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Baltz.*

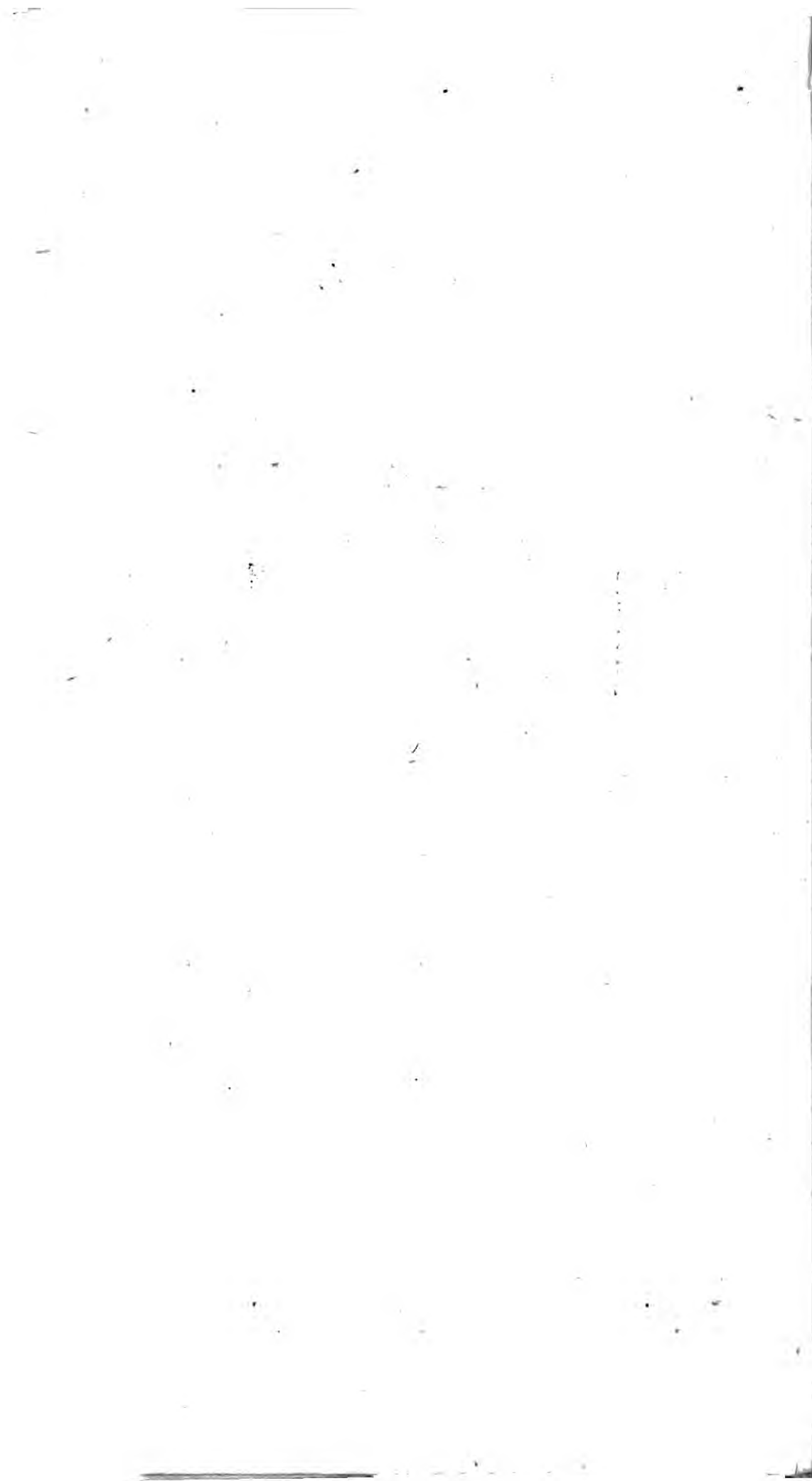
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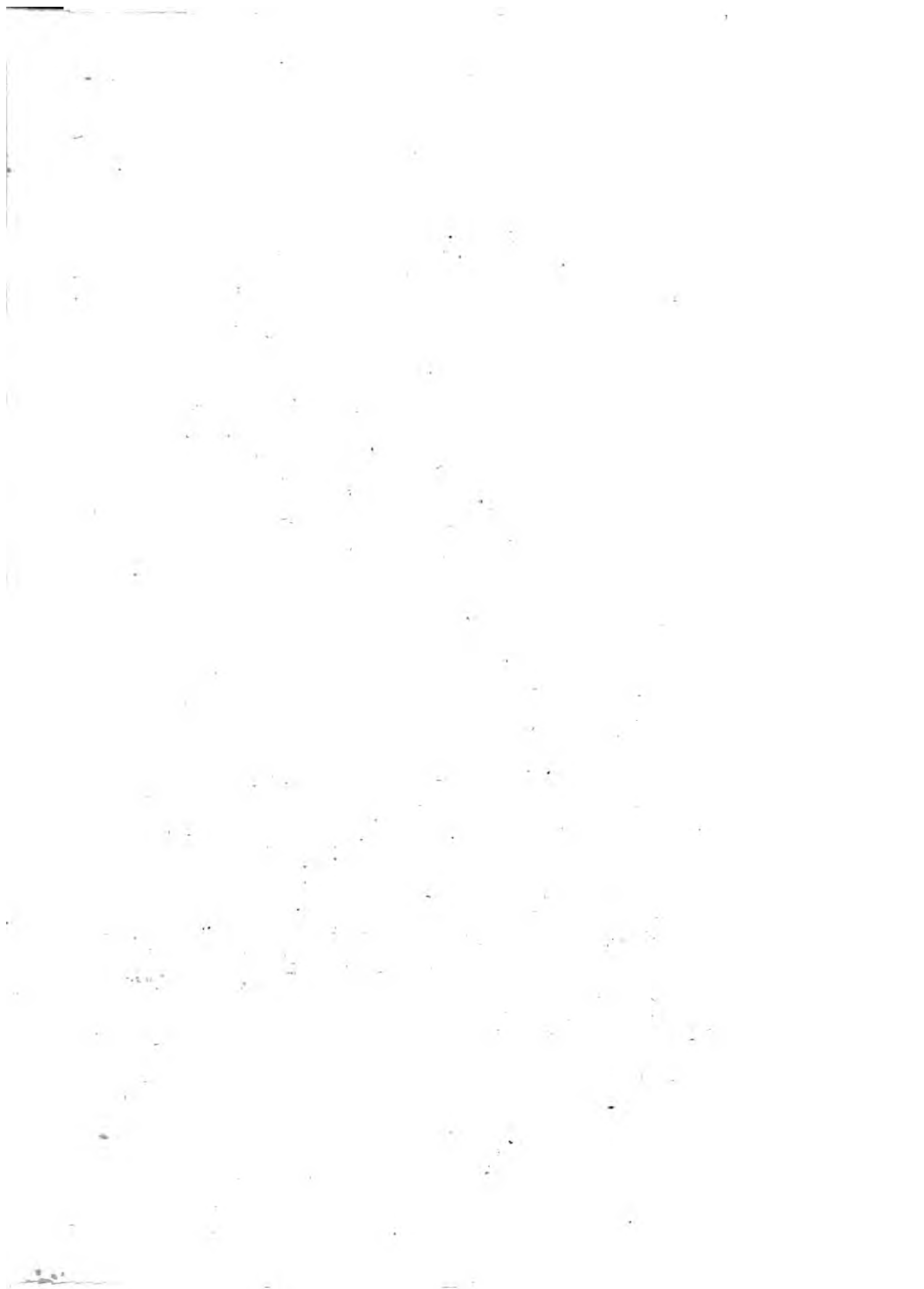
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THE
SPIRITUAL
QUIXOTE:
A COMIC ROMANCE,
IN THREE VOLUMES.
THE SECOND EDITION.

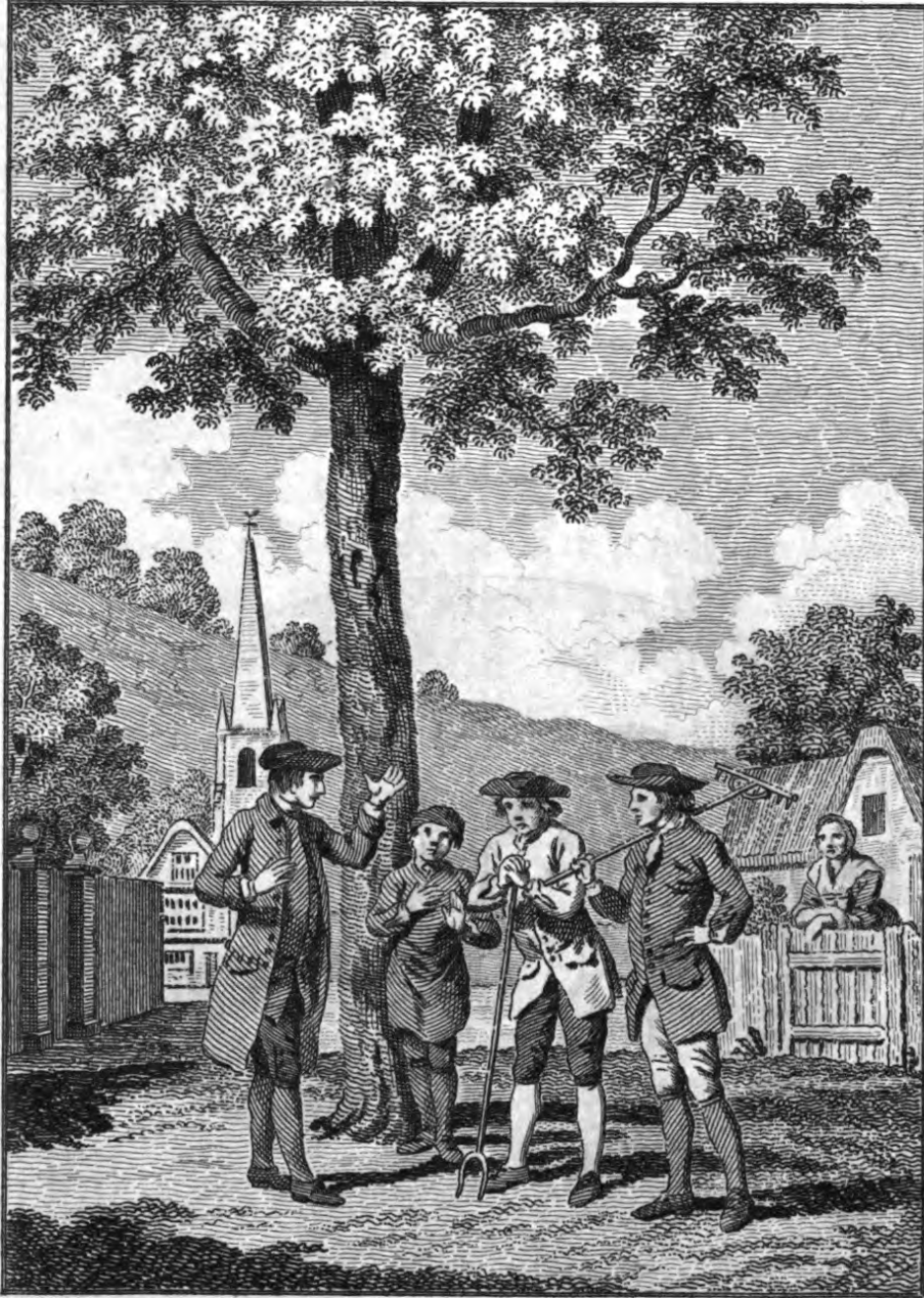
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FRONTISPIECE, Vol. I.

See Pages 18 & 28.



J. Wale del.

C. Grignon sc.

T H E
SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE:
O R, T H E
S U M M E R ' S R A M B L E
O F
M r. G E O F F R Y W I L D G O O S E .
A C O M I C R O M A N C E .

— Amusement reigns

Man's great Demand.

Y O U N G .

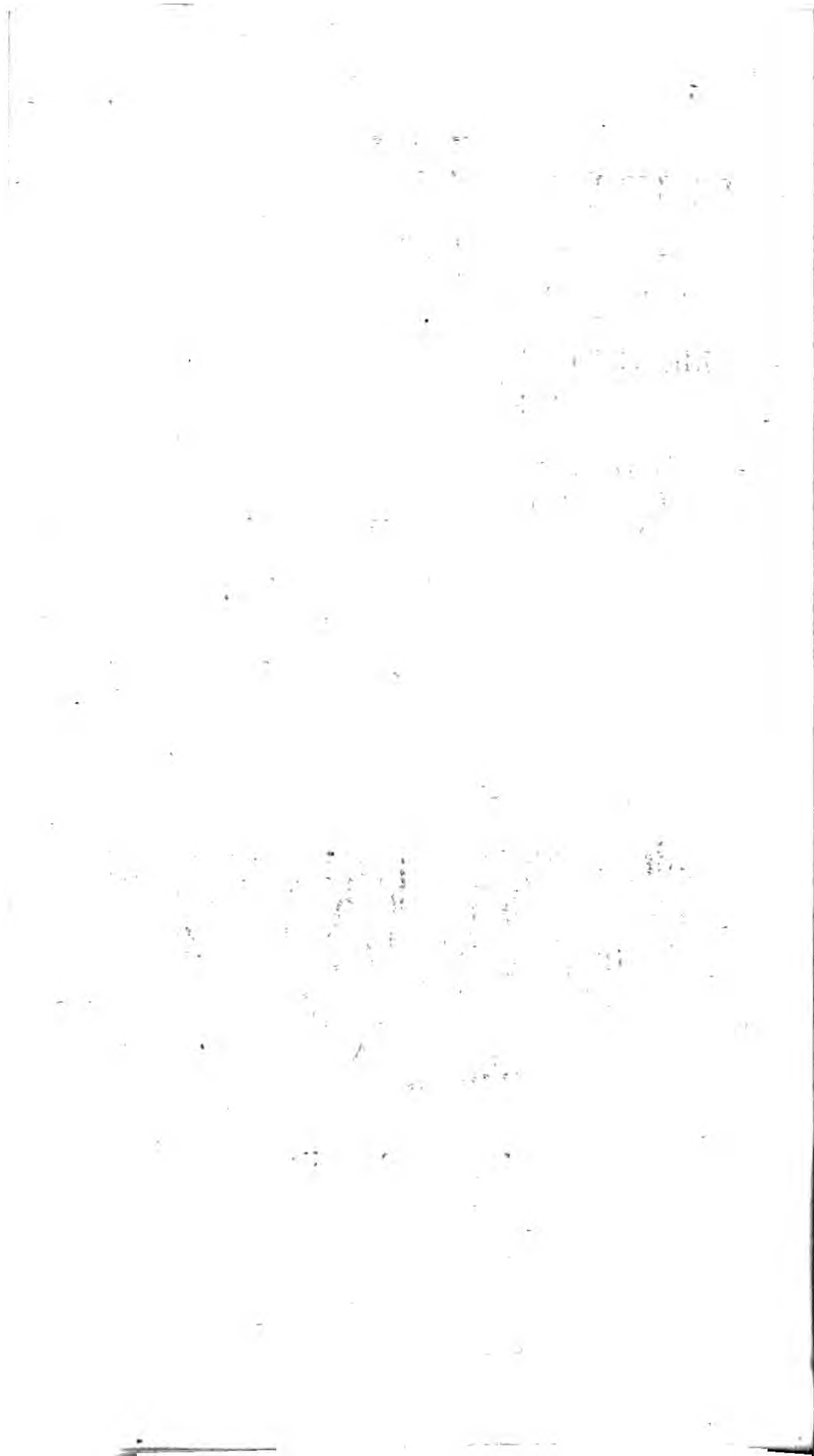
Romances are almost the only Vehicles of Instruction that
can be administered to a refined and voluptuous People.

R O U S S E A U .

V O L . I



L O N D O N :
P R I N T E D F O R J . D O D S L E Y , P A L L - M A L L .
M D C C L X X I V .



T O
EDWARD SEYMOUR, Esq.

S I R,

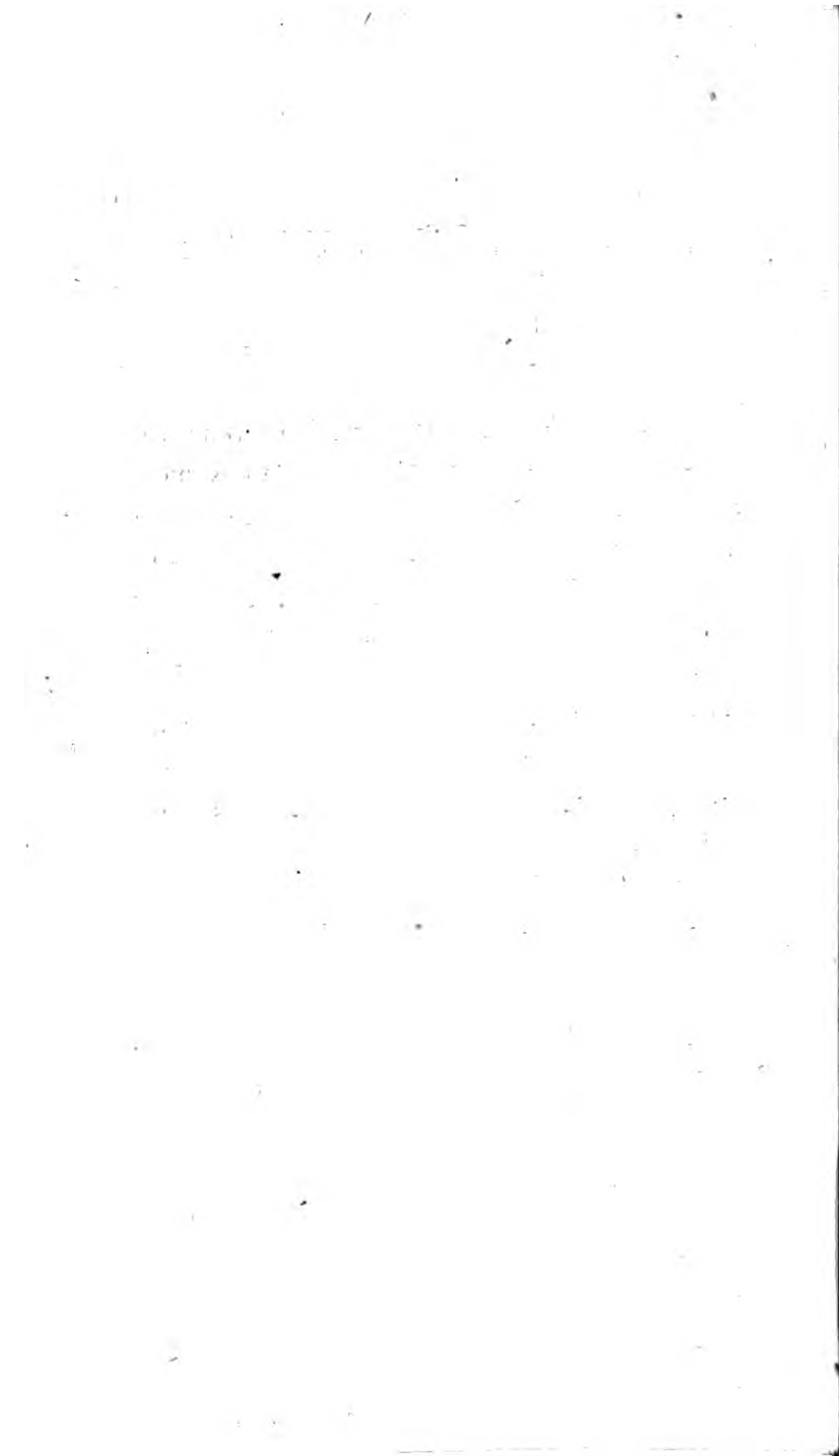
THOUGH the Author of this Work seems to have been actuated by ambitious motives, in dedicating it to a person in so *eminent a station* under his late Majesty ; yet, as the Editor has no views of that kind, he begs leave to inscribe this Second Edition to you, Sir ; as a Friend, with whose amiable qualities he has long been acquainted ; and whose future conduct in life, he is convinced, will do credit to your illustrious Ancestors. I am, with much affection and esteem,

S I R,

Your obliged
humble servant,

October 12,
1773.

THE EDITOR.



PREFATORY ANECDOTE,

By the EDITOR.

GOING lately into the shop of a little Upholsterer, not far from the celebrated haunt of the Muses called Grubstreet, I observed him with a bunch of small keys in his hand; with one of which he had just opened a black leather port-folio, or travelling letter-case. The poor man shaking his head with an air of disappointment, I inquired into the cause of his chagrin; upon which he gave me the following account.

“Some years ago,” says he, “a jolly plump Gentleman, with a very serious countenance, came to lodge at my house, and rented an apartment up three pair of stairs backwards. It is not usual,” continues he, “to give any long credit to lodgers of that kind. But the Gentleman in question looked like a very honest man. (By his dress, indeed, I should have taken him for a Country Clergyman; but, that he never drank ale, or smoked
A 4
“tobacco.)”

“ tobacco.) I was unwilling, therefore, after
 “ the first time, to give him the trouble of a
 “ weekly payment; so had let his rent run on
 “ for near six weeks: at which time, one Friday
 “ morning, before any one was stirring, he
 “ suddenly decamped; leaving nothing be-
 “ hind him, but an old Bible, an old pair of
 “ shoes, and an old grizzled periwig. I did
 “ not think it worth while to advertise my
 “ Lodger. I made enquiries after him at the
 “ Coffee-house however which he frequented,
 “ and at the Chop-house where he dined; but
 “ have heard nothing of him to this day.”

The Upholsterer, it seems, was in hopes, that this Letter-case (which, upon removing the bed-stead, he had found thrust over the tester) might have contained a bank-bill, or something of value. But, to his utter confusion, he found nothing in it, except the manuscript of the following History; which he considered as waste paper, and, prophetically of its fate perhaps, said, “ it was good for nothing but to line trunks
 “ and band-boxes.”

Upon casting my eyes, however, over two or three different pages, I thought it might suit the taste of the present age; in which also the subject appeared by no means unseasonable. I there-
 fore

fore offered the honest man an equivalent for his six weeks rent; and, after drinking half a pint of mountain together at the next tavern, we finished our contract.

Upon examining my purchase, I found the following rough-draught of the Author's Preface; which, notwithstanding the sagacious Upholsterer's argument to the contrary, makes it probable that the history was written by a Clergyman.

“ The A P O L O G Y ;

O R,

“ A W O R D to the W I S E .

“ **T**HE first Romance that we read of (called
 “ The Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea)
 “ was written by Heliodorus, a Thracian Bishop.
 “ The Prelate was called before a Synod for this
 “ indecorum; and having his choice given him,
 “ either to suppress his Romance, or to quit his
 “ Preferment, he is said to have preferred the
 “ literary fame of that juvenile performance to
 “ the revenues of a Bishopric.

“ But, though the good man may be blamed
 “ for his conduct, I think the Synod were too
 “ severe in their censure: for I can see no more

“ harm in a Fable of this kind (if properly
 “ conducted) than in any other either mytho-
 “ logical or parabolical representation of the
 “ truth. Nay, I am convinced that Don
 “ Quixote or Gil Blas, Clarissa or Sir Charles
 “ Grandison, will furnish more hints for cor-
 “ recting the follies and regulating the morals
 “ of young persons, and impress them more
 “ forcibly on their minds, than volumes of
 “ severe precepts seriously delivered and dog-
 “ matically enforced.

“ The following narrative was intended to
 “ expose a species of folly, which has fre-
 “ quently disturbed the tranquillity of this na-
 “ tion. The Author indeed by no means con-
 “ siders Ridicule as a proper test of Religious
 “ opinions. But they are the practices, rather
 “ than the principles, of the people in question,
 “ which he thinks exceptionable. And the fol-
 “ lowing work is so far from ridiculing Religion
 “ (as perhaps may be objected, that, he flatters
 “ himself, it has a direct tendency to prevent
 “ Religion becoming ridiculous, by the absurd
 “ conduct of such irregular Teachers of it. And
 “ he does not see how the honour of God is any
 “ more concerned in an attempt to expose the
 “ ill-judged zeal of a frantic Enthusiast, than
 “ the

“ the authority of the King would be in our
 “ laughing at the absurdities of some pragmati-
 “ cal Country Justice, or a Petty Constable.”—
 Thus far the Author.

In a blank leaf, next to the title-page, I found an odd instance of the Author's peculiar turn: for he had there written this whimsical parody upon Shakespeare's whimsical Epitaph;

“ Reader! for goodness sake, forbear
 “ To change one word that's written here.
 “ Bless'd be the man that spares my scribbling;
 “ But, curs'd be he that would be nibbling.”

Accordingly, as I found the language tolerably correct, and the whole piece as highly finished as this species of writing is thought to deserve, I have given it to the Publick just as I found it; though I cannot but think that the Author might have heightened the ridicule of his principal character, by making more use of some modern Journals: which has since been done, on a different occasion, with exquisite humour, by one of the first Writers* of the age, for genius and learning.

Now, what became of the Author of this History; (whether he was picked up by those

* Bp. of G.
 A. 6.

foes to indigent merit, the Bum-bailiffs; or those friends to bashful courage, a Press-gang;) it is impossible, in this particular, to gratify the Reader's curiosity. But, from his Landlord's account, it seems probable, that, having some scruple about publishing this work, he left it, as the ostrich does her eggs, to take its chance: or perhaps made use of this innocent stratagem; that if ever, by any accident, his piece should see the light, he might engage the attention of the Publick to a subject which he thought of importance: and, by his mysterious and sudden departure, would insinuate that he had put a voluntary period to his own life. For, I cannot but think, that instead of an Editor's informing the world, that a work was produced, either amidst an hurry of business, or in retirement; in a fit of sickness, or on a journey; by a youth under twenty, or by a Lady; or the like uninteresting circumstances; it would be more likely to rouse the curiosity of mankind, to assure them, that it was written by a man that had either hanged or drowned himself.

POST-

P O S T S C R I P T.

AFTER the above ludicrous defiance of the Critics, I could not but smile at the following memorandum; which partly accounts for the Author's not giving his work to the Publick, according to his first intention.

“ *N. B.* Having written the following Tale
 “ for my winter-evenings amusement; when a
 “ *weakness in my eyes* would not permit me
 “ to read: and being conscious that I have
 “ transgressed, in several instances, the strict
 “ rules of the epopœa; I was deterred from pub-
 “ lishing it, by a set of *ensorious Christians*,
 “ lately started up, called *Reviewers*; who will
 “ not suffer a man to nod in his elbow-chair,
 “ without giving him a jog; nor to talk non-
 “ sense, without contradicting or ridiculing
 “ him.”

ADVER-

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

SINCE the Preface was printed off, happening to mention this adventure with the Upholsterer, as also the Cypher at the end of the following Dedication, to a Gloucestershire Squire, he lifted up his hands; and, in a strain of alliteration, cried out, “Cot’s life! my old friend and crony! that comical cur, Christopher Collop!—commonly called—the comely Curate of Cotswold! He was always scribbling; and, I remember, about ten years ago, took a walk to London (as he always walked, to keep down his *fat*), with an intent to publish something, as his friends imagined; but he would never discover the event of that journey.

“What is remarkable, however,” added the Squire, “if Kit were really the author of a thing of this kind, is, that, although he did not approve of the Methodists rambling about the country, as many of them do; yet he was suspected to *favour* them in his heart, and continued so to do to the day of his death.”

THE AUTHOR'S DEDICATION,

T O

MONSIEUR PATTYPAN,

PASTRY-COOK TO

His most Sacred Majesty King GEORGE II.

S I R,

THOUGH a stranger to your person, I am no stranger to your ingenuity and your profound skill in your profession. I have often amused myself with some of those elegant *compositions* with which you daily *entertain* the Publick. I have long been acquainted with the *virtues* of your *diet-bread*; am a great friend to your *wigs*; and think myself under great obligations to your admirable *puffs*.

As I am convinced therefore you will make a *proper* use of my Works; will do justice to their merit, and *cover* their defects: that, by the well-known goodness of your *taste*, you will *preserve* them from the attacks of the *sourest* Critics; and, by the *sweetness* of your disposition, defend them against their *bitterest* enemies: if you are not over-stocked with waste-paper by my brethren of the quill, I beg leave to dedicate these few sheets to your service; and am, Sir,

Your devoted humble Servant,

Ⓒ. Ⓒ.

T H E
I N T R O D U C T I O N.

EVERY Barber and blind Fidler* is acquainted with the false delicacy of Politian and Peter Bembo; who would never read the Bible (the Vulgate translation of it, I suppose); for fear of corrupting their style. Now, though I would not be so unreasonable, as to expect the gentle Reader of this trifling History to have read his Bible, much less all the numerous Commentators upon it: to have perused the profound treatises of John Burstamantius upon the Sacred Animals, or Laurentius Codomannus upon the Scripture-chronology; to have studied Quistorpius's Annotations, or the learned labours of Copenstenius, Stumpius, Conrade Goclenius, and the like: yet, in order to relish many parts of this narration, and to enter into the humour which is sometimes aimed at; I think it absolutely necessary that a man should have some

* "Lippis notum & tonsoribus," HOR.

smattering

inattering in the Religion of his country : some tincture of that education which prevailed in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth ; I mean, that he should have been taught his Catechism in his infancy ; or, at least, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, in the vulgar tongue : nay, that he should have dipped into the Bible sometimes ; or, at least, should have occasionally conversed with those that have. For, as the Hero of this Romance sallies forth in order to revive the practice of, what he imagines to be, true Christianity ; it is impossible that a person of a mere modern education (of which the doctrines of Christianity seldom make the least part) should comprehend the Writer's intention.

But, as I would wish, for the sake of the Bookseller, to have my Work as universally interesting as possible, such a person may yet perhaps find some little amusement ; especially if he has a taste for regular Journals, or Books of Travels ; where we frequently attend the adventurer with great patience from stage to stage : though perhaps we meet with nothing more material, than the distance of one place from another ; the provisions the traveller finds at his
Inn ;

Inn; “the number of Aldermen that govern, or
“the number of Bells that entertain,” a borough
town; or the like diverting particulars.

The Reader will likewise meet with several
trifling incidents from real life; which, how-
ever, the Author flatters himself, are so far dis-
guised, by an alteration of the circumstances of
place and time, as to prevent a particular appli-
cation—unless where a particular application was
intended.

CON.

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THE

T H E
SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

B O O K I.

C H A P. I.

*The Education and juvenile Pursuits of
Mr. Wildgoose.*

IN a sequestered village, whose Gothic spire (though hardly discernible in a map of the world) makes a picturesque appearance under the Cotswold hills, the family of the Wildgooses had been settled for many generations. The only surviving heir to their freehold estate, which, next to that of the Squire, was the most considerable in the parish, was Mr. Geoffry Wildgoose, the subject of the following history.

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B

They

2 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

They had had another son indeed, who died in his infancy: and also a daughter; but as she married young, contrary to her parents' approbation, and became the careful mother of many children, she, for that reason, made but a small figure in the annals of the family.

Mr. Geoffrey Wildgoose received the first rudiments of his education at a little free-school by the side of the church-yard; from whence he was removed, at a proper age, to a considerable grammar-school: and having, by the time he was seventeen, gained as much classical knowledge as is usually taught in those seminaries, the master greatly extolled his parts and genius. His father therefore, whose veneration for learning rose in proportion to his own want of it, thinking his son might augment his fortune by some learned profession, sent him to finish his studies in the University of Oxford. Young Wildgoose applied himself to the sciences with great assiduity. And, though he had been prevailed on to make one or two excursions to London, and had taken a glimpse of the fashionable world; had seen Quin in his meridian at Drury-lane, and Garrick in his dawn at Goodman's-fields; had shewn his face at the Bedford coffee-house, and even eat a jelly
2 with

with Betty Careless* in Covent-Garden — notwithstanding these youthful follies, young Wildgoose went through the business of the College with diligence and regularity. And having in his person and behaviour something naturally agreeable, an openness of countenance, and a simplicity of manners; he gained the love and esteem of his acquaintance, which were pretty numerous, and of the genteeler sort of young people in the University. But, soon after he had been created senior Soph, by the solemn imposition of Aristotle upon his head (which solemnity he made a pretence for drawing upon the old gentleman for ten guineas extraordinary), and when he was just aspiring to the high dignity and honourable privileges of a Bachelor in Arts, he was recalled to his native seat by the death of his father.

Old Mr. Wildgoose had always shewn a great affection for his son. But the necessary expenses of an University education appearing to him the height of extravagance; according to the opinion he now entertained of his son Geoffrey, he was afraid his estate would be squandered away, the moment he was laid in his

* "CARLESS! ah! nostris & flecta & flenda camœnis."

Meret. Brit.
grave.

grave. Besides, as it had been freed from a considerable incumbrance by Mrs. Wildgoose's fortune (who was the daughter of a wealthy Clergyman), and as it had been greatly augmented by her good œconomy and his own frugality, he left a great part of his fortune in Mrs. Wildgoose's power. As Mr. Geoffry however was the only son, and was conscious of being the darling of his mother; this circumstance gave him no kind of uneasiness. And though his father had intended him for some learned profession (as was observed); yet, being now his own master, and the natural aversion which most young people have to confinement falling in with his mother's inclination to keep her son always with her, he dwelt at home for some years: a comfort to his mother in her decline of life; a conversable companion to the neighbouring gentlemen; an oracle amongst the farmers; and a wag amongst the gossips at every christening and festival entertainment.

Mr. Wildgoose's chief employment was to manage to the best advantage that part of his mother's estate which she kept in her hands. This however, with the assistance of an old servant, gave him little trouble; and left him at liberty to amuse himself, either in company or
in

in the common recreations of the country ; or, what was more to his taste, in reading history, poetry, and, in short, most of the best authors in the English language. He frequently walked out indeed with his grey-hound, or with his spaniel and gun : but the one was rather for a companion, and the other for shew, than for any great pleasure which he took either in coursing or shooting. In this obscurity Mr. Wildgoose had probably spent his life, and joined the undistinguished list of his deceased ancestors, but for the following contemptible incident.

CH A P. II.

A Dispute with the Vicar.

CHristmas being still observed amongst the lower sort of people as a solemn festival ; Wildgoose had been invited by a substantial farmer, at that season, to spend a sociable evening with Mr. Powell, the Vicar of the parish, and other company. Mr. Wildgoose, though a sensible man, used frequently to entertain his illiterate companions, and excite their admiration, with some academical paradoxes : and was fond

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of exhibiting his dexterity in managing an argument, on the most trifling occasions, in all the forms of mood and figure, agreeably to the rules of Aristotle or Locke.

In the course of this evening's conversation there arose a dispute between Wildgoose and the Vicar, in which, according to the letter of the law, Wildgoose perhaps had the right side of the question.

There had lately been a new window-tax imposed, which, amongst the middling sort of people, was a frequent subject of complaint. Wildgoose, it seems, since his retreat into the country, had been improving the old mansion-house, by opening a glass-door into the garden. The question was, whether this door ought to be taxed as a window or not; as the Overseer, supported by the Vicar, seemed to think it ought. Wildgoose insisted upon it, "that, however a sett
" of Country-justices (who seldom were great lo-
" gicians) might determine, a door was not a
" window: that it was essentially distinguished
" from it, by its name, its structure, its use, and
" what not."

The Vicar, instead of answering him merely in a serious way, turned his reasoning into ridicule, with some humour, and perhaps with some solidity. He said, "that as a glass door con-
" veyed

“veyed light, it answered the end of a window,
 “and ought to be taxed as such: that its being
 “used as a door, did not destroy the use of it as a
 “window: and, that the name of a thing did not
 “alter its nature. In short,” says the Vicar,
 “you may as well argue, that a pudding and a
 “dumplin are essentially distinguished, as that
 “a glass door and a glass window are so.”

As a pun or a ludicrous expression has frequently more weight with the vulgar than the most solid argument, the Doctor, by his raillery, turned the laugh against his antagonist, and put him to an awkward silence. The conversation however was soon changed; and the company continued their mirth and good humour. But this defeat sunk deeper into Wildgoose’s bosom than one would easily imagine, and was attended with considerable consequences, which greatly affected the future conduct of his life.

C H A P. III.

The serious Consequences of it.

SOME of the most important events in history, if traced to their original, have sprung from the most trifling causes. The murder of Cæsar in the capitol was chiefly owing to

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his not rising from his seat, when the Senate tendered him some particular honours. The negotiations with the Pope for dissolving Henry the VIIIth's marriage (which brought on the Reformation) are said to have been interrupted by the Earl of Wiltshire's dog biting his Holiness's toe, when he put it out to be kissed by that Ambassador. And, not to multiply instances in so plain a case, the Duchess of Marlborough's spilling a basin of water on Mrs. Masham's gown, in Queen Anne's reign, brought in the Tory Ministry, and gave a new turn to the affairs of Europe.

Thus, to descend from these heroic examples, the greatest revolution in Mr. Wildgoose's life sprang from a frivolous dispute; in which he was apparently so slenderly interested.

To account for his resentment on this occasion, however, we must observe, that every man acts a kind of subaltern part in conversation. And he, who is an inferior or a common man in one company, may be a captain or a leading orator in another. There are few persons of so mean a capacity, or so despicable accomplishments, as not to have a circle of acquaintance, who reverence their opinions, and amongst whom they are heard with attention, and utter their

their decisions with a kind of oracular authority. This was the case with Mr. Wildgoose. In company with any of the neighbouring gentlemen, his superiors, he was modest, and patient of contradiction: but in an assembly of yeomen, he was in his glory, in his very kingdom. By ridiculing his opinions therefore, and diminishing his consequence amongst his own subjects, Mr. Powell was guilty of a kind of high treason; which Wildgoose could not easily forgive.

Time, however, might have worn off this unreasonable disgust against the Vicar, if Mr. Wildgoose had not gone to church the next Sunday, whilst the impression was strong upon his imagination. He had always been remarkably decent in his behaviour at the public worship: and not only made his responses with an audible voice; but generally, leaning over the pew, accompanied the Minister through both the lessons, with a Latin Bible, which he had brought with him from the University. At the same time, however, Mr. Geoffry was shrewdly suspected to have been guilty of some slight offences against the rules of chastity with his mother's maid. And though, in general, he might not be worse than his neighbours: yet he probably did not surpass

them so much in his private character, as he did in his external deportment at church.

Now it happened unfortunately, that the Doctor was haranguing that day upon the sin of hypocrisy; which, one would think, is a subject the least liable to a particular application by the hypocrite himself: for what knave or debauchee would be encumbered with the mask of piety, unless he flattered himself, that it concealed his real character, and screened him from the attacks of public censure? It is to be feared, however, that Mr. Wildgoose was conscious to himself of some slight failings, inconsistent with his sanctified appearance; and was too nearly concerned in the subject of the Parson's discourse, not to make a particular application. And whether he suspected Mr. Powell to have pried into his secrets; or whether, as he was piqued against the Vicar, he thought the resentment was mutual; whatever was the cause, he from that time avoided his company, and determined for the future to absent himself entirely from church.

As he could not, without exposing his weakness, give any reasons for this alteration in his conduct; he by degrees grew shy of the rest of his acquaintance, and sunk insensibly into a gloomy, unaccountable kind of misanthropy.

Mrs.

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE. II

Mrs. Wildgoose, who was fond of her son, became very uneasy on his account, but could not guess at the cause of his malady. She was always pressing him to go more abroad, and visit his neighbours. Nay, she got Mr. Powell the Vicar himself (who was really a good-natured man, and, with his wife, often drank tea at Mrs. Wildgoose's) to talk to her son on the subject. Mr. Geoffry pleaded lowness of spirits; and a dislike for company; and said, with some fullness, "that he chose to be alone." In short, he found out so many excuses from time to time, that at last it was looked upon as his way, his humour, to be always alone; and Mrs. Wildgoose desisted from her maternal exhortations.

CHAP. IV.

Mr. Wildgoose enters upon a new Course of Studies.

BUttered toast for breakfast now became unseasonable, and gave way to sage and bread and butter. Lamb and salad ceased to be a Sunday's dinner, or part of the second course, and was an obvious dish at every table. The

Parson of ——— no longer threw his oyster-shell into the street, ambitiously luxurious ! but supped in his garden upon codlins and cream, or a bit of soft cheese and a cucumber. In other words, the spring was far advanced—when Mr. Wildgoose was, one day, sitting in his old-fashioned parlour ; and, in an indolent posture, ruminating upon such trifles as usually employ a disgusted mind : the windows were shaded with an over-grown laurel ; and the solemn vibrations of an old clock from its fable trunk, with the distant sound of a doleful ditty which the servant whistled as he was digging in the garden, concurred to increase his melancholy.

“ He roll'd his eyes, that witness'd huge dismay ;”

and survey'd, over and over again, every picture and every part of the hereditary furniture of the mansion-house, which had been so familiar to his eyes from his very infancy. At last, he happened to fix them on an old forlorn quarto, that lay upon a lofty shelf, covered with dust, and tinged with smoke an inch within the margin. Something prompted him to look into it ; which, starting from his elbow chair, he immediately put in execution. He found it to contain a miscellaneous collection of godly discourses,

courses, upon predestination, election, and reprobation, justification by faith, grace and free-will, and the like controverted points of divinity: the productions of those self-taught teachers and self-called pastors of the church, in the time of Cromwell's usurpation. As his usual studies had been very insipid to him, since he was become thus a prey to melancholy, and out of humour with himself, the Vicar, and all the neighbourhood, this crude trash happened to suit Mr. Geoffry's viciated palate: especially as these writings abounded with bitter invectives against the regular Clergy and the established Church; and with sentences of reprobation upon all mankind, except a few choice spirits, called the Elect.

Mr. Wildgoose read over this curious volume in an indolent manner; which rather amused, than pleased him; and bewildered, rather than instructed him. He was so far from being cloyed however with this crabbed food, that he found his appetite increase by indulgence. And, recollecting that there was a closet in the house which had been locked up ever since the death of his grand-mother (who was a rigid Non-conformist), thither he instantly resorts; and finds it stored with a variety of authors of the
same

14 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

same stamp: some Presbyterian, some Independent, some Anabaptist, some Fifth-monarchy men; the works of that swarm of sectaries in the last century; all differing somewhat in their principles, but all agreeing in their inveteracy against the Church of England.

This was no unpleasant food for Wildgoose's disorder. For, having conceived so great a prejudice against the Vicar of the parish, he gladly embraced any system that seemed to thwart his usual doctrine. In short, in half a year's time, he had gone through the whole library of godly discourses; the Marrow of Divinity, Crumbs of Comfort, and Honey-combs for the Elect, The Spiritual Eye-salves and Cordials for the Saints, and * Shoves for heavy-ars'd Christians; and was forced, at last, to take up with an old tattered folio of Foxe's Martyrology, and another of Master Clark's Lives of famous Men; amongst others, that of Mr. Carter of Norwich, who (the history informs us) was a mighty lover of Norfolk-dumplings.

* A very good book of old Baxter's.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

Adopts a new System of Religion.

THE Puritanical principles, which he had thus imbibed, prepared Mr. Wildgoose to relish the doctrines of the Methodists; which began, about this time, to spread in every corner of the kingdom. And he was much pleased with the Journals of their proceedings; two or three of which he had accidentally met with, and which made no slight impression on his imagination. Such a multifarious body of divinity indeed quite unsettled Mr. Geoffry's mind; and filled his head with such a farraginous medley of opinions, as almost turned his brain. It produced at least, to speak candidly of the matter, that sort of phrenzy, which we ascribe to enthusiasts in music, poetry, or painting, or in any other art or science; whose imaginations are so entirely possessed by those ideas, as to make them talk and act like madmen, in the sober eye of merely rational people.

But, to compleat poor Geoffry's religious phrenzy, some straggling Itinerant had lately pene-

penetrated into that neighbourhood; and held forth once or twice a week at a market-town, a few miles from the village where Wildgoose lived. These nocturnal meetings he now frequently attended: at first, without his mother's knowledge, or that of any of his neighbours; and when she discovered it by his frequent absence, she thought it more prudent to connive at his whimsies, than aggravate them by opposition.

A pious inclination to retail the doctrines which he heard at those meetings, as well as the natural propensity which men have to propagate their own opinions, concurring with the prejudice which Mr. Wildgoose had conceived against the Parson of the parish, strongly urged him to give vent to that fund of spiritual knowledge, which (like the volatile bee) he had been the whole summer in gleaning from those flowers of rhetoric and from those flourishing orators above-mentioned.

He would now and then venture to defend the cause of the Methodists, before his mother; but she would never hear him with patience on the subject. She said, "If the Clergy would but do their duty, as her poor father did, and as the canons of the Church required, there would
" be

“ be no necessity for these extraordinary proceed-
 “ ings. And if they neglected their duty, com-
 “ plaint should be made to their lawful superiors.
 “ Her own father,” she said, “ was a very good
 “ man. And, whatever little shew of piety these
 “ upstart preachers might raise amongst their fol-
 “ lowers, by the novelty of the thing; she was
 “ sure her father did more real good in his sphere,
 “ by a regular discharge of his duty in an exten-
 “ sive parish. That he instructed the ignorant,
 “ and reproved the vicious: that he catechized the
 “ children, visited the sick, and (as far as his cir-
 “ cumstances would permit) relieved the poor:
 “ and that not only his own parish, but the
 “ whole neighbourhood were the better, for his
 “ instructions and his example, to this day.”

As Mrs. Wildgoose was so zealous an advocate for the Church, Mr. Geoffry forbore to display his sentiments any further in her presence: though he took an opportunity, now and then, of privately insinuating his notions into the maid, who, being young, was more attentive and more pliant than the man, whom age and habit had rendered stubborn and averse to speculation. In other respects, as Wildgoose had long since deserted his old companions amongst the creditable part of the neighbourhood, he was under a ne-
 cessity,

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cessity, at present, of keeping silence from (what he thought) such good words, though it was no small pain and grief to him.

C H A P. VI.

Preliminaries with the fastidious Reader.

MR. Wildgoose, being impatient of any longer confinement, began after some time to creep out in the dusk of the evening, and join the sober assembly of labourers and mechanics under an old elm, at the cottage-gate of an honest sociable Cobler; where the news of the parish, or the weather of the ensuing day, the badness of the times, or the scarcity of money, and other matters of general concern, were adjusted with great wisdom and penetration.

As Jeremiah Tugwell (which was the name of this Cobler) will bear a considerable part in this history, the polite reader will not be offended with a slight sketch of his person and character.

Here, however, it may be necessary, once for all, to settle preliminaries with such readers as are possessed with the modern *tapino-phoby*, or dread

dread of every thing that is low, either in writing or in conversation. For as people in high life are less prone to that excess of zeal or religious enthusiasm, which gave occasion to the following tale, than people in a less elevated sphere, the author could not, consistently with probability, introduce him so frequently amongst the former, as amongst the latter.

I have sometimes been tempted to think, however, that high and low are by no means necessarily confined to the different ranks and stations in life; and have even suspected (though I do not presume to have penetrated into the very *sanctum sanctorum* of high life) that there may be as much low wit and as many practical jokes going on over a bottle of burgundy at the Star and garter, or at Arthur's; as over a pot of porter at the Robinhood society. It seems at least probable, that as we sometimes find very low wit employed upon the highest subjects; so there is room for high humour (if the author had abilities) upon the lowest subjects.

If the reader however has otherwise determined it; if he is of opinion, that every representation of nature, that does not relate to the great world, is to be exploded as contemptible stuff; he will certainly repent of having read thus.

thus far; and I would exhort him, by all means, to return in peace to his card-assembly or to his chocolate-house, and pursue so low a subject no further.

For the sake however of the less critical customer; the "fat, sleek-headed" guest; who, like a prudent traveller in a stage-coach, instead of affecting to be more squeamish than his companions, is resolved to be pleased with whatever is set before him, we will proceed in our narration.

C H A P. VII.

What sort of Man Jeremiah Tugwell was.

COME! then, thou goddess Fame, if haply thou canst steal a moment from high life, from trumpeting forth the praises of the great artist of the golden-boot in Berkley-square*, and I do not blasphemously invoke thy power to record the humbler virtues of a rural craftsman;

* On a sign there, a painter had copied Roubiliac's figure of Fame on the wing: in her right hand exalting a golden boot; with a trumpet in the left, sounding forth the praises of the illustrious boot-maker.

come

come to my aid ! and bestow one blast in honour of the fidelity, courage, wit, and humour, of the renowned Jeremiah Tugwell.

Jeremiah Tugwell then, or Tagwell, or Tackwell (for, learning having been at a low ebb in the family, the orthography is somewhat dubious : nay, a conceited fellow in the village, who pretended to etymology, said it ought to be written Tugwool, and that wool was put for sheep, and sheep for mutton by a synecdoche : so that the true meaning of the name, according to his conceit, was Tug-mutton. But I value at a nut-shell these fanciful etymologies ; which endeavour to elicit a significative meaning from every family name, the originals of which are infinitely uncertain ; and our conjectures about them are often as far from the truth, as the interpretation of dreams by an old midwife *) —

Tugwell then was a thickset little fellow, near fifty ; but of a strong constitution and hale complexion. And though age and accidents had made considerable depredations on his person ; had turned the colour of his bushy locks ; had

* A learned Antiquary insists upon it, that *Tugwell* is a corruption of *Togbill* near Bath ; and *Togbill* of *The Oak-bill* ; being a wood of Oaks, where the Druids went in search of the sacred Mistletoe,

made

made bald the crown of his head, and robbed him of most of his grinders; yet these strokes of time had only given him a more picturesque appearance: and one solitary tooth in his upper mandible, when any thing excited his mirth, gave an inexpressibly droll and joyous air to his physiognomy.

As to his character, Jerry had a tolerable share of natural sense: but, having somewhat of a speculative turn, and being fond of books, he too much disregarded the common maxims of prudence; and passed, amongst his more provident though really less sagacious neighbours, for an half-witted fellow. By which means, though Jerry was really a tolerable hand, a more popular operator having started up, he had lost most of his custom as a Shoe-maker, and was dwindled into a mere mender of shoes, or, what is vulgarly called, a Cobler. He still worked for Mrs. Wildgoose's family, however; who had always made it a point of conscience, not wantonly to change their tradesmen, from any imaginary want of skill in an old man, whose honesty and desire to oblige them were unquestionable.

Though Jerry was fond of books, it was chiefly those of the fabulous kind, which dealt in the
marvellous

marvellous and the romantic. As he did not trouble himself about the niceties of chronology or geography, Jerry was particularly fond of "The Seven Champions of Christendom," who are said by the historian to have sprung up soon after the destruction of Troy; that is, about some thousand years before Christ was born: and one of them to have ridden on horse-back from Sicily, through Cappadocia, Tartary, the Island of Cyprus, &c. the direct road to Jerusalem. Tugwell was possessed also of the old edition of Mandeville's Travels; who is the author alluded to by Shakespeare, as speaking of "antres vast and deserts idle," and of "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Jerry delighted to talk of Prester John, of the Holyland, and of the wandering Jew; "that cursed Shoe-maker," who thrust our Saviour out of the judgement-hall; for which he is condemned to a vagabond life, till Christ comes in judgement; whose real existence * Jerry as firmly believed, as any part of the Gospel.

He had also some smattering in astronomy, though he had not yet embraced the Newtonian system: he could point out Charles's wain and

* Matthew Paris, no contemptible historian, mentions his being frequently seen in the East, about 400 years ago.

the polar star; and could give as good an account of the Northern lights as most other philosophers: yet Jerry strenuously denied their appearance in England before the beheading of the rebel lords in the year fifteen.

For, as to his political principles, Tugwell was suspected, like some of his neighbours, to be strongly attached to the Stuart family: though this attachment seemed to have no other foundation than a compassion for the distressed, and never shewed itself but in an harmless pun once a year; in wearing a sprig of rue and thyme on the Eleventh of June (the accession of his late Majesty), as the Tenth was honoured with a white rose.

As for Jerry's moral character, his justice, temperance, and fortitude; they will sufficiently appear in the course of this history.

Tugwell had no family, but his wife Dorothy, his dog Snap, and a tabby cat. His only son Joseph, having violated the chastity of the Justice's maid (who was known to be common to all men), rather than marry her, listed for a soldier; and was supposed to be dead in America.

Jerry and his spouse were more equally yoked than Jobson and Nell in the farce; though in the present instance the female prerogative rather
prepon-

preponderated: by a proper exercise of which, notwithstanding his censorious neighbours thought Jerry cursedly hen-pecked, Dorothy contrived to convince him that he had the best wife in Christendom.

C H A P. VIII.

Sketch of Mr. Wildgoose's Theological System.

“NO more of Jeremiah Tugwell, for heaven's sake!” says the delicate Reader, whose patience has hitherto been unexhausted. I shall only add therefore, that as Tugwell's name was liable to puns, and capable of significant applications; so the situation of his stall, within view of the street, exposed him to the familiar salutation of those that passed by. And, as every one had something to say to Jerry, so Jerry had something to say to every one: and this gave a sort of petulant dicacity to his repartees, by no means agreeable to the natural civility of his disposition.

The Reader will observe likewise, that Tugwell's profound knowledge of books had infected his language; which was frequently interlarded

terlarded with hard words, not always applied or pronounced with the utmost propriety.

Such then were the circumstances, person, and character, of Jeremiah Tugwell, at whose cottage-gate Mr. Wildgoose made the first essay towards propagating the doctrines which he had lately adopted.

He took occasion first to lament the great decay of Christian piety (which, with regard to his present audience, was probably a complaint but too justly founded). He then began to insinuate, “ That the present doctrine and discipline of the
 “ Church were the chief causes of this degeneracy :
 “ That, for his part, he had attended the public
 “ worship, as others did, merely because it was the
 “ custom of the country ; but that he had always
 “ found it a tedious piece of lip-labour, without
 “ the least edification : That as for the Parson’s
 “ preaching, it might serve just to keep up some
 “ little appearance of religion amongst us, and
 “ perhaps might prevent some people from being
 “ quite so bad as they would otherwise be ; but
 “ could never reform one sinner, nor make men
 “ wise unto salvation. Besides,” says he, “ if we
 “ could live a good moral life, and practise all the
 “ good works which the Doctor so earnestly re-
 “ commends ; all this would be little to the pur-
 “ pose.

“ pose. Faith in Christ, says he, is all in all.
 “ We must be cloathed with the spendid robes of
 “ his righteousness, instead of the filthy rags of
 “ our own works. In short,” continues Wild-
 goose, “ we must be assured, that we are in the
 “ number of the Elect, and have the seal of adop-
 “ tion (the impresson of which,” he hinted, “ none
 “ but a few choice spirits like himself were ac-
 “ quainted with); and if our name were thus
 “ once up (according to his doctrine), we might
 “ lie a-bed, and give ourselves no further trouble.”

With this, and a great deal more to the same purpose, Mr. Geoffry entertained his little circle under the great elm at Tugwell’s gate: and though they were not capable of distinguishing nicely between his doctrine and what they heard at church; yet, being delivered to them in a more familiar manner, and by a new teacher, and in a new place, it made a considerable impresson upon them, and brought them punctually the next evening to their usual rendezvous. But, as the report of Mr. Wildgoose’s appearing amongst them soon increased the number of this little assembly, and also as the evenings began now to be pretty cool, he thought it proper to adjourn to Tugwell’s chimney-corner. Besides, Mr. Wildgoose was suffi-

ciently sensible of the difference between mere talking, and preaching in a fanatical manner. Where nothing was intended but informing the understanding, the former alone might answer the end: but where the passions were to be moved, and the affections engaged, a more vehement action (approaching to gesticulation), a greater earnestness and more impassioned tone of voice were to be made use of: which an orator upon a level with the crowd and in the open street could by no means exert to the best advantage.

CHAP. IX.

He commences Orator.

MR. Wildgoose therefore now borrowed a stool of Dame Tugwell; and, exalting himself above his audience, harangued them in the true Gospel tone and style of address. To shew them the necessity of the new birth and of a divine faith, he began to describe, in heightened colours, the universal depravity of human nature. He confessed, “that, for his part, he had
“ violated every precept of the moral law, as con-
“ tained

“ tained in the ten commandments.” And, in the heat of his oratory, (with eyes fixed and foaming mouth) he insisted upon it, “ that he had blasphemed God, and cursed the king; that he had dishonoured his father and his mother; that he had murdered his brother—” Here the company stared, as it was well known that he never had but one brother, who died of the chincough.—He declared, “ that he had defiled his neighbour’s wife; that he had robbed upon the high-way—”

“ Stop! stop! Master,” cries Tugwell, who could hold no longer, “ why sure you are beside yourself—I believe your Worship is as honest a gentleman as any in the county—”

“ Ah! Jerry,” replies Wildgoose, correcting himself, “ I have not perhaps been actually guilty of those enormous transgressions: but every unregenerate man is daily guilty of them virtually, as we say; inasmuch as he has the seeds of corruption in his heart, and it is only by the grace of God that he is restrained from putting them in execution.”

In this style Mr. Wildgoose usually addressed his little audience; and though he had really a classical taste, and, on common subjects, an elegance of expression; yet, by confining himself to

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long to the Puritanical writings above-mentioned, and those of the Methodists, he had strongly imbibed their manner: and his language on religious topics abounded with that strange jargon of those pious people, which chiefly consists in applying the quaint Hebraisms of the Old Testament and the peculiar expressions of the primitive Apostles to their own situations, and every trifling occurrence of modern life.

Thus, in allusion to the sacred unction, he would tell them, "that God anointed (that is, "*greased*) the wheels of his soul;" and blasphemously makes him act as a surgeon and apothecary, "purging him with hyssop, healing his putrid sores, and binding up his broken bones." Sometimes God is a Grub-street writer; and "writes bitter things against him." And he always speaks of himself, as an Apostle and Evangelist; "that few could resist the power with which he spoke*;" and "that he spake as one having authority, and not as the Scribes;" that is, common country Parsons.

As Mr. Geoffry was sometimes rather prolix in his discourses, Tugwell would put him in mind, "that talking was *dry work*." He therefore

* Journal, p. 108.

frequently

frequently enforced his arguments with a flaggon of good ale from his mother's cellar; which afforded great comfort to his thirsty audience, cemented their friendship, and contributed not a little to convince them that they were in "the right way." And, to keep Dame Tugwell in good-humour (who was sovereign in that mansion), and to make her some recompence for the use of her house, Mr. Geoffry ordered her to come daily to his mother's kitchen; where, together with her broth or pot-liquor, he contrived to slip something more substantial into Dorothy's pipkin.

CHAP. X.

A peculiar Species of Ecclesiastical Discipline.

BY this kind of management, Mr. Wildgoose's audience greatly increased, and became almost as numerous as Mr. Powell's, the Vicar's, at church. For, though Mr. Powell did his duty in the parish with sufficient care, and, as Jerry used to say, was "a pretty man in a pulpit;" there was a peculiarity in his conduct, which made him many secret enemies, and which deserves to be recorded.

Mr. Powell was a man of great benevolence ; but, being a Cambro Briton (of the Ap-hoels of Brecknockshire), he was subject to a national impetuosity of temper : and, being endued with great bodily strength and proportionable courage, if any of his parishioners were notoriously guilty of swearing, drinking, or any other scandalous vice, he would address them in this manner :
 “ Look you, my friends ; your drunkenness and
 “ profaneness are an open insult upon the laws
 “ of that great King whom I have the honour
 “ to serve ; and an affront to me, who bear
 “ his commission. As I have often admonished
 “ you therefore against swearing and drinking,
 “ and you still persist in the same course ; I
 “ give you fair warning once more, that the
 “ next time I hear or see any thing of this kind,
 “ I will drub you most confoundedly.” This
 method had so good an effect, that, as they knew he had strength and courage to put his threats in execution, he was very seldom under any necessity of doing so.

Those, however, who were thus kept in awe, though they could not but reverence Mr. Powell's character, rather feared than loved him ; and were glad to listen to any doctrine which they
 thought

thought was in opposition to the Vicar's.—But to return from this digression.

C H A P. XI.

Mr. Wildgoose takes an extraordinary Resolution.

BY haranguing so frequently upon the same topicks, Mr. Wildgoose began to talk very fluently: and, from attending to the applauses of his little audience, and observing the effect of his oratory upon them, he began to entertain no mean opinion of his own eloquence, and to aspire after a more extensive fame. Nay, he thought himself false to his trust, thus to bury “his talent in a napkin;” to hide his “candle under a bushel;” and not to let his “light shine before men,” for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

Besides, from reading the accounts of God's dealings with several of his Saints; particularly with John Bunyan, who, in his youth, had been greatly addicted to the diabolical diversions of ringing bells, dancing at may-poles, and other profane amusements (as he himself informs us):

yet, in his advanced age, was thought worthy, for his pious labours in God's vineyard, to be sent to Newgate: from perusing these, I say, add the Acts of our modern Apostles, contained in their Journals abovementioned; Mr. Wildgoose was ambitious of emulating their spiritual adventures, and even burnt with zeal to imitate them in their sufferings; and wished for nothing so much as to be persecuted for the sake of his religion. The suffering for one's opinions gives a man an air of consequence in his own eyes; as it supposes him to think for himself, and to be distinguished from the herd of mankind, who live and die unregarded, content with the hereditary notions of their unthinking ancestors.

Mr. Geoffry Wildgoose, therefore, having no longer any pleasure in the society of his more creditable neighbours, nor in his wonted amusements, since his fancy became entirely possessed with these enthusiastic ideas, determined to leave the management of his mother's estate to their old servant Stephen; and, like a true "Spiritual Quixote," to abandon his dwelling: and, in imitation of Mr. Whitfield and his associates, to use his earnest endeavours to re-
vive

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vive the practice of primitive piety and the doctrines of the Reformation, by turning Missionary, and publishing his religious notions in every part of the kingdom.

END OF BOOK I.

T H E

SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

B O O K II.

C H A P. I.

Original of Methodism. Mr. Wildgoose's Resolution to visit the Society at Bristol.

WHEN the learned Humphry Prideaux (as the story goes) offered his *Life of Mahomet* to the Bookfeller; he was desired to leave the copy with him, a few days, for his perusal. The Bookfeller, who had not the learning or taste of a modern Artist, having consulted with his learned Garrêteers, who were highly pleased with the performance, told the Doctor at his return, "Well, Mr. What's-your-name," says he, "I have perused your manuscript: I do not know what to say to it; I believe,

“ lieve, I shall venture to print it : the thing is
 “ well enough ; but—I could wish there were
 “ a little more humour in it.”

Now though the courteous Reader should be as fond of humour as this facetious Bookseller was ; yet if, in travelling through a flat country, he should now and then meet with a picturesque prospect, sometimes with a bit of galloping ground, and sometimes with a droll object upon the road, he must patiently submit to jog on some parts of the way, without any thing to entertain or amuse him ; for such probably will be the fate of the gentle Reader of this various History.

About this time, the sect of the Methodists (as was before observed) began to spread into most parts of the nation: though perhaps it is doing them too much credit, and at the same time an act of injustice, to call them *a sect* ; as I know of no new opinions which they maintain, except that of the lawfulness of preaching without a legal call, and of assembling in conventicles, or in the open fields, in direct opposition to the laws of the land.

A late Writer * does Mr. Whitfield the honour of being the first author of Methodism ;

* Historical Review of the Transactions of Europe.

whom

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whom he also calls a Fellow of Pembroke-college in Oxford. But as Mr. Whitfield disclaims all worldly grandeur; and with great humility assures us, that (like the blessed Founder of our religion) he was born in an inn*: so, like him, I am persuaded, he will confess, “that he came “not to be ministred unto, but to minister.” For he was really a Servitor, and not a Fellow, of that learned society. Neither was Mr. Whitfield concerned in the first institution of Methodism, though he has since made so shining a figure amongst them. For, some years † before he came to the University, Mr. John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln-college, his brother Charles, a Student of Christ-church, Mr. Clayton of Brazen-nose, and two or three more young gentlemen, (with a very laudable intention) agreed to spend two or three evenings in a week together, in reading history or other entertaining and instructive books; instead of drinking, which (at that time) was too much in vogue

* Vid. God's dealings with Mr. Whitfield. There is nothing so ridiculous (or rather profane) which pious Writers will not say, for the sake of a witty allusion. Thus the learned Bishop Taylor says, that Christ was born at the sign of the Star in Bethlehem.

“Born at an Inn,

“A Star the Sign—” Gold. Grove.

† About the year 1730.

among

among the young people of the University. The Sunday evenings they appropriated to religious authors: which soon convinced them of the great neglect of practical religion in that place, as well as in other parts of the kingdom. In consequence of these convictions, they formed themselves into a little society; and raised a small fund for charitable uses: to relieve the necessitous, buy medicines for the sick, and to disperse books amongst the ignorant. They agreed also to go occasionally and visit the prisoners in the castle; who, at that time, were much neglected. And, that they might have the more leisure for these charitable offices, without breaking in too much upon the business of their colleges, they were obliged to fix stated hours for these employments, and their other religious exercises: to which they were directed by Mr. Nelson's "Practice of Devotion." This strict regularity and Methodical conduct, after some time, acquired them the name of Methodists; though not without allusion probably to an ancient school of Physicians of that denomination.

Mr. Wesley however, I am convinced, had no thoughts, at that time, of separating from the Established Church (the most essential of whose doctrines

doctrines he has generally adhered to), much less of robbing the community of so many useful mechanics; who, with a view of raising themselves above their fellow-plebeians, without any other apparatus than a long cravat and a demure pertness of countenance, together with a little common-place jargon (picked up at their weekly assemblies), forsake their lawful callings, and commence reformers and teachers of their brethren. But “the beginning of strife is as the letting out of water:” and if one man may break through the established order of society, another has the same right to do it; which must end at last in utter confusion.

These people then had several Societies at this time, in London, Bristol, and in most of the considerable towns in England. But as Bristol was the nearest to the place of Mr. Wildgoose’s habitation; and he saw, by the newspapers, that Mr. Whitfield, at this time, made that his principal residence; he resolved to visit the Society in that city, and confer with them upon the subject of the cause in which he was now a volunteer; and to take instructions for the better discharge of the mission, to which, he flattered himself, he had a divine call.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

Communicates his Intentions to Tugwell.

MR. Wildgoose, having determined to go on a pilgrimage to Bristol, after some deliberation, communicated his intention to his fore-said honest neighbour, Jeremiah Tugwell, but under a strict injunction of the greatest secrecy. And, as he thought it would be more agreeable to have a companion in his travels, finding him alone in his stall, he began to sound Jerry upon that subject.

Mr. Wildgoose esteemed Tugwell, and Tugwell fancied himself, a true convert to his religious system. For, hearing him harangue so often upon the same subject, Jerry had learnt, whenever Mr. Wildgoose talked to him upon that head, to echo back most of his expressions, with an appearance of a sincere conviction. If Mr. Wildgoose lamented the sad decay of Christian piety; Tugwell would shake his head, and clinch it with a more vehement exclamation against the wickedness of the age. If Wildgoose asserted the preference of faith to works; “ Yes,
“ yes,

“ yes,” cries Jerry, “ faith’s all ; our good works
 “ are no better than filthy rags, in the sight
 “ of God.”

And as Jerry’s passions were naturally tame and moderate, he was not often guilty either of swearing or drinking ; the most common foibles of men in his rank of life.

As to the former, however, Jerry might rather be called a Demi-juror, than a Non-juror ; as, instead of the usual profane execrations, he would content himself with some softening modifications of them. Instead of the shocking exclamation of “ G-d d—n you !” Jerry would use, “ G-d mend you, or convert you !” Instead of “ Od’s blood ! od’s wounds ! or pox take you !” Jerry was content with “ Odsbodikins ! odzoun-
 “ terkins ! pok-i-cat take you !” and the like. And even these castrated imprecations Jerry seldom used, even in the paroxysms of his wrath, without a decent salvo ; as, “ God forgive me
 “ for swearing,” or “ I was going to say,” and the like. Which, however, answered the purpose of venting his rage, and at the same time secured him from the imputation of impiety and profaneness.

As to drinking, Tugwell’s greatest temptation was from the Angel in his neighbourhood ; I
 mean,

mean, the sign of the Angel, where he longed to be tippling with the sociable part of his acquaintance. But as there is no law in England against the wife's "wearing that emblem of sovereignty, the breeches," Dorothy kept the cash; and by that means kept Jerry within tolerable bounds, unless when he could secrete a tester for some bye-jobb; on which occasions he would sometimes elope and take his fill. But since Mr. Wildgoose had made use of his cottage for their nightly assemblies, this supplied the place of other less innocent amusements. So that Tugwell flattered himself, he was a true convert to religion; that he had made a great progress in the road to heaven, and was qualified to teach others the way.

But, to prepare Tugwell for a proper assistant in his mission, Mr. Wildgoose took this opportunity of examining him upon some of the distinguishing doctrines which he had of late been inculcating.

Wildgoose asked Jerry therefore, "Whether he had a true sense of his fallen condition, and that he was a wicked sinner, and had broken every commandment of the moral law? For, unless he was convinced of sin," he said, "he could not hope for pardon.

"Tell

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“ Tell me, therefore, Jerry,” says Wildgoose,
“ have you ever broke the first or second com-
“ mandment; or have you ever been guilty of
“ worshipping idols?”—“ *Idols!*” says Jerry:
“ why yes, to be sure, I have been very *idle*
“ sometimes, that’s *sartin*; especially at Christ-
“ mas and Whitsuntide, and *sich* good times, as
“ one may say!”—“ Pshaw!” says Wildgoose,
“ you mistake me, Jerry; I mean, did you
“ ever worship more gods than one, or any
“ false gods, as the Jews and Heathens did?”—
“ Oh!” says Jerry; “ what! Bel and the Dra-
“ gon, and Nebuchadnezzar, and *sich* like. No,
“ no! thank God, I never *troubles* my head
“ about them. I *goes* to church on Sundays and
“ holidays, and *worships* the twelve Apostles, and
“ *sich* like; but I never pray to the Virgin
“ Mary, or worship images, as the *Papishes* do.”
“ Well, Jerry; but you may have been guilty
“ of idolatry, by setting up idols in your heart,
“ and loving any thing more than God.”
“ Ah!” says Jerry, “ God forgive me! to be
“ sure, I formerly loved nine-pins and cudgel-
“ playing, better than going to church and say-
“ ing my prayers.”
“ Well then, Jerry, thou hast broken the first
“ and second commandments. Now for the
“ third—

“ third—Didst thou never take the name of
 “ God in vain ?”

“ No,” says Jerry, “ I hope not; God be praised!
 “ I never was guilty of that—though to be
 “ sure, when a body is in a passion, a body may
 “ use a bad word, now and then, such as, Pok-
 “ i-cat take you ! Od’s bobs ! Odsbodikins ! and
 “ the like—but there is no harm in that.”

“ Why,” says Wildgoose, “ if you think them
 “ bad words, there is harm in them, and they
 “ are very wicked ; and if you do not, they are
 “ very ridiculous. Do you know, Jerry, that
 “ many of those words are corruptions, either
 “ of the most tremendous oaths, or of the most
 “ shocking execrations ? ‘ Pok-i-cat take you !’
 “ is only a corruption of ‘ The pox of God take
 “ you !’ ‘ Odsbobs’ (as you call it) means ‘ As
 “ sure as God’s above us !’ and ‘ Zounterkins’
 “ (which you frequently use) is a corruption of
 “ ‘ God’s wounds,’ and is a most shocking oath,
 “ as swearing by the precious wounds of our Re-
 “ deemer. In short, Jerry, the only way to
 “ avoid the guilt of profane swearing is, to use
 “ the greatest simplicity of speech ; to let your
 “ Yea be yea, and your Nay nay, as our great
 “ Master directs.”

Tugwell

Tugwell stared at this exposition of his unmeaning gibberish ; but Wildgoose proceeded in his examination.

“ In the next place, Jerry, have you never profaned the sabbath, by doing your ordinary work on the Lord’s day ?”

“ No,” says Jerry, “ except paring turnips, now and then, and boiling the pot ; which we ha’n’t time to do always on working-days— And I remember, I once sate up till Sunday morning, to finish a pair of shoes against Easter.”

“ Well, Jerry,” continues Wildgoose, “ if I were to examine you through the whole Decalogue, I am afraid there is not one of the moral precepts, but what thou hast transgressed, either in thought, word, or deed. For, as the tenth commandment is intended to guard against the breach of the rest ; if you have not actually been guilty, you may intentionally, even by coveting your neighbour’s house, your neighbour’s wife, or any thing that is his.”

“ Nay,” says Jerry, “ as for coveting my neighbour’s wife, nobody can accuse me of that ; for, thank God, I have the best wife in England.”

Just

Just as Jerry was saying this, Dorothy, who had listened for some time, and did not hear the noise of the hammer, called out, with no very harmonious voice, "Why don't you mind your work? Don't you know those shoes must all be finished against Whitsunday?"

The dread of Dorothy's displeasure, therefore, put a stop to Mr. Wildgoose's scrutiny for the present; and so they parted, but in the evening resumed their deliberations.

As Jerry then had no family to provide for, but his wife Dorothy, who could support herself by her own industry, and (as he suspected) had already made a purse for herself, he wanted but little persuasion to come into Mr. Wildgoose's proposal; especially as the course of his studies had given him a romantic turn, and a strong inclination for travelling, although his situation in life had never permitted him to indulge that propensity. Besides, as Jerry made a sort of merit of accompanying Mr. Wildgoose, he did not doubt but he would, some time or other, recompence him for his trouble. Tugwell therefore told Mr. Wildgoose, "that he should be very proud to bear him company, if he was resolved to go. But, please your Worship—" Jerry was here going to propose some artful scruples,

ples, which will be related in the next chapter.

CH A P. III.

Jerry's affected Scruples.

TUgwell assured Mr. Wildgoose, "he should be
 " very proud to accompany him to the
 " Land's end, if occasion were ; for that he al-
 " ways loved travelling. But, Master," says he,
 " what must we do for money, to pay for our
 " lodgings, and to provide necessaries upon the
 " road ? For, as Madam is not to know of our
 " going, belike your Worship's purse will soon
 " be *dishaufted*."—" Oh ! as for that," says
 Wildgoose, "you may make yourself easy—The
 " labourer is worthy of his hire. Those to
 " whom we impart our spiritual things, will
 " abundantly supply us with those carnal con-
 " veniences which you are so anxious about ;
 " at least, Providence will infallibly provide for
 " those that rely upon him : and I have as good
 " security for the necessaries of life in God's
 " promises, as if I had millions in the Bank of
 " England.

" Was not Elijah fed as well by ravens, dost
 " thou think, as he would have been from the
 " King's

“ King’s table? And did not he sleep as sweetly
 “ under a juniper-tree, as he would have done
 “ upon a bed of state?”

“ Yes, yes,” says Jerry, “ that is very true ;
 “ but then that was in the Holy Land ; where
 “ belike it is much warmer than it is in this
 “ country. And then mayhap there were no
 “ inns nor ale-houses in those days ; nor any
 “ thing to be got for love or money, in the wil-
 “ dernesses where Elijah travelled : so that he
 “ was obliged to trust to Providence, as a body
 “ may say—however, folks were not so hard-
 “ hearted in those days ; but were more given
 “ to *hostility*, than they are now.”—“ Hospi-
 “ tality, I suppose, you mean,” says Wildgoose.—
 “ Well, well, that is all one, replies Tugwell ;
 “ but I am no Oxford scholar, that’s *sartain* ;”
 (which was all that Jerry thought requisite
 to make him as wise as his master.)—“ But
 “ howsomever, now-a-days, if a poor man does
 “ but ask for a cup of drink upon the road, he’s
 “ taken for a thief or a *bugabond*. Instead of
 “ giving a man any thing to eat, they will only
 “ give one good advice, ‘ Why don’t you get
 “ to your own parish?’ says one : ‘ Why don’t
 “ you work ? says another, and not beg?’
 “ ‘ Here are so many idle fellows about the
 VOL. I. D “ coun-

“ country !” says another. And then it’s good
 “ luck, if the house-dog be not set upon one,
 “ and one gets off without a torn skirt ! I should
 “ like well enough to travel amongst your
 “ Turks and *Hometans* (as Thomas Coryat the
 “ Somersetshire man did), where a man may
 “ lay down his knap-sack in an evening, and
 “ lodge in a sort of alms-house or *carry-fancy*,
 “ as the book calls it, and nobody ask any
 “ questions : but there’s no travelling in a
 “ Christian country, without a little money in
 “ one’s pocket.”

“ Well,” says Wildgoose, “ if that be all, I
 “ could take money enough, to provide us ne-
 “ cessaries upon the road. But I greatly que-
 “ stion whether it be lawful, for a Preacher of
 “ the Gospel to take any thought for the things
 “ of this life : the first Apostles (you know)
 “ were forbid to take either purse or scrip,
 “ or to have two coats apiece.”—“ Well,” says
 Tugwell, “ I believe we shall have but *one*
 “ coat between us ; as your Worship will hard-
 “ ly walk in a great-coat this summer time ;
 “ and mine is but a waistcoat, and make the
 “ best of it !” —“ Why, I suppose, the only
 “ intention of those particular expressions,” re-
 plies Wildgoose, “ is, that we should not distrust
 “ Provi-

“ Providence—but should give good Christians
 “ an opportunity of displaying their charity
 “ and benevolence.”

“ Well but, Master,” continues Tugwell,
 “ what must we do for clean linen, as a body
 “ may say? For your Worship, belike, has been
 “ used to shift you twice a week: and I, most
 “ commonly, *puts* on a clean neckcloth every
 “ Sunday, and sometimes a clean shirt. Now I
 “ have a thought (if so be it is not contrary to
 “ Scripture) to take my wallet over my shoulder;
 “ and that would hold some clean linen, and a
 “ crust of bread and cheese sometimes. For
 “ we may happen to lose our way upon Cotf-
 “ wold; and that’s but a heathenish sort of a
 “ country at best.”

“ Why, to be sure, Jerry,” replies Mr.
 Wildgoose, “ we ought to take all prudent means
 “ for our subsistence, and not expect Providence
 “ to feed and cloath us by a constant miracle, as
 “ he did the children of Israel in the wilder-
 “ nefs.”—“ No, no,” says Tugwell, “ to be
 “ sure, their meat dropt into their mouths, as a
 “ body may say; and their shoes never waxed
 “ old, in their forty years travels; and yet,
 “ I believe, they tramped it on foot all the
 “ way.”

“ Well,” says Wildgoose, “ I do not recollect,
 “ that either Mr. Wesley or Mr. Whitfield ever
 “ make any mention in their Journals, that
 “ they took either money or clean shirts with
 “ them, nor whether they thought it lawful or
 “ unlawful to use any precaution of this kind.
 “ But, let me see, you have got a brown jug at
 “ home, I think, Jerry; have you not?”—“ That
 “ I have, Master; and it will hold two quarts,
 “ good measure.”—“ Well, well! you must know
 “ then, that Mr. Whitfield and his friends have
 “ revived a custom of deciding doubtful points by
 “ lot. He does not tell us indeed the manner
 “ of doing this. But I know, the method amongst
 “ the ancients was to write down the two ques-
 “ tions upon scraps of paper, and shake them in
 “ an urn or pitcher, and leave the determination
 “ to Providence.”—“ Why,” says Jerry, “ if
 “ that be all, one may put those same papers into
 “ an old hat: or why cannot one toss up an half-
 “ penny, heads or tails, as boys do: but then,
 “ methinks, it may happen wrong sometimes;
 “ and what is lawful at one time may be unlawful
 “ at another, just as it turns up trump.”—“ Why
 “ you must observe, Jerry, this method is only
 “ to determine particular facts, or whether one
 “ should act so or so on any particular occasion;
 “ and

“ and this sure we may leave to the decision of
 “ Providence.

“ But however, Jerry, without any more dis-
 “ pute on the matter, we may be sure of this,
 “ that, whilst we are honestly employed in pro-
 “ moting the glory of God and the good of
 “ mankind, he will never suffer us to want what
 “ is necessary for our support.—Seek ye first
 “ the kingdom of God, and his righteousness,
 “ and all other necessary things shall be added
 “ unto you.” A text of Scripture, how absurdly
 soever applied, was always decisive with Tug-
 well. And he was now worked up to a pitch
 of Spiritual Quixotism; and grew impatient to
 set out, and begged Mr. Wildgoose to name a
 day for their departure towards Bristol.

Wildgoose told him, “ that, as Whitsuntide
 “ was at hand, and as great irregularities were
 “ practised amongst the common people upon
 “ those festivals, at wakes and revels, and other
 “ ungodly meetings, particularly at a heathenish
 “ assembly of that kind, on the Cotswold-hills,
 “ called Dover’s meeting *; he had thoughts of

* This was a meeting of great renown in the last century, for
 an annual celebration of games, on the hills of Cotswold, in-
 stituted by one Dover, a public-spirited Attorney of Barton on the
 Heath in Warwickshire; which were frequented by the Nobility and

“ making that in their road to Bristol.”—“ Ah!”
 says Tugwell, “ I have been many a time at
 “ Dover’s meeting, and won an hat there, at
 “ cudgel-playing, when I was a young man :
 “ and they say, there is to be good sport there
 “ this year.”—“ Ah ! Jerry,” replies Wildgoose,
 “ dost thou call that sport, where so many poor
 “ souls are devoted to destruction, by drinking,
 “ swearing, and all kinds of debauchery ? These
 “ wakes, or revels, are the Devil’s strong-holds,
 “ whence he issues forth, and takes captive the
 “ poor deluded people at his pleasure : however,
 “ I am determin’d to bear my testimony against
 “ them, by preaching to our brethren, and warn-
 “ ing them of their danger, whether they will
 “ hear, or whether they will forbear. And so,
 “ we’ll resolve to set out next Thursday morning,

Gentry for sixty miles round. They are described in a very scarce
 book, entitled, *Annalia Dubrensis : Upon the yearly Celebration of*
Mr. Robert Dover’s Olympick Games. upon Cotswold Hills, &c. Lond.
 1636, 4to. There are recommendatory Verses prefixed, written
 by Drayton, Jonson, Randolph, and many others, the most
 eminent Wits of the times. The games, as appears by a curious
 frontispiece, were, chiefly, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar,
 handling the pike, dancing of women, various kinds of hunting,
 and particularly coursing the hare with greyhounds. These games
 are more than once alluded to by Shakespeare. See Mr. Warton’s
 very ingenious observations on that great Poet, in the Appendix to
 the edition published, in 1773, by Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens.

“ when

“ which I think is the day when that meeting is
 “ always held.”

Tugwell said, “ He would be ready to attend
 “ his Worship at break of day, if he could give
 “ Dorothy the slip. But,” says he, “ there is
 “ another thing which I had forgot : how does
 “ your Worship design to travel ; on foot, or on
 “ horse-back ?” — “ Why, Jerry,” says Wild-
 goose, “ didst thou ever hear that the Apostles
 “ rode on horse-back ? No ; St. Peter himself
 “ never thought of any such thing (much less
 “ of riding in a coach or post-chaise, as many of
 “ his successors have done), but performed all
 “ his journies on foot, as I intend to do.” —
 “ Well, well, Master,” says Tugwell, “ I do not
 “ speak upon my own account : for I never have
 “ been on horse-back since I was twelve years
 “ old ; when I used to ride the Squire’s horses
 “ to water sometimes, along with old Thomas
 “ Heartwell, the Coachman.

“ Well, Master Geoffry, I will be ready to
 “ attend your Worship, on foot or on horse-back,
 “ by land or by sea, whenever you please.”
 And so they parted for the present ; each to make
 what little preparation he thought necessary for
 such an expedition.

C H A P. IV.

Essay on Quixotism.

THOUGH the profession of Chivalry has been exhibited to us, by Cervantes, as an object of ridicule; we must not imagine that it was in itself, and in its original, really ridiculous. Knight-errantry took its rise from true heroism, and the most generous principles of honour and public spirit. The most celebrated heroes of antiquity were in reality Knights-errant: who wandered about, to subdue monsters, or to deliver men from oppression; to protect the innocent, or chastise the insolent; and, in short, to redress those grievances which were not sufficiently provided against by established laws, in the ruder ages of the world.

The absurdity which we laugh at in the celebrated Don Quixote is, his attempting to revive that profession, when the more perfect regulations of civil society had rendered it, not only unnecessary, but unlawful.

By poring incessantly over the legendary tales of romance, his ideas of things were so strangely perverted, and his imagination possessed with such frantic notions, that he thought himself obliged

obliged in honour to fall forth, and submit to voluntary hardships; in quest of adventures which he was not likely to meet with, and to redress grievances which no longer existed; or in which, under a regular government, he had no right to interfere.

Thus he not only mistook wind-mills for giants, and an harmless flock of sheep for an army of Pagans; but challenged an honest Farmer to mortal combat for correcting his own servant, and set at liberty some prisoners who by legal authority had been condemned to the galleys.

The like absurd imagination had possessed our Spiritual Quixote. There was a time, when Providence, for wise reasons, thought fit to delegate men, invested with extraordinary powers, to publish some important truths to mankind; to warn them of approaching calamities; to combat the superstitious opinions, or to reform the immoral practices, which had prevailed in the world to an enormous degree.

In this sense, Patriarchs and Prophets, Apostles and Evangelists, and even St. Paul himself, might be styled Spiritual Knights-errant: though they had divine commissions to take the

profession upon them, for the most important ends.

And even our primitive Reformers had both reason and scripture so evidently on their side, and the errors of Popery were become so flagrant and intolerable; that they seem justified in breaking through the restraints of human establishments, by the palpable necessity of the occasion.

But our modern itinerant Reformers, by the mere force of imagination, have conjured up the powers of darkness in an enlightened age. They are acting in defiance of human laws, without any apparent necessity, or any divine commission. They are planting the Gospel in a Christian country: they are combating the shadow of Popery, where the Protestant religion is established; and declaiming against good works, in an age which they usually represent as abounding in every evil work.

But there is another species, or rather a slighter degree, of Quixotism, which proceeds merely from the mimetic disposition of mankind, and is perhaps more common in the world than is generally imagined. What I mean is, a desire of imitating any great personage; whom we read of in history, in their dress, their manner of life,

life, their most indifferent actions, or their most trifling peculiarities; especially of those who, by living in some distant age of the world, have acquired a kind of venerable heroism to their character. And there are few people, I believe, so severely rational, as not to have some slight tincture of this harmless frailty, or, as the wise men of the world would call it, this ridiculous affectation.

Indeed, life itself would be insipid, nor could human-nature support itself upon merely rational pleasures, did not fancy enlarge our sphere of enjoyment; not only by giving an additional gloss to the most substantial objects, but also by stamping an imaginary value upon the most trifling; which by that means, whilst the novelty lasts, frequently become the source of the most exquisite delight.

I remember a gentleman of the House of Commons, a man of great learning and fine taste; who, having been particularly conversant in the English history and antiquities, and whose fondness for the paintings of Vandyke had given him a relish for the dress of our ancient nobility, indulged himself (when at his country seat) in the humour of wearing shoe-strings, instead of shoe-buckles; and a collar-band, in-

stead of a neck-cloth; and in several other antiquated customs: which he would gravely defend, by arguments of convenience and propriety.

I also knew a man in the Univerfity, who, having read at how great a price the earthen lamp of Epictetus was fold after his death, and flattering himself that the implements of his lucubrations might be valued as curiosities by posterity, determined to renounce the use of candles (as a modern invention), and, like that Philosopher, to study by a lamp; which, to his utter confusion, he happened to over-turn, and spilt a considerable quantity of oil upon an handsome folio, which he had borrowed of his tutor.

Nay, a whimsical gentleman, within my memory, took it into his head, that, instead of a night-cap, he would sleep (like the ancient heroes) in an iron helmet, which adorned his hall; till one night it unfortunately fell off his head, and demolished his chamber-pot.

Thus Mr. Wildgoose, in imitation of our primitive Reformers, and those other worthies in the frontispieces of those books of the last century with which he had been lately conversant, who wore their own hair according to the fashion of the times; that he might resemble those venerable men, even in his external appearance,
Mr.

Mr. Wildgoose, I say, since his retreat from the world, had suffered his own hair to grow for some months: though perhaps there might also be something of convenience in this at first, to avoid the impertinence of his officious Barber; who, whilst he was working the lather into his stubbed hair, would take upon him to insinuate some sociable advice into his patient; which was more irksome to Mr. Wildgoose in his present gloomy situation, even than the rough instruments and heavy hand of this rustic operator. This alone therefore would have been a sufficient reason for his omitting to be shaved, and nourishing his own hair; which, though it was now thick enough to keep him warm, yet as it did not extend below his ears, he made but an uncouth appearance to those who had been used to see him in a decent periwig. But to proceed in our story.

C H A P. V.

*Mr. Wildgoose and his Friend Tugwell sally forth,
in Quest of Spiritual Adventures.*

EARLY on Thursday morning then, in the Whitfun-week, Mr. Geoffry Wildgoose forsook his downy bed; and, rejecting that artificial covering of the head, called a peruke, just smoothed

smoothed his locks with his fingers, put on a plain blue coat, with a black plush waistcoat and breeches, and, with a few guineas in his pocket, issued forth, in quest of spiritual adventures.

The harmless red-breast, with his solitary note, began to break in upon the stillness of the dawn, and, from the sweet-briar that grew round the lattice, to interrupt the gentle slumbers of Jeremiah Tugwell, when Mr. Wildgoose arrived under his window; and, by the signal agreed upon, summoned him to the place of rendezvous. Jerry soon appeared at the cottage-gate, in his short jerkin (being somewhat between a coat and a waist-coat), his jelly-bag linen cap upon his head, with his oaken staff under his arm, and his wallet on his shoulder.

Wildgoose delivered to him a couple of shirts, a small Bible, and two or three pious manuals, which were to be the companions of his pilgrimage. Tugwell however (who was a happy composition of flesh and spirit), having some regard to the body as well as the soul, had the precaution, which Wildgoose wanted, to thrust privately into his wallet a good luncheon of brown bread, and some Gloucestershire cheese; which clandestine conduct it is not recorded that Wildgoose ever thought proper to resent.

The

The sun had hardly appeared above the horizon, when the two pilgrims turned their backs upon their native village, making what speed they could towards the Cotswold-hills; to avoid meeting any of their neighbours, whose curiosity might retard them in their progress.

In about two hours, they reached the brow of the hill; when Mr. Wildgoose, making an halt, to take breath, looked round upon the country below them. The sun had now begun to exhale the dews of the morning; which, being thinly dispersed through the air, gave a charming freshness to every object that rose to their view. There was an extensive prospect of the rich vale of Evesham, bounded at a distance by the Malvern hills. The towers and spires, which rose amongst the tufted trees, were strongly illuminated by the sloping rays of the sun: and the whole scene was enlivened by the music of the birds; the responsive notes of the thrushes from the neighbouring hawthorns, and the thrilling strains of the sky-lark, who, as she soared towards the heavens, seemed to be chanting forth her matins to the great Creator of the universe.

Wildgoose was touched with a kind of sympathy: and a ray of true devotion darting into his
soul,

foul, he broke out in the words of Milton, with whom he had been much conversant —

“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 “ Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
 “ Thus wondrous fair. Thyself how wondrous then?
 “ Unspeakable! who sit’st above these heavens,
 “ To us invisible, or dimly seen
 “ In these thy works; yet these declare
 “ Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.”

After a little pause, “ Jerry,” says he, (addressing himself to Tugwell) “ I am always
 “ charmed with this fine prospect, though I have
 “ viewed it so many hundred times.”—“ Yes,”
 (says Jerry, who was flipt behind his master)
 “ one may see—a number of miles here—that’s
 “ *sartain*.”—“ I don’t think the beauty of a
 “ prospect depends upon the number of miles
 “ one may see,” says Wildgoose, “ but upon
 “ the number and distinctness of the objects,
 “ and the richness of the country.”—“ Why,
 “ yes,” says Tugwell, “ to be sure—the vale—
 “ is rich land—and most of it—worth forty
 “ shilling an acre—but then—it’s plaguy dirty—
 “ in the winter.”

As Tugwell was going on, Mr. Wildgoose turned about, and found that the breaks in his speech were owing to the regular whiffs which he

he took at his pipe. For, whilst Wildgoose was engaged in contemplation and soliloquy, Jerry had been employed in striking fire to some touch-wood, which he always carried in his tobacco-box for that purpose; and had just lighted, and was puffing with violent efforts, his short pipe. “Ah! Jerry,” says Wildgoose, “I find
 “ thou art not yet weaned from the vanities of
 “ this world. Thou art not content with the
 “ heavenly manna of meditation, but still lustest
 “ after the garlic and flesh-pots of Egypt.”—
 “ Why then, Master Wildgoose, is it any sin to
 “ take an harmless pipe of tobacco? I don’t
 “ think smoking now and then is contrary ei-
 “ ther to the Law or the Gospel.”—“ Jerry,” says
 Wildgoose, “ I don’t think smoking tobacco
 “ absolutely sinful: for to the good, all things
 “ are good, if they be received with thankf-
 “ giving.”—“ Then, belike, one ought to say
 “ grace over a pipe of tobacco?” says Jerry.—
 “ I don’t say that,” replies Wildgoose; “ but
 “ I’ll venture to say, that one ought not to take
 “ any sort of pleasure, for which one cannot
 “ return God thanks. In short, Jerry, I am
 “ afraid thou hast got such an habit of tickling
 “ thy palate with something strong, that thou
 “ canst not easily do without it; for which rea-
 “ son

“son thou oughtest to break it off at once.”—
 Jerry, who was a little nettled at being interrupted in what he thought so innocent an enjoyment, cried out, “Well, well, I *loves* a pipe ;
 “and, thank God, can afford to buy an half-
 “penny-worth of tobacco : and I would not
 “leave it off, if the Bishop himself, or even Mr.
 “Whitfield, were to preach against it. In
 “short, Master, if smoking a *dry pipe* be a sin,
 “God fend us some good liquor ! which is all
 “that I’ll say about the matter.”

Wildgoose shook his head, and began to fear that Tugwell was only half a convert ; but thought it was best not to exasperate his fellow-traveller, or discourage him by too much severity at their first setting out : he therefore dropped the dispute, and trudged on at a round rate for some time.

C H A P. V.

Tugwell meets with a perilous Adventure.

THE two friends now proceeded on their journey ; Mr. Wildgoose occasionally inculcating some wholesome doctrine into his disciple, and Tugwell fumigating the air with the incense of his tobacco.

They

They had travelled near two miles without any occurrence worth recording; when, on a sudden, they heard at a distance the chearful cry of a pack of hounds, accompanied with the music of French-horns. As they trudged on, the sound approached still nearer and nearer; and at last they were surprized with the appearance, not of four or five fox hunters, as might be expected, but of four-score or an hundred horse-men, upon full speed. The case was, Lord B— of Nottinghamshire had taken a feat upon the Cotswold-hills, for buck-hunting; and had that morning turned out a fine stag, which the hounds had pursued with great eagerness, and probably over-run the scent; for, coming to a wall, they were now at a stand, and gave the whole company an opportunity of coming to a rendezvous.

I have observed, there is hardly a man amongst the vulgar people, but affects to be a sportsman, and that would not think it as great a disgrace to be thought a coward, or deficient in courage, as void of taste or ignorant of the terms peculiar to the manly exercise of hunting.

Accordingly Tugwell, though his sedentary occupation had permitted him to be but little conversant with field-sports, or the pleasures of the

the

the chace, yet was ambitious of being thought a sportsman. And, seeing the dogs at a stand, lagged behind Mr. Wildgoose (who walked on, wrapped in meditation) to wait the event. At last, in the midst of a furze-brake, Tugwell spied the head of some animal; which his imagination immediately represented as the branching horns of the stag. And now, fired with ambition, and making sure of the applauses of the whole field, Jerry waved his hat over his head; and, with the utmost vociferation, in the fox-hunters' language, cries out, “* Tallio! Tallio! Tallio!” The huntsman understood him, and immediately drew off the dogs towards his bawling monitor; when, to his great vexation, and Tugwell's utter confusion, up starts a swinging jack-ass, whose long ears Jerry mistook for the horns of the stag. The jack-ass, with his hideous braying, put to flight the huntsman's courser; who, however, was wheeling round, to reward Tugwell for his intelligence with the discipline of a horse-whip. And many of the gentlemen being now come up, and disappointed of their sport, and suspecting that Jerry had done it out of fun, were surrounding him in great wrath, and threatened to be the death of

* *Quasi, Tail-obo!*

him.

him. Poor Tugwell threw himself upon his knees; and with one hand flourishing his staff to guard his head, he extended the other to sue for mercy: but expected every moment to fall a sacrifice to the rage of the vociferous stag-hunters. At last, one of the gentlemen, who saw these affairs in a less important light, turned it off with a joke, and dismissed him, in the polite phrase (being a mixture of real compassion and affected profaneness)—“D-mn the fellow! let the poor devil go about his business.”

Tugwell took them at their word, and gathering up his steps with great agility, and without looking behind him, soon joined his friend Wildgoose; who, wrapt in contemplation, was advanced a considerable way before him, having not given the least attention to what was going on—but upon Jerry’s relating to him his danger, and his escape from it, Wildgoose immediately started from his reverie; and, in the first transports of his zeal for his friend, was determined to attack these sons of Nimrod with the thunder of his eloquence. But, luckily for them, they were by this time gone off many furlongs in pursuit of their game, and out of the reach of Wildgoose’s rebukes.

He

He therefore contented himself with sending a pious ejaculation after them, and with reprimanding Tugwell for his officious impertinence; recommending to him a “more simple and uniform conduct for the future, and not to entangle himself again in the vain amusements of a carnal and wicked generation.”

C H A P. VII.

The natural Effects of Hunger and Fatigue.

THE two pilgrims had now almost reached the plain called Dover's-hill, where the revel was to be held: but, as the sport did not begin till the afternoon, and the sun now began to wax troublesome, Jerry proposed resting under an oak, that cast an inviting shade near the side of a wall; and opening his wallet, he produced a large fragment of a brown loaf, and cheese in proportion, the reviving odour of which put Wildgoose in mind of his breakfast: for hitherto he had not bestowed a thought upon that article, nor on the means of procuring it.

“Now, Master,” quoth Tugwell, “if we had trusted to Providence, and I had not brought some bread and cheese in my wallet, what would your Worship have done for a

“breakfast?”—“Hold thy prophane tongue!” replies Wildgoose: “this is not a difficulty which requires the interposition of Providence. But whenever that is the case, I am certain of his assistance: and God often makes those his instruments, to bring about his gracious designs, who intend nothing but their own pleasure; as I suppose thou didst, Jerry, in bringing thy bread and cheefe in thy wallet.”

After making an hearty though dry breakfast (for his precaution did not extend so far as to provide drink as well as food), Jerry’s spirits having been exhausted by his early rising, long walk, and the consternation he had been in from the huntsman’s whip, he threw himself at length upon the turf; and was soon got into a world of his own, snoring most profoundly.

Mr. Wildgoose at first pulled out one of his little manuals, and began to read: but he, being likewise a little fatigued, soon yielded to the demands of nature, and followed his fellow-traveller’s example; where we shall leave them to their repose a little, whilst we enquire what effect their departure had upon Mrs. Wildgoose and Dame Tugwell, whom they left at home.

C H A P. VIII.

Character of Mrs. Wildgoose. And the Perplexity occasioned by the Elopement of Mr. Wildgoose and Tugwell.

MRS. Wildgoose was a woman — that wore a white hood — and breakfasted upon sage-tea — which particularities, and the principles that gave rise to them, were the distinguishing strokes of her character. For, in every instance, Mrs. Wildgoose (like a sensible woman) preferred convenience to shew, and always sacrificed any present pleasure to the future ease and happiness of her life. Accordingly, in contempt of modern fashions, and to guard against the tooth-ach, she continued the venerable sarsenet hood, which was the mark of gentility in the days of her youth; and she drank sage-tea, rather than indulge herself in the delicious flavour of hyson or congo, at the expence of her health, which she found affected by that more agreeable beverage.

Mrs. Wildgoose had a truly maternal fondness for her son; and was disappointed in not having
him

him as a constant companion at her meals, and her hours of leisure from her domestic business. But, as she was sensible that he was at present under a wrong influence, she forbore to exasperate his malady by opposition or teasing expostulations. She was no stranger (as we observed) to her son's frequenting Tugwell's house, to the company he kept there, nor to the manner in which he entertained them; had heard of his attending the Methodists meeting at ———; and had frequently intended to consult with Mr. Powell, the Vicar, on that subject. But though she was afraid this religious cast of mind was rather the effect of melancholy than of any rational conviction; yet she thought it was the most innocent turn his disorder could take; the dram-bottle or other vicious indulgences being too frequently the sad refuge of such unsociable mortals in their solitudes. And as his motions had of late been so very irregular, and he frequently walked out at the garden-gate very early into the fields with his grey-hound, and breakfasted at his own hours; she took no notice of his absence this particular morning.

But Dame Tugwell, though Jerry had been often as early as this at the labours of the strap, and was frequently whistling and singing, to

the disturbance of his neighbours, before sun-rising—yet she regularly summoned him at eight o'clock, from his little stall near the house, to partake with her of a warm breakfast; but not finding him this morning at his station (if I may use that expression for want of a better), she had made diligent enquiry amongst her neighbours without success. At last, it came into her head, that Mr. Wildgoose and he had been more frequently together of late, than they ever used to be before. She, without much hesitation, therefore, repairs to Mrs. Wildgoose's, to enquire if he had been there this morning. Upon being answered in the negative, and also informed that Mr. Wildgoose had not been seen that day (though it was now much later than he had ever been absent before), both she and Mrs. Wildgoose began to be greatly alarmed—"I will be hanged now," says Dame Tugwell, "if these two have not some *figary* " in their brain: I have observed his Worship " and our Jerry always whispering and laying " their heads together of late: and whenever I " came near them, they were as mute as a fish " forsooth. For my part, I never liked all this " preaching and praying: there is no occasion " for it; is there now, Madam Wildgoose? If a " body

“ body does but *keep one’s church*, and does one’s
 “ best to live, and pays every one his own, I
 “ do not see what else is required of us.” (This
 she said as knowing Mrs. Wildgoose’s opinion
 of the matter.)—“ But what crotchet can be got
 “ into their heads now ?” continued Dorothy.
 “ Master Wildgoose has been so *malancolly* of
 “ late, to be sure he would not go to such a
 “ place as Dover’s meeting : for, else, our Jerry
 “ has been talking of the *sport* there two or three
 “ times within this day or two—but what
 “ should Jerry do there now, unless he puts in
 “ for the silver spoon, that is to be grinned for ?
 “ However, I shall hear of him, if he is there-
 “ about—and I will lock up his best waist-coat
 “ for the future ; and make him know, he shall
 “ not run about spending his money at this rate
 “ without my leave.”

Mrs. Wildgoose, as soon as the volubility
 of Dame Tugwell would permit, desired her
 “ to make herself easy about her husband ; that,
 “ if he was gone with her son, she would pay
 “ him for his trouble, and be answerable for his
 “ coming to any harm.”—“ No ! God forbid !”
 quoth Dorothy, “ for I am but a poor helpless
 “ woman, you know, Madam, since my poor
 “ Joseph went for a soldier ; and now if my

“ husband should leave me too, what will be-
 “ come of me? Times are so hard, and money
 “ so scarce—and I can earn but one poor
 “ eighteen-pence a week; and that is but a small
 “ matter to keep a body, you know, Madam.”
 Dorothy was running on, like the flyer of a
 jack, when Mrs. Wildgoose desired her to be
 pacified, ordered her some victuals, and left
 her.

When Mrs. Wildgoose was alone, however,
 she began to be very seriously alarmed for her
 son. She could not possibly guess what project
 he was engaged in. She was at first inclined
 to send her old servant to Dover’s-hill, which
 Dame Tugwell had mentioned, that she might
 be satisfied whether he were gone thither or
 not: but immediately rejected that design; as
 she was convinced young Wildgoose, in his pre-
 sent state of mind, would not appear at a public
 meeting of that kind.

Whilst she was in this perplexity, Mr. Powell,
 the Clergyman of the parish, came in, as he
 frequently did in the morning: who, being in-
 formed of the affair, immediately said, “ he
 “ should not be at all surprized to hear that
 “ Mr. Geoffry was gone, somewhere or other,
 “ after these Methodists: for he was well as-
 “ fured,

“ fured, he had been preaching up their Puri-
 “ tanical notions amongst his neighbours for
 “ this half year; that he had lent two or three
 “ of their Journals about the parish, and had fre-
 “ quently attended an itinerant Preacher at ——
 “ (though it had been kept a secret from Mrs.
 “ Wildgoose, as he imagined). I have often
 “ had a mind to talk to Mr. Geoffry on this
 “ subject” (continued the Vicar)—“ but you
 “ know, Madam, he has of late avoided me;
 “ and indeed there is no reasoning with people
 “ who refer you to their own inward feelings;
 “ which you can no more deny, than they can
 “ prove: and who take for faced the wildest
 “ suggestions of their own fancy.”

Mrs. Wildgoose knew what Mr. Powell said to be very true, and could not tell what to think of the matter: but as her son's conduct had for some time been so unaccountable, she thought it in vain to form any conjectures about it; so waited with patience for his return, which she expected every hour. But in that poor Mrs. Wildgoose was greatly disappointed.

C H A P. IX.

Proceed towards Dover's-hill Revel.

THE two fellow-travellers were left, under a spreading oak, taking a comfortable nap together. Wildgoose's high spirits, however, would not suffer him to doze long: but, having roused his companion, they were now moving on towards the scene of action, refreshed from the fatigues of the morning: which refreshment proved by no means unseasonable in the sequel.

Mr. Wildgoose, being intent upon his adventurous undertaking, that of preaching for the first time to a mob of holiday clowns at a revel, moved on in profound silence. And though he did not think any premeditation necessary, as he depended upon some supernatural power to give him utterance; yet he could not forbear anticipating, in some measure, the incidents which he should probably meet with on this occasion, nor avoid recollecting how ingeniously Mr. Whitfield spiritualized every circumstance attending his ministration.

Thus

Thus when he was to preach from the starting-post at Northampton, for instance, "He took occasion to speak home to their souls, concerning our spiritual race*." And from the windmill at Bedford, "He exhorted them not to be carried about by every *wind* of doctrine*;" and the like. So Wildgoose was devising with himself how to allegorize the different athletic exercises, which were usually practised on these occasions, and apply them to the best advantage.

To the wrestlers, he intended to preach up the necessity of *struggling* against flesh and blood; against the world and the Devil; and also frequently to *wrestle* with God in prayer, as Mr. Whitfield so often did.

The cudgel-players, he thought, he might aptly enough exhort to *bruise* and "*break the head* of that old red serpent" the Devil, as St. Austin calls him: and to *guard* themselves against every *attack* of their spiritual antagonists; and the like.

They proceeded therefore in silent meditation for some time; till at length Tugwell took the liberty to expostulate a little with his master

* Continuation of Whitfield's Journal, p. 106, &c.

upon the subject. "Please your Worship," says he, "I have been thinking about this same
 "preachment of ours, which we are now going
 "about: since we are almost got to the place,
 "methinks my heart begins to fail me a little.
 "To be sure, it does one's heart good, to hear
 "your Worship preach—and talk about justifi-
 "fication—and *prestination*—and *reperbation*,
 "and—and—generation, and *sich* like—in our
 "chimney corner—in an evening: for then,
 "as one may say, we have nothing else to do,
 "and nobody to contradict us. But here, when
 "folks are got together, to make merry; that
 "is, to break heads, and to kick shins, and
 "*sich* as that; methinks, they will hardly have
 "time to hear us preach: and mayhap they
 "may only laugh at us, for talking about re-
 "ligion at *sich* a time as this—or belike may
 "pelt us with dirt or horse-dung, and *sich*
 "as that."

"Ah! Jerry," says Wildgoose, "have not I
 "told thee, how Mr. Whitfield has preached to
 "twenty thousand people at a time, upon Ken-
 "nington Common; where (as he assures us
 "himself*) he was frequently attended by four-

* Vide Journal.

“ score coaches, and numbers of horses; and
 “ yet all was hushed, the moment he began to
 “ speak—their hearts were melted; they would
 “ have plucked out their eyes, and have given
 “ them to him; they crowded about him, hug-
 “ ged, and were even eager to salute him*!
 “ But be that as it may, Jerry; I am determin-
 “ ed to discharge my duty; and should think
 “ myself happy to suffer in so glorious a cause.—
 “ The true Saints have often most ardently
 “ thirsted after contumelies, derisions, and other
 “ instances of persecution.”—“ Well, well!
 “ Master, God’s will be done!” says Tugwell;
 “ I did but speak—not that I am afraid of any
 “ one, for my part; nor would not turn my
 “ back to the best man in Glo’stershire.”—
 “ Well, do not be too confident, neither, Jerry;
 “ remember the violent professions of St. Peter:
 “ and yet he was found deficient in the time of
 “ danger.—We must trust in the Lord, and take
 “ the sword of the spirit; but, if we confide to
 “ our own strength, and to *carnal* weapons, we
 “ may find ourselves deserted in the day of
 “ temptation.”

* Journal.

C H A P. X.

Mr. Wildgoose's first Harangue.

THEY now approached the place of rendezvous, where the revel was held; which was a large plain on the Cotswold-hills. Their ears were saluted with a confused noise of drums, trumpets, and whistle-pipes: not those martial sounds, however, which are heard in the field of battle; but such as those harmless instruments emit, with which children amuse themselves in a country fair. There was a great number of swains in their holiday-cloaths, with their belts and silk handkerchiefs; and nymphs in straw hats and tawdry ribbands, flaunting, ogling, and coquetting (in their rustic way) with as much alacrity as any of the gay flutterers in the Mall.

A ring was formed about the wrestlers and cudgel-players, by the substantial Farmers on their long-tailed steeds, and two or three forlorn coaches sauntering about with their vapourish possessors: who crept out from their neighbouring seats, to contemplate the humours of
these

these aukward rustics, and waste an hour of their tedious month in the *country*, where (as a great * modern observes) “ *small matters serve for amusement.*”

Wildgoose and his friend Jerry, making but a small figure in this humorous assembly, were at a loss how to draw the attention of the multitude. As they had made a dry breakfast, and had drunk nothing the whole day, Jerry asked his master, “ Whether it were any sin, to call for a pint of ale, at *sich* a time as this?” So, with Wildgoose’s consent, they went to one of the booths, and were refreshing themselves with the foresaid potation, when the company began to divide; and proclamation was made, that a holland shift, which was adorned with ribbands, and displayed on a pole, was going to be run for; and six young women began to exhibit themselves before the whole assembly, in a dress hardly reconcileable to the rules of decency.

“ Nice people have been observed to have “ the grossest ideas.” And perhaps such chaste men have the most unchaste conceptions of things. Be that as it will; Wildgoose no sooner

* Life of C. Cibber.

perceived that mysterious veil of modesty, the holland smock, thus rudely exposed to public view, and these young women prepared to engage in so loose a diversion, than he found his wonted zeal revive; and mounting upon an inverted hamper, near the booth, he beckoned to the mob, crying out,

“For Heaven’s sake, my Christian brethren,
 “if you have any regard to the *health* of your
 “souls, shun, as you would the *plague*, these
 “anti-christian recreations; which are utterly
 “inconsistent with the holiness *prescribed* in the
 “Gospel, and are *poison* to your future ex-
 “pectations.”

The people, seeing a man of a tolerable appearance thus exalted above the crowd, and preparing to harangue, began to stare, and to enquire of each other what he would be at! As they heard imperfectly the word *health*, and more words of a medicinal tendency, the prevailing opinion was, that a mountebank was going to dispense his medicines, for the benefit of mankind: and Tugwell’s wallet was supposed to contain the sovereign packet of the learned Doctor. Mr. Wildgoose however soon undeceived them, by addressing the crowd in the Apostolical style; though he had not yet acquired

quired the true *bon ton* or Gospel *lingo* of Mr. Whitfield and his associates.

“ Men, brethren, and fellow-christians! You
 “ are here assembled to keep holiday; that
 “ is, to sacrifice to the Devil: to perform the
 “ most agreeable service, which you could pos-
 “ sibly devise, to that enemy of mankind.

“ This festival is called Whitsuntide, and
 “ was appointed to commemorate the most so-
 “ lemn event recorded in the annals of our
 “ religion; namely, the effusion of the Holy
 “ Spirit upon the primitive Apostles. But, in-
 “ stead of being filled with the Holy Spirit, as
 “ the Apostles were, you are filling yourselves
 “ with spiritous liquors and strong drink: with
 “ the spirits of geneva; with English spirits,
 “ and foreign spirits, and what not?

“ Oh! my brethren, consider what you are
 “ about: is this renouncing the Devil and all
 “ his works? Is this despising the pomps and
 “ vanities of this wicked world, and resisting
 “ the sinful lusts of the flesh? The very pur-
 “ pose and intent of this ungodly meeting is di-
 “ rectly opposite to your most solemn vow at
 “ your baptism. Instead of guarding yourselves
 “ against the attacks of your spiritual adversary;
 “ instead of bruising the head of that old ser-
 “ pent,

“pent, the Devil; you are breaking one ano-
 “ther’s heads with cudgels and quarter-staffs;
 “instead of wrestling against flesh and blood,
 “you are wrestling with and supplanting one
 “another. So far from renouncing the pomps
 “and vanities of this wicked world, you are
 “running for holland smocks, and making
 “provision for the lusts of the flesh.

“Ah! my dear country-women; you that
 “are so solicitous for these terrestrial garments,
 “these garments spotted by the flesh! let me
 “beseech you to labour after the celestial robes,
 “the spiritual decorations and faint-like orna-
 “ments of piety, meekness, and chastity: and
 “not to set your hearts upon such profane
 “trappings as pink ribbands and holland
 “smocks.

“Indeed, what use will you make of these
 “tawdry shifts, should you gain the prize? I
 “blush to answer such a question. They may
 “*make* a poor SHIFT, like the fig-leaves of
 “Eve, to cover the nakedness of your bodies;
 “as our good works do the nakedness of our
 “souls. But unless you are cloathed with a
 “better righteousness than your own, you will
 “hereafter be stripped bare, and be exposed to
 “the derision of men and angels—”

From

From the secret connexion which this subject had with generation, Mr. Wildgoose was insensibly sliding into the nature of regeneration, and the new-birth; and was going to explain some of the most mysterious doctrines of Christianity to these unruly disciples: when a good orthodox Publican, thinking his craft was in danger, cried out, "Odzounterkins! lift up the smock!" "Come, my maids! stand ready for the sport!"

He was seconded by a shrewd young Carter (with a silk handkerchief about his neck), who could not but laugh at the familiarity of Wildgoose's comparisons: and thinking also that this harangue would spoil the diversion which they were now intent upon, he threw the rind of an orange at the orator's head. Another leveled a piece of horse-dung (with an unlucky dexterity) exactly into Tugwell's mouth, as he stood listening with a conceited attention to his master's eloquence. Their example was followed by a great part of the company; who, as Jerry had foretold, began to bombard them so furiously with clods of dirt and horse-dung, that Mr. Wildgoose was soon forced to dismount from the top of his hamper. And one of them, tilting up the form on which Tugwell was exalted, laid him sprawling in the moisture, occasioned by the staling of horses,

horses, or spilling of the liquor; where he lay wallowing for some time, being saluted with several bumps and jostles in contrary directions; which prevented his emerging from the slippery foil.

In short, Wildgoose thought it adviseable to preserve himself for a more favourable opportunity: wherefore, lifting up and disengaging his fellow-labourer, they drew off from the field of battle, amidst the loud scoffs and exulting shouts of the unthinking multitude; Wildgoose only expressing his compassion for them by a significant shake of the head, and crying out, "Poor souls! they know not what they do." And Jerry, when he was got pretty well out of their reach, bawled out, "Ay! ay! *persecute* on—
" *persecute* on—*persecute*—*persecute*! You have
" the best of it in this world; but we shall be
" even with you in the next."

Thus unsuccessfully ended Wildgoose's first effort towards reforming the world; which, however, so far from discouraging him, only excited his zeal: and he thought himself extremely happy in being counted worthy even of so slight a persecution; and desired Jerry "not to
" be disheartened, for that they should meet with
" better success, when God should think fit to in-
" cline

“cline the hearts of his people to listen to their
“admonitions.”

Tugwell (who was a little disconcerted by the bad success of their first attempt) answered, “that he did not doubt but God would bring
“every thing about in his own good time; but,” says he, “perhaps the time is not yet come.” And having a great desire (though he did not care to speak out) to return to his own chimney-corner, said, “Suppose, Master, we were to go
“and try first what we can do with the men in
“the vale. And now, I don’t think there was
“any body at Dover’s-hill that knew us; for
“I did not see one soul of our town, and I know
“they are all busy in hay-harvest: so that we
“might slip home again at night, and nobody
“be ever the wiser.”

“Why, Jerry,” says Wildgoose, with some warmth, “dost thou think me such an apostate?
“what! to turn back, as soon as I have put my
“hand to the plough? No, Jerry, you may
“do as you please; but I will this night make the
“best of my way towards Gloucester, where
“Mr. Whitfield was born, and first preached
“the word; and I make no doubt but I shall
“there find a little flock at least ready to re-
“ceive me.”

This

This gentle rebuke had its effect upon Jerry ; and he found his spirit of travelling begin to revive. He told his master, therefore, “ he scorn-
 “ ed to forsake him ;” and said, “ When he had
 “ washed his face, which was a little sullied by
 “ his fall, he should not value what had hap-
 “ pened, of a rush. But,” adds he, “ if it
 “ were to do again, I would have had one bout
 “ with the cowardly dog who tilted up the
 “ form.”

Wildgoose exhorted his friend to Christian patience, and to return good for evil ; and so they trudged on for some miles, without any other adventure.

C H A P. XI.

Armigerorum Laudes; or, a Panegyric on Esquires, both ancient and modern.

“ **W**HOSE house is that,” (said I to some labourers on the London road)
 “ with a little cupola on the top, and an enormous length of Chinese rails before it ?”—
 “ Squire Shapely the Londoner’s,” says one of the labourers.—“ Yes,” (says another, with an

an arch leer) “ he was a London Taylor ; but
 “ has got a little money, and has built a fine
 “ house ; and is now a Justice o’ peace, and a
 “ *Squire*.”—Such is the style and title, taste
 and œconomy, of your London Esquire.

A country Squire is a gentleman in a remote province ; who resides constantly at the mansion-house of his ancestors, which he keeps in tolerable repair, makes a new pair of gates, and builds a summer-house at the corner of his garden. Relying upon his silver spurs and a tight boot, he makes one attempt towards gaining a rich heiress : but not succeeding, he marries his maid, gets an heir to his estate, dies, and is forgotten.

He visits the metropolis once in his life-time ; and takes up his quarters at the Ram in Smithfield : goes to visit his old aunt, from whom he has great expectations ; who, for the credit of the family, makes him put on a sword, which gets between his legs, and almost oversets him. He therefore walks through Fleet-street in his boots : a sharper jostles him into the kennel ; another snatches his whip from under his arm, under pretence of revenging the affront, and makes clear off with it : gives five and six-pence for a pair of buck-skin gloves, double-stitched ;

returns

returns into the country, with a terrible iden of the extravagance and tricks of the town; and (though a constant dupe to the knavish cunning of his tenants, and the exorbitant gains of a country shop-keeper) detests every thing that bears the name of London, except "the London Evening-Post," and the London carrier that brings him down a barrel of oysters at Christmas. Now this sort of man is your country Esquire*.

From these instances I infer, that Esquires are of various kinds; and that an Esquire, in the modern sense of the word, is a being, in his definition, his existence, and his œconomy, totally distinct from the Squires of antiquity. The race of Squires, whose utility to the world in general, and to us diminutive authors in particular, I wish to celebrate, were, in their original, *Armigeri*, or *Scutiferi*; that is, armour-bearers to some ancient hero; and from thence transferred into modern tales and romances, in which every Knight has his Esquire. Such was Automedon to Achilles, the faithful Achates to Æneas, Sancho Panza to Don Quixote, and Ralpho to Hudibras. Now, as the Squires of the heroic ages performed those inferior offices

* A character now almost forgotten in England.

of

of life, which were beneath the dignity of the hero himself; drove his chariot, bridled his horse, or ran on errands, and the like: so in mock heroics, or familiar romance, the Squire is frequently the vehicle of low humour; or the subject of such practical jokes, as would too much degrade the solemnity of the Knight-errant himself. Thus Sancho Panza is tossed in a blanket; whilst good epic rib-roastings, and heroic knocks on the pate, are reserved for the noble Don, his master.

And as poetry and romance is, or ought to be, an imitation of real life; the like subordination of character is frequently to be met with in company, and the conversation of the world. An Esquire, in this view, is a gentleman of an easy submissive temper, of moderated appetites, and patient of injuries; who acts an under-part in life, and serves as a kind of shield to protect, or a foil to set off, the principal character.

Every person of any distinction is accordingly surrounded by his proper satellites or attendants of this kind. My Lord has his Dangler, who secures him a proper deference amongst strangers, by setting the example himself. The Bishop has his Chaplain, who, at putt or all-fours, lets his Lordship name the trump. Nay, every
Squire

94 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

Squire in the modern sense of the word has a Squire in the ancient sense, who attends him on all occasions, in the shape of an hunting Parson, a nominal Captain, or a pacific Lawyer; who shields him from the vehemence of his brother Justice's wit; or acts the dwarf in understanding, whenever his Worship is disposed to shine or to be witty himself; or explains his jokes, or defends his paradoxes, as the occasion happens to require.

I might proceed to shew the same convenient subordination of character in every rank of life; but this would be too great a digression from my purpose, which was, only to shew the utility of this race of men, in works of this kind; and to intreat the Reader to consider the Squire as a lawful representative of the Knight, or rather as a *Merry Andrew* to our Spiritual *Quack*; and that, if Tugwell is not only "witty in himself," but "the cause that wit is in other men" (as Falstaff says)—if he utters a facetious thing, or receives a kick on the breech—let it be placed to account, as so much wit and humour in the author; which he could, with the same ease, though not with the same propriety,

propriety, have transferred to Wildgoose himself, his principal character.—

But to proceed in our history.

C H A P. XII.

Mr. Wildgoose's hospitable Reception at the House of an Orthodox Clergyman; and the Event of a Dispute between them.

THE two Pilgrims had now proceeded near seven miles from the place of their luckless atchievement; Wildgoose rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer for religion (as he thought it), and Tugwell consoling himself with the hopes of better success for the future; when they arrived at an obscure village on the side of the hills, a little before sun-set. They were directed to a neat public house, by a small sign—whose device it required some skill in hieroglyphics to decypher. The Painter had probably intended it for the Red Lyon; but some ambiguity, which arose from an injudicious mixture of the lights and shades, gave it rather the appearance of a Shoulder of Mutton.—When they entered the house, they found it pre-occupied

pied by a very sober party; consisting of an Exciseman, a Grazier, the Parson of the parish, and a Mole-catcher.

Mr. Wildgoose inquired of the Landlord, “whether he could furnish them with a bed?” Instead of answering his question, the Landlord (according to custom) asked him, “which way “they were travelling?” This not being to the present purpose, Wildgoose desired an answer to his first question. Mine Host told him, “theirs “was but a by-place, and no great thorough- “fare, and that they had seldom any body lay “there: but, however, when his Dame came “home (which she certainly would do before “midnight, as she was only gone to a merry- “making in the next parish), he would see “about it; and he did not doubt but they “could contrive to lodge them, though,” says he, “we have but one room, where I and my “wife lie; but then we have two beds in it.— “Well, but what will you please to drink, Sir?” continued my Landlord.

Our travellers being a little disconcerted at this account of my Host’s accommodations; Wildgoose enquired, “How far it was to Glou- “cester?”—“To Gloucester, Sir? Why, you “are

“ are out of your way to Gloucester, but *how-*
 “ *soever* we call it twelve miles; and, I be-
 “ lieve, it is pretty good measure: do not you
 “ think it is, Master Pottle?” This was the
 name of the honest Clergyman; to whom mine
 Host appealed, by way of commencing a conver-
 sation between him and the travellers; as talk-
 ing together is generally an introduction to
 drinking together, which it was his interest to
 promote. But Mr. Pottle, being conscious of
 the impropriety of his present situation, and
 that he must appear in a low light to a stranger
 of a tolerable figure, as Wildgoose was, affected
 to have no connexion with the company, but
 to be employed in some useful meditation. In-
 stead of regarding my Landlord’s appeal therefore,
 he assumed all the dignity he was possessed of,
 inflated his cheeks, and puffed out whole vo-
 lumes of smoke, which being reverberated by
 the low roof, he soon filled the house with the
 fumes of his tobacco.

As the Doctor did not vouchsafe them an an-
 swer, Wildgoose had now given his attention
 to a common subject of dispute, which was car-
 rying on between the Grazier and the Excise-
 man; the former of whom had asserted, “ That
 “ if a man happened to buy an horse, which

“ was *touched in the wind*, or had any other concealed defect ; it was no harm to put him off again, without discovering his faults.”—As this dispute bore some relation to the precepts of religion, and seemed to concern Wildgoose, who had taken upon him the office of reforming pernicious principles and corrupt practices ; he could not forbear interposing. And having been formerly a smart logician (as was observed in the beginning of this history) ; after expressing his concern, that such a practice should bear a dispute in a Christian country ; he said, “ that most controversies were perplexed, for want of settling precisely the question in debate, and keeping strictly to the terms. He begged leave therefore to reduce the dispute to the following * argument, or syllogistical form, as it is called ;

“ All cheating is sinful :

“ The putting off an unsound horse for a sound one is cheating : Therefore,

“ The putting off an unsound horse for a sound one is certainly sinful.”

Here the Doctor, taking the pipe from his mouth, could not forbear putting in his verdict.

* Though they despise human Learning, those that have had a learned education are fond enough of displaying it.

“ Oh !

“ Oh ! ho ! Sir,” says he, “ I find you have been
 “ bred at the University. *Negatur minor* : I deny
 “ your second proposition, ‘ That putting off
 “ an unsound horse, *in a fair*, is properly cheat-
 “ ing, in the *popular* sense of the word.” — “ Look
 “ you there now,” says Wildgoose ; “ this is
 “ the common method of disputing : you beg
 “ the question—and have also changed the terms
 “ of the proposition upon us ; and put words
 “ into the premises, which have nothing to do
 “ with the conclusion. If we were to be go-
 “ verned by popular opinions and popular prac-
 “ tices, we should soon have no more honesty
 “ amongst us than we have religion.” — “ Reli-
 “ gion !” says Pottle ; “ why, to be sure, it is
 “ a very profligate age that we live in ; and
 “ the world is over-run with infidelity, heresy,
 “ and enthusiasm ; and the Church never was
 “ in so much danger from Atheists and Sectaries
 “ as at this day.”

“ Sir,” says Wildgoose, “ I apprehend the
 “ Church’s greatest danger is from the careless
 “ lives and degenerate principles of its own
 “ members.” — “ Come, come,” replies Pottle,
 “ we will not dispute about religion in this
 “ place. And, as I am afraid my Landlord can-
 “ not very commodiously lodge you ; rather

“ than you should be distressed, you shall be
 “ welcome to such a bed as I can give you, at
 “ my house.”

Though Wildgoose recollected what had passed between him and the Parson of his own parish; and was a little apprehensive of being involved in some controversy with a person whose profession would probably lead him to combat his present opinions, and discourage him from the undertaking in which he was now engaged; yet he could not refuse so kind an offer, especially as it was now too late for them to think of going further that night. He therefore thanked the Doctor for his great civility; and, attended by his trusty friend, accompanied him to the parsonage-house.

As they were going out of the house, my Landlord's curiosity prompted him to whisper Tugwell, and ask him, “ Whether he and his
 “ fellow-travellers did not deal in corks? Or
 “ perhaps,” says he, in a low voice, “ you have
 “ some *run* goods in your wallet, to dispose
 “ of.”—“ No, no,” replied Tugwell, “ my
 “ master is no such person as you take him
 “ for: he is a gentleman, that is heir to three
 “ or four hundred pounds a year, and scorns
 “ to sell any thing. But no matter for that:
 “ I shall

“ I shall not tell our private matters to every
 “ fool that asks me. No, no, I understand
 “ travelling better than that comes to.”

C H A P. XIII.

What happened at the Parson's Habitation.

MR. Pottle had now brought his two guests to his own house; and, sending Tugwell into the kitchen, took Wildgoose into a tolerably neat parlour. His elbow-chair stood ready for his reception; and his Tunbridge-ware tobacco-dish, with some scraps of paper folded up for the use of his pipe, were placed upon the table. There were several old news-papers lying in the window, and a single picture of Cardinal Fleury hung over the chimney-piece.

Mr. Pottle was an hale man, of about five and fifty; was a bachelor; and all his domesticks were, an elderly house-keeper and a manservant about his own age. His character will sufficiently appear from the evening's conversation.

Pottle had a cloth laid for himself and Mr. Wildgoose, who ate pretty heartily of a cold shoulder of mutton and cucumbers; and Tug-

well was very happy in the kitchen, with a jug of good liquor, and the remains of what came out of the parlour.

After supper, Pottle filled his pipe, and began to beat about and investigate what scheme Mr. Wildgoose was engaged in; what was his business at Gloucester; and how he came to travel on foot. As Wildgoose despaired of converting a man of his years and profession, whose principles were probably settled for life, he was at first a little upon the reserve, and evaded the hints Pottle had thrown out in regard to the intention of his journey.

Pottle then began to make some apology for being seen in an ale-house; and, that his guest might not suspect it was his usual custom, he said, "as the parsonage-house was so far from
 " the church, he had gone thither to wait for
 " the funeral of a poor man, that died three
 " miles off, in an hamlet belonging to his pa-
 " rish. But," says he, "they know my me-
 " thod; that if they do not come by six o'clock,
 " I would sooner leave the corpse in the church-
 " yard all night, than bury it. And so, I sup-
 " pose, they have deferred it till to-morrow."

"Why," replies Wildgoose, "I believe, the
 " poor country people are very troublesome
 " upon

“ upon these occasions : but their ignorance is
 “ rather to be pitied, than blamed. They fancy
 “ it a mark of respect to their deceased friends,
 “ to keep them above ground as long as possi-
 “ ble.”—“ Yes,” says Pottle, “ and don’t care
 “ what inconvenience they put us to, for the
 “ sake of their ridiculous humour ; which *can*
 “ be of no service to the dead.”—“ Why, to
 “ be sure,” says Wildgoose, “ it is of no great
 “ consequence, what becomes of the *bodies* of
 “ the deceased. But yet, I think, one should
 “ condescend a little to the scruples (and even
 “ to the weakneses) of our brethren, in indif-
 “ ferent things, especially if our doing otherwise
 “ may probably prejudice them against us, and
 “ prevent our being of service to them in their
 “ more important concerns. I own, if I were
 “ a Clergyman, I should consider myself, in
 “ some measure, as the servant of the public ;
 “ and think myself obliged to bear with their
 “ humours, in some degree, rather than forfeit
 “ the good opinion of my parishioners.”

“ Sir,” replies Pottle, with some warmth,
 “ whatever opinion a parcel of ignorant country
 “ bumpkins may have of me, I’ll never submit
 “ to their unreasonable prejudices and supersti-
 “ tions. A pack of rascals ! the more you hu-

“mour them, the more they will impose upon
 “you. If they have any thing to complain of,
 “let them complain to the Bishop; but I’ll do
 “my duty as to the *cure of souls*, and let them
 “go and be hang’d!”

“Pray, Sir,” says Wildgoose, “(if I may
 “take the freedom) what do you mean by the
 “cure of souls?”—“By the cure of souls?
 “Why, I mean, burying the dead—baptizing
 “children, and marrying—and—and—reading
 “prayers, and preaching, and the like.”—
 “Why, as to burying and marrying,” replies
 Wildgoose, “those functions seem rather to be-
 “long to the care of the body, than to the cure
 “of souls. And as for preaching (though I
 “don’t doubt, Sir, but your doctrine is an ex-
 “ception) yet, from what I have observed from
 “the generality of preaching, whatever be-
 “comes of our souls, Christianity cannot long
 “subsist amongst us, unless it should please
 “God to send some better labourers into his
 “vineyard.”

Upon this, Pottle flew into a perilous passion; took the pipe from his mouth, started up from his chair; and, advancing towards Wildgoose, “Sir,” says he, “what! do you affront me in
 “my own house? I am afraid you are a Pres-
 “byterian:

“ byterian ; or, what is worfe, one of thofe Me-
 “ thodifts, than ramble about the country, un-
 “ fettling people’s minds, and prejudicing them
 “ againft their proper paffors — a pack of rafcals !
 “ who are a reproach to toleration.—But, S-S-S-
 “ Sir,” fays he—Though Pottle was eloquent
 enough in his pulpit, where nobody contra-
 dicted him ; yet, having naturally fome impedi-
 ment in his fpeech, it fhewed itfelf upon the leaft
 oppofition. Being therefore in great wrath with
 Wildgoofe, his choler almoft choked him, and
 he could hardly utter his indignation intelligibly.
 But, cocking up his tobacco-ftopper on his little
 finger—“ I’d have you to know, Sir,” fays he,
 “ the ch-ch-ch-church has po-po-power—I fay,
 “ the ch-church has po-power to pu-pu-pu-
 “ punifh fuch r-r-r-rafcals—I fay, the ch-ch-
 “ church has po-power—” Juft as he was ut-
 tering thefe words, and was retreating backwards
 from Wildgoofe, who was got up to pacify him,
 he happened to tread in a fmoking-box filled
 with leaves, and fell flat upon his back—bawling
 out and reiterating, “ The church has power,”
 fo loud, and in fo angry a tone, that Pottle’s
 man (who, together with his Houfe-keeper and
 Tugwell, came to liften) threw open the parlour-
 door ; and feeing Wildgoofe ftanding over his

master (whose wig was tumbled off in the fall) and endeavouring to assist him in getting up; the man mistook his intention, and imagined it was the posture of a triumphant combatant. He therefore runs up to him, and with great violence gave Wildgoose a blow under the left jaw. Tugwell, seeing his master thus rudely treated, attacks Pottle's man in his turn. The old House-keeper fell upon Tugwell, tooth and nail, crying out, in an exalted key, "I thought they were a couple of *casuistical, tyrannical* rascals; and would not have had my master harbour such vagabonds. After filling his belly with the best in the house, to knock a gentleman down! a *dis-gratitude, villantry* fellow!"

The House-keeper's voice, being a sort of union to the barking of a dog, alarmed an old spaniel that lay sleeping in the chimney-corner; who began yelping round the combatants with great fierceness, and completed the tumultuous uproar.

Pottle however had now raised himself, and with Wildgoose was endeavouring to part Tugwell and his man Jonathan, who were the only parties that continued the fray. Pottle also explained the affair to the old House-keeper; told her, "the stranger was in no fault as to his fall; but,"

“ but,” says he, “ I am afraid we have taken a
 “ couple of wolves in sheeps-cloathing into our
 “ house.”

Wildgoose likewise, perceiving he had forfeited the good opinion of his Host, could not bear the thoughts of remaining all night under his roof. He therefore bade Tugwell follow him ; and, making the best apology the circumstances would bear, to Mr. Pottle, for the trouble he had occasioned in his family, and thanking him for his kind entertainment, marched out of the house, without any interruption from his reverend Host.

C H A P. XV.

Night-thoughts : Of Ghosts and Goblins. They meet with an uncommon Adventure.

THE character and conduct of this very orthodox Divine contributed not a little to convince Mr. Wildgoose of the necessity of some reformation in the church ; and confirmed him in his resolution of prosecuting with all diligence his romantic undertaking.

The moon shining very bright, and there being but little night at that time of the year, the two Pilgrims pursued their journey, taking the first road they could find, which pointed towards Gloucester. They had travelled near a mile, and were now got into a very dark lane (by the side of a wood) that led down the hill on which the village stood. The gloominess of the scene, and the stillness of the night, in a strange place, raised in Tugwell some ideas of terror, which (notwithstanding his personal valour in rencounters and at fisticuffs) he had in his youth been greatly subject to. And though he pretended now to be above these childish fears, yet he stuck very close to his master; and, with an affected bravery, began to fish out Wildgoose's opinion about ghosts and apparitions.

“Some folks now,” quoth Jerry, “would be almost afraid to walk by themselves, in such a dark lane, at this time of night. But I don't suppose there is any *such* thing as spirits now-a-days—do you think there are, Master Wildgoose?”—“Any such thing as spirits! Jerry? Why I believe there are no more walk by night, than there are by day: and I am
“ *partly*

“ partly of the same opinion with a great man *,
 “ who says, ‘ That goblins and spirits have
 “ really no more to do with darkness than with
 “ light ;’ and accounts for our terror on these
 “ occasions from what he calls ‘ the association
 “ of ideas.’—“ Yes, yes,” says Tugwell, “ I
 “ remember the *sociation* in the time of the
 “ rebellion ; our Squire would not *sociate*.”—
 “ No, no, Jerry, what I mean, is the joining
 “ things together in our fancy ; so that when
 “ a child is told, by his nurse, of ghosts ap-
 “ pearing by night, he shall never be able to
 “ separate the notion of spirits from that of
 “ darkness, as long as he lives.

“ But though this may account for that par-
 “ ticular kind of terror, yet certainly the sense
 “ of our being off our guard, when alone in
 “ the dark, and ignorant what enemies we may
 “ be exposed to, must necessarily make us ap-
 “ prehensive of danger upon those occasions.
 “ So that, let a man have never so clear an
 “ head to separate ideas ; yet I think it almost
 “ impossible to be equally calm and easy in
 “ darkness and solitude, as we are in the open
 “ daylight.”

* Mr. Locke.

Tugwell was as still as a mouse during this discourse of Wildgoose, though he did not understand a word that was said.

“As for there being any such thing as spirits
 “in one sense,” continued Wildgoose, “no one
 “that is not an Atheist can deny this: but
 “though perhaps, before the times of Christi-
 “anity, Providence might think it necessary
 “more frequently to interpose, by permitting
 “the visible appearance of superior beings, upon
 “*important occasions*; and though I am con-
 “vinced the Devil has still as real an influence
 “over the souls of men as he had then; yet
 “you may take it for granted, Jerry, that every
 “story which you ever heard of their visible
 “appearance is an imposture, and, if more
 “nearly inquired into, may be accounted for
 “from natural means; taking its rise, either
 “from the interested designs or terrified ima-
 “ginations of wicked or weak people.—I my-
 “self remember, when I first went to the Uni-
 “versity, I lived in a large chamber, hung with
 “green baize; the bed was placed in a sort
 “of recess, separated from the dining-room by
 “two large folding doors, which were thrown
 “open, when I went to bed, to make it more
 “airy. I happened once to wake about mid-
 “night :

“ night : and, it being star-light, saw, on the
 “ further side of the room, a tall figure in
 “ white, near six feet high. It seemed to have
 “ a square cap on its shoulders, but was without
 “ an head.”—“ Lord have mercy upon us !”
 (says Tugwell, laying hold on Wildgoose’s
 skirt) “ yes, without a head ! So my grand-
 “ mother used to say, that ghosts commonly do
 “ appear without a head”—“ Well,” continues
 Wildgoose, “ though I used to laugh at things
 “ of this kind, I could not account for this
 “ dreadful phænomenon. The more I stared
 “ at it, the more I was convinced it was some-
 “ thing real. After laying some time, and mus-
 “ tering up my courage, I leaped out of bed,
 “ determined to unravel the mystery—when lo !
 “ I embraced in my arms, a white surplice,
 “ which a scholar of the house, having left in
 “ my room after evening prayers, had hung
 “ up on a brass peg, over which I had suspend-
 “ ed my square cap, such as they wear in the
 “ Univerfity.”—“ Yes, yes, your *trenchard* caps,
 “ I have heard of them,” says Tugwell.

“ Thus, I am convinced, would every story of
 “ apparitions have ended,” says Wildgoose ;
 “ if the scared spectator had had resolution
 “ enough to examine it to the bottom.”

“ Why,

“Why, to be sure,” says Tugwell, “appa-
 ritions are not so common now-a-days as
 they were in former times. But I remem-
 ber, when I was a boy, father had been to
 fetch the midwife, upon your grandfather’s
 mare, old White-foot. She was as good a
 servant as ever went upon four legs; your
 grandfather bought her of old Simon Per-
 kins.”—“Well,” says Wildgoose, “proceed
 with your tale.”—“It was a very dark night,”
 continues Jerry; “and father was riding by
 a lone uninhabited house, at the end of a
 close lane, as this may be, when he saw
strange lights in every window. And when
 he came into the middle of the lane, vast balls
 of fire rolled along under his horse’s feet: and
 then the Squire’s Lady, who died in child-bed,
 drove along in her coach and six, with her
 child in her arms; and—and—the Coach-man
 (it is *ertain* true) the Coach-man was with-
 out a head—and”—As Jerry was going on
 with his terrible story, bounce came his foot
 against something; and down he tumbled a—se
 over head; bawling out, “Lord have mercy
 upon me! I have tumbled over a coffin!”—
 “Blockhead!” cries Wildgoose, “why, thou
 wilt talk so long about ghosts, till thou art
 frightened.

“frightened at thy own shadow.” Jerry however (strange as it was) happened to be in the right: and the Reader will easily guess at the cause of such a shocking indecency: it was the very corpse which Parson Pottle had been waiting for, of a poor man who died at the extremity of his parish; and his surviving friends, willing to take a decent leave of the deceased, had continued drinking till after six o’clock; when, bringing him to the bottom of this hill, and recollecting that Mr. Pottle would certainly not perform the last office that night, they had left the coffin there, to the terror of poor Tugwell and the astonishment of his friend*.

They were now come into the open plain again, and travelled a good pace till towards break of day; and Tugwell pretended to know, by the course of the stars, that it was near three o’clock; and, as his zeal was not quite so active as his master’s, he began to complain of fatigue and want of sleep. They therefore made towards a barn, a little out of the road; which being locked, they were forced to repose themselves upon some straw under a shed, where however they slept soundly for some hours; and

* N. B. A real fact.

rising

rising greatly refreshed about eight o'clock, proceeded on their journey; Jerry, according to custom, reminding his master to lay in a good breakfast at the first public house upon the road.

C H A P. XV.

The Event of Mr. Wildgoose's second Harangue.

IN the afternoon, when they were got within a few miles of Gloucester, at a genteel house near the end of a village, they saw almost the whole parish assembled in the court, to see a set of morrice-dancers: who (this holiday-time) dressed up in bells and ribbands, were performing for the entertainment of the family, and of some company that had dined there. Wildgoose thought this a proper opportunity of displaying his eloquence, and communicated his intention to his fellow-traveller. But he, having not so soon forgot the ill success of their yesterday's adventure, would have dissuaded Wildgoose from making a second attempt at so unseasonable a juncture; and said, moreover, "that, for his part, he loved to see people merry at *sich* a
" time

“time as this:” but Wildgoose soon silenced his scruples; and he being by this time sufficiently convinced of his master’s obstinacy, immediately got amongst the morrice-dancers, and acquainted them with his intention. As they were no strangers to itinerant orators in that country, they suspended their diversion for a while, and got round the Preacher; who, by this time, was mounted upon some steps, and began to hold forth, with great vehemence, against all festival amusements, as contrary to the serious spirit of the Gospel; and particularly against those irregularities which were practised at revels and Whitsun-ales. This doctrine, being rather ill-timed, was not much relished by a great part of the audience, who soon began to be impatient of the interruption which was given to their entertainment.

Those who are acquainted with this sort of * *morrice-dance* (which is still practised in several parts of England) must know that they are usually attended with one character called the “Tom Fool:” who, like the Clown in a Pantomime, seems to be a burlesque upon all the rest. His fool’s cap has a fox’s tail depending,

* A corruption of *Morisco* dance, probably introduced from Spain by John of Gaunt.

like

like a ramillie whig; and instead of the small bells which the others wear on their legs, he has a great sheep-bell hung to his back-side.

Whilst the company therefore were all attentive to the Preacher, this buffoon contrived to slip the fool's cap upon Tugwell's head, and to fix the sheep-bell to his rump. Which Jerry no sooner perceived, than his choler aroſe, and, ſpitting in his hands, and clenching his fiſts, he gave the Tom Fool a ſwinging blow in the face. The Fool, having more wit than courage, endeavoured to eſcape amongſt the croud. Tugwell purſued him in great rage, with the ſheep-bell at his tail; the ridiculous ſound of which, forming a ſort of contraſt to the wrath in Jerry's countenance, cauſed a great deal of loud mirth amongſt the company.

Wildgooſe, now finding it to no purpoſe to continue his harangue, aſſiſted in extricating Tugwell from the throng, who had now formed a ring round him and the Jack Pudding: and reprimanding him for his want of Chriſtian meekneſs, he bade him follow him, and “ ſhake
“ off the duſt from their feet,” according to the language of our modern Apoſtles, when they would decently extricate themſelves from any uncommon difficulty. They now therefore pur-
ſued

fued their journey, without any further molestation.

Wildgoose told Jerry, "they had hitherto indeed met with but unchristian-like usage;" but comforted him with the assurance of meeting with a more friendly reception, when they should arrive at the Bell at Gloucester (where Mr. Whitfield was born); "for," says he, "where a true Gospel-spirit prevails, the genuine fruits of it are, Peace, Joy, Brotherly Love, and Christian Charity." Jerry replied, "that a cup of good ale would be the greatest joy to him at present; for that he was very dry." Wildgoose however would not take the hint, nor stop till they arrived (early in the evening) at the ancient city of Gloucester.

END OF BOOK II.

THE

T H E
SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

B O O K III.

C H A P. I.

Mr. Wildgoose's Reception at the Bell at Gloucester, the Birth-place of Mr. Whitfield.

I T had been the custom of Mr. Wildgoose, in any little excursions which he had formerly made, whenever he came into any city or considerable town, to inquire (like other travellers) into the trade and manufactures of the place; or what curiosities, of art or nature, were worthy of a stranger's notice. But, in the present situation of his mind, he had lost all relish for things of that kind: instead therefore of making any observation upon the situation, buildings,
or

or antiquities of Gloucester; or being in the least struck with the beauty of its cathedral, and the remarkable lightness of its Gothic tower; Mr. Wildgoose considered it in no other light than as the birth-place of Mr. Whitfield, and immediately enquired for the Bell-Inn.

When they arrived under the gate-way, the travellers addressed themselves to a Waiter (who was carrying a dish of Scotch-collops into a parlour across the court), and asked, “Whether they could have any lodgings there?” He, surveying them with a contemptuous air, did not vouchsafe them an answer.

They then applied to a sort of Scullion, who was doing some drudgery near the kitchen. She, seeing two people about her own level (as she thought), spoke to the Cook, who, after some muttering expostulations, went to her Mistress behind the bar, and asked her, “whether she would lodge two foot-passengers.” Mrs. Whitfield, being engaged with company, rose up with some reluctance, and came to the window of the bar; where spying two such dusty figures, her usual politeness to strangers forsook her—“Hey-day!” quoth she, “lodgings indeed! yes, to be sure; because Squire Fielding, forsooth, in that romancing book of his, “pretends

“ pretends that Tom Jones was harboured here,
 “ we shall be pestered with all the trampers that
 “ pass the road.”

Wildgoose was thunder-struck at this unchristian-like reception. But Tugwell, who, on the first appearance of so fine a lady, had stood with his hat off, now replaced it on his head; and repeating her words, “ *Trampers* indeed!—I
 “ would have you to know,” says he, “ his
 “ Worship could have rode upon as good a
 “ gelding as any one in the country; and could
 “ have mounted me too, for that matter; if it were
 “ not more like good Christians to travel on foot.
 “ But I thought folks that keep an ale-house
 “ were obliged to take in all comers.”—“ Keep
 “ an ale-house! you sawcy jack-an-apes!” says Mrs. Whitfield, who had not much Christian meekness—“ you have mistaken the house; you
 “ should have gone to the Bird in Hand, in
 “ Tripe Lane. There perhaps you would find
 “ rest for travellers, such as you.”—“ Well,
 “ well, Dame,” says Tugwell, “ there is no
 “ harm done; if you won’t lodge us, I suppose
 “ there are others that will, and be glad of our
 “ custom. *Trampers* indeed! I think Mr.
 “ Whitfield might have preached you into better
 “ manners.”

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

An hospitable Barber accommodates Mr. Wildgoose with a Lodging, and a Place to preach in.

THE two Pilgrims were a little disconcerted at this mortifying reception, and at a loss how to proceed. And though Wildgoose had of late affected to despise all worldly distinctions, and to make light of external respect, the consequence of them; yet he was a little shocked at this unforeseen effect of his voluntary humiliation, and almost began to wish that he had travelled in a manner more suitable to his station in life.

As they were deliberating what course to take, Wildgoose espied a Barber's pole; and reflecting, that perhaps Mrs. Whitfield, being ignorant of his enlightened heart, might be scandalized at the frowzy appearance of the outward man, resolved to get rid of his beard, have his hair refreshed, and his cravat a little decently adjusted. He therefore entered the shop; where the case was quite reversed. The honest Barber, whose less affluent circumstances inspired more gentle manners, and made him civil to the meanest customer,

received them with great affability and apparent benevolence ; and, with a voluble tongue, as he was preparing his razor, ran over the heat of the weather, dustiness of the roads, and other general topics, which those artists have ready at hand, for the entertainment of their customers, and to divert their attention from the pain which often attends the operation under the most skilful performer.

Whilst Wildgoose was doing penance under the instrument of this ingenious Tonfor, he took the opportunity of consulting him about a lodging for himself and fellow-traveller ; and informed him what treatment he had met with at the Bell. This Tugwell confirmed, with some expressions of resentment ; assuring the Barber, “ that his master could afford to pay for whatever
 “ he called for ; and did not want to sponge upon
 “ any one. We know the custom at such
 “ houses,” continues he ; “ ’tis *touch pot, touch*
 “ *penny*—we only want money’s-worth for our
 “ money.”

The Barber, encouraged by these overtures of familiarity, took the liberty in his turn to enquire, “ which way they came ; whither they
 “ were travelling ; what stay they should make
 “ at Gloucester ; and, if he might be so bold,
 “ what

“ what branch of business Mr. Wildgoose was
 “ engaged in ?”

Wildgoose, from the fulness of his heart, soon
 let the Barber into the nature of his calling; and
 that he intended to employ the talent of preach-
 ing, which had been intrusted to him, for the
 good of the poor inhabitants of that city. The
 Barber replied, “ That Mr. Whitfield, to be sure,
 “ had preached there frequently with good suc-
 “ cess; and had left a few scattered disciples
 “ amongst them: but,” says he, “ the Shoe-
 “ maker’s wife often goes in ragged shoes.”—
 “ That is an old saying, and a true one, to my
 “ knowledge,” cries Tugwell.—“ Well,” says
 the Barber, “ I was going to observe, that al-
 “ though there had been a Society begun here by
 “ Mr. Whitfield, yet, since he went to Georgia,
 “ and has been in so great request in London,
 “ Bristol, and other parts of England, the people
 “ of Gloucester are not much the better for
 “ having had so great a Prophet born amongst
 “ them. As for lodgings,” continued the Barber,
 “ our house is large enough, for that matter;
 “ though it is a little out of repair, and, as I
 “ have a wife and a family of children, we are
 “ a little streighted for beds: however, per-

“ haps, my wife will endeavour to accommodate
 “ you.”

Wildgoose replied, “ That he was very easily
 “ accommodated in that respect, for he had de-
 “ termined not to pamper the flesh ; and would
 “ submit to any hardships for the good of his
 “ brethren.—But,” says he, “ what must we do
 “ for a room to assemble in ? ” — “ Why as for
 “ that,” returned the Barber, “ we have a sort
 “ of old dining-room, which will exactly suit
 “ your purpose ; though there is no furniture
 “ in it, but a few broken chairs, and an old
 “ cyder-cask or two, which will not be much in
 “ the way.”

In short, the Barber informed his wife of the
 affair ; who having peeped at them through the
 kitchen door, and formed an opinion of them no
 ways injurious to their honesty, they soon came
 to an agreement ; and the two Pilgrims took up
 their residence at this friendly Barber’s.

C H A P. III.

At Gloucester.

THE Barber's shop in a country town has been (time out of mind) the grand office of intelligence: partly from the leisure and loquacity of that race of men; and partly (as was hinted before) from the peculiar nature of the connexion which is formed between the *Agent* and the *Patient*, during the act of shaving, in which nothing but news or other general topics can prudently be the subject of their conversation. The arrival of a stranger, therefore, of so extraordinary a character as that of Mr. Wildgoose, could not long be a secret amongst the lower class of Plebeians; especially as the Barber, in order to bring more custom to his shop, took care to let every one know, that a stranger of good fortune was to hold forth there that very evening; for so Wildgoose had determined, if he could raise any thing of an audience; being impatient to impart some spiritual advice to his poor countrymen: whom, notwithstanding the residence of their good Bishop,

Dean, and a whole College of learned Prebends amongst them, he considered as “sheep not having a shepherd.”

He was attended the first night only by a few mean persons, who either came accidentally to the shop, or who had been invited by the Barber's wife from amongst her nearest neighbours. But the fame of this extraordinary Preacher being spread abroad, by each of these, in their several circles of acquaintance; before the next evening it had reached the remotest parts of the city; and had brought together not only the straggling disciples of Mr. Whitfield, but also the idle and the curious of every denomination, most of whom bestowed no small encomiums upon the youthful Orator. This success encouraged Wildgoose to make a longer stay in Gloucester, than he had at first intended; so that in a week's time it became a sort of fashion to hear him; and he was attended by people of all ranks and degrees—from the fauntering old batchelor and antiquated virgin, who lived upon their annuities and their card-money—to the penniless porter who ran on errands, and the second-hand sempstress who got her bread by reconciling old rags and making pin-cushions.

“Let a man preach like an Angel in his own Church,” (as Mr. Wesley justly observes) “no
“one

“ one regards him: but as soon as one comes
 “ unto them, and says, ‘ Lo! yonder is a man
 “ preaching upon a mountain!’ the multitude
 “ flocks out to hear him. It is the uncommon-
 “ ness of the thing,” says he, “ that especially
 “ recommends field-preaching.”

The same may be said with regard to Mr. Wildgoose’s success in his conventicle at Gloucester. If the Sexton had given out, on a Saturday night, that a stranger was to preach the next day at the cathedral, it might perhaps have brought those to church who happened not to have upon their hands any more agreeable Sunday’s amusement. But when it was proclaimed, that a traveller was to preach at the Barber’s upon a cyder-cask, leaning over the top of an old cheese-press (which was all the pulpit which the Barber’s lumber-room could supply), immediately the house was crowded with attendants from every quarter of the city.

But it must be remembered likewise, that Mr. Wildgoose, notwithstanding the present uncouth appearance of his short hair, had something naturally agreeable in his countenance, and also a very musical tone of voice: and though, in the vehemence of his harangues, he had a wildness in his looks, proceeding from the

enthusiastic zeal which possessed his imagination, yet that very circumstance gave a more pathetic force to his eloquence. And he himself appearing so much in earnest, and affected with the subject, it had a proportionable effect upon his audience.

He usually began his discourse with lamenting the universal corruption of mankind, and with a lively representation of the dreadful consequences to be apprehended from the justice of God: and instead of speaking of Hell and Damnation in the refined terms and elegant circumlocutions of modern Divines (as a place not proper to be mentioned to a polite audience); he ran perhaps into the contrary extreme, by too gross and minute a detail of particulars: which, however, though it might render his descriptions more ridiculous than terrible, to sensible people; yet it had its effect upon the bulk of his audience, and engaged their most earnest attention.

When he had sufficiently terrified them by the denunciation of eternal torments, he shifted the scene, and melted them into tears by the tenderest descriptions of the mercy and compassion of God, and the fondest expressions of love from the great Shepherd of their souls.

And

And having been so deeply read in the Puritanical writings of the last century, and their lineal descendants the Methodists of these times, he had thoroughly imbibed their manner and style of eloquence, which consists chiefly in a figurative application of the most luscious expressions and sensual ideas to spiritual subjects; and which have been observed frequently to captivate the hearts of the most profligate, and lull them into a strong persuasion, at least, that they have received lively foretastes of the joys of Heaven; when they have really been soothing their fancies with the luxurious recollection of their former sensual indulgences.

Thus did Mr. Wildgoose adapt his metaphors to the various characters and failings of his different hearers. For the lewd and lascivious, he abounded with amorous expressions, and talked much in the nuptial style—"Their souls were
 " espoused to Christ: he shall carry the dear
 " lambs in his bosom, and entertain them with
 " sweet kisses from his *lily lips*—more sweet than
 " the sweet-smelling myrrh: he shall embrace
 " them, and fill them with ravishing delights *." This sort of language particularly charmed the female devotees.

* Whitfield's Sermons.

For the thirsty soul and luxurious epicure, he had “streams of joy, and rivers of pleasure: feasts of fat things—milk, honey, marrow, and fatness,” and all the most favourable ideas to express the comforts of a spiritual life.

To the covetous and ambitious, he talked of nothing but of “hidden treasures; gold, silver, jewels, and precious stones; kingdoms, crowns, and sceptres;” and every thing that could captivate a worldly imagination*.

In short, by this soothing eloquence, and the earnestness of his manner, Wildgoose softened those hearts, which, for some years, had resisted the admonitions of friends, and the suggestions of conscience; and made many converts to religion: at least he made them so as long as the brightness of those families continued to glow in their imaginations. But, their affections only being moved, and their understandings not enlightened, nor their reason convinced, too many of them soon relapsed into their former dissolute courses.

There was a buxom Widow, however, amongst his disciples, who, enjoying an handsome house

* Though these kinds of expression are used in scripture, in compliance with the carnal notions of the Jews, and have affected their common language—yet on moral subjects, I think, they have but an uncouth effect.

only

only for her widowhood, and being therefore cut off from *iteration of nuptials*, had allowed herself some variety in her amours : but she was now touched to the quick ; and determined for the future to keep constant to an Half-pay Officer, who lodged in her first floor.

And a drunken Pettyfogger, who had been engaged in several dirty litigations, resolved hereafter to be more sober in his conduct, and also never to undertake any litigious suit—unless he were sure of being well paid for his trouble.

Nay, an inveterate Miser felt such a lively compunction, that he formed, upon the spot, a solemn resolution to distribute amongst the poor all his old cloaths, which had been hoarded in his wardrobe from the very days of his courtship : and so far persevered in his charitable design, as to give away, the very next morning, an old waistcoat—that was too little for him ; and two pair of shoes—that pinched his corns : and even added a codicil to his will, by which he ordered a suspicious moidore, which had been refused by his Banker, to be given in charity on the day of his funeral.

C H A P. IV.

Our Itinerant's Popularity increases.

THE fame of Mr. Wildgoose's eloquence being thus spread through the city, Mrs. Whitfield was amongst the first whose curiosity led them to make part of his audience. She soon discovered him and his fellow-labourer to be the individual *Trampers*, whom she had treated with so little ceremony at the Bell; and finding they were bound on a Pilgrimage to her brother-in-law and the Society at Bristol, she took an opportunity of making some apology for her incivility; and told Wildgoose, "that, as he could have but indifferent accommodations at his present lodgings, he was very welcome to a bed at the Bell, whilst he stayed in Gloucester." But, though Mr. Wildgoose was ready enough to overlook the personal slight which had been put upon him, he thought there was something meritorious in his present state of humiliation. He therefore thanked Mrs. Whitfield for her kindness, but chose to continue where he was.

One

One evening, when Wildgoose was deeply engaged in haranguing to a full house, an ordinary fellow, in a silver-laced hat, came into the room; and, squeezing through the crowd, gave a letter to one of the company, who handed it to Tugwell, who was sitting on the head of a cask under his master, and officiated as a sort of Clerk. He watched his opportunity till Wildgoose made a pause, and then presented the letter. As soon as he began to look on the direction, the man that brought it (who was no other than the Gloucester Journal-man) calls out, "Read it, Master, read it; it brings you some news of your poor mother." Wildgoose, renouncing all family connexions, and disregarding whatever concerned himself, stretched out his hand, and cried out, "Behold my mother, my sister, and my brother!" and immediately went on with his discourse.

The case was, that, although there were none of their towns-men at his first preaching on Dover's hill; yet there were many that knew him by sight, notwithstanding he was disguised in his own hair: and the story had soon spread to Mrs. Wildgoose's ears. The odd turn which her son's melancholy had taken, we may be sure, must greatly affect a fond parent; and it had
really

really thrown Mrs. Wildgoose into a fit of sickness. Mr. Powell, therefore, the Vicar of the parish, having been informed by the Journalman, that an itinerant Preacher of some fortune (as was given out) had been shewing off at Gloucester, soon guessed, from the description of him and his attendant, that it was his good neighbour Mr. Wildgoose; and so dispatched a letter by him, on his return, to acquaint Wildgoose with the effect his extravagant whim had had upon his worthy mother. But Enthusiasm is deaf to the calls of Nature; nay, esteems it meritorious to trample upon all the relative duties of life. Men of this cast think nothing of any importance, but what corresponds with the chimerical notions which have possessed their fancies.

Wildgoose therefore paid no other regard to the Doctor's intelligence, than writing a short letter to his mother; in which he expressed his concern for her illness, but said, "he was not at his own disposal; and could not, in conscience, live in carnal ease and security, when the spiritual harvest was so great, and the true labourers so few. In short," says he in conclusion, "woe be unto me, if I preach not the Gospel!"

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Mr. Wildgoose's Success with the Ladies.

“ IF chance some blooming nymph, with locks of
 “ gold,
 “ The brilliant lustre sparkling in her eye,
 “ Shading her lovely cheeks with hat of straw,
 “ Or filken bonnet green of glossy hue,
 “ Enters the shop of learned Bibliopole,
 “ That vends his ware at Tunbridge or at Bath,
 “ Retailing modern trash to saunt’ring beaux—”

SHOULD any of my amiable country-women, I say, smit with the love of novelty, carry home this trifling volume from some Circulating-library; and, throwing herself negligently upon her settee or sofa—or even on the feet of her truckle-bed—have patience to attend two such odd fellows thus far; she will probably be disgusted, that she has not been entertained with a single love-tale, which are generally looked upon as essential to works of this kind; and not only make a principal part of every episode, but are usually interwoven with the body of the fable. But I would have them con-
 sider

sider the peculiar character of our Hero; which is not (at first sight) at all friendly to the softer passions. If they can prevail on themselves however to attend him a few pages further, they may perhaps discover some slight symptoms of an affection, not entirely of the seraphic or platonic kind.

There was amongst Mr. Wildgoose's female votaries one Mrs. Sarsenet, a Millener; who notwithstanding she supported an infirm mother and a lame sister by her industry, yet, from the severity of Mr. Wildgoose's doctrine, had conceived some scruples about the innocence, or even the lawfulness, of her profession. She therefore desired Mr. Wildgoose to drink a dish of tea with her; and took that opportunity of consulting him, as a Casuist, upon the subject. Upon considering the affair with some deliberation, Wildgoose told her, "that, although some
 " branches of the trade, as it was often practised,
 " might *accidentally* promote vice; yet, as some
 " part of the female dress was not only *decent*,
 " but even necessary in this cold climate, and
 " as the trade had not *directly* any bad tendency,
 " he could not look upon it as absolutely sinful.
 " However," says he, "it greatly concerns
 " you, not to countenance the ladies that deal
 " with

“ with you, in any vain ornaments or wanton
 “ attire ; but to discourage any thing of that
 “ kind, even against your own interest, as much
 “ as you decently can.” The Reader will find,
 in the sequel, that Mrs. Sarfenet carried this
 doctrine rather to an extreme, and to the preju-
 dice of her temporal interest and that of her fa-
 mily.

We must not imagine, however, that this
 grave matron was a proper object of *desire* to a
 religious enthusiast. There was with this Mil-
 lener a young Lady, who seemed not to be in the
 capacity of an apprentice, but rather as some
 friend upon a visit to Mrs. Sarfenet, and who
 had something in her manner and appearance
 above her present situation. A nice critic might
 perhaps dispute her title to the character of a
 perfect beauty : but she had a sprightliness in
 her air, and a piercing brilliancy in her eyes,
 which, joined to the gloss of youth, could not
 fail to attract the particular regard of Mr. Wild-
 goose, and made him very assiduous in directing
 his pious precepts to so fair a disciple. When-
 ever he said any thing to which he expected a
 particular attention, he applied himself to Miss
 Townsend (by a kind of instinct) for her appro-
 bation. But though this young nymph seemed
 well

well enough pleased when Mr. Wildgoose talked to her upon indifferent subjects, she was inclined rather to disapprove of, and even to railly, the severity of many of his opinions. Nay, in one of his visits, which he repeated pretty often, she took upon her to ask Wildgoose, “ how “ he could be so cruel, as not to visit his poor “ mother ; who, she found, was ill and desired “ to see him ? for,” says she, with a sigh and down-cast look, “ Heaven will never prosper disrespect to a parent !”—Miss Townsend’s earnestness upon this subject excited Wildgoose’s curiosity ; and, with a more gallant air than usual, he desired to know “ why she looked so “ very dismal upon the occasion ?”—After a little pause and a few blushes, she replied, “ that the “ greatest misfortune of her life, and her present unhappy situation, was owing to her disrespect to a worthy, and, in general, a very “ kind father.”—“ Pray, what misfortunes can “ so young a Lady as you are have experienced ?” says Wildgoose ; “ for you don’t seem yet to be “ above sixteen !”—Miss Townsend seemed in confusion at having discovered so much of her own affairs : but Mrs. Sarsenet told her, “ She “ need not be afraid of talking freely to so good “ a man as Mr. Wildgoose ; who would never “ make

“ make any wrong use of her confidence ; and
 “ might probably give her some spiritual conso-
 “ lation, which would make her more easy un-
 “ der this little calamity, which her own indis-
 “ cretion, or rather *my folly,*” says she, “ has
 “ brought upon you.”

Mr. Wildgoose wishing it might be in his power to give her any assistance, and intreating her to gratify his impatience to be acquainted with her story, Miss Townsend dropped a tear ; then, pulling up her spirits, gave the following account of herself.

C H A P. VI.

The History of Miss Townsend.

“ **M**Y father (as Mrs. Sarsenet knows) has
 “ a *small* estate on the borders of
 “ —shire, where he now lives.”—“ No,”
 says Mrs. Sarsenet, “ I know that Mr. Townsend
 “ has a very *considerable* estate, which has been
 “ in the family for many generations.”—
 “ Well,” says Miss Townsend, “ I don’t know
 “ what it is : but —shire is my native place.
 “ My

“ My poor mother has been dead about a twelve-
 “ month, to my inexpressible misfortune, and
 “ that of the whole family. She left behind her
 “ me and two sisters, one a few years older, the
 “ other considerably younger, than myself.
 “ Whilst my mother lived, we saw a great deal
 “ of genteel company; and she took care to
 “ have us instructed at home in all the usual
 “ accomplishments of our sex. But, soon after
 “ her death, my father sent us all three
 “ (though two of us were almost grown up, and
 “ my eldest sister capable of managing his
 “ house) to a country boarding-school, to the
 “ astonishment of the whole neighbourhood.
 “ We soon found, however, that my father’s
 “ intention was, to make way for another House-
 “ keeper, to whom he had taken an unaccount-
 “ able fancy. This was an Irish-woman, whom
 “ I shall call the *widow* Townsend; as she
 “ came into the neighbourhood, about half a year
 “ before my mother’s death, in the character of
 “ an officer’s wife, one Captain Townsend, who
 “ had made a small fortune in America, and
 “ called himself a relation of ours: but he dying
 “ soon after, this woman took lodgings in a small
 “ market-town, at a little distance from my fa-
 “ ther’s; and, as she did not appear to be left
 “ in

“ in very affluent circumstances, she made no
 “ scruple, I believe, of undertaking the ma-
 “ nagement of my father’s family, in the capa-
 “ city of an House-keeper.

“ The widow Townsend, as I said, is an Irish-
 “ woman, and about forty ; not handsome ; but
 “ has something in her manner, which attracts
 “ the regard of the gentlemen, as much as it
 “ disgusts the generality of our sex : my poor
 “ mother (as Mrs. Sarfenet well knows) could
 “ never bear her. She is a woman of no sort
 “ of conversation, and yet my father now makes
 “ a constant companion of her ; and we have no
 “ reason to doubt, that, after a decent time, he
 “ will make her our step-mother : in which
 “ case, though I should think it my duty to
 “ shew her all the respect which is due to my
 “ father’s wife ; yet, at present, I own, I could
 “ not bring my stubborn heart to submit with
 “ tolerable decency to the many mortifications I
 “ daily met with from a woman in her situa-
 “ tion.

“ For, you must know, at Christmas last,
 “ my father thought it proper to permit my
 “ eldest sister and me to leave school, and return
 “ home again ; as it must appear to every one,
 “ that we were banished for no other reason
 “ than

“ than to make way for a woman in her am-
 “ biguous situation—though I believe she had
 “ another view in having my sister at home,
 “ which I will explain to you hereafter.

“ The widow Townsend affected, at first, to
 “ treat us with great civility, and even apparent
 “ affection ; and used great art to make us rest
 “ satisfied under the authority which she had
 “ acquired. She indulged us in several little
 “ instances and articles of finery ; in which, I
 “ believe, my own mother would have thought
 “ it improper to have gratified us. These things
 “ won my sister’s heart ; and it would be affecta-
 “ tion in me, to say that I was not pleased
 “ with my gold watch and other trinkets, which
 “ she had persuaded my father to procure us.
 “ But still I could not bear to be obliged to a
 “ woman, whom I considered as having an im-
 “ proper influence over my father, for what I
 “ imagined I might reasonably have expected
 “ from the great affection he had formerly
 “ shewn me in particular ; in whose favour,
 “ I flattered myself, he had always discovered
 “ some little partiality.

“ For my father, you must know, was al-
 “ ways a very bookish, and is, I believe, a
 “ very learned man ; and is reckoned a great

“ Anti-

“ Antiquary and Virtuoso. I flattered myself,
 “ therefore, that he was particularly pleased
 “ with the taste I discovered for reading, pre-
 “ ferably to every other amusement: to hu-
 “ mour which taste, he himself had contributed,
 “ by turning me loose into one corner of his
 “ library, which contained a collection of books
 “ made by an old maiden aunt of ours; and
 “ consisted of Dryden’s Plays, and all the dra-
 “ matic works of the last age, novels, and
 “ romances of every kind.”

“ I am afraid then,” says Wildgoose, “ you
 “ had not many religious books put into your
 “ hands by your good father?”

“ No,” says Miss Townsend; “ but I had a
 “ few by my good mother, which I made a
 “ point of reading every Sunday; such as Til-
 “ lotson’s Sermons, the Whole Duty of Man,
 “ and the like.”

“ Why,” replies Wildgoose, “ you might as
 “ well have read the Seven Champions or Jack
 “ the Giant-killer, as either the Whole Duty of
 “ Man or Tillotson, who knew no more of
 “ Christianity than Mahomet*.”

“ Well,” says Miss Townsend, “ I am not a
 “ judge of those things; but will go on with
 “ my story.”

* Whitfield’s Journals.

C H A P. VII.

Miss Townsend's Story continued.

“MY taste for reading,” continued Miss Townsend, “not only rendered me the
 “ object of my sister’s jealousy (who never
 “ looked in a book), but made me less agreeable
 “ to the widow Townsend; and has been, I am
 “ afraid, the principal cause of my present un-
 “ happy situation.

“ For this woman, you must know, though
 “ she affects to be a great œconomist, yet (like
 “ most of the Irish ladies) is never compleatly
 “ happy but at the card-table: and as I was
 “ unpolite, or rather impolitic, enough con-
 “ stantly to declare my aversion to cards; this
 “ gave her frequent occasions to represent me to
 “ my father, as one that regarded nothing but
 “ my own gratification; ‘ which, she said, was
 “ a very bad symptom in a young person.’ And,
 “ what is surprizing, she had brought my father,
 “ who was formerly never easy out of his study,
 “ to make one at quadrille, or piquet, every
 “ evening. And my sister, who had rather do

“ any thing than read, or work at her needle,
 “ was always happy in being of the party.

“ The widow Townsend having so far suc-
 “ ceeded as to make my father less pleased with
 “ my favourite amusements; as it was her in-
 “ terest to have no rival in his affection, she
 “ began, by degrees, farther to insinuate, ‘ that
 “ it would be much more to my credit, if I
 “ would apply more carefully to my needle;’ in
 “ which article she represented me as very de-
 “ fective, and even hinted ‘ that another year’s
 “ schooling would be greatly to my advantage,’
 “ though Mrs. Sarsenet, I believe, is far from
 “ making any complaint of that kind. In short,
 “ my father began, by degrees, not only to re-
 “ primand me, whenever he found me with a
 “ book in my hand; but daily discovered, on
 “ every occasion, less fondness for me than he
 “ had formerly shewn. This encouraged Mrs.
 “ Townsend to treat me with less ceremony;
 “ and as for my sister, she not only became
 “ reserved to me, in order to recommend herself
 “ more effectually to our gouvernante; but began
 “ to consider me as a troublesome rival in
 “ another affair, which I will now explain to
 “ you.

“ My sister, you must know, had a very
 “ considerable fortune (near seven thousand
 “ pounds) left her by a great aunt, independ-
 “ dently of my father; and this she will have
 “ in her own power the day she is eighteen,
 “ which will be within these six weeks. This,
 “ I am inclined to think, was Mrs. Townsend’s
 “ chief motive for bringing her brother (one
 “ Captain Mahony, as she calls him) into the
 “ neighbourhood, and introducing him into our
 “ family; where he comes almost every day,
 “ and frequently stays there for a week together.
 “ He is a Lieutenant, I believe, in a marching
 “ regiment, though upon half-pay. He is
 “ about thirty; a tolerably good person, and
 “ dresses very genteely; but conceited and ig-
 “ norant. Yet, as very seldom any other
 “ gentleman came to the house (nor indeed
 “ much company of any kind since this woman
 “ has been there), this coxcomb contrived to
 “ make some impression, I believe, upon my
 “ sister’s heart. And because he would some-
 “ times condescend to direct his nonsense to me
 “ (either to conceal his designs upon my sister,
 “ or to raise her jealousy), she, by degrees,
 “ began to consider me as her rival, and of
 “ course

“ course as an obstacle to her wishes; and to
 “ treat me accordingly.

“ In short, this behaviour of my sister, the
 “ insults I daily met with from the widow
 “ Townsend, and the coldness with which my
 “ dear father began to treat me, made my situa-
 “ tion at home extremely disagreeable.

“ But, completely to ruin me in the widow
 “ Townsend’s good opinion, and of course in
 “ my father’s favour, was a friendly letter
 “ which I happened to receive from my good
 “ Mrs. Sarfenet here; who, having a particular
 “ regard for my late mother (they having been
 “ school-fellows at Chelsea), and hearing that
 “ this woman (to whom she knew my poor
 “ mother had a particular dislike) was come to
 “ keep my father’s house; she had written to
 “ me upon the subject; and, with more honesty
 “ than prudence perhaps, had declared her real
 “ sentiments of the matter: which letter the
 “ widow Townsend (I believe, by my sister’s
 “ means) unluckily got a sight of; and from
 “ that time grew so inveterate against me, that
 “ (presuming upon the influence she had over
 “ my father) she insisted upon my being sent
 “ to school again with my little sister Quin-

“ tilla, or somewhere out of the house; other-
 “ wise she herself was determined to leave
 “ him.

C H A P. VIII.

Miss Townsend's Story continued.

“ **B** EING now continually exposed to the
 “ widow Townsend's forbidding looks and
 “ reproaches; as also to the neglect of my dear
 “ father, and the ill-natured treatment of my
 “ sister, who would not suffer me quietly to enjoy
 “ the only relief which I sought, that of reading
 “ alone in my closet; but above all, the expecta-
 “ tion of being sent to school again, at my age—
 “ all these things put together provoked me
 “ beyond all patience.

“ My romances furnished me with innumer-
 “ able instances of this kind of domestic perse-
 “ cution; which generally terminated in the
 “ elopement of the innocent sufferer, her un-
 “ expected success in life, and her triumphant
 “ return.

“ In short, I had an high idea of the grandeur
 “ and politeness of London; and saw several
 “ instances

“ instances even of the lower sort of people,
 “ who, having been sent for by rich relations or
 “ taken into good services, came down more po-
 “ lite and entirely different sort of creatures from
 “ those which I generally conversed with.

“ I last month therefore formed a most ro-
 “ mantic scheme, for seeing the world, and
 “ going to London by myself. In order to this,
 “ I determined to get to Oxford, and set out
 “ from thence in the stage-coach, and endeavour
 “ to find out a particular friend and distant re-
 “ lation of my mama’s, who, I knew, lodged
 “ somewhere in Westminster; and who had
 “ spent a good part of the last summer before
 “ my mother’s death with us in the country, and
 “ used frequently to invite me to London; or,
 “ if I should not find her out, having twenty
 “ guineas (given me at different times by a
 “ god-mother) in my own possession, I thought,
 “ with œconomy, I could subsist for some time;
 “ and had some vague ideas of introducing my-
 “ self into good company, or, perhaps, even of
 “ making my fortune, as other distressed or per-
 “ secuted damsels had done.

“ As I had no confidante in my own family,
 “ I communicated my intentions to a woman in
 “ the neighbourhood, who had been my mother’s

“ Maid, and was now married to a man who, in
 “ my mother’s time, had been our Coachman ;
 “ both of them were favourites of my mother’s,
 “ and of course were not so with the widow
 “ Townsend. The poor woman at first dissuaded
 “ me from pursuing so strange a resolution ; but,
 “ when she found me bent upon it, and knew
 “ how disagreeably I lived at home, the man
 “ consented to carry me behind him (on an horse
 “ which he kept to lett) the next night to Ox-
 “ ford, as I had desired, without considering the
 “ probable consequences of so imprudent a step.

“ As my sister was engaged almost every even-
 “ ing at cards with my father and the widow
 “ Townsend, I took those opportunities at least
 “ of sitting up in my closet to read ; and my
 “ sister frequently went to bed without making
 “ any inquiries after me : so that I easily eluded
 “ any immediate search, and escaped to the
 “ house appointed.

“ Not to trouble you with too many par-
 “ ticulars ; having packed up an handsome bro-
 “ caded suit of cloaths, two silk night-gowns,
 “ with some pretty good linen, and my money,
 “ I got safe, with my luggage, to Oxford, and
 “ met with a place in the coach, which set out
 “ the next morning for London.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

Miss Townsend's Story continued.

“ T H E R E was amongst the passengers a
 “ well-looking elderly gentleman, of good
 “ fortune (as I had reason to think), by his
 “ generous behaviour to me, and by a genteel
 “ footman behind the coach. He was a little
 “ surprized, I believe, at the first sight of so
 “ young a person, tolerably well dressed, and
 “ going such a journey quite alone. He, by
 “ degrees, began to sift out my situation in life,
 “ and what expedition I was now engaged in.
 “ His humanity, and a desire to serve me, rather
 “ than mere curiosity, seemed to be the motives
 “ for his inquiries. When we came to dinner,
 “ and I happened to be left alone with him, I
 “ soon communicated my whimsical project to
 “ this gentleman. He was vastly surprized, and
 “ expressed great concern both for me and for
 “ my father, whom he found to be almost the
 “ only person that I was sorry to have left be-
 “ hind me.

“ He asked me, ‘ how I could think of sup-
 “ porting myself, for any time, in so expensive
 “ a place as London was ?’ I told him the state
 “ of my finances; and ‘ that, if I could not find
 “ out my late mother’s friend in Westminster,
 “ I proposed lodging in some cheap part of the
 “ suburbs.’ He smiled at my simplicity; and
 “ began to describe to me the extreme danger
 “ such a young person as I was, exposed my-
 “ self to, in so romantic an enterprize; the
 “ wickedness of the world in general, and of
 “ the town in particular; and in short, ventured
 “ to foretell my inevitable ruin; which he
 “ painted in such strong colours, that I burst
 “ into tears, and begged him to advise me
 “ what method to pursue. ‘ What!’ says he,
 “ Madam? why, as soon as we arrive in town,
 “ give me leave to take another place for you,
 “ the next day, in this same coach; and return
 “ again to your friends in the country.’
 “ I was a little staggered at this proposal;
 “ and could not bear the thoughts of exposing
 “ myself to the resentment of my father, the
 “ insults of Mrs. Townsend, and the ridicule
 “ of my sister. But when we came to London,
 “ and saw the vast hurry and extent of that
 “ metropolis, my heart began to fail me: and,
 “ in

“ in the evening especially, when we reached
 “ the inn in Holbourn, and the gentleman had
 “ bid them send the Chamber-maid to shew me
 “ to my bed-chamber; in came a bold ill-look-
 “ ing fellow, who called himself the Chamber-
 “ lain. ‘ There, Madam, says the old gentle-
 “ man, you see who is to wait on you to
 “ bed to-night, and to lace your stays in the
 “ morning: this is the attendance which a
 “ young lady must generally expect at the inns
 “ in London.’

“ I was now struck with all the horrors of
 “ my situation; and therefore told the gentle-
 “ man, ‘ I should gladly accept of his kind offer;
 “ and would beg him to take a place for me
 “ against the next morning:’ which he very
 “ politely did, and insisted upon treating me
 “ with the earnest which he had paid for the
 “ coach. I was ashamed to accept of such a
 “ favour from a stranger; but he desired me to
 “ say no more about it. I took my leave of
 “ him that evening, without being able to dis-
 “ cover his name; though I found, by several
 “ circumstances, that he lived in Hereford-
 “ shire.

C H A P. X.

Miss Townsend's Story continued.

“ **B** EING thoroughly fatigued with my
 “ journey, I slept soundly till the morning ;
 “ when I was called, I suppose, by the Cham-
 “ berlain ; but was so drowsy, that I knew not
 “ what answer I gave him, when he told me
 “ ‘ the passengers were all in the coach, and just
 “ setting out.’ However, he insisted upon it
 “ afterwards, that I said, ‘ I could not get up,
 “ if they went without me.’ In short, about
 “ nine o’clock, I was waked by the mistress of
 “ the house ; who, having heard that I was a
 “ very young woman without any attendants,
 “ came to satisfy her curiosity, and to inquire
 “ into my intentions. The woman was civil
 “ enough ; and when I expressed my surprize
 “ at the coach’s being gone without me, and
 “ my distress what course to take, she said, ‘ as
 “ I was come to London merely out of curiosity,
 “ and was now obliged to stay till the next
 “ coaches went out, she would shew me some-
 “ thing of the town, if I would give her
 “ leave.”

“ I told

“ I told her, ‘ I had a relation in Westminster,
 “ whom I would now try to find out.’—She
 “ asked me, ‘ What street her house was in?’—
 “ She has no house, says I; but I know she
 “ lodges somewhere in Westminster; and, as she
 “ is a lady of a large acquaintance, though small
 “ fortune, I dare say, I shall easily find her out.’
 “ The woman laughed at my ignorance of the
 “ town; and said, ‘ I might as well look for a
 “ needle in a bundle of hay.’

“ She then took me down to breakfast with
 “ her, behind the bar; where I spent most part
 “ of that day, she not being at leisure to attend
 “ me abroad. In the afternoon, a neighbour
 “ of hers, who had a small house in one of the
 “ adjacent courts, came to drink tea with
 “ her. The woman of the house being fre-
 “ quently called away into the bar; I was left
 “ alone with Mrs. Skelton (which was the
 “ name of the other woman). After inquiring
 “ into my motives for coming to London, and
 “ finding I had no friends or acquaintance there,
 “ she offered to take me to her house, as a
 “ boarder; and to bring me acquainted with
 “ every thing that was worth seeing in London.
 “ To reconcile me to her proposal, she soon
 “ discovered, that she was my country woman;

“ and said, ‘ she had relations in that part of
 “ England.’ In short, I was so well pleased
 “ with the apparent friendship of this woman ;
 “ and, for the reasons above-mentioned, found
 “ so little inclination to return to my friends in
 “ the country ; that I began to be very well
 “ pleased with the coach’s going without me,
 “ and leaving me in London.

“ I then acquainted the woman at the inn
 “ with Mrs. Skelton’s offer. She said, ‘ I could
 “ not lodge with a better sort of woman ; that
 “ she had known her for some years ; and she
 “ was a clever, sensible person ; and kept the
 “ *best of company* ;’ ranking herself, I suppose,
 “ in that number. I therefore paid my bill at
 “ the inn, took my leave of the mistress of it,
 “ and accompanied Mrs. Skelton to her house.

“ I am now astonished at my simplicity ;
 “ but was quite ignorant of the world : and in-
 “ deed, after my first imprudent step, what other
 “ scheme could I pursue ? I soon found, however,
 “ that the world in reality was very different
 “ from what it appeared in poetry and ro-
 “ mance.

CHAPTER XI.

Miss Townsend's Story continued.

“MR. S. Skelton affected to have taken a
 “ great liking to me; and the next
 “ morning performed her promise of shewing
 “ me the town. That she might do this in
 “ the most compendious manner, the first place
 “ she took me to was the top of Saint Paul’s,
 “ where indeed I was struck with astonishment
 “ at the appearance of that vast metropolis.
 “ After dragging me on to the Tower, she
 “ made me take a coach to bring us back to
 “ Holborn. By the way, however, she stopped
 “ at a Millener’s near Saint Paul’s, and equipped
 “ me with, what she thought, a more fashion-
 “ able cap, and other things which she thought
 “ necessary; but without putting me to any
 “ great expence. When we came home, she
 “ helped me to adjust my dress, according to
 “ her own taste; and told me, ‘ the gentleman
 “ who lodged in her first floor would dine with
 “ us. He is a gentleman of very large fortune,
 “ I assure you, says she, and perhaps may
 “ fall

“ fall in love with you. He is rather too old
 “ for you, continued she; but I know several
 “ young ladies, who would be very happy in
 “ such an opportunity of setting their caps at
 “ him, I can tell you.’

“ Well; at dinner this fine gentleman ap-
 “ peared, dressed in blue and gold. He seemed
 “ to be about fifty, and was agreeable enough
 “ in his person: but what gave me a sort of
 “ liking to him was, that he put me much in
 “ mind of my own father. Nay, finding how
 “ entirely unacquainted I was with the town,
 “ he very kindly cautioned me against the arti-
 “ fices of the people I should probably meet
 “ with; and told me, ‘ if I made any stay in
 “ London, he would introduce me to some of
 “ the female part of his own family.’

“ The next morning Mr. Blackman (which
 “ was the gentleman’s name) breakfasted with
 “ us; and, though he was engaged to dine with
 “ some gentlemen of Lincoln’s-Inn, he said, ‘ he
 “ hoped to be at home again with us in the
 “ evening.’ At the same time he told Mrs.
 “ Skelton, ‘ that there was a very good play to
 “ be acted that night; and asked her, if she
 “ did not intend to go?’ She pretended to make
 “ a scruple of leaving me alone; on purpose,

“ I suppose, to give him an opportunity of offer-
 “ ing each of us tickets for the play ; which he
 “ immediately did.

“ Accordingly to the play we went, and sat
 “ in one of the side galleries. There happened
 “ to sit next to us, a young lady most splendidly
 “ dressed ; who, I found, was an acquaintance
 “ of Mrs. Skelton’s. She talked a great deal,
 “ and even in the most interesting parts of the
 “ play ; and seemed to ridicule every thing that
 “ was grave or decent. She was particularly
 “ merry upon a country gentleman and his wife,
 “ as we judged them to be, who sat together in
 “ one of the side-boxes ; and said, ‘ it was asto-
 “ nishing to her, how any woman could think
 “ of burying herself with an husband in the
 “ country ; to sit nodding at each other, whole
 “ winter evenings, on each side the parlour
 “ fire, with nothing to amuse them but a for-
 “ mal visit once a week from some unfashion-
 “ able creatures like themselves. In short, says
 “ she, I’d rather be a Mistress to a Trades-
 “ man in town, than the Wife of any Country
 “ Squire in England.’ I was greatly shocked,
 “ instead of being diverted, with this lady’s con-
 “ versation, and began to wish myself in some
 “ other place ; but I was highly offended at
 “ hearing

“ hearing Mrs. Skelton ask her, ‘ when she
 “ should have the honour of seeing her in
 “ Holbourn?’ To which she answered, ‘ She
 “ would do herself that honour very soon.’

“ When we returned from the play, we found
 “ an elegant supper ordered from the tavern by
 “ the old gentleman, who was waiting for us
 “ with great patience in the parlour. After sup-
 “ per, Mr. Blackman and Mrs. Skelton drank
 “ several glasses together; and the latter would
 “ have forced me to pledge them: but Mr.
 “ Blackman desired ‘ I would drink no more than
 “ was quite agreeable to me, as probably I had
 “ never been used to any thing strong.’ In
 “ short, as there was something of a paternal
 “ fondness in the behaviour of Mr. Blackman;
 “ so it inspired me with sentiments of quite a
 “ filial love and respect. And I lived near a
 “ fortnight in the house, quite agreeably; Mr.
 “ Blackman and Mrs. Skelton treating me like
 “ a daughter for whom they had a great affec-
 “ tion; always contriving something to amuse
 “ and entertain me.

C H A P. XII.

Miss Townsend's Story continued.

“ ONE morning Mrs. Skelton asked me,
 “ ‘ whether I should like to take a voyage
 “ by water? for, said she, I want to make a
 “ visit to an acquaintance as far as Chelsea.
 “ We shall have another lady and gentleman of
 “ our party, which will be more agreeable, and
 “ lessen the expence of our voyage.’ I told her,
 “ ‘ I should be very glad of such a jaunt; as I
 “ had never been upon the river, and was very
 “ fond of water.’ She wished Mr. Blackman
 “ could go with us; ‘ but, said she, he has so
 “ many grand acquaintance, it is hardly proba-
 “ ble that he will be disengaged.’ Upon her
 “ mentioning it to him at breakfast, however,
 “ he replied, ‘ that he would meet us, if possible,
 “ about twelve o’clock, at the water-side.’

“ When we came to the place appointed, I
 “ was surprized to see, not only Mr. Blackman,
 “ but the lady whom we had met at the play,
 “ attended by another gentleman. He was a
 “ genteel, or rather a shewy man, of about forty.

“ He

“ He addressed us with an air of familiarity, and
 “ affectation of gaiety, which to me was very
 “ disgusting; though he was what some people
 “ would reckon a chearful companion and an
 “ handsome man.

“ Mr. Blackman had provided a covered boat,
 “ and furnished it with biscuits, almonds and
 “ raisins, and a bottle of white-wine; the for-
 “ mer, I suppose, for mine, and the latter for
 “ Mrs. Skelton’s entertainment. As the other
 “ gentleman and lady, whom I took to be hus-
 “ band and wife, were very fond of each other,
 “ Mr. Blackman was particular in his behaviour
 “ to me, and took a great deal of pains to gain
 “ my attention to every thing which he said.
 “ But nothing attracted my notice so much as
 “ the fine prospect on each side of the river,
 “ which he pointed out to me, and explained;
 “ from the grand dome of Saint Paul’s to the
 “ venerable Gothic piles of Westminster-Abbey,
 “ and the palace of Lambeth, with the rural ob-
 “ jects which present themselves gradually till
 “ we reached the noble hospital of Chelsea, whi-
 “ ther we were bound.

“ When we arrived at the end of our voyage,
 “ Mr. Blackman went immediately out of the
 “ boat, and said, ‘ he would bespeak a room for
 “ us.

“ us at a little sort of tavern close to the water :’
 “ for I soon found that this visit of Mrs. Skel-
 “ ton’s was only a pretence ; and that we were
 “ to dine at this house, at these gentlemen’s ex-
 “ pence.

“ There was something in this which did not
 “ quite please me. But my inexperience, or
 “ rather my entire ignorance of the arts
 “ of mankind, prevented me from suspecting
 “ any ill design. After dinner, Mrs. Skelton
 “ said, ‘ she would just step a door or two fur-
 “ ther, to call upon her friend, with whom she
 “ had some particular business :’ and charged
 “ Mr. Blackman ‘ to take care of her daughter,’
 “ as she affected to call me.

“ Soon after Mrs. Skelton was gone, the other
 “ gentleman and lady said, ‘ they would take a
 “ walk in the garden, and return to us imme-
 “ diately.’ I stared a little ; but, as they were
 “ strangers to me, and I had no inclination to
 “ cultivate an intimacy with the lady, I made
 “ no overtures to accompany her ; especially as
 “ I supposed them to be man and wife. And
 “ as I had never seen any thing in Mr. Black-
 “ man’s behaviour at all exceptionable, I was
 “ not uneasy at being left alone with him.

“ After

“ After they had been gone a few minutes,
 “ I went up to the window, which had a fine
 “ prospect of the Thames: and Mr. Blackman,
 “ following me, opened a door near the win-
 “ dow, and told me, ‘ I might have a better
 “ prospect in the next room —— ”

Here Miss Townsend blushed, and made a
 pause; then turned pale, and seemed unwilling
 to proceed in her story. Mrs. Sarfenet, who had
 heard it more than once, made an excuse for her,
 but desired “ she would go on; otherwise Mr.
 “ Wildgoose might suspect she had been guilty
 “ of something which she had reason to be
 “ ashamed of.”

“ That I have,” says Miss Townsend, “ of
 “ the whole series of my folly; though, I
 “ thank God, I have nothing to accuse myself
 “ of, but my unparalleled indiscretion. How-
 “ ever, I have great reason to be thankful to
 “ Providence, for preserving me from the pro-
 “ bable effects of it.”

“ Why,” says Wildgoose, “ Providence
 “ rarely deserts us, even in those misfortunes
 “ which are the consequence of our own inad-
 “ vertency; if we humbly apply for assistance,
 “ and sincerely endeavour to retrieve any false
 “ step

“ step as soon as we become sensible of it, and
 “ do not presumptuously persist in a wrong
 “ course of action, against the suggestions of
 “ his Holy Spirit.

“ But, come, Madam ; I must beg to hear the
 “ sequel of this adventure ; since you have in-
 “ terested me in your escape from the critical
 “ situation in which you have described your-
 “ self at the window, where you were left alone
 “ with this fine gentleman.

C H A P. XIII.

Miss Townsend's Story continued.

“ **W**ELL, Sir ; Mr. Blackman came up
 “ to me, as I told you, and opened a
 “ door near the window, and told me, ‘ there
 “ was a better prospect from that room.’ See-
 “ ing it was a bed-chamber, I started back ; but
 “ he laid hold on my arm, pulled me in by
 “ force, and shut the door.

“ I had read in poetry of Fawns and Satyrs ;
 “ in romances of discourteous Knights and Sa-
 “ vages : but had no conception that a man of
 “ so respectable an appearance, in a brigadeer
 “ wig

“ wig and grave habit, that looked more like
 “ a Justice of Peace or High-sheriff than a de-
 “ bauched Rake, could be guilty of any rude-
 “ nefs or indecent behaviour.

“ I cried out, with all my force; and said, ‘ I
 “ would sooner die, than remain with him alone.’
 “ I struggled, and at last got to the fast; but
 “ found it was screwed down. I continued call-
 “ ing out with great violence, and made all the
 “ noise I could; but to no purpose. This vile
 “ man continued his detestable importunity,
 “ and I despaired of any assistance; when I was
 “ providentially relieved by a pretty loud rap-
 “ ping at the outer door. Upon his opening it,
 “ the Waiter introduced a very genteel modest-
 “ looking woman, and a pretty girl about ten
 “ years old. On seeing me and Mr. Blackman,
 “ who were both strangers to her, she drew
 “ back, and made an apology for her mistake.
 “ The Waiter told us, ‘ the lady had enquired for
 “ one Mr. Andrews; and insisted upon it, that
 “ he came with the company in our boat.’

“ Mr. Blackman reprimanded him for his
 “ impertinent intrusion: but I begged him to
 “ inform me where the other gentleman and
 “ ladies were; and upon my going out upon
 “ the stair-case, I met Mrs. Skelton coming up.

“ I com-

“ I complained of her leaving me alone with
 “ Mr. Blackman, and told her how brutishly
 “ he had behaved. She affected great surprize
 “ and indignation; and, upon coming into the
 “ room, ‘ Lord! says she, Mr. Blackman, I
 “ did not think you could be guilty of any
 “ thing so rude to this young lady! Why, sure,
 “ your love for her, which you mentioned,
 “ has turned your head; but I will never suffer
 “ her to be injured, whilst she is under my pro-
 “ tection.’

“ Thus this vile woman endeavoured to per-
 “ suade me that she was unconcerned in his
 “ villainy; but I began to have a very bad
 “ opinion of her, and to wish myself out of
 “ her hands.

“ Though the fright I had been in raised
 “ my courage; yet I now found my spirits flag
 “ to such a degree, that I was hardly kept from
 “ fainting; but a little water, which Mrs.
 “ Skelton gave me, soon brought me to myself
 “ again.

“ Mr. Blackman pretended he was only in
 “ jest, and was sorry he had frightened me,
 “ and hoped I would forgive him an innocent
 “ frolick. But how monstrous is vice, especially
 “ in an elderly man! This gentleman, whom
 “ I had

“ I had before regarded with a filial love and
 “ esteem, I could not now behold without de-
 “ testation. Age ought in general to be treated
 “ with so much reverence and respect, that I
 “ do not love to hear the two words *old villain*
 “ or *old fool* united ; yet I could not separate the
 “ ideas in my mind, whenever I beheld this
 “ man for the future. But, as I was determined
 “ to make my escape the first opportunity, I
 “ dissembled my resentment as well as I could ;
 “ and returned with Mr. Blackman and Mrs.
 “ Skelton, leaving the rest of the company to
 “ themselves.

“ The gentleman and lady that came with
 “ us never returned after they left the room.
 “ But, as we were going out of the house, we
 “ heard a great disturbance in a parlour below
 “ stairs : and, by what I could collect, the lady,
 “ who came so providentially to my relief, was
 “ the real wife of that other gentleman who
 “ had been of our party ; and, having long sus-
 “ pected her husband’s connexion with the
 “ creature whom he had met at the play,
 “ had, by means of a faithful servant, traced
 “ out his intended jaunt for this particular day ;
 “ and, with more passion perhaps than pru-
 “ dence, came to reproach him with his con-
 “ duct :

“ duſt : and, in order to make the greater im-
 “ preſſion upon him, had taken her eldeſt
 “ daughter to be witneſs to his imprudence ;
 “ who, I afterwards found, was ſquandering
 “ away upon this ſtrumpet a good fortune,
 “ which his unhappy wife had brought him,
 “ and with which he had hitherto carried on a
 “ genteel trade in the city.

C H A P. XIV.

Miss Townsend's Story continued.

“ I N the evening, when I was going to bed,
 “ I aſked the Maid, who aſſiſted me to un-
 “ dreſs, what ſort of a man that was who lodged
 “ in the firſt floor. She ſeemed at firſt a little
 “ reſerved : but, upon my giving ſome hints of
 “ his rude behaviour, ſhe ſmiled, and ſhook
 “ her head, as if ſhe knew more than ſhe dared
 “ to expreſs.

“ When I told her, ‘ I was determined to quit
 “ my lodgings, if not the town of London, the
 “ next day ;’ ſhe aſked me, ‘ where my cloaths
 “ were ?’ I replied, ‘ in the cheſt of drawers :’
 “ but, upon looking there, I found they were
 Vol. I. I “ removed

“ removed into Mrs. Skelton’s room; and the
 “ Maid whispered to me, ‘ that I should find
 “ some difficulty in getting at them.’—‘ Lord!
 “ said I, and there’s the little leather trunk
 “ gone, in which is the chief part of my
 “ money!’ The girl then told me, ‘ I had
 “ better say nothing about removing the next
 “ day; but, says she, if you are determined
 “ to go, your things are in a dark press, in
 “ my mistress’s room: and I will watch my
 “ opportunity some time to-morrow, to get
 “ your little trunk at least, if not your cloaths;
 “ and will myself accompany you the next
 “ night following, for I live here little better
 “ than a slave. But my mistress owes me a
 “ quarter’s wages, which however I don’t re-
 “ gard; for I am determined to go and live in
 “ the country again, where I was born.

“ But, for God’s sake, Madam,’ continues
 “ she, ‘ don’t let my mistress know what I
 “ have said; for she would contrive, right or
 “ wrong, to send me to Bridewell.’ I assured
 “ her of my secrecy; which promise it was so
 “ much my interest to observe.

“ Having met with a sort of friend and con-
 “ fidante, I was a little easier in my mind, and
 “ resolved to behave with cheerfulness the next
 “ day,

“ day, the better to conceal my intended
“ escape.

“ In the afternoon, the lady who sat next
“ us at the play, and had been of our party to
“ Chelsea, came to drink tea with us. On her
“ affecting an astonishment at our returning
“ without them, Mrs. Skelton, with unparal-
“ leled assurance, told her, ‘ that the poor
“ young lady which she had taken under
“ her protection (meaning me) was terribly
“ frightened yesterday, by a gentleman that of-
“ fered some rudeness to her.’ She began to
“ railly me most unmercifully; and said, ‘ it
“ was a sign that I came lately out of the
“ country; for that those things must be ex-
“ pected to happen to such a fine girl as I was
“ (so she chose to express herself), if I went
“ much into the polite world. But, child, says
“ she, I would have you make the most of your
“ charms; and get a good settlement, as I have
“ done; and then you would never wish to see
“ the country again.’

“ As she ran on in this style, she took oc-
“ casion to adjust a diamond solitaire which she
“ wore, and displayed to the best advantage
“ three or four handsome rings. But I was
“ not so ignorant as to be dazzled by such

“ splendid trifles ; or not to despise the crea-
 “ ture, who, I had reason to believe, had
 “ purchased these by the sacrifice of her virtue
 “ and innocence.

C H A P. XV.

Miss Townsend's Story continued.

“ **W**ELL,” continued Miss Townsend,
 “ at length night came ; and the Maid
 “ informed me, ‘ she had secured all my things,
 “ except one silk night-gown, which her Mis-
 “ tress had not hung up with the rest ; and she
 “ did not care to search after, for fear of being
 “ discovered.’ I told her, ‘ I should be glad to
 “ leave that, as some recompence for near a
 “ fortnight’s board ; for, however wicked Mrs.
 “ Skelton’s intentions might be, I could not
 “ bear to be guilty of any act of injustice, that
 “ I was not obliged to, for my own preserva-
 “ tion.’

“ We were forced to wait till near two
 “ o’clock, before the Maid had seen her Mistress
 “ and Mr. Blackman safe to bed ; for after
 “ he came home, they sat up for near an
 “ hour

“ hour in close debate ; and the Maid assured
 “ me, ‘ they were laying some other plot for
 “ my destruction.’

“ When we came down to the street-door,
 “ the Maid shaking her head, ‘ Ah ! says she,
 “ it is as I feared ; the key is gone !’ I was
 “ thunder-struck at this news ; but she said, ‘ she
 “ knew a trick worth two of that.’ And, bidding
 “ me follow her, we came down into the
 “ kitchen, from which she opened a door into
 “ the area (as I think they call it) ; and bring-
 “ ing a pair of steps, which were made use of
 “ about the kitchen, we clambered up to the
 “ balustrades, and got into the court ; narrowly
 “ escaping the watch, who had just cried, ‘ Past
 “ two o’clock !’ In short, after several frights
 “ and alarms, we got clear of the town ; and,
 “ about sun-rising, found ourselves beyond
 “ Hammersmith, I think, upon the western
 “ road.

“ As my dress was rather too good for a foot-
 “ passenger, the girl proposed to rest that day,
 “ in some house near the road, to prevent
 “ suspicion ; and so take our chance of some
 “ carriage that might pass by.

“ I had hitherto been under such anxiety, for
 “ fear of being pursued, though I was not con-
 “ scious.

“scious of having injured any one, that I had
 “had no time to reflect, or to form any scheme;
 “so complied with the girl’s proposal. Accord-
 “ingly we stopped at a little public house,
 “where we reposed ourselves, and spent the re-
 “mainder of that day, not without a mixture
 “of joy and anxiety.

“Whilst we were here, the Maid let me into
 “the true character of Mrs. Skelton; who, I
 “found, made a practice of seducing young
 “people; and that the fine lady, whom we had
 “met at the play, was an unhappy creature,
 “who had been drawn in to prostitute her
 “youth and beauty to Mr. Blackman, for Mrs.
 “Skelton’s advantage: though she was now
 “kept by that Tradesman, who (as has been
 “mentioned) had almost ruined himself to sup-
 “port her extravagance: that the gentleman
 “who lodged with her was really a man of
 “good family, and considerable fortune; but
 “who spent it all in the gratification of his own
 “humour and vicious appetites; dividing his
 “whole life between his tavern companions and
 “his mistresses, with a variety of whom this vile
 “woman was well paid for supplying him. So
 “that I found I had great reason to bless myself
 “for this escape.”

Wildgoose

Wildgoose said, “ that Providence, for wise
 “ ends, permitted such monsters to fulfill the
 “ measure of their iniquities ; but that they
 “ ought to be punished, he thought, by human
 “ laws : that a double tax, however, would be
 “ the least return such useleſs wretches could
 “ make to the public, for the protection they
 “ enjoyed.”

C H A P. XVI.

Miss Townsend's Story continued.

“ **W**ELL,” continues Miſs Townſend, “ we
 “ lay the next night at the ſame houſe :
 “ but the people, I ſuppoſe, entertaining no
 “ very favourable opinion of our characters,
 “ took care to lodge us over a little room diſ-
 “ tinct from the reſt of the family.

“ As we had had no ſleep the preceding night,
 “ we went early to bed ; and I never waked till
 “ ſeven o'clock the next morning ; when, to
 “ my ſurprize, I miſſed my bed-fellow ; and alſo,
 “ upon looking round the room, I found ſhe
 “ had eaſed me of a good part of my language ;
 “ particularly the little trunk which contained

“ my money, and the silk night-gown in which
 “ I had escaped.—My brocaded suit of cloaths
 “ however, and one silk and another cotton
 “ night-gown, were left me ; and I luckily had
 “ four guineas and some silver, and my watch,
 “ in my pockets ; which, according to custom,
 “ I had laid under my pillow.

“ I had now seen enough of the world, to
 “ satisfy my curiosity ; and had paid dear for
 “ about ten days experience. The loss of my
 “ cloaths and money was the least of my mis-
 “ fortune. I had certainly forfeited my father’s
 “ favour ; should expose myself to the ridicule
 “ and reproaches of my sister and Mrs. Towns-
 “ end, and probably to the censures of the whole
 “ neighbourhood, if I ventured thither. To go
 “ back to town, where I had not one friend or
 “ acquaintance that I knew where to find, was
 “ to run into inevitable destruction. I imme-
 “ diately determined, therefore, to find out my
 “ good friend Mrs. Sarfenet here ; who, having
 “ been an old school-fellow likewise of my
 “ mama’s (though, by the misfortunes of her
 “ family, in less affluent circumstances), and
 “ having been for a month at our house about
 “ two years since, and shewed a particular
 “ fondness for me, I considered as the only
 “ friend

“ friend I could apply to in my present distress ;
 “ though, I am now sensible, it has given the
 “ widow Townsend an handle for irritating
 “ my father still more against me ; on account
 “ of the letter, which I before mentioned she
 “ had seen, in which Mrs. Sarsenet expressed
 “ herself with some freedom in regard to Mrs.
 “ Townsend’s character. In short, having in-
 “ quired whether any carriage went that road
 “ to Gloucester, I was informed, that a Gloucest-
 “ ter waggon would pass by the house that day ;
 “ which it accordingly did : and meeting with
 “ an elderly woman and her daughter, who
 “ were travelling into some part of Wales by
 “ the same conveyance, I took my place ; and
 “ got safe to Mrs. Sarsenet, without any dis-
 “ agreeable event.

C H A P. XVII.

Miss Townsend’s Story concluded.

“ **M**R S. Sarsenet was kind enough to write
 “ to my father, and acquaint him with
 “ the whole progress of my rash adventure ;
 “ and to assure him, ‘ that I was thoroughly sen-
 “ sible.

“ fible of my folly; and that I was desirous to
 “ throw myself at his feet, and ask his for-
 “ giveness.”

“ I sent at the same time to the poor
 “ woman who had assisted me in my flight,
 “ to know what effect my elopement had had
 “ on my poor father.—She wrote me word,
 “ ‘ that he was almost distracted at the first
 “ news of it; that it made a great distur-
 “ bance in the family, as was naturally to be
 “ expected: but that the widow Townsend
 “ found means to pacify my father, by some
 “ false suggestion or other; and my sister had
 “ persuaded them that I was certainly gone
 “ to a relation’s of ours near Warwick (as I
 “ had really talked about them to my sister);
 “ and that my father’s first journey in quest of
 “ me was thither: but, not getting any intelli-
 “ gence of me there, somebody told him, ‘ that
 “ I had been seen two or three times of late at
 “ the Coachman’s house abovementioned.’ Upon
 “ which, he went and threatened to send them
 “ both to gaol, unless they discovered where
 “ they had concealed me. Having extorted the
 “ secret from them, he went immediately to
 “ Oxford (where I had taken coach), and traced
 “ me to the inn in London; but the woman

“ there, being afraid, I suppose, to discover into
 “ what hands she had recommended me, in-
 “ sisted upon it, ‘ that I had returned in the same
 “ coach I came up in.’ My father went to Mrs.
 “ Calvert’s (the lady in Westminster whom I
 “ wished to find out), and, not hearing any thing
 “ of me, was returned into the country, where
 “ he was quite melancholy till he received Mrs.
 “ Sarsenet’s letter.—What effect that had upon
 “ him, we are yet to learn : but, as it is now
 “ above a fortnight since he must have received
 “ it, I am afraid the widow Townsend will not
 “ permit him to make any farther inquiries after
 “ me : so here I am, an exile from home, and an
 “ incumbrance to poor Mrs. Sarsenet; and I
 “ do not know what return it will ever be in my
 “ power to make, for the trouble I have given
 “ her.”—To this Mrs. Sarsenet made a complai-
 sant reply, which the Author cannot recollect.

C H A P. XVIII.

The Effects of Miss Townsend’s Narration.

IT is a vulgar maxim, “ that a pretty woman
 “ should rather be seen than heard.” And
 indeed, when a fair lady seems to talk merely
 for the sake of talking, or with a direct inten-

tion to attract admirers, she seldom prepossesses a stranger in her favour. But, as Miss Townsend's story had interested Wildgoose sufficiently to raise his compassion, there is an easy transition from pity to love; and it is far from certain that he did not begin to feel something of that mere human passion for this young lady. But, being desirous of acting in character, he observed, "that, to be sure, nothing but a prior obligation which we are under, to obey our heavenly Father, can justify our disobedience to an earthly parent: and although he by no means approved of Miss Townsend's leaving her father upon so slight a provocation; yet, as Providence frequently produces good out of evil, and makes even our own indiscretions concur with his gracious design of promoting our felicity; perhaps, Madam," says he, "you may be directed hither to receive instruction, in the way of salvation, even from the meanest of God's servants; and I may perhaps be made an happy instrument of your *conversion*."

Miss Townsend, though a well-disposed girl, did not much relish Wildgoose's enthusiastic notions, or nice distinctions in divinity. But, as his person was very agreeable, and they had
learned

learned from Tugwell that he was heir to a pretty good fortune, she had conceived no contemptible opinion of him; and listened with great attention, whenever he talked upon common subjects.

I would not insinuate that Miss Townsend was of a mercenary temper (for she really was not). But though fortune alone, where the person is disagreeable, has seldom any considerable influence over the affections of a young girl: yet, I believe, in conjunction with other circumstances, it operates insensibly upon their fancies, and contributes to make the person possessed of it more agreeable than he would otherwise appear; as the want of fortune frequently prevents their seeing those perfections in a man, which he is really possessed of.

Miss Townsend, however, instead of answering Wildgoose in a serious way, turned the discourse; and began raillyng him upon his external appearance. “Lord! Mr. Wildgoose,” says she, “what makes you go about in that frightful hair of yours? I wonder you do not wear a wig, as other gentlemen do.”—“Madam,” replies Wildgoose, “I should be sorry if any part of my dress were to prejudice any one against me; much less would I willingly raise
“ a dis-

“ a disgust in so pretty a lady against my person.
 “ But pray, Madam, why don't you like my
 “ hair?”—“ Oh! frightful!” says she, “ 'tis
 “ so *ungenteel*; so *unlike other people!*”—“ Why,
 “ as for other people,” replies Wildgoose, “ I
 “ should chuse to be unlike a great part of the
 “ world, in their vain fashions and idle customs.
 “ But as to its being *ungenteel*, I am sorry any
 “ thing should be thought so, that is natural,
 “ convenient, and (I think) becoming. If you
 “ do not think so, young lady, I am afraid it is
 “ owing to mere prejudice and the force of cus-
 “ tom.”—“ *Custom!*” says Miss Townsend,
 “ why, custom or fashion is every thing, in
 “ regard to dress.”—“ I own, it has too great a
 “ force,” replies Wildgoose; “ and I dare say,
 “ for that reason only, you think this great hoop
 “ of yours very *genteel*, and very *becoming*: and
 “ yet, in the opinion of many people of the best
 “ taste, nothing can be more monstrous, or more
 “ unnatural, than hoop-petticoats are: and, I
 “ dare say, we shall live to see these Gothic or-
 “ naments banished from the world*.”—
 “ What! hoops go out of fashion? Lord! what
 “ a creature should I be without my hoop!”

* This came to pass, a few years after.

“ Well,

“ Well, Madam,” says Wildgoose, “ as I
 “ should be sorry to differ from you in the least
 “ trifle, and not endeavour to comply with every
 “ one in matters of indifference, I wish I could
 “ bring you and all mankind to my way of
 “ thinking, in this article of wearing one’s own
 “ hair : for, you must know, the honest Barber,
 “ where I lodge, had a great dispute with me
 “ last night upon that very subject ; and almost
 “ insisted upon making me a fine flowing white
 “ wig, as, he said, he had done for Mr. Whit-
 “ field ; who, he assured me, was of opinion,
 “ that nothing contributed more to the conver-
 “ sion of sinners, than a good periwig : as it
 “ gave a dignity to our appearance, and pre-
 “ possessed people in favour of our preaching.”

“ Why,” says Mrs. Sarfenet, “ there may be
 “ some truth in that observation.”

“ Well,” continues Wildgoose, “ it was in
 “ vain for me to plead the examples of Patri-
 “ archs, Prophets, Apostles, and Reformers.
 “ The poor Barber (for the credit of his trade)
 “ said, ‘ if there were no wigs in those days,
 “ there were certainly Barbers, by David’s al-
 “ lusion to the chief instrument of their art,
 “ ‘ With lies thou cuttest like a sharp razor !’”

“ Well,”

“ Well,” says Mrs. Sarfenet, who was apt to raise scruples upon the most trifling occasions, “ but do you really make a serious affair of this? I should be glad to be set right upon the lawfulness of using art about one’s person, and especially as to false hair: as many of my customers are as faulty in that respect as the gentlemen; and, I believe, I sell as many wigs, or *têtes*, as any Barber in town.”

Wildgoose then, accustomed of late to harangue upon all occasions, proceeded upon this important subject in the following manner.

C H A P. XIX.

A Dissertation on Periwigs.

“ **T**HE use of false hair, Madam, by particular people, for particular reasons, is, I believe, very ancient in the world. Vain persons of both sexes, either to conceal some natural defect, or to improve (as they imagined) their natural charms, have, in all ages, had recourse to these artificial decorations.

“ Xeno-

“ Xenophon, a Greek writer, mentions the use
 “ of them amongst the Medes. And some
 “ Commentators are of opinion, that the hair
 “ of her head, with which Mary Magdalene
 “ wiped our Saviour’s feet, was really a *tête*, or
 “ a set of false curls; which she might employ
 “ in that manner, to express her detestation of
 “ the wanton and dissolute life which she had
 “ formerly led. It is certain, however, that
 “ these unnatural ornaments were esteemed in-
 “ famous, in those more early times, by all good
 “ and sensible people. Julius Cæsar, though he
 “ is said to have been particularly pleased with
 “ the laurels decreed him by the Senate, because
 “ they concealed the baldness of his temples;
 “ yet that great man, I believe, would have
 “ been highly offended, if his Barber had pro-
 “ posed a set of false curls for that purpose—
 “ though it is confessed, that the Emperor
 “ Otho, many years after, wore a periwig; as
 “ he also is reproached with carrying a looking-
 “ glass amongst his baggage in his military ex-
 “ peditions.

“ The first mention which I remember to
 “ be made of periwigs, in our English history,
 “ is in the account of Prince Charles and the
 “ Duke

“ Duke of Buckingham’s appearing in disguise
 “ at a ball at Paris, in their way to Madrid * :
 “ but that was evidently a masquerade-dress, as
 “ they wore false beards for the same purpose ;
 “ which also was done by the Players in Shake-
 “ speare’s time. Wigs were but little, if at all,
 “ used in England, till the Restoration of Charles
 “ the Second ; and then chiefly by persons of
 “ distinction. These indeed by degrees were
 “ imitated by the Beaux and Fops of the age.
 “ Yet it was some time before the fashion ex-
 “ tended itself to the graver professions, of Law,
 “ Physic, and Divinity. But, when once it had
 “ the sanction of those venerable bodies, it was
 “ not long, we may suppose, before it spread
 “ amongst all ranks and degrees of men in the
 “ nation.

“ At first, however, some resemblance of Na-
 “ ture was observed in these contrivances of Art ;
 “ and a periwig was only a more complete head
 “ of hair, suited to the complexion, and fitted
 “ as exactly as possible to the forehead and
 “ temples, of the person who wore it. But of
 “ late years, any man, that has a mind to look
 “ more considerable or more wise than his

* In K. James the First’s reign.

“ neigh-

“ neighbours, goes to a Barber’s, and purchases
 “ fifty shillings-worth of false hair (white, black,
 “ or grey), and hangs it upon his head, without
 “ the least regard to his complexion, his age,
 “ his person, or his station in life. And
 “ certainly, if an inhabitant of the Cape of
 “ Good Hope were to behold the stiff horse-hair
 “ buckles, or the tied wigs, of our Lawyers,
 “ Physicians, Tradesmen, or Divines, they would
 “ appear as barbarous and extraordinary to them,
 “ as the sheep’s tripes and chitterlins about the
 “ neck of a Hottentot do to us.”

Miss Townsend and Mrs. Sarsenet forced a smile, at Wildgoose’s vehemence and far-fetched comparison. But he, correcting himself, went on.

“ I am ashamed,” says he, “ to dwell so long
 “ upon the absurdity of our modern periwigs in
 “ point of taste. But, as Miss Townsend ob-
 “ jected to the *gentility* of my own locks; and
 “ as the chief intent of hair, considered as or-
 “ namental, seems to be to give a softness to the
 “ features, by rising in an easy manner from
 “ the forehead, and falling loosely down upon
 “ the parts which it was designed to cover; I
 “ own, I had rather see the worst head of
 “ natural hair, than the most accurate wig
 “ that

" that ever adorned a Barber's block. And, as
 " a good taste in other articles of dress seems to
 " prevail in the world, I should not be surprized
 " to see periwigs again banished from the gen-
 " teel part of mankind, to our poor la-
 " bourers and mechanics, to whom it may be
 " sometimes convenient to be freed from the in-
 " cumbrance of a long or bushy head of
 " hair.

" But," continued Wildgoose, " I have a par-
 " ticular and more important objection to those
 " supplemental locks, from the bad influence
 " they certainly have upon the moral and reli-
 " gious conduct of too many in this age."

" As how? for goodness sake!" cries Miss
 Townsend.

" Why, Madam," says Wildgoose, " perhaps
 " there never was a period that furnished so
 " many instances of unseasonable gaiety, or so
 " great a number of old debauchees, as the age
 " we live in. You yourself have met with one
 " instance, in the short course of your ramble.
 " Now, I have often conceived, how strange so-
 " ever you may think it, that this was owing in
 " a great measure to the use of periwigs; that is,
 " to the great ease with which the gentlemen of
 " this generation may conceal the effects of old
 " age,

“ age, and exchange their grey locks for those
 “ which are expreffive of youth and vigour. It
 “ was certainly the kind intention of Providence,
 “ to remind us of the approach of age and infir-
 “ mity, by the feveral fymptoms of wrinkled
 “ foreheads, decaying teeth, and grey hairs.
 “ Now, when a man of a debauched and diffo-
 “ lute mind is almoft worn out in the fervice of
 “ his lufts and fenfual appetites, he puts on a
 “ fine flowing Adonis or white periwig (and
 “ perhaps a fet of false teeth); furveys himfelf
 “ in the glafs, and immediately forgets his real
 “ age; commences beau again in the winter of
 “ his days; and, if he cannot prevail on any
 “ modeft woman to accept of him as an huf-
 “ band, he has probably recourfe to fome mer-
 “ cenary wretch, who fquanders away his mo-
 “ ney, ruins his health, and expofes him to the
 “ ridicule of his very fervants and dependents;
 “ and, what is worfe, to the eternal difpleafure
 “ of his offended Creator.”

“ Bless me!” cries Mifs Townsend, “ why
 “ you have given us quite a fermon upon peri-
 “ wigs. I really never apprehended there was
 “ fo much fin, though there might be a great
 “ deal of folly, under the wig of a beau. But
 “ you will perfuade one to believe, that, in a
 “ literal

“ literal sense, ‘ the hairs of our head are all
 “ *numbered* ;’ and that it is unlawful either to
 “ increase or diminish them on any account.

“ Indeed I myself was imposed upon by an
 “ old gentleman in a solemn wig : and, on the
 “ contrary, I heard lately of an old Baronet, that
 “ fell in love with a young lady of small fortune
 “ (at some public place) for her beautiful *brown*
 “ *locks*. He married her on a sudden. But was
 “ greatly disappointed upon seeing her wig or
 “ *tête* the next morning thrown carelessly upon
 “ her toilette, and her Ladyship appearing at
 “ breakfast in very bright *red hair*, which was
 “ a colour the old gentleman happened to have
 “ a particular aversion to.”

“ Well, Madam,” replied Wildgoose, “ then
 “ I hope I have almost made you a convert to
 “ my opinion, and reconciled you to the na-
 “ tural ornaments of the human face ; though
 “ you were so lately disgusted at my appear-
 “ ance.”—“ Why, really,” says she, “ what-
 “ ever may be naturally beautiful ; yet custom,
 “ as I said before, makes one like or dislike
 “ things, as the fashion varies.”

“ But, Madam, if painting the face were as
 “ much the fashion in England as it is in
 “ France, could you think it lawful for a good
 “ Christian

“ Christian to comply with such a fashion, or
 “ to make use of such meretricious decorations ?”
 “ Lord !” says Miss Townsend, “ you use so
 “ many hard words ; you may call one names,
 “ for aught I know, and we not understand
 “ you. But, I think, we have had more than
 “ enough upon this foolish subject.”

Wildgoose therefore made an apology for his impertinence, and took his leave for the present. And, having been now near a fortnight at Gloucester, the next night he made a farewell-harangue to his usual audience ; appointed Mrs. Sarfenet a sort of Deaconess, and Mr. Keen the Barber a Ruler, of the little synagogue, with instructions to assemble the brethren occasionally, and exhort them to perseverance ; and left Gloucester the next day, after promising to visit them again in his return from Bristol.

C H A P. XX.

The Farewell-Haranguer is attended with a disastrous Circumstance.

WHEN Wildgoose came to take his leave of Mrs. Sarfenet, she happened to be gone out; and he found nobody in the shop but Miss Townsend. After a short conversation with her on the subject of religion (on which head she never seemed to relish his doctrine), Wildgoose said, "he hoped to have the pleasure of hearing of her sometimes, by the hands of Mrs. Sarfenet."—Miss Townsend answered, "she did not know how long she might stay at Gloucester: but," fetching an involuntary sigh, which was immediately succeeded by a blush, she owned, "she should be always glad to hear of Mr. Wildgoose, especially when he was returned to his disconsolate mother."—Wildgoose replied, "that he had written to his mother, and given her the reasons for his conduct; but must leave it to Heaven to dispose of him as it should think fit." Then, taking Miss Townsend's hand, and pressing it to his

his lips, he took his leave, with a deep sigh and a very expressive silence.

At Wildgoose's farewell-harangue, there was a piece of fun played off, which, as it was attended with serious consequences to the poor Barber, ought not to bere omitted.

Under the same roof with the said Artist, and in part of the same ruinous mansion, there dwelt an honest Publican, to whose craft the pious Conventicle at Mr. Keen's was by no means favourable. The Publican therefore gladly connived at, or rather aided and assisted, an unlucky project of his son and some prentices, to disturb at least, if not put a stop to, this dangerous assembly. The ancient dining-room, in which they met, had a communication with each part of the house: but the common door had been stopped up, by agreement, for some years. This, however, the lads contrived to open; and from thence, early in the morning, had carefully laid a train of gun-powder by the side of the wall, as far as the tub upon which Tugwell usually seated himself near his Master; and at proper intervals had bestowed squibs and crackers, with balls of wild-fire: and into the tub they had conveyed a considerable quantity of that infernal composition.

Having thus laid their plot, they waited with as much impatience for their time of meeting, as Guy Fawkes and his associates did for the meeting of the Parliament on the fifth of November. At length the evening came; and whilst Wildgoose was in the most pathetic part of his discourse, dealing about his judgement of wrath and indignation, fire and brimstone, with great zeal and vehement gesticulations, they set fire to their train; which, corresponding with the heated imaginations of the audience, had its proper effect, and threw them into the utmost consternation. The Saints and Sinners fled promiscuously, without waiting for the benediction. The tub, on which Tugwell was perched, burst into a thousand pieces, with so loud a report, and such violent force, that, if Jerry's prudence had not prevailed over his fortitude, and prompted him to make his escape amongst the foremost of the company, he would probably have been sent to Heaven, before his time, in a chariot of fire. A poor decrepit old woman, however, in her crowned hat, who, on account of her deafness, was seated near the Preacher, was terribly battered and burnt by the bursting of the barrel: which, of itself, was a sufficient reason for Mr. Keen's getting a warrant, and carrying the
Publican

Publican before the Mayor; who, unless he had found sufficient bail, and given security to indemnify the old woman for her burns and bruises, would have committed him to the Castle. The Publican, however, took an opportunity of revenging himself sufficiently upon his pious neighbour; which will be related in its proper place.

END OF BOOK III.

[196]

T H E

SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

B O O K IV.

C H A P. I.

The Pilgrims set out for Bath.

MR. Wildgoose, during his stay at Gloucester, having heard that there was a considerable Society of godly people established at Bath, was resolved to visit that place in his way to Bristol. And being likewise informed that there was at this time a race at Cirencester; he was inclined to make another effort at one of those public meetings, and attack the Devil, a second time, in one of his strong holds; and resolved therefore to take his route by that place and Tetbury, and so to Bath.

Accord-

Accordingly they set out pretty early in the morning, and about eight o'clock reached Birdlip-hill.

Wildgoose, being a little thoughtful on parting with his Christian brethren; and a sort of melancholy likewise succeeding in his mind, to the innocent sprightliness of Miss Townsend; but little conversation passed between the two Pilgrims. Tugwell, however, took the liberty to remind his Master of his mother's illness; and said, "it was a little hard-hearted in him, not
 " to write her a letter, *howsoever*; that he him-
 " self should not mind the loss of his son so
 " much, if he could but hear from him now
 " and then, that he might know whether he
 " was alive or not: he hoped, therefore, that
 " Mr. Wildgoose would write to Madam, and
 " let her know *as how* they should be at home
 " again very speedily."—Wildgoose replied, with
 some degree of peevishness, "that he *had* written
 " to his mother; but as to their returning home
 " again, that was according as Mr. Whitfield
 " should dispose of him, and according to the
 " success of his labours in the Gospel. In short,"
 says he, "hast thou forgot our great Master's
 " declaration, 'Whosoever loves father or mother
 " more than me, is not worthy of me?'"—Jerry

stood corrected, and so trudged on without farther reply.

They now proceeded for several miles, without meeting with any adventure: and Wildgoose might as well have thought of preaching the Gospel in the desarts of Arabia, as on the Cotswold hills. He would have been like the Preacher, whose discourses generally produced such a solitude in his church, that he was facetiously called, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness or desert," *Vox clamantis in deserto*.

Indeed the fame of Cirencester races operated so strongly, that it had drawn every man, woman, and child, for ten miles round, that could either borrow an horse, or walk on foot, into its vortex; so that they did not meet a living creature, unless a London waggon might be called so, upon the high road.

In the afternoon, however, they saw a pompous equipage, with a numerous attendance, come whirling along the road, amidst a cloud of dust. It was a landeau, or open coach, with six horses, and four or five out-riders in most flaming liveries. They came upon them so suddenly, that Wildgoose had hardly time to get out of the road; and one of the footmen gave

Tugwell

Tugwell an hearty cut with his whip, to quicken his pace, and clear the way.

The principal figure in this gay party was a young fellow, whom, on a sudden glance, Wildgoose immediately recollected to have been an intimate acquaintance in the University. He had unexpectedly arrived at an immense fortune; was just married; and was conducting his bride, with some other company, to his country-house in ———shire. He would hardly have reconnoitred Wildgoose, however, in his short hair and his present uncouth appearance, if he had vouchsafed a look upon two such dusty objects as he and his fellow-traveller now were. The whole company consisted of three ladies and two gentlemen; who were laughing and talking, in all the gaiety and wanton levity of unthinking youth. Wildgoose, however, was so far from envying them, that he only lamented their unhappiness, “that, notwithstanding their splendid appearance and seeming felicity, they had not yet been blessed with the illumination of the Spirit, as, he flattered himself, he and his humble companion had happily been.”

This scene was hardly shifted, when, as a contrast to the splendor of it, they espied a poor

Tinker and his Trull, sitting calmly on a shady bank, under an hedge, a little out of the road. Tugwell inquired of the Tinker, "how far it was to Cirencester." Instead of giving a direct answer to his question, the Tinker told him, "he would be too late for the sport; for that the horses were to start at three o'clock, and that this was the last day of the race." The first part of this intelligence damped Tugwell's spirits; as the latter made Wildgoose waver in his resolution of going that way. He then asked the Tinker, "whether there was not a nearer way to Tetbury than through Cirencester?"—"Yes," says he, "by some miles. If you keep the right-hand road at the next turning, it will bring you to a public house, called Park-corner, where there is good ale and civil usage."

As the Tinker and his Doxy were regaling themselves with a bacon-bone, which they had got at a neighbouring farm-house, it put Tugwell in mind of what he had stored in his wallet: and Wildgoose, considering it as an act of humiliation, and that he might probably make a meal and make a convert at the same time, complied with Jerry's request, to join this happy couple, and refresh themselves with
 what

what Mrs. Whitfield had furnished him at Gloucester, where, besides a substantial slice or two of a round of beef, he had laid in an old French-flask, filled with some good ale or strong beer. They therefore, with a proper apology, took their seat upon the bank; Wildgoose next the Tinker, and Tugwell by his Trull.

They were hardly seated, when Wildgoose (in his way) asked the Tinker, "why he chose to lead such an idle, vagabond life, as those of his profession generally did?"—"Yes," says Tugwell, "it is like a travelling Cobler, that goes about, and takes the meat out of the mouth of an honest workman, that is to live by his trade."—"Hey! what the devil!" (says the Tinker) "the Pot calls the Kettle Black a-fo! why, I suppose, thou art a Pedlar, as well as myself: sure, all trades must live."—"Yes," says Wildgoose, "very true: but I wonder any one should chuse to live in such an unfettled way, if it is in his power to avoid it."—"Aye," says the Tinker, "but those that cannot live at home, must seek their fortune abroad. It is better to pick a bone under a hedge, than to rot in a gaol, as perhaps I might have done if I had staid at home."—

“ How so ?” says Tugwell, “ What ! I suppose
 “ you owed money, and had none to pay ?”—
 “ Yes,” replies the Tinker ; “ I was ruined by
 “ a piece of good fortune : or rather, by trust-
 “ ing more to the smiles of fortune, than to
 “ my own industry.”—“ That is no uncommon
 “ case,” says Wildgoose : “ but how did that
 “ come to pass ?” To which the Tinker replied,
 as in the following chapter.

C H A P. II.

The Tinker's Tale.

“ I was settled in a very flourishing trade, as
 “ a Brazier, in a large town in the West of
 “ England ; in which I employed a great many
 “ hands : and my wife and I lived happily
 “ together. A distant relation, dying without
 “ children, left five thousand pounds betwixt
 “ me, my three brothers, and a sister ; which,
 “ one would have thought, might easily have
 “ been divided between us, without the assistance
 “ of a Lawyer. But, as we were to pay an old
 “ aunt an annuity for her life, of *twenty*
 “ *pounds half yearly*, this part of the will being
 “ *ambiti-*

“ *ambitiously* expressed”—“ *Ambiguously*, I sup-
 “ pose, you mean,” says Wildgoose.—“ I mean,”
 says the Tinker, “ what the Lawyer told us—
 “ that it was impossible to know, as the will
 “ was worded, whether it meant twenty pounds
 “ or forty pounds a year; though every one
 “ knew the intention of my kinsman was, to
 “ leave her only twenty pounds a year in the
 “ whole; and the Lawyer that made the will
 “ had probably expressed it so on purpose to
 “ make work for the Tinker (as the saying is).
 “ Well; we were advised to put the affair into
 “ Chancery, *in an amicable way*, as they call
 “ it; which, as they told us, would be a trifling
 “ expence, and would soon be determined. But
 “ my sister and one of my brothers dying in the
 “ mean time, and leaving children, we were
 “ forced to have Bills of Revivor (I think they
 “ call them) one after another: so that, by
 “ some means or other, we could never get a
 “ decree, to settle this affair, under seven years.
 “ When that was done, our Lawyer told us, the
 “ business would now soon be ended; for that
 “ there was nothing more to do, but to set-
 “ tle the account before a Master in Chan-
 “ cery; which, one would think, might have
 “ been easily done. But we soon found, that not a

“ few years were required to settle an account,
 “ which any School-master, or indeed any
 “ School-boy, might have settled in a few
 “ hours.

“ But I should have told you before, that,
 “ after a decent mourning for the death of my
 “ kinsman, I had invited some of my friends to
 “ a tavern, to partake of my joy for the legacy
 “ which he had left me. I also thought it un-
 “ necessary to make myself any longer a slave
 “ to my business; and the respect with which
 “ I found myself treated, by the waiters and
 “ tapsters at the public houses which I fre-
 “ quented, made me fond of repeating my visits
 “ at those places of rendezvous.

“ My poor wife saw the absurdity of my
 “ conduct; and, whenever I came home elated
 “ with liquor, would reproach me for my folly
 “ in no very gentle terms. In short, home
 “ began to be disagreeable to me, and I was
 “ never easy out of a public house; so that, by
 “ neglecting my business, and spending consider-
 “ able sums at the tavern, by the time our law-
 “ suit was ended, I found myself more in debt
 “ than the share of my legacy which the law
 “ had left me amounted to; for, instead of one
 “ thousand pounds apiece, it did not turn out

“ above five hundred. Her vexation on this
 “ account was the death of my poor wife ; and
 “ though I held up my head a year or two
 “ longer, my landlord at last seized upon my
 “ stock, for rent ; and I was forced to abscond,
 “ and leave my three children upon the parish,
 “ and to fly my country. And thus, by my
 “ own folly, and the iniquity of a Court of
 “ Equity, from a topping Tradesman, I am
 “ become a travelling Tinker, at your service.”

Though Tugwell had been cramming in his cold beef, during the Tinker’s narration ; yet he shook his head at the conclusion of it, and said,
 “ that the Law was a bottomless pit, as the Ex-
 “ cise-man used to say.”

Wildgoose observed, “ that those forms in
 “ Law, which were sometimes so oppressive to
 “ individuals, were the greatest security, in
 “ general, of justice and of property.”—“ That
 “ is true, Master,” says Tugwell. “ But come,
 “ let us drink, and drive care away,” quoth
 Jerry. He then put the flask to his mouth, and
 tossed off one half of it : then, clapping his
 hand upon the young woman’s knee, who was
 a handsome black girl (black, I mean, from
 the footy contact of her Paramour, for naturally
 she was as fair as the Venus of Corregio)—Tug-
 well,

well, I say, squeezing her knee, with a waggish air, bid the lady pledge him. But the Tinker's dog, who lay at his mistress's feet, not approving of Jerry's familiarity, starts up, and snaps at his fingers: in return for which, he gave the dog a kick in the guts. This roused the Tinker's choler, already provoked at Tugwell's amorous freedom with his Doxy; and he gave him a click in the mazard. Tugwell had not been used tamely to receive a kick or a cuff: he therefore gave the Tinker a rejoinder; which would have brought on a regular boxing-match, had not Wildgoose on one side, and Trulla on the other, interposed, and put a stop to farther hostilities. The Tinker, however, sacked up his budget, and his companion her bundle, and went growling off, with hearty curses both upon Tugwell and his Master, for intruding upon them, and interrupting their tranquillity. Such was the event of Wildgoose's benevolent intention of converting this itinerant Copper-smith and his female companion; which Tugwell called "casting their pearls before swine;" though his own indiscretion alone and carnal waggery had defeated his Master's purpose, and deprived him of an opportunity of giving them any spiritual instruction.

Our

Our two Pilgrims finished their repast, took a short nap to refresh themselves, and then proceeded on their journey; leaving the Cirencester road, and bending their course towards Park-corner: but the shades of night overtook them, before they reached their intended quarters.

C H A P. III.

Their comfortable Reception at Park-corner, near Lord Bathurst's Woods.

“**B**LESSED be the man that first invented Warming-pans!” said an old gentleman, with whom I passed the Alps, upon coming to a comfortable Inn on Mount St. Bernard. And “blessed be that good Christian who first found out Chimney-corners!” said Tugwell to himself, upon spying the distant light of the Inn to which they had been directed. “Nothing is more comfortable,” continued Jerry, “than a pipe of tobacco in a chimney-corner, after wandering about in a dark night and in a strange country, as we have done. And if I can but meet with a bit of soft cheese and a radish, to close the orifice of the stomach (as
“ the

“ the Exciseman used to say), I shall be as happy
 “ as the Great Mogul.”

Tugwell was consoling himself with these favourable ideas, when, about nine o'clock, they approached Park-corner. But lo! instead of this snug scene which Jerry had formed in his imagination, they found the Inn so crowded with company from Cirencester races, that they were forced to sit drinking out at the door (it being a warm evening); and the stables also were so full, that there were near twenty horses standing round the sign-post.

It was in vain for foot-passengers to expect any kind of lodgings upon such an occasion; and it was even with difficulty that they got any sort of refreshment. Tugwell began to complain of great fatigue, and to lament their distress: but Wildgoose, attentive to nothing so much as the conversion of sinners, cried out, in a strain of exultation, “ Now for it, Jerry! this
 “ is an unexpected opportunity! let us take
 “ possession of the Devil's strong hold; we will
 “ make his kingdom shake, I'll warrant you!”

Having said this, in the warmth of his zeal, without any more ceremony, he mounted the horse-block contiguous to the sign-post, and began to harangue with such vehemence, that
 he

he soon drew together all the company about the house: and though some mocked, yet others were very attentive; for, as many of them lived at no great distance from Gloucester, they had heard of Wildgoose's fame, and were glad of an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity at so easy a rate.

But, after a little time, some of them began to regret the leaving their pipes and their punch-bowls; others were provoked at being interrupted in the midst of their songs and catches, and could not forbear renewing their melody at every period of Wildgoose's discourse: which he perceiving, after some time, addressed them in the apostolical strain, "If any is merry, let him sing Psalms;" and ordered Tugwell to give out the hundredth Psalm. But the people of the house, thinking their craft was in danger, and that preaching and singing of Psalms interrupted more profitable business, were not much pleased with these proceedings. They connived, therefore, at a proposal of the Hostler; who, climbing up the sign-post, which was not much illuminated, discharged a bucket of water upon the heads of the two Pilgrims; which raised a great uproar, threw all into confusion, and effectually cooled their devotion.

They

They were now certainly in very evil plight; almost wet to the skin, and thoroughly tired; nor likely to get any bed, or any comfortable accommodations, at Park-corner: and they were assured, "there was no other house upon the road nearer than Tetbury, which was six or seven miles." In the midst of this distress, however, a gentleman's servant in a green coat and black cap, with some dog-couples by his side, having observed that Wildgoose had a watch in his pocket (which he consulted about the hour of the night), and that he had otherwise the appearance of a gentleman, thought he might safely invite him and his companion to his habitation. This was part of an old Gothic building, about a mile within Lord Bathurst's fine woods, which extend for five or six miles to the west of Cirencester, and are cut into glades and avenues; most of which are terminated by towers or spires, or some other striking objects, agreeably to the magnificent taste of that worthy Nobleman.

Upon the Keeper's offering them such accommodations as his house would afford, the travellers, we may be sure, having no choice, were glad to accept of so unexpected an invitation. They accompanied their honest guide, therefore,
 who:

who was then going to his castle, together with a Groom of my Lord's, who had stayed out beyond his time, and intended to lie at the house in the wood till the morning.

The gloomy darkness and solemn silence of the woods, through which they were conducted by mere strangers, filled Tugwell with terrible apprehensions; which were greatly aggravated, upon their approach to the house, by the loud barkings of some wolf-dogs, pointers, and southern hounds, and the like; which, echoing from the ruinous walls, revived in Tugwell's imagination his danger from the adventure of the buck-hunters; but, when they came still nearer, the cawing of some Spanish geese, the gobbling of turkeys, and the noise of other uncommon fowls which are kept there, threw poor Jerry into the utmost consternation. He was soon freed from this alarm, however, on being conducted into a cheerful kitchen; where the Keeper's wife was expecting the return of her husband by a good fire. Being informed of the distress from which his benevolence had freed the travellers, she received them with tolerable civility; desired them to come to the fire, and dry themselves; and entertained them with as much hospitality as their circumstances would allow of.

The

The Keeper had but one spare bed, which Tugwell could not be prevailed upon to partake with his Master, but took up his lodgings with the Groom in the hay-loft: and Wildgoose, making it a point of conscience not to indulge himself in the softness of a down-bed when his fellow-labourer fared so coarsely, wrapt himself up in the coverlet, and lay down upon the floor. So, though they were both thoroughly tired, through the complaisance of the one, and the quixotism of the other, a very good feather-bed remained useless and unoccupied. Wildgoose, however, slept tolerably well on the floor; and Tugwell would have slept better in the hay-loft, had not the Groom, who chose to lie in his boots and spurs, given Jerry now and then an involuntary titillation.

C H A P. IV.

Spiritual Advice.

IN the morning, as soon as the Keeper arose, he prepared them a good breakfast of toast and ale; and, as his wife was dressing a sucking child by the fire, she expressed some concern, that

that Mr. Wildgoose had had so bad a lodging, and was forced to lie upon the floor all night, as she found he had done. Wildgoose, recollecting Mr. Whitfield's method of allegorizing upon such occasions, shook his head, and, turning towards Tugwell, in allusion to the child at the breast, " Ah !" says he, " I sweetly leaned on my Saviour's bosom; and *sucked out* of the *breasts* of his consolation; and I can truly say, the banner of his love was spread over me the whole night*."

The poor woman, a stranger to this pious jargon, stared at him with astonishment, to hear a jolly man, as Wildgoose was, talk of sucking at the breast: which Tugwell observing, and imagining he could explain his Master's meaning, " Yes, yes," says he, " his Worship only talks in the way of Christian discourse, look ye! that is, as a body may say, his Worship took a good swinging nap, and had a comfortable night's rest." Wildgoose did not reflect upon the improbability of his audience's not comprehending his allegorical meaning; but thought the least he could do, in return for their kindness, was to impart some spiritual advice to his host and family.

* Vid. Journals.

After

After a few observations therefore upon the laudable nature of hospitality, and putting them in mind, "that, in the primitive times, some
 " had entertained Angels, without suspecting
 " any thing of the matter;" he proceeded to assure them, "that in such cases as that of
 " Rahab the Harlote for instance, it was her
 " *faith*, and not her kindness to the Jewish Spies,
 " that was so acceptable to God. In short," says he, "though it is a very commendable
 " thing to entertain strangers in distress, as you
 " have done us; yet you must be very cautious
 " not to place the least *merit* in this; or in any
 " other good work which you can possibly perform. For we must be saved by Faith alone,
 " without works."

"Faith and troth, Master," replies the Keeper, little used to religious speculations, "I never
 " thought about *merit*, or any such thing: I
 " did as I would be done by. Our ale is but
 " poor indeed; but, such as it is, you are as
 " welcome to it as a King: and I don't desire a
 " farthing for my trouble.

"However, Master, I don't know what you
 " mean by being *saved* without *work*. But I
 " am sure all the *faith* in the world, without
 " *work*, would not *save* me from starving. It
 " is

“ is true,” continues he, “ I live in my Lord’s
 “ house here, rent-free ; but never a man in
 “ the country *works* harder to support his family,
 “ than I do. And if you chuse to take a turn
 “ here in the woods, I will shew you some ser-
 “ pentine walks, which *I advised* my Lord to
 “ let me cut out this last week ;” in which,
 indeed, the honest man probably took more pride
 than my Lord himself did.

Wildgoose, therefore, having given his hostess
 half a crown for her trouble (which she did not
 at all expect from such guests), took his leave,
 and accompanied the Keeper into the woods.

C H A P. V.

A Stranger, of a peculiar Character, arrives,

AS the Keeper and his guests were in the
 amphitheatre before the Gothic house, there
 arrived a tall elderly gentleman (with his ser-
 vant), whose curiosity had brought him to see
 the place. “ Well,” says he, to a country fel-
 low who had been his guide, “ where are these
 “ *turpentine* walks, which you told me of ?”
 Then, alighting from his horse, and surveying
 the

the structure, which represents the ruin of a castle over-grown with ivy; "Aye," says he, "a very ancient place! Probably one of the "*castra æstiva*, or summer camps, of the Romans; some appendage to Cirencester, I suppose, which was one of the *castra hiberna*, or winter stations, or the Roman legions. The castle itself was probably built, during the Barons wars, in the reign of Henry the Third, or of King John."—"Aha! look ye there now," says the Keeper, smiling; "so several gentlemen have thought. But, Sir, I assure you, it was built by my present Lord, but a few years ago; and his Lordship used to say, he could have *built* it as *old* again, if he had had a mind."—"Built by my present Lord!" cries the gentleman with a frown; "and were there no ruins of a castle here before?"—"Not that I ever heard of," replies the Keeper.—"Well, for my part," says the stranger, "I don't at all approve of these deceptions: which must necessarily mislead future Antiquaries, and introduce great confusion into the English History. I don't wonder," continues the stranger, turning towards Wildgoose, "that any gentleman should wish to have his woods or gardens
 " adorned

“ adorned with these venerable Gothic structures;
 “ as they strike the imagination with vast
 “ pleasure, both by the greatness of the object,
 “ and also by giving us a melancholy idea of
 “ their past grandeur and magnificence. But
 “ for a man to *build a ruin*, or to erect a mo-
 “ dern house in the style of our Gothic ances-
 “ tors—appears to me the same absurdity, and
 “ must be attended with the same inconvenience
 “ to posterity, as that which many people have
 “ of late run into, of having their pictures drawn
 “ in the habits of Vandyke or Sir Peter Lely;
 “ or that of our modern Mint-masters, of repre-
 “ senting our English Heroes in Roman armour
 “ and the dresses of antiquity. For though I
 “ myself have a great veneration for the Roman
 “ customs, yet this foolish practice, I think,
 “ destroys one considerable use of Pictures and
 “ Medals; that of conveying to posterity the
 “ habits and customs of the age we live in.”

“ I find, Sir,” says Wildgoose, “ you are a
 “ connoisseur in these things; and, I suppose, have
 “ a taste for Antiquities.”—“ Sir,” replies the
 Gentleman, “ I have some little taste that way;
 “ and took Cirencester in my road to Glou-
 “ cester, not to see the races, I assure you, but

“ to inquire after some of those Roman Coins
 “ which are found there in great abundance.”

As the Antiquary was talking, he pulled out his *sudarium*, or pocket handkerchief, to wipe his face, when two or three silver and copper medals, which he had met with at Cirencester, dropped out of his pocket; which he picked up, and began explaining them to Wildgoose and the company: upon which, Wildgoose observed, “ that the study of Medals was a curious study; “ but he could never be convinced of the utility “ of it.”—“ The *utility* of it !” replies the Virtuoso, with some vivacity; “ why as to that, “ I’ll only refer you to Mr. Addison’s Dialogues “ upon that subject; to which, I think, nothing “ can be added.

“ But people often run themselves into diffi-
 “ culties,” continued he, “ and lay themselves
 “ open to their antagonists, by resting their
 “ cause upon a wrong plea: every thing must
 “ be proved *useful*, forsooth! whereas I think it
 “ sufficient if some things are proved *agreeable*
 “ and entertaining. Why has not the imagination
 “ or fancy a right to be gratified, as well as the
 “ passions or appetites, in a subordinate degree,
 “ and under the directions of reason?

“ If

“ If I were to dispute with a Methodist about
 “ luxury in food, or about the necessity of fast-
 “ ing and mortification; I should not think
 “ myself obliged to prove, that every thing we
 “ usually eat was absolutely *necessary* to support
 “ life.”

“ Sir,” says Wildgoose, interrupting him,
 “ I never heard that the Methodists laid any
 “ stress upon those legal observances of fasting,
 “ or distinction of meats, but ate and drank just
 “ as other people do.”—“ Probably they may,”
 replies the Virtuoso, “ notwithstanding their
 “ mortified pretensions. At least (from what I
 “ know of their self-denial) they are the last
 “ people with whom I would trust a wife or a
 “ daughter.

“ But, however, suppose I were disputing, I
 “ say, with any superstitious person upon the
 “ subject of luxury in eating and drinking, I
 “ should say, that bread and cheese (for in-
 “ stance) was an hearty, wholesome food; and
 “ the staff of life (as the saying is). But I
 “ should think it a sufficient defence of the
 “ lawfulness of eating cheese-cake, or custard,
 “ by saying that it was *agreeable*. Thus we may
 “ say, of several arts and sciences; of Law,
 “ Physic, and Divinity; that they are necessary

“ for the subsistence of society: but for Poetry,
 “ Painting, Sculpture, and the like, I think it
 “ enough, if they are allowed to be ornamental,
 “ and to contribute to the recreation of man-
 “ kind.

“ In short, Sir, if History, Chronology, and
 “ several other branches of polite literature, are
 “ allowed to be of any use to the world, the
 “ knowledge of Medals must also be allowed to
 “ have its share of merit; as instrumental in
 “ illustrating and confirming several particulars
 “ in those sciences.”

“ Why, Sir,” replies Wildgoose, “ I must
 “ confess myself to be one of those who think
 “ only one branch of knowledge at all necessary
 “ or worth our pursuit: and that is, the know-
 “ ledge of our fallen state, and of our redemp-
 “ tion, as revealed in the Bible.”

The Antiquary stared at first with some asto-
 nishment at Wildgoose's declaration. But soon
 guessing at his religious turn, “ Well,” says he,
 “ to carry the matter still farther then, we could
 “ not understand the Bible (at least several ex-
 “ pressions in it) without the assistance of this
 “ study.

“ The history of the Jews, from the time of
 “ the Maccabees to the birth of Christ, was all
 “ obscurity

“ obscurity and confusion ; till Monsieur Vail-
 “ lant, from a collection of Greek Medals, had
 “ given the world a complete series of the Syro-
 “ Macedonian Kings.

“ And the title of EVERGETES, or Benefac-
 “ tor, which is found on the coins of the Antio-
 “ chus’s and the Ptolomey’s, very well explains
 “ what is meant by the Gentile Kings being
 “ called *Benefactors* ; which the Commentators,
 “ I think, made but bungling work of before.

“ The Tribute-money, with Cæsar’s Image
 “ and Superfcription, was a Roman *Penny*, or
 “ *Denarius* : and the Two-pence, which the
 “ Good Samaritan is supposed to have given the
 “ Landlord for his care of the wounded Tra-
 “ veller, were two of those *Denarii* ; or about
 “ *fifteen* pence of our money. These things,
 “ perhaps, might have been known from a
 “ slight acquaintance with the collateral histo-
 “ ries of those times : but still it is a satisfaction
 “ to see the very Coins which were then current,
 “ and which are preserved in the cabinets of the
 “ curious.”

“ Ah !” says Wildgoose, “ I want no com-
 “ mentaries, nor any assistance, to understand
 “ the Scriptures. When God has once revealed
 “ himself to a man, every expression speaks com-

“ fort to his soul; and he can *feel* the truth of
 “ it, without any teaching or instruction. Nei-
 “ ther do I doubt that, although all other helps
 “ should be lost, Providence would preserve the
 “ knowledge of the Scriptures in his *Church* to
 “ the world’s end. I don’t mean the established
 “ or *visible* Church (which, I am afraid, has
 “ departed from its own doctrines); but the *in-*
 “ *visible* Church, or Society of true Christians;
 “ by whatever denomination they are distin-
 “ guished.”

As Wildgoose was launching beyond the com-
 prehension of the Virtuoso, and they were now
 come into a beautiful avenue, which terminated
 upon a *visible* Church, the Gentleman turned
 the discourse to the beauty of the prospect;
 and they being now come near the Tetbury
 road, Wildgoose took his leave, and, together
 with his trusty companion, proceeded on his
 journey towards Bath.

C H A P. VI.

Some Account of the Virtuoso.

AS soon as they were got out of sight of the Antiquary, Tugwell began to open. “Od’s life!” quoth he, “this is a desperate man for the *Romans*—I suppose he’s one of your *Papishes*. I never heard of such a whimsical Gentleman since I was born. His *servant* says, he almost starved one or two of his children, by breeding them up in the Roman way; for he would never let them eat till sun-set; and would never suffer his little boy to wear a hat, because the Romans, be- like, went bare-headed. He makes his children, instead of shoes and stockings, wear leathern buskins, like Joseph and his brethren in the Bible.

“And his man says, he would have had the body of his eldest son, who died, burnt to ashes, because the Romans did so; but his wife would not consent to it. Nay, he threatens to put his daughters to death, if they

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“ marry

“ marry without his consent, as the old Romans, he says, used to do.

“ His man says, if the Gardener happens to dig up a piece of an old cream-pot, he’ll lock it up in his cupboard, and call it a piece of Roman crockery-ware, such as they used to put the ashes of the dead in. And he says, they came ten miles out of their way, to see this old castle and other curiosities.”

“ Did you ask where he came from ?” says Wildgoose. “ Yes,” replies Jerry, “ ’tis one Squire Townsend, and he comes out of —shire.” Wildgoose’s heart immediately rose to his mouth, and his colour changed ; for he was now convinced it was Miss Townsend’s father with whom he had been talking ; and he wondered at his own stupidity, in not discovering this before.

It instantly occurred to him, that Mr. Townsend was going to Gloucester, in quest of his daughter ; and he fancied he might have said many things to him in her favour, if he had known who he was : though, it is ten to one, he could have said nothing upon the occasion, but what would have been improper, and have done more harm than good.

Though

Though Tugwell (as was observed) had some smattering of history himself; yet, as the Antiquary did not touch upon any of those legendary subjects with which Jerry had been chiefly conversant, such as the Travels of Joseph of Arimathea—the History of Glastonbury Thorn—or any romantic accounts of the Holy Land, and the like; he had thought it rather a dry discourse; and beginning *to spit six-pences* (as his saying was), he gave hints to Mr. Wildgoose to stop at the first public-house they should come to. But there was none till they came to Tetbury; where they went into a second-rate inn, for fear of meeting with the same insults which they had received at the Bell at Gloucester.

CHAP. VII.

An Hurley-burley in the Modern Taste.

WILDGOOSE having been thoroughly fatigued the preceding day, and not slept very soundly upon the floor at night; having also breakfasted upon toast and ale (which he was not

much used to); he found himself drowsy and somewhat indisposed: he desired therefore to go into a back parlour; and, getting an arm-chair, took a comfortable nap, whilst Tugwell was smoking his pipe in the chimney-corner.

When Wildgoose waked, he desired to have some little matter got ready for his dinner. My Landlady had a daughter-in-law (a pretty girl about eighteen), who officiated as Waiter, and went into the parlour to lay the cloth. As our Preacher always found a particular propensity to exercise his talent on the young and handsome; he could not forbear catechizing this fair Maid, as she came backwards and forwards into the room, about the state of her soul. The poor girl, conscious of her ignorance in the principles of religion, blushed, and seemed distressed what answer to make; and, having placed the spoon and pepper-box on one side of the table, and the knife and fork in parallel lines on the other, would have made her escape from so disagreeable a persecution. But Wildgoose, finding his rhetoric had not force enough to detain her, laid hold on her apron, and desired her “to hear
 “ what he had to say; which,” he assured her,
 “ was for her good: nay, that nothing could
 “ be more so: that it was better than all the
 “ beauty

“ beauty in the world, and of more value than
 “ thousands of gold and silver : that he himself
 “ was the servant of God ; and that he should
 “ be very happy, if he could prevail upon her
 “ to love *him* above all things.”

Just at that instant Mrs. Tantrum, the Land-
 lady, came into the parlour, having both hands
 filled with Wildgoose's dinner. She herself,
 though now as coarse as Pontius Pilate's Cook-
 maid, yet having been handsome in her youth,
 and being still amorously inclined, watched her
 daughter-in-law with a suspicious, or rather with
 a jealous, eye. Seeing the Stranger therefore thus
 engaged about her apron, and hearing the words,
 “ Beauty,” “ Love,” “ Gold and Silver,” she im-
 mediately concluded, that he was in *love* with her
beauty, and was bribing her with gold and silver
 to her ruin. Mine Hostess then, being equally
 a stranger to Christian meekness and to delicacy,
 vented her rage, without much ceremony, first
 upon Mr. Wildgoose. Then, setting down the
 dishes which she had brought in, and falling
 foul upon the poor girl with her brawny fists,
 “ You saucy slut,” says she, “ have not I charged
 “ you, often enough, never to listen to any *foot-*
 “ passengers ! but to leave the room, if ever
 “ they pretended to trouble their *heads* about

“ you? and here you stand with your brazen
 “ face—” As she was going on, scolding, and
 thumping her daughter’s shoulders, Wildgoose
 thought himself obliged, as he had been the cause
 of the girl’s stay, to explain his motives, and to
 rescue her from the consequences of it. His in-
 terposition, however, would of itself have made
 Mrs. Tantrum more outrageous. But Wild-
 goose, having rebuked her for her passion with
 some asperity, and having also in the scuffle un-
 fortunately torn my Landlady’s gown, this added
 to her fury, and gave her an opportunity, which
 she wanted, of venting her rage more effectually
 upon the ill-fated Pilgrim.

There is a certain farinaceous composition,
 which, from its being frequently used by our
 ancestors as an *extempore* supplement to a scanty
 dinner, has obtained the appellation of an *hasty*
pudding. It is composed of flour and milk
 boiled together; and, being spread into a round
 shallow dish, and interspersed with dabs of but-
 ter, and brown sugar fortuitously strewed over it,
 gives one no bad idea of a map of the sun, spot-
 ted about according to the modern hypothesis.

A dish of this wholesome food, smoking hot,
 mine Hostess had brought in one hand, and a
 plate of bacon and eggs in the other. And, upon
 Wildgoose’s

Wildgoose's presumptuously interposing between her and her daughter (as has been related), Mrs. Tantrum's fury was infinitely augmented; and, snatching up the dish, she discharged the hasty pudding full in Wildgoose's face: which, with the oiled butter and melted sugar, ran down to the skirts of his plush-waistcoat, and made no very cleanly appearance.

Tugwell, hearing the uproar, was now come into the room; and, seeing Mrs. Tantrum in the condition of a tigress robbed of her whelps, attempted to lay hold of her arms, and prevent any farther efforts of her fury: but she, snatching up the other dish, of bacon and eggs, gave Jerry as warm a salute as she had done his master. And one of the poached eggs bursting in his face, and mixing with the greasy contents of the frying-pan, poor Jerry was in a worse plight even than his fellow-traveller.

Mrs. Tantrum, having now satiated her fury, came a little to herself again: when, reflecting upon the damage she had probably done herself, if her guests should refuse to pay for the dinner, which, though they had smelt, they had not tasted; and beholding likewise the visible effects of her unbridled passion, in greasing her floor, and making unnecessary work for herself and her
 servant;

servant; she was going to repeat the outrage upon her innocent daughter-in-law: but the girl had wisely withdrawn, till the storm was over. She therefore sent the Maid, to clean the room, and set things to rights again: and the Travellers, having craved the Maid's assistance in cleaning their persons, desired her to bring them the loaf and cheese and a tankard of ale; with which they endeavoured to console themselves for the loss of the savoury food, by the sight of which they had been so disagreeably tantalized.

C H A P. VIII.

The Mistress of an Inn not easily to be converted.

WHEN Mrs. Tantrum was a little recovered from the violence of her resentment, the daughter-in-law ventured to assure her, "that the Stranger had not offered to take the least freedom with her; but had only talked to her about Mr. Whitfield, and our saviour Christ, and such sort of discourse."—"Mr. Whitfield!" quoth she: "I'll be hang'd then,"

“ then,” says Mrs. Tantrum, “ if it is not
 “ one of these Methodists, that go about the
 “ country. Run, and take away the silver
 “ spoon and pepper-box ! A pack of canting
 “ toads ! I thought he looked like one of those
 “ *hypothetical* rascals. There was one of them
 “ at Salisbury, not long ago, married two wives ;
 “ and another was hanged for sheep-stealing—
 “ Run, I say, and take away the pepper-
 “ box.”

The poor girl said, “ She did not think the
 “ gentleman would *steal* any thing neither, *for*
 “ *all* he talked about *religion*. He did not look
 “ like that sort of man, she imagined.”—
 Whilst they were thus debating the matter,
 Wildgoose and his friend came into the kitchen,
 to pay their reckoning ; and Mrs. Tantrum,
 surveying them more calmly, could not discover
 any thing very thievish in their physiognomy.
 So, to make some little amends for the rough
 usage with which she had treated her guests, she
 dismissed them with a tolerably decent welcome,
 and wished them a good journey. Wildgoose
 returned her compliment with a prayer for her
 conversion : and told her, “ that, unless God
 “ would give her grace to subdue her boisterous
 “ passions, she could no more relish the joys of
 “ Heaven,

“Heaven, than an hog or a sow could a clean
 “parlour.”—“Ay! ay! (added Tugwell)
 “thou art a *vessel of wrath*, doomed to perdi-
 “tion.”—“I a *vessel of broth!* you pot-gutted
 “rascal! no more than yourself! marry come
 “up! what does the fool mean? Sure I know
 “my own business best,” says Mrs. Tantrum;
 then concluded, in her own way, that “every
 “tub must stand upon its own bottom.”

C H A P. IX.

The Travellers pursue their Journey.

POOOR Wildgoose was a little chagrined at
 being suspected of carnal intentions; but
 comforted himself with recollecting several of
 the chosen Saints, who had been thus buffeted
 by Satan, and laid under the same groundless
 suspicions. But he would probably have been
 more shocked, if he had known that he was judged
 capable of stealing a silver spoon. These were
 consequences of his extravagance, which he could
 not foresee, and of which he had hitherto no
 conception. I have often thought, however, it
 is happy for us, that we do not know the half
 which

which is thought or said of us behind our backs, by the smiling Hostess or the surly Hostler, who attends us on our arrival or at our departure from an inn upon the road.

Our sturdy Pilgrims, having sufficiently refreshed themselves, proceeded on their journey with great alacrity; and, as it was not yet past mid-day, pushed on to reach Bath that night. They travelled the whole afternoon without any incident worthy the notice of a grave Historian. But reaching Lansdown, within a few miles of Bath, towards sun-set, they spied a poor horse, which, being over-loaded, was fallen down, and struggling under his burthen: and very near him two men, instead of assisting the wretched animal, were scuffling and pummeling each other without mercy. One of them was a slender, gentleman-like man, and the other appeared to be a Butcher's servant, or something in that style. Wildgoose and his fellow-traveller having interposed, and parted the combatants, the Butcher began to vent his wrath upon his antagonist, "D-mn your blood," says he, "who the devil are you? What, can't a man be in a passion, and beat his own horse, for all you, and be pox'd to you?"

Wildgoose,

Wildgoose, having rebuked him for his insolence and profaneness, applied his hand to the stern of the horse; who, after some further efforts, being roused, the Butcher remounted him, rode off, and, instead of thanking Wildgoose for his assistance, calls out, "D-inn you all together, for a pack of whores-birds as you are!" The Gentleman, who had fought the Butcher, surveyed him for a moment with great indignation and contempt: then, refreshing himself with a pinch of snuff, "There," says he, "there goes a true picture of English Liberty!"—"Pray, Sir," says Wildgoose, "if I may make so free, what was the subject of your altercation?" To which he replied in the following manner.

C H A P. X.

A Knight-errant of a peculiar Kind. Compassion for dumb Creatures.

"YOU see, Sir," says the Gentleman, "how hard that poor beast is loaded. Now that brute of a fellow, instead of driving the horse before him (as he was probably ordered by

“ by his Maſter to do), had galloped him, load-
 “ ed as he was, for near a mile along the road,
 “ in my fight ; when the poor creature happen-
 “ ed to trip, and come down with his rider,
 “ who began to bang him with that ſtick about
 “ the head with ſo much fury, that, if I had
 “ not interpoſed, he might probably have killed
 “ him upon the ſpot. My officiouſneſs, how-
 “ ever, only made the fellow change the object
 “ of his wrath : for he fell upon me with the
 “ ſame weapon ; which however I wreſted from
 “ his hands, and banged him with to ſome pur-
 “ poſe ; till, he running in to me, we came to
 “ that cloſe engagement from which you part-
 “ ed us.”

Wildgooſe ſtaring at the Gentleman with marks
 of ſurprize—“ My compaſſion for dumb ani-
 “ mals,” continued he, “ is ſo exceſſive, that it
 “ often makes me quite miſerable. Our ſym-
 “ pathy and aſſiſtance is certainly due, in the firſt
 “ place, to our fellow-creatures of the human
 “ ſpecies, as they ſtand in a nearer relation to
 “ us, as they hold a ſuperior rank in the works
 “ of the creation. But, I own, the incapacity
 “ of a poor brute creature to utter his diſtreſs,
 “ and his want of reaſon to find out the means
 “ of relieving it, often plead more powerfully
 “ with

“ with me, than all the rhetoric of a beggar,
 “ practised in the art of moving compassion.”

“ Yes,” replies Wildgoose; “ and I think,
 “ Sir, you have suggested the reason of this;
 “ because, in the latter case, there is often a
 “ suspicion of insincerity in the petitioner;
 “ whereas, in the former instance, undisguised
 “ nature, though void of speech, expresses her-
 “ self in the most emphatical manner. For the
 “ same reason, the silent rhetoric of tears, or
 “ of bashfulness, is often more pathetic than
 “ all the oratorical flourishes in the world.
 “ And I dare say, Sir, the helpless condition
 “ of an *infant* in distress must affect you
 “ still more sensibly, than that of any of those
 “ dumb creatures for which you express so
 “ much concern.”

“ I don't know,” replies the Gentleman; “ it
 “ certainly ought to do so: but I cannot reason
 “ myself out of this strange effeminacy—nor do
 “ I recollect any instance of *human* distress, that
 “ has given me more pain, than the sight of a
 “ poor Hare, for instance, almost *run down*, as
 “ they call it; to see her squatting behind an
 “ hedge; panting and listening, with her ears
 “ erect, to the cries of her pursuers, from
 “ whom her natural scent, augmented by the
 “ perspi-

“ perspiration she is thrown into, makes it al-
 “ most impossible for her to escape.

“ I entirely agree with Mr. Addison, in ap-
 “ plauding the humanity of the Sultan, who
 “ chose rather to cut off the sleeve of his robe,
 “ than awake his favourite Cat, which was
 “ asleep upon it. And I myself, in my walks,
 “ have often gone a furlong out of my way,
 “ rather than disturb a poor unwieldy Ox, that
 “ has been lying down and chewing the cud;
 “ or than interrupt an innocent Lamb, that
 “ was sucking its anxious dam.

“ Nay; I have gone so far, as to erect an
 “ urn in my garden, as a testimony of my com-
 “ passion for dumb animals, with the inscrip-
 “ tion from Ovid’s speech of Pythagoras,

“ *Quid meruistis, oves, placidum pecus—&c.*

“ *Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,*

“ *Innocuum?*

“ *What have ye done, ye flocks, a peaceful race!*

“ *Or what the harmless ox, so void of guile,*

“ *To merit death?”*

“ Why, as for those animals which are
 “ fairly slaughtered, without torture, for the
 “ support of human life,” says Wildgoose, “ I
 “ can easily reconcile myself to their fate: as
 “ the

“ the pain of death confifts, I believe, chiefly
 “ in the apprehenfion. And when it is instan-
 “ taneous (as in thofe cafes it is or ought to
 “ be), they enjoy themfelves, and feel nothing
 “ till the ftroke arrives; and the moment it
 “ does fo, the violence of it either deprives
 “ them of life, or at leaft of the fenfe of pain.
 “ Mr. Pope has finely defcribed this in his Ethic
 “ Epiftles :

“ The lamb, thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 “ Had he thy reafon, would he fkip and play ?
 “ Pleas’d to the laft, he crops the flow’ry food ;
 “ And licks the hand, juft rais’d to fhed his blood.
 “ Oh ! blindnefs to the future ! kindly given,
 “ That each might fill the circle mark’d by heaven.”

“ Why, doubtlefs,” returns the Gentleman,
 “ one feels the moft for thofe animals that are
 “ tortured and abufed. But, I think, none are
 “ more fo, than the generality of horfes and
 “ beafts of burthen, from a want of fenfibility
 “ in the reasoning brutes to whofe care they
 “ are ufually intrufted. You faw how little
 “ compaffion that Butcher’s lad has fhewn to
 “ his loaded Steed. And to fee a noble creature
 “ ftart and tremble at the paffionate exclama-
 “ tion of a mere Yahoo of a ftable-boy ; who,
 “ if

“ if he knew his own strength, could drive a
 “ dozen men before him ; I own, equally excites
 “ my pity and my indignation. I never meet a
 “ string of Pack-horses, bending under their
 “ loads, but my heart bleeds for the mute suf-
 “ ferers : and I make it a point of conscience to
 “ give them the road. Nay, I have, in my
 “ own mind, added one more to the curses
 “ denounced by Moses against the unmerciful,
 “ Cursed be he that maketh the Pack-horse to
 “ go out of his way !”

Here Tugwell could not forbear putting in his
 verdict. “ Well,” says Jerry, “ the Taylor of
 “ our town is the best man for that. He keeps
 “ a horse to lett ; but then he’ll never lett him
 “ to any one, till he has made him promise
 “ faithfully, that the poor horse shall stand still
 “ to *do his needs*.”—The Gentleman laughed at
 Tugwell’s instance of compassion. But Wild-
 goose, silencing him with a significant look, ob-
 served, “ that the good man, to be sure, was
 “ merciful even to his beast. And it is pity,”
 continued he, “ that cruelty to those animals
 “ cannot be provided against by our laws, as
 “ it was in a great measure by the laws of
 “ Moses.”

“ Very true, Sir,” replies the Gentleman;
 “ and as that cannot well be done in this land
 “ of *liberty*, I wish every Gentleman would en-
 “ deavour to supply that defect, by discouraging
 “ all cruelty of that kind, as far as his power
 “ or influence extends; and certainly, every
 “ Parent should be particularly careful to instill
 “ principles of mercy and tenderness, to birds,
 “ beasts, and insects, into the tender minds of
 “ Children. For my part, I profess myself a
 “ sort of Knight-errant in the cause: and assure
 “ you, have met with many such skirmishes
 “ as this which you found me engaged in, by
 “ interfering where I had no other motive
 “ but humanity and compassion.”

C H A P. XI.

The polite Philosopher.

THE frank disposition of this Gentleman
 (who called himself Graham) encouraged
 Wildgoose, as they walked along, to commu-
 nicate something of his own pretensions: and
 he informed the Gentleman, “ that he himself
 “ was a volunteer in the service of his fellow-
 “ crea-

“ creatures; and professed to regulate their
 “ opinions in a matter of much greater im-
 “ portance than any thing which regarded this
 “ life, even the salvation of their immortal
 “ souls.”

“ I presume then,” says Mr. Graham, “ you
 “ are one of these Methodists, which have made
 “ such a noise in the world.” Wildgoose re-
 plied, “ that he might call him by what name
 “ he pleased; but what he professed was, to
 “ preach up true Christianity and the genuine
 “ doctrines of the Reformation.”

“ Why,” returns Mr. Graham, “ though I
 “ have formerly conversed much in the world,
 “ I have of late confined myself a great deal to
 “ books and meditation, and the investigation
 “ of truth; the result of which is, that I cannot
 “ reflect with patience upon the many absurd
 “ practices and opinions which prevail in the
 “ world; and have often been tempted to turn
 “ Itinerant myself, and sally forth, in order
 “ to reform mankind, and set them right in
 “ various particulars.

“ When I hear of a father’s marrying his
 “ daughter against her inclinations, and sacri-
 “ ficing her happiness to her grandeur; I am
 “ ready, like the Spanish Don, to challenge
 VOL. I. M “ him

“ him to mortal combat, and rescue the un-
 “ happy victim from the power which he
 “ abuses.

“ Though I am not in Parliament, nor am
 “ fond of politics, I could not forbear giving
 “ the public my advice, in a pamphlet, upon
 “ the Militia Act, Triennial Parliaments, and
 “ the necessity of *Sumptuary Laws*.

“ I have by me also a manuscript, which I
 “ call, ‘ *Literæ Hottentoticae* ; or, Letters from a
 “ beautiful young Hottentot to her friends at
 “ the Cape ; giving an account of the many
 “ barbarous customs and preposterous opinions
 “ which she had observed in our metropolis
 “ during her three years abode amongst us.’

“ But, Sir, you will pardon my freedom,
 “ when I declare, that of all the opinions which
 “ have been the subject of my contemplation,
 “ none appears more absurd to me, than that
 “ all Religion should be made to consist in *think-*
 “ *ing* rightly upon a few abstruse points ; which
 “ have been controverted ever since the Refor-
 “ mation, and about which hardly any two
 “ persons think exactly alike. I really believe,
 “ when the Methodists first set out, (as Provi-
 “ dence often brings about salutary ends by
 “ irregular means) they did some good, and
 “ con-

“ contributed to rouse the negligent Clergy, and
 “ to revive practical Christianity amongst us.
 “ But, I am afraid, they have since done no
 “ small prejudice to Religion, by reviving the
 “ cobweb disputes of the last century; and by
 “ calling off the minds of men from practice,
 “ to mere speculation. For, by all the accounts
 “ I have heard of late, if a man does but fre-
 “ quent their meetings regularly, express him-
 “ self properly upon Justification, and a few
 “ more of their favourite topics, he is imme-
 “ diately ranked amongst the Elect, and may
 “ live as carelessly as he pleases in other respects;
 “ nay, may be guilty of drunkenness, forni-
 “ cation, luxury, and what not: in short, if a
 “ man does but *talk* and *look* like a Saint, he
 “ may, without any reproach, live like a
 “ Sinner.”

“ Sir,” says Wildgoose, “ whatever the case
 “ may be with a few individuals, who *call* them-
 “ selves Methodists; you cannot say, that any
 “ of those irregularities are the *necessary* conse-
 “ quence of their principles.”

“ No, Sir,” replies the Gentleman; “ but
 “ they are the *probable* consequences of their
 “ practices; for, by being thus distinguished
 “ from their brethren, they begin to look upon
 M 2 “ them-

“ themselves as a sort of privileged persons :
 “ and finding so much stress laid upon *thinking*
 “ rightly, they begin to be more careless about
 “ *acting* properly ; and the original depravity of
 “ their nature returning upon them thus un-
 “ guarded, they are but too prone to relapse
 “ into the greatest enormities : which reflexion,
 “ I am afraid, might be confirmed by too fre-
 “ quent experience : not to mention the ten-
 “ dency which their particular doctrines of *As-*
 “ *surance* and *inward Feelings* have to make men
 “ presumptuous, and to delude them to their
 “ own destruction.”

Wildgoose was not inclined to continue the dispute, with a person who appeared so much prejudiced against his doctrines ; and who indeed was so full of reflexions made in his solitude, that he would hardly give him leave to put in a word.

As their road, however, lay near a mile the same way, they talked upon various subjects ; and Wildgoose found, in the course of their conversation, that Mr. Graham was quite a polite Philosopher, had a competent knowledge of almost every science, had travelled over most parts of Europe, and made many delicate and curious remarks upon the manners and customs

of

of the several people with whom he had conversed.

But what gave a peculiar beauty to his conversation, was the delicacy of his taste, which selected the most agreeable or the most striking circumstances, on every subject; so that his descriptions and narrations never became languid, by too minute a detail of uninteresting particulars.

He now lived a very retired life; went sometimes to Bath, as a mere spectator: but, having sequestered himself from the world on a particular occasion, and having had sufficient experience of the selfishness, malignity, and insincerity, of the vulgar part of mankind, he confined himself to a few select friends; and, by exercise and temperance, contrived to pass through the autumn of life, with health, cheerfulness, and tranquillity.

Mr. Graham was a man of that natural benevolence, that he rather affected the Misanthrope, than was really such. He invited Wildgoose and his friend, therefore, with great cordiality, to refresh themselves at his Hermitage (as he called it), which he pointed out to them amidst a tuft of lofty oaks, at a little distance, on the descent of the hill. Mr. Wildgoose, being

impatient to join his Christian friends at Bath, would have waived the accepting this invitation: but Tugwell, having an habitual thirst upon him at this time of the year, said, "He should be obliged to the Gentleman for a draught of small-beer, or a cup of cyder."

They therefore accompanied him to his habitation.

C H A P. XII.

A singular Mansion.

MR. Graham's house was almost concealed from the road by trees, and was literally "founded upon a rock," some craggy parts of which appeared rising upon each side of the house; a clear spring, which rose from the bottom of one of them, almost covered with moss, hart's-tongue, and other fountain-plants, determining the situation.

They entered, by a strong door, into a sort of porch or vestibule; on one side of which Mr. Graham shewed them a neat bed-room, about seven feet square; on the other side, a beaufet and other conveniences, about the same dimensions. He then took them into a parlour, elegantly furnished, of about twelve feet square, exclusive

exclusive of a bow-window, which commanded an extensive prospect over a beautiful valley, terminated by a distant view of the city of Bath and its environs: and this was apparently the whole house.

Mr. Graham, however, took them down a few winding steps, cut out of the rock, to another room under the former; which served him for a kitchen, cellar, and all other accommodations for himself and his Maid. She was a middle-aged woman, and was sitting there at work with her needle. But, to prevent all suspicion of her serving him in any other capacity than that of a servant, Mr. Graham had pitched upon a deserving person, with one eye, a protuberant shoulder, and one or two more accidental deformities, sufficient to stop the mouth of that infernal fury Scandal herself. Besides his crooked Maid, Mr. Graham had an old cat with one ear, and a dog with one eye; who seemed originally to have no other merit than their *animality* to recommend them. A garden, proportioned to the house and its inhabitants, was laid out in a simple taste, and stored with those fruits, flowers, herbs, and plants, which were natural to the climate in which they were to grow.

Mr. Graham left Tugwell to drink some cyder with his maid Maritornes, and took Mr. Wildgoose into his parlour, and offered him a glass of something better—which it is not recorded that Wildgoose refused.

As Mr. Graham opened the door of a little closet, or rather niche in the wall, which contained his books and his cordials, Wildgoose could not forbear fixing his eyes upon a small oval picture, of a young lady, in a gilt frame, that was fixed in a pannel, within-side of the door; which Mr. Graham observing, shook his head with a sigh, and said, “the lady whom
 “ that picture represented, had influenced the
 “ whole tenour of his life, and was the original
 “ cause of his present retreat from the world.” Wildgoose expressing some curiosity on that subject, and himself fetching a sympathetic sigh on having the idea of Miss Townsend revived by the sight of that picture; Mr. Graham said, “his story could not be very interesting to a
 “ stranger. But, Sir,” says he, “as I take a
 “ sort of melancholy pleasure in recollecting the
 “ occurrences of my youth; if you have pa-
 “ tience to hear me, I will relate the parti-
 “ culars.”—He therefore began, without more ceremony, in the following manner.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

Mr. Graham's Story.

“ I am a younger brother of a younger branch
 “ of a noble family ; but, partly by my own
 “ bad œconomy in the former part of life, and
 “ partly by that of my father, I have at
 “ present but a slender income ; yet sufficient
 “ to live very comfortably in my present situa-
 “ tion. I was bred at the University, and after
 “ that was sent to the Temple ; and, when a
 “ young man there, went to make a visit to
 “ my sister, who was married to a Baronet in
 “ the northern part of this county.” (Here
 Wildgoose listened with a more earnest atten-
 tion.) “ During my stay here, we were invited
 “ to a supper and a ball at a neighbouring
 “ gentleman’s, where was a great deal of gen-
 “ tle company. Amongst the rest, there was
 “ a Clergyman’s daughter, whom I will call
 “ Ophelia, who had the character of a learned
 “ lady and a great wit. She was tolerably
 “ handsome, but had a very melancholy air :
 “ which, upon inquiry, I found to be the effect

“ of a disappointment in her first love, by the
 “ sudden death of a man of fortune, to whom
 “ she was upon the verge of being united in
 “ marriage. As she thought it a kind of inde-
 “ corum to mix in the gaiety of the company
 “ (though she had been invited with a good-
 “ natured intention to divert her melancholy),
 “ Ophelia sat by in a bow-window in the
 “ room; and, as I was always of a studious
 “ turn, and not fond of dancing, I chose to keep
 “ her company.

“ We two were of course engaged in a se-
 “ parate conversation. But, instead of what is
 “ usually meant by a Wit—a pert girl that
 “ values herself upon saying smart things with
 “ a saucy petulance; I found her a young
 “ woman of great good sense and delicacy of
 “ sentiment, and thoroughly versed in all the
 “ best Writers in the English language; and
 “ even the translations from the Classics; upon
 “ whose several beauties and defects she passed
 “ sentence, with a penetration and judgment
 “ superior to any one I had ever conversed
 “ with.

“ In short, I was quite charmed with this young
 “ lady’s conversation, which of course brought on
 “ a personal attachment; and I made an errand

“ to

“ to her father’s the very next day, under a
“ pretence of inquiring after his daughter’s
“ health, and how she got home. He was a
“ very learned and a very sensible man, but
“ had very small preferment; and, as he had
“ exerted all his abilities in instructing his
“ daughter; so he had gone to the utmost limits
“ of prudence, in dressing her out rather above
“ her rank. However, in other respects, they
“ lived in a frugal, though genteel manner; and
“ I was so pleased with my quarters, that I stay-
“ ed all night, with my servant and two horses;
“ and repeated my visits very frequently.

“ You will imagine, from this account, that,
“ I met with a very cordial reception from the
“ young lady. But this was by no means the
“ case. I found her affections still so much
“ attached to their first object, that it was near
“ half a year before I appeared to have made
“ any impression upon her heart. After this,
“ however, we continued an intimacy for above
“ two years: during which time we lived in all
“ the innocent endearments of a mutual fond-
“ ness; and I was determined to make her my
“ wife.

C H A P. XIV.

Mr. Graham's Story continued.

“ YOU will wonder, no doubt,” says Mr. Graham, “ what prevented my marrying Ophelia immediately. Why, nothing but my absolute dependance on my mother for my future support. She had a considerable jointure; and, as I was a favourite, she promised to increase my younger brother’s fortune by what she could save out of her annual income. I had a considerable legacy left me by a relation. But, as I had lived very expensively, I was obliged to make free with the principal, and had almost run through it: so that I had reason to fear my mother’s resentment, who, you may suppose, was not at all pleased with this indiscreet engagement; as it not only disappointed her in her hopes of my marrying advantageously in point of fortune, but involved me in a life of indolence, quite inconsistent with my study of the Law, and making any figure in my profession. She therefore made use of
 “ every

“ every prudent stratagem, to break off my at-
 “ tachment to this young creature : in which,
 “ alas ! she at length succeeded.

“ While I was in London for a month, at
 “ my mother’s earnest request, who had a house
 “ in town ; I received an anonymous letter,
 “ full of invectives against the Clergyman, his
 “ daughter, and in short against the whole
 “ family. As I was convinced many of them
 “ were without foundation, so I had good
 “ reason to believe the principal aspersion upon
 “ the young lady herself was entirely so ;
 “ which was, ‘ that she had got a habit of
 “ drinking spirituous liquors, for her private
 “ amusement.’

“ I was greatly shocked at the contents of
 “ this letter ; but thought it unjust and ungener-
 “ ous to be influenced, in an affair of such im-
 “ portance, by a letter of that kind, which
 “ was evidently written with a malicious in-
 “ tent.

“ I immediately, therefore, went down to
 “ my sister’s, with a design to come to an eclair-
 “ cissement with poor Ophelia, or at least to
 “ inspect her conduct more narrowly in the par-
 “ ticular alledged ; though, I confess, I was
 “ shocked at the want of generosity in such a
 “ pro-

“ proceeding, with regard to a person with
 “ whom I had had so long an intimacy with-
 “ out the least reason for such a suspicion. I
 “ recollected indeed, that she would drink two
 “ or sometimes three glasses of wine after dinner,
 “ without those squeamish airs which some
 “ ladies affect. But I have always thought it a
 “ good rule in these cases, ‘ that a woman, who,
 “ upon proper occasions, refuses *one* glass in
 “ public, will drink *two* or *three* in private.’

“ When I came to Lady ——’s, (my sister); I
 “ found there a young lady of the neighbour-
 “ hood upon a week’s visit to my sister. She
 “ was a young woman of good fortune, and a
 “ smart sprightly girl; and one that I might
 “ probably have liked well enough, if my af-
 “ fections had not been pre-engaged.

“ I shewed my sister the letter which I had
 “ received; at which she affected a great sur-
 “ prize: but added, ‘ that she was afraid most
 “ of the facts alledged had too good a founda-
 “ tion.’ And with regard to the principal ac-
 “ cusation with which the young lady was
 “ charged, she used so many plausible argu-
 “ ments to convince me of the reality of it,
 “ with so many artful insinuations, that I began
 “ to waver in my opinion of the matter: and,
 “ in

“ in short, instead of waiting on Ophelia, as I
 “ ought to have done, and as I at first intended,
 “ I was prevailed upon only to write her a
 “ letter; in which, after some excuses from the
 “ imprudence of such an engagement, as my
 “ entire dependance on my mother would
 “ probably involve us both in indigence and dif-
 “ tress, I desired the affair might proceed no
 “ farther.

“ This bare-faced declaration produced such
 “ an answer as I had reason to expect from a
 “ girl of Ophelia’s spirit; whom I had quite
 “ teased into a return of affection, and now
 “ very unhandsomely, not to say basely, de-
 “ ferted; so that her resentment, though so
 “ well founded, contributed to abate my fond-
 “ nefs: and I now thought myself at liberty to
 “ attend to the coquetry of Miss —— (whom
 “ I shall call Lavinia), upon whom my sister
 “ had prevailed to act a part, and to play off
 “ her artillery, on purpose to draw me off from
 “ my former engagement.

“ I proceeded so far, as frequently to ride
 “ out with her alone (attended only by a ser-
 “ vant); and she very maliciously made me
 “ accompany her one day, to dine at a Gentle-
 “ man’s house in the village where poor
 “ Ophelia

“ Ophelia lived, and by whose very door we
 “ must necessarily pass.

“ This behaviour, though it probably ex-
 “ tinguished the love, yet it so far wrought
 “ upon the *honest* pride of Ophelia, that, in a
 “ few days, it brought on a fit of distraction;
 “ which in a few months terminated in her
 “ death.

“ This shocking event of my perfidy awa-
 “ kened my fondness, and alarmed my consci-
 “ ence; and I immediately quitted my sister's
 “ house (where the artful Lavinia was still de-
 “ tained), and returned to London. I had been
 “ there but a few days, when I received, in-
 “ closed in a frank, a large packet; which I
 “ found sealed with Ophelia's seal, and the
 “ direction in her hand-writing. My mother
 “ and a younger sister were in the room; the
 “ moment I saw the seal and superscription, the
 “ letter dropt out of my hand, and I almost
 “ fainted away in my chair. My mother and
 “ sister ran to my assistance, reasoned with me
 “ upon my folly; and, by my permission, my
 “ sister opened and perused the letter.

“ The case was this. The cause of my desert-
 “ ing the celebrated Ophelia was not long a
 “ secret; and coming to her ears, though she
 “ dis-

“ disdained to vindicate herself to a man who
 “ could treat her so ungenerously, yet she had
 “ written a long defence of her conduct, and
 “ pointed out, almost to a demonstration, from
 “ what quarter the malicious tale had sprung;
 “ and this she had ordered to be delivered to
 “ me after her decease.

“ The person hinted at, as the conductor of
 “ this wicked artifice, was Lady —— my
 “ sister; against whom I vented my indigna-
 “ tion: and could hardly preserve the decency
 “ due to my mother, for opposing a match
 “ upon which my happiness depended. How-
 “ ever, instead of settling again to the study of
 “ the Law, I found myself incapable of applying
 “ to any thing.

“ I determined, therefore, by way of divert-
 “ ing my melancholy, immediately to go abroad,
 “ and rambled all over Europe for four or five
 “ years; at the end of which, I was recalled
 “ by the death of my mother; which event
 “ was rather seasonable, as I was almost reduced
 “ to the last hundred pounds of my own fortune.

“ I took possession of five thousand pounds,
 “ which she left me, and which brings me in
 “ about two hundred pounds a year. I left the
 “ north of England, where I was born; changed
 “ my

“ my name ; and came and built this cottage
 “ near Bath ; where I have lived these ten years,
 “ and where I intend to pass the remainder of
 “ my days.”

C H A P. XV.

Mr. Graham's Way of Life.

WHEN Mr. Graham had finished his story, Mr. Wildgoose said, “ he was unwilling
 “ to interrupt him in his narration ;” but added,
 “ that an event of this kind had happened, when
 “ he was a boy, in almost the next village to
 “ that where he was born ; but (as he had often
 “ heard the story) the Gentleman's name was
 “ _____.”

Mr. Graham changed colour, and said, “ that
 “ was his real name ; and that he was the guilty
 “ person.”—“ Well,” says Wildgoose, “ the
 “ poor old Gentleman (Ophelia's father) is now
 “ very infirm, and, by various unlucky acci-
 “ dents, in great distress.”—“ Good God !”
 “ cries Mr. Graham, “ is he still alive ? Why,
 “ before I went abroad, I had begged leave to
 “ erect an Urn to poor Ophelia's memory ; and
 “ by the person whom I employed for that
 “ purpose,

“ purpose, was then informed that her unhappy
 “ father was at the point of death, of a broken
 “ heart.

“ But my meeting with you, Sir, is very
 “ providential; and it will be the greatest plea-
 “ sure to me, to make some atonement for my
 “ wickedness, and even the expence I put the
 “ family to, by relieving his distress; which I
 “ will take the first opportunity of putting in
 “ execution.”

Wildgoose observed, “ that Mr. Graham’s
 “ expression, of ‘ making an atonement for his
 “ wickedness,’ was somewhat exceptionable;
 “ as our Saviour had made a sufficient atone-
 “ ment and satisfaction for the sins of the whole
 “ world; and that we should be cautious in
 “ ascribing any *merit* to our own good works.”

“ Zounds! Sir,” says Mr. Graham, who had
 no patience with such nice distinctions, “ you
 “ don’t think there is any sin in relieving the
 “ distressed, upon whatever motive it is done?
 “ As for placing any merit in such an action,
 “ I should think myself a rogue if I did not do
 “ it in the present case: but, if so much cau-
 “ tion is necessary upon such occasions, a man
 “ that happens to tumble into a river or a ditch
 “ may

“ may be drowned or suffocated, whilst we are
 “ deliberating about the proper motive or state
 “ of mind with which we are to pull him out
 “ again.”

Mr. Wildgoose did not think proper to reply to a man of so warm a temper ; but observed, by way of changing the discourse, “ that Mr. Graham seemed under a necessity almost of living the life of an Hermit ; as the dimensions of his habitation would not admit of much company.”

“ Why,” says Mr. Graham, “ a life of absolute solitude is a visionary and unnatural state, and can only subsist in poetry and romance. I don’t pretend to live upon roots and rock-water ; though I can feast upon mutton and potatoes, and a bread pudding. And though I don’t love mobs and routs, I would not have you imagine I never entertain any company in my cell : I have two or three friends, of the same simple taste with myself ; who (for the sake of varying the scene) frequently eat their morsel with me ; when we wait upon ourselves, and limit each other as to the number and variety of the particulars that are to constitute the entertainment.

“ As

“ As to your paltry little Esquires, or those
 “ who have not sense enough to dispense with
 “ the forms of life or come without a servant
 “ to wait behind their chair; puppies, who
 “ will drink a bottle or two with you in private,
 “ and perhaps not know you in public; I affront
 “ them, if ever an impertinent curiosity brings
 “ them to my cottage—so that I am seldom
 “ troubled with any visitors of that kind.

“ Neither am I very fond of the company of
 “ Ladies, out of regard to the memory of poor
 “ Ophelia; the recollection of whose excellen-
 “ cies makes the generality of female conversa-
 “ tion truly insipid—*Deleo omnes dehinc ex animo*
 “ *mulieres*—I blot from my memory every other
 “ woman; those every-day beauties (as Terence
 “ calls them) who have nothing but their sex to
 “ recommend them.”

Mr. Wildgoose was a little scandalized at the warmth of temper and appearance of uncharitableness in Mr. Graham; though (as was observed before) this misanthropy was rather in speculation, than in practice; as he could not treat any one that came to his house without the highest politeness.

Wildgoose now looking at his watch, Mr. Graham said, “ if he was impatient to get to

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“ Bath, he would shew him a shorter road over
“ the hill;” which he accordingly did: and
having pointed out the great road to them
again, he left the two Pilgrims to pursue their
journey,

END OF BOOK IV.

THE

T H E

SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

B O O K V.

C H A P. I.

The two Pilgrims arrive at Bath.

“SOME people,” says an Italian * writer upon politeness, “in the midst of an agreeable conversation, are apt to fall asleep. This,” says he with great solemnity, “is by no means a genteel custom, as it shews a contempt of our company.”

Now, if I might differ from so profound an Author, I should rather impute the infirmity of such drowsy people to want of taste, than to a contempt of their company : and if the Reader

* Joh. Casce, de morum elegantia.

should

should have taken a nap in the midst of the last Chapter; for my own credit, I would willingly impute his drowsiness to the same principle. But to proceed.

The setting sun now gilded the summit of the mountains and the tops of the highest towers, when the two Pilgrims came within sight of Bath. Upon the first view of that elegant city, Tugwell, who had received all his ideas of grandeur from his Bible, and whose head always ran upon what he had read of the Holy Land, observed, "that Bath seemed to be situated like
" Jerusalem, according to David's description
" of it :

" As mighty mountains huge and large
" Jerusalem about do close."

" According to Sternhold and Hopkins' description of it, you mean," says Wildgoose.—
" Well, well, Master; that's as our Clerk sings
" it. But I suppose your Worship likes the
" *new diversion* better."—" No," says Wildgoose, " I like neither of the poetical Versions
" so well as the plain prose.

" But," continues Wildgoose, Bath seems
" huddled so close together, that I should
" compare

“ compare it to Jerufalem in another refpect :
 “ ‘ Jerufalem is built as a city that is at unity
 “ in itfelf.’ And yet perhaps this little place
 “ may be divided into as many parties, and
 “ abound as much in fcandal, enuy, and malice,
 “ as London itfelf.”

Wildgoofe, however, being vaftly ftruck with the richness of the valley, and the elegance of the buildings, efpecially of the villas difperfed on the furrrounding hills, remarkable for the beauty of their verdure, obferved, “ that, how-
 “ ever fruitful the Land of Canaan might be
 “ formerly, when inhabited by a populous na-
 “ tion, and properly cultivated ; yet, by all ac-
 “ counts of modern travellers, the prefent face
 “ of the country about Jerufalem was not to be
 “ compared to the environs of Bath. Though
 “ I cannot but wonder,” continued he, “ that
 “ any one fhould doubt the veracity of the Sa-
 “ cred Writers, in their encomiums upon the
 “ ancient fertility of that country, which is
 “ confirmed by the concurrent testimony of fe-
 “ veral Pagan Authors : yet I am inclined to
 “ think, it was called ‘ a land flowing with
 “ milk and honey,’ partly in oppofition to the
 “ arable lands of Egypt, and partly in prefe-
 “ rence to the fandy deferts through which they
 Vol. I. N “ were

“ were to pass in their retreat from thence;
 “ neither of which were to be compared to the
 “ rich pastures or vine-clad hills of Palestine.”

Wildgoose and his friend Tugwell, who were now come into the town, cut but a dusty figure, in comparison with the spruce inhabitants of Bath; which made them desirous of getting under cover as soon as possible: and Tugwell, espying a sign whose device struck his fancy, exhorted his Master to set up his staff there, especially as the house seemed suitable to Mr. Wildgoose's appearance, in his present voluntary humiliation.

Tugwell was no sooner entered, than he almost mechanically called for “ a cup of the best.”—
 “ Ay! my Lad,” says mine Host, who was a facetious sort of fellow, “ thou shalt have it, in
 “ the turning of a pork grifkin. But let's see;
 “ what hast thou got in thy wallet? some *run*
 “ *tea*, or some *Welsh stockings*? what dost thou
 “ deal in? Cry thy trade.”—“ No, no,” says
 Jerry, “ we don't deal in *stockings*, nor shoes nei-
 “ ther; though, for that matter, as good shoes
 “ as ever trod the ground have gone through
 “ my hands. But no matter for that. I hope
 “ God has called me and my Master here to a
 “ better occupation.”

My

My Landlord, not being willing to throw away any longer conversation on such guests, without any further reply, stept to the tap, drew some ale, and, having blown off the froth, which occupied a third part of the cup, and drunk the Travellers' health in another third, he presented the remainder to Tugwell, who had called for it. Whilst Jerry was drinking, my Landlord surveyed Wildgoose with more attention: and observing in him an air rather above a common Pedlar, asked "if the Gentleman would not please to walk into another room."—Tugwell replied, "that, to be sure, his Worship had not been used to sit in a kitchen; but *howsoever*, my Master," says he, "*scorns* to despise a poor parson; and is not above keeping company with any good Christian."—"Hey-day! good Christian!" quoth my Landlord; "why, we are all good Christians, I hope; but, I fancy, thou hast left off *mending* of shoes, and art set up for a *mender* of souls. I suppose, thou art one of these *Methodites*, or *Mithridates*, or what the devil do you call them? Why, sure, a Gentleman may be a good Christian, without keeping company with all the Tag-rags and Scrubs in the country."

Then, turning to Wildgoose, having heard Tugwell call him his *Worship*, my Landlord went a step further; and, to make amends for his first neglect, “Won’t your *Honour* walk in—” to the parlour?” says he. “What shall I get your *Honour* to eat?” This was language which mine Host had learned from the Footmen, who greatly frequented his house; and who, I have observed, rather than not discover that they have been used to wait upon people of fashion, will bestow those honourable appellations on the lowest of their acquaintance, and even on persons whom they despise.

And here, by the way, I cannot but lament the ridiculous prostitution of titles of distinction amongst the inferior part of mankind in this age. In the glorious days of Queen Elizabeth, *Master* was esteemed a very respectful address to any one beneath the dignity of a Peer. And even in James the First’s reign, *your Worship* was the highest degree of adulation or respect with which a Servant or a Vassal approached his Lord, or the Master whom he served. From the French, I believe, in the last century, we learned to apply the monosyllable *Sir* to any one whom we considered as greatly our superior.

But now, *your Honour* is the title universally given, to every one that appears in a clean shirt and powdered wig, by the Drawer, the Chairman, or the Shoe-black; who are unwilling to hazard the loss of a customer, by addressing him in a style beneath his real or fancied importance.

In higher life indeed, where particular titles are appropriated to particular ranks or offices, this confusion has been hitherto avoided. Our Sovereign, the fountain of honour, is at present content with that of *Sacred Majesty*, one of the lowest attributes of Divinity; as our Religion does not admit of downright Deification. Neither has any one, as yet, been guilty of so presumptuous a piece of flattery, as to bestow the title of *Majesty* on any subject whatsoever.

And, as the several orders of our Nobility are created by Patent, and their titles purchased either by money or merit; it is not usual, amongst that *right honourable* fraternity, to invade each other's property in that respect, or to give the superior titles to those of inferior quality. But amongst the aforesaid lower race of mortals, as the love of false honours increases in proportion to the decrease of real worth; and as the base multitude pay that respect to money which is

properly due to merit, it is not easy to say to what a ridiculous extreme this humour may at length be extended: and I should not be surprized, in process of time, to hear an Haberdasher saluted, with, "A coach, your *Grace!*" or to see a Shoe-black importune a walking Taylor with, "Black your shoes, your *Majesty!*" But to return to our Pilgrims.

CHAPTER II.

Popular Reports sometimes a little erroneous.

MR. Wildgoose did not chuse to accept of my Landlord's invitation of going into a room at present; but asked him, "whether there were any of those Methodists, as he meant to call them, in Bath."—"Are there?" says mine Host. "Yes, I believe there are; enough to turn the heads of all the Prentices and Journeymen in the nation. I am sure, I cannot keep a Chambermaid, or a Tapster; but the toads must be singing Psalms, or preaching to my Customers, and be pox'd to them, from morning to night."—"Well, but you should not blame the poor creatures for being too good," says

says Wildgoose.—“ Too good !” replies my Landlord : “ I don’t know that they are any better than other folks. *I loves* a Psalm at church, as well as a merry Catch over a glass of liquor ; but to be singing *Sol Fa’s* all day long, in such a house as ours is, *I does not* approve of it : it’s *perphane* ; it’s quite *perphane* !

“ Besides,” continues my Landlord, without giving Wildgoose room to reply, “ they are some of the worst people *that is* ; there is nothing but whoring and roguing amongst them. There was one of them, at Gloucester, as a Gentleman’s servant told me that very morning, caught in bed with a Millener’s prentice but last week ; nay, and one of them is in Gloucester Gaol at this time, for setting fire to the Cathedral.”—“ Not to the Cathedral,” says a Footman who was drinking in the house, “ but to some other Church, as this Gentleman here told me.”—“ D--n thee,” says another Footman, “ I did not say, set fire to a Church ; but to the *little* Church, as they call the Methodist’s meeting.” Wildgoose and Jerry stared at this intelligence ; and, after his astonishment would give him leave, Wildgoose assured him, “ that he came from Gloucester but yesterday morning ; and that there was not a word of

“truth in what he had heard.” He told him, however, the probable foundation of the latter report, and the story of the gun-powder plot; but concluded with reprimanding him for his credulity; and made some reflexions upon the malignity of the world, and the absurdity of those popular stories which are so freely propagated by the vulgar part of mankind.

CHAP. III.

The Landlord alters his Tone. A Female Saint.

MY Landlord now began to smell a rat; and, as it was his business to adapt himself to the taste and principles of his customers, he suddenly changed his tone, and said, “that, to be sure, some of the Methodists were good sort of people, for that matter; and did a great deal of good in the world; and were very charitable to the poor. And they preach main well, as they do say; but for my part,” continues he, “I never was at their Meeting.”

“What part of the town do they meet in then?” says Wildgoose.—“Why, I don’t know;

“know; but, here! Deborah,” says he to a woman that had been washing in the back kitchen, “give the Gentleman an account of your little Tabernacle in Avon-street, or where the deuce is it!”—“Good-lack-a-day!” quoth Deborah, wiping her hands upon her apron, “what! has the Gentleman a mind to go and hear our Preaching then? Why, to be sure we have some fine men come amongst us. I am a *Scriber*; I can introduce the Gentleman any night; I *scribes* three-pence a week. Ah! Sir, we have such ** soul-searching* Teachers! such ** ravishing* Ministers! They come ** so close to the point*; and *does so * grapple* with the finner! They probe his fores to the very quick; and ** pour in such comfortable balsam!* and, as Mr. Twangdillo told us last night, though it may pain; yet, like physick in the bowels, it pains us to some purpose ***;—and, to be sure, as he said, Conversion follows Conviction, as *naturally * as Thread does the Needle.*”—Whilst the good woman was thus retailing her panegyric, she leaned over the chair of a Journeyman Taylor, who was drinking a penny pot, and breathed in his face such blasts, so strongly tinctured with gin and Scotch snuff,

** All these expressions are in one sermon, on redeeming time.*

that the Taylor cried out, "Why, Dame, thou
 "favourest strongly of the *Spirit* truly. I fan-
 "cy thou art a little intoxicated to-night."—
 "Tosticated! Tosticated! I scorn your words,"
 cries Deborah. "I defy the best man in Bath,
 "to say, Black is my eye; or that I was ever
 "consarned in liquor, since my name was Debo-
 "rah. Tosticated! No; God help me! I have
 "drunk nothing to-day, but a little tea for
 "breakfast, and half a pint of ale at my dinner,
 "except a little still'd water, that my Mistress
 "gave me in the morning, to keep out the wind;
 "and I am sure there is no harm in that: is
 "there now, Mr. Alcock?"

Mr. Alcock, which was my Landlord's name,
 put a stop to the torrent of her eloquence, by
 inquiring again the place of their meeting:
 which when he had learned, he sent his Tapster
 to shew Wildgoose the house, where he was di-
 rected to some of the most considerable of the
 Fraternity.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Wildgoose attends a Bath Meeting.

WHEN Mr. Wildgoose had made himself known, he was surprized to find that his fame had reached Bath before him: for, during his residence at Gloucester, several passengers, who had come that road, hearing that a young man of some fortune was commenced Methodist Preacher, had brought the news to Bath, not without enlarging his fortune from four to seven or eight hundred pounds a year; so that Wildgoose came with the prepossession in his favour, “that he was the famous Preacher, “who made so much noise at Gloucester.” The Brethren, therefore, were not a little pleased with a convert of so much supposed consequence; and accordingly received him with great cordiality and distinction.

At their next meeting, Wildgoose attended as one of the audience; and both he and Tugwell were greatly delighted with their spiritual hymns (which Deborah had assured them were very melodious). But when the Preacher, who,

that night, was neither better nor worse than a Journeyman Stay-maker, began to display his eloquence; Mr. Wildgoose, who had had something of an academical education, could hardly digest the homeliness of his language, or the meanness of his comparisons; and was a little mortified with the apprehension that he himself probably should make no better figure in the Rostrom. But being encouraged by some of his friends, who reminded him of the salubrious effects of his preaching at Gloucester, and also of the heinous sin of "wrapping up his talent in a napkin;" he was prevailed upon to promise, that he would exhibit himself the next evening: which accordingly he did; and displayed his oratory, before a crowded audience, with no small approbation and applause.

CHAPTER V.

He harangues on the Parade.

WILDGOOSE's fame began now to be trumpeted forth amongst all ranks of people. And, as he had naturally a good elocution, an harmonious voice, and an agreeable person;

person; he was considered by the Society at Bath, as a proper instrument to represent their doctrines to advantage, in an harangue to the company that resorted thither.

Accordingly it was given out, "that a young Gentleman from Oxford, who had renounced the ease and affluence of a good fortune for the sake of religion, was to preach on the grand Parade the next morning."

The greatest charity we can bestow on people of fashion, at a public place, is the furnishing them something new, to talk of. A new Singer, a new Philosopher, a new Rope-dancer, or a new Preacher, are objects equally amusing to the idle and indolent that frequent Bath. The company therefore adjourned, from the Pump-room to the Parade, in eager expectation of seeing and hearing this youthful adventurer.

But Mr. Nash, though he himself had greatly reformed and regulated the manners and behaviour of his subjects in the public room; yet, being orthodox in his tenets, and very well content with the present state of religion amongst them, he did not desire any reformation in that article. Having notice, therefore, of this intended preachment, he got ready his band of music, with the addition of two or three French-

horns

horns and kettle-drums: and as soon as the Orator had exhibited his person on the Parade, stretched forth his hand, and (like Paul in the Cartoon) was *in act to speak*, Nash gave the signal for the grand chorus of "God save the King!" The music struck up; and, playing so loyal a piece of music, no one had the hardiness to interrupt them. Nay, a majority of the company were probably pleased with Nash's humour; and, it being now breakfast-time, the mob was easily dispersed.

Mr. Wildgoose's friends, however, would not tamely give up a point of this importance; but took an opportunity that very evening, when the company were going to the rooms, to produce their champion on a sudden; and met with better success.

As Mr. Nash had given out that Wildgoose was mad, he made use of St. Paul's words for his text; "I am not mad, most noble Festus; but do speak forth the words of soberness and truth." Wildgoose did not confine himself, however, to the words of the text; but (as he had been instructed by the Brethren) inveighed with great severity against luxury in dress, cards, dancing, and all the fashionable diversions of the place; and even against frequenting the
rooms

rooms with the most innocent intentions of recreation and amusement.

As soon as Wildgoose had finished his harangue, which was almost of an hour's duration, a jolly Footman (about the size of one of the Gentlemen in the Horse-guards) buffling through the crowd, stretched out a gigantic fist, and presented the Orator a single card. Wildgoose, who had not, of late, been much in genteel life*, could not guess at the meaning of this ceremony; but imagined it was some joke upon his invective against *gaming*. The Footman, however, with a furly air, cried out, "Read it, friend! read it; my Lady desires to see you at her lodgings here on the Parade." Wildgoose then, perusing his billet, read as follows:

"A Lady, who is disgusted with the world, desires half an hour's conversation with Mr. Wildgoose, as soon as he is at leisure."

Wildgoose, after a short pause, told the Footman, "he would wait on the Lady immediately." So, as soon as he had given a short answer to two people (one a Fan-painter, the other a Butterfly-catcher) who had consulted him about the lawfulness of their several professions, he followed the Footman to his Lady's place of abode.

* Message Cards had been lately introduced.

C H A P. VI.

A Digression on Message Cards.

THERE are few customs generally prevailing in the world, how absurd soever they may appear, which had not some real propriety or convenience for their original: but when the fashion is once established amongst the polite, it descends of course amongst the vulgar; who blindly imitate it, as such, without any regard to its primitive institution. Thus, for instance, the conveying messages by a Card, was introduced into the fashionable world, as the readiest expedient against the blunders and stupidity of ignorant servants. And it must be confessed, that in some characters, and on some occasions, this practice has not only no impropriety, but carries with it a genteel air of ease and negligence; and really saves a great deal of unnecessary trouble, both to the person that sends, and him that receives the message.

The Man of pleasure, who transacts his most important concerns in a coffee-house or a tavern; or the modern Lady, the whole sphere of whose
existence

existence is a drawing-room, can never be supposed without a Card in readiness on every emergency : and therefore parties at Whist can no way be more aptly formed, nor messages of compliment more elegantly conveyed, than by these diminutive tablets; which are generally suited to the subject, to the genius, and laconic style, of the parties concerned.

But, on the other hand, what can be more absurd than this practice, in more serious characters, and on occasions of more solemnity? How remote from probability is it, that a grave Divine, who is continually inveighing against the vices and follies of the age, should have a pack of soiled Cards in his pocket, ready for his engagements of business or pleasure? or that a venerable Counsellor, who is continually surrounded with Briefs, Leases, or Acts of Parliament, should prefer a trifling Card, in transacting business with his Client, before a shred of parchment, or even a scrap of common paper? And I should have kicked my Taylor the other day, for minuting down the dimensions of my sleeves and pocket-holes upon a Card—if I had not luckily recollected that his last bill was unpaid.

Neither are Message Cards proper on *all occasions*, any more than in persons of all characters

or

or professions. It is a known impropriety in a French Marquis, who, coming to pay his devotions at the shrine of a Saint, whilst his image was gone to the Silver-smith to be repaired, left a Card for his Godship, to acquaint him with his intended visit. And though a certain Lady, near St. James's, very innocently invited a woman of quality to her rout, by a *whisper* at the Communion-table; yet, in my humble opinion, she could not so decently have slipped a Card into her Ladyship's hand, at so sacred a place as the Altar.

Granting, however, the general and unlimited use of this paste-board correspondence; there is yet a propriety to be observed, and many absurdities to be avoided, in the choice of the Cards; according to the persons addressed, or the occasions on which we address them.

It is too obvious an hint, and, I suppose, too trite a piece of adulation to a fine woman, to convey our compliments to her on the "Queen of Hearts:" as, on the contrary, it would have been an affront to a late East-India Governor* (though he laboured under so groundless a slander) to have inquired after his health by

* This seems to allude to some piece of modern history now forgotten.

sending.

fending him the "Knave of Diamonds." The Duce or two of Clubs, I think, should be appropriated to challenges and duels. And the Black Aces should be entirely *discarded* in our correspondence with Ladies of character; as the Nines and Tens are at Ombre or Quadrille*. But these hints are left to be improved by the facetious Mr. ———.

My intention was chiefly to observe, that the disgusted Lady, mentioned in the last chapter, should have made use of paper with black edges, in a message to Mr. Wildgoose, rather than a profane Card; which he could not but consider as a diabolical invention, and consequently as intended for an affront to so pious a man. However, he obeyed the summons, as has been related, and attended the Lady in her own apartment.

* A set of blank Cards have since been invented, by which the above absurdities may be avoided.

C H A P. VII.

Tête à Tête.

MR. Wildgoose was introduced by the Footman into an handsome dining-room, elegantly furnished. The Lady received him in a genteel dishabille; sitting, or rather leaning, on a rich sofa, in such a posture as necessarily displayed an handsome foot, somewhat above the instep. She was an agreeable woman, about six and twenty. And though her face was not so exquisitely beautiful as it seemed to have been in her earlier days; yet, being shaded by a chip hat, and receiving a gloss from a white sattin night-gown in which she was dressed, she made upon the whole no unpalatable figure.

I would not insinuate, that she had any intention to captivate our Hero. Yet thus much, I believe, is certain: that a woman who has once been handsome, and experienced the power of her charms, seldom lays aside the hopes of making conquests; but contracts an habitual fondness for admiration, and would be disappointed

pointed in not receiving that incense, even from a man whom she despised.

Mr. Wildgoose, however, was at present no despicable object. He was now in his twenty-fifth year. He was well made, and had an agreeable countenance, which his late abstemious way of life had improved, by giving quite a delicacy to his complexion. His hair was of a dark brown; and though it had not received the fashionable frizure, it was grown thick enough to shade his face, and long enough to curl. And his dress, though plain, was tolerably neat and becoming.

In short, though Mrs. Booby (which was the name of this Lady) really fancied she had occasion for some ghostly advice; yet probably she might not have thought of this ceremony, if she had not liked the person of her Casuist; whom she viewed, as he was declaiming, from the window of her apartment.

After bowing to Mr. Wildgoose, and desiring him to sit down, she pulled out her fan; and having played it a little, in a negligent manner, said, "she should make no apology for giving
" this trouble, as she was convinced, from his
" character, he would not refuse his advice to
" any one in affliction."

Wild-

Wildgoose bowed, and made a proper speech upon the occasion; and she proceeded.

“In short, Sir,” says she, “I am sick of the world. But, that you may be a better judge of my situation, I will beg leave to trouble you with a short history of my past life; which will let you into the nature of my present uneasiness.”

Wildgoose expressed his earnest desire to give her some spiritual consolation; and Mrs. Booby thus began.

CHAP. VIII.

Mrs. Booby's Story.

“WHEN I was about nineteen, I came with my mother for the first time to Bath: and, whether there was a scarcity of beauty there that season; or whether, in my bloom, I might not be reckoned tolerably handsome; I don't know.” Here Wildgoose bowed again; and muttering a complaisant speech, Mrs. Booby blushed, and went on. “Well, Sir, as I was going to say, I found myself in great vogue; much carested by the gentlemen, and
“ in

“ in possession of a great number of admirers.
 “ Amongst the rest, there was a very sober
 “ youth, of a good person and a genteel fortune,
 “ who was particular in his attachment to me ;
 “ and, as my mother seemed to have no ob-
 “ jection, I encouraged his addresses : and, I
 “ own, he had made some progress towards
 “ gaining my affections. But, after about a
 “ month’s intimate correspondence with Mr.
 “ Clayton (which was this young man’s name),
 “ application was made to my old Lady by
 “ another gentleman, of a much larger fortune,
 “ but much older than myself ; who offered
 “ me a settlement of six hundred pounds a year ;
 “ and, if required, two hundred pounds a year
 “ for what is called Pin-money.

“ My mother was charmed with this pro-
 “ posal, and hoped ‘ I would not hesitate a mo-
 “ ment, in preferring so advantageous an offer
 “ to that of the young fellow who had been
 “ dangling after me for some time.’

“ I was startled at this speech ; and told her,
 “ ‘ I should certainly pay a proper deference to
 “ her opinion in an affair of that importance :
 “ but, Madam, says I, you know I have en-
 “ couraged Mr. Clayton’s addresses, and cannot,

“ in honour, listen to any other proposals.—’
 “ ‘ In honour ! cries she : a fiddlestick ! Well,
 “ continues she, you may do as you please ; I
 “ shall not force your inclinations : but, whether
 “ you accept of Mr. Booby’s offer or not, I
 “ shall insist upon your not admitting that fel-
 “ low’s visits (meaning Mr. Clayton’s) any
 “ more.’

“ This stern prohibition, though it obliged
 “ me to alter my external behaviour, could
 “ make no alteration in my affection for Mr.
 “ Clayton. I was denied to him indeed the
 “ next time he came ; but we contrived two or
 “ three short interviews at the rooms : and I
 “ told him, ‘ that although I could not think of
 “ disobeying my mother’s express commands ;
 “ I would vow eternal constancy to him, and
 “ promise faithfully never to give my hand,
 “ much less my heart, to any other.’

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Bobby's Story continued.

“ **M**R. Clayton was now obliged, by some
 “ business of consequence, to leave Bath
 “ for some time, and was detained near two
 “ months in the country. We contrived, how-
 “ ever, to carry on a correspondence by letters ;
 “ in which he lamented, ‘ how much he suffered
 “ by this separation ; and how impossible it was
 “ for him ever to be happy in my absence.’ I
 “ answered his letters, at first, with more fond-
 “ ness perhaps than it was prudent, or even de-
 “ cent, for any young woman to express, what-
 “ ever her real sentiments may be ; and made
 “ the most romantic declarations, of preferring
 “ retirement and a competence with the person
 “ I loved, to the most splendid circumstances with
 “ one whom I detested.

“ The most ardent love, however, may grow
 “ cool, by a long separation from its object ;
 “ for, though a short absence increases, too long
 “ a one frequently extinguishes a passion. In
 “ short, I am convinced, that time and a variety

“ of amusements must weaken the force even of
 “ the sincerest affection.

“ As my Mama, without mentioning a
 “ word of Mr. Booby’s proposals, was continu-
 “ ally representing to my fancy the dazzling
 “ images of a splendid equipage, a numerous
 “ attendance, and the deference and respect
 “ which are usually paid to wealth and afflu-
 “ ence; and the like topics, which those parents
 “ who prefer the grandeur of alliance to the
 “ happiness of their children are fond of incul-
 “ cating: I must own my weakness; and con-
 “ fess, that I began to feel my excessive tender-
 “ ness for the absent Clayton gradually wearing
 “ off; and in short, I determined, at length,
 “ to find out some pretence for breaking off all
 “ correspondence with him.

“ The engagements of Lovers are like trea-
 “ ties between Princes. The party that is de-
 “ sirous of coming to a rupture, is never at a
 “ loss for a pretence. In one of his letters,
 “ poor Clayton, out of his great fondness per-
 “ haps, had expressed his concern, as naturally
 “ he might, lest the constant solicitations, to
 “ which every woman who is not absolutely
 “ ugly is exposed in this place, might prove pre-
 “ judicial to his love; and had even hinted, ‘ how
 “ happy

“ happy it would make him, if I would not
 “ appear in public more than was necessary
 “ to oblige my Mama: who, he knew, was
 “ more fond of the rooms, at that time, than
 “ I myself was.’

“ This modest request, the consequence pro-
 “ bably of the most tender regard, furnished me
 “ with the opportunity which I wanted, of
 “ breaking with Clayton. I told him, in my
 “ answer, ‘ that a woman could never be happy
 “ with a man of his suspicious temper: and, if
 “ I was to be abridged of the most innocent
 “ amusements by a person who could claim not
 “ the least right to that power, what must I
 “ expect from the authority of an husband of
 “ so jealous a disposition? In short, I added,
 “ as this engagement was entirely inconsistent
 “ with the obedience due to a parent, and the
 “ correspondence carried on in defiance of
 “ my mother’s express prohibition, I desired
 “ the affair might proceed no further.’

“ Instead of answering this letter, which
 “ greatly alarmed him, Mr. Clayton came post
 “ to Bath: the news of which, I must confess,
 “ staggered my resolution. And meeting him
 “ the next day, by accident, at the house where,
 “ by agreement, our letters had been left, I

“ found all my fondness revive at the sight of
 “ him; and instead of exchanging our letters
 “ (which, after the receipt of so unaccountable
 “ a one from me, he said, was the utmost of
 “ his expectation), we seemed to have establish-
 “ ed our correspondence upon a more lasting
 “ foundation than ever.

“ After two or three clandestine interviews,
 “ Mr. Clayton was again obliged to leave Bath;
 “ and we again renewed our literary corre-
 “ spondence. But oh! how little do we know
 “ our own hearts! Whether the continual in-
 “ cense of flattery, which I received from a
 “ number of admirers, revived my ambition,
 “ or whether mere absence weaned my affections
 “ from their object; I began, a second time, to
 “ feel a great indifference in regard to Mr.
 “ Clayton. In short, Sir, not to trouble you
 “ with too tedious a detail of particulars, I
 “ again found a pretence for dropping all further
 “ intercourse with him. And Clayton himself,
 “ instead of coming again in person, (or per-
 “ haps thinking me now beneath his regard)
 “ only wrote me a defence of his conduct.
 “ Such, at least, I guessed to be the contents of
 “ his letter; for, with unparalleled insolence,
 “ I sent it back unopened. And thus ended our
 “ connexion.

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

Mrs. Booby's Story concluded. Wildgoose's Opinion of the Marriage Contract. Description of a Bath Life.

“ MY Mother, perceiving the gloom which
 “ appeared in my countenance on Mr.
 “ Clayton's departure begin now to wear off,
 “ and my usual cheerfulness return, gave Mr.
 “ Booby an hint to renew his addresses. These,
 “ at first, I again rejected with great indigna-
 “ tion. But, when I perceived, that although
 “ my Mama declared against forcing my incli-
 “ nations, yet that her constant frowns, and
 “ perhaps her lasting displeasure, and all the
 “ negative discouragements in her power, would
 “ be the consequence of my refusal, I began to
 “ listen to Mr. Booby's proposals: and, after
 “ stipulating for a decent time to consider of it,
 “ and insisting upon his first offer of two hun-
 “ dred pounds a year, for pin-money; I con-
 “ descended to accept his terms: and in short,
 “ our persons were joined together in wedlock,
 “ though two such *hearts* could never be united.

“ Mr. Booby indeed was not disagreeable in
 “ his appearance: and though he was near
 “ twenty years older than me; yet, by his
 “ manner of dress, in a public place, he con-
 “ cealed what little depredation Time had made
 “ on his person. But when we had been married
 “ near three years without the consequence
 “ which he expected from our union (for he
 “ was very desirous of an heir to his estate), he
 “ began to lay aside the very desire of pleasing
 “ me. And, as he became a sloven, I began
 “ to neglect my dress; so that, from being
 “ merely indifferent, we soon became thoroughly
 “ disagreeable to each other. Every trifle was
 “ now made matter of dispute; and we fre-
 “ quently quarrelled *one day*, about what had
 “ been the subject of our dispute the day be-
 “ fore.

“ But what rendered Mr. Booby completely
 “ odious to me, was the high opinion he had
 “ conceived of the superiority of his sex; and
 “ the arbitrary notions he entertained of the
 “ authority of the husband over us poor do-
 “ mestic animals, called wives. In short, Mr.
 “ Wildgoose, this was a constant subject of de-
 “ bate; and in fine, the real cause of our
 “ separation.”

“ Is

“ Is Mr. Booby then alive ? and do you live
 “ separate from him ? ” — “ Why, Sir, you shall
 “ hear. It was a thing utterly unavoidable ;
 “ and nothing but an absolute necessity should
 “ have forced me to take so imprudent a step.
 “ I was driven to it by the most brutal behavi-
 “ our, as you shall hear.

“ Mr. Booby’s family-seat is in the North of
 “ England ; but (being so remote from Bath,
 “ which waters were thought necessary for his
 “ health ; and a bad sporting country, which
 “ is his whole delight) he had taken a hunting
 “ seat near the Wiltshire Downs ; whither I
 “ was banished soon after our marriage ; or
 “ rather where I was imprisoned, and confined
 “ to the conversation of dogs and horses, or,
 “ what is worse, mere Country Squires, Parsons,
 “ and Fox-hunters : for there was not above
 “ one converseable neighbour within ten miles of
 “ us ; and that family we rarely saw above once
 “ in a quarter.

“ One day, when Mr. Booby returned from
 “ hunting, he brought home with him, accord-
 “ ing to custom, the Parson of the parish and
 “ a neighbouring Attorney ; though he knew
 “ that I had invited the only genteel family
 “ which (as I told you) we had in the neigh-
 “ bourhood,

" bourhood, to spend the evening with me. As
 " those politer meetings were but rarely indulged
 " me, I usually made an handsome supper; and
 " as our house was a mere box, though I had
 " a dining-room to receive my company in on
 " those occasions, yet we were always obliged
 " to sup in the common parlour. As soon,
 " therefore, as we had dined, I desired Mr.
 " Booby and his rustic companions to adjourn
 " into a little smoaking-room, to take their
 " pipes and their bottles; which he absolutely
 " refused. Upon my pleading a right to the
 " parlour, to entertain my company in, he in-
 " sisted upon his prerogative of being master in
 " his own house. In short, after many aggra-
 " vations, I proceeded so far as to tell him,
 " 'I would rather live in a cottage, than with
 " such a brute as he was;' to which he replied,
 " 'that he would sooner live in a wind-mill,
 " than with such a vixen as I was; and, that
 " he never desired to see my face again.' Upon
 " which, I threw my hoop-ring in his face; and,
 " having dispatched a card to put off my com-
 " pany, ordered the chariot, and drove imme-
 " diately to Bath: where I have lived ever since
 " last October.

" Now,

“ Now, Sir, I should be glad of your opinion ;
 “ whether I have done any thing inconsistent
 “ with my duty, or contrary to my marriage-
 “ vow, upon this occasion. For you must ob-
 “ serve, Mr. Wildgoose, nothing but the most
 “ *brutal usage* could have forced me to take this
 “ step ; and you see I was under an *absolute ne-*
 “ *cessity* of acting as I have done. You must
 “ mind *that*, Mr. Wildgoose : and then, I am
 “ sure, you will pass sentence in my favour,
 “ and acquit me of any thing wrong in this
 “ affair.”

Wildgoose was at first struck dumb with asto-
 nishment, and could not tell what answer to
 make : but, after recovering a little from his
 confusion ; “ Madam,” says he, “ as you ask
 “ my opinion, I am persuaded you expect me to
 “ give it you with the utmost sincerity ; and my
 “ conscience will not permit me to speak what
 “ I do not really think : and a good Christian
 “ should rather run the risque of appearing un-
 “ polite, than insincere..

“ I would by no means, Madam, cast the blame :
 “ entirely upon you : for, I think, there was no
 “ probability that such an alliance as you have
 “ described could be productive of any lasting
 “ felicity ;

“ felicity ; as it was not founded on a mutual
 “ affection, nor (I am afraid) entered into on a
 “ religious principle, or in the fear of God.
 “ Your affections, you own, were pre-engaged ;
 “ or, at least, having been disappointed in their
 “ first object, could not exert their natural force
 “ on a second.

“ Then, I am afraid, Madam, you have not
 “ sufficiently considered your obligation to *obey*
 “ the person, to whom you have, by the mar-
 “ riage-contract, given up, in some measure,
 “ your natural freedom.”—“ Given up my *free-*
 “ *dom !*” cries Mrs. Booby, “ I’d sooner resign
 “ my life.”—“ Give me leave, Madam, to ex-
 “ plain myself,” says Wildgoose. “ I do not
 “ speak of this obligation, as founded on the
 “ mere words of the marriage-ceremony (for
 “ all human ordinances are vain and frivolous) ;
 “ but as evidently enjoined by the holy Scrip-
 “ ture, and to be deduced from that superiority
 “ which Nature seems to have given the man
 “ over the more delicate sex.”

“ Ay, that’s so like my husband now !” cries
 Mrs. Booby, turning red, and playing her fan
 with some vivacity : “ but you must excuse me,
 “ Sir, if I cannot allow the *superiority* you plead
 “ for.”—“ Well, Madam,” replies Mr. Wild-
 goose,

goose, " I will not enter into the dispute about
 " the natural equality of the sexes, which has
 " of late been brought frequently upon the car-
 " pet ; though the *novelty* of the Ladies claim is ;
 " I think, a strong presumption in our favour.
 " But be that as it will ; I am clearly of opinion,
 " that in domestic, as well as civil government ;
 " to prevent continual dissensions and struggles
 " for superiority, there must somewhere be
 " lodged a *dernier, resort*, an *arbitrary*, or (to
 " use a softer name) a *sovereign* power. And
 " I am certain, that Religion, as well as Rea-
 " son, has placed this power in the husband."—
 " Very well !" says Mrs. Booby, with a con-
 " temptuous sneer.—" For a proper use of this
 " power, however," continues Wildgoose, " the
 " husband is accountable both to the laws of
 " God and of man. And I am convinced,
 " Madam, if you could have acknowledged this
 " superior authority in Mr. Booby, and had
 " thought it your duty to submit in such tri-
 " fles as that which was the immediate cause of
 " your separation, you would have been much
 " happier than by your own account you now
 " are. For, I believe, as depraved as our nature
 " is, there is no man so brutish, that could bear
 " to tyrannize over a poor helpless creature ;

“ who (instead of displaying that masculine fe-
 “ rocity which is too common in the sex) ac-
 “ knowledged her entire dependence upon him
 “ for support and protection.”

“ *Support and protection, indeed!*” exclaims
 Mrs. Booby : “ my pin-money will *support* me,
 “ and I scorn his *protection.*”—“ Give me leave,
 “ Madam, to conclude my argument,” says
 Wildgoose. “ The very circumstance which
 “ you mention has, I am afraid, contributed
 “ not a little to bring on that separation which
 “ you seem now to repent of: I mean, that
 “ monstrous article of modern refinement called
 “ pin-money; which, I perceive, is always up-
 “ permost in your thoughts. The allowing a
 “ woman a maintenance independent of her
 “ husband, is not only destroying that mutual
 “ affection which arises from a sense of their
 “ interest being inseparably united; but is also
 “ a continual temptation to a woman to fly out
 “ on the slightest dispute: and to despise the au-
 “ thority of an husband, without whose assis-
 “ tance or support, she has it in her power to
 “ live in affluence and splendor. Separate purses
 “ between man and wife are as unnatural as se-
 “ parate beds: which indeed one often hears of
 “ amongst people of fashion, where there is no
 “ more

“ more difficulty in making up *two* beds,
 “ than one. But the surest way of preventing
 “ such a separation is, to have but one bed to
 “ go to ; which is most commonly the case with
 “ the happier couples in lower life.

“ In short, Madam, I am inclined to think,
 “ the great facility which you found in ex-
 “ changing the solitude you complain of, for
 “ the gaieties and *pleasures* of Bath, was a prin-
 “ cipal motive of your deserting Mr. Booby, and
 “ precipitating yourself into this misfortune :
 “ which rash conduct, I find, now fits so heavy
 “ upon your conscience.”

“ Indeed, Sir,” replied Mrs. Booby, starting
 from a kind of reverie, “ you are vastly mista-
 “ ken. I am more sick of a public place, if
 “ possible, than of my own home—whither
 “ indeed I have lately had some thoughts of re-
 “ turning ; as I have received several overtures
 “ from Mr. Booby to that purpose. The *plea-*
 “ *sures* of *Bath* indeed ! No ; I detest the place ;
 “ and could wish to be banished from it for
 “ ever ! It is a tedious circle of unmeaning hur-
 “ ry, anxiety, and fatigue ; of fancied enjoy-
 “ ments and real chagrins :—to-day one is in
 “ vogue, the Lord knows why ; to-morrow de-
 “ ferted, and equally without reason. In the
 “ former

“ former case, one is pestered and distracted
 “ with variety of engagements ; in the latter,
 “ left a prey to melancholy, and the disagree-
 “ able reflexions on the flights we meet with.
 “ Such indeed is the spirit of public places :
 “ every one is aspiring after the company of
 “ his superiors ; while he despises his equals ;
 “ and sacrifices the real enjoyment of friendly
 “ conversation to the foolish ambition of being
 “ seen in, what is called, *good company*. In
 “ short, nothing can be more trifling than the
 “ life of a Lady, nor more insipid than that of a
 “ Gentleman, at Bath : the one is a constant se-
 “ ries of flirting and gadding about ; the other
 “ of fauntering from place to place, without
 “ any scheme or pursuit. Scandal or fa-
 “ shions engross the conversation of the former ;
 “ the news of the day, the price of fish, the
 “ history of the preceding night at the tavern,
 “ or favourable anticipations of their next de-
 “ bauch, furnish out the morning entertain-
 “ ment of the latter.”

“ Well, Madam, I am glad to hear you speak
 “ with so much disgust of this scene of dissipa-
 “ tion ; which, by all accounts, it highly de-
 “ serves : and I hope it is a good symptom of
 “ the New-Birth. If you are once properly
 “ sensible

“ sensible of your own misery, you will soon be
 “ glad to take refuge where only true joys are
 “ to be found.”

“ Oh, Sir, you do not know half the follies
 “ and impertinences of this place. There are
 “ some indeed who appear more seriously em-
 “ ployed; and who pore whole mornings over
 “ a game at Whist, with the attention and so-
 “ lemnnity of Mathematicians or Privy-coun-
 “ sellors. But one might as well affect tran-
 “ quillity in a storm or a whirl-wind, as enjoy-
 “ ment at a gaming-table. It is exposing one’s
 “ self continually to the caprice and sport of
 “ Fortune, and to every boisterous, unfociable,
 “ and selfish passion. For my part, though, I
 “ confess, I have been fond of cards, yet they
 “ are now my utter aversion: I renounce them
 “ for ever; and (if I know my own mind) am
 “ determined never to touch a card again as
 “ long as I live.”

Whilst Mrs. Booby was making this declara-
 tion, and Wildgoose highly applauding her reso-
 lution; the Footman opened the door, and an-
 nounced the arrival of Lady Fanny Flurry, who
 rushed in, tossing her hoop three yards before
 her. But, seeing so unfashionable a figure as
 Wildgoose, she started back, and taking him
 for

for a Shoe-maker or something in that style, she cried out, "Oh! Booby, you are engaged, I see." But Mrs. Booby winking upon her, and assuring her she was not; "Well, my dear Booby," says Lady Fanny, "I only came to bespeak you for a party at Quadrille to night, and shall depend upon your company at the Rooms."—"Oh! Lady Fanny! name it not," cries Mrs. Booby; "I have just made a *firm* resolution never to touch another card—after the bad run I had last night. But—your *La'ship* is so obliging, there's *no* resisting *you*—yet, I hate the Rooms; and positively I cannot be of your party *there*."—"Oh! ho! my Dear," replies her Ladyship, "have you betrayed yourself? What! you are piqued then, at not being invited to poor Clayton's public breakfast this morning? Come, come! you had the refusal of him; and how can you blame the creature for seeking consolation elsewhere? And, really, thirty thousand pounds, with a pretty woman, is no unpromising prospect of consolation."

And now the secret was out. The true cause of Mrs. Booby's disgust with the world, and of her desiring this conference with a Quack-preacher, was the arrival of her former lover, Mr. Clayton;

Clayton; who, a few years after she had sacrificed him either to her Mother's importunity or to her own ambition, had married a very agreeable heiress with thirty thousand pounds, whom he had now for the first time brought to Bath, where she made a very brilliant appearance. And Mrs. Booby not having been particularly invited to a public breakfast which Mr. Clayton gave that morning; this slight, together with a bad run at cards, had made her *sick of the world*: and, to *amuse* herself chiefly, she had had recourse to this spiritual Knight-errant. However, she was so well pleased with our Hero's company (for, where the peculiarities of his religious system were not concerned, Wildgoose was really very agreeable), that, notwithstanding his offer to take his leave, Mrs. Booby insisted upon his company to tea and coffee, which now made its appearance.

C H A P. XI.

A Scene in genteel Life. Enter Mrs. Bardolph, Miss Truffle, and Mr. Rouvell. Their Characters.

“THE most material difference between
 “ keeping good company and bad is, the
 “ hearing the same things said before a dozen
 “ wax-lights at the court-end of the town, or
 “ before a couple of mould-candles in the city.”
 This, or something to the same purpose, was remarked by a celebrated Genius of the last age. But I am inclined to think, that the honest Citizens of our times would suffer by such a comparison : for in that serious part of the metropolis, there are still some remains of the British plainness of speech and manliness of conversation. There, Business, Politics, News, History, or even Religion, are, in their turn, sometimes admitted as interesting subjects of discourse or argumentation. But amongst those choice spirits who have monopolized and appropriated to themselves the style and title of *good company*, one rarely hears any other topics introduced, than annals of the Whist-table or anecdotes of the
 Turf,

Turf, Operas, Routs, and Masquerades; the most trifling relations of the most trifling transactions. And, as Lord Shaftesbury observes of his times, “If any thing of Learning is introduced, it is Pedantry; if any thing of Morality, it is called Preaching.”

In these reflections, however, the good company now introduced is not particularly concerned.

Mrs. Booby, not having appeared in public that day, was visited by most of the idle and impertinent part of her acquaintance. Amongst the rest there now arrived those two amiable persons, Mrs. Bardolph and Mr. Rouvell, or (as he was aptly called) Beau Rueful; who were immediately followed by the well-known * Miss Truffle, with a black spaniel in her arms, and a squirrel in her pocket.

Mrs. Bardolph was the wife of a very worthy man: which circumstance, together with the good table which she kept, and her readiness to make one at a party at Quadrille, introduced her into a numerous acquaintance amongst people of fashion. Of which privilege, however, she made no other use, than that of passing away the time less tediously; of dining and

* Twenty years ago.

supping.

supping agreeably, and of transmitting the insipid occurrences of one family into that of another; the particulars of which her memory enabled her to retain longer than people of more reflexion. So that she was a living Chronicle of every incident, good, bad, or indifferent, that had befallen her acquaintance for twenty years together.

Of much the same importance was the character of Miss Truffle. She was a woman of family; but had neither fortune, beauty, wit, or even good-nature, to recommend her. Indeed her person was not only despicably small, but deformed likewise; her understanding of the same dimensions, and her temper as deformed as her person. Yet, under all these disadvantages, her rank and the good company she always appeared in might haply have captivated some Country Esquire, who would have thought himself honoured by the alliance; but for, that eternal bane to every thing that is amiable, her affectation.

Miss Truffle had two or three sisters who were admired; and from two or three occasional compliments which she had met with on their account, she flattered herself (in downright contradiction to her looking-glass) that she herself

self had some pretensions to the family features. In consequence of this, she noddled her head, was saucy, and said rude things to one's face, and gave herself all the coquettish airs of a celebrated toast: the natural result of which was, that, having lived a virgin to the age of thirty, and now despairing of becoming a mistress of any other sort of family, she had settled her affections on squirrels, monkeys, and lap-dogs, with which, for want of other gallants, she was constantly attended; though they frequently supplied the wags with personal comparisons, not much to Miss Truffle's advantage.

Mr. Rouvell, or Beau Rueful, was a young fellow, who, by a strange concurrence of lucky circumstances, with the help of a convenient assurance and a laced coat, had wriggled himself into tolerable company: and, what is more strange, by boldly criticising every new pamphlet, laughing at every thing serious, and by putting modest people out of countenance, was by some people esteemed a formidable Wit. Nay, what is most strange of all, his profuse expences having almost dissipated a genteel fortune left him by a relation, he was now commenced fortune-hunter; without any kind of merit, either of person (which corresponded with his nickname

name *Rueful*); or of understanding, which was of the lowest standard; or even of birth, which was very mean, he being the son of a Grocer, in the ancient city of Coventry.

As straws and feathers attract each other on the surface of the water, these three worthy persons, as if linked together by a mutual sympathy, came in a train to Mrs. Booby's apartment.

Rueful bowed to Mrs. Booby and to Lady Fanny; nodded to Mrs. Bardolph, and patted Miss Truffle upon her bare shoulders; but took no more notice of Wildgoose, than of the Footman that waited, or of the Dutch Mastiff which lay sleeping on a cushion in a corner of the room. Being seated, however, he lolled over the settee; and, with the corner of his hat held to his face, asked Mrs. Booby, in an audible whisper, "Who, the Devil, she had got there?" Mrs. Bardolph's curiosity likewise being raised, she asked the same question, in the same tone, but concealing her face with her fan. Miss Truffle stared in Wildgoose's face; burst into a laugh; then, turning to Rueful, asked him, "Why he did not wear his own hair, which, she heard, was coming much into fashion?"

In

In answer to Rueful's and Mrs. Bardolph's questions, Mrs. Booby said aloud, "that the gentleman was Mr. Wildgoose; and, she hoped, would make them all as good Christians as he was himself." On hearing Wildgoose's name, Mrs. Bardolph asked, "if he was any relation to the Wildgooses of Wiltshire?"—"Wildgooses of Wiltshire!" says Mrs. Booby, "I know no such family."—"What! not Miss Wildgoose, that ran away with her father's Butler?"—"Lord! you mean Miss Gosling."—"Bless me!" says Mrs. Bardolph, "so I do: but I am the worst person in the world to remember *names*" (which however was no inconsiderable part of her erudition). "Well; Wildgoose, or Gosling; they are not much unlike."—"No;" says Rueful, "I suppose they are of the same family, and bear the same arms—a Grey-goose, *cankant, regardant.*" Rueful's blazonry was unintelligible to all but himself; and consequently received no applause, but from an affected laugh of his own.

Wildgoose had no very pleasant time of it, whilst the affair of his name and family was adjusting. But his attention was diverted from this conversation, by the Footman's treading on his toe,

toe, as he was handing the coffee to him. Wildgoose begged Mr. John's pardon, for putting his foot in the way: and moved his chair with no small trepidation. But Mr. John, far from being mollified by his submissive behaviour, owed him another good turn; and, in handing his tea to him, did it with so scornful an air, that it flashed plentifully over Wildgoose's plush breeches. Mrs. Booby, however, observed the insolence of her servant, and very properly reprimanded him for it: upon which, Mr. John vouchsafed to wait with a little more dexterity.

Nothing would have kept Lady Fanny so long silent, but the sublime contempt which she had conceived of her company. She had been trifling with her spoon, and cooling her tea, with an absent air; and now drank half a dish, emptied the rest into the slop-bason; then, starting up, "Lord!" says she, "what am I about! I am engaged to tea at the rooms this evening; and have a myriad of visits to make before I go thither."—"Sir," says she to the Footman, "please to order my chair."—Then pulling out her pocket-book, "Let me see," says she, "Lady Loiter, old Lady Shockingphyz, Sir Arthur Lurch;—yes, our Whist-parties are full for Thursday, Friday, and Saturday
 3 "evenings.

“ evenings. But on Sunday-night, Booby, we
 “ will expect you, for a party at Quadrille.”—
 Here Wildgoose erected his eye-brows; and
 fetched a deep sigh, or rather groaned in spirit.
 But Lady Fanny correcting herself, “ Bless me !”
 cries she, “ what do I talk of Sunday ? I for-
 “ get that I am at Bath. That superannuated
 “ old creature, Nash, will not let us play on
 “ Sunday-night—in public. Well, to-night
 “ however, at eight o’clock, I shall depend
 “ upon you.” Then, rising up, and tossing her
 hoop over Wildgoose’s head as she rushed by
 him, she took her leave, with “ *Adieu ! ma*
 “ *chere Booby ; je vous attend, tout à l’heure !*”

C H A P. XII.

Various Chit-chat.

AFTER Lady Fanny was gone, Mrs. Booby,
 with no other view than to give Mr.
 Wildgoose an opportunity of saying something,
 asked him, “ what his opinion was, of frequent-
 “ ing the rooms at Bath, or other public
 “ places ?” Wildgoose replied, “ that he had
 “ had no opportunity of forming any opinion
 VOL. I. P “ upon

“ upon that head from his own experience. But,
 “ Madam,” continues he, “ as, by all accounts,
 “ the chief intent of those assemblies is either
 “ gaming, intriguing, or unmeaning dissipa-
 “ tion; in short, to prevent our being left a
 “ prey to our own thoughts, and seeing our
 “ own misery and corruption; I cannot think
 “ it adviseable, even for people with the best
 “ intentions, to countenance, by their example,
 “ meetings of this kind.”

“ Well, Sir,” says Rouvell, “ you may preach
 “ as long as you please; but, I believe, you
 “ will hardly prevail upon people of fashion to
 “ give up so agreeable an amusement.”

“ Why, Sir,” replies Wildgoose, “ from the
 “ description which Mrs. Booby has just now
 “ been giving me of a Bath life, I am so far
 “ from thinking it even *agreeable*; that it ap-
 “ pears to me a mere scene of vanity and folly.
 “ Pray, Madam,” continues Wildgoose, “ did
 “ you ever read the Pilgrim’s Progress.” — “ Ha!
 “ ha! ha!” cries Rouvell, in a horse-laugh;
 “ I believe we may all have read that, and Jack
 “ the Giant-killer too, in the nursery.” — “ Well,
 “ Sir, you may laugh; I now only mention
 “ that original author upon a ludicrous occasion,
 “ as I think his account of ‘Vanity-Fair’ seems
 “ to

“ to be no bad description of the insipid inter-
 “ cou-se (to say no worse of it) that usually
 “ passes between the thoughtless creatures at
 “ most of those public assemblies.”

“ Well,” says Rouvell, “ granting it to be as
 “ *insipid* as you please ; yet, wherever people of
 “ distinction agree to assemble, those that would
 “ not be out of the world must follow them.
 “ Even those that set up for reformers of man-
 “ kind must frequent those assemblies, if they
 “ would do any good amongst them. I will
 “ answer for it, St. Paul himself, who *became*
 “ *all things to all men*, if he had come to Bath,
 “ would have gone to the Rooms ; and St. Luke,
 “ like other Physicians, would have frequented
 “ the Coffee-house.”—“ Very fine !” says Miss
 Truffle ; “ and I suppose you think the Four
 “ Evangelists would have made a party at Quad-
 “ rille ! you will make a fine Parson indeed !”

Wildgoose was struck with horror at this pro-
 phane raillery : but Mrs. Bardolph, by way of
 changing the subject, asked Mrs. Booby, “ if
 “ she had heard how old Lady Shockingphyz was
 “ mortified at the Ball last night ; or rather at
 “ the Pump-Room this morning ?” — “ No,”
 says Mrs. Booby, “ I have not had a foul come
 “ near me to-day, except the present company

“ and Lady Fanny.” — “ Why,” says Mrs. Bardolph, “ you know her Ladyship’s family pride.” — “ Yes,” says Mrs. Booby ; “ as she has no merit of her own to plead, her Ladyship is forced to subsist upon the family fund ; and that is pretty well exhausted. She has only one daughter, I think, to keep up the honour of it.” — “ Well, it was for that daughter,” says Mrs. Bardolph, “ that she desired Nash to get a partner : who recommended a very genteel young man, and very well dressed ; and Miss jigg’d it down, the whole evening, with great alacrity and satisfaction. But this morning, at the Pump-room, the busy Mrs. Marrall came out of breath to Lady Shockingphyz, and told her, ‘ that the young man her daughter danced with, was a Linen-draper in Cheap-side.’ — ‘ Indeed ! says her Ladyship : what does that saucy fellow Nash mean, by using me thus ?’ And away she trudges, to reprimand him for it. — Mr. Nash, after some inquiries into the affair, told her Ladyship, ‘ that, to be sure, the Gentleman did deal in linen ; but that it was in the *wholesale* way ; and that he never *cut* a piece of cloth in his life.’ — ‘ Are you sure of that ?’ cries her Ladyship : Are you sure he never *cut*, Mr.

“ Nash ?

“Nash? If the Gentleman never *cut*, why certainly there is no such great matter in it.”

“Thus her Ladyship ran on, till the whole company burst into a loud laugh, both at her Ladyship’s ridiculous pride, and at the mortification it had deservedly met with.”

“Well,” says Rouvell, “as Mrs. Bardolph has told you how Lady Shockingphyz was mortified this morning, I will tell you how Lord _____ was terrified yesterday in the afternoon.”

“An honest Tradesman, who has an handsome wife, was busy in his shop (which is much frequented by the company some parts of the day); but having occasion to go up into his bed-chamber, to his bureau, he saw a very fine *point d’Espagne* laced hat, lying upon his wife’s toilette; and, upon casting his eye round the room, he espied a man’s foot, with a fine stone buckle, peep out from under the bed-curtain; behind which Lord _____, who lodged in the house, was endeavouring to conceal himself. From the confusion his Lordship was in, and from several other circumstances, the honest Tradesman had now no doubt that an amorous correspondence was

“ carrying on between his Lordship and his
 “ wife ; a glimpse of whom he had just seen, as
 “ she slipped down the back-stairs, from a closet
 “ communication.

“ The Tradesman, though a man of a tame
 “ disposition and mitigated resentment, yet,
 “ upon such an occasion, burst forth into a most
 “ vehement rage; venting his indignation in a
 “ menacing tone, and in the following manner.
 “ ‘ My Lord! as sure as you are now alive,
 “ if ever I catch you in my bed-chamber again,
 “ with my wife—depend upon it, as sure as I
 “ have a head upon my body, I will—I will—
 “ certainly—throw your laced hat out of the
 “ window!’

“ His Lordship, though not greatly dis-
 “ mayed at this terrible denunciation, yet de-
 “ termined, for the future, to prosecute his
 “ intrigue with greater precaution.”

C H A P. XIII.

Story of Calmel and Lady Riot.

MRS. Booby now observed, "that Lady Fanny had looked very grave to-day: "one would think," says she, "her Ladyship had met with some mortification." Rouvell remarked, "that people of rank were always fo " in mixt company; though, for my part," continues he, "I have always found persons of " quality the most affable creatures in the world. " I remember, the first time I spent a week at " Lord Grandison's, there was Sir Peter Pier- " point, Jack North, and half a dozen more of " us. And I remember I was as free with the " young Peer the first hour, as I am at this " day."—"Who suspects you of any *mauvaise* " *honte*, or bashfulness?" says Miss Truffle.— "I shall never forget a droll accident that hap- " pened there," continues Rouvell, undaunted by Miss Truffle's hint.—"His Lordship had a Swiss " servant, who pretended to have discovered a " new japan, or liquid blacking; and the fellow " must needs make the experiment upon our

“shoes. But, would you believe it? the com-
 “position, whatever it was, had contracted the
 “pores of the leather to *such* a degree, that the
 “next morning we all came hobbling into the
 “room, like so many old gouty fellows.—Lord
 “Grandison was so diverted with the scene,
 “that I thought his Lordship would have split
 “his *diaphragm* with laughing.”—“Why, this
 “was an incident worth recording, truly!” says
 Mrs. Booby.

“Oh! now you talk of people of quality,”
 cries Mrs. Bardolph, “there is Lady Sherwood
 “wants much to have some conversation with
 “this gentleman. She has heard a great cha-
 “racter of his piety; and, I believe, her Lady-
 “ship is well inclined towards the Methodists.
 “And I can take upon me to assure you, Sir,
 “that she would be very glad if you would call
 “on her at her lodgings.”—Wildgoose replied,
 “he should be very happy in contributing to
 “the conversion of the lowest of his fellow crea-
 “tures; and should certainly esteem it an hon-
 “our to wait on her Ladyship, if she desired
 “it.”

But here Rouvell again interposed, by observ-
 ing, “that persons of distinction often diverted
 “themselves at Bath, with odd creatures; and
 “that

“ that people who did not know the world
 “ might easily be drawn in, to make themselves
 “ thoroughly ridiculous. Did you never hear
 “ how Lady Riot served poor Calomel, an
 “ eminent Apothecary of this place ?” Upon the
 company’s answering in the negative, “ I will
 “ tell it you,” says Rouvell.

“ Mr. Calomel is a very honest man, and an
 “ experienced Apothecary ; but highly absurd in
 “ his conversation and manner of address : Lady
 “ Riot, who is a woman of humour, has often
 “ detained him at her lodgings for her amuse-
 “ ment, when his patients wanted his lenient
 “ hand for more salutary applications. Calomel
 “ was so elated by this distinction, that, though
 “ he was turned of fifty, he entertained some
 “ faint suspicions that his person, as well as his
 “ conversation, might have pleased Lady Riot.

“ Having therefore some business in London
 “ last winter, he took it into his head to *call*
 “ *upon* her Ladyship, at her house in town ;
 “ and not finding her at home, he left her
 “ Ladyship a card, with ‘ Mr. Calomel’s com-
 “ pliments to Lady Riot ; lets her Ladyship
 “ know, that he did himself the honour to wait
 “ on her Ladyship ; and that he is to be

“ spoken with at The White Bear, in Picca-
 “ dilly.’

“ When her Ladyship came home to dinner,
 “ at five o’clock, she was highly diverted with
 “ Calomel’s style of politeness: and it being
 “ her assembly-night, she produced his card
 “ before the whole company; who, being let
 “ into the character of Calomel, voted to send
 “ for *him* thither; and *bets* were laid, *pro* and
 “ *con*—come or not come—for fifty guineas.

“ But Lady Riot, to make sure of her point,
 “ ordered her coach, and, slipping slyly out of
 “ the room, took Lady Rattle with her, drove
 “ to The White Bear, and enquired for Mr.
 “ Calomel. Calomel, being a sober man, and
 “ having a *reverend regard* to his health, had
 “ retired to his bed-chamber, got into his night-
 “ gown and slippers, tied his night-cap under
 “ his chin, and was just going to his repose,
 “ when the Drawer brought up the message.
 “ Calomel at first said, ‘ he supposed they were
 “ some naughty women of the town, and he
 “ would have nothing to say to them.’ But
 “ upon the Drawer’s assuring him, it was some
 “ Lady of quality in her own carriage, with a
 “ couple of flambeaux; Calomel came down to
 “ the door in his dishabille, to reconnoitre them.

“ The

“ The moment Lady Riot beheld him, she cries
 “ out, ‘ My dear Calomel, how do you do?
 “ Come, I must have some chat with you : do
 “ not stand in the street in your night-cap ; step
 “ into the coach a moment.’ Which having
 “ done, the Footman (as he had been instructed)
 “ clapping to the door, the coach drove imme-
 “ diately to her Ladyship’s house ; where Calo-
 “ mel was produced before thirty card-tables, in
 “ his night-cap and slippers.

“ The brilliancy of the assembly and the
 “ wax-lights a little disconcerted poor Culomel
 “ at first ; but his vanity soon prevailing over
 “ his bashfulness, he mixed with the society,
 “ and greatly diverted them with his absurd
 “ buffoonries.

“ To complete the farce, the Butler had his
 “ cue, to mix a soporific with whatever he gave
 “ him to drink. And upon Calomel’s desiring
 “ some Madeira negus, a basin was brought
 “ him, properly medicated ; which soon began
 “ to operate, and before eleven o’clock Calo-
 “ mel was fast asleep in an elbow-chair. They
 “ then rolled him up in his night-gown, like a
 “ collar of brawn ; and swathing down his arms
 “ with his sash, laid him safely to bed by a
 “ fat Scullion, where Calomel slept as sweetly

“ as probably he would have done in her Lady-
 “ ship’s own bed-chamber.”

“ Well, and how did the poor man get back
 “ to his Inn, in the morning ?” says Mrs.
 Bardolph. “ Nay,” says Rouvell, “ I have put
 “ him fairly to bed ; let him get back in a
 “ chair or hackney-coach, or how the devil he
 “ pleases. Further this Deponent saith not.”

C H A P. XIV.

Universities defended, &c.

“ **W**ELL,” says Mrs. Booby, “ to be sure,
 “ a mere Citizen of Bath is a pedantic
 “ a creature, as a mere Fellow of a College :
 “ is often as proud, has as absurd notions of
 “ life ; and is as much out of his element, when
 “ he gets out of his shop or his lodging-house,
 “ as the other is out of his own common
 “ room.”

“ Yes, rot them,” says Rouvell ; “ and they
 “ get rich, by the money we spend here, before
 “ they know how to carry their hands, or come
 “ into a room.”

“ And

“ And yet I know a great many sensible, polite people,” says Mrs. Booby, “ amongst the inhabitants of this place.”

“ Why, it would be strange indeed,” replies Rouvell, “ if the great resort of the politest company in Europe did not polish the creatures a little: for I take Bath, as a public place, to be a better school for any young fellow, than all the Universities or Colleges in the world. And I do not see but those who have had no other education appear as well in company, as people who have been plodding at the sciences in a College for seven years together.”

Here Wildgoose could not forbear interposing; and observed, “ that although Religion was, he believed, at as low an ebb in the Universities as in other parts of the kingdom, notwithstanding the excellence of its institution for that purpose, yet he could not but think them still the chief fountains of erudition.

“ There is indeed,” says he, “ a slight tincture of learning, a superficial knowledge, diffused among all ranks in this generation. But if there were not some *repositories* for the sciences, and some encouragements, such as those for our Professors, to search more deeply

“ ly

“ ly into them than the generality of the
 “ world seem disposed to do ; I am of opinion
 “ the very principles of them would in time
 “ be lost, and we should again relapse into
 “ Gothic ignorance and barbarism.

“ There may be men of courage, that do not
 “ wear a red coat : and a gentleman may know
 “ how to use a sword, without going into the
 “ army ; or to stand fire, though not educated in
 “ the navy. But still there is a kind of military
 “ spirit, peculiar to gentlemen of those pro-
 “ fessions ; a set of traditionary maxims of hon-
 “ our and courage”—Just at this instant Wild-
 goose started up with the utmost surprize and
 trepidation, and alarmed the whole company.
 Rouvell burst out into an horse-laugh—Mrs.
 Booby cried out, “ Lord ! Miss Truffle, what
 “ are you about ?”—The case was, Miss Truffle
 (who for some time sat in silent contempla-
 tion of her own importance, and playing with
 her lap-dog), whilst Wildgoose was in the midst
 of his harangue, had put her Squirrel upon his
 shoulder : the little animal began dancing about ;
 and, fixing his claws in Wildgoose’s neck, gave
 him so smart a pinch, that if he had had the in-
 sensibility of a Stoic, or even a Spartan educa-
 tion,

tion, he could not have borne it without some emotion of terror or surprize.

When the company had sufficiently laughed at Miss Truffle's wit, and were again composed: Mr. Rouvell, resuming the discourse, said, "he did not undervalue an University education, as an old Maid rails at Matrimony, because he had been denied the sweets of it. Only I say," continues he, casting a look of complacency on his own person, "that I am more indebted to Bath, and the company of the ladies, for being what I am; than to all the lectures of Tutors and Professors, which I attended in the University."—"I dare say you are, Mr. Rouvell," replies Mrs. Booby; "and I am sure the figure you make does credit to your education, whatever place had the honour of it."

Upon hearing Rouvell's name for the first time, Wildgoose observed his features more narrowly; and asked him, "if he was not of such a College in Oxford, some years ago; because I remember a person of your name of our College," continues Wildgoose.—"That may be, Sir," replies Rouvell; "but I am a Cambridge man.—Well, Ladies," continues Rouvell, "we are very rude in troubling you
" with

“with our pedantic disputes.”—Then, pulling out his watch, “Pox take it!” says he, “I was engaged to meet Sir James Townly, at seven o’clock, at the Coffee-house.” Having said this, he started up, and, somewhat abruptly, took his leave.

The truth was, Rouvell had actually been of the same College with Wildgoose, and now very well remembered him; though the alteration which his own hair had made in the one, and the high frizure and laced coat in the other, prevented them at first from recollecting each other’s person, especially as there had not been the least acquaintance between them: for, notwithstanding the airs which Rouvell now gave himself, he had worn a Servitor’s gown at Oxford, which, upon an accession of fortune, he had exchanged for a Fellow-commoner’s at Cambridge.

As soon as Rouvell was gone, the Ladies, without the least reserve, spoke of him in such a manner, as convinced Wildgoose that he was the jest of the place. And the evening now drawing on, it was almost time for Wildgoose to attend their religious assembly. He therefore took his leave, after Mrs. Bardolph had acquainted him with Lady Sherwood’s lodgings; whom

whom she desired him to wait upon the next morning, notwithstanding Mr. Rouvell's discouraging insinuations to the contrary.

When Wildgoose was come down, he saw Rouvell walking upon the parade, not with Sir James Townly, whom he was to meet at the Coffee-house; but with two elderly virgins, of that homely stamp, who, to view them in a *public place*, seem formed for no other end, than to make a variety in the works of creation; but who, if they would confine themselves within their proper sphere, their own families in the country, might make tender nurses to their aged parents, exemplary aunts to their young nieces, or charitable assistants to their indigent neighbours; or even shining objects at a country assembly in a remote province: whilst at Bath, or Tunbridge, they expose themselves to the insolent contempt of youth and beauty; are almost shoved out of polite company, as useless lumber; and are glad to take up with such fellows as Rouvell, who was but one remove from the man described by Shakespeare, as "fancifully carved out of a cheese-paring after dinner."

C H A P. XV.

Tricks among Servants. News from Mrs. Sarsenet.

WILDGOOSE, having been sufficiently exhausted with haranguing on the parade, as well as by sitting in form at a ceremonious visit, made part of the audience this evening at the Tabernacle, where a Tallow-chandler held forth, and melted his flock by the *pathetic force*, and promoted a plentiful consumption of candles by the tedious *prolixity*, of his discourse.

During Mr. Wildgoose's visits to Mrs. Booby, poor Tugwell had been left to amuse himself at the Inn; he met his Master however at the Tabernacle, from whence they adjourned to their quarters.

As they were going along, Jerry informed his Master what a reprobate place they were in—
 “ That there was nothing but card-playing,
 “ gaming, and swearing, from morning to night,
 “ amongst the servants and apprentices that re-
 “ sorted thither. That he heard a Footman
 “ bragging,

“ bragging, how cleverly a friend of his had
 “ imposed upon his Mistress—That, having
 “ had the misfortune to break his leg, he had
 “ been confined to the house for three months :
 “ at last, his Mistress told him ‘ it would do him
 “ good, to lay up his leg upon a stool, and ride
 “ behind her coach, as she went out for an
 “ airing ;’ which accordingly he did. The next
 “ morning he goes to his Lady’s Maid, with a
 “ sorrowful countenance, and told her, ‘ that he
 “ had had a sad misfortune by going behind the
 “ coach ; that, as he was forced to lay up his
 “ leg, the motion of the coach had shaken six
 “ guineas, all the money he had saved in service,
 “ out of his pocket.’ Upon the Maid’s telling
 “ the case to her Mistress, she, very good-na-
 “ turedly, gave him the money again out of her
 “ own pocket. But it happened a little unlucki-
 “ ly, that, a few days after, as the Maid was in
 “ the Butcher’s shambles, she heard another ser-
 “ vant tell the Butcher, ‘ that such a Footman,
 “ which was her fellow-servant, had lost six
 “ guineas, such a night, at the gaming-table ;’
 “ which coming to the Mistress’s ears, the fel-
 “ low lost his place by his trick, and was forced
 “ to march off to London.”

Wild-

Wildgoose was shocked at this instance of baseness and villainy, and at the idle character of the house they were in: but said, “they should lie only that night at Bath; for that he had observed the two Brethren, who had preached there those two nights, had *preached* almost contradictory doctrines, and each of them different from that of his own: that he was determined, therefore, to go to Bristol the next day, and consult Mr. Whitfield; who, he did not doubt, would resolve all his scruples, and put him in the true road to salvation.”

When they came to their quarters, my Landlord asked our Hero, “if his name was not Wildgoose?” To which when he had answered in the affirmative, my Landlord gave him a letter, “which,” he said, “a gentleman’s servant had brought that afternoon from the Bell at Gloucester, having been desired to find such a gentleman out. And, upon my describing your Honour, and telling him that you lodged here, he left it with me.”

Wildgoose took the letter, which he found was from Mrs. Sarfenet, and read it with great eagerness, in hopes of hearing some news of Miss Townsend; who, he found, engrossed a considerable

nable share of his thoughts, and whose sprightly idea none of the fine-dressed Ladies at Bath had power to efface.

Mrs. Sarfenet informed him of the state of their little Church, under hers and Mr. Keen the Barber's auspices and inspection: "that she
 " already foresaw, from one or two instances,
 " some temporal inconveniences to herself, in
 " regard to her trade, from so strict an adherence to her duty; but that she counted all
 " things as dross, in comparison with the love
 " of Christ." She concluded with observing,
 " that there was something mysterious in Miss
 " Townsend's behaviour; that she could not
 " persuade her to attend their Meeting since his
 " departure: and that though she seemed seriously enough disposed, and even talked respectfully of Mr. Wildgoose, yet she seemed
 " inclined to ridicule his notions of Religion.
 " In short," says Mrs. Sarfenet, "I believe,
 " she is rather an enemy to your principles,
 " than to your person."

But the most extraordinary part of her letter was the postscript; in which she informed him,
 " that Miss Townsend's father had come to
 " Gloucester two days after *he* left it; that he
 " had sent for Miss Townsend to the Inn, and
 " received

“ received her with a mixture of fondness and
 “ resentment ; that he was angry with her for
 “ being with Mrs. Sarfenet, and yet had deter-
 “ mined nothing about removing her from
 “ thence.”

This letter, upon the whole, gave Wildgoose rather more pleasure than pain ; and he sat down and answered it before he went to bed. He gave them some account of his success at Bath, and of his intention however of going to Bristol the next day. He concluded with the warmest expressions of respect to Miss Townsend ; “ whose
 “ conversion,” he said, “ he should not cease
 “ earnestly to pray for.”

C H A P. XVI.

A serious Conversation with Mr. Rowell.

Wildgoose, having been kept awake with reflecting on the transactions of the day past, and by the hurry of spirits into which the news of Miss Townsend had thrown him, was but just drest, when a Footman brought him a card, with Lady Sherwood’s compliments, who begged the favour of his company to breakfast ;
 for

for Mrs. Bardolph had not failed to visit her Ladyship the preceding evening, and to give her a faithful account of what had passed at Mrs. Booby's lodgings; and had greatly extolled Mr. Wildgoose's person, modest behaviour, and agreeable conversation. Wildgoose, therefore, taking a direction from the Footman, promised to wait on her Ladyship at the hour appointed.

As he was going a back way into Orangegrove, where Lady Sherwood lodged, he accidentally met with Mr. Rouvell, in a genteel dishabille. He saluted Mr. Wildgoose with a more familiar air than he had assumed at Mrs. Booby's; and asked him immediately, "whether he was not of such a College in Oxford?"—"Yes," says Wildgoose.—"Why, look you, Sir," continues Rouvell, "you must know, I was of that College too. But I thought you asked me, last night, whether I was at *this time* of Oxford: for, you must know, I had a considerable fortune left me by a relation, which enabled me to enter myself a Fellow-commoner at Cambridge; and, to be sure, one would not chuse to have it mentioned amongst people of fashion, that one had worn a Servitor's gown in the University."—"I don't imagine," replies Wildgoose, "that
" people

“ people of fashion, out of the Univerfity,
 “ trouble themfelves about thofe things. How-
 “ ever, I don’t fee why a man fhould be afha-
 “ med to have appeared in a fituation which
 “ was agreeable to his circumftances. There
 “ is nothing ridiculous in a fmall fortune, or
 “ even a low birth. But there is in the difco-
 “ very that we are too anxious to conceal
 “ them, and even give the lye to them by our
 “ drefs and appearance.”—“ Sir,” fays Rouvell,
 “ if you knew the honour and happinefs of being
 “ upon an agreeable footing with people of
 “ diftinction, you would not fcrupe a little ar-
 “ tifice, to conceal any trifling circumftance
 “ that might difguft them; or grudge an ex-
 “ pence a little beyond one’s income, to enable
 “ one to appear in fome meafure upon a level
 “ with them.”—“ Sir,” replies Wildgoofe, “ I
 “ apprehend, it is neither drefs, birth, nor for-
 “ tune, but *education* and *behaviour*, that puts all
 “ gentlemen upon a *level*, even in the opinion of
 “ the world.

“ But, Mr. Rouvell, let me take the freedom
 “ to return the hint which you gave me yefter-
 “ day; that we may be eafily deceived in the
 “ civilities which people of diftinction fhew us,
 “ and miftake mere politenefs for a particular
 “ attach-

“ attachment; and, by presuming too much upon
 “ their plausible behaviour to our faces, expose
 “ ourselves to their ridicule behind our backs.
 “ And I really believe, Mr. Rouvell, you would
 “ meet with more real respect, amongst people
 “ of distinction, by a more serious, or even reli-
 “ gious behaviour, and if you were to turn
 “ Methodist (as it is called), than you do
 “ now.”

“ Well, I am obliged to you, my dear Sir,
 “ for your frank advice: and, 'faith, betwixt
 “ you and me, though I detest the solemnity of
 “ the sacerdotal character, I have at this time
 “ some thoughts of exchanging my laced coat
 “ for a black one. For, by a Parliamentary
 “ interest, I have now the offer of a very good
 “ living in my own country; which (if I do
 “ not succeed in picking up a good fortune this
 “ season) I may probably accept of; for, you
 “ must know, that is another reason for my
 “ appearing rather above what I can at present
 “ afford: and I had actually almost carried off
 “ a Merchant's daughter of Bristol, who will
 “ be worth twenty thousand pounds. But old
 “ Square-toes would not part with cash enough
 “ down upon the nail. And the Devil take me,
 “ if I would marry an Angel upon the footing
 “ of a mere Smithfield bargain.”

Wildgoose, though shocked at the libertine airs which Rouvell gave himself, could not but smile at the opinion which he entertained of his own person : but said, “ he was obliged to attend “ Lady Sherwood at ten o’clock.” He therefore took his leave, and went to her Ladyship’s lodgings, as he had been directed.

C H A P. XVII.

Lady Sherwood’s Character, and present Situation.

LADY Sherwood was of an ancient and noble family, and wife to a Peer of the realm. She was a woman of fine understanding, though her judgement appeared sometimes almost eclipsed by the brilliancy of her imagination. Her Ladyship was now past her bloom ; yet in her youth she had been tolerably handsome, and made a splendid appearance in the great world. But her Lord, either from some disgust, or from a fondness for retirement, having early in life withdrawn from the Court, Lady Sherwood had entirely conformed to his humour ; and, to amuse herself in her solitary situation, she had formerly indulged the suggestions of her fancy, and

and turned my Lord's Park into a poetical Arcadia, where her Ladyship and a female companion or two lived almost the whole summer a mere pastoral life, and ranged about, with their crooks in their hands, like so many Grecian shepherdesses. Garlands of flowers, or baskets of fruit, were seen suspended on every beautiful oak, with rustic pipes, rakes, pitch-forks, and other rural implements, disposed in a picturesque manner, in different parts of the Park. Nay, the poor Chaplain was forced to leave his bottle and his pipe, and back-gammon table, with my Lord, and even neglect his *pastoral* function assigned him by the Bishop, to attend her Ladyship and her bleating lambkins; and to sit whole afternoons under a spreading tree, to entertain them with his flute: for the Steward had actually bought her Ladyship "a score of sheep at Banbury-fair" (according to Justice Shallow's expression) for this romantic purpose.

The inclemency of the weather, however, in this Northern climate, was by no means favourable to these lovely Bœotians; neither did many of the pastoral functions suit with the delicacy of a modern woman of quality: for her Ladyship frequently caught the tooth-ach, and was

forced to have recourse to a neighbouring Apothecary (a character seldom introduced in the ancient Bucolicks): and one of her companions met with a terrible accident in the discharge of her office; for, having seized the leg of a large bell-wether with her crook, which was fastened to her wrist by a blue ribband, the rude unclassical brute struggled with such force to disengage himself, that he pulled down the poor Pastora, dragged her some yards, and disfigured her face to such a degree, that she could not appear again for six weeks; which put an end to this extravagant scene in pastoral life.

Lady Sherwood was now grown tired of the country. But, as she could not decently go to town against her Lord's inclination, considering the complaisant terms upon which they lived together; the Physician therefore had an hint given him, to order her Ladyship to Bath for her health. Not finding that relish, however, in public places which she had formerly done (when every passion was agreeably flattered by her appearance in them), she grew sick of the world; and began to see *in a true light* the emptiness and unsatisfactory nature of all secular enjoyments.

In

In such a situation, it is evident that nothing but Religion could yield any solid consolation. But, as the plain rational scheme of the established Religion, which prescribes nothing more than our duty to God, our neighbour, and ourselves, under the sanction of future rewards and punishments, could not satisfy the uncommon genius and lively fancy of Lady Sherwood; she listened with the same attention to the enthusiastic doctrines of these itinerant Preachers, as a person labouring under an hypochondriacal distemper does to the extravagant pretensions of a Mountebank: and was glad of this opportunity of conversing with so agreeable an Enthusiast as Mrs. Bardolph had represented Wildgoose to be.

C H A P. XVIII.

A learned Conversation, not essential to the Story.

WHEN Mr. Wildgoose arrived at the Countess's lodgings, he found her attended only by Mrs. Bardolph; whose principal plan being to amuse the time between breakfast and dinner, she preferred every place to her own

Q 3

house:

house ; and assisted with equal satisfaction at making a convert, or making a match ; at a religious conversation, or at a pool at Quadrille.

Lady Sherwood, after a little preliminary chat, opened the congress, by observing the great indifference of the world with regard to Religion ; and asked Wildgoose, “ how he
 “ could reconcile the present state of Christia-
 “ nity with the pompous descriptions given by
 “ the Prophets of the kingdom of the Messiah ? ”

Our Hero was a little surprized at so learned an attack. But, after pausing a moment, answered,
 “ that the dispensations of Providence were very
 “ mysterious : that, however, God might be
 “ supposed to have given the Prophets a general
 “ view of the kingdom of Christ, from its first
 “ establishment, to the end of the world ; for
 “ which reason, they generally represent it as
 “ in its full lustre.”

“ Well,” replies Lady Sherwood, “ I can
 “ only say, that, as far as I have observed, the
 “ lives of the generality of Christians are so
 “ little better than those of Heathens or Ma-
 “ hometans ; that, I confess, it a little puzzles
 “ me to account for so strange a phenomenon,
 “ and

“ and how it comes to pass that a *divine* institution should answer its end no better.”

“ Why,” says Wildgoose, “ as your Ladyship, I dare say, is very well acquainted with ancient history; if you would compare the state of Religion and Morality in the world for several generations before the coming of Christ, and that of the unconverted Heathens afterwards, with the three or four first centuries of the Christian æra, you would find a remarkable difference between them.”

“ I don’t imagine the world was worse than it is now,” says Lady Sherwood.

“ I am convinced it was,” replies Wildgoose. “ The Heathens were so utterly void of proper principles, that impurities of every sort were scarce accounted faults among them; nay, most kinds of debauchery were defensible, and even sanctified by their religious system. Exposing of infants, cruelty to slaves, and the sanguinary diversions of gladiators, were permitted, and even applauded, by the wisest and politest nations of the world.

“ But how different a scene of things does Christianity present to us in its primitive state! Its votaries were pious, humble, chaste,

“ and temperate; and their lives were a just
 “ comment upon the precepts of their Master.
 “ If our religion therefore must be judged by
 “ its effects, we ought to take it at its first
 “ institution; as its earliest were probably its
 “ most genuine fruits.”

“ That is but reasonable, to be sure,” says
 Mrs. Bardolph, who affected to be very attentive
 to this learned dissertation.

“ But,” proceeds Wildgoose, “ such is the
 “ degeneracy of our nature, that every effort of
 “ Providence for our recovery, in time, loses its
 “ force, and becomes ineffectual. It seems neces-
 “ sary, therefore, that the Divine Power should,
 “ at different periods, interpose in an extraor-
 “ dinary manner, and give fresh vigour to his
 “ own institutions. And accordingly I am
 “ persuaded that, in the present age, he has
 “ poured out an uncommon measure of grace
 “ upon his chosen servants Mr. Whitfield and
 “ Mr. Wesley, and their associates; which
 “ empowers them to break through the cobweb
 “ restraints of human ordinances, and, by
 “ seemingly irregular proceedings, to rouse men
 “ from their dangerous lethargy, and engage
 “ their attention to the pure and genuine doc-
 “ trines of Primitive Christianity.”

“ Sir,”

“ Sir,” says Lady Sherwood, “ I have a great
 “ opinion of Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitfield ;
 “ and, as I hear you are a follower of them,
 “ have taken the liberty of desiring this con-
 “ ference with you. But give me leave to ask
 “ you, Sir, whether those doctrines are not
 “ taught in our own Church ?”

“ Madam,” replies Wildgoose, “ the Articles
 “ and Homilies of our Church, as drawn up by
 “ our pious Reformers, certainly contain those
 “ doctrines in their proper sense. But, I am
 “ afraid, the present Clergy are departed from
 “ the most essential of those doctrines, as par-
 “ ticularly that of Justification by Faith alone ;
 “ and depend more upon their own works, than
 “ on the merits of Christ, for their Salvation.”

“ I do not know,” says Mrs. Bardolph. “ I
 “ have often heard that said of late. I own, I
 “ am a very bad judge of those things : but all
 “ the Clergy, whom I have happened to hear
 “ treat of that subject, have taught me, not to
 “ rely on my best performances, but to confess
 “ myself still an unprofitable servant. In short,”
 continued she, “ I cannot but think that, if we
 “ practised what we hear at Church, we should
 “ have a tolerable chance for going to Heaven.”

Lady.

Lady Sherwood observed, “ that she had attended the public worship very regularly for some time, and with a sincere endeavour to know the will of God ; but found herself little edified by such formal devotions.”

Wildgoose replied, “ he could not but own, that there were several noble strains of true devotion in our Liturgy : and though people, who went to church with an intention to criticise, might perhaps find out some trifling imperfections ; yet that, upon the whole, it was an admirable performance. But,” continues he, “ I am afraid, the fault is not in the service, but in those who perform it. The most pious sentiments will affect us but little, when delivered by the lips of those who appear to have no religion in their hearts ; and loll on their elbows, and stare about for objects of amusement, as if their devotions were a fatigue and confinement to them, and they were impatient to return to the pleasures or vanities of the world.

“ In short, my Lady, as things are at present, we must look elsewhere than at Church for the means of salvation. For my own part, I must confess myself as yet only in search of the right way ; and intend this very day
“ to

“ to pay a visit to Mr. Whitfield at Bristol; to
 “ whom, with your Ladyship’s permission, I
 “ shall communicate your good disposition;
 “ whose present uneasiness is, I hope, a pro-
 “ mising symptom of the New Birth.”

Lady Sherwood was going to inform Wild-
 goose, “ that she had already frequently con-
 “ versed both with Mr. Whitfield and Mr.
 “ Wesley;” when the Servant came and whisper-
 ed to her Ladyship, “ that Mr. ——— was
 “ below, and desired to know if her Ladyship
 “ had any commands to London.”—“ Lord!”
 says she, “ that man teazes me to death; he
 “ calls himself my Cousin, merely because his
 “ grand-father married my great grand-father’s
 “ second-wife’s daughter by a former husband.
 “ I wish we could make a convert of him; for,
 “ I believe, he is of no religion at all, and
 “ neither loves nor cares for any body but him-
 “ self. Well,” says she to the Footman, “ de-
 “ fire the Gentleman to walk up.”

When he came, he told Lady Sherwood, “ that
 “ he was tired of Bath, and was going the next
 “ day to London.”—She said, “ she had no
 “ commands;” but told him, “ he had inter-
 “ rupted them in a very agreeable conversation
 “ upon Religion; and wished he had been there
 “ to

“ to have heard it.”—“ Religion !” says he,
 “ I do not want to hear any thing about Reli-
 “ gion. It serves people to talk and dispute
 “ about ; but I do not see that any body regu-
 “ lates their actions by their religious prin-
 “ ciples.”—“ That is,” replies Lady Sherwood,
 “ because they do not really believe them : they
 “ have not a true practical faith in those prin-
 “ ciples.”—“ Faith !” cries the Gentleman ;
 “ for my part, I am of Mr. Pope’s way of
 “ thinking in that respect,

“ For modes of Faith let senseless bigots fight :
 “ His can’t be wrong, whose Life is in the right.”

“ I live as well as I can ; pay my taxes, and
 “ pay my tradesmen : and if I meet with an
 “ object of charity that really moves my com-
 “ passion, I relieve him. I go to the tavern
 “ indeed sometimes ; but I never drink or eat
 “ more than does me good. And though I have
 “ no wife of my own, I never invade another’s
 “ property. In short, I do not see what the
 “ best Christian can do more than I do.”

Wildgoose was going to interrupt him in his
 career ; but, Lady Sherwood calling him by his
 name, Wildgoose found himself disagreeably af-
 fected ;

fected; though he could not at first recollect upon what occasion he had heard it before. But, after some time, he remembered that was the name of the very Gentleman who had endeavoured to seduce Miss Townsend; and, comparing it with his dress (which was the same individual blue and gold she had described), his square person, his manner of life, but, above all, his system of religion; he had not the least doubt that it was the same man.

Wildgoose was at first inclined to lead him, by some means, to the subject; but, reflecting that it could not possibly answer any good end, and being likewise impatient to set out for Bristol, and Mrs. Bardolph beginning to gape, and to consult her watch; he took his leave of Lady Sherwood; who charged him with her compliments to Mr. Whitfield, and said, “she should be glad to see him again, if he returned through Bath.”

C H A P XIX.

Learned Account of the Bath Waters. Mr. Wildgoose and his Friend take their Leave of that City.

WHEN Wildgoose returned to the Inn, he found Tugwell just come from visiting the hot baths; the cause of which surprizing phenomenon my Landlord, in conjunction with a journeyman Apothecary, was endeavouring to explain to honest Jerry. My Landlord said, “ he had heard say (though he did not know it to be certainly so) that the heat of the bath was caused by a constant fire in the bowels of the earth; which had been burning ever since Noah’s flood, and would in time burn up the whole world, which was to be destroyed by fire.”

“ Fire in the bowels of the earth !” says Opifer, the Apothecary, with a sneer: “ thou mayst as well tell me, the boiling of thy pot is caused by a fire in the bowels of the earth. No, no; such a constant, regular *ebullition* can never be the effect of a gross *culinary* fire; but is produced by a more latent cause;”

“ which we can explain by the operations of
 “ *chemistry*. By a chemical process, we can
 “ analyze the Bath waters, and reduce them to
 “ their simple elements, or *constituent particles*,
 “ which are nothing but sulphur and a small
 “ quantity of steel.

“ And that the heat of these waters is caused
 “ by their running over *strata*, or beds, of steel
 “ and sulphur, we can demonstrate by an easy
 “ experiment: for, if you take an equal quan-
 “ tity of the filings of steel and flowers of sul-
 “ phur (or what the vulgar call brimstone), and
 “ form these into a paste with water, it will
 “ produce that fermentation to which the heat
 “ of the Bath waters is *indubitably* to be
 “ ascribed.”

“ Yet, yes,” says Tugwell, “ the Gentle-
 “ man talks main well; and has made it as
 “ plain as the nose in one’s face, if one did but
 “ understand him.”

Wildgoose, who had been present during part
 of this learned discourse, observed, “ that the
 “ Philosophers of this age were not content to
 “ make all useful experiments, but had a strange
 “ fancy to be creators, and to find out the
 “ secret *art* by which Nature performs all her
 “ operations. They would not admit any such
 “ thing

“ thing as myſteries in Philoſophy, any mor
 “ than in Religion : and ſeemed almoſt to diſ-
 “ pute with Providence his peculiar attributes of
 “ omnipotence, or unlimited power, as well as
 “ unlimited knowledge.”

Mr. Wildgooſe now called for his bill, and was preparing to ſet out. But though he had been but an indifferent customer, yet there was a ſecret charm in his ſerious and religious deportment, which made my Landlord deſirous of obliging him : he therefore gave him an hearty invitation to a fillet of veal, which was roaſting at the fire ; and, as Tugwell ſeemed unwilling to travel upon an empty ſtomach, they made an hearty dinner, paid their reckoning, and ſet out for Briſtol.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



