

THE,
HISTORY
OF THE,
Fortune-Teller,
IN THE
OLD-BAILEY,

EXHIBITING

The INTRIGUES and CHARACTERS of
several PERSONAGES of the FIRST
RANK; and some droll and familiar
SCENES, drawn from REAL LIFE.

*Somnia, terrores magicos, miraculas, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theffala rides.*

HOR.

—Viteres avias tibi de pulmone revollo.

PERS.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXIV.



THE
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
FORTUNE-TELLER.

C H A P. I.

A preparatory discourse to our true history, being a dissertation on the origin and progress of Fortune-Telling; the cause of superstition and credulity assigned, absurd and superstitious opinions and practices now prevalent in England, pointed out; and a vindication of the Deity, from the blasphemous notions entertained of him by the believers of Fortune-Tellers.

AN eagerness to enquire into future events has been the foible of all ages, and all nations. Not satisfied with knowing that peace of mind must always be the consequence of integrity of heart, that prosperity and success must generally attend a
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rectitude of life and conduct, mankind have been solicitous to know, by superstitious means, the particular good or ill fortune that is to attend them. This eagerness and solicitude first gave birth to the mystery, or art of Fortune-Telling.

Crafty and designing men, in all ages and nations, have duped the unsuspecting and ignorant vulgar: but no set of men have duped them more than Fortune-Tellers; who have picked their pockets, and imposed on their judgments, under the most ridiculous pretences, and fallacious promises.

The art of divination, or Fortune-Telling, is of high antiquity; it being first practised in Egypt, and from thence making its way to every country in the known world; as the sacred writings fully inform us.

Nine species of this art are mentioned in those writings. The first was by inspecting the stars, planets, and clouds, which is termed Judiciary Astrology. The second was Augury. The third, Fascination, or occult and pernicious practices. The fourth, Enchanting. The fifth consisted in interrogating the Python spirits. The sixth was Witchcraft and Magic. The seventh was the Evocation and interrogation of the dead, called Necromancy. The eighth was Raddomancy, or predicting events by a wand, rod, or sticks. The ninth, and last, was
Hepatoscopy

Hepatoscopy, or inspection of a liver. All these different kinds of divination, Moses, Hosea, and Ezekiel particularly inform us of. The scriptures also make mention of Fortune-Tellers, interpreters of dreams, divinations by water, fire, air, the flying of birds, their chirping; by thunder, lightning, and, in general, by meteors; by the ground, by points, by lines, by serpents, &c.

The Jews became infected by these different superstitions in Egypt, from whence they came to the Greeks, who transmitted them to the Romans.

The Romans distinguished divination, or Fortune-Telling, into Artificial and Natural. The former was a prognostic, or induction, founded on external signs, connected with future events. The latter presaged things by a motion purely internal, and an impulse of mind independent of any external sign. This they subdivided into two sorts; Innate, and Infused. The Innate had for its basis, the supposition, that the soul, circumscribed in herself, and commanding the different organs of the body, without being totally present to them, had essentially confused notions of futurity; as, said they, one may have sufficient reason to be convinced of it by dreams, extasies, and what happens to some sick persons at the approach of death, and most other men,

when threatened with some imminent danger. The Infused was supported on the supposition, that the soul, like unto a looking-glass, was enlightened, in regard to the events that concerned her, by a light reflected from God, or spirits. They also divided Artificial Divination into two sorts; the one experimental, deduced from natural causes, as astronomical predictions of eclipses, &c. or judgments passed by physicians on the crisis of diseases, or conjectures formed by politicians on the revolutions of states; as it happened to Jugurtha leaving Rome, where he had succeeded by dint of money, in clearing himself of an atrocious crime, when he said; "O vena-
 lem urbem, et mox perituram, si empto-
 rem inveneris!" The other Chimerical, consisting of capricious practices founded on false judgments, and supported by credulous superstition. It moved heaven and earth, as it were, forming presages from air, water, fire, birds, the entrails of animals, dreams, physiognomy, the lines of the hand, points drawn by chance, numbers, names, the motions of a ring and sieve, and the works of some authors; whence came the predictions called Prænestinæ, Virgilianæ, Homericæ, and many others.

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The Greeks and Romans entertained the most religious veneration for all these fooleries, as long as they were not enlightened by the culture of the sciences, which insensibly banished the deceptions with their prejudices. Cato, being consulted on what might be prognosticated by rats eating buskins, answered, That there was nothing astonishing in it; but that it would have been an unheard of prodigy, if the buskins had eaten the rats.

Cicero was not more credulous and superstitious than Cato. He ridicules all sorts of divinations, without even excepting oracles, and the predictions of augurs and aruspices.

The original of divination has been accounted for by Monsieur Pluche in this manner: By the Egyptians having forgot the signification of the symbols, which were used in the beginning for inculcating to the people the duties of civil life and religion. When he is asked, how this signification of symbols could be lost, and how all the apparatus of religion could undergo so strange a revolution? he answers; "That
 "it was in abiding by the letter, the
 "people received, almost universally, au-
 "guries, the persuasion of planetary in-
 "fluences, the predictions of astrology,
 "the operations of alchemy, the differ-
 "ent kinds of divinations by serpents,
 B 3 birds

“birds, wands, magic, enchantments, evocations, &c. The world,” adds he, “abounded also with mad opinions, which it has not yet in all parts equally got rid of, and of which it is very necessary to know the fallacy, because they are as contrary to true piety and the repose of life, as to the advancement of true knowledge.”

But how could the people all take the symbols literally? Nothing more may be required for this, than a great revolution in a state, followed by two or three ages of ignorance. We are sensible by experience, of these revolutions in states, and the effects of the ages of ignorance that followed them, on the ideas and opinions of men, as well in respect to sciences and arts, as in matters of religion.

But, to offer something further on the origin and progress of divination. It may be said, that we are alternately happy and miserable, and sometimes, without knowing how. These alternatives have been a natural source of conjectures to the minds that believe they consult nature, when they only consult their imagination. Whilst misfortunes were private, none of those conjectures could gain sufficient ground to become the public opinion; but, if an affliction was epidemical, it became an object capable of fixing the general attention,
and

and an occasion to fanciful and mercenary men for persuading others to adopt their ideas. A word, that perhaps then slipped from them by chance, was the foundation of a prejudice. A being that finds itself happy in causing the misfortune of mankind, introduced by an apostrophe, or pathetic exclamation, was instantly realised by the multitude, which felt themselves, as it were, consoled, when presented with an object they could apply to in their calamity.

But, when fear had created a maleficent genius, hope was not backward in creating a favourable one; and the imagination, induced by the diversity of phenomena, circumstances, combination of ideas, opinions, events, and reflections, to multiply their species, filled the earth, air, and waters with them, and besides, established for them an infinity of various worships, which, in their turn, underwent an infinity of different revolutions.

The influence of the sun over all that exists was too sensible not to be taken notice of; and that luminary was soon reckoned among beneficent beings. Influence was supposed also in the moon; and this notion was extended to all the celestial bodies. The imagination, aided by conjectures which time necessarily brings about,

attributed discretionally to those bodies, a character of goodness, or malignity; and the heavens also appeared to concert the happiness or misery of men. In them were read all great events; such as wars, pestilence, famine, the fall of kingdoms, and the fate of kings, &c. These events were annexed to the phenomena that seldom happened, such as eclipses, and the appearance of comets; wherein was supposed a relation between these things; or rather, the fortuitous coincidence of phenomena and events made it believed to be so.

A moment's reflection on the universal concatenation of beings would have overturned all these notions. But do fear and hope reflect? How can the influence of a planet be questioned, when it promises us the death of a tyrant?

The supposed connection between names and things occasioned the affixing of characters to beings. Flattery had given to planets the names of Jupiter, Mars, Venus; and superstition had made them dispensers of dignity, strength, and beauty. The signs of the Zodiac are indebted for their virtues to the animals after which they have been formed. But every quality has something analogous to it: analogy, therefore, completes the train of the good and bad qualities, a celestial body may
shoot

shoot down on a being over whose nativity it presided.

This system was exposed to many difficulties, but none ever troubled themselves to solve them, or give a candid answer. Judicial Astrology now began to plume itself with an air of importance: predictions were made, perhaps, one right in nine hundred and ninety nine which were wrong; and yet the right was the only one spoken of; by which the art must undoubtedly be judged as excellent.

This single marvellous prediction, related a thousand different ways, is multiplied into a thousand happy predictions: lies and impostures are made to play their part; there are soon more than enough to combat the evidence of reason, or the voice of philosophy, and superstition and credulity gained ground apace.

When the influences of the celestial bodies had obtained credit, some intelligence must of course be granted to them. People then addressed and invoked them. A wand being laid hold of, figures were traced out on the earth, in the air, and with a loud or muttering voice, a jargon of mysterious words was pronounced, whereby whatever was desired was promised to be obtained.

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But it was considered, that if it was a matter of great importance to be able to summon the appearance of good or evil beings, it was much more to have about one something which might secure their protection. Hence, by following the same principles, talismans, amulets, &c. were constructed.

If some fortuitous events have seconded the discovery of truth, there are some also which may have favoured the progress of error. Such was the forgetting of the sense of hieroglyphical characters, which necessarily followed the establishment of the characters of the alphabet. Any desired virtue was, therefore, attributed to the hieroglyphical characters; the signs passed into magic, and the system of divination became thereby more complex, more obscure, and more marvellous.

As the hieroglyphics comprehended all manner of strokes and touches, there was not a line but became a sign. Nothing more then was wanting, than to seek for this sign on some part of the human body, in the hand, for instance, to give birth to Chiromancy.

The imaginations of men never acts more strongly and capriciously than in sleep; but to whom, unless to the gods, could superstition attribute such singular and striking objects

objects as occur to us in certain dreams? Such was the origin of Oneirocritics. It was difficult not to perceive, between the events of the day, and the phantasms of the night, some vestiges of Analogy: such an event was fixed to such an object; and there were soon persons who had predictions ready for all sorts of reveries. There even happened herein an oddity; a rule being made to predict by contraries; the contrary of what had been dreamed of in the night, having sometimes happened in the day:

What else could happen to men possessed by the prestiges of divination, and who believed themselves continually surrounded by good or evil beings, but further involving themselves in the admiration of all objects and events, whereby they transformed them into types, admonitions, signs, prognostics, &c. It was not now long before they heard the will of the gods in the nightingale's song. They saw and heard their decrees in the motion of the wings of the eagle, the croaking of the raven, or the chattering of the magpye. They read them also in the entrails of a calf, especially in the time of sacrifice; and such were the foundations of the art of the Aurispices. Some words that slipped from the sacrificing priest, were found, by chance, to relate to the secret motive of him who had

had recourse to the assistance of the words; they were taken for an inspiration. This success gave occasion to many enthusiastic distractions. The less one appeared master of his motions, the more they seemed divine; and it was believed, that it was necessary to lose reason amidst strong agitations, in order to be inspired, and deliver an oracle. It was upon this account, that temples were erected on the places where the exhalations of the earth made the mind fanatic.

Nothing more was wanting, than to make statues move and speak; and the craft of the priests soon herein found means to content the superstition of the people.

The imagination proceeds with rapidity when it goes astray. If there be gods, they dispose of all things; therefore, every thing must be a sign of their will, and of our destiny; but objects of veneration having in this respect some connection of worship with the gods, they were thought more proper than others to signify their will; and thus it was that prophecies were sought after in the poems of the war of Troy.

This system of absurdities still gained more credit from the opinions entertained by philosophers of the action of God on the human soul; from the facility some found, by their skill in medicine, of raising themselves

elves to the dignity of soecerers, and from the necessity of a respectable motive in regard to the people, which determined its chiefs to act or to wait, without being responsible for the event. This necessity made politics favourable to the augurs, and the deliverers of oracles; and in this manner all particulars concurred to inculcate and strengthen the greatest errors.

Those errors were so general, that the light of religion could not hinder their spreading among the Jews and Christians. Even among the latter, some have been known to interrogate the dead, and call upon the Devil, by ceremonies, like those of the Pagans in the conjuration of the Stars and Devil. But if the universality of the prejudice was an obstacle to the timid philosopher to stand up resolutely against it, it did not hinder him from placing it in a very ridiculous light; and if he had courage enough to sacrifice his repose, and expose his life, for undeceiving his fellow-citizens of a system of errors that made them miserable and wicked, he will be the more esteemed for it, at least, in the eyes of posterity, who judge of the opinions of past times without partiality. Do we not now consider the books, which Cicero has written *On the Nature of the Gods*, and on *Divination*, as his best works; though they drew upon

upon him from the Pagan priests the injurious title of impious; and from those moderate men, who pretended there should be some respect paid to popular prejudice, the epithets of a dangerous and turbulent spirit; whence it follows, that, in all times whatsoever, virtue and truth only are deserving of our respect. It was under Nero, that it was noble and brave to traduce Jupiter. This is what the first heroes of Christianity dared to do: which, indeed, they would not have done, if they were like those narrow geniuses, and pusillanimous souls, who detain truth in captivity, when there is any danger of declaring it.

Such were the origin and progress of Divination, or Fortune-Telling. As to the implicit faith the bulk of the people of all nations, at this day, have in the art, no one can be ignorant. In England, particularly, credulity and superstition reign with despotic force on the minds of the vulgar. But to what are they owing?—To prejudices imbibed in their younger years, in favour of hobgoblins, ghosts, spectres, demons, apparitions, witches, Fairies, bug-bears, and other such goodly stuff. Were not such prejudices inculcated by stupid nurses, and sucked in with their mothers milk, the minds of mankind would not be fitted to receive such monstrous absurdities

absurdities as they now hold; nor would the following superstitious practices and opinions so universally prevail as they do. Such as the turning of pretty maids smickets on St. Agnes's night, — the walking in the garden at twelve at night on Midsummer-Eve, and uttering a strange kind of invocation, — the placing of bride-cake under the pillows of unmarried girls, that they may dream of their lovers, and intended husbands, — the asking of old, ignorant, thievish gypsies, to tell fortunes, — the twirling of coffee-cups, and reading destinies in the coffee-grounds, — the opening of a bible, and implicitly believing, that the words that casually strike their eyes, indicate their future fate, — the confidence reposed in dreams of a particular nature, — the belief that the hopping of a coal out of the fire, driven by a sulphureous matter inclosed, — the peeling off the tallow of a candle, or a particularly luminous spark appearing in the wick, denote particular events, — the shuffling of cards, and imagining that certain ones dealt to the fortune-asking party, point out his or her success in life, — the reading of fortunes in a bright sea-coal fire, — the judgment passed, and confidence reposed, in meeting with an even or odd number of crows, or magpies, on a journey, — the belief, that spilling salt

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on a table, — laying the knives and forks in a particular manner, — nailing of a horseshoe on a stable-door, — stumbling at a threshold, or crying *God bless you*, at sneezing, have wonderful effects, — the affixing of particular judgments on people, in consequence of particular actions, — the faith reposed in charms, in the cure of the toothache, agues, or other disorders, — the belief that some days are more lucky than others, — the opinion that the fortunes of men depend on the chirping of crickets, the croaking of ravens, or the noise of spiders, resembling the ticking of a watch, and, therefore called a *Death-Watch*, — the credulity in thinking, that the burying of a rose for some months, inclosed in a phial, or piece of paper, and then wearing it, the person destined, by *Fate*, to be her husband, will take it from her breast, — the folly in imagining, that a girl's smock being hung on a line, on some particular nights, will be marked with the initial letters of her destined husband's name, — the firm belief, that by pronouncing some certain words, by way of prayer, on some nights, before going to bed, the man appointed by *Fate* to be the girl's husband, will appear there in *propria Persona*, — the imagining that the itching of the ear, or elbow, denotes some particular events, —
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the opinion that the *Aurora Borealis*, or northern lights, foretel the fate of kingdoms, or public calamities, — the confidence reposed in vapours arising from the earth, and rarefied by heat, so as to form a luminous body, and called by the vulgar *Will of the Wisp*, or *Jack a Lantern*, as being evil spirits that delight to mislead the unwary traveller from his right road, and guide him to precipices and bogs. All these, and more absurd and superstitious practices and opinions, the offsprings of ignorance, are well known to prevail in most parts of England, and are firmly believed by the major part of the vulgar.

To combat popular prejudice, to shake the pillars of an ill-grounded credulity, is certainly meritorious; but to lay the axe to the root, and sap the very foundations of superstition, with regard to Fortune-Tellers, by developing and exposing their arts, is much more so; for in proportion as ignorance and credulity decrease, religion and true piety gain ground.

Low, groveling minds, infatuated by early imbibed prejudices, contented with their portion of knowledge, look on every attempt to enlarge the mind, by free and candid enquiry, as an infringement of the laws, or as an attack on religion; whereas, neither the laws, or religion can be thorough-
 C ly

ly understood, unless they are thoroughly canvassed.—If the laws of a country, or the particular mode of religion established in a country, are excellent; by being inspected into, and examined with freedom, they will appear, like silver seven times purified in the fire, more bright and more excellent by such inspection and trial. On the contrary, either laws, or a religion, that will not bear the severest scrutiny, the strictest test, are unworthy the veneration of mankind, and fit only for the reception of a Samoiede, or Hottentot.

It is the glory of the Christian religion, that it not only allows, but commands, an enquiry into it's doctrines and precepts. In consequence of such commands, the learned and the pious of all ages, since the establishment of christianity, have freely canvassed and scrutinized its nature, end, and tendency; and have had abundant reason, by such researches, to bless and praise the Supreme Disposer of all things, for so glorious, so excellent, so divine a system. A system, all the antient philosophers united could not form! the joint writings of the most eminent moralists could not furnish!

Bigotry and infidelity have made dreadful havock in the moral world, arrayed in the garb of religion and virtue. Bigotry may be deemed to be the offspring of ignorance
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and pride; and infidelity, the parent of error. It is more difficult to reclaim a bigot, than a libertine. A fit of illness, or a serious inquiry into the nature and fitness of things, may convert the heart of the latter; but a bigot is so attached to his religious opinions, and so eaten up with pride, that his mental optics are incapable of viewing any objects but through the false medium of prejudice.

The credulous, soft, easy fool, who takes every thing on trust, and believes as his father and mother believe, can claim no merit, nor arrogate any praise from his religious opinions. A rational, well-grounded persuasion, the effect of sober enquiry, only, deserves applause; and that applause the intelligent have met, and now meet with; for the wiser and more learned any man is, the sincerer and the better Christian he certainly must be.

The greatest service that can be done to religion, is to enlarge the empire of reason, by the expulsion of prejudices of different kinds; for the spirit of true religion cannot take place in a breast filled with enthusiastic notions, and credulous opinions. They prevent such an enquiry as can improve the mind, and mend the heart; and dispose the soul to gloomy and fantastic thoughts, horrid images, and despairing sentiments.

Of all the silly and ridiculous notions embibed by credulous youth, and rivetted in ignorant age, the most absurd is that of Fortune-Telling; or a firm persuasion, that it is in the power of a mortal to foretel the good or ill-luck of any particular person.

This belief implies two of the most monstrous absurdities that ever disgraced the human mind.

First, it takes for granted that man is not a free agent; and

Secondly, it puts the Fortune-Teller on a par with — whom? Even the Deity. Monstrous, blasphemous supposition!

If a Fortune-Teller can foretel the future events of a man's life, those events must be bound fast in fate, and the fortune-asking party is under a necessity of action. If, again, the events of my life, or my particular conduct, in particular circumstances, are written in a book, as we may suppose; I must act in the manner that book has previously mentioned, or it is false, and says, that I shall act in a different manner than I do act. Now, the most sensible predestinarian does admit, that our actions are all written down in the book I have mentioned; that is, —do not laugh, good reader! — the *Book of Fate*. If so, can I call myself a free agent? No; nor am I rewardable or punishable, for good or bad actions,

actions, if I am not free. But as the freedom of the will, is as manifest as my freedom to write *the Life of the Fortune-Teller*, or not to write it, or my reader to peruse his life, or not to peruse it, it is fighting with the wind, or combating with words, to endeavour to prove what needs no proof; what is manifest to every one, who reflects calmly and dispassionately, without being carried away by the dictates of prejudice, or the conceits of ignorance.

If then, in the minutest things of life, we see, nay, we feel that we are free agents, our good or ill-success in life must depend on ourselves. The stars, a gypsey, or a spider, cannot know my natural disposition better than I do myself; nor, I believe, quite so well. They cannot know my abilities so well as I do; and consequently, cannot tell so well as I, the prospects I have of doing well or ill.

Generally, a wise and prudent man has better success in life, than an ignorant and imprudent one; and there is nothing wonderful in it. Similar effects generally flow from similar causes; and, therefore, as in all ages, from the beginning of the world to the present time, learning, and genius, and courage, and other fine accomplishments, have been valued, and rewarded with high honours, it hath incited others

to possess the same accomplishments, that they might enjoy the same rewards.

Is there any thing wonderful, if a handsome, amorous, sensible fellow, should be declared by some Fortune-Teller to be well with the women; that a brave and skilful general should be victorious; or that a prudent and virtuous girl should be happy?

But if the doctrine of Fortune-Telling be true, neither learning, nor genius, or courage, should be sought after, or any pains taken to arrive at any accomplishment; since if our conduct in life, and our happiness or misery, in consequence of it, be predetermined, in the manner before-mentioned, all our endeavours can be of no avail.

If indeed, Fortune-Tellers ground their opinions on the qualifications, apparent abilities, and circumstances, the ruling passions, and pursuits of their enquirers, as the following work will evidently prove, there is no wonder they should sometimes predict true events. But if the deluded and infatuated vulgar imagine, that they really are endowed with a power to foretel future events, that will absolutely come to pass, they cease to consider him or her as a mortal, but look on the person as a deity; since the Deity alone can see future events, and foreknow, from the different dispositions,
and

and capacities of his creatures, how they will act.

One would think, that the most ignorant and credulous person, in the most ignorant and credulous age, could never be foolish enough to think, that the happiness or misery of a being little less than the angels, should depend on the twirling of a coffee-cup, or the phantasms of a dream. What an opinion must such wretches have of the wisdom and goodness of GOD, in suffering the noblest of his creatures to be wretched, because a wild imagination pretends to see future events decyphered by the fortuitous concussion of coffee-grounds! where, do they think, is the Providence of the great ruler of the universe? where his justice, his equity, or his mercy? Can they think he disregards the affairs of this world, that he should suffer Chance to usurp His place? yet this supposition must be granted, GOD must be unjust, the scriptures false, and all things reversed, if Fortune-Tellers can predict future events.

Some people may imagine, I have been too serious in refuting this absurd notion, so religiously believed by the bulk of the vulgar, and that ridicule would be a better weapon to scourge it with than argument. In truth, it is paying it too great honour; but if we consider the universality of the

opinions entertained of Fortune-Tellers, it must be confessed, the design of exposing their fallacy in the manner I have done, is extremely laudable; and may be considered as a very proper introduction, or preparatory discourse, to this *History of the Fortune-Teller, in the Old-Bailey.*

C H A P. II.

Our Hero's birth, education, and turn of mind.

—Description of his person. —He falls in love with his mistress. —His change of disposition alarms his parents, who thinking him ill, pray for his recovery, while our hero visits his mistress. —In what situation he finds her, and what effect it has on him. —They sacrifice to the Cyprian Queen, and think themselves happy.

THE Fortune-Teller, or Doctor, as he is called by his servants, was born at a large market-town in the north of England, of poor and honest parents, who seeing something of a genius in him, were resolved, so far as lay in their power, to cultivate it, and bring it to perfection. He was, therefore, at a proper age, sent to school, where he learnt both to read and write, and cast accompts.

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He was a boy of vast vivacity, and enterprising disposition. Before he had arrived at his tenth year, he had signalised himself above his fellows, by his dexterity in robbing orchards, and performing other unlucky tricks.

To enumerate the many instances he gave of his bent of mind, by the mischievous pranks he played, would be endless; since scarce a day passed, but he smoaked some cobler in his stall, blew out some old woman's candle by means of gunpower wrapped up at the end of a piece of paper, threw squibs into people's houses, or placed crackers under girls petticoats.

He was looked on by all his schoolfellows as an uncommon genius, and a lad of mettle. They acknowledged him, therefore, for their chief in all their enterprizes, and honoured him with the title of captain: A title, as he has often confessed to me, that pleased him exceedingly.

Before he was thirteen he fell in love with his mistress, a fine, buxom girl of about nineteen, wedded to an old gouty dotard of sixty-three.

In his person, he was tall, and well shaped. Exercise had thrown crimson on his cheeks, and given vigour to his limbs. His forehead was high, his hair of a black and shining hue, his eye-brows full and arched,

arched, his eyes black and sparkling, his teeth white and even, his legs strong and well-made; and, in short, his person altogether such, as was peculiarly formed to please the fair, by promising all their fondest imaginations could suggest, or their most sanguine wishes hope for.

His mistress had frequently observed him eying her with the most intense regard, and plunged in the deepest reverie; but looked on it as a mere boyish curiosity, or a sort of dumb solicitation for something he wanted of her, but which he had not the courage to demand.

Our hero's disposition was now entirely changed. He was no longer the active, stirring genius, who infused spirit into his fellows, and pointed out the road to noble exploits. He was no longer the dauntless hero, who climbed the highest trees, vaulted over the broadest ditches, or robbed the fairest orchards. He no longer smoaked coblers in their stalls, fired out the candles of old women, threw squibs in people's houses, or placed crackers under girls petticoats. No, Cupid had softented his heart, robbed him of his wonted spirit, and taught ten thousand unknown desires to fire his soul, and wanton in his breast.

His metamorphosis excited surprise in every one, but in none more than his father and

and mother. They asked him if he was not well. He said, he did not know.—They asked him if he had fallen down, and hurt himself. He assured them, he had not.—They asked him if he would take a dose of physic. He told them, that he had rather not. — They advised a doctor. He said, he had no occasion for one.—They recommended water-gruel and bed. He declared, they would be of no service to him.—Not knowing then what to prescribe to him, they told him, he should stay at home, and not go to school 'till he was well; when with the greatest eagerness, his eyes flashing with fire, he cried out,—that would be the greatest punishment that could be inflicted on him.

His parents were now amazed, and knew not what to think. Most boys are fond of an holiday; and many of them will pretend sickness to gain one; but, for a young lad to declare, that it would be a hardship to be debarred from going to school, was an unprecedented thing. Well, therefore, might our hero's parents wonder at his sudden declaration, that staying at home would be the greatest punishment that could be inflicted on him!

Like good and affectionate parents, they left their son, recommending a nap to him; and, in the mean time, retiring to their

their chamber, threw themselves prostrate on the floor, and, in the most fervent manner, beseeched the God of health, to remove their child's illness; the God of mercy, to be merciful unto him; the God of grace, to impart his good gifts unto him; and the God of wisdom, to make him wise unto salvation.

While they were thus breathing out their prayers, pouring out their souls, before the throne of the Omnipotent, in favour of their son; he, unable any longer to be absent from his mistress, flew to her with all the haste that young desire could furnish; and, entering the room where she was, found her alone, carelessly lolling on a settee, with her head reclining over one end of it, her left hand supporting it, her right negligently lying on her right knee, and her left leg supported by a little stool. In this position she lay fast asleep; exhibiting a spectacle, that would have warmed the coldest breast, and excited desires in an anchoret's heart.

Haste had excited our hero's breast to pant, and his breath to be short and quick; but his mistress's attitude encreased his disorder; and gazing on her in perfect extacy, he was so overwhelmed with a torrent of delight, that a thick mist overspread his eyes,

eyes, and he was like to have fainted away.

For some time he employed himself in surveying so charming an object; Cupid, all the time, with a malicious pleasure shooting his shafts at his breast, which wet their very feathers in his blood, and excited a thousand nameless, and 'till then, unknown desires. At length he ventured nearer, and was almost tempted to steal a kiss from her sweet lips; but fear of waking and offending her, suppressed pleading passion. The fair-one seemed agitated by some dream, and after some time vented a sigh of tenderness, which made her look still more lovely.—She then awoke.

How great was her surprise to see standing before her, in an attitude of pleasing astonishment, with his hands folded together, and his eyes intently fixed on her, our hero! he was now dismayed and confounded. His hands involuntarily separated, and dropped down by his sides; his eyes were turned on the ground, and he could not utter a syllable.

The fair one saw his confusion, and smiled. With the softest accent in the world, she asked him, what brought him there, and wherefore he was so intently gazing on her? Our hero was still mute, nor dared to raise his eyes from the ground.

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The fair then, kicking the stool from her, and sitting on the settee, "Come Harry," said she, in a soft and winning accent, "don't be daunted, nor afraid of my resentment. Come, tell me truly," continued she, in a still softer, and more winning tone, and taking one of his hands with hers, and gently squeezing it; "Come, tell me truly what you came here for."

Our hero then ventured to lift up his eyes, and seeing nothing but good nature and affability in her's, told her, he had come there by chance just to see how she did, but viewing her in that situation, found himself very odd.

"What do you mean," said she smiling, still holding his hand, and softly pressing it, while her eyes sparkled with joy; "What do you mean by feeling something very odd, Harry?"

Poor Harry was now near as much confused as before. He hung down his head, and blushed, nor knew what to say.

His mistress iterated the question, begged him to explain himself, and said she would not be angry.

Harry then, after some time, said, "Why, madam, I would tell ye what I meant, if I could; but I can't do it. But, to be sure, I did find my heart go pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, for all the world. And
"to

“to be sure, you did look most charmingly, that is certain.”

Harry was afraid he had said too much. He left off here, but was so confused, his eyes were again directed on the ground.

The fair one, to encourage him, urged him to be more explicit; and letting go his hand, and rising up to shut the door, on her returning, she sat down on the settee; and smiling with ineffable grace, squeezing his hand, and patting his cheek, desired him to tell her what he thought of her; and what he meant, by saying, she looked most charmingly.

After some hems! and ha's! and entreaties to be excused, Harry at last told her, he thought her the handsomest woman in the world; and he was minded to have stolen a kiss from her sweet lips, but was afraid of waking her.

Her eyes now swam with joy, and she seemed perfectly happy. Flattery is a most pleasing potion for woman's vanity. They suck it in with the greatest avidity. They are never fatiated with the draughts; and though they may not absolutely credit the giver's wonderful stories, yet they are too delicious for them to refuse hearing.

She told him, that had he awaked her by a kiss, she would not have been angry, as his intention in so doing could not be criminal,

“And”

“And” added she, with the most engaging smile, and again taking his hand, moulding it between her’s; “Where the intention is not bad, the action can’t be so; and there is no harm done, if none be meant.”

Harry was so rejoiced to hear her talk thus, that he ventured to squeeze her hand, which she returned by more squeezes, and looking amorously on him. He now felt desires, more strong than before, infusing themselves in his breast, and thrilling every fibre. He gazed on her, and found nothing but languor in her eyes, and smiles on her face. Encouraged by so promising a prospect, he ventured, while she was looking amorously on him, and pressing his hand, to join his lips to her’s; when letting go his hand, and catching him round the middle, she strained him to her panting bosom, and lay prostrate on the settee.

Harry was a novice in these matters; but not so his mistress. While he was gluing his lips to her’s, and thinking himself the happiest of mortals, she was employed in removing the impediments to greater bliss, and — But modesty here draws the veil, and suffers me not to relate the sequel. Suffice it, they both thought themselves supremely happy.

C H A P. III.

Our hero's parents are greatly surprized at his speedy recovery. — His mistress grows more and more in love with him, nor is he backward in testifying a reciprocal passion. — They are discovered in the very height of their amorous dalliance by Miss Fenny, — She informs her grand-father of it. — The consequence thereof.

ON Harry's return home, with his eyes flashing fire, and raptures swelling his breast, he met his father and mother on the stair-case; they having but just finished their pious prayers for their dear son's recovery.

Have you never seen, reader, the inimitable Mr. Garrick's attitude, on the appearance of his father's ghost? Have you ever beheld the involuntary position in which a husband throws himself, on his wife's discovering him kissing her chambermaid? Or, have you ever remarked the extreme surprise a sweet young nymph discovers, on the first declaration of love from her passionate admirer? — If you have observed either of these things, you may have a proper conception of the attitude and surprise our hero's parents exhibited, on his

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his

his jocund looks, and entire change of deportment. They stared at him with all the eyes they could, but could scarce believe those eyes. Joyful astonishment for some time deprived them of the powers of speech; but when their tongues were loosened from constraint, how tenderly did they express themselves on the recovery of the son they loved!

After this period, time seemed to have placed wings on his feet, and the festive hours still administered to our hero's happiness. His mistress quite doated on him, 'though so young; he was equally fond of her, and their stolen interviews were frequent and delightful.

For some months the soft intercourse continued; but fate, who envies all the little portion of felicity we poor mortals enjoy, contrived to rob them of their pleasures, and put a stop to their endearments. — In short, a young girl, of about sixteen, a grand-daughter of the old schoolmaster, happening to come into the school-room one day for pens, when our lovers had forgot to shut the door, discovered, — oh dire misfortune, strange spectacle! — her grand-mother-in-law lying prostrate on one of the forms, and our hero on her. They were in the very heighth of their bliss, uttering

tering a confused and strange kind of noise, resembling the hum of distant bees,

To say Miss Jenny was surprised, is saying little. She was quite thunderstruck, and stood like a statue, surveying the amorous pair with mute astonishment. But it was not long before she resolved what to do. In the first transports of her indignation, she ran out of the room; and meeting her grand-father, informed him of the spectacle she had discovered.

The good man could scarce believe the report, he was so wrapped up with the opinion of his wife's virtue, and our hero's incapacity for such an action. Jenny was so angry with him for his incredulity, and distrusting her veracity, that she described their position in a more particular manner than she had before done, and her tongue began to delineate the wickedness of such an action in such warm terms, and she painted her own abhorrence of it so feelingly, that she worked herself quite into a rage against the offending parties, and soon excited the same passion in the old man.

He now hobbled into the room with all the expedition his gout would permit; but, alas! the lovers had finished their business, and were preparing to quit the place. In the greatest rage imaginable, the old cuckold upbraided his wife for her

violation of the marriage-bed, and taking up his crutch, would have finished our hero, had he not immediately taken to his heels.

The wife now insisted on her innocence, and obstinately denied the crime she was charged with. She averred, Harry came there only for a bottle of ink, which she had given him, and with tears in her eyes, protested she never knew any one but her own husband.

This would not for a long time go down with the old man; but at length, by the repeated asseverations of his wife, of her innocency.—her appeal to her former conduct,—her pointing out many instances of her care and tenderness of him,—and lastly, by Jenny's saying, that she might possibly have been mistaken, he was at length reconciled, but swore that Harry should never come there again.

C H A P. IV.

C H A P. IV.

Our hero casually meets Miss Jenny in a field, whom he reproaches for her indiscretion, — Description of her person at that period. — Instance of Miss Jenny's candour in owning her error. — Our author takes a sweet revenge on her for her informing against him.

IT was not above ten days, after this transaction, that our hero casually met the fair author of his misery, Miss Jenny.

She was, perhaps, as fine a girl as the whole parish could boast of. The doctor, even at this distance of time, cannot speak of her without raptures, nor think of her without pleasure. He has frequently owned to me, that she had the best-shaped leg, and the most delicate complexion he had ever seen.

But it is necessary I should describe this beauty; for, to confess the truth, good reader, in my journeys to the north of England, I have myself, more than once or twice, been happy in the possession of that melting, yielding piece of earth's fairest mould.

At the time I am now describing, her age was barely sixteen, and bounteous nature

ture had lavished all her gifts with such profusion, that each bold spectator of so much beauty confessed, she was the peerless paragon of the lovely sex, and the loveliest among the most lovely. She was of the middle size, and of the finest complexion; and over her whole form were diffused such irresistible graces, such a winning air, as forcibly enchanted the heart before it could guard against their force. Her countenance was sweetly charming, and serenely pleasing. Her hair was of a light auburn colour, which in graceful ringlets fell down the best-turned neck in the world. Her forehead was high; her eye-brows full and arched, and her eyes — her eyes were blue and languishing. Nature had vermilioned her cheeks with her own most delicate rouge; the lillies and roses, in sweet emulation, contending for preference. Her nose was not like a tower, like that of Solomon's mistress, that looketh towards Damascus; or that of my Lord Sapsull's, that looketh towards Edinburgh and Glasgow; but it was the prettiest, and most elegant, and most charming nose in the universe, the Dutchess Dowager of Utopia only excepted. Her pouting lips vied with the coral in colour, and down in softness. Her teeth were white, and even. Her breasts, which had just before began to swell, as in disdain

dain of limits, and declared the woman, displayed such charms, as would fire the breast of a hermit, and make cowl'd fryars forget their vows of celibacy. Her shape was easy, charming, elegant ;

“ Fine by Degrees, and beautifully less.”

Her arms were lovely, well shaped, and denoted her legs were no less so ; her hands were white as the driven snow, small, and soft ; and her fingers were long and taper, and altogether charming ; a small beautiful foot peeping from under her cloaths, though not possessed of that constellation of charms her face possessed, yet forced its idea to the fancy, and raised there ten thousand agreeable images. Such was the beautiful Miss Jenny ; and is it a wonder, that such a fair creature should instantaneously subdue the heart of each spectator ? And can we be surprized, that such beauties should make her loved as soon as seen ?

Our hero began to upbraid Miss Jenny, as soon as ever he set eyes on her, with all the sharpness imaginable ; but there was something so lovely, so engaging, and so sweet in her countenance, which a blush had rendered still more irresistible, that the asperity of his censures was in a great measure softened ; and in the close of his

speech, he shewed the softness of his heart, and the force of her charms, by declaring, that he must forgive her indiscretion, because he found himself unable to bear resentment against so much beauty.

Miss Jenny was a fine, young girl, and, therefore, susceptible of vanity, her sex's most delicious food! "I am glad, however, Harry," said she, "You do not bear malice, but are so prompt to forgive. I own I acted wrong; but it was done in the heat of passion. And, indeed, such a fight must be allowed very provoking to a young girl."

"Ah, Jenny," cried our hero, with an arch smile, and a shake of the head, and at the same time looking her full in the face; "Ah, Jenny, such fights are not uncommon in the world, take my word for it. And indeed, 'tis no wonder; for," continued he, in a more passionate tone, intently gazing on her face, and squeezing her hand; "there is such pleasure, such rapture, such joy, such extacy! in mutual enjoyment, as the possession of a crown cannot give, or the greatest treasures equal. Oh! that I could but convince you of this truth, and then you would not blame me for my sensibility of soul, that cannot withstand the charms of a fine woman."

Jenny

Jenny made our hero some answer, we may be sure; but the eating teeth of all-devouring time have erased it from our hero's memory. However, though he has forgot the particular speech, he has not forgot her behaviour on the occasion. All the time he was describing the pleasures of enjoyment, her face glowed with red, her eyes were inflamed, and her breast gently heaved; but strictly modest, she strove to suppress her desires, and to shew an indignation she did not feel.

Harry vindicated his conduct, and again expatiated on the pleasures resulting from it; and at length, grown bold by much discourse, and fired with the charming object before him, he snatched a kiss from her lips, and pressed her to his glowing bosom. The kiss set his soul on fire, and excited fierce desires. He again joined his lips to her's, and ravished some kisses soft as the southern wind, and sweeter than the nectar or ambrosia of thundering Jove.

As drops of rain will wear out the hardest flint in time; so the most insensible breast may be softened with continued persuasion, and amorous discourse. Our hero talked so long to her, urged his passion with such vehemence, that at length he discerned the sparks of love and rising desire kindling in her face, and sparkling in her eyes. Seizing then

then the happy opportunity, he caught her in his arms, and threw her on an haycock, ravishing some kisses, sweet as the honey of Hyblæan bees, from her fragrant lips.

She was now less coy, and less reserved; and our hero more furious and enflamed. Improving the lucky minute, he pushed the amorous war; and, as in the fields of Mars, the least signs of fear in an enemy are improved to the utmost advantage by an able general; so in those of Venus, the least signs of rising desire are eagerly viewed by a youthful lover. Miss Jenny wanted now to parley; but our hero would not permit her, but answered her only with the sweet, yet formidable artillery of kisses and embraces. For some time were they employed in the pleasing war; the fair one endeavouring to guard her virgin zone, and our hero to take it by storm. At length, resolution and love prevailed. Fierce desire in our hero had lighted up as fierce a flame in Miss Jenny. Her breasts began to heave; her eyes looked languishing; a sigh, soft as a zephir, spoke her melting soul; and over her lovely form was diffused such an enchanting languor, as made her look lovely as Juno, when to inflame the thunderer's breast, on lofty Gargarus she wore the Paphian goddess's embroidered girdle. Our hero now viewed with trans-
port

port her state of soul. He clasped her to his throbbing breast; and, while every nerve swelled with fierce desire, and unruly transports agitated his whole frame, he was as happy as the possession of untainted innocence could make him.

This was the delicious, the sweet revenge our hero took on the amiable Miss Jenny, who from that moment conceived the greatest love for him imaginable.

His connection with his school-mistress he had no sort of inclination to renew, being wholly absorbed and taken up with the superior charms of Miss Jenny; and looking on himself as the happiest of mortals, to be in the possession of so fair a divinity.

C H A P. V.

C H A P. V.

Our hero's parents think of putting him apprentice. — They are both seized with a severe fit of illness, which soon brings them to their graves. — Their Epitaph. — Our author writes an Elegy on their deaths, — Gets it printed. — Copy thereof. — Remarks on it. — He is obliged to sell his furniture, in order to support himself.

WHAT an unaccountable being, what a strange riddle is man! elated with the smallest, or even, distant prospects of bliss; dejected at the most trivial circumstances, or imaginary forebodings of woe!

Our hero thought himself fortune's minion, and peculinary marked out by fate to be the darling of the fair. His little bosom swelled with ideal joys, and pleasures in reversion, which the womb of time would ripen and bring forth for his possession.

He had now reached fourteen, and his patents began to look out for some business to which to breed him. He had shewn an invincible obstinacy to his father's trade; and as his parents were well convinced,
that

that where inclination is wanting, improvement may be in vain expected, they determined not to persuade, or force him to a business, that free choice alone should point out.

But while they were thus anxious for their son's welfare, and planning schemes for his future happiness, they were seized with a severe fit of illness, which though at first not looked on as extremely dangerous, yet in about ten days their lives were despaired of, and in three more the father died, and the mother survived him but seven hours.

Our hero was almost inconsolable at his parents deaths, and had it not been for the kind endeavours and tender offices of his dear Miss Jenny, to banish his melancholy, would have been intirely so. Four days after their deaths, attended by a numerous train of weeping friends, their remains were deposited in one grave, underneath a stone, on which were written these words :

“ Here lyeth the Bodyes of Henrye and
 “ Elyfabith Turner in Eckspectation of the
 “ Resurrextion of the Gust. Hee was aged
 “ 59, beinge borne in 1670 and she 54,
 “ beinge borne 1675. They dyed both in
 “ won

“won Daye, and were byry'd in won
“ Greave.

“ Weepe not my Friends and Childe so
“ deere,

“ We are not deade but sleepeth here.

“ We are bothe gon to endles Eternitye,

“ And as we are you soon must be.

“ Requescate in Pacey.”

But, not content with this plain inscription, intended to perpetuate his parents memory, our hero resolved on trying his genius for poetry, and sitting down one day for the laudable purpose of writing an elegy, in seven hours, three quarters, five minutes, and twenty-two seconds, he actually produced the following:

*An ELEGY to the Memory of Mr. HENRY
and ELIZ. TURNER, who died the First
of April, 1729.*

O Cruel, *cruel*, CRUEL, CRUEL Death,
To take away my dearest Parents breath,
Could'st thou not take away much worser
folks,

And left them here to pray, and crack their
jokes?

But true it is the best go always first.

So says the Proverb, and the Proverb is quite
just.

If

If wisdom, virtue, could grim Death disarm,
 And force his sharpest dart out of his arm,
 He surely would have thrown his dart aside,
 And my dear parents not so soon have died.
 But Earth was much too mean for such true
 worth

They both displayed, to Heaven they there-
 fore went forth.

In all their dealings and transactions here,
 They still were honourable, just and clear.
 No falsehood, or vile works they e'er did do,
 But always goodness and its ways pursue.
 Such were my parents, and I can't forbear,
 To drop upon their graves a pious tear.

If I had talents equal to my hope,
 They should be both prais'd with the wit
 of POPE.

But as my wit is mean, and vile my verse,
 I can't so well their wondrous praise rehearse.
 Yet still, I'll make my mourn in mournful
 measure,

As I have lost my joy and only treasure.
 A duteous child will always his Parents love,
 Next to the Almighty Deity that is above.
 God grant that such good folks my Parents
 were,

May inspire others so to live, and GOD to
 fear.

The wicked always are of fearful heart,
 But GOD is ever on the good man's part.

The

The Parish all can witness my Parents worth,
Down to their deaths e'en from their several
births.

I hope, I trust, nay, I always will endeavour,
To have my Parents example before me
ever.

And when I die, that all the folks may say,
He was a good man, to GOD I'll always
pray.

By this specimen of our hero's talents for poetry, even at the tender age of fourteen, it appears he was both a Bard, a Philosopher, and a Christian. What can be more poetical, or exhibit a more striking proof of alliteration, than his saying, "I'll make my mourn in mournful measure?" More philosophical than to ask of Death, whom he personifies, or makes a real being of, than to ask, "Why he did not take away much worser folks?" Or more orthodox, than, indeed, the whole Elegy; especially, his "hoping, and trusting, nay, his ever endeavouring so to follow his Parents good and pious example, that all the folks may say, at the time of his death, he was a good man?"

From so promising an effort of genius, such rich blossoms from a tender sapling, one might be tempted to imagine, that the
full

full ripe fruit, matured by time, and cherished with the sun's warm rays, must be excellent; but I don't find by the doctor's discourse, that he ever after sported in the fields of Parnassus, or debauched any of the muses.—This I mention, as an irreparable loss to the republic of letters.

Our hero, after his father and mother's death, found they had left no more money behind them, than would defray the funeral expences. He was, therefore, obliged to make away with the furniture by little and little, to enable him to subsist.

His connections with Miss Jenny were still continued. Indeed, he perfectly adored her. Possession had not abated his love, or palled his appetite. On her part, she was no less fond of him. She called on him almost daily, and every time they met, they sacrificed to love, and rioted in excess of blifs.

C H A P. VI.

Miss Jenny and our hero set out for London, as pedestrians. — They are over-taken by a post-chaise, and bargain with the driver to ride to London. — Our hero and Miss Jenny, having spent all their money, they part. — He hires himself to a Quack-doctor. — His master sets out for the west of England to exercise his occupation. — His methods and artifices in conducting his business pointed out.

ABOUT three months after this period, our hero sold the remaining part of his furniture, consulted with Miss Jenny concerning his future conduct, and she advising him to go to London, to try his fortune, and offering to accompany him, he jumped at the proposal, caught her in his arms, and giving her a tender kiss, swore he would the next morning set out, if she would pack up her cloaths, and make ready for the expedition. This she promised to do.

Accordingly, at the appointed time, Miss Jenny met our hero, and with their bundles in their hands, they set out on foot for the metropolis; not in the least doubting, but
before

before they had walked many miles, they would be overtaken by some returned post-chaise, or coach, in which they might pursue their journey for a mere trifle.

They were not mistaken. An empty post-chaise overtook them; the driver of which hailed them, asking, if they were going to *London*? They informed him they were; when telling them they might ride in the chaise to that place for a guinea, after some words passing between them, a bargain was struck for fifteen shillings, which our hero thought a very moderate sum for riding so many miles.

The next night they arrived at the end of their journey, and were not a little pleased with the expedition they been whirled there in, and the trivial expence it had cost them. They would fain have seen the town that night, but it was impossible: however, ordering a fowl for supper, and drinking a bottle or two of wine, they retired to bed, fully determined to arise early the next morning, and view Westminster-Abbey, St. Paul's, the Tower, the Wax-Work in Fleet-street, and all the other curiosities; of which they had conceived high ideas, from the stories told of them by folks in the country, after their return from the metropolis.

The next day their expectations were in a great measure gratified, by the visits they made to the places before-mentioned; and they resolved to see the other remarkable curiosities in due order, as soon as possible.

To be concise, after our amorous pair had lived together two months, their money was quite exhausted, and they knew not where or how to get more. Harry now looked out for some service, as footman; but Miss Jenny being of a higher spirit, selling part of her cloaths, resolved on braving her grandfather's displeasure, rather than entering into the servile station of chambermaid.

It was not long before our hero was hired in the capacity of a servant to a celebrated itinerant physician, vulgarly called a Quack. He informed Miss Jenny of what he had done; but she seemed quite indifferent, nor cared what became of him. Her love was now cooled, and she only thought of her own hapless situation, and of pacifying her grandfather's resentment. Their parting, therefore, was not attended with so much grief, as their excessive quondam love for each other might have led one to believe.

The quack our hero hired himself to, kept likewise another footman, and a merry-andrew, or pickle-herring, whose business

ness it was to divert the populace, by swallowing of ribbands, eating fire, cracking jokes, playing on the fiddle, tumbling on his head, exhibiting a variety of antic postures, and performing other tricks his party-coloured fraternity are generally such adepts in; while his master was preparing to dress himself in his black velvet full-trimmed suit, and enormous peruke, to enable him to appear before the mob with a becoming dignity.

The quack having supplied himself with a proper cargo of medicines, and made them up in packets, and having a vast number of puffing advertisements printed off, in order to catch the ears, and empty the pockets of the deluded populace, set off for the west of England, where he intended exercising his function, attended with his retinue of two footmen, and his jack-pudding.

Being arrived at a large market-town he thought would answer his purpose, a carpenter was sent for to erect him a stage; and advertisements were handed about the town by his two footmen, and delivered at the beat of drum, and sound of trumpet, he engaged for that end.

The time approaching he was to have his first exhibition, pickle-herring mounted the stage, and began to shew ten thousand

comical tricks and fancies, which called forth tears of joy in hundreds of eyes, and made hundreds of ignorant blockheads gape and stare as if the very devil had been in them, and induced them to conclude he was the greatest wit of the age.

But when the doctor appeared, their admiration was transferred to him. If they thought his merry-andrew was the greatest wit, they thought him the profoundest scholar, and the most celebrated physician in the world; for he told them over and over again that he was so; and was so esteemed by the learned and judicious of all nations in the habitable world. He told them, he cured the emperor of Germany of a violent fit of the gout; the arch-duke of Austria, of an incurable diabetes; the emperor of Morocco, of a terrible cancer in the groin; the emperor of China of a fever, after he had been given over by all his own physicians; the king of Spain, of the rheumatism; and the empress queen, of a fashionable disease she contracted by her familiarity with a French dancing-master. All these things were religiously believed by the credulous, ignorant vulgar; and happy did that person think himself, that had, or could borrow money, to purchase one of the doctor's packets, that was a
universal

universal panacea, and calculated to chase away all diseases from the human frame.

The doctor staid here three weeks, exhibiting every day to crouded audiences, and spectators, and lightening the pockets of all the inferior inhabitants. He then shifted his quarters, and went to another town, and there played the same profitable game.

Our hero was excessively well pleased with his place. He always dreaded working, and had a violent inclination to rambing. And now he had enough of it. The doctor, his master, seldom staid at any town above three weeks or a month; and in six months had travelled over all the west of England.

He then returned to London, determined to buy a larger cargo of goods, and to take a journey to the north to dispose of them in the same manner, and by the same means he had disposed of his former cargo in the west. This he accordingly executed, and succeeded no less happily, by means of a power of face which nothing could daunt, his merry-andrew's fantastic tricks, and comic foolleries, and little pieces of plate, such as spoons, buckles, sets of knives and forks, and such like things, which he got raffled for by the populace.

As every one may not know the nature of these kind of raffles, we shall briefly inform them.—Every one who is desirous of trying his fortune, is to give the doctor a shilling, and to throw dice, to pluck straws, or to toss up for the prize. The winner is, of course, entitled to the prize, and every loser, to console him for his, or her ill-fortune, to receive one of the doctor's invaluable packets. At these raffles, my friend the Fortune-Teller has assured me, it is no uncommon thing, for two or three hundred people to pay so many shillings for a chance to a prize of twelve shillings value; and though the absurdity of gaming to so great disadvantage must be obvious to every one of the least discernment; yet, whether the country-people have no discernment, or that they are absolutely infatuated; or possessed by a spirit of gaming: they will still put into the raffle, as it is called, though there are at least one thousand chances to one, any particular raffer does not gain the envied prize.

C H A P. VII.

The Doctor takes a journey to the North of England.—Returns to London.—Is sent to Newgate.—Our hero engages himself as an Actor with the master of a travelling company.—They set out for, and arrive at Feversham.—Account of their performances.—They perform at several other places.—The Company is dissolved, and our Hero gains a fashionable disease.

THE doctor's journey to the north was conducted in the same manner, and attended with the same success as his journey to the west. He was looked on as a very extraordinary person, superior to Galen, or Esculapius, or any other pretender to physic. His elaborate dissertations on the marvellous cures he had performed, by means of his wonderful pills, and his florid harangues on his own abilities, were swallowed by the infatuated vulgar, with the greatest eagerness, who purchased such quantities of his packets in all places through which he travelled, as gave the Surgeons and Apothecaries of those places an invincible pleasure; they well knowing, that those who swallowed the doctor's powder

powder of post and contemptible trash, would soon be obliged to have recourse to them for remedies, to prevent its dire effects.—Quack-doctors are the best friends in the world to really skilful apothecaries, for experience amply proves, that after the departure of these itinerants from any country-town, the regular bred surgeons and apothecaries have ten times more business, in consequence of the havock and destruction made in people's constitutions by the empiric's packets, than they have at any other time.

With this genius our author lived near three years, wonderfully improving his faculties, gaining a thorough knowledge of the world, and that necessary qualification for a man's making his fortune, a modest assurance. The doctor and he then parted, the former being sent to Newgate, for giving a dose of poison to a young lady, whose husband had an annuity on her life of near five hundred a year.

Harry was not in the least daunted at being out of service. In his journeys, he had contracted an intimacy with several geniusses, who lived by their wits; such as strolling-players, quack-doctors, mendicant authors, common prostitutes methodist parsons, knights of the post, rambling orators, shewers of wild beasts, puppet-
shew

shew men, sleight-of-hand men, tumblers, gamesters, fortune-tellers, pimps, cheats, and equilibrists.

These kind of gentry generally herd together, they maintain a correspondence with each other, and inform one another of the towns that give the greatest encouragement to public performers, and of the tempers and dispositions of the leading men, and principal magistrates. By this reciprocal intercourse, and friendly communication of sentiments, these various pilferers of the public know how to obtain leave from the mayors, or bailiffs, to exhibit their performances, and pick pockets with impunity.

Harry had a great inclination for the stage, and belonging to a club composed of the different kinds of wits I have above mentioned, offered his service to a master of a strolling company, and was accepted, to perform all the second-rate characters, in comedy; together with the merry-andrew of his late master, who was engaged to perform the first-rate ones in tragedy.

The master of the company having got every thing in readiness, by redeeming from pawn such of his actors cloaths as were absolutely necessary to cover their nakedness, set out for Feversham in Kent, where he intended performing.

It

It was not long before he hired a large and commodious barn fit for his purpose, and engaging a carpenter to make some forms for the audience to sit on, and to put the place in proper order, he gave out the play of George Barnwell, and the farce of the Devil to Pay, for their first night's entertainment.

The actors and actresses were now all busy in rigging themselves out, and preparing for their business. Maria was darning her stockings, Millwood mending her shift, and Lucy her cap; and poor George Barnwell, the quondam merry-andrew, was studying his part, and shaving himself at the same time; Thorowgood was mending his breeches; the uncle drawing up some holes in his white stockings he was to be murdered in; and Blunt was soaling a pair of pumps he was to wear.

The audience happened to be pretty numerous, and expressed their approbation of the actors and actresses abilities; particularly of the merry-andrew's, who threw into the character of George Barnwell such an infinite fund of humour, and arch raillery, as quite won their hearts, and made them look on him to be at the top of the profession.

It is true, that Maria wore a black stuff gown, and George Barnwell an officer's regimentals;

regimentals: but there was great propriety in it. Maria is supposed to be horribly chagrined at poor Barnwell's fate; nothing, therefore, could better shew this state of mind, than a suit of fables: and as to Barnwell, he being a buck and blood, as the major part of our modern jemmy apprentices are, it may naturally be presumed, he would be immensely fond of wearing scarlet; which, he must well know, would render him still more agreeable in the eyes of Millwood, with whom he was so desperately in love.

His fellow-apprentice was dressed also in scarlet, he being personated by the manager; and Thorowgood was habited like a merchant; that is to say, with a scratch wig, a shabby tinfelled coat, green waistcoat, and a very handsome pair of buckskin breeches. As to the other characters, they were dressed much alike; only Blunt wore a handsome tye-wig, silk stockings, and a sword.

But while I am paying due honour to our comedians, let me not forget the prompter. It is well known, that the prompter of a travelling company is the chief actor; and that his voice, though not quite so loud, is more clear and distinct to the audience, than most of the comedians.

This

This was exactly the case with our prompter. He read over every line so distinct, and pronounced it with such an emphasis, as shewed he had good lungs, and spared not for pains to keep the actors quite perfect in their parts. In most strolling companies, every actor and actress off the stage, is prompter to those on it; but the manager, conscious of this gentleman's abilities and assiduity, vested him with that character, and employed him for that business alone; for he never appeared on the stage as an actor, but was retained merely as prompter; only, to amuse himself in the mornings and afternoons, he would stick up the bills, and clean the actors shoes.

Our hero soon conceived a violent passion for the manager's wife, and told her so. She laughed at him, but he said, he was in earnest; and that if she did not honour him with her embraces, he would actually leave the company. Unwilling to lose so useful a player, she let him do what he would, nor repented of it afterwards.

From hence they went to Canterbury, where they exhibited, but not with equal success. After having staid here five weeks, they went to Chatham, and hiring a large and noble barn, and having obtained leave of the magistrates, they opened
with

with the *Beaux Stratagem*, Archer being attempted by the manager, and Aimwell, by our hero.

To say the truth, the latter was a mere novice in the dramatic art, nor were there any hopes of his becoming an adept. His voice was rather too thick and mumbling, his elocution ungraceful, and attended with a monotone; his action, insipid and lifeless, and his whole demeanour void of ease and elegance. However, he was as good a player as any in the company, the manager and merry-andrew excepted; and, being very perfect in his parts, was looked on to be a useful actor, if not a very brilliant one.

He had not been in the profession three months, before he had gained the good graces, and been, honoured with the embraces, of every one of the actresses. But, fickle and inconstant, they were unable to fix his wavering heart: he paid his addresses to every handsome girl he saw; and not a few of those handsome girls were good-natured as they were fair, and more amorous than chaste.

Our company left Chatham after a stay of six weeks, all of the actors, except our hero, being obliged to pawn or sell their cloaths, and to make their escape by the light of the moon, to prevent being arrested.

rested. As to the actresses, indeed, they were not reduced to such distresses. They had charms, and the youths fell victims to their force. No misers of their beauties, they did not hoard them for the possession of any one man; but, extensively kind, admitted all to their embraces, that were able and willing to purchase them.

Our hero was the darling of all these fair-ones. They assisted him with money when he had none; the spoils of their amorous culls! and they gave him a place in their beds, to prevent melancholy thoughts and uneasy reflections from intruding themselves into his mind, and banishing repose. Owing to these ladies, he slept on down, when his fellows were stretched on straw; he eat and drank the choicest dainties, when they were dining and supping with Duke Humphrey; and he wore his own cloaths, and added to his wardrobe, when theirs were in pawn, and their persons in danger.

But this delicious scene of life could not last for ever. One of the actresses having been intimate with a methodist parson, he had bestowed on her a fashionable disease; she bestowed it on our hero; he gave it to all the other actresses; and they bestowed

towed it on half the town, to the great joy and emolument of the surgeons and apothecaries.

C H A P. VIII.

He gets cured by a skilful surgeon.—Offers his service to Mr. Fleetwood, as an actor, by whom he is refused.—He disoblige Mr. Rich by affronting one of his cats, by an ill-natured speech, after he had hurt her by treading on her legs.—Mr. Rich's opinion of actors and barlequins.

IT was not above ten or twelve days after this affair, that our hero left his inamorata's and bona roba's at Chatham, and came to London, in order to receive the benefit that might accrue from the judgment and experience of some of the advertising doctors of that place.

He accordingly employed a famous advertising son of Æsculapius, who promised, in the public papers, and undertook to chase away all the complaints and disorders to which the human frame was liable. But though he faithfully and punctually adhered to his advice, and took all that he advised him to; instead of being better, he grew worse and worse.

F However,

However, as it is not worth while for a biographer to be detained in the course of his history, for such a trifle as a C—p, we must observe, that after having been tampered with by half the advertising doctors in town, he applied to one that did not advertise; namely, Mr. Horsfield, * in Stanhope-street, Clare-Market, who made a complete cure in four weeks, after he had been tampered with, and received no aid, from scores of pretended sons of physic.

He was not long at a loss what to do. He had conceived a great affection for the stage, and now determined on offering his services to Mr. Fleetwood, the then manager of Drury-Lane theatre, who, he doubted not, would be glad to employ him.

Being introduced to him, he signified his desire of entering into his service, informing him, he had played all the second characters in comedy, in a travelling company, with great applause.

* From what cause soever it is owing we know not, but the author of this useful and entertaining work, has been guilty of a very great anachronism, in saying that our hero was cured of the venereal disease by Mr. Horsfield; Mr. Horsfield is a very skilful practitioner, and ingenious man, we confess; but he did not live in Stanhope-street at the period here alluded to, and therefore, our author must be mistaken in the name of his hero's surgeon.

Fleetwood

Fleetwood desired our hero to favour him with a speech or two, as a specimen of his abilities, and from which he might be enabled to judge of his voice, delivery, manner, and action; which he immediately complied with, exerting all his skill to please so accurate a judge.

After his speeches were delivered, he was told, he was by no means fit to perform either second or third characters, and, therefore, he had no occasion for him. Our hero was prodigiously affected with this refusal; for his money was all exhausted, and he knew not where to procure more. However, he determined on trying Mr. Rich, the manager of Covent-Garden house, in hopes he should be more successful with him.

As he was preparing to quit Fleetwood's house, having taken leave of that gentleman, he was remanded back into the parlour, and presented with three shillings, to console him for his disappointment; which came to him very opportunely, not having a solitary six-pence in the world.

It seems, it was a usual custom with that generous gentleman, who well knew the extreme distress of the poor devils that offered their service to him, to give them a crown, half-crown, or a shilling, to make amends for the additional expence they

They were put to on those occasions, by having their wigs dressed, their shoes blacked, and putting on clean shirts.

Our hero was now in somewhat better spirits, as he had money in his pocket, and went to Mr. Rich's house with an assured air, and dauntless intrepidity. But that gentleman was either not at home, or had ordered himself to be denied.

In short, he called there about twenty-seven times, and at last had the happiness of being introduced to him.

Rich gave him a very gracious reception, heard him speak some speeches, and appeared well pleased with him. Our hero now thought his fortune made. But as the most trivial accidents will thwart the greatest designs, and the fairest weather will instantly be changed by storms; so were poor Harry's hopes and prospects instantly dashed to pieces, and washed away by a most unlucky accident. In short, in scraping, and bowing, and crying out, "Oh Lord, Sir! You flatter me,"—by way of answer to the manager's encomiums, he trod on one of his cats.

Reader! have you ever seen.——But what signifies making similies? It interrupts the course of a narration, and suspends the attention from weightier matters.

Rich

Rich stared at our hero, and inwardly cursed him for his unluckiness; but how surprized and offended was he, to hear him cry out, instead of making an apology, “ Plague rot the cat! Why did n’t she put “ on her shoes?”

A man might as well have tweaked Rich by the nose, or kicked his a—, as hurt any of his cats. What then must his resentment have been against poor Pilgarlick?

Snatching up the cat with the greatest eagerness, and kissing and fondling it with the greatest tenderness, he sunk down on his easy chair, and darting a look of indignation against our hero, told him, that if he was the best actor in the world, nay, if he was the best harlequin in it, a character ten times more glorious! he should not belong to his house; for he would never employ any person, that was not possessed of that divine virtue, humanity, and shewed not a proper respect for his cats.

It was in vain, the poor devil made apology on apology for his misfortune, and his speech. In vain he promised to shew all imaginable tenderness and respect for the cats for the future. He was dismissed, with this speech aloud, “ Sir, you may “ withdraw; you will not do for me.” Then aside, but loud enough to be heard by our quick-eared hero; “ Inhooman
F 3 “ puppy!

“ puppy! to hurt the dear cratur! But
 “ I’ve learnt him to be more hoomane
 “ for the future, I varrant him; a vicked
 “ feller!”

C H A P IX.

Our author sees an old acquaintance, who makes him a proposal of their commencing Quack-Doctors, which he agrees to.—The method they took to furnish themselves with medicines.—Set out for the country, and meet with great success.—Return to London.—Our hero sees his old friend and master the Quack at the playhouse.—A new expedition concerted.

OUR hero was terribly chagrined to be thus refused, when he thought himself quite sure of employment; and for a long time was at a loss what to do. However, in a few days, an event happened, that determined his conduct, and turned out greatly to his advantage.

Going one day to the Fleet Prison, to see a quondam school fellow, who had afterwards commenced author, and writer of Critical Reviews, he had the pleasure to hear, he would be discharged the next week, as his creditor had been induced,

from

from the representation of one of his friends, to compassionate his situation, and forgive him the debt.

This gentleman made a proposal to our hero, to levy contributions on the public, in the same manner, and by the same means, his former master did; that is to say, by selling packets of medicines, and having small pieces of plate raffled for, by the populace. He set forth the advantages this scheme was pregnant with, in such a plain and convincing manner to our hero, that he, well convinced of the truth of what he said, agreed to put it in execution; but somewhat doubted about their abilities, he said; not their abilities as able surgeons and doctors, for they were equal, if not superior to any of the travelling empirics, but with respect to the fund of cash necessary to carry such a scheme in execution.

But this objection was soon removed, by the author's declaring, he had a friend, that was journeyman to an apothecary, who would make them up a parcel of harmless medicines; such as jalap, mixed in conserve of roses, or hys, for purgatives; ipecacuanha, for an emetic; and pillocotia, aloes, Glauber's salts, and other cheap medicines, being compounded with conserves of any kind, for the cure of every disorder

to which the human frame was liable. "Which," continued the author, and critical reviewer, "are ten thousand times more harmless, and more beneficial, than all the quack-doctors packets in the world; for, if ours do no good, they are so innocent, that they will do no harm; which is more than can be said of the packets of any of our travelling doctors, and, if I mistake not, of the prescriptions of no small number of those who boast themselves regular physicians."

Our hero was soon convinced of the truth of his friend's remarks, and agreed to execute the scheme proposed, the moment he was enlarged.

At the time appointed, the author being released from confinement, they set out for the country, attended by a merry-andrew, who was to divert the populace by his witticisms and comic tricks.

Had I any intention of spinning out this work to an immoderate length, I might set forth the various methods our adventurer's made use of to execute their scheme, and the adventures they met with in the prosecution of it. But such a recital would be both tedious and insipid. Suffice it, they played their parts with as much dexterity as any of their fraternity, and met with great success.

After

After an absence of above five months, they returned to London, with a resolution of procuring more medicines, and to take another road for the disposal of them.

They applied to the same person who had furnished them with their former cargo, on credit, whom they honestly paid, and took as many more as came to seven pounds; which they made no doubt of vending for a hundred and fifty.

Our hero went pretty often to the play, and one night being there, his quondam master the quack-doctor came in, and sat down by him. He instantly knew him, and seeing him in a shabby dress, asked him how long he had been discharged from Newgate; at the same time testifying his great joy at seeing him.

The quack informed him, he had been tried at the Old-Bailey, but acquitted; that not having money or credit to carry on his former business, he was in the greatest distress, and knew not what to do; that he came to the playhouse almost every night, to divert his melancholy, by means of some of his friends the comedians, who were ever ready to present him with orders. In conclusion, seeing our hero so well dressed, for he was in green and gold, and look so fat and well, he asked him for the loan of a shilling.

HARRY

Harry was always open-hearted, free, and generous. Putting his hand in his pocket, and taking from thence a half-guinea, he gave it to his distressed friend: not out of ostentation, or mere parade of generosity, but with that alacrity and pleasure, as enhances the value of a gift, and renders it still more acceptable to the distressed receiver.

He then informed him, by way of evading the acknowledgment, he was preparing to make him, of what had happened to him since his leaving his service; of his engaging himself as an actor in a strolling company, and afterwards having commenced itinerant physician; which character, he said, he was again to appear in, in a few days.

The doctor was not in the least surprized at the information he had received from our hero. He well knew his capacity, and his bold, pushing spirit, that nothing could daunt; and was well convinced, by experience, that no very superior abilities, or knowledge of the materia medica, were requisite for the forming of a travelling doctor.

He expressed himself very well pleased at our hero's good fortune, and offered to accompany him as his merry-andrew, if he was not provided; for, he observed,
he

he had travelled in that capacity for many years before he had assumed that of the doctor, and was not above resuming it; so far from it, he should esteem himself singularly happy in being under our hero's direction.

It happened very lucky for the doctor, that our hero's Jack-Pudding was at that time indisposed with a violent gonorrhœa he had contracted by being too familiar with an Anabaptist parson's wife. Our hero, therefore, was as glad to retain the doctor in his service, as he was to be employed by him, and told him to call on him the next morning at his lodgings, to take a breakfast; where he might see his partner, and settle every thing necessary for the journey.

Accordingly, the next day every thing was agreed on between the triumvirate, and they were to set out the next day for Slough, where they intended to exhibit; and from whence they resolved on proceeding to Maidenhead, Twiford, Reading, Newbury, Hungerford, Marlborough, Devizes, Melksham, Trowbridge, Corsham, Chippenham, and other places in the west.

C H A P. X.

Our hero and his partner meet with great success in their characters, as quack-doctors. — They engage in amours, and live very extravagantly. — They are opposed by a rival. — Are forced to decamp from Trowbridge, and go to Bradford. — Are again followed by their evil genius, who makes a triumphal entry into Bradford. — Our hero resolves to quit the quack-doctor, and play the Fortune-Teller.

WHAT the Doctor told our hero, concerning his abilities as a pickle-herring, was strictly true. He was so very facetious and droll, that he excited tears of joy in the country bumpkins eyes, and made the pretty girls rave and piss for pure extacy.*

The two doctors thought themselves extremely happy in the acquisition of such a genius, and picked up money apace. They lived like noblemen, out of the fruits of their labours, and the people's folly. The choicest dainties that earth,

* One sees a Dancing-Master capering high,
And raves and pisses for pure Extacy.

Dryden's Juvenal.
air,

air, or water could produce, were ransacked, to furnish out their tables, and regale their appetites; and over their Burgundy and Champagne at night, they would divert themselves with laughing at the credulity and ignorance of those blockheads by whom they were supported.

If the populace will be deceived, why, let them be deceived, says master Horace. He is in the right. If quack-doctors and methodist parsons were obliged to furnish them with understanding, instead of packets, and texts of scripture, retailed out, like ribband, at so much per yard; they would have enough to do. But happy it is, such a commodity is neither required, or wanted. The bulk of the vulgar, if possessed of understanding, would be in possession of a tiresome, heavy load, they would fain get rid of: and as it is attended with no small trouble to procure such a burthen, and no easy matter to set it down again, they save themselves a great deal of pains by never acquiring such a load at all. Happy in ignorance, the poor peasant plods on in his dull, beaten, cow-path, regardless of things future, and unknowing of things past, farther than of such as have been transacted under his own nose. If illumined with the bright beamings of genius, and warmed with the divine rays
of

of reason, the peasant should behold things with the eye of a philosopher; from that moment his felicity ceases, his misery begins. Providence, in nothing more singularly wise, than in the distribution of its favours to the various parts of the creation, has given different talents to different persons; and every one's talents are peculiarly adapted to every one's wants. The literate reader will easily pursue the subject within his own mind: the ignorant one should by no means see it deeply entered into.

Our hero was as fond of the fair-sex as ever. He pursued them with the greatest eagerness, and cared not what expence, or trouble he was put to, to procure them. Variety was his foible, and his delight. Possessed of the finest woman in England, he would be tired of her in a week; but a new face every day, though deformed and old, had charms for his roving fancy, and captivated his fickle turn of mind.

For some time they went on successful in their business, and their amours; for our hero's partner and his pickle-herring were not less fond of the girls than he was; but an event then happened that dissolved their connections, and obliged our hero to return almost penniless to London.

An empiric, dressed in velvet, and riding in his own chariot, attended by three footmen,

men, opposed them at Trowbridge, in Wilts. A coalition was desired, and fought after by our triumvirate; but their antagonist would by no means consent to it. He determined to drive them from the field of battle, or perish in the attempt. Aut Cæsar, aut Nullus, was his motto; and he exerted all his endeavours, strained every nerve, to accomplish his purpose, and to reign alone.

It was not an easy matter to put our hero, or his partner, out of countenance. They mounted their rostrum every day at twelve o'clock; and expatiated on their abilities with all the eloquence thirst of money could invent, and power of face execute; but, alas! their rival excelled them both in eloquence and impudence. Besides, he introduced into his speeches numberless scraps of Latin, and forty or fifty lines of Greek from Homer's Iliad, which he thundered out with all the impetuosity of a Demosthences, or a Cicero. Our partners could not recite Greek or Latin verses; nor were they dressed in such gay cloaths as he was; nor were they attended by such a number of footmen; nor did they ride in their own chariot. How then could they think of opposing so formidable an antagonist? — They were certainly infatuated, or they would not have done it.

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In short, the doctor fairly drove them out of the field, and they were obliged to quit the place. They went to Bradford, a large market and cloathing-town two miles distant, intending to exhibit there; but by the time they had got their stage erected, and the merry-andrew was playing all his comic tricks, and our hero and his partner, dressed in full-trimmed suits of black cloaths, with perukes of an enormous size, appeared on the stage, and began to harangue the gaping populace; but their evil genius appeared in his chariot, attended with half a dozen men, well mounted, heading the cavalcade, and with flaming cockades in their hats, and crying out; “Gentlemen, behold the wonder of the universe! the unparalleled Doctor! the heaven-born sage! the seventh son of a seventh son! who cures all diseases past, present, and to come! behold him here, gentlemen, in his chariot!—He is going to the White Swan Inn, and will exhibit in the market place presently!”

All eyes were fixed on the chariot-doctor. One would have thought they would have stared their very eyes out. Old age, opening wide its mouth, peered through a pair of broken spectacles, to take a peep at the wonder of the universe. The farmers and clod-hoppers surveyed the unparralleled doctor

doctor with mute astonishment. The old women gathered about his chariot, to take a view of the heaven-born sage; and the boys and girls of the parish ran with all the speed curiosity could furnish, to behold the person of, and lisp out their surprize at, seeing a seventh son of a seventh son. Our hero, his partner, and his jack-pudding, were no more regarded than old apple-women; but stood, like statues, gaping and staring at their antagonist in his chariot, who was smiling, and bowing, and cringing to the populace.

After the chariot had stood still for about five minutes, it moved slowly forwards; the little boys and girls getting up behind it, and the old men and women touching it, to feel if it was not made of massy gold, it looked so very brilliant; and as it was drawing along, the whole crowd involuntarily followed it, leaving our hero, his partner, and merry-andrew, with their mouths wide open, and their eyes staring out of their heads, 'till the whole cavalcade was out of sight.

Recovering themselves from their surprize, they were preparing to harangue the air; but looking about, and not seeing a single soul near them, they cast such a piteous look alternately on each other, as

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denoted the extreme grief and surprize that at that instant possessed their souls.

Their grief was by no means ideal. They had such ill success at Trowbridge, and lived so fast, that they had expended all their ready money, and could not have had their stage built at Bradford, had they not pledged the greatest part of their cloaths and packets with the honest carpenter, as a security for the sum of money they were to give him; and so the landlord for their reckoning.

Our hero, however, first broke silence.— To extreme surprize and grief, indignation succeeded; and in the first transports of his rage, jumping off the stage; “G——d—— my —— cried he, “if I ever follow this curst business again, I am so d——d “unfortunate.”

The merry-andrew was something of a philosopher, and could bear the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to, much better than our hero, or his partner. Hearing his master thus express himself; “Sir,” said he, with the greatest calmness and composure imaginable, “don’t swear: if you do, “you will catch no fish.”

Our hero was naturally passionate, and was now so affronted with pickle-herring, that he was minded to have broke his head for his advice; but calming himself a little, yet

yet darting a look full of wrath on him, he answered; "Curse your I ——, I don't want to catch-fish."

"I thought," answered the merry-andrew, with a smile on his face, "that was the very intention of our undertaking this business; for if the gudgeons don't bite well, it's to no purpose for us to continue angling."

"Rot your wit, and your ill-seasoned jests!" exclaimed our hero; "and may Cantwell (the name of the chariot doctor) be doomed to eat his own pills, and drink his own draughts, instead of a fine fowl and burgundy, for thus plaguing us! But by——! I'll never play the Quack-Doctor again; but go to London, and turn Fortune-Teller."

Our hero's partner, and his pickle-herring both sought to divert him from his resolution; but he was determined on it, and declared, he would set out the next morning, after he had settled every thing with his landlord and carpenter,

The END of the FIRST PART.

A D V E N T U R E S

OF THE

FORTUNE-TELLER, &c.

P A R T II.

C H A P. I.

Our hero comes to London, and determines practising the art of a Fortune-Teller.—Some considerations on the acts against witches, witchcraft, and Fortune-Tellers. — Our hero sets up business, which flows on him apace.—He removes from his lodgings, and takes a house in the Old-Bailey. —The methods he made use of in telling people their fortunes, fully pointed out.

ACCORDINGLY, the next morning, after having received a few shillings from his landlord, as the overplus due to him on account of his cloaths being absolutely sold, he set out on foot for London; leaving his partner and the merry-andrew to try their fortune alone elsewhere.

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He could not forbear ruminating on the many adventures he had met with, and the scenes of life he had been engaged in, many of which, for brevity's sake, we have passed over; and reflecting on the nature of that particular business he had determined entering into.

On a full consideration of the whole art, and examining into his own abilities for properly carrying it on, he could not but imagine he was equal to the task. He well knew the credulity and superstition of the bulk of mankind were at such a pitch, that they would jump for joy, and embrace with pleasure, such methods as should privately be offered them for their satisfaction. He knew too, that when once an implicit belief in divination, or fortune-telling, had got footing in a person's breast, that reason and judgment necessary to draw inferences from events, would of course cease, and render a detection of an imposture, if a possible, yet not a probable event. He knew also, and very justly considered, that while mankind feel themselves pleased at the representation of a puppet-show, or a juggler's sleight of hand, they are not at all anxious to discover the wires of the slang that moves them, or the artifices made use of.

He could not avoid recollecting many Fortune-Tellers, who had made their own fortunes, by pretending to predict those of others. He knew they were people of no greater capacity than he was; that they understood not human nature, or life, better than he did; and, of course, concluded, they were not more capable of carrying on such a farce than he was.

As to the methods to be pursued in the prosecution of such a scheme, reason alone pointed them out to him; but, not content with his own conjectures only, not satisfied with the dictates of his own judgment, he resolved on consulting several ingenious fellows, who gained a genteel livelihood by privately exercising the same function, and turning the ignorance and credulity of the superstitious great and little vulgar, to their own advantage.

The art must, indeed, be practised privately: he could neither advertise his profession and skill in the public papers, or by the delivery of hand-bills; for the same ridiculous weakness that in the reign of S—t-Breeches James, had influenced the three estates to pass an act against witches, and the practice of witchcraft, had also in several other reigns, passed an act against conjurers, and divination.

Indeed,

Indeed, the act mentions that those persons that pretend to foretel future events, or tell fortunes, by the inspection of the hand, by coffee-grounds, by the calculation of nativities, or by any other means, shall be subject to certain pains and penalties; but common sense cannot see any great reason for the passing of such an act; since it is notorious to every one of the least reflection, that had no such act been passed, the belief in Fortune-Telling, that now so universally prevails, would not be near so prevalent; nor would such a number of judiciary Astrologers, or Fortune-Tellers, exercise their business, of gaining a livelihood from the fears and hopes of the credulous vulgar.

The passing of an act against witches and witchcraft, is not only a tacit, but an open confession, that such beings, and such a profession do actually exist. The passing of an act against Fortune-Tellers, and fortune-telling, is also not only a tacit, but a frank acknowledgment, that, either future events may be predicted by a mortal, or that the people of Great-Britain are such gross fools as to need an act of parliament to tell them, that Fortune-Tellers are not—

what? Why, that they are not deities; for the smallest degree of reflection would convince any one, that contingencies, or

actions that depend entirely on the free-will of man, could not be foreknown by man; and, consequently, there was no need of acts of parliament to proclaim to the whole nation, that Fortune-Tellers should not exercise their art with impunity.

However, our hero very justly considered, that as government had interested itself in forbidding such practises, thereby tempting the curiosity of the public the more forcibly, and, in some measure, giving a sanction to popular credulity and superstition, (as it cannot be supposed acts of parliament would be passed against non-entities) that he should never want for custom in such a place as London, provided he conducted his affairs in a proper manner; which he was determined to do, by every method his own fertile genius, or that of his friends, could suggest.

On his arrival in London, he sat himself seriously to consider, in what manner he should prosecute his undertaking. He advised with some people who had acted in the country the character he intended assuming in town; and from hearing the methods they took, in the carrying on their work, he knew how to manage his own.

But our adventurer, on looking into the state of his finances, found he was not worth five shillings in the world, nor knew where

to

to get them. He was not, however, daunted, but gave it about privately among the young girls of the street where he lodged; that he was a great Astrologer that could calculate nativities, and read the stars; and he had not the least doubt, but female curiosity would soon be raised to such a pitch, that he would not want for business.

He was not mistaken. He had soon more than he could execute. His lodging was crowded from morning to night, with fine young girls, and old women, boys, and dotards, who thronged to him, to know their fortunes, and the felicity or misery that awaited them. The young women and girls our hero satisfied, by promising all their fondest imaginations could wish for; and the old women and dotards he gave such ambiguous and obscure answers to, that if they were not absolutely pleased with, they could not dispute the truth of them.

At that time, not being so much in vogue as afterwards, he was contented with small sums for his trouble in calculating their nativities, and from the aspect of the stars that reigned at their births, foretelling their good or ill success in life. But, as light gains make a heavy purse, and induce the greater number of people to enquire into their
their

their several fates; in four months, exclusive of maintaining himself genteelly, he had saved up the sum of thirty-eight pounds fifteen shillings and nine pence.

Our hero's bosom now swelled with ambition, and he planned greater things. He doubted not, but in a little time, instead of telling the fortunes of mean and poor people, he should have the nobility and gentry applying to him for his opening of the book of fate to them, and reading their several destinies.

But, to do this, he considered it necessary to have a house of his own; or, at least, a great part of one, consisting of several rooms, for the reception of his visitants, and for his conducting his affairs with the greater efficacy, and propriety.

It was not long before he found out one he conceived to be extremely fit for him. It was situated in the Old-Bailey, opposite to the house where Mr. Meeres, the printer of the London Evening Post, now lives, and contained many rooms, which were so contrived, that he could hear in that he intended for his own occupying, all that passed in the adjacent ones.

He soon agreed with the landlord, and took it. The alterations he made were few, but necessary. In the exhibition of a common puppet-show, room is absolutely
requisite

requisite to fix the scenes, whereon to place the flang; and then, as the masters hand pulls the wires, the puppets move. But in the great trade of Fortune-telling, greater conveniencies, and more rooms, are wanting; for though a penetrating eye may see the wires at a puppet-shew, and not be displeas'd with the proprietor; yet if the tricks and artifices played behind the curtain by a Fortune-teller were discovered, he would be ruin'd at once, and his trade entirely lost.

To prevent such a discovery, our hero took all imaginable care, in dividing his rooms in such a manner, as rendered it impossible. He had dark, little closets behind the rooms, for the reception of his visitants, only separated by a thin deal wainscot, through which he could hear even the softest whisper; and to which he always retir'd to hear their discourse, previous to his telling their fortunes. He entertain'd also two or three sharp fellows, to run about the town, and collect him all manner of news interesting to people of his business; such as the elopement of wives, daughters, or nieces; the stealing of heiresses, or making of cuckolds; the loss of plate, money, or goods; the courtship between young people, against the inclination of parents; the characters of families, and

and the wants of servants; the names and history of such people, and of servants in particular, that had an implicit faith in Fortune-telling, &c. &c. &c.

These useful collectors of news served him also in another capacity. He procured the dresses of farmers, porters, or livery-servants, which he made them put on, and to appear like those people at his levee room, and mix with the great number of other folks assembled there; and by mimicking the air, voice, and manner of such farmers, porters, or livery-servants, to tell them the reasons of their coming there,—what particular things they wanted to know, — their history in life, — place of nativity, —manner of education, —the names of their sweet-hearts, —their debauching such a one, —wanting to know if another, whom they liked, would marry them, &c. This seemingly-candid behaviour, and full information, generally drew an artless and complete history of the lives of the parties present, their ruling passions, wishes, and pursuits.

Having obtained as full an account from every person as they could desire, the pretended livery-servant, porter, or farmer, is called into the Doctor's room, who is then ready to tell his fortune, as he is informed by the servant who calls him, it may easily

easily be imagined, that when our hero and his servant thus get together, what the subject of their discourse is, and how they are employed; namely, the latter in relating, and the former in hearing, the history of the next person that is to make his appearance.

When, therefore, the unsuspecting, credulous fool is introduced, how surprized is he to hear the Doctor is as well acquainted with his history, and the purpose of his coming there as himself. He gapes, and stares, and stares, and gapes, like a stuck pig, and can scarce believe his eyes and ears.

But, to carry on the farce still better, our hero found it necessary to put on a huge furred black cap, a black cloth gown, like that worn by the conjurer in the farce of the Devil-to-pay, and to assume a slow, solemn voice, and stern and melancholy aspect.

While, therefore, our adventurer, in a tone that in itself would strike awe into superstitious credulity, is relating the past fortune of the fortune-asking fool, and drawing his circles and figures, the whole scene excites astonishment; the Fortune-Teller's dress,—his awful visage, seamed by the weight of years,—his solemn, interrupted tone, —his strange grimaces, —his
surprising

surprising true narration of things past, and prediction of things future;—all extort surprize, and confirm implicit belief.

Now, if any person in the anti-chamber, when interrogated and questioned concerning his life's history, and the subject of his present visit, should seem reserved, or absolutely refuse to tell the circumstances enquired into; an account is given to the Doctor in the inner room by the inquirer; matters being so contrived, that he should be called in first, to have his fortune told; so that the Doctor is prepared against the ill-natured person's coming, who thus refused to tell his servant his history. In this case, which, indeed, our hero has assured me, happens very seldom, he either declines telling their fortunes, under various pretences, or gives them such answers as the antient oracles used to give to particular people; that is, in such a doubtful, double sense, as may be construed almost any way; and, therefore, whatever the event may prove, it cannot call in question the veracity of the prediction, or the abilities of the Fortune-Teller.

C H A P.

C H A P T E R II.

His business encreases, and he is visited by the nobility and gentry.—The different sorts of people that attend him shewn, and their different motives pointed out.—Caution and self-interest give us advice which we disregard, being actuated only for the public good.—Abuses and mal-practices that have crept into the English government. shewn.—reflections on the use of Satire.

OUR Fortune-Teller had not been in his house above a fortnight, before he opened shop, and had a multiplicity of business. In a short time, his fame began to spread so much, that what he had predicted of himself, came to pass: the nobility and gentry, cuckolds and cuckold-makers, men and women, married and single, old and young, all flocked about him to have their fortunes told, and money came in by wholesale; his prices were raised, his reputation established, and he was looked on as the wonder of the age: Tycho Brahe being considered as a mere fumbler to him, Erra Pater, an ass, Agrippa, a driveller; and all our moderns, as Lilly, Gadbury, Trotter, Parker, Partridge, Williams, and
Moore

Moore, a parcel of piteous, dogmatical ignorants, who knew nothing of human life, or the springs that move the passions.

It is incredible what vast numbers of superstitious fools of all ages, sexes, and nations, daily attended our adventurer, to have their fortunes told. Young ladies, beautiful as what we may conceive of angels, on whose cheeks and lips every grace seemed to sit, and whose faultless, lovely forms excited warm desires in the coldest hearts, were yet seen crowding to the temple of Folly, where her votaries were paying their adorations, and sacrificing to her shrine. Such lovely, amiable ideots, enchanted the sight at first view; but, wanting good-sense to secure what beauty gained, the heart was not in the least touched; and, consequently, the impressions made on the imagination, resembled only an inscription on the sand, which the next wave washed away.

Old men, whose bushy wigs bespoke great credit for their wearers wisdom, attended there also, and placed an implicit confidence in the Fortune-Teller's skill: but as goats wear large beards, so drivelling dotards may wear large wigs, and be esteemed wise, 'till the opening mouth breaks the charm, and shews their appearances give the lie to their minds.

But

But amidst the vast number of characters of all kinds, that were seen at the Fortune-Teller's; some out of fun; some out of seriousness; some for ridicule; some for want of having something else to do; some to laugh, others to be laughed at; some to see, and some to be seen; some to shew their fine cloaths, and some their fine persons; some to meet their gallants, and some their wh—s; some, in short, from one motive, and some from another;—let us, for the entertainment of our readers, select from such a groupe of figures, some of the most remarkable; and relate the transactions that passed between our adventurer and them. Let us shew the characters of some certain personages of either sex, well known in polite life, in a striking point of view; let us relate some of their intrigues and amours; and let us drag the slaves of infamy and lewdness, from their dark lurking places, into the fair face of day, and hang up their vices, *in terrorem*, to affright, like scarecrows, other great villains from pursuing their steps, lest they should meet a similar fate.

But while we thus think of displaying the leading features of right honourable scoundrels, and ignoble noblemen, timid caution suggests to us, it is not safe; and says, nobility is privileged to act glorious
H villainy;

villainy; and that law-alembics may draw *scandalum magnatum* out of simple relations of matters of fact: and fly self-interest whispers in our ears, and assures us, that instead of biting satire, we should compose soul-soothing panegyric: "Instead of exposing the vices of the infamous great," continues she, "exert all your efforts to gild them over. Call profusion, economy; lust, affection; venality, public spirit; cowardice, courage; and ostentation, generosity. In short, nickname every thing; prove every thing, any thing; and any thing, nothing.—Do this, and you shall thrive."

What! shall we barter conscience for gold?—Shall we tamely see a nation plundered!—a p——ce blinded!—his subjects murdered!—Commerce ruined by rights honourable smugglers!—Vice stalk at large!—Corruption and bribery openly practised, and the necessity of it vindicated!—The rights and liberties of Englishmen, explained away by time-serving fools, and brow-beating att——y g——ls!—Our common father beset, and hemmed in by flattering sycophants, and venal slaves!—The laws wrested, to speak the language of corrupt J——s!—the ancient nobility degraded!—the offspring of traitors and rebels in office!—the majesty of the people

people despised!—the enormous faith of many made for one, vindicated!—our brave soldiers and sailors, who have carried terror and conquest in the four quarters of the globe neglected, and left to beg about the streets!—our grey-beard veterans commanded by beardless boys, who never saw a squadron in the field, nor knew the division of a battle better than a spinster!—the liberty of the press on the verge of annihilation!—oppressive taxes imposed, contrary to the united sense of the people, destructive of British freedom, and contrary to Magna Charta!—tame and spiritless measures adopted in the room of bold and vigorous ones!—overgrown, haughty churchmen, tyrannising over the distress, and fattening at the expence of the poor and industrious manufacturer!—worthy divines, possessed of the pure spirit of primitive christianity, starving in curacies of thirty pounds a year, while dignified drones possess thousands for doing nothing!—deputies in office receiving forty pounds a year, for performing all the business, and the principals receiving some thousands, for—being at the trouble of receiving the money!—the extension of excise laws, and deprivation of the people's right of trial by juries!—eighty-seven thousand pounds paid to a commander in chief for not ex-

posing his person, and two pounds thir-
 teen, to each brave fellow, that despised
 death, and dared difficulties, by marching
 even to the cannon's mouth!—a pension
 granted to a foreign minister, for nego-
 tiating an ignominious, unpermanent, and
 infamous p—ce!—pensions allowed to
 undeserving people on a foreign establish-
 ment, to a far greater amount, than are
 warrantable by the laws of both realms!—
 illegal general warrants executed illegally,
 and the house of a British senator ransacked,
 pillaged, and plundered by midnight rob-
 bers, and himself sent to the Tower!—juries
 being considered as mere cyphers, and told
 from the bench, that they have no right to
 judge of the law, but the fact only, and
 that they must find a verdict as they are
 directed!—brave and skilful generals dis-
 missed from his Majesty's service, for no
 crimes alledged!—parliaments packed,
 being chosen by the mediation and di-
 rection of a p—e m—r, and the cash
 disbursed for the buying of votes, issued
 out of the Ex—r! profitable and ho-
 nourable governments conferred on Scots,
 in preference to worthy and brave English-
 men!—clerks at the Navy, Admiralty,
 Pay, and other public offices, like so many
 hungry leeches, sucking the blood of our
 soldiers and sailors!—Bishops, who have
 made

made all the interest in their power, and by all manner of means, to become such; yet when asked, whether they are willing to be created bishops, answer, *Nolumus episcopari*; i. e. We are unwilling to be made bishops!—taxes levied on the necessities of life, affecting chiefly the plebeians, in an unconstitutional and oppressive manner!—the misapplication and embezzlement of public money, and the great villains who rob the public of it, not only connived at, but encouraged in their wickedness!—places, that ought to be bestowed freely on merit and skill, sold to the best purchasers, like cattle in Smithfield market!—justices of the peace acting illegally, by exceeding their power, and grinding the faces of the poor!—associations entered into by rich tyrants, to prosecute to the utmost rigour of the law, those who are not possessed of estates to a certain value, that presume to shoot, hunt, or take such game as are wild by nature, and, as such, the property of the meanest individual, as much as the greatest nobleman!—shall we see all these things, and more, practised, and not point them out? No;

“ We’ll do’t, or perish in the gen’rous cause!

“ Hear this, and tremble ye that ’scape the

“ Laws!

POPE.

We shall, however, premise, that in these perilous times, when poison and treason are drawn out of the most innocent words, and a libel is with our lawyers, a mere nose of wax: we shall substitute fictitious, instead of real names; we shall hold up characters to the public view, to be claimed by whoever thinks proper.

But how is it possible to supply apt names, unless there be a similitude of characters? If so, how can a work be deemed a libel; unless it be one to speak truth, and scourge vice? good fame is the reward of virtue; bad, the punishment of vice. Now, rewards and punishments are the poles on which all government, both divine and human, turn. Would you rob virtue of her arms, and ease vice of her terrors? Tell me not of the magistrate's office; his ends with a single act: a bad reputation is a constant punishment. The objection implies, the chastisement of the magistrate is ineffectual, and inferior to the constant reproach of the world. Wicked men are afraid of these reproaches, and are nettled with them. They are always stung with the charge of their old crimes, or present vices. —What a contradiction is man! that he cannot bear to hear himself charged with the guilt of those vices which he dares constantly to practice.

As

As the punishment which the magistrate inflicts is soon over, and a constant dread of reproach attends the guilty; to debar reproaching men with their crimes, is to take away the principal curb on vice, and to rob virtue of one of the chief parts of her armour, with which she combats the monster. If a good name be an incitement to virtue, a bad one is a restraint on vice. Not to publish a man's wickedness is to expose the innocent to his snares. But, according to some, the bare relation of a crime a man has been guilty of, is a libel; some corrupt, mean fools having been found in the law, to screen the guilty great from the punishment of reproach: but all has been offered under the specious pretext of protecting the innocent; whereas innocence soon cures the bite of slander by her own balm, and has in herself her own consolation under reproach. Thus much by way of prelude; we come now to our stories.

C H A P. III.

My Lord Lawless pays a visit to our hero, in order to have his fortune told.—The character of that nobleman.—Our hero is very near affronting him, but obliges him highly by agreeable news.—My Lord bestows a commission on his cousin.—Kitty F—r visits him.—Her history and character.—Our hero's character vindicated from a malicious asperson thrown on it by a late writer.—What Kitty and he did together in private.

OUT of the many people that came to our hero, to hear their fortunes told, was the lord Lawless. His lordship, it is well known, was excessively fond of young girls, whom he either purchased with money, of old haridans, or distressed mothers, or nieces, (for sorry am I to say such unnatural wretches really exist) or bartered away Britannia's military honours and preferments for them; he being in a high office in the state.

Our hero well knew the history and character of the person that presented himself before him, though he came dressed like a mean person; and being requested to tell him the particulars of his good or ill fortune
in

in life, he was told it in the following manner.

“ The aspect of the planet that reigned
 “ at your nativity, which I have just cal-
 “ culated, plainly indicated, you would
 “ have naturally a depraved and a vitiated
 “ taste, in regard to the fair-sex, which
 “ philosophy only would be able to correct.
 “ But ’though Socrates had virtue and re-
 “ solution enough, not only to withstand
 “ the libidinous and drunken disposition
 “ that was natural to him, but to conquer
 “ and subdue it, so far, as to be exemplary
 “ for his virtue and temperance; yet, I
 “ find, by the lines I have here drawn,
 “ that you never strove to correct your
 “ natural desires, and to curb them by
 “ the rein of reason; but that they have
 “ ran away with you, like wild horses,
 “ and hurried you into acts that are a
 “ disgrace to humanity, and which have
 “ justly rendered you the detestation of
 “ the virtuous and the wise of one sex, and
 “ the”——

His lordship could not bear to hear farther, but interrupting him; “ do you
 “ know,” cried he, what you are saying, and
 “ who you are talking to?”

Our hero then, again resuming his pen, and drawing with it some circles, lines, and figures, after some pause, assumed an air
 of

of surprise; "Good God!" exclaimed he,
 "what do I see! you are in disguise. You
 "are not the man you have pretended
 "to be. You are no less than a viscount,
 "and no less a man than the commander
 "in Ch—— * * * * *

* * * * *

* * * "My lord, I humbly ask your
 "lordship's pardon. I am your lordship's
 "most obedient servant. Your lordship
 "has certainly an undoubted right of pleas-
 "ing your appetite; nor is a nobleman to
 "be tied down to the strict rules of virtue
 "made for the curbing of vice in private
 "persons.—If your lordship has an incli-
 "nation for a fine young girl, the sweetest
 "creature the sun e'er shone on, I believe
 "I have interest enough to procure her
 "for your lordship. I saw her yesterday:
 "she looks amiable as a young cherubim,
 "is but small of stature, and is"——

"But, for heaven's sake," cries his lord-
 ship, in an eager tone of voice, his breast
 quite in raptures, and his hollow, antient
 eyes sparkling with joy; "but for heaven's
 "sake, where is the dear young creature,
 "and where can I see her?"

"She was here yesterday," answered the
 Doctor; "and I really was surprised to
 "see so much beauty and innocence united.

She

“ She is a perfect paragon ;—the fairest
 “ pattern of excelling nature ! — I shall
 “ never forget such eyes ; such cheeks ! such
 “ a delicate complexion ; such lips ! such a
 “ neck ! such a shape ! such a”——

“ Oh ! for heaven’s sake ! don’t keep
 “ one in suspench,” cried his lordship eager-
 ly : “ here, take my purse, — command
 “ me,—I’ll do any thing for you,—your
 “ nephew, or cousin, shall have a com-
 “ mission,—but for God’s sake ! inform me
 “ where the dear, little creature is !”

“ Some people may place their affections
 “ on a tall, masculine woman,” answered
 “ the Doctor, that is eighteen or twenty
 “ years of age ; but, I cannot help being
 “ of your lordship’s opinion, that a fine,
 “ sweet, young creature of nine or ten, is
 “ infinitely preferable. Now, Maria, for
 “ that is the name of her I am speaking
 “ of”——

“ But for God’s sake !” exclaimed his
 lordship eagerly, “ where can I see the
 “ dear creature ? where does she live ? who
 “ has the disposal of her ? what is her age ?
 “ what sort of”——

“ My lord,” answered the Doctor, “ she
 “ is not quite nine years of age, and
 “ is”——

“ Oh ! the very age to a hair, as I hope
 “ to be saved,” cried the old lecher ; “ I
 “ would

“ would not give a single farthing for a
 “ child above nine years old. Formerly;
 “ indeed, a great girl of thirteen, or four-
 “ teen, would go down with me; but my
 “ taste is now more delicate: yes, thank
 “ God! my taste is now more just and
 “ delicate.”

The conclusion was, our hero undertook, in consideration of having a commission bestowed on a third cousin of his, the son of a petty barber in a Cornish borough; a brisk, young lad, almost ten years of age, to bring Maria, the Girl they had been talking of, to his lordship's house by eleven o'clock the next forenoon.

This agreement his lordship the more readily entered into, when he found, on enquiry, the boy's father, the barber, had voted in the court-interest, for sir John Worthless, in opposition to Willam True-man Esq; who talked a parcel of nonsense about patriotism, love of country, and other obsolete stuff.

Another person that called on our hero, to have the book of fate disclosed, and read to her, was the celebrated Kitty F***r, of kissing memory. She was then honoured with the regards of a p—ce of the bl—d r—l; whom she had enchanted more by the brilliancy of her wit, than by her personal qualifications; 'though she was far from

from indifferent in that respect. This lady was the daughter of a chaler near Charing-Cross, who gave her a very liberal education, and from the proficiency she made in its various branches, formed the most pleasing hopes of her future success in life.

She was, in her most juvenile years, of an amorous disposition; and while at the boarding-school, to which she was sent, was looked on by her governess as a very forward lass; giving encouragement, and listening with pleasure, to the soft speeches made her, by the bold youths, who had opportunities of seeing and conversing with her.

It was here she lost, what the fair-sex call, their virtue. A young officer, about seventeen years of age, having frequent opportunities of seeing her alone; once, in the critical moment, when soft wishes were infusing themselves into her heart, in consequence of his soft discourse, pressed her ruby lips, threw her on the carpet, and, in spite of a faint kind of struggle she made, rifled all her charms.

As soon as miss was taken from the boarding-school, being a lively, showy girl, that kept a good deal of company, she was taken notice of, and addressed by numbers of gay, gallant young fellows, some in an honourable, and some in a dishonourable manner

manner. Her father would fain have had her married to a Cabinet-maker, a man of great business, good fortune, and about twenty-eight years of age : but miss begged to be excused : a tradesman by no means suited her taste. She was much better pleased to have half a hundred young officers, beaus, and rakes dangling after her.

Captain M—— was the next person that was happy in the possession of Kitty ; after him, my Lord S—— was the happy man ; after him, Colonel P—— ; after him, a young woollen-draper, who had just set up in business ; after him, the facetious Ned S—— the actor ; after him little D——k the author ; after him, one Abraham M——, a wealthy jew ; after him, the Reverend Mr. S—— ; and after him, Counsellor N——.

We cannot tell with certainty, who succeeded the Counsellor in the possession of Kitty ; but certain it is, before his r—— h—— visited her, she had been kissed by at least two hundred different people. After his r—— h—— left her, she was taken into keeping by one gentleman ; then by another ; then by a third ; and in short, she has had as many —— purses put into her hands, as there are people in Drury-Lane play-house, when our inimitable Garrick

THE FORTUNE-TELLER. III

Garrick performs King Richard or Abel Drugger.

Such was the person that came to our hero to learn her fortune. And here it is necessary for us to perform a work, which gives us a most singular pleasure, the rescuing of our hero's character from the rude hands of detraction.

In a work published about five years since, pretending to be the life and adventures of Kitty, 'though from our own knowledge, we pronounce it to be a mere catch-penny performance, and to contain the most absolute falsehoods, without any spice of wit to render it palatable, and scarce an anecdote concerning her that is founded on fact; a most scandalous reflection is thrown on our hero, who, that author says, behaved in a very indecent manner when she visited him, insisting on her opening her breasts, and he then feeling them, in order that he might tell her fortune, and then committing the greatest indecency. We take this occasion to assure our readers, that such relation is absolutely false; the real matter of fact being as follows.

When Kitty, putting five shillings into our hero's hand, desired him to tell her fortune, he looked on her very attentively, and something about her engaging his attention more than ordinary, he was incapable

pable of going through with his business, in that regular and methodical manner he had always accustomed himself to; owing to the palpitation of his heart, which the sight of so fine a creature occasioned.

In vain he endeavoured to withdraw his eyes from her, and to direct them on his book. In vain he sought to calm the agitations of his breast. He gazed on her, as Romeo does on Juliet, in the masquerade and balcony scenes; and, at length, finding it impossible to quell the emotions of his heart, he shut his book, rose from his seat, took Kitty by the hand,—not as a country clown does his mop-squeezer, but as an expert love-casualt would do,—gently squeezed it, looked languishingly on her, and spoke to her as follows in the softest tone of voice.

“ Madam, I feel something within me,
“ that entirely disables me from imposing
“ on you, as I have done on others.—Your
“ eyes are more powerful than my art—I
“ see, I feel their influence.—While I gaze
“ on you with such extacy, soft desires
“ swell my breast, and thrill through every
“ fibre.—Oh, let me then steal one kiss
“ from those lips; the balmy sweets will
“ still continue, like fragrant flowers that
“ retain all theirs, though they afford joy
“ and rapture to each pillaging bee.—Oh
“ heaven!

“ heaven! nectar and ambrosia! ever-
 “ lasting extacy dwells here!—Madam
 “ —Madam—I beg you—I entreat you—
 “ —be so good—only, Madam—to walk
 “ in—in that room—I will take—take it
 “ —I say, Madam—I will take it as a
 “ favour.”

Kitty walked in; our hero followed her; shut the door; threw her on the bed; and was as happy as enjoyment could make him.

This is the true account of what passed between miss Kitty and our hero. I leave it then to the reader, to determine what sort of credit is due to the writer of Kitty's adventures, from this glaring specimen of his falsehood I have pointed out; and do hereby caution the reader not to look on our hero as such a contemptible, unsocial being, he is there represented to be, but such a one as I have truly painted him.

I shall now conclude my genuine account of this lady; by observing, that she was so well pleased with our hero, she presented him with five guineas, and declared she would visit him often; which I have been assured, she did very frequently; and, if I am not mistaken, even at this period of time, when she is kept by my lord C——, she cannot help regretting
 I the

the many soft and agreeable hours she has spent with her dear Fortune-Teller.

C H A P. IV.

The History of Tom Rakewell, and Miss Biddy Vainlove. Very proper for the perusal of all young ladies and young gentlemen who are fond of reading romances and novels.

TOM Rakewell was a genteel young fellow, and possessed of those kinds of talents which take wonderfully with the ladies. He danced well, sung tolerably, could talk of the merits or faults of players, in no contemptible style; 'though it must be owned, his observations were rather gleaned from modern pamphlets and newspapers, than the result of his own feelings or judgment.

Tom, over a dish of tea with the ladies, (an herb he was a passionate admirer of, and as able a vindicator as his abilities would let him,) could harangue, not unskilfully, on a lady's head-dress; could expatiate on the merits of a top-knot; could give a long dissertation on, and the history of the origin and progress of, hoop-petticoats; and could relate all the scandalous topics of the day, with

with as much malicious pleasure, as any old prude, or young detractress, could take in hearing them.

With these accomplishments, it is no wonder, he should be a favourite of the fair-sex, and spend more hours in their company, than he did minutes, in reading history, or philosophy. But Tom was not entirely unread: he perused most of the smart, pretty romances and novels, that for some years last past have so plentifully issued from the press; and could discourse on them for hours together, to those young ladies, whose taste led them to the same course of reading.

Even fribbles feel one time or other the force of love, or, at least, some kind of desire to enjoy the fair-sex, in a fuller and more pleasing manner, than in prattling with them over tea-tables, and murdering the reputations of their absent acquaintances.

This was Tom's case precisely. He had for some time been intimately acquainted with Miss Vainlove, a young lady extremely pretty, about nineteen years of age, and worth seven thousand pounds. A similarity of disposition endeared them to each other, and Hymen soon joined their hands.

For no less than nine months, did the young couple think themselves extremely

happy. They kept a good deal of company, chiefly composed of persons, whose ruling passions and tempers were like their own; and they imagined the felicity they tasted would always continue.

It is a trite observation, that a similarity of disposition will always ensure happiness in the conjugal state. If that similiarity of disposition be in wisdom and virtue, we readily subscribe to the truth of the remark; but if it be in foibles or follies of any kind, we by no means admit it.

Mr. and Mrs. Rakewell began to be sick of the same scene, which was every day the subject of their discourse and their amusements. They wanted a diversification of their pleasures, and found that a continued repetition of them palled their appetites.

Even their beloved romances and novels ceased to charm. Before their marriage, they pleased them wonderfully. The love intrigues—the adventures—the surprising escapes from cruel fathers, or intended ravishers—the pleasing diction—the happy catastrophe—had such charms for them, and so perfectly agreed with their own sentiments of things, that they imagined they could never be tired of them. But now they found the difference. Their passion for each other had been satisfied;
and

and they began to find, that the grand business, about which these romance and novel writers made such a fuss, was not attended with those sublime joys they had been taught to believe.

Besides, they found such a striking likeness in all these kind of productions, that they could not read a few, without, in effect, reading all. Love is the great and sole passion which gives birth to all the adventures of modern romance; and these adventures are so much alike, that their resemblance tires and surfeits one.

It is in reading, as it is in wh——g. The same kind of work read over and over, is like the same person enjoyed over and over. Variety is as necessary in an author, as it is in a woman. If the former has such a poverty of invention, that he is obliged still to go on in the same hackneyed track, he will share the same fate a woman will, whose understanding is so shallow, as to be unable to entertain her husband, or gallant, with variegated and rational discourses.

From being careless and indifferent to each other, they soon came to despise one another; and wondered, how it was possible they should ever have been so weak, to have their hands joined in Hymen's bands.

To contempt, hate soon succeeded, and jarring disputes. Tom was ever scolding his wife, and wondering how any woman could be so confoundedly silly; and she, equally surprized, that any man could behave so ridiculous as her husband.

The heart cannot be long together unoccupied: it must have some attachment, and when it has been disjoined from one object, it either seeks, or soon meets some other.

So proved it with Mr. and Mrs. Rake-well. Despising each other most heartily, they seldom conversed, except in storm and thunder. Tom then left his house to go to a Tavern, and send for some girl; and madam took a walk to the Park, to give a vent to reflection, and disperse the clouds of melancholy which hung upon her brow, and afflicted her heart.

In one of her walks up and down the Mall, she was accosted by Jack Hazard, a professed gamester, but who was dressed like any lord; and who with an easy familiarity entering into discourse with her, was not long before he could form a broad guess of her situation in life, and some hopes he should be able to succeed in his designs upon her.

After they had met by appointment five times, the gallant at each time professing
his

his love for her, his esteem, and everlasting constancy, the fair-one's heart was quite subdued. However, before she granted him the last favour, she resolved to consult the Fortune-Teller, in whom she had an implicit confidence; to know, whether her stars had predestined her to be happy with the man she loved, and whether he would prove constant.

To our hero she accordingly came, and desiring to know her fortune; he, who well knew the before-mentioned particulars, informed her, in a solemn tone, after pretending to calculate her nativity, and actually drawing some lines and circles,—that she had married a worthless sort of being, a very fribble—that they had disputes continually—that they could never be happy with each other—that Mr. Hazard (for that he told her was the name of her gallant) was a man of great fortune, and strict honour—and that if she eloped from her husband, she would be happy with her inamorato, who would treat her with all the tenderness imaginable.

The fair-one, gave our hero a guinea more than she had paid at her admission to him, promised to follow his advice, and took her leave.

Our hero gave over Fortune-Telling for that day; immediately throwing off his

black gown, and furred cap, and dressing himself in his laced cloaths, bag-wig, and sword. Ordering then a chair, he directed the chairmen to carry him to Mr. Hazard's, in Pall-mall, who, he well knew; and informing him of the above particulars, was promised the sum of twenty guineas, as soon as Mrs. Rakewell left her husband; for Hazard had no money, but depended on her eloping with a round sum.

In word, a fortnight afterwards, Hazard came to our hero, paid him the twenty guineas agreed upon, very honourably, and made him a present besides, of a diamond ring of the same value; and informed him, that Mrs. Rakewell, had, in consequence of his persuasions, taken all her jewels, cloaths, &c. to an immense value, and seven hundred pounds in ready money.

I could pursue the history of this lady much farther; but I am writing the life of our hero, and not her's. I must, however, observe, that in three days after Mr. Hazard's departure from our hero, he robbed his mistress of all her jewels, money, and cloaths; that she, being too high-spirited to return to her husband, continued in her lodgings; and her beauty attracting the notice of a young West-Indian, after some treaty, he took her into keeping. He dying, she was kept by a Jew Stock-broker, who,

who, imagining her unfaithful, discarded her, without giving her a shilling. She then engaging the notice of a celebrated actor, he kept her; and soon giving her a fashionable disease, then quitted her. She went, in order to get cured speedily, to one of our advertising Quacks, who made her worse than before. However, at length, she got cured, and after going through several common adventures, was taken into the service of an old bawd, and is now a common street-walker.

As to her husband, Tom Rakewell, he pursued such an infamous, extravagant life, after her elopement, that he squandered away all his fortune in five years. He applied to all his friends, but they refused assisting him. Not knowing what to do, he bought a Bible and Testament, and getting some scraps of it by heart, resolved on turning Methodist Parson; which he accordingly executed, and now follows the same honourable trade with great success; being looked on as one of the most skilful men in that fraternity, and bestowing the best crumbs of comfort to those chickens of grace.

C H A P. V.

Reflections and observations on the late marriage act.—The history of miss Betsy Forward. Recommended to the perusal of every young lady of fortune and family in Great-Britain, Ireland, and every other kingdom in Europe.

NOtwithstanding the many clamours that have been from time to time raised, and objections made, against the late marriage-act, I cannot but think it was both a salutary and necessary expedient, to prevent, in a great measure, the many mischiefs that arise from a disproportionate union: and I could wish it extended to Scotland, as well as to England; being thoroughly convinced, it would be highly productive of the public good, and domestic felicity.

Is it not a most melancholy consideration, for a father of a family, to reflect on the dangers and artifices to which his son or daughter is exposed, at a time too when appetite beats high, and reason is too feeble to subdue it, by the temptations thrown in their way, by handsome, artful, coquetish chambermaids and demi-reps, and
fly,

fly, 'insidious fortune-hunters and footmen?—Can a father enjoy perfect peace of mind, when he thinks on the hazards his children run of being wrecked, lured by the syren voice of beauty, or cunning? as well might he be easy, in seeing them walk on the narrow coves of a lofty bridge, underneath which is a dreadful gulph, when the least false step would precipitate them to the bottom, there to be swallowed up in the circling eddies.

After the utmost care having been taken to form the minds of youth by their affectionate parents, whose whole felicity, for the remainder of their lives, entirely depend on their children's good conduct; what pungent misery, what exquisite torture must they not endure, if all their hopes and expectations are at once destroyed and blasted, by young master's marriage with the chambermaid, or young miss's with the Footman!

There is no occasion to heighten the picture of such exquisite distress. Every father and mother of children will feel what language cannot forcibly enough express. They plainly see by such an heterogeneous, such a discordant union, all order is dissolved, the links of society broken, subordination at an end, and anarchy and confusion usurping their place; and they feel.

feel all their fond wishes, for the happiness and prosperity of their children, like gay blossoms, blasted in the bud by envious blights, and find that by their children's misconduct, their grey heirs must go down with sorrow to the grave.

Every father of a family will readily concur with me; nay, it may be laid down as an uncontrovertible truth, since daily experience fully proves it, that few, very few marriages, entered into without the consent of parents or guardians, have been happy. Nor is it at all surprising; since disinterested age certainly can judge better of things than interested and unexperienced youth.

Instead, therefore, of the marriage-act being repealed, as some, probably Fortune-hunting writers, have wished, I should be glad, an alteration was made in it, so far as its not extending to Scotland; and to enact, that marriages performed there, and entered into by persons under age, without the consent of their parents, or guardians, might be declared void, and of no effect.

There is the greater reason for this alteration, or rather, extension of the act, as it is notorious, that the children of persons of rank and fortune, are not hindered from disproportionate, or imprudent unions, more
than

than formerly; since nothing is more easy than for such to take a trip to Scotland, to follow their inclinations; and, perhaps, the very deed itself, the elopement from parents, or guardians, has a peculiar charm in it, and may be no small inducement to them to commit such an act, as it is so entirely correspondent with the deeds of their favourite heroes and heroines in our modern romances.

But there should be as little restraint as possible on the marriages of our common people. Nay, they ought to be encouraged to the utmost; and the example of an Augustus Cæsar, and other wise monarchs, in the encouragement of matrimony among the poor, would not be unbecoming a George the Third. At present, the marriage-act affects only the common people, and, I believe, has prevented some thousands of marriages among that useful order of persons, which has been of the utmost detriment to the common-wealth.

These reflections have naturally arose from the following little history.

Miss Betsy Forward was a girl of promising abilities, and an agreeable person. She was an only child, and, therefore, her parents darling; who took all imaginable care to cultivate her rational faculties,
and

and bestow on her every graceful accomplishment.

Her parents saw with pleasure the improvement she made in the various branches of literature she was instructed in, and were so wrapped up in her, that their lives seemed bound in hers. They had been married fifteen years, without having a child; and Miss Betsy being then born, when the husband was forty-six, and the wife thirty-nine, so uncommon an event, perhaps, made them fonder of her than they otherwise would have been; and induced them to humour her in a greater degree than reason would dictate, or a regard to parental duty justify.

When she had attained her fifteenth year, being tall of her age, her father's footman, a fellow that had been engaged in all manner of debaucheries, was so vain as to imagine, by his artifices and wiles, he would be able to seduce her from the path of virtue and duty. He set himself about it, and whenever Miss Betsy was romping and playing with the servants, would address her in a more tender manner than the others dared to do, or even thought of. He would cast a languishing eye on her, gaze on her intently, affect to sigh, as if longing for something he dared not ask for, squeeze her by the hand, and, in short, give,

give her all the testimonies he was able, of a violent passion, which yet, her youth could not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of.

But it was not long after, before her heart became susceptible of soft desires. Thomas ventured to reveal the passion he felt for her, but was repulsed. Not daunted with what he well knew was customary, he attacked her again, and was again rejected. But once, (oh, that I could suppress the sequel!) having the wished-for opportunity of addressing her alone, he seized her hand, ravished some kisses from her lips, and while the charming fair-one was half-consenting, half-refusing, and finding unknown desires infusing themselves into her heart, he threw her on the ground, and possessed all her charms.

After this they took all opportunities of indulging themselves in their criminal intercourse; and not five months after, the insidious, treacherous rascal, prevailed on her to quit her father's, as she was then with child, to leave——shire, and come up to London; where he took a mean lodging for her in a paltry alehouse, in Newtoner's-Lane, up three pair of stairs; and they had not been there three weeks, before he actually beat and abused her.

It

It was in vain the unhappy creature remonstrated, sighed, and lamented her hard fate. The unnatural brute, now his lawless desires were satisfied, cared not a pin for her; and his barbarity and cruelty increased.

At length she was brought to-bed of a son; but whether from want of proper care, or from any other cause, the poor babe lived not above three days; and three days afterwards, the father went away from the lodgings, without taking leave of Miss Betsy, or discharging the various expences he had contracted, and took away with him, not only the unhappy fair-one's cloaths and money (for she had robbed her father of near one hundred pounds) but several things belonging to the landlord.

Miss Betsy saw her folly now in a proper point of view; and determined, like the prodigal, to return to her parents, and supplicate her pardon; but while she was thus determining the matter, she was prevented executing it, by her landlord, who threw her in gaol, for debt, and threatened to prosecute her for felony.

There happened to be in the same prison, a young gentleman for an assault on some watchmen, in a drunken frolick one evening, and having given them some money to make the affair up, he happened to cast
his

his eyes on Miss Betsy; and the regularity of her features, and symmetry of her form, engaging his attention, he enquired for what offence she had been committed there; and being informed, he sent for her landlord, and paying him a sum of money, the affair was compromised, and she was released from confinement.

Few arguments were necessary to prevail on her to consent to live with him. Pride suggested, it was mean to sue to her parents after such a false step, and shame prevented her from doing it; so that false pride and false shame, rather than prudence and reason, suggested an expedient, to keep her from her parent's sight, and their dreaded displeasure.

She had not lived long with this gentleman, before she found, she had no reason to be proud of her situation: nor is it a wonder. Men who are really valuable, are not so forward to engage in such scenes, such manly and buckish scenes, as to break lamps, frequent brothels, knock down decrepid watchmen, and take women into keeping they know nothing of. But such a one was the heroic Jack Dreadnought. He was looked on as the most complete buck of the age, and, having an opulent fortune, was enabled to pursue all the sports his ruling passions led him to.

K.

They

They now were ever on the *qui vive*, and scarce an hour passed without a downright quarrel happening between them. He upbraided her with her having taken him in, by displaying her charms in prison, with a view of captivating him; and she dwelt on the grandeur of her family, and the misery she experienced in living with him.

At length, their quarrels arose to such a height that they parted. Not knowing what to do, she mustered up all the money she could scrape together, by the sale of her supernumerary cloaths, and went into the country to see her parents, and to implore their pardon.

When she arrived there, she found that grief for her misconduct had brought them both to their graves; the wife dying first, and the husband surviving her but seven months. She had the mortification too, to find, that all their fortune was left to a distant relation, whom she scarce knew any thing of; and who she would have disdained to have applied to for succour, had not iron poverty compelled her.

On an application to such person, who was an old maid of about thirty-nine years of age, she met with a very cold reception. She was informed, that news had arrived a long time ago, she had turned common prostitute; and the baseness of such an act;
and

and the infamy of such a character, was shewn with all the eloquence female detestation and oratory could furnish; and, in conclusion, the old maid thanked her stars, and dwelt on her prudence, that amidst all the temptations to which she had been exposed, she had not been lewd and wanton, but had still adhered to the rules, and walked in the paths, of virtue.

From thence she came again to London, with a trifle of a few guineas bestowed on her, and soon became so debauched, and involved in all scenes of iniquity, that she might justly be said to be one of nature's public commoners, and virtue's scorn.

But it is fit we should return to her first seducer, and shew what became of him after he left her.—The money, cloaths, and jewels he had robbed Miss Betsy of, lasted not long; Lightly come, lightly go, is a true saying; and the proverbial expression of what is got over the devil's back is spent under his belly, is not less so. It proved so with Thomas. While his money lasted, no one was happier, nay, not so happy, if happiness consists in riot, extravagance, and debauchery.

But his money being all spent, he was forced through necessity, again to go to service. He had the good fortune to meet with one far better than his deserts; being

not only treated in a humane, kind manner, that every good servant ought to be, but had abundance of cloaths and linnen continually bestowed on him by his generous master, and plenty of money from his visitants.

To requite his good master for his generosity and kindness, he privately robbed him of pieces of plate and other things, &c. and sought to seduce his eldest daughter Flora, a fine young lady, about sixteen years of age; but she, having been educated in a quite different manner from Miss Betsy, was not so lost to principle, as to fall in love with one of the knights of the rainbow. The consequence of his attempts was, a discovery of them to the father, who very justly stripped the rascal of his livery, and turned him out of his house, and at the same time caused an advertisement to be inserted in the public papers, of his having discharged him for theft and other crimes, which that judicious gentleman imagined a duty he owed to the community, to prevent their being imposed upon by such a scoundrel.

After this, not being able of getting into service, and robbing privately, he took the resolution of doing it publicly, by commencing highwayman. For about seven

seven months he reigned successfully, but justice then overtook him, and he was lodged in Newgate.

Miss Betsy, who associated with all the debauched and abandoned of both sexes, and who practised all the wickedness incident to her profession, by picking the pockets of her infatuated culls, and giving them bad diseases, heard of Thomas's fate in being committed to Newgate for a highway robbery. Now 'though she had abundant reason to curse the infamous rascal, and sole author of her misery, first by debauching, and then robbing her; yet there was something in his being a highwayman that charmed her, and drove away all her resentment against him; for highwaymen, knights of the post, pick-pockets, and such like gentry, she had a most passionate inclination for ever since, she had commenced common prostitute.

She paid him many visits during his confinement, and in consequence of their renewing their familiarity, gave him a certain disease, for which he not only upbraided, but well drubbed her. Betsy, however, was like a spaniel, that fawns on the hand that beats her, and protested her sorrow for her misfortune so pathetically, that he soon forgave her.

After Thomas had been in Newgate six weeks, his trial was to come on. The very evening previous to that dreaded day, Betsy procuring eighteen pence from her uncle at the three blue balls, by the pawning of a sheet she robbed her landady of, came in great haste to our hero, the Fortune-Teller, to know what would be her husband's fate on the morrow.

He had heard of the famous exploits Thomas had committed on the high-way, and of the full evidence there was against him. He took, however, his pen, drew circles, and lines, calculated his nativity, and used other arts; then in a mysterious kind of jargon, told her, that her husband was born under a hanging planet; and, therefore, all the interest in the world, and all the wealth and power of the most wealthy and powerful, could not set aside the decrees of Heaven, or reverse the laws of fate: "for," continued he, in a slow, solemn, and interrupted voice, and assuming a thoughtful aspect; "whatever events a planet ordains, cannot be frustrated by the power of man. The stars are the foretellers of all our actions: they are the supreme disposers of all things, and happy is that man who is the interpreter of those supreme intelligences, and can read in their aspect, the future good fortunes

“ fortunes or misfortunes of mankind.
 “ However, do not be afflicted at your
 “ husband’s approaching fate, which the
 “ knowledge of the occult sciences tells
 “ me will ensue; for the same knowledge
 “ which points out his fatal catastrophe,
 “ assures me also of your felicity, which
 “ will be brought about by very strange
 “ means.”

Miss Betsy’s joy was so great at the thoughts of the prosperity her stars had ordained her, that the melancholy she was seized with, in hearing the dreadful end that Thomas would meet with, in suffering an ignominious death in the sight of the gazing populace, was entirely absorbed in the more agreeable sensations she entertained on her own account.

Taking leave of the Fortune-Teller with a heart full of joy, she returned to Newgate, to console her gallant, by giving him a false account of the success of her embassy, and assuring him, that he would be certainly condemned, but be reprieved at the gallows.

Why should we be too prolix?—In short, seven days after, Thomas was drawn in a cart to Tyburn, addressed by the ordinary, and exhorted to make a full confession of his crimes, the rope put about his neck, the cart drawn away, and he was left sus-

pended in the air, and kicking at the devil of a rate.

As to Miss Betsy, 'though, her stars, according to the Fortune-Teller's account, had predestined her to great felicity, yet her disease still gaining ground, by being tampered with by illiterate empyrics, she at length sunk under it, and was buried in St. Giles's church-yard.

From hence, learn, ye fair, to subdue the first temptations of passion, to curb lawless appetite, and suppress guilty desires. In a particular manner, avoid placing your affections on mean and unworthy objects, or Betsy's fate will be yours, and you shall be wretched when living, and your memories detested when dead!

C H A P. VI.

Albalanecus's brazen head an absolute cure for jealousy: or, the contented cuckold. Exemplified in the history of old Gripewell, and young Wisbfor't.

AN old miserly dotard, named Gripewell, in the eighty-third year of his age, not having the fear of cuckoldom before his eyes, but moved and instigated by the spirit of lechery, took unto him to
wife,

wife, a beautiful young girl, of eighteen years of age, named Wishfor't.

They had not been married above three weeks before quarrels and disputations arose. The old dotard was jealous, and the young wife wanton; and these different passions were the source of endless jars and strife between them. The husband thought his wife was not so fond of him, as in gratitude she ought to be, for he married her without a farthing portion; and the wife thought her husband absolutely incapable of fulfilling a holy man's command, of rendering to his wife due benevolence.

Now, though the old fool had the eyes of an Argus, or a Lynceus, it being impossible for them to be ever fixed on her, she found out opportunities to be absent from him for half an hour together very frequently; and in half an hour a great deal of business may be done by a skilful workman.

In a word, the old miser teased, and perplexed her so much, that she was fain to go abroad as often as she possibly could, to cool the heat he had excited in her by his ill treatment of her.

To the surprise of the whole neighbourhood, five months after the marriage of our January and May, madam was with child,
and

and the old fellow was complimented greatly on his abilities.

Distrusting himself to be the father of the infant, he resolved on applying to our hero, to know whether he really was so, or not; and if he was assured of the negative, as he was afraid he should be, to know who was it's father.

Putting on the very worst cloaths he had, he posted away to our hero, and putting on a rueful countenance, and pleading the greatest poverty, he put sixpence in his hand, entreating him to tell his fortune.

Our hero stared at him, but knew him not. He, however, demanded, if he was willing to be satisfied of any particular thing, or of his fortune in general terms; adding, that if he wanted the latter, and gave the trouble of calculating his nativity, and consulting the aerial spirits, he must give a farther sum of two shillings.

Gripewell told him, he was a very poor man, and could not afford any more money than he had given; that he wanted only to know one circumstance relative to his wife's conduct, and he should be easy.

“What! you are a married man?” demanded our hero. “What sort of a woman is your wife?”

“Oh, Mr. Fortune-Teller, there is my grief. My wife is lovely I do protest,
“yea,

“ yea, she is altogether lovely. She is al-
 “ most nineteen, and has such an eye,
 “ that” ———

“ You are a cuckold,” replied our hero.
 “ The stars assure me you were born to be
 “ one, and what they predicted has come
 “ to pass.”

“ Oh law! oh law! that is the very thing
 “ I wanted to consult you on. I was will-
 “ ing” ———

“ You are assuredly as great a cuckold
 “ as ever any man in the world was,” re-
 plied our hero, in a solemn tone, and lay-
 ing great emphasis on his words: “ What
 “ need of more words? Is not that know-
 “ ledge sufficient for sixpence?”

“ Oh that ever I was born to hear such
 “ words!” exclaimed the old fool. “ I
 “ thought my wife was virtuous, and should
 “ have thought so still, had she not been
 “ with child. Oh! oh! I shall break my
 “ heart! I can never survive this bitter news.
 “ Verily, my life was treasured up in her’s.
 “ I looked on her as the most virtuous of
 “ women, and as chaste as she is exceed-
 “ ing fair.”

“ But stay,” answered our hero, contract-
 ing his brow, and turning over a mathema-
 tical book, in which lines, circles, angles,
 and figures were drawn; “ But stay,” re-
 plied he, with a shake of his head, and
 assuming

assuming the appearance of a man who desires to weigh a subject more deeply before he gives his opinion on it; "But stay; let us not be too rash. Though the stars have predicted her deviation from virtue, that does not imply, that it has yet been done; she may fall from virtue in twenty years time possibly, and may have been chaste hitherto. Nothing is impossible with GOD," continued he, raising his voice, and looking intently on the old man; "Nothing is impossible with GOD, that is certain. Now, to doubt that your wife be with child, by you, were to doubt the power of GOD, I mean, the possibility of it."

"Why, ay," answered the old fellow eagerly; "that's true; for though I am above sixty,—hem! hem!—I am more vigorous than some younger men; and I do assure you, I have performed."——

"If I inform you fully of this affair your heart seems so much set on," replied our hero; "you must tell me the very day, hour and minute of your wife's nativity, which I will calculate; and I can then tell you with certainty, whether your wife be faithful or not."

"I do protest, I do not know either the day, the hour, or the month," answered Gripewell; "but I will go home, and
"enquire

“ enquire of my wife, and will return and
“ inform you.”

“ Rather bring your wife here,” replied
our hero: “ I shall have some other questions
“ to ask her; and will then tell your fate
“ quite fully.”

“ Verily, I will fetch her on the instant,”
answered the old fool: “ I will command
“ her on her allegiance to attend, and shall
“ then know my fate, whether I am a cuck-
“ old in right earnest, or not.”

So saying, he departed, and our hero
sent a boy after him, to dodge him to his
house, having a suspicion he was some
rich, old miser, that wanted to save his
money; and which business was punctually
executed; the boy bringing word back, the
pretended poor man was the wealthy Gripe-
well.

In about an hour, Gripewell and his
spouse attended, though it was with great
reluctance the latter had been prevailed on
to come with him. On her entering into
the room, our hero was really amazed.
He scarce knew what he was about. He
had never before seen so beautiful a creature;
and it was with the greatest difficulty, he
mastered himself so far as to conceal the
emotions of his heart.

“ Well! here she is,” cried the old fel-
low. “ I had a hard matter to get her to
“ come

“ come here. Now, Mr. Fortune-Teller,
 “ calculate her ability, and satisfy my
 “ desires.”

Our hero, taking hold of one of her hands, for his inspection, could not avoid gently squeezing it; and then letting it go, took up his pen, asked her what minute of what day or night she had been born; which she satisfied him in as well as she could.

After carrying on this mummery for some time; “ Sir,” said our hero, making him a respectful bow, and desiring him to sit down; “ I beg your pardon for not having treated
 “ you in the manner your rank and fortune
 “ deserve.”

“ Why! what d’ye mean! what dy’e
 “ mean!” stammered out the old fool, and seeming quite confused; “ what d’ye mean,
 “ Mr. Fortune-Teller, by your rank and
 “ fortune, eh!”

“ Sir,” answered our hero, with a power of face that disdained a blush, “ I see
 “ plainly by the figures here drawn, that
 “ instead of your being the poor man you
 “ pretended to be, you are worth little less
 “ than five thousand pounds a year; besides
 “ money on bond at thirty *per Cent.* interest,
 “ jewels in pledge, cash at interest, ar-
 “ rears of”——

“ Oh!

“ Oh! say no more, say no more,” interrupted the old fellow; “ proceed on the business; finish that; and let my wealth alone.”

Our hero told him, it was on a supposition he had been a poor man, he consented to tell him his fortune for six-pence; but since by examining his books, and calculating both his, and his wife’s nativity, he found he was the wealthiest man in his parish, he should expect he would make him an adequate recompence; which, our hero informed him, could be no less than a guinea.

The conclusion of it was, that poor Gripewell was forced to give him six-pence more; but resolved, he would save it the next week in coals and candles, by going to bed every night at seven o’clock in the evening.

Our hero now again drew lines, and circles, and the lord knows what, in his book; and then declared, that, by all appearances, his wife was very chaste; “ but, to be absolutely certain,” continued he; “ I must consult my brazen oracle, the head of Albalanecus. He will inform me of whatever I desire to know. He is in the next room, and your wife must go with me to propose the question; and
“ whatever

“ whatever he answers, I shall faithfully inform you.”

Gripewell would fain have dispensed with his wife's visiting Albalanecus ; but being told, it was always the custom for the suspected, or accused party to appear before him ; and thinking, by the Fortune-Teller's appearance, he was at least ninety years of age, he thought there was no great danger in trusting them alone.

As soon as ever they were in the next room, our hero, who wanted to come to the point at once, considering that time was precious, threw off his false beard, and furred cap, discovering a handsome face, and manly deportment ; then, falling on his knees ; “ madam,” said he, with all the tenderness love could suggest ; “ our time
“ is now too scarce to be fooled away. You
“ see, I am young and vigorous, and I feel,
“ you are warm and beautiful. I shall not
“ urge the advantage you will receive by
“ my assuring your husband of your cha-
“ tity : I had rather owe my happiness to
“ your free will, than persuasion, or ne-
“ cessity. Come then, come to my arms ;
“ and let us sacrifice to love and rapture—
“ here is a bed, and every thing conspires to
“ render us completely happy—Oh, Heaven !
“ what fragrance in those lips!—Yielding ex-
cellence!

“cellence! beautiful nymph!——charming,
 “lovely creature!”—— * * * * *

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

* * * Recovering from their delightful
 trance, and having concerted measures for
 seeing one another often, they returned to
 the old man.—“Happy husband!” cried
 our hero, presenting his wife to him;
 “Take her as the choicest gift of heaven!
 “Albanecus has assured me of her chastity,
 “and that the child, with which she is
 “now pregnant, is of your begetting. He
 “has assured me also, that in less than a
 “year after the birth of her first-born,
 “she shall bear a second. Receive her,
 “therefore, with open arms, confide in her
 “virtue, and be happy!—Thus says Al-
 “balanecus.”

The old cuckold did as he was advised.
 He cherished his wife, and admired her as
 a prodigy of virtue. In due time, she
 brought forth a son, and called his name
 Roderigo; which, being interpreted, sig-
 nifies, cuckolding is in fashion. Our hero
 visited Mrs. Gripewell often, who liked him
 very well; but not well enough, to discard
 her other lovers.

About ten months after this period, she
 ran off with one of her gallants, and robbed

I. her

her husband of all his money, bonds, notes, and jewels; who took it so much to heart, that he fell sick, and died. The widow was, in her turn, robbed by her gallant, and after going through a variety of adventures, turned common prostitute, and at this very period lives in Newtoner's Lane; where the writer of this true history saw her but seven days ago, and made her a present of three electuaries, two ounces of unquentum mercuriale fortis, and six ounces of Glauber's salts, for the cure of a violent disease she had on her.

C H A P. VII.

The Author's Vade Mecum: or, a sure guide to the temple of Fortune. Exemplified in the history of Count Title-page.

COUNT Title Page was an author of no small reputation, having wrote twenty four songs for the public gardens, one hundred and seventy-five essays for a daily paper, seventeen acrostics, twenty-three rebus's, and eighteen epigrams.

But, willing to display his talents for a work of greater consequence, he sat down to write a novel; and with great labour and industry finished it in about a quarter

of

of a year. As he was resolved on dedicating it to some generous gentleman, well knowing, by rueful experience, the copy-money paid to poor devils of authors by booksellers was insufficient to procure them bread and cheese and small-beer, unless they had a name; he came to our hero, thinking he might be able of informing him of the name of some more wealthy than wise person, who would pay a good round sum of solid gold for empty praise.

Our hero, surveying the person who now appeared before him, imagined it might be one of a similar disposition with old Gripewell, for he was dressed much like him; having a shabby coat on, that had been formerly black, but was now become as rusty as parson Adams's cassock, and full of holes; his hat was of the same colour, and worn out at the edges; his wig looked indeed, very white, having at least half a pound of flower on it, which hung on the hairs, like icicles on the bladed glass after a severe frosty night: as to a shirt, indeed, if he had one, its colour could not be ascertained, none being discernible.—In short, his whole appearance was extremely wretched, and portended he was either a rich miser, or a poor author.

“Sir,” said the poor devil, “I am come
“to ask you a question, I have no doubt

“but you can inform me of. You must know, that with a great deal of thought and labour, I have composed a novel”—

“Oh! you are an author then!” exclaimed our hero: “I beg your pardon, sir; but at first view I took you for a miser.”

“Me a miser, sir!—oh, sir, you are pleased to compliment.—Indeed, I must say, that authors and misers dress much alike. —But, sir, if you would be so kind, as to resolve me one question I want to know, I should be infinitely obliged to you.”

“Any thing in my power, sir,” answered our hero, very politely, “you may command. Distressed merit has a claim to relief. I honour genius and learning, though I possess neither; and, therefore, considering you as a learned and ingenious man, you are welcome to any services I can render you.”

“Sir, you talk like a gentleman and a man of humanity,” answered the author. “I am not come out of the ridiculous desire of knowing my fortune, as authors, however ignorant, cannot be supposed to be so extremely so, as to believe in such phantasms. Supposing contingencies that depend on the free-will of man, are fore-known by the privy-council of heaven,
“ which

“ which I by no means admit, yet as mortals compose not such privy-council, they cannot foretel future events on earth.”

“ Sir you speak quite just,” answered our hero. “ No sensible, judicious man or woman can believe that future events are knowable by man; but since seven-eighths, nay nineteen-twentieths, of mankind, are not sensible, or judicious, it is no wonder, that nineteen parts of the world out of twenty, should place an implicit confidence in Fortune-Tellers. Were it not for the prodigious number of fools with which London abounds, how is it possible its inhabitants could seriously believe in divination, or such people as me live? but of all fools, wise, thinking, reasoning ones I like best: these are the machines I play as I please: these clients I rejoice in; such as are moulded into folly by superstition, the sacred parent of cullies, hobgoblins, witches, priestcraft, and conjurers.”

“ You are quite in the right,” answered the author; “ and I am glad you are so unreserved. To tell you the truth, I played the Fortune-Teller myself with great success about twenty-seven years ago.—I’ll tell you how it happened—I was consumedly in love with a fine girl of eighteen, who was as ill-natured as she

“ was handsome. Knowing she placed an
“ entire belief in the predictions of Fortune-
“ Tellers, I disguised myself, and appear-
“ ed before her in such a habit you have
“ on now, offering to tell her fortune. She
“ jumped with joy at my proposal, gave
“ me two-pence, and held out her hand for
“ my inspection. I attentively surveyed it,
“ and then in a mumbling kind of tone,
“ told her, to walk the next night, which
“ was St. Agnes’s, at twelve o’clock, in
“ a certain garden, and she would there
“ see her lover; that he would approach,
“ and salute her; that she must suffer him
“ to perform whatever he thought proper,
“ without resisting him; and that pros-
“ perity and happiness would be the con-
“ sequence of such a conduct, as the con-
“ trary would be her certain ruin.”

“ Excellent scheme! and it answered, I
“ suppose!”

“ Oh, charmingly!—at the time ap-
“ pointed, I saw her walking in the garden,
“ and went up to her. Without speaking
“ a syllable, I stepped up, and saluted her.
“ She seemed somewhat surprised to find
“ the prediction verified; but was too
“ much intimidated by the threat denoun-
“ ced against her if she made resistance, to
“ think of behaving so indiscreet. In short,
“ I attacked her with kisses and embraces,

“ threw

“ threw her on some straw I had previously placed there, and was as happy as a king.”

“ Oh! how I envy you for your success! —but, to be sincere, I am very frequently not less happy than you were. Scores of fine, young, wanton girls, wives, and widows, that come here to have their fortunes told, I have the possession of. Rich, young rakes that long for a good, clean wench retain me in their service. I am considered in a respectable light, and get money by administering to others pleasures, and at the same time enjoying my own.”

“ You are very happy indeed!” answered the author; “ and were I not too old, I would once more turn Fortune-Teller. But I find myself too feeble and restiff, to be able to do any good now. A Fortune-Teller that is old and impotent, however he may tell the fortunes of another, will never make his own; but I’ll tell you what my errand to you was, and which our conversation together had before put out of my head. The novel I have wrote is a very luscious one, you must know; for the taste of the present age is, with regard books, as other things, that is, vitiated and depraved. Now, among the many wealthy gentlemen

“ gentlemen your profession brings you
 “ acquainted with, can you inform me of
 “ one, who will patronise such a work I have
 “ described, and come down handsomely
 “ for a dedication?”

“ That I can do, and will perform it
 “ with pleasure.—There is Sir Simon Taste-
 “ less, a baronet of an immense fortune,
 “ fond of the most fulsome adulation,
 “ though laid on with a trowel; in rap-
 “ tures at obscene discourse; and prodigal
 “ of his money to excess. Dedicate your
 “ work to him, and, take my word for it,
 “ you’ll touch handsomely.”

“ Faith! that is the chief thing I want,”
 replied the author. “ I will bestow on him
 “ all the virtues of all the virtuous, and all
 “ the wisdom of all the wise. He shall
 “ be, like all our kings of Great-Britain,
 “ (during their lives) possessed of every
 “ virtue; exempt from every vice; more
 “ wise than Solomon, more valiant than
 “ Joshua, more just than Alfred, more pious
 “ than Henry, and more righteous than
 “ Edward.”

“ That will do,” answered our hero:
 “ while you keep to that plan, you cannot
 “ fail. I see you understand the world;
 “ and I am really surpris’d, that with your
 “ knowledge, your fortunes should be so
 “ bad, and your cloaths so mean.”

“ I’ll

“ I’ll explain this matter to you,” replied the author. “ I have not hitherto wrote any thing obscene, flattered any great man, or prostituted my pen ; and the consequence of it is, empty pockets, and ragged cloaths. Consulting with a friend of mine, an author of eminence, who wears his laced cloaths, bag-wig, and sword, but who, nevertheless, is looked upon inferior to me in point of genius, (pardon my vanity !) he plainly told me, I did not take the right method of getting money. “ Act as I do,” said he, “ and you will live, and appear as I do. Flatter the mean and worthless; they are the only people that will pay for being flattered. Defend things, in their own nature, indefensible; that shews your genius, and will be paid for by the parties you vindicate. Write obscenity, and your works will have a great sale. This is what I do, and you see how I fare. You that write, as you call it, according to conscience, are in rags and poverty. If you prefer these to laced cloaths and opulence, pursue your present conduct: if you do not, pursue mine.”

“ Now, sir,” continued the author, “ it was in consequence of this discourse, I resolved on altering my conduct, and pursuing my friend’s advice. My first

“ coup

“ coup d’essai is my novel in two volumes ;
 “ and if I find that sir Simon Tasteless
 “ behaves generous to me, and the world
 “ approves my labours, which, indeed, I
 “ have no doubt of, farewell morality,
 “ farewell decency, farewell preachments
 “ on religion and virtue, in news-paper
 “ essays at six-pence a piece ! and welcome
 “ immorality, bawdry, infidelity, and li-
 “ centiousness, the procurers of laced cloaths,
 “ and the sweetners of life !”

In short, the author and our hero had
 a longer confabulation to much the same
 effect ; and they then parted.—The poor
 fellow then offered his novel to a bookseller,
 who seeing him in ragged cloaths, treated
 him accordingly ; but he was soon given to
 understand, that the author knew what was
 what, and would soon appear in a different
 manner : so leaving his manuscript for pe-
 refusal, he prevailed on his friend, the laced-
 coated and bag-wigged author, to father
 his production, and receive the money for
 it from the bookseller : he accordingly went,
 and received fifty guineas ; though the
 unconscious rogue had declared to the author
 in the ragged coat and p—s—burnt wig, he
 would give no more than a guinea and a
 half for it.

With this money the novel-writer pur-
 chased him still finer cloaths than those of
 his

his laced-coated friend; and then, writing a dedication to sir Simon Tasteless, ordered a chair, and altering his behaviour with his dress, was as imperious as a lord. Sir Simon's doors were flung open at the sight of such a well-dressed beau. He was introduced to him instantly, while half a score tradesmen were kicking their heels in the hall, waiting for the payment of their bills. He met a gracious reception, sir Simon bowing and cringing to him for some time, mistaking him for some foreign ambassador. "Sir Simon, you are the pink of good-breeding, the quintessence of politeness, the mirror of a fine gentleman! I have in vain endeavoured to do justice to your amiable accomplishments, your profound knowledge, your fund of merit, in this little piece," (putting the dedication in his hand.)

"Pray sir, dear sir, sit down while I read it," said the baronet.

Casting his eye over it, he smiled with the greatest joy, and seemed quite transported.

"Pardon me, sir," cried he, "if I read it paragraph by paragraph; it appears immensely well wrote, but I am afraid you have flattered me."

"Oh, no, sir Simon, that is impossible: I have not done justice to you, I do
"protect"

“ protest—I acknowledge my want of skill
 “ to paint such a portrait as sir Simon : but
 “ where shall we find an Apelles to paint an
 “ Alexander ?

“ Well then !” said he with a delicate
 smile, and modestly looking down, then
 raising his eyes, and looking with the great-
 est complacency on our author ; “ well then,
 “ if you really do think you have not flat-
 “ tered me, read it yourself to me, if it’s
 “ not too much trouble.

The author obeyed him.

“ To sir Simon Tasteless, Baronet.

“ **W**ERE every fine accomplishment
 “ annihilated from the universe,
 “ yet while sir Simon Tasteless survived,
 “ the world would not want a perfect por-
 “ trait from whence to imitate every thing
 “ excellent, nor would the character of a
 “ fine gentleman be in the least ideal.”

“ Mæcenas, in the Augustan age, gained
 “ immortality, by the encouragement he
 “ gave to men of letters : sir Simon Taste-
 “ less, more generous, more learned, and
 “ more penetrating, when he sees real
 “ merit, draws it from its shade of obscurity,
 “ and loads it with all the munificence
 “ unrivalled generosity, unparalleled great-
 “ ness of mind can suggest, or genius deserve.

His

“ His fame shall, therefore, survive when
 “ Mæcenas’s is forgot : his benevolence, his
 “ affection for the republic of learning,
 “ shall ride buoyant on the waves of time,
 “ and his name shall be transmitted to
 “ latest posterity with brave heroes, patriot
 “ kings, upright ministers, heav’n-born
 “ sages, inspired prophets, and just judges,
 “ when the destroyers of the human race,
 “ the Nero’s and the Vespasian’s of the world,
 “ shall be consigned to the drowsy bed of
 “ oblivion.”

“ Had I ten thousand pens in ten thou-
 “ sand hands ; nay had I ten thousand Phi-
 “ dias’s pencils, it would be impossible for
 “ me to paint the amazing greatness of
 “ mind, the depths of learning, the force
 “ of genius, the delicacy of sentiment, the
 “ sweetness of disposition, the dignity of
 “ deportment, the sanctity of manners, he
 “ possesses. He is learned without pride ;
 “ generous without ostentation ; brave with-
 “ out rashness ; and handsome without
 “ vanity.”

“ As the Deity from the empyreal heavens,
 “ excels the——

“ But, dear sir,” interrupted the bar-
 “ onet, “ don’t you think that simile is rather
 “ too lofty, and flattering ? I am far
 “ from

“ from desiring praise, at the expence of
 “ your sincerity : my delicacy won't permit
 “ that.”

“ Sir Simon,” answered the author, in a
 firm voice, and appearing somewhat of-
 fended at the baronet's extreme delicacy ;
 “ there is nothnig in the simile improper.
 “ It is a lofty one, I must confess ; since,
 “ you see, I have gone up to heaven to
 “ fetch it ; but had I gone up to the
 “ seventh heaven, you would deserve it.
 “ Dear sir Simon, be not more delicate
 “ than other great men ! you are not con-
 “ scious of your own perfections. You
 “ really deserve the encomiums my weak
 “ endeavours have paid you : they are the
 “ natural tribute due to superior merit”—

The baronet begged to be excused for the
 interruption he had given ; but observed,
 his delicacy was such, he would have no-
 thing to offend it in the dedication : how-
 ever, being pleased to say, he was con-
 vinced his scruple was unjust, he desired
 our author to read on.

“ As the Deity from the empyreal hea-
 “ vens, excels the worms of the earth,
 “ so does the learned, the humane, the
 “ amiable, the brave, the gallant ; the
 “ polite, the accomplished, the excellent ;
 “ the elegant, the witty, the judicious, the
 “ handsome,

“ handsome, the gay, the faithful, the up-
“ right, the good, and honest fir Simon
“ Tasteless excel the rest of mankind.”

“ That he may long live the glory of the
“ age, the ornament of his country, the
“ boast of the world, and the favourite of
“ heaven; and when he dies, that he may
“ enjoy, in common with the Deity, and the
“ angelic host, all the blifs which heaven
“ can give, is the sincere wish, and fervent
“ prayer, of Sir,

“ Your most obedient,

“ Most humble,

“ Most obliged, and

“ Eternally devoted servant,

“ THOMAS TITLE-PAGE.”

Sir Simon was so well pleased with our author and his dedication, that he presented him with a bank note of an hundred pounds; desired to be looked on as his patron and his friend; and told him, he should be glad to see him often.

Our author now exchanged his unfurnished garret for a genteel, well-furnished first floor, at a guinea a week; and by observing the rules laid down to him by his friend,—of
flattering

flattering the mean and worthless—defending things indefensible—and writing obscenity, and infidelity—is carested by the great, lives in pomp and splendor; while true genius and real merit, residing in mean, worn-out cloaths, are entirely disregarded, at a loss for a dinner, and pointed at as objects of scorn.

F I N I S.

