

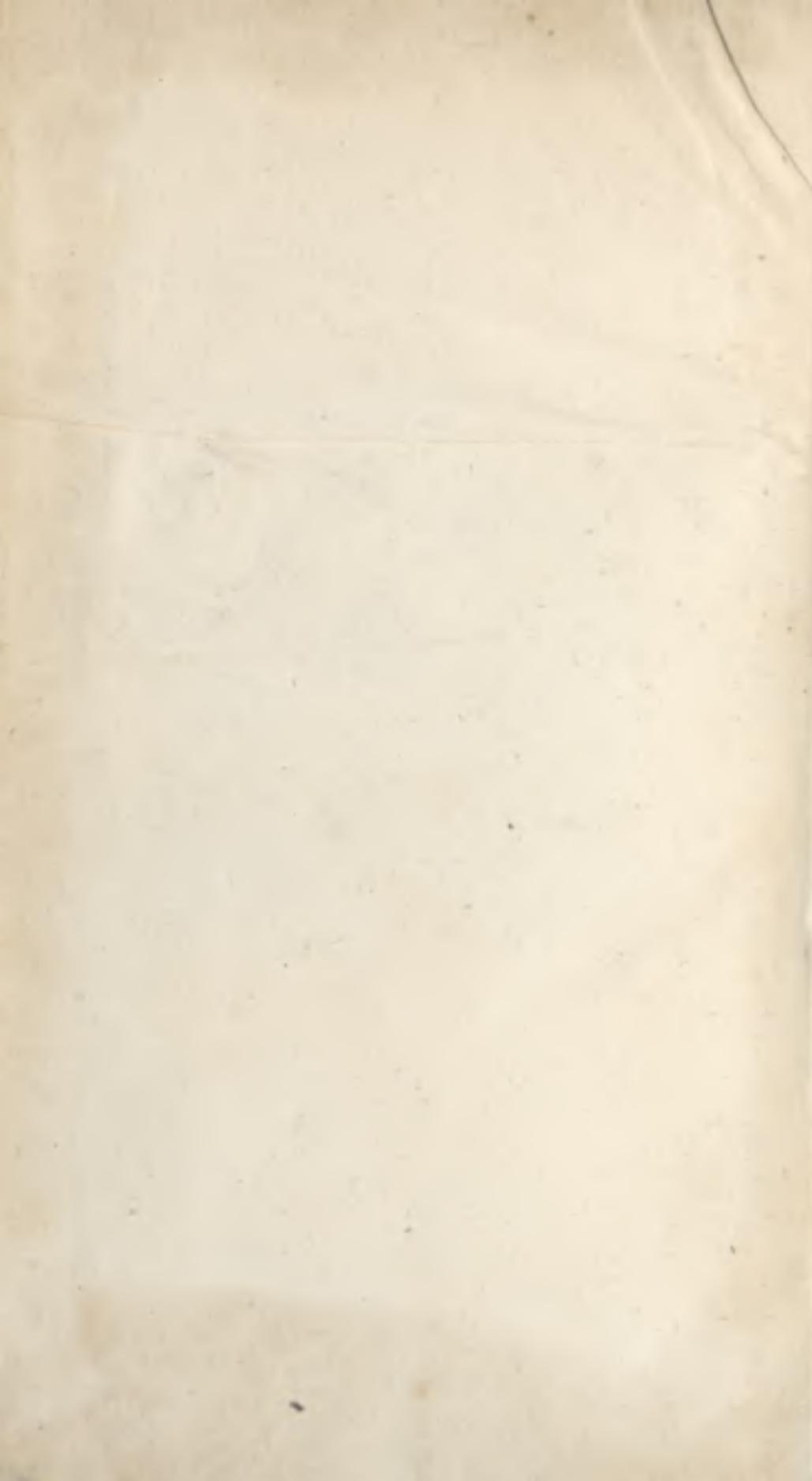


James Unnsden.

ARDEN.

Chas Rutherford 509.

Charles M. Rutherford
A 26



THE

EXPEDITION

OF

HUMPHRY CLINKER.

VOL. II.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

1954





THE
EXPEDITION
OF
HUMPHRY CLINKER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
RODERICK RANDOM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

— Quorum hæc tam putida tendunt,
Furcifer? ad te, inquam — Hor.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

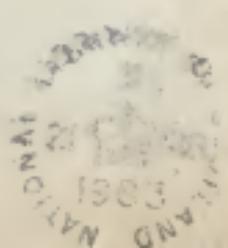
L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. LONGMAN, AND G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,
FATER-NOSTER-ROW.

MDCCXCII.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY



4

THE
EXPEDITION
OF
HUMPHRY CLINKER.

TO DR. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

YOUR fable of the monkey and the pig, is what the Italians call *ben travata*: but I shall not repeat it to my apothecary, who is a proud Scotchman, very thin skinned, and for aught I know, may have his degree in his pocket—A right Scotchman has always two strings to his bow, and is *in utrumque paratus*—Certain it is, I have not 'scaped a scouring; but, I believe, by means of that

VOL. II.

B

scour-

scouring, I have 'scaped something worse, perhaps a tedious fit of the gout or rheumatism; for my appetite began to flag, and I had certain croakings in the bowels, which boded me no good—Nay, I am not yet quite free of these remembrances, which warn me to be gone from this centre of infection—

What temptation can a man of my turn and temperament have, to live in a place where every corner teems with fresh objects of detestation and disgust? What kind of taste and organs must those people have, who really prefer the adulterate enjoyments of the town to the genuine pleasures of a country retreat? Most people, I know, are originally seduced by vanity, ambition, and childish curiosity which cannot be gratified, but in the *busy haunts of men*: but, in the course of this gratification, their very organs of sense are perverted, and they become habitually lost to every relish of what is genuine and excellent in its own nature.

Shall I state the difference between my town grievances, and my country comforts? At Brambleton-hall, I have elbow-room within doors, and breathe a clear, elastic, salutary air——I enjoy refreshing

freshing sleep, which is never disturbed by horrid noise, nor interrupted, but in a morning by the sweet twitter of the martlet at my window—I drink the virgin lymph, pure and crystalline as it gushes from the rock, or the sparkling beverage home-brewed from malt of my own making; or I indulge with cyder, which my own orchard affords; or with claret of the best growth, imported for my own use, by a correspondent on whose integrity I can depend; my bread is sweet and nourishing, made from my own wheat, ground in my own mill, and baked in my own oven; my table is, in a great measure, furnished from my own ground; my five year old mutton, fed on the fragrant herbage of the mountains, that might vie with venison in juice and flavour; my delicious veal, fattened with nothing but the mother's milk, that fills the dish with gravy; my poultry from the barn-door, that never knew confinement, but when they were at roost; my rabbits panting from the warren; my game fresh from the moors; my trout and salmon struggling from the stream; oysters from their native banks; and herrings, with other sea-fish, I can eat in four hours after they are taken—My sallads,

4 THE EXPEDITION OF

roots, and pot-herbs, my own garden yields in plenty and perfection; the produce of the natural soil, prepared by moderate cultivation. The same soil affords all the different fruits which England may call her own, so that my desert is every day fresh-gathered from the tree; my dairy flows with nectarious tides of milk and cream, from whence we derive abundance of excellent butter, curds, and cheese; and the refuse fattens my pigs, that are destined for hams and bacon—I go to bed betimes, and rise with the sun—I make shift to pass the hours without weariness or regret, and am not destitute of amusements within doors, when the weather will not permit me to go abroad—I read, and chat, and play at billiards, cards or back-gammon—Without doors, I superintend my farm, and execute plans of improvement, the effects of which I enjoy with unspeakable delight—Nor do I take less pleasure in seeing my tenants thrive under my auspices, and the poor live comfortably by the employment which I provide——You know I have one or two sensible friends, to whom I can open all my heart; a blessing which, perhaps, I might have sought in vain among the crowded scenes of life: there are a few

few others of more humble parts, whom I esteem for their integrity; and their conversation I find inoffensive, though not very entertaining. Finally, I live in the midst of honest men, and trusty dependents, who, I flatter myself, have a disinterested attachment to my person—You, yourself, my dear doctor, can vouch for the truth of these assertions.

Now mark the contrast at London—I am pent up in frowzy lodgings, where there is not room enough to swing a cat; and I breath the steams of endless putrefaction; and these would, undoubtedly, produce a pestilence, if they were not qualified by the gross acid of sea-coal, which is itself a pernicious nuisance to lungs of any delicacy of texture: but even this boasted corrector cannot prevent those languid, fallow looks, that distinguish the inhabitants of London from those ruddy swains that lead a country life—I go to bed after mid-night, jaded and restless from the dissipations of the day—I start every hour from my sleep, at the horrid noise of the watchmen bawling the hour through every street, and thundering at every door; a set of useless fellows, who serve no other

● THE EXPEDITION OF

purpose but that of disturbing the repose of the inhabitants; and by five o'clock I start out of bed, in consequence of the still more dreadful alarm made by the country carts, and noisy rusticks bellowing green pease under my window. If I would drink water, I must quaff the maukish contents of an open aqueduct, exposed to all manner of defilement; or swallow that which comes from the river Thames, impregnated with all the filth of London and Westminster—Human excrement is the least offensive part of the concrete, which is composed of all the drugs, minerals, and poisons, used in mechanics and manufacture, enriched with the putrefying carcases of beasts and men; and mixed with the scourings of all the wash-tubs, kennels, and common sewers, within the bills of mortality.

This is the agreeable potation, extolled by the Londoners, as the finest water in the universe—As to the intoxicating potion, sold for wine, it is a vile, unpalatable, and pernicious sophistication, balderdash with cyder, corn-spirit, and the juice of sloes. In an action at law, laid against a carman for having staved a cask of port, it appeared from the evidence of the cooper, that there were not
above

above five gallons of real wine in the whole pipe, which held above a hundred, and even that had been brewed and adulterated by the merchant at Oporto. The bread I eat in London, is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum, and bone-ashes; insipid to the taste, and destructive to the constitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration; but they prefer it to wholesome bread, because it is whiter than the meal of corn: thus they sacrifice their taste and their health, and the lives of their tender infants, to a most absurd gratification of a mis-judging-eye; and the miller, or the baker, is obliged to poison them and their families, in order to live by his profession. The same monstrous depravity appears in their veal, which is bleached by repeated bleedings, and other villainous arts, till there is not a drop of juice left in the body, and the poor animal is paralytic before it dies; so void of all taste, nourishment, and savour, that a man might dine as comfortably on a white fricasee of kid-skin gloves, or chip hats from Leghorn.

As they have discharged the natural colour from their bread, their butcher's-meat and poultry, their cutlets, ragouts,

8 THE EXPEDITION OF

fricasees, and sauces of all kinds; so they insist upon having the complexion of their pot herbs mended, even at the hazard of their lives. Perhaps, you will hardly believe they can be so mad as to boil their greens with brass half-pence, in order to improve their colour; and yet nothing is more true—Indeed, without this improvement in the colour, they have no personal merit. They are produced in an artificial soil, and taste of nothing but the dunghills, from whence they spring. My cabbage, cauliflower, and 'sparagus in the country, are as much superior in flavour to those that are sold in Covent-garden, as my heath mutton is to that of St. James's market; which, in fact, is neither lamb nor mutton, but something betwixt the two, gorged in the rank fens of Lincoln and Essex, pale, coarse, and frowzy—As for the pork, it is an abominable carnivorous animal, fed with horse-flesh and distillers grains; and the poultry is all rotten, in consequence of a fever, occasioned by the infamous practice of sewing up the gut, that they may be the sooner fattened in coops, in consequence of this cruel retention.

Of the fish, I need say nothing in this hot weather, but that it comes sixty, seventy,

venty, fourscore, and a hundred miles by land-carriage; a circumstance sufficient, without any comment, to turn a Dutchman's stomach, even if his nose was not saluted in every alley with the sweet flavour of *fresh* mackarel, selling by retail—This is not the season for oysters; nevertheless, it may not be amiss to mention, that the right Colchester are kept in slime-pits, occasionally overflowed by the sea; and that the green colour, so much admired by the voluptuaries of this metropolis, is occasioned by the vitriolic scum, which rises on the surface of the stagnant and stinking water—Our rabbits are bred and fed in the poulterer's cellar, where they have neither air nor exercise, consequently they must be firm in flesh, and delicious in flavour; and there is no game to be had for love or money.

It must be owned that Covent-garden affords some good fruit; which, however, is always engrossed by a few individuals of overgrown fortune, at an exorbitant price; so that little else than the refuse of the market falls to the share of the community; and that is distributed by such filthy hands, as I cannot look at without loathing. It was but yesterday

that I saw a dirty barrow-bunter in the streets, cleaning her dusty fruit with her own spittle; and, who knows but some fine lady of St. James's parish might admit into her delicate mouth those very cherries, which had been rolled and moistened between the filthy, and, perhaps, ulcerated chops of a St. Giles's huckster—I need not dwell upon the pallid, contaminated mash, which they call strawberries; soiled and tossed by greasy paws through twenty baskets crusted with dirt; and then presented with the worst milk, thickened with the worst flower, into a bad likeness of cream: but the milk itself should not pass unanalysed, the produce of faded cabbage-leaves and sour draff, lowered with hot water, frothed with bruised snails, carried through the streets in open pails, exposed to foul rinsings, discharged from doors and windows, spittle, snot, and tobacco-quids from foot passengers, over-flowings from mud-carts, spatterings from coach-wheels, dirt and trash chucked into it by roguish boys for the joke's-sake, the spewings of infants, who have flabbered in the tin-measure, which is thrown back in that condition among the milk, for the benefit of the next customer; and, finally, the
the

the vermin that drops from the rags of the nasty drab that vends this precious mixture, under the respectable denomination of milk-maid.

I shall conclude this catalogue of London dainties, with that table-beer, guiltless of hops and malt, vapid and nauseous; much fitter to facilitate the operation of a vomit, than to quench thirst and promote digestion; the tallowey rancid mass called butter, manufactured with candle-grease and kitchen-stuff, and their fresh eggs, imported from France and Scotland—Now, all these enormities might be remedied with a very little attention to the article of police, or civil regulation; but the wise patriots of London have taken it into their heads, that all regulation is inconsistent with liberty; and that every man ought to live in his own way, without restraint—Nay, as there is not sense enough left among them to be discomposed by the nuisances I have mentioned, they may, for aught I care, wallow in the mire of their own pollution.

A companionable man will, undoubtedly, put up with many inconveniences for the sake of enjoying agreeable society. A facetious friend of mine used to say, the wine could not be bad where the

company was agreeable; a maxim, which, however, ought to be taken *cum grano salis*; but what is the society of London, that I should be tempted, for its sake, to mortify my senses, and compound with such uncleanness as my soul abhors? All the people I see, are too much engrossed by schemes of interest or ambition, to have any room left for sentiment or friendship—Even in some of my old acquaintance, those schemes and pursuits have obliterated all traces of our former connexion—Conversation is reduced to party-disputes, and illiberal altercation—Social commerce, to formal visits and card-playing—If you pick up a diverting original by accident, it may be dangerous to amuse yourself with his oddities—He is generally a tartar at bottom; a sharper, a spy, or a lunatic: Every person you deal with endeavours to over-reach you in the way of business; you are preyed upon by idle mendicants, who beg in the phrase of borrowing, and live upon the spoils of the stranger—Your tradesmen are without conscience, your friends without affection, and your dependents without fidelity.—

My letter would swell into a treatise, were I to particularize every cause of offence that fills up the measure of my
aver-

aversion to this, and every other crowded city—Thank Heaven! I am not so far sucked into the vortex, but that I can disengage myself without any great effort of philosophy—From this wild uproar of knavery, folly, and impertinence, I shall fly with a double relish to serenity of retirement, the cordial effusions of unre-served friendship, the hospitality and protection of the rural gods; in a word, the *jucunda oblivia vitæ*, which Horace himself had not taste enough to enjoy.

I have agreed for a good travelling-coach and four, at a guinea a-day, for three months certain; and next week we intend to begin our journey to the North, hoping still to be with you by the latter end of October——I shall continue to write from every stage where we make any considerable halt, as often as any thing occurs, which I think can afford you the least amusement. In the mean time, I must beg you will superintend the œconomy of Barns, with respect to my hay and corn harvests; assured that my ground produces nothing but what you may freely call your own——On any other terms I should be ashamed to subscribe myself

your unvariable friend,

London, June 8.

MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart.
of Jesus College, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

IN my last, I mentioned my having spent an evening with a society of authors, who seemed to be jealous and afraid of one another. My uncle was not at all surpris'd to hear me say I was disappointed in their conversation. "A man may be very entertaining and instructive upon paper (said he), and exceedingly dull in common discourse. I have observed, that those who shine most in private company, are but secondary stars in the constellation of genius—A small stock of ideas is more easily managed and sooner displayed, than a great quantity crowd'd together. There is very seldom any thing extraordinary in the appearance and address of a good writer; whereas a dull author generally distinguishes himself by some oddity or extravagance. For this reason, I fancy, that

“ that an assembly of Grubs must be very
“ diverting.”

My curiosity being excited by this hint, I consulted my friend Dick Ivy, who undertook to gratify it the very next day, which was Sunday last.—He carried me to dine with S——, whom you and I have long known by his writings.—He lives in the skirts of the town, and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding and potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert’s entire butt beer.—He has fixed upon the first day of the week for the exercise of his hospitality, because some of his guests could not enjoy it on any other, for reasons that I need not explain. I was civilly received in a plain, yet decent habitation, which opened backwards into a very pleasant garden, kept in excellent order; and, indeed, I saw none of the outward signs of authorship, either in the house or the landlord, who is one of those few writers of the age that stand upon their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence. If there was nothing characteristic in the entertainer, the company made ample amends for his want of singularity.

At

At two in the afternoon, I found myself one of ten mess-mates seated at table; and I question if the whole kingdom could produce such another assemblage of originals. Among their peculiarities, I do not mention those of dress, which may be purely accidental. What struck me were oddities originally produced by affectation, and afterwards confirmed by habit. One of them wore spectacles at dinner, and another, his hat flapped; though (as Ivy told me) the first was noted for having a seaman's eye, when a bailiff was in the wind; and the other was never known to labour under any weakness or defect of vision, except about five years ago, when he was complimented with a couple of black eyes by a player, with whom he had quarrelled in his drink. A third wore a laced stocking, and made use of crutches, because, once in his life, he had been laid up with a broken leg, though no man could leap over a stick with more agility. A fourth had contracted such an antipathy to the country, that he insisted upon sitting with his back towards the window that looked into the garden, and when a dish of cauliflower was set upon the table, he snuffed up volatile

lative salts to keep him from fainting; yet, this delicate person was the son of a cottager, born under a hedge, and had many years run wild among asses on a common. A fifth affected distraction—When spoke to, he always answered from the purpose—Sometimes he suddenly started up, and rapped out a dreadful oath—sometimes he burst out a laughing—then he folded his arms, and sighed—and then he hissed like fifty serpents.

At first, I really thought he was mad, and, as he sat near me, began to be under some apprehensions for my own safety, when our landlord, perceiving me alarmed, assured me aloud that I had nothing to fear. “The gentleman (said he) is trying to act a part, for which he is by no means qualified—if he had all the inclination in the world, it is not in his power to be mad. His spirits are too flat to be kindled into frenzy.” “’Tis no bad p-p-puff, how-ow-ever (observed a person in a tarnished laced coat): affected m-madness w-will p-pass for w-wit w-with nine-nine-teen out of t-twenty.” “And affected stuttering for humour; replied our landlord, tho’, God knows, there is no affinity betwixt them.” It seems, this wag, after hav-
ing,

ing made some abortive attempts in plain speaking, had recourse to this defect, by means of which he frequently extorted the laugh of the company, without the least expence of genius: and that imperfection, which he had at first counterfeited, was now become so habitual, that he could not lay it aside.

A certain winking genius, who wore yellow gloves at dinner, had, on his first introduction, taken such offence at S——, because he looked and talked, and ate and drank like any other man, that he spoke contemptuously of his understanding ever after, and never would repeat his visit, until he had exhibited the following proof of his caprice. Wat Wyvil, the poet, having made some unsuccessful advances towards an intimacy with S——, at last gave him to understand, by a third person, that he had written a poem in his praise, and a satire against his person; that if he would admit him to his house, the first should be immediately sent to press; but that if he persisted in declining his friendship, he would publish the satire without delay. S—— replied, that he looked upon Wyvil's panegyric, as in effect, a species of infamy, and would resent it accordingly with a good cudgel;

cudgel; but if he published the satire, he might deserve his compassion, and had nothing to fear from his revenge. Wyvil having considered the alternative, resolved to mortify S—— by printing the panegyric, for which he received a sound drubbing. Then he swore the peace against the aggressor, who, in order to avoid a prosecution at law, admitted him to his good graces. It was the singularity in S——'s conduct on this occasion, that reconciled him to the yellow-gloved philosopher, who owned he had some genius, and from that period cultivated his acquaintance.

Curious to know upon what subjects the several talents of my fellow-guests were employed, I applied to my communicative friend, Dick Ivy, who gave me to understand, that most of them were, or had been, undertrappers, or journeymen, to more creditable authors, for whom they translated, collated, and compiled, in the business of book-making; and that all of them had at different times, laboured in the service of our landlord, though they had now set up for themselves in various departments of literature. Not only their talents, but also their nations and dialects were so various, that
our

our conversation resembled the confusion of tongues at Babel. We had the Irish brogue, the Scotch accent, and foreign idiom, twanged off by the most discordant vociferation; for, as they all spoke together, no man had any chance to be heard, unless he could bawl louder than his fellows. It must be owned, however, there was nothing pedantic in their discourse; they carefully avoided all learned disquisitions, and endeavoured to be facetious; nor did their endeavours always miscarry——some droll repartee passed, and much laughter was excited; and if any individual lost his temper so far as to transgress the bounds of decorum, he was effectually checked by the master of the feast, who exerted a sort of paternal authority over this irritable tribe.

The most learned philosopher of the whole collection, who had been expelled the university for atheism, has made great progress in refutation of lord Bolingbroke's metaphysical works, which is said to be equally ingenious and orthodox; but, in the mean time, he has been presented to the grand jury as a public nuisance, for having blasphemed in an ale-house on the Lord's day. The Scotch-

man.

man gives lectures on the pronunciation of the English language, which he is now publishing by subscription.

The Irishman is a political writer, and goes by the name of my lord Potatoe. He wrote a pamphlet in vindication of a minister, hoping his zeal would be rewarded with some place or pension; but finding himself neglected in that quarter, he whispered about, that the pamphlet was written by the minister himself, and he published an answer to his own production. In this he addressed the author under the title of *your lordship* with such solemnity, that the public swallowed the deceit, and bought up the whole impression. The wise politicians of the metropolis declared they were both masterly performances, and chuckled over the flimsy reveries of an ignorant garetteer, as the profound speculations of a veteran statesman, acquainted with all the secrets of the cabinet. The imposture was detected in the sequel, and our Hibernian pamphleteer retains no part of his assumed importance, but the bare title of *my lord*, and the upper part of the table at the potatoe-ordinary in Shoe-lane.

Opposite to me sat a Piedmontese, who had obliged the public with a humorous satire,

satire, intitled, *The Balance of the English Poets*, a performance which evinced the great modesty and taste of the author, and, in particular, his intimacy with the elegancies of the English language. The sage, who laboured under the *αγροφοβία*, or *horror of green fields*, had just finished a treatise on practical agriculture, though, in fact, he had never seen corn growing in his life, and was so ignorant of grain, that our entertainer, in the face of the whole company, made him own, that a plate of hominy was the best rice pudding he had ever eat.

The stutterer had almost finished his travels through Europe and part of Asia, without ever budging beyond the liberties of the King's Bench, except in term-time, with a tip-staff for his companion; and as for little Tim Cropdale, the most facetious member of the whole society, he had happily wound up the catastrophe of a virgin tragedy, from the exhibition of which he promised himself a large fund of profit and reputation. Tim had made shift to live many years by writing novels, at the rate of five pounds a volume; but that branch of business is now engrossed by female authors, who publish merely for the propagation of virtue, with so much ease,

ease, and spirit, and delicacy, and knowledge of the human heart, and all in the serene tranquillity of high life, that the reader is not only enchanted by their genius, but reformed by their morality.

After dinner, we adjourned into the garden, where, I observed Mr. S—— gave a short separate audience to every individual in a small remote filbert-walk, from whence most of them dropt off one after another, without farther ceremony; but they were replaced by fresh recruits of the same clan, who came to make an afternoon's visit; and, among others, a spruce bookseller, called Birkin, who rode his own gelding, and made his appearance in a pair of new jemmy boots, with massy spurs of plate. It was not without reason, that this midwife of the Muses used exercise a-horseback, for he was too fat to walk a-foot, and he underwent some sarcasms from Tim Cropdale, on his unwieldy size and inaptitude for motion. Birkin who took umbrage at this poor author's petulance in presuming to joke upon a man so much richer than himself, told him, he was not so unwieldy but that he could move the Marshalsea court for a writ, and even overtake him with it, if he did not very speedily
 come

come and settle accounts with him, respecting the expence of publishing his last Ode to the King of Prussia, of which he had sold but three, and one of them was to Whitfield the methodist. Tim affected to receive this intimation with good humour, saying, he expected in a post or two from Potsdam, a poem of thanks from his Prussian majesty, who knew very well how to pay poets in their own coin; but, in the mean time, he proposed, that Mr. Birkin and he should run three times round the garden for a bowl of punch, to be drank at Ashley's in the evening, and he would run boots against stockings. The bookfeller, who valued himself upon his mettle, was persuaded to accept the challenge, and he forthwith resigned his boots to Cropdale, who, when he had put them on, was no bad representation of captain Pistol in the play.

Every thing being adjusted, they started together, with great impetuosity, and, in the second round, Birkin had clearly the advantage, *larding the lean earth as he puffed along*. Cropdale had no mind to contest the victory farther; but, in a twinkling disappeared through the back-door of the garden, which opened into a private lane, that had communication
with

with the high road.—The spectators immediately began to hallow, “Stole away!” and Birkin set off in pursuit of him with great eagerness; but he had not advanced twenty yards in the lane, when a thorn running into his foot, sent him hopping back into the garden, roaring with pain, and swearing with vexation. When he was delivered from this annoyance by the Scotchman, who had been bred to furgery, he looked about him wildly, exclaiming, “Sure, the fellow won’t be such a “rogue as to run clear away with my “boots!” Our landlord having reconnoitered the shoes he had left, which, indeed hardly deserved that name, “Pray, “(said he) Mr. Birkin, wa’n’t your boots “made of calf-skin?” “Calf-skin or “cow-skin (replied the other), I’ll find a “slip of sheep-skin that will do his business—I lost twenty pounds by his farce, “which you persuaded me to buy—I am “out of pocket five pounds by his damn’d “ode; and now this pair of boots, brand “new, cost me thirty shillings, as per receipt.—But this affair of the boots is “felony—transportation.—I’ll have the “dog indicted at the Old Bailey—I will, “Mr. S——. I will be reveng’d, even
 VOL. II. C “though

“ though I should lose my debt in consequence of his conviction.”

Mr. S—— said nothing at present, but accommodated him with a pair of shoes; then ordered his servant to rub him down, and comfort him with a glass of rum-punch, which seemed, in a great measure, to cool the rage of his indignation. “ After all (said our landlord), this is no more than a *bumbug* in the way of wit, though it deserves a more respectable epithet, when considered as an effort of invention. Tim, being (I suppose) out of credit with the cordwainer, fell upon this ingenious expedient to supply the want of shoes, knowing that Mr. Birkin, who loves humour, would himself relish the joke upon a little recollection. Cropdale literally lives by his wit, which he has exercised upon all his friends in their turns. He once borrowed my poney for five or six days to go to Salisbury, and sold him in Smithfield at his return. This was a joke of such a serious nature, that, in the first transports of my passion, I had some thoughts of prosecuting him for horse-stealing; and even when my resentment had in some measure subsided, as

“ he industriously avoided me, I vowed, I
 “ would take satisfaction on his ribs, with
 “ the first opportunity. One day, seeing
 “ him at some distance in the street, coming
 “ towards me, I began to prepare my cane
 “ for action, and walked in the shadow of a
 “ porter that he might not perceive me
 “ soon enough to make his escape; but,
 “ in the very instant I had lifted up the
 “ instrument of correction, I found Tim
 “ Cropdale metamorphosed into a miser-
 “ able blind wretch feeling his way with a
 “ long stick from post to post, and rolling
 “ about two bald unlighted orbs instead
 “ of eyes. I was exceedingly shocked
 “ at having so narrowly escaped the con-
 “ cern and disgrace that would have at-
 “ tended such a misapplication of ven-
 “ geance: but, next day, Tim prevailed
 “ upon a friend of mine to come and so-
 “ licit my forgiveness, and offer his note,
 “ payable in six weeks, for the price of
 “ the poney.—This gentleman gave me
 “ to understand, that the blind man was
 “ no other than Cropdale, who having
 “ seen me advancing, and guessing my
 “ intent, had immediately converted him-
 “ self into the object aforesaid.—I was so
 “ diverted at the ingenuity of the evasion,
 “ that I agreed to pardon his offence, re-
 “ fusing

“ fusing his note, however, that I might
 “ keep a prosecution for felony hanging
 “ over his head, as a security for his fu-
 “ ture good behaviour—But Timothy
 “ would by no means trust himself in my
 “ hands till the note was accepted—then
 “ he made his appearance at my door as
 “ a blind beggar, and imposed in such a
 “ manner upon my man, who had been
 “ his old acquaintance and pot compa-
 “ nion, that the fellow threw the door in
 “ his face, and even threatened to give
 “ him the bastinado. Hearing a noise in
 “ the hall, I went thither, and imme-
 “ diately recollecting the figure I had
 “ passed in the street, accosted him by
 “ his own name, to the unspeakable
 “ astonishment of the footman.”

Birkin declared he loved a joke as well
 as another; but asked if any of the com-
 pany could tell where Mr. Cropdale
 lodged, that he might send him a propo-
 sal about restitution, before the boots
 should be made away with. “ I would
 “ willingly give him a pair of new shoes,
 “ (said he) and half a guinea into the
 “ bargain, for the boots, which fitted me
 “ like a glove; and I shan’t be able to
 “ get the fellow of them till the good
 “ weather for riding is over.” The stut-
 tering

tering wit declared, that the only secret which Cropdale ever kept, was the place of his lodgings; but he believed, that, during the heats of summer, he commonly took his repose upon a bulk, or indulged himself, in fresco, with one of the kennel-nymphs, under the portico of St. Martin's church. "Pox on him; (cried the bookseller) he might as well have taken my whip and spurs—In that case, he might have been tempted to steal another horse, and then he would have rid to the devil of course."

After coffee, I took my leave of Mr. S——, with proper acknowledgments of his civility, and was extremely well pleased with the entertainment of the day, though not yet satisfied, with respect to the nature of this connexion, betwixt a man of character in the literary world, and a parcel of authorlings, who, in all probability, would never be able to acquire any degree of reputation by their labours. On this head I interrogated my conductor, Dick Ivy, who answered me to this effect—
 "One would imagine S— had some view
 "to his own interest, in giving countenance
 "and assistance to those people, whom he
 "knows to be bad men, as well as bad
 "writers; but, if he has any such view,
 C 3 " he

“ he will find himself disappointed; for
 “ if he is so vain as to imagine he can
 “ make them subservient to his schemes
 “ of profit or ambition, they are cun-
 “ ning enough to make him their proper-
 “ ty in the mean time. There is not one
 “ of the company you have seen to-day
 “ (myself excepted) who does not owe
 “ him particular obligations.—One of
 “ them he bailed out of a spunging-house,
 “ and afterwards paid the debt—another
 “ he translated into his family, and cloth-
 “ ed, when he was turned out half-naked
 “ from jail, in consequence of an act for
 “ the relief of insolvent debtors—a third,
 “ who was reduced to a woollen night-
 “ cap, and lived upon sheeps trotters, up
 “ three pair of stairs backward in Butcher-
 “ row, he took into present pay and free
 “ quarters, and enabled him to appear
 “ as a gentleman, without having the
 “ fear of sheriff’s officers before his
 “ eyes. Those who are in distress, he
 “ supplies with money when he has it,
 “ and with his credit when he is out of
 “ cash. When they want business, he
 “ either finds employment for them in his
 “ own service, or recommends them to
 “ booksellers to execute some project he
 “ has formed for their subsistence. They
 “ are

“ are always welcome to his table (which,
 “ though plain, is plentiful), and to his
 “ good offices as far as they will go; and
 “ when they see occasion, they make use
 “ of his name with the most petulant fa-
 “ miliarity; nay, they do not even scruple
 “ to arrogate to themselves the merit of
 “ some of his performances, and have been
 “ known to sell their own lucubrations as
 “ the produce of his brain. The Scotch-
 “ man you saw at dinner once personated
 “ him at an alehouse in West-Smithfield,
 “ and in the character of S——, had
 “ his head broke by a cow-keeper, for
 “ having spoke disrespectfully of the
 “ Christian religion; but he took the
 “ law of him in his own person, and the
 “ assailant was fain to give him ten pounds
 “ to withdraw his action.”

I observed, that all this appearance of
 liberality on the side of Mr. S—— was
 easily accounted for, on the supposition
 that they flattered him in private, and en-
 gaged his adversaries in public; and yet I
 was astonished, when I recollected that I
 had often seen this writer virulently abused
 in papers, poems, and pamphlets, and not
 a pen was drawn in his defence—“ But
 “ you will be more astonished (said he)
 “ when I assure you, those very guests

“ whom you saw at his table to-day, were
“ the authors of great part of that abuse ;
“ and he himself is well aware of their
“ particular favours, for they are all
“ eager to detect and betray one an-
“ other.”—“ But this is doing the devil’s
“ work for nothing (cried I). What
“ should induce them to revile their bene-
“ factor without provocation ?” “ Envy
“ (answered Dick) is the general incite-
“ ment ; but they are galled by an addi-
“ tional scourge of provocation. S——
“ directs a literary journal, in which their
“ productions are necessarily brought to
“ trial ; and though many of them have
“ been treated with such lenity and fa-
“ vour as they little deserved, yet the
“ slightest censure such as, perhaps,
“ could not be avoided with any preten-
“ sions to candour and impartiality, has
“ rankled in the hearts of those authors
“ to such a degree, that they have taken
“ immediate vengeance on the critic in
“ anonymous libels, letters, and lam-
“ poons. Indeed all the writers of the
“ age, good, bad, and indifferent, from
“ the moment he assumed this office,
“ became his enemies, either profess-
“ ed or in petto, except those of his
“ friends who knew they had nothing to
“ fear

“fear from his strictures; and he must be
 “a wiser man than me, who can tell what
 “advantage or satisfaction he derives
 “from having brought such a nest of hor-
 “nets about his ears.”

I owned, that was a point which might deserve consideration; but still I expressed a desire to know his real motives for continuing his friendship to a set of rascals equally ungrateful and insignificant.—He said, he did not pretend to assign any reasonable motive; that, if the truth must be told, the man was, in point of conduct, a most incorrigible fool; that, though he pretended to have a knack at hitting off characters, he blundered strangely in the distribution of his favours, which were generally bestowed on the most undeserving of those who had recourse to his assistance; that, indeed, this preference was not so much owing to a want of discernment as to want of resolution, for he had not fortitude enough to resist the importunity even of the most worthless; and, as he did not know the value of money, there was very little merit in parting with it so easily; that his pride was gratified in seeing himself courted by such a number of literary dependents; that, probably he delighted in hearing them expose and

traduce one another; and, finally, from their information, he became acquainted with all the transactions of Grub-street, which he had some thoughts of compiling, for the entertainment of the public.

I could not help suspecting, from Dick's discourse, that he had some particular grudge against S——, upon whose conduct he had put the worst construction it would bear; and, by dint of cross examination, I found he was not at all satisfied with the character which had been given in the review of his last performance, though it had been treated civilly, in consequence of the author's application to the critic. By all accounts S—— is not without weakness and caprice; but he is certainly good-humoured and civilised; nor do I find that there is any thing overbearing, cruel, or implacable, in his disposition.

I have dwelt so long upon authors, that you will perhaps suspect I intend to enroll myself among the fraternity; but, if I were actually qualified for the profession, it is at best but a desperate resource against starving, as it affords no provision for old age and infirmity. Salmon, at the age of fourscore, is now in a garret, compiling matter, at a guinea a sheet for
a mo-

a modern historian, who, in point of age, might be his grand-child; and Pſalmonazar, after having drudged half a century in the literary mill, in all the simplicity and abſtinence of an Aſiatic, ſubſiſts upon the charity of a few bookſellers, juſt ſufficient to keep him from the pariſh — I think Guy, who was himſelf a bookſeller, ought to have appropriated one wing or ward of his hoſpital to the uſe of decayed authors; though, indeed, there is neither hoſpital, college, nor work-houſe, within the bills of mortality, large enough to contain the poor of this ſociety, compoſed, as it is, from the reſuſe of every other profeſſion.

I know not whether you will find any amuſement in this account of an odd race of mortals, whoſe conſtitution had, I own, greatly intereſted the curioſity of

Yours,

London, June 10.

J. MELFORD.

To Miss LÆTITIA WILLIS, at Gloucester.

MY DEAR LETTY,

THERE is something on my spirits, which I should not venture to communicate by the post, but having the opportunity of Mrs. Brentwood's return, I seize it eagerly to disburthen my poor heart, which is oppressed with fear and vexation.—O Letty! what a miserable situation it is to be without a friend to whom one can apply for counsel and consolation in distress! I hinted in my last, that one Mr. Barton had been very particular in his civilities: I can no longer mistake his meaning—he has formally professed himself my admirer; and, after a thousand assiduities, perceiving I made but a cold return to his addresses, he had recourse to the mediation of lady Grifkin, who has acted the part of a very warm advocate in his behalf:—but, my dear Willis, her ladyship over acts her part—she not only expatiates on the ample fortune, the great
con-

connexions, and the unblemished character of Mr. Barton, but she takes the trouble to catechise me; and, two days ago, peremptorily told me, that a girl of my age could not possibly resist so many considerations, if her heart was not pre-engaged.

This insinuation threw me into such a flutter, that she could not but observe my disorder; and, presuming upon the discovery, insisted upon my making her the confidante of my passion. But, although I had not such command of myself as to conceal the emotion of my heart, I am not such a child as to disclose its secrets to a person who would certainly use them to its prejudice. I told her, it was no wonder if I was out of countenance at her introducing a subject of conversation so unsuitable to my years and inexperience; that I believed Mr. Barton was a very worthy gentleman, and I was much obliged to him for his good opinion; but the affections were involuntary, and mine, in particular, had as yet made no concessions in his favour. She shook her head with an air of distrust that made me tremble; and observed, that if my affections were free, they would submit to the decision of prudence, especially when

enforced by the authority of those who had a right to direct my conduct. This remark implied a design to interest my uncle or my aunt, perhaps my brother, in behalf of Mr. Barton's passion; and I am sadly afraid that my aunt is already gained over. Yesterday in the forenoon, he had been walking with us in the Park, and stopping in our return at a toy-shop, he presented her with a very fine snuff-box, and me with a gold etuis, which I resolutely refused, till she commanded me to accept it on pain of her displeasure: nevertheless, being still unsatisfied with respect to the propriety of receiving this toy, I signified my doubts to my brother, who said he would consult my uncle on the subject, and seemed to think Mr. Barton had been rather premature in his presents.

What will be the result of this consultation, Heaven knows; but I am afraid it will produce an explanation with Mr. Barton, who will, no doubt, avow his passion, and solicit their consent to a connexion which my soul abhors; for, my dearest Letty, it is not in my power to love Mr. Barton, even if my heart was untouched by any other tenderness. Not that there is any thing disagreeable about his
his

his person, but there is a total want of that nameless charm which captivates and controuls the enchanted spirit—at least, he appears to me to have this defect; but if he had all the engaging qualifications which a man can possess, they would be excited in vain against that constancy, which, I flatter myself, is the characteristic of my nature. No, my dear Willis, I may be involved in fresh troubles, and I believe I shall, from the importunities of this gentleman, and the violence of my relations; but my heart is incapable of change.

You know, I put no faith in dreams; and yet I have been much disturbed by one that visited me last night.—I thought I was in a church, where a certain person, whom you know, was on the point of being married to my aunt; that the clergyman was Mr. Barton, and that poor forlorn I stood weeping in a corner, half naked, and without shoes or stockings.—Now, I know there is nothing so childish as to be moved by those vain illusions; but, nevertheless, in spite of all my reason, this hath made a strong impression upon my mind, which begins to be very gloomy. Indeed, I have another more substantial cause of affliction—I have some

re-

religious scruples, my dear friend, which lie heavy on my conscience.—I was persuaded to go to the Tabernacle, where I heard a discourse that affected me deeply.—I have prayed fervently to be enlightened, but as yet I am not sensible of these inward motions, those operations of grace, which are the signs of a regenerated spirit; and therefore I begin to be in terrible apprehensions about the state of my poor soul. Some of our family have had very uncommon accessions, particularly my aunt and Mrs. Jenkins, who sometimes speak as if they were really inspired; so that I am not like to want for either exhortation or example, to purify my thoughts, and recall them from the vanities of this world, which indeed, I would willingly resign, if it was in my power; but to make this sacrifice, I must be enabled by such assistance from above as hath not yet been indulged to

Your unfortunate friend,

June 10.

LYDIA MELFORD.

To

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, of Jesus College, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

THE moment I received your letter, I began to execute your commission—With the assistance of mine host at the Bull and Gate, I discovered the place to which your fugitive valet had retreated, and taxed him with his dishonesty—The fellow was in manifest confusion at sight of me, but he denied the charge with great confidence till I told him, that if he would give up the watch, which was a family piece, he might keep the money and the cloaths, and go to the devil his own way, at his leisure; but if he rejected this proposal, I would deliver him forthwith to the constable, whom I had provided for that purpose, and he would carry him before the justice without farther delay. After some hesitation, he desired to speak with me in the next room, where he produced the watch with all its

its appendages, and I have delivered it to our landlord, to be sent you by the first safe conveyance——So much for business.

I shall grow vain, upon your saying you find entertainment in my letters; barren, as they certainly are, of incident and importance, because your amusement must arise, not from the matter, but from the manner, which you know is all my own—Animated, therefore, by the approbation of a person, whose nice taste and consummate judgment I can no longer doubt, I will cheerfully proceed with our memoirs—As it is determined we shall set out next week for Yorkshire, I went to day in the forenoon with my uncle to see a carriage, belonging to a coach-maker in our neighbourhood—Turning down a narrow lane, behind Long-acre, we perceived a crowd of people standing at a door; which, it seems, opened into a kind of a methodist meeting, and were informed, that a footman was then holding forth to the congregation within. Curious to see this phenomenon, we squeezed into the place with much difficulty; and who should this preacher be, but the identical Humphry Clinker. He had finished his sermon, and given out a psalm,

psalm, the first stave of which he sung with peculiar grace——But if we were astonished to see Clinker in the pulpit, we were altogether confounded at finding all the females of our family among the audience——There was lady Griskin, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, my sister Liddy, and Mr. Barton, and all of them joined in the psalmody, with strong marks of devotion.

I could hardly keep my gravity on this ludicrous occasion; but old square toes was differently affected——The first thing that struck him, was the presumption of his lacquey, whom he commanded to come down, with such an air of authority, as Humphry did not think proper to disregard. He descended immediately, and all the people were in commotion. Barton looked exceedingly sheepish, lady Griskin flirted her fan, Mrs. Tabby groaned in spirit, Liddy changed countenance, and Mrs. Jenkins sobbed as if her heart was breaking ——My uncle, with a sneer, asked pardon of the ladies, for having interrupted their devotion, saying, he had particular business with the preacher, whom he ordered to call a hackney coach. This being immediately brought up to the end of the lane, he
handed

handed Liddy into it, and my aunt and I following him, we drove home, without taking any farther notice of the rest of the company, who still remained in silent astonishment.

Mr. Bramble, perceiving Liddy in great trepidation, assumed a milder aspect, bidding her be under no concern, for he was not at all displeas'd at any thing she had done—"I have no objection (said he) to
 " your being religiously inclined; but I
 " don't think my servant is a proper
 " ghostly director, for a devotee of your
 " sex and character—if, in fact (as I
 " rather believe), your aunt is not the
 " sole conductress of this machine—"

Mrs. Tabitha made no answer, but threw up the whites of her eyes, as if in the act of ejaculation—Poor Liddy said she had no right to the title of a devotee; that she thought there was no harm in hearing a pious discourse, even if it came from a footman; especially as her aunt was present; but that if she had erred from ignorance, she hoped he would excuse it, as she could not bear the thoughts of living under his displeasure. The old gentleman, pressing her hand with a tender smile, said she was a good girl, and that he did not believe her capable of doing

any thing that could give him the least umbrage or disgust.

When we arrived at our lodgings, he commanded Mr. Clinker to attend him up stairs, and spoke to him in these words—"Since you are called upon by the spirit to preach and to teach, it is high time to lay aside the livery of an earthly master; and, for my part, I am unworthy to have an apostle in my service—" "I hope (said Humphry) I have not failed in my duty to your honour—I should be a vile wretch if I did, considering the misery from which your charity and compassion relieved me—but having an inward admonition of the spirit—" "An admonition of the devil—(cried the squire, in a passion) What admonition, you block-head?—What right has such a fellow as you to set up for a reformer?" "Begging your honour's pardon, (replied Clinker) may not the new light of God's grace shine upon the poor and the ignorant in their humility, as well as upon the wealthy, and the philosopher in all his pride of human learning?" "What you imagine to be the new light of grace, (said his master) I take to be a deceitful vapour, "glim-

“glimmering through a crack in your
 “upper story—In a word, Mr. Clinker,
 “I will have no light in my family but
 “what pays the king’s taxes, unless it
 “be the light of reason, which you don’t
 “pretend to follow.”

“Ah, fir (cried Humphry) the light
 “of reason is no more in comparison to
 “the light I mean, than a farthing can-
 “dle to the sun at noon—” “Very true,
 “(said uncle) the one will serve to shew
 “you your way, and the other to daz-
 “zle and confound your weak brain—
 “Heark-ye, Clinker, you are either an
 “hypocritical knave, or a wrong-head-
 “ed enthusiast; and, in either case, un-
 “fit for my service—If you are a quack
 “in sanctity and devotion, you will
 “find it an easy matter to impose upon
 “filly women, and others of crazed un-
 “derstanding, who will contribute la-
 “vishly for your support—if you are
 “really seduced by the reveries of a di-
 “sturbed imagination, the sooner you
 “lose your senses entirely the better for
 “yourself and the community. In that
 “case, some charitable person might
 “provide you with a dark room and
 “clean straw in Bedlam, where it would
 “not be in your power to infect others
 “with

“ with your fanaticism : whereas if you
 “ have just reflection enough left to
 “ maintain the character of a chosen ves-
 “ sel in the meetings of the godly, you
 “ and your hearers will be misled by a
 “ Will’i’the-wisp, from one error into
 “ another, till you are plunged into re-
 “ ligious frenzy ; and then, perhaps, you
 “ will hang yourself in despair——”
 “ Which the Lord of his infinite mercy
 “ forbid ! (exclaimed the affrighted Clin-
 “ ker.) It is very possible I may be under
 “ the temptation of the devil, who wants
 “ to wreck me on the rocks of spiritual
 “ pride—Your honour says, I am either
 “ a knave or a madman ; now, as I’ll
 “ assure your honour I am no knave,
 “ it follows that I must be mad ; there-
 “ fore, I beseech your honour, upon my
 “ knees, to take my case into considera-
 “ tion, that means may be used for my
 “ recovery.”

The ’squire could not help smiling at
 the poor fellow’s simplicity, and pro-
 mised to take care of him, provided he
 would mind the business of his place,
 without running after the new-light of
 methodism : but Mrs. Tabitha took of-
 fence at his humility, which she inter-
 preted into poorness of spirit and world-
 ly

ly mindedness—She upbraided him with the want of courage to suffer for conscience sake—She observed that if he should lose his place for bearing testimony to the truth, Providence would not fail to find him another, perhaps more advantageous; and, declaring that it could not be very agreeable to live in a family where an inquisition was established, retired to another room in great agitation.

My uncle followed her with a significant look, then, turning to the preacher, “ You hear what my sister says—If you
 “ cannot live with me upon such terms
 “ as I have prescribed, the vineyard of
 “ methodism lies before you, and she
 “ seems very well disposed to reward
 “ your labour—” “ I would not will-
 “ ingly give offence to any soul upon
 “ earth (answered Humphry); her lady-
 “ ship has been very good to me, ever
 “ since we came to London; and surely
 “ she has a heart turned for religious
 “ exercisef; and both she and lady Gris-
 “ kin sing psalms and hymns like two
 “ cherubims—But, at the same time,
 “ I’m bound to love and obey your ho-
 “ nour—It becometh not such a poor
 “ ignorant fellow as me, to hold dif-
 “ pute

“pate with gentlemen of rank and learn-
 “ing—As for the matter of knowledge,
 “I am no more than a beast in compa-
 “rison of your honour; therefore I sub-
 “mit; and, with God’s grace, I will
 “follow you to the world’s end, if you
 “don’t think me too far gone to be out
 “of confinement.”

His master promised to keep him for some time longer on trial; then desired to know in what manner lady Griskin and Mr. Barton came to join their religious society. He told him, that her ladyship was the person who first carried my aunt and sister to the Tabernacle, whither he attended them, and had his devotion kindled by Mr. W——s preaching: that he was confirmed in this new way by the preacher’s sermons, which he had bought and studied with great attention: that his discourse and prayers had brought over Mrs. Jenkins and the house-maid to the same way of thinking; but as for Mr. Barton, he had never seen him at service before this day, when he came in company with lady Griskin—

Humphry, moreover, owned that he had been encouraged to mount the rostrum by the example and success of a weaver, who was much followed as a powerful mini-

ster: that on his first trial, he found himself under such strong impulsions, as made him believe he was certainly moved by the spirit; and that he had assisted in lady Grislin's, and several private houses, at exercises of devotion.

Mr. Bramble was no sooner informed that her ladyship had acted as the *primum mobile* of this confederacy, than he concluded she had only made use of Clinker as a tool subservient to the execution of some design to the true secret of which he was an utter stranger—He observed, that her ladyship's brain was a perfect mill for projects; and that she and Tabby had certainly engaged in some secret treaty, the nature of which he could not comprehend. I told him I thought it was no difficult matter to perceive the drift of Mrs. Tabitha, which was to ensnare the heart of Barton, and that in all likelihood my lady Grislin acted as her auxiliary: that this supposition would account for their endeavours to convert him to methodism: an event which would occasion a connexion of souls that might be easily improved into a matrimonial union.

My uncle seemed to be much diverted by the thoughts of this scheme's suc-

succeeding, but I gave him to understand, that Barton was pre-engaged: that he had the day before made a present of an etuis to Liddy, which her aunt had obliged her to receive, with a view, no doubt, to countenance her own accepting of a snuff-box at the same time: that my sister having made me acquainted with this incident, I had desired an explanation of Mr. Barton, who declared his intentions were honourable, and expressed his hope that I would have no objections to his alliance: that I had thanked him for the honour he intended our family; but told him, it would be necessary to consult her uncle and aunt, who were her guardians; and their approbation being obtained, I could have no objection to his proposal; though I was persuaded that no violence would be offered to my sister's inclinations, in a transaction that so nearly interested the happiness of her future life: that he had assured me, he should never think of availing himself of a guardian's authority, unless he could render his addresses agreeable to the young lady herself; and that he would immediately demand permission of Mr. and Miss Bramble to make Liddy a tender of his hand and fortune.

The 'squire was not insensible to the advantages of such a match, and declared he would promote it with all his influence; but when I took notice that there seemed to be an aversion on the side of Liddy, he said he would sound her on the subject; and if her reluctance was such as would not be easily overcome, he would civilly decline the proposal of Mr. Barton; for he thought that, in the choice of a husband, a young woman ought not to sacrifice the feelings of her heart for any consideration upon earth—

“Liddy is not so desperate (said he) as to worship fortune at such an expence.” I take it for granted, this whole affair will end in smoke; though there seems to be a storm brewing in the quarter of Mrs. Tabby, who sat with all the fullen dignity of silence at dinner, seemingly pregnant with complaint and expostulation. As she hath certainly marked Barton for her own prey, she cannot possibly favour his suit to Liddy; and therefore I expect something extraordinary will attend his declaring himself my sister's admirer. This declaration will certainly be made in form, as soon as the lover can pick up resolution enough to stand the brunt of Mrs. Tabby's disappointment—

pointment; for he is, without doubt, aware of her designs upon his person——
The particulars of the *danouement* you shall know in due season: mean while I am

always yours,

London, June 10.

J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

THE deceitful calm was of short duration. I am plunged again in a sea of vexation, and the complaints in my stomach and bowels are returned; so that I suppose I shall be disabled from prosecuting the excursion I had planned——What the devil had I to do, to come a plague-hunting with a leash of females in my train? Yesterday my precious sister (who by the bye, has been for some time a professed methodist) came into my apartment, attended by Mr. Barton, and

desired an audience with a very stately
 air—" Brother (said she), this gentle-
 " man has something to propose, which
 " I flatter myself will be the more accept-
 " able, as it will rid you of a trouble-
 " some companion." Then Mr. Barton
 proceeded to this effect—" I am, indeed,
 " extremely ambitious of being allied to
 " your family, Mr. Bramble, and I hope
 " you will see no cause to interpose your
 " authority." " As for authority (said
 " Tabby, interrupting him with some
 " warmth), I know of none that he has
 " a right to use on this occasion—If I
 " pay him the compliment of making
 " him acquainted with the step I intend
 " to take, it is all he can expect in rea-
 " son—This is as much as I believe he
 " would do by me, if he intended to
 " change his own situation in life—In a
 " word, brother, I am so sensible of Mr.
 " Barton's extraordinary merit, that I
 " have been prevailed upon to alter my
 " resolution of living a single life, and
 " to put my happiness in his hands, by
 " vesting him with a legal title to my
 " person and fortune, such as they are.
 " The business at present, is to have the
 " writings drawn; and I shall be obli-
 " ged

“ged to you, if you will recommend a lawyer to me for that purpose—”

You may guess what an effect this overture had upon me; who, from the information of my nephew, expected that Barton was to make a formal declaration of his passion for Liddy; I could not help gazing in silent astonishment, alternately at Tabby, and her supposed admirer, which last hung his head in the most awkward confusion for a few minutes, and then retired on pretence of being suddenly seized with a vertigo—Mrs. Tabitha affected much concern, and would have had him make use of a bed in the house; but he insisted on going home, that he might have recourse to some drops, which he kept for such emergencies, and his innamorata acquiesced—In the mean time I was exceedingly puzzled at this adventure (though I suspected the truth), and did not know in what manner to demean myself towards Mrs. Tabitha, when Jerry came in and told me, he had just seen M.^r Barton alight from his chariot at lady Grifkin’s door—This incident seemed to threaten a visit from her ladyship, with which we were honoured accordingly, in less than half an hour—“I find (said she)

“ poses among you, good folks ; and I’m
 “ come to set you to rights—” So say-
 ing, she presented me with the follow-
 ing billet.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I no sooner recollected myself from
 “ the extreme confusion I was thrown in-
 “ to, by that unlucky mistake of your
 “ sister, than I thought it my duty to
 “ assure you, that my devoirs to Mrs.
 “ Bramble never exceeded the bounds of
 “ ordinary civility ; and that my heart is
 “ unalterably fixed upon miss Liddy
 “ Melford, as I had the honour to de-
 “ clare to her brother when he question-
 “ ed me upon that subject—Lady Grifkin
 “ has been so good as to charge herself,
 “ not only with the delivery of this note,
 “ but also with the task of undeceiving
 “ Mrs. Bramble, for whom I have the
 “ most profound respect and veneration,
 “ though my affection being otherwise
 “ engaged, is no longer in the power
 “ of

“ Sir,

“ your very humble servant,

“ RALPH BARTON.”

Having

Having cast my eyes over this billet, I told her ladyship, that I would no longer retard the friendly office she had undertaken; and I and Jery forthwith retired into another room. There we soon perceived the conversation grow very warm betwixt the two ladies; and, at length, could distinctly hear certain terms of altercation, which we could no longer delay interrupting, with any regard to decorum. When we entered the scene of contention, we found Liddy had joined the disputants, and stood trembling betwixt them, as if she had been afraid they would have proceeded to something more practical than words——Lady Griskin's face was like the full moon in a storm of wind, glaring, fiery, and portentous; while Tabby looked grim and ghastly, with an aspect breathing discord and dismay.—Our appearance put a stop to their mutual revilings; but her ladyship turning to me, “Cousin (said she), I can't help saying I have met with a very ungrateful return from this lady, for the pains I have taken to serve her family——” “My family is much obliged to your ladyship (cried Tabby, with a kind of hysterical giggle); but we have no right to the good offices of
D 5 such

“such an honourable go-between.”
 “But, for all that, good Mrs. Tabitha
 “Bramble (resumed the other), I shall
 “be content with the reflection, that
 “virtue is its own reward; and it shall
 “not be my fault, if you continue to
 “make yourself ridiculous—Mr. Bram-
 “ble, who has no little interest of his
 “own to serve, will, no doubt, contri-
 “bute all in his power to promote a
 “match between Mr. Barton and his
 “niece, which will be equally honour-
 “able and advantageous; and, I dare
 “say, miss Liddy herself will have no
 “objection to a measure so well calcu-
 “lated to make her happy in life——”
 “I beg your ladyship’s pardon (exclaim-
 “ed Liddy, with great vivacity), I have
 “nothing but misery to expect from such
 “a measure; and I hope my guardians
 “will have too much compassion, to bar-
 “ter my peace of mind for any confide-
 “ration of interest or fortune——” “Up-
 “on my word, miss Liddy! (said she)
 “you have profited by the example of
 “your good aunt—I comprehend your
 “meaning, and will explain it when I
 “have a proper opportunity——In the
 “mean time, I shall take my leave—
 “Madam, your most obedient, and de-
 “voted

“voted humble servant,” said she, advancing close up to my sister, and curtsy-ing so low, that I thought she intended to squat herself down on the floor.—This salutation Tabby returned with equal solemnity; and the expression of the two faces, while they continued in this attitude, would be no bad subject for a pencil like that of the incomparable Hogarth, if any such should ever appear again, in these times of dulness and degeneracy.

Jery accompanied her ladyship to her house, that he might have an opportunity to restore the etuis to Barton, and advise him to give up his suit, which was so disagreeable to his sister, against whom, however, he returned much irritated—Lady Griskin had assured him that Liddy’s heart was pre-occupied; and immediately the idea of Wilson recurring to his imagination, his family pride took the alarm—He denounced vengeance against that adventurer, and was disposed to be very peremptory with his sister; but I desired he would suppress his resentment, until I should have talked with her in private.

The poor girl, when I earnestly pressed her on this head, owned, with a flood

of tears, that Wilson had actually come to the Hot-Well at Bristol, and even introduced himself into our lodgings as a Jew pedlar; but that nothing had passed betwixt them, farther than her begging him to withdraw immediately, if he had any regard for her peace of mind: that he had disappeared accordingly, after having attempted to prevail upon my sister's maid, to deliver a letter; which, however, she refused to receive, though she had consented to carry a message, importing that he was a gentleman of a good family; and that, in a very little time, he would avow his passion in that character—She confessed, that although he had not kept his word in this particular, he was not altogether indifferent to her affection; but solemnly promised, she would never carry on any correspondence with him, or any other admirer, for the future, without the privity and approbation of her brother and me.

By this declaration, she made her own peace with Jerry; but the hot-headed boy is more than ever incensed against Wilson, whom he now considers as an impostor, that harbours some infamous design upon the honour of his family—As for Barton, he was not a little mortified
to

to find his present returned, and his addresses so unfavourably received; but he is not a man to be deeply affected by such disappointments; and I know not whether he is not as well pleased with being discarded by Liddy, as he would have been with a permission to prosecute his pretensions, at the risque of being every day exposed to the revenge or machinations of Tabby, who is not to be slighted with impunity.—I had not much time to moralize on these occurrences; for the house was visited by a constable and his gang, with a warrant from justice Buzzard, to search the box of Humphry Clinker, my footman, who was just apprehended as a highwayman—This incident threw the whole family into confusion. My sister scolded the constable for presuming to enter the lodgings of a gentleman on such an errand, without having first asked, and obtained permission: her maid was frightened into fits, and Liddy shed tears of compassion for the unfortunate Clinker, in whose box, however, nothing was found to confirm the suspicion of robbery.

For my own part I made no doubt of the fellow's being mistaken for some other person, and I went directly to the

the justice, in order to procure his discharge; but there I found the matter much more serious than I expected—Poor Clinker stood trembling at the bar, surrounded by thief-takers; and at a little distance, a thick, squat fellow, a postilion, his accuser, who had seized him in the street, and swore positively to his person, that the said Clinker had, on the 15th day of March last, on Blackheath, robbed a gentleman in a post-chaise, which he (the postilion) drove—This deposition was sufficient to justify his commitment; and he was sent accordingly to Clerkenwell prison, whither Jerry accompanied him in the coach, in order to recommend him properly to the keeper, that he may want for no convenience which the place affords.

The spectators, who assembled to see this highwayman, were sagacious enough to discern something very villainous in his aspect; which (begging their pardon) is the very picture of simplicity; and the justice himself put a very unfavourable construction upon some of his answers, which, he said, favoured of the ambiguity and equivocation of an old offender; but, in my opinion, it would have been more just and humane to impute them to the confusion into which we may suppose

pose a poor country lad to be thrown on such an occasion. I am still persuaded he is innocent, and, in this persuasion, I can do no less than use my utmost endeavours that he may not be oppressed—I shall, tomorrow, send my nephew to wait on the gentleman who was robbed, and beg he will have the humanity to go and see the prisoner; that, in case he should find him quite different from the person of the highwayman, he may bear testimony in his behalf—Howsoever it may fare with Clinker, this cursed affair will be to me productive of intolerable chagrin—I have already caught a dreadful cold, by rushing into the open air from the justice's parlour, where I had been stewing in the crowd; and though I should not be laid up with the gout, as I believe I shall, I must stay at London for some weeks, till this poor devil comes to his trial at Rochester; so that, in all probability, my Northern expedition is blown up.

If you can find any thing in your philosophical budget, to console me in the midst of these distresses and apprehensions, pray let it be communicated to

your unfortunate friend,

London, June 12.

MAT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart.
of Jefus College, Oxon.

DEAR WAT.

THE farce is finished, and another piece of a graver cast brought upon the stage.—Our aunt made a desperate attack upon Barton, who had no other way of faving himself but by leaving her in possession of the field, and avowing his pretensions to Liddy, by whom he has been rejected in his turn. Lady Griskin acted as his advocate and agent on this occasion, with such zeal as embroiled her with Mrs. Tabitha, and a high scene of altercation passed betwixt those two religionists, which might have come to action, had not my uncle interposed. They are, however, reconciled, in consequence of an event which hath involved us all in trouble and disquiet. You must know, the poor preacher, Humphry Clinker, is now exercising his ministry among the felons in Clerkenwell prison.—A postilion
having

having sworn a robbery against him, no bail could be taken, and he was committed to jail, notwithstanding all the remonstrances and interest my uncle could make in his behalf.

All things considered, the poor fellow cannot possibly be guilty, and yet, I believe, he runs some risque of being hanged.—Upon his examination, he answered with such hesitation and reserve, as persuaded most of the people, who crowded the place, that he was really a knave, and the justice's remarks confirmed their opinion. Exclusive of my uncle and myself, there was only one person who seemed inclined to favour the culprit.—He was a young man, well dressed, and, from the manner in which he cross-examined the evidence, we took it for granted, that he was a student in one of the inns of court.—He freely checked the justice for some uncharitable inferences he made to the prejudice of the prisoner, and even ventured to dispute with his worship on certain points of law.

My uncle, provoked at the unconnected and dubious answers of Clinker, who seemed in danger of falling a sacrifice to his own simplicity, exclaimed, “In the name of God, if you are inno-
“ cent

“cent, say so.” “No (cried he), God forbid that I should call myself innocent, while my conscience is burthened with sin.” “What then, you did commit this robbery?” resumed his master. “No, sure (said he), blessed be the Lord, I’m free of that guilt.”

Here the justice interposed, observing, that the man seemed inclined to make a discovery, by turning king’s evidence, and desired the clerk to take his confession; upon which Humphry declared, that he looked upon confession to be a popish fraud, invented by the whore of Babylon. The Templer affirmed, that the poor fellow was *non compos*; and exhorted the justice to discharge him as a lunatic.—

“You know very well (added he), that the robbery in question was not committed by the prisoner.”

The thief-takers grinned at one another; and Mr. Justice Buzzard replied with great emotion, “Mr. Martin, I desire you will mind your own business; I shall convince you one of these days that I understand mine.” In short, there was no remedy; the mittimus was made out, and poor Clinker sent to prison in a hackney-coach, guarded by the constable, and accompanied by your humble servant.

servant. By the way, I was not a little surprised to hear this retainer to justice bid the prisoner to keep up his spirits, for that he did not at all doubt, but that he would get off for a few weeks confinement—He said, his worship knew very well that Clinker was innocent of the fact, and that the real highwayman, who robbed the chaise, was no other than that very individual Mr. Martin, who had pleaded so strenuously for honest Humphry.

Confounded at this information, I asked, “Why then is he suffered to go about at his liberty, and this poor innocent fellow treated as a malefactor?” “We have exact intelligence of all Mr. Martin’s transactions (said he); but as yet there is no evidence sufficient for his conviction; and as for this young man, the justice could do no less than commit him, as the postilion swore point blank to his identity.” “So if this rascally postilion should persist in the falsity to which he is sworn (said I), this innocent lad may be brought to the gallows.”

The constable observed, that he would have time enough to prepare for his trial, and might prove an *alibi*; or, perhaps,
Mar-

Martin might be apprehended and convicted for another fact; in which case, he might be prevailed upon to take this affair upon himself; or, finally, if these chances should fail, and the evidence stand good against Clinker, the jury might recommend him to mercy, in consideration of his youth, especially if this should appear to be the first fact of which he had been guilty.

Humphry owned he could not pretend to recollect where he had been on the day when the robbery was committed, much less prove a circumstance of that kind so far back as six months, though he knew he had been sick of the fever and ague, which, however, did not prevent him from going about—then, turning up his eyes, he ejaculated, “The Lord’s will be done! if it be my fate to suffer, I hope I shall not disgrace the faith, of which, though unworthy, I make profession.”

When I expressed my surprise, that the accuser should persist in charging Clinker, without taking the least notice of the real robber, who stood before him, and to whom, indeed, Humphry bore not the smallest resemblance: the constable (who was himself a thief-taker) gave me

to understand, that Mr. Martin was the best qualified for business of all the gentlemen on the road he had ever known; that he had always acted on his own bottom, without partner or correspondent, and never went to work but when he was cool and sober; that his courage and presence of mind never failed him; that his address was genteel, and his behaviour void of all cruelty and insolence; that he never incumbered himself with watches or trinkets, nor even with bank-notes, but always dealt for ready money, and that in the current coin of the kingdom; and that he could disguise himself and his horse in such a manner, that, after the action, it was impossible to recognize either the one or the other—" This great man
" (said he) has reigned paramount in all
" the roads within fifty miles of London
" above fifteen months, and has done
" more business in that time than all
" the rest of the profession put together;
" for those who pass through his hands
" are so delicately dealt with, that they
" have no desire to give him the least dis-
" turbance, but for all that, his race is
" almost run—he is now fluttering about
" justice, like a moth about a candle—
" there are so many lime twigs laid in his
" way,

“ way, I’ll bet you a cool hundred, he
 “ swings before Christmas.”

Shall I own to you that this portrait, drawn by a ruffian, heightened by what I myself had observed in his deportment, has interested me warmly in the fate of poor Martin, whom nature seems to have intended for a useful and honourable member of that community upon which he now preys for subsistence? It seems, he lived some time as a clerk to a timber-merchant, whose daughter Martin having privately married, was discarded, and his wife turned out of doors. She did not long survive the marriage; and Martin, turning fortune-hunter, could not supply his occasions any other way than by taking to the road, in which he has travelled hitherto with uncommon success.—He pays his respects regularly to Mr. justice Buzzard, the thief-catcher general of this metropolis, and sometimes they smoke a pipe together very lovingly, when the conversation generally turns upon the nature of evidence.—The justice has given him fair warning to take care of himself, and he has received his caution in good part.—Hitherto he has baffled all the vigilance, art, and activity of Buzzard and his emissaries, with such conduct as would

have done honour to the genius of a Cæsar or a Turenne; but he has one weakness, which has proved fatal to all the heroes of the tribe, namely, an indiscreet devotion to the fair sex, and, in all probability, he will be attacked on this defenceless quarter.

Be that as it may, I saw the body of poor Clinker consigned to the gaoler of Clerkenwell, to whose indulgence I recommended him so effectually, that he received him in the most hospitable manner, though there was a necessity for equipping him with a suit of irons, in which he made a very rueful appearance. The poor creature seemed as much affected by my uncle's kindness, as by his own misfortune, when I assured him, that nothing should be left undone for procuring his enlargement, and making his confinement easy in the mean time, he fell down on his knees, and kissing my hand, which he bathed with his tears, "O squire! (cried he, sobbing) what shall I say? I can't—no, I can't speak—my poor heart is bursting with gratitude to you and my dear—dear—generous—noble benefactor."

I protest, the scene became so pathetic, that I was fain to force myself away, and returned

returned to my uncle, who sent me in the afternoon with a compliment to one Mr. Mead, the person who had been robbed on Blackheath. As I did not find him at home, I left a message, in consequence of which, he called at our lodgings this morning, and very humanely agreed to visit the prisoner. By this time, lady Grifkin had come to make her formal compliments of condolence to Mrs. Tabitha, on this domestic calamity; and that prudent maiden, whose passion was now cooled, thought proper to receive her ladyship so civilly, that a reconciliation immediately ensued. These two ladies resolved to comfort the poor prisoner in their own persons, and Mr. Mead and I 'squired them to Clerkenwell, my uncle being detained at home by some slight complaints in his stomach and bowels.

The turnkey, who received us at Clerkenwell, looked remarkably sullen; and when we enquired for Clinker, "I don't care if the devil had him (said he); here has been nothing but canting and praying since the fellow entered the place.—Rabbit him! the tap will be ruined—we han't sold a cask of beer, nor a dozen of wine, since he paid his

“garnish—the gentlemen get drunk with
 “nothing but your damned religion.—
 “For my part, I believe as how your
 “man deals with the devil.—Two or
 “three as bold hearts as ever took the air
 “upon Hounslow, have been blubbering
 “all night; and if the fellow an’t speedi-
 “ly removed by Habeas Corpus, or
 “otherwise, I’ll be damn’d if there’s a
 “grain of true spirit left within these
 “walls—we shan’t have a soul to do cre-
 “dit to the place, or make his exit like
 “a true born Englishman—damn my
 “eyes; there will be nothing but snivel-
 “ing in the cart—we shall all die like so
 “many psalm-singing weavers.”

In short, we found that Humphry was
 at that very instant, haranguing the fe-
 lons in the chapel! and that the gaoler’s
 wife and daughter, together with my
 aunt’s woman, Win. Jenkins, and our
 house-maid were among the audience,
 which we immediately joined. I never
 saw any thing so strongly, picturesque as
 this congregation of felons clanking their
 chains, in the midst of whom stood orator
 Clinker, expatiating, in a transport of
 fervour, on the torments of hell, denoun-
 ced in scripture against evil doers, com-
 prehending murderers, robbers, thieves,

and whoremongers. The variety of attention exhibited in the faces of those ragamuffins, formed a groupe that would not have disgraced the pencil of a Raphael. In one, it denoted admiration; in another, doubt; in a third disdain; in a fourth, contempt; in a fifth, terror; in a sixth, derision; and in a seventh, indignation.—As for Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, she was in tears, overwhelmed with sorrow, but whether for her own sins, or the misfortune of Clinker, I cannot pretend to say. The other females seemed to listen with a mixture of wonder and devotion. The gaoler's wife declared he was a saint in trouble, saying, she wished from her heart, there was such another good soul, like him, in every gaol in England.

Mr. Mead, having earnestly surveyed the preacher, declared his appearance was so different from that of the person who robbed him on Blackheath, that he could freely make oath he was not the man: but Humphry himself was by this time pretty well rid of all apprehensions of being hanged; for he had been the night before solemnly tried and acquitted by his fellow-prisoners, some of whom he had already converted to methodism.

He

He now made proper acknowledgments for the honour of our visit, and was permitted to kiss the hands of the ladies, who assured him, he might depend upon their friendship and protection. Lady Griskin, in her great zeal, exhorted his fellow-prisoners to profit by the precious opportunity of having such a saint in bonds among them, and turn over a new leaf for the benefit of their poor souls; and, that her admonition might have the greater effect, she reinforced it with her bounty.

While she and Mrs. Tabby returned in the coach, with the two maid servants, I waited on Mr. Mead to the house of justice Buzzard, who, having heard his declaration, said his oath could be of no use at present, but that he would be a material evidence for the prisoner at his trial; so that there seems to be no remedy but patience for poor Clinker; and, indeed, the same virtue, or medicine, will be necessary for us all, the 'squire, in particular, who had set his heart upon his excursion to the northward.

While we were visiting honest Humphry in Clerkenwell prison, my uncle received a much more extraordinary visit at his own lodgings. Mr. Martin, of whom I have made such honourable mention,

desired permission to pay him his respects, and was admitted accordingly. He told him, that having observed him, at Mr. Buzzard's, a good deal disturbed by what had happened to his servant, he had come to assure him he had nothing to apprehend for Clinker's life; for, if it was possible that any jury could find him guilty upon such evidence, he, Martin himself, would produce in court a person, whose deposition would bring him off clear as the sun at noon—Sure, the fellow would not be so romantic as take the robbery upon himself!—He said the postilion was an infamous fellow, who had been a dabbler in the same profession, and saved his life at the Old Bailey by impeaching his companions; that being now reduced to great poverty, he had made this desperate push, to swear away the life of an innocent man, in hopes of having the reward upon his conviction; but that he would find himself miserably disappointed, for the justice and his myrmidons were determined to admit of no interloper in this branch of business; and that he did not at all doubt but that they would find matter enough to stop the evidence himself before the next gaol-delivery. He affirmed, that all these circumstances were well

well known to the justice; and that his severity to Clinker was no other than a hint to his master to make him a present in private, as an acknowledgment of his candour and humanity.

This hint, however, was so unpalatable to Mr. Bramble, that he declared, with great warmth, he would rather confine himself for life to London, which he detested, than be at liberty to leave it to-morrow, in consequence of encouraging corruption in a magistrate. Hearing, however, how favourable Mr. Mead's report had been for the prisoner, he is resolved to take the advice of counsel in what manner to proceed for his immediate enlargement. I make no doubt, but that in a day or two this troublesome business may be discussed; and in this hope we are preparing for our journey. If our endeavours do not miscarry, we shall have taken the field before you hear again from

Yours,

London, June 12.

J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

THANK Heaven! dear Lewis, the clouds are dispersed, and I have now the clearest prospect of my summer campaign, which, I hope, I shall be able to begin to-morrow. I took the advice of counsel, with respect to the case of Clinker, in whose favour a lucky incident has intervened. The fellow who accused him, has had his own battery turned upon himself.—Two days ago, he was apprehended for a robbery on the highway, and committed on the evidence of an accomplice. Clinker, having moved for a writ of *habeas corpus*, was brought before the lord chief justice, who, in consequence of an affidavit of the gentleman who had been robbed, importing that the said Clinker was not the person who stopped him on the highway, as well as in consideration of the postilion's character and present circumstances, was pleased to order that my servant should be admitted to bail, and he has been discharged accordingly, to the unspeakable satisfaction of our whole family,

family, to which he has recommended himself in an extraordinary manner, not only by his obliging deportment, but by his talents of preaching, praying, and singing psalms, which he has exercised with such effect, that even Tabby respects him as a chosen vessel. If there was any thing like affectation or hypocrisy in this excess of religion, I would not keep him in my service; but, so far as I can observe, the fellow's character is downright simplicity, warmed with a kind of enthusiasm, which renders him very susceptible of gratitude and attachment to his benefactors.

As he is an excellent horseman, and understands farriery, I have bought a stout gelding for his use, that he may attend us on the road, and have an eye to our cattle in case the coachman should not mind his business. My nephew, who is to ride his own saddle-horse, has taken, upon trial, a servant just come from abroad with his former master, sir William Strollop, who vouches for his honesty. The fellow, whose name is Dutton, seems to be a petit-maitre.—He has got a smattering of French, bows, and grins, and shrugs, and takes snuff *a la mode de France*, but values himself chiefly

upon his skill and dexterity in hair dressing.—If I am not much deceived by appearance, he is, in all respects, the very contrast of Humphry Clinker.

My sister has made up matters with lady Griskin; though, I must own I should not have been sorry to see that connexion entirely destroyed: but Tabby is not of a disposition to forgive Barton, who, I understand, is gone to his seat in Berkshire for the summer season. I cannot help suspecting, that in the treaty of peace, which has been lately ratified betwixt those two females, it is stipulated, that her ladyship shall use her best endeavours to provide an agreeable help-mate for our sister Tabitha, who seems to be quite desperate in her matrimonial designs. Perhaps, the match-maker is to have a valuable consideration in the way of brokerage, which she will most certainly deserve, if she can find any man in his senses, who will yoke with Mrs. Bramble from motives of affection or interest.

I find my spirits and my health affect each other reciprocally—that is to say, every thing that discomposes my mind, produces a correspondent disorder in my body; and my bodily complaints are remarkably mitigated by those considera-
tions

tions that dissipate the clouds of mental chagrin.—The imprisonment of Clinker brought on those symptoms which I mentioned in my last, and now they are vanished at his discharge.—It must be owned, indeed, I took some of the tincture of ginseng, prepared according to your prescription, and found it exceedingly grateful to the stomach; but the pain and sickness continued to return, after short intervals, till the anxiety of my mind was entirely removed, and then I found myself perfectly at ease. We have had fair weather these ten days, to the astonishment of the Londoners, who think it portentous. If you enjoy the same indulgence in Wales, I hope Barnes has got my hay made, and safe cocked, by this time. As we shall be in motion for some weeks, I cannot expect to hear from you as usual; but I shall continue to write from every place at which we make any halt, that you may know our track, in case it should be necessary to communicate any thing to

Your assured friend,

London, June 14.

MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, at Brambleton-hall.

DEAR MARY,

HAVING the occasion of my cousin Jenkins of Aberga'ny, I send you, as a token, a turkey-shell comb, a kiple of yards of green ribbon, and a sarment upon the nothingness of good works, which was preached in the Tabernacle; and you will also receive a horn-buck for Saul, whereby she may learn her letters; for I'm much confarned about the state of her poor sole—and what are all the pursuits of this life to the confarns of that immortal part?—What is life but a veil of affliction? O Mary! the whole family have been in such a constipation!—Mr. Clinker has been in trouble, but the gates of hell have not been able to prevail again him.—His virtue is like poor goul, seven times tried in the fire. He was tuck up for a rubbery, and had before gustafs Busshard, who made his mit-tamouse;

tamouse; and the pore youth was sent to prison upon the false oaf of a willian, that wanted to fware his life away for the looker of cain.

The 'squire did all in his power, but could not prevent his being put in chains, and confined among common manufactors, where he stude like an innocent sheep in the midst of wolves and tygers.— Lord knows, what mought have happened to this pyehouse young man, if master had not applied to Apias Korkus, who lives with the ould bailiff, and is, they say, five hundred years ould, (God blefs us!) and a congeror: but, if he be, sure I am he don't deal with the devil, otherwise he wouldn't have fought out Mr. Clinker as he did, in spite of stone walls, iron bolts, and double locks, that flew open at his command; for ould Scratch has not a greater enemy upon hearth than Mr. Clinker, who is, indeed, a very powerfull labourer in the Lord's vineyard. I do no more than yuse the words of my good lady, who has got the infectual calling; and, I trust, that even myself, though unworthy, shall find greafe to be excepted.—Miss Liddy has been touched to the quick, but is a little timor-some: howsomever, I make no doubt,

but she, and all of us, will be brought, by the endeavours of Mr. Clinker, to produce blessed fruit of generation and repentance.—As for master and the young 'squire, they have as yet had narrow glimpse of the new light.—I doubt as how their harts are hardened by worldly wisdom, which as the pyebill saith, is foolishness in the sight of God.

O Mary Jones, pray without seizing for grease to prepare you for the operations of this wonderful instrument, which, I hope, will be exorcised this winter upon you and others at Brambleton-hall.—To-morrow, we are to set out in a cox and four for Yorkshire; and, I believe, we shall travel that way far, and far, and farther than I can tell; but I shan't go so far as to forget my friends; and Mary Jones will always be remembered as one of them by her

humble sarvant,

London, June 14.

WIN. JENKINS.

To

To Mrs. GWYLLIM, House-keeper at
Brambleton-hall.

MRS. GWYLLIM,

I C A N' T help thinking it very strange, that I never had an answer to the letter I wrote you some weeks ago from Bath, concerning the four bear, the gander, and the maids eating butter, which I won't allow to be wasted.— We are now going upon a long gurney to the north, whereby I desire you will redouble your care and circumflexion, that the family may be well manged in our absence; for, you know, you must render accunt, not only to your earthly master, but also to him that is above; and if you are found a good and faithful sarvant, great will be your reward in haven. I hope there will be twenty stun of cheese ready for market by the time I got huom, and as much owl spun, as will make half a dozen pair of blankets; and that the savings of the butter-milk will fetch me a good penny before

before Martinmas, as the two pigs are to be fed for baking with birchmast and acorns.

I wrote to doctor Lews for the same porpuss, but he never had the good manners to take the least notice of my letter; for which reason, I shall never favour him with another, though he beshits me on his bended knees. You will do well to keep a watchful eye over the hind Villiams, who is one of his amissories, and, I believe, no better than he should be at bottom. God forbid that I should lack christian charity; but charity begins at huom, and sure nothing can be a more charitable work than to rid the family of such vermine. I do suppose, that the brindled cow has been had to the parson's bull, that old Moll has had another litter of pigs, and that Dick is become a mighty moufer. Pray order every thing for the best, and be frugal, and keep the maids to their labour.—If I had a private opportunity, I would send them some hymns to sing instead of profane ballads; but, as I can't, they and you must be contented with the prayers of

Your assured friend,

London, June 14.

T. BRAMBLE.
To

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of
Jefus College, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

THE very day after I wrote my laſt, Clinker was ſet at liberty—As Martin had foretold, the accuſer was himſelf committed for a robbery, upon uqueſtionable evidence. He had been for ſome time in the ſnares of the thief-taking ſociety; who, reſenting his preſumption in attempting to inſeize upon their monopoly of impeachment, had him taken up and committed to Newgate, on the depoſition of an accomplice, who has been admitted as evidence for the king. The poſtilion being upon record as an old offender, the chief juſtice made no ſcruple of admitting Clinker to bail, when he peruſed the affidavit of Mr. Mead importing that the ſaid Clinker was not the perſon who robbed him on Blackheath; and honeſt Humphry was diſcharged—When he came home, he expreſſed

pressed great eagerness to pay his respects to his master, and here his elocution failed him, but his silence was pathetic; he fell down at his feet, and embraced his knees, shedding a flood of tears, which my uncle did not see without emotion—He took snuff in some confusion; and, putting his hand in his pocket, gave him his blessing in something more substantial than words—“Clinker (said he), I am so well convinced, both of your honesty and courage, that I am resolved to make you my life-guard-man on the highway.”

He was accordingly provided with a case of pistols, and a carbine to be slung a-cross his shoulders; and every other preparation being made, we set out last Thursday at seven in the morning; my uncle, with the three women in the coach; Humphry, well mounted on a black gelding bought for his use; myself a-horseback, attended by my new valet, Mr. Dutton, an exceeding coxcomb, fresh from his travels, whom I have taken upon trial—The fellow wears a solitaire, uses paint, and takes rappee with all the grimace of a French marquis. At present, however, he is in a riding-dress, jack-boots, leather breeches, a
scarlet

scarlet waistcoat with gold binding, a laced hat, a hanger, a French posting whip in his hand, and his hair *en queue*.

Before we had gone nine miles, my horse lost one of his shoes; so that I was obliged to stop at Barnet to have another, while the coach proceeded at an easy pace over the common. About a mile short of Hatfield, the postilion, stopping the carriage, gave notice to Clinker that there were two suspicious fellows a horse-back, at the end of a lane, who seemed waiting to attack the coach. Humphry forthwith apprised my uncle, declaring he would stand by him to the last drop of his blood; and unslinging his carbine, prepared for action. The 'squire had pistols in the pockets of the coach, and resolved to make use of them directly; but he was effectually prevented by his female companions, who flung themselves about his neck, and screamed in concert — At that instant, who should come up at a hand-gallop, but Martin, the highwayman, who, advancing to the coach, begged the ladies would compose themselves for a moment; then, desiring Clinker to follow him to the charge, he pulled a pistol out of his bosom, and they

they rode up together to give battle to the rogues, who, having fired at a great distance fled a-cross the common. They were in pursuit of the fugitives when I came up, not a little alarmed at the shrieks in the coach, where I found my uncle in a violent rage, without his periwig, struggling to disentangle himself from Tabby and the other two, and swearing with great vociferation. Before I had time to interpose, Martin and Clinker returned from the pursuit, and the former paid his compliments with great politeness, giving us to understand, that the fellows had scampered off, and that he believed that they were a couple of raw 'prentices from London. He commended Clinker for his courage, and said if we would give him leave, he would have the honour to accompany us as far as Stevenage, where he had some business.

The 'squire, having recollected and adjusted himself, was the first to laugh at his own situation; but it was not without difficulty that Tabby's arms could be untwisted from his neck, Liddy's teeth chattered, and Jenkins was threatened with a fit as usual. I had communicated to my uncle the character of Martin, as
it

it was described by the constable, and he was much struck with its singularity—He could not suppose the fellow had any design on our company, which was so numerous and well armed; he therefore thanked him, for the service he had just done them, said he would be glad of his company and asked him to dine with us at Hatfield. This invitation might not have been agreeable to the ladies, had they known the real profession of our guest, but this was a secret to all, except my uncle and myself—Mrs. Tabitha, however, would by no means consent to proceed with a case of loaded pistols in the coach, and they were forthwith discharged in complaisance to her and the rest of the women.

Being gratified in this particular, she became remarkably good humoured, and at dinner behaved in the most affable manner to Mr. Martin, with whose polite address and agreeable conversation she seemed to be much taken. After dinner, the landlord accosting me in the yard, asked, with a significant look, if the gentleman that rode the sorrel belonged to our company?—I understood his meaning, but answered, *no*; that he had come up with us on the common, and
helped

helped us to drive away two fellows, that looked like highwaymen—He nodded three times distinctly, as much as to say, he knows his cue. Then he enquired if one of those men was mounted on a bay mare, and the other on a chestnut gelding, with a white streak down his forehead? and being answered in the affirmative, he assured me they had robbed three post chaises this very morning—I inquired in my turn, if Mr. Martin was of his acquaintance; and, nodding thrice again, he answered, *that he had seen the gentleman.*

Before we left Hatfield, my uncle fixing his eyes on Martin with such expression as is more easily conceived than described, asked, if he often travelled that road? and he replied with a look which denoted his understanding the question, that he very seldom did business in that part of the country. In a word, this adventurer favoured us with his company to the neighbourhood of Stevenage, where he took his leave of the coach and me, in very polite terms, and turned off upon a cross road, that led to a village on the left—At supper, Mrs. Tabby was very full in the praise of Mr. Martin's good-sense and good-breeding, and seem-
ed

ed to regret that she had not a farther opportunity to make some experiment upon his affection. In the morning, my uncle was not a little surpris'd to receive, from the waiter, a billet couched in these words—

“ Sir,

“ I could easily perceive from your
 “ looks, when I had the honour to con-
 “ verse with you at Hatfield, that my
 “ character is not unknown to you; and,
 “ I dare say, you won't think it strange,
 “ that I should be glad to change my
 “ present way of life, for any other ho-
 “ nest occupation, let it be ever so hum-
 “ ble, that will afford me bread in mo-
 “ deration, and sleep in safety—Perhaps
 “ you may think I flatter, when I say,
 “ that from the moment I was witness to
 “ your generous concern in the cause of
 “ your servant, I conceived a particular
 “ esteem and veneration for your per-
 “ son; and yet what I say is true. I
 “ should think myself happy, if I could
 “ be admitted into your protection and
 “ service, as house-steward, clerk, but-
 “ ler, or bailiff, for either of which
 “ places I think myself tolerably well
 “ qualified;

“ qualified; and, sure I am, I should
 “ not be found deficient in gratitude and
 “ fidelity—At the same time, I am very
 “ sensible how much you must deviate
 “ from the common maxims of discre-
 “ tion, even in putting my professions to
 “ the trial; but I don’t look upon you
 “ as a person that thinks in the ordinary
 “ style; and the delicacy of my situation,
 “ will, I know, justify this address to a
 “ heart warmed with beneficence and
 “ compassion—Understanding you are
 “ going pretty far north, I shall take an
 “ opportunity to throw myself in your
 “ way again, before you reach the bor-
 “ ders of Scotland; and, I hope, by that
 “ time, you will have taken into consid-
 “ eration, the truly distressful case of

“ honoured sir,

“ your very humble

“ and devoted servant,

“ EDWARD MARTIN.”

The 'squire having perused this letter,
 put it into my hand, without saying a
 syllable; and when I had read it, we
 looked at each other in silence. From a
 certain sparkling in his eyes, I discover-
 ed

ed there was more in his heart, than he cared to express with his tongue, in favour of poor Martin; and this was precisely my own feeling, which he did not fail to discern by the same means of communication—"What shall we do (said he) to save this poor sinner from the gallows, and make him a useful member of the commonwealth? and yet the proverb says, Save a thief from the gallows, and he'll cut your throat." I told him, I really believed Martin was capable of giving the proverb the lie; and that I should heartily concur in any step he might take in favour of his solicitation. We mutually resolved to deliberate upon the subject, and, in the mean time, proceeded on our journey. The roads, having been broke up by they heavy rains in the spring, were so rough, that although we travelled very slowly, the jolting occasioned such pain to my uncie, that he was become exceedingly peevish when we arrived at this place, which lies about eight miles from the post-road, between Wetherby and Boroughbridge.

Harrigate-water, so celebrated for its efficacy in the scurvy and other distempers, is supplied from a copious spring, in the hollow of a wild common, round which

which a good many houses have been built for the convenience of the drinkers, though few of them are inhabited. Most of the company lodge at some distance, in five separate inns, situated in different parts of the common from whence they go every morning to the well, in their own carriages. The lodgers of each inn form a distinct society, that eat together; and there is a commodious public room, where they breakfast in dishabille, at separate tables, from eight o'clock till eleven, as they chance or chuse to come in—Here also they drink tea in the afternoon, and play at cards or dance in the evening. One custom, however, prevails, which I look upon as a solecism in politeness—The ladies treat with tea in their turns; and even girls of sixteen are not exempted from this shameful imposition—There is a public ball by subscription every night at one of the houses, to which all the company from the others are admitted by tickets; and, indeed, Harrigate treads upon the heels of Bath, in the articles of gaiety and dissipation—with this difference, however, that here we are more sociable and familiar. One of the inns is already full up to the very garrets, having no less than fifty lodgers,
and

and as many servants. Our family does not exceed thirty-six; and I should be sorry to see the number augmented, as our accommodations won't admit of much increase.

At present, the company is more agreeable than one could expect from an accidental assemblage of persons, who are utter strangers to one another—There seems to be a general disposition among us to maintain good fellowship, and promote the purposes of humanity, in favour of those who come hither on the score of health. I see several faces which we left at Bath, although the majority are of the Northern counties, and many come from Scotland for the benefit of these waters—In such a variety, there must be some originals, among whom Mrs. Tabitha Bramble is not the most inconsiderable—No place where there is such an intercourse between the sexes, can be disagreeable to a lady of her views and temperament—She has had some warm disputes at table, with a lame parson from Northumberland, on the new birth, and the insignificance of moral virtues; and her arguments have been reinforced by an old Scotch lawyer, in a periwig, who, though he has lost his teeth, and the

use of his limbs, can still wag his tongue with great volubility. He has paid her such fulsome compliments, upon her piety and learning, as seem to have won her heart; and she, in her turn, treats him with such attention as indicates a design upon his person; but, by all accounts, he is too much a fox to be inveigled into any snare that she can lay for his affection.

We do not propose to stay long at Harrigate, though, at present, it is our head-quarters, from whence we shall make some excursions, to visit two or three of our rich relations, who are settled in this county.—Pray, remember me to all our friends of Jesus, and allow me to be still

your's affectionately,

Harrigate, June 23.

J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

CONSIDERING the tax we pay for turnpikes, the roads of this country constitute a most intolerable grievance. Between Newark and Weatherby, I have suffered more from jolting and swinging than ever I felt in the whole course of my life, although the carriage is remarkably commodious and well hung, and the postilions were very careful in driving. I am now safely housed at the New Inn, at Harrigate, whither I came to satisfy my curiosity, rather than with any view of advantage to my health; and, truly, after having considered all the parts and particulars of the place, I cannot account for the concourse of people one finds here, upon any other principle but that of caprice, which seems to be the character of our nation.

Harrigate is a wild common, bare and bleak, without tree or shrub, or the

least signs of cultivation; and the people who come to drink the water, are crowded together in paltry inns, where the few tolerable rooms are monopolised by the friends and favourites of the house, and all the rest of the lodgers are obliged to put up with dirty holes, where there is neither space, air, nor convenience. My apartment is about ten feet square; and when the folding-bed is down, there is just room sufficient to pass between it and the fire. One might expect, indeed, that there would be no occasion for a fire at Midsummer; but here the climate is so backward, that an ash tree, which our landlord has planted before my window, is just beginning to put forth its leaves; and I am fain to have my bed warmed every night.

As for the water which is said to have effected so many surprising cures, I have drunk it once, and the first draught has cured me of all desire to repeat the medicine.—Some people say it smells of rotten eggs, and others compare it to the scourgings of a foul gun.—It is generally supposed to be strongly impregnated with sulphur; and Dr. Shaw, in his book upon mineral waters, says, he has seen flakes of sulphur floating in the well—

Pace tanti viri; I, for my part, have never observed any thing like sulphur, either in or about the well, neither do I find that any brimstone has ever been extracted from the water. As for the smell, if I may be allowed to judge from my own organs, it is exactly that of bilge-water; and the saline taste of it seems to declare that it is nothing else than salt water putrified in the bowels of the earth. I was obliged to hold my nose with one hand, while I advanced the glass to my mouth with the other; and after I had made shift to swallow it, my stomach could hardly retain what it had received.—The only effects it produced, were sickness, griping, and insurmountable disgust.—I can hardly mention it without puking.—The world is strangely misled by the affectation of singularity. I cannot help suspecting that this water owes its reputation in a great measure to its being so strikingly offensive.—On the same kind of analogy, a German doctor has introduced hemlock and other poisons, as specifics, into the *materia medica*.—I am persuaded that all the cures ascribed to the Harrigate water, would have been as efficaciously, and infinitely more agreeably performed, by the internal and ex-

ternal use of sea-water. Sure I am, this last is much less nauseous to the taste and smell, and much more gentle in its operation as a purge, as well as more extensive in its medical qualities.

Two days ago, we went across the country to visit 'squire Burdock, who married a first cousin of my father, an heiress, who brought him an estate of a thousand a year. This gentleman is a declared opponent of the ministry in parliament; and having an opulent fortune, piques himself upon living in the country, and maintaining *old English hospitality*.—By the bye this is a phrase very much used by the English themselves, both in words and writing; but I never heard of it out of the island, except by way of irony and sarcasm. What the hospitality of our forefathers has been I should be glad to see recorded, rather in the memoirs of strangers who have visited our country, and were the proper objects and judges of such hospitality, than in the discourse and lucubrations of the modern English, who seem to describe it from theory and conjecture. Certain it is, we are generally looked upon by foreigners as a people totally destitute of this virtue; and I never was in any country
abroad,

abroad, where I did not meet with persons of distinction, who complained of having been inhospitably used in Great-Britain. A gentleman of France, Italy, or Germany, who has entertained and lodged an Englishman at his house, when he afterwards meets with his guest at London, is asked to dinner at the Saracen's-head, the Turk's-head, the Boar's-head, or the Bear, eats raw-beef and butter, drinks execrable port, and is allowed to pay his share of the reckoning.

But to return from this digression, which my feeling for the honour of my country obliged me to make——our Yorkshire cousin has been a mighty fox-hunter *before the Lord*; but now he is too fat and unwieldy to leap ditches and five-bar gates; nevertheless, he still keeps a pack of hounds, which are well exercised; and his huntsman every night entertains him with the adventures of the day's chace, which he recites in a tone and terms that are extremely curious and significant. In the mean time, his broad brawn is scratched by one of his grooms.——This fellow, it seems having no inclination to curry any beast out of the stable, was at great pains to scollop his

nails in such a manner, that the blood followed at every stroke.—He was in hopes that he would be dismissed from this disagreeable office, but the event turned out contrary to his expectations—His master declared he was the best scratcher in the family; and now he will not suffer any other servant to draw a nail upon his carcase.

This 'squire's lady is very proud, without being stiff or inaccessible.—She receives even her inferiors in point of fortune, with a kind of arrogant civility; but then she thinks she has a right to treat them with the most ungracious freedoms of speech, and never fails to let them know she is sensible of her own superior affluence.—In a word, she speaks well of no living soul, and has not one single friend in the world. Her husband hates her mortally; but although the brute is sometimes so very powerful in him that he will have his own way, he generally truckles to her dominion, and dreads, like a school-boy, the lash of her tongue. On the other hand, she's afraid of provoking him too far, lest he should make some desperate effort to shake off her yoke.—She, therefore, acquiesces in the proofs he daily gives of his attachment to the liberty of
an

an English freeholder, by saying and doing, at his own table, whatever gratifies the brutality of his disposition, or contributes to the ease of his person. The house, though large, is neither elegant nor comfortable.—It looks like a great inn, crowded with travellers, who dine at the landlord's ordinary, where there is a great profusion of victuals and drink, but mine host seems to be misplaced; and I would rather dine upon filberts with a hermit, than feed upon venison with a hog. The footmen might be aptly compared to the waiters of a tavern, if they were more serviceable, and less rapacious; but they are generally insolent and inattentive, and so greedy, that, I think, I can dine better, and for less expence, at the Star and Garter in Pall-mall, than at our cousin's castle in Yorkshire. The squire is not only accommodated with a wife, but he is also blessed with an only son, about two and twenty, just returned from Italy, a complete fidler and *dilettante*; and he slips no opportunity of manifesting the most perfect contempt for his own father.

When we arrived, there was a family of foreigners at the house, on a visit to this virtuoso, with whom they had been

acquainted at the Spa; it was the count de Melville, with his lady on their way to Scotland. Mr. Burdock had met with an accident, in consequence of which both the count and I would have retired, but the young gentleman and his mother insisted upon our staying dinner; and their serenity seemed to be so little ruffled by what had happened, that we complied with their invitation. The 'squire had been brought home over night in his post chaise, so terribly belaboured about the pate, that he seemed to be in a state of stupefaction, and had ever since remained speechless. A country apothecary, called Grieve, who lived in a neighbouring village, having been called to his assistance, had let him blood, and applied a poultice to his head, declaring, that he had no fever, nor any other bad symptom but the loss of speech, if he really had lost that faculty. But the young 'squire said this practitioner was an *ignorantaccio*, that there was a fracture in the *cranium*, and that there was a necessity for having him trepanned without loss of time. His mother, espousing this opinion, had sent an express to York for a surgeon to perform the operation, and he was already come with his 'prentice and instruments. Having examined the pa-

patient's head, he began to prepare his dressings; though Grieve still retained his first opinion that there was no fracture, and was the more confirmed in it as the 'squire had passed the night in profound sleep, uninterrupted by any catching or convulsion. The York surgeon said he could not tell whether there was a fracture, until he should take off the scalp; but, at any rate, the operation might be of service in giving vent to any blood that might be extravasated, either above or below the *dura mater*. The lady and her son were clear for trying the experiment; and Grieve was dismissed with some marks of contempt, which, perhaps, he owed to the plainness of his appearance. He seemed to be about the middle age, wore his own black hair without any sort of dressing; by his garb one would have taken him for a quaker, but he had none of the stiffness of that sect; on the contrary, he was very submissive, respectful, and remarkably taciturn.

Leaving the ladies in an apartment by themselves, we adjourned to the patient's chamber, where the dressings and instruments were displayed in order upon a pewter dish. The operator, laying aside his coat and periwig, equipped himself

with a night-cap, apron, and sleeves, while his 'prentice and footman, seizing the 'squire's head, began to place it in a proper posture.—But mark what followed—The patient bolting upright in the bed, collared each of these assistants with the grasp of Hercules, exclaiming, in a bellowing tone, “I han't lived so long in Yorkshire to be trepanned by such vermin as you;” and leaping on the floor, put on his breeches quietly, to the astonishment of us all. The surgeon still insisted upon the operation, alledging it was now plain that the brain was injured, and desiring the servants to put him into bed again; but no body would venture to execute his orders, or even to interpose; when the 'squire turned him and his assistants out of doors, and threw his apparatus out at the window. Having thus asserted his prerogative, and put on his cloaths with the help of a valet, the count, with my nephew and me, were introduced by his son, and received with his usual style of rustic civility; then turning to signor Macaroni, with a sarcastic grin, “I tell thee what, Dick, (said he), a man's scull is not to be bored every time his head is broken; and I'll convince thee and thy mother, that

“ that I know as many tricks as e'er an
“ old fox in the West Riding.”

We afterwards understood he had quarrelled at a public house with an exciseman, whom he challenged to a bout at single stick, in which he had been worsted; and that the shame of this defeat had tied up his tongue. As for madam, she had shewn no concern for his disaster, and now heard of his recovery without emotion—She had taken some little notice of my sister and niece, though rather with a view to indulge her own petulance than out of any sentiment of regard to our family.—She said Liddy was a fright, and ordered her woman to adjust her head before dinner; but she would not meddle with Tabby, whose spirit, she soon perceived, was not to be irritated with impunity. At table, she acknowledged me so far as to say she had heard of my father; though she hinted, that he had disobliged her family by making a poor match in Wales. She was disagreeably familiar in her enquiries about our circumstances; and asked if I intended to bring up my nephew to the law. I told her, that, as he had an independent fortune, he should follow no profession but that of a country gentleman;

man; and that I was not without hopes of procuring for him a seat in parliament. —“ Pray, cousin (said she), what may “ his fortune be?” When I answered, that, with what I should be able to give him, he would have better than two thousand a-year, she replied, with a disdainful toss of her head, that it would be impossible for him to preserve his independence on such a paltry provision.

Not a little nettled at this arrogant remark, I told her, I had the honour to sit in parliament with her father, when he had little more than half that income; and I believed there was not a more independent and incorruptible member in the house. “ Ay; but times are changed, “ (cried the 'squire)—Country gentlemen “ now a-days live after another fashion. “ —My table alone stands me in a cool “ thousand a quarter, though I raise my “ own stock, import my own liquors, “ and have every thing at the first hand. “ —True it is, I keep open house, and “ receive all comers, for the honour of “ Old England.” “ If that be the case, “ (said I) 'tis a wonder you can maintain “ it at so small an expence; but every “ private gentleman is not expected to “ keep a *caravansera* for the accommoda-
“ tion

“tion of travellers: indeed, if every in-
 “dividual lived in the same style, you
 “would not have such a number of
 “guests at your table, of consequence,
 “your hospitality would not shine so
 “bright for the glory of the West Rid-
 “ing.” The young 'squire, tickled by
 this ironical observation, exclaimed, “O
 “*che burla!*”—his mother eyed me in
 silence with a supercilious air; and the
 father of the feast, taking a bumper of
 October, “My service to you, cousin
 “Bramble (said he,) I have always heard
 “there was something keen and biting in
 “the air of the Welch mountains.”

I was much pleased with the count de
 Melville, who is sensible, easy, and po-
 lite; and the countess is the most amiable
 woman I ever beheld. In the afternoon
 they took leave of their entertainers, and
 the young gentleman, mounting his horse,
 undertook to conduct their coach through
 the park, while one of their servants rode
 round to give notice to the rest, whom
 they had left at the public house on the
 road. The moment their backs were
 turned, the censorious dæmon took pos-
 session of our Yorkshire landlady and our
 sister Tabitha.—The former observed,
 that the countess was a good sort of a
 body,

body, but totally ignorant of good breeding, consequently awkward in her address. The 'squire said he did not pretend to the breeding of any thing but colts; but that the jade would be very handsome, if she was a little more in flesh. "Handsome! (cried Tabby) she has indeed a pair of black eyes without any meaning; but then there is not a good feature in her face." "I know not what you call good features in Wales (replied our landlord;) but they'll pass in Yorkshire." Then turning to Liddy, he added, "What say you, my pretty Redstreak?—what is your opinion of the countess?" "I think, (cried Liddy with great emotion) she's an angel." Tabby chid her for talking with such freedom in company; and the lady of the house said, in a contemptuous tone, she supposed miss had been brought up at some country boarding-school.

Our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the young gentleman who galloped into the yard all aghast, exclaiming, that the coach was attacked by a great number of highwaymen. My nephew and I rushing out, found his own and his servant's horse ready saddled in the stable, with pistols in the caps.—We mounted

mounted instantly, ordering Clinker and Dutton to follow with all possible expedition; but notwithstanding all the speed we could make, the action was over before we arrived, and the count with his lady, safe lodged at the house of Grieve, who had signalised himself in a very remarkable manner on this occasion. At the turning of a lane, that led to the village where the count's servants remained, a couple of robbers a-horseback suddenly appeared, with their pistols advanced: one kept the coachman in awe, and the other demanded the count's money, while the young 'squire went off at full speed, without ever casting a look behind. The count desiring the thief to withdraw his pistol, as the lady was in great terror, delivered his purse without making the least resistance; but not satisfied with this booty, which was pretty considerable, the rascal insisted upon rifling her of her ear-rings and necklace, and the countess screamed with affright. Her husband, exasperated at the violence with which she was threatened, wrested the pistol out of the fellow's hand, and turning it upon him, snapped it in his face; but the robber knowing there was no charge in it, drew another from his bosom, and in all
pro-

probability would have killed him on the spot, had not his life been saved by a wonderful interposition. Grieve, the apothecary, chancing to pass that very instant, ran up to the coach, and with a crab-stick, which was all the weapon he had, brought the fellow to the ground with the first blow; then seizing his pistol, presented it to his colleague, who fired his piece at random, and fled without farther opposition. The other was secured by the assistance of the count and the coachman; and his legs being tied under the belly of his own horse, Grieve conducted him to the village, whither also the carriage proceeded. It was with great difficulty the countess could be kept from swooning; but at last she was happily conveyed to the house of the apothecary, who went into the shop to prepare some drops for her, while his wife and daughter administered to her in another apartment.

I found the count standing in the kitchen with the parson of the parish, and expressing much impatience to see his protector, whom as yet he had scarce found time to thank for the essential service he had done him and the countess.—The daughter passing at the same time with a glass of water, monsieur de Melville could not help

help taking notice of her figure, which was strikingly engaging.—“ Ay, (said the parson) she is the prettiest girl, and the best girl in all my parish; and if I could give my son an estate of ten thousand a year, he should have my consent to lay it at her feet. If Mr. Grieve had been as solicitous about getting money, as he has been in performing all the duties of a primitive Christian, Fy would not have hung so long upon his hands.” “ What is her name?” said I. “ Sixteen years ago (answered the vicar) I christened her by the names of Seraphina Melvilia.” “ Ha! what! how! (cried the count eagerly) sure, you said Seraphina Melvilia.” “ I did (said he;) Mr. Grieve told me those were the names of two noble persons abroad, to whom he had been obliged for more than life.”

The count, without speaking another syllable, rushed into the parlour, crying, “ This is your god-daughter, my dear.” Mrs. Grieve, then seizing the countess by the hand, exclaimed with great agitation, “ O madam!—O sir!—I am—I am your poor Elinor.—This is my Seraphina Melvilia.—O child! these are the count and countess of Melville, the
“ gene-

“generous—the glorious benefactors of thy once unhappy parents.”

The countess rising from her seat, threw her arms about the neck of the amiable Seraphina, and clasped her to her breast with great tenderness, while she herself was embraced by the weeping mother. This moving scene was completed by the entrance of Grieve himself, who falling on his knees before the count, “Behold (said he) a penitent, who at length can look upon his patron without shrinking.” “Ah, Ferdinand!” (cried he, raising and folding him in his arms) the play-fellow of my infancy—the companion of my youth!—“Is it to you then I am indebted for my life?” “Heaven has heard my prayer, (said the other) and given me an opportunity to prove myself not altogether unworthy of your clemency and protection.” He then kissed the hand of the countess, while monsieur de Melville saluted his wife and lovely daughter, and all of us were greatly affected by this pathetic recognition.

In a word, Grieve was no other than Ferdinand count Fathom, whose adventures were printed many years ago. Being a sincere convert to virtue, he had
changed

changed his name, that he might elude the enquiries of the count, whose generous allowance he determined to forego, that he might have no dependence but upon his own industry and moderation. He had accordingly settled in this village as a practitioner in surgery and physic, and for some years wrestled with all the miseries of indigence, which, however, he and his wife had borne with the most exemplary resignation. At length, by dint of unwearied attention to the duties of his profession, which he exercised with equal humanity and success, he had acquired a tolerable share of business among the farmers and common people, which enabled him to live in a decent manner. He had been scarce ever seen to smile; was unaffectedly pious; and all the time he could spare from the avocations of his employment, he spent in educating his daughter, and in studying for his own improvement.—In short, the adventurer Fathom was, under the name of Grieve, universally respected among the commonalty of this district, as a prodigy of learning and virtue. These particulars I learned from the vicar, when we quitted the room, that they might be under no restraint in their mutual effusions. I make

no doubt that Grieve will be pressed to leave off business, and re-unite himself to the count's family; and as the countess seemed extremely fond of his daughter, she will, in all probability, insist upon Seraphina's accompanying her to Scotland.

Having paid our compliments to these noble persons, we returned to the 'squire's, where we expected an invitation to pass the night, which was wet and raw; but, it seems, 'squire Burdock's hospitality reached not so far for the honour of Yorkshire: we therefore departed in the evening, and lay at an inn, where I caught cold.

In hope of riding it down before it could take fast hold on my constitution, I resolved to visit another relation, one Mr. Pimpernel, who lived about a dozen miles from the place where we lodged. Pimpernel being the youngest of four sons, was bred an attorney at Furnival's-inn; but all his elder brothers dying, he got himself called to the bar for the honour of his family, and soon after this preferment, succeeded to his father's estate, which was very considerable. He carried home with him all the knavish chicanery of the lowest pettifogger, together with a wife whom he had purchased of a drayman for twenty pounds; and he soon found

found means to obtain a *Dedimus* as an acting justice of peace. He is not only a fordid miser in his disposition, but his avarice is mingled with a spirit of despotism, which is truly diabolical.—He is a brutal husband, an unnatural parent, a harsh master, an oppressive landlord, a litigious neighbour, and a partial magistrate.—Friends he has none; and in point of hospitality and good breeding, our cousin Burdock is a prince in comparison of this ungracious miscreant, whose house is the lively representation of a goal. Our reception was suitable to the character I have sketched. Had it depended upon the wife, we should have been kindly treated.—She is really a good sort of a woman, in spite of her low original, and well respected in the county; but she has not interest enough in her own house to command a draught of table-beer, far less to bestow any kind of education on her children, who run about, like ragged colts, in a state of nature.—Pox on him! he is such a dirty fellow, that I have not patience to prosecute the subject.

By that time we reached Harrigate, I began to be visited by certain rheumatic symptoms. The Scotch lawyer, Mr.

Micklewhimmen, recommended a hot bath of these waters so earnestly, that I was over persuaded to try the experiment.—He had used it often with success, and always stayed an hour in the bath, which was a tub filled with Harrigate water, heated for the purpose. If I could hardly bear the smell of a single tumbler when cold, you may guess how my nose was regaled by the steams arising from a hot bath of the same fluid. At night, I was conducted into a dark hole on the ground floor, where the tub smoked and stunk like the pot of Acheron, in one corner, and in another stood a dirty bed provided with thick blankets, in which I was to sweat after coming out of the bath. My heart seemed to die within me when I entered this dismal bagnio, and found my brain assaulted by such insufferable effluvia.—I cursed Micklewhimmen for not considering that my organs were formed on this side of the Tweed; but being ashamed to recoil upon the threshold, I submitted to the process.

After having endured all but real suffocation for above a quarter of an hour in the tub, I was moved to the bed and wrapped in blankets.—There I lay a full hour panting with intolerable heat; but not

not the least moisture appearing on my skin, I was carried to my own chamber, and passed the night without closing an eye, in such a flutter of spirits as rendered me the most miserable wretch in being. I should certainly have run distracted if the rarefaction of my blood, occasioned by that Stygian bath, had not burst the vessels, and produced a violent hæmorrhage, which, though dreadful and alarming, removed the horrible disquiet.—I lost two pounds of blood, and more, on this occasion, and find myself still weak and languid; but, I believe, a little exercise will forward my recovery; and therefore I am resolved to set out to morrow for York, in my way to Scarborough, where I propose to brace up my fibres by sea-bathing, which, I know, is one of your favourite specifics. There is, however, one disease, for which you have found as yet no specific, and that is old age, of which this tedious unconnected epistle is an infallible symptom:—*what, therefore, cannot be cured, must be endured*, by you, as well as by

Yours,

Harrigate, June 26.

MATT. BRAMBLE.

VOL. II,

G

To

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart.
of Jefus College, Oxon.

DEAR KNIGHT,

THE manner of living at Harrigate was fo agreeable to my difpofition, that I left the place with fome regret.—Our aunt Tabby would have probably made fome objection to our departing fo foon, had not an accident embroiled her with Mr. Micklewhimmen, the Scotch advocate, on whose heart ſhe had been practiſing, from the ſecond day after our arrival—That original, though ſeemingly precluded from the uſe of his limbs, had turned his genius to good account—In ſhort, by dint of groaning, and whining, he had excited the compaſſion of the company fo effectually, that an old lady, who occupied the very beſt apartment in the houſe, gave it up for his eaſe and convenience. When his man led him into the Long Room, all the females were immediately in commotion—One ſet an elbow-chair; an-

another shook up the cushion; a third brought a stool; and a fourth a pillow, for the accommodation of his feet—Two ladies (of whom Tabby was always one) supported him into the dining-room, and placed him properly at the table; and his taste was indulged with a succession of delicacies, culled by their fair hands. All this attention he repaid with a profusion of compliments and benedictions, which were not the less agreeable for being delivered in the Scottish dialect. As for Mrs. Tabitha, his respects were particularly addressed to her, and he did not fail to mingle them with religious reflections, touching free grace, knowing her bias to methodism, which he also professed upon a calvinistical model.

For my part, I could not help thinking this lawyer was not such an invalid as he pretended to be. I observed he ate very heartily three times a-day; and though his bottle was marked *stomachic tincture*, he had recourse to it so often, and seemed to swallow it with such peculiar relish, that I suspected it was not compounded in the apothecary's shop, or the chemist's laboratory. One day, while he was earnest in discourse with Mrs. Tabitha, and his servant had gone out

on some occasion or other, I dexterously exchanged the labels and situation of his bottle and mine; and having tasted his tincture, found it was excellent claret. I forthwith handed it about to some of my neighbours, and it was quite emptied before Mr. Micklewhimmen had occasion to repeat his draught. At length, turning about, he took hold of my bottle, instead of his own, and, filling a large glass, drank to the health of Mrs. Tabitha—It had scarce touched his lips, when he perceived the change which had been put upon him, and was at first a little out of countenance——He seemed to retire within himself, in order to deliberate, and in half a minute his resolution was taken; addressing himself to our quarter, “I give
 “ the gentleman credit for his wit (said
 “ he; it was a gude practical joke; but
 “ sometimes *bi joci in seria ducunt mala*—I
 “ hope for his own sake he has na drank
 “ all the liccor; for it was a vara poorful
 “ infusion of jallop in Bourdeaux wine;
 “ as its possible he may ha ta’en sic a dose
 “ as will produce a terrible catastrophe in
 “ his ain boodels—”

By far the greater part of the contents had fallen to the share of a young clothier from Leeds, who had come to make
 a figure

a figure at Harrigate, and was, in effect a great coxcomb in his way. It was with a view to laugh at his fellow-guests, as well as to mortify the lawyer, that he had emptied the bottle, when it came to his turn, and he had laughed accordingly: but now his mirth gave way to his apprehension—He began to spit, to make wry faces, and writhe himself into various contorsions—“Damn the stuff! (cried he) I thought it had a villainous twang. —pah! He that would cozen a Scot, mun get oop betimes, and take Old Scratch for his counsellor—” “In troth mester what d’ye ca’um, (replied the lawyer) your wit has run you into a filthy puddle—I’m truly consarned for your waeiful case—The best advice I can give you, in sic a dilemma, is to send an exprefs to Rippon for doctor Waugh, without delay, and, in the mean time, swallow all the oil and butter you can find in the hoose, to defend your poor stomach and intastins from the villication of the particles of the jallap, which is vara violent, even when taken in moderation.”

The poor clothier’s torments had already begun: he retired, roaring with pain, to his own chamber; the oil was

swallowed, and the doctor sent for; but before he arrived, the miserable patient had made such discharges upwards and downwards, that nothing remained to give him farther offence; and this double evacuation, was produced by imagination alone; for what he had drank was genuine wine of Bourdeaux, which the lawyer had brought from Scotland for his own private use. The clothier, finding the joke turn out so expensive and disagreeable, quitted the house next morning, leaving the triumph to Micklewhimmen, who enjoyed it internally, without any outward signs of exultation—on the contrary, he affected to pity the young man for what he had suffered; and acquired fresh credit from this shew of moderation.

It was about the middle of the night, which succeeded this adventure, that the vent of the kitchen chimney being foul, the foot took fire, and the alarm was given in a dreadful manner—Every body leaped naked out of bed, and in a minute the whole house was filled with cries and confusion—There were two stairs in the house, and to these we naturally ran; but they were both so blocked up, by the people pressing one upon another, that it seem-

seemed impossible to pass, without throwing down and trampling upon the women. In the midst of this anarchy, Mr. Micklewhimmen, with a leathern portmanteau on his back, came running as nimble as a buck along the passage; and Tabby, in her under-petticoat, endeavouring to hook him under the arm, that she might escape through his protection, he very fairly pushed her down, crying, "Na, na, "gude faith, charity begins at hame!" Without paying the least respect to the shrieks and intreaties of his female friends, he charged through the midst of the crowd, overturning every thing that opposed him; and actually fought his way to the bottom of the stair-case.—By this time Clinker had found a ladder, by which he entered the window of my uncle's chamber, where our family was assembled, and proposed that we should make our exit successively by that conveyance. The 'squire exhorted his sister to begin the descent; but, before she could resolve, her woman, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, in a transport of terror, threw herself out at the window upon the ladder, while Humphry dropped upon the ground that he might receive her in her descent—This maiden was just

as she had started out of bed, the moon shone very bright, and a fresh breeze of wind blowing, none of Mrs. Winifred's beauties could possibly escape the view of the fortunate Clinker, whose heart was not able to withstand the united force of so many charms; at least, I am much mistaken if he has not been her humble slave from that moment—He received her in his arms, and giving her his coat to protect her from the weather, ascended again with admirable dexterity.

At that instant, the landlord of the house called out with an audible voice, that the fire was extinguished, and the ladies had no farther to fear: this was a welcome note to the audience, and produced an immediate effect; the shrieking ceased, and a confused sound of expostulation ensued. I conducted Mrs. Tabitha and my sister to their own chamber, where Liddy fainted away; but was soon brought to herself. Then I went to offer my services to the other ladies, who might want assistance—They were all scudding through the passage to their several apartments; and as the thoroughfare was lighted by two lamps, I had a pretty good observation of them in their transit;

fit; but as most of them were naked to the smock, and all their heads shrowded in huge night-caps, I could not distinguish one face from another, though I recognised some of their voices—These were generally plaintive; some wept, some scolded, and some prayed—I lifted up one poor old gentlewoman, who had been overturned and fore bruised by a multitude of feet; and this was also the case with the lame parson from Northumberland, whom Micklewhimmen had in his passage overthrown, though not with impunity, for the cripple, in falling, gave him such a good pelt on the head with his crutch, that the blood followed.

As for the lawyer, he waited below till the hurly burly was over, and then stole softly to his own chamber, from whence he did not venture to make a second sally till eleven in the forenoon, when he was led into the Public Room by his own servant and another assistant, groaning most woefully, with a bloody napkin round his head. But things were greatly altered—The selfish brutality of his behaviour on the stairs had steeled their hearts against all his arts and address—Not a soul offered to accommodate him with a chair, cushion, or footstool; so that he was ob-

liged to sit down on a hard wooden bench—In that position, he looked around with a rueful aspect, and, bowing very low, said in a whining tone, “Your most humble servant, ladies.—Fire is a dreadful calamity—” “Fire purifies gold, and it tries friendship,” cried Mrs. Tabitha, bridling. “Yea, madam, (replied Micklewhimmen); and it trieth discretion also—” “If discretion consists in forsaking a friend in adversity, you are eminently possessed of that virtue,” resumed our aunt—“Na, madam (rejoined the advocate), well I wot, I cannot claim any merit from the mode of my retreat—Ye’ll please to observe, ladies, there are twa independent principles that actuate our nature.—One is instinct, which we have in common with the brute creation, and the other reason—Noo, in certain great emergencies, when the faculty of reason is suspended, instinct takes the lead, and when this predominates, having no affinity with reason, it pays no sort of regard to its connections; it only operates for the preservation of the individual, and that by the most expeditious and effectual means; therefore, begging your pardon,

“don,

“ don, ladies, I’m no accountable in *foro*
 “ *conscientiæ*, for what I did, while un-
 “ der the influence of this irrefistible
 “ pooer.”

Here my uncle interposing, “ I should
 “ be glad to know, (said he) whether it
 “ was instinct that prompted you to re-
 “ treat with bag and baggage; for, I
 “ think, you had a portmanteau on your
 “ shoulder—” The lawyer answered,
 “ without hesitation, “ Gif I might tell
 “ my mind freely, without incurring the
 “ suspicion of presumption, I should think
 “ it was something superior to either rea-
 “ son or instinct which suggested that
 “ measure, and this on a twafald ac-
 “ coont: in the first place, the port-
 “ manteau contained the writings of a
 “ worthy nobleman’s estate; and their
 “ being burnt would have occasioned a
 “ loss that could not be repaired; se-
 “ condly, my good angel seems to have
 “ laid the portmantle on my shoulders, by
 “ way of defence, to sustein the violence
 “ of a most inhuman blow, from the
 “ crutch of a reverend clergyman;
 “ which, even in spite of that medium,
 “ hath wounded me sorely, even unto
 “ the pericranium.” “ By your own
 “ doctrine (cried the parson, who chanced

“to be present), I am not accountable
 “for the blow, which was the effect of
 “instinct.” “I crave your pardon, re-
 “verend sir, (said the other) instinct ne-
 “ver acts but for the preservation of the
 “individual; but your preservation was
 “out of the case——you had already re-
 “ceived the damage, and therefore the
 “blow must be imputed to revenge,
 “which is a sinful passion, that ill be-
 “comes any Christian, especially a pro-
 “testant divine; and let me tell you,
 “most reverend doctor, gin I had a-
 “mind to plea, the law would hauld
 “my libel relevant.” “Why, the da-
 “mage is pretty equal on both sides
 “(cried the parson), your head is broke
 “and my crutch is snapt in the middle
 “—Now, if you will repair the one, I
 “will be at the expence of curing the
 “other.”

This fally raised the laugh against
 Micklewhimmen, who began to look
 grave; when my uncle, in order to
 change the discourse, observed, that in-
 stinct had been very kind to him in an-
 other respect; for it had restored to him
 the use of his limbs, which, in his exit,
 he had moved with surprizing agility.—
 He replied, that it was the nature of fear

to brace up the nerves; and mentioned some surprising feats of strength and activity performed by persons under the impulse of terror; but he complained, that in his own particular, the effects had ceased when the cause was taken away.—The 'squire said, he would lay a tea-drinking on his head, that he should dance a Scotch measure, without making a false step; and the advocate grinning, called for the piper.—A fiddler being at hand, this original started up, with his bloody napkin over his black tye-periwig, and acquitted himself in such a manner as excited the mirth of the whole company; but he could not regain the good graces of Mrs. Tabby, who did not understand the principle of instinct; and the lawyer did not think it worth his while to proceed to farther demonstration.

From Harrigate we came hither, by the way of York, and here we shall tarry some days, as my uncle and Tabitha are both resolved to make use of the waters. Scarborough, though a paltry town, is romantic from its situation along a cliff that over-hangs the sea. The harbour is formed by a small elbow of land that runs out as a natural mole, directly opposite to the town; and on that side is
the

the castle, which stands very high, of considerable extent, and, before the invention of gun-powder, was counted impregnable. At the other end of Scarborough, are two public rooms for the use of the company who resort to this place in the summer, to drink the waters and bathe in the sea; and the diversions are pretty much on the same footing here as at Bath. The Spa is a little way beyond the town, on this side, under a cliff, within a few paces of the sea, and thither the drinkers go every morning in dishabille; but the descent is by a great number of steps, which invalids find very inconvenient. Betwixt the well and the harbour, the bathing machines are ranged along the beach, with all their proper utensils and attendants—You have never seen one of these machines—Image to yourself a small, snug, wooden chamber, fixed upon a wheel-carriage, having a door at each end, and on each side a little window above, a bench below—The bather, ascending into this apartment by wooden steps, shuts himself in, and begins to undress, while the attendant yokes a horse to the end next the sea, and draws the carriage forwards, till the surface of the water is on a level with
the

the floor of the dressing room, then he moves and fixes the horse to the other end—The person within, being stripped, opens the door to the sea-ward, where he finds the guide ready, and plunges head-long into the water—After having bathed, he re-ascends into the apartment, by the steps which had been shifted for that purpose, and puts on his cloaths at his leisure, while the carriage is drawn back again upon the dry land; so that he has nothing farther to do, but to open the door, and come down as he went up—Should he be so weak or ill as to require a servant to put off and on his cloaths, there is room enough in the apartment for half a dozen people. The guides who attend the ladies in the water, are of their own sex, and they and the female bathers have a dress of flannel for the sea: nay, they are provided with other conveniencies for the support of decorum. A certain number of the machines are fitted with tilts, that project from the sea-ward ends of them, so as to screen the bathers from the view of all persons whatsoever—The beach is admirably adapted for this practice, the descent being gently gradual, and the sand soft as velvet; but then the machines can be
used

used only at a certain time of the tide, which varies every day; so that sometimes the bathers are obliged to rise very early in the morning—For my part, I love swimming as an exercise, and can enjoy it at all times of the tide, without the formality of an apparatus—You and I have often plunged together into the Isis; but the sea is a much more noble bath, for health as well as pleasure. You cannot conceive what a flow of spirits it gives, and how it braces every sinew of the human frame. Were I to enumerate half the diseases which are every day cured by sea-bathing, you must justly say you had received a treatise, instead of a letter, from

Your affectionate friend

and servant,

Scarborough, July 1.

J. MELFORD.

TO DR. LEWIS.

I HAVE not found all the benefit I expected at Scarborough, where I have been these eight days—From Harrigate we came hither by the way of York, where we stayed only one day to visit the Castle, the minster, and the Assembly-room. The first, which was heretofore a fortress, is now converted to a prison, and is the best, in all respects, I ever saw at home or abroad—It stands in a high situation, extremely well ventilated; and has a spacious area within the walls, for the health and convenience of all the prisoners, except those whom it is necessary to secure in close confinement—Even these last have all the comforts that the nature of their situation can admit. Here the assizes are held, in a range of buildings erected for that purpose.

As for the minster, I know not how to distinguish it, except by its great size and the height of its spire, from those other

ancient churches in different parts of the kingdom, which used to be called monuments of Gothic architecture; but it is now agreed, that this stile is Saracen rather than Gothic; and, I suppose, it was first imported into England from Spain, great part of which was under the dominion of the Moors. Those British architects, who adopted this stile, don't seem to have considered the propriety of their adoption. The climate of the country, possessed by the Moors or Saracens, both in Africa and Spain, was so exceedingly hot and dry, that those who built places of worship for the multitude, employed their talents in contriving edifices that should be cool; and, for this purpose, nothing could be better adopted than those buildings; vast, narrow, dark, and lofty, impervious to the sun-beams, and having little communication with the scorched external atmosphere; but ever affording a refreshing coolness, like subterranean cellars in the heats of summer, or natural caverns in the bowels of huge mountains. But nothing could be more preposterous than to imitate such a mode of architecture in a country like England, where the climate is cold, and the air externally loaded with vapours; and where,

where, of consequence, the builder's intention should be to keep the people dry and warm—For my part, I never entered the Abbey church at Bath but once, and the moment I stept over the threshold, I found myself chilled to the very marrow of my bones—When we consider, that in our churches, in general, we breathe a gross stagnated air, furcharged with damps from vaults, tombs, and charnel-houses; may we not term them so many magazines of rheums, created for the benefit of the medical faculty? and safely aver, that more bodies are lost, than souls saved, by going to church, in the winter especially, which may be said to engross eight months in the year. I should be glad to know, what offence it would give to tender consciences, if the house of God was made more comfortable, or less dangerous to the health of valetudinarians; and whether it would not be an encouragement to piety, as well as the salvation of many lives, if the place of worship was well floored, wain-scotted, warmed, and ventilated, and its area kept sacred from the pollution of the dead. The practice of burying in churches was the effect of ignorant superstition, influenced by knavish priests, who

who pretended that the devil could have no power over the defunct, if he was interred in holy ground; and this, indeed, is the only reason that can be given for consecrating all cemeteries, even at this day.

The external appearance of an old cathedral cannot be but displeasing to the eye of every man, who has any idea of propriety and proportion, even though he may be ignorant of architecture as a science; and the long slender spire puts one in mind of a criminal impaled, with a sharp stake rising up through his shoulder—These towers, or steeples, were likewise borrowed from the Mahometans; who, having no bells, used such minarets for the purpose of calling the people to prayers—They may be of farther use, however, for making observations and signals; but I would vote for their being distinct from the body of the church, because they serve only to make the pile more barbarous, or Saracenic.

There is nothing of this Arabic architecture in the Assembly Room, which seems to me to have been built upon a design of Palladio, and might be converted into an elegant place of worship; but it is indifferently contrived for that sort of
idol-

idolatry which is performed in it at present: the grandeur of the fane gives a diminutive effect to the little painted divinities that are adored in it; and the company, on a ball-night, must look like an assembly of fantastic fairies, revelling by moon-light among the columns of a Grecian temple.

Scarborough seems to be falling off, in point of reputation—All these places (Bath excepted) have their vogue, and then the fashion changes—I am persuaded there are fifty spaws in England as efficacious and salutary as that of Scarborough, though they have not yet risen to fame; and perhaps, never will, unless some medical encomiast should find an interest in displaying their virtues to the public view—Be that as it may, recourse will always be had to this place for the convenience of sea-bathing, while this practice prevails; but it were to be wished, they would make the beach more accessible to invalids.

I have here met with my old acquaintance, H——t, whom you have often heard me mention as one of the most original characters upon earth—I first knew him at Venice, and afterwards saw him in different parts of Italy, where he
was

was well known by the nick-name of Cavallo Bianco, from his appearing always mounted on a pale horse, like Death in the Revelations. You must remember the account I once gave you of a curious dispute he had at Constantinople, with a couple of Turks, in defence of the christian religion; a dispute from which he acquired the epithet of Demonstrator—The truth is, H—— owns no religion but that of nature; but, on this occasion, he has stimulated to shew his parts, for the honour of his country—Some years ago, being in the Campidoglio at Rome, he made up to the bust of Jupiter, and, bowing very low, exclaimed in the Italian language, “I hope, sir, if ever you get your head above water again, you will remember that I paid my respects to you in your adversity.” This folly was repeated to the cardinal Camerlengo, and by him laid before pope Benedict XIV. who could not help laughing at the extravagance of the address, and said to the cardinal, “Those English heretics think they have a right to go to the devil in their own way.”

Indeed H—— was the only Englishman I ever knew, who had resolution enough to live in his own way, in the
midst

midst of foreigners; for neither in dress, diet, customs, or conversation, did he deviate one tittle from the manner in which he had been brought up. About twelve years ago, he began a Giro or circuit, which he thus performed—At Naples, where he fixed his head-quarters, he embarked for Marseilles, from whence he travelled with a voiturin to Antibes—There he took his passage to Genoa and Lerici; from which last place he proceeded, by the way of Cambratina, to Pisa and Florence—After having halted some time in this metropolis, he set out with a vetturino for Rome, where he reposed himself a few weeks, and then continued his rout to Naples, in order to wait for the next opportunity of embarkation—After having twelve times described this circle, he lately flew off at a tangent to visit some trees at his country-house in England, which he had planted above twenty years ago, after the plan of the double colonnade in the piazza of St. Peter's at Rome—He came hither to Scarborough, to pay his respects to his noble friend and former pupil, the M— of G—, and, forgetting that he is now turned of seventy, sacrificed so liberally to Bacchus, that next day he was seized with

a fit of the apoplexy, which has a little impaired his memory; but he retains all the oddity of his character in perfection, and is going back to Italy, by the way of Geneva, that he may have a conference with his friend Voltaire, about giving the last blow to the Christian superstition—He intends to take shipping here for Holland or Hamburgh; for it is a matter of great indifference to him at what part of the continent he first lands.

When he was going abroad the last time he took his passage in a ship bound for Leghorn, and his baggage was actually embarked. In going down the river, by water, he was by mistake put on board of another vessel under sail; and, upon inquiry, understood she was bound to Petersburgh——“Petersburgh, —Peterf-
“burgh—(said he) I don’t care if I go
“along with you.” He forthwith struck a bargain with the captain; bought a couple of shirts of the mate, and was safe conveyed to the court of Muscovy, from whence he travelled by land to receive his baggage at Leghorn——He is now more likely than ever to execute a whim of the same nature; and I will hold any wager, that as he cannot be supposed

to live much longer, according to the course of nature, his exit will be as odd as his life has been extravagant*.

But to return from one humorist to another; you must know I have received benefit both from the chalybeate and the sea, and would have used them longer, had not a most ridiculous adventure, by making me the town-talk, obliged me to leave the place; for I can't bear the thoughts of affording a spectacle to the multitude—Yesterday morning at six o'clock, I went down to the bathing-place, attended by my servant Clinker, who waited on the beach as usual—The

* This gentleman crossed the sea to France, visited and conferred with Mr. de Voltaire at Fernay, resumed his old circuit at Genoa, and died in 1767, at the house of Vanini in Florence. Being taken with a suppression of urine, he resolved, in imitation of Pomponius Atticus to take himself off by abstinence; and this resolution he executed like an ancient Roman. He saw company to the last, cracked his jokes, conversed freely, and entertained his guests with music. On the third day of his fast, he found himself entirely freed of his complaint; but refused taking sustenance. He said the most disagreeable part of the voyage was past, and he said he should be a cursed fool indeed, to put about ship, when he was just entering the harbour. In these sentiments he persisted, without any marks of affectation, and thus finished his course with such ease and serenity, as would have done honour to the firmest Stoic of antiquity.

wind blowing from the north, and the weather being hazy, the water proved so chill, that when I rose from my first plunge, I could not help sobbing and bawling out, from the effects of the cold. Clinker, who heard me cry, and saw me indistinctly a good way without the guide, buffeting the waves, took it for granted I was drowning, and rushing into the sea, cloaths and all, overturned the guide in his hurry to save his master. I had swam out a few strokes, when hearing a noise, I turned about and saw Clinker, already up to his neck, advancing towards me, with all the wildness of terror in his aspect — Afraid he would get out of his depth, I made haste to meet him, when, all of a sudden, he seized me by one ear, and dragged me, bellowing with pain, upon the dry beach, to the astonishment of all the people, men, women and children, there assembled.

I was so exasperated by the pain of my ear, and the disgrace of being exposed in such an attitude, that, in the first transport, I struck him down; then running back into the sea, took shelter in the machine, where my cloaths had been deposited. I soon recollected myself so far as to do justice to the poor fellow, who, in great simplicity of heart, had acted
from

from motives of fidelity and affection—Opening the doors of the machine, which was immediately drawn on shore, I saw him standing by the wheel, dropping like a water work, and trembling from head to foot; partly from cold, and partly from the dread of having offended his master—I made my acknowledgments for the blow he had received, assured him I was not angry, and insisted upon his going home immediately, to shift his cloaths; a command which he could hardly find in his heart to execute, so well disposed was he to furnish the mob with farther entertainment at my expence. Clinker's intention was laudable without all doubt, but, nevertheless, I am a sufferer by his simplicity—I have had a burning heat, and a strange buzzing noise in that ear, ever since it was so roughly treated; and I cannot walk the street without being pointed at, as the monster that was hauled naked ashore upon the beach—Well, I affirm that folly is often more provoking than knavery, aye and more mischievous too; and whether a man had not better choose a sensible rogue, than an honest simpleton for his servant, is no matter of doubt with

yours,

Scarborough, July 4.

MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, of
Jefus College, Oxon.

DEAR WAT,

WE made a precipitate retreat from Scarborough, owing to the excessive delicacy of our 'squire, who cannot bear the thoughts of being *pretereuntium digito monstratus*.

One morning while he was bathing in the sea, his man Clinker took it in his head that his master was in danger of drowning; and, in this conceit, plunging into the water, he lugged him out naked on the beach, and almost pulled off his ear in the operation. You may guess how this atchievement was relished by Mr. Bramble, who is impatient, irascible, and has the most extravagant ideas of decency and decorum in the œconomy of his own person—In the first ebullition of his choler, he knocked Clinker down with his fist; but he afterwards made him amends for this outrage,
and,

and, in order to avoid the farther notice of the people, among whom this incident had made him remarkable, he resolved to leave Scarborough next day.

We set out accordingly over the moors, by the way of Whitby, and began our journey betimes, in hopes of reaching Stockton that night; but in this hope we were disappointed—In the afternoon, crossing a deep gutter, made by a torrent, the coach was so hard strained, that one of the irons, which connect the frame, snapt, and the leather sling on the same side cracked in the middle—The stock was so great, that my sister Liddy struck her head against Mrs. Tabitha's nose with such violence that the blood flowed; and Win. Jenkins was darted through a small window, in that part of the carriage next the horses, where she stuck like a bawd in the pillory, till she was released by the hand of Mr. Bramble. We were eight miles distant from any place where we could be supplied with chaises, and it was impossible to proceed with the coach, until the damage should be repaired—In this dilemma, we discovered a blacksmith's forge on the edge of a small common, about half a mile from the scene of our disaster,

and thither the postilions made shift to draw the carriage slowly, while the company walked a-foot; but we found the blacksmith had been dead some days; and his wife, who had been lately delivered, was deprived of her senses, under the care of a nurse, hired by the parish. We were exceedingly mortified at this disappointment, which, however, was surmounted by the help of Humphry Clinker, who is a surprising compound of genius and simplicity. Finding the tools of the defunct, together with some coals in the smithy, he unscrewed the damaged iron in a twinkling, and, kindling a fire, united the broken pieces with equal dexterity and dispatch—While he was at work upon this operation, the poor woman in the straw, struck with the well known sound of the hammer and anvil, started up, and, notwithstanding all the nurse's efforts, came running into the smithy, where, throwing her arms about Clinker's neck, "Ah, Jacob! (cried she) how could you leave me in such a condition?"

This incident was too pathetic to occasion mirth—it brought tears into the eyes of all present. The poor widow was put to bed again; and we did not leave the

the

the village without doing something for her benefit—Even Tabitha's charity was awakened on this occasion. As for the tender-hearted Humphry Clinker, he hammered the iron, and wept at the same time—But his ingenuity was not confined to his own province of farrier and blacksmith—it was necessary to join the leather sling which had been broke; and this service he likewise performed, by means of a broken awl, which he new-pointed and ground, a little hemp, which he spun into lingels, and a few tacks which he made for the purpose—Upon the whole, we were in a condition to proceed in a little more than one hour; but even this delay obliged us to pass the night at Gisborough—Next day we crossed the Tees at Stockton, which is a neat agreeable town; and there we resolved to dine, with purpose to lie at Durham.

Whom should we meet in the yard, when we alighted, but Martin the adventurer? Having handed out the ladies, and conducted **them** into an apartment, where he paid his compliments to Mrs. Tabby, with his usual address, he begged leave to speak to my uncle in another room; and there, in some confusion, he made an apology for having taken the

liberty to trouble him with a letter at Stevenage. He expressed his hope, that Mr. Bramble had bestowed some consideration on his unhappy case, and repeated his desire of being taken into his service.

My uncle, calling me into the room, told him, that we were both very well inclined to rescue him from a way of life that was equally dangerous and dishonourable; and that he should have no scruples in trusting to his gratitude and fidelity, if he had any employment for him, which he thought would suit his qualifications and his circumstances; but that all the departments he had mentioned in his letter were filled up by persons of whose conduct he had no reason to complain; of consequence he could not, without injustice, deprive any one of them of his bread—Nevertheless, he declared himself ready to assist him in any feasible project, either with his purse or credit.

Martin seemed deeply touched at this declaration—The tear started in his eye, while he said, in a faltering accent—
 “ Worthy sir—your generosity oppresses
 “ me—I never dreamed of troubling you
 “ for any pecuniary assistance—indeed I
 have

" have no occasion—I have been so lucky
 " at billiards and betting in different
 " places, at Buxton, Harrigate, Scar-
 " borough, and Newcastle races, that
 " my stock in ready-money amounts to
 " three hundred pounds, which I would
 " willingly employ in prosecuting some
 " honest scheme of life; but my friend,
 " justice Buzzard, has set so many
 " springs for my life, that I am under
 " the necessity of either retiring imme-
 " diately to a remote part of the coun-
 " try where I can enjoy the protection of
 " some generous patron, or of quitting
 " the kingdom altogether—It is upon
 " this alternative that I now beg leave to
 " ask your advice—I have had informa-
 " tion of all your route, since I had the
 " honour to see you at Stevenage; and,
 " supposing you would come this way
 " from Scarborough, I came hither last
 " night from Darlington, to pay you my
 " respects."

" It would be no difficult matter to
 " provide you with an asylum in the
 " country (replied my uncle); but a life
 " of indolence and obscurity would not
 " suit with your active and enterprising
 " disposition—I would therefore advise you
 " to try your fortune in the East Indies.

“ —I will give you a letter to a friend in
 “ London, who will recommend you to
 “ the direction, for a commission in the
 “ company’s service, and if that cannot
 “ be obtained, you will at least be re-
 “ ceived as a volunteer—in which case,
 “ you may pay for your passage, and I
 “ shall undertake to procure you such
 “ credentials, that you will not be long
 “ without a commission.”

Martin embraced the proposal with great eagerness; it was therefore resolved, that he should sell his horse, and take a passage by sea for London, to execute the project without delay.—In the mean time he accompanied us to Durham, where we took up our quarters for the night.—Here, being furnished with letters from my uncle, he took his leave of us with strong symptoms of gratitude and attachment, and set out for Sunderland, in order to embark in the first collier bound for the river Thames. He had not been gone half an hour, when we were joined by another character, which promised something extraordinary —A tall, meagre figure, answering, with his horse, the description of Don Quixote mounted on Rozinante, appeared in the twilight at the inn door, while

while my aunt and Liddy stood at a window in the dining-room—He wore a coat, the cloth of which had once been scarlet, trimmed with Brandenburgs, now totally deprived of their metal, and he had holster-caps and housings of the same stuff and same antiquity. Perceiving ladies at the window above, he endeavoured to dismount with the most graceful air he could assume; but the ostler neglecting to hold the stirrup when he wheeled off his right foot, and stood with his whole weight on the other, the girth unfortunately gave way, the saddle turned, down came the cavalier to the ground, and his hat and periwig falling off, displayed a head-piece of various colours, patched and plaistered in a woeful condition—The ladies, at the window above, shrieked with affright on the supposition that the stranger had received some notable damage in his fall; but the greatest injury he had sustained arose from the dishonour of his descent, aggravated by the disgrace of exposing the condition of his cranium; for certain plebeians that were about the door, laughed aloud, in the belief that the captain had got either a scald head, or a broken head, both equally opprobrious.

He forthwith leaped up in a fury, and snatching one of his pistols, threatened to put the ostler to death, when another squall from the women checked his resentment. He then bowed to the window, while he kissed the butt-end of his pistol, which he replaced; adjusted his wig in great confusion, and led his horse into the stable—By this time I had come to the door, and could not help gazing at the strange figure that presented itself to my view—He would have measured above six feet in height, had he stood upright; but he stooped very much; was very narrow in the shoulders, and very thick in the calves of the legs, which were cased in black spatterdashies—As for his thighs, they were long and slender, like those of a grasshopper; his face was, at least, half a yard in length, brown, and shrivelled, with projecting cheek-bones, little grey eyes, on the greenish hue, a large hook-nose, a pointed chin, a mouth from ear to ear, very ill furnished with teeth, and a high narrow fore-head, well furrowed with wrinkles. His horse was exactly in the style of its rider; a resurrection of dry bones, which (as we afterwards learned) he valued exceedingly.

ly, as the only present he had ever received in his life.

Having seen this favourite steed properly accommodated in the stable, he sent up his compliments to the ladies, begging permission to thank them in person for the marks of concern they had shewn at his disaster in the court-yard—As the 'squire said they could not decently decline his visit, he was shewn up stairs, and paid his respects in the Scotch dialect, with much formality—"Ladies (said he), perhaps he may be scandalized at the appearance my head made, when it was uncovered by accident; but I can assure you, the condition you saw it in, is neither the effects of disease nor of drunkenness; but an honest scar, received in the service of my country." He then gave us to understand, that having been wounded at Ticonderoga, in America, a party of Indians rifled him, scalped him, broke his skull with the blow of a tomahawk, and left him for dead in the field of battle; but that being afterwards found with signs of life, he had been cured in the French hospital, though the loss of substance could not be repaired; so
that

that the scull was left naked in several places, and these he covered with patches.

There is no hold by which an Englishman is sooner taken than that of compassion—We were immediately interested in behalf of this veteran—Even Tabby's heart was melted; but our pity was warmed with indignation, when we learned, that in the course of two sanguinary wars, he had been wounded, maimed, mutilated, taken, and enslaved, without ever having attained a higher rank than that of lieutenant—My uncle's eyes gleamed, and his nether lip quivered, while he exclaimed, “I vow to God, sir, your case is a reproach to the service—The injustice you have met with is so flagrant—” “I must crave your pardon, sir (cried the other, interrupting him), I complain of no injustice—I purchased an ensigncy thirty years ago; and, in the course of service, rose to be a lieutenant, according to my seigniority—” “But in such a length of time (resumed the 'squire), you must have seen a great many young officers put over your head—” “Nevertheless (said he), I have no cause to murmur—They bought their preferment with their money—I had no
“ money

“ money to carry to market—that was
 “ my misfortune; but no body was to
 “ blame—” “ What! no friend to ad-
 “ vance a sum of money?” (said Mr.
 Bramble) “ Perhaps, I might have bor-
 “ rowed money for the purchase of a
 “ company (answered the other); but
 “ that loan must have been refunded;
 “ and I did not chuse to incumber my-
 “ self with a debt of a thousand pounds,
 “ to be payed from an income of ten
 “ shillings a-day.” “ So you have spent.
 “ the best part of your life (cried Mr.
 Bramble), your youth, your blood, and
 “ your constitution, amidst the dangers,
 “ the difficulties, the horrors, and hard-
 “ ships of war for the consideration of
 “ three or four shillings a-day—a confi-
 “ deration—” “ Sir (replied the Scot,
 “ with great warmth), you are the man
 “ that does me injustice, if you say or
 “ think I have been actuated by any
 “ such paltry consideration—I am a
 “ gentleman; and entered the service as
 “ other gentlemen do, with such hopes
 “ and sentiments as honourable ambition
 “ inspires—If I have not been lucky in
 “ the lottery of life, so neither do I think
 “ myself unfortunate—I owe no man a
 “ farth-

“farthing; I can always command a
 “clean shirt, a mutton-chop, and a truss
 “of straw; and when I die, I shall leave
 “effects sufficient to defray the expence
 “of my burial.”

My uncle assured him, he had no intention to give him the least offence by the observations he had made; but, on the contrary, spoke from a sentiment of friendly regard to his interest—The lieutenant thanked him with a stiffness of civility, which nettled our old gentleman, who perceived that his moderation was all affected; for, whatsoever, his tongue might declare, his whole appearance denoted dissatisfaction—In short without pretending to judge of his military merit, I think I may affirm, that this Caledonian is a self-conceited pedant, awkward, rude, and disputacious—He has had the benefit of a school-education, seems to have read a good number of books, his memory is tenacious, and he pretends to speak several different languages; but he is so addicted to wrangling, that he will cavil at the clearest truths, and, in the pride of argumentation, attempt to reconcile contradictions—Whether his address and qualifications are really of

that stamp, which is agreeable to the taste of our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, or that indefatigable maiden is determined to shoot at every sort of game, certain it is she has begun to practise upon the heart of the lieutenant, who favoured us with his company to supper.

I have many other things to say of this man of war, which I shall communicate in a post or two; mean while, it is but reasonable that you should be indulged with some respite from those weary lubrications of

yours,

Newcastle upon Tyne,
July 10.

J. MELFORD.

To

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of
Jefus College, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

IN my last I treated you with a high flavoured dish, in the character of the Scotch lieutenant, and I must present him once more for your entertainment. It was our fortune to feed upon him the best part of three days; and I do not doubt that he will start again in our way before we shall have finished our northern excursion. The day after our meeting with him at Durham proved so tempestuous that we did not choose to proceed on our journey; and my uncle persuaded him to stay till the weather should clear up, giving him, at the same time, a general invitation to our mess. The man has certainly gathered a whole budget of *shrewd* observations, but he brings them forth in such an ungracious manner as would be extremely disgusting, if it was not marked by that characteristic

teristic oddity which never fails to attract the attention.—He and Mr. Bramble discoursed, and even disputed, on different subjects in war, policy, the belles lettres, law, and metaphysics; and sometimes they were warmed into such altercation as seemed to threaten an abrupt dissolution of their society; but Mr. Bramble set a guard over his own irascibility, the more vigilantly as the officer was his guest; and when in spite of all his efforts, he began to wax warm, the other prudently cooled in the same proportion.

Mrs. Tabitha chancing to accost her brother by the familiar diminutive of Matt, “Pray, sir (said the lieutenant), “is your name Matthias?” You must know, it is one of our uncle’s foibles to be ashamed of his name Matthew, because it is puritanical; and this question chagrined him so much, that he answered, “No, by G—d!” in a very abrupt tone of displeasure.—The Scot took umbrage at the manner of his reply, and bristling up, “If I had known (said he) “that you did not care to tell your name, “I should not have asked the question — “The leddy called you Matt, and I naturally thought it was Matthias:—
“per-

“ perhaps it may be Methuselah, or
 “ Metrodorus, or Metellus, or Mathu-
 “ rinus, or Malthinnus, or Matamoros,
 “ or———” “ No (cried my uncle
 “ laughing), it is neither of those, cap-
 “ tain;—my name is Matthew Bramble,
 “ at your service.—The truth is, I have a
 “ foolish pique at the name of Matthew,
 “ because it favours of those canting
 “ hypocrites, who, in Cromwell’s time,
 “ christened all their children by names
 “ taken from the scripture.”——“ A
 “ foolish pique indeed (cried Mrs. Tab-
 “ by), and even sinful, to fall out with
 “ your name, because it is taken from
 “ the holy writ.—I would have you to know,
 “ you was called after great-uncle Matthew
 “ ap Madoc ap Meredith, esquire, of
 “ Llanwystin, in Montgomeryshire, ju-
 “ stice of the *quorum*, and *crusty rattle-*
 “ *orum*, a gentleman of great worth and
 “ property, descended in a strait line, by
 “ the female side, from Llewellyn, prince
 “ of Wales.”

This genealogical anecdote seemed to
 make some impression upon the North-
 Briton, who bowed very low to the de-
 scendants of Llewellyn, and observed that
 he himself had the honour of a scriptural
 nomination. The lady expressing a de-
 sire

fire of knowing his address, he said, he designed himself Lieutenant Obadiah Lismahago; and, in order to assist her memory, he presented her with a slip of paper, inscribed with these three words, which she repeated with great emphasis, declaring it was one of the most noble and sonorous names she had ever heard. He observed, that Obadiah was an adventurous appellation, derived from his great-grandfather, who had been one of the original covenanters; but Lismahago was the family surname, taken from a place in Scotland so called. He likewise dropped some hints about the antiquity of his pedigree, adding, with a smile of self-denial, *Sed genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco*, which quotation he explained in deference to the ladies; and Mrs. Tabitha did not fail to compliment him on his modesty, in waving the merit of his ancestry, adding, that it was the less necessary to him as he had such a considerable fund of his own. She now began to glew herself to his favour with the grossest adulation.—She expatiated upon the antiquity and virtues of the Scottish nation, upon their valour, probity, learning, and politeness.—She even descended to encomiums on his own per-

personal address, his gallantry, good sense, and erudition.—She appealed to her brother, whether the captain was not the very image of our cousin, governor Griffith.—She discovered a surprising eagerness to know the particulars of his life, and asked a thousand questions concerning his achievements in war; all which Mr. Lismahago answered with a sort of jesuitical reserve, affecting a reluctance to satisfy her curiosity on a subject that concerned his own exploits.

By dint of her interrogations, however, we learned, that he and ensign Murphy had made their escape from the French hospital at Montreal, and taken to the woods, in hope of reaching some English settlement; but mistaking their route, they fell in with a party of Miamis, who carried them away in captivity. The intention of these Indians was to give one of them as an adopted son to a venerable sachem, who had lost his own in the course of the war, and to sacrifice the other according to the custom of the country. Murphy, as being the younger and handsomer of the two, was designed to fill the place of the deceased, not only as the son of the sachem, but as the spouse of a beautiful squaw, to whom his

predecessor had been betrothed; but in passing through the different whigwhams or villages of the Miamis, poor Murphy was so mangled by the women and children, who have the privilege of torturing all prisoners in their passage, that, by the time they arrived at the place of the sachem's residence, he was rendered altogether unfit for the purposes of marriage: it was determined, therefore, in the assembly of the warriors, that ensign Murphy should be brought to the stake, and that the lady should be given to lieutenant Lismahago, who had likewise received his share of torments, though they had not produced emasculation.—A joint of one finger had been cut, or rather sawed off with a rusty knife: one of his great toes was crushed into a mash betwixt two stones; some of his teeth were drawn, or dug out with a crooked nail; splintered reeds had been thrust up his nostrils and other tender parts; and the calves of his legs had been blown up with mines of gunpowder dug in the flesh with the sharp point of the tomahawk.

The Indians themselves allowed that Murphy died with great heroism, singing, as his death song, the *drimmendoo*, in concert with Mr. Lismahago, who was
pre-

present at the solemnity. After the warriors and matrons had made a hearty meal upon the muscular flesh which they pared from the victim, and had applied a great variety of tortures, which he bore without flinching, an old lady, with a sharp knife, scooped out one of his eyes, and put a burning coal in the socket. The pain of this operation was so exquisite, that he could not help bellowing, upon which the audience raised a shout of exultation, and one of the warriors stealing behind him, gave him the *coup de grace* with a hatchet.

Lisinahago's bride, the squaw Squin-kinacoofta, distinguished herself on this occasion.—She shewed a great superiority of genius in the tortures which she contrived and executed with her own hands.—She vied with the stoutest warrior in eating the flesh of the sacrifice; and after all the other females were fuddled with dram-drinking, she was not so intoxicated, but that she was able to play the game of the platter with the conjuring sachem, and afterwards go through the ceremony of her own wedding, which was consummated that same evening. The captain had lived very happily with this accomplished squaw for two
years,

years, during which she bore him a son, who is now the representative of his mother's tribe; but, at length, to his unspeakable grief, she died of a fever, occasioned by eating too much raw bear, which they had killed in a hunting excursion.

By this time, Mr. Lismahago was elected sachem, acknowledged first warrior of the Badger tribe, and dignified with the name or epithet of Occacanaftaogarora, which signifies *nimble as a weasel*; but all these advantages and honours he was obliged to resign, in consequence of being exchanged for the orator of the community, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians that were in alliance with the English. At the peace, he had sold out upon half-pay, and was returned to Britain, with a view to pass the rest of his life in his own country, where he hoped to find some retreat where his slender finances would afford him a decent subsistence. Such are the out-lines of Mr. Lismahago's history, to which Tabitha *did seriously incline her ear*;—indeed, she seemed to be taken with the same charms that captivated the heart of Desdemona, who loved the Moor *for the dangers he had past*.

The description of poor Murphy's sufferings, which threw my sister Liddy into a swoon, extracted some sighs from the breast of Mrs. Tabby: when she understood he had been rendered unfit for marriage, she began to spit, and ejaculated, "Jesus what cruel barbarians!" and she made wry faces at the lady's nuptial repast; but she was eagerly curious to know the particulars of her marriage-dress; whether she wore high-breasted stays or boddice, a robe of silk or velvet, and laces of Mechlin or minionette—she supposed, as they were connected with the French, she used *rouge*, and had her hair dressed in the Parisian fashion. The captain would have declined giving a categorical explanation of all these particulars, observing, in general, that the Indians were too tenacious of their own customs to adopt the modes of any nation whatsoever: he said, moreover, that neither the simplicity of their manners, nor the commerce of their country, would admit of those articles of luxury which are deemed magnificence in Europe; and that they were too virtuous and sensible to encourage the introduction of any fashion which might help to render them corrupt and effeminate.

These

These observations served only to inflame her desire of knowing the particulars about which she had enquired; and, with all his evasion, he could not help discovering the following circumstances—that his princess had neither shoes, stockings, shift, nor any kind of linen—that her bridal dress consisted of a petticoat of red bays, and a fringed blanket, fastened about her shoulders with a copper skewer; but of ornaments she had great plenty.—Her hair was curiously plaited, and interwoven with bobbins of human bone—one eyelid was painted green, and the other yellow; the cheeks were blue, the lips white, the teeth red, and there was a black list drawn down the middle of the forehead, as far as the tip of the nose—a couple of gaudy parrot's feathers were stuck through the division of the nostrils—there was a blue stone set in the chin—her ear-rings consisted of two pieces of hickery, of the size and shape of drumsticks—her arms and legs were adorned with bracelets of wampum—her breast glittered with numerous strings of glass beads—she wore a curious pouch, or pocket, of woven grass elegantly painted with various colours—about her neck was hung the fresh scalp of a Mohawk war-

rior, whom her deceased lover had lately slain in battle—and, finally, she was anointed from head to foot with bear's grease, which sent forth a most agreeable odour.

One would imagine that these paraphernalia would not have been much admired by a modern fine lady; but Mrs. Tabitha was resolved to approve of all the captain's connexions.—She wished, indeed, the squaw had been better provided with linen; but she owned there was much taste and fancy in her ornaments; she made no doubt, therefore, that madam Squinkinacoofta was a young lady of good sense and rare accomplishments, and a good christian at bottom. Then she asked whether his consort had been high-church, or low-church, presbyterian or anabaptist, or had been favoured with any glimmering of the new light of the gospel? When he confessed that she and her whole nation were utter strangers to the christian faith, she gazed at him with signs of astonishment, and Humphry Clinker, who chanced to be in the room, uttered a hollow groan.

After some pause, “ In the name of
 “ God, captain Lismahago (cried she),
 “ what religion do they profess?” “ As
 “ to

“ to religion, madam (answered the
 “ lieutenant), it is among those Indians a
 “ matter of great simplicity—they never
 “ heard of any *Alliance between Church and*
 “ *State.*—They, in general, worship two
 “ contending principles; one the Foun-
 “ tain of all Good, the other the source
 “ of evil.—The common people there,
 “ as in other countries, run into the ab-
 “ surdities of superstition; but sensible
 “ men pay adoration to a Supreme Being,
 “ who created and sustains the universe.”
 “ O! what pity (exclaimed the pious
 “ Tabby), that some holy man has not
 “ been inspired to go and convert these
 “ poor heathens!”

The lieutenant told her, that while he
 resided among them, two French mission-
 aries arrived, in order to convert them
 to the catholic religion; but when they
 talked of mysteries and revelations, which
 they could neither explain nor authenti-
 cate, and called in the evidence of mira-
 cles which they believed upon hearsay;
 when they taught, that the Supreme
 Creator of Heaven and Earth had allow-
 ed his only Son, his own equal in power
 and glory to enter the bowels of a wo-
 man, to be born as a human creature,
 to be insulted, flagellated, and even exe-

cuted as a malefactor; when they pretended to create God himself, to swallow, digest, revive, and multiply him *ad infinitum*, by the help of a little flour and water, the Indians were shocked at the impiety of their presumption.—They were examined by the assembly of the sachems, who desired them to prove the divinity of their mission by some miracle.—They answered that it was not in their power.——“ If you really were sent by Heaven
 “ for our conversion (said one of the
 “ sachems), you would certainly have
 “ some supernatural endowments, at least
 “ you would have the gift of tongues, in
 “ order to explain your doctrine to the
 “ different nations among which you are
 “ employed; but you are so ignorant of
 “ our language, that you cannot express
 “ yourselves even on the most trifling
 “ subjects.”

In a word, the assembly were convinced of their being cheats, and even suspected them of being spies:—they ordered them a bag of Indian corn a-piece, and appointed a guide to conduct them to the frontiers; but the missionaries having more zeal than discretion, refused to quit the vineyard.—They persisted in saying mass, in preaching, baptizing, and squabbling

bling with the conjurers, or priests of the country, till they had thrown the whole community into confusion.—Then the assembly proceeded to try them as impious impostors, who represented the Almighty as a trifling, weak, capricious being, and pretended to make, unmake, and reproduce him at pleasure: they were, therefore, convicted of blasphemy and sedition, and condemned to the stake, where they died singing *Salve regina*, in a rapture of joy, for the crown of martyrdom which they had thus obtained.

In the course of this conversation, lieutenant Lismahago dropt some hints by which it appeared he himself was a free-thinker. Our aunt seemed to be startled at certain sarcasms he threw out against the creed of St. Athanasius.—He dwelt much upon the words *reason*, *philosophy*, and *contradiction in terms*—he bid defiance to the eternity of hell-fire; and even threw such squibs at the immortality of the soul, as singed a little the whiskers of Mrs. Tabitha's faith; for, by this time, she began to look upon Lismahago as a prodigy of learning and sagacity.—In short, he could be no longer insensible to the advances she made towards his affection; and although there was something

repulsive in his nature, he overcame it so far as to make some return to her civilities. — Perhaps, he thought it would be no bad scheme, in a superannuated lieutenant on half-pay, to effect a conjunction with an old maid, who, in all probability, had fortune enough to keep him easy and comfortable in the sag-end of his days.—An ogling correspondence forthwith commenced between this amiable pair of originals.—He began to sweeten the natural acidity of his discourse with the treacle of compliment and commendation.—He from time to time offered her snuff, of which he himself took great quantities, and even made her a present of a purse of silk grefs, woven by the hands of the amiable Squinkinacoofta, who had used it as a shot-pouch in her hunting-expeditions.

From Doncaster northwards, all the windows of all the inns are scrawled with doggrel rhimes, in abuse of the Scotch nation; and what surpris'd me very much, I did not perceive one line written in the way of recrimination—Curious to hear what Lismahago would say on this subject, I pointed out to him a very scurrilous epigram against his countrymen, which was engraved on one of the windows

dows of the parlour where we sat—He read it with the most starchy composure; and when I asked his opinion of the poetry, “It is vara terse and vara poignant;” (said he) but with the help of a wat dish-clout, it might be rendered more clear and parspicuous.—I marvel much that some modern wit has not published a collection of these essays under the title of the *Glazier’s Triumph over Sawney the Scot*—I’m persuaded it would be a vara agreeable offering to the patriots of London and Westminster.” When I expressed some surprize that the natives of Scotland, who travel this way, had not broke all the windows upon the road, “With submission (replied the lieutenant), that were but shallow policy—it would only serve to make the satire more cutting and severe; and, I think, it is much better to let it stand in the window, than have it presented in the reckoning.”

My uncle’s jaws began to quiver with indignation.—He said, the scribblers of such infamous stuff deserved to be scourged at the cart’s tail for disgracing their country with such monuments of malice and stupidity.—“These vermin” (said he) do not consider that they are

“affording their fellow-subjects, whom
 “they abuse, continual matter of self-
 “gratulation as well as the means of exe-
 “cuting the most manly vengeance that
 “can be taken for such low, illiberal at-
 “tacks. For my part, I admire the
 “philosophic forbearance of the Scots,
 “as much as I despise the insolence of
 “those wretched libellers, which is a-kin
 “to the arrogance of the village cock,
 “who never crows but upon his own
 “dunghill.” The captain, with an af-
 fectionation of candour, observed, that men
 of illiberal minds were produced in every
 soil; that in supposing those were the
 sentiments of the English in general, he
 should pay too great a compliment to his
 own country, which was not of consequence
 enough to attract the envy of such a flou-
 rishing and powerful people.

Mrs. Tabby broke forth again in praise
 of his moderation, and declared that
 Scotland was the soil which produced eve-
 ry virtue under heaven.—When Lismahago
 took his leave for the night, she asked
 her brother if the captain was not the
 prettiest gentleman he had ever seen; and
 whether there was not something wonder-
 fully engaging in his aspect?—Mr. Bram-
 ble having eyed her some time in silence,

“ Sister (said he), the lieutenant is, for
 “ aught I know, an honest man, and a
 “ good officer—he has a considerable share
 “ of understanding, and a title to more
 “ encouragement than he seems to have
 “ met with in life; but I cannot, with a
 “ safe conscience, affirm, that he is the
 “ prettiest gentleman I ever saw; neither
 “ can I discern any engaging charm in
 “ his countenance, which, I vow to God,
 “ is, on the contrary, very hard-favoured
 “ and forbidding.”

I have endeavoured to ingratiate myself with this North-Briton, who is really a curiosity; but he has been very shy of my conversation ever since I laughed at his asserting that the English tongue was spoke with more propriety at Edinburgh than at London. Looking at me with a double squeeze of frowning in his aspect,
 “ If the old definition be true (said he)
 “ that risibility is the distinguishing cha-
 “ racteristic of a rational creature, the
 “ English are the most distinguished for
 “ rationality of any people I ever knew.”
 I owned, that the English were easily struck with any thing that appeared ludicrous, and apt to laugh accordingly; but it did not follow, that, because they were more given to laughter, they had more

rationality than their neighbours: I said, such an inference would be an injury to the Scots, who were by no means defective in rationality, though generally supposed little subject to the impressions of humour.

The captain answered, that this supposition must have been deduced either from their conversation or their compositions, of which the English could not possibly judge with precision, as they did not understand the dialect used by the Scots in common discourse, as well as in their works of humour. When I desired to know what those works of humour were, he mentioned a considerable number of pieces, which he insisted were equal in point of humour to any thing extant in any language dead or living.—He, in particular, recommended a collection of detached poems, in two small volumes, intitled, *The Ever-green*, and the works of Allan Ramsay, which I intend to provide myself with at Edinburgh.—He observed, that a North-Briton is seen to a disadvantage in an English company, because he speaks in a dialect that they can't relish, and in a phraseology which they don't understand.—He therefore finds himself under a restraint, which is a great enemy

enemy to wit and humour. These are faculties which never appear in full lustre, but when the mind is perfectly at ease, and, as an excellent writer says, enjoys *her elbow-room*.

He proceeded to explain his assertion that the English language was spoken with greater propriety at Edinburgh than in London.—He said what we generally called the Scottish dialect was, in fact, true genuine old English, with a mixture of some French terms and idioms, adopted in a long intercourse betwixt the French and Scotch nations; that the modern English, from affectation and false refinement, had weakened, and even corrupted their language, by throwing out the guttural sounds, altering the pronunciation and the quantity, and disusing many words and terms of great significance. In consequence of these innovations, the works of our best poets, such as Chaucer, Spenser, and even Shakespeare, were become, in many parts, unintelligible to the natives of South-Britain, whereas the Scots, who retain the antient language, understand them without the help of a glossary. “For instance (said he),
 “how have your commentators been
 “puzzled by the following expression in
 “the

“ the *Tempest*—He’s gentle, and not fearful ;
 “ as if it was a paralogism to say, that
 “ being gentle, he must of course be cou-
 “ rageous : but the truth is, one of the
 “ original meanings, if not the sole mean-
 “ ing, of that word was, noble, high-
 “ minded ; and to this day, a Scotch wo-
 “ man, in the situation of the young lady
 “ in the *Tempest*, would express herself
 “ nearly in the same terms—Don’t pro-
 “ voke him ; for being gentle, that is,
 “ high spirited, he won’t tamely bear an
 “ insult. Spenser, in the very first stanza
 “ of his *Fairy Queen*, says,

“ A gentle knight was pricking on the plain ;”

“ which knight, far from being tame and
 “ fearful, was so stout that

“ Nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.”

To prove that we had impaired the
 energy of our language by false refine-
 ment, he mentioned the following words,
 which, though widely different in signifi-
 cation, are pronounced exactly in the
 same manner—*wright, write, right, rite* ;
 but among the Scots, these words are as
 different in pronunciation, as they are in
 meaning and orthography ; and this is the
 case with many others which he mention-
 ed

ed by way of illustration.—He, moreover, took notice, that we had (for what reason he could never learn) altered the found of our vowels from that which is retained by all the nations in Europe; an alteration which rendered the language extremely difficult to foreigners, and made it almost impracticable to lay down general rules for orthography and pronunciation. Besides, the vowels were no longer simple sounds in the mouth of an Englishman, who pronounced both *i* and *u* as diphthongs. Finally, he affirmed, that we mumbled our speech with our lips and teeth, and ran the words together without pause or distinction, in such a manner, that a foreigner, though he understood English tolerably well, was often obliged to have recourse to a Scotchman to explain what a native of England had said in his own language.

The truth of this remark was confirmed by Mr. Bramble from his own experience; but he accounted for it on another principle.—He said, the same observation would hold in all languages; that a Swiss talking French was more easily understood than a Parisian, by a foreigner who had not made himself master of the language; because every language had
its

its peculiar recitative, and it would always require more pains, attention, and practice, to acquire both the words and the music, than to learn the words only; and yet nobody would deny, that the one was imperfect without the other: he therefore apprehended, that the Scotchman and the Swiss were better understood by learners, because they spoke the words only, without the music, which they could not rehearse. One would imagine this check might have damped the North-Briton; but it served only to agitate his humour for disputation.—He said, if every nation had its own recitative or music, the Scots had theirs, and the Scotchman who had not yet acquired the cadence of the English, would naturally use his own in speaking their language; therefore, if he was better understood than the native, his recitative must be more intelligible than that of the English; of consequence, the dialect of the Scots had an advantage over that of their fellow subjects, and this was another strong presumption that the modern English had corrupted their language in the article of pronunciation.

The lieutenant was, by this time, become so polemical, that every time he opened his mouth, out flew a paradox,
which

which he maintained with all the enthusiasm of altercation; but all his paradoxes favoured strong of a partiality for his own country. He undertook to prove that poverty was a blessing to a nation; that *oatmeal* was preferable to *wheat-flour*; and that the worship of Cloacina, in temples which admitted both sexes, and every rank of votaries promiscuously, was a filthy species of idolatry that outraged every idea of delicacy and decorum. I did not so much wonder at his broaching these doctrines, as at the arguments, equally whimsical and ingenious, which he adduced in support of them.

In fine, lieutenant Lismahago is a curiosity which I have not sufficiently perused; and therefore I shall be sorry when we lose his company, though, God knows, there is nothing very amiable in his manner or disposition.—As he goes directly to the south-west division of Scotland, and we proceed in the road to Berwick, we shall part to-morrow at a place called Felton-bridge; and I dare say, this separation will be very grievous to our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, unless she has received some flattering assurance of his meeting her again. If I fail in my purpose of entertaining you with these un-
im-

important occurrences, they will at least serve as exercises of patience, for which you are indebted to

Yours always,

Morpeth, July 13.

J. MELFORD.

TO DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I HAVE now reached the northern extremity of England, and see, close to my chamber-window, the Tweed gliding through the arches of that bridge which connects this suburb to the town of Berwick.—Yorkshire you have seen, and therefore I shall say nothing of that opulent province. The city of Durham appears like a confused heap of stones and brick, accumulated so as to cover a mountain, round which a river winds its brawling course. The streets are generally narrow, dark, and unpleasant, and many

many of them almost impassable in consequence of their declivity. The cathedral is a huge gloomy pile; but the clergy are well lodged.—The bishop lives in a princely manner—the golden prebends keep plentiful tables—and, I am told, there is some good sociable company in the place, but the country, when viewed from the top of Gateshead Fell, which extends to Newcastle, exhibits the highest scene of cultivation that ever I beheld. As for Newcastle it lies mostly in a bottom, on the banks of the Tyne, and makes an appearance still more disagreeable than that of Durham; but is rendered populous and rich by industry and commerce; and the country lying on both sides the river, above the town, yields a delightful prospect of agriculture and plantation. Morpeth and Alnwick are neat, pretty towns, and this last is famous for the castle which has belonged so many ages to the noble house of Piercy, earls of Northumberland.—It is, doubtless, a large edifice, containing a great number of apartments, and stands in a commanding situation; but the strength of it seems to have consisted not so much in its site, or the manner in which it is fortified, as in the valour of its defendants.

Our

Our adventures since we left Scarborough, are scarce worth reciting; and yet I must make you acquainted with my sister Tabby's progress in husband-hunting, after her disappointments at Bath and London. She had actually begun to practise upon a certain adventurer, who was in fact a highwayman by profession; but he had been used to snares much more dangerous than any she could lay, and escaped accordingly.—Then she opened her batteries upon an old weather-beaten Scotch lieutenant, called Lismahago, who joined us at Durham, and is, I think, one of the most singular personages I ever encountered.—His manner is as harsh as his countenance; but his peculiar turn of thinking, and his pack of knowledge made up of the remnants of rarities, rendered his conversation desirable, in spite of his pedantry and ungracious address.—I have often met with a crab-apple in a hedge, which I have been tempted to eat for its flavour, even while I was disgusted by its austerity. The spirit of contradiction is naturally so strong in Lismahago, that I believe in my conscience he has rummaged, and read, and studied with indefatigable attention, in order to qualify himself to refute established maxims,

ims, and thus raise trophies for the gratification of polemical pride.—Such is the asperity of his self-conceit, that he will not even acquiesce in a transient compliment made to his own individual in particular, or to his country in general.

When I observed that he must have read a vast number of books to be able to discourse on such a variety of subjects, he declared he had read little or nothing, and asked how he should find books among the woods of America, where he had spent the greatest part of his life. My nephew remarking that the Scots in general were famous for their learning, he denied the imputation, and defied him to prove it from their works.—“The Scots
 “ (said he) have a slight tincture of let-
 “ ters, with which they make a parade
 “ among people who are more illiterate
 “ than themselves; but they may be said
 “ to float on the surface of science, and
 “ they have made very small advances
 “ in the useful arts.” “At least (cried
 “ Tabby) all the world allows that the
 “ Scots behaved gloriously in fighting
 “ and conquering the savages of Ame-
 “ rica.” “I can assure you, madam, you
 “ have been misinformed, (replied the
 “ lieutenant;) in that continent the Scots
 “ did

“ did nothing more than their duty, nor
 “ was there one corps in his majesty’s ser-
 “ vice that distinguished itself more than
 “ another.—Those who affected to extol
 “ the Scots for superior merit, were no
 “ friends to that nation.”

Though he himself made free with his countrymen, he would not suffer any other person to glance a sarcasm at them with impunity. One of the company chancing to mention lord B——’s inglorious peace, the lieutenant immediately took up the cudgels in his lordship’s favour, and argued very strenuously to prove that it was the most honourable and advantageous peace that England had ever made since the foundation of the monarchy.—Nay, between friends, he offered such reasons on this subject, that I was really confounded, if not convinced.—He would not allow that the Scots abounded above their proportion, in the army and navy of Great-Britain, or that the English had any reason to say his countrymen had met with extraordinary encouragement in the service.—“ When
 “ a South and North-Briton (said he) are
 “ competitors for a place or commission,
 “ which is in the disposal of an English
 “ minister or an English general, it would
 “ be

“ be absurd to suppose that the prefe-
 “ rence will not be given to the native
 “ of England, who has so many advan-
 “ tages over his rival.—First and fore-
 “ most, he has in his favour that laudable
 “ partiality, which, Mr. Addison says,
 “ never fails to cleave to the heart of an
 “ Englishman; secondly, he has more
 “ powerful connexions, and a greater
 “ share of parliamentary interest, by
 “ which those contests are generally de-
 “ cided; and lastly, he has a greater
 “ command of money to smooth the way
 “ to his success. For my own part (said
 “ he) I know no Scotch officer, who has
 “ risen in the army above the rank of a
 “ subaltern, without purchasing every de-
 “ gree of preferment either with money
 “ or recruits; but I know many gentle-
 “ men of that country, who for want of
 “ money and interest, have grown grey
 “ in the rank of lieutenants; whereas,
 “ very few instances of this ill-fortune
 “ are to be found among the natives of
 “ South-Britain.—Not that I would in-
 “ sinuate that my countrymen have the
 “ least reason to complain.—Preferment
 “ in the service, like success in any other
 “ branch of traffic, will naturally favour
 “ those who have the greatest stock of
 “ cash

“cash and credit, merit and capacity being supposed equal on all sides.”

But the most hardy of all this original's positions were these:—That commerce would, sooner or later, prove the ruin of every nation, where it flourishes to any extent—that the parliament was the rotten part of the British constitution—that the liberty of the press was a national evil—and that the boasted institution of juries, as managed in England, was productive of shameful perjury, and flagrant injustice. He observed, that traffic was an enemy to all the liberal passions of the soul, founded on the thirst of lucre, a sordid disposition to take advantage of the necessities of our fellow-creatures.—He affirmed the nature of commerce was such, that it could not be fixed or perpetuated, but, having flowed to a certain height, would immediately begin to ebb, and so continue till the channels should be left almost dry; but there was no instance of the tide's rising a second time to any considerable influx in the same nation. Mean while, the sudden affluence occasioned by trade forced open all the sluices of luxury and overflowed the land with every species of profligacy and corruption; a total pravity of manners would ensue, and this

must be attended with bankruptcy and ruin. He observed of the parliament, that the practice of buying boroughs, and canvassing for votes, was an avowed system of venality, already established on the ruins of principle, integrity, faith, and good order, in consequence of which the elected and the elector, and in short, the whole body of the people, were equally and universally contaminated and corrupted. He affirmed that of a parliament thus constituted, the crown would always have influence enough to secure a great majority in its dependence, from the great number of posts, places, and pensions it had to bestow; that such a parliament would (as it had already done) lengthen the term of its sitting and authority, whenever the prince should think it for his interest to continue the representatives; for, without doubt, they had the same right to protract their authority *ad infinitum*, as they had to extend it from three to seven years.—With a parliament, therefore, dependent upon the crown, devoted to the prince, and supported by a standing army, garbled and modelled for the purpose, any king of England may, and probably some ambitious sovereign will, totally overthrow

all the bulwarks of the constitution; for it is not to be supposed that a prince of a high spirit will tamely submit to be thwarted in all his measures, abused and insulted by a populace of unbridled ferocity, when he has it in his power to crush all opposition under his feet with the concurrence of the legislature. He said, he should always consider the liberty of the press as a national evil, while it enabled the vilest reptile to soil the lustre of the most shining merit, and furnished the most infamous incendiary with the means of disturbing the peace and destroying the good order of the community. He owned, however, that, under due restrictions, it would be a valuable privilege; but affirmed, that at present there was no law in England sufficient to restrain it within proper bounds.

With respect to juries, he expressed himself to this effect:—Juries are generally composed of illiterate plebeians, apt to be mistaken, easily misled, and open to sinister influence; for if either of the parties to be tried, can gain over one of the twelve jurors, he has secured the verdict in his favour; the jurymen thus brought over will, in despite of all evidence and conviction, generally hold out
till

till his fellows are fatigued, and harrassed, and starved into concurrence; in which case the verdict is unjust, and the jurors are all perjured: but cases will often occur, when the jurors are really divided in opinion, and each side is convinced in opposition to the other; but no verdict will be received, unless they are unanimous, and they are all bound not only in conscience, but by oath, to judge and declare according to their conviction.—What then will be the consequence?—They must either starve in company, or one side must sacrifice their conscience to their convenience, and join in a verdict which they believe to be false. This absurdity is avoided in Sweden, where a bare majority is sufficient; and in Scotland, where two thirds of the jury are required to concur in the verdict.

You must not imagine that all these deductions were made on his part, without contradiction on mine.—No—the truth is, I found myself piqued in point of honour, at his pretending to be so much wiser than his neighbours.—I questioned all his assertions, started innumerable objections, argued and wrangled with uncommon perseverance, and grew very warm, and even violent, in the debate.—

Sometimes he was puzzled, and once or twice, I think, fairly refuted; but from those falls he rose again, like Antæus, with redoubled vigour, till at length I was tired, exhausted, and really did not know how to proceed, when luckily he dropped a hint, by which he discovered he had been bred to the law; a confession which enabled me to retire from the dispute with a good grace, as it could not be supposed that a man like me, who had been bred to nothing, should be able to cope with a veteran in his own profession. I believe, however, that I shall for some time continue to chew the cud of reflection upon many observations which this original discharged.

Whether our sister Tabby was really struck with his conversation, or is resolved to throw at every thing she meets in the shape of a man, till she can fasten the matrimonial noose, certain it is, she has taken desperate strides towards the affection of Lismahago, who cannot be said to have met her half way, though he does not seem altogether insensible to her civilities. — She insinuated more than once how happy we should be to have his company through that part of Scotland which we proposed to visit, till at length he plainly
told

told us, that his road was totally different from that which we intended to take; that, for his part, his company would be of very little service to us in our progress, as he was utterly unacquainted with the country, which he had left in his early youth, consequently, he could neither direct us in our inquiries, nor introduce us to any family of distinction. He said, he was stimulated by an irresistible impulse to revisit the *paternus lar*, or *patria domus*, though he expected little satisfaction, inasmuch as he understood that his nephew, the present possessor, was but ill qualified to support the honour of the family.—He assured us, however, as we designed to return by the west road, that he would watch our motions, and endeavour to pay his respects to us at Dumfries.—Accordingly he took his leave of us at a place half way betwixt Morpeth and Alnwick, and pranced away in great state, mounted on a tall, meagre, raw-boned, shambling grey gelding, without e'er a tooth in his head, the very counter-part of the rider; and, indeed, the appearance of the two was so picturesque, that I would give twenty guineas to have them tolerably represented on canvas.

Northumberland is a fine county, extending to the Tweed, which is a pleasant pastoral stream; but you will be surpris'd when I tell you that the English side of that river is neither so well cultivated nor so populous as the other.—The farms are thinly scattered, the lands uninclosed, and scarce a gentleman's seat is to be seen in some miles from the Tweed; whereas the Scots are advanced in crowds to the very brink of the river, so that you may reckon above thirty good houses, in the compass of a few miles, belonging to proprietors whose ancestors had fortified castles, in the same situations, a circumstance that shews what dangerous neighbours the Scots must have formerly been to the northern counties of England.

Our domestic œconomy continues on the old footing.—My sister Tabby still adheres to methodism, and had the benefit of a sermon at Wesley's meeting in Newcastle; but I believe the passion of love has in some measure abated the fervour of devotion both in her and her woman, Mrs. Jenkins, about whose good graces there has been a violent contest betwixt my nephew's valet, Mr. Dutton, and my man Humphry Clinker.—Jery has
been

been obliged to interpose his authority to keep the peace; and to him I have left the discussion of that important affair, which had like to have kindled the flames of discord in the family of

yours, always,

Tweedmouth,
July 15.

MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart.
of Jesus College, Oxon.

DEAR WAT,

IN my two last you had so much of Lismahago, that I suppose you are glad he is gone off the stage for the present.—I must now descend to domestic occurrences.—Love, it seems, is resolved to assert his dominion over all the females of our family.—After having practised upon poor Liddy's heart, and played strange vagaries with our aunt Mrs. Tabitha, he began to run riot in the affec-

tions of her woman Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, whom I have had occasion to mention more than once in the course of our memoirs. Nature intended Jenkins for something very different from the character of her mistress; yet custom and habit have effected a wonderful resemblance, betwixt them in many particulars. Win, to be sure, is much younger, and more agreeable in her person; she is likewise tender-hearted and benevolent; qualities for which her mistress is by no means remarkable, no more than she is for being of a timorous disposition, and much subject to fits of the mother, which are the infirmities of Win's constitution: but then she seems to have adopted Mrs. Tabby's manner with her cast cloaths.—She dresses and endeavours to look like her mistress, although her own looks are much more engaging.—She enters into her scheme of œconomy, learns her phrases, repeats her remarks, imitates her style in scolding the inferior servants, and finally, subscribes implicitly to her system of devotion.—This, indeed, she found the more agreeable, as it was in a great measure introduced and confirmed by the ministry of Clinker, with whose personal merit

merit she seems to have been struck ever since he exhibited the pattern of his naked skin at Marlborough.

Nevertheless, though Humphry had this double hank upon her inclinations, and exerted all his power to maintain the conquest he had made, he found it impossible to guard it on the side of vanity, where poor Win was as frail as any female in the kingdom. In short, my rascal Dutton professed himself her admirer, and, by dint of his outlandish qualifications, threw his rival Clinker out of the saddle of her heart. Humphry may be compared to an English pudding, composed of good wholesome flour and suet, and Dutton to a syllabub or iced froth, which, though agreeable to the taste, has nothing solid or substantial. The traitor not only dazzled her with his second-hand finery, but he fawned, and flattered, and cringed—he taught her to take rappee, and presented her with a snuff-box of *papier maché*—he supplied her with a powder for her teeth—he mended her complexion, and dressed her hair in the Paris fashion—he undertook to be her French master and her dancing-master, as well as friseur, and thus imperceptibly wound himself into her good graces. Clinker perceived

the progress he had made, and repined in secret.—He attempted to open her eyes in the way of exhortation, and finding it produced no effect, had recourse to prayer. At Newcastle, while he attended Mrs. Tabby to the methodist meeting, his rival accompanied Mrs. Jenkins to the play. He was dressed in a silk coat, made at Paris for his former master, with a tawdry waistcoat of tarnished brocade; he wore his hair in a great bag with a huge solitaire, and a long sword dangled from his thigh. The lady was all of a flutter with faded lutestring, washed gauze, and ribbons three times refreshed; but she was most remarkable for the frizure of her head, which rose, like a pyramid, seven inches above the scalp, and her face was primed and patched from the chin up to the eyes; nay, the gallant himself had spared neither red nor white in improving the nature of his own complexion. In this attire, they walked together through the High-street to the theatre, and as they passed for players ready dressed for acting, they reached it unmolested; but as it was still light when they returned, and by that time the people had got information of their real character and condition, they hissed and hooted all the way, and

Mrs.

Mrs. Jenkins was all bespattered with dirt, as well as insulted with the opprobrious name of *painted Jezebel*, so that her fright and mortification threw her into an hysterick fit the moment she came home.

Clinker was so incensed at Dutton, whom he considered as the cause of her disgrace, that he upbraided him severely for having turned the poor young woman's brain. The other affected to treat him with contempt, and mistaking his forbearance for want of courage, threatened to horse-whip him into good manners. Humphry then came to me, humbly begging I would give him leave to chastise my servant for his insolence—"He has
 "challenged me to fight him at sword's
 "point (said he); but I might as well
 "challenge him to make a horse-shoe,
 "or a plough-iron; for I know no more
 "of the one than he does of the other.—
 "Besides, it does not become servants to
 "use those weapons, or to claim the pri-
 "vilege of gentlemen to kill one another
 "when they fall out; moreover, I would
 "not have his blood upon my conscience
 "for ten thousand times the profit or sa-
 "tisfaction I should get by his death,
 "but if your honour won't be angry,
 "I'll engage to gee en a good drubbing,
 "that

“ that may hap will do ’en service, and
 “ I’ll take care it shall do ’en no harm.”
 I said, I had no objection to what he proposed, provided he could manage matters so as not to be found the aggressor, in case Dutton should prosecute him for an assault and battery.

Thus licensed, he retired; and that same evening easily provoked his rival to strike the first blow, which Clinker returned with such interest that he was obliged to call for quarter, declaring, at the same time, that he would exact severe and bloody satisfaction the moment we should pass the border, when he could run him through the body without fear of the consequence.—This scene passed in presence of lieutenant Lismahago, who encouraged Clinker to hazard a thrust of cold iron with his antagonist. “ Cold
 “ iron (cried Humphry) I shall never use
 “ against the life of any human creature;
 “ but I am so far from being afraid of
 “ his cold iron, that I shall use nothing
 “ in my defence but a good cudgel, which
 “ shall always be at his service.” In the mean time the fair cause of this contest, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, seemed overwhelmed with affliction, and Mr. Clinker acted much on the reserve, though he did

did not presume to find fault with her conduct.

The dispute between the two rivals was soon brought to a very unexpected issue. Among our fellow-lodgers at Berwick, was a couple from London, bound to Edinburgh, on the voyage of matrimony. The female was the daughter and heiress of a pawn-broker deceased, who had given her guardians the slip, and put herself under the tuition of a tall Hibernian, who had conducted her thus far in quest of a clergyman to unite them in marriage, without the formalities required by the law of England. I know not how the lover had behaved on the road, so as to decline in the favour of his innamorata; but in all probability, Dutton perceived a coldness on her side, which encouraged him to whisper, it was a pity she should have cast her affections upon a taylor, which he affirmed the Irishman to be. This discovery completed her disgust, of which my man taking the advantage, began to recommend himself to her good graces, and the smooth-tongued rascal found no difficulty to insinuate himself into the place of her heart, from which the other had been discarded—Their resolution was immediately taken. In the morning

morning, before day, while poor Teague lay snoozing a-bed, his indefatigable rival ordered a post-chaise, and set out with the lady for Coldstream, a few miles up the Tweed, where there was a parson who dealt in this branch of commerce, and there they were noosed, before the Irishman ever dreamt of the matter. But when he got up at six o'clock, and found the bird was flown, he made such a noise as alarmed the whole house. One of the first persons he encountered, was the postilion returned from Coldstream, where he had been witness to the marriage, and over and above a handsome gratuity, had received a bride's favour, which he now wore in his cap—When the forsaken lover understood they were actually married, and set out for London; and that Dutton had discovered to the lady, that he (the Hibernian) was a taylor, he had like to have run distracted. He tore the ribbon from the fellow's cap, and beat it about his ears. He swore he would pursue him to the gates of hell, and ordered a post-chaise and four to be got ready as soon as possible; but, recollecting that his finances would not admit of this way of travelling, he was obliged to countermand this order.

For

For my part I knew nothing at all of what had happened, till the postilion brought me the keys of my trunk, and portmanteau, which he had received from Dutton, who sent me his respects, hoping I would excuse him for his abrupt departure, as it was a step upon which his fortune depended—Before I had time to make my uncle acquainted with this event, the Irishman burst into my chamber, without any introduction, exclaiming—“By my soul, your servant has robbed me of five thousand pounds, and I’ll have satisfaction, if I should be hanged to-morrow.—” When I asked him who he was, “My name (said he) is Master Macloughlin—but it should be Leighlin O’Neale, for I am come from Ter-Owen the Great; and so I am as good a gentleman as any in Ireland; and that rogue, your servant, said I was a taylor, which was as big a lie as if he had called me the pope—I’m a man of fortune, and have spent all I had; and so being in distress, Mr. Coshgrave, the fashioner in Shuffolk-street, tuck me out, and made me his his own private shecretary: by the same token, I was the last he bailed; for his friends obliged him to tie himself up,
“that

“ that he would bail no more above ten
 “ pounds; for why, becaafe as how, he
 “ could not refuse any body that asked,
 “ and therefore in time would have rob-
 “ bed himself of his whole fortune, and,
 “ if he had lived long at that rate, must
 “ have died bankrupt very soon—and so
 “ I made my addressees to Miss Skinner,
 “ a young lady of five thousand pounds
 “ fortune, who agreed to take me for
 “ better nor worse; and, to be sure, this
 “ day would have put me in possession, if
 “ it had not been for that rogue, your
 “ sarvant, who came like a thief, and stole
 “ away my property, and made her be-
 “ lieve I was a taylor; and that she was
 “ going to marry the ninth part of a man:
 “ but the devil burn my soul, if ever I
 “ catch him on the mountains of Tullo-
 “ ghobegly, if I don’t shew him that I’m
 “ nine times as good a man as he, or e’er
 “ a bug of his country.”

When he had rung out his first alarm, I
 told him I was sorry he had allowed himself
 to be so jockied; but it was no business of
 mine; and that the fellow who robbed
 him of his bride, had likewise robbed me
 of my servant—“ Didn’t I tell you then
 “ (cried he), that Rogue was his true
 “ Christian name.—Oh if I had but one
 “ fair

“ fair trust with him upon the sod, I’d
 “ give him leave to brag all the rest of
 “ his life.”

My uncle hearing the noise, came in, and being informed of this adventure, began to comfort Mr. O’Neale for the lady’s elopement; observing that he seemed to have had a lucky escape, that it was better she should elope before, than after marriage—The Hibernian was of a very different opinion. He said, “ if he had
 “ been once married, she might have
 “ eloped as soon as she pleased; he would
 “ have taken care that she should not
 “ have carried her fortune along with her.
 “ —Ah (said he), she’s a Judas Iscariot,
 “ and has betrayed me with a kiss; and,
 “ like Judas, she carried the bag, and
 “ has not left me money enough to bear
 “ my expences back to London; and so
 “ as I’m come to this pass, and the rogue
 “ that was the occasion of it has left you
 “ without a sarvant, you may put me in
 “ his place; and by Jafus, it is the best
 “ thing you can do.—” I begged to be excused, declaring, I could put up with any inconvenience rather than treat as a footman the descendant of Tir-Owen the Great. I advised him to return to his friend, Mr. Cosgrave, and take his pas-
 sage.

sage from Newcastle by sea, towards which I made him a small present, and he retired, seemingly resigned to his evil fortune. I have taken upon trial a Scotchman, called Archy M'Alpin, an old soldier, whose last master, a colonel, lately died at Berwick. The fellow is old and withered; but he has been recommended to me for his fidelity, by Mrs. Humphreys, a very good sort of a woman, who keeps the inn at Tweedmouth, and is much respected by all the travellers on this road.

Clinker, without doubt, thinks himself happy in the removal of a dangerous rival, and he is too good a Christian to repine at Dutton's success. Even Mrs. Jenkins will have reason to congratulate herself upon this event, when she coolly reflects upon the matter; for, howsoever she was forced from her poise for a season, by snares laid for her vanity, Humphry is certainly the north-star to which the needle of her affection would have pointed at the long run. At present, the same vanity is exceedingly mortified, upon finding herself abandoned by her new admirer, in favour of another inamorata. She received the news with a violent burst of laughter, which soon brought on a fit of crying; and this gave the finishing blow

blow to the patience of her mistress, which had held out beyond all expectation. She now opened all those flood-gates of reprehension, which had been shut so long. She not only reproached her with her levity and indiscretion, but attacked her on the score of religion, declaring roundly that she was in a state of apostacy and reprobation; and finally, threatened to send her a packing at this extremity of the kingdom. All the family interceded for poor Winifred, not even excepting her slighted swain, Mr. Clinker, who, on his knees implored and obtained her pardon.

There was, however, another consideration that gave Mrs. Tabitha some disturbance. At Newcastle, the servants had been informed by some wag, that there was nothing to eat in Scotland, but *oat-meal* and *sheep's-heads*; and lieutenant Lismahago being consulted, what he said served rather to confirm than to refute the report. Our aunt being apprised of this circumstance, very gravely advised her brother to provide a sumpter horse with store of hams, tongues, bread, biscuit, and other articles for our subsistence, in the course of our perigrination; and Mr. Bramble as gravely replied that he would take the hint into consideration: but, find-
ing

ing no such provision was made, she now revived the proposal, observing that there was a tolerable market at Berwick, where we might be supplied; and that my man's horse would serve as a beast of burthen—The 'squire, shrugging up his shoulders, eyed her askance with a look of ineffable contempt; and, after some pause, "Sister (said he), I can hardly persuade myself you are serious." She was so little acquainted with the geography of the island, that she imagined we could not go to Scotland but by sea; and, after we had passed through the town of Berwick, when he told her we were upon Scottish ground, she could hardly believe the assertion—If the truth must be told, the South Britons in general are woefully ignorant in this particular. What, between want of curiosity, and traditional sarcasms, the effect of ancient animosity, the people at the other end of the island know as little of Scotland as of Japan.

If I had never been in Wales, I should have been more struck with the manifest difference in appearance betwixt the peasants and commonalty on different sides of the Tweed. The boors of Northumberland are lusty fellows, fresh complexioned, cleanly, and well clothed; but the

the labourers in Scotland are generally lank, lean, hard-featured, fallow, foiled, and shabby, and their little pinched blue caps have a beggarly effect. The cattle are much in the same style with their drivers, meagre, stunted, and ill equipt. When I talked to my uncle on this subject, he said, “ Though all the Scottish
 “ hinds would not bear to be compared
 “ with those of the rich counties of South
 “ Britain, they would stand very well in
 “ competition with the peasants in France,
 “ Italy, and Savoy—not to mention the
 “ mountaineers of Wales, and the red-
 “ shanks of Ireland.”

We entered Scotland by a frightful moor of sixteen miles, which promises very little for the interior parts of the kingdom; but the prospect mended as we advanced. Passing through Dunbar, which is a neat little town, situated on the sea-side, we lay at a country inn, where our entertainment far exceeded our expectation; but for this we cannot give the Scots credit, as the landlord is a native of England. Yesterday we dined at Haddington, which has been a place of some consideration, but is now gone to decay; and in the evening arrived at this metropolis, of which I can say very little. It
 is

is very romantic, from its situation on the declivity of a hill, having a fortified castle at the top, and a royal palace at the bottom. The first thing that strikes the nose of a stranger, shall be nameless; but what first strikes the eye, is the unconscionable height of the houses, which generally rise to five, six, seven, and eight stories, and, in some places (as I am assured) to twelve. This manner of building, attended with numberless inconveniencies, must have been originally owing to want of room. Certain it is, the town seems to be full of people; but their looks, their language, and their customs, are so different from ours, that I can hardly believe myself in Great Britain.

The inn at which we put up (if it may be so called), was so filthy and disagreeable in all respects, that my uncle began to fret, and his gouty symptoms to recur—Recollecting, however, that he had a letter of recommendation to one Mr. Mitchelson, a lawyer, he sent it by his servant, with a compliment, importing that he would wait upon him next day in person; but that gentleman visited us immediately, and insisted upon our going to his own house, until he could

provide lodgings for our accommodation. We gladly accepted of his invitation, and repaired to his house, where we were treated with equal elegance and hospitality, to the utter confusion of our aunt, whose prejudices, though beginning to give way, were not yet entirely removed. To day, by the assistance of our friend, we are settled in convenient lodgings, up four pair of stairs, in the High-street, the fourth story being, in this city, reckoned more genteel than the first. The air is, in all probability, the better; but it requires good lungs to breathe it at this distance above the surface of the earth.— While I do remain above it, whether higher or lower, provided I breathe at all,

I shall ever be,

dear Phillips, yours,

July 18.

J. MELFORD.

To

TO DR. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

THAT part of Scotland contiguous to Berwick, nature seems to have intended as a barrier, between two hostile nations. It is a brown desert of considerable extent, that produces nothing but heath and fern; and what rendered it the more dreary when we passed, there was a thick fog that hindered us from seeing above twenty yards from the carriage—My sister began to make wry faces, and use her smelling-bottle; Liddy looked blank, and Mrs. Jenkins dejected; but in a few hours these clouds were dissipated; the sea appeared upon our right, and on the left the mountains retired a little, leaving an agreeable plain betwixt them and the beach; but, what surprised us all, this plain, to the extent of several miles, was covered with as fine wheat as ever I saw in the most fertile parts of South

South Britain——This plentiful crop is raised in the open field, without any inclosure, or other manure than the *alga marina*, or sea-weed, which abounds on this coast; a circumstance which shews that the soil and climate are favourable; but that agriculture in this country is not yet brought to that perfection which it has attained in England. Inclosures would not only keep the grounds warm, and the several fields distinct, but would also protect the crop from the high winds, which are so frequent in this part of the island.

Dunbar is well situated for trade, and has a curious basin, where ships of small burthen may be perfectly secure; but there is little appearance of business in the place——From thence, all the way to Edinburgh, there is a continual succession of fine seats, belonging to noblemen and gentlemen; and as each is surrounded by its own parks and plantation, they produce a very pleasing effect in a country which lies otherwise open and exposed. At Dunbar there is a noble park, with a lodge, belonging to the duke of Roxburgh, where Oliver Cromwell had his head-quarters, when Lesley, at the head of a Scotch army, took possession

of the mountains in the neighbourhood, and hampered him in such a manner, that he would have been obliged to embark and get away by sea, had not the fanaticism of the enemy forfeited the advantage which they had obtained by their general's conduct—Their ministers by exhortation, prayer, assurance, and prophecy, instigated them to go down and slay the Philistines in Gilgal, and they quitted their ground accordingly, notwithstanding all that Lesley could do to restrain the madness of their enthusiasm—When Oliver saw them in motion, he exclaimed, “ Praised be the Lord, he hath delivered them into the hands of his servant!” and ordered his troops to sing a psalm of thanksgiving, while they advanced in order to the plain, where the Scots were routed with great slaughter.

In the neighbourhood of Haddington, there is a gentleman's house, in the building of which, and the improvements about it, he is said to have expended forty thousand pounds: but I cannot say I was much pleased with either the architecture or the situation; though it has in front a pastoral stream, the banks of which are laid out in a very agreeable man-

manner. I intended to pay my respects to lord Elibank, whom I had the honour to know at London many years ago. He lives in this part of Lothian; but was gone to the North, on a visit.—You have often heard me mention this nobleman, whom I have long revered for his humanity and universal intelligence, over and above the entertainment arising from the originality of his character. At Musselburgh, however, I had the good-fortune to drink tea with my old friend Mr. Cardonel; and at his house I met with Dr. C——, the parson of the parish, whose humour and conversation inflamed me with a desire of being better acquainted with his person—I am not at all surpris'd that these Scots make their way in every quarter of the globe.

This place is but four miles from Edinburgh, towards which we proceeded along the sea-shore, upon a firm bottom of smooth sand, which the tide had left uncovered in its retreat——Edinburgh, from this avenue, is not seen to much advantage—We had only an imperfect view of the castle and upper parts of the town, which varied incessantly according to the inflections of the road, and exhibited the appearance of detached spires and

turrets belonging to some magnificent edifice in ruins. The palace of Holy-rood-house stands on the left, as you enter the Canon-gate—This is a street continued from hence to the gate called Nether-Bow, which is now taken away; so that there is no interruption for a long mile from the bottom to the top of the hill on which the castle stands in a most imperial situation—Considering its fine pavement, its width, and the lofty houses on each side, this would be undoubtedly one of the noblest streets in Europe, if an ugly mass of mean buildings, called the Lucken-Booths, had not thrust itself, by what accident I know not, into the middle of the way, like Middle-Row in Holborn. The city stands upon two hills, and the bottom between them; and, with all its defects, may very well pass for the capital of a moderate kingdom—It is full of people, and continually resounds with the noise of coaches, and other carriages, for luxury as well as commerce. As far as I can perceive, here is no want of provisions—The beef and mutton are as delicate here as in Wales; the sea affords plenty of good fish; the bread is remarkably fine; and the water is excellent, though I'm afraid not in sufficient quan-

quantity to answer all the purposes of cleanliness and convenience; articles in which, it must be allowed, our fellow-subjects are a little defective—The water is brought in leaden pipes from a mountain in the neighbourhood, to a cistern on the Castle-hill, from whence it is distributed to public conduits in different parts of the city—From these it is carried in barrels, on the backs of male and female porters, up two, three, four, five, six, seven, and eight pair of stairs, for the use of particular families—Every story is a complete house, occupied by a separate family; and the stair being common to them all, is generally left in a very filthy condition; a man must tread with great circumspection to get safe housed with unpolluted shoes—Nothing can form a stronger contrast, than the difference betwixt the outside and inside of the door; for the good women of this metropolis are remarkably nice in the ornaments and propriety of their apartments, as if they were resolved to transfer the imputation from the individual to the public. You are no stranger to their method of discharging all their impurities from their windows, at a certain hour of the night, as the custom is in Spain, Portugal, and

some parts of France and Italy—A practice to which I can by no means be reconciled; for notwithstanding all the care that is taken by their scavengers to remove this nuisance every morning by break of day, enough still remains to offend the eyes, as well as other organs, of those whom use has not hardened against all delicacy of sensation.

The inhabitants seem insensible to these impressions, and are apt to imagine the disgust that we avow is little better than affectation; but they ought to have some compassion for strangers, who have not been used to this kind of sufferance; and consider, whether it may not be worth while to take some pains to vindicate themselves from the reproach that, on this account, they bear among their neighbours. As to the surprising height of their houses, it is absurd in many respects; but in one particular light I cannot view it without horror; that is, the dreadful situation of all the families above, in case the common stair case should be rendered impassable by a fire in the lower stories—In order to prevent the shocking consequences that must attend such an accident, it would be a right measure to open doors of communication from one house to another, on every

every story, by which the people might fly from such a terrible visitation. In all parts of the world, we see the force of habit prevailing over all the dictates of convenience and sagacity—All the people of business at Edinburgh, and even the genteel company, may be seen standing in crowds every day, from one to two in the afternoon, in the open street, at a place where formerly stood a market-cross, which (by the bye) was a curious piece of Gothic architecture, still to be seen in lord Somerville's garden in this neighbourhood—I say, the people stand in the open street from the force of custom, rather than move a few yards to an Exchange that stands empty on one side, or to the Parliament-close on the other, which is a noble square, adorned with a fine equestrian statue of king Charles II.—The company thus assembled, are entertained with a variety of tunes, played upon a set of bells, fixed in a steeple hard-by—As these bells are well-toned, and the musician, who has a salary from the city, for playing upon them with keys, is no bad performer, the entertainment is really agreeable, and very striking to the ears of a stranger.

The public inns of Edinburgh, are still worse than those of London; but by means of a worthy gentleman, to whom I was recommended, we have got decent lodgings in the house of a widow gentleman, of the name of Lockhart; and here I shall stay until I have seen every thing that is remarkable in and about this capital. I now begin to feel the good effects of exercise—I eat like a farmer, sleep from midnight till eight in the morning without interruption, and enjoy a constant tide of spirits, equally distant from inanition and excess; but whatever ebbs or flows my constitution may undergo, my heart will still declare that I am,

Dear Lewis,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

Edr. July 18.

MATT. BRAMBLE.

To

To Mrs. MARY JONES, at Brambleton-hall.

DEAR MARY,

THE 'squire has been so kind as to rap my bit of nonsense under the kiver of his own sheet—O, Mary Jones! Mary Jones! I have had trials and trembulation. God help me! I have been a vixin and a griffin these many days—Sattin has had power to temp me in the shape of van Ditton, the young 'squires wally de shamble; but by God's greafe he did not purvail—I thoft as how, there was no arm in going to a play at Newcastle, with my hair dressed in the Parish fashion; and as for the trifle of paint, he said as how my complexion wanted ouch, and so I let him put it on with a little Spanish owl; but a mischievous mob of colliers, and such promiscuous ribble rabble, that could bear no smut but their own, attacked us in the street, and called me *hoar* and *painted Issabel*, and splashed my

L 5.

• close.

close, and spoiled me a complete set of blond lace triple ruffles, not a pin the worse for the ware—They cost me seven good fillings to lady Griskin's woman at London.

When I axed Mr. Clinker what they meant by calling me Issabel, he put the byebill into my hand, and I read of van Issabel a painted harlot, that vas thrown out of a vindore, and the dogs came and licked her blood—But I am no harlot; and, with God's blessing, no dog shall have my poor blood to lick: marry, Heaven forbid, amen! As for Ditton, after all his courting, and his compliment, he stole away an Irishman's bride, and took a French leave of me and his master; but I value not his going a farting; but I have had hanger on his account—Mistress scoulded like mad; thof I have the comfit that all the family took my part, and even Mr. Clinker pleaded for me on his bended knee; thof, God he knows, he had reasons enuff to complain; but he's a good sole, abounding with Christian meekness, and one day will meet with his reward.

And now, dear Mary, we have got to Haddinborough, among the Scots, who are civil enuff for our money, thof I don't

don't speak their lingo—But they should not go for to impose upon foreigners; for the bills in their houses say, they have different *easements* to let; and behold there is nurro-geaks in the whole kingdom, nor any thing for poor sarvants, but a barrel with a pair of tongs thrown a-cross; and all the chairs in the family are emptied into this here barrel once a-day; and at ten o'clock at night the whole cargo is flung out of a back window that looks into some street or lane, and the maid calls *gardy loo* to the passengers, which signifies *Lord have mercy upon you!* and this is done every night in every house in Haddingborrough; so you may guess, Mary Jones, what a sweet favour comes from such a number of profuming pans; but they say it is wholesome, and, truly, I believe it is; for being in the vapours, and thinking of Issabel and Mr. Clinker, I was going into a fit of astericks, when this siff, saving your presence, took me by the nose so powerfully, that I sneezed three times, and found myself wonderfully refreshed; and this to be sure is the raisin why there are no fits in Haddinborrough.

I was likewise made believe, that there was nothing to be had but *oat-meal* and

seeps-heads; but if I had'n't been a fool, I mought have known there could be no *heads* without *kerkasses*—This very blessed day I dined upon a delicate leg of Velfh mutton and cully-flower; and as for the oat-meal, I leave that to the servants of the country, which are pore drudges, many of them without shoes or stockings—Mr. Clinker tells me here is a great call of the gospel; but I wish, I wish some of our family be not fallen off from the rite way—O, If I was given to tail-baring, I have my own secrets to discover—There has been a deal of huggling and flirtation betwixt mistress and an ould Scots officer, called Kismycago. He looks for all the orld like the scarecrow that our gardener set up to frite away the sparrows; and what will come of it, the Lord nows; but come what will, it shall never be said that I menchioned a syllabub of the matter—Remember me kindly to Saul and the kitten—I hope they got the horn-buck, and will put it to a good yuse, which is the constant prayer of,

Dear Molly,

your loving friend,

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart.
of Jesus College, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

IF I stay much longer at Edinburgh, I shall be changed into a down-right Caledonian—My uncle observes, that I have already acquired something of the country accent. The people here are so social and attentive in their civilities to strangers, that I am insensibly sucked into the channel of their manners and customs, although they are in fact much more different from ours than you can imagine—That difference, however, which struck me very much at my first arrival, I now hardly perceive, and my ear is perfectly reconciled to the Scotch accent, which I find even agreeable in the mouth of a pretty woman—It is a sort of Doric dialect, which gives an idea of amiable simplicity—You cannot imagine how we have been carressed and feasted in the *good town of Edinburgh*, of which we are be-

become free denizens and guild brothers, by the special favour of the magistracy.

I had a whimsical commission from Bath, to a citizen of this metropolis—Quin understanding our intention to visit Edinburgh, pulled out a guinea, and desired the favour I would drink it at a tavern, with a particular friend and bottle-companion of his, one Mr. R—C—, a lawyer of this city—I charged myself with the commission, and, taking the guinea, “You see (said I) I have pocketted your bounty.” “Yes (replied Quin, laughing); and a head-ake in to the bargain, if you drink fair.” I made use of this introduction to Mr. C—, who received me with open arms, and gave me the rendezvous, according to the cartel. He had provided a company of jolly fellows, among whom I found myself extremely happy; and did Mr. C— and Quin all the justice in my power; but, alas, I was no more than a Tyro among a troop of veterans, who had compassion upon my youth, and conveyed me home in the morning, by what means I known not—Quin was mistaken, however, as to the head-ake; the claret was too good to treat me so roughly.

While

While Mr. Bramble holds conferences with the graver literati of the place, and our females are entertained at visits by the Scotch ladies, who are the best and kindest creatures upon earth, I pass my time among the bucks of Edinburgh: who, with a great share of spirit and vivacity, have a certain shrewdness and self-command that is not often found among their neighbours, in the high-day of youth and exultation.—Not a hint escapes a Scotchman that can be interpreted into offence by an individual in the company, and national reflections are never heard—In this particular, I must own, we are both unjust and ungrateful to the Scots; for, as far as am I able to judge, they have a real esteem for the natives of South-Britain; and never mention our country but with expressions of regard—Nevertheless they are far from being servile imitators of our modes and fashionable vices. All their customs and regulations of public and private œconomy, of business and diversion, are in their own style. This remarkably predominates in their looks, their dress, and manner, their music, and even their cookery. Our 'squire declares, that he knows not another people upon earth, so strongly marked

marked with a national character—Now we are upon the article of cookery, I must own, some of their dishes are favoury, and even delicate; but I am not yet Scotchman enough to relish their singed sheep's-head and haggice, which were provided at our request, one day at Mr. Mitchelson's where we dined—The first put me in mind of the history of Congo, in which I had read of Negroe's heads sold publicly in the markets; the last, being a mess of minced lights, livers, fuet, oat-meal, onions, and pepper, inclosed in a sheep's stomach, had a very sudded effect upon mine, and the delicate Mrs. Tabby changed colour; when the cause of our disgust was instantaneously removed at the nod of our entertainer. The Scots, in general, are attached to this composition, with a sort of national fondness, as well as to their oat-meal bread; which is presented at every table, in thin triangular cakes, baked upon a plate of iron, called a girdle; and these, many of the natives, even in the higher ranks of life, prefer to wheaten-bread, which they have here in perfection—You know we used to vex poor Murray of Baliol-college, by asking, if there was really no fruit but turnips in Scotland;—Sure enough I have

have seen turnips make their appearance, not as a desert, but by way of *bors d'œuvres*, or whets, as radishes are served up betwixt more substantial dishes in France and Italy; but it must be observed, that the turnips of this country are as much superior in sweetness, delicacy, and flavour, to those of England, as a musk-melon is to the stock of a common cabbage. They are small and conical, of a yellowish colour, with a very thin skin; and over and above their agreeable taste, are valuable for their antiscorbutic quality—As to the fruit now in season, such as cherries, gooseberries, and currants, there is no want of them at Edinburgh; and in the gardens of some gentlemen, who live in this neighbourhood, there is now a very favourable appearance of apricots, peaches, nectarines, and even grapes; nay, I have seen a very fine shew of pine-apples within a few miles of this metropolis. Indeed we have no reason to be surpris'd at these particulars, when we consider how little difference there is, in fact, betwixt this climate and that of London.

All the remarkable places in the city and its avenues, for ten miles around, we have visited, much to our satisfaction. In the

the Castle are some royal apartments, where the sovereign occasionally resided; and here are carefully preserved the regalia of the kingdom, consisting of a crown, said to be of great value, a sceptre, and a sword of state, adorned with jewels—Of these symbols of sovereignty, the people are exceedingly jealous.—A report being spread, during the sitting of the union parliament, that they were removed to London, such a tumult arose, that the lord commissioner would have been torn in pieces, if he had not produced them for the satisfaction of the populace.

The palace of Holyrood-house is an elegant piece of architecture, but sunk in an obscure, and, as I take it, unwholesome bottom, where one would imagine it had been placed on purpose to be concealed. The apartments are lofty, but unfurnished; and as far the pictures of the Scottish kings, from Fergus I. to king William, they are poultry daubings, mostly by the same hand, painted either from the imagination, or porters hired to sit for the purpose. All the diversions of London we enjoy at Edinburgh, in a small compass. Here is a well conducted concert, in which several gentlemen per-

perform on different instruments—The Scots are all musicians—Every man you meet plays on the flute, the violin, or violoncello; and there is one nobleman, whose compositions are universally admired—Our company of actors is very tolerable; and a subscription is now on foot for building a new theatre: but their assemblies please me above all other public exhibitions.

We have been at the hunter's ball, where I was really astonished to see such a number of fine women—The English, who have never crossed the Tweed, imagine erroneously, that the Scotch ladies are not remarkable for personal attractions; but, I can declare with a safe conscience, I never saw so many handsome females together, as were assembled on this occasion. At the Leith races, the best company comes hither from the remoter provinces; so that, I suppose, we had all the beauty of the kingdom concentrated as it were into one focus; which was indeed so vehement, that my heart could hardly resist its power—Between friends, it has sustained some damage from the bright eyes of the charming miss R——n, whom I had the honour to dance with at the ball—The
coun-

countess of Melville attracted all eyes, and the admiration of all present—She was accompanied by the agreeable miss Grieve, who made many conquests; nor did my sister Liddy pass unnoticed in the assembly—She is become a toast at Edinburgh, by the name of the fair Cambrian, and has already been the occasion of much wine-shed; but the poor girl met with an accident at the ball, which has given us great disturbance.

A young gentleman, the express image of that rascal Wilson, went up to ask her to dance a minuet: and his sudden appearance shocked her so much, that she fainted away—I call Wilson a rascal, because, if he had been really a gentleman, with honourable intentions, he would have, ere now, appeared in his own character—I must own, my blood boils with indignation when I think of that fellow's presumption; and Heaven confound me if I don't—But I won't be so womanish as to rail—Time will, perhaps, furnish occasion—Thank God, the cause of Liddy's disorder remains a secret. The lady-directress of the ball, thinking she was overcome by the heat of the place, had her conveyed to another room, where she soon recovered so well, as to return
and

and join in the country dances, in which the Scotch lassies acquit themselves, with such spirit and agility, as put their partners to the height of their mettle—I believe our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, had entertained hopes of being able to do some execution among the cavaliers at this assembly—She had been several days in consultation with milliners and mantua-makers, preparing for the occasion, at which she made her appearance in a full suit of damask, so thick and heavy, that the sight of it alone, at this season of the year, was sufficient to draw drops of sweat from any man of ordinary imagination—She danced one minuet with our friend, Mr. Mitchelson, who favoured her so far, in the spirit of hospitality and politeness; and she was called out a second time by the young laird of Ballymawhawple, who, coming in by accident, could not readily find any other partner; but as the first was a married man, and the second paid no particular homage to her charms, which were also over-looked by the rest of the company, she became dissatisfied and censorious—At supper, she observed that the Scotch gentlemen made a very good figure, when they were a little improved by travelling; and therefore it
was

was pity they did not all take the benefit of going abroad—She said the women were awkward, masculine creatures; that in dancing, they lifted their legs like so many colts; that they had no idea of graceful motion, and put on their cloaths in a frightful manner: but if the truth must be told, Tabby herself was the most ridiculous figure, and the worst dressed of the whole assembly—The neglect of the male sex rendered her malcontent and peevish; she now found fault with every thing at Edinburgh, and teized her brother to leave the place, when she was suddenly reconciled to it on a religious consideration—There is a sect of fanatics, who have separated themselves from the established kirk, under the name of Seceders—They acknowledge no earthly head of the church, reject lay patronage, and maintain the methodist doctrines of the new birth, the new light, the efficacy of grace, the insufficiency of works, and the operations of the spirit. Mrs. Tabitha, attended by Humphry Clinker, was introduced to one of their conventicles, where they both received much edification; and she has had the good fortune to become acquainted with a pious Christian, called Mr. Moffat, who is very power-

powerful in prayer, and often assists her in private exercises of devotion.

I never saw such a concourse of genteel company at any races in England, as appeared on the course of Leith—Hard by, in the fields called the Links, the citizens of Edinburgh divert themselves at a game called golf, in which they use a curious kind of bats, tipped with horn, and small elastic balls of leather, stuffed with feathers, rather, less than tennis balls, but of a much harder consistence—This they strike with such force and dexterity from one hole to another, that they will fly to an incredible distance. Of this diversion the Scots are so fond, that when the weather will permit, you may see a multitude of all ranks, from the senator of justice to the lowest tradesmen, mingled together in their shirts, and following the balls with the utmost eagerness—Among others I was shewn one particular set of golfers, the youngest of whom was turned of fourscore—They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century, without having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust; and they never went to bed, without having each the

the best part of a gallon of claret in his belly. Such uninterrupted exercise, cooperating with the keen air from the sea, must, without all doubt, keep the appetite always on edge, and steel the constitution against all the common attacks of distemper.

The Leith races gave occasion to another entertainment of a very singular nature—There is at Edinburgh a society or corporation of errand-boys, called cawdies, who ply in the streets at night with paper lanthorns, and are very serviceable in carrying messages—These fellows, though shabby in their appearance, and rudely familiar in their address, are wonderfully acute, and so noted for fidelity, that there is no instance of a cawdy's having betrayed his trust—Such is their intelligence, that they know not only every individual of the place, but also every stranger, by that time he has been four and twenty hours in Edinburgh; and no transaction, even the most private, can escape their notice—They are particularly famous for their dexterity in executing one of the functions of Mercury; though, for my own part, I never employed them in this department of business—Had I occasion for any service of this nature, my
own

own man Archy M'Alpine, is as well qualified as e'er a cawdie in Edinburgh; and I am much mistaken, if he has not been heretofore of their fraternity. Be that as it may, they resolved to give a dinner and a ball at Leith, to which they formally invited all the young noblemen and gentlemen that were at the races; and this invitation was reinforced by an assurance that all the celebrated ladies of pleasure would grace the entertainment with their company.—I received a card on this occasion, and went thither with half a dozen of my acquaintance.—In a large hall the cloth was laid on a long range of tables joined together, and here the company seated themselves, to the number of about fourscore lords, and lairds, and other gentlemen, courtezans and cawdies mingled together, as the slaves and their masters were in the time of the Saturnalia in ancient Rome.—The toastmaster, who sat at the upper end, was one Cawdie Frazer, a veteran pimp, distinguished for his humour and sagacity, well known and much respected in his profession by all the guests, male and female, that were here assembled.—He had bespoke the dinner and the wine: he had

taken care that all his brethren should appear in decent apparel and clean linen; and he himself wore a periwig with three tails, in honour of the festival.—I assure you the banquet was both elegant and plentiful, and seasoned with a thousand fallies, that promoted a general spirit of mirth and good humour.—After the desert, Mr. Frazer proposed the following toasts, which I don't pretend to explain.—“The best in Christendom.”—“Gibb's contract.”—“The beggar's benison.”—“King and kirk.”—Great Britain “and Ireland.”——Then filling a bumper, and turning to me, “Mester “Malford (said he), may a' unkindness “cease betwixt John Bull and his sister “Moggy.”—The next person he singled out, was a nobleman who had been long abroad.—“Ma lord (cried Frazer), “here's a bumper to all those noblemen “who have virtue enough to spend their “rents in their ain countray.”—He afterwards addressed himself to a member of parliament in these words:—“Mester “——I'm fure ye'll ha nae objection to “my drinking, Disgrace and dule to ilka “Scot, that tells his conscience and his “vote.”—He discharged a third sarcasm

at a person very gaily dressed, who had risen from small beginnings, and made a considerable fortune at play.—Filling his glass, and calling him by name, “Lang life (said he) to the wylie loon that gangs a-field with a toom poke at his lunzie, and comes hame with a sack-full of fillel.”——All these toasts being received with loud bursts of applause, Mr. Frazer called for pint glasses, and filled his own to the brim: then standing up, and all his brethren following his example, “Ma lords and gentlemen (cried he), here is a cup of thanks for the great and undeserved honour you have done your poor errand-boys this day.”—So saying, he and they drank off their glasses in a trice, and quitting their seats, took their station each behind one of the other guests; exclaiming, “Noo we’re your honours cawdies again.”

The nobleman who had bore the first brunt of Mr. Frazer’s satire, objected to his abdication. He said, as the company was assembled by invitation from the cawdies, he expected they were to be entertained at their expence. “By no means, my lord (cried Frazer) I wad na be guilty of sic presumption for the

“ wide world—I never affronted a gentle-
 “ man since I was born; and sure at
 “ this age, I wonnot offer an indignity to
 “ sic an honourable convention.” “ Well
 “ (said his lordship), as you have expend-
 “ ed some wit, you have a right to save
 “ your money. You have given me good
 “ counfel, and I take it in good part. As
 “ you have voluntarily quitted your feat,
 “ I will take your place with the leave of
 “ the good company, and think myself
 “ happy to be hailed *Father of the Feast*.”
 He was forthwith elected into the chair,
 and complimented in a bumper in his
 new character.

The claret continued to circulate with-
 out interruption, till the glasses seemed to
 dance upon the table, and this, perhaps,
 was a hint to the ladies to call for music—
 At eight in the evening the ball began in
 another apartment: at midnight we went
 to supper, but it was broad day before I
 found the way to my lodgings; and, no
 doubt, his lordship had a swinging bill to
 discharge.

In short, I have lived so riotously for
 some weeks, that my uncle begins to be
 alarmed on the score of my constitution,
 and very seriously observes, that all his
 own

own infirmities are owing to such excesses indulged in his youth—Mrs. Tabitha says it would be more for the advantage of my soul as well as body, if instead of frequenting these scenes of debauchery, I would accompany Mr. Moffat and her to hear a sermon of the reverend Mr. M'Corkindale.—Clinker often exhorts me, with a groan, to take care of my precious health; and even Archy M'Alpine, when he happens to be overtaken (which is oftener the case than I could wish), reads me a long lecture upon temperance and sobriety; and is so very wise and sententious, that, if I could provide him with a professor's chair, I would willingly give up the benefit of his admonitions and service together; for I was tutor-sick at alma mater.

I am not, however, so much engrossed by the gaieties of Edinburgh, but that I find time to make parties in the family-way.—We have not only seen all the villas and villages within ten miles of the capital, but we have also crossed the Frith, which is an arm of the sea seven miles broad, that divides Lothian from the shire, or as the Scots call it, the *kingdom of Fife*. There is a number of

large open sea-boats that ply on this passage from Leith to Kinghorn, which is a borough on the other side. In one of these our whole family embarked three days ago, excepting my sister, who, being exceedingly fearful of the water, was left to the care of Mrs. Mitchelson. We had an easy and quick passage into Fife, where we visited a number of poor towns on the sea-side, including St. Andrews, which is the skeleton of a venerable city; but we were much better pleased with some noble and elegant seats and castles, of which there is a great number in that part of Scotland. Yesterday we took boat again on our return to Leith, with fair wind and agreeable weather; but we had not advanced half-way when the sky was suddenly overcast, and the wind changing, blew directly in our teeth; so that we were obliged to turn, or tack the rest of the way. In a word, the gale increased to a storm of wind and rain, attended with such a fog, that we could not see the town of Leith, to which we were bound, nor even the castle of Edinburgh, notwithstanding its high situation. It is not to be doubted but that we were all alarmed on this occasion. And at the same time,

time, most of the passengers were seized with a nausea that produced violent retchings. My aunt desired her brother to order the boatmen to put back to Kinghorn, and this expedient he actually proposed; but they assured him there was no danger. Mrs. Tabitha finding them obstinate, began to scold, and insisted upon my uncle's exerting his authority as a justice of the peace. Sick and peevish as he was, he could not help laughing at this wise proposal, telling her, that his commission did not extend so far, and, if it did, he should let the people take their own way; for he thought it would be great presumption in him to direct them in the exercise of their own profession. Mrs. Winifred Jenkins made a general clearance with the assistance of Mr. Humphry Clinker, who joined her both in prayer and ejaculation.—As he took it for granted that we should not be long in this world, he offered some spiritual consolation to Mrs. Tabitha, who rejected it with great disgust, bidding him keep his sermons for those who had leisure to hear such nonsense.—My uncle sat recollected in himself, without speaking; my man Archy, had recourse to a brandy-bottle, with which he made so free, that I imagined

gined he had sworn to die of drinking any thing rather than sea-water: but the brandy had no more effect upon him in the way of intoxication, than if it had been sea-water in good earnest.—As for myself, I was too much engrossed by the sickness at my stomach, to think of any thing else.—Meanwhile the sea swelled mountains high, the boat pitched with such violence, as if it had been going to pieces; the cordage rattled, the wind roared; the lightning flashed, the thunder bellowed, and the rain descended in a deluge—Every time the vessel was put about, we shipped a sea that drenched us all to the skin.—When, by dint of turning, we thought to have cleared the pier head, we were driven to leeward, and then the boatmen themselves began to fear that the tide would fail before we should fetch up our lee way: the next trip, however brought us into smooth water, and we were safely landed on the quay, about one o'clock in the afternoon.—“To be sure (cried Tabby, when she found herself on *terra firma*), we must all have perished, if we had not been the particular care of Providence.”—“Yes (replied my uncle), but I am much of the honest highlander’s mind—af-
“ ter

“ter he had made such a passage as this :
 “his friend told him he was much in-
 “debted to Providence ;”—“Certainly
 “(said Donald), but, by my faul, mon,
 “I’se ne’er trouble Providence again, so
 “long as the brig of Stirling stands.”—
 You must know the brig, or bridge of
 Stirling, stands above twenty miles up the
 river Forth, of which this is the outlet—
 I don’t find that our ’quire has suffered
 in his health from this adventure ; but poor
 Liddy is in a peaking way—I’m afraid this
 unfortunate girl is uneasy in her mind ;
 and this apprehension distracts me, for she
 is really an amiable creature.

We shall set out to-morrow or next day
 for Stirling and Glasgow ; and we propose
 to penetrate a little way into the High-
 lands, before we turn our course to the
 southward—In the mean time, commend
 me to all our friends round Carfax, and
 believe me to be, ever yours,

Edinburgh,
 Aug. 3.

J. MELFORD.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

