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THE
EXPEDITION
OF
HUMPHRY CLINKER.
VOL. III.

THE
EXPERIMENTAL
OF
HUMPHRY CLINKER.
VOL. II.

THE
EXPEDITION
OF
HUMPHRY CLINKER.

By the AUTHOR of
RODERICK RANDOM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. III.

— Quorsum hæc tam putida tendunt,
Furcifer? ad te, inquam— HOR.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N,
Printed for T. LONGMAN, and G. ROBINSON,
Paternoster Row.

MDCLXXXIII.



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THE

EXPEDITION

OF

HUMPHRY CLINKER.

To Dr. LEWIS.

I SHOULD be very ungrateful, dear Lewis, if I did not find myself disposed to think and speak favourably of this people, among whom I have met with more kindness, hospitality, and rational entertainment, in a few weeks, than ever I received in any other country during the whole course of my life.—Perhaps,

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the gratitude excited by these benefits may interfere with the impartiality of my remarks; for a man is as apt to be prepossessed by particular favours as to be prejudiced by private motives of disgust. If I am partial, there is, at least, some merit in my conversion from illiberal prejudices which had grown up with my constitution.

The first impressions which an Englishman receives in this country, will not contribute to the removal of his prejudices; because he refers every thing he sees to a comparison with the same articles in his own country; and this comparison is unfavourable to Scotland in all its exteriors, such as the face of the country in respect to cultivation, the appearance of the bulk of the people, and the language of conversation in general.—I am not so far convinced by Mr. Lismahago's arguments, but that I think the Scots would do well, for their own sakes, to adopt the English idioms and pronunciation; those of them especially, who are resolved to push their fortunes in South-Britain.—I know, by experience, how easily an Englishman is influenced by the ear, and how apt he is to laugh, when he hears his own language spoken with a foreign or
pro-

provincial accent.—I have known a member of the house of commons speak with great energy and precision, without being able to engage attention, because his observations were made in the Scotch dialect, which (no offence to lieutenant Liffmahago) certainly gives a clownish air even to sentiments of the greatest dignity and decorum.—I have declared my opinion on this head to some of the most sensible men of this country, observing, at the same time, that if they would employ a few natives of England to teach the pronunciation of our vernacular tongue, in twenty years there would be no difference, in point of dialect, between the youth of Edinburgh and of London.

The civil regulations of this kingdom and metropolis are taken from very different models from those of England, except in a few particular establishments, the necessary consequences of the union.—Their college of justice is a bench of great dignity, filled with judges of character and ability.—I have heard some causes tried before this venerable tribunal; and was very much pleased with the pleadings of their advocates, who are by no means deficient either in argument or elocution. The Scottish legislation is

B 2

founded,

founded, in a great measure, on the civil law; consequently, their proceedings vary from those of the English tribunals; but, I think, they have the advantage of us in their method of examining witnesses apart, and in the constitution of their jury, by which they certainly avoid the evil which I mentioned in my last from Lismahago's observation.

The university of Edinburgh is supplied with excellent professors in all the sciences; and the medical school in particular, is famous all over Europe.—The students of this art have the best opportunity of learning it to perfection, in all its branches, as there are different courses for the *theory of medicine*, and the *practice of medicine*; for *anatomy*, *chemistry*, *botany*, and the *materia medica*, over and above those of *mathematics* and *experimental philosophy*; and all these are given by men of distinguished talents. What renders this part of education still more complete, is the advantage of attending the infirmary, which is the best instituted charitable foundation that I ever knew. Now we are talking of charities, here are several hospitals, exceedingly well endowed, and maintained under admirable regulations; and these are not only useful, but ornamenta

mental to the city. Among these, I shall only mention the general work-house, in which all the poor, not otherwise provided for, are employed, according to their different abilities, with such judgment and effect that they nearly maintain themselves by their labour, and there is not a beggar to be seen within the precincts of this metropolis. It was Glasgow that set the example of this establishment, about thirty years ago.—Even the kirk of Scotland, so long reproached with fanaticism and canting, abounds at present with ministers celebrated for their learning, and respectable for their moderation.—I have heard their sermons with equal astonishment and pleasure.—The good people of Edinburgh no longer think dirt and cobwebs essential to the house of God.—Some of their churches have admitted such ornaments as would have excited sedition, even in England, a little more than a century ago; and psalmody is here practised and taught by a Professor from the cathedral of Durham:—I should not be surprised; in a few years to hear it accompanied with an organ.

Edinburgh is a hot-bed of genius.—I have had the good fortune to be made acquainted with many authors of the first

distinction ; such as the two Humes, Robertson, Smith, Wallace, Blair, Ferguson, Wilkie, &c. and I have found them all as agreeable in-conversation as they are instructive and entertaining in their writings. These acquaintances I owe to the friendship of Dr. Carlyle, who wants nothing but inclination to figure with the rest upon paper. The magistracy of Edinburgh is changed every year by election, and seems to be very well adapted both for state and authority.—The *lord provost* is equal in dignity to the *lord mayor of London* ; and the *four bailies* are equivalent to the rank of aldermen.—There is a *dean of guild*, who takes cognizance of mercantile affairs ; a treasurer ; a town-clerk ; and the council is composed of deacons, one of whom is returned every year, in rotation, as representative of every company of artificers or handicraftsmen. Though this city, from the nature of its situation, can never be made either very convenient or very cleanly, it has, nevertheless, an air of magnificence that commands respects.—The castle is an instance of the sublime in scite and architecture.—Its fortifications are kept in good order, and there is always in it a garrison of regular soldiers, which is relieved every year ;

year; but it is incapable of sustaining a siege carried on according to the modern operations of war.—The castle hill, which extends from the outward gate to the upper end of the high-street, is used as a public walk for the citizens, and commands a prospect, equally extensive and delightful, over the county of Fife, on the other side of the Frith, and all along the sea coast, which is covered with a succession of towns that would seem to indicate a considerable share of commerce; but, if the truth must be told, these towns have been falling to decay ever since the union, by which the Scots were in a great measure deprived of their trade with France.—The palace of Holyrood-house is a jewel in architecture, thrust into a hollow where it cannot be seen; a situation which was certainly not chosen by the ingenious architect, who must have been confined to the scite of the old palace, which was a convent. Edinburgh is considerably extended on the south side, where there are divers little elegant squares built in the English manner; and the citizens have planned some improvements on the north, which, when put in execution, will add greatly

to the beauty and convenience of this capital.

The sea-port is Leith, a flourishing town, about a mile from the city, in the harbour of which I have seen above one hundred ships lying all together. You must know, I had the curiosity to cross the Frith in a passage-boat, and stayed two days in Fife, which is remarkably fruitful in corn, and exhibits a surprising number of fine seats, elegantly built, and magnificently furnished. There is an incredible number of noble houses in every part of Scotland that I have seen.—Dalkeith, Pinkie, Yester, and lord Hopton's, all of them within four or five miles of Edinburgh, are princely palaces, in every one of which a sovereign might reside at his ease.—I suppose the Scots affect these monuments of grandeur.—If I may be allowed to mingle censure with my remarks upon a people I revere, I must observe, that their weak side seems to be vanity.—I am afraid that even their hospitality is not quite free of ostentation.—I think I have discovered among them uncommon pains taken to display their fine linen, of which, indeed, they have great plenty, their furniture, plate, house-keep

keeping, and variety of wines, in which article, it must be owned, they are profuse, if not prodigal.—A burgher of Edinburgh, not content to vie with a citizen of London, who has ten times his fortune, must excel him in the expence as well as elegance of his entertainments.

Though the villas of the Scotch nobility and gentry have generally an air of grandeur and state, I think their gardens and parks are not comparable to those of England; a circumstance the more remarkable, as I was told by the ingenious Mr. Phillip Miller of Chelsea, that almost all the gardeners of South-Britain were natives of Scotland. The verdure of this country is not equal to that of England.—The pleasure-grounds are, in my opinion, not so well laid out according to the *genius loci*; nor are the lawns, and walks, and hedges kept in such delicate order.—The trees are planted in prudish rows, which have not such an agreeable natural effect, as when they are thrown into irregular groupes, with intervening glades; and the firs, which they generally raise around their houses look dull and funeral in the summer season.—I must confess, indeed, that they yield serviceable timber, and good

B. 5.

sheltered

shelter against the northern blasts; that they grow and thrive in the most barren soil, and continually perspire a fine balsam of turpentine, which must render the air very salutary and fanative to lungs of a tender texture.

Tabby and I have been both frightened in our return by sea from the coast of Fife.—She was afraid of drowning, and I of catching cold, in consequence of being drenched with sea-water; but my fears, as well as her's, have been happily disappointed.—She is now in perfect health; I wish I could say the same of Liddy.—Something uncommon is the matter with that poor child; her colour fades, her appetite fails, and her spirits flag.—She is become moping and melancholy, and is often found in tears.—Her brother suspects internal uneasiness on account of Wilson, and denounces vengeance against that adventurer.—She was, it seems, strongly affected at the ball by the sudden appearance of one Mr. Gordon, who strongly resembles the said Wilson; but I am rather suspicious that she caught cold by being overheated with dancing.—I have consulted Dr. Gregory, an eminent physician of an amiable character who advises the
high-

highland air, and the use of goat-milk whey, which, surely, cannot have a bad effect upon a patient who was born and bred among the mountains of Wales.—The doctor's opinion is the more agreeable, as we shall find those remedies in the very place which I proposed as the utmost extent of our expedition—I mean the borders of Argyle.

Mr. Smollett, one of the judges of the commissary court, which is now sitting, has very kindly insisted upon our lodging at his country-house, on the banks of Lough-Lomond, about fourteen miles beyond Glasgow. For this last city we shall set out in two days, and take Stirling in our way, well provided with commendations from our friends at Edinburgh, whom, I protest, I shall leave with much regret. I am so far from thinking it any hardship to live in this country, that, if I was obliged to lead a town life, Edinburgh would certainly be the headquarters of

Your always,

Edr. August 8.

MATT. BRAMBLE.

B 6

To



To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bar^t. of
Jefus college, Oxon.

DEAR KNIGHT,

I AM now little short of the *Ultima Thule*, if this appellation properly belongs to the Orkneys or Hebrides. These last are now lying before me, to the amount of some hundreds, scattered up and down the Deucalidonian sea, affording the most picturesque and romantic prospect I ever beheld—I write this letter in a gentleman's house, near the town of Inverary, which may be deemed the capital of the West Highlands, famous for nothing so much as for the stately castle begun, and actually covered in by the late duke of Argyle, at a prodigious expence—Whether it will ever be completely finished is a question—

But, to take things in order.—We left Edinburgh ten days ago; and the further North we proceed, we find Mrs. Tabitha the less manageable; so that her
in-

inclinations are not of the nature of the loadstone; they point not towards the pole. What made her leave Edinburgh with reluctance at last, if we may believe her own assertions, was a dispute which she left unfinished with Mr. Moffat, touching the eternity of hell torments. That gentleman, as he advanced in years, began to be sceptical on this head, till, at length, he declared upon war against the common acceptation of the word *eternal*. He is now persuaded, that *eternal* signifies no more than an indefinite number of years; and that the most enormous sinner may be quit for *nine millions, nine hundred thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine years of hell-fire*; which term or period, as he very well observes, forms but an inconsiderable drop, as it were, in the ocean of eternity—For this mitigation he contends, as a system agreeable to the ideas of goodness and mercy, which we annex to the supreme Being—Our aunt seemed willing to adopt this doctrine in favour of the wicked; but he hinted, that no person whatever was so righteous as to be exempted entirely from punishment in a future state: and that the most pious Christian upon earth might think himself very happy to get off for a fast of seven or eight

eight thousand years in the midst of fire and brimstone. Mrs. Tabitha revolted at this dogma, which filled her at once with horror and indignation—She had recourse to the opinion of Humphry Clinker, who roundly declared it was the popish doctrine of purgatory, and quoted scripture in defence of the *fire everlasting, prepared for the devil and his angels*—The reverend mester Mackcorkendale, and all the theologists and saints of that persuasion were consulted, and some of them had doubts about the matter; which doubts and scruples had begun to infect our aunt, when we took our departure from Edinburgh.

We passed through Linlithgow, where there was an elegant royal palace, which is now gone to decay, as well as the town itself—This too is pretty much the case with Stirling, though it still boasts of a fine old castle, in which the kings of Scotland were wont to reside in their minority—But Glasgow is the pride of Scotland, and, indeed, it might very well pass for an elegant and flourishing city in any part of Christendom. There we had the good fortune to be received into the house of Mr. Moore, an eminent surgeon, to whom we were recommended by one of
our

our friends at Edinburgh; and, truly, he could not have done us more essential service—Mr. Moore is a merry facetious companion, sensible and shrewd, with a considerable fund of humour; and his wife an agreeable woman, well bred, kind, and obliging—Kindness, which I take to be the essence of good-nature and humanity, is the distinguishing characteristic of the Scotch ladies in their own country—Our landlord shewed us every thing, and introduced us to all the world at Glasgow; where, through his recommendation, we were complimented with the freedom of the town. Considering the trade and opulence of this place, it cannot but abound with gaiety and diversions——Here is a great number of young fellows that rival the youth of the capital in spirit and expence; and I was soon convinced that all the female beauties of Scotland were not assembled at the hunters ball in Edinburgh—The town of Glasgow flourishes in learning, as well as in commerce—Here is an university, with professors in all the different branches of science, liberally endowed, and judiciously chosen—It was vacation time when I passed, so that I could not entirely satisfy my curiosity; but their
mode

mode of education is certainly preferable to ours in some respects—The students are not left to the private instruction of tutors; but taught in public schools or classes, each science by its particular professor or regent.

My uncle is in raptures with Glasgow—He not only visited all the manufactures of the place, but made excursions all round, to Hamilton, Paisley, Renfrew, and every other place within a dozen miles, where there was any thing remarkable to be seen in art or nature. I believe the exercise, occasioned by these jaunts, was of service to my sister Liddy, whose appetite and spirits begin to revive—Mrs Tabitha displayed her attractions as usual, and actually believed she had entangled one Mr. Maclellan, a rich inkle-manufacturer, in her snares; but when matters came to an explanation, it appeared that his attachment was altogether spiritual, founded upon an intercourse of devotion, at the meeting of Mr. John Wesley; who, in the course of his evangelical mission, had come hither in person—At length, we set out for the banks of Lough-Lomond, passing through the little borough of Dumbarton, or (as my uncle will have it) Dunbritton, where there

is a castle, more curious than any thing of the kind I had ever seen—It is honoured with a particular description by the elegant Buchannan, as an *arx inexpugnabilis*, and, indeed, it must have been impregnable by the antient manner of besieging. It is a rock of considerable extent, rising with a double top, in an angle formed by the confluence of two rivers, the Clyde and the Leven; perpendicular and inaccessible on all sides, except in one place where the entrance is fortified; and there is no rising ground in the neighbourhood from whence it could be damaged by any kind of battery.

From Dumbarton, the West Highlands appear in the form of huge, dusky mountains, piled one over another; but this prospect is not at all surprising to a native of Glamorgan—We have fixed our head-quarters at Cameron, a very neat country-house belonging to commissary Smollett, where we found every sort of accommodation we could desire—It is situated like a Druid's temple, in a grove of oak, close by the side of Lough-Lomond, which is a surprising body of pure transparent water, unfathomably deep in many places, six or seven miles broad, four and twenty miles in length, displaying

ing above twenty green islands, covered with wood; some of them cultivated for corn, and many of them stocked with red deer—They belong to different gentlemen, whose seats are scattered along the banks of the lake, which are agreeably romantic beyond all conception. My uncle and I have left the women at Cameron, as Mrs. Tabitha would by no means trust herself again upon the water, and to come hither it was necessary to cross a small inlet of the sea, in an open ferry-boat—This country appears more and more wild and savage the further we advance; and the people are as different from the Lowland Scots, in their looks, garb, and language, as the mountaineers of Brecknock are from the inhabitants of Herefordshire.

When the Lowlanders want to drink a chearupping-cup, they go to the public house, called the Change-house, and call for a chopine of two penny, which is a thin, yeasty beverage, made of malt; not quite so strong as the table-beer of England—This is brought in a pewter stoop, shaped like a skittle, from whence it is emptied into a quaff; that is, a curious cup made of different pieces of wood, such as box and ebony, cut into little
staves

staves, joined alternately, and secured with delicate hoops, having two ears or handles—It holds about a gill, is sometimes tipt round the mouth with silver, and has a plate of the same metal at bottom, with the landlord's cypher engraved.—The Highlanders, on the contrary, despise this liquor, and regale themselves with whisky; a malt spirit, as strong as geneva, which they swallow in great quantities, without any signs of inebriation. They are used to it from the cradle, and find it an excellent preservative against the winter cold, which must be extreme on these mountains—I am told that it is given with great success to infants, as a cordial in the confluent small-pox, when the eruption seems to flag, and the symptoms grow unfavourable—The Highlanders are used to eat much more animal food than falls to the share of their neighbours in the Low-country—They delight in hunting; have plenty of deer and other game, with a great number of sheep, goats, and black cattle running wild, which they scruple not to kill as venison, without being at much pains to ascertain the property.

Inverary is but a poor town, though it stands immediately under the protection
of

of the duke of Argyle, who is a mighty prince in this part of Scotland. The peasants live in wretched cabins, and seem very poor; but the gentlemen are tolerably well lodged, and so loving to strangers, that a man runs some risque of his life from their hospitality—It must be observed that the poor Highlanders are now seen to disadvantage—They have been not only disarmed by act of parliament; but also deprived of their antient garb, which was both graceful and convenient; and what is a greater hardship still, they are compelled to wear breeches; a restraint which they cannot bear with any degree of patience: indeed, the majority wear them, not in the proper place, but on poles or long staves over their shoulders—They are even debarred the use of their striped stuff, called Tartane, which was their own manufacture, prized by them above all the velvets, brocades, and tissues of Europe and Asia. They now lounge along in loose great coats, of coarse ruffet, equally mean and cumbersome, and betray manifest marks of dejection—Certain it is, the government could not have taken a more effectual method to break their national spirit.

We

We have had princely sport in hunting the stag on these mountains—These are the lonely hills of Morven, where Fingal and his heroes enjoyed the same pastime : I feel an enthusiastic pleasure when I survey the brown heath of Ossian went to tread ; and hear the wind whistle through the bending grass——When I enter our landlord's hall, I look for the suspended harp of that divine bard, and listen in hopes of hearing the aerial sound of his respected spirit—The Poems of Ossian are in every mouth—A famous antiquarian of this country, the laird of Macfarlane, at whose house we dined a few days ago, can repeat them all in the original Gaelick, which has a great affinity to the Welch, not only in the general sound, but also in a great number of radical words ; and I make no doubt but that they are both sprung from the same origin. I was not a little surpris'd, when asking a Highlander one day, if he knew where we should find any game ? he replied, “ *bu niel Sassenagh,*” which signifies *no English* : the very same answer I should have received from a Welchman, and almost in the same words. The Highlanders have no other name for the people of the low-country, but Sassenagh, or Saxons ;
a strong

a strong presumption, that the Lowland Scots and the English are derived from the same stock——The peasants of these hills strongly resemble those of Wales in their looks, their manners, and habitations; every thing I see, and hear, and feel, seems Welch——The mountains vales, and streams; the air and climate; the beef, mutton, and game, are all Welch——It must be owned, however, that this people are better provided than we in some articles——They have plenty of red deer and roebuck, which are fat and delicious at this season of the year——Their sea teems with amazing quantities of the finest fish in the world; and they find means to procure very good claret at a very small expence.

Our landlord is a man of consequence in this part of the country; a cadet from the family of Argyle, and hereditary captain of one of his castles——His name in plain English, is Dougal Campbell; but as there is a great number of the same appellation, they are distinguished (like the Welch) by patronimics; and as I have known an antient Briton called Madocap-Morgan, ap-Jenkins, ap-Jones, our Highland chief designs himself Dou'l Mac-amish mac-'oul ich-ian, signifying
Dou-

Dougal, the son of James, the son of Dougal, the son of John — He has travelled in the course of his education, and is disposed to make certain alterations in his domestic œconomy; but he finds it impossible to abolish the antient customs of the family; some of which are ludicrous enough — His piper, for example, who is an hereditary officer of the household, will not part with the least particle of his privileges — He has a right to wear the kilt, or antient Highland dress, with the purse, pistol, and durk — a broad yellow ribbon, fixed to the chanter-pipe, is thrown over his shoulder, and trails along the ground, while he performs the function of his minstrelsy; and this, I suppose, is analogous to the pennon or flag which was formerly carried before every knight in battle — He plays before the laird every Sunday in his way to the kirk; which he circles three times, performing the family march, which implies defiance to all the enemies of the clan; and every morning he plays a full hour by the clock, in the great hall, marching backwards and forwards all the time, with a solemn pace, attended by the laird's kinsmen, who seem much delighted with the music — In this exercise, he indulges them
with

with a variety of pibrachs or airs, suited to the different passions, which he would either excite or assuage.

Mr. Campbell himself, who performs very well on the violin, has an invincible antipathy to the sound of the Highland bag-pipe, which sings in the nose with a most alarming twang, and, indeed, is quite intolerable to ears of common sensibility, when aggravated by the echo of a vaulted hall—He therefore begged the piper would have some mercy upon him, and dispense with this part of the morning service—A consultation of the clan being held on this occasion, it was unanimously agreed, that the laird's request could not be granted without a dangerous encroachment upon the customs of the family—The piper declared, he could not give up for a moment the privilege he derived from his ancestors; nor would the laird's relations forego an entertainment which they valued above all others—There was no remedy; Mr. Campbell, being obliged to acquiesce, is fain to stop his ears with cotton; to fortify his head with three or four night-caps, and every morning retire into the penetralia of his habitation, in order to avoid this diurnal annoyance. When the music ceases, he pro-

produces himself at an open window that looks into the court-yard, which is by this time filled with a crowd of his vassals and dependents, who worship his first appearance, by uncovering their heads, and bowing to the earth with the most humble prostration. As all these people have something to communicate in the way of proposal, complaint, or petition, they wait patiently till the laird comes forth, and, following him in his walks, are favoured each with a short audience in his turn. Two days ago, he dispatched above an hundred different sollicitors, in walking with us to the house of a neighbouring gentleman, where we dined by invitation. Our landlord's house-keeping is equally rough and hospitable, and favours much of the simplicity of ancient times: the great hall, paved with flat stones, is about forty-five feet by twenty-two, and serves not only for a dining-room, but also for a bed-chamber to gentlemen-dependents and hangers-on of the family. At night half a dozen occasional beds are ranged on each side along the wall. These are made of fresh heath, pulled up by the roots, and disposed in such manner as to make a very agreeable couch, where they lie, without any other covering than the plaid. — My uncle and I were indulged with se-

parate chambers and down beds, which we begged to exchange for a layer of heath; and indeed I never slept so much to my satisfaction. It was not only soft and elastic, but the plant, being in flower, diffused an agreeable fragrance, which is wonderfully refreshing and restorative.

Yesterday we were invited to the funeral of an old lady, the grand-mother of a gentleman in this neighbourhood, and found ourselves in the midst of fifty people, who were regaled with a sumptuous feast, accompanied by the music of a dozen pipers. In short, this meeting had all the air of a grand festival; and the guests did such honour to the entertainment, that many of them could not stand when we were reminded of the business on which we had met. The company forthwith taking horse, rode in a very irregular cavalcade to the place of interment, a church, at the distance of two long miles from the castle. On our arrival, however, we found we had committed a small oversight, in leaving the corpse behind; so that we were obliged to wheel about, and met the old gentlewoman half way, carried upon poles by the nearest relations of her family, and attended by the *coronach*, composed of a multitude of old hags, who tore their hair, beat their
breasts

breasts, and howled most hideously. At the grave, the orator, or *senachie*, pronounced the panegyric of the defunct, every period being confirmed by a yell of the *coronach*. The body was committed to the earth, the pipers playing a pibroch all the time; and all the company standing uncovered. The ceremony was closed with the discharge of pistols; then we returned to the castle, resumed the bottle, and by midnight there was not a sober person in the family, the females excepted. The 'squire and I were, with some difficulty, permitted to retire with our landlord in the evening; but our entertainer was a little chagrined at our retreat; and afterwards seemed to think it a disparagement to his family, that not above a hundred gallons of whisky had been drank upon such a solemn occasion. This morning we got up by four, to hunt the roebuck, and, in an half an hour, found breakfast ready served in the hall. The hunters consisted of Sir George Colquhoun and me, as strangers, (my uncle not chusing to be of the party) of the *laird in person, the laird's brother, the laird's brother's son, the laird's sister's son, the laird's father's brother's son,* and all their *foster brothers*, who are counted parcel of the family: but we were attended by an

infinite number of *Gaellys*, or ragged Highlanders, without shoes or stockings.

The following articles formed our morning's repast: one kit of boiled eggs; a second, full of butter; a third, full of cream; an entire cheese, made of goat's milk; a large earthen pot full of honey; the best part of a ham; a cold venison-pasty; a bushel of oatmeal, made in thin cakes and bannocks, with a small wheaten loaf in the middle for the strangers; a large stone bottle full of whisky, another of brandy, and a kilderkin of ale. There was a ladle chained to the cream kit, with curious wooden bickers to be filled from this reservoir. The spirits were drank out of a silver quaff, and the ale out of horns: great justice was done to the collation by the guests in general; one of them in particular ate above two dozen of hard eggs, with a proportionable quantity of bread, butter, and honey; nor was one drop of liquor left upon the board. Finally, a large roll of tobacco was presented by way of desert, and every individual took a comfortable quid, to prevent the bad effects of the morning air. We had a fine chace over the mountains, after a roebuck, which we killed, and I got home time enough

to drink tea with Mrs. Campbell and our
 'quire. To-morrow we shall set out on our
 return for Cameron. We propose to cross
 the Frith of Clyde, and take the towns of
 Greenock and Port-Glasgow in our way.
 This circuit being finished, we shall turn
 our faces to the south, and follow the sun
 with augmented velocity, in order to en-
 joy the rest of the autumn in England,
 where Boreas is not quite so biting as he
 begins already to be on the tops of these
 northern hills. But our progress from
 place to place shall continue to be speci-
 fied in these detached journals of,

your; always,

Argyleshire,
 Sept. 3.

J. MELFORD.

C 3 To



To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

ABOUT a fortnight is now elapsed, since we left the capital of Scotland, directing our course towards Stirling, where we lay.—The castle of this place is such another as that of Edinburgh, and affords a surprising prospect of the windings of the river Forth, which are so extraordinary, that the distance from hence to Alloa by land, is but four miles, and by water it is twenty-four. Alloa is a neat thriving town, that depends in a great measure on the commerce of Glasgow, the merchants of which send hither tobacco and other articles, to be deposited in warehouses for exportation from the Frith of Forth. In our way hither we visited a flourishing iron-work, where, instead of burning wood, they use coal, which they have the art of clearing in such a manner as frees it from the sulphur, that would otherwise

otherwise render the metal too brittle for working. Excellent coal is found in almost every part of Scotland.

The soil of this district produces scarce any other grain but oats and barley; perhaps because it is poorly cultivated and almost altogether uninclosed. The few inclosures they have consist of pauntry walls of loose stones gathered from the fields, which indeed they cover, as if they had been scattered on purpose. When I expressed my surprize that the peasants did not disencumber their grounds of these stones; a gentleman, well acquainted with the theory as well as practice of farming, assured me that the stones, far from being prejudicial, were serviceable to the crop. This philosopher had ordered a field of his own to be cleared, manured and sown with barley, and the produce was more scanty than before. He caused the stones to be replaced, and next year the crop was as good as ever. The stones were removed a second time, and the harvest failed; they were again brought back, and the ground retrieved its fertility. The same experiment has been tried in different parts of Scotland with the same success—Astonished at this information, I desired to know in what manner he accounted for this

strange phenomenon; and he said there were three ways in which the stones might be serviceable. They might possibly restrain an excess in the perspiration of the earth, analogous to colliquative sweats, by which the human body is sometimes wasted and consumed. They might act as so many fences to protect the tender blade from the piercing winds of the spring; or, by multiplying the reflection of the sun, they might increase the warmth, so as to mitigate the natural chilness of the soil and climate—But, surely this excessive perspiration might be more effectually checked by different kinds of manure, such as ashes, lime, chalk, or marl, of which last it seems there are many pits in this kingdom: as for the warmth, it would be much more equally obtained by inclosures; one half of the ground which is now covered, would be retrieved; the cultivation would require less labour; and the ploughs, harrows, and horses, would not suffer half the damage which they now sustain.

These north-western parts are by no means fertile in corn. The ground is naturally barren and moorish. The peasants are poorly lodged, meagre in their looks, mean in their apparel, and remarkably dirty.

This

This last reproach they might easily wash off, by means of those lakes, rivers, and rivulets of pure water, with which they are so liberally supplied by nature. Agriculture cannot be expected to flourish where the farms are small, the leases short, and the husbandman begins upon a rack rent, without a sufficient stock to answer the purposes of improvement. The granaries of Scotland are the banks of the Tweed, the counties of East and Mid-Lothian, the Carse of Gowrie, in Perthshire, equal in fertility to any part of England, and some tracts in Aberdeenshire and Murray, where I am told the harvest is more early than in Northumberland, although they lie above two degrees farther north. I have a strong curiosity to visit many places beyond the Forth and the Tay, such as Perth, Dundee, Montrose, and Aberdeen, which are towns equally elegant and thriving; but the season is too far advanced, to admit of this addition to my original plan.

I am so far happy as to have seen Glasgow, which, to the best of my recollection and judgment, is one of the prettiest towns in Europe; and, without all doubt, it is one of the most flourishing in Great Britain. In short, it is a perfect

C 5 bee-hive

bee-hive in point of industry. It stands partly on a gentle declivity; but the greatest part of it is in a plain, watered by the river Clyde. The streets are straight, open, airy, and well paved; and the houses lofty and well built of hewn stone. At the upper end of the town, there is a venerable cathedral, that may be compared with York-minster or Westminster; and, about the middle of the descent from this to the Cross, is the college, a respectable pile of building, with all manner of accommodation for the professors and students, including an elegant library, and an observatory well provided with astronomical instruments. The number of inhabitants is said to amount to thirty thousand; and marks of opulence and independency appear in every quarter of this commerical city, which however, is not without its inconveniences and defects. The water of their public pumps is generally hard and brackish, an imperfection the less excusable, as the river Clyde runs by their doors, in the lower part of the town; and there are rivulets and springs above the cathedral, sufficient to fill a large reservoir with excellent water, which might be thence distributed to all the different parts of the city.

ty. It is of more consequence to consult the health of the inhabitants in this article, than to employ so much attention in beautifying their town with new streets, squares, and churches. Another defect, not so easily remedied, is the shallowness of the river, which will not float vessels of any burthen within ten or twelve miles of the city; so that the merchants are obliged to load and unload their ships at Greenock and Port Glasgow, situated about fourteen miles nearer the mouth of the Frith, where it is about two miles broad.

The people of Glasgow have a noble spirit of enterprise—Mr. Moore, a surgeon, to whom I was recommended from Edinburgh, introduced me to all the principal merchants of the place. Here I became acquainted with Mr. Cochran, who may be stiled one of the sages of this kingdom. He was first magistrate at the time of the last rebellion. I sat as member when he was examined in the house of commons; upon which occasion Mr. P.—observed he had never heard such a sensible evidence given at that bar—I was also introduced to Dr. John Gordon, patriot of a truly Roman spirit, who is the father of the linen manufacture in this

place, and was great promoter of the city workhouse, infirmary, and other works of public utility. Had he lived in ancient Rome, he would have been honoured with a statue at the public expence. I moreover conversed with one Mr. G—sf—d, whom I take to be one of the greatest merchants in Europe. In the last war, he is said to have had at one time five and twenty ships, with their cargoes, his own property, and to have traded for above half a million sterling a year. The last war was a fortunate period for the commerce of Glasgow—The merchants, considering that their ships bound for America, launching out at once into the Atlantic by the north or Ireland, pursued a track very little frequented by privateers, resolved to insure one another, and saved a very considerable sum by this resolution, as few or none of their ships were taken—You must know I have a sort of national attachment to this part of Scotland—The great church dedicated to St. Monagh, the river Clyde, and other particulars that smack of our Welch language and customs, contribute to flatter me with the notion, that these people are the descendants of the Britons, who once possessed this country. Without all ques-
tion,

tion, this was a Cumbrian kingdom: its capital was Dumbarton (a corruption of Dumbritton) which still exists as a royal borough, at the influx of the Clyde and Leven, ten miles below Glasgow. The same neighbourhood gave birth to St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, at a place where there is still a church and village, which retain his name. Hard by are some vestiges of the famous Roman wall, built in the reign of Antonine, from the Clyde to the Forth, and fortified with castles, to restrain the incursions of the Scots or Caledonians, who inhabited the West-Highlands. In a line parallel to this wall, the merchants of Glasgow have determined to make a navigable canal betwixt the two Friths, which will be of incredible advantage to their commerce, in transporting merchandize from one side of the island to the other.

- From Glasgow we travelled along the Clyde, which is a delightful stream, adorned on both sides with villas, towns, and villages. Here is no want of groves, and meadows, and corn-fields interspersed; but on this side of Glasgow, there is little other grain than oats and barley; the first are much better, the last much worse, than those of the same species

cies in England. I wonder there is so little rye, which is a grain that will thrive in almost any soil; and it is still more surprising, that the cultivation of potatoes should be so much neglected in the Highlands, where the poor people have not meal enough to supply them with bread through the winter. On the other side of the river are the towns of Paisley and Renfrew. The first, from an inconsiderable village, is become one of the most flourishing places of the kingdom, enriched by the linen cambrick, flowered lawn, and silk manufactures. It was formerly noted for a rich monastery of the monks of Clugny, who wrote the famous *Scoti-Chronicon*, called *The Black Book of Paisley*. The old abbey still remains, converted into a dwelling-house, belonging to the earl of Dundonald. Renfrew is a pretty town, on the banks of Clyde, capital of the shire, which was heretofore the patrimony of the Stuart family, and gave the title of baron to the king's eldest son, which is still assumed by the prince of Wales.

The Clyde we left a little on our left-hand at Dunbritton, where it widens into an æstuary or frith, being augmented by the influx of the Leven. On this spot stands

stands the castle formerly called Alcluyd, washed by these two rivers on all sides, except a narrow istmus, which at every spring-tide is overflowed. The whole is a great curiosity, from the quality and form of the rock, as well as from the nature of its situation—We now crossed the water of Leven, which, though nothing near so considerable as the Clyde, is much more transparent, pastoral, and delightful. This charming stream is the outlet of Lough-Lomond, and through a tract of four miles pursues its winding course, murmuring over a bed of pebbles, till it joins the Frith at Dunbritton. A very little above its source, on the lake, stands the house of Cameron, belonging to Mr. Smollett, so embosomed in an oak wood, that we did not see it till we were within fifty yards of the door. I have seen the Lago di Garda, Albano, De Vico, Bolsena, and Geneva, and, upon my honour, I prefer Lough-Lomond to them all; a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties, which even partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of

WOOD

woodland, corn-field, and pasture, with several agreeable villas, emerging as it were out of the lake, till, at some distance, the prospect terminates in huge mountains covered with heath, which being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Every thing here is romantic beyond imagination. This country is justly stiled the Arcadia of Scotland; and I don't doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in every thing but climate—I am sure it excels it in verdure, wood, and water.—What say you to a natural basin of pure water, near thirty miles long, and in some places seven miles broad, and in many above a hundred fathom deep, having four and twenty habitable islands, some of them stocked with deer, and all of them covered with wood; containing immense quantities of delicious fish, salmon, pike, trout, perch, flounders, eels, and powans, the last a delicate kind of fresh-water herring peculiar to this lake; and finally communicating with the sea, by sending off the Leven, through which all those species (except the powan) make their exit and entrance occasionally?

Inclosed I send you a copy of a little ode to this river, by Dr. Smollett, who was born on the banks of it, within two miles

miles of the place where I am now writing.—It is at least picturesque and accurately descriptive, if it has no other merit.—There is an idea of truth in an agreeable landscapetaken from nature, which pleases me more than the gayest fiction which the most luxuriant fancy can display.

I have other remarks to make; but as my paper is full, I must reserve them till the next occasion. I shall only observe at present, that I am determined to penetrate at least forty miles into the Highlands, which now appear like a vast fantastic vision in the clouds, inviting the approach of

Yours always,

Cameron, Aug. 28,

MATT. BRAMBLE.

ODE

ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

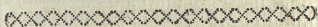
On Leven's banks, while free to row
 And tune the rural pipe to love;
 I envied not the happiest swain
 That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
 My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
 No torrents stain thy limpid source;
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
 While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
 The springing trout in speckled pride;
 The salmon, monarch of the tide;
 The ruthless pike, intent on war;
 The silver eel, and motled par. †

Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
 And hedges flow'r'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gayly green,
 May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,
 And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
 And shepherd's piping in the dale,
 And ancient faith that knows no guile,
 And industry imbrown'd with toil,
 And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
 The blessings they enjoy to guard.

† The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.



TO DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR.

IF I was disposed to be critical, I should say this house of Cameron is too near the lake, which approaches, on one side, to within six or seven yards of the window. It might have been placed in a higher site, which would have afforded a more extensive prospect and a drier atmosphere; but this imperfection is not chargeable on the present proprietor, who purchased it ready built, rather than be at the trouble of repairing his own family-house of Bonhill, which stands two miles from hence on the Leven, so surrounded with plantation, that it used to be known by the name of the Mavis (or thrush) Nest. Above that house is a romantic glen or clift of a mountain covered with hanging woods, having at bottom a stream of fine water that forms a number of cascades in its descent to join the Leven; so that the scene

scene is quite enchanting. A captain of a man of war, who had made the circuit of the globe with Mr. Anson, being conducted to this glen, exclaimed, "Juan Fernandez, by God!"

Indeed, this country would be a perfect paradise, if it was not, like Wales, cursed with a weeping climate, owing to the same causes in both, the neighbourhood of high mountains, and a westerly situation, exposed to the vapours of the Atlantic ocean. This air, however, notwithstanding its humidity, is so healthy, that the natives are scarce ever visited by any other disease than the small-pox, and certain cutaneous evils, which are the effects of dirty living, the great and general reproach of the commonalty of this kingdom. Here are a great many living monuments of longævity; and among the rest a person, whom I treat with singular respect, as a venerable druid, who has lived near ninety years, without pain or sickness, among oaks of his own planting.—He was once proprietor of these lands; but being of a projecting spirit, some of his schemes miscarried, and he was obliged to part with his possession, which hath shifted hands two or three times since that period; but every succeeding

ceeding proprietor hath done every thing in his power, to make his old age easy and comfortable. He has a sufficiency to procure the necessaries of life; and he and his old woman resided in a small convenient farm-house, having a little garden which he cultivates with his own hands. This ancient couple live in great health, peace, and harmony, and, knowing no wants, enjoys the perfection of content. Mr. Smollet calls him the admiral, because he insists upon steering his pleasure-boat upon the lake; and he spends most of his time in ranging through the woods, which he declares he enjoys as much as if they were still his own property—I asked him the other day, if he was never sick, and he answered, Yes; he had a slight fever the year before the union. If he was not deaf, I should take much pleasure in his conversation; for he is very intelligent, and his memory is surprisngly retentive—These are the happy effects of temperance, exercise, and good-nature—Notwithstanding all his innocence, however, he was the cause of great perturbation to my man Clinker, whose natural superstition has been much injured, by the histories of witches, fairies, ghosts, and goblins, which he has heard in this country—
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On the evening after our arrival, Humphry strolled into the wood, in the course of his meditation, and all at once the admiral stood before him, under the shadow of a spreading oak. Though the fellow is far from being timorous in cases that are not supposed preternatural, he could not stand the sight of this apparition, but ran into the kitchen, with his hair standing on end, staring wildly, and deprived of utterance. Mrs. Jenkins, seeing him in this condition, screamed aloud, "Lord have mercy upon us, he has seen something!" Mrs. Tabitha was alarmed, and the whole house in confusion. When he was recruited with a dram, I desired him to explain the meaning of all this agitation; and, with some reluctance, he owned he had seen a spirit, in the shape of an old man with a white beard, a black cap, and a plaid night gown. He was undeceived by the admiral in person, who, coming in at this juncture, appeared to be a creature of real flesh and blood.

Do you know how we fare in this Scottish paradise? We make free with our landlord's mutton, which is excellent, his poultry-yard, his garden, his dairy, and his cellar, which are all well stored. We have delicious salmon, pike, trout, perch,
par,

par, &c. at the door, for the taking. The Frith of Clyde, on the other side of the hill, supplies us with mullet, red and grey, cod, mackarel, whiting, and a variety of sea-fish, including the finest fresh herrings I ever tasted. We have sweet, juicy beef, and tolerable veal, with delicate bread from the little town of Dunbritton; and plenty of partridge, growse, heath-cock, and other game in presents.

We have been visited by all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and they have entertained us at their houses, not barely with hospitality, but with such marks of cordial affection, as one would wish to find among near relations, after an absence of many years.

I told you, in my last, I had projected an excursion to the Highlands, which project I have now happily executed, under the auspices of Sir George Conquhoun, a colonel in the Dutch service, who offered himself as our conductor on this occasion. Leaving our women at Cameron, to the care and inspection of Lady H——— C———, we set out on horseback for Inverary, the county-town of Argle, and dined on the road with the Laird of Macfarlane, the greatest genealogist I ever knew in any country, and perfectly acquainted

quainted with all the antiquities of Scotland.

The Duke of Argyle has an old castle at Inverary, where he resides when he is in Scotland; and hard by is the shell of a noble Gothic palace, built by the last duke, which, when finished, will be a great ornament to this part of the Highlands. As for Inverary, it is a place of very little importance.

This country is amazingly wild, especially towards the mountains, which are heaped upon the backs of one another, making a most stupendous appearance of savage nature, with hardly any signs of cultivation, or even of population. All is sublimity, silence, and solitude. The people live together in glens or bottoms, where they are sheltered from the cold and storms of winter: but there is a margin of plain ground spread along the seaside, which is well inhabited and improved by the arts of husbandry; and this I take to be one of the most agreeable tracts of the whole island; the sea not only keeps it warm, and supplies it with fish, but affords it one of the most ravishing prospects in the whole world; I mean the appearance of the Hebrides, or Western Islands, to the number of three hundred, scattered

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as far as the eye can reach, in the most agreeable confusion. As the soil and climate of the Highlands are but ill adapted to the cultivation of corn, the people apply themselves chiefly to the breeding and feeding of black cattle, which turn to good account. Those animals run wild all the winter, without any shelter or subsistence, but what they can find among the heath. When the snow lies so deep and hard, that they cannot penetrate to the roots of the grass, they make a diurnal progress, guided by a sure instinct, to the sea-side at low water, where they feed on the *alga marina*, and other plants that grow upon the beach.

Perhaps this branch of husbandry, which requires very little attendance and labour, is one of the principal causes of that idleness and want of industry, which distinguishes these mountaineers in their own country.—When they come forth into the world, they become as diligent and alert as any people upon earth. They are undoubtedly a very distinct species from their fellow-subjects of the Lowlands, against whom they indulge an ancient spirit of animosity; and this difference is very discernable even among persons of family and education. The Lowlanders are general-

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ly cool and circumspect, the Highlanders fiery and ferocious : but this violence of their passions serves only to inflame the zeal of their devotion to strangers, which is truly enthusiastic.

We proceeded about twenty miles beyond Inverary, to the house of a gentleman, a friend of our conductor, where we stayed a few days, and were feasted in such a manner, that I began to dread the consequence to my constitution.

Notwithstanding the solitude that prevails among these mountains, there is no want of people in the Highlands. I am credibly informed that the duke of Argyle can assemble five thousand men in arms, of his own clan and surname, which is Campbell; and there is besides a tribe of the same appellation, whose chief is the Earl of Breadalbine. The Macdonalds are as numerous, and remarkably warlike: the Camerons, M^cLeods, Frasers, Grants, M^cKenzies, M^cKays, M^cPhersons, M^cIntoshes, are powerful clans; so that if all the Highlanders, including the inhabitants of the Isles, were united, they could bring into the field an army of forty thousand fighting men, capable of undertaking the most dangerous enterprize. We have lived to see
four

four thousand of them, without discipline, throw the whole kingdom of Great-Britain into confusion. They attacked and defeated two armies of regular troops, accustomed to service. They penetrated into the centre of England; and afterwards marched back with deliberation, in the face of two other armies, through an enemy's country, where every precaution was taken to cut off their retreat. I know not any other people in Europe, who, without the use or knowledge of arms, will attack regular forces sword in hand, if their chief will head them in battle. When disciplined, they cannot fail of being excellent soldiers. They do not walk like the generality of mankind, but trot and bounce like deer, as if they moved upon springs. They greatly excel the Lowlanders in all the exercises that require agility; they are incredibly abstemious, and patient of hunger and fatigue; so steele against the weather, that in travelling, even when the ground is covered with snow, they never look for a house, or any other shelter but their plaid, in which they wrap themselves up, and go to sleep under the cope of heaven. Such people, in quality of soldiers, must be invincible, when the business is to perform quick

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marches

marches in a difficult country, to strike sudden strokes, beat up the enemy's quarters, harrass their cavalry, and perform expeditions without the formality of magazines, baggage, forage, and artillery. The chieftainship of the Highlanders is a very dangerous influence operating at the extremity of the island, where the eyes and hands of government cannot be supposed to see and act with precision and vigour. In order to break the force of clanship, administration has always practised the political maxim, *Divide et impera*. The legislature hath not only disarmed these mountaineers, but also deprived them of their ancient garb, which contributed in a great measure to keep up their military spirit; and their slavish tenures are all dissolved by act of parliament; so that they are at present as free and independent of their chiefs, as the law can make them: but the original attachment still remains, and is founded on something prior to the *feudal system*, about which the writers of this age have made such a pother, as if it was a new discovery, like the *Copernican system*. Every peculiarity of policy, custom, and even temperament, is affectedly traced to this origin, as if the feudal constitution had not been common

to

to almost all the natives of Europe. For my part, I expect to see the use of trunk-hose and buttered ale ascribed to the influence of the *feudal system*. The connection between the clans and their chiefs is, without all doubt, *patriarchal*. It is founded on hereditary regard and affection, cherished through a long succession of ages. The clan consider their chief as their father, they bear his name, they believe themselves descended from his family, and they obey him as their lord, with all the ardour of filial love and veneration; while he, on his part, exerts a paternal authority, commanding, chastising, rewarding, protecting, and maintaining them as his own children. If the legislature would entirely destroy this connection, it must compel the Highlanders to change their habitation and their names. Even this experiment has been formerly tried without success.—In the reign of James VI. a battle was fought within a few short miles of this place, between two clans, the M'Gregors and the Colquhouns, in which the latter were defeated: the Laird of M'Gregor made such a barbarous use of his victory, that he was forfeited and outlawed by act of parliament: his lands were given to the

family of Montrose, and his clan were obliged to change their name. They obeyed so far, as to call themselves severally Campbell, Graham, or Drummond, the surnames of the families of Argyle, Montrose, and Perth, that they might enjoy the protection of those houses; but they still added M'Gregor to their new appellation; and as their chief was deprived of his estate, they robbed and plundered for his subsistence.—Mr. Cameron of Lochiel, the chief of that clan, whose father was attainted for having been concerned in the last rebellion, returning from France in obedience to a proclamation and act of parliament, passed at the beginning of the late war, paid a visit to his own country, and hired a farm in the neighbourhood of his father's house, which had been burnt to the ground. The clan, though ruined and scattered, no sooner heard of his arrival than they flocked to him from all quarters, to welcome his return, and in a few days stocked his farm with seven hundred black cattle, which they had saved in the general wreck of their affairs: but their beloved chief, who was a promising youth, did not live to enjoy the fruits of their fidelity and attachment. The

The most effectual method I know to weaken, and at length destroy this influence, is to employ the commonalty in such a manner as to give them a taste of property and independence.—In vain the government grants them advantageous leases on the forfeited estates, if they have no property to prosecute the means of improvement.—The sea is an inexhaustible fund of riches; but the fishery cannot be carried on without vessels, casks, salt, lines, nets, and other tackle. I conversed with a sensible man of this country, who, from a real spirit of patriotism, had set up a fishery on the coast, and a manufacture of coarse linen, for the employment of the poor Highlanders. Cod is here in such plenty, that he told me he had seen seven hundred taken on one line, at one haul.—It must be observed, however, that the line was of immense length, and had two thousand hooks, baited with muscles; but the fish was so superior to the cod caught on the banks of Newfoundland, that his correspondent at Lisbon sold them immediately at his own price, although Lent was just over when they arrived, and the people might be supposed quite cloyed with this kind of diet.—His linen manufacture was like-

wife in a prosperous way, when the late war intervening, all his best hands were pressed into the service.

It cannot be expected, that the gentlemen of this country should execute commercial schemes to render their vassals independent; nor, indeed, are such schemes suited to their way of life and inclination; but a company of merchants might, with proper management, turn to good account a fishery established in this part of Scotland—Our people have a strange itch to colonize America, when the uncultivated parts of our own island might be settled to greater advantage.

After having rambled through the mountains and glens of Argyle, we visited the adjacent islands of Ila, Jura, Mull, and Icolmkill. In the first we saw the remains of a castle, built in a lake, where Macdonald, lord or king of the isles, formerly resided. Jura is famous for having given birth to one Mackcrain, who lived one hundred and eighty years in one house, and died in the reign of Charles the Second. Mull affords several bays, where there is safe anchorage; in one of which, the Florida, a ship of the Spanish armada, was blown up by one of Mr. Smollet's ancestors—About forty
years

years ago, John duke of Argyle is said to have consulted the Spanish registers, by which it appeared, that this ship had the military chest on board.—He employed experienced divers to examine the wreck; and they found the hull of the vessel still entire but so covered with sand, that they could not make their way between-decks; however, they picked up several pieces of plate, that were scattered about in the bay, and a couple of fine brass cannon.

Icolmkill, or Iona, is a small island which St. Columba chose for his habitation—It was respected for its sanctity, and college or seminary of ecclesiastics—Part of its church is still standing, with the tombs of several Scottish, Irish, and Danish sovereigns, who were here interred—These islanders are very bold and dexterous watermen, consequently the better adapted to the fishery: in their manners they are less savage and impetuous than their countrymen on the continent; and they speak the Erse or Gaelick in its greatest purity.

Having sent round our horses by land, we embarked in the district of Cowal, for Greenock, which is a neat little town, on the other side of the Frith, with a curious harbour, formed by three stone jetties,

ties, carried out a good way into the sea—Newport-Glasgow is such another place, about two miles higher up—Both have a face of business and plenty, and are supported entirely by the shipping of Glasgow, of which I counted sixty large vessels in these harbours—Taking boat again at Newport, we were in less than an hour landed on the other side, within two short miles of our head-quarters, where we found our women in good health and spirits—They had been two days before joined by Mr. Smollet and his lady, to whom we have such obligations as I cannot mention, even to you, without blushing.

To-morrow we shall bid adieu to the Scotch Arcadia, and begin our progress to the southward, taking our way by Lanerk and Nithsdale, to the west borders of England. I have received so much advantage and satisfaction from this tour, that if my health suffers no revolution in the winter, I believe I shall be tempted to undertake another expedition to the Northern extremity of Caithness, unencumbered by those impediments which now clog the heels of,

yours,

Cameron, Sept. 6.

MATT. BRAMBLE.



TO Miss LÆTITIA WILLIS, at Gloucester.

MY DEAREST LETTY,

NEVER did poor prisoner long for deliverance, more than I have longed for an opportunity to disburthen my cares into your friendly bosom; and the occasion which now presents itself, is little less than miraculous—Honest Saunders Macawly, the travelling Scotchman, who goes every year to Wales, is now at Glasgow, buying goods, and coming to pay his respects to our family, has undertaken to deliver this letter into your own hand—We have been six weeks in Scotland, and seen the principal towns of the kingdom, where we have been treated with great civility—The people are very courteous; and the country being exceedingly romantic, suits my turn and inclinations—I contracted some friendships at Edinburgh, which is a large and lofty city, full of gay company; and, in particular, commenced an intimate correspondence

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with.

with one miss R—t—n, an amiable young lady of my own age, whose charms seemed to soften, and even to subdue the stubborn heart of my brother Jery; but he no sooner left the place than he relapsed into his former insensibility— I feel, however, that this indifference is not the family constitution— I never admitted but one idea of love, and that has taken such root in my heart, as to be equally proof against all the pulls of discretion, and the frosts of neglect.

Dear Letty! I had an alarming adventure at the hunters ball in Edinburgh— While I sat discoursing with a friend in a corner, all at once the very image of Wilson stood before me, dressed exactly as he was in the character of Aimwell! It was one Mr. Gordon, whom I had not seen before— Shocked at the sudden apparition I fainted away, and threw the whole assembly in confusion— However, the cause of my disorder remained a secret to every body but my brother, who was likewise struck with the resemblance, and scolded after we came home— I am very sensible of Jery's affection: and know he spoke as well with a view to my own interest and happiness, as in regard to the honour of the family; but I cannot bear
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to have my wounds probed severely—I was not so much affected by the censure he passed upon my own indiscretion, as with the reflection he made on the conduct of Wilson—He observed, that if he was really the gentlemen he pretended to be, and harboured nothing but honourable designs, he would have vindicated his pretensions in the face of day—This remark made a deep impression upon my mind—I endeavoured to conceal my thoughts; and this endeavour had a bad effect upon my health and spirits; so it was thought necessary that I should go to the Highlands, and drink the goat-milk-whey.

We went accordingly to Lough Lomond, one of the most enchanting spots in the whole world; and what with this remedy, which I had every morning fresh from the mountains and the pure air, and chearful company, I have recovered my flesh and appetite; though there is something still at bottom, which it is not in the power of air, exercise, company or, medicine to remove—These incidents would not touch me so nearly, if I had a sensible confidant to sympathize with my affliction, and comfort me with wholesome advice—I have nothing of this kind

ex-

except Win Jenkins, who is really a good body in the main, but very ill qualified for such an office—The poor creature is weak in her nerves, as well as in her understanding; otherwise I might have known the true name and character of that unfortunate youth—But why do I call him *unfortunate*? perhaps the epithet is more applicable to me for having listened to the false professions of — But, hold! I have as yet no right, and sure I have no inclination to believe any thing to the prejudice of his honour—In that reflection I shall still exert my patience—As for Mrs. Jenkins, she herself is really an object of compassion—Between vanity, methodism, and love, her head is almost turned. I should have more regard for her, however, if she had been more constant in the object of her affection; but, truly, she aimed at conquest, and flirted at the same time with my uncle's footman, Humphry Clinker, who is really a deserving young man, and one Dutton, my brother's valet de chambre, a debauched fellow; who, leaving Win in the lurch, ran away with another man's bride at Berwick.

My dear Willis, I am truly ashamed of my own sex—We complain of advantages

tages which the men take of our youth, inexperience, sensibility, and all that; but I have seen enough to believe, that our sex in general make it their business to ensnare the other; and for this purpose, employ arts which are by no means to be justified——In point of constancy, they certainly have nothing to reproach the male part of the creation—My poor aunt, without any regard to her years and imperfections, has gone to market with her charms in every place where she thought she had the least chance to dispose of her person, which, however, hangs still heavy on her hands—I am afraid she has used even religion as a decoy, though it has not answered her expectation—She has been praying, preaching, and catechising among the methodists, with whom this country abounds; and pretends to have such manifestations and revelations, as even Clinker himself can hardly believe, though the poor fellow is half crazy with enthusiasm. As for Jenkins, she affects to take all her mistress's reveries for gospel—She has also her heart heavings and motions of the spirit; and God forgive me if I think uncharitably, but all this seems to me to be downright hypocrisy and deceit—Perhaps,

haps, indeed, the poor girl imposes on herself—She is generally in a flutter, and is much subject to vapours—Since we came to Scotland, she has seen apparitions, and pretends to prophesy—If I could put faith in all these supernatural visitations, I should think myself abandoned of grace; for I have neither seen, heard, nor felt any thing of this nature, although I endeavour to discharge the duties of religion with all the sincerity, zeal, and devotion, that is in the power of,

Dear Letty,

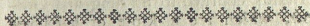
your ever affectionate,

Glasgow, Sept. 7.

LYDIA MELFORD.

We are so far on our return to Brambleton-hall; and I would fain hope we shall take Gloucester in our way, in which case I shall have the inexpressible pleasure of embracing my dear Willis—Pray remember me to my worthy governess.

To



To Mrs. MARY JONES, at Bramble-
ton-hall.

DEAR MARY,

SUNDERS MACULLY, the Scotch-
man, who pushes directly for Vails, has
promised to give it you into your own
hand, and therefore I would not miss the
opportunity to let you now as I am still in
the land of the living; and yet I have
been on the brink of the other world
since I sent you my last letter.—We went
by sea to another kingdom, called Fife,
and coming back, had like to have gone
to pot in a storm.—What between the
frite and sickness, I thought I should have
brought my heart up; even Mr. Clinker
was not his own man for eight and forty
hours after we got ashore.—It was well
for some folks that we scaped drowning;
for mistress was very frexious, and seem-
ed but indifferently prepared for a change;
but, thank God, she was soon put in a
better frame by the private exaltations of
the

the reverend Mr. Macrocodile.—We afterwards churned to Starling and Gracow, which are a kiple of handsome towns; and then we went to a gentleman's house at Loff-Loming, which is a wonderful sea of fresh water, with a power of hylands in the midst on't.—They say as how it has got n'er a bottom, and was made by a musician; and, truly, I believe it; for it is not in the course of nature.—It has got *waves without wind, fish without fins, and a floating byland*; and one of them is a crutch-yard, where the dead are buried; and always before the person dies, a bell rings of itself to give warning.

O Mary! this is the land of congryation—The bell knolled when we were there—I saw lights, and heard lamentations.—The gentleman, our landlord, has got another house, which he was fain to quit, on account of a mischievius ghost, that would not suffer people to lie in their beds.—The fairies dwell in a hole of Kairmann, a mounting hard by; and they steal away the good women that are in the straw, if so be as how there a'n't a horshoe nailed to the door: and I was shewn an ould vitch, called Elspath Ringavey, with a red petticoat, bleared eyes,
and

and a mould of grey bristles on her sin.— That she mought do me no harm, I crossed her hand with a taster, and bid her tell my fortune; and she told me such things—describing Mr. Clinker to a hair—but it shall ne'er be said that I minchioned a word of the matter.—As I was troubled with fits, she advised me to bathe in the loff, which was holy water; and so I went in the morning to a private place along with the house-maid, and we bathed in our birth day foot, after the fashion of the country; and behold, whilst we dabbled in the loff, sir George Coon started up with a gun; but we clapt our hands to our faces, and passed by him to the place where we had left our smocks—A civil gentleman would have turned his head another way.—My comfit is, he knew not which was which; and, as the saying is, *all cats in the dark are grey*.—Whilst we stayed at Loff-Loming, he and our two squires went three or four days churning among the wild men of the mountings; a parcel of selvidges that lie in caves among the rocks, devour young children, speak Velch, but the vords are different. Our ladies would not part with Mr. Clinker, because he is so stout, and so pyehouse, that he fears neither man nor devils,

devils, if so be as they don't take him by surprise.—Indeed, he was once so flurried by an operation, that he had like to have founded.—He made believe as if it had been the ould admiral; but the ould admiral could not have made his air to stand on end, and his teeth to shatter; but he said so in prudence, that the ladies mought not be affear'd. Miss Liddy has been puny, and like to go into a decline—I doubt her pore art is too tinder—but the got's-fey has sat her on her legs again.—You nows got's-fey is mother's milk to a Velchvoman. As for mistress, blessed be God, she ails nothing.—Her stomachick is good, and she improves in grease and godliness; but, for all that, she may have infections like other people, and I believe, she wouldn't be sorry to be called *your ladyship*, whenever sir George thinks proper to ax the question.—But, for my part, whatever I may see or hear, not a praticle shall ever pass the lips of,

Dear Molly,

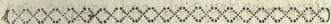
Your loving friend,

Grasco, Sept. 7

WIN. JENKINS.

Re-

Remember me, as usual, to Sall.—We are now coming home, though not the nearest road.—I do suppose, I shall find the kitten a fine boar at my return.



TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. at
Oxon.

DEAR KNIGHT,

ONCE more I tread upon English ground, which I like not the worse for the six weeks' ramble I have made among the woods and mountains of Caledonia; no offence to the *land of cakes, where bannocks grow upon straw*. I never saw my uncle in such health and spirits as he now enjoys. Liddy is perfectly recovered; and Mrs. Tabitha has no reason to complain. Nevertheless, I believe, she was, till yesterday, inclined to give the whole Scotch nation to the devil, as a pack of insensible brutes, upon whom her accomplishments had been displayed in vain.—At every place where we halted, did she
mount

mount the stage, and flourished her rusty arms, without being able to make one conquest. One of her last essays was against the heart of sir George Colquhoun, with whom she fought all the weapons more than twice over.—She was grave and gay by turns—She moralized and methodized—she laughed, and romped, and danced, and sung, and sighed, and ogled, and lisped, and fluttered, and flattered—but all was preaching to the desert.—The baronet, being a well-bred man, carried his civilities as far as she could in conscience expect, and, if evil tongues are to be believed, some degrees farther; but he was too much a veteran in gallantry, as well as in war, to fall into any ambuscade that she could lay for his affection.—While we were absent in the Highlands, she practised also upon the laird of Ladrishmore, and even gave him the rendezvous in the wood of Drumscaillloch; but the laird had such a reverend care of his own reputation, that he came attended with the parson of the parish, and nothing passed but spiritual communication.—After all these miscarriages, our aunt suddenly recollected lieutenant Lismahago, whom, ever since our first arrival at Edinburgh, she seemed to have
utterly

utterly forgot; but now she expressed her hopes of seeing him at Dumfries, according to his promise.

We set out from Glasgow by the way of Lanerk, the county-town of Clydesdale, in the neighbourhood of which, the whole river Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and stupendous cascade. Next day we were obliged to halt in a small borough, until the carriage, which had received some damage, should be repaired; and here we met with an incident which warmly interested the benevolent spirit of Mr. Bramble.—As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, genteely, tho' plainly, dressed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold-laced hat upon his head.—Alighting, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street, and accosted him in these words: “This is hard work for such an old man as you.”—So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement.—After a few strokes, “Have you never a son” (said he) “to ease you of this labour?” “Yes, an please your honour, (replied the

“ the senior) I have three hopeful lads,
 “ but, at present, they are out of the
 “ way.” “ Honour not me, (cried the
 “ stranger); it more becomes me to ho-
 “ nour your grey hairs.—Where are
 “ those sons you talk of?” The ancient
 paviour said, his eldest son was a captain
 in the East-Indies; and the youngest had
 lately enlisted as a soldier, in hopes of
 prospering like his brother. The gentle-
 man desiring to know what was become
 of the second, he wiped his eyes, and
 owned, he had taken upon him his old
 father’s debts, for which he was now in
 the prison hard by.

The traveller made three quick steps
 towards the jail, then turning short,
 “ Tell me, (said he) has that unnatural
 “ captain sent you nothing to relieve
 “ your distresses?” “ Call him not un-
 “ natural (replied the other); God’s
 “ blessing be upon him! he sent me a
 “ great deal of money; but I made a
 “ bad use of it; I lost it by being securi-
 “ ty for a gentleman that was my land-
 “ lord, and was stript of all I had in the
 “ world besides.” At that instant a
 young man, thrusting out his head and
 neck between two iron bars in the prison-
 window, exclaimed, “ Father! father!
 “ if

“ if my brother William is in life, that’s
 “ he !” I am !—I am !—(cried the
 “ stranger, clasping the old man in his
 “ arms, and shedding a flood of tears)—
 “ I am your son Willy, sure enough !”
 Before the father, who was quite con-
 founded, could make any return to this
 tenderness, a decent old woman bolting
 out from the door of a poor habitation,
 cried, “ Where is my bairn ? where is
 “ my dear Willy ?”—The captain no
 sooner beheld her, than he quitted his fa-
 ther and ran into her embrace.

I can assure you, my uncle, who saw
 and heard every thing that passed, was
 as much moved as any one of the parties
 concerned in this pathetic recognition—
 He sobbed, and wept, and clapped his
 hands, and hallowed, and finally ran
 down into the street. By this time, the
 captain had retired with his parents, and
 all the inhabitants of the place were assem-
 bled at the door.—Mr. Bramble, never-
 theless, pressed thro’ the crowd, and enter-
 ing the house, “ Captain, (said he) beg
 “ the favour of your acquaintance—I
 “ would have travelled a hundred miles
 “ to see this affecting scene ; and I shall
 “ think myself happy, if you and your
 Vol. III. E “ parents

“parents will dine with me at the public house.” The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which, he said, he would accept with pleasure; but, in the mean time, he could not think of eating or drinking, while his poor brother was in trouble.—He forthwith deposited a sum equal to the debt in the hands of the magistrate, who ventured to set his brother at liberty without farther process; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their careffes without the least sign of pride or affectation.

This honest favourite of fortune, whose name was Brown, told my uncle, that he had been bred a weaver, and, about eighteen years ago, had, from a spirit of idleness and dissipation, enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East-India company; that, in the course of duty, he had the good fortune to attract the notice and approbation of lord Clive, who preferred him from one step to another, till he attained the rank of captain and pay-master to the regiment, in which capacities he had honestly amassed above twelve thou-

thousand pounds, and, at the peace, resigned his commission.—He had sent several remittances to his father, who received the first only, consisting of one hundred pounds; the second had fallen into the hands of a bankrupt; and the third had been consigned to a gentleman of Scotland, who died before it arrived; so that it still remained to be accounted for by his executors. He now presented the old man with fifty pounds for his present occasions, over and above bank notes for one hundred, which he had deposited for his brother's release.—He brought along with him a deed ready executed, by which he settled a perpetuity of fourscore pounds upon his parents, to be inherited by their other two sons after their decease.—He promised to purchase a commission for his youngest brother; to take the other as his own partner in a manufacture which he intended to set up, to give employment and bread to the industrious; and to give five hundred pounds, by way of dower, to his sister, who had married a farmer in low circumstances.—Finally, he gave fifty pounds to the poor of the town where he was born, and feasted all the inhabitants without acceptance.

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My uncle was so charmed with the character of captain Brown, that he drank his health three times successively at dinner.—He said, he was proud of his acquaintance; that he was an honour to his country, and had in some measure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, selfishness, and ingratitude.—For my part, I was as much pleased with the modesty as with the filial virtue of this honest soldier, who assumed no merit from his success, and said very little of his own transactions, though the answers he made to our enquiries were equally sensible and laconic. Mrs. Tabitha behaved very graciously to him until she understood that he was going to make a tender of his hand to a person of low estate, who had been his sweet-heart while he worked as a journeyman weaver.—Our aunt was no sooner made acquainted with this design, than she starched up her behaviour with a double proportion of reserve; and when the company broke up, she observed, with a toss of her nose, that Brown was a civil fellow enough, considering the lowness of his origin; but that Fortune, though she had mended his circumstances, was incapable to raise his ideas,

ideas, which were still humble and plebeian.

On the day that succeeded this adventure, we went some miles out of our road to see Drumlanrig, a seat belonging to the duke of Queensbury, which appears like a magnificent palace erected by magic, in the midst of a wilderness.—It is indeed a princely mansion, with suitable parks and plantations, rendered still more striking by the nakedness of the surrounding country, which is one of the wildest tracts in all Scotland.—This wildness, however, is different from that of the Highlands; for here the mountains, instead of heath, are covered with a fine green sward, affording pasture to innumerable flocks of sheep. But the fleeces of this country, called Nithsdale, are not comparable to the wool of Galloway, which is said to equal that of Salisbury plain. Having passed the night at the castle of Drumlanrig, by invitation from the duke himself, who is one of the best men that ever breathed, we prosecuted our journey to Dumfries, a very elegant trading town near the borders of England, where we found plenty of good provision and excellent wine, at very reasonable prices, and the accommo-

dation as good in all respects as in any part of South-Britain.—If I was confined to Scotland for life, I would chuse Dumfries as the place of my residence. Here we made inquiries about captain Lismahago, of whom hearing no tidings, we proceeded, by the Solway Frith, to Carlisle. You must know, that the Solway sands, upon which travellers pass at low water, are exceedingly dangerous, because, as the tide makes, they become quick in different places, and the floods rushes in so impetuously, that passengers are often overtaken by the sea, and perish.

In crossing these treacherous Syrtes with a guide, we perceived a drowned horse, which Humphry Clinker, after due inspection, declared to be the very identical beast with Mr. Lismahago rode when he parted with us at Felton-bridge in Northumberland. This information, which seemed to intimate that our friend the lieutenant had shared the fate of his horse, affected us all, and above all our aunt Tabitha, who shed salt tears, and obliged Clinker to pull a few hairs out of the dead horse's tail, to be worn in a ring as a remembrance of his master; but her grief and ours was not of long duration; for

for one of the first persons we saw in Carlisle, was the lieutenant *in propria persona*, bargaining with a horse-dealer for another steed, in the yard of the inn where we alighted.—Mrs. Bramble was the first that perceived him, and screamed as if she had seen a ghost; and truly, at a proper time and place, he might very well have passed for an inhabitant of another world; for he was more meagre and grim than before.—We received him the more cordially for having supposed he had been drowned; and he was not deficient in expressions of satisfaction at this meeting.—He told us, he had enquired for us at Dumfries, and been informed by a travelling merchant from Glasgow, that we had resolved to return by the way of Coldstream.—He said, that in passing the sands without a guide, his horse had knocked up; and he himself must have perished, if he had not been providentially relieved by a return post-chaise.—He moreover gave us to understand, that his scheme of settling in his own country having miscarried, he was so far on his way to London, with a view to embark for North-America, where he intended to pass the rest of his days among his old

friends the Miamis, and amuse himself in finishing the education of the son he had by his beloved Squinkinacosta.

This project was by no means agreeable to our good aunt, who expatiated upon the fatigues and dangers that would attend such a long voyage by sea, and afterwards such a tedious journey by land—She enlarged particularly on the risque he would run, with respect to the concerns of his precious soul, among savages who had not yet received the glad tidings of salvation; and she hinted that his abandoning Great-Britain might, perhaps, prove fatal to the inclinations of some deserving person, whom he was qualified to make happy for life. My uncle, who is really a Don Quixote in generosity, understanding that Lismahago's real reason for leaving Scotland was the impossibility of subsisting in it with any decency upon the wretched provision of a subaltern's half-pay, began to be warmly interested on the side of compassion.—He thought it very hard, that a gentleman who had served his country with honour, should be driven by necessity to spend his old age, among the refuse of mankind, in such a remote part of the world.—He discoursed
with

with me upon the subject; observing, that he would willingly offer the lieutenant an asylum at Brambleton-hall, if he did not foresee that his singularities and humour of contradiction would render him an intolerable house-mate, though his conversation at some times might be both instructive and entertaining: but, as there seemed to be something particular in his attention to Mrs. Tabitha, he and I agreed in opinion, that this intercourse should be encouraged, and improved, if possible, into a matrimonial union; in which case there would be a comfortable provision for both; and they might be settled in a house of their own, so that Mr. Bramble should have no more of their company than he desired.

In pursuance of this design, Lismahago has been invited to pass the winter at Brambleton-hall, as it will be time enough to execute his American project in the spring.—He has taken time to consider of this proposal; mean while he will keep us company as far as we travel in the road to Bristol, where he has hopes of getting a passage for America. I make no doubt but that he will postpone his voyage, and prosecute his addresses to a hap-

py consummation; and sure, if it produces any fruit, it must be of a very peculiar flavour. As the weather continues favourable, I believe, we shall take the Peak of Derbyshire and Buxton Wells in our way.—At any rate, from the first place where we make any stay, you shall hear again: from

Yours always,

Carlisle, Sept. 12.

J. MELFORD.

To



TO DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

THE peasantry of Scotland are certainly on a poor footing all over the kingdom; and yet they look better, and are better cloathed than those of the same rank in Burgundy, and many other places of France and Italy; nay, I will venture to say they are better fed, notwithstanding the boasted wine of these foreign countries. The country people of North-Britain live chiefly on oat-meal, and milk, cheese, butter, and some garden-stuff, with now and then a pickled-herring, by way of delicacy; but flesh-meat they seldom or never taste; nor any kind of strong liquor, except two-penny, at times of uncommon festivity—Their breakfast is a kind of hasty-pudding, of oat-meal, or pease-meal, eaten with milk. They have commonly pottage to dinner, composed of cale or cole, leeks, barley, or

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big

big, and butter; and this is reinforced with bread and cheese, made of skimmed-milk—At night they sup on sowens or flummery of oat-meal—In a scarcity of oats, they use the meal of barley and pease, which is both nourishing and palatable. Some of them have potatoes; and you find parsnips in every peasant's garden—They are cloathed with a coarse kind of ruffet of their own making, which is both decent and warm—They dwell in poor huts, built of loose stones and turf, without any mortar, having a fire-place or hearth in the middle, generally made of an old mill-stone, and a hole at top to let out the smoke.

These people, however, are content, and wonderfully sagacious—All of them read the Bible, and are even qualified to dispute upon the articles of their faith; which, in those parts I have seen, is entirely Presbyterian. I am told that the inhabitants of Aberdeenshire are still more acute. I once knew a Scotch gentleman at London, who had declared war against this part of his countrymen; and swore that the impudence and knavery of the Scots, in that quarter, had brought a reproach upon the whole nation.

The

The river Clyde, above Glasgow, is quite pastoral; and the banks of it are every where adorned with fine villas. From the sea to its source, we may reckon the seats of many families of the first rank, such as the duke of Argyle at Roseneath, the earl of Bute in the isle of that name, the earl of Glencairn at Finlayston, lord Blantyre at Areskine, the dutchess of Douglas at Bothwell, duke Hamilton at Hamilton, the duke of Douglas at Douglas, and the earl of Hyndford at Carmichael. Hamilton is a noble palace, magnificently furnished; and hard by is the village of that name, one of the neatest little towns I have seen in any country. The old castle of Douglas being burned to the ground by accident, the late duke resolved, as head of the first family in Scotland to have the largest house in the kingdom, and ordered a plan for this purpose; but there was only one wing of it finished when he died. It is to be hoped that his nephew, who is now in possession of his great fortune, will complete the design of his predecessor—Clydesdale is in general populous and rich, containing a great number of gentlemen, who are independent in their fortune; but it produces more cattle than
corn

corn—This is also the case with Tweedale, through part of which we passed, and Nidsdale, which is generally rough, wild, and mountainous—These hills are covered with sheep; and this is the small delicious mutton, so much preferable to that of the London-market. As their feeding costs so little, the sheep are not killed till five years old, when their flesh, juices, and flavour, are in perfection; but their fleeces are much damaged by the tar, with which they are smeared to preserve them from the rot in winter, during which they run wild night and day, and thousands are lost under huge wreaths of snow——’Tis pity the farmers cannot contrive some means to shelter this useful animal from the inclemencies of a rigorous climate, especially from the perpetual rains, which are more prejudicial than the greatest extremity of cold weather.

On the little river Nid, is situated the castle of Drumlanrig, one of the noblest seats in Great-Britain, belonging to the duke of Queensbury; one of those few noblemen whose goodness of heart does honour to human-nature—I shall not pretend to enter into a description of this palace, which is really an instance of the

fu-

sublime in magnificence, as well as in situation, and puts one in mind of the beautiful city of Palmyra, rising like a vision in the midst of the wilderness. His grace keeps open house, and lives with great splendour—He did us the honour to receive us with great courtesy, and detain us all night, together with above twenty other guests, with all their servants and horses, to a very considerable number—The dutchess was equally gracious, and took our ladies under her immediate protection. The longer I live, I see more reason to believe that prejudices of education are never wholly eradicated, even when they are discovered to be erroneous and absurd. Such habits of thinking as interest the grand passions, cleave to the human heart in such a manner, that though an effort of reason may force them from their hold for a moment, this violence no sooner ceases, than they resume their grasp with an increased elasticity and adhesion.

I am led into this reflection, by what passed at the duke's table after supper. The conversation turned upon the vulgar notions of spirits and omens, that prevail among the commonalty of North-Britain, and all the company agreed, that nothing could

could be more ridiculous. One gentleman, however, told a remarkable story of himself, by way of speculation—“Being on a party of hunting in the North, (said he) I resolved to visit an old friend, whom I had not seen for twenty years—So long he had been retired and sequestered from all his acquaintance, and lived in a moping melancholy way, much afflicted with lowness of spirits, occasioned by the death of his wife, whom he had loved with uncommon affection. As he resided in a remote part of the country, and we were five gentlemen with as many servants, we carried some provision with us from the next market town, lest we should find him unprepared for our reception. The roads being bad, we did not arrive at the house till two o’clock in the afternoon; and were agreeably surpris’d to find a very good dinner ready in the kitchen, and the cloth laid with six covers. My friend himself appeared in his best apparel at the gate, and received us with open arms, telling me he had been expecting us these two hours—Astonish’d at this declaration, I asked who had given him intelligence of our coming? and he

“ he smiled without making any other
 “ reply—However, presuming upon our
 “ former intimacy, I afterwards insisted
 “ upon knowing; and he told me, very
 “ gravely, he had seen me in a vision of
 “ the second fight—Nay, he called in the
 “ evidence of his steward, who solemnly
 “ declared, that his master had the day
 “ before apprised him of my coming,
 “ with four other strangers, and ordered
 “ him to provide accordingly; in conse-
 “ quence of which intimation, he had
 “ prepared the dinner which we were now
 “ eating; and laid the covers according
 “ to the number foretold.” The incident
 we all owned to be remarkable, and I en-
 deavoured to account for it by natural
 means. I observed, that as the gentle-
 man was of a visionary turn, the casual
 idea, or remembrance of his old friend,
 might suggest those circumstances, which
 accident had for once realized; but that
 in all probability he had seen many vi-
 sions of the same kind, which were never
 verified. None of the company directly
 dissented from my opinion; but from the
 objections that were hinted, I could plain-
 ly perceive, that the majority were per-
 suaded there was something more extra-
 ordinary in the case.

An

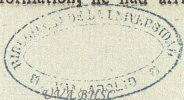
Another gentleman of the company, addressing himself to me, “ Without all
 “ doubt, (said he) a diseased imagina-
 “ tion is very apt to produce visions ; but
 “ we must find some other method to ac-
 “ count for something of this kind, that
 “ happened within these eight days in my
 “ neighbourhood—A gentleman of a
 “ good family, who cannot be deemed a
 “ visionary in any sense of the word, was
 “ near his own gate, in the twilight, vi-
 “ sited by his grandfather, who has been
 “ dead these fifteen years—The spectre
 “ was mounted seemingly on the very
 “ horse he used to ride, with an angry
 “ and terrible countenance, and said
 “ something, which his grandson, in the
 “ confusion of his fear, could not under-
 “ stand. But this was not all—He lifted
 “ up a huge horse-whip, and applied it
 “ with great violence to his back and
 “ shoulders, on which I saw the impres-
 “ sion with my own eyes. The appari-
 “ tion was afterwards seen by the sexton
 “ of the parish, hovering about the tomb
 “ where his body lies interred ; as the
 “ man declared to several persons in the
 “ village, before he knew what had hap-
 “ pened to the gentleman—Nay, he ac-
 “ tually came to me as a justice of the
 “ peace,

“ peace, in order to make oath of these
 “ particulars, which, however, I declin-
 “ ed administering. As for the grandson
 “ of the defunct, he is a sober, sensible,
 “ worldly-minded fellow, too intent up-
 “ on schemes of interest to give into re-
 “ veries. He would have willingly con-
 “ cealed the affair; but he bawled out
 “ in the first transport of his fear, and,
 “ running into the house, exposed his
 “ back and his sconce to the whole fami-
 “ ly; so that there was no denying it in
 “ the sequel. It is now the common dis-
 “ course of the country, that this ap-
 “ pearance and behaviour of the old
 “ man’s spirit, portends some great cala-
 “ mity to the family, and the good wo-
 “ man has actually taken to her bed in
 “ this apprehension.”

Though I did not pretend to explain
 this mystery, I said, I did not at all
 doubt, but it would one day appear to be
 a deception; and, in all probability, a
 scheme executed by some enemy of the
 person who had sustained the assault;
 but still the gentleman insisted upon the
 clearness of the evidence, and the concu-
 rrence of testimony, by which two credi-
 table witnesses, without any communica-
 tion one with another, affirmed the ap-
 pear-

pearance of the same man, with whose person they were both well acquainted— From Drumlanrig we pursued the course of the Nid to Dumfries, which stands several miles above the place where the river falls into the sea; and is, after Glasgow, the handsomest town I have seen in Scotland—The inhabitants, indeed, seem to have proposed that city as their model; not only in beautifying their town and regulating its police, but also in prosecuting their schemes of commerce and manufacture, by which they are grown rich and opulent.

We re-entered England, by the way of Carlisle, where we accidentally met with our friend Lismahago, whom we had in vain inquired after at Dumfries and other places—It would seem that the captain, like the prophets of old, is but little honoured in his own country, which he has now renounced for ever—He gave me the following particulars of his visit to his native soil—In his way to the place of his nativity, he learned that his nephew had married the daughter of a bourgeois, who directed a weaving manufacture, and had gone into partnership with his father-in-law: chagrined with this information, he had arrived at the gate



gate in the twilight, where he heard the sound of treddles in the great hall, which had exasperated him to such a degree, that he had like to have lost his senses: while he was thus transported with indignation, his nephew chanced to come forth, when, being no longer master of his passion, he cried, "Degenerate rascal! you have made my father's house a den of thieves;" and at the same time chastised him with his horse-whip; then, riding round the adjoining village, he had visited the burying-ground of his ancestors by moon-light; and, having paid his respects to their *manes*, travelled all night to another part of the country—— Finding the head of his family in such a disgraceful situation, all his own friends dead or removed from the places of their former residence, and the expence of living encreased to double of what it had been, when he first left his native country, he had bid it an eternal adieu, and was determined to seek for repose among the forests of America.

I was no longer at a loss to account for the apparition, which had been described at Drumlanrig; and when I repeated the story to the lieutenant, he was much pleased to think his resentment had been
so

so much more effectual than he intended; and he owned, he might at such an hour, and in such an equipage very well pass for the ghost of his father, whom he was said greatly to resemble.—— Between friends, I fancy Lismahago will find a retreat without going so far as the wigwams of the Miamis. My sister Tabby is making continual advances to him, in the way of affection; and, if I may trust to appearances, the captain is disposed to take opportunity by the forelock. For my part, I intend to encourage this correspondence, and shall be glad to see them united—In that case, we shall find a way to settle them comfortably in our own neighbourhood. I, and my servants, will get rid of a very troublesome and tyrannic gouvernante; and I shall have the benefit of Lismahago's conversation, without being obliged to take more of his company than I desire; for though an olla is an high-flavoured dish, I could not bear to dine upon it every day of my life.

I am much pleased with Manchester, which is one of the most agreeable and flourishing towns in Great-Britain; and I perceive that this is the place which hath animated the spirit, and suggested the chief manufactures of Glasgow. We propose
to

to visit Chatsworth, the Peak, and Buxton, from which last place we shall proceed directly homewards, though by easy journeys. If the season has been as favourable in Wales as in the North, your harvest is happily finished; and we have nothing left to think of but our October, of which let Barns be properly reminded. You will find me much better in flesh than I was at our parting; and this short separation has given a new edge to those sentiments of friendship with which I always have been, and ever shall be,

yours,

MATT. BRAMBLE.

Manchest

Sept. 15.

To



To Mrs. GWILLIM, house-keeper, at
Brambleton-hall.

MRS. GWILLIM,

IT has pleased Providence to bring us
safe back to England, and partake us in
many pearls by land and water, in particular
the *Devil's Harse a-pike*, and *Hoyden's Hole*,
which hath got no bottom; and, as
we are drawing huomwards, it may be
proper to uprise you, that Brambleton-
hall may be in a condition to receive us,
after this long gurney to the islands of
Scotland. By the first of next month
you may begin to make constant fires in
my brother's chamber and mine; and burn
a fagget every day in the yellow damask
room: have the tester and curtains dust-
ed, and the fatherbed and matrosses well
haired, because, perhaps, with the bliff-
ing of haven, they may be yooosed on some
occasion. Let the ould hogsheds be well
skewred and seasoned for bear, as Mat is
resolved to have his feller choak fool.

If

If the house was mine, I would turn over a new leaf—I don't see why the servants of Wales should'n't drink fair water, and eat hot cakes and barley cake, as they do in Scotland, without troubling the botcher above once a quarter—I hope you keep account of Roger's pursefeeding in reverence to the butter-milk. I expect my dew when I come home, without baiting an ass, I'll assure you.—As you must have layed a great many more eggs than would be eaten, I do suppose there is a power of turks, chickings, and guzzling about the house; and a brave kergo of cheese ready for market; and that the owl has been sent to Crickhowel, saving what the maids spun in the family.

Pray let the whole house and furniture have a thorough cleaning from top to bottom, for the honour of Wales; and let Roger search into, and make a general clearance of the slit holes which the maids have in secret; for I know they are much given to sloth and uncleanness. I hope you have worked a reformation among them, as I exhorted you in my last, and set their hearts upon better things than they can find in junkitting and caterwauling with the fellows of the country.

As for Win Jenkins, she has undergone a perfect metamorphosis, and is become a new creature from the ammunition of Humphrey Clinker, our new footman, a pious young man, who has laboured exceedingly, that she may bring forth fruits of repentance. I make no doubt but he will take the same pains with that pert hussy Mary Jones, and all of you; and that he may have power given to penetrate and insfil his goodness, even into your most inward parts, is the fervent prayer of

your friend in the spirit,

Sept. 18.

TAB. BRAMBLE.

To



To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

LISMAHAGO is more paradoxical than ever.—The late gulp he had of his native air, seems to have blown fresh spirit into all his polemical faculties. I congratulated him the other day on the present flourishing state of his country, observing that the Scots were now in a fair way to wipe off the national reproach of poverty, and expressing my satisfaction at the happy effects of the union, so conspicuous in the improvement of their agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and manners.—The lieutenant, screwing up his features into a look of dissent and disgust, commented on my remarks to this effect—

“ Those who reproach a nation for its po-
 “ verty, when it is not owing to the
 “ profligacy or vice of the people, de-
 “ serve no answer. The Lacedæmonians
 “ were poorer than the Scots, when they
 “ took the lead among all the free states

F 2

“ of

“ of Greece, and were esteemed above
 “ them all for their valour and their vir-
 “ tue. The most respectable heroes of
 “ ancient Rome, such as Fabricius, Cin-
 “ cinnatus, and Regulus, were poorer
 “ than the poorest freeholder in Scotland;
 “ and there are at this day individuals in
 “ North-Britain, one of whom can pro-
 “ duce more gold and silver than the
 “ whole republic of Rome could raise at
 “ those times when her public virtue shone
 “ with unrivalled lustre; and poverty was
 “ so far from being a reproach, that it
 “ added fresh laurels to her fame, because
 “ it indicated a noble contempt of wealth,
 “ which was proof against all the arts of
 “ corruption—If poverty be a subject for
 “ reproach, it follows that wealth is the
 “ object of esteem and veneration—In
 “ that case, there are Jews and others in
 “ Amsterdam and London, enriched by
 “ usury, speculation, and different spe-
 “ cies of fraud and extortion, who are
 “ more estimable than the most virtuous
 “ and illustrious members of the com-
 “ munity. An absurdity which no man
 “ in his senses will offer to maintain.—
 “ Riches are certainly no proof of me-
 “ rit: nay they are often (if not most
 “ commonly) acquired by persons of for-
 “ did

“ did minds and mean talents : nor do
 “ they give any intrinsic worth to the pos-
 “ sessor ; but, on the contrary, tend to
 “ pervert his understanding, and render
 “ his morals more depraved. But, grant-
 “ ing that poverty were really matter of
 “ reproach, it cannot be justly imputed
 “ to Scotland. No country is poor that
 “ can supply its inhabitants with the ne-
 “ cessaries of life, and even afford arti-
 “ cles for exportation. Scotland is rich
 “ in natural advantages : it produces
 “ every species of provision in abundance,
 “ vast herds of cattle and flocks of sheep,
 “ with a great number of horses ; pro-
 “ digious quantities of wool and flax,
 “ with plenty of copse wood, and in some
 “ parts large forests of timber. The
 “ earth is still more rich below than above
 “ the surface. It yields inexhaustible
 “ stores of coal, free-stone, marble, lead,
 “ iron, copper, and silver, with some gold.
 “ The sea abounds with excellent fish,
 “ and salt to cure them for exportation ;
 “ and there are creeks and harbours round
 “ the whole kingdom, for the conveni-
 “ ence and security of navigation. The
 “ face of the country displays a surprising
 “ number of cities, towns, villas, and
 “ villages, swarming with people ; and
 “ there

“ there seems to be no want of art, in-
 “ dustry, government, and police : such
 “ a kingdom can never be called poor, in
 “ any sense of the word, though there
 “ may be many others more powerful
 “ and opulent. But the proper use of
 “ those advantages, and the present pro-
 “ sperity of the Scots, you seem to derive
 “ from the union of the two kingdoms !”

I said, I supposed he would not deny
 that the appearance of the country was
 much mended ; that the people lived bet-
 ter, had more trade, and a greater quan-
 tity of money circulating since the union,
 than before. “ I may safely admit these
 “ premises, (answered the lieutenant)
 “ without subscribing to your inference.
 “ The difference you mention, I should
 “ take to be the natural progress of
 “ improvement——Since that period,
 “ other nations, such as the Swedes, the
 “ Danes, and in particular the French,
 “ have greatly increased in commerce,
 “ without any such cause assigned. Be-
 “ fore the union, there was a remarkable
 “ spirit of trade among the Scots, as ap-
 “ peared in the case of their Darien com-
 “ pany, in which they had embarked no
 “ less than four hundred thousand pounds
 “ sterling ; and in the flourishing state of
 “ the

“ the maritime towns in Fife, and on the
 “ eastern coast, enriched by their trade
 “ with France, which failed in conse-
 “ quence of the union. The only solid
 “ commercial advantage reaped from that
 “ measure, was the privilege of trading
 “ to the English plantations; yet ex-
 “ cepting Glasgow and Dumfries, I don’t
 “ know any other Scotch towns concern-
 “ ed in that traffic. In other respects,
 “ I conceive the Scots were losers by the
 “ union.—They lost the independency of
 “ their state, the greatest prop of nation-
 “ al spirit; they lost their parliament, and
 “ their courts of justice were subjected
 “ to the revision and supremacy of an
 “ English tribunal.”

“ Softly, captain, (cried I) you can-
 “ not be said to have lost your own par-
 “ liament, while you are represented in
 “ that of Great-Britain.” “ True, (said
 “ he, with a sarcastic grin) in debates of
 “ national competition, the sixteen peers
 “ and forty-five commoners of Scotland,
 “ must make a formidable figure in the
 “ scale, against the whole English legis-
 “ lature.” “ Be that as it may, (I ob-
 “ served) while I had the honour to sit in
 “ the lower house, the Scotch members
 “ had always the majority on their side.
 “ I understand you, Sir, (said he) they

“ generally side with the majority; so
 “ much the worse for their constituents.
 “ But even this evil is not the worst they
 “ have sustained by the union. Their
 “ trade has been saddled with grievous
 “ impositions, and every article of living
 “ severely taxed, to pay the interest of
 “ enormous debts, contracted by the
 “ English, in support of measures and
 “ connections in which the Scots had no
 “ interest nor concern.” I begged he
 would at least allow, that by the union
 the Scots were admitted to all the privi-
 leges and immunities of English sub-
 jects; by which means multitudes of them
 were provided for in the army and navy,
 and got fortunes in different parts of Eng-
 land, and its dominions. “ All these,
 “ (said he) become English subjects to
 “ all intents and purposes, and are in a
 “ great measure lost to their mother-coun-
 “ try. The spirit of rambling and adventure
 “ has been always peculiar to the natives of
 “ Scotland. If they had not met with en-
 “ couragement in England, they would
 “ have served and settled, as formerly, in
 “ other countries, such as Muscovy,
 “ Sweden, Denmark, Poland, Germany,
 “ France, Piedmont, and Italy, in all
 “ which nations their descendents conti-
 “ nue to flourish even at this day.”

By this time my patience began to fail, and I exclaimed, "For God's sake, what has England got by this union which, you say, has been so productive of misfortune to the Scots." "Great and manifold are the advantages which England derives from the union (said Lismahago, in a solemn tone.) First and foremost, the settlement of the protestant succession, a point which the English ministry drove with such eagerness, that no stone was left unturned, to cajole and bribe a few leading men, to cram the union down the throats of the Scottish nation, who were surprisngly reverse to the expedient. They gained by it a considerable addition of territory, extending their dominion to the sea on all sides of the island, thereby shutting up all back-doors, against the enterprizes of their enemies. They got an accession of above a million of useful subjects, constituting a never-failing nursery of seamen, soldiers, labourers, and mechanics; a most valuable acquisition to a trading country, exposed to foreign wars, and obliged to maintain a number of settlements in all the four quarters of the globe. In the course of seven years, during the last war, Scot-

“ land furnished the English army and
 “ navy with seventy thousand men, over
 “ and above those who migrated to their
 “ colonies, or mingled with them at home
 “ in the civil departments of life. This was
 “ a very considerable and seasonable sup-
 “ ply to a nation, whose people had been
 “ for many years decreasing in number,
 “ and whose lands and manufactures were
 “ actually suffering for want of hands. I
 “ need not remind you of the hackneyed
 “ maxim, that, to a nation in such circum-
 “ stances, a supply of industrious people
 “ is a supply of wealth; nor repeat an
 “ observation, which is now received as an
 “ eternal truth, even among the English
 “ themselves, that the Scots who settle in
 “ South Britain are remarkably sober,
 “ orderly, and industrious.”

I allowed the truth of this remark, add-
 ing, that by their industry, œconomy,
 and circumspection, many of them in
 England, as well as in her colonies,
 amassed large fortunes, with which they
 returned to their own country, and this
 was so much lost to South-Britain.—

“ Give me leave, Sir, (said he) to assure
 “ you, that in your fact you are mistaken,
 “ and in your deduction, erroneous.—
 “ Not one in two hundred, that leave
 “ Scotland

“ Scotland ever returns to settle in his
 “ own country; and the few that do re-
 “ turn, carry thither nothing that can
 “ possibly diminish the stock of South-
 “ Britain; for none of their treasure stag-
 “ nates in Scotland.—There is a continual
 “ circulation, like that of the blood in
 “ the human body, and England is the
 “ heart, to which all the streams which it
 “ distributes are refunded and returned:
 “ nay, in consequence of that luxury
 “ which our connexion with England hath
 “ greatly encouraged, if not introduced,
 “ all the produce of our lands, and all
 “ the profits of our trade, are engrossed
 “ by the natives of South Britain; for
 “ you will find that the exchange be-
 “ tween the two kingdoms is always
 “ against Scotland; and that she retains
 “ neither gold nor silver sufficient for her
 “ own circulation.—The Scots, not con-
 “ tent with their own manufactures and
 “ produce which would very well an-
 “ swer all necessary occasions, seem to
 “ vie with each other in purchasing super-
 “ fluities from England; such as broad-
 “ cloth, velvets, stuffs, silks, lace, furs,
 “ jewels, furniture of all sorts, sugar,
 “ rum, tea, chocolate and coffee; in a
 “ word, not only every mode of the

“ most extravagant luxury, but even
 “ many articles of convenience, which
 “ they might find as good, and much
 “ cheaper in their own country. For all
 “ these particulars, I conceive, England
 “ may touch about one million ster-
 “ ling a year.—I don’t pretend to make
 “ an exact calculation; perhaps, it may
 “ be something less, and, perhaps, a
 “ great deal more.—The annual revenue
 “ arising from all the private estates of
 “ Scotland cannot fall short of a million
 “ sterling; and, I should imagine, their
 “ trade will amount to as much more.—
 “ I know, the linen manufacture alone
 “ returns near half a million, exclusive
 “ of the home-consumption of that arti-
 “ cle.—If, therefore, North-Britain pays
 “ a ballance of a million annually to Eng-
 “ land, I insist upon it, that country is
 “ more valuable to her in the way of
 “ commerce, than any colony in her pos-
 “ session, over and above the other advan-
 “ tages which I have specified; therefore
 “ they are no friends, either to England
 “ or to truth, who affect to depreciate the
 “ northern part of the united kingdom.”

I must own, I was at first a little net-
 tled to find myself schooled in so many
 particulars.—Though I did not receive
 all

"all his assertions as gospel, I was not prepared to refute them; and I cannot help now acquiescing in his remarks, so far as to think, that the contempt for Scotland, which prevails too much on this side the Tweed, is founded on prejudice and error.—After some recollection, "Well, " captain, (said I) you have argued " stoutly for the importance of your own " country: for my part, I have such a " regard for our fellow-subjects of North- " Britain, that I shall be glad to see the " day, when your peasants can afford to " give all their oats to their cattle, hogs, " and poultry, and indulge themselves " with good wheaten loaves, instead of " such poor, unpalatable, and inflamma- " tory diet." Here again I brought myself into a premunire with the disputaceous Caledonian. He said, he hoped he should never see the common people lifted out of that sphere for which they were intended by nature and the course of things; that they might have some reason to complain of their bread, if it were mixed like that of Norway, with saw-dust and fish-bones; but that oatmeal was, he apprehended, as nourishing and salutary as wheat-flour, and the Scots in general thought it at least as savoury. H—e affirmed,

ed, that a mouse, which, in the article of self-preservation, might be supposed to act from infallible instinct, would always prefer oats to wheat, as appeared from experience; for, in a place where there was a parcel of each, that animal had never begun to feed upon the latter till all the oats were consumed: for their nutritive quality, he appealed to the hale robust constitutions of the people who lived chiefly upon oatmeal; and, instead of being inflammatory, he asserted, that it was a cooling sub-acid, balsamic and mucilaginous; insomuch, that in all inflammatory distempers, recourse was had to water-gruel, and flummery made of oatmeal.

“ At least, (said I) give me leave to
 “ wish them such a degree of commerce
 “ as may enable them to follow their own
 “ inclinations.”——“ Heaven forbid!
 “ (cried this philosopher) Woe be to
 “ that nation, where the multitude is
 “ at liberty to follow their own inclina-
 “ tions! Commerce is undoubtedly a
 “ blessing, while restrained within its pro-
 “ per channels; but a glut of wealth
 “ brings along with it a glut of evils:
 “ it brings false taste, false appetite,
 “ false wants, profusion, venality, con-
 “ tempt

“ tempt of order, engendering a spirit of
 “ licentiousness, insolence, and faction,
 “ that keeps the community in continual
 “ ferment, and in time destroys all the
 “ distinctions of civil society; so that
 “ universal anarchy and uproar must en-
 “ sue. Will any sensible man affirm,
 “ that the national advantages of opu-
 “ lence are to be sought on these terms?”
 “ No, sure; but I am one of those who
 “ think, that, by proper regulations, com-
 “ merce may produce every national bene-
 “ fit, without the allay of such concomi-
 “ tant evils.”

So much for the dogmata of my friend
 Lismahago, whom I describe the more
 circumstantially, as I firmly believe he
 will set up his rest in Monmouthshire.
 Yesterday, while I was alone with him,
 he asked, in some confusion, if I should
 have any objection to the success of a gen-
 tleman and a soldier, provided he should
 be so fortunate as to engage my sister's af-
 fection. I answered, without hesitation,
 that my sister was old enough to judge for
 herself; and that I should be very far
 from disapproving any resolution she
 might take in his favour.—His eyes
 sparkled at this declaration. He de-
 clared, he should think himself the hap-
 piest

piest man on earth to be connected with my family; and that he should never be weary of giving me proofs of his gratitude and attachment. I suppose Tabby and he are already agreed; in which case, we shall have a wedding at Brambleton-hall, and you shall give away the bride.—It is the least thing you can do, by way of atonement for your former cruelty to that poor love-sick maiden, who has been so long a thorn in the side of

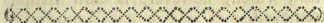
Yours,

Sept. 20.

MATT. BRAMBLE.

We have been at Buxton; but, as I did not much relish either the company or the accommodations, and had no occasion for the water, we stayed but two nights in the place.

To



To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. at
Oxon.

DEAR WAT,

ADVENTURES begin to thicken as we advance to the southward.—Lismahago has now professed himself the admirer of our aunt, and carries on his addresses under the sanction of her brother's approbation; so that we shall certainly have a wedding by Christmas. I should be glad you was present at the nuptials, to help me to throw the stocking, and perform other ceremonies peculiar to that occasion——I am sure it will be productive of some diversion; and, truly, it would be worth your while to come across the country on purpose to see two such original figures in bed together, with their laced night-caps; he, the emblem of good cheer, and she the picture of good-nature. All this agreeable prospect was clouded, and had well nigh vanished entirely,

tirely, in consequence of a late misunderstanding between the future brothers-in-law, which, however, is now happily removed.

A few days ago, my uncle and I, going to visit a relation, met with lord Oxmington at his house, who asked us to dine with him next day, and we accepted the invitation.—Accordingly, leaving our women under the care of captain Lismahago, at the inn where we had lodged the preceding night, in a little town, about a mile from his lordship's dwelling, we went at the hour appointed, and had a fashionable meal served up with much ostentation to a company of about a dozen persons, none of whom we had ever seen before—His Lordship is much more remarkable for his pride and caprice, than for his hospitality and understanding; and, indeed, it appeared, that he considered his guests merely as objects to shine upon, so as to reflect the lustre of his own magnificence.—There was much state, but no courtesy; and a great deal of compliment without any conversation.—Before the desert was removed, our noble entertainer proposed three general toasts; then calling for a glass of wine, and bowing all round, wished us a good afternoon.

ternoon. This was the signal for the company to break up, and they obeyed it immediately, all except our 'squire, who was greatly shocked at the manner of this dismissal.—He changed countenance, bit his lip in silence, but still kept his seat, so that his lordship found himself obliged to give us another hint, by saying, he should be glad to see us another time.

“ There is no time like the time present
 “ (cried Mr. Bramble); your lordship has
 “ not yet drank a bumper to *the best in*
 “ *Christendom.*” “ I'll drink no more bum-
 “ pers to-day (answered our landlord);
 “ and I am sorry to see you have drank too
 “ many.—Order the gentleman's carriage
 “ to the gate.”—So saying, he rose and retired abruptly; our 'squire starting up at the same time, laying his hand upon his sword, and eying him with a most ferocious aspect. The master having vanished in this manner, our uncle bad one of the servants to see what was to pay; and the fellow answering, “ This is no inn.”
 “ I cry you mercy, (cried the other) I
 “ perceive it is not; if it were, the land-
 “ lord would be more civil.—There's a
 “ guinea, however; take it and tell
 “ your lord, that I shall not leave the
 “ country till I have had an opportunity
 “ to

“ to thank him in person for his politeness and hospitality.”

We then walked down stairs through a double range of lacqueys, and getting into the chaise, proceeded homewards, Perceiving the 'quire much ruffled, I ventured to disapprove of his resentment, observing, that as lord Oxmington was well known to have his brain very ill timbered, a sensible man should rather laugh, than be angry at his ridiculous want of breeding.—Mr. Bramble took umbrage at my presuming to be wiser than he upon this occasion; and he told me, that as he had always thought for himself in every occurrence in life, he would still use the same privilege, with my good leave.

When we returned to our inn, he closeted Lismahago; and having explained his grievance, desired that gentleman to go and demand satisfaction of lord Oxmington in his name.—The lieutenant charged himself with this commission, and immediately set out on horseback for his lordship's house, attended, at his own request, by my man Archy Macalpine, who had been used to military service; and truly, if Macalpine had been mounted upon an ass, this couple might have passed

passed for the knight of La Mancha and his squire Panza. It was not till after some demur that Lismahago obtained a private audience, at which he formally defied his lordship to single combat, in the name of Mr. Bramble, and desired him to appoint the time and place. Lord Oxmington was so confounded at this unexpected message, that he could not, for some time, make any articulate reply; but stood staring at the lieutenant with manifest marks of perturbation. At length, ringing a bell with great vehemence, he exclaimed, "What! a commoner send
 " a challenge to a peer of the realm!—
 " Privilege! privilege!—Here's a per-
 " son brings me a challenge from the
 " Welshman that dined at my table—
 " An impudent fellow!—My wine is not
 " yet out of his head."

The whole house was immediately in commotion—Macalpine made a soldierly retreat with the two horses; but the captain was suddenly surrounded and disarmed by the footmen, whom a French valet de chambre headed in this exploit; his sword was passed through a close-stool, and his person through the horse-pond.—In this plight he returned to the inn, half mad with his disgrace.—So violent was
 the

the rage of his indignation, that he mistook its object.—He wanted to quarrel with Mr. Bramble; he said, he had been dishonoured on his account, and he looked for reparation at his hands—My uncle's back was up in a moment; and he desired him to explain his pretensions.—

“Either compel lord Oxmington to give me satisfaction, (cried he) or give it me in your own person.” “The latter part of the alternative is the most easy and expeditious (replied the 'squire, starting up): if you are disposed for a walk, I'll attend you this moment.”

Here they were interrupted by Mrs. Tabby, who had overheard all that passed.—She now burst into the room, and running betwixt them, in great agitation, “Is this your regard for me, (said she to the lieutenant) to seek the life of my brother?” Lismahago, who seemed to grow cool as my uncle grew hot, assured her he had a very great respect for Mr. Bramble, but he had still more for his own honour, which had suffered pollution; but if that could be once purified, he should have no further cause of dissatisfaction—The 'squire said, he should have thought it incumbent upon him to vindicate the lieutenant's honour; but

but, as he had now carved for himself, he might swallow and digest it as well as he could—— In a word, what betwixt the mediation of Mrs. Tabitha, the recollection of the captain, who perceived he had gone too far, and the remonstrances of your humble servant, who joined them at this juncture, those two originals were perfectly reconciled: and then we proceeded to deliberate upon the means of taking vengeance for the insults they had received from the petulant peer; for, until that aim should be accomplished, Mr. Bramble swore, with great emphasis, that he would not leave the inn where we now lodged, even if he should pass his Christmas on the spot.

In consequence of our deliberations, we next day, in the forenoon, proceeded in a body to his lordship's house, all of us, with our servants, including the coachman, mounted a-horseback, with our pistols loaded and ready primed.—Thus prepared for action, we paraded solemnly and slowly before his lordship's gate, which we passed three times in such a manner, that he could not but see us, and suspect the cause of our appearance.—After dinner we returned, and performed the same cavalcade, which was again repeated the morn-

morning following; but we had no occasion to persist in these manœuvres.—

About noon we were visited by the gentleman, at whose house we had first seen lord Oxmington.—He now came to make apologies in the name of his lordship, who declared he had no intention to give offence to my uncle, in practising what had been always the custom of his house; and that as for the indignities which had been put upon the officer, they were offered without his lordship's knowledge, at the instigation of his valet de chambre.

—“If that be the case, (said my uncle, in a peremptory tone) I shall be contented with lord Oxmington's personal excuses; and I hope my friend will be satisfied with his lordship's turning that insolent rascal out of his service.”

—“Sir, (cried Lismahago) I must insist upon taking personal vengeance for the personal injuries I have sustained.”

After some debate, the affair was adjusted in this manner.—His lordship, meeting us at our friend's house, declared he was sorry for what had happened; and that he had no intention to give umbrage.—The valet de chambre asked pardon of the lieutenant upon his knees, when Lismahago, to the astonishment of

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all present, gave him a violent kick on the face, which laid him on his back, exclaiming in a furious tone, "*Oui je te pardonne, gens fouire.*"

Such was the fortunate issue of this perilous adventure, which threatened abundance of vexation to our family; for the squire is one of those who will sacrifice both life and fortune, rather than leave what they conceive to be the least speck or blemish upon their honour or reputation. His lordship had no sooner pronounced his apology, with a very bad grace, than he went away in some disorder, and, I dare say, he will never invite another Welchman to his table.

We forthwith quitted the field of this atchievement, in order to prosecute our journey; but we follow no determinate course.—We make small deviations, to see the remarkable towns, villas, and curiosities on each side of our route; so that we advance by slow steps towards the borders of Monmouthshire: but in the midst of these irregular motions, there is no aberration nor eccentricity in that affection with which I am, dear Wat,

Yours always,

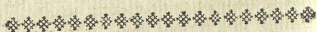
J. MELFORD.

Sept. 28.

VOL. III.

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To



TO DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

AT what time of life may a man think himself exempted from the necessity of sacrificing his repose to the punctilios of a contemptible world? I have been engaged in a ridiculous adventure, which I shall recount at meeting; and this, I hope, will not be much longer delayed, as we have now performed almost all our visits, and seen every thing that I think has any right to retard us in our journey homewards—A few days ago, understanding by accident, that my old friend Baynard was in the country, I would not pass so near his habitation without paying him a visit, though our correspondence had been interrupted for a long course of years.

I felt myself very sensibly affected by the ideas of our past intimacy, as we approached the place where we had spent so many happy days together; but when we arrived

arrived at the house, I could not recognize any one of those objects, which had been so deeply impressed upon my remembrance.—The tall oaks that shaded the avenue, had been cut down, and the iron gates at the end of it removed, together with the high wall that surrounded the court yard. The house itself, which was formerly a convent of Cistercian monks, had a venerable appearance; and along the front that looked into the garden, was a stone gallery, which afforded me many an agreeable walk, when I was disposed to be contemplative.—Now the old front is covered with a screen of modern architecture; so that all without is Grecian, and all within Gothic.—As for the garden, which was well stocked with the best fruit which England could produce, there is not now the least vestige remaining of trees, walls, or hedges.—Nothing appears but a naked circus of loose sand, with a dry basin and a leaden triton in the middle.

You must know, that Baynard, at his father's death, had a clear estate of fifteen hundred pounds a-year, and was in other respects extremely well qualified to make a respectable figure in the commonwealth; but, what with some excesses of

youth, and the expence of a contested election, he in a few years found himself encumbered with a debt of ten thousand pounds, which he resolved to discharge by means of a prudent marriage—He accordingly married a miss Thomson, whose fortune amounted to double the sum that he owed—She was the daughter of a citizen, who had failed in trade; but her fortune came by an uncle, who died in the East-Indies—Her own parents being dead, she lived with a maiden aunt, who had superintended her education; and, in all appearance, was well enough qualified for the usual purposes of the married state—Her virtues, however, stood rather upon a negative, than a positive foundation—She was neither proud, insolent, nor capricious, nor given to scandal, nor addicted to gaming, nor inclined to gallantry—She could read, and write, and dance, and sing, and play upon the harpsichord, and smatter French, and take a hand at whist and ombre; but even these accomplishments she possessed by halves—She excelled in nothing. Her conversation was flat, her stile mean, and her expression embarrassed—In a word, her character was totally insipid. Her person was not disagreeable; but there was
no-

nothing graceful in her address, nor engaging in her manners; and she was so ill qualified to do the honours of the house, that when she sat at the head of the table, one was always looking for the mistress of the family in some other place.

Baynard had flattered himself, that it would be no difficult matter to mould such a subject after his own fashion, and that she would cheerfully enter into his views, which were wholly turned to domestic happiness. He proposed to reside always in the country, of which he was fond to a degree of enthusiasm, to cultivate his estate, which was very improvable; to enjoy the exercise of rural diversions; to maintain an intimacy of correspondence with some friends that were settled in his neighbourhood; to keep a comfortable house, without suffering his expence to exceed the limits of his income; and to find pleasure and employment for his wife in the management and avocations of her own family—This, however, was a visionary scheme, which he never was able to realize. His wife was as ignorant as a new-born babe of every thing that related to the conduct of a family; and she had no idea of a country

try life—Her understanding did not reach so far as to comprehend the first principles of discretion; and, indeed, if her capacity had been better than it was, her natural indolence would not have permitted her to abandon a certain routine, to which she had been habituated. She had not taste enough to relish any rational enjoyment; but her ruling passion was vanity, not that species which arises from self-conceit of superior accomplishments, but that which is of a bastard and idiot nature, excited by shew and ostentation, which implies not even the least consciousness of any personal merit.

The nuptial peal of noise and nonsense being rung out in all the usual changes, Mr. Baynard thought it high time to make her acquainted with the particulars of the plan which he had projected—He told her that his fortune, though sufficient to afford all the comforts of life, was not ample enough to command all the superfluities of pomp and pageantry, which, indeed, were equally absurd and intolerable—He therefore hoped she would have no objection to their leaving London in the spring, when he would take the opportunity to dismiss some unnecessary domestics,

mestics, whom he had hired for the occasion of their marriage—She heard him in silence, and after some pause, “So, (said she) I am to be buried in the country!” He was so confounded at this reply, that he could not speak for some minutes: at length he told her, he was much mortified to find he had proposed any thing that was disagreeable to her ideas—“I am sure (added he) I meant nothing more than to lay down a comfortable plan of living within the bounds of our fortune, which is but moderate.” “Sir, (said she) you are the best judge of your own affairs—My fortune, I know, does not exceed twenty thousand pounds—Yet, even with that pittance, I might have had a husband who would not have begrudged me a house in London—” “Good God! my dear, (cried poor Barnard, in the utmost agitation) you don’t think me so fordid—I only hinted what I thought—But, I don’t pretend to impose—” “Yes, sir, (resumed the lady) it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey—”

So saying, she burst into tears and retired to her chamber, where she was joined by her aunt—He endeavoured to re-

collect himself, and act with vigour of mind on this occasion; but was betrayed by the tenderness of his nature, which was the greatest defect of his constitution. He found the aunt in tears, and the niece in a fit, which held her the best part of eight hours, at the expiration of which, she began to talk incoherently about *death* and her *dear husband*, who had sat by her all this time, and now pressed her hand to his lips, in a transport of grief and penitence for the offence he had given—From thence forward, he carefully avoided mentioning the country; and they continued to be sucked deeper and deeper into the vortex of extravagance and dissipation, leading what is called a fashionable life in town—About the latter end of July, however, Mrs. Baynard, in order to exhibit a proof of conjugal obedience, desired of her own accord, that they might pay a visit to his country house, as there was no company left in London. He would have excused himself from this excursion, which was no part of the economical plan he had proposed; but she insisted upon making this sacrifice to his taste and prejudices, and away they went with such an equipage as astonished the whole country—

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All that remained of the season was engrossed by receiving and returning visits in the neighbourhood; and, in this intercourse, it was discovered that sir John Chickwell had a house-steward and one footman in livery more than the complement of Mr. Baynard's household. This remark was made by the aunt at table, and assented to by the husband, who observed that sir John Chickwell might very well afford to keep more servants than were found in the family of a man who had not half his fortune. Mrs. Baynard ate no supper that evening; but was seized with a violent fit, which completed her triumph over the spirit of her consort. The two supernumerary servants were added—The family plate was sold for old silver, and a new service procured; fashionable furniture was provided, and the whole house turned topsy turvy.

At their return to London, in the beginning of winter, he, with a heavy heart, communicated these particulars to me in confidence. Before his marriage, he had introduced me to the lady as his particular friend; and I now offered in that character, to lay before her the necessity of reforming her œconomy, if she had any regard to the interest of her own family,

or complaisance for the inclinations of her husband—But Baynard declined my offer, on the supposition that his wife's nerves were too delicate to bear expostulation; and that it would only serve to overwhelm her with such distress as would make himself miserable.

Baynard is a man of spirit, and had she proved a termagant, he would have known how to deal with her; but, either by accident or instinct, she fastened upon the weak side of his soul, and held it so fast, that he has been in subjection ever since—I afterwards advised him to carry her abroad to France or Italy, where he might gratify her vanity for half the expence it cost him in England; and this advice he followed accordingly—She was agreeably flattered with the idea of seeing and knowing foreign parts, and foreign fashions; of being presented to sovereigns, and living familiarly with princes. She forthwith seized the hint which I had thrown out on purpose, and even pressed Mr. Baynard to hasten his departure; so that in a few weeks they crossed the sea to France, with a moderate train, still including the aunt; who was her bosom counsellor, and abetted her in all her opposition to her husband's will—

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Since that period, I have had little or no opportunity to renew our former correspondence—All that I knew of his transactions, amounted to no more than that after an absence of two years, they returned so little improved in œconomy, that they launched out into new oceans of extravagance, which, at length, obliged him to mortgage his estate—By this time she had bore him three children, of which the last only survives, a puny boy of twelve or thirteen, who will be ruined in his education by the indulgence of his mother.

As for Baynard, neither his own good sense, nor the dread of indigence, nor the consideration of his children, has been of force sufficient to stimulate him into the resolution of breaking at once the shameful spell by which he seems enchanted—With a taste capable of the most refined enjoyment, a heart glowing with all the warmth of friendship and humanity, and a disposition strongly turned to the more rational pleasures of a retired and country life, he is hurried about in a perpetual tumult, amidst a mob of beings pleased with rattles, baubles, and gewgaws, so void of sense and distinction, that even the most acute philosophy would

find it a very hard task to discover for what wise purpose of providence they were created—Friendship is not to be found ; nor can the amusements for which he sighs be enjoyed within the rotation of absurdity, to which he is doomed for life. He has long resigned all views of improving his fortune by management and attention to the exercise of husbandry, in which he delighted ; and as to domestic happiness, not the least glimpse of hope remains to amuse his imagination. Thus blasted in all his prospects, he could not fail to be overwhelmed with melancholy and chagrin, which have preyed upon his health and spirits in such a manner, that he is now threatened with a consumption.

I have given you a sketch of the man, whom the other day I went to visit—At the gate we found a great number of powdered lacquies, but no civility—After we had sat a considerable time in the coach, we were told, that Mr. Baynard had rode out, and that his lady was dressing ; but we were introduced to a parlour, so very fine and delicate, that in all appearance it was designed to be seen only, not inhabited. The chairs and couches were carved, gilt, and covered with rich damask,

mask, so smooth and slick, that they looked as if they had never been sat upon. There was no carpet on the floor; but the boards were rubbed and waxed in such a manner that we could not walk, but were obliged to slide along them; and as for the stove, it was too bright and polished to be polluted with sea-coal, or stained by the smoke of any gross material fire—When we had remained above half an hour sacrificing to the inhospitable power of this *temple of cold reception*; my friend Baynard arrived, and understanding we were in the house, made his appearance, so meagre, yellow, and dejected, that I really should not have known him, had I met with him in any other place—Running up to me, with great eagerness, he strained me in his embrace, and his heart was so full, that for some minutes he could not speak—Having saluted us all round, he perceived our uncomfortable situation, and conducting us into another apartment, which had fire in the chimney, called for chocolate—Then, withdrawing, he returned with a compliment from his wife, and, in the mean time, presented his son Harry, a shambling, blear-eyed boy, in the habit of a hussar; very rude, forward, and impertinent

pertinent—His father would have sent him to a boarding-school, but his mamma and aunt would not hear of his lying out of the house; so that there was a clergyman engaged as his tutor in the family.

As it was but just turned of twelve, and the whole house was in commotion to prepare a formal entertainment, I foresaw it would be late before we dined, and proposed a walk to Mr. Baynard, that we might converse together freely. In the course of this perambulation, when I expressed some surprize that he had returned so soon from Italy, he gave me to understand, this his going abroad had not at all answered the purpose, for which he left England; that although the expence of living was not so great in Italy as at home, respect being had to the same rank of life in both countries, it had been found necessary for him to lift himself above his usual stile, that he might be on some footing with the counts, marquises, and cavalieres, with whom he kept company—He was obliged to hire a great number of servants, to take off a great variety of rich cloaths, and to keep a sumptuous table for the fashionable scroconi of the country; who, without a con-

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sideration of this kind, would not have payed any attention to an untitled foreigner, let his family or fortune be ever so respectable—Besides, Mrs. Baynard was continually surrounded by a train of expensive loungers, under the denominations of language-masters, musicians, painters, and ciceroni; and had actually fallen into the disease of buying pictures and antiques upon her own judgment, which was far from being infallible.—At length she met with an affront, which gave her a disgust to Italy, and drove her back to England with some precipitation. By means of frequenting the duchess of B——’s conversazine, while her grace was at Rome, Mrs. Baynard became acquainted with all the fashionable people of that city, and was admitted to their assemblies without scruple—Thus favoured, she conceived too great an idea of her own importance, and when the duchess left Rome, resolved to have a conversazione that should leave the Romans no room to regret her grace’s departure. She provided hands for a musical entertainment, and sent bighetti of invitation to every person of distinction; but not one Roman of the female sex appeared at her assembly—She was that night seized

seized with a violent fit, and kept her bed three days, at the expiration of which she declared that the air of Italy would be the ruin of her constitution. In order to prevent this catastrophe, she was speedily removed to Geneva, from whence they returned to England by the way of Lyons and Paris. By the time they arrived at Calais, she has purchased such a quantity of silks, stuffs, and laces, that it was necessary to hire a vessel to smuggle them over, and this vessel was taken by a custom-house cutter; so that they lost the whole cargo, which had cost them above eight hundred pounds.

It now appeared, that her travels had produced no effect upon her, but that of making her more expensive and fantastic than ever:—She affected to lead the fashion, not only in point of female dress, but in every article of taste and connoisseurship. She made a drawing of the new facade to the house in the country; she pulled up the trees, and pulled down the walls of the garden, so as to let in the easterly wind, which Mr. Baynard's ancestors had been at great pains to exclude. To shew her taste in laying out ground, she seized into her own hand a farm of two hundred acres, about a mile from the house, which she

she parcelled out into walks and shrub-
 berries, having a great bason in the middle,
 into which she poured a whole stream that
 turned two mills, and afforded the best
 trout in the country. The bottom of the
 bason, however, was so ill secured, that it
 would not hold the water which strained
 through the earth, and made a bog of the
 whole plantation : in a word, the ground
 which formerly payed him one hundred
 and fifty pounds a year, now cost him
 two hundred pounds a year to keep it
 in tolerable order, over and above the first
 expence of trees, shrubs, flowers, turf,
 and gravel. There was not an inch of
 garden ground left about the house, nor
 a tree that produced fruit of any kind ;
 nor did he raise a truss of hay, or a bushel
 of oats for his horses, nor had he a single
 cow to afford milk for his tea ; far less did
 he ever dream of feeding his own mutton,
 pigs, and poultry : every article of house-
 keeping, even the most inconsiderable,
 was brought from the next market town
 at the distance of five miles, and thither
 they sent a courier every morning to fetch
 hot rolls for breakfast. In short, Baynard
 fairly owned that he spent double his
 income, and that in a few years he should
 be obliged to sell his estate for the pay-
 ment

ment of his creditors. He said his wife had such delicate nerves, and such imbecility of spirit, that she could neither bear remonstrance, be it ever so gentle, nor practise any scheme of retrenchment; even if she perceived the necessity of such a measure. He had therefore ceased struggling against the stream, and endeavoured to reconcile himself to ruin, by reflection that his child at least, would inherit his mother's fortune, which was secured to him by the contract of marriage.

The detail which he gave me of his affairs, filled me at once with grief and indignation. I inveighed bitterly against the indiscretion of his wife, and reproached him with his unmanly acquiescence under the absurd tyranny which she exerted. I exhorted him to recollect his resolution, and make one effectual effort to disengage himself from a thralldom, equally shameful and pernicious. I offered him all the assistance in my power. I undertook to regulate his affairs, and even to bring about a reformation in his family, if he would only authorise me to execute the plan I should form for his advantage. I was so affected by the subject, that I could not help mingling tears with my remonstrances, and Baynard was so penetrated with

with these marks of my affection, that he lost all power of utterance. He pressed me to his breast with great emotion, and wept in silence. At length he exclaimed, "Friendship is undoubtedly the most precious balm of life! Your words, dear Bramble, have in a great measure recalled me from an abyss of despondence, in which I have been long overwhelmed—I will, upon honour, make you acquainted with a distinct state of my affairs, and as far as I am able to go, will follow the course you prescribe. But there are certain lengths which my nature——The truth is, there are tender connexions, of which a batchelor has no idea—Shall I own my weakness? I cannot bear the thoughts of making that woman uneasy—" "And yet, (cried I) she has seen you unhappy for a series of years—unhappy from her misconduct, without ever shewing the least inclination to alleviate your distresses—" "Nevertheless (said he) I am persuaded she loves me with the most warm affection; but these are incongruities in the composition of the human mind which I hold to be inexplicable."

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I was shocked at his infatuation; and changed the subject, after we had agreed to maintain a close correspondence for the future—He then gave me to understand, that he had two neighbours, who, like himself, were driven by their wives at full speed, in the high road to bankruptcy and ruin. All the three husbands were of dispositions very different from each other, and, according to this variation, their consorts were admirably suited to the purpose of keeping them all three in subjection. The views of the ladies were exactly the same. They vied in grandeur, that is, in ostentation, with the wife of Sir Charles Chickwell, who had four times their fortune; and she again piqued herself upon making an equal figure with a neighbouring peeress, whose revenue trebled her own. Here then was the fable of the frog and the ox, realized in four different instances within the same county: one large fortune, and three moderate estates, in a fair way of being burst by the inflation of female vanity; and in three of these instances, three different forms of female tyranny were exercised. Mr. Baynard was subjugated by practising upon the tenderness of his nature. Mr. Milkfan, being of a timorous disposition, truckled

truckled to the insolence of a termagant. Mr. Sowerby, who was of a temper neither to be moved by fits, nor driven by menaces, had the fortune to be fitted with a helpmate, who assailed him with the weapons of irony and satire; sometimes sneering in the way of compliment; sometimes throwing out sarcastic comparisons, implying reproaches upon his want of taste, spirit, and generosity: by which means she stimulated his passions from one act of extravagance to another, just as the circumstances of her vanity required.

All these three ladies have at this time the same number of horses, carriages, and servants in and out of livery; the same variety of dress; the same quantity of plate and china; the like ornaments in furniture; and in their entertainments they endeavour to exceed one another in the variety, delicacy, and expence of their dishes. I believe it will be found upon enquiry, that nineteen out of twenty, who are ruined by extravagance, fall a sacrifice to the ridiculous pride and vanity of silly women, whose parts are held in contempt by the very men whom they pillage and enslave. Thank heaven, Dick, that among all the follies and weaknesses of human nature,

nature, I have not yet fallen into that of matrimony.

After Baynard and I had discussed all these matters at leisure, we returned towards the house, and met Jerry with our two women, who had come forth to take the air, as the lady of the mansion had not yet made her appearance. In short, Mrs. Baynard did not produce herself, till about a quarter of an hour before dinner was upon the table. Then her husband brought her into the parlour, accompanied by her aunt and son, and she received us with a coldness of reserve sufficient to freeze the very soul of hospitality. Though she knew I had been the intimate friend of her husband, and had often seen me with him in London, she shewed no marks of recognition or regard, when I addressed myself to her in the most friendly terms of salutation. She did not even express the common compliment of, *I am glad to see you*; or, *I hope you have enjoyed your health since we had the pleasure of seeing you*; or some such words of course: nor did she once open her mouth in the way of welcome to my sister and my niece: but sat in silence like a statue, with an aspect of insensibility. Her aunt, the model upon which she had been formed,

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was indeed the very effence of insipid formality : but the boy was very pert and impudent, and prated without ceasing.

At dinner, the lady maintained the same ungracious indifference, never speaking but in whispers to her aunt ; and as to the repast, it was made up of a parcel of kickshaws, contrived by a French cook, without one substantial article adapted to the satisfaction of an English appetite. The pottage was little better than bread soaked in dishwashings, lukewarm. The ragouts looked as if they had been once eaten and half digested : the fricassees were involved in a nasty yellow poultice ; and the rotis were scorched and stinking for the honour of the fument. The desert consisted of faded fruit and iced froth, a good emblem of our landlady's character ; the table-beer was sour, the water foul, and the wine vapid ; but there was a parade of plate and china, and a powdered lacquey stood behind every chair, except those of the master and mistress of the house, who were served by two valets dressed like gentlemen. We dined in a large old Gothic parlour, which was formerly the hall. It was now paved with marble, and, notwithstanding the fire, which had been kindled about an hour,

hour, struck me with such a chill sensation, that when I entered it the teeth chattered in my jaws—In short, every thing was cold, comfortless, and disgusting, except the looks of my friend Baynard, which declared the warmth of his affection and humanity.

After dinner we withdrew into another apartment, where the boy began to be impertinently troublesome to my niece Liddy. He wanted a play-fellow, forsooth; and would have romped with her, had she encouraged his advances—He was even so impudent as to snatch a kiss, at which she changed countenance, and seemed uneasy; and though his father checked him for the rudeness of his behaviour, he became so outrageous as to thrust his hand in her bosom: an insult to which she did not tamely submit, though one of the mildest creatures upon earth. Her eyes sparkling with resentment, she started up, and lent him such a box in the ear, as sent him staggering to the other side of the room.

“ Miss Melford, (cried his father) you
 “ have treated him with the utmost
 “ propriety—I am only sorry that the
 “ impertinence of any child of mine
 “ should have occasioned this exertion of
 your

“ your spirit, which I cannot but applaud
 “ and admire.” His wife was so far
 from assenting to the candour of his apo-
 logy, that she rose from table, and, taking
 her son by the hand, “ Come, child,
 “ (said she) your father cannot abide
 “ you.” So saying, she retired with this
 hopeful youth, and was followed by her
 gouvernante: but neither the one nor the
 other deigned to take the least notice of
 the company.

Baynard was exceedingly disconcerted;
 but I perceived his uneasiness was tinctur-
 ed with resentment, and derived a good
 omen from this discovery. I ordered the
 horses to be put to the carriage, and,
 though he made some efforts to detain us
 all night, I insisted upon leaving the house
 immediately; but, before I went away, I
 took an opportunity of speaking to him
 again in private. I said every thing I could
 recollect, to animate his endeavours in
 shaking off those shameful trammels. I
 made no scruple to declare, that his wife
 was unworthy of that tender complaisance
 which he had shewn for her foibles: that
 she was dead to all the genuine sentiments
 of conjugal affection; insensible of her
 own honour and interest, and seemingly
 destitute of common sense and reflection.

I conjured him to remember what he owed to his father's house, to his own reputation, and to his family, including even this unreasonable woman herself, who was driving on blindly to her own destruction. I advised him to form a plan for retrenching superfluous expence, and try to convince the aunt of the necessity for such a reformation, that she might gradually prepare her niece for its execution; and I exhorted him to turn that disagreeable piece of formality out of the house, if he should find her averse to his proposal.

Here he interrupted me with a sigh, observing that such a step would undoubtedly be fatal to Mrs. Baynard—"I shall
 " lose all patience, (cried I), to hear you
 " talk so weakly—Mrs. Baynard's fits
 " will never hurt her constitution. I
 " believe in my conscience they are all
 " affected: I am sure she has no feeling
 " for your distresses; and, when you are
 " ruined, she will appear to have no feel-
 " ing for her own." Finally, I took his word and honour, that he would make an effort, such as I had advised; that he would form a plan of œconomy, and, if he found it impracticable without my assistance, he would come to Bath in the winter, where I promised to give him the
 meeting

meeting, and contribute all in my power to the retrieval of his affairs—With this mutual engagement we parted; and I shall think myself supremely happy, if, by my means, a worthy man, whom I love and esteem, can be saved from misery, disgrace, and despair.

I have only one friend more to visit in this part of the country, but he is of a complexion very different from that of Baynard. You have heard me mention Sir Thomas Bullford, whom I knew in Italy. He is now become a country gentleman; but being disabled by the gout from enjoying any amusement abroad, he entertains himself within doors, by keeping open house for all comers, and playing upon the oddities and humours of his company: but he himself is generally the greatest original at his table. He is very good-humoured, talks much, and laughs without ceasing. I am told that all the use he makes of his understanding at present, is to excite mirth, by exhibiting his guests in ludicrous attitudes. I know not how far we may furnish him with entertainment of this kind, but I am resolved to beat up his quarters, partly with a view to laugh with the knight himself, and partly to pay my respects to his lady,

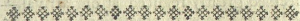
a good-natured sensible woman, with whom he lives upon very easy terms, although she has not had the good fortune bring him an heir to his estate.

And now, dear Dick, I must tell you for your comfort, that you are the only man upon earth to whom I would presume to send such a long-winded epistle, which I could not find in my heart to curtail, because the subject interested the warmest passions of my heart; neither will I make any other apology to a correspondent who has been so long accustomed to the impertinence of

Sept. 30.

MATT. BRAMBLE.

To



To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bar^t. at
Oxon.

DEAR KNIGHT,

I BELIEVE there is something mischievous in my disposition, for nothing diverts me so much as to see certain characters tormented with false terrors.—We last night lodged at the house of Sir Thomas Bullford, an old friend of my uncle, a jolly fellow, of moderate intellects, who, in spite of the gout, which hath lamed him, is resolved to be merry to the last; and mirth he has a particular knack in extracting from his guests, let their humour be never so caustic or refractory.—Besides our company, there was in the house a fat-headed justice of the peace, called Frogmore, and a country practitioner in surgery, who seemed to be our landlord's chief companion and confidant.—We found the knight sitting on a Couch, with his crutches by his side, and his feet supported on cushions; but he

received us with a hearty welcome, and seemed greatly rejoiced at our arrival.— After tea we were entertained with a sonata on the harpsichord by lady Bullford, who sung and played to admiration; but sir Thomas seemed to be a little asinine in the article of ears, though he affected to be in raptures, and begged his wife to favour us with an *arietta* of her own composing.— This *arietta*, however, she no sooner began to perform, than he and the justice fell asleep; but the moment she ceased playing, the knight waked snorting, and exclaimed, “*O cara!*” “what d’ye think gentlemen? Will you talk any more of your Pargoleffi and your Corelli?”—At the same time, he thrust his tongue in one cheek, and leered with one eye at the doctor and me, who sat on his left hand.—He concluded the pantomime with a loud laugh, which he could command at all times extempore.—Notwithstanding his disorder, he did not do penance at supper, nor did he ever refuse his glass when the toast went round, but rather encouraged a quick circulation, both by precept and example.

I soon perceived the doctor had made himself very necessary to the baronet.—
He

He was the whetstone of his wit, the butt of his satire, and his operator in certain experiments of humour, which were occasionally tried upon strangers.—Justice Frogmore was an excellent subject for this species of philosophy; sleek and corpulent, solemn and shallow, he had studied Burn with uncommon application, but he studied nothing so much as the art of living (that is, eating) well.—This fat buck had often afforded good sport to our landlord; and he was frequently started with tolerable success, in the course of this evening; but the baronet's appetite for ridicule seemed to be chiefly excited by the appearance, address, and conversation of Lismahago, whom he attempted in all the different modes of exposition; but he put me in mind of a contest that I once saw between a young hound and an old hedge-hog.—The dog turned him over and over, and bounced and barked, and mumbled; but as often as he attempted to bite, he felt a prickle in his jaws, and recoiled in manifest confusion:—The captain, when left to himself, will not fail to turn his ludicrous side to the company, but if any man attempts to force him into that attitude, he becomes stub-

H 4

born

born as a mule, and unmanageable as an elephant unbroke.

Divers tolerable jokes were cracked upon the justice, who ate a most unconscionable supper, and, among other things, a large plate of broiled mushrooms, which he had no sooner swallowed than the doctor observed, with great gravity, that they were of the kind called *champignons*, which in some constitutions had a poisonous effect.—Mr. Frogmore, startled at this remark, asked, in some confusion, why he had not been so kind as to give him that notice sooner.—He answered, that he took it for granted, by his eating them so heartily, that he was used to the dish; but as he seemed to be under some apprehension, he prescribed a bumper of plague water, which the justice drank off immediately, and retired to rest, not without marks of terror and disquiet.

At midnight we were shewn to our different chambers, and in half an hour, I was fast asleep in bed; but about three o'clock in the morning I was waked with a dismal cry of *Fire!* and starting up, ran to the window in my shirt.—The night was dark and stormy; and a number of
people

people half-dressed ran backwards and forwards thro' the court-yard, with links and lanthorns, seemingly in the utmost hurry and trepidation.—Slipping on my cloaths in a twinkling, I ran down stairs, and, upon inquiry, found the fire was confined to a back-stair, which led to a detached apartment where Lismahago lay.—By this time, the lieutenant was alarmed by bawling at his window, which was in the second story, but he could not find his cloaths in the dark, and his room-door was locked on the outside.—The servants called to him, that the house had been robbed; that, without all doubt, the villains had taken away his cloaths, fastened the door, and set the house on fire, for the stair-case was in flames.—In this dilemma the poor lieutenant ran about the room naked like a squirrel in a cage, popping out his head at the window, between whiles, and imploring assistance.—At length, the knight in person was brought out in his chair, attended by my uncle and all the family, including our aunt Tabitha, who screamed, and cried, and tore her hair, as if she had been distracted.—Sir Thomas had already ordered his people to bring a long ladder, which was applied to the captain's window, and

now he exhorted him earnestly to descend.—There was no need of much rhetoric to persuade Lismahago, who forthwith made his exit by the window, roaring all the time to the people below to hold fast the ladder.

Notwithstanding the gravity of the occasion, it was impossible to behold this scene without being seized with an inclination to laugh. The rueful aspect of the lieutenant in his shirt, with a quilted night-cap fastened under his chin, and his long lank limbs and posteriors exposed to the wind, made a very picturesque appearance, when illumined by the links and torches which the servants held up to light him in his descent.—All the company stood round the ladder, except the knight, who sat in his chair, exclaiming from time to time, “Lord have
 “ mercy upon us!—save the gentleman’s
 “ life!—mind your footing, dear cap-
 “ tain!—softly!—stand fast!—clasp the
 “ ladder with both hands!—there!—
 “ well done, my dear boy!—O bravo!—
 “ an old soldier for ever!—bring a blan-
 “ ket—bring a warm blanket to com-
 “ fort his poor carcase—warm the bed
 “ in the green room—give me your
 “ hand, dear captain—I’m rejoiced to see
 “ thee safe and sound with all my heart.”

Lif-

Lismahago was received at the foot of the ladder by his innamorata, who snatching a blanket from one of the maids, wrapped it about his body; two men-servants took him under the arms, and a female conducted him to the green room, still accompanied by Mrs. Tabitha, who saw him fairly put to bed.—During this whole transaction, he spoke not a syllable, but looked exceeding grim, sometimes at one, sometimes at another of the spectators, who now adjourned in a body to the parlour where we had supped, every one surveying another with marks of astonishment and curiosity.

The knight being seated in an easy chair, seized my uncle by the hand, and bursting into a long and a loud laugh,
 “ Matt, (cried he) crown me with oak, or
 “ ivy, or laurel, or parsley, or what you
 “ will, and acknowledge this to be a *coup*
 “ *de maitre* in the way of waggery—ha,
 “ ha, ha!—Such a *camiscia, scagliata,*
 “ *baffata!*—O, *che roba!*—O, what a
 “ subject!—O, what *caricature!*—O,
 “ for a Rosa, a Rembrandt, a Schalken!
 “ —Zooks, I’ll give a hundred guineas
 “ to have it painted!—what a fine de-
 “ scent from the cross or ascent to the
 “ gallows!—what lights and shadows!—
 “ what a groupe below!—what expression

H 6.

“ above !!

“ above!—what an aspect!—did you
 “ mind the aspect?—ha, ha, ha!—and
 “ the limbs, and the muscles—every
 “ toe denoted terror!—ha, ha, ha!—
 “ then the blanket!—O, what *costume!*
 “ St. Andrew! St. Lazarus! St. Barra-
 “ bas!—ha, ha, ha!” “ After all then,
 “ (cried Mr. Bramble very gravely) this
 “ was no more than a false alarm.—We
 “ have been frightened out of our beds,
 “ and almost out of our senses, for the
 “ joke’s sake.” “ Ay, and such a joke!
 “ (cried our landlord) such a farce! such
 “ a *dénouement!* such a *catastrophe!*”

“ Have a little patience (replied our
 “ squire); we are not yet come to the
 “ *catastrophe*; and pray God it may not
 “ turn out a tragedy instead of a farce.
 “ —The captain is one of those satura-
 “ nine subjects, who have no idea of hu-
 “ mour.—He never laughs in his own
 “ person; nor can he bear that other
 “ people should laugh at his expence—
 “ Besides, if the subject had been properly
 “ chosen, the joke was too severe in all
 “ conscience.” “ ’Sdeath! (cried the
 “ knight) I could not have bated him an
 “ ace had he been my own father; and
 “ as for the subject, such another does
 “ not present itself once in half a centu-
 “ ry.” Here Mrs. Tabitha interposing,
 and

and bridling up, declared, she did not see that Mr. Lismahago was a fitter subject for ridicule than the knight himself; and that she was very much afraid, he would very soon find he had mistaken his man.—The baronet was a good deal disconcerted by this intimation, saying, that he must be a Goth and a barbarian, if he did not enter into the spirit of such a happy and humourous contrivance.—He begged, however, that Mr. Bramble and his sister would bring him to reason; and this request was reinforced by lady Bullford, who did not fail to read the baronet a lecture upon his indiscretion, which lecture he received with submission on one side of his face, and a leer upon the other.

We now went to bed for the second time; and before I got up, my uncle had visited Lismahago in the green room, and used such arguments with him, that when we met in the parlour he seemed to be quite appeased.—He received the knight's apology with a good grace, and even professed himself pleased at finding he had contributed to the diversion of the company.—Sir Thomas shook him by the hand, laughing heartily; and then desired a pinch of snuff, in token of perfect re-
con-

conciliation—The lieutenant, putting his hand in his waistcoat pocket, pulled out, instead of his own Scotch mull, a very fine gold snuff box, which he no sooner perceived than he said, “Here is a small mistake.” “No mistake at all (cried the baronet): a fair exchange is no robbery.—Oblige me so far, captain, as to let me keep your mull as a memorial.” “Sir (said the lieutenant) the mull is much at your service; but this machine I can by no means retain.—It looks like compounding a sort of felony in the code of honour.—Besides, I don’t know but there may be another joke in this conveyance; and I don’t find myself disposed to be brought upon the stage again.—I won’t presume to make free with your pockets, but I beg you will put it up again with your own hand.”—So saying, with a certain austerity of aspect, he presented the snuff-box to the knight, who received it in some confusion, and restored the mull, which he would by no means keep, except on the terms of exchange.

This transaction was like to give a grave cast to the conversation, when my uncle took notice that Mr. Justice Frogmore

more had not made his appearance either at the night-alarm, or now at the general rendezvous. The baronet hearing Frogmore mentioned. “Odsso! (cried he) I had forgot the justice.—Pr’ythee, doctor, go and bring him out of his kennel.”—Then laughing till his sides were well shaken, he said he would shew the captain, that he was not the only person of the drama exhibited for the entertainment of the company. As to the night-scene, it could not affect the justice, who had been purposely lodged in the farther end of the house, remote from the noise, and lulled with a dose of opium into the bargain. In a few minutes, Mr. Justice waded into the parlour in his night cap and loose morning gown, rolling his head from side to side, and groaning piteously all the way.—“Jesu! neighbour Frogmore; (exclaimed the baronet) what is the matter?—you look as if you was not a man for this world.—Set him down softly on the couch——poor gentleman!—Lord have mercy upon us!—What makes him so pale, and yellow, and bloated?” “Oh, sir Thomas! (cried the justice) I doubt ’tis all over with me——Those mushrooms I eat at your table have done my business——

“ah!

“ ah! oh! hey!” “ Now the Lord
 “ forbid! (said the other)—what! man,
 “ have a good heart.—How does thy sto-
 “ mach feel?—hah?”

To this interrogation he made no re-
 ply, but throwing aside his night gown,
 discovered that his waistcoat would not
 meet upon his belly by five good inches
 at least. “ Heaven protect us all! cried sir
 “ Thomas)—what a melancholy specta-
 “ cle!—never did I see a man so sudden-
 “ ly swelled, but when he was either just
 “ dead, or just dying.—Doctor, can’t
 “ thou do nothing for this poor object?”
 “ I don’t think the case is quite desperate
 “ (said the surgeon), but I would advise
 “ Mr. Frogmore to settle his affairs with
 all expedition; the parson may come
 “ and pray by him, while I prepare a
 “ glyster and an emetic draught.” The
 justice, rolling his languid eyes, ejaculated
 with great fervency, “ Lord, have mercy
 “ upon us! Christ, have mercy upon
 “ us!”—Then he begged the sur-
 geon, in the name of God, to dispatch—
 “ As for my worldly affairs, (said he)
 “ they are all settled but one mortgage,
 “ which must be left to my heirs—but
 “ my poor soul! my poor soul! what
 “ will become of my poor soul?—miser-
 “ able

“able finner that I am!” “Nay,
 “pr’ythee, my dear boy, compose thy-
 “self (resumed the knight); consider the
 “mercy of heaven is infinite; thou can’st
 “not have any sins of a very deep dye
 “on thy conscience, or the devil’s in’t.”
 “Name not the devil (exclaimed the ter-
 “rified Frogmore), I have more sins to
 “answer for than the world dreams of.—
 “Ah! friend, I have been fly—fly—
 “damn’d fly!—Send for the parson
 “without loss of time, and put me to
 “bed, for I am posting to eternity.”—
 He was accordingly raised from the couch,
 and supported by two servants, who led
 him back to his room; but before he
 quitted the parlour, he intreated the good
 company to assist him with their prayers.
 —He added, “Take warning by me, who
 “am suddenly cut off in my prime, like
 “a flower of the field; and God forgive
 “you, sir Thomas, for suffering such
 “poisonous trash to be eaten at your
 “table.”

He was no sooner removed out of hear-
 ing, than the baronet abandoned himself
 to a violent fit of laughing, in which he
 was joined by the greatest part of the
 company; but we could hardly prevent
 the

the good lady from going to undeceive the patient, by discovering, that while he slept his waistcoat had been straitened by the contrivance of the surgeon; and that the disorder in his stomach and bowels was occasioned by some antimonial wine, which he had taken over night, under the denomination of plague-water.—She seemed to think that his apprehension might put an end to his life: the knight swore he was no such chicken, but a tough old rogue, that would live long enough to plague all his neighbours.—Upon enquiry, we found his character did not entitle him to much compassion or respect, and therefore we let our landlord's humour take its course.—A glyster was actually administered by an old woman of the family, who had been sir Thomas's nurse, and the patient took a draught made with oxymel of squills to forward the operation of the antimonial wine, which had been retarded by the opiate of the preceding night. He was visited by the vicar, who read prayers, and began to take an account of the state of his soul, when those medicines produced their effect; so that the parson was obliged to hold his nose while he poured forth spiritual

ritual consolation from his mouth. The same expedient was used by the knight and me, who with the doctor, entered the chamber at this juncture, and found Frogmore enthroned on an easing-chair, under the pressure of a double evacuation. The short intervals betwixt every heave he employed in crying for mercy, confessing his sins, or asking the vicar's opinion of his case; and the vicar answered in a solemn snuffing tone, that heightened the ridicule of the scene. The emetic having done its office, the doctor interfered, and ordered the patient to be put in bed again. When he examined the *egista*, and felt his pulse, he declared that much of the *virus* was discharged, and, giving him a composing draught, assured him he had good hopes of his recovery.—This welcome hint he received with the tears of joy in his eyes, protesting, that if he should recover, he would always think himself indebted for his life to the great skill and tenderness of his doctor, whose hand he squeezed with great fervor; and thus he was left to his repose.

We were pressed to stay dinner, that we might be witnesses of his resuscitation; but my uncle insisted upon our de-

departing before noon, that we might reach this town before it should be dark.—In the mean time, lady Bullford conducted us into the garden to see a fish-pond just finished, which Mr. Bramble censured as being too near the parlour, where the knight now sat by himself, dozing in an elbow-chair after the fatigues of his morning atchievement.—In this situation he reclined, with his feet wrapped in flannel, and supported in a line with his body, when the door flying open with a violent shock, lieutenant Lismahago rushed into the room with horror in his looks, exclaiming, “A mad dog! a mad dog!” and throwing up the window sash, leaped into the garden.—Sir Thomas, waked by this tremendous explanation, started up, and forgetting his gout, followed the lieutenant’s example by a kind of instinctive impulse.—He not only bolted thro’ the window like an arrow from a bow, but ran up to his middle in the pond, before he gave the least sign of recollection. Then the captain began to bawl, “Lord, have mercy upon us!—pray, take care of the gentleman!—for God’s sake, mind your footing, my dear boy!—
“ get

“ get warm blankets—comfort his poor
 “ carcase—warm the bed in the green
 “ room.”

Lady Bullford was thunder-struck at this phænomenon, and the rest of the company gazed in silent astonishment, while the servants hastened to assist their master, who suffered himself to be carried back into the parlour without speaking a word.—Being instantly accommodated with dry clothes and flannels, comforted with a cordial, and replaced *in statu quo*, one of the maids was ordered to chafe his lower extremities, an operation in consequence of which his senses seemed to return and his good humour to revive.—As we had followed him into the room, he looked at every individual in his turn, with a certain ludicrous expression in his countenance, but fixed his eye in particular upon Lismahago, who presented him with a pinch of snuff, and when he took it in silence, “ Sir Thomas Bullford,
 “ (said he) I am much obliged to you
 “ for all your favours, and some of them
 “ I have endeavoured to repay in your
 “ own coin.” “ Give me thy hand
 “ (cried the baronet); you hast indeed,
 “ payed me *Scot and lot*; and even left a
 “ ba-

“ balance in my hands, for which, in
 “ presence of this company, I promise to
 “ be accountable.”—So saying, he laugh-
 ed very heartily, and even seemed to en-
 joy the retaliation which had been exacted
 at his own expence; but lady Bullford
 looked very grave; and in all probabili-
 ty thought the lieutenant had carried his
 resentment too far, considering that her
 husband was valetudinary—but, accord-
 ing to the proverb, *he that will play at
 bowls must expect to meet with rubbers.*

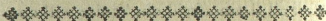
I have seen a tame bear, very divert-
 ing when properly managed, become a
 very dangerous wild best when teized
 for the entertainment of the spectators.—
 As for Lismahago, he seemed to think
 the fright and the cold bath would have
 a good effect upon his patient’s constitu-
 tion; but the doctor hinted some apprehen-
 sion that the gouty matter might, by
 such a sudden shock, be repelled from the
 extremities and thrown upon some of the
 more vital parts of the machine.—I
 should be very sorry to see this prognostic
 verified upon our facetious landlord, who
 told Mrs. Tabitha at parting, that he
 hoped she would remember him in the
 distribution of the bride’s favours, as he
 had

had taken so much pains to put the captain's parts and mettle to the proof.—After all, I am afraid our 'squire will appear to be the greatest sufferer by the baronet's wit; for his constitution is by no means calculated for night-alarms.—He has yawned and shivered all day, and gone to bed without supper; so that, as we have got into good quarters, I imagine we shall make a halt to-morrow; in which case, you will have at least one day's respite from the persecution of

Oct. 3.

J. MELFORD.

To



TO Mrs. MARY JONES, at Bramble-
ton-hall

DEAR MARY JONES.

MISS Liddy is so good as to unclose
me in a kiver as fur as Gloster, and the
carrier will bring it to hand—God sendus
all safe to Monmouthshire, for I'm quite
jaded with rambling—'Tis a true saying,
live and learn—O woman, what chuckling
and changing have I seen!—Well, there's
nothing sartain in this world—Who
would have thought that mistrifs, after
all the pains taken for the good of her
prusias sole, would go for to throw away
her poor body? that she would cast the
heys of infection upon such a carrying-
crow as Lashmihago! as old as Mat-
thewfullin, as dry as a red herring, and
as pore as a starved veezel—O, Molly!
hadst thou seen him come down the lad-
der, in a shurt so scanty, that it could not
kiver his nakedness!—The young 'squire
called him Dunquickset; but he looked
for

for all the world like Cradoc-ap Morgan, the ould tinker, that suffered at Abergany for steeling of kettle—Then he's a profane scuffle, and, as Mr. Clinker says, no better than an impfiddle, continually playing upon the pycbill and the new-burth—I doubt he has as little manners as money; for he can't say a civil word, much more make me a present of a pair of gloves for good-will; but he looks as if he wanted to be very forewood and familiar—O! that ever a gentlewoman of years and discretion should tare her air, and cry and disporridge herself for such a nubjack! as the song goes—

“ I vow she would fain have a burd

“ That bids such a price for an owl.”

but, for sartain, he must have dealt with some Scotch musician to bring her to this pass—As for me, I put my trust in the Lord; and I have got a slice of witch elm sowed in the gathers of my under petticoat; and Mr. Clinker assures me, that by the new light of grease, I may deify the devil and all his works—But I nose what I nose—If mistress should take up with Lashmyhago, this is no sarvice for me—Thank God, there's no want of places; and if it wan't for wan thing, I

VOL. III.

I

would

would——but, no matter——Madam Baynar's woman has twenty good pounds a-year and parquifites; and drefles like a parfon of diftinkfon——I dined with her and the valley de fhambles, with bags and golden jackets; but there was nothing kimfittable to eat, being as how they live upon board, and having nothing but a pifs of could cuddling tart and fome blamangey, I was tuck with the cullick, and a murcy it was that miftrifs had her viol of affings in the cox.

But, as I was faying, I think for fertain this match will go forewood; for things are come to a creefus; and I have feen with my own hays, fuch fmuggling——But I fcorn for to exclofe the fecrets of the family; and if it wance comes to marrying, who nofe but the frolic may go round—I believes as how, Mifs Liddy would have no reverfion if her fwan would appear; and you would be furprifed, Molly, to receive a bride's fever from your humble farvant—but this is all fuppository, dear girl; and I have fullenly promifed to Mr. Clinker, that neither man, woman, nor child, fhall no that arrow fald a civil thing to me in the way of infection—I hopes to drink your
health

health at Brambleton-hall, in a horn of
 October, before the month be out—Pray
 let my bed be turned once a-day, and the
 windore opened, while the weather is
 dry; and burn a few billets with some
 brush in the footman's garret, and see
 their mattrash be dry as a bone; for both
 our gentlemen have got a sad cold by
 lying in damp shifts at sir Tummas Ball-
 fart's. No more at present, but my ser-
 vice to Saul and the rest of our fellow-ser-
 vents, being,

Dear Mary Jones,

always yours,

WIN. JENKINS.

TO MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, at Gloucester.

MY DEAR LETTY,

THIS method of writing to you from time to time, without any hopes of an answer, affords me, I own, some ease and satisfaction in the midst of my disquiet, as it in some degree lightens the burthen of affliction; but it is at best a very imperfect enjoyment of friendship, because it admits of no return of confidence and good counsel—I would give the whole world to have your company for a single day—I am heartily tired of this itinerant way of life—I am quite dizzy with a perpetual succession of objects—Besides it is impossible to travel such a length of way, without being exposed to inconveniencies, dangers, and disagreeable accidents, which prove very grievous to a poor creature of weak nerves like me, and make me pay very dear for the gratification of my curiosity.

Nature

Nature never intended me for the busy world—I long for repose and solitude, where I can enjoy that disinterested friendship which is not to be found among crowds, and indulge those pleasing reveries that shun the hurry and tumult of fashionable society—Unexperienced as I am in the commerce of life, I have seen enough to give me a disgust to the generality of those who carry it on—There is such malice, treachery, and dissimulation, even among professed friends and intimate companions, as cannot fail to strike a virtuous mind with horror; and when Vice quits the stage for a moment, her place is immediately occupied by Folly, which is often too serious to excite any thing but compassion—Perhaps I ought to be silent on the foibles of my poor aunt; but with you, my dear Willis, I have no secrets; and, truly, her weaknesses are such as cannot be concealed. Since the first moment we arrived at Bath, she has been employed constantly in spreading nets for the other sex; and, at length, she has caught a superannuated lieutenant, who is in a fair way to make her change her name—My uncle and my brother seem to have no objection to this extraordinary match, which, I make no doubt,

I. 3. doubt,

doubt, will afford abundance of matter of conversation and mirth; for my part, I am too sensible of my own weaknesses, to be diverted with those of other people—At present, I have something at heart that employs my whole attention, and keeps my mind in the utmost terror and suspense.

Yesterday in the forenoon, as I stood with my brother at the parlour window of an inn, where we had lodged, a person passed a-horseback, whom (gracious Heaven!) I instantly discovered to be Wilson! He wore a white riding-coat, with the cape buttoned up to his chin; looked remarkably pale, and passed at a round trot, without seeming to observe us—Indeed, he could not see us; for there was a blind that concealed us from the view. You may guess how I was affected at this apparition—The light forsook my eyes; and I was seized with such a palpitation and trembling, that I could not stand. I sat down upon a couch, and strove to compose myself, that my brother might not perceive my agitation; but it was impossible to escape his prying eyes—He had observed the object that alarmed me; and doubtless knew him at the first glance—He now looked at me
with

with a stern countenance; then he ran out into the street, to see what road the unfortunate horseman had taken—He afterwards dispatched his man for further intelligence, and seemed to meditate some violent design. My uncle, being out of order, we remained another night at the inn; and all day long Jerry acted the part of an indefatigable spy upon my conduct—He watched my very looks with such eagerness of attention, as if he would have penetrated into the utmost recesses of my heart—This may be owing to his regard for my honour, if it is not the effect of his own pride; but he is so hot, and violent, and unrelenting, that the sight of him alone throws me into a flutter; and really it will not be in my power to afford him any share of my affection, if he persists in persecuting me at this rate. I am afraid he has formed some scheme of vengeance, which will make me completely wretched! I am afraid he suspects some collusion from this appearance of Wilson.—Good God! did he really appear? or was it only a phantom, a pale spectre to apprise me of his death?

O Letty, what shall I do?—where shall I turn for advice and consolation?—I shall

I implore the protection of my uncle, who has been always kind and compassionate.—This must be my last resource.—I dread the thoughts of making him uneasy; and would rather suffer a thousand deaths than live the cause of dissension in the family.—I cannot perceive the meaning of Wilton's coming hither:—perhaps, he was in quest of us, in order to disclose his real name and situation:—but wherefore pass without staying to make the least enquiry?—My dear Willis, I am lost in conjecture.—I have not closed an eye since I saw him.—All night long have I been tossed about from one imagination to another.—The reflection finds no resting place.—I have prayed, and sighed, and wept plentifully.—If this terrible suspense continues much longer, I shall have another fit of illness, and then the whole family will be in confusion.—If it was consistent with the wise purposes of Providence, would I were in my grave.—But it is my duty to be resigned.—My dearest Letty, excuse my weakness—excuse these blots—my tears fall so fast that I cannot keep the paper dry—yet I ought to consider that I have as yet no cause to despair—but I am such a faint-hearted timorous creature!

Thank

HUMPHRY CLINKER. 177

Thank God, my uncle is much better than he was yesterday.—He is resolved to pursue our journey strait to Wales.—I hope we shall take Gloucester in our way—that hope cheers my poor heart—I shall once more embrace my best beloved Willis, and pour all my griefs into her friendly bosom.—O heaven! is it possible that such happiness is reserved for

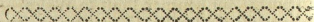
The dejected and forlorn

Oct. 4.

LYDIA MELFORD}

I 5

To



To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bar^t. of
Jesus college, Oxon.

DEAR WATKIN,

I YESTERDAY met with an incident which I believe you will own to be very surprising—As I stood with Liddy at the window of the inn where we had lodged, who should pass by but Wilson a-horseback!—I could not be mistaken in the person, for I had a full view of him as he advanced; I plainly perceived by my sister's confusion that she recognized him at the same time. I was equally astonished and incensed at his appearance, which I could not but interpret into an insult, or something worse. I ran out at the gate, and seeing him turn the corner of the street, I dispatched my servant to observe his motions, but the fellow was too late to bring me that satisfaction. He told me, however, that there was an inn, called the Red Lion, at that end of the town, where he supposed the horseman alighted, but

but that he would not enquire without further orders. I sent him back immediately to know what strangers were in the house, and he returned with a report that there was one Mr. Wilson lately arrived. In consequence of this information I charged him with a note directed to that gentlemen, desiring him to meet me in half an hour in a certain field at the town's end, with a case of pistols, in order to decide the difference which could not be determined at our last rencounter: but I did not think proper to subscribe the billet. My man assured me he had delivered it into his own hand; and, that having read it, he declared he would wait upon the gentleman at the place and time appointed.

M^r Alpine being an old folder, and luckily sober at the time, I entrusted him with my secret. I ordered him to be within call, and, having given him a letter to be delivered to my uncle in case of accident, I repaired to the rendezvous, which was an inclosed field at a little distance from the highway. I found my antagonist had already taken his ground, wrapped in a dark horseman's coat, with a laced hat flapped over his eyes; but what was my astonishment, when, throwing off this wrapper,

he appeared to be a person whom I had never seen before! He had one pistol stuck in a leather belt, and another in his hand ready for action, and, advancing a few steps, called to know if I was ready—I answered, “No,” and desired a parley; upon which he turned the muzzle of his piece towards the earth; then replaced it in his belt, and met me half way—When I assured him he was not the man I expected to meet, he said, *it might be so*: that he had received a slip of paper directed to Mr. Wilson, requesting him to come hither; and that as there was no other in the place of that name, he naturally concluded the note was intended for him, and him only—I then gave him to understand, that I had been injured by a person who assumed that name, which person I had actually seen within the hour, passing through the street on horseback; that hearing there was a Mr. Wilson at the Red Lion, I took it for granted he was the man, and in that belief had writ the billet; and I expressed my surprize, that he, who was a stranger to me and my concerns, should give me such a rendezvous, without taking the trouble to demand a previous explanation——He replied, that there was no
other

HUMPHRY CLINKER. 181

other of his name in the whole county; that no such horseman had alighted at the Red Lion since nine o'clock, when he arrived—that having had the honour to serve his majesty, he thought he could not decently decline any invitation of this kind, from what quarter soever it might come; and that if any explanation was necessary, it did not belong to him to demand it, but to the gentleman who summoned him into the field—Vexed as I was at this adventure, I could not help admiring the coolness of this officer, whose open countenance prepossessed me in his favour.—He seemed to be turned of forty; wore his own short black hair, which curled naturally about his ears, and was very plain in his apparel—When I begged pardon for the trouble I had given him, he received my apology with great good humour.—He told me that he lived about ten miles off, at a small farm-house, which would afford me tolerable lodging, if I would come and take the diversion of hunting with him for a few weeks; in which case we might, perhaps, find out the man who had given me offence—I thanked him very sincerely for his courteous offer, which, I told him, I was not at liberty to accept at present, on account

of

of my being engaged in a family partie; and so we parted, with mutual professions of good will and esteem.

Now tell me, dear knight, what am I to make of this singular adventure?—Am I to suppose that the horseman I saw was really a thing of flesh and blood, or a bubble that vanished into air?—or must I imagine Liddy knows more of the matter than she chuses to disclose?—If I thought her capable of carrying on any clandestine correspondence with such a fellow, I should at once discard all tenderness, and forget that she was connected with me by the ties of blood—But how is it possible that a girl of her simplicity and inexperience, should maintain such an intercourse, surrounded, as she is with so many eyes, destitute of all opportunity, and shifting quarters every day of her life?—Besides, she has solemnly promised—No—I can't think the girl so base—so insensible to the honour of her family.—What disturbs me chiefly, is the impression which these occurrences seem to make upon her spirits—These are the symptoms from which I conclude that the rascal has still a hold on her affection—surely I have a right to call him a rascal, and to conclude

HUMPHRY CLINKER. 183

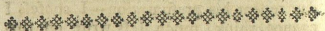
clude that his designs are infamous—But it shall be my fault if he does not one day repent his presumption—I confess I cannot think, much less write on this subject, with any degree of temper or patience; I shall therefore conclude with telling you, that we hope to be in Wales by the latter end of the month: but before that period you will probably hear again from

your affectionate

Oct. 4.

J. MELFORD.

To



To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bar^t. at
Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

WHEN I wrote you by last post, I did not imagine I should be tempted to trouble you again so soon: but I now sit down with a heart so full that it cannot contain itself; though I am under such agitation of spirits, that you are to expect neither method or connexion in this address—We have been this day within a hair's breadth of losing honest Matthew Bramble, in consequence of a cursed accident, which I will endeavour to explain—In crossing the country to get into the post road, it was necessary to ford a river, and we that were on horseback passed without any danger or difficulty; but a great quantity of rain having fallen last night and this morning, there was such an accumulation of water, that a mill-head gave way, just as the coach was passing under it, and the flood rushed down

down with such impetuosity, as first floated, and then fairly overturned the carriage in the middle of the stream—Lismahago and I, and the two servants, alighting instantaneously, ran into the river to give all the assistance in our power.—Our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, who had the good fortune to be uppermost, was already half way out of the coach window, when her lover approaching, disengaged her entirely; but whether his foot slipped, or the burthen was too great, they fell over head and ears in each other's arms. He endeavoured more than once to get up, and even to disentangle himself from her embrace, but she hung about his neck like a mill-stone (no bad emblem of matrimony,) and if my man had not proved a staunch auxiliary, those two lovers would in all probability have gone hand in hand to the shades below.—For my part, I was too much engaged to take any cognizance of their distress —I snatched out my sister by the air of the head, and, dragging her to the bank, recollected that my uncle had not yet appeared—Rushing again into the stream, I met Clinker hauling ashore Mrs. Jenkins, who looked like a mermaid with her hair dishevelled about her ears; but, when I asked

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ed if his master was safe, he forthwith shook her from him, and she must have gone to pot, if a miller had not seasonably come to her relief.—As for Humphry, he flew like lightning to the coach, that was by this time filled with water, and, diving into it, brought up the poor 'Tquire, to all appearance, deprived of life.—It is not in my power to describe what I felt at this melancholy spectacle—it was such an agony as baffles all description! The faithful Clinker, taking him up in his arms, as if he had been an infant of six months, carried him ashore, howling most piteously all the way, and I followed him in a transport of grief and consternation.—When he was laid upon the grass, and turned from side to side, a great quantity of water ran out at his mouth, then he opened his eyes, and fetched a deep sigh Clinker perceiving these signs of life, immediately tied up his arm with a garter, and pulling out a horse-fleam, let him blood in the farrier stile.—At first a few drops only issued from the orifice; but the limb being chafed in a little time the blood began to flow in a continued stream, and he uttered some incoherent words, which were the most welcome sounds that ever saluted my ear.

There

There was a country inn hard by, the landlord of which had by this time come with his people to give their assistance.—Thither my uncle being carried, was undressed and put to bed, wrapped in warm blankets; but having been moved too soon, he fainted away, and once more lay without sense or motion, notwithstanding all the efforts of Clinker and the landlord, who bathed his temples with Hungary water, and held a smelling-bottle to his nose. As I had heard of the efficacy of salt in such cases, I ordered all that was in the house to be laid under his head and body; and whether this application had the desired effect, or nature of herself prevailed, he, in less than a quarter of an hour, began to breathe regularly, and soon retrieved his recollection, to the unspeakable joy of all the by-standers. As for Clinker, his brain seemed to be affected.—He laughed, and wept, and danced about in such a distracted manner, that the landlord very judiciously conveyed him out of the room. My uncle, seeing me dropping wet, comprehended the whole of what had happened, and asked if all the company was safe?—Being answered in the affirmative, he insisted upon my putting on dry cloathes; and, hav-
ing

ing swallowed a little warm wine, desired he might be left to his repose. Before I went to shift myself, I inquired about the rest of the family—I found Mrs. Tabitha still delirious from her fright, discharging very copiously the water she had swallowed. She was supported by the captain, distilling drops from his uncurled periwig, so lank and so dank, that he looked like father Thame without his sedges, embracing Isis, while she cascaded in his urn. Mrs. Jenkins was present also, in a loose bed-gown, without either cap or handkerchief; but she seemed to be as little *compos mentis*, as her mistress, and acted so many cross purposes in the course of her attendance, that, between the two, Lismahago had occasion for all his philosophy. As for Liddy, I thought the poor girl would have actually lost her senses. The good woman of the house had shifted her linen, and put her into bed; but she was seized with the idea that her uncle had perished, and in this persuasion made a dismal out-cry; nor did she pay the least regard to what I said, when I solemnly assured her he was safe. Mr. Bramble hearing the noise, desired she might be brought into his chamber;

ber; and she no sooner received this intimation, than she ran thither half naked, with the wildest expression of eagerness in her countenance—Seeing the 'squire sitting up in the bed, she sprung forwards, and, throwing her arms about his neck, exclaimed in a most pathetic tone, “Are you—Are you indeed my uncle—My dear uncle!—My best friend! My father!—Are you really living? or is it an illusion of my poor brain!”—Honest Matthew was so much affected, that he could not help shedding tears, while he kissed her forehead, saying, “My dear Liddy, I hope I shall live long enough to shew how sensible I am of your affection—But your spirits are fluttered, child—You want rest—Go to bed and compose yourself—” “Well, I will (she replied)—but still methinks this cannot be real—The coach was full of water—My uncle was under us all—Gracious God!—You was under water—How did you get out?—tell me that? or I shall think this is all a deception—” “In what manner I was brought out, I know as little as you do, my dear (said the 'squire); and, truly, that is a circumstance of which I want to be informed.” I would have given
given

given him a detail of the whole adventure, but he would not hear me until I should change my cloths; so that I had only time to tell him, that he owed his life to the courage and fidelity of Clinker; and having given him this hint, I conducted my sister to her own chamber.

This accident happened about three o'clock in the afternoon, and in little more than an hour the hurricane was all over; but as the carriage was found to be so much damaged, that it could not proceed without considerable repairs, a blacksmith and wheelwright were immediately sent for to the next market-town, and we congratulated ourselves upon being housed at an inn, which, though remote from the post-road, afforded exceeding good lodging. The women being pretty well composed, and the men all a-foot, my uncle sent for his servant, and, in the presence of Lismahago and me, accosted him in these words—"So, Clinker, I find you are resolved I shan't die by water—As you have fished me up from the bottom at your own risque, you are at least entitled to all the money that was in my pocket, and there it is—" So saying, he presented him

him with a purse containing thirty guineas, and a ring nearly of the same value——“ God forbid ! (cried Clinker) “ your honour shall excuse me—I am a “ poor fellow ; but I have a heart—O ! “ if your honour did but know how I re- “ joice to see—Blessed be his holy name, “ that made me the humble instrument— “ But as for the lucre of gain, I renounce “ it—I have done no more than my duty “ —No more than I would have done “ for the most worthless of my fellow- “ creatures—No more than I would have “ done for captain Lismahago, or Archy “ Macalpine, or any sinner upon earth— “ But for your worship, I would go “ through fire as well as water——” “ I “ do believe it, Humphry, (said the “ squire) ; but as you think it was your “ duty to save my life at the hazard of “ your own, I think it is mine to express “ the sense I have of your extraordinary “ fidelity and attachment—I insist upon “ your receiving this small token of my “ gratitude ; but don’t imagine that I “ look upon this as an adequate recom- “ pence for the service you have done “ me—I have determined to settle thirty “ pounds a year upon you for life ; and “ I desire these gentlemen will bear wit-
“ nefs

“to this my intention, of which I
 “have a memorandum in my pocket-
 “book.” “Lord make me thankful
 “for all these mercies (cried Clinker,
 “sobbing) I have been a poor bankrupt,
 “from the beginning—your honour’s
 “goodness found me, when I was—nak-
 “ed—when I was—sick and forlorn—
 “I understand your honour’s looks—I
 “would not give offence—but my heart
 “is very full—and if your worship won’t
 “give me leave to speak,—I must vent
 “it in prayers to heaven for my benefac-
 “tor.” When he quitted the room, Lif-
 mahago said, he should have a much bet-
 ter opinion of his honesty, if he did not
 whine and cant so abominably; but that
 he had always observed those weeping and
 praying fellows were hypocrites at bot-
 tom. Mr. Bramble made no reply to this
 sarcastic remark, proceeding from the
 lieutenant’s resentment of Clinker’s hav-
 ing, in pure simplicity of heart, ranked
 him with M^r. Alpine and the finners of
 the earth.—The landlord being called
 to receive some orders about the beds,
 told the ’squire that his house was very
 much at his service, but he was sure he
 should not have the honour to lodge him
 and his company. He gave us to under-
 stand

stand that his master, who lived hard by, would not suffer us to be at a public house, when there was accommodation for us at his own; and that, if he had not dined abroad in the neighbourhood he would have undoubtedly come to offer his services at our first arrival. He then launched out in praise of that gentleman, whom he had served as butler, representing him as a perfect miracle of goodness and generosity. He said he was a person of great learning, and allowed to be the best farmer in the country:—that he had a lady who was as much beloved as himself, and an only son, a very hopeful young gentleman, just recovered from a dangerous fever, which had like to have proved fatal to the whole family; for, if the son had died, he was sure the parents would not have survived their loss.—He had not yet finished the encomium of Mr. Dennison, when this gentleman arrived in a post-chaise, and his appearance seemed to justify all that had been said in his favour. He is pretty well advanced in years, but hale, robust, and florid, with an ingenuous countenance, expressive of good sense and humanity. Having condoled with us on the accident which had happened, he said he was come to con-

duct us to his habitation, where we should be less incommoded than at such a paultry inn, and expressed his hope that the ladies would not be the worse for going thither in his carriage, as the distance was not above a quarter of a mile. My uncle having made a proper return to this courteous exhibition, eyed him attentively, and then asked if he had not been at Oxford, a commoner of Queen's college? When Mr. Dennison answered, "Yes," with some marks of surprise—"Look at me
 " then (said our 'squire) and let us see if
 " you can recollect the features of an old
 " friend, whom you have not seen these
 " forty years."—The gentleman, taking him by the hand, and gazing at him earnestly,—“I protest, (cried he) I do
 " think I recal the idea of Matthew
 " Loyd of Glamorganshire, who was student of Jesus.” “Well remembered,
 " my dear friend, Charles Dennison, (exclaimed my uncle, pressing him to his
 " breast), I am that very identical Matthew Loyd of Glamorgan.” Clinker, who had just entered the room with some coals for the fire, no sooner heard these words, than, throwing down the scuttle on the toes of Lismahago, he began to caper as if he was mad, crying—“Matthew
 " thew

“ thew Loyd of Glamorgan!—O Provi-
 “ dence!—Matthew Loyd of Glamor-
 “ gan!”—Then, clasping my uncle’s
 knees, he went on in this manner—
 “ Your worship must forgive me—Mat-
 “ thew Loyd of Glamorgan!—O Lord,
 “ Sir!—I cant contain myself!—I shall
 “ lose my senses—” “ Nay, thou hast
 “ lost them already, I believe, (said the
 “ ’squire, peevishly) prithee Clinker be
 “ quiet—What is the matter?”—
 Humphry, fumbling in his bosom, pull-
 ed out an old wooden snuff-box, which he
 presented in great trepidation to his mas-
 ter, who, opening it immediately, per-
 ceived a small cornelian seal, and two
 scraps of paper—At sight of these arti-
 cles he started, and changed colour, and
 casting his eye upon the inscriptions—“Ha!
 “ —how!—what!—where (cried he) is the
 “ person here named?” Clinker, knock-
 ing his own breast, could hardly pro-
 nounce these words—“ Here—here—
 “ here is Matthew Loyd, as the certificate
 “ sheweth—Humphry Clinker was the
 “ name of the farrier that took me ’pren-
 “ tice”—“ And who gave you these to-
 “ kens,”—said my uncle, hastily—“ My
 “ poor mother on her death-bed”—re-
 plied the other—“ And who was your

“mother?” “Dorothy Twyford, an
 “please your honour, heretofore bar-
 “keeper at the Angel at Chippenham.”—
 “And why were not these tokens pro-
 “duced before?” “My mother told
 “me she had wrote to Glamorganshire,
 “at the time of my birth, but had no
 “answer; and that afterwards, when she
 “made enquiry, there was no such per-
 “son in that county.” “And so in con-
 “sequence of my changing my name and
 “going abroad at that very time, thy
 “poor mother and thou have been left
 “to want and misery—I am really shock-
 “ed at the consequence of my own folly.”
 —Then, laying his hand on Clinker’s
 head, he added, “Stand forth, Matthew
 “Loyd—You see, gentlemen, how the
 “sins of my youth rise up in judgment
 “against me—Here is my direction writ-
 “ten with my own hand, and a seal
 “which I left at the woman’s request;
 “and this is a certificate of the child’s
 “baptism, signed by the curate of the
 “parish.” The company were not a lit-
 tle surpris’d at this discovery, upon which
 Mr. Dennison facetiously congratulated
 both the father and the son: for my part,
 I shook my new-found cousin heartily by
 the hand, and Lismahago complimented
 him

him with the tears in his eyes, for he had been hopping about the room, swearing in broad Scotch, and bellowing with the pain occasioned by the fall of the coal-scuttle upon his foot. He had even vowed to drive the *saul* out of the body of that mad rascal: but, perceiving the unexpected turn which things had taken, he wished him joy of his good fortune, observing that it went very near his heart, as he was like to be a great toe out of pocket by the discovery—Mr. Dennison now desired to know for what reason my uncle had changed the name by which he knew him at Oxford, and our 'squire satisfied him, by answering to this effect.—

“ I took my mother's name, which was
 “ Loyd, as heir to her lands in Glamor-
 “ ganshire; but, when I came of age, I
 “ sold that property, in order to clear my
 “ paternal estate, and resumed my real
 “ name; so that I am now Matthew
 “ Bramble, of Brambleton-hall in Mon-
 “ mouthshire, at your service; and this
 “ is my nephew, Jeremy Melford of Bel-
 “ field, in the county of Glamorgan.”

At that instant the ladies entering the room, he presented Mrs. Tabitha as his sister, and Liddy as his niece. The old gentleman saluted them very cordially,

and seemed struck with the appearance of my sister, whom he could not help surveying with a mixture of complacency and surprize——“ Sister, (said my uncle) “ there is a poor relation that recommends himself to your good graces—— “ The quondam Humphry Clinker is “ metamorphosed into Matthew Loyd; “ and claims the honour of being your “ carnal kinsman—in short, the rogue “ proves to be a crab of my own planting in the days of hot blood and unrestrained libertinism.” Clinker had by this time dropt upon one knee, by the side of Mrs. Tabitha, who, eyeing him askance, and flirting her fan with marks of agitation, thought proper, after some conflict, to hold out her hand for him to kiss, saying, with a demure aspect, “ Brother, you have been very wicked: “ but I hope you’ll live to see the folly of “ your ways—I am very sorry to say the “ young man whom you have this day “ acknowledged, has more grace and religion, by the gift of God, than you “ with all our profane learning, and repeated opportunity—I do think he has “ got the trick of the eye, and the tip of “ the nose of my uncle Loyd of Fluydwellyn; and as for the long chin, it

“ it is the very moral of the governor’s—
 “ Brother, as you have changed his name
 “ pray change his dress also; that livery
 “ doth not become any person that hath
 “ got our blood in his veins.”—Liddy
 seemed much pleased with this acquisition
 to the family.—She took him by the hand,
 declaring she should always be proud to
 own her connexion with a virtuous young
 man, who had given so many proofs of
 his gratitude and affection to her uncle.—
 Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, extremely flut-
 tered between her surprize at this disco-
 very, and the apprehension of losing her
 sweet-heart, exclaimed in a giggling tone,
 —“ I wish you joy, Mr. Clinker—Floyd
 “ —I would say—hi, hi, hi!—you’ll be
 “ so proud you won’t look at your poor
 “ fellow servants, oh, oh, oh!” Honest
 Clinker owned he was overjoyed at his
 good fortune, which was greater than he
 deserved—“ But wherefore should I be
 “ proud? (said he) a poor object conceiv-
 “ ed in sin, and brought forth in iniqui-
 “ ty, nursed in a parish work-house, and
 “ bred in a smithy—Whenever I seem
 “ proud, Mrs. Jenkins, I beg of you to
 “ put me in mind of the condition I was
 “ in, when I first saw you between Chip-
 “ penham and Marlborough.”

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When this momentous affair was discussed to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, the weather being dry, the ladies declined the carriage; so that we walked all together to Mr. Dennison's house, where we found the tea ready prepared by his lady, an amiable matron, who received us with all the benevolence of hospitality.—The house is old fashioned and irregular, but lodgeable and commodious. To the south it has the river in front, at the distance of a hundred paces; and on the north there is a rising ground, covered with an agreeable plantation; the greens and walks are kept in the nicest order, and all is rural and romantic. I have not yet seen the young gentleman, who is on a visit to a friend in the neighbourhood, from whose house he is not expected till to-morrow.

In the mean time, as there is a man going to the next market town with letters for the post, I take this opportunity to send you the history of this day, which has been remarkably full of adventures; and you will own I give you them like a beef-steak at Dolly's, *hot* and *hot*, without ceremony and parade, just as they come from the recollection of

Yours,

J. MELFORD.



To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

SINCE the last trouble I gave you, I have met with a variety of incidents, some of them of a singular nature, which I reserve as a fund for conversation; but there are others so interesting, that they will not keep in *petto* till meeting.

Know then, it was a thousand pounds to a sixpence, that you should now be executing my will, instead of perusing my letter! Two days ago, our coach was overturned in the midst of a rapid river, where my life was saved with the utmost difficulty, by the courage, activity, and presence of mind of my servant Humphry Clinker—But this is not the most surprising circumstance of the adventure—The said Humphry Clinker proves to be Matthew Loyd, natural son of one Matthew Loyd of Glamorgan, if you know any such person—You see, Doctor, that

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not-

notwithstanding all your philosophy, it is not without some reason that we Welchmen ascribe such energy to the force of blood—but we shall discuss this point on some future occasion.

This is not the only discovery which I made in consequence of our disaster—We happened to be wrecked upon a friendly shore—The lord of the manor is no other than Charles Dennison our fellow-rake at Oxford—We are now happily housed with that gentleman, who has really attained to that pitch of rural felicity, at which I have been aspiring these twenty years in vain. He is blessed with a consort, whose disposition is suited to his own in all respects; tender, generous, and benevolent—She, moreover, possesses an uncommon share of understanding, fortitude, and discretion, and is admirably qualified to be his companion, confidant, counsellor, and coadjutrix. These excellent persons have an only son, about nineteen years of age, just such a youth as they could have wished that Heaven would bestow to fill up the measure of their enjoyment—In a word, they know no other allay to their happiness, but their apprehension and anxiety about the life and concerns of this beloved object.

Our

Our old friend, who had the misfortune to be a second brother, was bred to the law, and even called to the bar; but he did not find himself qualified to shine in that province, and had very little inclination for his profession—He disobliged his father, by marrying for love, without any consideration of fortune; so that he had little or nothing to depend upon for some years but his practice, which afforded him a bare subsistence; and the prospect of an increasing family, began to give him disturbance and disquiet. In the mean time, his father dying, was succeeded by his elder brother, a fox-hunter and a sot, who neglected his affairs, insulted and oppressed his servants, and in a few years had well nigh ruined the estate, when he was happily carried off by a fever, the immediate consequence of a debauch. Charles, with the approbation of his wife, immediately determined to quit business, and retire into the country, although this resolution was strenuously and zealously opposed by every individual, whom he consulted on the subject. Those who had tried the experiment, assured him that he could not pretend to breathe in the country for less than the double of what his estate produced;

K 6

that,

that, in order to be upon the footing of a gentleman, he would be obliged to keep horses, hounds, carriages, with a suitable number of servants, and maintain an elegant table for the entertainment of his neighbours; that farming was a mystery, known only to those who had been bred up to it from the cradle, the success of it depending not only upon skill and industry, but also upon such attention and œconomy as no gentleman could be supposed to give or practise; accordingly, every attempt made by gentlemen miscarried, and not a few had been ruined by their prosecution of agriculture—Nay, they affirmed, that he would find it cheaper to buy hay and oats for his cattle, and to go to market for poultry, eggs, kitchen herbs, and roots, and every the most inconsiderable article of house-keeping, than to have those articles produced on his own ground.

These objections did not deter Mr. Dennison, because they were chiefly founded on the supposition, that he would be obliged to lead a life of extravagance and dissipation, which he and his consort equally detested, despised, and determined to avoid—The objects he had in view, were health of body, peace of mind, and the

the private satisfaction of domestic quiet, unallayed by actual want, and uninterrupted by the fears of indigence—He was very moderate in his estimate of the necessaries, and even of the comforts of life—He required nothing but wholesome air, pure water, agreeable exercise, plain diet, convenient lodging, and decent apparel. He reflected, that if a peasant without education, or any great share of natural sagacity, could maintain a large family, and even become opulent upon a farm, for which he payed an annual rent of two or three hundred pounds to the landlord, surely he himself might hope for some success from his industry, having no rent to pay, but, on the contrary, three or four hundred pounds a-year to receive—He considered, that the earth was an indulgent mother, that yielded her fruits to all her children without distinction. He had studied the theory of agriculture with a degree of eagerness and delight; and he could not conceive there was any mystery in the practice, but what he should be able to disclose by dint of care and application. With respect to household expence, he entered into a minute detail and investigation, by which he perceived the assertions of his friends

were

were altogether erroneous—He found he should save sixty pounds a-year in the single article of house-rent, and as much more in pocket-money and contingencies; that even butcher's meat was twenty per cent. cheaper in the country than in London; but that poultry, and almost every other circumstance of house-keeping, might be had for less than one half of what they cost in town; besides, a considerable saving on the side of dress, in being delivered from the oppressive imposition of ridiculous modes, invented by ignorance, and adopted by folly.

As to the danger of vying with the rich in pomp and equipage, it never gave him the least disturbance. He was now turned of forty, and, having lived half that time in the busy scenes of life, was well skilled in the science of mankind. There cannot be in nature a more contemptible figure than that of a man, who with five hundred a year presumes to rival in expence a neighbour who possesses five times that income—His ostentation, far from concealing, serves only to discover his indigence, and render his vanity the more shocking; for it attracts the eyes of censure, and excites the spirit of inquiry. There is not a family in the
county,

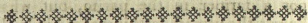
county, nor a servant in his own house, nor a farmer in the parish, but what knows the utmost farthing that his lands produce, and all these behold him with scorn or compassion. I am surpris'd that these reflections do not occur to persons in this unhappy dilemma, and produce a salutary effect; but the truth is, of all the passions incident to human nature, vanity is that which most effectually perverts the faculties of the understanding; nay, it sometimes becomes so incredibly depraved, as to aspire at infamy, and find pleasure in bearing the stigmas of reproach.

I have now given you a sketch of the character and situation of Mr. Dennison, when he came down to take possession of this estate; but as the messenger, who carries the letters to the next town is just setting off, I shall reserve what further I have to say on this subject, till the next post, when you shall certainly hear from

Yours always,

Oct. 8.

MATT. BRAMBLE.



To Dr. LEWIS.

ONCE more, dear doctor, I resume the pen for your amusement—It was on the morning after our arrival that, walking out with my friend, Mr. Dennison, I could not help breaking forth into the warmest expressions of applause at the beauty of the scene, which is really enchanting; and I signified, in particular, how much I was pleased with the disposition of some detached groves, that afforded at once shelter and ornament to his habitation.

“ When I took possession of these
 “ lands, about two and twenty years ago,
 “ (said he) there was not a tree standing
 “ within a mile of the house, except
 “ those of an old neglected orchard,
 “ which produced nothing but leaves and
 “ moss.—It was in the gloomy month of
 “ November, when I arrived, and found
 “ the house in such a condition, that it
 “ might have been justly stiled the *tower*
 “ of *desolation*—The court-yard was covered

“ vered with nettles and docks, and the
 “ garden exhibited such a rank planta-
 “ tion of weeds as I had never seen be-
 “ fore ; the window-shutters were falling
 “ in pieces ;—the sashes broken ;—
 “ and owls and jack-daws had taken pos-
 “ session of the chimnies.—The prospect
 “ within was still more dreary.—All was
 “ dark, and damp, and dirty beyond
 “ description ;—the rain penetrated in
 “ several parts of the roof ;—in some
 “ apartments the very floors had given
 “ way ;—the hangings were parted from
 “ the walls, and shaking in mouldy rem-
 “ nants ;—the glasses were dropping out
 “ of their frames ; the family-pictures
 “ were covered with dust ;—and all
 “ the chairs and tables worm-eaten and
 “ crazy.—There was not a bed in the
 “ house that could be used, except one
 “ old-fashioned machine, with a high gilt
 “ tester, and fringed curtains of yellow
 “ mohair, which had been, for ought I
 “ know, two centuries in the family.—
 “ In short, there was no furniture but the
 “ utensils of the kitchen ; and the cellar
 “ afforded nothing but a few empty
 “ butts and barrels, that stunk so abo-
 “ minably, that I would not suffer any
 “ body to enter it until I had flashed a
 “ con-

“ a considerable quantity of gun-powder
 “ to qualify the foul air within.

“ An old cottager and his wife, who
 “ were hired to lie in the house, had left
 “ it with precipitation, alledging, among
 “ other causes of retreat, that they could
 “ not sleep for frightful noises, and that
 “ my poor brother certainly walked after
 “ his death.—In a word, the house ap-
 “ peared uninhabitable; the barn, stable,
 “ and out-houses were in ruins; all the
 “ fences broken down, and the fields ly-
 “ ing waste.

“ The farmer who kept the key never
 “ dreamed I had any intention to live
 “ upon the spot.—He rented a farm of
 “ sixty pounds, and his lease was just
 “ expiring.—He had formed a scheme
 “ of being appointed bailiff to the estate,
 “ and of converting the house and the
 “ adjacent grounds to his own use.—A
 “ hint of his intention I received from
 “ the curate at my first arrival; I there-
 “ fore did not pay much regard to what
 “ he said by way of discouraging me
 “ from coming to settle in the country;
 “ but I was a little startled when he gave
 “ me warning that he should quit the
 “ farm at the expiration of his lease, un-
 “ less

“ less I would abate considerably in the
“ rent.”

“ At this period I accidentally became
“ acquainted with a person, whose friend-
“ ship laid the foundation of all my pro-
“ sperity. In the next market-town, I
“ chanced to dine at an inn with a Mr.
“ Wilson, who was lately come to settle
“ in the neighbourhood.—He had been
“ lieutenant of a man of war : but quit-
“ ted the sea in some disgust, and mar-
“ ried the only daughter of farmer Bland,
“ who lives in this parish, and has ac-
“ quired a good fortune in the way of
“ husbandry.—Wilson is one of the best
“ natured men I ever knew; brave,
“ frank, obliging, and ingenuous.—He
“ liked my conversation, I was charmed
“ with his liberal manner; an acquaint-
“ tance immediately commenced, and
“ this was soon improved into a friend-
“ ship without reserve.—There are cha-
“ racters which, like similar particles of
“ matter, strongly attract each other.—
“ He forthwith introduced me to his fa-
“ ther-in-law, farmer Bland, who was
“ well acquainted with every acre of my
“ estate, of consequence well qualified
“ to advise me on this occasion.—Find-
“ ing

“ ing I was inclined to embrace a coun-
 “ try life, and even to amuse myself with
 “ the occupations of farming, he approv-
 “ ed of my design—He gave me to un-
 “ derstand that all my farms were under-
 “ lett; that the estate was capable of
 “ great improvement; that there was
 “ plenty of chalk in the neighbourhood;
 “ and that my own ground produced ex-
 “ cellent marle for manure.—With re-
 “ spect to the farm, which was like to
 “ fall into my hands, he said he would
 “ willingly take it at the present rent;
 “ but at the same time owned, that if I
 “ would expend two hundred pounds in
 “ enclosure, it would be worth more than
 “ double the sum.

“ Thus encouraged, I began the exe-
 “ cution of my scheme without further
 “ delay, and plunged into a sea of ex-
 “ pence, though I had no fund in reserve,
 “ and the whole produce of the estate
 “ did not exceed three hundred pounds
 “ a-year.—In one week, my house was
 “ made weather-tight, and thoroughly
 “ cleansed from top to bottom; then it
 “ was well ventilated by throwing all the
 “ doors and windows open, and making
 “ blazing fires of wood in every chimney
 “ from the kitchen to the garrets.—The
 “ floors

“ floors were repaired, the sashes newglaz-
 “ ed, and out of the old furniture of the
 “ whole house, I made shift to fit up a
 “ parlour and three chambers in a plain
 “ yet decent manner.—The court-yard
 “ was cleared of weeds and rubbish, and
 “ my friend Wilson charged himself with
 “ the dressing of the garden; bricklayers
 “ were set at work upon the barn and
 “ stable; and labourers engaged to re-
 “ store the fences, and begin the work
 “ of hedging and ditching, under the di-
 “ rection of farmer Bland, at whose re-
 “ commendation I hired a careful hind
 “ to lie in the house, and keep constant
 “ fires in the apartments.

“ Having taken these measures, I re-
 “ turned to London, where I forthwith
 “ sold off my household-furniture, and, in
 “ three weeks from my first visit, brought
 “ my wife hither to keep her Christ-
 “ mas.—Considering the gloomy
 “ season of the year, the dreariness of the
 “ place, and the decayed aspect of our
 “ habitation, I was afraid that her resolu-
 “ tion would sink under the sudden trans-
 “ ition from a town-life to such a melan-
 “ choly state of rustication; but I was
 “ agreeably disappointed.—She found
 “ the reality less uncomfortable than the
 “ picture

“ picture I had drawn.—By this time,
 “ indeed, things were mended in appear-
 “ ance.—The out-houses had risen out of
 “ their ruins; the pigeon-house was re-
 “ built and replenished by Wilson, who
 “ also put my garden in decent order,
 “ and provided a good stock of poultry,
 “ which made an agreeable figure in my
 “ yard; and the house, on the whole,
 “ looked like the habitation of human
 “ creatures.—Farmer Bland spared me a
 “ milch-cow for my family, and an ordi-
 “ nary saddle-horse for my servant to go
 “ to market at the next town.—I hired a
 “ country lad for a footman; the hinds
 “ daughter was my house-maid and my
 “ wife had brought a cook-maid from
 “ London.

“ Such was my family when I began
 “ house-keeping in this place, with three
 “ hundred pounds in my pocket, raised
 “ from the sale of my superfluous furni-
 “ ture—I knew we should find occupa-
 “ tion enough through the day to employ
 “ our time; but I dreaded the long win-
 “ ter evenings; yet for these too we
 “ found a remedy.—The curate, who
 “ was a single man, soon became so natu-
 “ ralized to the family, that he generally
 “ lay in the house; and his company
 “ was

“ was equally agreeable and useful.—He
 “ was a modest man, a good scholar, and
 “ perfectly well qualified to instruct me
 “ in such country matters as I wanted to
 “ know.—Mr. Wilson brought his wife
 “ to see us, and she became so fond of
 “ Mr. Dennison, that she said she was
 “ never so happy as when she enjoyed the
 “ benefit of her conversation.—She was
 “ then a fine buxom country lass, ex-
 “ ceedingly docile, and as good-natured
 “ as her husband Jack Wilson; so that a
 “ friendship ensued among the women,
 “ which hath continued to this day.

“ As for Jack, he hath been my con-
 “ stant companion, counsellor, and com-
 “ miffary.—I would not for a hundred
 “ pounds you shall leave my house
 “ without seeing him.—Jack is an uni-
 “ versal genius—his talents are really
 “ astonishing—He is an excellent car-
 “ penter, joiner, and turner, and a cun-
 “ ning artist in iron and brass.—He not
 “ also superintended my œconomy, but
 “ also presided over my pastimes.—He
 “ taught me to brew beer, to make cyder,
 “ perry, mead, usquebaugh, and plague-
 “ water; to cook several outlandish deli-
 “ cacies, such as *ollas*, *pepper pots*, *pillars*,
 “ *corys*, *chabobs*, and *stuffatas*.—He under-
 “ stands

“ stands all manner of games from chess
 “ down to chuck-farthing, sings a good
 “ song, plays upon the violin, and
 “ dances a hornpipe with surprising agili-
 “ ty.—He and I walked, and rode, and
 “ hunted, and fished together, without
 “ minding the vicissitudes of the weather;
 “ and I am persuaded, that in a raw,
 “ moist climate, like this of England,
 “ continual exercise is as necessary as food
 “ to the preservation of the individual.—
 “ In the course of two and twenty years,
 “ there has not been one hour’s interrup-
 “ tion or abatement in the friendship sub-
 “ sisting between Wilson’s family and
 “ mine; and, what is a rare instance of
 “ good fortune, that friendship is conti-
 “ nued to our children.—His son and
 “ mine are nearly of the same age and the
 “ same disposition; they have been bred
 “ up together at the same school and
 “ college, and love each other with the
 “ warmest affection.

“ By Wilson’s means, I likewise form-
 “ ed an acquaintance with a sensible phy-
 “ sician, who lives in the next market-
 “ town; and his sister, an agreeable old
 “ maiden, passed the Christmas holidays
 “ at our house.—Mean while I began my
 “ farming with great eagerness, and that
 “ very

“ very winter planted these groves that
 “ please you so much.—As for the neigh-
 “ bouring gentry, I had no trouble from
 “ that quarter during my first campaign;
 “ they were all gone to town before I
 “ settled in the country; and by the
 “ summer I had taken measures to defend
 “ myself from their attacks.—When a
 “ gay equipage came to my gates, I was
 “ never at home; those who visited me
 “ in a modest way, I received; and ac-
 “ cording to the remarks I made on their
 “ characters and conversation, either re-
 “ jected their advances, or returned their
 “ civility.—I was in general despised
 “ among the fashionable company, as a
 “ low fellow, both in breeding and cir-
 “ cumstances; nevertheless, I found a few
 “ individuals of moderate fortune, who
 “ gladly adopted my stile of living;
 “ and many others would have acceded
 “ to our society, had they not been pre-
 “ vented by the pride, envy, and ambition
 “ of their wives and daughters.—Those,
 “ in times of luxury and dissipation, are
 “ the rocks upon which all the small
 “ estates in the country are wrecked.

“ I reserved in my own hands, some
 “ acres of ground adjacent to the house,
 “ for making experiments in agriculture,
 “ according to the directions of Lyle,
 VOL. III. L “ Tull,

“ Tull, Hart, Duhamel, and others who
 “ have written on this subject; and qua-
 “ lified their theory with the practical ob-
 “ servations of farmer Bland, who was
 “ my great master in the art of husban-
 “ dry.—In short, I became enamoured
 “ of a country life; and my success
 “ greatly exceeded my expectation.—
 “ I drained bogs, burned heath, grubbed
 “ up furze and fern; I planted copse and
 “ willows where nothing else would grow
 “ I gradually inclosed all my-farms, and
 “ made such improvements, that my
 “ estate now yields me clear twelve hun-
 “ dred pounds a year.—All this time
 “ my wife and I have enjoyed unin-
 “ terrupted health, and a regular flow of
 “ spirits, except on a very few occasions,
 “ when our cheerfulness was invaded by
 “ such accidents as are inseparable from
 “ the condition of life.—I lost two chil-
 “ dren in their infancy, by the small pox,
 “ so that I have one son only, in whom
 “ all our hopes are centred.—He went
 “ yesterday to visit a friend, with whom
 “ he has staid all night, but he will be
 “ here to dinner.—I shall this day have
 “ the pleasure of presenting him to you
 “ and your family; and I flatter myself
 “ you will find him not altogether un-
 “ worthy of our affection.

“ The

“ The truth is, either I am blinded by
 “ the partiality of a parent, or he is a boy
 “ of a very amiable character; and yet
 “ his conduct has given us unspeakable
 “ disquiet.—You must know we had
 “ projected a match between him and a
 “ gentleman’s daughter in the next coun-
 “ ty, who will in all probability be heiress
 “ of a considerable fortune; but, it
 “ seems he had a personal disgust to the
 “ alliance.—He was then at Cambridge,
 “ and tried to gain time on various pre-
 “ tences; but being pressed in letters by
 “ his mother and me to give a definitive
 “ answer, he fairly gave his tutor the slip,
 “ and disappeared about eight months
 “ ago.—Before he took this rash step, he
 “ wrote me a letter, explaining his objec-
 “ tions to the match, and declaring, that
 “ he would keep himself concealed until
 “ he should understand that his parents
 “ would dispense with his contracting an
 “ engagement that must make him mi-
 “ serable for life, and he prescribed the
 “ form of advertising in a certain news-
 “ paper, by which he might be apprized
 “ of our sentiments on this subject.

“ You may easily conceive how much we
 “ were alarmed and afflicted by this elope-
 “ ment, which he had made without drop-

“ ping the least hint to his companion
 “ Charles Wilson, who belonged to the
 “ same college.—We resolved to punish
 “ him with the appearance of neglect, in
 “ hopes that he would return of his own
 “ accord; but he maintained his purpose
 “ till the young lady chose a partner for
 “ herself; then he produced himself,
 “ and made his peace by the mediation
 “ of Wilson.—Suppose we should unite
 “ our families by joining him with your
 “ niece, who is one of the most lovely
 “ creatures I ever beheld—My wife is
 “ already as fond of her as if she were
 “ her own child, and I have a present-
 “ ment that my son will be captivated by
 “ her at first fight.” “ Nothing could
 “ be more agreeable to all our family
 “ (said I) than such an alliance; but,
 “ my dear friend, candour obliges me to
 “ tell you, that I am afraid Liddy’s heart
 “ is not wholly disengaged—there is a
 “ cursed obstacle——” “ You mean
 “ the young stroller at Gloucester (said
 “ he)—You are surpris’d that I should
 “ know this circumstance; but you will
 “ be more surpris’d when I tell you that
 “ stroller is no other than my son George
 “ Dennison—That was the character he
 “ assumed in his eclipse.” “ I am, in-
 “ deed,

“ deed, astonished and overjoyed, (cried
 “ I) and shall be happy beyond expres-
 “ sion to see your proposal take effect.”

He then gave me to understand that the young gentleman, at his emerging from concealment, had disclosed his passion for Miss Melford, the niece of Mr. Bramble of Monmouthshire. Though Mr. Dennison little dreamed that this was his old friend Matthew Loyd, he nevertheless furnished his son with proper credentials, and he had been at Bath, London, and many other places in quest of us, to make himself and his pretensions known.—The bad success of his enquiry had such an effect upon his spirits, that immediately at his return he was seized with a dangerous fever, which overwhelmed his parents with terror and affliction; but he was now happily recovered, though still weak and disconsolate. My nephew joining us in our walk, I informed him of these circumstances, with which he was wonderfully pleased. He declared he would promote the match to the utmost of his power, and that he longed to embrace young Mr. Dennison as his friend and brother.—Meanwhile, the father went to desire his wife to communicate this discovery gradually to Liddy, that her delicate nerves might not suffer too sudden a shock; and I

imparted the particulars to my sister Tabby, who expressed some surprize, not altogether unmixed, I believe with an emotion of envy ; for, though she could have no objection to an alliance at once so honourable and advantageous, she hesitated in giving her consent, on pretence of the youth and inexperience of the parties : at length, however, she acquiesced, in consequence of having consulted with captain Lismahago.

Mr. Dennison took care to be in the way when his son arrived at the gate, and, without giving him time or opportunity to make any enquiry about the strangers, brought him up stairs to be presented to Mr. Loyd and his family—The first person he saw when he entered the room was Liddy, who, notwithstanding all her preparation, stood trembling in the utmost confusion—At sight of this object he was fixed motionless to the floor, and, gazing at her with the utmost eagerness of astonishment, exclaimed, “ Sacred heaven ! what is this !—ha ! wherefore—” Here his speech failing, he stood straining his eyes, in the most emphatic silence—“ George, (said his father) this is my friend Mr. Loyd.” Roused at this intimation, he turned and received my salute, when I said, “ Young gentleman,
“ if

“ if you had trusted me with your secret
 “ at our last meeting, we should have
 “ parted upon better terms.” Before he
 could make any answer, Jerry came round
 and stood before him with open arms.—
 At first, he started and changed colour;
 but after a short pause, he rushed into his
 embrace, and they hugged one another as
 if they had been intimate friends from
 their infancy: then he payed his respects
 to Mrs. Tabitha, and advancing to Lid-
 dy, “ Is it possible, (cried he) that my
 “ senses do not play me false!—that I see
 “ Miss Melford under my father’s roof—
 “ that I am permitted to speak to her
 “ without giving offence—and that her
 “ relations have honoured me with their
 “ countenance and protection.” Liddy
 blushed, and trembled, and faltered—
 “ To be sure, sir, (said she) it is a very
 “ surprising circumstance—a great—
 “ a providential—I really know not
 “ what I say—but I beg you will think
 “ I have said what’s agreeable.”

Mrs. Dennison interposing said, “ Com-
 “ pose yourselves, my dear children—
 “ Your mutual happiness shall be our
 “ peculiar care.” The son going up to
 his mother, kissed one hand; my niece
 bathed the other with her tears; and the
 good old lady pressed them both in their

turns to her breast.—The lovers were too much affected to get rid of their embarrassment for one day; but the scene was much enlivened by the arrival of Jack Wilson, who brought, as usual, some game of his own killing.—His honest countenance was a good letter of recommendation.—I received him like a dear friend after a long separation; and I could not help wondering to see him shake Jerry by the hand as an old acquaintance.—They had, indeed, been acquainted some days, in consequence of a diverting incident, which I shall explain at meeting.—That same night a consultation was held upon the concerns of the lovers, when the match was formally agreed to, and all the marriage-articles were settled without the least dispute.—My nephew and I promised to make Liddy's fortune five thousand pounds. Mr. Dennison declared, he would make over one half of his estate immediately to his son, and that his daughter-in-law should be secured in a jointure of four hundred.—Tabby proposed, that, considering their youth, they should undergo one year at least of probation before the indissoluble knot should be tied; but the young gentleman being very impatient and importunate, and the scheme implying that the young couple should

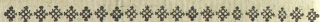
should live in the house, under the wings of his parents, we resolved to make them happy without further delay.

As the law requires that the parties should be some weeks resident in the parish, we shall stay here till the ceremony is performed.—Mr. Lismahago requests that he may take the benefit of the same occasion; so that next Sunday the banns will be published for all four together.—I doubt, I shall not be able to pass my Christmas with you at Brambleton-hall.—Indeed, I am so agreeably situated in this place, that I have no desire to shift my quarters; and I foresee that when the day of separation comes, there will be abundance of sorrow on all sides.—In the mean time, we must make the most of those blessings which Heaven bestows.—Considering how you are tethered by your profession, I cannot hope to see you so far from home; yet the distance does not exceed a summer-day's journey, and Charles Dennison, who desires to be remembered to you, would be rejoiced to see his old compotator; but as I am now stationary, I expect regular answers to the epistles of

Yours invariably,

Oct. 11.

MATT. BRAMBLE.



To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bar^t. at
Oxon.

DEAR WAT,

EVERY day is now big with incident and discovery——Young Mr. Dennison proves to be no other than that identical person whom I have execrated so long, under the name of Wilson—He had eloped from college at Cambridge, to avoid a match that he detested, and acted in different parts of the country as a stroller, until the lady in question made choice of a husband for herself; then he returned to his father, and disclosed his passion for Liddy, which met with the approbation of his parents, though the father little imagined that Mr. Bramble was his old companion Matthew Loyd. The young gentleman, being impowered to make honourable proposals to my uncle and me, had been in search of us all over England,

land, without effect; and he it was whom I had seen pass on horseback by the window of the inn, where I stood with my sister, but he little dreamed that we were in the house—As for the real Mr. Wilson, whom I called forth to combat by mistake, he is the neighbour and intimate friend of old Mr. Dennison, and this connexion had suggested to the son the idea of taking that name while he remained in obscurity.

You may easily conceive what pleasure I must have felt on discovering that the honour of our family was in no danger from the conduct of a sister, whom I love with uncommon affection; that, instead of debasing her sentiments and views to a wretched stroller, she had really captivated the heart of a gentleman, her equal in rank and superior in fortune; and that, as his parents approved of his attachment, I was on the eve of acquiring a brother-in-law so worthy of my friendship and esteem. George Dennison is, without all question, one of the most accomplished young fellows in England. His person is at once elegant and manly, and his understanding highly cultivated. Tho' his spirit is lofty, his heart is kind; and

L 6 his

his manner so engaging, as to command veneration and love, even from malice and indifference. When I weigh my own character with his, I am ashamed to find myself so light in the balance; but the comparison excites no envy—I propose him as a model for imitation—I have endeavoured to recommend myself to his friendship, and hope I have already found a place in his affection. I am, however, mortified to reflect what flagrant injustice we every day commit, and what absurd judgment we form, in viewing objects through the falsifying medium of prejudice and passion. Had you asked me a few days ago, the picture of Wilson the player, I should have drawn a portrait very unlike the real person and character of George Dennison—Without all doubt, the greatest advantage acquired in travelling and perusing mankind in the original, is that of dispelling those shameful clouds that darken the faculties of the mind, preventing it from judging with candour and precision.

The real Wilson is a great original, and the best tempered companionable man I ever knew—I question if ever he was angry or low-spirited in his life. He
makes

makes no pretensions to letters; but he is an adept in every thing else that can be either useful or entertaining. Among other qualifications, he is a complete sportsman, and counted the best shot in the county. He and Dennison, and Lismahago and I, attended by Clinker, went a-shooting yesterday, and made great havoc among the partridges—To-morrow we shall take the field against the woodcocks and snipes. In the evening we dance and sing, or play at commerce, loo, and quadrille.

Mr. Dennison is an elegant poet, and has written some detached pieces on the subject of his passion for Liddy, which must be very flattering to the vanity of a young woman—Perhaps he is one of the greatest theatrical geniuses that ever appeared. He sometimes entertains us with reciting favourite speeches from our best plays. We are resolved to convert the great hall into a theatre, and get up the *Beaux Stratagem* without delay—I think I shall make no contemptible figure in the character of *Scrub*; and Lismahago will be very great in *Captain Gibbet*—Wilson undertakes to entertain the country people with *Harlequin Skeleton*, for which he has got a jacket ready painted with his own hand.

Our

Our society is really enchanting. Even the severity of Lismahago relaxes, and the vinegar of Mrs. Tabby is remarkably dulcified, ever since it was agreed that she should take precedency of her niece in being first noosed: for, you must know, the day is fixed for Liddy's marriage; and the banns for both couples have been already once published in the parish church. The captain earnestly begged that one trouble might serve for all, and Tabitha assented with a vile affectation of reluctance. Her inamorato, who came hither very slenderly equipt, has sent for his baggage to London, which, in all probability, will not arrive in time for the wedding; but it is of no great consequence, as every thing is to be transacted with the utmost privacy—Meanwhile, directions are given for making out the contracts of marriage, which are very favourable for both females; Liddy will be secured in a good jointure; and her aunt will remain mistress of her own fortune, except one half of the interest, which her husband shall have a right to enjoy for his natural life: I think this is as little in conscience as can be done for a man who yokes with such a partner for life.

These

These expectants seem to be so happy, that if Mr. Dennison had an agreeable daughter, I believe I should be for making the third couple in this country dance. The humour seems to be infectious; for Clinker, alias Loyd, has a month's mind to play the fool, in the same fashion, with Mrs. Winifred Jenkins. He has even founded me on the subject; but I have given him no encouragement to prosecute this scheme—I told him I thought he might do better, as there was no engagement nor promise subsisting; that I did not know what designs my uncle might have formed for his advantage; but I was of opinion, that he should not, at present, run the risque of disobliging him by any premature application of this nature—Honest Humphry protested he would suffer death sooner than do or say any thing that should give offence to the 'squire: but he owned he had a kindness for the young woman, and had reason to think she looked upon him with a favourable eye; that he considered this mutual manifestation of good will, as an engagement understood, which ought to be binding to the conscience of an honest man; and he hoped the 'squire
and

and I would be of the same opinion, when we should be at leisure to bestow any thought about the matter—I believe he is in the right; and we shall find time to take his case into consideration—You see we are fixed for some weeks at least, and as you have had a long respite, I hope you will begin immediately to discharge the arrears due to

Your affectionate,

Os. 14.

J. MELFORD.

To



To Miss LÆTITIA WILLIS, at
Gloucester.

MY DEAR, DEAR LETTY,

NEVER did I sit down to write in such agitation as I now feel—In the course of a few days, we have met with a number of incidents so wonderful and interesting, that all my ideas are thrown into confusion and perplexity—You must not expect either method or coherence in what I am going to relate—my dearest Willis. Since my last, the aspect of affairs is totally changed!—and so changed!—but, I would fain give you a regular detail—In passing a river, about eight days ago, our coach was overturned, and some of us narrowly escaped with life—My uncle had well nigh perished—O Heaven, I cannot reflect upon that circumstance without horror—I should have lost my best friend, my father and protector, but for the resolution and activity of his servant Humphry Clinker, whom Providence really

really

really seems to have placed near him for the necessity of this occasion.—I would not be thought superstitious; but surely he acted from a stronger impulse than common fidelity—Was it not the voice of nature that loudly called upon him to save the life of his own father? for, O Letty, it was discovered that Humphry Clinker was my uncle's natural son.

Almost at the same instant, a gentleman, who came to offer us his assistance, and invite us to his house, turned out to be a very old friend of Mr. Bramble—His name is Mr. Dennison, one of the worthiest men living; and his lady is a perfect saint upon earth. They have an only son—who do you think is this only son?—O Letty!—O gracious heaven! how my heart palpitates, when I tell you that this only son of Mr. Dennison, is that very identical youth who, under the name of Wilson, has made such ravage in my heart!—Yes, my dear friend! Wilson and I are now lodged in the same house, and converse together freely—His father approves of his sentiments in my favour; his mother loves me with all the tenderness of a parent; my uncle, my aunt, and my brother, no longer oppose my inclinations—On the contrary, they have agreed

greed to make us happy without delay ; and in three weeks or a month, if no unforeseen accident intervenes, your friend Lydia Melford, will have changed her name and condition—I say, if *no accident intervenes*, because such a torrent of success makes me tremble!—I wish there may not be something treacherous in this sudden reconciliation of fortune—I have no merit—I have no title to such felicity? Far from enjoying the prospect that lies before me, my mind is harrassed with a continued tumult, made up of hopes and wishes, doubts and apprehensions—I can neither eat nor sleep, and my spirits are in perpetual flutter.—I more than ever feel that vacancy in my heart, which your presence alone can fill.—The mind, in every disquiet, seeks to repose itself on the bosom of a friend ; and this is such a trial as I really know not how to support without your company and counsel—I must therefore, dear Letty, put your friendship to the test—I must beg you will come and do the last offices of maidenhood to your companion Lydia Melford.

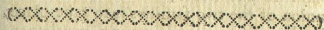
This letter goes inclosed in one to our worthy governess, from Mrs. Dennison, entreating her to interpose with your mamma, that

that you may be allowed to favour us with your company on this occasion; and I flatter myself that no material objection can be made to our request.—The distance from hence to Gloucester, does not exceed one hundred miles, and the roads are good.—Mr. Clinker, alias Loyd, shall be sent over to attend your motions.—If you step into the post-chaise, with your maid Betty Barker, at seven in the morning, you will arrive by four in the afternoon at the half-way house, where there is good accommodation. There you shall be met by my brother and myself, who will next day conduct you to this place, where, I am sure, you will find yourself perfectly at your ease in the midst of an agreeable society.—Dear Letty, I will take no refusal—if you have any friendship—any humanity—you will come.—I desire that immediate application may be made to your mamma; and that the moment her permission is obtained, you will apprise

Your ever faithful

Oct. 14.

LYDIA MELFORD.



To Mrs. JERMYN, at her house in
Gloucester.

DEAR MADAM,

THOUGH I was not so fortunate as to be favoured with an answer to the letter with which I troubled you in the spring, I still flatter myself that you retain some regard for me and my concerns. I am sure the care and tenderness with which I was treated under your roof and tuition, demand the warmest returns of gratitude and affection on my part, and these sentiments, I hope, I shall cherish to my dying day—At present, I think it my duty to make you acquainted with the happy issue of that indiscretion by which I incurred your displeasure.—Ah! madam, the slighted Wilson is metamorphosed into George Dennison, only son and heir of a gentleman, whose character is second to none in England, as you may understand upon inquiry.
My

My guardians, my brother and I, are now in his house; and an immediate union of the two families is to take place in the persons of the young gentleman and your poor Lydia Melford. You will easily conceive how embarrassing this situation must be to a young inexperienced creature like me, of weak nerves and strong apprehensions; and how much the presence of a friend and confidante would encourage and support me on this occasion. You know, that of all the young ladies, Miss Willis was she that possessed the greatest share of my confidence and affection; and, therefore, I fervently wish to have the happiness of her company at this interesting crisis.

Mrs. Dennison, who is the object of universal love and esteem, has, at my request, written to you on this subject and I now beg leave to reinforce her sollicitation—My dear Mrs. Jermyn! my ever honoured governess! let me conjure you by that fondness which one distinguished your favourite Liddy! by that benevolence of heart which disposes you to promote the happiness of your fellow-creatures in general! lend a favourable ear to my petition, and use your influence
with

with Letty's mamma, that my most earnest desire may be gratified, Should I be indulged in this particular, I will engage to return her safe, and even to accompany her to Gloucester, where, if you will give me leave, I will present to you under another name.

Dear madam,

Your most affectionate

humble servant,

and penitent,

Oct. 14

LYDIA MELFORD.

To



To Mrs. - MARY JONES, at Bramble-
ton-hall.

O MARY JONES! MARY JONES!

I HAVE met with so many accidents, surprisals, and terrifications, that I am in a perfeck fantigo, and believe I shall never be my own self again. Last week I was dragged out of a river like a drowned rat, and lost a bran-new night-cap, with a sulfur stay-hook, that cost me a good half-a-crown, and an odd shoe of green gallow monkey; besides wetting my cloaths and taring my smuck, and an ugly gash made in the back part of my thy, by the stump of a tree—To be sure Mr. Clinker tuck me out of the cox; but he left me on my back in the water, to go to the 'squire; and I mought have had a watry grave, if a millar had not brought me to the dry land—But, O! what choppings and changes girl—The player man that came after miss Liddy, and frightened me with a beard at Bristol Well

Well, is now matthewmurphy'd into a fine young gentleman, son and hare of 'squire Dollifon—We are all together in the same house, and all parties have agreed to the match, and in a fortnite the surrymony will be preformed,

But this is not the only wedding we are to have—Mistress is resolved to have the same frolick, in the naam of God! Last Sunday in the parish crutch, if my own ars may be trusted, the clerk called the banes of marridge betwixt Opaniah Lashmeheygo, and Tapitha Brample, spinster; he mought as well have called her inkleweaver, for she never spun and hank of yarn in her life—Young 'squire Dollifon and miss Liddy make the second kipple; and there might have been a turd, but times are changed with Mr. Clinker—O, Molly! what do'st think? Mr. Clinker is found to be a pye-blow of our own 'squire, and his rite naam is Mr. Matthew Loyd, (thof God he nose how that can be); and he is now out of livery, and wares ruffles—but I new him when he was out at elbows, and had not a rag to kiver his pisteretoes; so he need not hold his head so high—He is for sartain very umble and complefant, and purtussis as how he has the same regard as before; but

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that

that he is no longer his own master, and cannot portend to marry without the 'squire's consent—He says we must wait with patience, and trust to Providence, and such nonsense—But if so be as how his regard be the same, why stand shilly shally? Why not strike while the iron is hot, and speak to the 'squire without loss of time?—What subjection can the 'squire make to our coming together?—Thof my father wan't a gentleman, my mother was an honest woman—I did'n't come on the wrong side of the blanket, girl—My parents were marred according to the rights of holy mother crutch, in the face of men and angles—Mark that, Mary Jones.

Mr. Clinker (Loyd I would say) had best look to his tackle—There be other chaps in the market, as the saying is—What would he say if I should except the foot and farvice of the young 'squire's valley? Mr. Machappy is a gentleman born, and has been abroad in the wars—He has a world of buck larning, and speaks French, and Ditch, and Scotch, and all manner of outlandish lingos; to be sure he's a little the worse for the ware, and is much given to drink; but then he's good-tempered in his liquor, and a prudent won-an mought wind him about her finger

—But I have no thoughts of him, I'll assure you—I scorn for to do, or to say, or to think any thing that mought give unbreech to Mr. Loyd, without furdur occasion—But then I have such vapours, Molly—I sit and cry by myself, and take as of etida, and smill to burnt fathers, and kindal snuffs; and I pray constantly for grease, that I may have a glimpse of the new light, to shew me the way through this wretched veil of tares— And yet, I want for nothing in this family of love, where every soul is so kind and so courteous, that wan would think they are so many saints in haven Dear Molly, I recommended myself to your prayers, being, with my sarvice to Saul,

your ever loving,

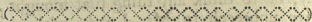
and discounfelled friend,

Oct. 14.

WIN. JENKINS.

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To



To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK

YOU cannot imagine what pleasure I have in seeing your hand-writing, after such a long cessation on your side of our correspondence—Yet, Heaven knows, I have often seen your hand-writing with disgust—I mean, when it appeared in abbreviations of apothecary's Latin—I like your hint of making interest for the reversion of the collector's place, for Mr. Lismahago, who is much pleased with the scheme, and presents you with his compliments and best thanks for thinking so kind of his concerns—The man seems to mend, upon further acquaintance. That harsh reserve, which formed a disagreeable husk about his character, begins to peel off in the course of our communication— I have great hopes that he and Tabby will be as happily paired as any two draught animals in the kingdom; and

and I make no doubt but that he will prove a valuable acquisition to our little society, in the article of conversation, by the fire-side in winter.

Your objection to my passing this season of the year at such a distance from home, would have more weight if I did not find myself perfectly at my ease where I am; and my health so much improved, that I am disposed to bid defiance to gout and rheumatism—I begin to think I have put myself on the superannuated list too soon, and absurdly sought for health in the retreats of laziness—I am persuaded that all valetudinarians are too sedentary, too regular, and too cautious——We should sometimes increase the motion of the machine, to *unclog the wheels of life*; and now and then take a plunge amidst the waves of excess, in order to case-harden the constitution. I have even found a change of company as necessary as a change of air, to promote a vigorous circulation of the spirits, which is the very essence and criterion of good health.

Since my last, I have been performing the duties of friendship, that required a great deal of exercise, from which I hope to derive some benefit—Understanding, by the greatest accident in the world, that

Mr. Baynard's wife was dangerously ill of a pleuritic fever, I borrowed Dennison's post-chaise, and went across the country to his habitation, attended only by Loyd (quondam Clinker) on horseback.—As the distance is not above thirty miles, I arrived about four in the afternoon, and meeting the physician at the door, was informed that his patient had just expired.—I was instantly seized with a violent emotion, but it was not grief.—The family being in confusion, I ran up stairs into the chamber, where, indeed, they were all assembled—The aunt stood wringing her hands in a kind of stupefaction of sorrow, but my friend acted all the extravagancies of affliction—He held the body in his arms, and poured fourth such a lamentation, that one would have thought he had lost the most amiable comfort and valuable companion upon earth.

Affection may certainly exist independent of esteem; nay, the same object may be lovely in one respect, and detestable in another—The mind has a surprising faculty of accommodating, and even attaching itself, in such a manner, by dint of use, to things that are in their own nature disagreeable, and even pernicious, that it cannot bear to be delivered from them
with-

without reluctance and regret. Baynard was so absorbed in his delirium, that he did not perceive me when I entered, and desired one of the women to conduct the aunt into her own chamber.—At the same time I begged the tutor to withdraw the boy, who stood gaping in a corner, very little affected with the distress of the scene.—These steps being taken, I waited till the first violence of my friend's transport was abated, then disengaged him gently from the melancholy object, and led him by the hand into another apartment; though he struggled so hard, that I was obliged to have recourse to the assistance of his valet de chambre.—In a few minutes, however, he recollected himself, and folding me in his arms, “This (cried he) is a
 “ friendly office, indeed!—I know not
 “ how you came hither; but, I think,
 “ Heaven sent you to prevent my going
 “ distracted.—O Matthew! I have lost
 “ my dear Harriet!—my poor gentle,
 “ tender creature, that loved me with such
 “ warmth and purity of affection—my
 “ constant companion of twenty years!
 “ —She's gone—she's gone for ever!—
 “ Heaven and earth! where is she?—
 “ Death shall not part us!”

So Saying, he started up, and could hardly be with-held from returning to the scene we had quitted—You will perceive it would have been very absurd for me to argue with a man that talked so madly.—On all such occasions, the first torrent of passion must be allowed to subside gradually. I endeavoured to beguile his attention by starting little hints and insinuating other objects of discourse imperceptibly; and being exceedingly pleased in my own mind at this event, I exerted myself with such an extraordinary flow of spirits as was attended with success.—In a few hours, he was calm enough to hear reason, and even to own that Heaven could not have interposed more effectually to rescue him from disgrace and ruin.—That he might not, however, relapse into weakneses for want of company, I passed the night in his chamber, in a little tent bed brought thither on purpose; and well it was I took this precaution, for he started up in bed several times, and would have played the fool, if I had not been present.

Next day he was in a condition to talk of business, and vested me with full authority over his household, which I began

began to exercise without loss of time, tho' not before he knew and approved of the scheme I had projected for his advantage.—He would have quitted the house immediately; but this retreat I opposed.—Far from encouraging a temporary disgust, which might degenerate into an habitual aversion, I resolved, if possible, to attach him more than ever to his Household Gods.—I gave directions for the funeral to be as private as was consistent with decency; I wrote to London, that an inventory and estimate might be made of the furniture and effects in his town-house, and gave notice to the landlord, that Mr. Baynard should quit the premises at Lady-day; I set a person at work to take account of every thing in the country-house, including horses, carriages, and harness; I settled the young gentleman at a boarding-school, kept by a clergyman in the neighbourhood, and thither he went without reluctance, as soon as he knew that he was to be troubled no more with his tutor, whom we dismissed.—The aunt continued very sullen, and never appeared at table, though Mr. Baynard paid his respects to her every day in her own chamber; there also she held conferences with the waiting-women and other ser-

vants of the family: but, the moment her niece was interred, she went away in a post-chaise prepared for that purpose: she did not leave the house, however, without giving Mr. Baynard to understand, that the wardrobe of her niece was the perquisite of her woman; accordingly that worthless drab received all the clothes, laces, and linen of her deceased mistress, to the value of five hundred pounds, at a moderate computation.

The next step I took was to disband that legion of supernumerary domestics, who had preyed so long upon the vitals of my friend: a parcel of idle drones, so intolerably insolent, that they even treated their own master with the most contemptuous neglect. They had been generally hired by his wife, according to the recommendation of her woman, and these were the only patrons to whom they payed the least deference. I had therefore uncommon satisfaction in clearing the house of those vermin. The woman of the deceased, and a chambermaid, a valet de chambre, a butler, a French cook, a master gardener, two footmen, and a coachman, I payed off, and turned out of the house immediately, paying to each a month's wages in lieu of warning. Those
whom

whom I retained, consisted of a female cook, who had been assistant to the Frenchman, a house maid, an old lacquey, a postilion, and under-gardener. Thus I removed at once a huge mountain of expence and care from the shoulders of my friend, who could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses, when he found himself so suddenly and so effectually relieved. His heart, however, was still subject to vibrations of tenderness, which returned at certain intervals, extorting sighs, and tears, and exclamations of grief and impatience: but these fits grew every day less violent and less frequent, 'till at length his reason obtained a complete victory over the infirmities of his nature.

Upon an accurate inquiry into the state of his affairs, I find his debts amount to twenty thousand pounds, for eighteen thousand pounds of which sum his estate is mortgaged; and as he pays five per cent. interest, and some of his farms are unoccupied, he does not receive above two hundred pounds a year clear from his lands, over and above the interest of his wife's fortune, which produced eight hundred pounds annually. For lightening this heavy burthen, I devised the follow-

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ing expedient. His wife's jewels, together with his superfluous plate and furniture in both houses, his horses and carriages, which are already advertised to be sold by auction, will, according to the estimate, produce two thousand five hundred pounds in ready money, with which the debt will be immediately reduced to eighteen thousand pounds—I have undertaken to find him ten thousand pounds at four per cent. by which means he will save one hundred a-year in the article of interest, and perhaps we shall be able to borrow the other eight thousand on the same terms. According to his own scheme of a country life, he says he can live comfortably for three hundred pounds a-year; but, as he has a son to educate, we will allow him five hundred; then there will be an accumulating fund of seven hundred a-year, principal and interest, to pay off the incumberance; and, I think we may modestly add three hundred, on the presumption of new-leasing and improving the vacant farms: so that, in a couple of years, I suppose there will be above a thousand a-year appropriated to liquidate a debt of sixteen thousand.

We forthwith began to class and set apart the articles designed for sale, under
the

the direction of an upholder from London; and, that nobody in the house might be idle, commenced our reformation without doors, as well as within. With Baynard's good leave, I ordered the gardener to turn the rivulet into its old channel, to refresh the fainting Naiads, who had so long languished among mouldring roots, withred leaves, and dry pebbles.—The shrubbery is condemned to extirpation; and the pleasure-ground will be restored to its original use of corn-field and pasture.—Orders are given for rebuilding the walls of the garden at the back of the house, and for planting clumps of firs, intermingled with beech and chesnut, at the east end, which is now quite exposed to the surly blasts that come from that quarter. All these works being actually begun, and the house and auction left to the care and management of a reputable attorney, I brought Baynard along with me in the chaise, and made him acquainted with Dennison, whose goodness of heart would not fail to engage his esteem and affection.—He is indeed charmed with our society in general, and declares that he never saw the theory of true pleasure reduced to practice before.—I really believe it would not be an easy task to find
such

such a number of individuals assembled under one roof, more happy than we are at present.

I must tell you, however, in confidence, I suspect Tabby of tergiversation.—I have been so long accustomed to that original, that I know all the caprices of her heart, and can often perceive her designs while they are yet in embryo—She attached herself to Lismahago for no other reason but that she despaired of making a more agreeable conquest.—At present, if I am not much mistaken in my observation, she would gladly convert the widowhood of Baynard to her own advantage.—Since he arrived, she has behaved very coldly to the captain, and strove to fasten on the other's heart, with the hooks of overstrained civility.—These must be the instinctive efforts of her constitution, rather than the effects of any deliberate design; for matters are carried to such a length with the lieutenant, that she could not retract with any regard to conscience or reputation. Besides, she will meet with nothing but indifference or aversion on the side of Baynard, who has too much sense to think of such a partner at any time, and too much delicacy to admit a thought of any such connexion at the present juncture

ture—Meanwhile, I have prevailed upon her to let him have four thousand pounds at four per cent. towards paying off his mortgage. Young Dennison has agreed that Liddy's fortune shall be appropriated to the same purpose, on the same terms.—His father will sell out three thousand pounds stock for his accommodation.—Farmer Bland has, at the desire of Wilson, undertaken for two thousand; and I must make an effort to advance what further will be required to take my friend out of the hands of the Philistines. He is so pleased with the improvements made on this estate, which is all cultivated like a garden, that he has entered himself as a pupil in farming to Mr. Dennison, and resolved to attach himself wholly to the practice of husbandry.

Every thing is now prepared for our double wedding. The marriage-articles for both couples are drawn and executed; and the ceremony only waits until the parties shall have been resident in the parish the term prescribed by law. Young Dennison betrays some symptoms of impatience; but Lismahago bears this necessary delay with a temper of a philosopher.—You must know, the captain does not stand altogether on the foundation

tion of personal merit. Besides his half-pay, amounting to two and forty pounds a year, this indefatigable œconomist has amassed eight hundred pounds, which he has secured in the funds. This sum arises partly from his pay's running up while he remained among the Indians; partly from what he received as a consideration for the difference between his full appointment and the half-pay, to which he is now restricted; and partly from the profits of a little traffic he drove in peltry, during his sachemship among the Miamis.

Liddy's fear and perplexities have been much assuaged by the company of one Miss Willis, who had been her intimate companion at the boarding-school. Her parents had been earnestly sollicitated to allow her making this friendly visit on such an extraordinary occasion; and two days ago she arrived with her mother, who did not chuse that she should come without a proper gouvernante. The young lady is very sprightly, handsome, and agreeable, and the mother a mighty good sort of a woman; so that their coming adds considerably to our enjoyment. But we shall have a third couple yoked in the matrimonial chain. Mr. Clinker Loyd has

has made humble remonstrance, through the canal of my nephew, setting forth the sincere love and affection mutually subsisting between him and Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, and praying my consent to their coming together for life. I would have wished that Mr. Clinker had kept out of this scrape; but as the nymph's happiness is at stake, and she had already some fits in the way of despondence, I, in order to prevent any tragical catastrophe, have given him leave to play the fool, in imitation of his betters; and I suppose we shall in time have a whole litter of his progeny at Brambleton-hall. The fellow is stout and lusty, very sober and conscientious; and the wench seems to be as great an enthusiast in love as in religion.

I wish you would think of employing him some other way, that the parish may not be overstocked—you know he has been bred a farrier, consequently belongs to the faculty; and as he is very docile, I make no doubt but, with your good instruction, he may be, in a little time, qualified to act as a Welch apothecary. Tabby, who never did a favour with a good grace, has consented, with great reluctance, to this match. Perhaps it hurts
her

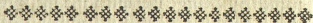
her pride, as she now considers Clinker in the light of a relation; but, I believe, her objections are of a more selfish nature. She declares she cannot think of retaining the wife of Matthew Loyd in the character of a servant; and she foresees, that on such an occasion the woman will expect some gratification for her past services. As for Clinker, exclusive of other considerations, he is so trusty, brave, affectionate, and alert, and I owe him such personal obligations, that he merits more than all the indulgence that can possibly be shewn him, by.

yours,

Oct. 26.

MATT. BRAMBLE.

To



TO SIR. WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bar^t. at
Oxon.

DEAR KNIGHT,

THE fatal knots are now tied. The comedy is near a close; and the curtain is ready to drop: but the latter scenes of this act I shall recapitulate in order.—About a fortnight ago, my uncle made an excursion across the country, and brought hither a particular friend, one Mr. Baynard, who has just lost his wife, and was for sometime disconsolate, though by all accounts he had much more cause for joy than for sorrow at this event.—His countenance, however, clears up apace; and he appears to be a person of rare accomplishments.—But, we have received another still more agreeable reinforcement to our company, by the arrival of Miss Willis from Gloucester. Se was Liddy's bosom friend at boarding-school, and being earnestly solicited to assist at the nuptials, her mother was so obliging as to

to grant my sister's request, and even to come with her in person. Liddy, accompanied by George Dennison and me, gave them the meeting half-way, and next day conducted them hither in safety. Miss Willis is a charming girl, and, in point of disposition, an agreeable contrast to my sister, who is rather too grave and sentimental for my turn of mind. The other is gay, frank, a little giddy, and always good-humoured. She has, moreover, a genteel fortune, is well born, and remarkably handsome.—Ah Phillips! if these qualities were permanent—if her humour would never change, nor her beauties decay, what efforts would I not make—But these are idle reflections—my destiny must one day be fulfilled.

At present we pass the time as agreeable as we can.—We have got up several farces, which afforded unspeakable entertainment by the effects they produced among the country people, who are admitted to all our exhibitions.—Two nights ago, Jack Wilson acquired great applause in Harlequin Skeleton, and Lismahago surprized us all in the Character of Pierot.—His long lank sides, and strong marked features, were all peculiarly adapted to his part.—He appeared with a ludicrous
stare,

stare, from which he had discharged all meaning: he adopted the impressions of fear and amazement so naturally, that many of the audience were infected by his looks; but when the skeleton held him in chase his horror became most divertingly picturesque, and seemed to endow him with such præternatural agility as confounded all the spectators. It was a live representation of Death in pursuit of Consumption, and had such an effect upon the commonalty, that some of them shrieked aloud, and others ran out of the hall in the utmost consternation.

This is not the only instance in which the lieutenant has lately excited our wonder. His temper, which had been soured and shrivelled by disappointment and chagrin, is now swelled out, and smoothed like a raisin in plum-porridge. From being reserved and punctilious, he is become easy and obliging. He cracks jokes, laughs and banters, with the most facetious familiarity; and, in a word, enters into all our schemes of merriment and pastime—The other day his baggage arrived in the waggon from London, contained in two large trunks and a long deal box not unlike a coffin. The trunks were filled with his wardrobe, which he displayed

displayed for the entertainment of the company, and he freely owned, that it consisted chiefly of the *opima spolia* taken in battle. What he selected for his wedding suit, was a tarnished white cloth faced with blue velvet, embroidered with silver; but, he valued himself most upon a tye-periwig, in which he had made his first appearance as a lawyer above thirty years ago. This machine had been in buckle ever since, and now all the servants in the family were employed to frizz it out for the occasion, which was yesterday celebrated at the parish church. George Dennison and his bride were distinguished by nothing extraordinary in their apparel. His eyes lightened with eagerness and joy, and she trembled with coyness and confusion. My uncle gave her away, and her friend Willis supported her during the ceremony.

But my aunt and her paramour took the pas, and formed, indeed, such a pair of originals, as, I believe, all England could not parallel. She was dressed in the stile of 1739; and the day being cold, put on a mantle of green velvet laced with gold: but this was taken off by the bridegroom, who threw over her shoulders a fur-cloak of American fables, valued at fourscore

four-score guineas, a present equally agreeable and unexpected. Thus accoutred, she was led up to the altar by Mr. Denison, who did the office of her father: Lismahago advanced in the military step with his French coat reaching no farther than the middle of his thigh, his campaign wig that surpasses all description, and a languishing leer upon his countenance, in which there seemed to be something arch and ironical. The ring, which he put upon her finger, he had concealed till the moment it was used. He now produced it with an air of self-complacency. It was a curious antique, set with rose diamonds: he told us afterwards, it had been in his family two hundred-years, and was a present from his grand-mother. These circumstances agreeably flattered the pride of our aunt Tabitha, which had already found uncommon gratification in the captain's generosity; for he had, in the morning, presented my uncle with a fine bear's skin, and a Spanish fowling-piece, and me with a case of pistols curiously mounted with silver. At the same time he gave Mrs. Jenkins an Indian purse, made of silk grass, containing twenty crown pieces. You must know, this young lady, with
the

the assistance of Mr. Loyd, formed the third couple who yesterday sacrificed to Hymen. I wrote to you in my last, that he had recourse to my mediation, which I employed successfully with my uncle; but Mrs. Tabitha held out 'till the love-sick Jenkins had two fits of the mother; then she relented, and those two cooing turtles were caged for life—Our aunt made an effort of generosity in furnishing the bride with her superfluities of clothes and linen, and her example was followed by my sister; nor did Mr. Bramble and I neglect her on this occasion. It was, indeed, a day of peace-offering—Mr. Dennison insisted upon Liddy's accepting two bank notes of one hundred pounds each, as pocket-money; and his lady gave her a diamond necklace of double that value. There was, besides, a mutual exchange of tokens among the individuals of the two families thus happily united.

As George Dennison and his partner were judged improper objects of mirth, Jack Wilson had resolved to execute some jokes on Lismahago, and after supper began to ply him with bumpers, when the ladies had retired; but the captain perceiving his drift, begged for quarter, alledging that the adventure, in which he had engaged,

gaged, was a very serious matter; and that it would be more the part of a good Christian to pray that he might be strengthened, than to impede his endeavours to finish the adventure.—He was spared accordingly, and permitted to ascend the nuptial couch with all his senses about him.—There he and his consort sat in state, like Saturn and Cybele, while the benediction posset was drank; and a cake being broken over the head of Mrs. Tabitha Lismahago, the fragments were distributed among the bystanders, according to the custom of the antient Britons, on the supposition that every person who ate of this hallowed cake, should that night have a vision of the man or woman whom Heaven designed should be his or her wedded mate.

The weight of Wilson's waggery fell upon honest Humphry and his spouse, who were bedded in an upper room, with the usual ceremony of throwing the stocking.—This being performed, and the company withdrawn, a sort of catterwauling ensued, when Jack found means to introduce a real cat shod with walnut-shells, which galloping along the boards, made such a dreadful noise as effectually

discomposed our lovers.——Winifred screamed aloud, and shrunk under the bed-cloaths.—Mr. Loyd, believing that Satan was come to buffet him *in propria persona*, laid aside all carnal thoughts, and began to pray aloud with great fervency.—At length, the poor animal, being more afraid than either, leaped into the bed, and meauled with the most piteous exclamation.—Loyd, thus informed of the nature of the annoyance, rose and set the door wide open, so that this troublesome visitant retreated with great expedition; then securing himself by means of a double bolt, from a second intrusion, he was left to enjoy his good fortune without further disturbance.

If one may judge from the looks of the parties they are all very well satisfied with what has passed.—George Dennison and his wife are too delicate to exhibit any strong-marked signs of their mutual satisfaction, but their eyes are sufficiently expressive.—Mrs. Tabitha Lismahago is rather fulsome in signifying her approbation of the captain's love; while his deportment is the very pink of gallantry.—He sighs, and ogles, and languishes at this amiable object; he kisses her hand, mutters

ters ejaculations of rapture, and sings tender airs; and, no doubt, laughs internally at her folly in believing him sincere.— In order to shew how little his vigour was impaired by the fatigues of the preceding day, he this morning danced a Highland farabrand over a naked back-sword, and leaped so high, that I believe he would make no contemptible figure as a vaulter at Sadler's Wells.—Mr. Matthew Loyd, when asked how he relishes his bargain, throws up his eyes, crying, “For what we have received, Lord make us thankful: amen.”—His helpmate giggles, and holds her hand before her eyes, affecting to be ashamed of having been in bed with a man.—Thus all these widgeons enjoy the novelty of their situation; but perhaps their note will be changed, when they are better acquainted with the nature of the decoy.

As Mrs. Willis cannot be persuaded to stay, and Liddy is engaged by promise to accompany her daughter back to Gloucester, I fancy there will be a general migration from hence, and that most of us will spend the Christmas holidays at Bath, in which case, I shall certainly find an opportunity to beat up your quarters—By

this time, I suppose, you are sick of *alma mater*, and even ready to execute that scheme of peregrination, which was last year concerted between you and

Your affectionate

Nov. 8.

J. MELFORD.



To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

MY niece Liddy is now happily sett'ed for life; and captain Lismahago has taken Tabby off my hands; so that I have nothing further to do, but to comfort my friend Baynard, and provide for my son Loyd, who is also fairly joined to Mrs. Winifred Jenkins.—You are an excellent genius at hints.—Dr. Arbuthnot was but a type of Dr. Lewis in that respect.—What you observe of the vestry-clerk
deserves

deserves consideration.—I make no doubt but Matthew Loyd is well enough qualified for the office; but, at present, you must find room for him in the house.—His incorruptible honesty and indefatigable care will be serviceable in superintending the œconomy of my farm; though I don't mean that he shall interfere with Barns, of whom I have no cause to complain.—I am just returned with Baynard, from a second trip to his house, where every thing is regulated to his satisfaction.—He could not, however, review the apartments without tears and lamentation, so that he is not yet in a condition to be left alone; therefore I will not part with him till the spring, when he intends to plunge into the avocations of husbandry, which will at once employ and amuse his attention.—Charles Dennison has promised to stay with him a fortnight, to set him fairly afloat in his improvements; and Jack Wilson will see him from time to time; besides, he has a few friends in the country, whom his new plan of life will not exclude from his society.—In less than a year, I make no doubt, but he will find himself perfectly at ease both in his mind and body, for the one had dangerously

N^o 3

affected.

affected the other; and I shall enjoy the exquisite pleasure of seeing my friend rescued from misery and contempt.

—Mrs. Willis being determined to return with her daughter, in a few days, to Gloucester, our plan has undergone some alteration.—Jery has persuaded his brother-in-law to carry his wife to Bath; and I believe his parents will accompany him thither.—For my part I have no intention to take that route.—It must be something very extraordinary that will induce me to revisit either Bath or London.—My sister and her husband, Baynard and I, will take leave of them at Gloucester, and make the best of our way to Brambleton-hall, where I desire you will prepare a good chine and turkey for our Christmas dinner.—You must also employ your medical skill in defending me from the attacks of the gout, that I may be in good case to receive the rest of our company, who promise to visit us in their return from the Bath.—As I have laid in a considerable stock of health, it is to be hoped you will not have much trouble with me in the way of physic, but I intend to work you on the side of exercise.—I have got an excellent fowling-piece
6 from

from Mr. Lismahagō, who is a keen sportsman, and we shall take the heath in all weathers.—That this scheme of life may be prosecuted the more effectually, I intend to renounce all sedentary amusements, particularly that of writing long letters; a resolution, which, had I taken it sooner, might have saved you the trouble which you have lately taken in reading the tedious epistles of

Nov. 20. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To



To Mrs. GWYLLIM, at Brambleton-hall.

GOOD MRS. GWYLLIM,

HEAVEN, for wise purposes, hath ordained that I should change my name and citation in life, so that I am not to be considered any more as manger of my brother's family; but as I cannot surrender up my stewardship till I have settled with you and Williams, I desire you will get your accunts ready for inspection, as we are coming home without further delay.— My spouse, the captain, being subject to rummaticks, I beg you will take great care to have the blew chamber, up two pair of stairs, well warmed for his reception.—Let the sashes be secured, the crevices stopt, the carpets laid, and the beds well tussed.—Mrs. Loyd, late Jenkins, being married to a relation of the family, cannot remain in the capacity of a sarvant; therefore, I wish you would cast about for some creditable body to be with me in her room—If she can spin, and is mistress of plain,

plain-work, so much the better—but she must not expect extravagant wages—having a family of my own, I must be more occumenical than ever. No more at present, but rests

Your loving friend,

Nov. 20.

TAB. LISMAHAGO;



To Mrs. MARY JONES, at Brambleton-hall,

MRS. JONES,

PROVIDINCH hath bin pleased to make great halteration in the pasture of our affairs.—We were yesterday three kiple chined, by the greafe of God, in the holy bands of mattermoney, and I now subscribe myself Loyd at your sarvice.—All the parish allowed that young 'squire Dallifon and his bride was a comely pear for to see —As for madain Lashmiheygo, you nose her picklearities—her head, to be sure, was fintastical; and her spouse had rapt her with a long marokin furze cloak
from

from the land of the felviges, thof they fay it is of immense bally.—The captain himfelf had a huge haffock of air, with three tails, and a tumtaudry coat, bordered with fulfur.—Wan faid he was a monkey-bank; and the ould bottler fwore he was the born imich of Titidall.—For my part, I fays nothing, being as how the captain has done the handsome thing by me.—Mr. Loyd was dressed in a lite frog, and checket with gould binding; and thof he don't enter in caparifon with great folks of quality, yet he has got as good blood in his veins as arrow privet 'quire in the county; and then his purfing is far from contentible.—Your humble farvant had on a plain pea-green tabby sack, with my Runnela cap, ruff toupee, and fide curls.—They faid, I was the very moral of lady Rickmanstone, but not fo pale—that may well be, for her layfhip is my elder by feven good years and more.—Now, Mrs. Mary, our fatiety is to fuppurate—Mr. Millfart goes to Bath along with the Dallifons, and the reft of us push home to Wales, to pafs our Chrifhmarsh at Brampleton hall.—As our apartment is to be the yallow pepper, in the third ftory, pray carry my things thither.—I refent my compliments

ments to Mrs. Gwyllim, and I hope she and I will live upon different terms of civility.—Being, by God's blessing, removed to a higher sphere, you'll excuse my being familiar with the lower servants of the family; but, as I trust you'll behave respectful, and keep a proper distance, you may always depend upon the good will and protection of

Yours,

Nov. 20.

W. LOYD.

F I N I S.

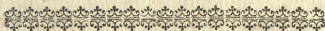
... to Mrs. Gwiltin, and I hope she
and I will live upon different terms of civi-
lity—being, by God's blessing, removed
to a distant part, you'll certainly bring
me with the same care as of the la-
st year; but, as I trust you'll behave re-
spectfully, and keep a proper silence, you
may always depend upon the good will
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Your

W. Lord.

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