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THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.
THE

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

BY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.


WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

AUSTIN DOBSON,

AND A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL LIST OF EDITIONS OF "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD" PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND AND ABROAD.

Vol. 1.

LONDON:

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1885.
PREFACE.

The Vicar of Wakefield was first published in March, 1766, by Francis Newbery, of Paternoster Row, nephew to John Newbery, "the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's churchyard." There are several contemporary accounts of the circumstances connected with its entry into the world, each differing from the rest, though rather in details than in essentials. The earliest of these in point of date is to be found in the volume published by Mrs. Piozzi in 1786, under the title of Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D., during the last Twenty Years of his Life [i.e. from 1764 to 1784.] For the greater part of this period Mrs. Piozzi was the wife of Johnson's friend Thrale. At pp. 119-20 she says:—

"I have forgotten the year, but it could scarcely I think be later than 1765 or 1766, that he [Johnson] was called abruptly from our house after dinner, and returning in about three hours, said, he had been with an enraged author, whose landlady pressed him for payment within doors, while the bailiffs beset him without; that he was drinking himself drunk with Madeira to drown care, and fretting over a novel which when finished was to be his whole fortune; but he could not get it done for distraction, nor could he step out of doors to offer it to sale. Mr. Johnson therefore set away the bottle, and went to the bookseller, recommending the performance,
and desiring some immediate relief; which when he brought back to the writer, he called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch, and pass their time in merriment.

"It was not till ten years after, I dare say, that something in Dr. Goldsmith's behaviour struck me with an idea that he was the very man, and then Johnson confessed that he was so; the novel was the charming Vicar of Wakefield."

The next version of the story is given by Sir John Hawkins (Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., 2nd Edn., 1787, pp. 420 and 421):—

"Of the booksellers whom he styled his friends, Mr. Newbery was one. This person had apartments in Canonbury-house, where Goldsmith often lay concealed from his creditors. Under a pressing necessity he there wrote his Vicar of Wakefield, and for it received of Newbery forty pounds."* A few lines further on he says: "In the latter [i.e. poverty] he was at one time so involved, that for the clamours of a woman, to whom he was indebted for lodging, and for bailiffs that waited to arrest him, he was equally unable, till he had made himself drunk, to stay within doors, or go abroad to hawk among the booksellers a piece of his writing, the title whereof my author [my authority?] does not remember. In this distress he sent for Johnson, who immediately went to one of them, and brought back money for his relief."

After Hawkins comes Boswell. Boswell personally disliked both his predecessors, who he says (vol. i., p. 225, *This paragraph is not in the 1st Edn. of the same year.*
ed. 1791) have "strangely mis-stated" the facts; and he proceeds to give them "authentically" from what he affirms to be Johnson's "own exact narration":—

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

Last, but—to reverse the current phrase—certainly least in importance, is the narrative of Goldsmith's old rival for dramatic honours, Richard Cumberland, whose Memoirs, written by himself, were first published in 1806. "I have," he says, at pp. 372-3, vol. i., of the 8vo. edn. of 1807, "heard Dr. Johnson relate with infinite humour the circumstance of his rescuing him [Goldsmith] from a ridiculous dilemma by the purchase money of his Vicar of Wakefield, which he sold on his behalf to Dodsley, and, as I think, for the sum of ten pounds only. He had run up a debt with his landlady for board and lodging of some few
pounds, and was at his wits' end how to wipe off the score and keep a roof over his head, except by closing with a very flattering proposal on her part, and taking his creditor to wife, whose charms were very far from alluring, while her demands were extremely urgent. In this crisis of his fate he was found by Johnson in the act of meditating on the melancholy alternative before him. He showed Johnson his manuscript of The Vicar of Wakefield, but seemed to be without any plan, or even hope, of raising money upon the disposal of it; when Johnson cast his eye upon it, he discovered something that gave him hope, and immediately took it to Dodson, who paid down the price above-mentioned in ready money, and added an eventual condition upon its future sale. Johnson described the precautions he took in concealing the amount of the sum he had in hand, which he prudently administered to him by a guinea at a time. In the event he paid off the landlady's score, and redeemed the person of his friend from her embraces.

In all these varying accounts—the discrepancies of which scarcely deserve minute attention—it will be remarked that no reference is made to Goldsmith himself as the source of information, while all the writers, Hawkins excepted, profess to have obtained their data direct from Johnson, the only other actor in the drama. It is also manifest that each narrator reproduces, in more or less accurate form, one and the same incident. Goldsmith's necessity, Johnson's intervention, the subsequent sale of a book in manuscript,—these features are common to them all. The difference consists in the details which each adds, alters or omits; and it becomes a question which, on the whole, is most worthy of credit. In this respect Boswell has greatly the
advantage over his competitors. His method of reporting, though by no means perfect, was unusually painstaking and exact. His chronicle is, in addition, that of a man to whom chronicling was a self-imposed function; and who was not recording his random recollections, or reviving the faded impressions of half-forgotten things. Cumberland's semi-apocryphal Memoirs were composed when he was a septuagenarian, and a septuagenarian, moreover, who had apparently neglected to read Boswell's Life; Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes were jotted down in Italy, far from Johnson's contemporaries, and long after the events to which they relate; while the jumbled paragraphs of Sir John Hawkins plainly bear upon them the marks either of imperfect information or imperfect apprehension. Boswell's story alone swears an air of veracity, and it has generally been regarded as the accepted version.

Boswell, however, makes one notable omission—he gives no date for the incident he describes. Mrs. Piozzi, or, as it will be most convenient to call her, Mrs. Thrale, thinks that it could not have been later than 1765 or 1766. It was, demonstrably, earlier than this. "The bookseller," Johnson told Boswell, "had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after the Traveller had appeared." "It was written and sold to a bookseller before his Traveller, but published after," he says again, in terms that could scarcely be more explicit. The Traveller—Goldsmith's first long poem—appeared on the 19th December, 1764. Thus we get a definite date before which the sale must have taken place; and Goldsmith's biographers, while refraining from anything like authoritative statement, seem to have practically de-
cided that it cannot have been much before—in fact that, as one of them says, it was “late in 1764.” And, indeed, this would seem to follow naturally from any attempt to reconcile the evidence of the two witnesses best acquainted with the facts, Boswell and Mrs. Thrale. Johnson, whose presence is essential to the story, was away with Percy in Northamptonshire during part of June, July, and August, and had not returned to London on the 19th of the last-mentioned month, when he wrote a letter to Reynolds, which Boswell prints. After he got back, he made the acquaintance, for the first time, of Thrale and his wife. If, setting aside minor inconsistencies, it be assumed that Mrs. Thrale can scarcely have been mistaken in dating the occurrence after her first acquaintance with the great man, we are driven to the conclusion that Goldsmith’s arrest by his landlady must have taken place at some time between August the 19th and December the 19th, 1764. This would favour the conjecture now from habit almost regarded as an established fact, that the landlady was Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, and that the lodging was the room at Islington which, as the accounts printed by Prior and Forster incontrovertably prove, Goldsmith occupied during April, May, and June in 1764, and perhaps later. Up to June, John Newbery the bookseller, for whom the author of the Vicar was chiefly working, had, by arrangement, paid his bills for board and lodging; and it has not unreasonably been concluded that Goldsmith’s misadventure arose from the temporary withdrawal of John Newbery’s aid.

Unfortunately the minutest pin-prick from a fact or date is generally fatal to the most artfully inflated surmises. From an ancient account-book, which is at present
in the keeping of Mr. Charles Welsb,* but formerly belonged to one B. Collins, Printer, of Salisbury, it seems that, as far back as the 28th of October, 1762, the said B. Collins had purchased of "Dr. Goldsmith, the Author," for £21, a third share in the Vicar of Wakefield. The problem, therefore, becomes one, not of reconciling Boswell's story with that of Mrs. Thrale, who must be left henceforth in undisturbed enjoyment of her reputation for what Johnson himself stigmatized as her "laxity of narration," but of bringing Boswell's story into agreement with the fresh information contributed to the question by this hitherto unrevealed transaction of B. Collins of Salisbury. It must be confessed that the solution is not an easy one. Still, the record in Collins's account-book is supported by several collateral circumstances. The reference in chapter ix. of the Vicar to the famous "musical glasses" which were in full vogue circa 1761-62, and that in chapter xix. to Arthur Murphy's paper, the Auditor, which only began its career on the 10th June, 1762, seem to point unmistakably to the middle of that year as the date at or about which the book was being written. Then, again, when it was ultimately printed, Collins himself was the printer; and he was undoubtedly at some time possessed of a third share in it, because, as will presently

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* Mr. Welsb is a member of the firm of Griffith, Farran, Okeden and Welsb, of St. Paul's Churchyard, the latest successors to John Newbery. He is at present engaged upon a long-expected life of the old bookseller and publisher, in which it is hoped some of these knotty questions may receive their definite disentanglement.
be shown, he afterwards sold a third share. Lastly, the price which he paid for his third share in 1762, putting guineas for pounds, corresponds with a third of the price which, according to Boswell's account, Johnson obtained for the manuscript. In order to harmonise the facts, we must therefore assume that the unnamed bookseller of Johnson, at his pressing solicitation, advanced the whole of the price agreed upon, leaving the question of the partners in his venture for subsequent settlement. Or it may be, that when Johnson said "I brought Goldsmith the money," he did not mean the whole sum, but an instalment. In this way the statement of Collins that he purchased his third share from the author would be explained; and the apparent absence of any receipt on Goldsmith's part for the £60 satisfactorily accounted for.

But who was Johnson's unnamed bookseller? Hawkins says Newbery; Cumberland, Dodfrey. The circumstances seem to point to John Newbery. He had already employed, and continued to employ Goldsmith; and it may be that the arrangement by which he afterwards paid for Goldsmith's board and lodging at Mrs. Fleming's in Islington* was the outcome of this experience of the author's manners and customs. On the other hand, his

* Mrs. Fleming, it may be observed, in the above circumstances, is wholly cleared from her traditional reputation as an arbitrary landlady, since Goldsmith's first residence in her house appears to have been subsequent to the 28th October, 1762. (Cf. Forster's Life, Bk. iii., chap. vii.)
nephew, Francis Newbery, who eventually published the book, may have been the man, although there is a doubt whether Francis Newbery was actively in business at this date. But whether one or the other is not of great moment, since by the time of publication the business relations of the uncle and nephew were of the most intimate and intricate kind. They sold and advertised each other's books,—nay, in one case, at least, John Newbery seems to have paid for the manuscript of a book which his nephew issued. It would therefore appear that, although their places of business were different, their interests were virtually identical, a supposition which is confirmed by the fact that another Francis Newbery, John Newbery's son, in a manuscript autobiography, soon, we trust, to be given to the public, speaks of the Vicar as if it had been published by his father, apparently regarding the two houses as one firm.

The case, then, stands thus. The manuscript of the Vicar of Wakefield in 1762 belonged to three persons. They had, however, so little hope of its success that they consented to throw it aside for what has hitherto been supposed to be some fifteen months, but must now be extended to more than three years, for it was not published until March 27, 1766. After passing languidly through Collins's press at Salisbury, it made its modest début in two volumes, 12mo., "price 6 x skilling bound, or five skilling sewed."* A second edition followed on May 31, and a third on August 29. Both of these, like the

* The following is a copy of the original advertisement from the Public Advertiser of March 27, 1766:—
editio princeps, were "printed for F. Newbery," but in December, 1767, John Newbery died at Canonbury House, and owing to arrangements arising out of his decease, the book seems to have passed to his son, Francis Newbery, jun., and T. Carnan, his son's partner, whose joint names figure on the title-page of the 4th edition of 1770. By this time the sale, which must have been rapid in 1766, had gradually grown slow. "The fourth edition," writes Mr. Welsh, to whom we are indebted for some further extracts from the Collins papers, "started with a loss." "It consisted of one thousand copies, which cost £58 5s. 2½d. The sale realised £157 13s. 6d. The profit of £99 was divided equally between Mr. Strahan [here we get the name of a possessor, and perhaps an original possessor, of a third share], Mr. Collins, and Carnan and Newbery. Collins had so little faith in the book continuing to sell, that he sold his third share to Carnan for £5 5s." This unhopeful view on Collins's

This Day is published,
In two Volumes in Twelves, Price 6s. bound, or 5s. sewed,
The Vicar of Wakefield,
A Tale.
Supposed to be written by Himself.
'Seperate (sic) miseri cavete faelices.'
Printed for F. Newbery, at the Crown in Paternoster Row,
Of whom may be had, Price 1s. 6d. The Traveller, or, a Prospect of Society," a Poem.
By Dr. Goldsmith.
part is borne out by the circumstances attending the production of the fifth edition, which is generally supposed to have been issued in 1773, the date upon the title-page. As a matter of fact, its issue was deferred until April, 1774, the month in which Goldsmith died; and notwithstanding the statements of Forster and others, the sixth edition was not published until March, 1779. Assuming that the fifth, like the fourth edition, was limited to one thousand copies, it took nearly nine years to sell two thousand copies. The demand for the book in its early days, or, at all events, for the authorised edition, cannot therefore have been quite so urgent as has been usually supposed. Its subsequent progress, which it is impossible to pursue in detail here, will be found in the Bibliography which accompanies this Preface.

Among the other questions which speculation has not neglected with regard to Goldsmith's novel, is the part of the country in which the story is laid, and the place which gives it its title. Why "Wakefield"? Joseph Cradock, in the confused and rambling Memoirs which he put forth in 1828, explains this (vol. iv., p. 286) by a statement which he professes to make upon Goldsmith's own authority. He says that Wakefield was fixed on as the field of action because the Vicar was written to defray the expenses of a visit to this very town. If, which is in the highest degree improbable, there be any real ground for this story, it would be entirely destructive of Boswell's account after Johnson. But, on the other hand, it is not impossible that the names and localities may have been suggested by an actual tour in Yorkshire. This idea has been worked out with great ingenuity by Mr. Edward Ford in an article contributed by him in May, 1883, to
the National Review. Starting from Wakefield, he identifies the "small cure" seventy miles off, to which Dr. Primrose moves in chap. iii., vol. i., with Kirkby Moorside in the North Riding. This point established, Welbridge Fair, where Moses sells the colt (chap. xii., and chap vi., vol. ii.) easily becomes Welburn; Thornhill Castle, a few miles further, stands for Helmsley; "the wells" (chap. xviii.) for Harrogate; and "the races" (ibid.) for Doncaster. The "rapid stream," in chap. iii., where Sophia was nearly drowned, he conjectures to have been near the confluence of the Swale and Ouse at Boroughbridge, "within thirty miles" (p. 21) of Kirkby Moorside, and the county gaol in chap. v., vol. ii., he places "eleven miles off" (p. 86) at Pickering. But for the further details of this seductive, if not conclusive enquiry, as well as the conjectural identification of Sir William Thornhill with the equally eccentric Sir George Savile, and of the travelling limner of chap. xvi., vol. i., with Romney the artist, the reader is referred to the article itself.*

It is the happy privilege of editors of first editions that they do not require to concern themselves greatly with variae lectiones. Not that, in the present case, these are either

* Mr. Ford has recently pointed out to the present writer that in the History of Miss Stanton, published in the British Magazine for July, 1760, and attributed to Goldsmith, there is a minor confirmation of his theory. The old clergyman of the History, which was regarded by Sir James Prior and others as containing the germ of the Vicar of Wakefield, lived "within ten miles of H., a town in the north of England." "H," argues Mr. Ford, is obviously Helmsley.
numerous or important. After his manuscript was finally disposed of, Goldsmith seems to have troubled himself but little about the book, alleging as his reason a practical if not a sufficient one. "He gave me," he said, speaking of his publisher to Dr. Farr, who is quoted in the Percy Memoir of 1801, "£60 for the copy,* and had I made it ever so perfect or correct, I should not have had a shilling more." Still, though no material additions appear to have been made (and there are certainly one or two places where explanation seems needed),† a few minor modifications found their way into subsequent issues. If the reader will turn to p. 104 of the present volume, he will see that Mr. Burckell's effective and time-honoured comment upon the polite loquacity of Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs and my Lady Blarney is not repeated at the end of each paragraph as in the current versions. This obvious improvement first appears in the second edition. At p. 45, again, the phrase, "for he always ascribed to his wit that laughter which was lavished at his simplicity," applied to Moses, is afterwards omitted—probably because it was too nearly applicable to Goldsmith himself. There are some other alterations, which are scarcely weighty enough to detain us here. Tradition

* Dr. Farr, in repeating Goldsmith's words, qualifies the amount:—"He gave me (I think he said) £60 for the copy, etc."

† Mr. Ford instances, inter alia, the references to "my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me" (vol. i., p. 134). Upon this the antecedent text throws no light whatever.
has, however, preserved two passages struck out from the original MS. before publication, which deserve a final word. For these Johnson is the authority. One was, “I do not love a man who is zealous for nothing”—a sentiment which Boswell rightly described as fine; and, “When I was a young man, being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting new propositions. But I soon gave this over, for I found that generally what was new was false.” Of the former there is no trace; but a memory of the latter seems to linger in the words of George Primrose, at pp. 5, 6, vol. ii., “I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore drew up three paradoxes with some ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new.” Perhaps this is what Johnson recollected, but overlooked when he read the Vicar in type.

Since the above was written, there has come to light a Goldsmith document which would seem, in obscure fashion, to indicate further pecuniary transactions in connection with the publication of the Vicar. Among the valuable autographs collected by the late Lord Houghton is the following, the reproduction of which here is kindly permitted by the present Lord:

“I promise to pay Mr. Newbery five guineas for value received.

“April 29th 1766.

“Oliver Goldsmith.”

Under this, in a different but apparently contemporary hand and ink, are the words “Vicar of Wakefield”; under this again, in what look like Goldsmith’s own faint pencil-marks:—“This money, when ye Book is sub-
scribed, is to be received of ye Publisher.” Interesting as this relic is, it is rendered more so by some words which are written at the back:—“Seen by me this day. Walter Scott. 19 May 1825.”

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Porth-y-Felin,
Ealing, W.
THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

The following Bibliography, which—like that prefixed to the facsimile reprint of Rasilas—claims to be the first of its kind, is tentative rather than exhaustive. Copious as it seems, there are doubtless editions of Goldsmith's master-piece which have no place in it; while most of those published in English on the Continent for educational purposes have been designedly omitted. So also have those issues which form part of the author's selected or complete works. On the other hand, nearly all the copies here included have been examined de visu. As to the remainder, the particulars of which are borrowed from Quérard, Brinkman, Brunet, Kayser, Lorenz, Leyboldt, Lowndes, and other similar authorities, the Compiler must content himself with the caveat of old Sir John Mandeville:—"They sayn, but I have not sene it." He desires however to express his obligations for valuable indications to Mr. Edward Solly, F.R.S., Mr. E. Ford of Enfield, and Mr. H. R. Tedder, the librarian of the Athenæum Club, without whose aid the shortcomings of the list must have been far more numerous. A. D.

1766


——— Vol. II . . . Title, pp. 223. Both volumes begin and terminate with blank leaves. Published March 27.

B. M.

——— Vol. II. . . . . Title, Contents 2 leaves, pp. 223. Published May 31.


1767


B. M.

1770


——— Vol. II. Title and Contents, 3 leaves; pp. 223.

1774


——— Vol. 2. . . . . pp. 228.

B. M.

* Although the title-page of this fifth edition is dated 1773, it was apparently not issued until 1774. In the Morning Chronicle and Public Advertiser for April 1, in that year, it is advertised for publication "To-morrow," [i.e. April 2], and in the paper for that date is a reference to the critical condition of the author, who had been ill since March 25. Three days later comes the record of his death on the 4th. Whether the book was actually brought
1776

1777


1779

1780

1781


The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. In Two Volumes. By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) London: Printed for Harrison & Co. MDCCCLXXXI. 8vo, pp. 90, and 2 engravings by Walker, one from his own design and the other after Dodd: printed in 1 vol., pagination continuous.

B. M.

out on April 2 does not appear, for there is no further announcement on the subject in the Chronicle until April 21, after which it frequently recurs under the ambiguous heading "This day is published."

* August Mylius also published in 1786, and with a frontispiece by Chodowiecki, the spurious "Triumph of Benevolence; or, the History of Francis Wills. By the Author of the Vicar of Wakefield." (Vide Forster's Life, 1854, ii. 338-9.)
1787


[From an inserted Title-page in the B. M.]

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. [Vignette.] With accents. Halle: Printed and sold by Friedrich Daniel Francke. MDCCCLXXVII. 8vo, pp. xii, 312 and frontispiece. B. M.

1799

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. (Motto.) A New Edition. London: 1799, 12mo. Two volumes in one. Title, Contents to both volumes and Advertisement, 2 leaves; pp. 117 and 108. With a frontispiece-portrait entitled "Vicar." L. L.

1792

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. Two Volumes in one. By Dr. Goldsmith (Motto.) London: Printed by Sammells and Ritchie, for E. Harding, and J. Good. MDCCXCII. 8vo, Title and Advertisement 2 leaves, pp. 214, and 6 plates, from Stothard's designs, engraved by Parker. B. M.


—— Vol. II. . . . pp. 108, frontispiece and Title. B. M.

1793

The Vicar of Wakefield, A Tale, in two volumes, By Dr. Goldsmith. Vol. I. (Motto.) London: Printed for C. Cooke, No. 17 Paternoster Row [1793]. 12mo, pp. 213, (Memoirs 3—23) and 3 plates [2 engraved by C. Warren and C. Hawkins from R. Corbould's designs; the other designed and engraved by Anker Smith].

Vol. 5 of Cooke's Edition of Select British Novels. B. M.
1798

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. By Dr. Goldsmith. Two volumes in one. (Motto.) Embellished with wood-cuts, by T. Bewick. Hereford, 1798. 12mo, half-title, title-page, pp. 224, and seven woodcuts (3 on Titles), four of which are drawn and engraved by T. Bewick; the other three are engraved by Bewick, but designed by F. Eginton. The second title on pp. 115, 116. B. M.


1800

The Vicar of Wakefield by Dr. Goldsmith. London. Printed by C. Whittingham, Dean Street, Fetter Lane, for T. Cadell and others. Pub. Sep. 1, 1800. Svo, engraved title, advertisement and contents, pp. 235, and 5 plates designed by Corbould (2 engraved by Storer, 2 by Saunders, and 1 by Rothwell). S. K.


1806

The Vicar of Wakefield, 1806, woodcuts, 12mo.

1810


1812

The Vicar of Wakefield. 1812. Woodcuts by Thurston.

The Vicar of Wakefield, with the Author's Life and Original Anecdotes, by J. Evans. Svo, 1812. Plates and woodcuts by Craig and Clennell.

Vol. 38 of Walker’s British Classics. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale; by Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) Alnwick: Printed by W. Davison. 1812. 12mo, pp. 214, and frontispiece by T. Bewick. B. M.

1813


Part of the Mirror of Amusement. B. M.

1815


1817

The Vicar of Wakefield; A Tale, By Doctor Goldsmith. Illustrated with twenty-four designs, by Thomas Rowlandson. (Motto.) London: Published by R. Ackermann, 1817. 8vo, pp. 8, 254. (Pp. 5—8 contain Memoirs of Goldsmith.)

Another edition published in 1823. B. M.

1818

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) London. Printed for John Sharpe, Piccadilly, by C. Whittingham, Chiswick. MDCCCXVIII. 12mo, pp. 194 and contents, and 5 plates designed by Westall and engraved by Noble, Corbould, Romney, Finden and Warren; four plates are dated Oct. 1, 1819. B. M.

Another edition. London, Chiswick [printed], 1828. 16°; the plates are all engraved by Finden, and the engraved title dated 1829. B. M.
1823


The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.D. With Critical Remarks and a Memoir. London: 1823, 8vo., pp. viii, 68. Four woodcuts (by Sears) and a copper-plate portrait.

No. 2 in Limbird's British Novelist. B. M.

1832


Vol. 10 of Roscoe's Novelist's Library. B. M.

1838


Another edition. London and Edinburgh, 1859. 18mo, pp. xiii (including Memoir), 189, and frontispiece. B. M.

1841

A copy of an edition New York, 1841, 32mo, is in the Boston Athenæum.

An edition: London, 1841, 8vo, with 200 woodcuts by G. Dorrington, is mentioned by Lowndes.

1843


" " " " " 1855.

" " Roberts, Boston, U.S., 1883.

1844

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. Illustrated with 200 wood engravings and a portrait of the Author; with a prefatory Memoir by G. Moir Bussey, 1844. 8vo, pp. 280.

1848


Another edition. London [1876]. 16mo, pp. 160. B. M.

1851


The Illustrated Literature of all Nations, No. 4. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield A Tale By Oliver Goldsmith accompanied by A Life of the Author. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black, MDCCCLI. 18mo, pp. xv, 235. B. M.


1853


No. 1 in vol. i. of the Universal Library. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield. London: Palmer [1853], pp. 67, 8vo.

No. 1 in Palmer’s Standard Novels.

1854

XXX

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith. Printed by Whittingham for Grant & Griffith, St. Paul's Church Yard, 1854. Sq. fcp. 8vo, with 8 illustrations from drawings by John Absolon.

Another edition. London, 1855. 4to, pp. vi, 249. 3 designs are engraved by M. Jackson, 2 by W. N. Measom, 2 by W. T. Green, and 1 other. B. M.


The Vicar of Wakefield. Illustrated with forty engravings. From Drawings by George Thomas, and numerous Ornamental Pieces by T. Macquoid. Cr. 8vo, 1854.


One of the Choice Series.


Another edition. 1859. 12mo, pp. 150.

" , " 1864. 12mo, pp. 160.

" , " 1867. Post 8vo, pp. 136.


1855


The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. London: Ward and Lock, 1855. 8vo, pp. 201-361 [but apparently issued in a cheap 1s. series]. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. Groombridge, 1858. 32mo, pp. 220.
One of the Miniature Classical Library.


Another edition. 1868.


One of Laurie's Entertaining Library.


The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith. With Illustrations printed in Oil Colours (Krouheims). Warne, 1871. Post 8vo, pp. 294.


The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. Edinburgh: Nimmo, 1871. 12mo, pp. 204; includes a Life by Thomas Finlayson, pp. 11-26, portrait engraved by W. Howison and 4 woodcuts, full page. B. M.
1872

B. M.

1873
No. 3 in A Library of Famous Fiction, where it occupies pp. 447—538.

B. M.

1874
One of the Entertaining Library Series.

1875


1876
One of the Riverside Classics.


B. M.


B. M.

One of a series called Marcus Ward’s Educational Literature.

1877
One of the Little Classic Edition.

1878
One of the Notable Novels Series.
1879
One of the Half Hour Series.

1880
The Vicar of Wakefield A Tale By Oliver Goldsmith
With twelve illustrations in permanent photography from
pictures by eminent British Artists. London: Bickers & Son
Leicester Sq. 1880 [Ballantyne Press]. 8vo, pp. xii, 308. 3
photos from W. Mulready, 5 from Stothard, and 1 each from
B. M.


1881
12mo.

1882
The Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith. With
illustrations. Routledge and Sons [1882]. 8vo, pp. 153, and
2 illustrations.

1883
The Vicar of Wakefield. With illustrations. London:
W. Scott. post 8vo, pp. 360.

The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith, with a
memoir of Goldsmith by Professor Masson. (From the Globe
edition of Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works.) London:
Macmillan and Co., 1883. 8vo, pp. 139 (the first 56 pp.
contain the Memoir).
B. M.

One of the Globe Readings from Standard Authors.

The Vicar of Wakefield By Oliver Goldsmith. With a
Preface and Notes by Austin Dobson. (Motto.) London:
Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. MDCCCLXXXIII. 8vo, pp. xx,
308, and a frontispiece by Randolph Caldecott. (The notes
are comprised in pp. 269 to 308).

One of the Parchment Library. B. M.

One of English Classics Series.

1884
The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. Edin-
burgh: Crawford & M'Cabe [1884]. Cr. 8vo, pp. iv, 190.
B. M.

One of Blackwood's Educational Series.

The Vicar of Wakefield. 8vo, paper wrapper and portrait, in all pp. 78, double columns. This edition was issued in 1884 by the Bon Marché in Barnett Street, Liverpool, at the price of One Penny.

TRANSLATIONS.

**Bohemian.**
1842
Kazatel Wakefeldsky. Sepsaná od Oliviera Goldsmitha, prelozená od Wáclawa Filjpka. W Praze, 1842. 8vo, pp. 287. B. M.

**Danish.**
1837

One of the Gallerie for fremmede Classikere.

1882

**Dutch.**
De Predikant von Wakefield, Amsterdam, 1845, 8vo.
De Predikant von Wakefield. Haarlem, Kruseman.

**Finnish.**
1859
Maapapin Wakefjeldisla Elämä. Turusa: 1859. 4to. Woodcuts, pp. 156. B. M.

**French.**
1767

1796
Le Curé de Wakefield. Traduit de L'Anglais par M. J. B. Biset. (Motto.) A Londres : Chez l'Auteur. No. 9, East Street, Manchester Square ; T. Cadell and others. 1796. 12mo, pp. xi, 348. B. M.


[There are several subsequent editions.]
1797
Svo.

1799
An edition. Translated by E. de Flinville. Paris: 1799,
2 vols, 18mo.

1802
Le Ministre de Wakefield, traduit de l’anglais, avec les
poésies rendues en vers et quelques notes par Ymbert fils.
Paris, an. XI. (1802). 2 vols. 12mo. With two plates by
Huot, engraved by Adam.

1804
Le Curé de Wakefield; Traduction nouvelle, par J. A.
Voullaire. Dulau, etc. 2 vols. 12mo.

1816
Le Ministre de Wakefield, d’Oliver Goldsmith, en anglois
et en français ; traduction nouvelle, dédiée, avec permission,
a sa Grace La Duchesse de Somerset, par Madame Despour-
rin. (Motto.) Tome I. Londres, De l’Imprimerie de R. 
Jugné, 17 Margaret Street, Cavendish Square. 1816. 12mo,
pp. viii, 333.

Tome II. . . . 12mo. Title,
Advertisement, pp. 322 and leaf of errata to premier vol.
[Parallel French and English text.] B. M.

Le Curé de Wakefield. Roman traduit de l’Anglois, par
M. de Russy. 1ère partie. New York: J. Desnoves, 1816
8vo, pp. 249.

1825
Le Ministre de Wakefield. Precédé d’un Essai sur la
vie et les écrits d’Oliver Goldsmith. Par M. Hennequin.

[Forster calls this translation “careful and good.”]

1838
Le Vicaire de Wakefield (The Vicar of Wakefield), par
Goldsmith, traduit en français avec le texte Anglais en regard,
par Charles Nodier, de l’Academie française ; précédé d’une
notice par le même sur la vie, et les ouvrages de Goldsmith,
et suivi de quelques notes. (Motto.) Paris, Bourgueletet,
Editeur, 1838. 4to, pp. xxvii, 575. Contents 4 leaves.
Ten steel engravings after Tony Johannot, a frontispiece and
numerous woodcuts from designs of C. Marville, Janet Lange
and C. Jacque. S. K.

[French translation alternate with English text.]

c—2

[There are numerous editions of this highly popular version.]

1853

A copy of an edition, Le Vicaire de Wakefield, New York, 1853, 12mo, is in the Brooklyn Library.

1862


[Lorenz says the 1st edition of this was issued in 1839.]

1866


1867


[The notes to this edition are unusually good.]

1871


German.

1767

Der Landpriester von Wakefield. Ein Märchen, das er selbst soll geschrieben haben. Aus dem Englischen. (Motto.) Leipzig, bey M. G. Weidmanns Erben und Reich. 1767. 8vo, Title, Vorbericht des Herausgebers, pp. 302. B. M.

1777


1833
Der Dorfpfarrer zu Wakefield, ein Roman. Published in three Languages with notes, by Dr. C. M. Winterling. Nuremberg, Printed for H. Haubenstricker. 1833. 12mo, pp. x, 459, separate Titles for German, English and French text. B. M.

1835
Der Landprediger von Wakefield. Leipsic, 1835. With illustrations reproduced from Westall.

1836

1839

1841


1851
1870


Bibliothek ausländischer Klassiker, etc., III.


Greek.

1862

An edition [Translation]. 1862. 8vo, pp. 240, last page in error 340. B. M.

Hungarian.

1831


1855


Italian.

1856

Il vicario di Wakefield, trad. di G. Berchet. Firenze, 1856. 16mo.

A copy is in the Boston U.S. Public Library.

Roumanian.

1852

Vicarului de la Wakefield de Olivieri Goldsmith. Tradusă din limba Englesă de E. A[ngelesku]. (Motto.) Bukurești, Imprimeria lui Ferdinand Om. 1852. 8vo, pp. 194. B. M.

Russian.

1846

An edition [Translation]. With numerous illustrations [1846], 8vo, pp. xvi, 303.

Polish.

1825

Wikary Weksfildzki, powiesc z angielskiego wytłumaczona przez Hippolita Blotnickiego. Tomow II. Warszawa, nakl N. Glückbsrya druk Król Uniwers i Liceum Wolynskiego, 1825.
1853

B. M.

One of a series "Skarbiec Arcydziel Pismienniczych Europy."

Spanish. 1833

La Familia de Primrose. Novela moral, escrita en Inglés por el celebre O. Goldsmith con el título de The Vicar of Wakefield; y traducida al Castellano por D. A. B. y L. D. C. Barcelona, A. Bergnes y Comp., 1833. 16mo, vol. 1, pp. 245; vol. 2, pp. 221.
B. M.

1855


Part of the Biblioteca Universal. B. M.
THE
VICAR
OF
WAKEFIELD:
A TALE.
Supposed to be written by HIMSELF.

Sperate miseri, cavete falsices.

VOL. I.

SALISBURY:
Printed by B. COLLINS;
MDCCLXVI.
THERE are an hundred faults in this Thing, and an hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity. The hero of this piece unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth; he is a priest, an husbandman, and the father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach, and ready to obey, as simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement whom can such a character please? Such as are fond of high life, will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fireside. Such as mistake ribaldry for humour, will find no wit in his harmless conversation; and such as
as have been taught to deride religion, will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity.

Oliver Goldsmith.
C H A P. I.

The description of the family of Wakefield; in which a kindred likeness prevails as well of minds as of persons.

I was ever of opinion, that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year before I began to think seriously of matrimony, chose my wife as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who at that time could shew more. She could read any English book without much spelling, and for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none
none could excel her. She prided herself much also upon being an excellent contriver in house-keeping; yet I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased with age. There was in fact nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusements; in visiting our rich neighbours, or relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger come to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins
fins too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the Herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; for literally speaking, we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that as they were the same flesh and blood with us, they should sit with us at the same table. So that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good thro' life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated: and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, and others are smitten with the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house for the first time, I ever took care to lend him a riding coat, or a pair of boots
The Vicar of Wakefield.

boots, or sometimes an horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its other favours. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The 'Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated curtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days we began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness,
ness, so they were at once well formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters dutiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry II's progress through Germany, when other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Griffel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had a daughter again, and now I was determined that Griffel should be her name; but a rich relation
taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would usually say, "Well, " upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you " have the finest children in the whole " country."---"Ay, neighbour," she would answer, "they are as heaven made them, " handsome enough, if they be good " enough; for handsome is that handsome " does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been
been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriancy of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first; but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successfully repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features, at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers, Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected from too great a desire to please. Sophia even represt excellence from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquet into
a prude, and a new set of ribbands given her younger sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son George was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of a miscellaneous education at home. But it would be needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all, and properly speaking, they had but one character, that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.
Family misfortunes. The loss of fortune only serves to encrease the pride of the worthy.

The temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management, as to the spiritual I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to but thirty-five pounds a year, I gave to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for having a sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance and the bachelors to matrimony; so that in a few years it was a common saying, that there were
were three strange wants at Wakefield, a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and ale-houses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its utility and happiness: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second, or to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking are read only by the happy Few. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but alas! they had not like me made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important
important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the only wife of William Whiston; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, oeconomy, and obedience till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune: but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all, except my two daughters, to be completely pretty.
pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence, were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such an happy sensibility of look, that even age could not gaze with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company, seemed to encrease their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study: they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead; for as she always insisted upon carving every thing herself, it being
being her mother's way, she gave us upon these occasions the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits, shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together: I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the fly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on ano-
another object, the completing a tract which I intended shortly to publish in defence of monogamy. As I looked upon this as a master-piece both for argument and style, I could not in the pride of my heart avoid shewing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation; but too late I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance: but on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides: he asserted that I was heterodox, I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the mean time, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, and allow the old gentleman to be a huf-
if he could, at least till my son's wedding was over. "How," cried I, "relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be an hus-
band, already driven to the very verge of absurdity. You might as well advise me " to give up my fortune as my argument."
" That fortune," returned my friend, "I am " now sorry to inform you, is almost no-
" thing. Your merchant in town, in " whose hands your money was lodged, " has gone off, to avoid a statute of bank-
ruptcy, and it is thought has not left a " shilling in the pound. I was unwilling " to shock you or the family with the " account till after the wedding: but now " it may serve to moderate your warmth in " the argument; for, I suppose, your own " prudence will enforce the necessity of dis-
" sembling at least till your son has the " young lady's fortune secure."----"Well," returned I, "if what you tell me be true, " and if I am to be a beggar, it shall ne-
ver make me a rascal, or induce me " to disavow my principles. I'll go this " moment and inform the company of " my circumstances; and as for the argu-
ment
"ment, I even here retract my former con-
"cessions in the old gentleman's favour,
"nor will I allow him now to be an hus-
"band either de jure, de facto, or in any
"sense of the expression."

It would be endless to describe the diffe-
rent sensations of both families when I
divulged the news of my misfortunes; but
what others felt was slight to what the
young lovers appeared to endure. Mr.
Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently in-
clined to break off the match, was by
this blow soon determined: one virtue he
had in perfection, which was prudence,
too often the only virtue that is left us
unimpaired at seventy-two.
A migration. The fortunate circumstances of our lives are generally found at last to be of our own procuring.

The only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortunes might be malicious or premature: but a letter from my agent in town soon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humble without such an education as could render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight passed away before I attempted to restrain their affliction; for premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow. During this interval, my
my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them; and at last a small Cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me in a distant neighbourhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune; and all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had now but four hundred remaining. My chief attention therefore was next to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances; for I well knew that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. "You can't " be ignorant, my children," cried I, "that " no prudence of ours could have prevented " our late misfortune; but prudence may " do much in disappointing its effects. " We are now poor, my fondlings, and " wisdom bids us conform to our humble " situation. Let us then, without repining, give
"give up those splendours with which numbers are wretched, and seek in humbler circumstances that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help, and we are not so imperfectly formed as to be incapable of living without theirs. No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility; we have still enough left for happiness if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune."

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added
added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. "You are going, "my boy," cried I, "to London on foot, "in the manner Hooker, your great an-
ccestor, travelled there before you. Take "from me the same horse that was given "him by the good bishop Jewel, this staff, "and take this book too, it will be your "comfort on the way: these two lines in "it are worth a million, *I have been young, "and now am old; yet never saw I the "righteous man forsaken, or his seed beg-
ing their bread. Let this be your con-
solation as you travel on. Go, my boy, "whatever be thy fortune let me see thee "once a year; still keep a good heart, and "farewell." As he was possessed of inte-
grity and honour, I was under no appre-
hensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a good part whether he rose or fell.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days after-
wards.
wards. The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquility, was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension, and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to encrease it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shewn a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would encrease the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly 'Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than the pleasures it afforded, being particularly remarkable
markable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarce a farmer’s daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph, nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband, that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. "Want money!" replied the host, "that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing." The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing
ing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, shewing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, drest in cloaths that once were laced. His person was well formed, though his face was marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. "I take "it with all my heart, Sir," replied he, "and am glad that a late oversight in giv- "ing what money I had about me, has "shewn me that there is still some benevo- "lence left among us. I must, however, "previously entreat being informed of the "name and residence of my benefactor, "in order to remit it as soon as possible." In this I satisfied him fully, not only men-
tioning my name and late misfortunes, but the place to which I was going to remove. "This," cried he, "happens still more "luckily than I hoped for, as I am going "the same way myself, having been de-
tained here two days by the floods, "which, I hope, by to-morrow will be "found passable." I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasant and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward to-
together: my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked along the foot-path by the road-side, observing, with a smile, that as we were ill mounted, he would be too generous to at-
tempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire
hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed perfectly to understand. But what surprised me most was, that though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. "That," cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, "belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependent on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman, who content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town." "What!" cried I, "is my young landlord then the nephew of a man whose virtues, generosity, and singularities are so universally known? I have heard C "Sir
"Sir William Thornhill represented as "one of the most generous, yet whimsical, men in the kingdom; a man "of consummate benevolence"—— "Something perhaps, too much so," replied Mr. Burchell, "at least he carried benevolence to an excess when young; "for his passions were then strong, "and as they all were upon the side of virtue, they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early began to aim at the "qualifications of the soldier and scholar; was soon distinguished in the army, "and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the "ambitious; for such alone receive most "pleasure from flattery. He was surrounded with crowds, who shewed him "only one side of their character; so that "he began to lose a regard for private "interest in universal sympathy. He "loved all mankind; for fortune prevented "him from knowing that there were rascals. "Physicians tell us of a disorder in which"
"the whole body is so exquisitely sensible, "that the slightest touch gives pain: what "some have thus suffered in their per-
"sons, this gentleman felt in his mind. "The slightest distress, whether real or fic-
titious, touched him to the quick, and "his soul laboured under a sickly sensibi-
"lity of the miseries of others. Thus dis-
"posed to relieve, it will be easily conjec-
tured, he found numbers disposed to fo-
"licit: his profusions began to impair his "fortune, but not his good-nature; that, "indeed, was seen to encrease as the other "seemed to decay: he grew improvident "as he grew poor; and though he talked "like a man of sense, his actions were those "of a fool. Still, however, being sur-
"rounded with importunity, and no lon-
ger able to satisfy every request that was "made him, instead of money he gave pro-
"mises. They were all he had to bestow, "and he had not resolution enough to give "any man pain by a denial. By this "means he drew round him crowds of de-
C 2 "pendants,
"pendants, whom he was sure to disapp-
"point; yet wished to relieve. These hung
"upon him for a time, and left him with
"merited reproaches and contempt. But
"in proportion as he became contemptible
"to others, he became despicable to him-
"self. His mind had leaned upon their
"adulation, and that support taken away,
"he could find no pleasure in the ap-
"plause of his heart, which he had never
"learnt to reverence itself. The world now
"began to wear a different aspect; the flat-
"tery of his friends began to dwindle into
"simple approbation, that soon took the
"more friendly form of advice, and ad-
"vice when rejected ever begets reproaches.
"He now found that such friends as bene-
"fits had gathered round him, were by no
"means the most estimable: it was now
"found that a man's own heart must be
"ever given to gain that of another.
"I now found, that—but I forget
"what I was going to observe: in
"short, sir, he resolved to respect him-
"self,
self, and laid down a plan of restoring his shattered fortune. For this purpose, in his own whimsical manner he travelled through Europe on foot, and before he attained the age of thirty, his circumstances were more affluent than ever. At present, therefore, his bounties are more rational and moderate than before; but still he preserves the character of an humourist, and finds most pleasure in eccentric virtues."

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Burchell’s account, that I scarce looked forward as we went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family, when turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit
permit my attempting her rescue: she would have certainly perished had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over; where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgments to her's. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described: she thanked her deliverer more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were all refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as he was going to a different part of the country, he took leave; and we pursued our journey. My wife observing as we went, that she liked Mr. Bur-chell extremely, and protesting, that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as our's, she knew no
no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this strain: one almost at the verge of beggary thus to assume language of the most insulting affluence, might excite the ridicule of ill-nature; but I was never much displeased with those innocent delusions that tend to make us more happy.
C H A P. IV.

A proof that even the humblest fortune may grant happiness and delight, which depend not on circumstance, but constitution.

The place of our new retreat was in a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniencies of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained a primæval simplicity of manners, and frugal by long habit, scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the
Christmas carol, sent true love-knots on Valentine morning, eat pancakes on Shrove-tide, shewed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprized of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, dress'd in their finest cloaths, and preceded by a pipe and tabor: also a feast was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit, we made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pound for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures: the elms and hedge rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness;
ness; the walls on the inside were nicely white-washed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers, being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not seem to want rich furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of my children.

The little republic to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner: by sun-rise we all assembled in our common apartment; the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we
we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without other guests: sometimes farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine; for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways
ways of being good company, while one
played the pipes, another would sing some
soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's last
good night, or the cruelty of Barbara Al-
len. The night was concluded in the man-
er we began the morning, my youngest
boys being appointed to read the lessons of
the day, and he that read loudest, distinct-
est, and best, was to have an halfpenny on
Sunday to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a
day of finery, which all my sumptuary
edicts could not restrain. How well so ever
I fancied my lectures against pride had con-
quered the vanity of my daughters; yet I
still found them secretly attached to all
their former finery: they still loved laces,
ribbands, bugles and catgut; my wife her-
self retained a passion for her crimson pa-
duafoy, because I formerly happened to
say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their beha-
viour served to mortify me: I had desired my
girls
girls the preceding night to be drest early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, drest out in all their former splendour: their hair plaited up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up into an heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before.——"Surely, my " dear, you jest," cried my wife, "we can " walk it perfectly well; we want no " coach to carry us now." "You mis- " take, child," returned I, "we do want " a coach; for if we walk to church in " this trim, the very children in the parish " will
"will hoot after us for a show."——"In-deed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him."——"You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These rufflings, and pinkings, and patchings, will only make us hated by all the wives of all our neighbours. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I don't know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be cloathed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that
that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones, and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by being thus curtailed.
A new and great acquaintance introduced. What we place most hopes upon, generally proves most fatal.

At a small distance from the house my predecessor had made a feat, overshadowed by an hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle. Here, when the weather was fine, and our labour soon finished, we usually all sate together, to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here too we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet; and as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls fung
fung to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue bells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every situation in life might bring its own peculiar pleasures: every morning waked us to a repetition of toil; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday, for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from labour, that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting, and by its panting, it seemed prest by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress,
when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family; but either curiosity or surprize, or some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their feats. The huntsman, who rode foremost, past us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last, a young gentleman of a more genteel appearance than the rest, came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chase, stop short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, but was going to salute my daughters as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learnt the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was owner of the estate that lay for some extent round us. He again, therefore, offered to salute the female
male part of the family, and such was the power of fortune and fine cloaths, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportionate acquaintances, I winked upon my daughters in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother; so that with a cheerful air they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently; however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a curtesy. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding: an age could not have made them better acquainted. While the fond mother too, equally happy,
happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and tasting a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him: my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern, while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at; for he always ascribed to his wit that laughter which waslavished at his simplicity: my little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavours could scarce keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his cloaths, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket holes, to see what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave; but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a most fortunate
nate hit; for that she had known even stranger things at last brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best of them; and concluded, she protested she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinklers should marry great fortunes, and her children get none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason for it neither, nor why one got the ten thousand pound prize in the lottery and another fate down with a blank. "But those," added I, "who either aim at husbands greater than themselves, or at the ten thousand pound prize, have been fools for their ridiculous claims, whether successful or not." "I protest, Charles," cried my wife, "this is the way you always damp my girls and me when we are in Spirits. Tell me, Sophy, my dear, what do you think of our new visitor? Don't you think he seemed to be good-natured?"—"Immensely so, indeed, Mamma," replied she. "I think he has a great deal to say upon every thing
"thing, and is never at a loss; and the
more trifling the subject, the more he
has to say; and what is more, I protest
he is very handsome."—"Yes," cried
Olivia, "he is well enough for a man;
but for my part, I don't much like him,
he is so extremely impudent and fami-
liar; but on the guitar he is shocking."
These two last speeches I interpreted by
contraries. I found by this, that Sophia
internally despised, as much as Olivia se-
cretly admired him.—"Whatever may
be your opinions of him, my children,"
cried I, "to confess a truth, he has not
prepossessed me in his favour. Dispropor-
tioned friendships ever terminate in dis-
gust; and I thought, notwithstanding all
his ease, that he seemed perfectly sensible
of the distance between us. Let us
keep to companions of our own rank.
There is no character among men more
contemptible than that of a fortune-
hunter, and I can see no reason why
fortune-hunting women should not be
contemptible too. Thus, at best, it will
be
"be contempt if his views are honourable; but if they are otherwise! I should shudder but to think of that; for though I have no apprehensions from the conduct of my children, I think there are some from his character."——I would have proceeded, but for the interruption of a servant from the 'Squire, who, with his compliments, sent us a side of venison, and a promise to dine with us some days after. This well-timed present pleaded more powerfully in his favour, than anything I had to say could obviate. I therefore continued silent, satisfied with just having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own discretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires to be ever guarded, is scarce worth the centinel.
C H A P. VI.

The happiness of a country fire-side.

As we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally concluded upon, that we should have a part of the venison for supper, and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. "I am sorry," cried I, "that we have no neighbour or stranger to take a part in this good cheer: feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality."—"Bless me," cried my wife, "here comes our good friend Mr. Burchell, that saved our Sophia, and that run you down fairly in the argument."—"Confute me in argument, child!" cried I. "You mistake there, my dear. I believe there are but few that can do that: I never dispute your
"your abilities at making a goose-pye, and "I beg you'll leave argument to me."——

As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the house, and was welcomed by the family, who shook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiously reached him a chair.

I was pleased with the poor man's friendship for two reasons; because I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor Gentleman that would do no good when he was young, though he was not yet above thirty. He would at intervals talk with great good sense; but in general he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men. He was famous, I found, for singing them ballads, and telling them stories; and seldom went without something in his pockets for them, a piece of gingerbread, or a halfpenny whistle. He generally came into our neighbourhood once a year,
year, and lived upon the neighbours hospitality. He fate down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry wine. The tale went round; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck of Beverland, with the history of Patient Griffel. The adventures of Catkin next entertained them, and then Fair Rosamond's bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger: all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next alehouse. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him; "And I," cried Bill, "will give Mr. Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs."—"Well done, my good children," cried I, "hospitality is one of the first christian duties. The beast retires to its shelter, and the bird flies to its nest; but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow creature. The greatest
"greatest stranger in this world, was he that came to save it. He never had an house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining amongst us. Deborah, my dear," cried I, to my wife, "give those boys a lump of sugar each, and let Dick's be the largest, because he spoke first."

In the morning early I called out my whole family to help at saving an after-growth of hay, and our guest offering his assistance, he was accepted among the number. Our labours went on lightly, we turned the swath to the wind, I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr. Burchell in assisting my daughter Sophia in her part of the task. When he had finished his own, he would join in her's, and enter into a close conversation: but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune. When
When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited as on the night before; but he refused, as he was to lie that night at a neighbour's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest. "What a strong instance," said I, "is that poor man of the miseries attending a youth of levity and extravagance. He by no means wants sense, which only serves to aggravate his former folly. Poor forlorn creature, where are now the revellers, the flatterers, that he could once inspire and command! Gone, perhaps, to attend the bagnio pander, grown rich by his extravagance. They once praised him, and now they applaud the pander: their former raptures at his wit, are now converted into sarcasms at his folly: he is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful." Prompted, perhaps, by some secret reasons,
I delivered this observation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reproved. "Whatsoever his former conduct may be, pappa, his circumstances should exempt him from censure now. His present indigence is a sufficient punishment for former folly; and I have heard my pappa himself say, that we should never strike our unnecessary blow at a victim over whom providence already holds the scourge of its resentment."—"You are right, Sophy," cried my son Moses, and one of the ancients finely represents so malicious a conduct, by the attempts of a rustic to slay Marfyas, whose skin, the fable tells us, had been wholly stripped off by another. Besides, I don't know if this poor man's situation be so bad as my father would represent it. We are not to judge of the feelings of others by what we might feel if in their place. However dark the habitation of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the apartment sufficiently lightsome. And
to confess a truth, this man's mind seems fitted to his station; for I never heard any one more sprightly than he was to-day, when he conversed with you.”

This was said without the least design, however it excited a blush, which she strove to cover by an affected laugh, assuring him, that she scarce took any notice of what he said to her; but that she believed he might once have been a very fine gentleman. The readiness with which she undertook to vindicate herself, and her blushing, were symptoms I did not internally approve; but I reprove my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the venison patty: Moses fate reading, while I taught the little ones: my daughters seemed equally busy with the rest; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother; but little Dick informed me in a whisper, that they were making a wash for the face.
Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew that instead of mending the complexion they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair by fly degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident, over-turned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.
C H A P. VII.

A town wit described. The dullest fellows may learn to be comical for a night or two.

WHEN the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may also be conjectured that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage upon this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next ale-house: but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by the bye, the family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us the day before,
fore, that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception: but accident, in some measure, relieved our embarrassment; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed with an oath, that he never knew any thing more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty: "For strike me "ugly," continued he, "if I should not find "as much pleasure in choosing my mistress "by the information of a lamp under the "clock at St. Dunstan's." At this he laughed, and so did we:—the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia too could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner, I began with my usual toast, the Church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the church was the only mistress of his affections.—

"Come tell us honestly, Frank," said the 'Squire,
'Squire, with his usual archness, "suppose " the church, your present mistress, dress " in lawn sleeves, on one hand, and " Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her, " on the other, which would you be for?" " For both, to be sure," cried the chap- lain.—"Right Frank," cried the 'Squire; " for may this glass suffocate me but a fine " girl is worth all the priestcraft in the na- " tion. For what are tythes and tricks but " an imposition, all a confounded impo- " sure, and I can prove it." —"I wish " you would," cried my son Moses, " and " I think," continued he, " that I should be " able to combat in the opposition." — " Very well, Sir," cried the 'Squire, who immediately smoked him, and winking on the rest of the company, to prepare us for the sport, " if you are for a cool argument " upon that subject, I am ready to accept " the challenge. And first, whether are " you for managing it analogically, or di- " alogically?" "I am for managing it " rationally," cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute. "Good " again,"
“again,” cried the ’Squire, “and first, of the first. I hope you’ll not deny that whatever is is. If you don’t grant me that, I can go no further.”—Why,” returned Moses, “I think I may grant that, and make the best of it.”—

“I hope too,” returned the other, “you’ll grant that a part is less than the whole.” “I grant that too,” cried Moses, “it is but just and reasonable.”—“I hope,” cried the ’Squire, you will not deny, “that the two angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones.”—“Nothing can be plainer,” returned t’other, and looked round with his usual importance.—“Very well,” cried the ’Squire, speaking very quick, “the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe, that the concatenation of self existences, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a problematical dialogism, which in some measure proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable”—“Hold, hold,” cried the other, “I deny that: Do you think I can thus
"thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?"—"What," replied the 'Squire, as if in a passion, "not submit! "Answer me one plain question: Do you "think Aristotle right when he says, that "relatives are related?" "Undoubtedly," replied the other.—"If so then," cried the 'Squire, "answer me directly to what I "propose: Whether do you judge the "analytical investigation of the first part "of my enthymem deficient secundum "quoad, or quoad minus, and give me your "reasons too: give me your reasons, I say, "directly."—"I protest," cried Moses, "I don't rightly comprehend the force of "your reasoning; but if it be reduced to "one simple proposition, I fancy it may "then have an answer,"—"O, sir," cried the 'Squire, "I am your most humble ser-"vant, I find you want me to furnish you "with argument and intellefts both. No, "sir, there I protest you are too hard for "me." This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses, who fate the only dis-
mal figure in a group of merry faces; nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook this humour, which was a mere act of the memory, for real wit. She thought him therefore a very fine gentleman; and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine cloaths, and fortune, are in that character, will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising then that such talents should win the affections of a girl, who by education was taught to value an appearance in herself, and consequently to set a value upon it when found in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and con-
conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own. "And now, my dear," cried she to me, "I'll fairly own, that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?" "Ay, who knows that indeed," answered I, with a groan: "for my part I don't much like it; and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest, than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity; for depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no free-thinker shall ever have a child of mine.

"Sure,
"Sure, father," cried Moses, "you are too severe in this; for heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion, may be involuntary with this gentleman: so that allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet as he is purely passive in their reception, he is no more to be blamed for their incursions than the governor of a city without walls for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy."

"True, my son," cried I; "but if the governor invites the enemy, there he is justly culpable. And such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they see; but in being blind to many of the proofs that offer. Like corrupt judges on a bench, they determine right on that part of the evidence they hear; but they will not hear all the evi-
"evidence. Thus, my son, though our "erroneous opinions be involuntary when "formed, yet as we have been wilfully "corrupt, or very negligent in forming "them, we deserve punishment for our "vice, or contempt for our folly."

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument: she observed, that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were free-thinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had skill enough to make converts of their spouses: "And who "knows, my dear," continued she, "what "Olivia may be able to do. The girl has "a great deal to say upon every subject, "and to my knowledge is very well skilled "in controversy."

"Why, my dear, what controversy can "she have read?" cried I. "It does not "occur to my memory that I ever put "such books into her hands: you certainly "over-rate her merit." "Indeed, pappa," replied
replied Olivia, "she does not: I have read "a great deal of controversy. I have read "the disputes between Thwackum and "Square; the controversy between Robin-"son Crusoe and Friday the savage, and I "am now employed in reading the contro-"versy in Religious courtship."——"Very "well," cried I, "that's a good girl, I find "you are perfectly qualified for making "converts, and so go help your mother to "make the gooseberry-pye."
C H A P. VIII.

An amour, which promises little good fortune, yet may be productive of much.

The next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuse him my company and fireside. It is true his labour more than requited his entertainment; for he wrought among us with vigour, and either in the meadow or at the hay-rick put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say that lessened our toil, and was at once so out of the way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter: he would, in a jesting manner, call
call her his little mistress, and when he bought each of the girls a set of ribbons, hers was the finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr. Burchell seemed to give cheerfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction two blackbirds answered each other from opposite hedges, the familiar red-breast came and pecked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquillity. "I never sit "thus," says Sophia, "but I think of the "two lovers, so sweetly described by Mr. "Gay, who were struck dead in each "other's arms under a barley mow. There "is something so pathetic in the description, that I have read it an hundred "times with new rapture."—"In my "opinion," cried my son, "the finest "strokes
"Strokes in that description are much
below those in the Acis and Galatea of
Ovid. The Roman poet understands the
use of contrast better, and upon that figure
artfully managed all strength in the pathetic
depends."—"It is remarkable," cried
Mr. Burchell, "that both the poets you
mention have equally contributed to intro-
duce a false taste into their respective
countries, by loading all their lines with
epithet. Men of little genius found
them most easily imitated in their defects,
and English poetry, like that in the latter
empire of Rome, is nothing at present but
a combination of luxuriant images, with-
out plot or connexion; a string of epithets
that improve the sound, without carrying
on the sense. But perhaps, madam, while
I thus reprehend others, you'll think it
just that I should give them an opportu-
nity to retaliate, and indeed I have made
this remark only to have an opportunity
of introducing to the company a
ballad, which, whatever be its other
defects,
The Vicar of Wakefield.

"defects, is I think at least free from those
"I have mentioned."

A BALLAD.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
  "And guide my lonely way,
"To where yon taper cheers the vale,
  "With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
  "With fainting steps and flow;
"Where wilds immeasurably spread,
  "Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
  "To tempt the dangerous gloom;
"For yonder phantom only flies
  "To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want,
  "My door is open still;
"And tho' my portion is but scant,
  "I give it with good will.

Then
"Then turn to-night, and freely share
"Whate'er my cell bestows;
"My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
"My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free,
"To slaughter I condemn:
"Taught by that power that pities me,
"I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's grassy side,
"A guiltless feast I bring;
"A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
"And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
"For earth-born cares are wrong:
"Man wants but little here below,
"Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The grateful stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

"Within
Far shelter'd in a glade obscure
The modest mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The door just opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when worldly crowds retire
To revels or to rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly prest, and smil'd;
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.
But nothing could a charm impart
   To sooth the stranger’s woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
   And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy’d,
   With answering care opprest:
“ And whence, unhappy youth,” he cry’d,
   “ The sorrows of thy breast?

“ From better habitations spurn’d,
   “ Reluctant dost thou rove;
“ Or grieve for friendship unreturn’d,
   “ Or unregarded love?

“ Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
   “ Are trifling and decay;
“ And those who prize the paltry things,
   “ More trifling still than they.

“ And what is friendship but a name,
   “ A charm that lulls to sleep;
“ A shade that follows wealth or fame,
   “ But leaves the wretch to weep?
"And love is still an emptier found,  
"The haughty fair one’s jest:  
"On earth unseen, or only found  
"To warm the turtle’s nest.

"For shame fond youth thy sorrows hush,  
"And spurn the sex,” he said:  
But while he spoke a rising blush  
The bashful guest betray’d.

He sees unnumber’d beauties rise,  
Expanding to the view;  
Like clouds that deck the morning skies,  
As bright, as transient too.

Her looks, her lips, her panting breast,  
Alternate spread alarms:  
The lovely stranger stands confess  
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,  
"A wretch forlorn,” she cry’d;  
"Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude  
"Where heaven and you reside.

"But
“But let a maid thy pity share,
  “Whom love has taught to stray;
  “Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
  “Companion of her way.

“My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
  “A wealthy Lord was he;
  “And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
  “He had but only me.

“To win me from his tender arms,
  “Unnumber’d suitors came;
  “Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
  “And felt or feign’d a flame.

“Each morn the gay phantastic crowd,
  “With richest proffers strove:
  “Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
  “But never talk’d of love.

“In humble simplest habit clad,
  “No wealth nor power had he;
  “A constant heart was all he had,
  “But that was all to me.

E 2

This
"The blossom opening to the day,
"The dews of heaven refin'd,
"Could nought of purity display,
"To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
"With charms inconstant shine;
"Their charms were his, but woe to me,
"Their constancy was mine.

"For still I try'd each fickle art,
"Importunate and vain;
"And while his passion touch'd my heart,
"I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till quite dejected with my scorn,
"He left me to my pride;
"And fought a solitude forlorn,
"In secret where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
"And well my life shall pay;
"I'll seek the solitude he fought,
"And stretch me where he lay.

And
"And there forlorn despairing hid,
"I'll lay me down and die:
"'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
"And so for him will I."

"Thou shalt not thus," the hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
"My charmer, turn to see,
"Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
"Restor'd to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
"And ev'ry care resign:
"And shall we never, never part,
"O thou—my all that's mine.

"No, never, from this hour to part,
"We'll live and love so true;
"The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
"Shall break thy Edwin's too."
While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to mix an air of tenderness with her approbation. But our tranquillity was soon disturbed by the report of a gun just by us, and immediately after a man was seen bursting through the hedge, to take up the game he had killed. This sportsman was the 'Squire's chaplain, who had shot one of the blackbirds that so agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters; and I could perceive that Sophia in the fright had thrown herself into Mr. Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He therefore sat down by my youngest daughter, and, sportsman like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse, but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct the mistake, and accept his present, though with some reluctance. My wife, as usual, discovered her pride in a whisper, observing, that Sophy had made
made a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the 'Squire. I suspected, however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr. Thornhill had provided music and refreshments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moonlight, on the grass-plot before our door. "Nor can I deny," continued he, "but I "have an interest in being first to deliver "this message, as I expect for my reward "to be honoured with miss Sophy's hand "as a partner." To this my girl replied, that she should have no objection, if she could do it with honour: "But here," continued she, "is a gentleman," looking at Mr. Burchell, "who has been my com- "panion in the task for the day, and it is "fit he should share in its amusements." Mr. Burchell returned her a compliment for her intentions; but resigned her up to the chaplain, adding that he was to go that night five miles, being invited
to an harvest supper. His refusal appeared to me a little extraordinary, nor could I conceive how so sensible a girl as my youngest, could thus prefer a middle aged man of broken fortune to a sprightly young fellow of twenty-two. But as men are most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgments upon us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection.
C H A P. IX.

Two ladies of great distinction introduced. Superior finery ever seems to confer superior breeding.

Mr. Burchell had scarce taken leave, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us that the 'Squire was come, with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord, with a couple of under gentlemen and two young ladies richly drest, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap.

E 5

This
This I positively objected to, notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife. Moses was therefore dispatched to borrow a couple of chairs; and as we were in want of ladies also to make up a set at country dances, the two gentlemen went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's rosy daughters, flaunting with red top-knots. But there was an unlucky circumstance which was not adverted to; though the Misss Flamboroughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and the round-about to perfection; yet they were totally unacquainted with country dances. This at first discomposed us: however, after a little shoving and dragging, they began to go merrily on. Our music consisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright Mr. Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the spec-
spectators; for the neighbours hearing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart, by assuring me, that though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked; but all would not do: the gazers indeed owned that it was fine; but neighbour Flamborough observed, that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this occasion in a very coarse manner, when she observed, that by the living jingo, she was all of a muck of sweat. Upon our return to the house, we found a very elegant cold supper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with
with him. The conversation at this time was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade; for they would talk of nothing but high life, and high lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespear, and the musical glasses. 'Tis true they once or twice mortified us sensibly by slipping out an oath; but that appeared to me as the surest symptom of their distinction, (tho' I am since informed swearing is now perfectly unfashionable.) Their finery, however, threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy; and what appeared amiss was ascribed to tip-top quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed, that had Miss Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added, that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly assented to both; adding, that
that there was nothing she more ardently wished than to give her girls a single winter's polishing. To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no right to possess.—"And what pleasures," cried Mr. Thornhill, "do they not deserve, who "have so much in their power to bestow? "As for my part," continued he, "my "fortune is pretty large, love, liberty, and "pleasure, are my maxims; but curse me if "a settlement of half my estate could give "my charming Olivia pleasure, it should "be hers; and the only favour I would "ask in return would be to add myself to "the benefit." I was not such a stranger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable cant to disguise the insou- lence of the basest proposal; but I made an effort to suppress my resentment. "Sir," cried I, "the family which you now con- "descend
"descend to favour with your company, "has been bred with as nice a sense of "honour as you. Any attempts to injure "that, may be attended with very danger-
r"ous consequences. Honour, Sir, is our "only possession at present, and of that "last treasure we must be particularly "careful."——I was soon sorry for the warmth with which I had spoken this, when the young gentleman, grasping my hand, swore he commended my spirit, though he disapproved my suspicions. "As to "your present hint," continued he, I protest "nothing was farther from my heart than "such a thought. No, by all that's tempt-
ing, the virtue that will stand a regular "siege was never to my taste; for all "my amours are carried by a coup de "main."

The two ladies, who affected to be ig-
norant of the rest, seemed highly displeased with this last stroke of freedom, and be-
gan a very discreet and serious dialogue upon
upon virtue: in this my wife, the chaplain, and I, soon joined; and the 'Squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked of the pleasures of temperance, and the sun-shine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was well pleased that my little ones were kept up beyond the usual time to be edified by such good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal, and in this manner the night was passed in a most comfortable way, till at last the company began to think of returning. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part from my daughters; for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a request to have the pleasure of their company home. The 'Squire seconded the proposal, and my wife added her entreaties: the girls too looked upon me as if they wished to go. In this perplexity I made
made two or three excuses, which my daughters as readily removed; so that at last I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal; for which we had nothing but fullen looks and short answers the whole day ensuing.
CHAP. X.

The family endeavours to cope with their betters. The miseries of the poor when they attempt to appear above their circumstances.

I now began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment, were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters awaked that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows now again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed, that rising too early would hurt her daughter's eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses, and convinced me that the
the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead therefore of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new modelling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon catgut. The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation ran upon high life and high lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gypsy come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny sybil no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling a piece to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wife, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling; though, for the honour of the family, it must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets; but with strict injunctions
injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great.—“Well, my girls, how have you sped? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a pennyworth?”—“I protest, pappa,” says the girl, with a serious face, “I believe she deals with some body that’s not right; for she positively declared, that I am to be married to a great Squire in less than a twelvemonth?”—“Well now, Sophy, my child,” said I, “and what sort of a husband are you to have?” “Sir,” replied she, “I am to have a Lord soon after my sister has been married to the Squire.”—How,” cried I, “is that all you are to have for your two shillings! Only a Lord and a Squire for two shillings! You fools, I could have promised you a Prince and a Nabob for half the money.”

This
This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects: we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars for something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising; and as the whole parish asserted that the 'Squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him; for they persuaded her into passion. In this agreeable interval, my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning, with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross bones,
bones, the sign of an approaching wedding: at another time she imagined her daughter’s pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign of their being one day stuffed with gold. The girls had their omens too: they felt strange kisses on their lips; they saw rings in the candle, purses bounced from the fire, and true love-knots lurked at the bottom of every tea-cup.

Towards the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendor the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the "siege.
After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus.—"I fancy, Charles, my dear, "we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow."—"Perhaps "we may, my dear," returned I; though "you need be under no uneasiness about "that, you shall have a sermon whether there "be or not."—"That is what I expect," returned she; "but I think, my dear, we "ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?" "Your precautions," replied I, "are highly commendable. A decent behaviour "and appearance in church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, "cheerful and serene."—"Yes," cried she "I know that; but I mean we should go "there in as proper a manner as possible; "not altogether like the scrubs about us." "You are quite right, my dear," returned I, "and I was going to make the very "same proposal. The proper manner of "going is, to go there as early as possible, "to have time for meditation before the "service
"service begins."——"Phoo, Charles," interrupted she, "all that is very true; but "not what I would be at. I mean, we "should go there genteelly. You know "the church is two miles off, and I protest "I don't like to see my daughters trudging "up to their pew all blowzed and red with "walking, and looking for all the world "as if they had been winners at a smock "race. Now, my dear, my proposal is "this: there are our two plow horses, the "Colt that has been in our family these "nine years, and his companion Black-"berry, that have scarce done an earthly "thing for this month past, and are both "grown fat and lazy. Why should not "they do something as well as we? And "let me tell you, when Mofes has trimmed "them a little, they will not be so con-"temptible."

To this proposal I objected, that walk-
ing would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Black-
berry was wall-eyed, and the Colt wanted a tail.
tail: that they had never been broke to the rein; but had an hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were over-ruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but as I found it would be a business of much time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, tho' the foot-way was but two, and when got about half-way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church; my son, my wife, and the two
little ones exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving every thing safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it might give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.
The family still resolve to hold up their heads.

MICHAELMAS eve happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt: however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's-wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was thought excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long, and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them.
them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blind man's buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the mean time, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and last of all, they sate down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primæval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all, except one who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. At it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who
is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play, fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad singer, when confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but b ggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification Death! To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes!. Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed stuck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what
what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were " thrown from our horses." At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad: but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond
fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies, and Knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true: but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze; his Lordship turned all manner of colours, my Lady fell into a swoon; but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was her's to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our Peeress, "this I can say, that the Dutchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret from me. But this you may depend upon as fact, that the next morning my Lord Duke cried out three times to his valet de chambre, Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, bring me my garters."

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The Vicar of Wakefield.

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out *fudge*, an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued "our Peere, there is nothing of this in " the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made " upon the occasion."

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs;" for he seldom leaves any thing " out, as he writes only for his own amuse-
" ment. But can your Ladyship favour me " with a sight of them?"

"My dear creature," replied our Peere, "do you think I carry such things about " me? Though they are very fine to be " sure, and I think myself something of a " judge; at least I know what pleases my-
"felf. Indeed I was ever an admirer of all Doctor Burdock's little pieces; for except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover-Square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them."

"Your Ladyship should except," says t'other, "your own things in the Lady's Magazine. I hope you'll say there's nothing low lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?"

"Why, my dear," says the Lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me, to be married to Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find, and to be sure thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that
"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience. For of the three companions I had this last half year, one of them refused to do plain-work an hour in the day, another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary, and I was obliged to send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?"

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse; but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money, all which was in a manner going a-begging, and might easily be secured in the
the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the 'Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. "I hope," cried she, "your Ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favours; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say my two girls have had a pretty good education, and capacity, at least the country can't shew better. They can read, write, and cast accompts; they understand their needle, breadstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain-work; they can pink, point, and frill; and
"and know something of music; they "can do up small cloaths, work upon "catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and "my youngest has a very pretty manner of "telling fortunes upon the cards."

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last, Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments: "But a "thing of this kind, Madam," cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough "examination into characters, and a more "perfect knowledge of each other. Not, "Madam," continued she, "that I in the "least suspect the young ladies virtue, pru- "dence and discretion; but there is a form "in these things, Madam, there is a "form."
My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing, that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbours for a character: but this our Peerefs declined as unnecessary, alledging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient, and upon this we rested our petition.
C H A P. XII.

Fortune seems resolved to humble the family of Wakefield. Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.

WHEN we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the 'Squire's recommendation; but he had already shewn us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme: "Well, faith, my dear "Charles, between ourselves, I think we "have made an excellent day's work of "it."
"it."—"Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say.—"What only "pretty well!" returned she. "I think it is "very well. Suppose the girls should come "to make acquaintances of taste in town! "And this I am assured of, that London is "the only place in the world for all man-"ner of husbands. Besides, my dear, "stranger things happen every day: and "as ladies of quality are so taken with my "daughters, what will not men of quality "be! Entre nous, I protest I like my "Lady Blarney vastly, so very obliging. "However, Miss Carolina Wilelmina Ame-"lia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, "when they came to talk of places in "town, you saw at once how I nailed them. "Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did "for my children there?"—"Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter, "heaven grant they may be "both the better for it this day three "months!" This was one of those observ-"vations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity; for if the girls
girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if any thing unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than, that as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the Colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us an horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and
and can buy and fell to very good ad-
vantage; you know all our great bar-
gains are of his purchasing. He always
stands out and higgles, and actually tires
them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's pru-
dence, I was willing enough to entrust him
with this commission; and the next morning
I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting
out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair,
brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat
with pins. The business of the toilet be-
ing over, we had at last the satisfaction
of seeing him mounted upon the Colt, with
a deal box before him to bring home gro-
cerries in. He had on a coat made of that
cloth they call thunder and lightning,
which, though grown too short, was
much too good to be thrown away. His
waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sis-
ters had tied his hair with a broad black
ribband. We all followed him several
paces from the door, bawling after him
good
good luck, good luck, till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendations.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such a pleasing account from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous enquiries more, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into "the families of the great; but when one "once gets in, then, as Moses says, they may "go sleep." To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand to her pocket,
pocket, and gave the messenger seven-pence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting-day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed, that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection.——This air of diffidence highly
highly displeased my wife. "I never "doubted, Sir," cried she, "your readi-"ness to be against my daughters and me. "You have more circumspection than is "wanted. However, I fancy when we "come to ask advice, we will apply to per-"sons who seem to have made use of it "themselves."——"Whatever my own "conduct may have been, madam," re-"plied he, "is not the present question; tho' "as I have made no use of advice myself, "I should in conscience give it to those "that will."——As I was apprehen-"sive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to won-"der what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost night-fall.—" "Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend upon it he knows what he is "about. I'll warrant we'll never see him "fell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen "him buy such bargains as would amaze "one. I'll tell you a good story about "that, that will make you split your fides "with
"with laughing—But as I live, yonder "comes Mofes, without an horfe, and the "box at his back."

As he spoke, Mofes came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapt round his shoulders.—
"Welcome, welcome, Mofes; well, my "boy, what have you brought us from the "fair?"—"I have brought you myself," cried Mofes, with a fly look, and refting the box on the drefser.—"Ay, Mofes," cried my wife, "that we know, but where "is the horfe?" "I have sold him," cried Mofes, "for three pounds five shillings and "two-pence."—"Well done, my good "boy," returned she, "I knew you "would touch them off. Between our- "felves, three pounds five shillings and "two-pence is no bad day's work. Come, "let us have it then."—"I have brought "back no money," cried Mofes again. I "have laid it all out in a bargain, and "here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breaf: "here they are; a groce of green
"green spectacles, with silver rims and "shagreen cases." — "A groce of "green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with "the Colt, and brought us back nothing "but a groce of green paltry spectacles!" — "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had "them a dead bargain, or I should not "have bought them. The silver rims "alone will sell for double the mo- "ney."—— "A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife, in a passion: "I dare "swear they won't sell for above half "the money at the rate of broken "silver, five shillings an ounce."— "You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims; for I perceive "they are only copper varnished over."— "What," cried my wife, "not silver, the "rims not silver!" "No," cried I, "no "more silver than your sauce-pan."—— "And so," returned she, "we have parted "with the Colt, and have only got a groce "of green spectacles, with copper rims "and
"and shagreen cases! A murrain take "such trumpery. The blockhead has "been imposed upon, and should have "known his company better."—"There, "my dear," cried I, "you are wrong, he "should not have known them at all."—— "Marry, hang the idiot," returned he again, "to bring me such stuff, if I had "them, I would throw them in the fire." "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we "will keep them by us, as copper specta-"cles, you know, are better than no-"thing."

By this time the unfortunate Mosés was undeceived. He now saw that he had in- deed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend looking man brought him to a tent, under pre-
a pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, "very well drest, who desired to borrow "twenty pounds upon these, saying, that "he wanted money, and would dispose of "them for a third of the value. The "first gentleman, who pretended to be "my friend, whispered me to buy them, "and cautioned me not to let so good an "offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, "and they talked him up as finely as they "did me, and so at last we were persuaded "to buy the two groce between us."
C H A P. XIII.

Mr. Burchell is found to be an enemy; for he has the confidence to give disagreeable advice.

Our family had now made several attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every disappointment, to improve their good sense in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition. "You see, my children," cried I, "how little is to be "got by attempts to impose upon the world, "in coping with our betters. Such as are "poor and will associate with none but "the rich, are hated by those they avoid, "and despised by these they follow. Un- "equal combinations are always disadvantageous"
"tageous to the weaker side: the rich
" having the pleasure, and the poor the
" inconveniencies that result from them.
" But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat
" the fable that you were reading to-day,
" for the good of the company."

"Once upon a time," cried the child,
" a Giant and a Dwarf were friends, and
" kept together. They made a bar-
" gain that they would never forfage
" each other, but go seek adventures.
" The first battle they fought was with two
" Saracens, and the Dwarf, who was very
" courageous, dealt one of the champions a
" most angry blow. It did the Saracen
" but very little injury, who lifting up his
" sword, fairly struck off the poor Dwarf's
" arm. He was now in a woeful plight;
" but the Giant coming to his assistance, in
" a short time left the two Saracens dead
" on the plain, and the Dwarf cut off the
" dead man's head out of spite. They
" then travelled on to another adventure.
" This was against three bloody-minded
" Satyrs,
"Satyrs, who were carrying away a dam- 
"fel in distress. The Dwarf was not 
"quite so fierce now as before; but for 
"all that, struck the first blow, which 
"was returned by another, that knocked out 
"his eye: but the Giant was soon up with 
"them, and had they not fled, would 
"certainly have killed them every one. 
"They were all very joyful for this victory, 
"and the damsel who was relieved fell 
"in love with the Giant, and married him. 
"They now travelled far, and farther than 
"I can tell, till they met with a company 
"of robbers. The Giant, for the first 
"time, was foremost now; but the Dwarf 
"was not far behind. The battle was 
"stout and long. Wherever the Giant 
"came all fell before him; but the Dwarf 
"had like to have been killed more 
"than once. At last the victory declared 
"for the two adventurers; but the 
"Dwarf lost his leg. The Dwarf was 
"now without an arm, a leg, and an eye, 
"while the Giant, who was without a sin-
"gle wound, cried out to him, Come 

G 3
on, my little hero; this is glorious
sport; let us get one victory more,
and then we shall have honour for ever.
No, cries the Dwarf, who was by this time
grown wiser, no, I declare off; I'll
fight no more: for I find in every battle
that you get all the honour and rewards,
but all the blows fall upon me."

I was going to moralize this fable, when
our attention was called off to a warm dis-
pute between my wife and Mr. Burchell,
upon my daughters intended expedition to
town. My wife very strenuously insisted
upon the advantages that would result from
it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dis-
fuaded her with great ardor, and I stood
neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but
the second part of those which were re-
ceived with so ill a grace in the morning.
The dispute grew high, while poor De-
borah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked
louder, and at last was obliged to take
shelter from a defeat in clamour. The
con-
conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all: she knew, she said, of some who had their own secret reasons for what they advised; but, for her part, she wished such to stay away from her house for the future.—“Madam,” cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to enflame her the more, “as for secret reasons, you are right: “I have secret reasons, which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret: but “I find my visits here are become troublesome; I’ll take my leave therefore now, and “perhaps come once more to take a final “farewell when I am quitting the country.” Thus saying, he took up his hat, nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with a forced smile,
and an air of assurance, which I was willing to reprove: "How, woman," cried I to her, "is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus we return their kindness? Be assured, my dear, that these were the hardest words, and to me the most unpleasing that ever escaped your lips!"—"Why would he provoke me then," replied she; "but I know the motives of his advice perfectly well. He would prevent my girls from going to town, that he may have the pleasure of my youngest daughter's company here at home. But whatever happens, she shall choose better company than such low-lived fellows as he."—"Low lived, my dear, do you call him," cried I, "it is very possible we may mistake this man's character: for he seems upon some occasions the most finished gentleman I ever knew. —Tell me, Sophia, my girl, has he ever given you any secret instances of his attachment?"—"His conversation with me, sir," replied my daughter, "has ever been sensible, mo-
"deft, and pleafing. As to aught else, no, "never. Once, indeed, I remember to "have heard him fay he never knew a wo-
"man who could find merit in a man "that feemed poor." "Such, my dear," cried I, "is the common cant of all "the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you "have been taught to judge properly of "fuch men, and that it would be even "madness to expect happiness from one "who has been fo very bad an oœœonomift "of his own. Your mother and I have "now better prospects for you. The next "winter, which you will probably spend "in town, will give you opportunities of "making a more prudent choice."

What Sophia's reflections were upon this occasion, I can't pretend to determine; but I was not displeased at the bottom that we were rid of a guest from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hospitality went to my conscience a little: but I quickly silenced that monitor by two or three fpecious reasons, which served to
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satisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong, is soon got over. Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to punish by accusing.
C H A P. XIV.

Fresh mortifications, or a demonstration that seeming calamities may be real blessings.

THE journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without some expence. We debated therefore in full council what were the easiest methods of raising money, or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently fell. The deliberation was soon finished, it was found that our remaining horse
horse was utterly useless for the plow, without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye, it was therefore determined that we should dispose of him for the purposes above-mentioned, at the neighbouring fair, and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps, and as mine was mostly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back, to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces; but for some time had no bidders. At last a chap-
chapman approached, and, after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, would have nothing to say to him: a second came up; but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home: a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money: a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts: a fifth, more impertinent than all the rest, wondered what a plague I could do to the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every new customer; for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me; yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right, and St. Gregory, upon good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.
I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business to the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an ale-house, we were shewn into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that possessed me more favourably. His locks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation; my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met: the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something
thing softly to the old stranger. "Make no
" apologies, my child," said the old man, "to
" do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow
" creatures: take this, I wish it were more;
" but five pounds will relieve your distress,
" and you are welcome." The modest
youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his
gratitude was scarce equal to mine. I could
have hugged the good old man in my arms,
is benevolence pleased me so. He con-
tinued to read, and we resumed our conver-
sation, until my companion, after some
time, recollecting that he had business to
transact in the fair, promised to be soon
back; adding, that he always desired to
have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as
possible. The old gentleman, hearing my
name mentioned, seemed to look at me
with attention, and when my friend was
gone, most respectfully demanded if I was
any way related to the great Primrose, that
courageous monogamist, who had been the
bulwark of the church. Never did my
heart feel sincerer rapture than at that mo-
ment.
ment. "Sir," cried I, "the applause of a good man, as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, Sir, that Doctor Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call great. You here see that unfortunate Divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to say, successfully, fought against the "deuterogamy of the age." "Sir," cried the stranger, struck with awe, "I fear I have been too familiar; but you'll for- give my curiosity, Sir: I beg pardon." "Sir," cried I, grasping his hand, "you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I must beg you'll accept my friendship, as you already have all my esteem."—"Then with gratitude I accept the offer," cried he, squeezing me by the hand, "thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy; and do I behold—I here interrupted what he was going to say; for tho', as an author, I could digest no
no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects: at first I thought he seemed rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem; for I had for some time begun privately to harbour such an opinion myself. I therefore took occasion to observe, that the world in general began to be blameably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculations too much—"Ay, Sir," replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment, "Ay, Sir, the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world? Sanconiathon, Manetho, Be-rosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all at-tempted it in vain. The latter has these words,
"words, Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to "pan, which imply that all things have "neither beginning nor end. Manetho "also, who lived about the time of Ne- "buchadon-Affer, Affer being a Syriac "word usually applied as a surname to the "kings of that country, as Teglat Phael- "Affer, Nabon-Affer, he, I say, formed "a conjecture equally absurd; for as we "usually say ek to biblion kubernetes, which "implies that books will never teach the "world; so he attempted to investigate— "But, Sir, I ask pardon, I am straying "from the question."—That he actually was; nor could I for my life see how the creation of the world had any thing to do with the business I was talking of; but it was sufficient to shew me that he was a man of letters, and I now reverenced him the more. I was resolved therefore to bring him to the touch-stone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made any observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say no-
nothing; by which I understood he could say much, if he thought proper. The subject therefore insensibly changed from the business of antiquity to that which brought us both to the fair; mine I told him was to fell an horse, and very luckily, indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and in fine we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered the landlady to call up his footman, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. "Here, Abraham," cried he, "go and get gold for this; you'll do it at neighbour Jackson's, or any where." While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; and by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to
to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair and could not get change, tho' he had offered half a crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country: upon replying that he was my next door neighbour, "If that be the case then," returned he, "I believe we shall deal. You "shall have a draught upon him, payable "at sight; and let me tell you he is as "warm a man as any within five miles "round him. Honest Solomon and I have "been acquainted for many years together. "I remember I always beat him at three "jumps; but he could hop upon one leg "farther than I." A draught upon my neighbour was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability: the draught was signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse
horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

Being now left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draught from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon having back my horse, and following the purchaser. But this was now too late: I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draught changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbour smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. "You can read the name, I suppose," cried I," Ephraim Jenkinson." Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too, "the greatest rascal under the canopy of "heaven. This is the very same rogue "who sold us the spectacles. Was he "not, a venerable looking man, with "grey hair, and no flaps to his pocket-"holes? And did he not talk a long "string of learning about Greek and "cof-
"cosmogony, and the world?" To this I replied with a groan. "Aye," continued he, "he has but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it away whenever he finds a scholar in company: but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet."

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's sweet visage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the family no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there that day to inform them, that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies having heard reports of us from some malicious person about us, were that day set out for London. He could neither
neither discover the tendency, nor the author of these. But whatever they might be, or whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most was to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours, too humble to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.
C H A P. XV.

All Mr. Burchell's villainy at once detected. 
The folly of being over-wise.

THAT evening and a part of the following day was employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies: scarce a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinion best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter-case, which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been seen, and, upon examination, contained some hints upon different subjects; but what particularly engaged our attention was a sealed note, superscribed, the copy of
The Vicar of Wakefield.

a letter to be sent to the two ladies at Thornhill-castle. It instantly occurred that he was the base informer, and we deliberated whether the note should not be broke open. I was against it; but Sophia, who said she was sure that of all men he would be the last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family, and, at their joint solicitation, I read as follows:

Ladies,

"The bearer will sufficiently satisfy you as to the person from whom this comes: one at least the friend of innocence, and ready to prevent its being seduced. I am informed for a truth, that you have some intentions of bringing two young ladies to town, whom I have some knowledge of, under the character of companions. As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon, nor virtue contaminated, I must offer it as my opinion, that the impropriety of such
a step will be attended with dangerous consequences. It has never been my way to treat the infamous or the lewd with severity; nor should I now have taken this method of explaining myself, or reproving folly, did it not aim at guilt. Take therefore the admonition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto resided."

Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed indeed something applicable to both sides in this letter, and its censures might as well be referred to those to whom it was written, as to us; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no farther. My wife had scarce patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. Olivia was equally severe, and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had met
met with. Nor could I account for it in any other manner than by imputing it to his desire of detaining my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we all sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running in to tell us that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleasure of approaching revenge. Tho' our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude; yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles, to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness, to amuse him a little; but then in the midst of the flattering calm to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with the sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself,
as she really had some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach, he entered, drew a chair, and sat down.—"A fine day, Mr. Burchell."—"A very fine day, Doctor; though I fancy we shall have some rain by the shooting of my corns."—"The shooting of your horns," cried my wife, in a loud fit of laughter, and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke.—"Dear madam," replied he, "I pardon you with all my heart; for I protest I should not have thought it a joke till you told me."—"Perhaps not, Sir," cried my wife, winking at us, and yet I dare say you can tell us how many jokes go to an ounce."—"I fancy, madam," returned Burchell, "you have been reading a jest book this morning, that ounce of jokes is so very good a conceit; and yet, madam, I had rather see half an ounce of understanding."—— "I believe you might," cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her; and yet I have seen some men pretend to understanding that have

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"very
"very little."——"And no doubt," replied her antagonist, "you have known la-
"dies set up for wit that had none."——I quickly began to find that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business; so I resolved to treat him in a style of more severity myself. "Both wit and under-
"standing," cried I, "are trifles, without in-
"tegrity: it is that which gives value to 
"every character. The ignorant peasant, 
"without fault, is greater than the philo-
"sopher with many; for what is genius or 
"courage without an heart? *An honest 
"man is the noblest work of God."

"I always held that favourite maxim of 
"Pope," returned Mr. Burchell, "as very 
"unworthy a man of genius, and a base 
"desertion of his own superiority. As 
"the reputation of books is raised not 
"by their freedom from defect, but the 
"greatness of their beauties; so should 
"that of men be prized not for their ex-
"emption from fault, but the size of those 
"virtues they are possessed of. The scho-
"lar
"lar may want prudence, the statesman
" may have pride, and the champion fero-
" city; but shall we prefer to these men
" the low mechanic, who laboriously plods
" on through life, without censure or ap-
" plause? We might as well prefer the
" tame correct paintings of the Flemish
" school to the erroneous, but sublime ani-
" mations of the Roman pencil."

" Sir," replied I, "your present obser-
" vation is just, when there are shining vir-
" tues and minute defects; but when it ap-
" pears that great vices are opposed in the
" fame mind to as extraordinary virtues,
" such a character deserves contempt.

" Perhaps," cried he, "there may be
" some such monsters as you describe, of
" great vices joined to great virtues; yet
" in my progress through life, I never
" yet found one instance of their existence:
" on the contrary, I have ever perceived,
" that where the mind was capacious, the
The Vicar of Wakefield.

"affections were good. And indeed Providence seems kindly our friend in this particular, thus to debilitate the understanding where the heart is corrupt, and diminish the power where there is the will to do mischief. This rule seems to extend even to other animals: the little vermin race are ever treacherous, cruel, and cowardly, whilst those endowed with strength and power are generous, brave, and gentle."

"These observations found well," returned I, "and yet it would be easy this moment to point out a man," and I fixed my eye steadfastly upon him, "whose head and heart form a most detestable contrast. Ay, Sir," continued I, raising my voice, "and I am glad to have this opportunity of detecting him in the midst of his fancied security. Do you know this, Sir, this pocket-book?"——"Yes, Sir," returned he, with a face of impenetrable assurance, "that pocket-book is mine, and I am glad you have found it."——"And do
"do you know," cried I, "this letter?
"Nay, never falter man; but look me full
"in the face: I say, do you know this let-
"ter?"—"That letter," returned he,
"yes, it was I that wrote that letter."—
"And how could you," said I, "so basely,
"so ungratefully presume to write this
"letter?"—"And how came you," re-
"plied he, with looks of unparallelled ef-
frontery, "so basely to presume to break
"open this letter? Don't you know, now,
"I could hang you all for this? All that
"I have to do, is to swear at the next juf-
"tice's, that you have been guilty of
"breaking open the lock of my pocket-
"book, and so hang you all up at his
"door." This piece of unexpected inso-
lence raised me to such a pitch, that I
could scarce govern my passion. "Ungrate-
"ful wretch, begone, and no longer pol-
"lute my dwelling with thy baseness.
"Begone, and never let me see thee again:
"go from my doors, and the only punish-
"ment I wish thee is an allarmed consci-
"ence, which will be a sufficient tormen-
"tor!" So saying, I threw him his pocket-book, which he took up with a smile, and shutting the clasps with the utmost composure, left us, quite astonished at the serenity of his assurance. My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him seem ashamed of his villainies, "My dear," cried I, willing to calm those passions that had been raised too high among us, "we are not to be surprised that bad men want shame; they only blush at being detected in doing good, but glory in their vices.

"Guilt and shame, says the allegory, were at first companions, and in the beginning of their journey inseparably kept together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both; guilt gave shame frequent uneasiness, and shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of guilt. After long disagreement, therefore, they at length consented to part for ever. "Guilt
"Guilt boldly walked forward alone, to overtake fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner: but shame being naturally timorous, returned back to keep company with virtue, which, in the beginning of their journey, they had left behind. Thus, my children, after men have travelled through a few stages in vice, they no longer continue to have shame at doing evil, and shame attends only upon their virtues."

CHAP.
C H A P. XVI.

The family use art, which is opposed with still greater.

Whatever might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family was easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent and longer. Though he had been disappointed in procuring my daughters the amusements of the town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning, and while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of
of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote long before they made way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet, or sometimes in setting my two little ones to box to make them sharp, as he called it: but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law, in some measure blinded us to all his defects. It must be owned that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him, or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by Olivia: if the gooseberry wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering: it was her fingers gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding, her judgment was infallible. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the 'Squire, that she thought him and Olivia
via extremely like each other, and would bid both stand up to see which was tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which every body saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it; and his slowness was attributed sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending a rich uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt that he designed to become one of the family, my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughters happening to return a visit to neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and did them for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and
and notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner, for what could I do? our next deliberation was to shew the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges, a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something done in a brighter style, and, after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution to be drawn together, in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, with a stomacher richly set with diamonds, and her two little
tle ones as Cupids by her side, while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Bangorean controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, drest in a green jofeph, laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could spare; and Moses was to be drest out with an hat and white feather. Our taste so much pleased the 'Squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family in the character of Alexander the great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family in reality, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and as he wrought with affiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was compleated. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but
but an unfortunate circumstance had not occurred till the picture was finished, which now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is, we were this time all greatly over-seen. Instead therefore of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, there it leaned, in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe’s long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle; some wondered how it should be got out, and still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised more ill-natured suggestions in many. The ’Squire’s portrait being found united with ours, was an honour too great to escape envy. Malicious whis-
pers began to circulate at our expence, and our tranquility continually to be disturbed by persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports we always resented with becoming spirit; but scandal ever improves by opposition. We again therefore entered into a consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this: as our principal object was to discover the honour of Mr. Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to find him, by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of a husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then fixed upon to terrify him with a rival, which it was thought would compel him, though never so refractory. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon this occasion, if Mr. Thornhill did not prevent it,
by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution; but they only retired to the next room, from whence they could over-hear the whole conversation; which my wife artfully introduced, by observing, that one of the Miss Flamboroughs was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the 'Squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands: "But heaven help," continued she, "the girls that have none. "What signifies beauty, Mr. Thornhill? "or what signifies all the virtue, and all "the qualifications in the world, in this "age of self-interest? It is not, what is "she? but what has she? is all the cry."

"Madam,"
"Madam," returned he, "I highly approve the justice, as well as the novelty, of your remarks, and if I were a king, it should be otherwise. It would then, indeed, be fine times with the girls without fortune: our two young ladies should be the first for whom I would provide."

"Ah, Sir!" returned my wife, "you are pleased to be facetious: but I wish I were a queen, and then I know where they should look for a husband. But now, that you have put it into my head, seriously Mr. Thornhill, can't you recommend me a proper husband for my eldest girl? She is now nineteen years old, well grown and well educated, and, in my humble opinion, does not want for parts."

"Madam," replied he, "if I were to choose, I would find out a person possessed of every accomplishment that can make an angel happy. One with prudence, fort-
"tune, taste, and sincerity, such, madam, "would be, in my opinion, the proper hus-
"band." "Ay, Sir," said she, "but do you "know of any such person?"—"No, "madam," returned he, "it is impossible to "know any person that deserves to be her "husband: she's too great a treasure for one "man's possession: she's a goddess. Upon "my soul, I speak what I think, she's an "angel."—"Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you "only flatter my poor girl: but we have "been thinking of marrying her to one of "your tenants, whose mother is lately dead, "and who wants a manager: you know "whom I mean, farmer Williams; a warm "man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her "good bread; ay, and who has several "times made her proposals: (which was ac-
"tually the case) but, Sir," concluded she, "I should be glad to have your approba-
"tion of our choice."—"How, ma-
"dam," replied he, "my approbation! "My approbation of such a choice! Never. "What! Sacrifice so much beauty, and "sense,
"fense, and goodness, to a creature insen-
"fible of the blessing! Excuse me, I can
"never approve of such a piece of injus-
tice! And I have my reasons!"——.
"Indeed, Sir," cried Deborah, "if you
"have your reasons, that's another affair;
"but I should be glad to know those rea-
"sons."—— "Excuse me, madam," re-
turned he, "they lie too deep for discovery:
(laying his hand upon his bosom) they re-
"main buried, rivetted here."

After he was gone, upon general con-

cultation, we could not tell what to make
of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered
them as instances of the most exalted pas-

tion; but I was not quite so sanguine: it
seemed to me pretty plain, that they had
more of love than matrimony in them: yet,
whatever they might portend, it was re-

solved to prosecute the scheme of farmer
Williams, who, since my daughter's first ap-
pearance in the country, had paid her his
addresses.

CHAP.
C H A P. XVII.

Scarce any virtue found to resist the power of long and pleasing temptation.

AS I only studied my child's real happiness, the affiduity of Mr. Williams pleased me, as he was in easy circumstances, prudent, and sincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion; so that in an evening or two after he and Mr. Thornhill met at our house, and surveyed each other for some time with looks of anger: but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquet to perfection, if that might be called acting which was her real character, pretending to lavish all her tenderness on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill
appeared quite dejected at this preference, and with a pensive air took leave, though I own it puzzled me to find him so much in pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honourable passion. But whatever uneasiness he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was still greater. After any of these interviews between her lovers, of which there were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after she had been for some time supporting a fictitious gayety.—"You now see, my child," said I, "that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill's passion was all a dream: he permits the rivalry of another, every way his inferior, though he knows it lies in his power to secure you by a candid declaration himself."—"Yes, pappa," returned she, "but he has his reasons for this delay: I know he has. The sincerity of his looks and words convince me of his real esteem. "A
A short time, I hope, will discover the generosity of his sentiments, and convince you that my opinion of him has been more just than yours."—"Olivia, my darling," returned I, "every scheme that has been hitherto pursued to compel him to a declaration, has been proposed and planned by yourself; nor can you in the least say that I have constrained you. But you must not suppose, my dear, that I will be ever instrumental in suffering his honest rival to be the dupe of your ill-placed passion. Whatever time you require to bring your fancied admirer to an explanation shall be granted; but at the expiration of that term, if he is still regardless, I must absolutely insist that honest Mr. Williams shall be rewarded for his fidelity. The character which I have hitherto supported in life demands this from me, and my tenderness, as a parent, shall never influence my integrity as a man. Name then your day, let it be as distant as you think proper, and in the mean time take care to let Mr.
"Mr. Thornhill know the exact time on which I design delivering you up to another. If he really loves you, his own good sense will readily suggest that there is but one method alone to prevent his losing you for ever."—This proposal, which she could not avoid considering as perfectly just, was readily agreed to. She again renewed her most positive promise of marrying Mr. Williams, in case of the other's insensibility; and at the next opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill's presence, that day month was fixed upon for her nuptials with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to redouble Mr. Thornhill's anxiety: but what Olivia really felt gave me some uneasiness. In this struggle between prudence and passion, her vivacity quite forsook her, and every opportunity of solitude was sought, and spent in tears. One week passed away; but her lover made no efforts to restrain her nuptials. The succeeding week he was still assiduous; but not more open. On the third
third he discontinued his visits entirely, and instead of my daughter testifying any impatience, as I expected, she seemed to retain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation. For my own part, I was now sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was going to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her resolution. It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, and laying schemes for the future. Busied in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost, "Well, Moses," cried I, "we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family, what is your opinion of matters and things in general?"—"My opinion, father, is that all things go on very well; and I was just now thinking, that when sister Livy is married to farmer Williams, we shall then have the loan of his cyder-pres and brewing tubs for nothing."—

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"That
"That we shall, Moses," cried I, "and he will sing us Death and the Lady, to raise our spirits into the bargain."—
"He has taught that song to our Dick," cried Moses; "and I think he goes thro' it very prettily.—"Does he so," cried I, "then let us have it: where's little Dick? let him up with it boldly."—"My brother Dick," cried Bill my youngest, "is just gone out with sister Livy; but Mr. Williams has taught me two songs, and I'll sing them for you, pappa. Which song do you choose, the Dying Swan, or the Elegy on the death of a mad dog?" "The elegy, child, by all means," said I, "I never heard that yet; and Deborah, my life, grief you know is dry, let us have a bottle of the best gooseberry wine, to keep up our spirits. I have wept so much at all sorts of elegies of late, that without an enlivening glass I am sure this will overcome me; and Sophy, love, take your guitar, and thrum in with the boy a little."
An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
    Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wond'rous short,
    It cannot hold you long.

In Iffing town there was a man,
    Of whom the world might say,
That still a goodly race he ran,
    Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
    To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
    When he put on his cloaths.

And in that town a dog was found,
    As many dogs there be,
Both mungrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
    And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
    But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,
The wondering neighbours 'ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they lied,
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that dy'd.

"A very good boy, Bill, upon my word,
and an elegy that may truly be called
tragical. Come, my children, here's
Bill's health, and may he one day be a
bishop."

"With all my heart," cried my wife;
and if he but preaches as well as he
fings,
"sings, I make no doubt of him. The
most of his family, by the mother's side,
could sing a good song: it was a com-
mon saying in our country, that the family
of the Blenkinsops could never look strait
before them, nor the Hugginses blow out a
candle; that there were none of the Gro-
grams but could sing a song, or of the
Marjorams but could tell a story."——-
However that be," cried I, "the most
vulgar ballad of them all generally pleases
me better than the fine modern odes,
and things that petrify us in a single
stanza; productions that we at once de-
test and praise. Put the glass to your
brother, Moses. The great fault of these
elegists is, that they are in despair for
griefs that give the sensible part of man-
kind very little pain. A lady loses her
lap-dog, and so the silly poet runs home
to verify the disaster."

"That may be the mode," cried Moses,
in sublimer compositions; but the Ra-
nelagh fongs that come down to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same mold: Colin meets Dolly, and they hold a dialogue together; he gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and she presents him with a nosegay; and then they go together to church, where they give good advice to young nymphs and swains to get married as fast as they can.

And very good advice too," cried I, and I am told there is not a place in the world where advice can be given with so much propriety as there; for, as it persuades us to marry, it also furnishes us with a wife; and surely that must be an excellent market, my boy, where we are told what we want, and supplied with it when wanting."

"Yes, Sir," returned Moses, "and I know but of two such markets for wives in Europe, Ranelagh in England, and Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish mar-
"ket
"ket is open once a year, but our Eng-
lis h wives are saleable every night."

"You are right, my boy," cried his
mother, "Old England is the only place in
the world for husbands to get wives."—
"And for wives to manage their husbands," interrupted I. "It is a proverb abroad,
that if a bridge were built across the sea,
all the ladies of the Continent would
come over to take pattern from ours; for
there are no such wives in Europe as our
own.

"But let us have one bottle more, De-
borah, my life, and Moses give us a
good song. What thanks do we not owe
to heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity,
health, and competence. I think myself
happier now than the greatest monarch
upon earth. He has no such fire-side,
nor such pleasant faces about it. Yes,
Deborah, my dear, we are now growing
old; but the evening of our life is like-
ly to be happy. We are descended from
" ancef-
"ancestors that knew no stain, and we "shall leave a good and virtuous race of "children behind us. While we live they "will be our support and our pleasure "here, and when we die they will trans-"mit our honour untainted to posterity. "Come, my son, we wait for your song: "let us have a chorus. But where is my "darling Olivia? That little cherub's voice "is always sweetest in the concert."—— Just as I spoke Dick came running in. "O "pappa, pappa, she is gone from us, she is "gone from us, my sister Livy is gone "from us for ever"——"Gone, child"— "Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen "in a post chaise, and one of them kissed "her, and said he would die for her; "and she cried very much, and was for "coming back; but he prevailed her "again, and she went into the chaise, and "said, O what will my poor pappa do "when he knows I am undone!"—— "Now then," cried I, "my children, go "and be miserable; for we shall never en-"joy one hour more. And O may heaven's "ever-
"everlasting fury light upon him and his!
"Thus to rob me of my child! And sure
"it will, for taking back my sweet inno-
"cent that I was leading up to heaven.
"Such sincerity as my child was possesst of.
"But all our earthly happiness is now over!
"Go, my children, go, and be miserable
"and infamous; for my heart is broken
"within me!"—"Father," cried my
son, "is this your fortitude?"—"Forti-
tude, child! Yes, he shall see I have for-
titude! Bring me my pistols. I'll pur-
fue the traitor. While he is on earth I'll
pursue him. Old as I am, he shall find
I can sting him yet. The villain! The
"perfidious villain!"—I had by this
time reached down my pistols, when my
poor wife, whose passions were not so strong
as mine, caught me in her arms. "My
"dearest, dearest husband," cried she, "the
"bible is the only weapon that is fit for
"your old hands now. Open that, my
"love, and read our anguish into patience,
"for she has vilely deceived——Her for-
row repreft the rest in silence.——"Indeed,
"Sir,
"Sir," resumed my son, after a pause, "your rage is too violent and unbecoming. You should be my mother's comforter, and you encumber her pain. It ill suited you and your reverend character thus to curse your greatest enemy: you should not have cursed the wretch, villain as he is." — "I did not curse him, child, did I?" — "Indeed, Sir, you did; you cursed him twice." — Then may heaven forgive me and him if I did. And now, my son, I see it was more than human benevolence that first taught us to bless our enemies! Blessed be his holy name for all the good he has given, and for that he has taken away. But it is not, it is not, a small distress that can wring tears from these old eyes, that have not wept for so many years. My Child!—To undo my darling! May confusion seize! Heaven forgive me, what am I about to say! You may remember, my love, how good she was, and how charming; till this vile moment all her care was to make us happy. Had she
"She but died! But she is gone, the honour of our family contaminated, and I must look out for happiness in other worlds than here. But my child, you saw them go off: perhaps he forced her away? If he forced her, she may yet be innocent."—"Ah no, Sir!" cried the child, "he only kissed her, and called her his angel, and she wept very much, and leaned upon his arm, and they drove off very fast."—

"She's an ungrateful creature," cried my wife, who could scarce speak for weeping, to use us thus. She never had the least constraint put upon her affections. The vile strumpet has basely deserted her parents without any provocation, thus to bring your grey hairs to the grave, and I must shortly follow."

In this manner that night, the first of our real misfortunes, was spent in the bitterness of complaint, and ill supported fallacies of enthusiasm. I determined, however, to find out our betrayer, wherever he
he was, and reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches. "Never," cried she, "shall that vilest stain of our family again darken those harmless doors. I will never call her daughter more. No, let the strumpet live with her vile seducer: she may bring us to shame, but she shall never more receive us."

"Wife," said I, "do not talk thus hardly: my detestation of her guilt is as great as yours; but ever shall this house and this heart be open to a poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns from her transgression, the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time the very best may err; art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm. The first fault is the child of simplicity; but every other the offspring of guilt. Yes, the
"the wretched creature shall be welcome
"to this heart and this house, tho' stained
"with ten thousand vices. I will again
"hearken to the music of her voice, again
"will I hang fondly on her bosom, if I
"find but repentance there. My son,
"bring hither my bible and my staff; I
"will pursue her, wherever she is, and tho'
"I cannot save her from shame, I may
"prevent the continuance of iniquity."
CHAP. XVIII.

The pursuit of a father to reclaim a lost child to virtue.

THO' the child could not describe the gentleman's person who handed his sister into the post-chaise, yet my suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for such intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill-castle, resolving to upbraid him, and, if possible, to bring back my daughter: but before I had reached his seat, I was met by one of my parishioners, who said he saw a young lady resembling my daughter in a post-chaise with a gentleman, whom, by the description, I could only guess to be Mr. Burchell, and that they drove very fast. This information, however, did by no means
means satisfy me. I therefore went to the young 'Squire's, and though it was yet early, insisted upon seeing him immediately: he soon appeared with the most open familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, protesting upon his honour that he was quite a stranger to it. I now therefore condemned my former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who I recollected had of late several private conferences with her: but the appearance of another witness left me no room to doubt of his villainy, who averred, that he and my daughter were actually gone towards the wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Hearing this, I resolved to pursue them there. I walked along with earnestness, and enquired of several by the way; but received no accounts, till entering the town, I was met by a person on horseback, whom I remembered to have seen at the 'Squire's, and he assured me that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend
pend upon overtaking them; for he had seen them dance there the night before, and the whole assembly seemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the course. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earnestly employed in one pursuit, that of pleasure; how different from mine, that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue! I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at some distance from me; but, as if he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him, he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more. I now reflected that it would be to no purpose to continue my pursuit farther, and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home: however, I retired
tired to a little ale-house by the road-side, and in this place, the usual retreat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down patiently to wait the issue of my disorder. I languished here for near three weeks; but at last my constitution prevailed, though I was unprovided with money to defray the expences of my entertainment. It is possible the anxiety from this last circumstance alone might have brought on a relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller, who stopped to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's church-yard, who has written so many little books for children: he called himself their friend; but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted, but he was in haste to be gone; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimpled face; for he had published for me against the Deuterogamists of the
the age, and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home by easy journeys of ten miles a day. My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored, and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear till he tries them; as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we rise shews us some new prospect of hidden disappointment; so in our descent to the vale of wretchedness, which, from the summits of pleasure appears dark and gloomy, the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds something to flatter and sur-
prise it. Still as we descend, the objects appear to brighten, unexpected prospects amuse, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forwards, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what
what appeared at a distance like the wagon, which I was resolved to overtake; but when I came up with it, found it to be a itrolling company's cart, that was carrying their scenes and other theatrical furniture to the next village, where they were to exhibit. The cart was attended only by the person who drove it, and one of the company, as the rest of the players were to follow the ensuing day. Good company upon the road, says the proverb, is always the shortest cut, I therefore entered into conversation with the poor player; and as I once had some theatrical powers myself, I disserted on such topics with my usual freedom: but as I was pretty much unacquainted with the present state of the stage, I demanded who were the present theatrical writers in vogue, who the Drydens and Otways of the day.—

"I fancy, Sir," cried the player, "few of "our modern dramatists would think them- 
"selves much honoured by being com-
"pared to the writers you mention. Dry-
"den and Row's manner, Sir, are quite 
"out of fashion; our taste has gone back a 
"whole
"whole century, Fletcher, Ben Johnson, "and all the plays of Shakespear, are the "only things that go down."—"How," cried I, "is it possible the present age can "be pleased with that antiquated dialect, "that obsolete humour, those overcharged "characters, which abound in the works "you mention?"—"Sir," returned my companion, "the public think no-"thing about dialect, or humour, or char-"acter; for that is none of their busi-"ness, they only go to be amused, and "find themselves happy when they can en-"joy a pantomime, under the sanction of "Johnson's or Shakespear's name."—"So "then, I suppose" cried I, "that our mo-"dern dramatists are rather imitators of "Shakespear than of nature."—"To "say the truth," returned my companion, "I don't know that they imitate any "thing at all; nor indeed does the "public require it of them: it is not the "composition of the piece, but the num-"ber of starts and attitudes that may be "introduced into it that elicits applause. I K "have
"have known a piece, with not one jest in "the whole, shrugged into popularity, and "another saved by the poet's throwing in "a fit of the gripes. No, Sir, the works "of Congreve and Farquhar have too "much wit in them for the present taste; "our modern dialogue is much more na-"tural."

By this time the equipage of the strolling company was arrived at the village, which, it seems, had been apprised of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us; for my companion observed, that strollers always have more spectators without doors than within. I did not consider the impropriety of my being in such company till I saw a mob gathered about me. I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, in the first ale-house that offered, and being shown into the common room, was accosted by a very well-drest gentleman, who demanded whether I was the real chaplain of the company, or whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play. Upon informing him of
of the truth, and that I did not belong to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and seeming interest. I set him down in my own mind for nothing less than a parliament-man at least; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when upon my asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house, with which request, after some entreaties, I was prevailed on to comply.
C H A P. XIX.

The description of a person discontented with the present government, and apprehensive of the loss of our liberties.

The house where we were to be entertained, lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot, and we soon arrived at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in the country. The apartment into which we were shewn was perfectly elegant and modern; he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned, an elegant supper was brought in, two or three ladies, in an easy
easy deshabille, were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprightliness. Politics, however, was the subject on which our entertainer chiefly expatiated; for he asserted that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the cloth was removed, he asked me if I had seen the last Monitor, to which replying in the negative, "What, nor the Auditor, I suppose?" cried he. "Neither, Sir," returned I. "That's strange, very strange," replied my entertainer. "Now, I read all the politics that come out. The Daily, the Public, the Ledger, the Chronicle, the London Evening, the Whitehall Evening, the seventeen magazines, and the two reviews; and though they hate each other, I love them all. Liberty, Sir, liberty is the Briton's boast, and by all my coal mines in Cornwall, I reverence its guardians." "Then it is to be hoped," cried I, "you reverence the king." "Yes," returned my entertainer, when he does what we would have him; but if he goes on as he has done of late, "I'll
"I'll never trouble myself more with his matters. I say nothing. I think only. I could have directed some things better. I don't think there has been a sufficient number of advisers: he should advise with every person willing to give him advice, and then we should have things done in another manner.

"I wish," cried I, "that such intruding advisers were fixed in the pillory. It should be the duty of honest men to assist the weaker side of our constitution, that sacred power that has for some years been every day declining, and losing its due share of influence in the state. But these ignorants still continue the cry of liberty, and if they have any weight basely throw it into the subsiding scale."

"How," cried one of the ladies, "do I live to see one so base, so sordid, as to be an enemy to liberty, and a defender of tyrants? Liberty, that sacred gift of heaven,
"heaven, that glorious privilege of Britons!"

"Can it be possible," cried our entertainer, "that there should be any found at present advocates for slavery? Any who are for meanly giving up the privileges of Britons? Can any, Sir, be so abject?"

"No, Sir," replied I, "I am for liberty, that attribute of Gods! Glorious liberty! that theme of modern declamation. I would have all men kings. I would be a king myself. We have all naturally an equal right to the throne: we are all originally equal. This is my opinion, and was once the opinion of a set of honest men who were called Levellers. They tried to erect themselves into a community, where all should be equally free. But, alas! it would never answer; for there were some among them ftronger, and some more cunning than others, and these became masters of the rest; for as " sure
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"fure as your groom rides your horses, because he is a cunninger animal than they, so surely will the animal that is cunninger or stronger than he, sit upon his shoulders in turn. Since then it is entailed upon humanity to submit, and some are born to command, and others to obey, the question is, as there must be tyrants, whether it is better to have them in the same house with us, or in the same village, or still farther off, in the metropolis. Now, Sir, for my own part, as I naturally hate the face of a tyrant, the farther off he is removed from me, the better pleased am I. The generality of mankind also are of my way of thinking, and have unanimously created one king, whose election at once diminishes the number of tyrants, and puts tyranny at the greatest distance from the greatest number of people. Now those who were tyrants themselves before the election of one tyrant, are naturally averse to a power raised over them, and whose weight
weight must ever lean heaviest on the subordinate orders. It is the interest of the great, therefore, to diminish kingly power as much as possible; because whatever they take from it is naturally restored to themselves; and all they have to do in a state, is to undermine the single tyrant, by which they resume their primæval authority. Now, a state may be so constitutionally circumstanced, its laws may be so disposed, and its men of opulence so minded, as all to conspire to carry on this business of undermining monarchy. If the circumstances of the state be such, for instance, as to favour the accumulation of wealth, and make the opulent still more rich, this will increase their strength and their ambition. But an accumulation of wealth must necessarily be the consequence in a state when more riches flow in from external commerce, than arise from internal industry: for external commerce can only be managed to advantage by the rich, and they have also at the same time
"time all the emoluments arising from internal industry: so that the rich, in such a state, have two sources of wealth, whereas the poor have but one. Thus wealth in all commercial states is found to accumulate, and such have hitherto in time become aristocratical. Besides this, the very laws of a country may contribute to the accumulation of wealth; as when those natural ties that bind the rich and poor together are broken, and it is ordained that the rich shall only marry among each other; or when the learned are held unqualified to serve their country as counsellors merely from a defect of opulence, and wealth is thus made the object of a wise man's ambition; by these means I say, and such means as these, riches will accumulate. The possessor of accumulated wealth, when furnished with the necessaries and pleasures of life, can employ the superfluity of fortune only in purchasing power. That is, differently speaking, in making dependants,
"pendants, in purchasing the liberty of the
"needy or the venal, of men who are willing
"to bear the mortification of contiguous ty-
"ranny for bread. Thus each very opulent
"man generally gathers round him a circle
"of the poorest of the people; and the po-
"lity abounding in accumulated wealth,
"may be compared to a Cartesian system,
"each orb with a vortex of its own.
"Those, however, who are willing to
"move in a great man's vortex, are only
"such as must be slaves, the rabble of
"mankind, whose souls and whose education
"are adapted to servitude, and who know
"nothing of liberty except the name. But
"there must still be a large number of the
"people without the sphere of the opulent
"man's influence, namely, that order of
"men which subsists between the very rich
"and the very rabble; those men who are pos-
"sest of too large fortunes to submit to the
"neighbouring man in power, and yet are
"too poor to set up for tyranny themselves.
"In this middle order of mankind are ge-
nerally to be found all the arts, wisdom, and virtues of society. This order alone is known to be the true preserver of freedom, and may be called the People. Now it may happen that this middle order of mankind may lose all its influence in a state, and its voice be in a manner drowned in that of the rabble: for if the fortune sufficient for qualifying a person at present to give his voice in state affairs, be ten times less than was judged sufficient upon forming the constitution, it is evident that greater numbers of the rabble will thus be introduced into the political system, and they ever moving in the vortex of the great, will follow where greatness shall direct. In such a state, therefore, all that the middle order has left, is to preserve the prerogative and privileges of the one principal tyrant with the most sacred circumspection. For he divides the power of the rich, and calls off the great from falling with tenfold weight on the middle order placed beneath them. The middle order may be compared
pared to a town of which the opulent are forming the siege, and which the tyrant is hastening to relieve. While the besiegers are in dread of the external enemy, it is but natural to offer the townsmen the most specious terms; to flatter them with sounds, and amuse them with privileges: but if they once defeat the tyrant, the walls of the town will be but a small defence to its inhabitants. What they may then expect, may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws govern the poor, and the rich govern the law. I am then for, and would die for, monarchy, sacred monarchy; for if there be any thing sacred amongst men, it must be the anointed sovereign of his people, and every diminution of his power in war, or in peace, is an infringement upon the real liberties of the subject. The sounds of liberty, patriotism, and Britons, have already done much, it is to be hoped that the true sons of freedom will prevent their ever doing more. I have known
"many of those bold champions for liberty in my time, yet do I not remember one that was not in his heart and in his family a tyrant."

My warmth I found had lengthened this harangue beyond the rules of good breeding: but the impatience of my entertainer, who often strove to interrupt it, could be restrained no longer. "What," cried he, "then I have been all this while entertaining a Jesuit in parson's claths; but by all the coal mines of Cornwall, out he shall pack, if my name be Wilkinson." I now found I had gone too far, and asked pardon for the warmth with which I had spoken. "Pardon," returned he in a fury: "I think such principles demand ten thousand pardons. What, give up liberty, property, and, as the Gazetteer says, lie down to be saddled with wooden shoes! Sir, I insist upon your marching out of this house immediately, to prevent worse consequences, Sir, I insist upon it." I was going to repeat my remon-
remonstrances; but just then we heard a footman's rap at the door, and the two ladies cried out, "As sure as death there is " our master and mistress come home." It seems my entertainer was all this while only the butler, who, in his master's absence, had a mind to cut a figure, and be for a while the gentleman himself; and, to say the truth, he talked politics as well as most country gentlemen do. But nothing could now exceed my confusion upon seeing the gentleman, with his lady, enter, nor was their surprize, at finding such company and good cheer, less than ours. "Gentlemen," cried the real master of the house, to me and my companion, "I am your most humble servant; but I protest this is so unexpected a favour, that I almost sink under " the obligation." However unexpected our company might be to him, his, I am sure, was still more so to us, and I was struck dumb with the apprehensions of my own absurdity, when whom should I next see enter the room but my dear miss Arabella
bella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George; but whose match was broken off, as already related. As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy. "My dear sir," cried she, "to what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit? I am sure my uncle and aunt will be in raptures when they find they have the good Dr. Primrose for their guest." Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely stepped up, and welcomed me with most cordial hospitality. Nor could they forbear smiling upon being informed of the nature of my present visit: but the unfortunate butler, whom they at first seemed disposed to turn away, was, at my intercession, forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged now, insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days, and as their niece, my charming pupil, whose mind, in some measure, had been formed under
under my own instructions, joined in their entreaties, I complied. That night I was shewn to a magnificent chamber, and the next morning early Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she enquired with seeming unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George. "Alas! "Madam," cried I, "he has now been "near three years absent, without ever "writing to his friends or me. Where he "is I know not; perhaps I shall never see "him or happiness more. No, my dear "Madam, we shall never more see such "pleasing hours as were once spent by our "fire-side at Wakefield. My little family "are now dispersing very fast, and poverty "has brought not only want, but infamy "upon us." The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account; but as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It was,
was, however, some consolation to me to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that she had rejected several matches that had been made her since our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the several walks and arbours, and at the same time catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us in to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company, who was come to dispose of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening, the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any stage before. He seemed to be very warm in the praises of the new performer, and averred, that he never saw any who bid so fair for excellence. Acting, he observed, was not learned in a day; "But "this gentleman," continued he, "seems "born to tread the stage. His voice, his "figure,
"figure, and attitudes, are all admirable."
"We caught him up accidentally in our jour-
ney down." This account, in some mea-
sure, excited our curiosity, and, at the entreaty
of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to ac-
company them to the play-house, which was
no other than a barn. As the company
with which I went was incontestably the
chief of the place, we were received with
the greatest respect, and placed in the front
seat of the theatre; where we sat for
some time with no small impatience to see
Horatio make his appearance. The new
performer advanced at last, and I found
it was my unfortunate son. He was go-
ing to begin, when, turning his eyes upon
the audience, he perceived us, and stood at
once speechless and immovable. The
actors behind the scene, who ascribed this
pause to his natural timidity, attempted to
encourage him; but instead of going on,
he burst into a flood of tears, and retired
off the stage. I don't know what were the
sensations I felt; for they succeeded with
too much rapidity for description: but I was soon awaked from this disagreeable reverie by Mifs Wilmot, who, pale and with a trembling voice, desired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach, and an invitation, for him; and as he persisted in his refusal to appear again upon the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport; for I could never counterfeit false resentment. Mifs Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated; she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she would take a fly peep at the glass, as
if happy in the consciousness of unresisting beauty, and often would ask questions, without giving any manner of attention to the answers.

END OF VOL 1.
Goldsmith, Oliver
The vicar of Wakefield