about a thousand assailants, there was not one left to carry tidings to their native country. But going down to the state cabin I saw a young man richly dressed, and of noble aspect, leaning wounded upon a couch, with three attendants about him.

As I entered he gave me a look that seemed compounded of apprehension and courage, and accosted me in broken English, for he had travelled much, and resided for a season in London.

I know, said he, that I am your prisoner; I also know what I am to expect. Draw your cutlass then, and let me join my countrymen. No, sir, I replied, you have nothing to fear from me. A man, who deserves that name, owes nothing but love to man, except when he is assaulted; the brave see no enemy in the feeble or the conquered.

Where have you learned, he cried, the sentiments of my own soul? But your generosity shall lose you nothing; demand what ransom you please, and it shall be paid you. I am not commander-in-chief, I answered; but, as far as my influence reaches, you are as free as air, and shall be bound to us by nothing but by your affections. Then stretching forth his arm, your hand, my brother! he cried; and giving me a kind squeeze, the tear came into his eye.

I went directly on deck and informed our little crew, now reduced to thirty-three, of what had passed between the noble Moor and myself, and told them I hoped they would be so generous as to make my promise good. To this the greater number gladly assented, but some of them murmured. Hereupon I remonstrated that we were already rich enough; for we had brought all the money out of our own ship, beside the great treasure in the pirate frigate which we had not yet divided. I further represented that we knew not what the events or fortune of war might be; and that it would not be imprudent to make a friend on the African coast, who, in all appearance, was a person of

high consideration : and with these reasons, at length, all appeared to be satisfied.

I then carried the pleasing tidings to my new friend, and took with me our only surviving surgeon who dressed the wound in his thigh, which had been made by a musket ball.

As soon as the surgeon had withdrawn, the noble Osmyn of Petra, for so he was called, presented me with his purse, and a carbuncle ring of extraordinary value, and pressed them earnestly upon me, but I as peremptorily refused them, and this refusal appeared to distress him greatly.

During the five days in which we continued together, I had him as honourably attended as our circumstances would admit ; and I spent with him all the time I could spare from my duties and great fatigues upon deck, as all the hands we had were kept busily employed in splicing the ropes, refitting the mangled sails and rigging, and in repairing the breaches of the vessel ; for our shot had bored her sides quite through in several places.

On these accounts we sailed but heavily, still making towards the Straits, and daily wishing to meet or be overtaken by some English ship of force, to which we might safely confide ourselves and our treasures.

On the sixth morning, having arrived within twenty leagues of the mouth, the day discovered to us that we were almost within shot of a ship that carried English colours. Hereat we rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and slackening our sail, and heaving out a small boat, ten of us slipped into it, and away we rowed with all our might. As we approached, we saw numbers, in English dresses, walking to and again on deck ; and, getting alongside, they threw ropes over to us, and we mounted with great alacrity.

Hitherto we were so intoxicated with joy that we had not the precaution to hail them, till we found ourselves in the very thiek of our enemies. I looked round, and, seeing none but tawny and hostile faces about me, I civilly demanded who, and of what country they were ; when a ruffian, gathering his spittle,

spirted it full in my face, and at the same time gave me a buffet on the side of my cheek. Then I did not once reflect either where or among whom I was, but with one stroke of my fist I stretched him flat upon the deck : then throwing up the heels of another who had raised his arm against me, he fell with his head foremost across his fellow ; and twisting round on a third, who had seized me behind by the shoulder, I dragged him under me, and we fell together upon the board. Here a crowd of them gathered over me, and each helping to hold a leg or an arm, I was bound with cords that crushed my flesh to the very bone, and then tumbled with kicks, like a dog along the deck.

Meantime my nine companions were also seized and bound, and cast into the hold.

For about three hours I lay in excessive anguish, though, through a sort of stubborn pride, I endeavoured to suppress my groans. In the interim I felt the ship begin to move, and soon after I perceived all in a bustle about me. Again I heard, from within and without, several discharges of small arms, and as I saw several Moors fall around me, I rightly concluded that the ships were engaged. I gave a long and deep groan, and I cried aloud, Oh, my countrymen ! my brave countrymen ! why am I not with you, why have I not the happiness of dying with you and for you ? And my heart was so wrung that I fainted away.

I afterward learned that my true and valiant fellows had refused to submit upon summons. That the pirate, seeing them so few, and being desirous of saving the frigate for their own use, had attacked them with small arms, which were warmly answered on our part ; when, having disabled above half of our brave English, with two of Osmy'n's attendants who happened to be upon deck, they entered and mercilessly butchered the remainder, among whom was our old mate and surgeon.

Meantime I lay insensible to all that passed, till a ruffian, seeing me pale and lifeless, in all appearance, gave me a wring by the nose. Hereupon I awaked to the bitterest sensations. I remembered me of my gallant messmates, who had so loved and caressed me

above my merits; and my tears, without sigh or groan, went in streams down my cheeks.

At length I heard a voice, a known voice, as I thought, crying, Where is my friend, where is my brother David? and turning my head a little, I saw my noble Osmyn just entering the ship.

Oh, gentlemen! be not apt to judge hardly of all who have not learned Christ by the form and by the letter. Osmyn, my Osmyn proves that he may be in the heart of those who never acknowledged his name.

Having instantly cast an eye of searching love around, he spied where I lay, and coming and throwing himself beside me, he put one arm about, and cried, Oh, my brother! my brother David! is it thus that my people use you? I grieve that you Christians should beat us all to nothing in honour and humanity. He then took out his knife, and having tenderly cut my cords, he strained his own ability to help me to rise.

He then called for the captain, who came bowing to him with great respect. Their discourse was long and earnest. At length Osmyn rose high in passion, and gave the captain a back stroke with his hand across the face. I observed his choler swelling, almost to suffocation, but he suppressed his indignation and retired in silence. I heard Osmyn then giving some orders to the men, but as I was a stranger to their language, I knew not the purport of any thing that passed. Soon after, however, I saw my nine companions brought from the hold, and unbound. And Osmyn, turning to me, desired me to tell my people that they were all free, and that as soon as we landed in Barbary he would take the first means of sending them with honour to their native country. Ah! my lord, I cried, I am sorry that you struck the captain, he has many adherents here, and will certainly seek some method of revenge. He dare not, he dare not, replied my friend; the villain would have disputed with me the property of my own frigate, which I manned and fitted out at my own expense. But if I hear or see any more of his insolence, as soon as we land, I will

complain to the dey, my uncle, and have the rogue impaled alive.

He then ordered out the long-boat, and turning to me, said, I am going, David, to take an account of what effects are left in my ship; and I would take you with me if you were in a condition to go; but I will soon return, and, in the mean time, order the surgeon to do his best for allaying the swelling in your limbs.

During his absence the ship's company, and even the captain, whose name was Barbar, behaved themselves toward me and my fellows with great, though silent, civility; and a plentiful mess was served up to us for dinner. But during our repast I observed that the captain called such and such of his men to the quarter-deck, where he held with them a long conversation.

These fellows, as it seems, were the most barbarous and bloody of all their barbarous and bloody countrymen. Having taken the ship wherein we then were, a merchantman, carrying about twenty guns, they had massacred every creature on board, and then dressed themselves in the clothes of the English, in order to inveigle others into the like calamity; while they dispatched their own frigate back to Tunis to get recruits.

My noble friend did not return till late in the evening. He then ordered supper to be got ready, and the state-cabin to be prepared for him and me to lie in; but I whispered and besought him to excuse me for declining that honour, as I perceived that the favours which he did me had already given much offence to his countrymen.

I know not whence, or for what purpose, forebodings may come; but all that night my spirits were exceedingly depressed; and though my fellows and I were in a part of the ship, the most remote from my friend, yet I imagined that I heard secret treadings and mutterings; and again, at dead of night, that I heard the distant sound of trampling and struggling, as of people in doing and receiving violence.

I was still sore from the bruises which I had received ; when, toward the end of a sleepless night, a gang of armed ruffians entered the place where we lay, and loaded us with irons. They then took away all our clothes and treasures, and threw to each of us a canvass shirt and drawers, as slaves prepared for the market.

The moment they laid their hands upon me, it occurred that they would not have dared to do it, if they had not first made away with my dear friend and patron ; at which thought my soul grew instantly sick, and a dark cloud of sorrow fell heavily upon it.

Sore and shackled as I was, I got immediately on deck, and looked wistfully out to sea, but could discover no frigate. I then shuffled along as fast as I could to the cabin, where I had parted the night before with my Osmyn, and looking in at the door, I cried aloud, Where are you, lord Osmyn, where are you, my master ; my friend ! my dear Osmyn ! where are you, where are you ?

When no answer could be had, I returned wild with rage and grief, and notwithstanding my chains, had I not been disabled by my contusions, I should have done my best to throttle every man I met. But all I could do was to wring my hands and roar aloud to all around, Ye butchers ! ye cut-throats ! ye villains of all villains ! what have ye done with your lord, what have you done with your master, what have you done with my friend, with my Osmyn, my Osmyn !

For two nights and two days I tasted nothing but water, which I drank in large quantities, as my soul as well as body was in a ferment and a fever. On the third day the captain, fearing that I would die of grief, and that he should lose what he proposed to get by my sale, sent a kind of interpreter to me, to let me know that on the night in which I parted with Osmyn, he and the captain soon after had some warm words concerning their rights in the frigate, and in the English now on board : whereupon Osmyn swore that he would not remain any longer in his ship ; and that, taking

with him a number of hands, he reembarked in the frigate, and directly set sail.

As this tale carried with it some face, I grew easier in my mind; and, on the very day following, having anchored in the bay of Algiers, my fellows and I were taken into the town and sold at public market.

I happened to be bought by one of the dey's factors, who immediately sent me to work at his country palace.

This work was a most stupendous undertaking. Above five hundred men had been daily employed in it for two years, and yet a third of it was not done when I arrived.

A large lawn extended itself in the front of the palace, and here the dey had ordered a great canal to be dug, and, from its excavation, a mount to be raised, whose base measured three hundred yards in circumference. The ascent was easy and spiral, much resembling the prints you have seen of the tower of Babel. The border of this ascent was adorned all the way with lofty cedars interlaced with all sorts of aromatic and flowering shrubs; and from the top, before I left it, was to be seen the bay, the shipping, the city, and country all around, while distant mountains on the one hand, and an extent of ocean on the other, alone bounded the prospect.

END OF VOL. I.

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