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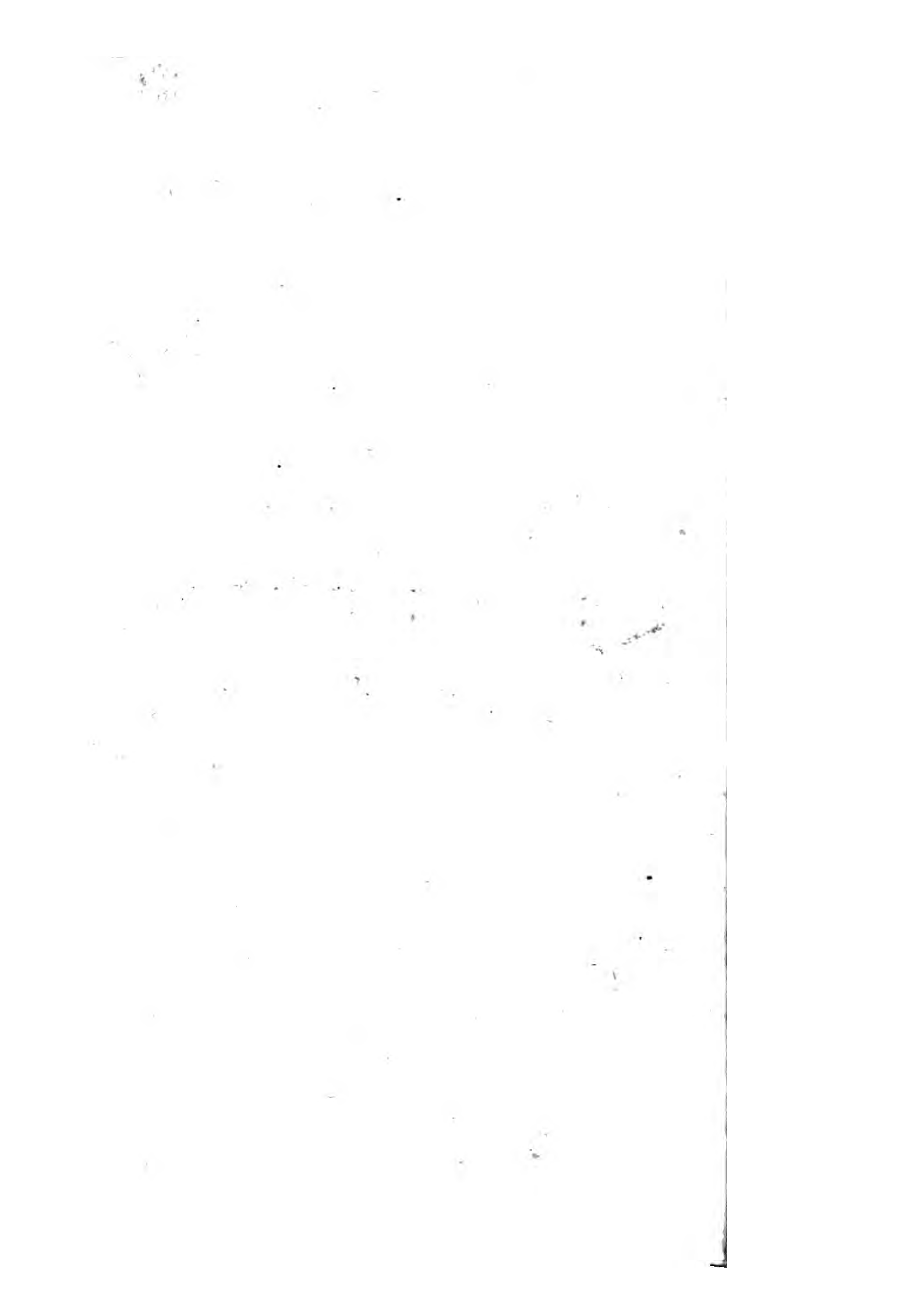
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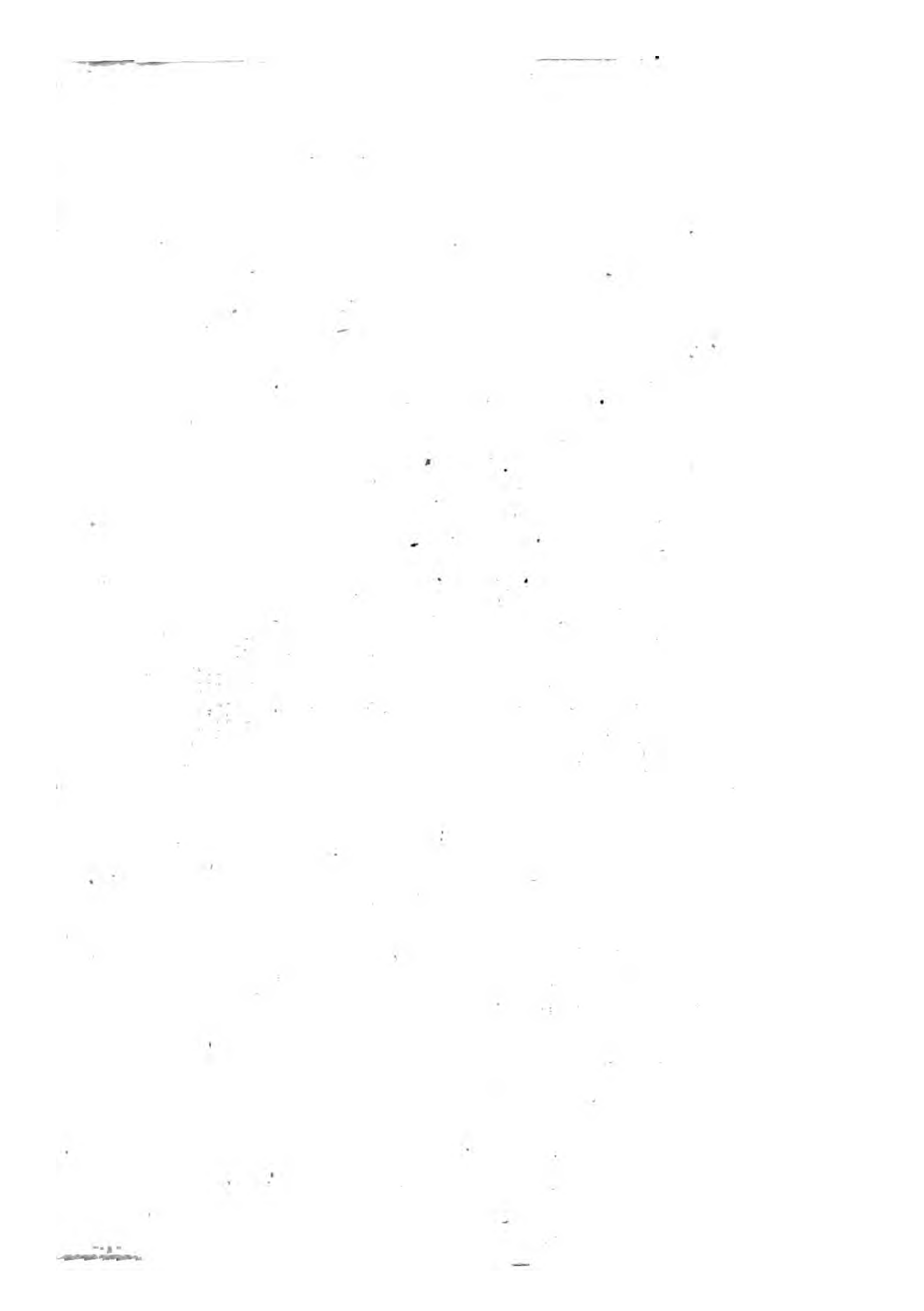
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THE
SPIRITUAL
QUIXOTE.

VOL. II.





FRONTISPIECE, Vol. 2.

See Page 7.



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C. Gignion sc.

THE
SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE:
OR, THE
SUMMER'S RAMBLE
OF
Mr. GEOFFRY WILDGOOSE.
A COMIC ROMANCE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

— multi
Nomine DIVORUM thalamos iniêre pudicos.

— venit & Crispi jucunda senectus.

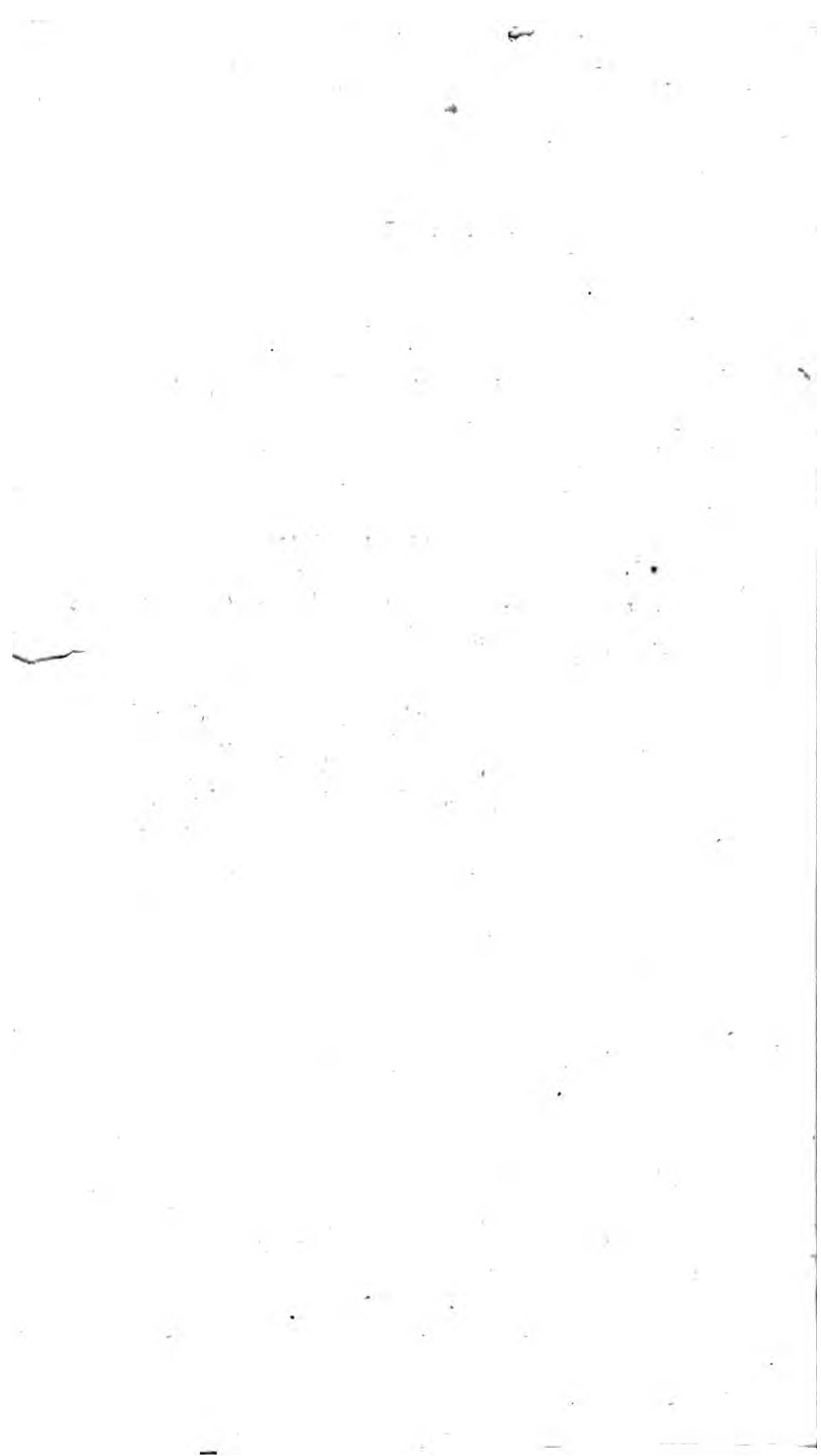
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L O N D O N:
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THE

T H E

SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

B O O K VI.

C H A P. I.

Mr. Wildgoose meets an old Friend.

WHEN the two Pilgrims were now come into the suburbs of Bath; Tugwell very civilly inquired which was the Bristol road. "Follow your nose, and your nose will tag after," says a Taylor's apprentice.—"You might learn to be more civil to strangers," says Tugwell, for, I am sure, you live by them.—"Not by such strangers as you," replies the apprentice; "who preach against fine cloaths and innocent pastimes."—"Come, come, Master," says Jerry, "come along;

VOL. II. B " along;

2 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“ along; let us shake off the dust of our feet,
“ for a testimony against them.”

An elderly man, however, called out to them, “ that the way to Bristol was straight
“ forwards at the first turning on the right
“ hand.” Though this direction was a little
ambiguous, Tugwell was unwilling to hazard
a more minute inquiry: they trudged straight
along therefore, without asking any further
questions.

Tugwell being highly disgusted with the
insolent behaviour of the Bath people, and
expressing himself with some bitterness against
them; Wildgoose observed, “ that the mob of all
“ places were alike; and that he ought not to
“ reflect upon a whole body of people, for the
“ wanton petulance of a few ignorant wretches.”

Jerry then asked, “ what my Landlord had
“ charged for his supper at Bath?” “ Why,
“ only eight-pence a night,” says Wildgoose.
“ Eight-pence a night!” says Jerry; “ an
“ unconscionable, *distorting* rascal! why, I
“ will be hanged if I have eat three penny-
“ worth of bread and cheese for supper the
“ three nights that we have been there. I have
“ a good mind to go and make the rogue give
“ me back your Worship’s money.”—“ No,
“ no,

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE. 3

“ no, Jerry, these things are customary ; and
“ it is best to pay it without making a disturb-
“ ance. At these houses, one pays for lodging,
“ and house-room, and attendance, as well
“ as merely for what one eats and drinks ; and
“ I think, upon the whole, we came off very
“ reasonably.”

Thus they went on talking near two miles ; and, having reached the summit of the hills when it drew towards evening, they came to a place where the roads divided. Mr. Wildgoose was inclined to turn to the right, and Tugwell to the left hand ; which created a little debate upon the probability of each opinion. But Tugwell, having learnt to decide dubious points by lot, threw up an half-penny, crying out, “ that heads should determine him
“ to the right, and tails to the left hand road.” Fortune declared for the former ; which Jerry, then changing his note, said *must* be the road to Bristol, by the *course* of the country.

While they were yet debating the affair, Tugwell, spying a man in a plain drab coat walking soberly at a small distance from the road, calls out, “ Holloo ! Master ! Master !
“ which is the road to Bristol ?” Whether the Gentleman was immersed in thought, or whe-

4 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

ther he disliked the familiarity of Jerry's compellation, he made no answer. Wildgoose therefore, advancing a little towards him, repeated the question in a more civilized manner, and asked, "which of those two was the road to Bristol?" "Why, neither of them," replied the Gentleman; "the road you are in would lead you to Wells." Wildgoose was going to crave his assistance, to put him in the right way; when he and the stranger surveying each other with an air of surprize, "What! Mr. Rivers!" cries Wildgoose.—"Bless my soul! my friend Wildgoose!" replies he; "what expedition can you possibly be upon in this part of the world?" They then embraced (in the language of Romance)—or, in plain English, took each other by the hand with great cordiality, expressing great joy at this unexpected rencounter: for they had been very intimate in the University, though no sort of intercourse had passed between them for six or seven years.

Wildgoose inquired how long he had been in this country, and whether he was settled any where in the neighbourhood, as he knew him to be originally a North-country man. Mr. Rivers told him, "he had an house within a
" mile

“mile of that place;” whither he insisted upon Wildgoose’s accompanying him for that night at least, as it was now too late to go to Bristol on foot, if they had not been some miles out of their road. Wildgoose and his companion were well enough pleased with the invitation, in their present circumstances: besides, as Wildgoose recollected that Mr. Rivers had in his youth a very religious turn, and that was always uppermost in his thoughts, he immediately conceived some hopes of converting his old friend to his own opinions. As they went along, Mr. Wildgoose, at Rivers’s request, let him into the nature of his present undertaking; at which his friend expressed some concern, as well as the greatest astonishment; but politely added, “that he was glad even of this opportunity of renewing their friendship.”

C H A P. II.

Description of Mr. Rivers's House, and some Account of his present Situation.

MR. Rivers had now brought his friend Wildgoose, with Tugwell, to the brow of the hill, which overlooked one of those rich vallies in which that part of the country abounds. A gate opened into a wood, through which they descended, by a rough, unfrequented road,

“Where the gilt chariot never mark'd the way,” almost to the bottom of the hill. There an old Gothic mansion presented itself, surrounded towards the road by a lofty stone-wall, covered with moss, maiden-hair, and other wild plants, enough to puzzle the whole Royal Society, and the indefatigable Dr. Hill into the bargain. The house seemed to have been built during the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster; but had been *modernized* in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and new-glazed and painted for the reception of Mr. Rivers.

Rivers knocked at the gate; which being opened by a servant in a ruffet coat, they now
came

came into an elegant court, where they were regaled with the sight and fragrance of all the flowers of the season. From thence they entered a gloomy old-fashioned hall, but neatly fitted up; the wall covered with maps and chronological tables, above which were a number of cheap prints, representing the customs and habits of the various nations of the world.

Mr. Rivers then, shewing Tugwell with his wallet the way towards the kitchen, took his friend Wildgoose into a large wainscoted parlour, adorned with some fine prints, a few good paintings, and a bust or two over the chimney: but all his attention was immediately fixed upon Mrs. Rivers, to whom his friend introduced him. She was sitting (like the Divinity of the place) at the upper end of the room, at her needle, attended by a boy and a fine girl about five or six years old. Mrs. Rivers received Wildgoose, as her husband's friend, with a sweet smile; which, like the sun-shine so much admired in the landscapes of Claude Lorraine, diffused an additional cheerfulness over every other object.

Mrs. Rivers was about five and twenty, tall, and well-shaped; and though the pleasing cares

8 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

of a young family had taken off a little of her first bloom, yet had it given such a languishing air to her eyes, and such a delicacy to her complexion, as rather improved than diminished her charms.

Mr. Rivers informed her who Mr. Wildgoose was, and how accidentally they had met. She made some obliging speech upon the occasion, and then rang the bell for tea; which being over, Mr. and Mrs. Rivers attended Mr. Wildgoose into a garden, which commanded a beautiful, though confined, prospect. It was laid out in a romantic taste, with a proper mixture of the *allegro* and the *penseroso*, the cheerful and the gloomy: tufts of roses, jasmines, and the most fragrant flowering shrubs, with a serpentine walk of cypresses and laurels, here and there an urn with suitable inscriptions, and terminated by a rough arch of rock-work that covered a dripping fountain, were its principal beauties.

After a few turns, Mrs. Rivers being summoned by her Maid to a consultation about supper, Wildgoose, notwithstanding his religious severity, made some encomiums upon her person and behaviour, and said, “ he was less surprized at his friend’s marrying so early in life,
“ than

“ than at his good fortune in meeting with so agreeable a woman.” He expressed some desire, therefore, to be informed of the particular incidents of Mr. Rivers’s life since he left the University. “ Why,” says he, “ though my story has nothing very uncommon in it, yet, as I flatter myself that I have escaped into one of the Fortunate Islands, from that rock on which the happiness of many a young fellow is totally ship-wrecked, I think, as an experienced voyager, I ought to satisfy the curiosity of a friend, and give him all the intelligence in my power, that he may steer the like course with equal success.” Then, taking Wildgoose into an alcove shaded with honey-suckles and sweet-briars, Rivers thus began his narration.

C H A P. III.

The History of Mr. Rivers and Charlotte Woodville.

“ SOON after you left the University,” says Mr. Rivers, “ I was elected Fellow of a very worthy Society, where I pursued my studies with some regularity, and spent near two years greatly to my satisfaction: but,

10 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“ whether the way of life was too sedentary,
“ or too sociable, (for I usually spent the day
“ in reading, and the evening in company,)—
“ whatever was the cause, I found myself after
“ some time in a very indifferent state of health.
“ I determined therefore, during the long va-
“ cation, to retire into the country. But, as
“ I had neither father nor mother living, and
“ my fellowship obliged me to an occasional re-
“ sidence, I did not care to travel into ——shire,
“ which, you know, is my native country, and
“ where I had an elder brother and some near
“ relations residing; but was recommended by
“ an acquaintance to a pleasant village in
“ ——shire, about twenty miles from Oxford;
“ who also prevailed upon a Gentleman Farmer,
“ of whom he had some knowledge, to take me
“ as a boarder.

“ Mr. Woodville, which was the Farmer’s
“ name, was a very worthy, honest man, and
“ had a spirit of generosity far above his situa-
“ tion. He was indeed quite a Gentleman, in
“ his appearance, behaviour, and way of think-
“ ing. He was about fifty, and had married
“ for his first wife a young Lady of a genteel
“ family, by whom he had one son and two
“ daughters: but, being afterwards almost a
“ cripple

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE. II

“ cripple with a rheumatic gout, he had been
“ persuaded to marry a good motherly sort of
“ woman, beneath his own circumstances;
“ who was glad of the match, though sure to be
“ a nurse, for the sake of providing better for
“ her children by a former husband.

“ I had here a tolerable apartment, entirely di-
“ stinct from the rest of the family; which suited
“ with my scheme of prosecuting my studies,
“ and of giving a particular attention to my
“ health, which was the principal end of my
“ retiring from College; having, as you know,
“ little taste for the more robust diversions of the
“ country. But in this retreat, remote as I
“ was from the intrusion of my former jovial
“ associates, I did not long enjoy an absolute
“ tranquillity.

“ There are few persons of so phlegmatic a
“ constitution as to content themselves with
“ merely rational pursuits. The passions, the
“ appetites, and the imagination, all lay claim
“ to their respective gratifications. Love par-
“ ticularly is a plant which springs up so na-
“ turally in the breasts of young people, that,
“ when I hear one in the heat of youth affect
“ to talk with a stoical indifference of that
“ tender passion, I generally suspect him of

B. 6.

“ indulging

“ indulging it privately, either for an *unworthy*,
 “ or at least for an *improper* object. The
 “ latter only was my case; for though an en-
 “ gagement of that kind was highly *improper*
 “ in my circumstances, yet the object itself
 “ was worthy the love, I might say the am-
 “ bition, of a Princee.

“ Mr. Woodville, as I have said, had two
 “ daughters. The elder was about nineteen;
 “ and though she had nothing remarkably de-
 “ fective in her features, yet the four and
 “ selfish passions had taken such absolute pos-
 “ session of her countenance, as to render her
 “ almost ugly. The younger daughter was
 “ hardly fifteen, and as different from the elder
 “ as a Grace from a Fury.

“ Descriptions of a beloved object are gene-
 “ rally heightened, and usually embellished
 “ with all the charms which the enraptured
 “ imagination is able to give them. Charlotte
 “ Woodville however was, I think, so near
 “ perfection in that respect, that, although a
 “ severe critic might possibly spy out some
 “ trifling defect, yet, upon the whole, she had
 “ so striking an appearance, that few people
 “ could behold her without admiration.

“ She was rather tall than of a middling
 “ stature, but every way finely proportioned,
 “ and of a natural, easy shape. Her features
 “ were neither too large nor too small; the
 “ extremes in either respect being, I think,
 “ less agreeable. Her eyes had always such a
 “ brilliant lustre, that I never knew their real
 “ colour. But her hair, which she had in great
 “ abundance, was of a bright brown, and
 “ gave an inimitably fine shade to her com-
 “ plexion. Her complexion had, at that time,
 “ rather the glossy bloom of high health, than
 “ that transparent delicacy which is generally
 “ the concomitant of too tender a constitution.

“ But what gave the greatest spirit and
 “ force to her external charms, was the beauty
 “ of her mind, which was every thing that can
 “ be conceived of sweet and amiable. Good-
 “ nature and good sense, sprightliness and an art-
 “ less freedom, the emanations of her charming
 “ soul, distinguished themselves in her eyes, and
 “ in every feature of her face.

“ Such was this young creature in her na-
 “ tive simplicity, without the least assistance of
 “ art, or indeed of any other education than
 “ what was to be met with in a country place;
 “ and which the loss of a genteel mother, when
 “ she

“ she was very young, had not suffered to be
 “ applied to the utmost advantage.”

“ Sir,” says Wildgoose, smiling, “ you might
 “ have spared yourself the trouble, or rather
 “ denied yourself the pleasure, of this descrip-
 “ tion; for, in the picture you have drawn, I
 “ can easily discover the features of Mrs. Rivers,
 “ though a few years may have abated, or rather
 “ softened, the glaring lustre of the colour-
 “ ing. But proceed, my friend, in your nar-
 “ ration.”

“ Well,” says Rivers, “ you may suppose
 “ a young fellow, though of more philosophy
 “ than ever I pretended to, could not be long
 “ in the same family, without taking particular
 “ notice of so lovely an object. But, as any
 “ sort of love-engagement would have been
 “ highly improper in my circumstances, a dis-
 “ creet person would certainly have checked any
 “ tender sentiments, and not have thought of
 “ trifling with so young a creature, who, con-
 “ sidering my education and future prospects
 “ in life, was, in a *prudential* view, beneath
 “ my consideration. For, according to the
 “ maxims of the world,

“ Love’s but the frailty of the mind,

“ When ’tis not with ambition join’d.”

“ Ah !”

“ Ah !” says Wildgoose, “ nothing but the
 “ love of God can satisfy the *reasonable ambition*
 “ of an immortal soul.” — “ Well,” replies
 Rivers, “ every man to his taste. But to pro-
 “ ceed in my story.”

C H A P IV.

Mr. Rivers's Story continued.

“ **A**S I was at that time quite a valetudina-
 “ rian, and willing also to lose as little
 “ time as possible from my studies : I desired to
 “ eat at my own hours, and avoided all inter-
 “ course with the family as much as I decently
 “ could without the appearance of pride or
 “ moroseness. Mrs. Woodville kept one Maid
 “ to do the work within doors, and whose
 “ business it was to wait upon me : but, as she
 “ was often otherwise engaged, the daughters
 “ would frequently by turns supply her place.
 “ After some time, however, I could not but
 “ observe, that the younger was more assiduous
 “ in her attendance on me than the elder ;
 “ which yet I looked upon as accidental, and
 “ imputed

“ imputed it either to the good-nature of the
 “ one, or the churlish temper of the other:
 “ Charlotte Woodville did every thing in so
 “ pretty a manner, that although it gave me
 “ no small pleasure, yet was it a somewhat
 “ painful tax upon my complaisance, which
 “ would not suffer me to receive any thing
 “ from so fair a hand without some little
 “ gallant acknowledgment. The more civi-
 “ lity I shewed, the more obliging was this
 “ fair nymph; and, by degrees, as I seemed
 “ disappointed whenever any other part of the
 “ family attended me, so she grew more kindly
 “ officious in her attendance, and,

“ Tho’ I call’d another, Charlotte came*.

“ I am convinced, however, that she was ut-
 “ terly void of any design in this, and at pre-
 “ sent only followed the dictates of her na-
 “ tive benevolence and freedom of disposi-
 “ tion: though a more powerful motive, I
 “ believe, soon took place in her little breast;
 “ and *my* indiscretion put matters upon a dif-
 “ ferent footing.

“ There happened to be a wedding in the
 “ village one morning; and curiosity had
 “ drawn to church the whole family except

* Prior.

“ the

“ the younger daughter, who stayed to attend
 “ on her father, who was confined to his bed by
 “ a fit of the gout. Charlotte came into the
 “ parlour, upon some occasion or other, while
 “ the bells were ringing upon this jocund
 “ occasion. A wedding in a country place
 “ sets every girl in the parish to simpering;
 “ and, matrimony being an inexhaustible
 “ topic of raillery, I happened to joke with
 “ Charlotte upon the happiness of the state.
 “ She made me some very innocent reply;
 “ which however tempted me to chuck her
 “ under the chin, the lowest degree of dal-
 “ liance with an inferior. She blushed, and
 “ retired with some precipitation, and with
 “ such a sweet confusion, that I longed to re-
 “ peat the freedom; and begging her to re-
 “ turn for a moment, as soon as she came
 “ within the door, I caught her round the
 “ neck, and snatched a kiss. This increased
 “ her surprize, and she again retired with a
 “ glow upon her cheeks, which I fancied ex-
 “ pressed some indignation; at least it so
 “ alarmed her virgin innocence, that I saw
 “ her no more that day.

“ I had now passed the rubicon of discre-
 “ tion.”—“ Yes,” says Wildgoose, “ you had
 “ tasted

“ tasted the forbidden fruit. ‘ The poison of
 “ asps is under the lips’ of the most inno-
 “ cent of the sex. There is no security against
 “ the encroachments of love, but by check-
 “ ing the first motions of the soul. ‘ Whoso
 “ looketh upon a woman, to lust after her,
 “ has committed adultery already with her in
 “ his heart.”

“ You are too severe upon me,” replied
 Rivers; “ but I will proceed in my narration.”

C H A P. V.

Mr. Rivers's Story continued.

“ I TOOK a walk before dinner; and,
 “ upon my return through the hall, where
 “ the family generally sat, Charlotte, instead
 “ of meeting my eyes with an open, cheerful
 “ countenance, looked down with a bashful
 “ consciousness, and almost hid her face in her
 “ bosom.

“ My mind was now in such a situation,
 “ that, if I had believed the freedom which
 “ I took had really offended this innocent
 “ maid, I should probably have entirely de-
 “ sisted, and have pursued the affair no fur-
 “ ther: but, as a little coldness would easily
 “ have

“ have nipped my passion in the bud, so the
 “ slightest encouragement sufficed to keep alive
 “ the flame. I cannot omit a trifling circum-
 “ stance, which I considered in that light.

“ Being under a kind of regimen as to my
 “ diet, I usually supped upon a basin of milk.
 “ This the servant brought me that evening,
 “ accompanied with a plate of wood-straw-
 “ berries. It being early in the year, I asked
 “ her whence they came. She said, ‘ they were
 “ a present to one of her young mistresses.’
 “ As I had met with so little complaisance
 “ from the elder, I easily guessed to whom I
 “ was obliged for this favour. This slight
 “ instance of her forgiveness, expressed in so
 “ pretty a manner, tended but little to the
 “ cure of my growing passion.

“ The next day, in the absence of the Maid,
 “ Charlotte ventured again into my apartment.
 “ I gave her a significant smile, in allusion to
 “ what had passed the day before; and, taking
 “ her hand, pressed it with some eagerness.
 “ She repulsed me in such a manner, as seemed
 “ rather to return the compliment, than to be
 “ displeas'd with it. In short, though I had
 “ no great opinion of my own person, yet I be-
 “ gan to flatter myself that I had made some
 “ little

20 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE,

“ little impresson upon Charlotte’s tender
“ heart: and, as nothing is a stronger incen-
“ tive to love than an opinion of its being
“ mutual, this naturally endeared her to me,
“ and made her appear more amiable every
“ time I saw her. In reality, I began to love
“ her extravagantly:

“ And she more lovely grew, as more belov’d.

“ Jealousy is often a sign of a little mind and
“ a meanness of spirit; and a jealous *husband*
“ is certainly a ridiculous animal: but a jea-
“ lous *lover*, I think, deserves the compassion,
“ rather than the contempt, of his mistress.
“ Suspicion after marriage betrays a want of
“ confidence in her of whose fidelity we are
“ supposed to have received sufficient assurance.
“ But it is excusable in a lover to be a little
“ apprehensive of the success of his rival, when
“ it would be esteemed a degree of presumption
“ to be too confident of his own preference in
“ her affection and esteem. In short, what-
“ ever a woman may think of a jealous lover
“ in other respects, she can have no reason
“ to doubt of the sincerity of his passion.

“ For my part, I began to be so fond of my
“ little mistress, that I could hardly suffer her
“ to be out of my sight; and, as I thought

“ I had

“ I had condescended a little in settling my
 “ affections, I could not bear with patience
 “ the thoughts of a rival; nor indeed had I
 “ any reason to fear one in her present situa-
 “ tion. However, I one evening saw her
 “ engaged in so sprightly a conversation, and
 “ laughing with so coquettish an air, as I fan-
 “ cied, with a young fellow of the neighbour-
 “ hood who was talking to her brother at the
 “ door, that it immediately alarmed my jea-
 “ lousy; and I could not forbear discovering
 “ it. I rang the bell with some vehemence,
 “ intending only to put her in mind of me.
 “ Instead of sending the Maid, as I expected,
 “ she immediately left her company, and came
 “ herself. I bad her send in a glass of water,
 “ which, with great good-nature, she brought
 “ with her own hands. I had seated myself,
 “ sultan-like, in a great chair; and, lolling
 “ in an insolent posture, affected to be engaged
 “ in reading, and, with a haughty nod, bad her
 “ set it down. She was sensible of the insult,
 “ and, immediately assuming the dignity of her
 “ sex, drew herself up, and flung out of the
 “ room with the air of a Countess.

“ It appeared afterwards indeed that the
 “ young man, whom I feared as a rival, was
 “ at

“ at this time engaged, and upon the brink of
 “ being married, to another girl in the neigh-
 “ bourhood ; and I was convinced, that my sus-
 “ picions with regard to Charlotte were entirely
 “ without the least foundation. The little
 “ quarrels of lovers generally conclude in more
 “ tender reconciliations. Miss Woodville’s spi-
 “ rited behaviour on this occasion, and the ex-
 “ planation which it produced, greatly aug-
 “ mented our fondness for each other ; and this
 “ tender intercourse was continued for some
 “ time, without being suspected by any one.
 “ I was so happy in my amour, that I never
 “ considered the probable consequences of so
 “ improper an engagement, but rather shut my
 “ eyes against any disagreeable reflections.

“ As a French Writer * observes, ‘ The
 “ most common view that people have, when
 “ they commit imprudent actions, is the *possi-*
 “ *bility* of finding out always some resource
 “ or other :’ so I flattered myself with the
 “ notion of being able to recall my affections
 “ when I thought it proper ; and imagined I
 “ might amuse myself for some time, inno-
 “ cently enough, in so retired a place, without
 “ subjecting myself to the censure or re-

* Card. de Retz.

“ marks

“ marks of any one whose opinion I much
 “ regarded.”

C H A P. VI.

Mr. Rivers's Story continued.

“ ABOUT this time I thought it neces-
 “ sary to visit my friends in Staffordshire;
 “ being particularly invited by an old relation,
 “ whom you have heard me mention, the little
 “ fat Clergyman, from whom I have always had
 “ some considerable expectations. Though I
 “ found myself at present but little inclined to
 “ take such a journey; yet I had fixed the day,
 “ which was now at hand.

“ As my interviews with Miss Woodville
 “ had hitherto been very transient, and there
 “ was no probability of our ever being long
 “ together without subjecting ourselves to
 “ observation, I made a request to her, in
 “ which I was afraid she could not oblige me;
 “ and that was, to give me an hour of her com-
 “ pany in the evening, after the family were
 “ in bed. As Miss Woodville was very young
 “ and innocent, and entirely ignorant of the
 “ arts of our sex, having never had any female
 “ friend to caution her against them, she made

“ no

“ no scruple of promising me her company, if
 “ she could get her sister, who was drowsily
 “ enough inclined, to sleep without her ; in or-
 “ der to which, she would sit up in her cham-
 “ ber, she said, under pretence of finishing some
 “ piece of needle-work, which she was very in-
 “ tent upon.

“ When night came, and the family were
 “ retired, I sat myself down, with great com-
 “ posure, to wait the event of our affigna-
 “ tion : I even took a book, and read, to
 “ amuse my impatience ; but with as little at-
 “ tention as our candidates for a degree read
 “ their wall-lectures, when they expect the
 “ Beadle every moment with the joyful news
 “ that their time is expired. Thus I waited
 “ for near two hours, and now quite despaired
 “ of my promised happiness ; when, unex-
 “ pectedly, the stillness of the night was agree-
 “ ably intereupted by a gentle rap at the par-
 “ lour-door. I started up, and opened it with
 “ great alacrity. In she came ; but with a
 “ down-cast look, and sweet blush upon her
 “ countenance, and with an apology for the
 “ rashness of her conduct, which her native
 “ modesty now represented to her in the strong-
 “ est light.

“ I told

“ I told her, ‘ I had begun to despair of
 “ being favoured with her company, and asked
 “ her if her sister had any suspicion of her in-
 “ tention?’—‘ I believe not, says Charlotte,
 “ for she was asleep in five minutes after she
 “ was in bed.’—‘ Why then did you delay my
 “ happiness so long?’ said I. She replied,
 “ ‘ That, upon thinking better of it, she was
 “ afraid she had done wrong in promising
 “ and had more than once resolved not to
 “ down; nay, that she had actually been
 “ bed: but, as I talked of going early in
 “ morning, she had not the heart to disap-
 “ point me.’— I acknowledged her goodnets,
 “ and assured her, ‘ she should never repent of
 “ the confidence she reposed in me.’

“ I could not but take notice of one particu-
 “ larity in Miss Woodville’s conduct on this
 “ occasion; which was, that she had taken
 “ the pains to put on a clean apron, handker-
 “ chief, and ruffles, and had adjusted every part
 “ of her dress with the nicest exactness; which
 “ trifling circumstance convinced me both of
 “ the delicacy of her taste, and the purity of
 “ her imagination; or rather that she was ab-
 “ solutely void of the least apprehension of any
 VOL. II. C “ thing

“ thing contrary to the strictest decency in
 “ my behaviour to her.
 “ Nothing can be more insipid, upon repe-
 “ tition, than the conversation of two fond lo-
 “ vers; and it is a sort of prophanation to re-
 “ peat any thing that passes upon those occa-
 “ sions: but, as something very serious ensued
 “ from this interview, I cannot forbear men-
 “ tioning a few trifling particulars. I kept
 “ her up pretty late. My journey and the
 “ month’s absence were the principal subjects
 “ of our conversation; in the course of
 “ which, she expressed her apprehension, ‘ that
 “ there were probably more Ladies which
 “ I was fond of, in other places.’—‘ Oh! what
 “ is life without love?’ said I. ‘ To be sure, I
 “ must have a mistress at every place I go to;
 “ half a *dozen* at Oxford, you may suppose!’
 “ She affected a sort of laugh at the humour of
 “ my descriptions, and, I imagined, took it, as
 “ I designed it, merely as unmeaning chit-chat.
 “ ‘ But my favourite girl, continued I, is a
 “ ———shire lass, the very picture of yourself,
 “ a tall, brown beauty, and the best-tempered
 “ creature in the world. O! how happy shall
 “ I be next Thursday night!’

“ Nothing

“ Nothing can equal my astonishment at
 “ what now happened. Whilst I was run-
 “ ning on in this coxcomical strain, I found
 “ her sunk back in her chair, pale as death,
 “ without breath or motion, or the least ap-
 “ pearance of life. I was shocked, and dis-
 “ tressed to the last degree how to proceed.
 “ I could not bring myself to alarm the fa-
 “ mily, and yet had the most terrible appre-
 “ hensions of what might be the event of this
 “ affair.

“ There was a decanter of water stood on
 “ the table, some of which I sprinkled in her
 “ face; and having some spirit of lavender in
 “ my pocket, I rubbed her temples with that,
 “ and applied some to her nostrils; which, after
 “ a few minutes, very happily brought her to
 “ herself again.

“ I curbed my own folly; and assured her,
 “ that what I had said was a mere jest; and
 “ that there was not a girl in the world for
 “ whom I had the least fondness, but herself?

“ This proof of Miss Woodville’s affection
 “ for me, you may be sure, endeared her to me
 “ extremely; and I parted from her the next
 “ morning with the greatest reluctance.

C H A P. VII.

Mr. Rivers's Story continued.

“ I HAD proposed being out a month on my
 “ journey ; but my eager desire to see my
 “ fair villager made me shorten my absence,
 “ and I returned in less than three weeks.

“ As I had written to Mr. Woodville, and
 “ given him notice of my intention, I found
 “ every thing in great order for my reception ;
 “ but was disappointed in not finding Charlotte
 “ Woodville ready to welcome me on my ar-
 “ rival. The rest of the family were sitting in
 “ their usual apartment. After making my com-
 “ pliments to them, I *affected* to look round, and
 “ inquired if some part of the family were
 “ not wanting. Mr. Woodville looked down
 “ with some confusion ; but Mrs. Woodville,
 “ putting on a smile, answered, ‘ that their
 “ daughter Charlotte was gone to school again
 “ for a little time ; that, as she discovered a
 “ tolerable hand at her needle, they were
 “ willing to improve her as much as possible :
 “ she will be at home again in the evening,’
 “ continued she ; and then turned the discourse.

“ I im-

“ I immediately suspected there was some
 “ mystery in this ; as I had often heard her ex-
 “ tolled for her extraordinary skill in needle-
 “ work, and was convinced she could not learn
 “ much at the place they mentioned, which
 “ was at the next village, whither I found she
 “ was forced to walk every morning, and return
 “ in the evening : besides, I knew it must be a
 “ great mortification to a girl of Charlotte’s
 “ spirit, who was near fifteen, and very tall of
 “ her age, to be sent to such a paltry school
 “ amongst a parcel of children.

“ I waited with great impatience for the
 “ evening and Charlotte Woodville’s return.
 “ At last I heard her voice in the next room ;
 “ which was music to my ears. I immedi-
 “ ately ran towards the door, where I could
 “ hear every thing that passed. Poor Char-
 “ lotte, seeing some unusual preparations
 “ for supper, inquired into the occasion of
 “ them. ‘ Oh ! says the step-mother, I be-
 “ lieve you can give a shrewd guess. It is for
 “ you and your Gentleman, I suppose, after
 “ we are in bed.’ This spiteful speech of the
 “ old lady let me a little into the secret, and
 “ soon convinced me that our intimacy was dis-
 “ covered.

“As I imagined therefore I should have no
 “other opportunity of seeing or speaking to
 “her that evening, I immediately went out
 “into the room where the family was, under
 “pretence of inquiring how long it was to
 “supper. The moment Charlotte saw me, a
 “blush overspread her cheeks; which was
 “succeeded by a total want of colour. She
 “just courtesied, and welcomed me home;
 “when she was dispatched by the old lady,
 “upon some frivolous pretence or other, into
 “another room; and I saw her no more that
 “evening.

“The next morning, however, we found
 “an opportunity of being alone together for
 “a few minutes; when Miss Charlotte in-
 “formed me of the true situation of our af-
 “fairs. She said, ‘That her sister, having
 “some suspicion of my affection for her, had
 “feigned herself asleep the night when she came
 “down to me, and had discovered it to her
 “father and mother; that her father had given
 “her a very serious lecture upon the occasion;
 “but that her mother-in-law had been out-
 “rageous about it, had talked at first of desiring
 “me to quit my lodgings immediately, to
 “which her father would not consent, he
 “having

“ having expressed a great opinion of my ho-
 “ nour and of my innocent intentions; in
 “ short, that at last they had come to a de-
 “ termination to send her out to school for the
 “ present, till they could think of some other
 “ way of disposing of her.”

“ Any one might imagine from this, that
 “ Mrs. Woodville was a very careful step-
 “ mother, and had the true interest of her
 “ husband’s children greatly at heart. But
 “ the reverse of this was really the case. She
 “ was what might be called, on the whole,
 “ a good sort of woman: but in all second
 “ marriages, if there are children on both sides,
 “ there must necessarily be separate interests;
 “ and a woman who had changed her state
 “ with that view could not be much blamed
 “ for consulting chiefly the good of her own
 “ offspring. But, in order to do that effectu-
 “ ally, another point must be secured; I mean,
 “ an absolute sovereignty over her husband’s
 “ affections; which Mrs. Woodville seemed
 “ to have gained, and of which she was ex-
 “ cessively jealous. As Charlotte Woodville
 “ then was deservedly a favourite with her
 “ father, no wonder that the mother-in-law
 “ took every opportunity of lessening her in his
 “ esteem,

“ esteem, and even desired to wean his affection
 “ from the darling of his age. She was pleased
 “ therefore with this instance of her indiscre-
 “ tion, which she aggravated to the highest
 “ degree. She said, ‘it confirmed what she
 “ had often insinuated to him, that Charlotte
 “ was a proud and forward hussy;’ and insulted
 “ him with the prudent behaviour of her elder
 “ sister, who, for an obvious reason, had
 “ never been guilty of any thing of this kind.
 “ Mrs. Woodville had really no more regard
 “ for the elder daughter than the other: but,
 “ as Miss Betsy’s unhappy temper made her
 “ no great favourite with the rest of the family,
 “ Mrs. Woodville, by a very slender shew of
 “ kindness, had bribed her to her interest, and
 “ employed her as a sort of spy upon her sister;
 “ which office she executed with an ill-natured
 “ fidelity, not scrupling sometimes to exceed
 “ the bounds of veracity, in order to ingratiate
 “ herself with her constituent.

“ For old Mrs. Woodville not only confi-
 “ dered her daughter Charlotte as a rival in her
 “ husband’s affections; but also envied her the
 “ probability of so advantageous a match as
 “ mine was considered to be, and could not
 “ bear the thoughts of her being treated by me
 “ with

“ with such distinction. She therefore took
“ every opportunity of mortifying her: and,
“ in order to lessen her consequence in my eyes,
“ put her upon any servile employment in the
“ family for which she could find a decent ex-
“ cuse. In short, though she contrived to
“ make poor Charlotte’s situation (and mine
“ upon her account) as disagreeable as an
“ excessive spleen, joined with absolute power,
“ could do, yet her behaviour had a contrary
“ effect from what she expected, and only the
“ more endeared to me the innocent object of
“ her persecution.

“ Accordingly, I found my passion for this
“ young creature daily increase; and we con-
“ tinued our intimacy for some time. I had
“ indeed indulged my fondness the more freely,
“ as I fancied myself entirely retired from, and
“ unnoticed by, the world; but in this I was
“ greatly mistaken.

C H A P. VIII.

Mr. Rivers's Story continued.

“ IT is more difficult for a man to live *incognito*
 “ in a country village than in the most po-
 “ pulous city. The very precautions he takes
 “ to conceal himself alarm the curiosity of the
 “ neighbourhood: and as, in a retired place,
 “ small matters serve for amusement, the most
 “ trifling incidents soon become the subject of
 “ general conversation.

“ As my regard for Miss Woodville was
 “ now no longer a secret in the family, it
 “ soon spread through the neighbourhood;
 “ and by some means or other the news had
 “ been conveyed to my friends in the Univer-
 “ sity. Accordingly, the next time I went
 “ thither, I was attacked on all sides, and
 “ raillied with great freedom, upon the subject
 “ of my amour: nay, one of my more inti-
 “ mate friends, when we were alone together,
 “ took upon him with great seriousness to ex-
 “ postulate with me about the imprudence of
 “ it. He represented the ill consequences of

“ suc¹

“ such early engagements, and the inconve-
 “ niences of settling in life without a proper
 “ competency, in such glowing colours, and
 “ set the cruelty of involving a young girl
 “ that I had an affection for in the distrets of
 “ narrow circumstances, in so strong a light ;
 “ and, in short, he harangued upon these to-
 “ pics so long, that at last I told him, ‘ I was
 “ resolved to break off all correspondence
 “ with her, and, in order to that, to quit my
 “ situation in Buckinghamshire as soon as I
 “ conveniently could.’—‘ Well, then, says my
 “ friend, taking me at my word, I will ride
 “ over, and settle your affairs there to-morrow
 “ morning, and make some excuse for your
 “ sudden decampment.’—Here I found my re-
 “ solution begin to stagger. Charlotte had
 “ taken such possession of my heart, that I
 “ could not bear the thoughts of being ba-
 “ nished from her for ever. I hastily inter-
 “ rupted my officious counsellor, and told
 “ him, ‘ that my affairs were in such a situation
 “ there, that I must necessarily go over *once*
 “ *more* myself; but, however, that I would
 “ (if possible) take some opportunity of break-
 “ ing off my imprudent engagement.’ He flew
 “ into a violent passion, and immediately gave
 C 6. “ me

“ me up for lost. ‘ Then, says he, will
 “ this little flut, with one false tear, [*unâ*
 “ *falsâ lacrymulâ quam vix vi expresserit,*]
 “ undo all that I have been labouring; and,
 “ having said this, he left me with an empha-
 “ tical shake of the head, and a smile, which
 “ expressed both indignation and contempt.

“ However, I returned into Buckinghamshire
 “ the next day, full of philosophical reflexions,
 “ and absolutely determined (as I flattered
 “ myself) to regulate with prudence at least,
 “ if not to put an end to, this imprudent
 “ amour. But it is very difficult to know
 “ one’s own heart; and, whenever reason pre-
 “ vails over passion, it is more frequently, I
 “ believe, to be attributed to the weakness of
 “ the one, than to the strength of the other.
 “ The moment I saw Miss Woodville, I
 “ found my resolution begin to fail me; and
 “ though I was weak enough to inform her
 “ of what had passed at Oxford, and even of
 “ the design I had formed of leaving her for
 “ some time, till I had finished my studies,
 “ and was in such circumstances as might make
 “ it more prudent for us to come together, yet
 “ I found my project so inconsistent with the
 “ present situation of my heart, and the pro-
 “ fessions

"essions I had hitherto made, that I was hearti-
 "ly ashamed of the figure I must make in this
 "young creature's eyes. And, as an unuc-
 "cessful rebellion strengthens the hands of
 "the Government, so this temporary defection
 "from my duty helped to rivet my chains:
 "and our interview ended, on my part, with
 "more earnest protestations of future fidelity,
 "and a solemn promise never to forsake her.

I then

fled to

CH A P. IX.

would

-219 1823. *Mr. Rivers's Story continued.*

I then

"THOUGH Miss Woodville and I be-
 "haved with great caution and reserve to
 "each other in the family, so as not to give
 "Mrs. Woodville an opportunity of any open
 "expostulation with us upon the subject; yet
 "she was so provoked at the success (as she
 "esteemed it) of her daughter-in-law's charms,
 "that, with pretended concern for her daugh-
 "ter's reputation, she privately insisted upon
 "Mr. Woodville's talking to me upon it, and
 "bringing me to an explanation. He took an
 "occasion, one day when I was alone with
 "him,

“ him, to ask me, with great good-nature, ‘ what
 “ my friends would say to my love-affair?’ and
 “ added, ‘ that, as he could not give his daugh-
 “ ter any considerable fortune, it must be an
 “ imprudent match for me, and that she would
 “ probably be happier with one in her own
 “ station; and therefore he begged I would not
 “ trifle with so young a girl, nor perplex her
 “ with fruitless expectations.’

“ I replied, ‘ that though I was certain I
 “ could not be happy without her, yet I was
 “ sensible that, as I had only a younger bro-
 “ ther’s fortune, I must make both myself and
 “ Miss Woodville unhappy, if we should marry
 “ before I was settled in any profession; that,
 “ however, as I had a very honourable passion
 “ and sincere regard for her, I hoped he would
 “ not be uneasy at my continuing the present
 “ correspondence with her, till something
 “ should happen in my favour, or I should be
 “ settled in some way of increasing my for-
 “ tune; and that then I should prefer his daugh-
 “ ter to all the women in the world.’

“ As Mr. Woodville was a good-natured,
 “ easy man, and I believe had forced himself
 “ to make this remonstrance only in compli-
 “ ance with his wife, he was soon answered;
 “ and

“ and our conversation ended without any per-
 “ emptory stipulation as to my future beha-
 “ viour to Charlotte Woodville. Accord-
 “ ingly, we took every opportunity of being
 “ alone together, as usual; which so much in-
 “ creased Mrs. Woodville’s animosity against
 “ us both, that I soon found it would be im-
 “ possible for Charlotte to continue long under
 “ the same roof with her step-mother.

“ Besides, though Miss Woodville had some-
 “ thing naturally polite and genteel in her
 “ manner, yet I thought it would be highly
 “ necessary for her to receive some better in-
 “ structions, in the common accomplishments
 “ of the sex, than were to be met with in that
 “ very retired situation. After consulting her
 “ therefore, though I found her delicacy a
 “ little shocked at the thoughts of being
 “ obliged to me for any part of her education;
 “ yet, upon setting the affair in a proper light,
 “ and representing to her, how unlikely it
 “ was that her step-mother would suffer her
 “ father to be at any extraordinary expence,
 “ with a view to forward a match which she
 “ seemed so much averse to, Miss Woodville
 “ at last submitted to the necessity: and, with
 “ her permission, I at first proposed to her
 “ father

“ father to send her to a boarding-school, at
 “ a large country town, some distance from
 “ home: but after reflecting that London was
 “ the fountain-head of politeness, and that
 “ she would be there further removed from the
 “ speculation of her impertinent neighbours,
 “ I determined (with his approbation) to send
 “ her thither. He said, ‘ that, for his part,
 “ he had an entire confidence in my honour-
 “ able intentions, and should not scruple
 “ to trust his daughter wholly to my care.
 “ But, says he, the world will be apt to
 “ censure both your conduct and mine, if I
 “ suffer her to go from home before I have
 “ some security for your marrying her. Be-
 “ sides, continued he, I am certain my wife
 “ will not consent to her daughter’s taking
 “ such an imprudent step upon any other con-
 “ ditions.’ In this, however, Mr. Woodville
 “ was mistaken. It had always been his wife’s
 “ policy, to work her own children as much
 “ as possible into her husband’s favour; and,
 “ in order to that, she was continually filling
 “ his head with comparisons between their
 “ behaviour and that of his own children,
 “ which were always injurious to the latter;
 “ and had a particular pique (as I have ob-
 “ served)

“ served) against his daughter Charlotte, as
 “ her rival in Mr. Woodville’s affections.
 “ She therefore was not at all displeas’d with
 “ the prospect of getting rid of so dangerous
 “ a competitor, by her engaging in an adven-
 “ ture of this kind, which she foresaw would
 “ probably bring some reflexions on her pru-
 “ dence at least, if not entirely ruin her repu-
 “ tation: for that reason therefore, as also
 “ because she found it in vain to oppose an
 “ affair in which she saw me now so seriously
 “ embarked, she on a sudden alter’d her be-
 “ haviour both to me and to her daughter-in-
 “ law.

“ As to my marrying Miss Woodville im-
 “ mediately, I told her father, ‘ that, as I was
 “ Fellow of a College, though we did not ab-
 “ solutely forswear matrimony (as was a vul-
 “ gar opinion) when we accepted of a Fellow-
 “ ship, yet that a forfeiture of the preferment
 “ was the penalty annexed; which I must ne-
 “ cessarily submit to, as soon as my marriage
 “ became public. As I had therefore some
 “ particularly prudential reasons for continuing
 “ at College for some time longer, I desired him
 “ to dispense with our performing the ceremony;
 “ and I would give him any security he should
 “ require,

“ require, for fulfilling my engagements as soon
 “ as we arrived in London. As he was of an
 “ honourable temper himself, he was not apt to
 “ be suspicious of others; but, however, could
 “ not be brought to acquiesce in such an am-
 “ biguous declaration.

C H A P. X.

Mr. Rivers's Story continued.

“ ABOUT this time we had an invitation
 “ from Mr. Woodville's brother (who
 “ farmed a little estate of his own at a few
 “ miles distance) to spend the day with him.
 “ The house he lived in was situated in the
 “ midst of woods, in a very solitary part of the
 “ country. It was a large old mansion-house,
 “ and had a chapel contiguous to it, in which
 “ service was performed once a month. As
 “ Mrs. Woodville was now upon better terms
 “ with me and her daughter, she graciously
 “ condescended to accompany us in this little
 “ expedition. As the road lay through two or
 “ three villages where we were known, this
 “ caused some speculation; and it was gene-
 “ rally

“ rally believed in the neighbourhood, that we
 “ went thither to be married. And whether
 “ Mrs. Woodville endeavoured to persuade her
 “ husband that we really were so, in order to
 “ facilitate our removal, or whatever else was
 “ the cause; soon after this, I found him dis-
 “ posed to consent to his daughter’s going with
 “ me to London.

“ Accordingly, after a few days prepara-
 “ tion (but without any previous provision for
 “ lodgings, or for a place of education to settle
 “ my charge in, for I had no friend in town to
 “ whom I could communicate a scheme of this
 “ kind), I sent to a large town, at some distance
 “ from Mr. Woodville’s, and took places in the
 “ stage-coach, which set out every day from
 “ thence to London.

“ As poor Charlotte had never been two
 “ days together from her father before, who
 “ was excessively fond of her, and also in a
 “ precarious state of health from very frequent
 “ returns of the gout, the parting between them
 “ was very affecting; and I believe there was
 “ not a servant, or any one in the family, that
 “ did not shed tears at her departure: even
 “ Mrs. Woodville herself behaved with a very
 “ decent dissimulation.”

Mr.

Mr. Rivers was going on with his story, when the servant let them know that supper was upon the table. Mrs. Rivers had furnished out a plain, but elegant, supper; and Wildgoose, being happy in the company and friendly conversation of an old acquaintance, forgot a little his usual austerity, and seemed to enjoy himself like a man of this world.

After supper, however, upon Mr. Rivers's drinking an health to his *friends* in Gloucestershire, Wildgoose fetching a deep sigh, "Ah!" says he, "the friendship of this world is enmity with God."—"Well, my good friend," says Rivers, "not to dispute the propriety of your application, I hope you do not think natural affection, or the regard which one feels for one's relations, is sinful: for my part, I am so far of a different opinion," continued Rivers, "that, however unfociable I may appear, or however I may renounce the common friendship, or rather impertinence, of the world; yet I think the chief happiness of this life was intended by Providence to arise from the exercise of the social affections. In this our present limited state, indeed, it must necessarily be confined within narrow bounds. The pride, malice,
" and

“ and perverseness, of too great a part of man-
 “ kind, arising from the opposition of their
 “ several interests, may make it prudent to re-
 “ strain our connexions to a few friends, and
 “ almost within one’s own family : yet here-
 “ after our benevolence, and consequently our
 “ happiness, will be greatly enlarged : and the
 “ whole universe will probably converse with
 “ the same mutual love and harmony as a
 “ single family.”

Wildgoose was going to reply ; when a little
 boy, about five years old, with the face of a
 cherubim, ran into the room, and, leaping up
 into Mrs. Rivers’s lap, ran his head into her
 bosom, by way of asking *her* blessing. She
 looked down upon him with inexpressible
 sweetness, and the air of a Madonna by Ra-
 phael or Corregio ; and, having squeezed him
 to her breast, dismissed him with a thousand
 kisses. Wildgoose smiled ; and owned, “ *that*
 “ was an unanswerable proof of the happiness
 “ arising from natural affection.” And Mrs.
 Rivers retiring soon after, Mr. Rivers pro-
 ceeded with his story.

C H A P. XI.

Mr. Rivers's Story continued.

“ UPON our setting out, as I told you, Mr.
 “ Woodville sent a trusty domestic with
 “ us, to meet the coach at——, where we
 “ lay the first night at an inn which the fa-
 “ mily always made use of. I committed my
 “ charge to the care of the mistress of the
 “ house, who, being a widow woman, let
 “ Charlotte sleep in her own chamber, and in
 “ the morning saw her safe in the stage-coach.
 “ I need not trouble you with the particulars
 “ of our journey: but suppose us arrived in
 “ town about the dusk of the evening,
 “ and set down at The Bolt and Tun in
 “ Fleet-street. Whoever has seen that ancient
 “ gloomy hotel (which, however, may have
 “ been a magnificent palace before the Refor-
 “ mation) will easily imagine with what horror
 “ it must strike a young person, who was
 “ never before from her father's house in the
 “ country. We were taken, by a tall mas-
 “ culine creature in petticoats, into a dark
 “ back-

“ back-parlour, with one window in it; which,
 “ instead of green fields and blooming hedge-
 “ rows, which she had been always used to, had no
 “ other prospect but into a dusky court, just large
 “ enough to contain an old bottle-rack, which
 “ faced the window, and bounded our view.

“ The moment we came into this apart-
 “ ment, ‘ O, Heavens! cries Miss Wood-
 “ ville, is this London? Well, Mr. Rivers,
 “ I am entirely under your protection. O,
 “ my poor father!’ and almost fainted away
 “ in my arms. I endeavoured to soothe her,
 “ by assuring her she should stay but one night
 “ in that house, and that the next morning I
 “ would look out for some agreeable lodging;
 “ and that she would soon have a different opi-
 “ nion of that grand metropolis.

“ We were now interrupted by the entrance
 “ of a Drawer, to know if we called. He sur-
 “ veyed us both with some accuracy; and im-
 “ mediately sent in the Chamber-maid, to ask if
 “ we must have separate beds. As soon as I had
 “ answered her in the affirmative, in comes the
 “ Mistress of the house, and, after viewing
 “ Miss Woodville with an affected indifference,
 “ desired to know what we would have for sup-
 “ per. In short, I now began to reflect, which
 “ I had

“ I had hardly suffered myself to do before, in
 “ what light the dear object of my sincerest
 “ affection must necessarily appear; and was not
 “ a little shocked at the reflexion. However, I
 “ again requested the Mistress of the house to get
 “ the young lady a safe bed-chamber, which she
 “ did in a closet within her own apartment.

“ The next morning, as soon as we had
 “ breakfasted, I sallied forth in quest of lodg-
 “ ings. The most retired part of the town,
 “ that first occurred to me, was St. Martin’s-
 “ lane, where, upon the pavement, I saw a bill
 “ up, with a second floor to be lett. Upon
 “ my rapping at the door, there came out a
 “ small middle-aged woman, with a tolerable
 “ aspect, who, upon my mentioning my busi-
 “ ness, entered at once into my schemes, and,
 “ with apparent benevolence, and great volu-
 “ bility of tongue, told me, ‘ she had lately had
 “ a Clergyman’s wife, out of ———shire, in just
 “ the same circumstances which I had men-
 “ tioned, and who loved her as if she had been
 “ her own mother; that she had two daughters
 “ of her own, who would be good companions
 “ for the young lady, and went to a dancing
 “ school in the neighbourhood, which would
 “ answer my purpose.’

“ In

“ In short, we soon came to terms for
 “ lodging and boarding; and I brought Miss
 “ Woodville thither before dinner, who ap-
 “ peared much pleased with the cheerfulness
 “ of the apartment, and I did not doubt but
 “ she would be here very agreeably situated.

C H A P. XII.

Mr. Rivers's Story continued.

“ **W**ELL, I had now this young creature
 “ entirely in my power; and you
 “ might imagine that nothing was wanting to
 “ compleat my happiness. But, alas! I was
 “ conscious to myself that all was not right;
 “ and was greatly at a loss how to proceed.
 “ There was evidently but one path which I
 “ could honourably pursue; and that appear-
 “ ed, upon a superficial view, incompatible
 “ with prudence. I had no friend in town,
 “ that I could consult upon this occasion; nor,
 “ indeed, did I care to communicate an affair of
 “ this kind to any of my acquaintance.

“ The next morning, happening to stroll
 “ into the Park, by a great accident, or rather
 “ by the particular care of Providence (for
 “ upon this incident, in a great measure, de-
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“ pended the future ease and comfort of my life),
 “ I met an old friend, whom I had not seen for
 “ many years. Mr. Hammond (which was
 “ his name) inquired what brought me to
 “ town. To which I made him some evasive
 “ answer. But, during our walk, as I knew
 “ him to be a man of uncommon sense and great
 “ knowledge of the world, and also of impe-
 “ netrable secrecy, I soon determined to make
 “ him a confidant. I desired him therefore
 “ to drink tea with me at my lodgings that
 “ very afternoon; which he complied with:
 “ and as soon as he came, I opened to him my
 “ adventure, and prepared him for the appear-
 “ ance of Miss Woodville.

“ As he knew I was Fellow of a College, and
 “ had only a younger brother’s fortune, and
 “ that such a scheme must be in every light
 “ highly imprudent, he began, with great ear-
 “ nestness, to conjure me by all means to put
 “ an end to it; begging me to reflect ‘ what a
 “ concern it would be to my relations, and
 “ how probably terminate in my own infelicity.’
 “ I granted all he suggested; but desired him,
 “ ‘ to consider how far the affair had proceeded;
 “ that I had brought a young creature from
 “ her friends and from her father, who either
 “ believed

“believed that we were really married, or at
 “least depended upon my honour to make her
 “my wife.”

“Miss Woodville now made her appearance ;
 “and, I observed, Mr. Hammond seemed
 “vastly struck with her person and figure.
 “However, he spoke very little, but seemed
 “entirely wrapt in thought, the whole time
 “she was in the room. When she had made
 “tea for us, and was again retired, Mr. Ham-
 “mond made some short encomiums upon her
 “sweet appearance, her easy and unaffected
 “behaviour (which was so natural to her);
 “then took his leave, and said, ‘ he would
 “call upon me again the next day.’

“When he came, after some little pause,
 “Mr. Rivers, says he, I have been con-
 “sidering your affair with great deliberation ;
 “and, though I could have wished you had
 “not engaged in it at all, yet, as things are
 “circumstanced, and as I do not doubt but
 “you really intend to marry Miss Woodville,
 “I do not see how you can possibly avoid the
 “performing your engagements immediately.”

“Though this was what I earnestly wished,
 “and was sensible it was what I ought in ho-
 “nour to do ; yet, I own, the thoughts of re-
 “signing my little preferment, and embarking in

“ the wide world with so young a consort, a
 “ little embarrassed me: yet, now I had so pru-
 “ dent and faithful a pilot to direct me, I was
 “ glad not to defer my happiness any longer;
 “ and he telling me, that he knew a person
 “ who was Curate in a remote part of the city,
 “ and who would perform the ceremony with
 “ great secrecy, we determined, with Miss
 “ Woodville’s leave, to have it done as soon as
 “ possible.

“ Though poor Charlotte had consented,
 “ under the sanction of her father’s approbation,
 “ to put herself entirely under my protection;
 “ yet I could not but observe, by an air of
 “ dissatisfaction, and several hints that dropped
 “ from her, that she was very uneasy in her
 “ present situation. You must suppose, there-
 “ fore, that in such circumstances she could
 “ make no objection to my proposal. After
 “ some decent scruples, then, she consented
 “ to my request, to complete my felicity the
 “ very next morning; which was accordingly
 “ put in execution. And, it being necessary
 “ to acquaint the people of the house with the
 “ alteration of our condition, I ordered a
 “ handsome dinner, and invited them to a par-
 “ ticipation: though, by their behaviour af-
 “ terwards,

“terwards, they affected to believe this no more
 “than a sham wedding; at least, they treated
 “Mrs. Rivers as if they considered her in no
 “very honourable light.

CH A P. XIII.

Mr. Rivers's Story continued.

“AFTER staying a week in town, com-
 “pletely happy in the possession of all
 “that was dear to me, I was obliged to leave my
 “wife, and go down to Oxford.

“Whether Mr. Hammond considered me
 “in the character of a Spanish husband, or
 “whatever was his motive, he did not offer
 “(nor did I think of asking him) to visit Mrs.
 “Rivers in my absence: nor did I acquaint
 “her where he lodged, or give her, as I ought
 “to have done, any direction where to find
 “him, in case of an emergency. Such a
 “precaution, however, as it proved, would
 “have been no more than necessary. I had
 “often been in London before for some
 “months together, and fancied I knew the
 “town tolerably well; but I had no suspicion

“ that about one house in ten, near that part
 “ of it, was inhabited by people whose princi-
 “ ples, if they had any, were quite abandoned.
 “ I had not been ten days in the country,
 “ before I received a most terrible letter from
 “ my wife, informing me, ‘ that she was in
 “ very bad hands;’ and conjuring me, ‘ to come
 “ up to town immediately.’ I set out, with
 “ post-horses, the very next morning; and ar-
 “ rived at her lodgings early in the evening.
 “ The woman of the house came to the door;
 “ and, upon my inquiry for Mrs. Rivers,
 “ ‘ Why, says she, your lady is gone to bed
 “ already. Poor creature! continued she,
 “ she is very whimsical, and fancies she is not
 “ well.’ As I knew how healthy Charlotte
 “ had always been, I was greatly alarmed. I
 “ flew up to her chamber; and, to my great
 “ concern, found her in a high fever. Upon
 “ inquiring into the cause of her illness, I
 “ found it to be as follows.

“ There lodged in the same house a young
 “ gentleman, of a very sober, modest appear-
 “ ance, with whom we spent one or two even-
 “ ings before I went into the country. He
 “ told me, ‘ he had commanded a man of war
 “ in the Mediterranean;’ and I believe, by se-
 “ veral

"veral circumstances, that this account of
 "himself was true. Soon after I was gone
 "down, the woman of the house came to Mrs.
 "Rivers; and, after some general infinua-
 "tions, told her, that this Oxford scholar,
 "who had brought her to town, would leave
 "her there, and never return any more; that
 "it was a common trick among them; and
 "that she would advise her to make herself as
 "easy as she could. Mrs. Rivers (you may
 "be sure) was greatly startled; but her youth
 "and inexperience was, in this case, her con-
 "solation; for it could not enter into her
 "imagination, that there was any one in the
 "world so base, or that what this woman told
 "her was true. She proceeded, however, by
 "degrees, to assure my wife, that the young
 "Captain was violently in love with her; and,
 "if she would consent to live with him, he
 "would keep her a Maid and a Footman, buy
 "her much richer cloaths, and, in short, take
 "much better care of her than ever I had
 "done; and a great deal more to the same
 "purpose.

"The Captain himself had frequent oppor-
 "tunities given him of being in company with
 "Mrs. Rivers; but, as he always behaved

“ with great modesty and politeness, she was
 “ not very uneasy at what the good woman
 “ had said to her.

“ One evening, however, the Captain came
 “ in to them, and, pretending some particular
 “ occasion of rejoicing, said, ‘ he would
 “ treat them with a bowl of arrach-punch.’ At
 “ this the landlady of the house affected to be
 “ (and probably was) greatly rejoiced, pro-
 “ mised how merry they would be, and
 “ talked with great glee of the approaching
 “ evening.

“ Mrs. Rivers had no suspicion of any de-
 “ sign; but was not much disposed to be cheat-
 “ ful, as she began to have a very bad opinion
 “ of her company, and of course to be impa-
 “ tient for my return.

“ The glass went merrily round, with my
 “ landlady, her daughters, and two or three
 “ neighbours of her own stamp, whom she had
 “ invited to partake of their jollity. Mrs. Ri-
 “ vers could hardly be prevailed upon to swal-
 “ low one or two half-glasses: but, whether
 “ it was owing to her not being used to any
 “ thing strong, or whether they had contrived
 “ to convey any thing intoxicating into her
 “ glass, she soon found her head begin to grow
 “ giddy;

"giddy; so, without taking leave of her com-
 "pany, she slipped out of the room, and re-
 "tired to her own apartment. Being appreh-
 "ensive that they might pursue her, she
 "locked her door, and observing that the bed
 "ran upon castors, she exerted her strength,
 "and placed that against it. She had hardly
 "taken this precaution, when she heard the
 "whole company (like Comus and his Bac-
 "chanals) come laughing and shouting, ra-
 "ther than singing, up the stairs, and protesting,
 "that they would pluck her out of bed."
 "She was not undressed; but the timidity of
 "her sex, and the particular cause she had to
 "be apprehensive in her situation, almost threw
 "her into hysterics, especially when she
 "heard them thundering at the door, and de-
 "claring, 'they would break it open.' But
 "her greatest danger was from the abandoned
 "part of her own sex; for, when the Captain
 "perceived, from the tone of her voice and
 "other circumstances, the excessive fright she
 "was in, he very honourably forced them to
 "desist from their frolic, as mine hostels af-
 "fected afterwards to call it.

"Mrs. Rivers was so much alarmed, that
 "she could not close her eyes the whole night;

• bling •

D 5

" which,

“ which, together with the pernicious liquor
 “ they had forced upon her, made her very ill
 “ all the next day.

“ On Sunday, which was the day following,
 “ she was a little recovered; and the two girls,
 “ towards the evening, made her take a walk
 “ with them into the Park; where she had never
 “ been but once before, with me and Mr. Ham-
 “ mond.

“ After walking once round, they came to
 “ the canal; and stood some time, to observe
 “ several people who were feeding the ducks
 “ there. This rural amusement attracted Mrs.
 “ Rivers's attention, and, by recalling to her
 “ mind the ease and happiness of her life in
 “ the country, soothed her melancholy; and
 “ she stood fixed in a sort of reverie: but, on
 “ a sudden looking round, she missed her com-
 “ panions, and with great terror and surprize
 “ found herself amongst a crowd of strangers.
 “ I do not believe she knew so much as the
 “ name of the street where she lodged, nor
 “ one step of the way that led towards it.
 “ She looked wildly round on every side; and
 “ her apprehension almost took away her senses:
 “ but, in the midst of her distress, she saw a
 “ gentleman come bowing and smiling up to-
 “ wards

“wards her; and who should this be but the
 “Captain! His first appearance (you may
 “suppose) gave her some comfort in her di-
 “stres; but it immediately occurred to her,
 “that this was a premeditated contrivance be-
 “tween him and the people of the house. The
 “Captain conducted her towards the Bird-cage
 “walk, and began to inquire seriously into the
 “truth of her story, and whether she was
 “really married to me or not. She told him
 “so many particular circumstances, and with
 “an air of so much simplicity, that he seemed
 “convinced of her sincerity. He then brought
 “her towards the gate at Spring-gardens,
 “which, to Mrs. Rivers’s great terror, they
 “found to be shut; the Captain, however, led
 “her through at the Horse-guards, conducted
 “her safe home, and never tendered her any
 “gallantries afterwards.

“These several frights and alarms, however,
 “worked so much upon Mrs. Rivers’s sensi-
 “bility, that they brought a return of her in-
 “disposition; and she, the next day, wrote the
 “letter which hurried me to town.

“I found her in a high fever, as I have re-
 “lated; but the calmness which my return
 “brought to her spirits, and the excellence of

“her constitution, soon restored her to her usual
 “health: and, after a little fruitless expostu-
 “lation with the good lady of the house, we
 “immediately shifted our quarters.”

“I had now fixed upon an elegant lodging
 “in a neat court, near—square; which” I
 “was not the less pleased with, when I found
 “the people of the house were rigid Dissen-
 “ters: for, though the characters and con-
 “duct of people have seldom much connexion
 “with their religious systems; yet, as most of
 “those that dissent from the established church
 “are supposed to do it upon principle, they have
 “an additional check upon their behaviour,
 “that they may not discredit the sect to which
 “they belong; and, as their teachers usually
 “take more particular care of them on that
 “account, they have generally more appear-
 “ance of religion amongst them than the
 “common people who call themselves of the
 “established church.”

“Ah!” says Wildgoose, with a sigh, “it
 “is of little consequence what church, or
 “what sect, we belong to, if we want a true
 “vital faith, and are not born again of the
 “Spirit.”

“Well,

“ Well, Sir,” continued Mr. Rivers, “ I
 stayed a week with my wife at her new lodg-
 ing, when I was again obliged to go into
 the country: but, though the family she
 was now in had a very sober appearance, yet,
 as she had had such bad luck before, I was
 determined at my return to fix her as a par-
 lour-boarder in a genteel school, not far
 from the square, whither she now went every
 day, for the sake of improving herself under
 the several masters that attended there: and
 I had also given her directions where to apply
 to Mr. Hammond, in case of any disagree-
 able contingency.
 I had not been fortnight in the country,
 before I received a letter, to my no small sur-
 prise, that she had again been obliged to quit
 her lodgings, after being again greatly
 alarmed, though she did not mention the par-
 ticulars. When I came to town, I found,
 to my astonishment, the case to be as fol-
 lows.
 “ The mistress of the house went very regu-
 larly every *Sabbath-day* to the meeting. She
 had not been gone long, the Sunday after I left
 them, when Mrs. Rivers rang the bell for
 the Maid, to assist her in altering her dress.
 “ After

“ After waiting a few minutes, she heard her,
 “ as she thought, come tripping up the stairs :
 “ but, to her great amazement, the moment
 “ she opened the door, in came the Master of
 “ the house. He was a little middle-aged
 “ man, of a Jewish complexion, with one leg
 “ considerably shorter than the other; and,
 “ being of a dirty though one of the genteeler
 “ kind of mechanic trades, gave one no bad
 “ idea of the poetical Vulcan. His wife,
 “ however, being no Venus (like that of the
 “ Lemnian God), he was greatly inclined to
 “ violate the matrimonial contract.

“ He told Mrs. Rivers then, ‘ that he had
 “ a very good hand at lacing stays ;’ and, seeing
 “ her without a handkerchief, he offered to
 “ take great liberties. She was more provoked
 “ than terrified at this despicable gallant ; and,
 “ bursting from him, ran immediately to the
 “ sash, and called out to one Mrs. Thomas
 “ (a woman of good family, but small fortune),
 “ who lodged upon the first floor across the
 “ court, and who, seeing so agreeable a young
 “ person left in such indifferent hands, had
 “ contrived to get acquainted with her the day
 “ after I left her. This spirited proceeding in
 “ Mrs. Rivers soon put to flight her limping
 “ lover ;

“lover: and, upon telling the affair to Mrs.
 “Thomas, she assisted her in packing up her
 “things, slipped out, and, calling a coach,
 “conveyed her immediately to the boarding-
 “school which I had fixed upon before I went
 “down.

“Upon my expostulating with her gallant
 “upon this affair, he said, ‘that, happening to
 “go by the dining-room as Mrs. Rivers was
 “dressing, he owned it was a great tempta-
 “tion; and, if *God had not given him grace,*
 “confessed he might have yielded to the force
 “of it; but vowed he had not offered the least
 “incivility.’ As this wretch was beneath my
 “resentment, and I was desirous of causing as
 “little speculation as possible, I thought it best
 “to pocket the insult, as well as the money,
 “which he voluntarily returned, having a little
 “unconscionably extorted it, for the ensuing
 “week’s lodging, though Mrs. Rivers was
 “obliged to quit it on account of his ill usage.

“You may be apt to wonder what there
 “could be in Mrs. Rivers’s person or behaviour,
 “that could expose her to so many insults of
 “this kind. You may guess (by what you
 “now see of her) that she must have been a
 “very desirable object in the bloom of fifteen,
 “which

" which received no small addition by a very
 " cheerful though innocent behaviour. But
 " I believe, it was chiefly owing to the light
 " she must appear in, as my peculiar situation
 " in life required me to affect a privacy; and
 " her prudence and knowledge of my fortune
 " would not permit me to keep her a servant:
 " so that these low people, presuming upon the
 " criminal appearance of our connexion, made
 " those attempts, which they would probably
 " have been afraid to have done upon a more
 " favourable supposition.

C H A P. XIV.

Mrs. Rivers's Story continued.

" **M**R S. Rivers was now settled in a to-
 " lerably agreeable family, where she had
 " an opportunity of improving herself in every
 " polite accomplishment from the best masters,
 " under whose care, in a very short time, she
 " made an incredible progress. And having
 " now equipped herself in a more fashionable
 " manner, and being somewhat improved in
 " her carriage (though she wanted but little
 " addition to her natural gracefulness), she at-
 " tracted great regard wherever she made her
 " appearance.

“ appearance. If she happened to walk the
 “ streets, no one passed by her without parti-
 “ cular notice; and every young fellow thought
 “ her an object worth a second view, and gene-
 “ rally pursued her with his eyes till she was
 “ out of sight.

“ Upon her appearing once or twice in the
 “ side-boxes, she had several glasses leveled at
 “ her from different parts of the theatre; and
 “ though two or three fashionable ladies of
 “ quality endeavoured to stare her out of coun-
 “ tenance, as one *that nobody knew*, yet her
 “ conscious innocence, and her natural good
 “ sense, which immediately penetrated through
 “ the frippery of the millener and the tinsel
 “ of dress, and saw nothing in those insolent
 “ fair-ones which gave them any real superi-
 “ ority over herself, prevented her discovering
 “ any *mauvaise honte*, or rustic bashfulness.
 “ And she was distinguished by nothing, but by
 “ her attention to the interesting scenes on the
 “ stage, from one that had been all her life-time
 “ in public places.

“ I cannot forbear mentioning an odd kind
 “ of distress, which was occasioned by her ap-
 “ pearing once in an improper part of the
 “ theatre. She went, with the rest of the
 “ young

“ young ladies, to their Dancing-master’s be-
 “ nefit, who was very eminent in his way,
 “ and the chief Dancer on the stage of Drury-
 “ lane. Having a very full house, he was
 “ obliged to place his scholars in one of the
 “ balconies, which, you know, on common
 “ nights, are generally occupied by kept-mi-
 “ stresses and people of dubious characters.
 “ Her striking figure immediately drew the
 “ eyes of all the gentlemen in the pit. Amongst
 “ the rest, a young man of fortune, one Mr.
 “ Fitz-Thomas, whose seat was in her father’s
 “ neighbourhood in the country, and who had
 “ frequently dined with me at his house, im-
 “ mediately knew her; and, as he had heard
 “ of her leaving the country with me, and
 “ was sensible that those sort of elopements
 “ too frequently ended in the ruin of such
 “ young creatures, it immediately occurred to
 “ him, that this was the case with poor Miss
 “ Woodville, especially when he saw her in
 “ that ignominious part of the play-house.
 “ He was a man of uncommon humanity, and
 “ began to be excessively concerned, on ac-
 “ count of the worthy man her father and
 “ the rest of the family. However, that he
 “ might not too rashly take up with such a
 “ surmise,

“further, he resolved to go round and speak
 “to her; when he was agreeably undeceived,
 “and found, to his great satisfaction, the true
 “cause of her improper situation.”

“Ah!” says Wildgoose, with a sigh, “I
 “cannot but think every situation *improper* in
 “that temple of Satan, the play-house: but
 “please to proceed with your story.”

“Well,” continued Mr. Rivers, “you
 “will think I dwell too much upon Mrs.
 “Rivers’s personal charms. But, matrimony
 “being usually considered as making a pur-
 “chase at the expence of our liberty, nothing
 “is more natural than the pride we take in
 “finding our choice approved by the suffrages
 “of the world. I will only trouble you with
 “one instance more.

“There was a lady, who had a little daughter
 “in the school, and who was herself a parlour-
 “boarder in the absence of her husband. She
 “and one of the teachers (I know not with
 “what view) dressed themselves out one day,
 “and took Mrs. Rivers to the Chapel-Royal
 “at St. James’s, where, they assured me, a
 “young Hero of the highest rank eyed her
 “with his glass the whole time. And, upon
 “their meeting with some difficulty in getting
 “to

“ to their chairs, an Officer in his regimentals,
 “ under pretence of extricating them, inquired
 “ very minutely in what part of the town they
 “ lodged; in which this lady fancied he had
 “ some mysterious view: but, as she was a
 “ woman of intrigue herself, she was apt to
 “ suspect some deep design in the most indif-
 “ ferent transactions.

“ The character and behaviour of this lady,
 “ indeed, whose name was Mrs. Birdlime,
 “ rendered Mrs. Rivers’s situation far less
 “ agreeable than it would have been, and was
 “ one cause of my removing her sooner than
 “ perhaps I should otherwise have done. Mrs.
 “ Birdlime, as I told you, was a parlour-
 “ boarder; and, as it is usual in that situation
 “ to find their own wine, &c. and this lady
 “ was very fond of her bottle, she was teasing
 “ Mrs. Rivers every evening to join with her
 “ for a bottle of port, or a bowl of punch; and,
 “ because she had not politeness enough to trifle
 “ away her money for what was disgusting to
 “ her, Mrs. Birdlime had often reproached her
 “ with her *low birth* and country education.

“ I had an opportunity one afternoon of
 “ drinking tea with this *high-bred* lady; and,
 “ after being informed that she was an Oxford
 “ woman,

“ woman, and having studied her features with
 “ some attention, I soon discovered her to be
 “ our old toast, Sally Burrage, an inn-keeper’s
 “ daughter, who had so long powdered her
 “ red locks, and prostituted her face to her
 “ father’s customers; and, by a judicious mix-
 “ ture of freedom and reserve, had drawn in a
 “ genteel young fellow with a pretty fortune to
 “ marry her, who, partly with a view of im-
 “ proving his income, and partly perhaps of
 “ being more frequently absent from his doxy,
 “ had purchased a commission in a marching
 “ regiment, and was now recruiting in the
 “ North. Mrs. Birdlime, however, contrived
 “ to console herself, in her occasional widow-
 “ hood, sometimes with a cheerful bowl, and
 “ sometimes, I am afraid, with less innocent
 “ amusements, if one might judge by her con-
 “ versation and appearance. In short, though
 “ I found Mrs. Rivers had at present almost
 “ an aversion to this woman and her way of
 “ life; yet, as it is very unsafe for the best-
 “ disposed young persons to be too familiar with
 “ vice, I was determined to remove her from
 “ hence as soon as possible.

“ Upon my mentioning this to the Governess,
 “ who was a very genteel woman, though
 “ elderly

“elderly and very infirm, she expressed great
 “concern at the thoughts of parting with her;
 “for she assured me, ‘that, since Mrs. Rivers
 “had been with her, she had not had the least
 “care upon her hands; having found her so
 “prudent and faithful, that, young as she was,
 “she had left the chief management of her do-
 “mestic affairs to her discretion.’

“This account of my wife’s œconomy gave
 “me as much pleasure as the vast encomiums
 “she bestowed upon her improvement in dan-
 “cing, music, and the other superficial accom-
 “plishments; since I had now no reason to
 “doubt but she would appear to as much advan-
 “tage in the capacity of a mistress of a family,
 “as she had hitherto done in every other
 “situation.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Rivers’s Story continued.

“MRS. Rivers had by this time been
 “near a twelvemonth in town; when
 “I received a message one day from a gentle-
 “man of distinction, who was then in Lon-
 “don, requesting me to bring *Miss Woodville*
 “to spend the day with his lady. This was
 “one

“ one Mr. Wylmot, whose seat in the country
 “ was not many miles distant from Miss
 “ Woodville’s father’s, and who, though much
 “ older than myself, from some accidental cir-
 “ cumstances, had honoured me with a parti-
 “ cular friendship and esteem. Accordingly
 “ I took my wife (in the character of Miss
 “ Woodville) to dine with them at their lodg-
 “ ings; where she was received with great
 “ complacency and politeness.

“ Upon my being left alone with Mr.
 “ Wylmot, after complimenting me upon my
 “ good choice, he, in a very friendly manner,
 “ inquired ‘ in what manner I intended to
 “ settle in the world, if I should marry before
 “ I was engaged in some profession; as he ap-
 “ prehended, he said, I should be tempted to
 “ do.’ Upon finding myself thus closely at-
 “ tacked, by a man whom I knew to be my
 “ friend, and with whom I should have been
 “ ashamed to trifle; after some hesitation, I
 “ told him, ‘ that we had been already mar-
 “ ried for some time; and, what was more,
 “ that Mrs. Rivers, I believed, was pregnant.’
 “ — ‘ Why, then, says he, with some quick-
 “ ness, do you not own your marriage, and
 “ resign your fellowship?’—I hardly knew what
 “ reply

“ reply to make to this question; but told
 “ him, however, ‘ that I intended it very soon,
 “ as the time allowed by the College was al-
 “ ready expired.’ — ‘ Well, says he, I have
 “ nothing to do with your conduct in regard to
 “ the College; but, for God’s sake! do not run
 “ the hazard of exposing yourself to the cen-
 “ sure of the world, by keeping your marriage
 “ private any longer. Bring Mrs. Rivers im-
 “ mediately into the country, and acknowledge
 “ her publicly as your wife.’ — Observing me
 “ struck silent at this proposal, he very gene-
 “ rously proceeded: ‘ I see, said he, you are
 “ under some difficulty what scheme to pur-
 “ sue.’ — He then told me, ‘ that he had such a
 “ particular house at my service, and that he
 “ would assist me in furnishing it; and that we
 “ should not only be welcome to live there till
 “ we could determine upon some better situa-
 “ tion, but that he should be very happy in
 “ having us for his neighbours.’

“ I was quite oppressed with the generosity of
 “ Mr. Wylmot’s behaviour, not only in offer-
 “ ing me so elegant an habitation in so polite
 “ a manner, but also his patronage and coun-
 “ tenance against the malevolence of the
 “ world: for he was a man of such a strict re-
 “ gard

“gard to decency, that no one in the neigh-
 “bourhood would presume to question the rec-
 “titude of our conduct, when we were under
 “his protection.’ I therefore gratefully ac-
 “cepted of his proposal, told him ‘I would
 “go to —, and settle my affairs, resign
 “my fellowship, and bring down Mrs. Ri-
 “vers as soon as possible.’—Mr. Wylmot said,
 “‘he should go into the country the next day ;
 “and, when we came, would send his chariot
 “to meet the stage-coach, and convey us *in*
 “*a more decent manner* to the place of our
 “abode.’

“Upon my communicating my intentions
 “to Mrs. Rivers, she almost shed tears of joy
 “at the thoughts of returning into the country :
 “for, though she patiently acquiesced in con-
 “tinuing so long in town, as she thought it
 “necessary for her improvement, yet she had
 “often sighed to herself, and sent forth ardent
 “wishes to see her father, her friends, and
 “even her native place again; from which
 “she had never before been absent a week
 “together.

“As to her father, old Mrs. Woodville,
 “you may suppose, had soon undeceived him
 “with regard to our being married before

“ we left the country ; and had taken occasion,
 “ from thence, to aggravate his favourite
 “ daughter’s imprudence, in consenting to go
 “ off in such a manner with an Oxford Scholar.
 “ Upon my having visited him therefore, after
 “ I had settled Mrs. Rivers in London, he dis-
 “ covered great anxiety on her account, and,
 “ with tears in his eyes, desired to know,
 “ ‘ when he should have the pleasure of seeing
 “ his daughter again, and when I intended to
 “ fulfill my engagements to her ?’ As I found
 “ what made him uneasy, I gave him suffici-
 “ ent proofs of my having done it already ; and
 “ assured him, ‘ that she was my wife ; and
 “ that he should see her again, as soon as was
 “ consistent with the end proposed in taking
 “ her from home.’ On his account, therefore,
 “ Mrs. Rivers was particularly happy in the
 “ thoughts of returning into that part of the
 “ country.

“ After preparing for our journey, and fur-
 “ nishing ourselves with several elegant, though
 “ trifling, articles of furniture, which are apt
 “ to occur to young housekeepers before things
 “ of real use or convenience ; we set out from
 “ London, accompanied also by our good
 “ friend Mr. Hammond, and arrived safe at
 “ the

“ the place where Mr. Wylmot’s chariot,
 “ with two servants, met us, and conveyed
 “ us with no small state to his seat. As I was
 “ known to be a friend of Mr. Wylmot’s, and
 “ considered as a young man who, though of
 “ small fortune at present, had considerable ex-
 “ pectations, we were received with as much
 “ staring and speculation as if we had been
 “ people of more consequence. We stayed a
 “ few days in Mr. Wylmot’s house; and when
 “ we were settled in our elegant little mansion,
 “ partly out of respect to him, and partly,
 “ I suppose, out of curiosity, we received the
 “ compliments of the neighbouring gentry; and
 “ for some time, I believe, were the subject of
 “ no small speculation.

C H A P. XVI.

Mr. Rivers’s Story continued.

“ **A**S every particular of this part of my
 “ life is very interesting to me,” conti-
 nued Mr. Rivers, “ I may probably have been
 “ a little tedious in my narration. I will there-
 “ fore hasten to a conclusion.

“ As soon as we were a little settled in our
 “ place of residence, Mrs. Rivers was impa-
 “ tient to pay her duty to her father; whither
 “ Mr. Wylmot sent a servant to attend us.
 “ You can more easily conceive, than I can
 “ describe, the tenderness of a meeting be-
 “ tween a parent, who doated upon his daugh-
 “ ter, and had some reason to fear the event of
 “ the journey she had taken, and a daughter,
 “ who had never before been absent from so
 “ indulgent a father.

“ Though Mrs. Rivers was greatly im-
 “ proved since she left the country, both in
 “ her carriage, in her manner, and in the de-
 “ licacy of her complexion; yet her travelling
 “ dress a little obscured her appearance the first
 “ night. But the next day, being Sunday,
 “ when she came down dressed for church, the
 “ whole family were struck dumb with admi-
 “ ration. Mrs. Rivers, indeed, wanted no orna-
 “ ments to set her off; but a full-dress always
 “ became her: and she dressed in so good a taste,
 “ that it greatly heightened her natural charms.

“ The fame of Mrs. Rivers’s beauty and
 “ appearance soon spread amongst the neigh-
 “ bouring villages: and some of the young
 “ swains, of the best substance, who had for-
 “ merly

“merly looked upon themselves as Miss
 “Woodville’s equals, began now to curse
 “their folly, in suffering such a prize to be
 “carried off by a mere stranger; nay, some of
 “the most vain and sanguine began to in-
 “quire, ‘whether she were yet really mar-
 “ried;’ boasting, ‘that they could yet rescue
 “her from the clutches of such a mere milk-
 “fop,’ as, I found, they esteemed me. But
 “these conceited rustics had no conception,
 “that the improvements in Mrs. Rivers’s mind
 “would have been a greater obstacle to their
 “ambition than those in her mere outward
 “appearance; for, besides her having read a
 “great deal, and conversed with people above
 “their rank, Mr. Hammond, as well as my-
 “self, had taken particular pains to cultivate
 “Mrs. Rivers’s understanding: and, by letting
 “her into the real characters of the several
 “persons into whose company she had been
 “introduced, and by giving her a few general
 “maxims for her conduct in life, a girl of
 “her penetration and natural good sense soon
 “became furnished with a sufficient knowledge
 “of the world. And Mrs. Rivers was as
 “quick-sighted in discovering a fool, or a
 E 3 “coxcomb;

“ coxcomb, as if she had conversed her whole
 “ life with (what is called) *the best company*.

“ We spent a few days with Mrs. Rivers’s
 “ father, in that complete felicity which sin-
 “ cere friends enjoy after a tedious absence.
 “ I soon perceived, however, that the plea-
 “ sure which Mr. Woodville took in his
 “ daughter’s company was fatal to Mrs.
 “ Woodville’s peace of mind; and that she
 “ had been insinuating to her husband, ‘ how
 “ proud his daughter was got; that she almost
 “ disdained to set her foot to the ground; and
 “ that nothing in *their* house seemed good
 “ enough for so fine a lady.’ Though nothing
 “ could be further from the truth than this
 “ representation, and though Mrs. Rivers
 “ behaved with that sweetness and affability
 “ as to gain almost the adoration of the whole
 “ family, except her step-mother; yet I
 “ thought it best to shorten our visit: and we
 “ returned to what we at present considered as
 “ our home, and where for some time we lived
 “ extremely happy.

“ Mr. Wylmot indeed took every opportu-
 “ nity of shewing us marks of his esteem, and
 “ endeavoured to make every thing as agree-
 “ able to us as possible. Mrs. Rivers was in-
 “ vited

“ vited to partake in every party of pleasure ;
 “ and Mr. Wylmot and I went frequently
 “ whole mornings a simpling, which botani-
 “ cal taste was what I alluded to, as the origi-
 “ nal of our intimacy ; and, in short, Mr.
 “ and Mrs. Wylmot did every thing with so
 “ much delicacy and politeness, that we were
 “ not sensible of any sort of dependance. But
 “ yet, you may be sure, so precarious a situ-
 “ ation could not be entirely satisfactory to
 “ any man that was not void of all considera-
 “ tion or foresight.

“ I could not bear to reflect upon the light
 “ we must probably appear in to the neighbour-
 “ hood, who would not long be ignorant of
 “ my slender fortune, to the servants, and
 “ perhaps (though I do not know that it was
 “ so) to some distant relations of that worthy
 “ man : for I have observed, that, when a
 “ man of fortune has no children, which was
 “ the case with Mr. Wylmot, as soon as ever he
 “ begins to decline from the meridian of life, he
 “ is marked out, by his most remote collateral
 “ kindred, as one that exists merely for their
 “ emolument ; as a steward, who is to manage
 “ and improve his fortune for them or their
 “ offspring : that he is generally beset by mer-

“ cenary people of that kind, to whom he is
 “ accountable for every act of friendship or ge-
 “ nerosity ; and that they often contrive to sup-
 “ plant every one who seems to have the least
 “ share in his favour or affection.

“ But though Mr. Wylmot was continually
 “ shewing us little marks of his kindness, as
 “ has been before mentioned ; yet it was in
 “ such instances as were rather convenient to
 “ us, than very expensive to himself ; and he
 “ had too high a sense of justice to his relations,
 “ to suffer his generosity to strangers to be any
 “ real prejudice to them.

“ Another reason for our living less agree-
 “ ably in this situation was (what perhaps
 “ you would not have imagined) its not being
 “ very distant from Mrs. Rivers’s native place :
 “ for, though I am convinced no woman of
 “ the noblest birth or highest education could
 “ behave with more true politeness or propri-
 “ ety, as was acknowledged by every one
 “ that visited us when we first came into the
 “ country, and whilst they were pleased with
 “ the novelty of the affair ; yet I soon found
 “ that the humble station of some part of her
 “ family, and Mrs. Rivers’s former situation
 “ amongst them, were uppermost in the
 “ thoughts

“ thoughts of many trifling people of fashion;
 “ and that those circumstances were made a
 “ pretence, at least, for censuring that beha-
 “ viour in *her*, which would have been ap-
 “ plauded in any other woman. If she dressed
 “ genteely, it was called ‘ giving herself airs
 “ which did not become *her*, of all people;
 “ surely a woman of *her* rank had a very good
 “ excuse for not following the fashions so
 “ very scrupulously.’ If she happened to omit,
 “ or to be mistaken in, the minutest parti-
 “ cular of ceremony, which was very seldom
 “ the case; then, ‘ what could be expected
 “ from a person of *her* education? her beha-
 “ viour shews what she *was*! one may always
 “ distinguish the *true* gentlewoman in the most
 “ trifling particular!’ In short, as no people
 “ are so sensible of any little slights or indig-
 “ nities as those who find themselves sunk, ei-
 “ ther by misfortunes or their own miscon-
 “ duct, below the rank which they were born
 “ to (and for that reason people of the best
 “ breeding are usually more careful not to
 “ omit the usual marks of respect to persons
 “ in that situation); perhaps I was more jealous
 “ of my little rights in this respect than many
 “ people would be, and was less happy in my

“ present situation on that account than I
 “ should otherwise have been. Notwithstanding
 “ my friend’s great goodness and generosity
 “ therefore, I was determined to get into
 “ some more independent state of life as soon as
 “ possible.

CHAP. XVII.

Mr. Rivers’s Story continued.

“ **Y**OU will be surprized, perhaps, my
 “ friend Wildgoose,” continued Mr.
 Rivers, “ that, after taking my degrees, and
 “ residing so many years in the Univerfity, and
 “ having had what is called a learned educa-
 “ tion, I had not purfued one of the learned
 “ professions, Law, Phyfic, or Divinity. But,
 “ in the firft place, in each of thofe profes-
 “ fions, as well as in higher life, ‘ Ambition
 “ fhould be made of fterner ftuff,’ as Shake-
 “ fpeare fays, than what my constitution con-
 “ fifted of; and I fancied I had fubftantial ar-
 “ guments againft each of them: at leaft,
 “ though I had formerly fome inclination to
 “ the ftudy of Phyfic, and had made fome
 “ progress

“ progress in Botany, Anatomy, and the other
 “ preparatory sciences; yet, by marrying so
 “ early in life, I had precluded myself, as I
 “ imagined, from a sufficient application ei-
 “ ther to that profession or to the Law; for
 “ few people will care to trust, either their
 “ health to a Physician, or their fortune to
 “ the management of a Lawyer, who is not
 “ an adept in his profession: and as to the
 “ Church, the usual sanctuary of many an idle
 “ young fellow, the little progress I afterwards
 “ made in Divinity, from a wrong plan of
 “ study and an ill-directed application, dis-
 “ couraged me from engaging in so solemn a
 “ profession; for, though I might be qualified
 “ to read a sermon once a week to a country
 “ congregation, I think it would be much
 “ better for the community, if many persons
 “ in such circumstances would descend to a
 “ more humble sphere of life, rather than, by
 “ intruding into a province for which nature,
 “ or at least their education, never intended
 “ them, to mislead others, by their blunders and
 “ ignorance, in the discharge of that sacred
 “ function.”

“ Ah!” says Wildgoose, “ it is neither na-
 “ ture nor education, but grace and the call of

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“ the Spirit, that can qualify a man for that
“ sacred function.”

“ Why, that may be true, in some mea-
“ sure,” says Rivers. “ A man should not
“ take upon him that office without some in-
“ ward call from the Holy Spirit: but the
“ most material part of the ministerial call
“ now-a-days seems to be the *outward call* to
“ a good living; and, if I had not by this
“ match disobliged my good cousin Mr. Gre-
“ gory Grislin, whom you have often heard
“ me mention, I should probably have inhe-
“ rited the advowson of which he is now pos-
“ sessed: but, as somebody has taken care to
“ misrepresent my wife to him as a very vain
“ extravagant woman, he will neither see me,
“ nor hear any thing in our favour. I have
“ therefore now no prospect of any living;
“ and I do not chuse to go into orders, to be
“ a Curate all my life-time, and work for about
“ fifteen-pence a day, or twenty-five pounds a
“ year.”

CHAP.

C H A P. XVIII.

Mr. Rivers's Story concluded.

“WELL, Sir,” continued Mr. Rivers,
 “whilst I was in this uncertainty,
 “and undetermined what scheme to pursue, I
 “went to spend a day or two with that Mr.
 “Fitz-Thomas whom I mentioned to you
 “as living in the neighbourhood. I there met
 “another Oxford acquaintance, or rather
 “true friend, who had a good estate in this
 “country where we are now settled. It was
 “Mr. Grandison, whom I believe you remember;
 “a near relation to Sir Charles Grandison,
 “who has since made so great a figure
 “in the world, and little inferior to him in the
 “most shining parts of his character.

“Upon talking over my precarious situation
 “with my two friends, Mr. Grandison said,
 “in a jesting manner, ‘that I must go and
 “take his farm,’ which was then vacant by
 “the death of an old tenant, and was now
 “upon my friend’s hands. Mr. Grandison had
 “probably no serious design in this; but,
 “though

“ though I was very ignorant of the mystery
 “ of modern Farming, yet, having been so much
 “ conversant in the Classics, I had conceived
 “ a romantic notion of Agriculture, with which
 “ my taste for Botany also had some connexion.
 “ I was therefore agreeably struck with the
 “ idea of turning Farmer, and began to think
 “ seriously of Mr. Grandison’s random proposal.
 “ In short, upon talking the affair over with
 “ him more minutely, I found that, sup-
 “ posing I should not make the most of things,
 “ it would yet be no difficult matter to raise
 “ the rent which Mr. Grandison expected
 “ from it; and that, with the interest of my
 “ fortune, I might live upon it very comforta-
 “ bly. And, when he found I was really in-
 “ clined to settle in such a retired way, Mr.
 “ Grandison seemed pleased with the thoughts
 “ of having a tenant, of whom he could upon
 “ occasion make a disinterested companion in
 “ that part of the year which he usually spent
 “ in the country.

“ Not to trouble you with any more unin-
 “ teresting particulars, after consulting with
 “ Mrs. Rivers and Mr. Wylmot, I came
 “ down with Mr. Grandison to view the pre-
 “ mises; which appearing every way agreeable,
 “ he

“ he gave me a proper security for an uninter-
 “ rupted possession of my farm, upon paying
 “ the old rent, which was a very moderate one ;
 “ and we soon after left our elegant modern
 “ cabinet in —shire, for this Gothic dwelling
 “ where you now find us, and where, by the
 “ help of an honest old couple, who live in that
 “ cottage behind the elms, and take the chief
 “ drudgery of managing the farm off our hands,
 “ we pass our time in a manner entirely suit-
 “ able to our love of ease and retirement. The
 “ farm more than furnishes us with all the ne-
 “ cessaries of life ; and it is incredible, with
 “ Mrs. Rivers’s œconomy, how small an in-
 “ come supplies us plentifully with all the ele-
 “ gancies which temperance and an unexpensive
 “ taste require.

“ We are happy in a friendly intercourse
 “ with the Rector of our parish and his lady,
 “ who are sensible, worthy people. We are
 “ sometimes invited by people of higher rank
 “ in the neighbourhood ; but, as I am convinced
 “ that, as soon as they have satisfied their curio-
 “ sity, and displayed their magnificence, there
 “ is an end of their civility, I give but few of
 “ them that satisfaction.

“ I converse

“ I converse as little with the generality of my-
 “ brother Farmers : yet, though many of them
 “ are people of low cunning, and never speak a
 “ word, even about the weather, without some
 “ artful design ; yet I now and then meet with
 “ a great deal of good sense among them, and a
 “ plainness and simplicity which are truly valua-
 “ ble wherever they are found.

“ But my study affords me sufficient relax-
 “ ation from the business of my farm, which
 “ indeed employs a considerable part of each
 “ day, so that time never hangs heavy upon my
 “ hands ; and I really take as much pleasure in
 “ the neatness of my farm, as grander folks do
 “ in their woods and lawns.

“ Nay, I have reconciled myself even to the
 “ dirtiest part of my business, and can discover
 “ some sort of beauty in a dunghill ; which,
 “ by reducing the most worthless things in na-
 “ ture into an useful compost, gives me a plea-
 “ sure similar to that of an artist, who pro-
 “ duces order out of confusion ; or even that
 “ of a painter, who exhibits a pleasing land-
 “ scape from contemptible materials, and
 “ from the confused jumble of various colours
 “ upon his pallet. But I begin to be tedious ;
 “ and

“and will conclude with the Poet’s triumphant distich :

“ I’ve gain’d the port, and safe at anchor ride ;

“ Farewell, vain hopes !—let others stem the tide.”

Mr. Rivers having now brought his narrative to a conclusion ; though Wildgoose thought his friend’s situation favourable enough to his views of making him a profelyte, and was inclined to give a spiritual turn to the conversation : yet Nature now prevailed over Grace ; and, being exhausted with attention, as well as fatigued with his walk, he expressed his drowsiness by a very significant extension of his jaws. Rivers, therefore, waited upon his friend to his apartment ; and they retired to rest.

C H A P. XIX.

Mr. Wildgoose questions Mr. Rivers on Religion.

“ **P**OX take you ! I wish you were married, and settled in the country !” says the Duke of Buckingham to a dog that snapped at him as he walked the street. This his Grace considered as the greatest *curse* he could wish to his greatest enemy. Yet there have been people who have found happiness in a country life, and who have thought even Matrimony a *blef-sing* ;

sing; and poor Rivers was weak enough to rank himself in that number.

Mr. Wildgoose, being waked pretty early by the singing of the birds and the vivacity of his own imaginations, was impatient to pursue his journey to Bristol, the place of his destination; and coming down stairs, he found his friend and Mrs. Rivers with their little family already assembled in the breakfast-room, into which the sun darted his beams through an eastern window. The neatness of the tea-table, the freshness of Mrs. Rivers's complexion, and the cheerfulness of her countenance, attended by her little Cupids with their rosy cheeks, revived in Wildgoose for a moment his social inclinations; and he began to think but meanly of the present vagabond profession in which he had voluntarily engaged, and could not forbear the tribute of a sigh to the absent Miss Townsend.

After breakfast, however, he thought it his duty "to put in a word for God," as his usual expression was; and began to examine his old friend about the state of his religion.

"I remember," says he, "when we were acquainted at College, you were very piously disposed; and, though God had not then
"awakened

“awakened me, I could not but admire those
“who were more religious than myself.”

“Why, I do not know,” replies Rivers,
“that I was any better than my neighbours.
“However, I am indebted to a very good,
“though perhaps an odd man, for what little
“notion I then had of religion: my good
“cousin I mean, Mr. Gregory Griskin, the
“little fat Staffordshire Clergyman, whom
“you have often heard me mention, and with
“whom I lived for some time after the death
“of my father.

“My father, though a very learned and
“studious man, took but little care of our re-
“ligious education. I had an old aunt, in-
“deed, who lived with us after the death
“of my mother, and who used to talk to us
“upon the subject once a week. But she
“generally came out of her closet on a Sunday
“night in such a peevish humour as gave us no
“very amiable idea of devotion; for, if we
“did but laugh or talk, she would fall into an
“outrageous passion, and reproach us with
“minding nothing that was good. We used
“to read *The Whole Duty of Man* to her;”
[here Wildgoose shook his head with a
contemptuous smile;] “and I remember her
“often

“ often inculcating to us what some pious
 “ author says of temperance in eating and
 “ drinking; ‘ that the only end of those natural
 “ functions is to preserve life; and that it is
 “ even unlawful to propose any pleasure in
 “ them.’ So that I found the most temperate
 “ meal I had ever made had been highly sinful;
 “ for I always found that the satisfying
 “ one’s hunger, even with bread and cheese,
 “ was necessarily attended with pleasure. Hi-
 “ therto therefore the very mention of religion
 “ always damped my enjoyment.

“ But at my cousin Gregory’s I was inured
 “ to its severities by an agreeable mixture
 “ of mortification and indulgence. There the
 “ flesh and spirit seemed to have entered into
 “ a very amicable compromise, not to invade
 “ each other’s territories. My cousin Gregory,
 “ as no man prayed more, so no man eat better.
 “ He was as hearty at his meals, as at his devo-
 “ tions. The bell often rang, indeed, three
 “ times a day, to summon us to prayers, ei-
 “ ther in the family, or in the church. But
 “ then we immediately adjourned, either to
 “ breakfast, to dinner, or to supper; from
 “ collects to collations, and from litanies
 “ and absolutions to hot rolls in the morning,
 “ to

“ to tithe-pigs and fat geese at noon, and to
 “ rasberries and cream and apple-custards at
 “ night: the very recollection of which, at
 “ this distance of time, is no unfavoury con-
 “ templation.

“ The good books, however, with which
 “ my cousin Gregory supplied me, being better
 “ adapted to my taste and to my capacity, gave
 “ me the first notions of practical religion;
 “ such as, Bishop Ken’s Manual, The Great
 “ Importance of a Religious Life, Nelson’s De-
 “ votions, Burkit, and the like plain and sensi-
 “ ble writers.

“ Yet I cannot but confess, that, after I
 “ came to the University, by reading the
 “ writings of Free-thinkers, and conversing
 “ with dissolute people, I became quite a
 “ sceptic in religion, and had hardly any set-
 “ tled opinions at all: but, upon having re-
 “ course to my Bible, though I found several
 “ things there, which, from the nature of those
 “ writings, must necessarily be obscure, yet
 “ the essential duties of religion are so strongly
 “ delineated, that, I am convinced, nothing is
 “ wanting, but an humble mind and an honest
 “ heart, to make us understand our duty; and
 “ the

“ the ordinary assistance of God’s Spirit, to
 “ enable us to practise it.”

Wildgoose began to controvert his friend’s opinions: but, finding him rather obstinate, he was unwilling to push matters too far at present. He began therefore to think of proceeding in his travels, and setting out for Bristol, according to his first intentions.

He had addressed himself once or twice to Mrs. Rivers. But Mr. Rivers interposing, “ My good friend,” says he, “ my wife says
 “ her prayers, and takes care of her family,
 “ and does all the good in her power amongst
 “ her poor neighbours: but women, whose
 “ affections are employed upon their children,
 “ and their attention taken up with domestic
 “ concerns, have not time for these nice speculations, in which, I find, you have of late
 “ been so deeply engaged, and which seem to
 “ have taken entire possession of your imagination. We will therefore drop the subject,
 “ if you please, and take a walk in the garden,
 “ or try to catch some fish for our dinner.” Wildgoose thanked his old friend; but said,
 “ he could not possibly accept of his invitation, as he was determined to get to Bristol
 “ that evening.” He therefore took his leave

of Mrs. Rivers ; and, with his fellow-traveller Tugwell, set out upon his expedition, Mr. Rivers going with them to direct them into the great road.

C H A P. XX.

Comforts of Matrimony.

MR. Rivers walked a mile or two with his old friend, to direct him, as I observed, into the great road. Wildgoose could not forbear complimenting him upon the apparent happiness of his situation ; and said, “ he only wanted *the one thing needful*, to complete his felicity.”

Mr. Rivers replied, “ that he flattered himself with the notion of being as happy as any one can be in this world. I consider every man,” says he, “ before marriage, as climbing the hill of life. Every step presents him with some new prospect, and flatters him with the hopes of more complete enjoyment. I am now arrived at the summit of the hill, and, I believe, in possession of all the felicity which this world can afford.

“ At

“ At the same time, I have a clear and di-
 “ stinct view down the whole vale of morta-
 “ lity; and can perceive, that there is nothing
 “ very exquisite to be expected from it: but,
 “ by making the best of every incident, whe-
 “ ther fortunate or otherwise, I think a wise
 “ man may make the journey tolerably easy
 “ through this life, and must wait with pa-
 “ tience for more perfect happiness in the
 “ next.”

Wildgoose made some objection to the inacti-
 vity of such a situation for so young a man.
 To which Rivers answered, “ that he saw, in-
 “ deed, some of his acquaintance rising into
 “ Bishops, Generals, Admirals, Judges, or emi-
 “ nent Physicians: but,” says he, “ they have
 “ their reward, in the splendor and the applause
 “ of the world; I have mine, in the ease and
 “ tranquillity of my life.”

Before they parted, Rivers took the liberty,
 in his turn, to expostulate with his friend on
 his present romantic undertaking; and said,
 “ that although he did not doubt his intention
 “ was good, and that the world stood in need
 “ of some reformation; yet he could not think
 “ that any private person could be justified in
 “ disturbing the peace of society, without some
 “ divine

“divine commission for that purpose.” But reasoning with a man under the influence of any passion is like endeavouring to stop a wild horse, who becomes more violent from being pursued. The two friends, however, took leave with mutual good wishes. Wildgoose said, “he should pray for Mr. Rivers’s conversion:”—and Rivers, “that it would be a great pleasure to him, to hear that Mr. Wildgoose was returned to his disconsolate mother.”

CHAP. XX.

They arrive at Bristol.

IT was now past the middle of the day, and the weather extremely hot. Tugwell, therefore, interceded with his master, “to stop and refresh themselves at a small inn, a few miles short of Bristol;” with which request, though impatient to get to his journey’s end, Mr. Wildgoose thought it expedient to comply. He took himself a very slight refreshment; but desired Jerry, “to call for what he chose;” which having done, and taken his pipe according to

custom, Jerry sat down upon a bench, between a Bath Postilion and the Tapster, and took a comfortable nap. But Wildgoose soon roused him from his tranquil state, and again set out with hasty strides for the great commercial city of Bristol; which he considered, however, in no other light than as the Capernaum, the present residence of that great apostle Mr. Whitfield. Here they arrived about six o'clock in the evening.

As soon as they were got through the city-gate into Temple-street, which gives one no very favourable idea of that opulent city, some boys called after Tugwell, who was a few yards behind his master, "Ha! Jerry! your humble servant, Master Jerry!" Before he could express his surprize, another cries out, "God ha' mercy, Jerry!" A third hollows out, "Jerry for ever!"

As soon as Tugwell could come up to Wildgoose, "Odsbobs," cries he, "why, Master, our name is up; we may lie abed; I suppose they have heard of our preaching all over England by this time; the very boys in the street seem to know us, and call us by our names."—"Why," replies Wildgoose, "I do not suppose it is altogether the same of
" our

“ our preaching that makes us known here ; but
 “ I do not doubt that God will send his Angel
 “ before us, as he did before Mr. Whitfield in
 “ Wales *; and where-ever we come, prepare
 “ people for our reception.”

Wildgoose was going on in his observations ; when Jerry now getting before him, he saw his name, in capital letters, written upon his back, with chalk ; which was a piece of wag-gery of the Tapster’s at their last stage, who, having heard his master call him Jerry, while Tugwell took a nap between him and the Postilion, as was related, had put that joke upon him. Wildgoose rubbed out the chalk as well as he could, to prevent them from being exposed to unnecessary speculation ; and they trudged on towards the heart of the city.

Upon inquiring after a lodging of a sober sort of a tradesman at his door, they were directed down to the Quay : where they met with a tolerably decent apartment at a Gingerbread-baker’s, on reasonable terms ; though they were obliged, by a prudent precaution of their landlady, to pay a week’s rent on their taking possession of the premises.

* Vid. Journal.

Wildgoose, thinking it now too late to wait on Mr. Whitfield that evening, employed it in making proper inquiries after his lodgings, and in giving good advice to the people where he himself lodged; and, and after eating a slight supper, retired early to his repose.

END OF BOOK VI.

THE

T H E
SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

B O O K VII.

C H A P. I.

Mr. Wildgoose's Interview with Mr. Whitfield.

ALL the civilized nations of the world had now — boiled their tea-kettles; and all the inhabitants of Great-Britain, except those of the court-end of the metropolis, were at this instant recruiting their spirits with a comfortable breakfast; when Mr. Wildgoose, ever attentive to the great object of his peregrination, summoned his fellow-traveller, Jeremiah Tugwell, from the kitchen chimney-corner, where he had got leave to smoke his morning pipe. “Come, Jerry,” says Wildgoose, “up, and be doing; lay aside your pipe, and follow me.”

F 3

When

When they were come into the street, Wildgoose told Jerry, "that he had found out Mr. Whitfield's lodgings, which," says he, "are but a short walk from this place. But," continued he, "that tobacco of thine has a most ungodly favour; thy smell is as the smell of a tippling-house, and will be highly offensive to that holy man, who, I am persuaded, has been watching and praying for some hours, or, perhaps, has been feeding his *five thousands* with the heavenly manna of his eloquence: for my part, I was determined neither to eat nor drink till I had been admitted to commune with him; that I might be the more fit to receive the divine instructions of so great a master."

As Wildgoose was thus expostulating with his friend, they arrived at Mr. Whitfield's lodgings; and, upon inquiring for him, they were shewn up one pair of stairs by the Maid of the house, who tapping at the door, the two Pilgrims were immediately admitted to Mr. Whitfield's presence.

Mr. Whitfield was sitting in an elbow chair, in an handsome dining room, dressed in a purple night-gown and velvet cap; and, instead of a Bible or Prayerbook, as Wildgoose

goose expected, he had a good basin of chocolate, and a plate of muffins well-buttered, before him.

Wildgoose made a pause at the door, being a little dubious whether they had not mistaken the room; and Tugwell drew back, quite struck with awe at so episcopal a figure. But Mr. Whitfield hailed them with a cordial condescension: "Come, come in, my dear friends; I am always at leisure to receive my Christian brethren. I breakfasted early this morning with some prisoners in Newgate, upon some tea and sea-biscuit; but found my stomach a little empty, and was refreshing myself with a dish of chocolate.

"Well, my good friends," continued Mr. Whitfield, "has God made use of the foolishness of my preaching, to convince you of sin, and to bring you to a sense of your fallen condition? Come, my brethren, sit down; and let me know, when you were converted, and what symptoms of the New Birth you have experienced in your souls."

"Ah! Sir," replied Wildgoose, "we have not yet had the happiness of hearing you preach; but I hope God has, by some other means, vouchsafed to give us some little

“ sense of religion : and we have taken a pretty
 “ long journey, to learn from your mouth a
 “ more perfect knowledge of this way.”

“ Yes, yes,” quoth Tugwell, a little en-
 couraged by Mr. Whitfield’s condescension,
 “ his Worship is no novice in these matters
 “ himself : he can preach like any Bishop, upon
 “ occasion, if that were all ; but he is come to
 “ know how your Reverence will please to em-
 “ ploy him, and to get a little more of your
 “ Gospel *lingo*, and such like.”

This discovery of Wildgoose’s intentions was
 by no means agreeable to Mr. Whitfield ; for,
 whether he gloried in the number of his follow-
 ers, and began to taste the sweets of such dis-
 tinction, or whether he thought that too
 great a number of labourers in the vineyard
 might render the soil less fruitful to himself ;
 however it was, he did not seem inclined to ad-
 mit any more sharers in the labour* ; but
 began to complain of the great number of di-
 visions already among them ; “ that one was
 “ of Paul, and another of Apollos ; that brother
 “ Wesley had preached another Gospel, entirely
 “ contrary to his ; and in short, that, from

* “ Perceived in myself something like Envy towards Bro-
 “ ther H——.”

JOURN. p. 6.

“ that.

“ that source, strife, envy, wrath, reveling,
 “ back-biting, drunkenness, and every evil
 “ work, began already to prevail amongst
 “ them *.”

“ Well, well,” says Tugwell, before Wild-
 goose could reply, “ his Worship does it only
 “ out of love and good-will, as a body may say ;
 “ we have traveled pretty near an hundred
 “ miles *a foot* upon this errand ; though, for
 “ that matter, Master Wildgoose has as good
 “ a gelding in his stable as any gentleman in the
 “ county ; and can afford to spend his own
 “ money, if need be, and does not do it for the
 “ lucre of gain.”

When Mr. Whitfield heard the name of
Wildgoose, he immediately recollected the ac-
 counts he had received, by letters from Bath and
 Gloucester, of this opulent convert ; and im-
 mediately found himself inclined to receive more
 favourably Mr. Wildgoose’s proposals. He
 thought he might advantageously employ in
 some remote province so creditable a Missionary,
 of whose abilities he had heard no common en-
 comiums. He now, therefore, began to inquire
 more particularly into the circumstances of his

* Journal, p. 6.

conversion, and what proofs he could give of a ministerial call and qualifications.

“Well, Brother Wildgoose,” says Mr. Whitfield, “* when and where were you converted? when did you first begin to feel the motions of God’s Spirit? in what year, what month, what day, and in what manner, did you receive the secret call of the Spirit to undertake the work of the Ministry? what work of grace has God wrought upon your soul? and what symptoms have you felt of the New Birth?”

Wildgoose, not being prepared for a scrutiny of this kind, began to stare, and could not readily give an answer to these questions. After a little recollection, however, he said, “that several circumstances had contributed to wean him from the vanities of the world; which disposition was confirmed,” he said, “by hearing one or two Gospel-preachers, but chiefly by reading several good books, and particularly his and Mr. Wesley’s Journals; whence, from observing the great success God had given to their labours, he found himself inclined to attempt something in the same way.”

* This was the usual form of examination by the Tryers in the last Century.

Here

Here Tugwell could not forbear putting in his verdict. "Odsbobs!" says he, "I believe "I understand what the gentleman means by "the *New Birth*. It is no longer ago than last "October, we had been grinding apples, and "making cyder, for Madam Wildgoose, your "Worship's mother; and all the next day I was "mortal sick, and troubled with the gripes and "the belly-ach; and I thought I should have "sounded away. Old Madam gave me some "Higry-pigry; and our Dorothy, who is the "best wife in England, would have had me eat "some bacon and eggs: but I could not bear "the smell of victuals; and I thought I should "have died. But at night, as soon as ever your "Worship began to preach in our chimney- "corner, I found comfort; and, from that time "to this, I have never drunk a drop of cyder, "nor been at an ale-house, till we came this "journey, nor at any merry-making, nor *sich* "like; as your Worship very well knows."

Wildgoose endeavoured more than once, by winks and nods, to give a check to Tugwell's volubility. But, though Jerry probably mistook the colic for the symptoms of the *New Birth*, yet Mr. Whitfield desired to hear the particulars, and endeavoured to give the most religious

turn that he could to his impertinence. Then addressing himself again to Mr. Wildgoose :

“ Well, Sir,” says Mr. Whitfield, “ I would
 “ have you consider before you put your *hand*
 “ to the *plough*, and *compute the costs*; that is,
 “ how you can bear the persecutions, the in-
 “ sults, and mockeries, which you must expect
 “ to meet with in this arduous undertaking.
 “ You must submit to the lowest offices in this
 “ *labour of love*; you must pass through *evil*
 “ *report* and *good report*, converse with publicans
 “ and sinners, and even with harlots, if there
 “ be any prospect of their conversion. And I
 “ will consider,” continues Mr. Whitfield,
 “ of the properest method of employing your
 “ talents. But, I believe, I shall send you to
 “ preach the Gospel to the poor Colliers in
 “ Stafford and Shropshire, or to the subterra-
 “ neous inhabitants of the lead-mines in the
 “ Peak of Derbyshire, who are as sheep with-
 “ out a shepherd: though I hope my brother
 “ Wesley has, by this time, been amongst
 “ them.”

Wildgoose replied, “ he should dispose of
 “ him as he thought proper.” And Tugwell,
 who, though he fancied himself another Ti-
 mothy, yet considered amusement chiefly in his
 travels,

travels, cried out, "Odsbobs! I shall like to travel into Derbyshire, and see the wonders of the Peak. There is a hole in the earth without any bottom to it, as they do say; and a passage into the other world, which they call, the Devil's a—se o' Peak."—"I do not know what they call it," replies Mr. Whitfield; "but, by all accounts, the Devil has an extensive property, and great power, over the whole world at present, especially amongst those poor people, whose subterraneous employment cuts them off from all chance of spiritual instruction. But I hope, by the help of my good brother here, and other friends, we shall soon make the Devil's kingdom shake to its very centre."—"I am to preach this afternoon," continues Mr. Whitfield, "to the poor Colliers of Kingwood, where, my greatest enemies must confess, I have done considerable service; and in the evening to one of our Societies in Bristol: to both which places I hope you will accompany me, and behold the wonderful works of God."

Wildgoose said, "he would with pleasure attend him;" but added, "as God had so far
 " prof-

PIO THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“ prospered his journey as to bring him to the
“ fight of Mr. Whitfield, he would trespass no
“ longer upon his time at present than to de-
“ liver Lady Sherwood’s compliments, as he had
“ promised her Ladyship, whom he saw at
“ Bath.” Mr. Whitfield replied, “ that that
“ was an Elect Lady, a Star of the first magni-
“ tude ; and he did not doubt but she would be
“ an instrument, by the influence which her rank
“ and fortune gave her, of promoting the great
“ work which was going to be wrought upon
“ the earth.”

Mr. Wildgoose then took his leave, pro-
mising, “ to attend him with great punctuality,
“ both at his afternoon’s and evening’s engage-
“ ment.”

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Hears Mr. Whitfield at Kingwood.

AS soon as they were come into the street,
 “Odsbodikins!” cries Tugwell, “this is
 “a desperate *familler* Gentleman. Methinks
 “he and I could be as good company together
 “as if we had been acquainted these twenty
 “years. But I think he might have offered us
 “a bit of his oven-cake, and a drop of his
 “buttered-ale, or whatever it was. But come,
 “Master, let us go and get something to eat;
 “you will never be able to hold out as Mr.
 “Whitfield does. He seems to like a bit of the
 “good *cretur* as well as other folks.”

“Ah! Jerry,” says Wildgoose, “thy
 “thoughts still run upon thy belly and the
 “flesh-pots of Egypt. However, our Master
 “does not deny us the use, but the abuse, of
 “his good creatures. ‘Thou shalt not muz-
 “zle thy ox, or thy ass, that treadeth out thy
 “corn.’ Those that labour most in spiritual
 “things, have the best right to these carnal
 “things;

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“things ; though they do not place their happiness in them.”

By the time they came to their lodgings, however, their hosts had got a good warm dinner of homely food ; the savoury smell of which revived Wildgoose's appetite : so that, the natural man getting the better of the spiritual, he sat down with Tugwell and the family, and ate as heartily as the best of them.

The time was now come, when they were to attend Mr. Whitfield to Kingswood ; where when they arrived, after a sultry walk, they found about ten thousand people assembled ; the trees and hedges being lined with spectators. There had been a violent storm of thunder and lightning ; but this was dispelled by a single ejaculation : and Providence was pleased so visibly to interpose, in causing the weather to clear up just as he began, that Mr. Whitfield could not avoid taking notice of it in his discourse to the people, and to hint, “ that the course of nature had been altered, in favour of his harangue.” The sun now shone, and all was hushed ; and, notwithstanding the distance of some part of the audience, they all heard distinctly ; for indeed, the wind was extremely favourable.

Whilst :

Whilst all was thus in a profound calm for near an hour, every one being attentive to the voice of the Preacher, on a sudden the skies again grew black; and the assembly was alarmed a second time, by a most tremendous volley of thunder and lightning, and a storm of rain.

A remarkable difference now appeared between the Saints and the Sinners. Those whom curiosity, or perhaps some less justifiable motive, had brought thither, scampered away with the utmost precipitation to trees or hedges, or some occasional sheds which had been erected amongst the coal-works, to avoid the impending storm; whilst those who either were, or fancied they were, possessed of true faith, scorned to flinch, or to discover the least regard to their bodies, whilst they were thus refreshing their souls with the heavenly dew of Mr. Whitfield's eloquence.

Mr. Whitfield now very dextrously shifted his discourse to the present occasion; and observed, “that although Providence had, at their first
“meeting, so miraculously put a stop to the
“rain; yet he had now, with the same gra-
“cious intention, permitted it to rain again,
“to try the zeal of his audience, and to dis-
“tinguish his sincere votaries from pretenders
“and

“and hypocrites: and he did not doubt but, together with the rain, God would shower down upon them the gracious dew of his blessing, and refresh them with his spirit.” And this compliment many of them thought a sufficient consolation for their being wet to the skin.

The service being now ended, though the storm was over, and the sun shone out; yet a good part of the audience were in such a dripping condition, that it furnished many a pious soul with a good pretence for taking a cordial; and the brandy-bottle and ginger-bread were plentifully distributed by the suttlers, that always attended on these occasions.

CHAP. III.

Evening's Entertainment.

MR. Wildgoose and his friend Tugwell had hardly dried and refreshed themselves after their return from Kingswood, when they were again summoned to attend Mr. Whitfield to the nightly meeting at the Tabernacle; where he harangued to a less numerous, yet not

not a less crowded, audience than that at Kingswood. He usually made choice of a different text at each meeting; but, whatever the subject was, it always ended, like Cato's speeches in the senate-house, with, *Delenda est Carthago*. "Down with your good works!" with a denunciation against self-righteousness, and a recommendation of Faith alone in its stead, as if Virtue were *inconsistent* with the belief of the Gospel; though, as a great Divine * observes, "this doctrine of renouncing their own righteousness has been generally found most agreeable to those who have no righteousness of their own to renounce."

And now Wildgoose discovered the true secret of making converts. He had often himself had the satisfaction of being followed and applauded for his eloquence; but had reason to suspect that he rather entertained his audience, than made them real converts to his opinions. His mistake was, that he began at the wrong end. He went the old-fashioned way to work, and was for persuading people to repent of their sins, and reform their lives; to practise the precepts, as well as believe the doctrines, of the Gospel; which kind of preaching,

* Chillingworth.

though

though enforced in the most pathetic manner, was not so generally palatable as might be expected.

Mr. Whitfield, on the contrary, said little about Repentance, but laid all the stress upon Faith alone; so that, if a man was, or fancied, or even said, that he was, possessed of true Faith, he was immediately pronounced a convert, and, whether he *reformed his life or not*, became a Saint upon easy terms. By this means chiefly such crowds of Colliers and Chimney-sweepers were transformed into Angels of light; and became entitled to many a comfortable breakfast of buttered-toast and tea with the more wealthy devotees, and helped to increase the fame and popularity of these itinerant Reformers: not to mention the many facetious tales with which Mr. Whitfield amused his hearers from Joe Miller, and other authors of facetious memory; and the attractions which were found in their Psalms and Hymns; which, being chiefly set to popular tunes, had the same effect in recommending their doctrines, as the like cause had formerly in establishing the fame of the Beggar's Opera.

The meeting being ended, and Mr. Whitfield somewhat fatigued, he took his leave of
Mr.

Mr. Wildgoose for that evening, but desired his company to breakfast the next morning; with which Mr. Wildgoose punctually complied. Mr. Whitfield then told him, " he had it revealed to him by the Spirit, that Mr. Wildgoose should go towards the North in a few days, and preach to the Colliers and Leadminers in those parts; but that he should first give the word of exhortation to their brethren at the several meetings in Bristol, that he might judge of the soundness of his doctrine, and give him any necessary instructions for his future conduct."

Though this was but a proper compliment to so distinguished a convert, and Mr. Whitfield was willing to treat his followers with a little variety; yet, as he found some few sparks of jealousy in his own breast, he was desirous of dismissing Wildgoose as soon as he decently could. Mr. Whitfield, indeed, had the advantage of him in complexion, and the solemnity of his periwig (and a good periwig, as the Barber observed, contributes not a little to the conversion of Sinners); yet Wildgoose excelled Whitfield in an expressive countenance, and a more gentleman-like air; not to mention the weight which an opinion of Wildgoose's superior

superior fortune would probably give to his eloquence.

Mr. Whitfield therefore proposed, "that Wildgoose should hold forth that very evening at one of their meetings;" to which, with a decent reluctance, he consented; which point being settled, Wildgoose took his leave for the rest of the day.

CHAP. IV.

Wildgoose mounts the Rostrum. An unexpected Incident.

IN the evening, at the usual hour, the two Brethren met at the Tabernacle; and Wildgoose was conducted to the desk by Mr. Whitfield himself, where several ladies were already seated (which is a compliment usually paid to persons of any fashion; and they seemed particularly pleased with the genteel, though plain, appearance of this youthful orator.

Mere novelty gives a Preacher no small advantage, if there is nothing very dull or ungracious in his manner. Wildgoose, however, having several other recommendations, was
heard

heard with particular attention and applause; and his fame soon spread universally amongst the Saints of Bristol; and he preached almost every evening to more crowded audiences than Mr. Whitfield himself.

But his fame was accompanied also with more solid advantages, and introduced him to the acquaintance of two or three wealthy dowagers, and as many handsome wives. Among the rest, he was particularly intimate with Mrs. Cullpepper, the young wife of a wealthy Alderman of the city of Bristol; who, having no children to amuse her, and finding but few of the comforts of Matrimony in the society of an elderly husband, chose to pass two or three evenings in a week at these Religious Assemblies; in which innocent amusement her spouse gladly indulged her. These pious ladies then thought nothing too good for such good and holy men; so that, with chocolate and rolls for breakfast in the morning, biscuits and sack at noon, with turbot, ducks, and marrow-puddings, for dinner, and roasted fowls or partridges for supper at night, Wildgoose passed his time in no unpleasant manner.

After he had been haranguing one evening, with the pretty Mrs. Cullpepper (like the Angel

gel usually painted at the back of St. Matthew) leaning over his shoulder; when the meeting was ended, and the crowd began to disperse, he handed her out of the desk; and, when they came to the door of the Tabernacle, they found a crowd gathered round two genteel sort of women in travelling dresses, one of whom, they said, was fallen into an hysterical fit. As this was no uncommon symptom of the New Birth, Wildgoose approached to administer some spiritual comfort, when the lady should come to herself again; but, when that happened, how great was his astonishment to find, that the lady in a swoon was no other than Miss Townsend, for whom Wildgoose had conceived so tender a regard when he was acquainted with her at Gloucester.

Mrs. Sarfenet, it seems, under whose protection Miss Townsend had placed herself after her imprudent elopement from her father, had some business at Bristol-fair, which began about that time; and Miss Townsend, having a desire to see Bristol, and perhaps from some more tender motive, had desired to accompany her in the stage-coach; and, having been awaked early in the morning, fatigued with her journey, and perhaps somewhat affected at the

the

the sight of Mr. Wildgoose's gallantry to Mrs. Cullpepper, it was more than her delicate constitution could well support.

Wildgoose, having acknowledged them as his acquaintance, and made a proper apology to Mrs. Cullpepper, begged leave to accompany Mrs. Sarsenet and Miss Townsend to their inn; where they spent the evening together, in talking over the state of affairs at Gloucester, the adventures of their journey, and such other chit-chat, which, though insipid enough to others, is very interesting to friends who have been any time absent from each other. In short, the evening passed away very agreeably to Wildgoose and to Mrs. Sarsenet; and probably, if the truth were known, no less so to the sprightly and amiable Miss Townsend.

CHAP. V.

Gloucester Journal.

AS Mrs. Sarsenet and Miss Townsend stayed the next day in Bristol, Wildgoose passed most of the time with them. Mrs. Sarsenet informed him, amongst other things, of “ the

“persecution which poor Keen, the Barber,
 “had undergone from his neighbour at the pot-
 “house, who, to be revenged on the Barber
 “for taking him before the Mayor, had gone
 “privately and paid off a year’s rent which he
 “owed his landlord, and arrested him for the
 “money; by which means the poor Barber
 “was reduced to the utmost distress.” She told
 him likewise, “that she herself had made some
 “enemies, by telling people, in the way of her
 “business, some disagreeable truths; but that
 “she was happy in the slightest persecution
 “for the Gospel’s sake.”

Miss Townsend also, at Wildgoose’s request,
 related what had passed at her interview with
 her father, who, he soon found, was the same
 curious gentleman whom he had accidentally
 met at Lord Bathurst’s house in the wood. “My
 “father,” says Miss Townsend, “sent for me
 “to The Bell inn; and, upon my falling upon
 “my knees before him, raised me up, and with
 “great tenderness clasped me in his arms, the
 “involuntary tears trickling down his cheeks:
 “he soon began to chide me, however, as he
 “had too much reason to do, for my unparal-
 “leled imprudence; but said, ‘he could more
 “easily

“ easily have forgiven me, if I had not aggra-
 “ vated my crime by taking refuge with my
 “ good friend here, Mrs. Sarsenet, who, he al-
 “ ledged, had been guilty of so many deliberate
 “ affronts to him and Mrs. Townsend in her
 “ letters.”

“ Upon my attempting to justify this part of
 “ my conduct (as Mrs. Sarsener had been a
 “ friend of my mother’s; and as I was afraid
 “ to return home, where I had been so ill-used
 “ by Mrs. Townsend); he flew into a violent
 “ rage, and said, ‘ that, under the pretence of a
 “ great regard for my mother, I shewed a great
 “ disregard for him; and that it was very saucy
 “ and undutiful in me, to take upon me to
 “ censure his conduct, or to behave with dis-
 “ respect to a person who was so useful to him
 “ in the management of his family; and, in
 “ short, that he could not desire to see me at
 “ home again, till I could bring myself to behave
 “ with more civility and complaisance to the
 “ widow Townsend; but, says he, I will
 “ think of some method of disposing of you;
 “ for you shall not continue with this woman
 “ here,’ meaning my good Mrs. Sarsenet.

“ He then sent the servant with me to Mrs. Sarsenet’s, after taking a very cool leave, and bidding me ‘ consider of it, and behave better for the future.’ The servant told me, as we went along, ‘ that he believed his master was going into Warwickshire before he returned home ;’ so that, I imagine, my dear father intends to send me to a very worthy Clergyman’s, who married a near relation of ours ; which, as things now are, would be a situation the most agreeable to my wishes.”

Miss Townsend then asked Wildgoose, in her turn, “ whether he had heard any thing further of his poor mother, who, she was persuaded, must be greatly concerned at his absence ; and when he thought of returning into that part of the country ?” Wildgoose replied, “ that he was soon to go towards the North, and intended to call upon Mrs. Sarsenet and his friends at Gloucester ; but was afraid it would be too much out of the road to visit his native place ; though in this,” he added, “ the dictates of the Spirit must be his guide.”

As Mrs. Sarsenet and Miss Townsend were to return the following day, Wildgoose took them

them in the evening to hear Mr. Whitfield; though much against Miss Townsend's inclination, who also absolutely refused to go into the desk, whither she was invited, because she saw the same Mrs. Cullpepper there, whom we before mentioned as a constant attendant of Mr. Wildgoose, and whom she had seen him gallanting out of the desk the night before at the Tabernacle.

Wildgoose took his leave of his two friends that evening, who were to return the next morning in the stage-coach. Yet, when the morning came, he could not forbear another visit to their inn, to take a second leave of the amiable Miss Townsend; which was done with no small degree of tenderness on either side.

CHAP. VI.

Triumphs of Faith.

AFTER his two friends were gone, Mr. Wildgoose went to have another conference with Mr. Whitfield, who took him to visit the prisoners in Newgate, and to several

other objects of charity; to whom Wildgoose was more liberal than it was prudent for him to be, considering how soon his stock might be exhausted, and how difficult it would be, in his present situation, to recruit it.

Amongst other objects of distress, Wildgoose released from his confinement a journeyman Sugar-baker, who had been thrown into prison by his master out of spite, for being a follower of Mr. Whitfield, and for—a trifling mistake in his accounts.

Another young fellow was confined, as he assured them, only for writing the name of a Country Justice to a Petition, out of mere charity to a poor Farmer, who had suffered great losses by fire.

Mr. Wildgoose also bestowed an handsome gratuity upon a poor woman, who had been used to retail Gin about the streets, but who pretended to have lost her trade, and to be reduced to poverty, by so many of her customers having been converted by Mr. Whitfield. This complaint strongly recommended her to Mr. Whitfield's attention, and to Wildgoose's benevolence and liberality.

Mr. Whitfield then conducted Wildgoose, by way of curiosity, to several different people,
who

who were great advocates for the right of Private Judgement, and for the liberty of interpreting Scripture their own way; who looked upon all Creeds and Confessions of Faith as unjust impositions, and as insults upon the Freedom of Human Nature; who were for the Independence, not only of each Congregation on other Churches, but of every Individual on each other.

In order to pursue their plan the better, these people had given up all secular employment, and did nothing but study the Scriptures from morning till night, the precise literal sense of which they strictly adhered to. There were half a dozen of them, who lived together in one house, and had "all things in common" (in which was included a community of wives); so that they lay *biggledy-piggledy*, just as it pleased their fancies: they wore each other's shirts and shifts; and it sometimes happened, that the men wore petticoats, and the women wore the breeches; so strictly did they adhere to the letter of the law.

There was one man who had "sold * all that he had," even his very cloaths, which indeed, was only a coat and breeches, and

* Contin. Journal, p. 98.

had "given it to the poor;" so that he himself was become one of that number; for he was quite naked, and forced to subsist upon the charity of his Christian brethren: this, however, he might easily do; for, according to another precept of the Gospel, he thought it necessary to become as a little child, and, like a new-born babe, fed upon nothing but milk, or pap made of the mouldy crusts which were sent him for that purpose. Similar to this was the error of another poor man, who made it a rule to "give to every one that asked him;" so that, having given away all his own money in charity, he now did the same by all that he could extort by begging from good Christians in more affluent circumstances.

These people also shared the benevolence of Mr. Wildgoose; though he and Mr. Whitfield endeavoured to shew them the absurdity of their principles, and the ridiculous consequences which, amongst ignorant people, might arise from thus realizing the metaphors of the Oriental languages. "Thus," says Wildgoose, "the Painter (in Mr. Wesley's History of the Bible) has drawn one man with a long beam sticking out of his eye, and endeavouring to pull a little straw, or mote, out of his brother's eye. And,

“ And, although we are commanded ‘ to build
 “ up one another in the Faith,’ it would make
 “ but an odd sort of a picture, to see a parcel of
 “ Christians turned Masons and Carpenters,
 “ and piling up one another like so many stocks
 “ and stones.”

Mr. Whitfield said, “ their principles were
 “ too absurd to be criticised. However, as God
 “ had once opened their eyes to see part of the
 “ truth, he did not doubt but he would perfect
 “ his own work, and bring them at last to the
 “ true Faith.”

Mr. Whitfield then took Wildgoose into a
 very dark street, where the houses in the upper
 story almost met. Out of the middle of this
 street they went into a little court, then up a
 winding stair-case, where Mr. Whitfield knocked
 at a chamber-door, which was opened by a
 little thin man, who desired them to walk in.
 His apartment was small, but neat enough,
 having a print of the Crucifixion over the chim-
 ney. There were no signs or implements of
 any art or trade; nor any books but a Quarto
 Bible, which lay open on a table under the
 window.

“ Mr. Wildgoose,” says Whitfield, “ give me
 “ leave to introduce you to a Religious Curio-
 G 5 “ sity ;

"sity; or, rather, if he does not deceive him-
 self, to a Miracle of Divine Grace? Our
 Brother Slender here is a man, that has not
 committed sin these five years."—"Hem!"
 (cries Slender, lifting up his eyes, and laying
 his hands upon his breast) "nor ever will again,
 whilst in the body, by the grace of God."—
 "What way of life is Master Slender in, then?"
 says Wildgoose.—"I am a Staymaker by trade,"
 quoth Slender.—"Do not you work at your
 trade, then?" says Wildgoose.—"No, by the
 grace of God," answered Slender; "for,
 though I was bred to it, I think it an unlaw-
 ful calling."—"Why so?" says Wildgoose.
 —"Because it administers to sin, and to the
 works of the flesh," replies Slender.—"I do
 not see how so necessary a part of the female
 dress as a pair of stays can contribute to sin,"
 says Wildgoose. "I should rather think it had
 a contrary tendency, and might sometimes
 secure the virtue of the fair sex; at least, as
 it does not *directly* administer to vice, I can
 by no means think that of a Staymaker an
 unlawful calling.

"But how does master Slender live, then?"
 continues Wildgoose.—"Upon the charity of
 my

“my friends, and the good Providence of God,” answered Slender.—“I am afraid, then,” replies Wildgoose, “your whole tenour of life is
 “sinful;—as no man has a right to be supported,
 “without contributing something to the public
 “stock.”

“Why, Mr. Wildgoose,” says Whitfield,
 “I have shewn you our Brother Slender, rather
 “as a poor soul under the dominion of Satan,
 “than as one whose sentiments I entirely ap-
 “prove of. Our friend has a good heart, but
 “a weak head; for certainly, ‘if we say that
 “we have no sin, we deceive ourselves.’—
 “Sir,” says Slender, “Mr. Wesley has given a
 “different interpretation to those words, and
 “applied them to man only in his unregenerate
 “state.”—“That may be,” replies Mr. Whit-
 field; “but yet I am afraid, my friend, your
 “present contemplative way of life is really not
 “to be defended either by Reason or Scripture,
 “as it renders you entirely useless to the world,
 “and a burthen, though but a slender one, to
 “society.”

As Slender, however, had told them that he
 subsisted upon the charitable contributions of his
 friends, Wildgoose thought proper, to prevent
 any suspicion of opposing his opinions from sel-

fish motives, to shew him a specimen of his liberality; so gave him something handsome, and took his leave.

CHAP. VII.

Theatrical Entertainments. A new Project for their Regulation.

MR. Wildgoose, during his stay at Bristol, saw instances enough of the infectious nature of Enthusiasm, and what absurdities people frequently run into who have once forsaken the guidance of Reason, to have restored a man of his natural good sense to the use of his understanding; but he was so far intoxicated with zeal, as well as with the applause which he gained by his eloquence, that he proceeded with great alacrity and perseverance.

He held forth again in the evening to a crowded audience; and, after the meeting was ended, again supped with Alderman Cullpepper, his fair spouse, and some other company.

The Alderman was a good sort of man, who, by his care and frugality in the earlier part of his life, had amassed a considerable fortune.

He

He was much older than his wife ; and, having no children, as was observed, could not find sufficient amusement for her at home : he was not displeas'd, therefore, with her spending two or three evenings in a week in so innocent a way ; though he himself was too fond of the pomp of Cathedral service, and of appearing at Church in his Fur-gown, to frequent the Tabernacle of the Methodists.

There supped with them that evening a Scotch Officer, one Captain Gordon, who commanded a Frigate of war, which lay at that time in King-road, and was soon to sail and join the fleet in the West-Indies. Just as they were sitting down to supper, there came in also a Welsh Grocer, who had long been supplied with goods by Mr. Cullpepper ; and, having been two or three days at Bristol during the Fair, had gone that evening, for the first time in his life, to see a Play. Being asked, “ how he came to return so soon, and whether he did not like the Play ? ” he said, “ It was *fery goot Plaa* ; they *plaad* three bouts upon the fiddles, and the harps, and the pipes ; but there were some *Great Shentlemen* came in, who had some private business to talk

7

“ of

“of together, and *hur* thought it was not
“*goot* manners to stay any longer.”

The case was, poor Taffy, as it has probably happened to other Country Gentlemen, had mistaken the Music *before* the Play for the Play itself, and so came away as soon as the Actors made their first entry.

This incident, however, introduced a conversation upon that subject, and gave Mr. Wildgoose an opportunity of inveighing with great vehemence against Plays and Theatrical Entertainments. He said, “the Stage was a
“nursery of lewdness and debauchery, and
“wondered that any Play-houses were tolerated in a Christian country.”—“Come,
“come, says the Alderman, “I will warrant
“you, you have been at a Play before now,
“I cannot think there is any great harm in an
“innocent Play.”—“Why, I cannot deny,”
says Wildgoose, “that I have been too often
“at those entertainments in my youth; but
“then I deny that there is any such thing as
“an innocent Play. Every Play, that I have
“ever read, or seen acted, is a representation
“of some love-intrigue, or of some base and
“villainous action, filled with blasphemous
“rants, prophane imprecations, lewd descrip-
“tions,

“ tions, or obscene and filthy jests. In short,
 “ I look upon the Play-house to be as much
 “ the house of the Devil *, as the Church is
 “ the house of God; and that it is absolutely
 “ unlawful for a Christian to frequent it.”

“ Why,” says Captain Gordon, “ I am
 “ afraid there is but too much foundation for
 “ what the Gentleman says; yet, I imagine,
 “ his inference from it, ‘ that all Plays are
 “ unlawful,’ is unjust, and proves too much:
 “ for, if a mere representation of vicious or
 “ immoral actions (though with a design to
 “ expose them, or to deter others from imi-
 “ tating them) be unlawful, how shall we
 “ defend the practice of the Sacred Writers
 “ themselves, both of the Old and New Tes-
 “ tament, who have recorded many cruel,
 “ unjust, and some lewd actions, even of God’s
 “ peculiar people?”—“ Sir,” says Wildgoose,
 with some warmth, “ I hope you do not com-
 “ pare the inspired authors of the Holy Bible
 “ with our modern scribblers of Tragedy or
 “ Comedy?”—“ No, by no means,” replies
 the Captain: “ I only say, that the Sacred
 “ Writers relate many *tragical*, and, with re-
 “ verence be it spoken, some *comical* events;

* Mr. Law’s Christian Perfection.

“ but

“ but then it is always with a moral or reli-
 “ gious intention: whereas, I confess, too
 “ many of our modern Plays have a very
 “ immoral and irreligious tendency; which
 “ is a strong argument in favour of what I was
 “ going to propose, and what I have often
 “ thought would be a very proper regulation.”
 —“ What is that?” says Wildgoose.—
 “ Why,” says Captain Gordon, “ as all Plays
 “ are already subject to the inspection of the
 “ Lord Chamberlain, to prevent any thing
 “ offensive to the Government from being
 “ brought upon the Stage; so, to prevent
 “ any thing from being exhibited offensive to
 “ Religion or contrary to Good-manners,
 “ they should likewise be inspected by the
 “ Bishop of the Diocese.”—“ By the Bishop!”
 cries Mrs. Cullpepper, with some surprize.—
 “ By the Bishop!” quoth Wildgoose, with
 a significant sneer—“ They ought to be entirely
 “ prohibited and suppressed.”—“ Why,” con-
 tinues the Captain, “ to be sure, those things
 “ are at present upon an odd footing in this
 “ country. Players, I believe, are considered
 “ by your laws as vagabonds; and, I have
 “ been told, are excommunicated by some anti-
 “ ent Canons of the Church, and yet are per-
 “ mitted

“mitted to stroll about, and corrupt the mo-
 “rals, and introduce an habit of dissipation, in
 “almost every little borough and market town
 “in England.”

“Well, well,” says the benevolent Alder-
 man, “all trades must live. I believe, indeed,
 “these Plays fill the heads of our prentices
 “and young girls with wanton fancies some-
 “times ; but, perhaps, they might spend their
 “time less innocently elsewhere : and young
 “people will have amusements of some kind
 “or other.”—Wildgoose was going to reply ;
 but Captain Gordon was now saying gallant
 things to Mrs. Cullpepper, and raillyng her
 taste in preferring the amusements of the Ta-
 bernaacle to that of the Play-house and other
 more fashionable places of dissipation. It must
 be observed, however, that Mrs. Cullpepper
 seemed more inclined to listen to Wildgoose
 than to Gordon ; which occasioned some little
 jealousy in the latter, who for some time had
 been a sort of *cecisbeo* to Mrs. Cullpepper,
 which was attended with consequences that
 precipitated Wildgoose’s departure from Bristol.

C H A P. VIII.

A ridiculous Distress. Advantages of the Sacerdotal Habit.

THE next day, in a conference, Mr. Whitfield told Wildgoose, “ that he would have
 “ him be prepared to set out for the North;
 “ for that he had frequent invitations, by let-
 “ ter, to visit the Brethren amongst the Coal-
 “ mines in Staffordshire and Shropshire:
 “ though he was in hopes that Mr. Wesley
 “ would take them in his way from that part
 “ of England.

“ But,” continues Whitfield, “ to prepare
 “ you for the persecutions which you may ex-
 “ pect to meet with from the Prince of this
 “ world, I would have you undergo some vo-
 “ luntary trials before you leave this city.”
 He then told Wildgoose, he should visit the
 Criminals in the Condemned-hole in Newgate
 there, and also bear his testimony against one
 or two places where Mr. Whitfield could not
 go often without giving offence to weak Bre-
 thren; that is, to a noted Gin-shop, which he
 considered

considered as an emblem of Hell; as also against an house of ill fame, or Bawdy-house as it is called, "the Mistress of which," he said, "had felt some pangs of the New Birth, "and was not far from the Kingdom of Heaven. And, indeed," continues Mr. Whitfield, "I have more hopes of converting Publicans and Harlots *, or, in modern language, Whores and Rogues, than those self-righteous Christians, who are usually called "good sort of people."

Wildgoose was so zealous to execute any of Mr. Whitfield's commands, and had now so much confidence in the force of his own rhetoric, that he would have gone immediately, and have attacked, not only Mrs. Toddy in her Gin-shop, or Mother Placket in her Bagnio, but even Satan himself, if required, in his Infernal abodes. Whitfield, however, advised him to defer it till another day, and to reserve himself for the evening; because he had heard, that several profligate young fellows, drawn by the fame of Wildgoose's eloquence, were to attend the Tabernacle that night. And "Providence," he said, "often made use of the "Curiosity, and even the Malice, of such poor

* Vid. Journals.

"creatures

“ creatures for their own conversion. And he
 “ could easily imagine, without any shock to
 “ his own vanity, that a *new* Preacher might
 “ effect what he himself had not been able to
 “ do.” Wildgoose, therefore, took his leave
 at present, and went to his own lodgings, to
 adjust his dress a little, and to wait for the
 time of assembling in the evening at the Ta-
 bernacle.

When Wildgoose came home to his lodging, he was struck with astonishment, to see his friend Tugwell decked out with an immense grizzled periwig, instead of his own shock-hair and jelly-bag cap; and, in the place of his short jerkin, dressed in a long, full-trimmed, old, black coat. Alderman Cullpepper, it seems, finding how fond his wife was of Wildgoose's company, and seeing Tugwell frequently about the house, thought there was something more decent and creditable in the second-hand finery of a Town Plebeian, than in the rustic coarseness of a simple Clown: He had, therefore, broken through the habitual reluctance which he felt to *parting* with any thing, and equipped Tugwell in that droll manner out of his magazine of old cloaths, of above twenty years standing.

Wildgoose

Wildgoose could not forbear smiling at his friend's paradoxical appearance; but, having been used of late to allegorize every event, he was going to make some practical inference from Tugwell's strange metamorphosis: when Jerry cut short his master, by pointing out a monstrous chasm which he had spied in Wildgoose's plush breeches, from which two or three inches of his shirt hung dangling down in a most facetious manner. This was a misfortune which Wildgoose could not have foreseen; and, as he had no change of raiment, was greatly distressed how to remedy. It could not have happened at a more critical or unfortunate juncture: as, in half an hour's time, he was to mount the rostrum. What must be done? There was no precedent of any thing like this recorded in the Journals of our modern Apostles. Wildgoose could not bear the indecency either of sitting without his breeches, or of admitting a female hand so near his person, in a part so liable to inflammation.

From this awkward distress, however, he was quickly relieved by his trusty squire Jeremiah Tugwell; who, amongst the other furniture of his wallet, had had the precaution to pack up a large stocking-needle, and some
strong

strong worsted, with which he generously undertook to deliver his Master from his perplexity, and with great dexterity leveled his needle at the schism in his Master's trowsers.

Tugwell, however, could not forbear, during the operation, to make an obvious reflection in favour of the clerical habit and sacerdotal accoutrements. "Ah! Master," says he, "if your Worship now had but a gown
 "and cassock, or could but put on a surplice,
 "like our Parson, you might have gone to
 "the Tabernacle without any breeches at all.
 "Adzooks! methinks I almost long to go to
 "our Parish-church again, to hear the bells
 "chime on a Sunday, and see the Parson walk
 "up to the desk an' it were any Bishop; and
 "then turn over the great Bible with such a
 "smack, it does one's heart good to hear
 "him."—"Ah! Jerry," says Wildgoose,
 "these are only the outside ornaments, the
 "mere husks of Religion, and fit only to be
 "cast before swine; that is, merely to amuse the
 "senses of the vulgar; but afford no real nou-
 "rishment to the soul." Wildgoose would proba-
 bly have said a great deal more upon the subject,
 if, in the midst of his harangue, Tugwell's
 needle had not slipt a little too deep, and made

him cry out with some vehemence, which put a stop to their dialogue.

CHAP. IX.

Modern Prophecies. Effects of Mr. Wildgoose's Eloquence.

IT was now time for Mr. Wildgoose to be at the Tabernacle. When he came thither, and was going to begin his sermon; Mr. Whitfield himself cried out, "Let us *wrestle* in prayer for our dear Brother Alderman Pennywise, who lieth at the point of death. He is a Chosen Vessel; he loveth our Nation, and has contributed largely towards building us a Synagogue."

As soon as Mr. Whitfield's prayer was ended, a Journeyman Shoemaker, who was a zealous Christian, and himself an occasional Preacher, cries out, "Hallelujah! we have prevailed; God has given us the Alderman's life: it is revealed to me, that the fever has left our Brother Pennywise, and he liveth." They then began an Hymn of Thanksgiving, for the recovery of Alderman Pennywise; but, before they

they had done, one came in, and told them, to their great disappointment, “that their Brother Pennywise was *fallen asleep* *.”

Wildgoose now began to harangue with great vehemence; and, as they expected some young fellows to come and make a riot that evening, Wildgoose was determined to exert himself, and, if possible, gain their attention.

In order to this, he resolved to imitate Mr. Whitfield’s lively manner and facetious similitudes.

He took his Text from the Book of Ecclesiastes, chapter xi..

“ Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth,
 “ and walk in the ways of thy heart and
 “ in the sight of thine eyes: but know,
 “ that for all these things God will
 “ bring thee to judgement.

“ Rejoice in thy youth——

“ As if he had said, Go on, young man,
 “ and take your swing; go to the tavern, and
 “ call for your bottle and your pipe, and your
 “ Welsh-rabbit; entertain yourself with cards
 “ and dice, or with a play; then away to Mother
 “ Douglass’s, and regale yourself with a

* It is well known how frequently these modern Prophets have been mistaken in their predictions.

“ mistress;

“ mistress ; and in short, indulge every appetite
 “ and passion to the utmost : but, take this along
 “ with you, if you do, you will be damned.

“ ‘ Damned ! for what ? ’ you will say.—

“ Why, not for whoring, or drinking, or gam-
 “ ing ; not for cheating, lying, or swearing :
 “ no ; God Almighty is not so captious, as to
 “ quarrel with his creatures for such trifles as
 “ these : no ; it is for your want of *Faith*, it is
 “ your Infidelity, that you will be damned for.

“ I will tell you a story. A Roman Ca-
 “ tholic Gentleman went a Partridge-shooting,
 “ along with a Protestant neighbour of his, on
 “ a Fast-day : they were driven, about noon,
 “ by a thunder-storm, to a little public-house,
 “ where they could get nothing to eat but some
 “ bacon and eggs. The good Catholic had a
 “ tender conscience, and would eat nothing but
 “ eggs ; the Protestant, his companion, who was
 “ one of your *good sort* of people, said, ‘ there
 “ could be no harm in his eating a bit of bacon
 “ with his eggs ; that bacon could not be
 “ called flesh ; that it was no more than a red-
 “ herring ; it is fish, as one may say.’ So the
 “ Catholic took a bit of bacon with his eggs.
 “ But just as he had put it into his mouth,
 “ there came a most tremendous clap of thun-

“ der. Upon which, the poor Catholic slipped
 “ it down upon his plate again, muttering to
 “ himself, ‘ What a noise here is about a bit of
 “ bacon !’ He foolishly fancied now the sin was
 “ in his eating the bacon. No such matter.
 “ It was his want of Faith. He had not a pro-
 “ per Faith in his own superstitious principles.”

“ I remember, when I was at Oxford, I used
 “ to pray seven times a day, and fasted myself
 “ to a skeleton. I powdered my wig, and went
 “ every month to the sacrament, with the
 “ Companion to the Altar in my pocket. I
 “ might as well have had Ovid’s Epistles in my
 “ pocket. The Devil stood laughing behind
 “ the church door. The Devil loves these
 “ formalities. I fancied myself a good Christian:
 “ and had no conception that I was as dead as
 “ a door-nail ; that I must be born again to a
 “ new life ; and that I had no more saving Faith
 “ than a Jew or a Mahometan.”

Thus Wildgoose went on for some time, in
 the style of Mr. Whitfield : but what was
 natural in the one, was rather ridiculous in the
 other, and had a contrary effect from what he
 had apprehended ; for there were some youthful
 scoffers, who at first were a little riotous ; yet
 they were soon overpowered by Wildgoose’s
 eloquence,

eloquence, when he insensibly resumed his own style; and for near a quarter of an hour all was hushed in silence. But on a sudden, a little girl, who did not seem to be above thirteen years old, cried out, from the midst of the croud, "that she was pricked through and through by the power of the word*." This occasioned some confusion; but the people about her checked her zeal, and stopped the poor girl's outcries; when a young fellow near the door, who was half fuddled, cried out, "Damn such nonsense! these fellows ought to be whipped at the cart's tail, by G—d!" He then threw a piece of an apple at the Preacher; and he and his companions, setting up a laugh, rushed out at the door, hollowing and singing, "Down with the round heads! damn all preaching and praying, say I."

"A fig for the Parson, and a rope for the Clerk;
 "Let's put out our candles, and kifs in the dark.
 "Derry down."

Their rude behaviour, however, roused the fury of the Lambs without doors, who began to pelt them with stones and dirt, and soon drove them off the stage.

* Journal, p. 36.

As the preaching was a little interrupted by this incident, Whitfield took the opportunity to comfort his brother Wildgoose; and observed, "that Satan envied their happiness; but courage! my friend; we shall make his kingdom shake* before we have done with him, I will warrant you." Wildgoose then continued his discourse; and after he had done, he and Mr. Whitfield were again invited by Mrs. Cullpepper, to partake of a comfortable supper.

CHAP. X.

Effusions of Self-importance. Mr. Wildgoose meets with a Repulse.

MR. Whitfield, having some other engagement upon his hands, withdrew soon after supper; and, Mrs. Cullpepper retiring to her closet for an hour, the Alderman and Mr. Wildgoose were left alone, *tête à tête*.

Alderman Cullpepper, as was observed, by his industry and his frugality, had made a considerable fortune. And though his ideas were very low, and his soul excessively narrow, yet

* Journal, p. 50.

he

he had some ambition to get the character of a generous man, if he could obtain it without much expence, or any sensible diminution of his finances.

As the Alderman therefore was obliged to keep something of a table, he was glad of that sort of submissive companions, who would express some glee at a parsimonious treat, and content with a glass of wine now and then, would connive at his keeping the bottle on his right hand, and other stratagems of frugality, which he had learned in his less affluent circumstances.

With the same view, he was always recounting acts of munificence, which he had formerly performed; though, like the Traveller who boasted of the extraordinary leap which he had taken at Rhodes, he chose rather to refer you to witnesses who could attest his generous actions, than repeat them.

The Alderman and Wildgoose being now alone, then, partly to prevent too quick a circulation of the glass, and partly to give Wildgoose an idea of his consequence, and to convince a person of his *liberality*, who, he imagined, would never put it to the trial; Cullpepper filled up the intervals of each whiff of tobacco

with the following ebullitions of vanity and self-importance.

“ Why, to be sure, there is not a man in the
 “ Corporation (though I say it) that has a
 “ better interest in both the Members than I
 “ have; though I make no other use of my
 “ power than to serve my friends. As for Sir
 “ Harry Plausible, he has a particular personal
 “ regard for me. (Sir Harry is certainly one
 “ of the *most agreeablest* men in the world.) It
 “ is not because I have a little interest in the
 “ Corporation. No, no; it is not for that.”—
 “ I dare say it is not,” says Wildgoose.—
 “ No; I was acquainted with Sir Harry long
 “ before he had any thoughts of representing
 “ the city. The Baronet is reckoned a proud
 “ man, indeed; but, I am sure, I never found
 “ him so. To be sure, the Senator is a little
 “ reserved, when he does not like his com-
 “ pany (and you know, Sir, men that know
 “ the world are so); but, when I and He are
 “ alone together, I can talk as freely to him as
 “ you can to your fellow-traveller here, Mr.
 “ What-d’ye-call-him.”—“ Ah!” says Wild-
 “ goose, “ nothing is more vain than the petty
 “ distinctions which the children of this world
 “ are so fond of. Though we are not all Mem-
 “ bers

“bers of Parliament; yet all true Christians are
 “*Members* of Christ, and one of another,”—
 “Why, that is true, to be sure, Sir, as you ob-
 “serve,” says the Alderman.

“But did I never tell you how I got a
 “Living for our Curate the other day?”—“I
 “cannot say you did,” replies Wildgoose.—“I
 “will tell you how cleverly I managed it. It
 “was at the last treat Sir Harry gave the Cor-
 “poration. I sat next to the Member. The
 “glass went pretty briskly about.”—“Ah!”
 says Wildgoose, “I do not doubt it. Corpo-
 “ration Feasts are the Devil’s Festivals.”—
 “Well,” (continued Cullpepper, without
 vouchsafing Wildgoose the least degree of at-
 tentation) “as I was saying, the glass went briskly
 “about; and we had drunk pretty freely, but
 “in a moderate way. *Howsoever*, the Senator,
 “who is a sober man too, began to wax mel-
 “low. Now, as I have pretty good intelli-
 “gence, I had heard, that very morning, that
 “the Living of Ganderhill was become vacant.
 “So, *says* I to the Senator, ‘Yonder is our poor
 “Curate, *says* I, at the bottom of the table.
 “He is a very worthy man, *says* I. He has
 “been Curate here these eighteen years. I have
 “a great regard for him. I wish it were in my

“power to get him some little addition to his
 “income. Indeed, he married a relation of
 “mine: it was a distant relation. But the
 “man is a very worthy man.”—“Sir, says the
 “Member, if it ever lies in my power to
 “oblige you, you may command me upon any
 “occasion.”

“I believe the Senator said this as words of
 “course. However I clinched him immediately,
 “Well, well, Sir, says I, remember your
 “promise. I have a thing in my eye, if it
 “should happen to fall: it is in the Chancel-
 “lor’s gift; but a word from you would do the
 “business at once.”

“In short, having broken the ice, I said no
 “more at that time. But, the very next morn-
 “ing, away goes I to the Member’s house, told
 “him how lucky it was; that the very thing
 “I had in my eye was become vacant; and, by
 “his interest, got it for my friend.”

As soon as the Alderman had finished this
 narration, and received the incense of a com-
 plaisant speech from Wildgoose, he began ano-
 ther, about his lending money to set up a young
 tradesman: neither of which was very interest-
 ing to Mr. Wildgoose; yet, as his liberality
 had quite exhausted his stock of cash, he thought
 this

this a fair opportunity of trying the force of his
 hof's generosity in regard to himself.—“Well,
 “Sir, this was very good in you, to be sure. I
 “shall never want to ask any favour of that
 “kind. However, Sir, your generosity en-
 “courages me (as I have this opportunity) to
 “beg your assistance in a trifling affair; in
 “which, I know, it will give you pleasure to
 “oblige me.”—“Aye, aye, Mr. Wildgoose,
 “any thing that is in my way to serve you, I
 “shall be very glad to do it, if it is not any
 “thing very much out of the way.”—“Why,
 “Sir,” says Wildgoose, “since I have been in
 “Bristol, I have met with several objects of
 “charity; and, as I brought but little money
 “with me from home, my stock is almost ex-
 “hausted.” [Here Cullpepper took his pipe
 from his mouth] “I do not know,” continues
 Wildgoose, “that I shall want any money on
 “my own account (for I trust to Providence
 “for my own necessities); but, if you could
 “spare me nine or ten guineas, to assist any
 “poor brother in distress”—“Nine or ten
 “guineas!” says Cullpepper, laying down his
 pipe, “and how can you be sure of returning it
 “again?”—“Sir,” says Wildgoose, “I hope,
 “I shall have some opportunity or other of
 H 5 “doing

“ doing it ; but, if I should not, as you will lend
 “ it in the support of so good a cause, you will
 “ be sure of being rewarded an hundred fold at
 “ the great day of Retribution.”

“ Mr. Wildgoose,” says Cullpepper, “ I
 “ have nothing to say against the cause you are
 “ engaged in ; but I assure you, Sir, the Mer-
 “ chants of Bristol understand business better
 “ than to lend their money upon so precarious
 “ a security. In short, Sir, I must take the
 “ liberty to tell you, that, from what I have
 “ heard, you are very indiscreet in the manage-
 “ ment of your money, and squander it away
 “ amongst a pack of idle rascals, who, instead
 “ of working at their trades, run about from
 “ one Meeting to another, and take no care of
 “ their wives and families at home.”

Whilst the Alderman was haranguing in this
 lofty strain, and giving Wildgoose advice, in-
 stead of lending him money, Mrs. Cullpepper
 came into the room, and, finding the cause of
 her husband’s displeasure, soon pacified him with
 a smile, and assured Wildgoose, with a nod and
 a wink, “ that any little distress, which his
 “ charitable disposition might have occasioned,
 “ would be relieved by their Society ; that
 “ nobody was more generous than Mr. Cull-
 “ pepper ;

“pepper; but that he did not quite approve of
 “one or two acts of liberality, which, he had
 “heard, Mr. Wildgoose had performed”—and
 the like.

Wildgoose said, “it was no great matter;
 “he could make very good shift for the present.”
 And it being now near ten o’clock, the Alder-
 man’s bed-time, he took his leave for that night;
 but at the door met Captain Gordon, who was
 coming to take a final leave of the Alderman
 and his wife, having received an order to sail the
 very next morning for the West-Indies.

Alderman Cullpepper was so full of this un-
 expected attack upon his generosity, that he
 could not forbear mentioning it to Captain
 Gordon; and Mrs. Cullpepper, taking Wild-
 goose’s part more warmly than was prudent,
 irritated her husband, and raised the jealousy
 of Captain Gordon; which produced an event
 which she could not have expected.

C H A P. XI.

Mr. Wildgoose becomes a great Casuist.

MR. Wildgoose had promised Mr. Whitfield to attend him to Kingswood the next morning, and to give a word of exhortation to the poor Colliers there. For which purpose, he was got up before six o'clock, that he might give his advice, in imitation of Mr. Whitfield, to any poor people that came to consult him. Tugwell also was ready at the door, with his inseparable companions, his oaken staff in his hand, and his wallet on his shoulders, stuffed with two or three stale rolls and cold meat, which the Alderman's servant had given him, for fear of accidents. Jerry had also put on his grizzled wig, (to look more solemn); but had left his full-trimmed coat in his bed chamber, that he might not be incumbered in his walk.

Just as Wildgoose was coming out of his chamber, a fat elderly woman, tolerably well dressed, came to the door, grunting most bitterly, and casting up her eyes with now and then

then a pious ejaculation, and inquired whether Mr. Wildgoose was stirring. Upon Tugwell's answering her in the affirmative, and shewing her into his room, she begged leave to sit down a little; and, after a few more groans and ejaculations, she opened her case. She said, "her name was *Placket*; that she kept a little Coffee-house, where gentlemen and ladies sometimes met to drink a dish of tea together, in a harmless way, for what she knew to the contrary; but that she had censorious neighbours, who had given her house a bad name."—"Why," says Wildgoose, "the world is very censorious, without doubt: but we should take care, not to give room for any *just* reflexions upon our conduct."—"Ah! Sir," says she, "why that is my business with you. God forgive me! I am afraid there may have been some little frolics now and then carried on at my house. When young people get together, you know, Sir, they will be kissing and toying; and one does not always know where those things may end."—"Why, by your account, Mrs. *Placket*, you do not keep so good an house as you should do"—"Dear Sir!" says she, "that is what pricks my conscience;

“ conscience; for, I must confess, I have some-
 “ times taken money to bring young gentlemen
 “ and ladies together; and, indeed, always
 “ keep some young women in my house, to
 “ assist a friend or so.”—“ Oh! Mrs. Placket,
 “ I find then you keep a downright Bawdy-
 “ house.”—“ Why, to be sure, Sir,” says she,
 “ that is what ill-natured people call it; and
 “ I would willingly know, Sir, whether it is a
 “ lawful employment or not: for you must ob-
 “ serve, Sir, I keep as good orders in my house,
 “ as any woman in England; and though, I
 “ thank God! I have always had good custom,
 “ and have had twenty couple at a time, taking
 “ their recreation, in my house, yet, I bless
 “ God! I never had any murder, or riot, or
 “ daggers-drawing, since I have been in busi-
 “ ness. Then I make my poor Lambs read
 “ the Bible every Sunday, and go to church
 “ in their turn; and, in short, though their
 “ bodies may be polluted, I take great care of
 “ their souls: and I hope God will wink at
 “ my poor Lambs that *sport themselves toge-*
 “ *ther.*”—“ Why,” says Wildgoose, “ without
 “ doubt, our outward actions are indifferent in
 “ themselves; and it is the heart that God
 “ chiefly regards. God *sees* no sin in the *Elect.*
 “ If

“ If we have true Faith, that will sanctify our
 “ works. Thus Rahab the Harlot, you know,
 “ was accepted through Faith. But, as yours
 “ is an uncommon case, I will consult Mr.
 “ Whitfield upon it.”—“ Ah! God help me!
 says Mrs. Placket: “ I am afraid I am not
 “ long for this world; and what will become
 “ of my poor Lambs, when I am gone to my
 “ dear Redeemer?”

Whilst Wildgoose was engaged in this conference, in comes the poor girl that was pricked through and through, by the power of the Word, at his last preachment, attended by her mother. The girl looked very pale, and, upon coming before Wildgoose, was taken with an hysterical fit. Wildgoose bad the mother, “ not
 “ be frightened; for, as Mr. Whitfield had assured him, these were common symptoms of
 “ the New Birth.”—“ Lack-a-day! Sir,” says the mother, “ I wish it may be nothing more
 “ than the New Birth. But I have been very
 “ much terrified; and am sadly afraid my poor
 “ girl is with child.”—“ With child!” says Wildgoose; “ why, she is a mere child herself.”
 “ Ah! Sir,” says the mother, “ so she is indeed; for though she is a fine grown girl,
 “ yet, if she lives to Lammas-day next, she
 “ will

" will be but fourteen years old, as sure as eggs
 " is eggs. But a wicked rogue of a Sailor,
 " who promised her marriage, I am afraid, has
 " had *cardinal knowledge* of her, and has now
 " left her; and I shall never be able to main-
 " tain her and her child: times are so hard,
 " and money so scarce, I can hardly maintain
 " myself."——The case was, the poor woman
 had heard of Wildgoose's generosity, and was
 in hopes of partaking of his bounty, and there-
 fore brought her daughter under pretence of
 consulting him as a Casuist. But he, having at
 present neither silver nor gold, gave her only
 some spiritual comfort; and told her, " that
 " this accident was probably a very providen-
 " tial thing for her daughter, as it was a
 " maxim with Mr. Whitfield, ' The greater
 " the Sinner, the greater the Saint;' that she
 " had nothing to do but *to lay hold* on Christ,
 " as Mary Magdalen did, by an active Faith;
 " and she would enter into the Kingdom of
 " Heaven, before those self-righteous, good sort
 " of women, who fancy they need no re-
 " pentance."

These customers were hardly retired, when
 a dirty-looking fellow was introduced by Tug-
 well, who, peeping round the room and shut-
 ting

ting the door, spoke in a low voice to Wildgoose, and said, "his was a scruple of a particular kind, upon which a friend had desired him to consult Mr. Wildgoose."—"Well, what is it?" says Wildgoose.—"Why, Sir, whether it is not fighting against God, for a man in gaol to use means for making his escape *."—Wildgoose, after a short pause, answered, "that, doubtless, self-preservation was the first law of Nature; and a man in prison, it should seem, might use all lawful means to gain his liberty; but Nature is one thing, and Grace another. A good Christian must submit to every ordinance of man, as the dispensation of Providence; and if he is committed to prison by legal authority, I question whether any other authority can innocently set him free. But, as this is a dubious point, Mr. Whitfield and I will determine it by lot."—"Ah!" says the fellow, "it is too late to cast lots about the matter; for I made my escape from Salisbury gaol last spring, and am now going on ship-board; but should be glad to go with a quiet conscience."

* Vid. Journal, p. 99.

Before this man had done, a tall lantern-jawed fellow, whose features seemed lengthened by a long weather-beaten wig, which hung below his cheek-bones, desired to lay his case before Mr. Wildgoose when the other was dismissed. He said, "he was bred a Dissenter, and a Button-maker by trade; and in his apprenticeship had married an elderly woman, with a little money; but she was so bad-tempered a woman," continued he, "that I could not possibly live with her: so I went and worked in London, where, upon hearing Mr. Wesley, I became a new man; and, meeting with a very *sober* young woman of my own trade at the Tabernacle, to whom I honestly told my situation, we agreed to live together for some years, and have had several children: but she is lately dead; and now my conscience pricks me, and I cannot be easy day or night: but still, I hope, Sir, *God will sanctify every dispensation* *."

"What became of the old woman, then?" says Mr. Wildgoose.—"Why, Sir," says he, "as I had got me another wife, I believe she got herself another husband, more agreeable to her own age."—"And so," says Wild-

* A real fact.

goose, "by putting away your wife without
 "a sufficient cause, you have caused her to
 "commit adultery."—Why," says the Button-
 maker, "I am afraid I have; but I hope God
 "will sanctify every dispensation."—"Friend,"
 replies Wildgoose, "God cannot sanctify
 "adultery. You must confess yourself a vile
 "sinner, and say hold on Christ by Faith; for
 "you can have no hopes but in him, who
 "came into the world to save sinners."

C H A P. XII.

*Some unexpected Incidents. The Pilgrims on
 Shipboard.*

WILDGOOSE, though not displeas'd with
 observing the good he was likely to do
 by awakening so many wicked sinners, was
 almost tired of his company; when in came
 Mrs. Cullpepper's Maid, courtseying and sim-
 pering, with her Lady's compliments: and, be-
 fore Wildgoose could ask how she did, produced
 a little packet, carefully sealed up; which
 being opened, to his surprize he found it con-
 tained five guineas, with the following billet:

"My

“ My dear Brother,
 “ Give me leave to contribute my mite to-
 “ wards the great work which is going to be
 “ wrought upon the earth ; but do not come
 “ any more to our house, till you hear further
 “ from your Sister in the Lord,
 “ RACHAEL CULLPEPPER.”

Wildgoose could not recollect any precedent in Mr. Wesley's or Mr. Whitfield's Journals of their having received money for their private occasions : as he was conscious, however, that his intentions were charitable, he did not refuse so seasonable a supply. He therefore returned his compliments to Mrs. Cullpepper, with thanks for the contents of her packet ; but was less pleased with the present which he had received, than shocked with the hint that accompanied it, not to repeat his visits to Mrs. Cullpepper.

Wildgoose was now come out into the passage, and was observing to Tugwell, “ that the Spirit testified he should do great things in Bristol ; and that he had a Call to tarry in that city many days.” To which Tugwell seemed to have no manner of objection.

But, while they were yet speaking, another ill-looking Irish Sailor, with one eye, and several

veral scars on his cheek, came to consult Wildgoose. He said, "he had been the vilest of sinners," to which confession his appearance bore sufficient testimony; "that he had been guilty of every kind of uncleanness; nay, that, when on ship-board, he had an intrigue with a cat."—"Aye," says Tugwell, "and she has left some tokens of her kindness upon thy cheeks."—"But," says the Sailor, "notwithstanding my sins are so numerous, I am so far from any sorrow, or contrition, that my greatest affliction is the being violently addicted to laughing, which, I am afraid, is a token of Reprobation. Now, I should be glad to know, whether Laughing be any sin or not; for I have heard, that Adam never laughed before the Fall."

Wildgoose stared with astonishment at this strange Penitent: but Tugwell, who was impatient for his breakfast, used this gentleman with less politeness. "Come, come, friend," says he, "this is no time for laughing; we have more serious matters upon our hands; you had better be going about your business." He then thrust him towards the door. Upon which the Sailor gave the signal with the Boatswain's whistle, and in rushed four or five stout fellows,

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fellows, amongst whom was the man that had escaped from Salisbury gaol. He immediately thrust an handkerchief into Tugwell's mouth; pulled his long wig over his eyes; twisted the wallet, which hung over his shoulder, round his neck; and muffled him up in such a manner, that he could not make any sort of resistance. Some of the rest secured Wildgoose, who never offered to interrupt them; and led them both to a covered boat, which lay ready on the Quay, and rowed away immediately for Kingroad; where when they arrived, they put the two Pilgrims aboard a large ship, which was riding at anchor, and which set sail the moment they were on board.

CHAP. XIII.

Event of their Voyage.

WILDGOOSE was so well prepared to submit to the various dispensations of Providence, that he appeared quite calm upon the occasion, and let the Sailors dispose of him as they pleased. But Tugwell, being less passive, struggled, and hung an a—se, and laid about
about

about him as well as he could; for which refractory behaviour, he got three or four hearty knocks on the pate: but, as soon as he was restored to the use of his tongue, he expressed the transports of his grief and rage in a most vociferous manner. Sometimes he lamented the forlorn condition of his poor wife Dorothy; then fell foul upon Mr. Wildgoose, for seducing him from home; then cursed himself, for leaving his Cobler's stall, and his own chimney-corner, to go rambling about the country: in short, though Jerry had read books of travels with so much pleasure, and often wished to accompany the adventurer in his voyages as he perused them in his own stall; yet he found, in fact, the company of Sailors, upon this occasion, not so agreeable as he expected.

Wildgoose endeavoured to comfort his fellow-sufferer; and desired him, "to trust to Providence, who would bring them," he said, "to the haven where they *should* be." And, notwithstanding Wildgoose so lately felt a Call to remain in Bristol; yet he was now convinced, that he was chosen for some more important service, and was to "preach the Gospel in other *cities also* *."

* Journal.

Whilst

Whilst they were thus engaged in lamentations on one side, and consolations on the other, the ship was falling gently down the channel; when who should come into the cabin, where the two Pilgrims were stowed, but their old acquaintance Captain Gordon? The Captain started back; and, affecting some little surprize, "Ha!" cries he, "what, Mr. Wildgoose! what, was it for this, then, that our friend Cullpepper sent my rascals a guinea to drink this morning? I was surprized at his generosity. Well, Sir, he has played you a comical trick; for I am going a pretty long voyage."—Wildgoose, after expressing his surprize, answered, "that he did not know how he had offended the Alderman: but, however," continues he, "I am convinced that Providence has some important end to serve by this dispensation, to whatever part of the world I shall be transported."—"Why, Sir," says the Captain, "I am bound for North-America, and am to join the fleet in the gulph of St. Lawrence. But, as I am to touch at Corke or Kinsale, to lay in more provisions, if you chuse it, I can set you on shore in that part of Ireland."—Wildgoose thanked the Captain for his civility, not suspecting

pecting that this had been a scheme concerted between him and the Alderman; the Captain being jealous of him, as a rival in Mrs. Cullpepper's good graces; and the Alderman being suspicious, that his wife might supply him with *that* money which *he* had refused him.

When Tugwell heard of being set on shore in Ireland, he renewed his lamentations, and made sure of having his throat cut by *Papishes* and wild "Irish: and, if they should be carried into America, "he did not doubt," he said, "but they should "be left upon some desolate island, as Robinson "Crusoe was, amongst the wild Indians; and "perhaps roasted alive, and have their bones "picked by *Hannibals* and *Scavengers*" (so Jerry called the Cannibals and Savages), "as he "feared his poor son Joseph was." The Cap- "tain" bad him, "not be afraid, for that they "should not be used ill in any respect." He "advised them therefore "to come out of their "cabin, and take a walk upon deck;" where, "the weather being fine, the water calm, and the "vessel now in the midst of the Channel between "the two opposite coasts, they had no unpleasant "voyage for some hours.

Towards the evening, being got near the mouth of the Channel, the afternoon having been excessively hot, some black clouds began to rise towards the South-East, and a most violent thunder-storm soon after ensued, which lasted for several hours. Those who delight in descriptions of this kind may have recourse to any of the Epic Poets, ancient or modern. I shall only observe, that, after being driven from their course, and tossed about a good part of the night, they found themselves, at break of day, near the Glamorganshire coast; and found it convenient (as their tackling had suffered a little) to come to an anchor in the Bay of Cardiff, where the Captain, having carried the jest far enough, gave Wildgoose and his friend leave to be set on shore; which favour, when he heard they were on the coast of Wales, Wildgoose gladly accepted of. After giving them the word of exhortation, therefore, Wildgoose took his leave of Captain Gordon, thanked him for bringing them to the haven where he wished to be; and he and his fellow-traveller were safely upon shore.

END OF BOOK VII.

THE

T H E
SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

B O O K VIII.

C H A P. I.

The Pilgrims arrive at Cardiff.

MR. Wildgoose now thought himself a second St. Paul ; and that, in the late storm, God had given the lives of all those that sailed with him to the force of his prayers ; though every common Sailor knew there had been no real danger.

As for Tugwell, he was so sick at the coming on of the storm, that he had not been very attentive to what had passed ; and was so rejoiced at reaching land again, that he dropped all resentment against the authors of this calamity. He had thrown off his great wig ; but, grasping his oaken staff, and securing his wallet, he sprang eagerly upon the shore, without looking

behind him; and, desirous as he had formerly been of travelling, made a solemn vow, “never to forsake the *terra firma* again as long as he lived.”

The place where they landed was about three miles from Cardiff; and, it being early in the morning, and no living creature to be seen, Tugwell began again to wish himself at home, in his own chimney-corner, with a mess of onion-pottage, or a dish of Madam Wildgoose’s pot-liquor, for his breakfast; for, having eaten nothing the whole preceding day but a sea-biscuit, he began to complain of hunger and fatigue. By good luck, however, upon searching his wallet, he found a couple of rolls and a piece of mutton-pye, which he had layed in at Bristol: he prevailed upon his Master, therefore, without much difficulty, to sit down at the foot of a rock, and partake with him of what he had so providentially provided.

But, during this short repast, Wildgoose began to blame himself, for having lived too luxuriously at Bristol; observing, “that regular dinners and hot suppers were by no means expedient for those that were called to preach the Gospel.”—“Odzooks!” cries Tugwell; “why, I did not see but Mr. Whitfield, and other
“good

“ good Christians, ate and drank as well as we ;
 “ and much good may it do them ! I would
 “ have every one have a belly-full. To be sure,
 “ Madam Cullpepper keeps a good house, and
 “ gave me many a good meal ; and money
 “ besides, for that matter.”

Wildgoose, upon hearing that Mrs. Cullpepper's generosity had extended to his companion also, condemned himself for discovering his necessity to the Alderman ; and began to suspect that some jealousy of this kind, for he had no idea of any other, might be the cause of his getting them kidnapped, and sent on ship-board. He comforted himself, however, with the uprightness of his intentions, and with the conviction that the money would be spent in a good cause ; and that he should make a better use of the unrighteous Mammon than those to whom it properly belonged.

Though the sun was risen above the horizon, it was not yet four o'clock ; and the two Pilgrims having had little rest in the night, Wildgoose leaned against the rock, and took a short nap ; and Tugwell, being now at ease, laid himself down on his wallet, and, according to custom, snored most profoundly.

Wildgoose, however, having paid a slight compliment to nature, and having in his sleep dreamt of nothing but spiritual conquests, starts up, and rouses his fellow traveller. "Come, Jerry," cries he, "this is no time for sleep; up, and be doing: the whole land of Canaan lies before us; we must subdue the idolatrous nations, the Hivites, the Perizzites, and the Jebusites. God has called us into Wales; and I make no doubt but he will send his Angel before us (as he did before Mr. Whitfield*); and we shall go on from city to city (like Joshua); and the Devil's strong holds will fall down at our preaching, as the walls of Jericho did at the sound of the Rams-horns †."

Notwithstanding this spiritual rant, Tugwell grumbled at being waked so soon, and said, "he did not find the conquering of cities was so easy a matter. You know, Master," says he, "you talked of conquering the city of Bristol; but I think, they have *conquered* us, and have transported us into this heathenish country, without our own consent, where there is nothing to be got, as I can see, for love or money."

* Journal, p. 20.

† Ibid.

The truth was, Jerry liked travelling well enough in a country where they could meet with refreshment at every ale-house; but, having been very sick in his voyage, and being a little chagrined at the desolate appearance of the sea-coast, compared with the pleasures of Alderman Cullpepper's kitchen, he could not forbear venting his spleen against Wildgoose, for seducing him so far from home.

But the same cause, which damped Tugwell's spirits, roused Wildgoose's zeal. He languished for a little persecution (as Mr. Whitfield had often done); and thought things were not right, whilst they went on so smoothly at Bristol. He said, "the primitive Saints were made perfect by sufferings; and I dare say, Jerry, you yourself will be the better for this flight of persecution for the Gospel's sake."—"Yes, to be sure," says Tugwell; "I suppose, Master, you would be glad to see me ducked in an horse-pond, or tossed in a blanket, for the Gospel's sake; but I do not see what occasion I have to run my head against a wall, when I can get my living very well by mending shoes; and I wish I were at home again in my own stall, or in my chimney-corner with our Dorothy."

Wildgoose said, "he would not prevent his returning home, if he desired it; and would pay him for the time which he had lost in attending him: and then," continues he, "as you have been at no expence, you can have no reason to complain. Besides, you own that Mrs. Cullpepper gave you some money; and, perhaps, other good Christians may have been as liberal: and much good may it do you!" Mr. Wildgoose however, said, "he did not want to call him to an account; but only to make him submit with patience to the accidents which might befall them in the Pilgrimage in which he had voluntarily engaged to accompany him. But come, Jerry," says he, "I believe we are not far from Cardiff, where we shall meet with better accommodations, and (what is of more consequence) with a Society of true Christians, which, I believe, Mr. Whitfield established there, when he visited the Principality of Wales."

Accordingly, in less than half an hour more, they came within sight of that handsome town; which revived Tugwell's spirits, who wished for nothing so much as a cup of good ale and a slice

slice of toasted cheese, which, now he was in Wales, he hoped to have in perfection.

CHAP. II.

Adventures in the Inn at Cardiff.

THE first public-house which the two Pilgrims came to was one of those old, unlightly mansions, which, having been a well-accustomed inn time out of mind, had had different conveniencies added to it by different possessors; so that it made, upon the whole, a comfortable, though very irregular, appearance. The house was at present very full; yet Tugwell contrived to get a nook in the kitchen-chimney, to smoke his pipe and drink his ale (which was his principal concern); and Mr. Wildgoose had a little parlour, near the stable, for his breakfast and his meditations.

As the Cambro-Britons are a nation of gentlemen, jealous of their honour, and impatient of affronts, they are engaged in frequent litigations: and there happened at this time to be some Lawyers upon a commission at that inn.

Among the rest, there was an eminent Attorney from Bristol, who came post the day before, and whose Clerk came into the kitchen, whilst Tugwell was eating a rasher of bacon, instead of toasted cheese, for his breakfast. As Jerry, by his Master's order, had been sily enquiring, "whether there were any Methodists at Cardiff;" the Lawyer's Clerk, interposing, said, "they had too many of them in Bristol; but, thank God!" says he, "two of them were shipped off for North-America yesterday morning, just as my Master and I set out."—"For what?" says one of the company:—"Why, one of the rascals," says the young Lawyer, "had been tampering with one of our Aldermen's wives; and, by his cursed canting tricks, choused the poor Alderman out of an hundred pounds, or pretty near it, to my certain knowledge."—"What was the Alderman's name, then?" says Tugwell, interrupting him, with an eager look.—"Why, Alderman Cullpepper," says the young Clerk.—"The Devil is a liar, and so are you," says Tugwell; "for I know Alderman Cullpepper better than you do; and I came from Bristol but yesterday morning, as well as you."—"You know Alderman Cullpepper!" returns the

the

the Lawyer. "What! thou hast been carried before him for a petty-larceny, I suppose." — "I do not care a t—d for your *pretty lasses*," says Tugwell; "but I know that what you say is a curfed lye." — "Is it?" says the Lawyer; "I had it from his own servant: and I will pull thee by the nose, if thou givest me the lye again," says he. "One of them pretended to be a man of fortune, forsooth, but wanted to borrow money of the Alderman; and the other was a broken Cobler." — "How do you know I was a broken Cobler?" quoth Tugwell. "If I was a Cobler, thank God, I never was broke." — "I will be hanged," cries the Lawyer, staring in his face, "if thou art not one of them; I have seen thy face in Bristol. And the Alderman's servant told me one of them was a damned guttling fellow; that he caught him in an intrigue with a pigeon-pye, behind the pantry-door, one morning before dinner; and that he had ravished above a dozen bottles of strong beer in less than a week's time." — "I *trigue* with a pigeon-pye!" says Jerry; "it was nothing but a piece of pye-crust that the Cook gave me, and a little best drink to stay my stomach; I 6 "gentlefolks."

“gentlefolks dine fo plaguy late. What!
 “must not a man, that preaches the Gospel,
 “eat and drink as well as other folks?”—
 “Thou preach the Gospel!” says the Clerk;
 “thou art more fit to sweep chimneys, or
 “black shoes, than to preach the Gospel.”——

As Jerry was going to retort with some vehemence, this dispute might probably have proceeded to an assault and battery, if the young Lawyer had not been called away by his Master. And Mr. Wildgoose, having now dispatched his short breakfast, summoned Tugwell into his little parlour, to know what intelligence he had got about any Religious Society at Cardiff. Jerry related to him, with some indignation, the report which the young Lawyer had brought from Bristol: but Wildgoose was less surprized at the exaggerations of vulgar fame, than shocked at the scandal which he and his friend Tugwell had given, by accepting of Mrs. Cullpepper’s favours. And again expressing his suspicion, “that Tugwell might have tasted more largely
 “of her bounty than he cared to own,” Tugwell wished “the Devil might fetch him, if
 “he had had above half a guinea, or *such a mat-*
 “*ter*, of any body’s money, since he came from
 “home.” Wildgoose reproved him for his passionate

tionate exclamation; but his manner of expressing himself, and his being so touchy upon the occasion, only confirmed Wildgoose in his suspicions.

C H A P. III.

Mr. Wildgoose holds forth to a Welsh Audiense.

WHILST the two Pilgrims were debating what course to take; as people at an inn want to get rid of guests when nothing is going forwards for the good of the house; the Drawer (or rather the Tapster) came into the room, to know whether *the Gentleman called*. Wildgoose desired to pay for what they had had; and, whilst he was doing that, inquired of the Waiter, “whether there were any Methodistists, as they called them, in the town.”—“Yes, I believe there are,” says he, “more than are welcome: and we have got the famous Preacher Howel Harris in town at this time.”—“Pray, who is he?” says Wildgoose.—“Why, he is a young fellow,” replies the Waiter, “that goes all over the country to revels and fairs, and preaches
“two

“ or three times a day. He does a great deal
 “ of mischief amongst the country people ;
 “ but I hope somebody or other will beat his
 “ brains out one of these days.”

“ What, I suppose, he spoils your trade, and
 “ would not have people get drunk, nor spend
 “ their time and money in wicked and idle di-
 “ versions ?” — “ I do not know,” says the
 Tapster ; “ I have nothing to say against the
 “ young fellow ; I never saw any harm by
 “ him, not I : if you have a mind to hear him,
 “ I believe he preaches again to-night ; and
 “ he lodges at a widow woman’s, not far from
 “ our house.”

As Wildgoose had heard Mr. Whitfield make
 honourable mention of Brother Howel Harris,
 he desired the Tapster to give them directions,
 and went immediately and found him out. As
 soon as they met, like true Free-masons, they
 discovered each other’s occupations, almost by
 instinct ; and, in the apostolical phrase,
 Wildgoose gave Howel the *right hand* of fel-
 lowship.

When Howel Harris discovered Wildgoose’s
 inclination to harangue publicly, and that he
 had already been employed by Mr. Whitfield,
 he engaged to procure the Town-hall for him
 that

that very afternoon; where, by trumpeting the fame of this new Preacher, he assembled above four hundred people. Wildgoose held forth from the Judgement-seat; where he took occasion, without Judge or Jury, to *arraign* and *condemn* the whole race of Mankind. Many were very attentive; but some mocked: and some jolly fellows, who had been drinking at the inn, one of whom kept a pack of hounds in the neighbourhood, having had intelligence of Wildgoose's intention by the Drawer, got a dead fox, and trailed him round the Town-hall; and laid on his dogs to the scent. The music of the hounds and the noise of the sportsmen were so loud and vociferous, that they almost drowned the voice of the Orator: and the chearfulness of the sound had such a mechanical effect upon the minds of many of the Cambrians, that they ran out to join them; nay, Tugwell himself, in the midst of the preachment, could hardly refrain from giving them a *tallio*; but the recollection of the jeopardy he had been in, when he mistook the jack-as for a stag, checked his spirit, and prevented him from deserting his station near his master, and joining the cry.

The Fox-hunters, however, were tired before the Preacher, who harangued for above an hour to a very attentive audience; and, what is remarkable, that part of the congregation seemed most affected, and bestowed the most hearty benedictions on the Preacher, who did not understand a word of English. This, however, we ought not to attribute merely to affectation, but to the vehemence and apparent sincerity of the Orator, and the mechanical and infectious operation of an enthusiastic energy.

It was towards evening before they dismissed the assembly; and Wildgoose, having been disturbed by the storm the preceding night, invited Howel Harris to sit an hour with him at his inn, where they settled their plan for the next morning: and the two Pilgrims retired early to their repose, highly satisfied with the adventures of the day; which, Wildgoose said (in the style of the Journals), "was a day of *fat things*;" to which Tugwell (applying it in a literal sense to his rashers of bacon and Welsh ale) heartily assented.

C H A P. IV.

An unlucky Mistake.

THE house being very full (as was observed), our adventurers, being only foot-passengers, met with but scurvy lodgings. There was a room up five or six stairs, near the stable, with two miserable beds in it; in one of which the Hostler usually lay; and the other was reserved for the Drawer or Tapster, or any of the other servants, who might happen to be turned out of their own beds upon any extraordinary conflux of company; which was so much the present case, that the Hostler himself was turned out by Mr. Wildgoose, and forced to lie in the hay-loft; and Tugwell took up the other bed contiguous to his master.

The two travellers were but just got into their first sleep, when Nan the Cook, who happened to have a nocturnal intrigue with the Hostler, slipped up to Wildgoose's bed-side, and, calling the Hostler two or three times in a low voice, disturbed Wildgoose, who began to mutter some rapturous ejaculation in his sleep; which

which Nan mistaking for the amorous expostulation of an impatient lover, she began to disrobe herself with great expedition; when, as ill luck would have it, one of the Waiters, being driven from his bed to make room for a Lawyer's Clerk, came into the room with a candle, and discovered poor Cooky half undressed. She was an handsome, plump girl, of about twenty-five; but, from the constant heat and unctuous steams of the kitchen, her complexion had more of the ruddy bronze of an Italian peasant than the pale delicacy of a Northern beauty. However, she was agreeable enough to the gross appetite of an Hostler, and, as the Waiter imagined, to that of a Modern Saint; for Wildgoose, being now awaked (notwithstanding the surprize which he expressed at seeing such company at his bed-side, and the angry rebukes which he made use of for this intrusion), the Waiter formed conjectures by no means favourable to his virtue. Poor Nan, pretending some mistake, collected her loose robes, and hurried down stairs as fast as she could; and the Waiter with her. At the bottom of the stairs, they met the Hostler, who, having heard some body go up into his usual apartment, suspected the mistake. The Waiter told

told him, "that he had caught Nan in bed with the Methodist Preacher;" which though he did not entirely believe, yet it so far roused his jealousy, that he heartily joined with the Waiter in publishing the story the next morning.

CHAP. V.

An Apparition.

TUGWELL, being thoroughly fatigued, and pretty well steeped in Welsh ale, never waked during the above transaction: but, about one o'clock, when the whole house was quiet, and he had a little satisfied the importunate demands of nature, he was disturbed by something at the feet of his bed; when, opening his eyes, he discovered by the twilight a most diabolical figure standing upright before him. It was about five feet high, of a grim aspect, with eyes that glared like fire, a long beard, and a monstrous pair of horns. "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," cries Tugwell, "what art thou?" — The Spectre made no other answer; but in an hollow tone cried, "whare! whare!" Jerry, who made

made no doubt but it was the Devil, and charitably supposing that his business was with the gentlemen of the Law, replied, "that, if he wanted the Lawyers, they lay in the best bed-chambers."—The Apparition, as if he wanted no other intelligence, took his cloven feet immediately off the bed, and, like the Devil upon Two Sticks, went stumping down stairs again, and disappeared.—Tugwell, however, awaked his companion in a great fright. "Master Wildgoose! Master Wildgoose!" says he; "for God's sake, awake: Lord have mercy upon us!" says he; "the house is haunted; the Devil has just appeared to me, and is this moment gone down stairs."—Wildgoose, though in his discourses he frequently talked of the Devil and the power of Satan, yet did not really believe his visible appearance to mankind. He took this opportunity, however, of reminding Jerry, "how free he had made with the Devil's name about so trifling an affair as his receiving money upon the road!"—"Lord have mercy upon us!" cries Tugwell; "to be sure, that is the reason of his appearance. Talk of the Devil, and he will appear. I wished the Devil might fetch me, if I had taken above half a guinea since
 " we

“ we came from *home*; and, to be sure, I
 “ have received three times as much from differ-
 “ ent people. But God forgive me! and de-
 “ fend me from the power of Satan, who is the
 “ father of lies!”

Though Wildgoose did not trouble himself about Jerry's perquisites, he was sorry to find, that, after so much good instruction, he had made no greater progress towards perfection. He desired him, however, “ to take another
 “ nap; for that the Apparition was only a
 “ dream, or a phantom of his imagination.”—
 “ The *Fancy of a Magic Lanthorn!*” says Jerry; “ no, no; I have seen a Magic Lan-
 “ thorn at Evesham fair. It was no Magic Lan-
 “ thorn,” says Tugwell; “ for I felt him, as
 “ well as saw him. He patted my legs with
 “ his cloven-feet; and he grew taller and
 “ taller, as I looked at him, till his head
 “ reaching the ceiling; and I heard him walk
 “ down stairs: and, I am sure, the house is
 “ haunted by Evil Spirits; and I am for leav-
 “ ing this place as soon as it is day-light.”

Mr. Wildgoose, who had been haunted by the Flesh (in the shape of a fat Cook), as Tugwell had by the Spirit (in the shape of a Devil as he thought), and not knowing what use
 the

the Drawer might make of such an incident; being also impatient to get back to Gloucester, for reasons which the Reader may probably guess at; took Jerry's hint, and promised to set out by five o'clock, but desired Tugwell to compose himself till that time; which Jerry promised to do: and Mr. Wildgoose, being still much fatigued, took another nap.

Tugwell, however, could not sleep soundly; but, being waked again by the clock's striking four, and still haunted by the terrors of his fancy, he calls out again to his fellow-traveller, "Master Wildgoose! Master Wildgoose!" says he.—"What is the matter now?" says Wildgoose.—"O, nothing," says Jerry; "I had only a mind to let you know, that you have but an hour longer to sleep."—"Pugh!" says Wildgoose; "but you need not have waked me to tell me so."

The sun, however, began now to dart his first rays through the lattice, and discovered the ballads on the walls of their bed-chamber. People also began to move about the inn. Wildgoose therefore, and his friend Tugwell, thought it best to quit their beds, and decamp before the family were all stirring. Jerry, seeing his Master kneel down to his devotions,
just

Just cast up a short ejaculation; but thought it more to his purpose to examine the state of his wallet; which being pretty well exhausted, he resolved to replenish it with what he could get before they set out.

As they came down into the stable-yard, a great shaggy he-goat, drawn by the smell of Jerry's wallet, came running towards them; which Mr. Wildgoose espying, immediately observed to his friend, "that this was the Ghost which had appeared to him in the night."—Tugwell said, "the Apparition had horns, and a beard, like the goat; but that he was as tall as the house, and walked upright upon two legs; and, he was sure, it could be nothing but the Devil himself."—Wildgoose did not stay to convince him; but, meeting with the Tapster who had waited on them the preceding night, paid him for what they had had; yet not before Tugwell had drunk a pot of ale, and furnished his wallet with some provision for their journey.

C H A P. VI.

Their Reception by the Parson of Newport.

THOUGH Wildgoose was not very solicitous about the ludicrous turn which the servants at the inn might give to his adventure with the fat Cook ; yet, as he had promised Howel Harris to hold forth again that day at Cardiff, and was unwilling to leave room for any suspicion in the mind of his friend, he thought it proper to call upon him at his lodgings ; and, though it was not yet five o'clock, he found him already up, and at his meditations.

As people who are good themselves are not apt to suspect ill of others, Mr. Wildgoose found no difficulty in convincing his Brother Howel of his innocence. He would have persuaded Wildgoose, however, not to quit Cardiff so abruptly : but, when he found him determined, he immediately took his staff, and set out with the two Pilgrims towards Newport, a considerable town on the great road ; where he promised to introduce Mr. Wildgoose to the
Parson

Parson of the parish, "who," he said, "was a
 " friend to their cause, and had lent Mr.
 " Whitfield his pulpit, when he lately visited
 " the principality of Wales."

They arrived at Newport before ten o'clock,
 and accordingly waited upon the Doctor, who
 received them in a polite manner, and told
 them, " as he was persuaded of Mr. Whit-
 " field's good intentions, and knew also how
 " fond people are of a new Preacher, and what
 " an impresson that very circumstance often
 " made upon careless Christians, he had in-
 " dulged his parishioners, for once, in hearing
 " so famous a man; but that, in general, he
 " did not at all approve of such irregular
 " proceedings.

" I have already," continued the Doctor,
 " found the ill effects of my complaisance to
 " Mr. Whitfield. My own people, who are
 " very well disposed, and who were before
 " entirely satisfied with my plain doctrine,
 " now, forsooth, give out, that I do not preach
 " the Gospel, because I do not always harp
 " upon the same string, of the New Birth,
 " Faith without Works, and the like. They
 " also expect me to have private meetings
 " two or three nights in the week, and com-

“pliment them with private expositions of
 “Scripture, extempore prayer, psalm-singing,
 “and what not; though, I really believe,
 “if I were to give them the very same sermons
 “in a private room, lighted up with candles
 “like a play-house, the very novelty of the
 “thing would content them for a while, as
 “well as the best of your itinerant Preachers.”

Though the Doctor was not disposed to enter
 into the views of our Spiritual Adventurers;
 yet, as he kept an hospitable house, he enter-
 tained them with a good breakfast of coffee and
 hot rolls; after which, Mr. Wildgoose and
 Howel Harris parting with each other, the
 latter returned to Cardiff; and Wildgoose,
 with his fellow traveller, pursued their journey
 to Gloucester.

C H A P. VII.

An agreeable Solitude. An Holy Family, in the Flemish Style.

THOUGH Mr. Wildgoose's principal view was to make the best of his way into the North, agreeably to Mr. Whitfield's destination; yet his more immediate object was, to reach Gloucester as soon as possible, both to confirm the distressed Brethren there, and perhaps (in a subordinate degree) in hopes of another interview with Miss Townsend before she left that place, as she daily expected to do. However, as both Mr. Whitfield in his Journals, and also Howel Harris, had represented the inhabitants of Wales as sweetly prepared to receive the Gospel (going frequently twenty miles to hear a sermon); and as Howel had also informed him that there was a considerable Society established at Monmouth, and had given him a letter to a substantial Tradesman, who was the Chief Ruler of the Synagogue there;

for these reasons, Mr. Wildgoose determined to take his route by the way of Monmouth.

Though Monmouthshire is now in some respects an English county, and is not so mountainous as many parts of Wales; yet, to those whose travels have never extended farther than Hammersmith or Brentford, or a few miles round the Metropolis, the roads in this county would not appear quite so level as a Kidderminster carpet.

Accordingly the two Pilgrims, after two hours travelling, had now just surmounted a Monmouthshire mole-hill, and were come down into a romantic valley, on the banks of the Uske, the coolness of which, as the sun was near its meridian, was extremely refreshing. After winding along the river's side for about half a mile, they came in sight of a pleasant village, at the foot of another hill, covered with hanging woods, which formed a beautiful amphitheatre; in the centre of which the Parish-church, with its little spire, rose amongst some old pine-trees; and the ruins of a Monastery, near which the river formed a natural cascade, shewed that the place had formerly been dedicated to devotion and solitude. Wildgoose could not but admire the sequestered situation;

situation; and observed, "that, if a true primitive spirit reigned amongst those people, they must be the happiest of mortals."

The first cottage they came to was a tolerably neat one, and appeared the constant residence of peace and tranquillity. A little wicket, painted white, led through a small court to the house, which was covered with honey-suckles and sweet-briar: the windows were glazed; and the chimney rose, with a truly ancient British magnificence, two feet above the thatch.

As the road divided at the end of the village, Tugwell marched boldly up to the door, to inquire the way. On so near an approach, however, they found, that Peace does not always reside in a cottage; for their ears were saluted with the confused noise and squalling of children; and a female voice, with a Welsh accent (which is always expressive of anger), answered Jerry, and bid him, "go about his business; that there was nothing for him; and that they had beggars enough in their own parish."—Jerry replied, "that they did not come to beg, but to inquire the road to Monmouth."

A little curled-headed boy, with shoes and stockings on, now opened the door; when they

heard the forefaid female exclaiming, “ Why do not you make hafte, and fcraper the bacon? I wifh thofe books were all in the fire !” Then, feeing Jerry’s wallet on his foulder, fhe cries out, “ that they never bought any thing of Pedlars; that her own father, who was a Gentleman born, kept a creditable fhop at Newport; and fhe would not encourage people who travelled about to the prejudice of the fair trader.”

During this angry exclamation, Tugwell and Wildgoofe had a full view into the kitchen; where, befides the boy that opened the door, they faw four or five more, and the poor woman far advanced in her pregnancy. The Mafter of the houfe, who was no other than the Vicar of the parifh, was fitting down in his band and night-gown; but fo far from being idle, that his eyes, his hands, and his feet, every limb of his body, and every faculty of his foul, were fully employed: for he was reading a folio, that lay on a table to the right; was hearing his little boy read, who ftood by him on the left; he was rocking the cradle with his foot; and was paring turnips.

As foon as he could difengage his attention from this variety of employment, he rofe up, and

and with a stern air asked the travellers, "what they wanted?"—Wildgoose repeated Tugwell's question, and desired to know, "which was the road to Monmouth?"—The Vicar told them, "they were come near a mile out of their way; but that, with proper directions, they might easily recover the right road."

Observing Wildgoose, however, upon a nearer view, not to have the appearance of a common tramper, he asked them, "if they would sit down *at the door*, and refresh themselves a little in the heat of the day? I cannot desire you to walk into the house," says the Vicar; "for, amongst the other comforts of matrimony, I have that of sitting my whole life in a wet room. My wife, as you may perceive, is a very good housewife; but (unfortunately for me!) she has taken it into her head, that a *wet* house and a *clean* house are the same thing: so that, having only one room to sit in, and that being washed every morning, it is consequently as you now see it all the year round."

Mr. Wildgoose said, "he was sorry to have given him the trouble of this apology, as he could not accept of his invitation."—

Tugwell, however, who seldom slighted an offer of this kind, said, "he would be obliged to the gentleman for a draught of small-beer."—The Vicar, therefore, himself took a cup, stepped to the barrel, which stood in a little shed, or *enclitical* pent-house, and brought Jerry, in a literal sense, some *small-beer*, the refreshing liquor which he asked for.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ecclesiastical Pride in the Diocese of Landaff.

WHILST Tugwell was regaling himself with the foresaid potation, Wildgoose reposed himself upon the bench at the door; and, pointing to the ruins of the Monastery, observed to the Vicar, by way of chit-chat, "that there had been a Religious House in his parish."—"Yes," says the Vicar, "there *has been* a Religious House in the parish, I believe; but, I am sorry to say, it was long before my time: for, I am afraid, at present we have not one truly religious house in the parish."—"God forbid!" says Wildgoose; "for, I dare say, Sir, you do your duty
"amongst

“amongst them.”—“Why,” says the Vicar,
 “I hope I do my duty as well as the generality
 “of my brethren; but am afraid, from particu-
 “lar circumstances, it is not in my power to
 “do much good in my parish”—“How so,
 “Sir?” returns Wildgoose.—“You know,
 “Sir,” replies the Vicar, “that, at the Re-
 “formation, in Harry the Eighth’s time, when
 “the revenues of these Religious Houses, by
 “the Act of Dissolution, were granted to the
 “Crown, how slender a reserve was made in
 “general for serving the Parish-churches. Now
 “you must observe, Sir, that, after spending
 “seven years in the University, and taking a
 “Master of Arts degree, I am possessed of a
 “little Rectory, of about thirty pounds a year;
 “and of this Vicarage, which, if I could make
 “the most of it, might bring me in near twenty-
 “more: now, each of these preferments these
 “poor people consider as a *noble benefice*; and,
 “though you see, Sir, in what way I live, yet,
 “because I am possessed of half a dozen spoons
 “and a silver tankard, they envy me, as living
 “in a princely state, and lording it over God’s
 “heritage; and, what is worse, as my whole
 “income in this parish arises from the small
 “tithes, because I cannot afford to let them

“ cheat me out of half my dues, they represent
 “ me as carnal and worldly-minded, and as
 “ one who regards nothing but the good things
 “ of this life, and who is always making dis-
 “ turbances in the parish. And this prejudice
 “ against me prevents my doing that good
 “ amongst them which I sincerely wish to do.
 “ One man has left his church, and walks three
 “ miles to a Methodist-meeting, because I took
 “ one pig out of seven, as the Law directs;
 “ another has complained to the Bishop of my
 “ extortion, because I would not take three
 “ shillings and six pence, in lieu of tithes
 “ for a large orchard, as my predecessor had
 “ done. In short, Sir, here are two or three
 “ Dissenters in the parish, who give out that
 “ all tithes are remnants of Popery; and would
 “ have the Clergy consider meat and drink as
 “ types and shadows, which ought to have been
 “ abolished with the Levitical Law.”

“ Well, Sir,” says Wildgoose, “ I cannot
 “ but think the situation of a poor Vicar par-
 “ ticularly disagreeable, and that of the Clergy
 “ in general very much so, in a temporal view.
 “ And, since ‘ all malice (as a polite Writer
 “ observes) arises from an opposition of in-
 “ terests,’

"terests,' I think it is pity, even upon that ac-
 "count, that things could not be put upon
 "some different footing between the Pastors
 "and their flocks."—"Why," says the Vicar,
 "if it could be done without too great a con-
 "fusion of property, I am sure, I should have
 "no objection to it. And I have often thought,
 "as things now are, to prevent that odium
 "which every Incumbent must bring upon
 "himself, who is under a necessity of disputing
 "with his parish the rights of the Church, a
 "method might be contrived, to throw the
 "burthen upon the Church itself, instead of any
 "particular Incumbent."—"As how!" says
 "Wildgoose.—"Why," says the Vicar, "that
 "the Bishop should be empowered, by a fund
 "levied in some manner on the Clergy of the
 "Diocese, in proportion to their income, to
 "defend the rights of any particular parish;
 "which, by reference to some neighbouring
 "Gentlemen, or other lenient methods, I should
 "think, might generally be done without much
 "expence, and without involving a poor, mi-
 "serable Incumbent in continual squabbles
 "with his parish, and preventing him from
 "doing that good which probably he might
 "otherwise do. But," continued the Vicar,

“ there is no perfection to be hoped for in any
 “ human institutions; and, perhaps, an attempt
 “ to remedy the present might be attended with
 “ still greater inconveniencies.”

“ I think,” says Wildgoose, there can be no
 “ greater misfortune than a misunderstanding
 “ between a Minister and his congregation; as
 “ it prevents all probability of the people’s re-
 “ ceiving any spiritual improvement, if the
 “ Clergy were to take ten times the pains
 “ which they generally do.

“ But pray, Sir,” continues Wildgoose,
 “ where is that Methodist-meeting which
 “ you mentioned? is it in our road to Mon-
 “ mouth?”—This inquiry confirmed the Vicar
 in what he had before suspected from Wild-
 goose’s conversation, that he was a favourer at
 least of the Methodists. He told him, there-
 fore, “ that if he wanted information of that
 “ kind, any of his parishioners would give him
 “ ample satisfaction; and would, upon occasion,
 “ leave the most necessary business, and walk
 “ twenty miles, to hear the extempore effusions
 “ of an illiterate Mechanic.”

CHAP. IX.

Mr. Wildgoose collects an Audience.

TUGWELL had by this time dispatched his small beer, with a piece of bread and cheese, and a pint of ale into the bargain; for the Vicar's wife, having, through her mistake, treated him at first with undeserved asperity, was willing to atone for her rudeness by a superfluous civility, especially as, during her husband's conference with Mr. Wildgoose, Jerry had supplied his place, in rocking the cradle, paring the turnips, and blowing the fire.

He was now, however, forced to leave the smell of the pot, being summoned to attend his Master, and proceed on their journey. In return for the Vicar's civility, Mr. Wildgoose took the liberty to exhort him, "to endeavour
 " the regaining his people's good-will, by some
 " little popular acts of beneficence, by relieving
 " the distressed, giving physic to the sick, or,
 " where he was obliged to exact his Easter
 " groats from any very poor families, to give
 " them a six-penny loaf in the place of it; and
 " the

“ the like innocent stratagems : but above all,
 “ Sir,” adds Wildgoose, “ if the poor people had
 “ the *true* Gospel earnestly and affectionately
 “ inculcated into them, I am convinced, all
 “ these worldly considerations would entirely
 “ vanish, and you would dwell together in
 “ unity and love.”—The Vicar thanked Wild-
 goose for his good advice ; but said, “ he had
 “ already used his utmost endeavours to regain
 “ the good-will of his parishioners ; but was
 “ afraid nothing would succeed with people,
 “ who, to save a groat, would resign their eter-
 “ nal salvation.”—The Vicar and the travellers
 then parted, with mutual good wishes.

When the two Pilgrims came towards the
 end of the village, they observed an old Taylor
 sitting on his board, with spectacles on his nose,
 and, with more devotion than harmony, quaver-
 ing one of Mr. Wesley’s hymns. This was hint
 sufficient for Wildgoose to make further inquiry
 about the Society of Methodists, which the
 Vicar had mentioned. The Taylor told them,
 “ there was a weekly meeting at a village about
 “ three miles farther ; but that this was not the
 “ night on which the Preacher came.”—Tug-
 well soon let him know, “ that his Master
 “ could supply that defect ; and that, if it lay
 “ in

“ in their road to Monmouth, he would give
 “ them a word of exhortation that evening.”
 Upon this, the old Taylor leaped nimbly off
 his board; and, leaving a suit of cloaths which
 he had promised to finish that evening, said,
 “ he would accompany them, if it were as far
 “ again;” and immediately ran and communi-
 cated this intelligence to a Blacksmith, his next
 neighbour, who leaves the Farmer’s horses half-
 shod, and with like speed acquaints the Farmer’s
 wife, who was a zealous disciple of theirs.
 She, slipping on her shoes and stockings, leaves
 her cows un milked, and her child dangerously
 ill in the cradle; and, with half a dozen more,
 who, upon spreading the alarm, had left their
 several employments, joined the devout caval-
 cade*.

After many questions, who the Gentleman
 was, and whence he came, they set forwards,
 and now marched chearfully along the valley;
 Wildgoose making inquiry into the state of
 their souls; and Tugwell entertaining them
 with some account of their adventures, and what

* Such was the active zeal of the last century;

“ The Oyfter-woman lock’d her fish up,

“ And trudge’d away, to cry, No Bishop!”

HVD.

he

he called persecutions, which they had undergone since they entered upon their Ministry.

The village whither they were bound, and where they soon arrived, was a considerable thorough-fare to Monmouth, and a populous place. The arrival of a new Preacher was soon spread about the neighbourhood; and there assembled, in half an hour's time, above two hundred people: when Wildgoose, being always desirous of attacking the Devil in his strong holds, having first refreshed himself with what the house afforded, held forth at the door of a little inn, being mounted on an horse-block, under a shady elm, which had long been sacred to rustic jollity and tippling, and thoroughly perfumed with the incense of ale and tobacco.

CHAP. X.

Miracles and slight Persecutions.

AS soon as Mr. Wildgoose began to harangue from the horse-block, some servants belonging to the Squire of the village, who was a very orthodox man, and no friend to these superfluous acts of piety, began to make some disturbance, and to beat a drum, that formerly belonged to the Militia; which at first a little embarrassed the Orator: but he appearing much in earnest, and a majority of the company being more inclined to be attentive, they soon silenced these scoffers; and Wildgoose proceeded in his harangue.

A considerable part of the congregation were seated on an orchard-wall, which faced the public-house; and, whilst Wildgoose was declaiming, with great vehemence, to an attentive audience, in praise of humility and self-denial, and had just assured them, “that he who humbled himself should be exalted,” the whole wall on which they sat, being built of loose stones, fell flat to the ground, not one of them crying:

crying out, or altering his posture; nor was there the least interruption, either in the vehemence of the Orator, or in the attention of the audience*.

But their tranquillity was soon after disturbed by a phænomenon of another kind. A poor fellow of a neighbouring hamlet (who used to be always quarreling with his neighbours, but who had been greatly affected by hearing Mr. Wesley preach two or three times), came galloping through the street, upon a little poney, about the size of a jack-ass, hallooing and shouting, and driving men, women, pigs, and children, before him. He was without an hat, with his long red hair hanging about his ears; and, staring wildly, he rides up to Wildgoose, crying out, “*Got* blefs you, Master Wesley! hur is
 “convinced of sin; and *Got* has given hur re-
 “velations, and visions, and prophecies; and has
 “foretold, that hur shall be a king, and tread all
 “her enemies under her feet †.”

As the preaching was interrupted by this poor man, some of the company told Wildgoose, “that he had been almost mad ever since he had heard Mr. Wesley preach.”—“Mad!” quoth Wildgoose; “I wish all that hear me this day

* Mr. Wesley’s Journal, 1740. † Ibid.

“ were

“ were not only *almost*, but altogether as mad as
 “ this poor countryman. No,” says he, “ these
 “ are the true symptoms of the New Birth ; and
 “ he only wants the obstetric hand of some Spi-
 “ ritual Physician, to relieve him from his pangs,
 “ from these struggles between the Flesh and
 “ the Spirit.” He then desired those who were
 strong in Faith to *wrestle* in prayer for the poor
 Enthusiast : but he left them to wrestle by them-
 selves ; and, without waiting for the event of
 their application, galloped off again upon his
 Welsh tit, hallooing and whooping, and as fran-
 tic as before.

The preachment being ended, Tugwell, who
 had been vastly taken with the singing of hymns,
 which he had heard at Bristol, thought he might
 venture, in a country place, to exhibit a speci-
 men of his own talent at Psalmody, and give out
 the Psalm ; though Jerry’s voice was as unhar-
 monious as the falling of a fire-shovel upon a
 marble slab. Both his music and appearance,
 therefore, were so far from any thing of devo-
 tion or solemnity, that the Squire’s servants,
 who had been awed to silence by the vehemence
 of Wildgoose’s eloquence, could now hold out
 no longer. But one of them began again to
 beat

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beat on the drum; and another discharged two or three addled-eggs, which he had brought for the purpose, at Tugwell's head; one of which flying directly into the aperture of Jerry's extended jaws, the unfavoury odour of the rotten eggs, and Jerry's resentment of the indignity offered to a man of his fancied importance, threw the whole congregation into confusion, and soon after dispersed the assembly.

Wildgoose now began to reflect upon the escape his audience had had from the tumbling wall, and to bless God for what he fancied so miraculous an attestation to the truth of his Mission. But the Farmer, who owned the orchard, considered the affair in a different light; and, being no friend to the cause, insisted upon an indemnification, and made poor Wildgoose pay five shillings and six pence for dilapidations.

As the evening now came on, and the two Pilgrims were much fatigued with their early rising and long walk, they thought it best to set up their staff at the public-house where they had preached. Tugwell, indeed, complained likewise of his having been pelted with addled-eggs. But his Master exhorted him, "to count it
" all joy, that he met with these divers tempta-
" tions."

“ tions.”—“ Yes! great joy indeed,” quoth Jerry, in a pettish mood, “ to have rotten eggs in one’s mouth, besides spoiling one’s cloaths, which I shall not get sweet again this half-year.”—Tugwell, however, having got a rasher of bacon with his eggs, and smoked his pipe, was tolerably well pacified; whilst Wildgoose went about, giving spiritual advice to different parts of the family: and then the two friends retired to their repose.

CHAP. XL.

Reception at Monmouth.

THE sun had been risen about an hour, when Wildgoose sprang from his bed: and, it being likely to prove a very hot day, soon roused his fellow-traveller, and set out for Monmouth. Tugwell, however, could not leave an house of entertainment without laying in some provision for the journey of the day.

In all his travels, indeed, Jerry never wanted a substantial reason for making a good meal, and filling his belly. In the morning, it was a maxim

maxim with him, to make sure of a good breakfast, for fear they should not meet with a dinner. When dinner-time came, he pretended to be more hungry than *ordinary* that day, because they had breakfasted before their time; and at night he would observe, that his journey had got him an appetite, and he never was *so hungry* in his life before: though, if Wildgoose had attended to his impertinence, he had probably made the like apologies every day since they came from home.

As their road lay through shady lanes or green meadows, they made pretty good speed; and, without any thing worth recording, arrived at Monmouth early in the afternoon.

When Mr. Wildgoose had found out the Tradesman, who was one of the Fraternity to whom Howel Harris had given him letters of recommendation, he delivered his credentials. The man, casting his eye over the letter, and finding Wildgoose's business, received him at first with some little coolness; and said, "they had of late had so many *Strange* Preachers, that the credit of their Society had suffered greatly by their indiscretions." But, perusing the letter more carefully, and finding that Mr. Wildgoose was no common Itinerant, but
 6 a man

a man of some fortune, and particularly delegated by Mr. Whitfield, he altered his style, and, by way of apology for the suspicions he had expressed, related the following incident, which, he said, had lately happened in that neighbourhood.

“A genteel young man,” says he, “came
 “down from London, who pretended to have
 “been a Preacher at one of Mr. Wesley’s So-
 “cieties. He preached frequently at Mon-
 “mouth; and was well received in a Gentle-
 “man’s family in that neighbourhood, who were
 “religiously disposed. The Gentleman had a
 “daughter, whom he was upon the point of
 “marrying, to great advantage, to a person
 “of superior fortune; and the alliance would
 “have made two families extremely happy.

“This Itinerant, however, finding the young
 “lady rather indifferent in her affections for
 “this Gentleman, who was indeed fourteen
 “or fifteen years older than herself, persuaded
 “her, “that she could not in conscience give
 “her hand without her heart; and that it was
 “a kind of legal prostitution, to dispose of her
 “person merely for the sake of a genteel set-
 “tlement in the world, and the like; especi-
 “ally to a man, whom he represented as *no*
 “Christian,

“*Christian*, because he did not frequent their
“Religious Society.”

“In short, to prevent her yielding to the
“importunity of her friends, and even to the
“commands of her father, he persuaded the
“young Lady to march off with him into Ire-
“land, which was his native country, and
“where he had been a Journeyman Barber,
“and came to London in that capacity. But,
“by frequenting Mr. Wesley’s Tabernacle for
“a few months, he had learned a few Scrip-
“ture-phrases, which, by virtue of a modest
“assurance, he retailed to us in the country with
“great applause; though, it is to be feared, he
“had no true Faith, nor, indeed, any Religion
“at all in his heart. And this affair has
“brought a great scandal upon our Society, and
“given too just occasion for our adversaries to
“blaspheme.

“However, Sir,” continues the Tradesman,
“I hope a Gentleman so well recommended
“will contribute to retrieve our credit; and I
“will acquaint the Brethren with your arrival,
“and hope you will this evening give a word
“of exhortation at my house.”

Wildgoose said, “he would do his best, as
“God should give him utterance; but would

“ go to the inn for an hour or two, to rest and
 “ refresh himself, and about seven o’clock would
 “ meet the Society.”

C H A P. XII.

A Stranger introduced to our Hero.

OUR two Pilgrims went to a second-rate inn; where, whilst Wildgoose was eating some dinner in the parlour, Tugwell had published the good qualities and present occupation of his Master (over a pipe) in the kitchen. This my Landlord had communicated to a young Officer, who was quartered there, and was lounging in the bar, and whom mine Host, for the good of the house, contrived, as often as he could, to introduce to his company, to make one at a bottle of wine, or a bowl of punch.

This young man, however, had reasons of a more serious nature, for wishing to converse with a man of Mr. Wildgoose’s character and pretensions; and willingly consented to the Landlord’s proposal of being introduced to this devout Itinerant. As soon, therefore, as Wildgoose

had finished his slight repast, the Landlord told him, "that a young Officer, who was quartered there, would be glad to drink a glass of wine with him."—Wildgoose replied, "if the Gentleman desired it, he should be very glad of his company; though he could not promise to drink much wine with him."

Accordingly, there was introduced a tall, genteel young man, in his regimentals, who, throwing himself into a chair, and laying down his hat, with a smart cockade, upon the table, unbuckled his sword-belt, and hurled his sword, with some indignation, across the room, crying out, "Thus let the weapons of war perish!"

Wildgoose was a little dismayed at this frantic behaviour, and stared at him with silent astonishment; when the Man of war, looking wildly in his face, exclaimed again, with an air of distraction, "Zounds! Sir, can you give any relief to a soul that is haunted by Furies?"—"Come, Sir," says Wildgoose, "do not despair of God's mercy, whatever your case may be: *Nil desperandum, Christo duce*: Never be cast down, whilst you have Christ for your guide. I hope these are favourable symptoms of the New Birth."—

"New

“New Birth! Sir: God forbid! What! be
 “born again! It is my misfortune that I
 “ever was born at all.

“Why was I born with such a sense of Virtue,

“So great abhorrence of the smallest Guilt;

“And yet a slave to such impetuous Passion*!”

As he was thus ranting in Heroics, Wildgoose endeavoured to comfort him. “Come, Sir,” says he, “the first step to conversion is, to be convinced of sin, as I hope you are: but, that I may be able to administer a proper remedy, let me know the nature of your disease.”

“Well, Sir, if you have patience to listen to a long series of irregularity and guilty pleasures, I will give the best account of myself that I can; as it is always some relief to the miserable, to lay open their griefs, where they can do it with safety, as I am convinced I may to a man of your character, though you are a stranger to me, and I have been guilty of murder; nay, parricide, I believe, adultery, and what not.”—“Well, well, so much the better,” says Wildgoose; “the more wicked and abandoned you have been, the more likely you are to be convinced of

* Phædra and Hypolitus.

“ sin. But please to favour me with the particulars of your transgression.”—The stranger then began the following narration.

CHAP. XIII.

The Adventures of Captain Johnson.

“ MY father,” says the Captain, “ was a Merchant in London ; where for some years he carried on a considerable trade : but his health declining, and having only one hopeful son (the wretch whom you here behold), he early in life retired from business. I was bred up at Westminster ; and palled through the school, I believe, with some degree of credit ; and was sent to the University with the character of an excellent Classick.

“ My father, hearing that my parts and sprightly genius had introduced me to the best, that is, the most *expensive*, company in the place, gave me very liberal appointments ; of which I made a very ungenerous use : for, instead of improving myself in learning, or any valuable accomplishment,

“ the

“ the only science, in which I made any pro-
 “ gress, was that of a refined luxury and ex-
 “ travagance. And, in short, I was guilty of
 “ so many irregularities, that although the
 “ Governors of the University were unwilling
 “ to expel me, yet they privately admonished
 “ my father to remove me from a situation, of
 “ which I was so far from making any proper
 “ use, that it must soon prove equally destruc-
 “ tive to my health and to my fortune.

“ My father, who was too fond of me,
 “ thought it prudent to appear ignorant of my
 “ bad conduct; and wrote me word, ‘ that, as
 “ I had probably, by this time, made a tolera-
 “ ble proficiency in polite learning and philo-
 “ sophy, he was willing to finish my education,
 “ by letting me make the tour of Europe.’

“ Accordingly, with no other Governor
 “ than an honest Swiss, who served me in the
 “ double capacity of a Tutor and a Valet, I
 “ set out upon my travels; to make my obser-
 “ vations upon the laws and customs, that is,
 “ to learn the vices and follies, of all the na-
 “ tions in Europe.

“ During my stay at Paris, I became inti-
 “ mate with an English Gentleman of some
 “ distinction, who was settled with his family

“ at R——, in Normandy; whither, in con-
 “ sequence of a pressing invitation, I accom-
 “ panied him to spend part of the summer. As
 “ both he and his Lady were fond of company,
 “ I was soon introduced to people of the best
 “ fashion, of both sexes, in that province.

“ There was a young Lady of great beauty,
 “ the wife of one of the Members of the Par-
 “ liament of R——, who was the most fre-
 “ quently of our party. She had a gaiety in her
 “ temper, and a coquetry in her behaviour; but
 “ not more than is common in the married wo-
 “ men of that nation.”—“ Ah!” cries Wild-
 goose, “ I am afraid, what you call by the soft
 “ names of gaiety and coquetry, are the lusts of
 “ the flesh, under a specious disguise; and that
 “ the French are an adulterous and sinful gene-
 “ ration.”—“ I am afraid they are,” says the
 Captain; “ and yet I question whether the in-
 “ habitants of this Island are in that respect
 “ much inferior to their neighbours on the
 “ Continent.—But to proceed in my story.

C H A P. XIV.

The Adventures of Captain Johnson continued.

“LADY Ruelle (which was this Lady’s
 “name) had been something particular,
 “as I fancied, in her behaviour to me. One
 “evening, as we were walking in the gardens
 “of my friend’s house, with a large party of
 “polite people, we found ourselves insensibly
 “got into a private walk, detached from the
 “rest of the company. ‘Monsieur Anglois,
 “says Lady Ruelle, I long to see Londres,
 “and wish I could meet with an opportunity
 “of going over into England.’—As I thought
 “this nothing more than unmeaning chit-
 “chat, I imagined the most proper answer I
 “could make her Ladyship was, ‘that I should
 “be very happy in shewing her our Metro-
 “polis, and wished I might, some time or
 “other, have that honour.’—She replied, with
 “a sigh and languishing air, ‘Ah! I wish,
 “Monsieur, you were sincere in those profes-
 “sions.’—The manner in which she spoke this
 “surprized me a little; yet, as a man of gal-
 “lantry,

"lantry, I could not but repeat my acknow-
 "ledgments of the honour she did me, and
 "offer to conduct so fair a Lady through the
 "world, if she would permit me. She then
 "declared, 'that she was serious in her inten-
 "tions;' but, as some company now walked
 "towards us, said, 'she would explain herself
 "more at large when she had an opportunity.'"

"Lady Ruelle spoke no more to me that
 "night: but, the next time we met, she took
 "occasion to let me know, 'that her husband
 "used her extremely ill; that she had taken a
 "fancy to me the first time she saw me; and
 "would put herself, and ten thousand pounds
 "sterling, in money and jewels, into my hands,
 "if I would accept of the offer.'"

"Though I was startled at such a proposal,
 "it flattered my vanity so agreeably, that,
 "without reflecting on the consequences, I
 "affected to receive with rapture and gratitude
 "so charming an overture."

"Not to be too minute in this detail,
 "she had laid her plan; and was determined, I
 "found, to make her escape from a Masque-
 "rade-ball, to which we were invited, near
 "the suburbs of R——, the next night but
 "one; when she knew also that her husband
 "would

“ would be engaged the whole evening from
 “ home. I had time enough to deliberate up-
 “ on the wickedness and the danger of this
 “ expedition; the injury I was going to do
 “ the Gentleman her husband; and the disho-
 “ nour I should bring upon my English friend,
 “ who had introduced me to them: but, fired
 “ with the glory and gallantry of the action
 “ (as things then appeared to me), I was blind
 “ to every other consideration.

“ The next morning, therefore, I sent my
 “ trusty Swiss to Dieppe, with orders to get a
 “ vessel ready to sail at a minute’s notice.

“ On the night appointed for the Masque-
 “ rade, about ten o’clock, Lady Ruelle ap-
 “ peared, dressed like a young Gentleman, in
 “ a sort of hunting suit of green and gold,
 “ and adorned with not less than five thousand
 “ pounds worth of diamonds, which she had
 “ contrived to borrow of her husband’s rela-
 “ tions, under the pretence of this Masquerade-
 “ ball.

“ My servant had got the post-chaise ready,
 “ under a mount at the corner of the garden-
 “ wall: and, after supper, when the company
 “ were separated into parties, Lady Ruelle and
 “ I easily contrived to give them the slip. F

“let myself down; and the Lady, with great
 courage and alacrity, threw herself into my
 arms. I put her immediately into the car-
 riage; and we drove off, attended only by
 the Postilion, and by my Swiss armed with
 a carbine, with great expedition, for Dieppe.

CHAPTER XV.

The Adventures of Captain Johnson continued.

“AS the distance, I believe, is not above ten
 leagues, or about thirty miles, we
 should probably have reached Dieppe with-
 out any interruption; but, upon our coming
 into a forest, where the road divided, our
 Postilion drove us some miles out of the
 way, before he pretended to have discovered
 his mistake. We had just recovered our
 route, when we were overtaken by three
 men, well armed, who charged us to stop, in
 the King’s name. I had time to cock both my
 pistols; and my servant, who was a bold
 fellow, bid them produce their credentials;
 which he received upon the end of his car-
 bine, but shot the poor fellow dead upon
 the

“ the spot ; the other two, like cowards as they
 “ were, fled with great precipitation ; and
 “ we proceeded without any further molestation
 “ to Dieppe. I there dismissed the Postilion,
 “ after presenting him with the post-chaife,
 “ which I had bought, for his faithful service ;
 “ though it appeared afterwards that he had
 “ betrayed us.

“ When we came to the harbour of Dieppe,
 “ we found the ship, which my servant had
 “ bespoke, riding at her cable’s length, ready
 “ to sail. When we came on board, the
 “ Master of the vessel demanded our pass-ports.
 “ I produced one for myself and for my servant :
 “ But, when he found I had none for the
 “ young Gentleman in green and gold, he shook
 “ his head, and refused to sail. I immediately
 “ cocked my pistol, and threatened to shoot
 “ him through the head if he persisted in his
 “ refusal. He said, ‘ I might do as I pleased ;
 “ but, if he carried off that young Gentleman,
 “ whom he suspected to be a person of
 “ consequence, he should be hanged the
 “ moment he returned to France.’ It was
 “ not yet so abandoned as to take away the
 “ life of an honest man, upon so slight a pro-
 “ vocation. After trying him again, there-
 L 6 “ fore,

“ fore, with a round sum of money, to no pur-
 “ pose, we were forced to hire another chaise,
 “ and, resuming our journey by land, pro-
 “ ceeded to Boulogne.—

“ Being come the next day within a few
 “ miles of that city, we were again overtaken
 “ by a man, whom, from his particular dress,
 “ I knew to be an emissary of the Police. He
 “ made a pause, surveyed us all with an eager
 “ attention, and then made on, post-haste,
 “ towards Boulogne. As I guessed his inten-
 “ tion was to apply to the Magistrates of that
 “ place, and to take us into custody; I there-
 “ fore ordered the chaise to halt a little, and,
 “ with Lady Ruelle’s permission, got out,
 “ mounted my servant’s horse, changed part of
 “ my dress with him, and rode on full-speed, to
 “ reconnoitre how matters were likely to go in
 “ the city.

“ When I came thither, I found the guards
 “ drawn out, and, with drums beating, pa-
 “ trolling the streets. I inquired for one of
 “ the principal inns; at the door of which I
 “ met by accident a young Englishman, whom
 “ I knew to have been a school-fellow at
 “ Westminster, though he did not recollect
 “ me. He immediately told me, by way of
 “ news,

“news, that the town was in an uproar,
 “in expectation of seizing an English Gentle-
 “man, who had carried off a Lady of the
 “first quality from R——; and that he would
 “be secured the moment the chaise came within
 “the gates of the city.”

“Upon this intelligence, I immediately
 “rode back as fast as I came; and, holding
 “a council with my Swiss and the Postilion,
 “we resolved to turn back out of the great
 “road, and go to a small fishing town, where,
 “the Postilion told us, we had a better chance
 “for hiring a vessel, than at any of the more
 “considerable sea-ports.

“When we came thither, I soon met with
 “a petty Commander of a fishing-boat, who,
 “for a small sum of money, readily agreed to
 “convey us the next day to Brightelmstone.
 “But I, foolishly enough, pulling out a purse
 “of fifty louis-d'ors, which I offered him if
 “he would sail immediately; at the sight of
 “so extraordinary a sum, the fellow began to
 “be alarmed; and then demanded our pass-
 “ports, which he had never thought of before.
 “I again produced those for myself and my
 “servant; and shewed him a written paper, as
 “a pass-port for the Lady. As the man could
 “not

“not read, he said, ‘he would go with us to
 “the Curé, or Minister of the parish, to have
 “the pass-ports examined.’

“The Curé had a gentleman-like appear-
 “ance. I took him aside, and told him, ‘I
 “would express my gratitude to him, in any
 “manner he should name, if he would assure
 “the Master of the vessel that the pass-port
 “was good, and prevail upon him to sail im-
 “mediately.’ The Curé replied, with a very
 “serious air, ‘that he would not, for the
 “whole world, abuse the confidence which
 “his Parishioners placed in him, by deceiving
 “them in a matter of such importance; but
 “very politely offered us an asylum in his
 “house for that evening. As we had no
 “alternative, we gladly accepted the Curé’s
 “offer, that we might have time to consider
 “what step was next to be taken.

CHAP. XVI.

The Adventures of Captain Johnson concluded.

“IT was now the third night since Lady
 “Ruelle had been in bed; and, though
 “she had slept a little in the post-chaise, she
 “could not but be very much fatigued: with
 “much difficulty, therefore, I prevailed on
 “her Ladyship to go to bed. And having my-
 “self sitten up till about twelve o’clock with
 “the honest Curé, I lay down, and had just
 “composed myself, on a settee in the parlour,
 “when I was awaked by an alarm, that the
 “house was beset by the Officers of the Police.
 “As we had reason to apprehend this, we
 “had taken care to barricade the approach,
 “and were determined to stand a siege. There
 “was no way that they could attack us, but
 “from a little garden near the parlour-window.
 “I had armed my servant with his carbine,
 “and myself with a pistol in each hand; and
 “ordered him to keep his fire as long as pos-
 “sible: but he, having a fair mark at one of
 “them by the light of the moon, let fly, and
 “killed

" killed him upon the spot. But four more im-
 " mediately marched up to the window, armed
 " with blunderbuffes. I fired one pistol with-
 " out effect. Upon which, they rushing in
 " upon us immediately, and threatening to
 " fire if we did not surrender, it would have
 " been madness to make any further resistance.

" Lady Ruelle and I were seized, and put
 " under a guard till near the morning; when
 " we were placed back to back, and our hands
 " bound behind us, in a sort of covered wag-
 " gon; and in this manner conveyed to
 " R——.

" Lady Ruelle, however, had the generosity,
 " at my request, to slip her watch and a pearl
 " necklace of considerable value into my
 " Swiss's hands; with which, by my orders,
 " he contrived to make his escape into his own
 " country; and this circumstance was of
 " great weight upon my trial.

" I could not but remark one particular in
 " Lady Ruelle, quite in the French style.
 " In the midst of her distress, her eyes swim-
 " ming in tears, and when she could not but
 " dread the consequence of this adventure,
 " she ran up to the glass, adjusted her head-
 " dress,

“dress, and put some *rouge*, or red paint,
“upon her cheeks.”

“Ah!” says Wildgoose, “those are the
“works of the Devil, the father of lies, and of
“every kind of deceit.”

“Well,” continues Captain Johnson, “upon
“our arrival at R——, I was sent a close
“prisoner to the castle. From thence I was
“soon brought to my trial before the Parlia-
“ment of R——; and, as one of their Mem-
“bers was the injured party, should have been
“severely dealt with, if they could have proved
“either the murders or the robbery directly
“upon me: but, as my servant was principal
“in the former, and also the only witness of
“the latter, and he had made his escape; and
“as the Lady appeared rather more culpable
“than myself, having really seduced me; the
“chief party concerned seemed willing to
“drop the further prosecution of the affair;
“especially as my good friend at R—— had
“made a very powerful application, by means
“of our Ambassador, at the Court of Versailles.
“So, after some little confinement, I was
“dismissed, with orders to quit the kingdom
“in three days time; with which I chearfully
“complied:

“ complied: and the poor Lady was immediately dispatched to a Convent.

“ Upon further inquiry into the cause of this Lady’s violent resolution, I found she had a suspicion of the most horrid kind—that her husband, who was much older than herself, had an intrigue with her own mother.”

Wildgoose stared with tokens of horror. But, after some pause—“ Nay,” says he, “ I wonder at nothing of this kind; for we are all by nature in the same state with the Gentiles of old—given up to vile affections, unnatural lusts, and a reprobate mind, and to work all uncleanness with greediness.”

“ Well,” says the Captain, “ I am not yet come to the most material part of my story, especially so far as my own temporal interest is concerned: for, on my arrival in England, I found my wicked course of life had contributed to shorten my father’s days, and my extravagance greatly diminished his fortune: for he was dead; and, instead of the affluence which I had always depended upon, he left but about two thousand pounds, to support me and my mother, who is now but a middle-aged woman, though, from grief
“ and

“ and vexation, become very sickly and in-
 “ firm.

“ Not to be tedious, I found myself in im-
 “ mediate possession of no more than five hun-
 “ dred pounds; with which I purchased a
 “ Lieutenancy, and am now doing penance in
 “ country quarters, strutting about in my red
 “ coat and cockade; but really a prey to me-
 “ lancholy, and tortured with reflecting upon
 “ those vices which have brought me so early
 “ in life to this wretched situation.”

C H A P. XVII.

A temporary Conversion.

CAPTAIN Johnson having finished his nar-
 ration, Mr. Wildgoose bid him, “ not de-
 “ spond; that Providence often brought about
 “ our conversion by severe trials; and that it
 “ was a maxim with them, ‘ The blacker the
 “ Sinner, the brighter the Saint.’ But,” says
 he, “ I am going to meet a Society of true
 “ Christians; where, I make no doubt, you
 “ will find those who have been as wicked as
 “ yourself, now full of peace and joy. And,
 “ I assure

“ I assure you, Sir, I have heard Mr. Whit-
 “ field often say, ‘ that he had rather preach
 “ to a congregation of Publicans and Harlots,
 “ or what the world may call Whores and
 “ Rogues, than to a set of mere nominal
 “ Christians, or good sort of people as they
 “ are called, who flatter themselves that they
 “ need no repentance.”

The Captain said, “ that, although he should
 “ be called a Methodist, and was really invited
 “ to dance at a sort of Welsh assembly, he
 “ would accompany Mr. Wildgoose, by his
 “ leave, to their Society.”

Accordingly, having sitten together till near
 seven o’clock, Mr. Wildgoose took Captain
 Johnson with him, attended by his friend
 Tugwell, to the Tradesman’s house; where
 he found a pretty large congregation assembled,
 in an upper room over his warehouse in the
 garden.

Wildgoose harangued upon the usual topics
 with great pathos; and, as several people round
 had sighed and groaned, and even wept, the
 Captain found himself variously affected, some-
 times inclined to laugh, at other times to cry:
 but what he found most contagious were, the
 tears of a very pretty girl, a Grocer’s daugh-
 ter,

ter, who sat near him, with whom the Captain would have been glad to have compared his feelings and experiences; for, though he was probably sincere in the compunctions which he discovered in conversing with Mr. Wildgoose, yet, when the passions have got strength by long indulgence, they are not immediately to be subdued, but are apt again to take fire upon approaching a tempting object: nay, as twenty or thirty of the most zealous of them were desirous (according to a common practice) of spending the night in the Society-room, the Captain staid amongst them for some time, and was thought to have been made a complete convert by this young female disciple.

As Mr. Wildgoose, however, had been up early in the morning, and was fatigued with the toils of the day; he himself, about eleven o'clock, lay down upon a bed that was offered him by the pious Tradesman: and Tugwell's devotion was so far from being enthusiastic this evening, that, before Wildgoose had done preaching, he was fallen asleep in a corner of the room.

But, about two in the morning, Mr. Wildgoose was waked by a confused noise *, as if

* Mr. Wesley's Journal, 1739.

a number of men were putting to the sword. He went up into the Society-room, where the people had worked themselves up to such a pitch of religious phrenzy, that some were fallen prostrate upon the floor, screaming, and roaring, and beating their breasts, in agonies of remorse for their former wicked lives; others were singing hymns, leaping, and exulting in extasies of joy, that their sins were forgiven them. Amongst the rest, there was a little boy *, of three years old, who had caught the infection, and acted the Sinner with as much appearance of contrition as the best of them. The uproar increased when Wildgoose came into the room, and began to pray with them: but Nature, having now been strained to its height for some hours, subsided into a calm. Wildgoose, therefore, dismissed them with a short exhortation, and lay down again till the morning, leaving Tugwell to finish his night's rest, where he had begun, upon some hop-sacks in the corner of the assembly-room.

The Captain (he found upon inquiry) about eleven o'clock had conducted home the Grocer's daughter, whose father and mother had sent for her; for, although they indulged her in going

* Journ. 1738.

(with

(with some other young people) to the Meeting, they did not approve of those late nocturnal vigils, which were frequently solemnized by the warmer devotees.

Amongst others in this devout assembly, there was a substantial Miller's wife, who lived about a mile out of town, and was more zealous than any of them. She intreated Mr. Wildgoose, "if possible, to come home to her, and give her some private consolation; as Mr. Whitfield, Mr. Wesley, and other gentlemen," she said, "had sometimes done."—When Wildgoose found she lived partly in the road towards Gloucester (whither he intended to direct his course in the morning), he promised the good woman to call and take a breakfast with her about seven o'clock.

CHAP. XVIII.

A warm Breakfast, followed by a cold Collation.

JERRY Tugwell, having been disturbed by the uproar in the night, no sooner met his Master in the morning, than he began to vent his indignation with some warmth against the
good

good people of Monmouth. "Gad-zookers!" says he, "these Welsh people are all mad, I think; I never heard such rantipole doings since I was born; a body cannot sleep o'nights for them."

"Ah! Jerry," replies Wildgoose, "this is a glorious time! these are the triumphs of Faith! these are the true symptoms of the New Birth! People are never nearer to the Kingdom of Heaven, than when they are mad as you call it; and have never better reason to hope for Salvation, than when they are ready to hang and drown themselves."

"But come, Jerry," says he, "a poor sifter is labouring under the pangs of the New Birth, and wants our assistance. We must walk a mile or two before breakfast."—"Walk a mile or two before breakfast!" says Tugwell; "why, I had no supper last night; and my stomach is so empty, that I can hardly walk at all without my breakfast. If the young woman is in labour, she has more need of a Midwife than our assistance."

As Wildgoose, therefore, was taking leave of the Tradesman, Tugwell got a piece of bread and cheese, and a cup of ale; and then they went to the inn, to call upon the Captain:

but, hearing that, notwithstanding his fancied conversion, he had gone from the Religious Meeting to the profane Dancing Assembly, and had not been come to bed above two hours, the two Pilgrims set out upon their expedition.

When they came to the mill, which was not above a mile out of town, they found a good breakfast prepared for them by their kind hostess, the Miller's wife; for, the Miller having set out early in the morning, the good woman, who thought she could not do too much for such pious people, had got some cakes baked and buttered, and all other requisites for a comfortable *dejeuné*. And in this manner, with the addition of some godly conversation, the poor woman frequently regaled herself; and always found herself more happy, than in the surly society of her morose husband; which happiness she ascribed to the power of Religion, rather than to its more probable cause, the variety it introduced, and the comfortable soothing doctrine of being saved by Faith without Works.

And indeed the Miller, though fond of his wife (who was much younger than himself, and a tolerably handsome woman), and un-

willing absolutely to forbid her frequenting these pious Meetings; yet, as he was often by this means deprived of his conjugal claims and the company of his spouse, who (according to the old Liturgy) ought to have been *buxome both at bed and at board*, he was generally out of humour upon these occasions; and could not forbear expressing his disapprobation of the many Itinerants which came to the house, amongst his workmen and servants. These fellows, therefore, who were more in their Master's interest than in that of their Mistress, laid a plot, which they knew would not displease their Master; but which, if he had been at home, he probably, out of regard to his wife, would not have suffered them to execute.

The nearest way for the two Pilgrims to return into the great road was through a meadow, into which they must pass over the Mill-stream, by a narrow plank which was laid across it. This plank the fellows contrived so saw almost in two, on the under-side. When, therefore, the travellers had taken their leave of the Miller's wife, Wildgoose, leading the way, marched foremost nimbly over the bridge; which, though it cracked, did

did not entirely break down till he was landed, and Tugwell came upon the middle of it, who, being a heavy-a—d Christian, and moreover encumbered with his loaded wallet, fell plump into the stream, bawling out for help, to the no small diversion of the spectators. The men ran, however, to Jerry's assistance with a feigned concern, and dragged him out of the water; but took care that he should first be dipped into it considerably above the waist.

The fright and the surprize at first took away Jerry's voice, that he could not vent his indignation. One of the fellows handing him up his wallet, "Sblood! Honesty," says the man, "thou hast but just *saved thy bacon*."—"What the Devil do you mean by saving my bacon?" says Tugwell. "It is nothing but my Master's Bible and some good books in my wallet." The fellow, indeed, by that proverbial expression, only alluded to the narrow escape Jerry had had, but spoke the literal truth by chance: for the Miller's wife, it seems, out of her great regard to the godly, had offered Tugwell a piece of bacon, of about five or six pounds, which, for fear of accidents, Jerry (unknown to his Master) had accepted of, and stowed in his wallet; and the consciof-

ness of his greediness now made a discovery, which the Miller's men perhaps would not otherwise have suspected.

One of the fellows asked Tugwell, with a sneer, "if he would go back and dry himself, and have another dish of tea." But Tugwell, muttering some threats, trudged after his Master as fast as he could, equally ashamed to be thus out-witted, and vexed to be wetted to the skin. And, upon Wildgoose's exhorting him "to suffer tribulation with patience;" Jerry replied, in great wrath, "that he did not care who suffered tribulation, so that he was got safe home again in his chimney corner."

CHAPTER XIX.

A seasonable Relief.

THEY had now proceeded about three miles on their journey from Monmouth; when they came to a considerable brook, which ran at the foot of a steep hill, covered with extensive woods. There was a foot-bridge to pass over; but, the rivulet being swelled by a violent

violent

violent thunder-storm which had fallen in the night, they could not possibly approach the bridge. Being obliged, therefore, to halt, they sat down upon the bank, and were deliberating what course to pursue; when Tugwell began to complain of being very chill, and of the head-ach, and said, “he was certainly going to have a fit of the ague, and should not be able to go any further.” He then heavily bemoaned himself, and said, “if he were at home, Dorothy should carry his water to the *Cunning Man*, who would cast a spell, or send him a bottle of *stuff*, which would cure him after the third fit; or else Madam Wildgoose would send him some * *Higry pigry*, which would stop it at once.”

Whilst they were thus engaged, Tugwell complaining, and Wildgoose endeavouring to encourage him by the examples of Martyrs, Saints, and Confessors; they observed a horse grazing at some distance by the wood-side, with a sort of pack-saddle upon his back, and the bridle hanging loosely between his legs. Having now waited near a quarter of an hour, and nobody appearing to whom the horse might probably belong; Mr. Wildgoose observed to

* *Hiera Picra*, or Sacred Bitter.

his friend, "that Providence * had certainly delivered this horse into their hands, to promote the great work in which they were embarked."—Tugwell, however, for more reasons than one, objected to taking an horse which certainly did not belong to them.—Wildgoose owned, "it was not lawful to steal, or even to covet our neighbour's ox, or his ass, or any thing that does not belong to us." "But," says he, "again, we are commanded to use all diligence in our power; which must signify, the using all the means to compass any end which falls in our way. Now, we shall certainly make more speed on horse-back than on foot; and, therefore, we may lawfully, I think, make use of this horse, which is thus providentially ready bridled and saddled for our use."

To this Tugwell made two objections; first, "that, perhaps, the water was too high for them to ride through; and, secondly, that he could not ride, having never been on horse-back since he was ten years old."

Wildgoose replied, "that, as Jerry was afraid, he himself would first ride through, and, if it were safe, would return and take

* Journal, *passim*.

" Jerry

“ Jerry behind him, and convey him to the next
 “ inn; and, by putting him into a warm bed,
 “ he did not doubt but he would soon be as
 “ well as ever.

“ But,” continues Wildgoose, “ to make
 “ sure of the lawfulness of what we are about,
 “ we will have recourse to our Bible, as Mr.
 “ Wesley and Mr. Whitfield have often done.”
 Upon opening it therefore, they dipped upon
 that passage where the disciples were ordered to
 bring the ass's colt, for their Master's trium-
 phant entry into Jerusalem. This Wildgoose
 considered as a case in point, and decisive in
 their favour. He went therefore to catch the
 horse, when he spied also an old blue great coat
 thrown into the ditch; which it puzzled him
 yet more to account for. But, as he intended
 to leave the horse at the first inn they came to,
 he thought it best to take the coat also, and
 wrap up his companion, who was still shivering
 with cold.

Upon searching the pocket of the great coat,
 they found in it an old crape hat-band, a pocket
 knife, and an iron tobacco-box.

Wildgoose now leapt upon Rosinante; and,
 riding boldly into the brook, found it barely
 fordable (as the flood was abating), which it

probably had not been in the morning, when it was at the highest. He therefore returned, and with some difficulty dragged Jerry up behind him, wrapped in the great coat; and, thus crossing the brook, they marched slowly up the hill, through a deep and rough hollow way. They descended the hill again; and, after riding about a mile further, came to a little village, where meeting with a public-house, they stopped, hung the horse at the door with the great coat upon the pad, and put Jerry into a warm bed, who desired a little treacle-posset, which threw him into a perspiration, by which he soon recovered his usual vivacity.

CHAP. XX.

The Pilgrims taken up, upon Suspicion.

WHILST Wildgoose was waiting in a sort of little parlour for his fellow-traveller's recovery, my Landlord had prevailed upon him, as his beard was near a week's growth, to submit to the operation of a Barber, who had just shaved my Landlord. The operator

rator had just finished one side of Wildgoose's face, when five or six men rushed into the house, armed with clubs, pitch-forks, and an old gun; which was part of the hue-and-cry raised by a Farmer, who had been robbed that morning, in his way to the fair abovementioned, by a man upon the very horse which Wildgoose and his friend had made use of.

They inquired where the person was, to whom the horse at the door and the blue great-coat belonged. My Landlord pointed to Wildgoose, as he was shaving in the next room with his back towards him. The fellows surveying him pretty narrowly, one of them cried out, "Aye, that is he; I can answer to him; he was a tall, thinnish man, just his size." They then began disputing, who should go first into the room, and seize the villain. The Farmer that had been robbed said, "it was the Constable's duty to apprehend the criminal."—The Constable said, "he would take him before the Magistrate, but would not venture his life upon other people's business."—A Butcher, who was amongst them, made signs to the Barber, to cut his throat without any more ceremony. But the honest Barber either not understanding their hints, or having more sense

than to comply with them, the Farmer's son who had been robbed, a young man about seventeen, snatched the gun out of the hands of one of them, and immediately seized Wildgoose, in the King's name, for *villoneously* robbing an honest Farmer that morning upon the King's highway. And, without suffering Wildgoose to make any defence, or the Barber to finish the other side of his face, they were hurrying him immediately before a Justice of Peace; when my Landlord informed them, "that there was another of them, who came with the horse, and who wore the blue great coat which was left upon the packfaddle."

At that instant, Tugwell finding himself pretty well recovered, and his returning appetite putting him in mind that he had acted the sick man long enough, he was just come down into the kitchen. And the Landlord tipping the wink, the Constable seized him also by the collar, in the King's name. "What the pox is the matter now!" says Tugwell; "what do you collar me for, and be hanged? —" "Only for stealing an horse, and robbing upon the high-way," says the Constable. The man who had been robbed seeing Jerry seized,

feized, and hearing his voice, cried out again; "Aye; that is the very rogue that robbed me; I can swear to his voice." And he now said, "it was a short thick-set fellow;" though he had before given just the contrary description of him.

The gentlemen of the hue-and-cry were going to tie the culprits' hands behind them, and their legs under the horse's belly, in order to carry them before the Justice; but mine Host observing, "that there were enough to guard them without that precaution," they set them both upon the horse, as they had been before: and thus they marched with them near four miles, to one Mr. Aldworth's, on the borders of Herefordshire; Tugwell, according to custom, bewailing his misfortune, and Wildgoose administering his usual topics of consolation.

C H A P. XXI.

A Justice, and a Justice of the Peace.

MR. Aldworth was an opulent Country Gentleman, and a very worthy Magistrate. His way of living gave one the truest idea of that hospitality for which the English nation was formerly distinguished: I mean not in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when even the Ladies breakfasted upon toast and meathelin or cold beef (which days I consider in that respect as somewhat barbarous and semi-gothic); but of that hospitality which subsisted amongst our Gentry till the Revolution, and continued in some measure to the days of Queen Anne and George the First: when, instead of being tantalized with a dozen of French dishes (which no Frenchman however would ever taste), and stared at by as many French servants, dressed better than yourself or their own Master; instead of being dragged out, the moment you have dined, to take a walk in the shrubbery, and wonder at his Lordship's

Lordship's *bad* taste, and then frightened away with the appearance of cards and wax candles; instead of this refined luxury, I say, you were sure to find at Mr. Aldworth's a ham and fowls, a piece of roast beef, or a pigeon-pye, and a bottle of port-wine, every day in the week; and, if you chose to spend the night at his house, a warm bed and an hearty welcome.

This hospitable temper and friendly reception generally filled Mr. Aldworth's table: and none of his old acquaintance, who came within ten miles of him, ever thought of lying at an inn, when he was in the country; which, indeed, unless any extraordinary business called him to London, was usually the whole year.

The Reader will pardon this tribute to such primitive merit; which, indeed, serves also to render more probable an incident in the sequel.

Mr. Aldworth was at dinner, with some company, when the culprits and their cavalcade arrived at the door: they were, therefore, ordered into a little summer-house, at the corner of the garden; where the Squire used both to take a sober glass with a particular friend, and

and to distribute justice amongst his neighbours with equal wisdom and impartiality ;

“ And sometimes counsel take, and sometimes wine.”

Amongst other company now at Mr. Aldworth's, there was one Mr. Newland, a young man of fortune ; who, instead of going to the University, to Paris, or even to the Temple, to study the Laws of England, had been educated under an eminent Attorney in the country, and consequently was a rigid observer of the letter of the Law ; and, having but lately been put into the Commission, he was impatient to act the Magistrate, and flourish his name at the side of a *Mittimus*.

Mr. Newland, therefore, having paid a proper compliment to the second course, by swallowing a leg and wing of a duckling, and a plate of green pease ; and having drunk hob-or-nob with a young Lady, in whose eyes he wished to appear a man of consequence ; he hurried out into the summer-house, where he made the Clerk immediately swear the evidence, and take the depositions ; over which as soon as young Newland had cast his eye, and had surveyed Wildgoose's face, half-shaved (which he took for a disguise) ; “ Well, “ you rascal,” says he to Wildgoose, “ what
“ have

“ have you to say for yourself? guilty, or not
 “ guilty?”—“ Ah!” says Wildgoose, shaking
 his head, “ I am but too *guilty*, God forgive
 “ me! and am laden with iniquities.”—
 “ There,” says the young Magistrate to the
 Clerk, “ you hear he confesses it.” He then
 bad the Clerk “ fill up the *Mittimus*; and he
 “ would sign it, without giving Mr. Aldworth
 “ the trouble of leaving the company.”

C H A P. XXII.

A Friend in Need is a Friend indeed.

WHILE this was transacting, however,
 the good old Gentleman, being aware
 of his young Colleague's precipitate temper,
 came out, with the napkin tucked in his but-
 ton-hole, and began to inquire a little into the
 circumstances of the affair. It appeared from
 the deposition, “ that the Farmer had been
 “ robbed of seven guineas that morning, about
 “ five o'clock, by a man upon that very horse,
 “ and in that blue great coat, with a black
 “ crape over his face, and armed with that
 “ very long pocket-knife;” all which were
 found

found in Tugwell's and his Master's possession.

Mr. Aldworth, however, notwithstanding these particulars, and the suspicious circumstance of Wildgoose's double-face (which indeed the Landlord soon cleared up), saw an appearance of honesty in Wildgoose, and even in his friend Tugwell; which inclined him to think more favourably of them than Mr. Newland had done. He therefore asked Wildgoose, "what account they could give of themselves, whence they came, and whither they were going?"—Wildgoose replied, "that they had come from Gloucester, and had been at Bristol upon a business of consequence; but, for some particular reasons, had been obliged to return through Wales and Monmouthshire."

This account appearing somewhat incoherent, Mr. Aldworth asked, "how they came by that horse and the great coat?" Which Wildgoose explained to him; and added, "that probably the person who committed the robbery, finding the brook not fordable in the morning, on account of the flood, had made his escape into the woods on foot. But, however that might be, though he owned

“ owned himself guilty of many other crimes
 “ in the sight of God, yet he was never guilty
 “ of robbery; and that he himself and his
 “ fellow-traveller were at breakfast at a Mil-
 “ ler’s, near Monmouth, at seven o’clock that
 “ morning; and that he could bring an hun-
 “ dred people to witness, that he had preached
 “ at a Religious Society at Monmouth the
 “ preceding night.”

“ O, ho!” says Justice Newland, “ are you
 “ at that sport? Your preaching at Mon-
 “ mouth last night does not prove that you
 “ did not rob upon the highway this morning.
 “ Many of these Itinerant Preachers have done
 “ the same.”

“ Well, well,” says Mr. Aldworth, “ let
 “ us suspend our judgement till we have in-
 “ quired more into this affair. Where is your
 “ proper place of residence?” says he to Wild-
 “ goose; “ and what trade or profession are you
 “ of?”—Upon Wildgoose’s answering, “ that
 “ he lived in the North part of Gloucester-
 “ shire;”—Mr. Aldworth said, “ they should
 “ then probably get some light into his cha-
 “ racter, and give him an opportunity of
 “ clearing himself, by a Gentleman who was
 “ then in the house. Here!” says he to a ser-
 vant,

vant, "desire Mr. Powell to step hither a moment."

Wildgoose, finding himself oddly affected at the name of Powell, though he did not immediately know why, changed colour; which Justice Newland observing, winked upon Mr. Aldworth with a sagacious nod. "But," says he, "this old rascal is the principal; and I suspect he is returned from transportation, for I remember his face at Monmouth a-fizes seven years ago, when I was first Clerk to Mr. Traverse."

Tugwell was going to clear himself of that aspersions, when Mr. Powell appeared, who was no other than the Parson of the parish where Mr. Wildgoose lived; and whom we mentioned as the accidental cause of Wildgoose's disgust with the world. Mr. Powell was returning from a visit to his friends in Wales; and had made Mr. Aldworth's house a convenient stage by the way.

The mutual astonishment of Mr. Powell and the two Pilgrims, at meeting each other in this place, and on such an occasion, was proportionable to the improbability of such a re-
counter.

Mr.

Mr. Powell expressed his concern at seeing his old neighbours in such a situation; but could hardly forbear laughing, to see one side of Wildgoose's face close-shaven, and the other with a beard half an inch long.

Mr. Wildgoose was in some confusion at this unexpected meeting with Mr. Powell; as he did not like to be obliged to a man, against whom he had conceived so violent a prejudice; and also was afraid of being disappointed in what he really wished for, the being persecuted for the Gospel's sake, as he esteemed it, and (like honest John Bunyan) the singing of Psalms in a Gaol.

Upon Mr. Powell's telling him, however, "that his mother had been greatly affected with his absence, and had had a dangerous fit of sickness," he found some symptoms of humanity revive in his breast; an involuntary tear rose into the orbit of his eye; and he even expressed some hope that she was quite recovered.

But as for Tugwell, his joy was excessive, and quite sincere, at meeting the Vicar of his parish, for whom he had always a thorough reverence and esteem.—"God in Heaven bless you, Master Powell!" cries Jerry: "how does our Dorothy do, and my poor
" dog

“dog Snap, and Madam Powell? Ah! Ma-
 “ster, we have been all the world over, by sea
 “and by land, over mountains, deserts, and
 “quicksands, since we went from home; and,
 “after preaching the Gospel all over England
 “and Wales for pure love, here they have taken
 “us up for horse-stealing, only for riding
 “a horse (that we found grazing by a wood-
 “side) about a mile or two, when I was ready
 “to perish with the ague.”

“Why, my good friend Jerry,” says Mr.
 Powell, “I think you might as well have
 “been in your own stall, repairing old shoes, as
 “rambling about the country to reform the
 “world: but I will answer for it, Jerry,
 “neither you nor Mr. Wildgoose had any
 “hand in stealing this horse.”—“I find,
 “then,” says Mr. Aldworth, “Mr. Powell
 “does really know these men. Appearances
 “are by no means in their favour; but what
 “can you say for them, Mr. Powell?”—
 “Why,” replies Mr. Powell, “I will be an-
 “swerable for their honesty, and that neither
 “of them is concerned in the fact of which
 “they are accused.”

“I do not dispute Mr. Powell’s knowledge of
 “the criminals,” says young Newland; “but
 “the

“ the circumstances are so strong against them,
 “ that, I think, we have nothing to do but to
 “ make their *Mittimus*.”

“ Sir,” replies Mr. Aldworth, “ many an
 “ innocent man has been condemned and ex-
 “ ecuted upon circumstantial evidence; we
 “ cannot, therefore, be too cautious in this
 “ affair.”

“ I am not going to condemn or to try
 “ them,” rejoins Newland with some quick-
 ness; “ that is the Judge’s business. I shall
 “ only commit them to a Gaol till the Assizes;
 “ when, I hope, their innocence will appear
 “ to the Gentlemen of the Jury.”—Mr. Powell
 observed, however, “ that it would be a great
 “ hardship for innocent men to lie in Gaol
 “ for three months upon so slight a supposition.”
 To which Newland answered, “ that the Law
 “ did not consult the ease of individuals, but
 “ the good of the whole.” Mr. Aldworth
 was going to reply; when a great bustle at the
 summer-house door interrupted him.

CHAP. XXIII.

The real Highwayman produced Tugwell, escapes a Gaol, and gets a Dinner.

THE noise at the summer-house door was occasioned by another party of the hue-and-cry, who had gone a different way that morning in pursuit of the robber, and had actually taken the real culprit, who, having left his horse by the river side, where Wildgoose and his friend found him, had escaped through the wood into a different road, where these people had seized him, from his guilty appearance; and had actually found upon him, not only the exact sum of money, with two Portugal pieces, to which the Farmer immediately swore, but also an old pocket-book, containing a regular account between the Farmer and his Landlord; which, with other circumstances, appeared so evident, that the Justices had nothing more to do but to commit him without further examination.

Mr. Aldworth, having now turned over the rest of this ragamuffin assembly to the care of his Butler (who never suffered any one that came

came about business to leave the house without some refreshment), desired Mr. Powell to conduct his two countrymen into a little breakfast-room, as he thought it in vain to ask Wildgoose, in his present trim, to go into the parlour where his company had dined. But Mr. Aldworth himself, after making an apology to his other friends, returned, attended by a servant with a napkin and tray, and some remains of a plentiful treat; which was no unfavourable prospect to people in Wildgoose's and Tugwell's situation.

When the two Pilgrims had now refreshed themselves, and Mr. Powell had recounted most of the occurrences in the neighbourhood during their absence, he began to persuade them, with all the rhetoric in his power, to return to their respective homes. Tugwell listened with great complacency to this exhortation: but Wildgoose, with a religious obstinacy, persisting in his first resolution, said, "he was not at his own disposal, but should fulfill the engagements he was under to his friends;" though he did not think fit to explain to Mr. Powell the particulars.

Mr. Aldworth, when he found that Wildgoose's elopement was contrary to his mother's approbation,

approbation, shook his head with a melancholy air, and said, “ he heartily sympathized
 “ with every parent in that situation: and
 “ that he could not but join with Mr.
 “ Powell, in advising Mr. Wildgoose to re-
 “ turn to his mother. As I have suffered
 “ myself by the imprudence of an only son,
 “ I would endeavour to rescue any parent from
 “ the like distress; and, I flatter myself, that,
 “ on my late journey to town, I was instru-
 “ mental in restoring a young Lady to her
 “ friends, who, from some unaccountable
 “ whim, had eloped, entirely alone, in the
 “ stage-coach to London, and by my earnest
 “ persuasions prevailed on her to return, the
 “ very next day, in the same stage, to her father:
 “ and I cannot but entreat you, Sir, though
 “ a stranger, to restore your distressed mother
 “ to her tranquillity, by accompanying Mr.
 “ Powell to your native place.”

As the imprudence which Mr. Aldworth lamented in his son was the pursuing his own inclinations, and marrying a young woman with less fortune than Mr. Aldworth had destined him for: so the Reader will probably guess, that the young Lady, whom he had re-
 scued

saved from destruction, was no other than Miss Townsend; in whose story Mr. Wildgoose was so much interested.

Wildgoose's colour came immediately into his cheeks; and he could hardly forbear discovering the acquaintance he had with that young Lady, and also informing Mr. Aldworth of the accident that had frustrated his benevolent intentions; which, if Miss Townsend had been indifferent to him, he would most certainly have done: but, as the delicacy of his passion made him reserved in speaking of her, so his surprize passed off without being remarked by the company.

As the afternoon was now far advanced, Mr. Aldworth invited Wildgoose (with his fellow traveller) to take a bed there; and told Wildgoose, "That his Butler should finish
" what the Barber had been prevented from
" doing by the insolence of the hue-and-cry.—
Wildgoose thanked the old Squire for his civility; but, not feeling himself quite happy in Mr. Powell's company, and finding a stronger attraction towards Gloucester the nearer he approached to it, he chose to proceed on his journey.

Wildgoose, however, sent his dutiful respects to his mother; and Tugwell took an opportunity of whispering to Mr. Powell, "That he did not half like this vagabond way of life; and wished the Spirit would give Mr. Wildgoose leave to return home again. But, Master," says he, "tell our Dorothy, we shall be no losers by it. And here, Master, please to give her this crooked six-pence, for a token." Mr. Powell smiled at Jerry's instance of generosity; but advised him to carry it himself.

The young Magistrate, Mr. Newland, on his return to his company, had acquainted them with all the particulars of Wildgoose's story; which raised the curiosity of the Ladies: and, when they were informed of their marching off, they all ran to the window, which looked towards the lawn, where the two Pilgrims passed in review before them.

Tugwell's spirits being quite elevated by his good cheer, he took the lead, in his short jerkin, his jelly-bag cap (which he had kept on since the morning), and his wallet on his shoulder; which, by a kind of instinct, he secured amidst all adventures; and which, like

" His

“ His oaken staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
 * Hung half before, and half behind his back.”

Mr. Wildgoose, however, exhibiting only that side of his face which had undergone the Barber's operation, made no despicable appearance; but raised a concern in the Ladies, that so handsome a young man should have taken so odd a turn, and travel about the country like a Scotch Pedlar.

CHAP. XXIV.

Man of Rags.

WHEN the two friends were got clear of Mr. Aldworth's premises, and were now alone in the road to Gloucester; whilst Mr. Wildgoose was wrapped in meditation, Tugwell interrupted him, by commenting upon the adventures of the day, and observing what a narrow escape they had had from being sent to gaol. He said, “ he would take care how
 “ he got on horse-back again, especially upon
 “ other folk's horses. What a fine story our
 “ Parson will have to carry home! that I and

“ your Worship were taken up for horse-stealing !”——“ Ah ! Jerry,” replies Wildgoose ; “ how often must I remind thee of the blessing promised to those who are unjustly persecuted ? ‘ Happy are ye, when men shall say all manner of evil of you, falsely, for my name’s sake.’”——“ Yes, yes, that is true,” says Jerry ; “ but a man does not like to be counted a thief, for all that, when a body does not deserve it. One’s good name is one’s livelihood ; and I never was counted a night-walker, or a sheep-stealer, before I kept company with your Worship (as I may say) : and I had rather have been ducked in a horse-pond, or pelted with cow-turd, than have had the disgrace of such a scandalous thing.

“ But come, hang it ! we did get a good dinner at the Squire’s, *howsoever* ; and I believe he is a very honest Gentleman.”

Thus Tugwell went on, grumbling and consoling himself alternately, without much conversation from his Master, till they came, towards the evening, to a tolerable public house ; where they thought it best to repose themselves, after the fatigues and distresses of the past day.

The

The first thing Wildgoose did was, by Tugwell's admonition, to finish what the Barber had begun; after which, according to his usual custom, he went to impart some spiritual exhortations to the family that received him. There was in the kitchen an old Gentleman-farmer, with locks as white as wool, and a face as red as a red-streak: he was smoaking his pipe, and drinking cyder, with my Landlord. Wildgoose, perceiving by his discourse that he came from the neighbourhood of Ross, in Herefordshire, took that opportunity of making some inquiries after the famous Man of Ross, so justly celebrated by Mr. Pope for his public spirit and unbounded generosity. "What! " old Kyrle!" says the Farmer; "yes, I " knew him well: he was an honest old cock, " and loved his pipe and a tankard of cyder " as well as the best of us."—"Well," says Mr. Wildgoose, "if he used these with mo- " deration, there was no great harm in either " of them: and though a man may endow " hospitals without charity, and build Churches " without Religion; and though I am afraid " the Man of Ross relied too much upon his " good works; yet he was certainly a very

“ useful man, and a great benefactor to your
“ country.”

“ Yes,” says the old Farmer; “ he cer-
“ tainly made good roads, and raised causeys,
“ and brought conduits of water to the town :
“ but it was not *all* at his own expence; he
“ made the country pay for it, by pretty hand-
“ some levies, and a tax upon the public.”

Wildgoose was not a little shocked at the malignity of the vulgar part of mankind, in detracting from the merit of the most heroic characters, and bringing every one down, as near as possible, to their own level; which seemed to be the principle on which this jolly old fellow proceeded, in his character of the benevolent and worthy Man of Ross.

C H A P. XXV.

Forest of Dean. Equality of Mankind.

AS Wildgoose was impatient to proceed on his journey to Gloucester, he had gone early to bed, and awoke soon in the morning. But Tugwell having been thoroughly harrassed and fatigued the preceeding day, it was not in his master's power to rouse him from his bed till near eight o'clock; when, as soon as Jerry had taken a short breakfast (which he made a conscience of not omitting), they set forwards on their journey.

Their road lay through the romantic Forest of Dean; and the very name of a Forest filled Tugwell's imagination with ideas of wild beasts, robbers, and out-laws: and, though Jerry had no great matter to lose, all the stories which he had ever heard in the chimney-corner, or read in his penny-farthing histories, now occurred to his memory. But, upon Wildgoose's assuring him, "there was no danger to be apprehended now-a-days, either from wild beasts, giants, or out-laws," they jogged on pretty

peaceably all the fore part of the day; and about dinner-time, coming to a fine tuft of oaks, upon a bank by the side of a crystal brook, the coolness of the scene invited them to rest a little in the heat of the day, and to regale themselves with the contents of Jerry's wallet, which Mr. Aldworth's Butler had liberally furnished with provisions the preceding day.

While they were thus employed, Jerry began to make comparisons between the different situation of some poor fellows whom they had just passed by (who, in the dog-days, were sweating at the forge belonging to a great iron-work in the Forest), and the company which they had seen the day before at Mr. Aldworth's. Jerry observed, "how hard it was, that some people
 " should be forced to toil like slaves, whilst
 " others lived in ease and plenty, and the fat
 " of the land!"—"Ah! Jerry," says Wildgoose; "true happiness does not consist in meat
 " and drink, but in 'Peace and joy in the
 " Holy Ghost:' and, I am convinced, there
 " is not that difference in the real enjoyment of
 " men, which you imagine. You only see the
 " outside of the wealthier part of mankind;
 " and know nothing of the care and anxiety
 " they

“ they suffer, which is frequently more insup-
 “ portable than any bodily labour which poor
 “ people undergo.”

“ Odsbobs!” says Tugwell; “ if I had but
 “ as good a dinner every day, as I had yester-
 “ day at the Justice’s, I would not value of a
 “ straw all the care and *hangciety* in the
 “ World.”

“ Well,” replies Wildgoose; “ but these
 “ distinctions amongst mankind are absolutely
 “ necessary; and, whilst men have the liberty
 “ of doing as they please, it cannot be other-
 “ wise.”

“ I suppose,” continues Wildgoose, “ you
 “ would have every body provided for alike;
 “ so that no one should be either very rich or
 “ very poor.”—“ Why,” says Jerry, “ me-
 “ thinks it is very hard, that one man should
 “ have five or six hundred pounds a-year, when
 “ another mayhap has not fifty.”

“ Well, then,” replies Wildgoose, “ we
 “ will suppose that you and I, Jerry, and all
 “ the people of our parish, and in the next
 “ parish, and in the next market-town, and
 “ so on, had each an hundred pounds a-year,
 “ and no more.”—“ Aye, that I should like

“now, well enough.”—“Well, then, but
 “where should I get my shoes made?” says Mr.
 Wildgoose.—“Troth, Master, you must even
 “make them yourself; for I should work for
 “nobody, but for myself and our Dorothy.”—
 “Well,” says Wildgoose, “and where would
 “you buy your leather?”—“Why, of Mr.
 “Jones, the Currier, at Evesham.—“Where
 “would you get awls, hammers, and cutting-
 “knives?”—“Why, from Birmingham.”—
 “Very well; and where would you get your
 “cloaths made?”—“Oh! Isaac, our Taylor,
 “should work for me; he is a very honest
 “fellow.”

“Ah! Jerry,” says Mr. Wildgoose, “thou
 “doft not confider, that all these people would
 “be fully employed in working for themselves;
 “so that, for all thy hundred a-year, thou must
 “not only make thy own cloaths, but raise thy
 “own corn, build thy own house, make thy
 “own chairs and tables, thy own linen, stock-
 “ings, shoes, and buckles; and, in short, either
 “every man must work ten times harder than
 “the poorest man now does, or, if he were idle
 “or extravagant, those that were more frugal
 “and industrious would again grow rich, and
 “the

“ the others poor: which shews the unavoidable necessity of that inequality amongst mankind, with which your complaint began.”

“ Odzookers ! Master, why, I do not know but it may be true enough, as you say; and perhaps I may be as happy as Squire Pelican himself, though we brew nothing but small beer: for though the Squire can afford to get drunk every day in the week, yet he is laid up with the gout half the year; and, thank God ! I have seldom any thing the matter with me, except the cramp now and then; and that I can cure by a cramp ring, made of the hinge of an old coffin.”

C H A P. XVI.

Perils amongst false Brethren.

THE two Pilgrims having reposed themselves for a considerable time in the heat of the day, it grew almost dark before they approached the city of Gloucester. Tugwell again began to renew the subject of thieves and robbers; but, as his Master had before raillied him for his cowardly apprehensions, Jerry affected to talk of Highwaymen in a jocular strain. He said, "The cleverest book he ever met with was, The Exploits of Captain James Hind, who lived in Oliver's days;" and though, to Jerry's surprize, his Master had never heard of him, "he was born," he said, "but at Chipping-Norton. Did you never hear how he served the Parson?" continues Jerry.—"Not I, indeed," says Wildgoose.—"It is a comical fancy enough," says Tugwell. "Captain Hind had just robbed a Gentleman of two hundred pounds; but, more company being just behind, he thought they would pursue him: and so, meeting
" a poor

“ a poor Parson, who was a little pot-valiant,
 “ the Captain pretended he himself was pur-
 “ sued by some Highwaymen, and desired the
 “ Parson to take one of his pistols, and fire it
 “ in the face of the first man he met; whilst
 “ Hind rode down to the next village, to get
 “ more help. And so, in short, the Parson
 “ did; but was taken by the Gentleman, and
 “ had like to have been hanged for it.

“ Another time the Captain was enchanted
 “ for three years by an old Hag. But the cle-
 “ verest trick is what he served the old Mi-
 “ ser.”—“ Well, well,” says Wildgoose, “ I
 “ shall listen no longer to thy stories: I do not
 “ wonder that such foolish tales delighted thee
 “ in thy unregenerate state; but, I am afraid,
 “ nonsensical books such as these have brought
 “ many a poor wretch to the gallows; as they
 “ always interest one in favour of their heroes,
 “ and represent vice in too agreeable a light.”

The road now lay through a dark lane,
 shaded with elms: and, Wildgoose being
 equally happy in the thoughts of seeing Miss
 Townsend, and in beholding the flourishing
 state of his little Church, which he had planted
 under the care of the Barber and Mrs. Sars-
 net, they moved along with profound silence;

when out leaps a man from the edge, and, with a thundering oath, snapped a pistol full in the face of Tugwell, who happened to be foremost, which, however, only flashed in the pan. Tugwell, though not deficient in courage, as we have observed, yet was extremely terrified at the sight of fire-arms, to which he had not been accustomed. He, therefore, bawled out, "Murder! Murder!" and, running back, knocked Wildgoose down, and himself tumbled, a—se—over—head, fouse upon him. The Footpad, holding the pistol to Tugwell's head, bid him and his Master, "deliver their money, or they were dead men."—Wildgoose, who had more presence of mind, begged him, "to take away his pistol, and he would give him money enough to relieve his present *necessity*; as nothing, he observed, but the *utmost necessity* could possibly drive a man to such desperate acts of violence."

As Wildgoose was proceeding in his unseasonable exhortation, the Robber, who knew his voice, cries out, "God forgive me! Master Wildgoose! is it possible, that I should be so unfortunate, as to make my very first attack upon you! Do not you know me?" proceeds he.—"Who are you, then?" says Wildgoose.

Wildgoose.—“ Ah! Sir! I am Tom Keen
 “ the Barber, where your Worship lodged at
 “ Gloucester.”—The two Pilgrims now re-
 covered from their fright, but not from their
 surprize; and inquiring, “ what could pos-
 “ sibly tempt him to hazard both his life and
 “ his soul, by robbing upon the highway?”—
 “ Oh, Sir!” says the Barber, “ nothing but
 “ the most urgent necessity, as you rightly ob-
 “ serve. You yourself, however, without in-
 “ tending it, have been the principal cause of
 “ bringing me to this distress. My neighbour
 “ Fillpot, at the public-house, out of spite,
 “ paid off a year and a half’s rent, which I
 “ owed my Landlord, seized upon my goods,
 “ turned me out of my house; and now my
 “ wife, who has just lain-in, is destitute of
 “ the necessaries for a woman in her condi-
 “ tion; and my children are at this instant
 “ crying for bread.”

“ Well,” says Tugwell, “ I pity any one
 “ that wants a meal of victuals. But, ’sblood!
 “ that is no reason why you should take away
 “ my life, and fire a pistol in my face.”—
 “ Ah!” cries the Barber, “ you were in no
 “ danger of your life from my pistol; for you
 “ may see (if it were light enough) that it is
 “ nothing

“ nothing but a pistol tinder-box, which I
“ took out of Mr. Pasty’s (the fat Prebend’s)
“ bed-room, who has made no use of it these
“ ten years.”

Wildgoose then said, “ he was sorry to find
“ that any degree of necessity could suggest
“ to him this method of relieving his distress:
“ but, as his first attempt had been provi-
“ dentially made upon himself,” Wildgoose
observed, “ it would be attended with no ill
“ consequences; and, as he had been the
“ cause of his calamity, he hoped it would
“ be in his power, some time or other, to
“ make him some amends for his temporal
“ sufferings. — But he hoped no distress
“ would ever prevail upon the Barber to be
“ guilty of such another desperate attempt
“ to relieve it.”

C H A P. XXVII.

At Gloucester.

AS this worthy Triumvirate were now travelling amicably together towards Gloucester, Wildgoose inquired, "how Mrs. Sarfenet went on?"—The Barber replied, "he did not know that her business declined at all; and Mrs. Sarfenet was a very good woman. But," says he, "charity begins at home. She has got an old infirm mother and a lame sister to support; and yet she has of late so many spiritual Bargemen and pious Colliers, that come up from Bristol, whom she entertains at breakfast with tea and coffee, and buttered rolls, that, I am afraid, it is more than she can well afford.

"And then the young woman that lodged with her is gone away; and, I suppose, she paid handsomely for her board (for I find her father is a rich Squire); and she was a clever, notable young body, and of great use to her in her business."

This

This piece of news was a great disappointment to Mr. Wildgoose; which, with the shock he received from hearing the ill consequences of his preaching (to the temporal interests of his disciples), threw him into a fit of musing, and put a stop to their conversation till they arrived at Gloucester.

It was near ten o'clock when Wildgoose and his fellow-travellers reached the town. Having, however, supplied the poor Barber with half a guinea for his immediate necessities, which was full as much as he could prudently spare out of his present stock; he and Tugwell went to Mrs. Sarsenet's; whom they found at supper, with her mother and sister, upon a bunch of radishes and some dry bread.

Mrs. Sarsenet was greatly rejoiced to see Mr. Wildgoose, to whom she was a most sincere convert. She offered to get the travellers something for supper; and also told Wildgoose, "that, as he was deprived of his old lodging, he should be welcome to the bed in which Miss Townsend had lain."

Though Mr. Wildgoose probably thought (what David said of Goliath's sword), that "there was none like it;" yet Mrs. Whitfield (after she became acquainted with his merit when

when last at Gloucester) having pressed him to leave his lodgings at the Barber's, and come to The Bell; he now thought it would be very convenient, at least for that night, to accept of her kindness, and improve the favourable opinion which she seemed now to entertain of him.

Having made all proper inquiries, therefore, after Miss Townsend, and being informed of all the particulars—"that Mr. Townsend had sent a carriage, and conveyed her to a relation's in Warwickshire;" and having read three or four times over a direction, written with her own hand, "To Miss Julia Townsend, at Dr. Greville's, at —, near Warwick;" he sighed, and took his leave of Mrs. Sarfenet for that evening, and went to Mrs. Whitfield's, at The Bell, to the no small joy of Tugwell; who infinitely preferred the smoke and favoury smell of a greasy kitchen to the meagre neatness of Mrs. Sarfenet's parlour, notwithstanding it was adorned with a glass-door, to peep into the shop; and the Ten Commandments, worked at the boarding-school, in a gilt frame; with King William and Queen Mary, and several other Metzotintos

tintos painted on glass, which had been in the family ever since the Revolution.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Pilgrims kindly treated by Mrs. Whitfield.

MRS. Whitfield received Mr. Wildgoose with great cordiality; notwithstanding he brought no letters of recommendation from her brother-in-law, as the reader may suppose, on account of his precipitate departure from Bristol. Mrs. Whitfield's husband, being fatigued with *too close attention* to the *proper business* of his calling, was retired to rest: so that she was at supper alone, upon a brace of partridges, with a large China *basin* of warm punch; which was no disagreeable contrast to the mortified repast of poor Mrs. Sarsenet. And, as the relation she stood in to Mr. Whitfield sanctified whatever she did in the eyes of Mr. Wildgoose, he made no scruple in partaking with her of the good things which were set before him. Mrs. Whitfield laid Wildgoose in one of her bettermost rooms, the only good bed he had met with since he came from home;

home; and Tugwell also shared the same kindness: which made ample amends for the contumelious reception they had met with on their first arrival at Gloucester.

Though the little Church, which Wildgoose had planted, was partly dissolved by the poor Barber's calamity; yet, the next morning, he collected as many of the Brethren together as could be suddenly assembled, and gave the word of exhortation to them in a field belonging to Mr. Whitfield at The Bell.

Before he departed, he recommended to them the Barber's distressed condition; and, by consulting also with Mrs. Sarsenet and Mrs. Whitfield, they put him in a method of recovering part of his old customers; and Mrs. Whitfield promised to get him the occasional custom at The Bell, as the Barber who used to attend was going to settle at Bath.

C H A P. XXIX.

They set out for the North.

THE two Pilgrims being now within a day's journey, or a little more, of their native place; Tugwell was impatient to return home, partly to see his good wife Dorothy, and partly to recount his adventures amongst his neighbours, and exhibit the fancied improvements he had made in his travels. Wildgoose, indeed, was principally bent on pursuing the great object which had taken possession of his imagination: yet the impression, which Miss Townsend had made on his heart, a little distracted his thoughts, and made him deliberate, whether he should go the nearest way into Stafford and Shropshire (which was through Worcester); or go round by Warwick, where he had some prospect of seeing Miss Townsend. As in the latter case, however, he could not well avoid passing through his own village, where he might meet with some obstruction to his project from Mrs. Wildgoose, he determined upon the former. Accordingly, after taking

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taking leave of his friends at Gloucester, and writing a tender epistle to Miss Townsend, and exhorting Mrs. Sarfenet to join a little of the prudence of the serpent with the innocence of the dove, Mr. Wildgoose and his friend Tugwell set out for Worcester.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

