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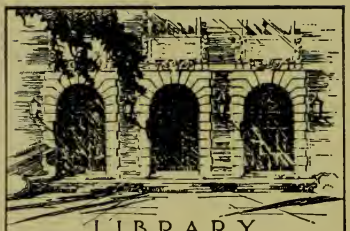

MEMOIRS

OF

BRYAN PERDUE:

A NOVEL.

BY

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

WHENEVER I have undertaken to write a novel, I have proposed to myself a specific moral purpose. This purpose, in Anna St. Ives, was to teach fortitude to females: in Hugh Trevor, to induce youth (or their parents) carefully to inquire into the morality of the profession which each might intend for himself: and, in the present work, to induce all humane and thinking men, such as legislators ought to be and often are, to consider the general and the adventitious value of human life, and the moral tendency of our penal laws.

To exemplify this doctrine, it was necessary that the hero of the

fable should offend those laws, that his life should be in jeopardy, and that he should possess not only a strong leaven of virtue but high powers of mind, such as to induce the heart to shrink, at the recollection that such a man might have been legally put to death.

With respect to his mental abilities, therefore, I have, in the first volume, made him assume the character of his mature age, and display the resources of his imagination and mental powers in various ways.

While he spoke in this character, I had an opportunity also to attain another purpose. The ideas, sportively scattered through the first volume, are intended either to satirize vice, ridicule folly, or suggest subjects that may peculiarly deserve the consideration of the wise

and good. My doubt, while writing this volume, was, lest these partly digressive objects should be deemed too great an impediment to the progress of the story; therefore, as that became interesting, I gradually suffered all sportiveness to die away.

Novels, like comedies, are the proper receptacles for the whole round of human affections; and, the more these affections are diversified, the greater is the enjoyment of mind which novels afford.

Novel writing has been frequently treated as the meanest and most jejune exercise of the human faculties, employed in the composition of books; but such opinions are given either in a moment of disgust, after reading novels that are indeed contemptible, or

with the dogmatic importance of men, whose minds, being intent on some other object, conceive that object and its branches to be almost exclusively worthy of the exercise of wisdom. Such men deserve compassion, if they can read the numerous excellent novels that have been produced, and yet repeat such illiberal assertions; for it will either prove their intellect to be very weak, or very perverse; and perhaps both.

Hints of great utility, and of a dignified and important nature, are frequently found in well written novels. Ought not the practice therefore of writing them to be encouraged, instead of decried? They are a high source of gratification, to the half informed; and especially to youth, by whom

they are constantly read: therefore, if their morality be definite, their language flowing, their diction pure, and the lessons they teach impressive, are they not a noble public benefit? When thus written, do they not gratify even the man of mature thought, by affording pleasure not likely to be imparted in any other kind of composition.

In what I have said, I have spoken of novels in the abstract, and not of the work here presented to the reader: for it ill becomes an author to speak, or even to think, of himself in any manner that could be deemed inflated. Let him exert his few faculties, let him hope well of them, and let him cheerfully wait the decision of the public.

With respect to conducting the

trial in this novel, I am aware that I have not confined myself to the mere routine of practice at the Old Bailey. I may unwittingly have been guilty of other legal mistakes, which a technical critic may be offended at when first seen, but when he considers how easily they might have been rectified had I been accustomed to the routine of such affairs, he will perhaps think with me they are trifles. The precise scenes, as here described, or nearly the same, might have happened, and that is sufficient for the purposes of a novel.

Berner-street, London,
Sept. 5th, 1805.

MEMOIRS

OF

BRYAN PERDUE.

CHAPTER I.

Facts concerning myself, and Annotations more than enough.

WHERE is the man who, in the act of writing memoirs of himself, does not find his attention drawn, or rather fixed, on the bright and amiable part of the portrait? He proposes to write honestly, but has he the power? He allows that this or that action was bad, but he declares the motives were good. And what does he mean? Were his passions sufficiently under controul?

In the course of life, while he was himself eager to gain, be it honor, wealth, or pleasure, did he always sufficiently recollect what others might lose? His motives were to benefit himself; he therefore called them good.

I would not be thought to put such questions to the high ministers of state, the great law officers, and the sacred dignitaries of the church; for questions and doubts, in these cases, would every one be a libel, and my earnest desire is to live and die in peace.

My life, however, has been such, that, were I to write only the good which I know of myself, my memoirs would claim no notice. It is lucky for us that goodness is but a sort of dull every-day kind of thing: every one has more than enough for himself, and cannot bear to be loaded with and obtruded upon by the goodness of his neighbour. But he crows, like Chanticleer,

when he hears of the failings of others, and claps his wings; for, then, it is "who but I?" So be it: these memoirs will give him frequent cause of satisfaction.

I protest I mean to be sincere; and, that I may be so, I have cunningly devised the means of shifting blame from my own shoulders, and laying it on those of another, one Bryan Perdue, an imaginary being, that never had existence: for, if there have been any man of that name, my iniquities were not his.

Still, however, I would warn the reader against tergiversation on my part; for, though I vaunt of the honesty with which I have appointed a committee of inquest, still I must acknowledge I have been anxious to select the members of this committee from those who either do now think, or have formerly spoken of me in

friendly terms, or, with great admiration. I own that I have read of one Catiline, and of other suspected great men, who have done the same; but then they were not like me in the class of *private thieves*.

As, however, I have a zealous desire to do some little good before I die, by exposing to simple and honest youth the dangers that beset them, and by pointing out to them the snares, traps, and pitfalls in which I have been caught, I hope that, where they find a little good intention, they will pardon a deal of dulness; for so they may think my wit.

Neither have I much to expect, personally, nor to fear from mankind; for I have been so exposed, to the blows and buffets of Fortune, that, I can almost defy her malice: like a mischievous boy, who has been whipped till he no longer fears whipping.

I am also now at ease in worldly affairs, and therefore do not think myself in much future danger; except indeed it should be from such events, and visitations, as mortals have not the gift to foresee. My days of riot, when the boisterous pleasures of the senses drive, full gallop, and overset prudence, wisdom, and virtue, maiming them all, these days I say are past.

But it has been their turn to reign, and with a rod of iron: their tyranny was mortal in its tendency; but tyranny is always so; and, however cautious and sage I may be at present, it will presently appear that I had those giddy, light-minded, and even rash propensities in which vice and folly delight.

I cannot sufficiently foresee the manner in which I shall perform the task I have here undertaken, but give notice that it will be well performed; ay,

superlatively! Were I to be as eloquent, as wise, as witty, as satirical, as full of imagery, metaphor, simile, and allegory, as I am when I dream of myself, Heaven defend me! I should astonish the world. No book but mine would ever hereafter be read. But, when I awake, or rather, when my poetry and my egotism are asleep, strange to tell, but, I then really fear my book will rest among the lumber of the Minerva press. These are terrible moments, but they are short.

Well, on I go. Talent has been worthily warned not to hide his candle under a bushel. Genius should not be hid. Hey day! I find I am dreaming as fast as ever.

Still, it must be allowed, that, the little good, which a man imagines may be done by himself, he ought earnestly to endeavour to accomplish. Every time he does amiss, he incurs a debt

which it becomes him to repay. I have been a notorious moral bankrupt, and the dividend I have to offer some may conceive to be small: but as my creditors, are the public at large, and as it is every body's business to call upon me, it is by the same rule nobody's; therefore I am safe. This is the reason that so many malefactors, great and small, escape.

I can prophesy, however, that I shall be mightily pleased with these memoirs, when I have written them; or rather in raptures, for I am pleased already; now, at the conclusion of the first chapter. In the name of sober sense, then, what shall I be when I have written the whole? The glory of the meridian sun will not equal mine! Ah, how little shall I be able to discover the spots, which will alone be visible to those whose learned science, or natural instinct, teaches them to look

only where spots may be seen, and to peer, detect, and point them out for the benefit of mankind. For my own part, darkness visible will be my lot. But, such is man; especially when he writes a book.

CHAPTER II.

Egotism: Wisdom: Secrecy: famous and fashionable Men: social and official Rogues, and their Differences: political Hopes and Fears.

SINCE I have frankly owned that I am an egotist, I must do myself the justice to remark that my egotism chiefly consists in the very high estimation in which I hold my talents, as a man of wisdom. I find little ambition to excel others in the cut of my coat; but, when I can cut up [pardon the quibble] when I can cut up a fool, I take such delight in the office that I have no more mercy than a butcher. Should folly feel any wound, I shall then, I know, be called an assassin: but, thank Heaven, she is a thoughtless light-hearted lady,

who has not time to take offence. Let them lash that like, she will but caper on and laugh the louder.

Wisdom, like rank, will not admit of too much familiarity, and therefore holds the vulgar at a distance, as much delighting in her own solitary reveries: for which reason, feeling a firm conviction that I am wise, I choose to maintain my dignity, and therefore live retired. I have a cot, and am a kind of Hermit.

I have a further motive, which is to remain unknown, and undiscovered, by those with whom I formerly associated: as it must be evident to all that, since I am wise, wisdom has inevitably made me virtuous. Let me, however, honestly declare that I shall at all times think myself honored by the notice and the esteem of honest men, if I can find them, and they can find me. To confess a truth, I have more than once formed the project of once more ventur-

ing into the world; that is, of quitting my cottage, and endeavouring to penetrate into the palaces of the great. But I hear strange stories, as if honesty, like the god Baal, had gone a journey lately. No doubt they are calumnies.

Great men, I imagine, are actuated by motives like my own, when they reject their proper names and designations, and assume new: thus, when Mr. Cheatall took the title of Lord More Money, and Sir Henry Empty acquired the rank of Earl Goldstick, they had their reasons. I also had mine, when I first began to call myself Mr. Bryan Perdue; esteeming it but just that, having resolved to rid myself of my bad properties, I should no longer have a bad name. Their reasons, no doubt, were the same. The change was not intended to do injury in either case to others, but good to ourselves; and therefore my conscience was and is reconciled to the

act. In this too I flatter myself that I have the honor to agree with the new and noble peers above mentioned, and with every other new and noble peer in the realm; for I would live in peace, and escape obloquy and persecution.

This, I grant, were I known, would be difficult; for there are men who would have no characters of their own if they were not indefatigable in taking away the characters of others. They fish in troubled waters, and their nets come up loaded with titles, places, pensions, public thanks, statues of bronze for having done more wicked, destructive, and intolerable mis—

Bless me! I named nobody. I shall get entangled in their meshes, hurried into their pitfalls, maimed in their mantraps—I mean no harm. Pardon! Pardon, if I have said amiss!

Well, then, my father's name was not Perdue, but a name which, in his

day, rang in the ears of those useful and superior people, who announce themselves to be *the fashionable world:* and one which, when speaking of rogues in general, was esteemed by this same *fashionable world* as among the most famous. My father, indeed, ever pronounced himself *a man of fashion*; and even the people who declared him to be a gambler, in other words a dangerous rogue, did not appear to dispute with him concerning the distinction which he claimed; thinking it, as I am now led to suppose, a matter of no moment. Here, however, it ought to be understood that I am speaking only of that species of rogues, which, after mature reflection, I am induced to distinguish by some comparison of mildness; and the epithet *social rogues* is that to which I am most inclined.

I mean by this to declare that the two classes of private and public rogues

ought to be carefully distinguished from each other. *Social rogues* ought by no means to be confounded with *official rogues*, if there are any such to be found; which God forbid! The very supposition that there are such rogues is dreadful. I must therefore hope there are no human beings so diabolically wicked, or depraved. For, were such flagitious wretches, or devouring locusts, or whatever opprobrious word they may be stigmatized by, were such, I say, to creep, by any chance, into the government of states, corporations, companies, and other public bodies, not excepting charitable institutions, what would become of the nation!

I pretend to little knowledge in these matters, but, if ever this were to happen to be the case, such a miserable accident would resemble a seaman coming from the Levant, and infected with the plague, who, yielding to the base

passions of his heart, steals clandestinely on shore, and spreads the contagion through towns, countries, and kingdoms; so that the number of those who escape the mortal pestilence are but few.

I must, however, confess I have read of these official or pestilential rogues; who, by some cunning device or means, unknown to me, creep into offices of sacred trust, which none but the immaculate should possess; but, as these assertions are only made in journals or pamphlets, and are contradicted in other journals or pamphlets, which pronounce the first to be seditious, I sleep in peace, and bless my stars at reading these contentious proofs of the freedom of the press.

I hope, however, I shall not be confounded with malcontents, for the simplicity with which I state dubious points, on which I have heard much but know little; and if, at any time,

I should commit mistakes, I charitably expect such slips of human weakness will be attributed to my credulity; and not to any malicious motive, for that is what I can never be brought to acknowledge. I live in a cottage.

When indeed I ruminate in my retirement, I must rationally and naturally be inclined to suppose that our majorities in parliament; public-spirited, open-hearted, and fair-speeched gentlemen as they are, must declare the honest truth: for, were it otherwise, they would be the most—— Sober prudence, set thy seal upon my lips; otherwise I shall utter such things——!!!

Take comfort, Mr. Bryan, for these public-spirited, open-hearted, fair-speeched gentlemen have uniformly asserted that, to their entire satisfaction and certain knowledge, speaking of matters that relate to good government, the honest men, according to their

phraseology, always hold the reins of state, and the rogues never: the nation is therefore most happily and at all times in perfectly good hands.

In this however there is a kind of acknowledgment that there are rogues, although most fortunately they never govern; and this I cannot but suppose to be a very grievous public affliction: at least, it is so to me.

There is another thing, which appears to be paradoxical, and which is that, in the course of my life, I have seen the honest men and the acknowledged rogues change places too often to be remembered! So that the honest men have all been turned adrift, and the rogues have taken upon themselves the stations, powers, and dignities of governors. However, I must also allow that, whenever this has happened, no matter how often, these public-spirited, open-hearted, fair-speeched gentlemen

have never failed to confess, nay they have publicly declared, that the rogues were all become honest men, and that every one of the honest men were turned rogues.

Now, as these public-spirited, open-hearted, fair-speeched gentlemen and members of parliament have been chosen, by the people, for their known honesty, and are the representatives and guardians of the public honor, which, that of royalty excepted, is of all situations on earth the most dignified; as they are also perfectly in the secret of things, and as they are consistent and invariable in these their affirmations; I cannot but conclude that it is the pure nature of government, which has the secret virtue of instantly inclining rogues to become honest men.

Yet, how and why should the contrary of this happen? and by what

fascination, or diabolical influence, do the honest men, being out, all become rogues? I grant this is matter to perplex the sober intellect; and to suggest or beget mystery: which, being such, I can no otherwise understand than by faith: and my great respect for peace, added to the allegiance which I and all men duly owe to those who rule, have at all times determined me to believe in the public-spirited, open-hearted, fair-speeched gentlemen. In them my ignorance obliges me to place my political salvation; and my indolence further inclines me to hope that my risk is not great. Still, however, I maintain, that, this is a mystery: not perhaps to others, but, to me.

I own that my knowledge of men and things is great, and that even on this subject, as well as on all others, I have conceived it to be indeed wonderful! But here, alas, I begin to under-

stand that it is my ignorance which is indeed wonderful! For I hear every one around me willingly acknowledge that their thoughts are so clear, and their discoveries so great, that nothing is concealed from the quickness of their penetration: whereas I find my brain totally perplexed, confounded, nay terrified, if I propose so simple a question to myself as how is it possible for any man to betray his country?

Now the reader well knows how heartily all the world would laugh at me, were I openly to doubt of such a possibility. I know it myself, since I have even been laughed at by my servant, John, for maintaining such a doubt.

With respect to rogueries, I pretend not to penetrate into any greater than those in which I have been trained; and, they being no less than to deceive, plunder, and ruin, every one for

whom I pretended the least friendship, I am simple enough to imagine were really bad enough.

Alas! I find I have been thinking of any thing but my own memoirs! But, so it is; whenever rogues are the subject, such is the influence which habit has over me, I am continually apt to be led astray.

CHAPTER III.

My Father a Rogue, and of what Kind: more concerning social and pestilential Rogues: Gamblers and Peers.

THAT I may not be misunderstood, when I thus frankly though painfully acknowledge that my father was most famous, in his day, for his great dexterity and enterprize in the art of cheating, of which, I can assure the reader, though I am heartily ashamed, he never was, but made it his boast and glory, when not overheard by the *skulks* and *sneaks*, meaning the honest men, and when he sat as president, or prime minister, surrounded, listened to, and admired by his faithful fraternity of rogues, I say, in order that these

memoirs should be perfectly clear and well digested, it is necessary that I should state in what branch of roguery he had become a proficient.

To avoid giving offence, I will forbear to mention, either by way of comparison or illustration, any one of those arts and mysteries that the over-scrupulous and discontented proclaim to be dangerous establishments, some one of which the reader might too hastily conclude I am now about to name, and will inform him that, wicked as I own my father was, he was only a gambler.

It can scarcely escape the penetration of any reader of mine that gamblers, though vile enough in all conscience, still are not by any means such dangerous rogues as those of many other professions; for their rogueries are open, and avowed: whereas other

rogues conspire together to declare and publish their honesty to all mankind; nay, and require it to be acknowledged that it is not possible for them, or for any one of the members of their art and mystery, to be other than honest men.

In thus warning all headlong and mistaken youth against gambling, while I inform the world that my father was a gambler, I necessarily imply and allow also that he was a rogue. But truth and justice require it to be noted that my father did not further mislead, by the still more abominable pretence that the profession of gambling was the profession of a united body of honest men. No, a gambler is an avowed rogue.

Be it further observed that I only speak of the *social* rogues, as before distinguished, and not of the *pestilential*,

of whom, though I only acknowledge to have heard, I do confess I have dreadful dreams and doubts.

Truth likewise requires me to confess that my father was not merely a gambler, which implies all that has before been implied, but that he was also a methodical incorporated gambler; one of those that are well known, by herding together, as well as by their singularities of speech and behaviour, which they affect or fall into from imitation.

Perhaps, they likewise have the delusion of admiring themselves, and their fraternity. Or, perhaps—(the wicked are ever childish)—they have the futile vanity of wishing to appear to lead what is called the fashion; since many great lords, and gentlemen of the *haut ton*, as I am told, are excessively anxious to rival them, in

dress, phrase, and behaviour; things which all the rest of the world hold in ridicule and contempt.

I must own this is something surprising! for men have agreed, as it were by universal consent, to give those appellations to gamblers which express odium, aversion, and dread. Each gambler is called rook, black-leg, bully, swindler, and if possible worse. He is considered as a fellow who is ready to commit every private injury, and afterward to vaunt of his power: a kind of demon, that laughs and mocks at those whom he can allure. All this he does in the very cunning of his soul, which, when he does mischief, then only appears to be rejoiced.

He will further challenge and dare the world to deny he is a gentleman; for he finds it no less necessary than delightful to frighten people into a

pretended belief of this; since, were it otherwise, he could never become the companion of the rich; nay, the familiar, and bosom friend of peers.

Peers was formerly a word that implied much, and was supposed to include many gifts, and virtues, which were held to be the true foundation of nobility. In these times, peers had a predilection in favor of genius: by them it was held in honorable respect, and they granted their smiles, distinctions, and rewards, in favor of its notable and worthy deeds.

Whenever I cast a retrospective look, like this, I can scarcely doubt that, could the peers of old arise in all their glory, and could their towering and lofty thoughts be brought so to descend as to glance at the present germs and sprouts of their own loins, meaning none but those who have the companions and propensities I have slightly

hinted at—yes, could those ancient worthies behold the shoots, suckers, and parasite plants, who in this age call themselves peers, perhaps, the mighty ancestors, whom these shoots, suckers, and parasite plants so much pretend to honor, while contemplating their degenerate race, would straight invoke their tombs again to cover them. This however I confess to be merely a conjecture. I hope it is no more than one of my cottage fears.

CHAPTER IV.

My Father's Partiality for Ireland, with his Prose and Poetical Account of that Island.

I HAVE several things further to say, concerning my origin and parents.

Circumstances, events, and experience, have confirmed me in the melancholy persuasion that there are rogues of all countries, and many more than might be wished. In the discharge of my conscience, I also mean to point out, as far as I conceive the manner of so doing, which way such and such incidents lead to such and such consequences: it is therefore incumbent upon me to state that my father was a native, or, as he never failed to deno-

minate himself, a gentleman of Ireland.

How have his pictures of *ould Ireland*, as he used to call it, delighted my youthful mind! How continually would he boast that it was his country; and how often have I grieved that it was not altogether mine! His descriptions glow in my memory! Listen but to one of them!

"Oh, by the living Lamb, put all the countries in the world in a bag, and the whole lot of them is not worth little Ireland. They are not to be named in the same day; and, faith, now I remimber, I don't at all believe they were made and created at the same time. Because why? there is more ginerosity, more hospitality, more good faith, more frindship, and bitter claret in Ireland than in all the world beside; which I would not advise any man on earth to contradict

or deny. Thin, as to what they call their christian virtues, why the Irish were the first to sind their saints and martyrs, with good ould Saint Patrick the father of thim all at their hidd, to plant their blissed cross, and tache the vile pagans a little of what was what. And thin there was a plintiful assortment of books and writings, among the ould Irish, before it had ever been heard by any soul on earth that there was a single crater any where to be found who could read; which, sure, is proof enough of their learning. And beside that they had all those kind of things which they call arts and sciences; and had thim all at their finger's inds long enough before any of these sort of matters were known at all at all: all of which my own cousin, Mr. O'Hallaghan has written a great bit of a book about. But what do I talk of

christian virtues? Sure, are not we the most jocular, the bravest, the—— brave! Let us alone for a few duels, my dear! And thin our women! Oh, the sweet craters! Surely a gintleman of Ireland is no gintleman that does not people his own parish, and presint every one of his tinants with a sweet miniature picture of himself. I mane a bit of a whole lingth portrait, that is so viry like, why it is quite alive and runs alone. And thin for our ateing and drinking, why, who the divle that is not a spalpeen, would iver be seen to go to bidd sober? Oh, my dear Bryan, that you had but been born when I was a boy, and had gone with me every Michelmas fair to the faste of O'Connor. Faith, and I wish I could give you but a bit of a description of the thing, for it would tingle in your ears as long as you live! Such

ateing, and drinking, and bawling, and squalling, and laughing, and crying——

"Oh, the sweet little divles were wanton and frisky,
With ateing salt hirring, and drinking of whisky,
With hugging, and kissing, and piping, and prancing,
'Twould do your heart good had you seen 'em all dancing!
Said Sheelah O'Shug—Arrah, Thady, be asy!
You touze and you tug, by my soul you're all crazy!
Tara lal lara lal lara lal lara liou,
Oh, hone a chree, honey—whoop!—how does your mother do?

"But the while they were tippling came Murdoch O'Bralaghan,
Swearing he'd murder poor Lary O'Calaghan;
Then in with Shilalee came Rodrick O'Connor,
[That was my first Cousin]
To be sure, how he bother'd them all about honour;

For he had the kingdom Connaught, by birthright,
A thousand good summers before he saw daylight.
Tara lal lal, &c.

"Mac Dermot came in, with a bounce, and a flirt,
For his fathers were kings too, that had not a shirt.
[That is because they were kings long before the wearing of shirts was invinted]
And there too the proud mother's son of O'Hara
Gave beggars the bones, when he'd suck'd out the marrow.
The tight lads fell out, and the lasses were scar'd;
You'd have laugh'd had you seen how the blind piper star'd.
With my tara lal, &c.

"Oh, the sweet faste of O'Connor! whin we all came togither, one after another, to bid a wilcome to his birthday. Long life, says I, to the sons of

O'Connor! May they go dancing to their coffins, ay, and after their dith! says Turlough. May their doors be always open, and their heart niver shut! says Dermot. May their enimies die in a bog! says Phelim. And niver sleep in a bidd, says I, while their frinds have always plinty of hilth, wilth, wine, and whisky; which is the bist of all. I shall niver forget O'Conner's answer to us all. Oh, says he, may the sweet soul of Con, the hairo of the hundred battles, and my great ancistor, look down upon and bliss you all! Why Larry, and Rory, and Pat, where are ye? Bring out the whisky! Lit the frinds of my fadther's house ate, and drink, and make their good ould Irish hearts glad!

"Oh, the plisure it is, to behould with my eyes,
The deeds of my fadthers remimber'd so well!
To see my fine frinds, without fraud or disguise,
Assimble their honest affiction to tell!

The good ould milaisian, that niver would mingle
His stream with a puddle, from north or from south,
Oh, it sitts all the blood in my body to tingle,
And makes my warm heart caper up to my mouth!

"And thin, to be sure, the battle royal which put an ind to it all! Had you seen the well shaped tough shilalees, with which we all knocked at the doors, I mane at the ears, of our bist frinds, and often found nobody at home! Oh, good luck to your life-time, but that is a thing not to be forgotten! And so I knew viry well, before I lift it, there was not another ould Ireland any where to be found; which is the raison that I am at all times riddy to acknowledge that the Irish spake the bist English, have the most good breeding, the finest cities, the best rivers, lakes and waters, the sweetest country,

and the bravist people, with ivery thing of the sort that can be wished in all the world and his majesty's dominions into the bargain! And this, I say, I should rejoice to hear any man think proper to deny, whether I am present or whether I am not."

CHAPTER V.

Doubts of the Envious: my Father's Fame: my present Purity and Contrition: Vanity not unexampled.

WHAT I have here repeated is but a brief and laconic sample of my father's overflowing superabundant oratory of this nature; for, when Ireland was the subject, his praises and characteristic songs were inexhaustible. It therefore grieves me to be obliged to own that I have heard discreet, liberal minded, and upright men, even among the Irish, though it was with compunction, confess, on particular occasions now and then, that some of their countrymen are to be found whose open, bare faced, and downright rogueries do certainly

outstrip those of any other nation. But then they have also shrewdly added, that, this only proves how greatly they excel others in all their undertakings.

For my own part, being as it were not exclusively of either country, yet partly of both, I have always listened to such allegations with a kind of uncertainty; and, when I have heard any candid person advance that there were good and bad in all countries, I have generally been of the same opinion. However, thus far I went with the accusers, namely, in a strong conviction that, for impudent familiarity (I am obliged to speak the truth) obtrusive but cunning insinuation, the consummate scientific cheat, and the desperado bully, I never yet saw my father's equal.

No one will do me the injustice to suppose that I do now agree with him, I mean my father, in opinion, however

my boyhood might be deceived; though I have often and pertinaciously heard him swear, by his whole string of favorite oaths, that he was an honor to his country.

On the other hand, I by no means intend to deny the shining talents of which it was his delight to make so great a parade. He acquired them early in life, and so high was his renown for having duped and ruined those who would admit him to their familiarity in Dublin (and it was difficult to keep him at a distance) that his fame preceded his arrival in London. I have often heard him vaunt of the high expectations, which his exploits in Ireland had excited, among all the gamblers of this happy country.

I hope I shall not be reproached for appearing to be vain of my father's superior talents; for that again would be an unjust interpretation. I can assure

the world, with a truly contrite heart, I am not; but that I am using my honest, true, and loyal endeavours to give a faithful narrative of facts, to instruct and guide the youthful, the foolish, and the unwary.

And yet I am credibly informed that, if I even were thus hardened in iniquity, nay, and were to pretend to arrogate praise to myself, and to my family, for actions that had nearly brought us all to condign punishment, I should by no means be without an example. I have heard it said, even of the vilest of the *pestilential rogues*, that, notwithstanding their nefarious malversations and wholesale crimes were publicly known, they have pretended, first to all the wealth and honors, and, afterward, to all the grace and favor his blessed majesty had the power to bestow! But this, I am morally certain, must be the most malignant detraction: there cannot be a

man at once so vicious, so profligate, and so utterly abandoned and callous to every sense of shame.

I hope no man will be so unjust as to affirm that I have or can have any malice, when I thus modestly state what I have heard reported; and when I thus publicly avow, I cannot believe such wicked things to be true. I have a better opinion of human nature: but I live in the country, and am liable to be deceived.

CHAPTER VI.

Family Anecdotes: my Father's Motive for Marriage, and indisputable Title to Honor: my own great Talents: Reasons for bringing me to London to be born.

It is only a knowledge of facts, in their due order, that can so connect and chain events together as that they can give a faithful portrait of any man. I therefore here think it right to relate many early particulars of my family and myself.

In this respect, those which I heard from my father I may presume to be true, and for two reasons; first, because I could not perceive any motive that should induce him to use disguise, and,

next, because the account, that he is now going to give, is of things that happened before I was born.

"In the matter of disposing of mysilf in marriage, why, I must own, that I was greenhorn enough to be pigeoned; because why, I did not know the profit and loss that might be made of a fine person and an oily tongue, both of which, by my honor and soul, I had to perfiction. I was invaigled and coaxed and parlarvered into a marriage with my Lady Charlotte Hair-Trigger, which was my Lord Hair-Trigger's eldest sister, who was himsilf born a ruined man; beside which, he spint his father's estate, I mane his grandfather's, three times over; and so, though his sister and relations had not a shilling before, he lift them all penniless afterward. But, as he was now become one of the deep ones himsilf, and at the very hidd of them all, only that I

was above him, why my skame was that, if I married Lady Charlotte, her ladyship's title would be a bit of a passport for me: not at all remimbering to consider that I wanted no such thing, for I always carried my passport about me. And, surely, a brave Irish gintleman cannot be in any the laste want of a thing of that kind, when he is blist with a gintale person and address, not to mintion a bit of a tight sly fine handsome face, that is not asily put out of countenance, and whin he is a man that can snuff a candle, at any rasonable distance, with a pistol bullet. Oh, faith, these are accomplishments that will carry a private gintleman snugly through life, and will lade him to ate and drink, and hold up his hidd in the way of conversation, though all the upstart lords, and proud pudding-hidded dukes and dutchesses, that ever sprung

from tare and tret, should look on to listen; ay, and without once condescinding to take his eyes off any tallow-chandler's noble descindant, that should think proper to be impartinint enough to stare him in the face."

This and similar narratives I have often heard, from my father; and, as is evident, I endeavour, and shall continue, whenever he is the interlocutor, to give the very words in which he spoke. This method I shall use in every case and person.

The reader cannot but be perfectly convinced, hinting now at my own oratory, of the perspicuity, the precision, and the uncommon eloquence, with which I deliver myself; and, therefore, how perfectly I must be satisfied with my own manner. But, as I am never equally delighted with that of any other man, I must for once yield

the question to those who argue in favor of instinct, and allow my surprising elocution to be a natural gift.

Another of the superior qualities which I possess, and they are many, is that of being able so well to remember the peculiarities, and frequently foolish way, in which others deliver their sentiments: but, though I am convinced I could frequently explain their meaning, when I perceive they cannot explain it themselves, I yet hold it my duty to preserve the utmost veracity, and write down the very words that were spoken, by the persons of whom I have to discourse. I think I might defy any man to do the like with equal accuracy: but that is nothing to the purpose. My frankness is my chief virtue: those that cannot see it are blind.

My father is again about to speak.

"Faith, Bryan, I have laminted a

grate dale about your case, my dear boy; because that I ripinted of the misfortune that I brought upon your hidd, by the bringing of Lady Charlotte over to England whin it was your turn to be born. But then, to be sure, I thought I had very good rasons, for there was just at that nick of time the young Earl of Hairbrain, which was come of age; and his sweet fadther, pace and a good birth to his ould soul, that was gone with his boots frish oiled on his last journey; so that there was not a jot of a moment to be lost, because, my dear boy, I had resaved a frindly hint that the whole pack was at his heels, and that the bones had alridy been shaken to the tune of some thousands: on which, my dear Bryan, I took it into my hidd to suppose that Lady Charlotte and mysilf could make our introduction more asy to him between us, which I afterward found was

not at all required, for the thing was asy enough; because I must say that he was the bist fithered pidgeon I had just thin iver found riddy to be plucked. But the misfortune to you, Bryan, was not one morsil the better or worse; for here you were born an English bug, whin you ought to have been root and branch of the true ould Irish breed. And this is just the cause why I have an instinct to persave that you have a small-tipple mixture in you, which has a partaking of the English booby, and which I am afraid will bispake a presintimint to belie your royal and loyal ould Irish birth and character."

CHAPTER VII.

Comparative Modesty: Consequences of Roguery: my Father's Fears and my own: the Vicissitudes of Heroes.

ALAS, since my conversion, which was fundamental and sincere (for, I must again remark, I am not one of those hardened rogues, who have the impudence to pretend that they have been always honest) I have often grieved, on recollecting my father, to think that, by discourses like the foregoing, he should have warped my young mind, and have led me into many of his own derelictions.

But, so it is! Rogues engender each other! Nor have they any greater delight than in giving countenance to, and even defending, the rogueries of

their associates, that their own may pass off impudently, or undetected.

Thus, error leads to error; and, when a man commits the first, he commits a multitude. Like the traveller, who went to Rome, and saw a wicked man: his curiosity was raised, and he went a second time, when he became acquainted with a wicked man: this induced him to return the third time, and he then brought a wicked man home.

I must however allow that my father had penetration, with respect to myself; and that I am happily become the very thing which he held in such contempt, and could no otherwise figure to himself than as an English booby. My father held honesty and absurdity to be synonimous terms, and I take it for granted that all other rogues are equally ignorant and presumptuous.

Not but I must acknowledge that,

before I became a penitent, I found something cutting in these paternal reproaches, and was really ashamed to confess the doubts, which lurked in my own mind, that I should never become so famous as my great progenitor.

How remarkable are the similarities between the different classes of great men! I have no doubt but that Charlemagne, when he put his Saxon prisoners to death in cold blood, had the same fears of degradation in the heroic genius of his sons. But both Charlemagne and my father might have foretold that, however much their own progeny were to be feared, they themselves should be equalled by the sons of other men.

Neither can I honestly deny that I have often had the vanity to think I contained, within myself, the germs and embrios of all my father's heroic

qualities. Time, place, and opportunity, said I, are only wanting; when they are absent, heroes are very insignificant fellows, whom no one ever suspects of being capable of greater mischief than himself.

Strange to tell, but I have heard it whispered that, the greatest hero of the century in which I now write has been accustomed to traverse the streets on foot, and be elbowed like any other fool, rogue, or vagabond, hunting his washerwoman, or seeking for a dinner. Miraculous! Ah! he was then a happy man!

I had, no doubt, in my own person, many of these heroic propensities, when I envied the fate of my father. Were it not that puns and quibbles do not become so excellent a style as mine, I should say that the germs, which I felt inwardly sprouting, were no other than

hemp seed; and that opportunity had fairly led me to the foot of the gallows. Ah me! The worst men are not always the first to be hanged.

"Since laws were made for ev'ry degree,
"To curb vice in others as well as in me,
"I wonder we've not better company
"At Tyburn tree."

CHAPTER VIII.

My Ingratitude to my dear Lady Mother: Contrast between her and my Father: Infidelity and Calumny: more Family Anecdotes: Avowal of Egotism.

I AM very ungrateful in having spoken so much of my father, and not one word yet of my dear and loving lady mother. The reader must not be surprised at these tender epithets, for her memory is truly dear to my heart. Neither ought he to commit any such mistake as to suppose, though she and my father were man and wife, and therefore of one flesh, that they were the same in spirit. Married people, as I have been informed, are not often in danger of making this mistake.

Lady Charlotte, that was my loving mother's maiden name, notwithstanding she was the sister of Lord Hair-Trigger, the youthful associate and friend of my father, was a woman of pristine virtue and honor, and one that well became her birth and family.

I know not how I have acquired it, but I find much inclination to meditate, and compare things that are held to be true with their contraries. Hence, when I have recollected and compared my dear lady mother with my father, their actions, opinions, and propensities, and their difference in manner and behaviour, I have begun to suspect that the people, who affirm marriages are made in heaven, do not speak the simple truth.

I hope I shall not be called an infidel, for having thus unguardedly confessed my incredulity, on this point.

By the by, I am told that this word,

or nick-name, infidel, if once given to any man, is a very terrible thing! As bad even as the plague, for he that has it is shunned, Satan himself not half so much. Nay, and that it is very freely bestowed, and with most dangerous and wicked malice, by the greatest reprobates on earth, ay, by those whose lives and actions most deserve—Heavens! What do they not deserve! They deserve even this term of infidel, if indeed it have any precise meaning.

These detractors interpret it to mean no less than all the crimes that they themselves are guilty of! Nay, than all the crimes that ever were or ever can be committed. Yet they wantonly deal it out to every man, who, being asked what is the colour of the rainbow? or any other question equally impossible to answer, confesses it is beyond his powers to comprehend or define. To them, the incomprehensible is familiar!

Praised be my stars, that I live in retirement! May I escape evil like this! or rather such evil tongues, which have tenfold more terror than the arm of an executioner! Rather may my name be buried in oblivion!

With respect to my loving and beloved lady mother's rank, it was a commonly received maxim, in the family, that she was of the famous ancient good and true Milesian stock.

She too sincerely loved old Ireland: at least, so an Irish favorite domestic has often told me, since her decease. She held it to be an undoubted truth that the virtues of her country had gradually declined, till they were at last well nigh extinct, since what she called the unnatural mixture that has been continued, from the time of Henry II, between the just, good, and brave old Irish and the base and wicked English.

However, she always carefully added, in explanation—" I do not say that the English may not be a good and harmless kind of people; but the good and harmless have been kept at home, and the bad, the rapacious, and the tyrannical have been sent to usurp and populate, or rather depopulate poor old Ireland."

Speaking in my own behalf, and partly as an Englishman, I candidly acknowledge that we, the English, affirm the very reverse. Perhaps, I am partial; or there may be something in the question which must be better examined, before it can be well understood: I shall therefore consider it as unsettled.

According to my accustomary determination to be an egotist, that is, to treat myself as I do other people, and speak exactly what I think, and I confess I seldom think ill of myself,

I own that this last is a question which I do not understand. But I would carefully have it known that it rarely indeed happens for me to confess my ignorance, in any question of political economy, moral philosophy, or metaphysics. No, gentle reader, in these subjects I am so profoundly skilled that I stand in astonishment, whenever I contemplate the mass of my own wisdom.

Still, however, vain as you may think me, I hold it to be the first of moral duties to own my ignorance, whenever I happen to stumble upon it. More of this anon.

CHAPTER IX.

A Suggestion on the Nature of Memory: Affection of my dear Lady Mother: my Father's Reasons for hating her.

I HAVE no stop watch, or other machine, to calculate, my good tempered reader, at what rate we are going; but I have a latent suspicion that our progress is slow.

The next fact I have to mention is, that, my dear lady mother died when I was only six years of age. Of such events, our infant faculties are not very retentive, I grant; nor is the memory, even after loading itself with facts for six years, much to be depended upon; and yet the load is not light: in that space of time, we learn what is never forgotten;

and ever afterward we daily learn what we daily forget. But this is deep! deep! my good reader; and proves—I know not what, so let us give an arch wink and go on.

I slyly gave a philosophical hint on memory, that I might find occasion to introduce a fact; which is that, according to this said memory of mine, I aver and maintain my dear lady mother to have been the handsomest, the best bred, the finest formed, the sweetest tempered, and most endearing woman I ever beheld.

Young as I was, I shall never forget the innocent fondness with which I used to run to her arms; nor how passionately she clasped, kissed, and doated upon me, when I was there! Oh, with what expansion of heart, what unction, would she weep over me! as if she were determined to cleanse me with her holy sorrows.

Woeful was the day on which I lost her! 'Twas but my father's part in me which she could wish to wash away: but of that, foreseeing as she did her own death, she foresaw the impossibility.

And, yet, not wholly so. Memory, and the concatenation of events, have fully proved how dearly and dutifully I am bound to thank my sweet loving lady mother, for those few moments of compunction which, afterward, would now and then come over me, and as it were seize me wholly.

Witnessing some of these emotions, my father rightly enough divined that I should never thoroughly become the something, which he had formed to himself as the true effigy of greatness.

I have not only a strong remembrance of these my dear lady mother's tears, and of the infantine sorrow that I felt, but her very living image is still

fixed in my mind, just as I beheld her in her gradual decline; pale, sickly, and sinking under affliction, and its dreadful visitations. To her, dreadful indeed! for they related to my father, and left her without hope.

I have often heard my father moralize too, in his way, on the dear suffering saint. She was, in fact, though innocently, quite as great a torment to him as he was to her; for it was her constant endeavour to do good. I have sufficiently repeated what his endeavours were.

His complaints of her were incessant, as I can well remember; for they were most of them made to myself, both before and after her decease. I suppose he made them as imagining that, while he was giving vent to his indignation, he was also affording me most excellent instruction. I give the following as an example.

"I had no sooner, at inny time, got a bird in the cage, plumb and wil fithered, riddy for drissing, but Lady Charlotte was no wife for me, for she all at once changed to a snakeing pitiful fool, and would open the door for the pigeon to fly away, only that I would not lit her keep the key. Because why? I knew her tricks, which was the rason that I took pritty good care. For, though she had not the shilling of a jointure, which I did not fail to make her rimimber, on all proper and improper occasions, and for which want of a jointure I was viry sorry, because why? It was all to my loss, her notions would prittind to be as lofty as though she had been queen of that sweet bit of a potatoe garden all Ireland itself. And thin she would be parating to me about honor, and a gibberish that I would not listen to at all at all; because why? I was detirmined not to pretind

to understand any such paultry beggerly stuff; for the rason that I viry wil knew there was not a gintleman in all his majesty's dominons that, if he thought proper to call my honor in quistion, why I could viry wil fortel him what was my answer. And, faith, he could viry wil foretel that to himsilf: for surely I had not exchanged a frindly shot so often, and lift three gintlemen, young and ould, on their backs behind me, having ginerously freed thim from all the vixations of this world, I say I had not done all this for my honor not to be viry wil understood and established. Oh, faith, a saw-pit, or a clock-case, a pair of pistols, and a gintleman that dared face me! why all these things were not always to be found; because why? the gintleman himself was often wanting. And thin, as ivery body knows, your fools and your flats are a blissing; for if we had not so

many flats, why there would niver be so many dogs, and horses, and all the gintale accomplishments that shew off, no, nor so much as a man of fashion to be seen parading about; and I mysilf, why I should have been nobody at all at all, and might now have been digging in a potatoe garden, which, by the holy beard of the twilve Apostles, would have been a disgrace to a gintleman, whin his tight bit of a good looking face should niver have made the dutchesses, and the countesses, and all the rist of them, angry, and plased, and crying, and dying, and ivery thing ilse that is agreeable."

CHAPTER X.

When and why Rogues are repentant: of the Nature of Ambition; and the equivocal Meaning of Words: of my Father's Person and Gallantry, and the intolerable Impudence of Rogues.

SUCH was the morality of my father; and it is evident that he thought his system the only rational one.

It appears very strange, yet it is every day proved to be true, that the very worst of rogues, till they are under sentence of death perhaps, consider themselves as oppressed, nay, injured, insulted, and persecuted, if any one thinks proper to question their conduct. Why should not they have the full liberty of continuing to take all

the benefit that can possibly be derived from being rascals? What affair, sir, is it of yours? Who made you so busy? Look to yourself, or beware!

When, indeed, they see the halter, or the axe, waiting for them, cowardice, or cunning, but not conviction, generally induces them to whine, pretend repentance, and petition to be once more put upon their good behaviour: but, while there is a possibility to brave punishment, and engender doubt and dispute, the colossus at Rhodes never stood with a more impenetrable unblushing face of bronze than that with which they look down on their pigmy accusers, and appear to defy any storms that they can raise. Social or pestilential, in this rogues are all alike.

With respect to my father's mode of reasoning, it was bitter as wormwood to the gentle soul of my dear lady mother; and, though any sudden

breaking of the heart is a phenomenon but rarely seen, yet, the gradual and sudden declining to the grave is an every day fact; and I should therefore fear that those who shut their eyes to it have very little feeling. This gradual silent early grave was that of my poor dear lady mother.

There is another unpleasant truth, which the chain of events in these memoirs requires to be here confessed. The vice of gaming was not the only malefaction of my father, nor the sole means in his possession of procuring ephemeral fame, which appeared to be the delight and passion of his heart.

I have heard of horribly wicked men, who have been, nay, and of some that still are, actuated by what is denominated a great and glorious ambition. When I find such a word thus miserably abused, I conceive virtue

to endure so wicked and deep a stab that, were the thing possible, her vitality would be lost; and nothing hereafter would be beheld on earth but wild confusion, seeking to destroy, mad in its instruments and means, and inflicting, not merely the desolation of cities and kingdoms, but, universal warfare, uproar, and at last the total extermination of the human race.

This picture, Heaven be praised, does not appertain to my father; but, I have no doubt, it would have been his perfect portrait, had circumstances concurred to make him a hero.

The word ambition, like most other words, has been so tortured, into different meanings, that it has no precise meaning. Could it always be seen in the dignified company of truth, then indeed it would be a word of great and glorious import. When the powers of man are employed to any of the pur-

poses of universal utility, no words can describe his worth, his virtue, or his fame. Here I am sure of the reader: he is certain to be of my opinion, for he is certain to think of himself.

My father had a consciousness, which seemed ever present, that his person was remarkably proper, tall, and handsome; and finding a titillating and frothy delight in the insipid common place flattery of those idle, weak, and vain women, who were willing or rather eager to lend a foolish ear, he made what such flirts and coxcombs called more conquests than I can name; and occasioned family distractions, and multifarious separations and divorces, more, alas, than I wish to remember. While I live, such forgetfulness is denied me: the Lethe of the poet is but the allegory of death.

This, as I have already observed, he

was pleased to consider as his greatest glory, and found a kind of ineffable delight in continuing to think and act the same, long before his marriage and ever after, without appearing to have the slightest momentary compunction, or conceiving himself to be the least restrained by the bonds of marriage. I have therefore always entertained the opinion, which I have before mentioned, that these practices had their ample share in contributing to the decline and death of my dear and loving lady mother.

Is it not astonishing that, when wickedness is the most notorious and indubitable, in act, and the most pernicious, universal, and detestable, in effect, the authors of it should then most flagrantly and loudly call on the world for approbation? Nay, that it should proclaim the injury done to it, if this admiration be denied; and becomes, de-

mons themselves not more, implacable, if its destructive progress meet either counteraction or obstacle.

Alas, I am dreaming of a hero!

I fear I often forget myself, and trouble my mind with hypothetical suppositions of evils, as if such things really existed. Forgive, my good reader, these ravings of the fancy. Remember I am now shut up in solitude; think them, what to be sure they must be, fearful visions, such as ignorance is apt to form. You, who live in the world, doubtless know better, and smile at such crazy illusions.

CHAPTER XI.

An Author's Qualms: Virtue and Vice: the Good and the Bad ought to be told: a sly Specimen of quaint Wit: a Plan and a Recollection.

SINCE my retirement, I have been so busied, and I may say delighted, with my own speculative opinions, all of which I take this opportunity of remarking are of a very important and profound nature, that I know but little of what is passing in the world, and can suppose it to be greatly amended, its manners much better, its mode of reasoning more accurate, and its customs in general highly improved.

Conjecturing this, I fear almost at every period to repeat what the world

may now call common place, jejune, insipid, or similar epithets, denoting weariness; books perhaps, like men, are now so perfect: but, in what I may call my time, I know the world would have been amazed to have met with a book of such uncommon genius as that I am now writing.

I hope, however, it will not be thought a defect, in these memoirs, that I have made some delay to relate how much I revere the memory of my dear lady mother, and the melting and gentle affection with which I now and ever shall recollect her.

I also suppose it to be but an act of justice to give anecdotes of virtue, as well as of vice; especially when, like these that I am writing, they are elucidatory. Nay, I almost suspect that if, instead of my own memoirs, I had written the annals of virtue, that is, the history of some person who had

been virtuous from youth upward, my task might have been more pleasing to myself, and more beneficial to others. But then I must confess I could not with the same facility have found a person, whose life I could honestly commit to paper. The reader knows such a person, for he knows himself; but I am not of his acquaintance. In memoirs of this kind there ought to be no concealment, no prevarication, nor the least false colouring; the resemblance should be perfect.

With respect to that of my ever honored lady mother, I should have conceived myself to have been guilty of great injustice, had it been here omitted. Since I so freely make public all that was bad, why ought I to repress, conceal, or disfigure, that which was the sweet image of goodness and beauty personified?

I grant the proverb is very homely,

but, I have ever held it as exceedingly just to *give the devil his due*; and this will be more clearly explained by another proverb, which may be called the twin brother of the former, and which is, that, *the devil is not always so black as he is painted.*

The reader cannot be blind to the ingenuity, or more properly the wit, with which I have introduced these every day proverbs, and given the whole quite an original turn; instead of simply and at once telling him, that, my family was a mixture of good and evil.

Why do I doubt the reader? A moment's recollection tells me that I know him as well as I know myself: we are two most admirable perfect and original specimens of the animal man, according to the Linnæan system.

I have been obliged to repeat, I know not how often already, that, in these

memoirs, composed and written according to that most excellent plan which I have invented and prescribed to myself, the truth must and shall be told.

Now I mention plan, it reminds me of an honest preacher, in my neighbourhood, whom I constantly attend, and who at this present time has three old women and myself, every Sunday, for his auditors. The women are his two maiden sisters, and his old aunt. This honest divine's plan is and has been for some time past—he shall tell you his plan in his own words.

CHAPTER XII.

An Introduction to what follows.

BEFORE I proceed, I must first state, that, he was inducted to the benefice of the small parish where I reside about three years ago; that he has conscientiously performed his holy functions himself; that, holding it little less than a deadly sin to commit duties so serious to another, he has constantly been a resident; and that his opening sermon was to the following effect:

A SERMON.

"Brethren,

"I am come among you as a pastor, or shepherd, who hath taken upon

himself the high and serious charge of folding, and watching, and guarding his flock from the wolf: which I do interpret to be a metaphor, that doth clearly typify that my greatest and most incumbent duty will henceforth be, at all fit times and seasons, to feed your understandings with the information and knowledge, yea, and with the true and proper tendency, of good and harm.

"Now the way and manner of doing this doth appear unto me most simple, and is most clearly, yea, divinely pointed out by the Apostle, in the text which I have here chosen.

"*Oh, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth?* Gal. chap. iii. ver. i.

"The subject of my discourse, brethren, will be of the nature of truth, and of the duty of a strict and conscientious adherence thereto. I shall

divide my subject into four parts: first, of conjectural truths, which are matters of opinion; secondly, of the only truths which man can understand, namely, matters that do come under the cognizance of the senses; thirdly, of the miseries which contention for matters of opinion doth occasion; and, lastly, I shall conclude with an earnest exhortation to the conscientious observance of truth.

"First, then, I say, brethren, and would distinctly make it evident to your understandings, that there is no certain and infallible guide to the knowledge of good and evil, but by the never-failing, undeviating, and most strict and severe, observance of truth.

"Now, the word truth is applied unto many things: for men, on manifold occasions, have no scruples, no conscientious recollections, that can in anywise deter them from affirming,

that, the particular opinions, which they do individually hold, are absolutely and undeniably true; yea, although that these opinions do not agree with the opinions of others, nor even with themselves. Hence doth arise great and fearful uncharitableness of heart, yea, and revilings, and persecutions, and wars, and the destruction of nations, and all wickedness.

"Brethren, ye wot well that there are Mahomedans, and Jews, yea, and multifarious Idolators, who do figuratively wallow in their superstitions of ignorance; yea, and among us Christians, alas, there be many sects, and divisions; so that the calculations thereof, meaning the speculative opinions that do take root in the mind of man, are so diverse, and multitudinous, that they cannot be numbered.

"Now, as all men do affirm their own opinions to be true; and as the

contradictions that arise among us do beget all the wrathfulness of soul, and the animosities, and the lasting hatred, yea, and finally all the miseries of which I have given so brief a summary; and as there do exist thousands, yea, countless millions, of these opinions upon the face of the earth; and as only one opinion, out of all this incalculable number, can be true; I do hold it to be great wickedness in a man, when he doth revile, or calumniate, or in anywise injure, oppress, and persecute, his neighbour, for that he happeneth to differ in opinion.

"Secondly, I shall proceed to show, briefly, that *opinions* are not what can properly be called *truths*. No, brethren, however great the truths may be with which man is unacquainted, although he hath heard of them and hopeth, yea, and holdeth them to be true and sacred, he ought not foolishly

to breed strife with his brother, under the vain pretence that he best knoweth what, alack, neither of them have the gifts and the supernatural powers to comprehend.

"Matters of fact, alone, meaning thereby those things which are common and subject to the examination of the senses, are the only things that can be called truths, as known to man.

"Concerning higher truths, which doubtless *are*, but which it is impossible that he should know *what* they are, if he saith that he hath knowledge thereof, he doth utterly shame himself; for he speaketh that which is wickedly false. Yea, this falsehood hath in it the root and wickedness of hell; for it hath at all times, and among all nations, engendered the worst passions of the soul: hatred, revenge, the ignorance that confusion createth, yea, and

spreadeth fire, sword, and universal destruction.

"And here cometh my third head of doctrine.

"Oh, brethren, this contention, concerning opinions, is the scourge of the earth. Each man thinketh that the opinions which he holdeth are the nearest of all others to the truth; but is there, brethren, a man among ye, who will affirm that his opinions have no shade, or tint, or possibility of error, in them? Verily, that man, if there be one such on earth, hath a bold and presumptuous confidence in himself.

"There be savage nations, brethren, who will defend their opinions unto the death; yea, and suffer martyrdom. There be also Indians, Mahomedans, and Christians, who, throughout their different sects and divisions, will do

the like: they are all, no less one than the other, positive, sincere, and well intentioned, even in their destructive obstinacy; destructive, because, there can be but one opinion which is true, and because of the miseries which contention doth beget. That one, happily, as we verily believe, is the blessed opinion which we do hold: but, as it is only an opinion, it behoveth us to be in all things, but most especially in this, like unto our blessed Saviour, who was charitable unto all men.

"Ye are here all one congregation, all members of the holy church of England, and, like Christian brethren, do generally agree in the faith which that church doth hold. Far be it from me, whose soul doth yearn for your happiness, to be the breeder of strife, or the sower of dissension among you. May ye live in brotherly affection and union, to the attainment of everlasting peace! Yet, I do think, I understand enough

of the heart of man to know that, when ye commune together on matters of opinion, ye do discover many differences: but I trust and hope they are small, though I do also most verily desire that ye should then not only smile in charity upon each other, but upon all men, even though their differences in opinion with you be so great as to render them wholly irreconcilable.

"Brethren, in all that appertaineth unto holy living, and those moral doctrines which do lead to mortal and to immortal happiness, to the correcting of evil among yourselves, to guard you against all deceit, to guide you in the paths of honesty, to preserve you from those things which we do all acknowledge to be the vices by which men are led to their temporal and eternal destruction; from envy, which doth induce you to speak and act unworthily toward each other; from lust, whence doth arise deceit, seduction, shame, and

countless misfortunes and wretchedness; from hatred, which leadeth to revenge, yea, even to murder; from these and from all the dreadful sins which the want of knowledge, and the yielding to vain desires, sinful actions, and fearful crimes do beget, it shall be my most earnest solicitude to preserve you, and to be unto you as a faithful shepherd.

"But, concerning the mysteries which I am obliged to contemplate with an eye of awe, but with an inward sense and conviction of ignorance, I hold it my bounden duty to be silent; being verily persuaded that the things which do directly conduce to certain salvation are plain, simple, practicable, and such as have not in them any cause of contention, or any possible hidden darkness, which experience and that sincerity that I do thus devoutly recommend may not remove.

"Brethren, concerning the examination of truth, it becometh me now, when I do first appear among you, to declare, with an honest and Christian heart, these my sentiments.

"In my humble, due, and deliberate opinion, that opinion having been first ruminated upon and thoroughly weighed, I cannot but say, that, when we do take upon us to affirm, to the whole world, that, such and such things have happened, and truly come to pass, it doth also and then become us to consider, with grave and cogitative forethought and meditation, yea, and to commune with our consciences, before we do utter with our mouths, or do set pen to paper, in the form of such-like dictatorial and positive affirmation.

"Yea, verily, this is some small part of what I have many times exceedingly wished, when I have been reading in

books concerning divers deep and important matters, and things, which I do humbly confess that in my ignorance I could not very well understand; and also at the times that I have heard and been told of other things, which, I must again right humbly own, I could not but think appeared unto me most passing strange: yea, I did then sigh, and pant, with mighty longings, after the pure and simple breath of truth.

"And here I would have it remarked that, when a man hath the misfortune to be a known and shameless rogue, as I have unhappily and often witnessed, he doth not scruple, no not a whit, with his conscience, about telling and promulgating any great and, what I should incline myself to call, most outrageous lies: but, when he doth repent, and reform his life, as I trust, brethren, we all have done, or if he doth, in anywise and manner, take upon himself and

pretend to act in the deportment and character of an upright man, verily, it doth then most potently become him to adhere and cleave unto the truth, yea, and never to swerve therefrom.

"I shall proceed unto my fourth and last point, and this, which followeth, is the advice that I would give unto many, yea, unto all, who do presume and take the charge upon themselves to give information unto the word, upon manifold, sober, and serious points. Man, be true unto all persons, and in all things: most especially, be true unto thyself: lay thy hand upon thy heart, whenever thou speakest: swerve not, unto the right nor unto the left. When thou dost say that which thou dost not know to be true, or dost speak upon that which thou dost not well understand, and yet dost pretend that the matter is easy to comprehend, yea, perfectly well known, and familiar unto thee,

thou dost bring great unworthiness, and shame, yea, and mighty wickedness upon thy head.

"Alack, I do verily feel the sinfulness of deceiving; and this is what I would most pertinaciously, and for evermore likewise, persuade all men to feel. Listen unto my words, ye that do think yourselves well skilled, and ye that do not! Deal not double with yourselves! Hide not the truth from your own hearts, nor from the hearts of others! Shame upon you, ye that do!

"These, brethren, are some of the thoughts, upon this most grave and sanctified subject, which my conscience hath impelled me to lay before you; being verily persuaded that they do lead to edification and holy Christian charity. I believe them to be good for the souls of all, but most especially for those among you, who take unto yourselves

the sweet delight of communicating all the knowledge, or good, which ye do possess to your children, your friends, and your servants.

"Brethren, I conclude by exhorting you to love and aid one another, like pure Christians; to seek for opportunities of doing good unto all men; and to eschew all evil speaking, contention, and uncharitableness: for these wicked things derive from the evil principle, which we call Satan, and not from our holy Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen."

CHAPTER XIII.

A Proverb will best explain this Chapter: namely, Give a Dog a bad Name and hang him.

My pious, honest, and honorable friend preached the discourse, of which the foregoing is the substance, to the whole parish, whom curiosity had assembled. For my own part, I thought him the most eloquent and best preacher I had ever heard; for his delivery was unaffected, his style, though not tierce and elegant, clear, and his zeal, in the behalf of virtue and his darling truth, appeared to burn upon his lips.

Who could have believed that a sermon, so conscientiously written, so purely conceived, and delivered with

such benevolence of heart, should have given alarm to certain well and ill disposed persons, in the parish? whose fears commenced with discussion, increased by communication, and ended in proclaiming that a man, who could preach such doctrines as these, could be neither more nor less than an Atheist! One who doubted of every thing!

They did not indeed openly declare him to be such, but it was circulated through the parish in whispers, till at length even the poor themselves durst no longer go to church, nor be seen in his house, or company.

Honest old soul, how little did he imagine that, while he was thus ardently preaching concord, and shewing the means by which contention might be avoided, he was propagating the very thing of which he had so much dread!

With what grief of heart has he lamented, to me, the innocent mistake

by which he lost the power of doing good, which was the passion of his pure spirit! To retract was impossible; for, not only would it have subjected him to additional calumny, but, he had not said any thing which, in his own opinion, was not literally and essentially true; and his heart was incapable of falsehood.

Thus it happened that his maiden sisters, his old aunt, myself, and the parish clerk, were generally his whole audience. The pew opener had nothing to do; and, beside, pleaded qualms of conscience: her motives might be very different, but those are with her own heart.

Well, but pray, Mr. Bryan Perdue, what have this good parson, his sermon, three old women, a parish clerk, and a pew opener to do with your memoirs?

I do not mean to affront you, gentle

reader, but you have really asked a silly question.

The foregoing, be it known to you, sagacious Sir, is one of those admirable episodes which are so connected with as to form an important part of the principal story.

First, I hope, I have (that is, my friend has) given you a very sufficient lesson, on the nature and importance of truth; and thence, without any aid of mine, you will fairly deduce my reasons for speaking so openly, and honestly, on all occasions, that which I believe to be the truth. I have also done it by the extraordinary means of an honest, pious, and worthy parson.

You will next observe with what nice and scrupulous care I constantly avoid positively to affirm those things of which I only speak by conjecture. For instance: were I certain that there are such people in existence, whom, as

I have told you, I should class under the denomination of *pestilential rogues*, could you suppose I should have passed them over so lightly, and have treated them with such lenity as you have witnessed? Heaven have mercy on them, if I knew any such, for I would have none!

Again: you surely must perceive that this my love of truth, the flaming zeal for which I caught from the lips of this holy divine, connects the different branches upon which I have discoursed; and that it affords you the true reason why I introduced my father, who was so great a rogue, and my dear and loving lady mother, whose virtues were more than I can describe, and have given you their true portraits; and, as I hope you will own, in such a masterly manner.

But I have still a deeper motive; and cannot you guess it? Although I live

in retirement, I would not be gratuitously calumniated, were the thing to be avoided; but I suspect it is not. I have even some doubts that the very same accusations will be made against me, as were laid to the unfortunate door of this worthy, this respectable, this truly Christian clergyman. I have therefore placed his case as it were before your own conscience, reader; not with the vain hopes of braving, but of warning you against such flagrant injustice.

If that cannot be effected, I have the poor consolation to show you, that, I have not only a companion in my misfortunes, but of so pure a soul, that falsehood and hell tremble at his name, and therefore exert their whole power to defame and render him odious, and, which is worse, useless. He is the friend of my heart, a blessing and an honor to the human race, an incessant

contributor to individual good, one who well understands that wholeness is made up or composed of individuality, therefore he is a true cosmopolite, and may I resemble him in all things! This longing after virtue cannot compensate for the evil that I have done; for it is passed, and cannot be recalled; but it will preserve me from evil hereafter.

CHAPTER XIV.

Doubts of my Father's Gentility, and English Calumnies: Footmen of Gamblers and other great Men: a Word or two concerning my Governess: her Literature: her Powers of Speech: her numerous Friends.

It appears, from my father's account of himself, that he was a gentleman of Ireland. I grant that I can neither affirm nor contradict this; but, I must also acknowledge, that, I have heard very doubtful whispers on this subject, among his own countrymen. As for the English, they are frequently so national, and unjust, as to pretend that all those of my father's country, who are of his character and descrip-

tion, are nothing better than ignorant adventurers, whose poverty is only exceeded by their assurance.

To such calumnies I pay not the least attention; they are the common place effusions of envy, or, perhaps, the contemptible sneers of insignificance and vulgarity. In any case, I have certainly honorable blood in my veins, for my dear and loving lady mother was truly noble; more even by nature than by birth.

I hope, for the sake of nobility, that my father really had no claims upon it, however distant; and I rather suspect he actually had none, from his great ambition to make the world believe the contrary: if he was not so much as a gentleman, he lived in the style of a lord. Carriages, liveries, French wines, and cooks, voluptuousness and grandeur in all their appurtenances and paraphernalia.

The pomp, splendor, and greatness of the master gloated, as it were, upon the cheek of the very lowest of his footmen, whose fiercely cocked hat, tall cane, silk stockings, white livery, red lace, and swaggering air——lord! What would many a poor poet have thought of himself, had he but been one of my father's footmen?

The treatment of me my father supposed ought to correspond with the whole; therefore I had a governess, who was a foreigner, or, as the French idiom would aptly express it, *une étrangère*, a strange woman. Perhaps she might best be characterized by punning, and I have at least ten other new ones ready to drop from my pen: but, as it is my intention soon to try my hand at a comedy, I shall keep them in reserve.

My governess professed herself to be nothing less than the noble and unfor-

tunate relict, of a dead but decayed chevalier; and further assumed to herself the honors and privileges of babbling the different idioms of the French, the German, and the Dutch. This, as I am told, she did in so peculiar a manner that she amalgamated the three, and made them but one; so that it was often difficult to say in what language she intended to speak. Idioms are a kind of unmanageable tools, in the hands of some, who pretend to nicety and skill of workmanship; but others handle them without the least apprehension of difficulty or danger, though wounds and lacerations are countless.

She had also the qualification, I neither know how nor where she acquired it, of translating all these languages into the English, and *vice a versa*, the English into them all. To such *bagatelles litteraires* (literary trifles) as she expressed herself, she generously devoted

her extraordinary talents, and to the improvement of the young nobility; for whose use and entertainment she professed her intention to publish Shakspeare and Milton, in French and English; the literal version on the opposite page, by herself; and several of her own friends and countrymen declared that it would and must be admirable, *hors la grammaire et l'orthographie:* grammar and spelling excepted.

I was not of an age to understand such subjects; neither do I know whether she were a Swiss, German, French, or Dutch woman: but one thing I can well remember; which is, that, whether she spoke well or ill, she, of all other women even, that ever I heard, spoke the fastest.

As I continued under her tuition, always by my father's positive command, long after my dear lady mother's death, until the age of eight, I remember

several particulars concerning her, and, among others, one which I thought rather remarkable. She was never without two at least exceedingly intimate friends.

Perhaps, reader, you may think they were female friends; but there you are mistaken. They were likewise of all nations, but whether they happened to be of this country, or that, they were always of *la noblesse*.

Another thing, which I used to wonder at, was, that, though they were all and each of them the dearest friends, or friend, that ever she or any woman till then on earth had had, they all and each of them quarelled with her in turn; and he that quarelled last she uniformly declared to be the greatest of *scelerats*, and *coquins*, and other words that were in daily use with her, but which have no very good meaning.

I must however do her the justice to

allow that, if she did not give me the best of educations, she was particularly careful to ingratiate herself, and win my favor, by every thing which the pastry-cook or the confectioner could supply: and, with respect to teaching, she certainly took every means in her power to instruct me in the art of dissembling, prevaricating, and telling lies. Whenever she bestowed a gift, it was always attended with a caution: tattling and telling tales she declared to be the worst crimes a child could be guilty of; and the wolf, and the chimney-sweeper, *et l'ogre*, raw head and bloody bones, would certainly come for me, if I ever did any such thing! I must never mention who I had seen, or what I had seen. As for hearing, I will say nothing of the clearness of her own intellect, but she perfectly knew the way to confuse mine.

Not but she often complained that I

was *un petit Espiégle, rempli de polissoneries:* in other words, a sly little rogue and full of tricks. To own the truth, she often raised my young curiosity, and induced me to watch her motions, and break in upon her and some *cher ami*, I pretending all the while to be at play. She was perhaps no less sportive than myself; with this difference, that I delighted to have children for my playmates, and she did not.

With respect to the prudence of parents, who choose to rid themselves of taking any charge of their own children, and therefore commit them to the care of the first stranger that offers, I shall say little; except that I am not much surprised, since there are abundance of these parents, that there is likewise so great an abundance of knaves and fools.

The lessons of cunning, however, which I learned in this school, were not

a few. While my dear lady mother lived, her holy endeavours were all intended to counteract them, and to stimulate my infant mind to the desire and practice of goodness. This was not without effect. She established a court of inquiry, which Satan was never afterward able totally to banish from my bosom: often as it has been silenced, its decrees have been listened to at last. After my dear lady mother's decease, however, I fell for a time wholly under the jurisdiction of the power that prevailed.

CHAPTER XV.

Doubts concerning my Father: of my Governor: of his Similitude to my dear Lady Mother.

WHATEVER the arts, good or bad, might have been, by the exercise of which my governess kept herself so long in my father's favor, they failed her at last, and she was dismissed.

Neither could I ever sufficiently divine what were my father's motives, or intentions, respecting myself. Had he sometimes qualms of conscience, or had he not? Did he wish to have a son like himself, or an honest man? Perhaps, he had a lingering kind of inclination to see me a man of worth, yet was desirous that I should have two strings to

my bow. Beside, the arts which he possessed were in his own estimation so extraordinary, that he might well feel regret to think they would be lost, yet was averse to instruct any one in them, but his son.

Be it as it will, his proceedings were exceedingly equivocal; for, since his pride induced him to provide me with a governor, he either sagaciously chose or stumbled by accident upon an honest man.

I take a lively pleasure in declaring that this my governor was, not a pretended, but, a true Irish gentleman; honorable, learned, and well bred, though poor and a priest. My heart rejoices to remember him, and to acknowledge him to have been a venerable worthy man; and my regret is that he was not longer my preceptor.

He lived only eleven months in my father's mansion. I call it a mansion,

for it well deserved the epithet: its resounding roofs, its spacious apartments, and the pomp and splendor of its decorations, alas, what were they all, but at once a proof of my father's vice and folly? In this short space, however, my kind governor taught me more than I was willing to learn: but he won me first to love, and afterward to obey him, and carefully revived every latent spark of good, which my dear and loving lady mother had implanted in my heart.

Is it wonderful that, to this day, whenever her dear departed shade is seen in the mirror of memory, accompanied by all her saint-like cares and counsels, I may truly say that, in the self-same speculum, I behold the sober, sweet, and reverential form of this my governor? To think of one is to think of both. Let not these praises be supposed mere fanciful images: they are

the willing, but the inadequate, tribute of truth.

To this gentleman I esteem myself chiefly indebted for the beginning of all, which study has brought near to perfection; and be assured, my learned reader, that this is no trifle. If such be not your opinion, you have but a small part of the sagacity which I could wish; and we shall either soon part company, or travel on in a mighty dull way together, rather desiring than fearing to part. I would have you not only esteem but admire me, that you may shrink from the bare yet true supposition that I was once in imminent danger of being hanged!

CHAPTER XVI.

Antipathy between my Governor and my Father: Parental Cares and Reflections on Public Schools: of the fashionable World, its Virtues and Utility: of Calculation: of a Sublime Treatise that is to be written with an ample Specimen of my learned Acquirements.

My governess and governor, in succession, were two such opposite characters that it is not wonderful they could not both equally well agree with my father. The first, during her reign, avowed, or rather daily and openly declared, that her friendship for her master was extraordinary; and the second afterward frequently betrayed symptoms that approached abhorrence, and contempt of him: so that, when he

took leave of me, my governor, clasping me in his arms, protested he would never have lived eleven months in such a place, but with the hope of preserving me from destruction; and that, at last, he was convinced this hope was vain. While he spoke and held me to his heart, the tears stood in the holy father's eyes.

After such preparations as different masters of all kinds, aided by the teachers above named, could give, my father thought proper to send me at an early age to a public school. He had heard the common maxim that, at such places, honorable acquaintance are formed, early friendships, and beneficial connections, by which men get admission into the best society, and become familiar with that select portion (say a few hundreds out of several millions) of the inhabitants of these realms who think proper to call them-

selves *the world.* Others of them, deeming it perhaps too great a hyperbole, or trope, to kill such numbers at a breath, only pronounce themselves to be *the fashionable world.*

Of *the fashions* which this distinguished and greatly gifted class of people set, of the consequences of their high inventions, and of the manner in which they study the general utility of the world, with the whole catalogue of virtues that they so much vaunt of bringing into fashion, I should be willingly inclined to discuss, but that I feel a consciousness, great as I own my abilities are, that they are inadequate to the mighty task.

And yet how vast the labours of this renowned race, their cares how important, their exploits how extraordinary, their discoveries how beneficial! Behold the sublime picture! The canvass how ample, the groups how

innumerable! Hear that great man *Monsieur de la Fripperie, tailleur*, in deep consultation with the duke! There the duchess in the full exertion of no less astonishing talents with *Madame Pet-en-L'Air, marchande de modes!* The first on the obstruse question of how best to surprise the world by the new cut of a coat; the latter entranced and lost in the profound research of how to select, place, and display a feather.

Yet even these must yield to their dear friend and associate Sir Harry. There he stands, the back figure in that group of three; his groom, Tom Shufleton, and his knowing friend Lord Jostle next.

Divine spirit of calculation, come to their aid! Geometry, algebra, fluxions, sciences sublime, we invoke you all! One ounce less, or one ounce more, and the race is lost, or won!—Then

the odds, ay, the odds! Ye gods, the odds!

Oh, eternal and laborious spirit of caps, gowns, ribbons, laced petticoats, buckskin breeches——Hey day!

Reader, blame me or not, you must have patience. When game so glorious starts in view, the hunter has no blood in him that will not run away with his rider.

Well, I am sent to school. And here, again, I think proper to call prudence to my aid, and entreat her not to suffer my pen to slip into one geographical indication of the site of this school: for, as all the world well knows and is perfectly aware, the masters, supervisors, or governors, of such establishments, ought never to admit a young subject, into their commonwealth, without strict inquiries into his moral habits, propensities, and past conduct; and, as I never under-

stood that they made, or were accustomed to make, such, at this school—Hush! Were I to say all I think, I might bring my person into danger.

Neither do I suppose it necessary to descant and fatigue the reader with recapitulations of boyish jovialities, waggeries, rogueries, dilapidations, traps to catch laughter, and many other of those dog's tricks that daily happened, between me and my companions; among whom I presently became a kind of Cacique, or Khan, or Sultan, or Hetman; which is a circumlocutory and quaint manner of saying *Head-man*, or one that governs.

HETMAN.

I cannot let this opportunity escape of informing the world of the system which I mean to write (I ought to say one of the systems) in which I shall make a full display and copious communication of the acute,

the learned, and the profound discoveries that I have made, and the innumerable analogies, synonimes, etimologies, orthographic transformations, metaphoric changes; words simple and words copulative, that I have observed generating and degenerating by and among the Syriac, Chaldaic, Hebrew, Celtic, Arabic, Persian, Grecian, Gothic, Sclavonic, Teutonic, and all their bastard progeny; connecting them all with nations and tribes, antiquities, chronologies, histories, local customs, oral traditions, legends, Eastern mythologies, migrations from——

How can I best convey a specimen of the etymological learning with which, now and frequently, I find myself overburdened? Read, and, if that be possible, imagine how ample, how amusing, how beneficial, the instruction will be, which I have long had the intention to communicate!

Hetman, Hæt, Haupt, Haubide, Houbet, Hoibet, Höfd, Höved, Heed, Höt, Haud, Houbith, Heafod, Hoffod, Hufwud, Hutte, Hut, Huoth, Haut, Haus, Hose, Hütte, Hatt, Hett, Hod, Hat, Head, &c. &c. &c. Gothic, Teutonic, Icelandic, Swedish, Dutch, English, and again &c. &c. &c.

Bless me! I must take breath, or whither will my exalted thoughts lead! Powers of inspiration, be not too abundant in this promptitude of ideas! administer your delightful doses each in a less and more manageable quantity, or, in some one of these dreams of ineffable pleasure, I shall forget that I am writing memoirs of myself.

I would however advise the sagacious reader, should he by any accident get admittance into the pasture, sweet as clover, of the derivations and similarities of speech, first to graze his fill, and then leisurely to lie down, bask, and ruminate; by which practice he

will obtain wholesome digestion, sudden growth, and increase of strength, beyond his hopes. For my own part I have fed voraciously of this kind of diet, and never once found it surfeiting; it has swelled me to a prodigious size, as must have been long ago perceived. And as to my learning!—Good Heavens! With half a dozen dictionaries before me—Well, well, there are many men of learning like myself.

CHAPTER XVII.

My great Skill and Brevity as an Author: Invocation to Childhood: another to my Governor: of the Dexterity and the Means of Cheating: of two remarkable Roads, the one travelled by social, the other by pestilential Rogues.

I MAY have made the remark already, but, whether I have or have not, I beg leave to make it now, that the writer, who wanders from his subject, makes delays, and fatigues with a superabundance of words, which proverbially are but wind, has much vanity, little sagacity, and less good taste. Brevity is the soul of wit, and therefore I am brief: I went to school, mixed with boys, and had boys pranks.

Pray, good reader, after this plain proof, be satisfied; bring no accusations.

Of my other vagaries and progressive arts, toward the high road of iniquity, when such things are wanted let them appear. However, of the manner of obtaining the arts to which I allude, since speak I must, I may as well speak now as at another time.

Innocent and playful spirit of youth, who knows thee not? Who loves thee not? Who delights not to watch thy unapprehensive frolics? How plastic and how capable are they! What then is he, who watches only to pervert and turn them to future evil!

Guileless as a lamb, yet apt as an ape in imitation, how did the cajoleries, slights, and tricks, of my father steal upon my unsuspecting heart, and win my admiration!

Oh, my anxious governor, what didst thou feel, when I one day taught thee

how to discover and turn up a knave, at pleasure. Thou knewest whence I derived my knowledge, thy righteous spirit caught the alarm, the cards were presently in flames, and for ever prohibited as playthings, while thou shouldst continue my tutor. It was a serious cause of quarrel with my father, and one that soon led to thy departure.

Thou once away, I was presently taught the manner to deal out all the honors to myself: kings and queens, like the rest, were subject to my bidding; the key card of every suit was known to me, with cards of different sizes, in length, breadth, or width, marks to distinguish each, and many a device, by which the whole pack was to be at my command. Ah, if any prime minister were to obtain such a—guess the rest! The whole pack!

No less the presto legerdemain of cogging the dice, the manner of loading

and throwing them, the rules of calculation, at hazard, pass-dice, and every kind of game, with all the documents that could reduce chance to certainty were beginning to be taught me.

By beginning I would have it understood that I was by no means a proficient, in any of these deep and difficult sciences: I was but a boy, and had but the rudiments; which I grant was having more than enough. My father led me into the high road of—I need not name it—though, in his apprehension, a delightful road it is: except that, as I have heard, the eye is now and then disturbed by a few disagreeable objects; among others, by certain right-angled wooden receptacles for the dead, perpendicular in one direction, and horizontal in the other, much in the form of what are called gibbets; with cords, axes, coffins, and every now and then a dissecting room,

and other disagreeable objects, that obtrude themselves upon the traveller.

Those, however, who determine to push forward and reach their place of destination, take a kind of obstinate care firmly to close their eyes, whenever these tokens of the temple to which they are travelling come in sight. They also divert their own and their companions' attention by singing, drinking, and every gambol they can invent; and especially by dancing, as if frantic, with innumerable females of the kind that continue to line this road throughout.

If this was not a pleasant road, my father freely owned, he had no notion what pleasure could be. Oh, had he known the road over which the pestilential rogues roll! Velvet lawns, to palaces so superb—Heaven defend me, I strangely forget myself! Do I not

know, at least do I not firmly and certainly believe—no, I will be guarded, and not quite affirm even that; but indulge me in the expression of a lively and delicious hope that there can be no such rogues, nor consequently any such roads, lawns, or palaces.

My father, however, thought his time too precious to be wasted, and, of course, his geographical inquiries were few; he therefore did not distinctly know to what place the road he took led; but, as it was paved with dice, strewed with cards, hung with swords and pistols, and as bullets, gunpowder, and pleasure booths were found at every relay, he drove merrily on. Jehu and Jezabel had so driven of old.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Of my early Progress in Roguery: an Oversight in the Instructors of Youth: of my Fame and of the Propensities of Boys: early Habits and an Invocation to Teachers: my Alarm at and Abhorrence of Calumny: vain Hopes and ridiculous Suppositions: of the new Philosophy and its odious and dangerous Nature.

THUS, under my father's direction and encouragement, I had acquired sufficient dexterity to practise some of these tricks upon my school-fellows: they were awkwardly performed, no doubt, but quite sufficient to deceive such tyroes.

I had also the sagacity to watch for

the periods when each received his allowance for pocket money; and these were my seasons of harvest.

Hence I became rich, increased in audacity, and acquired importance. Ignorance is full of admiration, by which quality the instructors of youth, did they not themselves want instruction, might greatly profit: for what so truly admirable, to man, as that knowledge which, not only leads to utility and happiness, but, is in itself truly wonderful? Instead of studying how gradually to unveil the enchanting picture to the imaginations of youth, under all its captivating charms, which are real, an indifferent spectator might almost suppose they must have exerted uncommon ingenuity and labor to disfigure and render it odious; for so at least it generally appears to the minds of scholars.

My instructions (for I too was a

teacher, vanity led me to exhibit some of my tricks to my favorites) were given in sport, and after a great desire to learn had been excited, among my pupils.

Now, if I do not greatly mistake, I acted in this respect, although it was by chance, just as a profound philosopher would act, whose office it should be to instruct youth.

My fame became great, and the desire of being one of my scholars was much more general throughout the school than that of useful learning. Boys parrot what they hear, and vice is too general for its idioms and phraseology to be unknown. In this my early age they therefore applied to me the cant phrases, *a deep one*, *a knowing one*, and others that I have forgotten.

School-boys covet the shillings and pence of each other, as men do

the pounds: however, in such youthful minds, admiration has a greater power than avarice; and to be able to play tricks, such as I had learned, appeared to them something like godlike gifts, denoting superior genius, and therefore most captivating.

Shepherds tell us, one rotten sheep will infect a whole flock; and, certainly, many of my school-fellows were by me inoculated with an itch for gaming. The renowned De Moivre, and the notorious Hoyle, were the authors that they were prepared to study: as for the mechanic arts, they did not even know the necessity of such contemptible pursuits; of those which are called polite they had scarcely heard; and with respect to the sublime sciences, and the classics, they knew nothing more than that these things were their daily tormentors.

Oh, ye, who are or should be the

holy institutors and guardians of the sensitive aptitudes, which so luxuriantly sprout in our congregated youth, is the sense of duty, and the love of diffusing happiness to future generations, so dead in you that you know not how to stir up the spirit of emulation, in minds so prone to admire and imitate, toward the poets, sages, and philosophers of the assembled earth? It is ecstacy to think that their names are almost innumerable! And have you yourselves so little feeling of what you teach, that ye know not how to imbue the souls of your scholars with the least portion of Homer, Virgil, Shakspeare, or Milton? Of Solon, Socrates, or Plato? Epictetus, Seneca, or Locke? Of Newton——

Why repeat names, which it were scarcely uncharitable to guess are only known to teachers, in general, by reading them in the title pages, catalogues,

and on the backs of books. Seminaries, too frequently, are hot-houses, that send forth insipid fruit, of no other value than that of being out of season: at the mature, the succulent, and the sanative, they do not so much as aim.

What am I saying, or whither wandering? I have been lost in vain fears and suppositions, from whence I have foolishly drawn the most absurd conclusions.—Take notice that I now publicly profess, whatever I have said, or do or may say, which is or can be in the least supposed to reflect upon any man, men, or body of men, whatever, is pure calumny, and very dangerous to utter. I therefore do not mean any such thing; for I suppose that the words calumny and lie are synonimous, and God forbid that I should be a liar!

I own that, in these misanthropic kind of dreams, I have a foolish desire

that wrong should be exchanged for right; and, among other strange whims, have imagined that the period of youth is perhaps the most inestimable part of the life of man; since, if that time be misapplied, the remainder is so full of error, inutility, and too frequently of vice, as perhaps to make non-existence preferable to a life so spent.

I had also ridiculously supposed that mistakes like those, which I was dreaming of, are the chief cause that, although we have so many schools, we have so few scholars. I confess I was partly led into this mistake by finding, when the thirst of knowledge too late came upon me, that I knew so very little, although it was supposed I had been taught so much.

However, I do not live so entirely retired, but that I have heard of the danger into which the world has suddenly fallen, from ignorant, self-suffi-

cient, and officious persons, who are very wittily stigmatized by the name of new philosophers, and who yet never once pretended to teach any thing that had not been taught ten thousand times before. The blockheads! It may be true that people may now fall into mistakes, as they always have done; but to remind them of such things may be very ill-timed: or, at least, if it be objected that truth can never be ill-timed, it may be very unfashionable, and indecent, nay, even insolent.

When such mushrooms of the hot-bed of knowledge prate of progressive happiness, what do they mean? Why innovation, disorder, and rebellion. Be assured, these vermin are moles, that work in the dark, and disfigure the land: swarming rats, that will gnaw the bottom of the ship till she sink: insects, which to crush is but to pre-

serve the fruits, that are necessary to our existence. In short, I cannot sufficiently express my indignation, whenever I am unhappy enough to be seized by the recollection of the mischiefs they would vainly attempt to inflict.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Sweetness of Self-satisfaction: a sublime Wish: with vast and consolatory future Hopes: dissentient and troublesome Schoolfellows, with Anecdotes of their Birth: a metaphysical Doubt: the Difference of Temperament and Character between Patrick, Alexander, and Henry.

When I take a self-satisfactory and rapturous view of the many sagacious, pleasant, and profound insinuations, which have already escaped me in writing these memoirs, I cannot but imagine to myself all the ardor with which they will be received, read, considered, developed, improved, systema-

tized, and rendered immortal. I only lament that a work of such high importance should suffer the least delay, if my learned annotations can be so construed: but surely no man, a German excepted, would think of eating nectarines and roast beef at the same time: one good thing is enough at once. True pleasure is always economical.

Oh, were but all my sublime reveries methodized, were each of the treatises that I intend to write now written, were every one of the hypotheses that I have conjectured, the systems of which I am certain, and the experiments that demonstrate their truth, but now at this moment committed to paper! the world would no longer complain of wandering in darkness. Knowledge, at present, lies entombed: she then would rise, shake off

her shroud, and soar an enchanting angel, perfectly known and familiar to every man.

Take comfort, reader, I have many years intended to begin this labour, and have only hitherto been prevented by the conception of new projects, still more vast, great, and glorious. I shall proceed with my task, as soon as I have sufficiently examined and arranged my new inventions. The associations of good and evil, wise and foolish, which a school and school-boys brought to my recollection, were such as could not escape a genius so fruitful as mine.

Among these my young comrades, though many of them were my cronies, there were a few that kept themselves apart; as much at least as the habits and tempers of boys, at school, will permit. In our common sports, they were sometimes willing to mingle; but, with respect to gaming, they did not

scruple, if a little irritated, to declare their opposition to the practice; with a dislike and almost contempt for the boys who indulged in it, and especially for me, their chief.

The principal of these were three youths, of the three different kingdoms: Patrick Mac Neale, by birth a Hibernian; Alexander Gordon, of Scotch descent; and Henry Fairman, an English youth, of good but not of noble parentage.

Although there appeared to be great harmony and friendship among the three, there was sufficient dissimilarities of temper, propensity, and pursuit, to contrast and keep them distinct from each other. Patrick and Alexander were both the sons of baronets; and my reason for not distinguishing them by their titles is very simple, I would not have their titles known. He, who would keep himself thoroughly con-

cealed, I fear, must submit to a dirty condition: he must never wash his face, for he must then take off his mask.

Henry Fairman was the son of an opulent merchant, honorably known not only on the Royal Exchange of London, which is itself no little praise, but familiar by name through the great fairs, marts, and emporiums of the known world; and such men, when they are truly honorable, are a blessing to the earth.

Whether the different gifts of the three school-fellows were the result of organization, example, and instruction, to which childhood is inevitably subjected, or whether they were natural and instinctive, I shall not pretend to determine. I shall only say that I think I understand the meaning of organization, example, and instruction; but acknowledge I am totally in the dark concerning natural instinct; and, if I

did not hear so many people affirm the contrary, I should call them words without a meaning, breeding dispute and animosity, and ending in confusion. But I leave questions of this kind to the doctors of the Sorbonne—I forgot they are gone—Say therefore of all the universities. Were I not in awe of them, this subject is noted down, in my common place book, as one of the first, and among those where theory is uniformly supported by fact. But should I ever be tempted to write this system——I tremble to think of the consequences.

Patrick Mac Neale was a pleasant youth; lively, jocose, full of whim and humor; his memory apt to seize and store itself with those odd combinations, metaphors, and idioms of speech, in which his countrymen so much delight, and which in reality have in them such a fund of imagination and laughter. Alexander and Henry loved and de-

lighted in him, as a companion. They no less admired the generous manner in which he dispersed his shillings, crowns, and half guineas, to the poor; his mode of making them merry, and being friendly with them; his laughter-loving propensities among his school-fellows; and especially the freedom and ease with which he versified, and the manner in which he clothed his thoughts. As a young poet, they confessed he excelled them both.

The qualities of Alexander were of another kind. He did not delight to invent pleasant tales, and jokes, to provoke laughter; but rather was inclined attentively to listen, and learn. He had great promptitude in the discovery of mistakes; and in the combination and consequences of facts. His youthful propensities, and plans, indicated the order, economy, and wisdom of manhood; and his school pursuits

were chiefly confined to the classics. He had also an eager curiosity for the living languages, particularly the dialects of the East.

To these youths, Henry was as the bond of fellowship; for he manifestly, and in a high degree, partook of their divided spirits, tempered their separate affections, and so coalesced and united as almost to compact and make them one. He was greatly beloved by them both: nay, he appeared to be their leader; for, notwithstanding the great promptitude of Patrick, when any peculiar difficulty or danger of assault threatened them, Henry, alike prudent, intrepid, and determined, became their tower of strength.

His fame in the school was established, yet his vanity was not apparent; for he would hear, ask, and advise, especially with his friends, in any case of doubt or difficulty; and so

sage were his conclusions that he had the repute of being no less tractable, and alert, than liberal and sound minded.

Pray, gentle reader, do not imagine I am describing any of the heroes that have formerly subjected and ruled the earth: oh, no; I would characterize them very differently indeed: I am speaking only of good boys. As for living heroes—I shall be glad to hear what will be said of them five hundred years hence.

CHAPTER XX.

The Heir of an ancient Family: physiognomonical Usher: the Admiration of Boys: parental Indulgence: Cause of Imitation: a Visit from my Father: his Speech, and the unpleasant Information it contained.

I HAVE now occasion to notice a noble youth among us, who was the hopeful heir of a great and ancient family: yes, hopeful; for, whatever others might think, his parents were proud of such a son. One of our ushers, who pretended to be a physiognomist, declared the back of his head did not sufficiently project; and that, having but a shallow skull, the cellules must be the same: conse-

quently, they were insufficient receptacles, for any ample magazine of ideas. We boys did not reason so deeply; but we thought him a youth of simple parts.

Notwithstanding any deficiency in scholastic acquirement, and his aberrations of good sense in his daily conduct, he was nevertheless the envy, and even the leader, of many thoughtless youths. Boys want that metaphysical discrimination, which might teach them to respect the *innate dignity* of high birth; but they have all a great love for dogs, and horses; and he, among them, who can indulge in such delights, is not a little envied.

Were I now to canvass the wisdom, or the folly, of parents, who are not only indulgent, as all parents ought to be, but who have not the least perception of any limits to their indulgence, or of the habits which boys do

and must acquire, whenever they are allowed to squander money at pleasure, till at last they will suffer no refusal—bless me! I should turn these memoirs into a treatise on education. I will therefore proceed, and inform the reader that this youth, taking one of his father's many titles, was called Maximilian Lord Froth.

These three words, Maximilian Lord Froth, acted like a charm upon many; and particularly upon me: for which reason, I sedulously attached myself to him, imitated what I thought admirable, and took great pleasure in the follies with which he was pleased.

After having resided some time, no matter how long, at this seminary, and having frequently received the advice of my father with perhaps greater aptitude than sons are accustomed to receive the lessons of their parents, he one day thought proper to ride over

and visit me; and, calling me out of school, to hold the following discourse; which I shall repeat without introduction, for the plain reason that it needs none.

"You must now be ould enough to persave, my dear Bryan, I am providing you with the bist of iddication, and so I am sinding you to a public school; where to be sure you have been stowing the upper parts of your attic story with more larning than ivver I found I was in want of; and where you have also pretty well passed through the fag of the business, and I should hope that by this time you have made it viry plainly appear that you are no disgrace to your father. And you know too, my dear boy, that I have made you and paid you a viry liberal allowance, so that you may boldly look the bist of thim in the face; for which rason I

think it but right to hint to you that you *will* begin to look about you, and not to forgit the good example I sit you, and that I could spind and kape company with dukes, and lords, and the greatest of thim all: because why? Though my father did not lave me the estate which he niver had, he lift me myself, which was a blissing to me, and a bitter thing. For which rason I often give you a hint to follow the good example I sit you, and to lose no time in showing yourself of the true duck-wing breed, game to the black bone, which is all that I require of you. And so, now that I have sint you into the proper place and among thim, where you have the finest of all opportunities for a boy, why I ixpict you'll not fight shy; for that, do you see, *will* be the loss of time, and the doing of nothing into the bargain. Beside which I must also till you a

bit of a sacrit, which is that I *will* jist now cut your allowance, and lave you to the experimint of your own talents: because why? there have been some curst dry rubs that I have lately overtaken, and met with; so that they have run me viry hard; and I don't yet see the end of the business, which, as I may say, is not yet half begun, for there is the whole pack of the blackguards of Wistminster-hall let loose upon me, and about siviral matters all at once. First about bonds taken from minors, and for gaming debts, though they were all transacted in the rigular and proper course of business. And thin there is no less than three paltry actions, for crim. con. now lying aginst me; though for the matter of that, why, they are all true enough. And what is worse, the whole crew of the spalpeens of justices and cutthroats of lawyers are all in a fury,

because one of the fools, I mane my Lord Thoughtliss, the husband of Lady Thoughtliss, sweet soul, who was after taking a bit of a liking to me, which ivery body must persave was quite natural, and so his lordship, not properly recolicting himsilf, thought himsilf intitled to sind me a challenge; which to be sure I had the honor to resave in a proper manner, so that the ball *will* not yet *be* wormed out of his lift side; which *will be* the rason that if he *will* die, why, faith Bryan, I *will* fly. And so you now know the whole truth partly; all of which I suppose you *will* have read in those rascally newspapers, and which I *will* blow thim all to the divle, and shatter thim like gunpowder after it is fired, but that the scouts in Bow-street have been at my heels, and have talked their nonsinse about the articles of kapeing the pace, for which rason I am bound up niver to listen to the

sweet report of a pistol again, which, for an Irish gintleman, is a damned hard case, and a shame to any Christian country; and so, Bryan my boy, I lave you, till I can bring you bitter news."

CHAPTER XXI.

My own critical Acumen and Treatise on the Organs of Utterance: impending Clouds with a philosophical, metaphysical, and poetical Simile. The Power of Association: my Success with Maximilian Lord Froth, and the Distinction he made between me and his Dogs, Horses, Grooms, and Stable-boys.

I HOPE, or rather indeed expect and exact, in justice to myself, that the reader will carefully remark the adroit circumspection, nice ear, and critical acumen, which I must possess, since I can thus perfectly imitate the defects of men, even those of my father, without having any of my own; and I assure the world, if I am not granted

this kind of admiration, notwithstanding all the great projects that revolve in my mind, I, like other oracles and miraculous organs, will speak no more to so degenerate an age.

If, however, the applause, which is due to me, be but granted, I have in view to write a treatise on the organs of utterance, and the powers of sound, its modulations, and various degrees of intelligence; the whole illustrated by examples, beginning with animals, such as the goose and the ass, and ending with actors, divines, parliamentary orators, and the best singers of the grand French opera.

I grant I have work enough before me, were I, in respect to age, to be an antediluvian. However, it is my intention to live long; and this too is a subject on which I have a theory, that is entirely my own.

Obliged, for the present, to quit

these glorious projects, I shall proceed with observing that the adversities of my youth might now, as it were, be seen gathering in the distant clouds: or, comparing small things to great, like multitudes that intend mighty though incoherent mischiefs; no less than the deadly afflictions of insurrection and anarchy, to cities of renown. Nor is the simile, if analyzed, so inadequate as it may appear; for though there be greatness, combination, and unity in such a mass of miseries, each misery is single and successive: the whole is individual, and individuals form the whole. Is not this philosophical, metaphysical, and poetical? Should it not be clearly understood, after such a luminous explanation, the fault is not mine?

My father made the peroration of his speech, as we were walking on the banks of a river; and, having con-

cluded, mounted his horse, and there left me to ruminate. Hence it happened I suppose that, whenever afterward I wandered to the banks of this river, I found myself in a melancholy mood. However, recollecting all the instruction this careful father of mine had communicated, with the means he had taught of becoming as great as himself, I cheered up my spirits, took hope, and returned to my schoolfellows.

I had been so successful, in winding myself into the good graces of Maximilian Lord Froth, that I appeared to be the inmate and select of his soul, and almost as necessary to him as his horses and dogs. Hence he would petition me to accompany him, and take part in his pleasures; and, as I had sometimes the cunning to absent myself, or appear to keep aloof, he was then almost as wretched as a de-

parted spirit, wandering at midnight in mournful search of the body it has lost.

Whenever his dogs, horses, grooms, stable-boys, or other animals under his power, offended him, or in the least counteracted his wishes, his horsewhip was ready; and his passions, when exhausted, grew cool. But with me the case was somewhat different: not but that, in fact, he paid me better wages even than his grooms; and it would be difficult to say which was the most necessary appendage. Lords, grooms, and gamesters, are a triumvirate of unlimited power in the world of fashion.

CHAPTER XXII.

Vain Wishes to ingratiate myself with Patrick, Alexander, and Henry: Hopes that Opinions commonly received are Calumnies: of the Purity of our Public Seminaries: the Motives of Patrick for despising me: the Scorn of Alexander: another grand Simile: the Severity of Henry towards me, and his occasional Compassion.

WHETHER it was that I, like all other human beings, was weak enough to wish for that which I wanted the power to obtain, or had the sagacity to foresee that the friendship of the virtuous might be a treasure to me, I know not; but I had a secret desire, and perhaps a latent hope, to obtain

the good opinion, and become the intimate, of Patrick, Alexander, and Henry.

If there happened any disputes, between them and other boys, I was forward to decide in their favor. When they mingled with their school-mates at cricket, and other general games, I was careful, if possible, to be of the party. Boys have seldom deep plans, but they have strong impulses, under which they act; and mine led me to practise as much admiration, flattery, and familiarity, with these youths as they would permit: but they kept me at such a distance, and repulsed me so often, that at length I began to something like hate them in my heart.

In this I was countenanced by the example of my bosom friend, Maximilian Lord Froth. It is true that he could neither love nor hate, from any plausible motive, or with force and

consistency: but he too hated as heartily as he could; for they were in great repute with the head-master of the school, and he was no otherwise in his grace and favor than as the son and heir of an earl.

The connivance here practised, respecting his conduct and freaks, was only such as I am told is too common, at many public seminaries. This I suppose to be one of the calumnies that are in daily circulation, vented first by the cynical, and afterward industriously propagated by the malicious.

Far be it from me to think them true! For what would it imply but the destruction of discipline; hypocrisy in the pretended high priests of virtue; and, in the gradual decay of ancient and honorable nobility, the final destruction of these realms?

In this instance, I therefore imagine

and am willing to allow that our seminary was an exception; and that all our other public seminaries are conducted in so impartial and dignified a manner, and with so generous an assiduity, wisdom, and virtue, as every body knows is absolutely necessary to the prosperity of the state. Of this prosperity how careful ought men to be! And who shall dare affirm they are not? Ay, who indeed! Not I.

With respect to myself, Patrick was one of the foremost to jeer, mock, and taunt at me. His wit was ready, and his heart was grieved; for he gave me to understand how much he was ashamed that men, like my father, should stigmatize and brand his native country with dishonor.

Of me too he scarcely appeared to have any better opinion; but, on many occasions, he generously and carefully excepted my dear and loving lady mo-

ther, speaking of her as of a saint once in purgatory; one whose total difference of character was publicly and honorably established.

For this my heart felt some compunction, as if acknowledging a favor, though it was but justice; and for Patrick therefore I had moments of great regard.

The expressions of Alexander toward me were frequently those of open scorn: if he spoke, his gibes were bitter; and the contempt of his silence was still more aggravating. There was an antipathy between us, much stronger than is common to boys of the same age: like oil and fire, that cannot come in contact but with a sudden blaze, which threatens conflagration.

I hope, my rhetorical reader, the frequent grandeur of my tropes and figures do not escape your notice.

In his ordinary deportment, Henry also was distant, and severe; but there were moments when anxious compassion appeared to rush from his heart, overcome his taciturnity, and render him eloquent; or, rather, so powerfully persuasive and affecting as to make me suddenly burst into tears.

Of this I shall presently find an occasion to give an example: for I now delight daily to recreate my spirit with the remembrance of the persons, and events, that concurred, in my early youth, so to imprint the fair figure of virtue in my heart that, though she was almost ejected, she was never wholly expelled from this tottering and dubious tenement of clay.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Morsel of Metaphysics which all Ladies and Lady-like Gentlemen, unless they attend Lectures, are advised to pass.

THE last thought in my last chapter has reminded me of the most difficult of the systems that I intend to write, and the one that I am most desirous to first begin; since, were it once perfectly complete, every other would become so easy they would all be but as sport.

I shall entitle the one, to which I allude, *A System of Practical Virtue.* Like *The Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton, it shall ascend the brightest regions of research: like the worthy and reverend Mr. Dyche's Spelling-book, it shall be

familiar to the meanest capacity: the Scholar's Guide; the Teacher's Assistant; the Young Man's Companion; the Encyclopedia of Youth and Age; clear and refulgent as the sun, yet without that superflux of light, which dazzles, and confounds.

Oh, glorious anticipation of felicity! Enjoyment celestial! No sooner shall my system be established than affliction, pain, and all evil shall instantly disappear! Banished to other regions, man shall know them no more! Prisons, stripes, death, dissensions, persecutions, war, and desolation, shall be words no more remembered. Arts and sciences, for the use and the delight of man, shall be the universal pursuit. Every act of the body, every expansion of the soul, shall, like space, be unlimited; for the end of all shall be virtue! The sensual shall become intellectual! The whole and the indi-

vidual shall be as one! The divine aspirations of universal love shall——

I'll compose my system directly. I will not sleep till——

Ah, me! I forget that I am pledged to write these paltry memoirs! Having labors so multifarious and of utility and grandeur so vast to perform, why have I thus incautiously personated Mr. Bryan Perdue; when a boy no more than a foolish youth; perverse in his practice, knowing nothing of principle; so unlike to what I now am become, and to the race that my system of virtue shall propagate?

Of this pure race, I now give notice, I am the first.

Oh, identity, what art thou? Where art thou? Tell me the precise place or instant at which thou art to be found! Ere thou hast taken birth, thou diest! The thought that conceives thee seeks for thee in vain; and

it is in thought alone that thou art conceived: thou hast no other existence.

How do I chuckle inwardly, and enjoy my subtle metaphysical acumen, when I see honest John Trott go to thresh in the morning, and simply imagine himself to be the self-same identical honest John Trott, that was threshing the evening before.

Then, wherefore do I lament that there was a youth, whom I name Bryan Perdue, who, on such a day, in such a year, committed such or such a crime, which I tremble now to recollect? What have I to do with that?

Or why do I vaunt of *my* systems, *my* acquirements, *my* virtues? They were the systems, the acquirements, the virtues of the moment.

The moment! What is that? Acquirements of *a moment!*——

Here, my cool and sound-minded

reader will exclaim—" Puzzle yourself no more, Mr. Perdue, but know, that, *theoretical* truths are *practical* absurdities."

To this, ardently seizing my pen, I shall reply—Worthy Sir, you are mistaken: the absurdity lies in our own confused statement of facts, that are in themselves as simple as they are indubitable, as I mean to demonstrate, in my system—*On the perversion of words.*

I will delay no longer, though to me it would be delectable to exhibit the extreme folly of other reasoners, the grandeur of my own powers of discrimination, and to show the difference between *continuity* and *identity:* but it is sufficient, to my present purpose, that the reader should be well aware that I, Mr. Bryan Perdue, who am now committing my thoughts to paper and posterity, am by no means the identical Bryan Perdue whose memoirs I am

writing. I am now speaking with the lips of the youthful Bryan, and am to personate his propensities and passions.

Nay, but hark you, Mr. Bryan Perdue, according to your own doctrine, you have entrapped yourself! If, as you say, you speak with the lips of the youth, and personate or feel his passions and propensities, you are again himself.

With certain limitations, sagacious Sir, this is true: but, by the same rule, you must acknowledge that, when I speak with the lips of Patrick, Alexander, or Henry, I am then not myself, past, present, or to come; but am either Patrick, Alexander, or Henry. I am sorry to recollect that I shall also, very frequently, and by compulsion, be Maximilian Lord Froth. So much for metaphysics; now for matter of fact.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Cottage Sports impeded: a Lord's Folly and the Feelings of a Mother: Frenzy, Fever, and Family Distress.

It happened one day that Maximilian and myself, having taken a holiday excursion, were returning on th[illegible] gallop through a country village. [illegible] were cottages by the side of the road; and a cottage is almost a certain repository for children. Several of these infant inhabitants, void of forethought and never troubled with care, were laughing, sporting, and pursuing each other.

We were riding furiously, the children were crossing the road, and I had just grace enough to fear being guilty

of riding over them, and suddenly converting their childish merriment to deep and lasting woe. I pulled in my horse, and called vociferously to his lordship, Froth, to take care. Poor innocents! I saw the impending mischief. Maximilian cared not for children, nor had he any apprehension of killing or maiming: he only knew it was a high road, and had not the least doubt but that he had a full right to [illegible]ver any thing that came in his way. Children, pigs, or poultry, let them scamper, or take the consequences.

And ride he did over a sweet chubby child, of two years old, that had not the sense to run.

The darling of his mother was grievously bruised; while she, flying to snatch him from disaster, seeing him stunned and thinking him dead, sent forth shrieks that pierced the vaulted

skies. The women heard, and in an instant collected round her: each imagined the child her own: their hearts were racked, and their tongues were violent.

Affected by the scene, and indignant to think I was in a manner implicated, I wheeled about, stopped my career, leaped from my horse, and ran to try if it were possible to give assistance. My purse I threw instinctively to the lamenting mother, who dashed it on the ground, and, in agonies such as mothers only know, poured forth her distracted prayers for her child, and maledictions on——

I would not have been Maximilian Lord Froth, and thus, in the very bitterness of her soul, cursed by a frantic mother, no, not for his title and estates. She ragingly demanded his name, and I, unwittingly, without the least desire of doing him harm, pronounced it;

for at the same time I acknowledged he was my friend, and that we were two of the students, belonging to * * *

The injury done to the child was not the only disaster of the scene. The poor afflicted creature was no less tortured as a wife than as a mother! She had a husband, who was sick in bed, and the cries and clamors were so great that terror seized him, and, though in the height of a fever, he started from his truckle bed and rushed into the throng!

The women and neighbours, who first saw him, called to him in vain; and, when his wife turned her eyes upon him, her fears and phrenzy were at the height! The fever that devoured him had drunk up his blood, his look was ghastly, and the ravings of Bedlam broke from his lips. The stricken heart of the wife and mother sunk within her, persuaded that both

child and father had received the blow of death!

The father soon had a wild and fixed glare, as he beheld his child. The hideous distortion is not to be forgotten! He groaned, writhed, fell in a fit, foamed at the mouth, and was borne back to his truckle bed.

Vain was the consolation that a boy like myself could offer! I gave my purse, in trust to a zealous neighbour, mounted my horse in haste, and rode once more full speed; but this time with the virtuous intent to discover and return with immediate help, for the wretched sufferers. In this hope I left them.

CHAPTER XXV.

Charitable Feelings: a deaf Ear and a mournful Tale: true Nobility rejects the Unworthy: Relief for the Afflicted, and a Party of Pleasure.

My first attempt was to find the doctor and the surgeon: but they were neither of them at home, and I could only send an apothecary. My next search was after Maximilian Lord Froth.

I delight to remember that, when I found him, my indignation was great. I loudly reproached him, for not having pulled up his horse, when I called to him and he saw the danger. I gave the best picture I was able of the misery of which he was the author;

and I ended with saying, that, the least he could do would be to join me, in seeking for and sending aid to the sufferers.

Henry happened to be present, and could not fail to pay an attentive ear to such a story. When he perceived that neither my reviling nor my exhortation were sufficient excitements, to move Maximilian Lord Froth, whom I rather teased than affected, and who apparently thought that neither gratuity, compensation, nor aid were due, from him to this wretched family, Henry, in the charitable expansion of his heart, turning to Froth, addressed him thus:

"The action you have committed, my Lord, must very deeply grieve the noble Earl, your father; for not only the rank, to which the virtues of your ancestors have raised you, is disgraced, but humanity itself shudders. If you

retain the least sense of what is due to that rank, and how much, to speak mildly, your thoughtless conduct degrades it, in the estimation of all the honorable and the worthy, endeavour to retrieve your character. Fly to the village, take with you a physician, and a surgeon, and afford your miserable victims every relief, that skill and money can procure. If you are not totally void both of honor and humanity, instantly be gone."

Maximilian Lord Froth answered not a word: but his looks abounded in pride, and sulky self-sufficiency. His heart burned with indignation, but which he had not the courage to express; and, as well might be expected from the proud and the foolish, he supposed himself insulted, turned silently round, and walked away. But his walk was the walk of a fool.

Henry delayed not a moment, but desired me to go with him to the village; and, having procured proper medical assistance, thither we both immediately returned.

The cases were not such as instantly to admit of a cure, and our only immediate satisfaction was that we concurred, with a hearty good will, to alleviate the mischief which neither of us had committed.

In despair though the afflicted wife and mother was, she yet showed how much she was affected, by the mild consolations which our medical friends gave, and the humane and generous interference of Henry, aided by me. The child had received a violent contusion, but we were told we might hope for the recovery of both the patients. On returning to the school, Patrick and Alexander heard of the

errand on which Henry was gone, and they immediately hastened to join him. They too contributed to soothe the sufferers, with no little feeling and generosity; so that, when we returned home, the little cavalcade perhaps formed a more happy and agreeable group than parties of pleasure generally— Pshaw! This was indeed a party of pleasure!

With respect to myself, Alexander the Great never had so triumphant an entry. I, who had been shunned by these my school-fellows, as one wholly unworthy of their society, suddenly, and for the first time in my life, saw myself respected as a youth who had performed an act of virtue; and the gratification of my heart was beyond all description delightful. What language can convey the pure enjoyment of the soul, when consciously and

deeply embued with the noble ardor of active virtue! Satan and my father were, on that day, in the utmost danger of losing their pupil for ever.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Evil Habits not easily conquered: a Gamester's Cunning: an unlucky Accident: a Dupe revenged: bitter Repentance: a moral Reverie.

CIRCUMSTANCES, however, were far from being all of them favorable to my reform. Like boys in general, I was improvident: when I gave away my purse I gave the greatest part of my wealth, in ready money. Application to my father, at that moment, that he might recruit my stock, would have been vain; and I was quite in the habit of indulging my desires.

For a little while, I and my noble friend, Froth, had mutually kept our distance: I from a feeling of superio-

rity and contempt, equally for his want of spirit and humanity; and he from a mixture of pride, resentment, sullenness, and shame. He however had little consistency of character; and I found myself again infected with the itch of gambling, aided by an almost empty pocket.

Alike weary of pouting, we neither of us found any want of apologies, or explanations; but, having once addressed each other, with an apparent forgetfulness of the past, we easily fell into our former familiar habits.

Cards and dice, of course, became our amusement; and I had the cunning to win and lose, alternately, so as to let the balance be rather in his favor. In particular, I suffered him to win a trinket, which he strongly coveted because he saw I really valued it; for it had been left me by my dear and loving lady mother.

I had a powerful motive for this forbearance. I found supplies in the small sums that I won from other boys, and lay in wait for the approaching hour, when I knew Froth would receive his quarterly allowance.

The wished-for day came. I had followed my father's instructions, and purposely suffered myself to lose the night before; and he was as eager as myself, in what he supposed to be a run of good fortune, aided by superior skill.

This time, however, I had no mercy on him, but fairly stripped him of his whole quarterly allowance. He was before in debt, as deeply as he could run, and the deprivation of his customary pleasures, which he knew must be the result of the loss he had suffered, made him follow me about, blubbering, and insisting that I should give him another chance, by playing upon

honor, or should lend him the money he had lost, upon his note.

I had no such intention: however, he teased me till I consented to play again; secure, as I supposed, of obliging him to mortgage his honor.

And now my friend, Lucifer, thought proper to play me one of his sly tricks, and contrived that a die, which I had cogged, should drop, just as I threw the cast; so that there were three dice, instead of two, upon the table.

Glad of the opportunity, and full of the hope of having his money restored, his lordship immediately began to accuse me of having cheated him, and to insist that I should refund. My consciousness that the charge was true rendered me instantly vociferous, in abjuring it, and in every kind of recrimination.

Of all things on earth, crimes propa-

gate themselves the fastest. I made no scruple of swearing that I saw the die drop from his sleeve; and oaths and imprecations were most wickedly, and audaciously, opposed to each other.

Forgetful of consequences, we made too much uproar not to be overheard, and my evil or good genius directed the steps of Henry to pass that way, just as we were quitting the chamber to which we had retired, and were at the height of our violence and oaths. He suddenly stopped, listened, gazed at me with a fixed inquisitive and piercing eye; and, struck by fear and consciousness, I looked as truly aghast as if I had beheld a midnight ghost.

Henry spoke not a word, but turned from me with astonishment and affliction, both strongly painted upon his countenance.

I had gone too far to recede; but I

was sufficiently roused to whisper, to Froth, that we should be overheard, and publicly sent with disgrace from the school, if we were not silent.

Henry, I knew, had the idea, common to such seminaries, that it is dishonorable to accuse, or betray, a schoolfellow: I therefore had no apprehension from him, except that of being ever afterward shunned and despised.

This, I own, was a bitter reflection; but the mischief was incurred: and, even if it had not been, I saw not how my vanity and my desires might be gratified, if I persevered in the conduct which was necessary to insure his friendship. I therefore supposed myself to submit to this evil from necessity.

I well know, that, suppositions of the necessity of continuing the practice of vice are always false; but they are sufficiently plausible to satisfy the minds

of those who make them; and my mind was exactly in that situation, when the worst of arguments, offered in excuse for the worst of crimes, become "strong as proofs of holy writ."

Mercy on me, how I could moralize! The pains and penalties which vice inflicts, any man, who well conceives them, would imagine to be such as human fortitude could not endure. One would suppose that, having been once felt, they must for ever be avoided. After having gained no small share of the respect which is inevitably bestowed upon active and well directed virtue, I now groaned with the intolerable consciousness of having sunk into shameless and incredible vice.

Alas! I fear my sense of it would not have been so keen, had it not been detected. Could it have slumbered in the silence of my own bosom, I much doubt if that slumber would not

have been very peaceable, and undisturbed.

Ah! Thus it is. Those *pestilential rogues*, of whom I should be so much in dread, if I could believe there were any such, must have felt all these soporiferous slumbers; till, by some strange chance, that of quarrelling among themselves, of wishing to rob each other, or perhaps of some honest underling publishing their wicked deeds, which virtuous act they exclaimed against as the most infernal treachery—I say, till, by some accident, they stood detected in their villainies, and despised by all men, for having perniciously continued, year after year, to plunder, betray, and bring ruin upon that country, which, calling all their gods to witness their sincerity, they so loudly professed they would die to serve.

To find such abominable traitors, I

am glad that we must at least go back as far as the age of Cesar Borgia. They could not be endured in our days! so unheard of, now, are crimes so deep! Statues! Statues of bronze, for the worthies of the times!

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Requisition: Events in a Chain: a Messenger: a sudden and dreadful Death: wise Reflections, such as I am accustomed to make.

THE readiest way, my dear reader, to arrive at the end of the memoirs I am writing, is to indulge me, completely, whenever I find myself so sweetly relapsing into my darling reveries. I shall then proceed; but, were I to wait till I were in the humor to tell a plain tale, in the simple manner of a man who neither knows nor thinks of any thing but his tale, I really suspect I should feel a clog upon myself, which I should neither have the resolution nor the wish to shake off.

I am at this moment thinking of one of my own discoveries: namely, that, in any one of the events of the life of any one man, had any one circumstance been different from that which it precisely was, a link in the whole chain would have been snapped, and the man would himself also have been more different from himself than, on a slight examination, the most acute reasoner would be prone to believe.

Now, had not my father informed me of the declining state of his affairs, had not Maximilian Lord Froth galloped over a child, had not the die betrayed me, had I not been accused as a cheat, in short, had any one accident happened otherwise than it did, the consequences would have been—what neither you nor I know.

At present, I think that I (meaning the boy, Bryan Perdue) stand pretty well humbled, in the opinion of every

body. Yet, what had passed was but as the beginning of misfortune; for, about this time, the blow was struck that seemed to decide my fate.

I am well aware of my great power over the passions, and yet, for once to be modest, I freely own, I wish I could make the reader feel exactly as I felt, when that happened which I am about to relate.

It was on a Saturday afternoon, when school business was over, that, taking a ramble with some of my cronies, having myself an intent to angle near the place where, for the last time, I had seen my father, and having lagged behind my companions, I perceived a footman, in my father's livery, hastening toward me. He happened to be one for whom I had some liking, because he had shown a kind of partiality for me, and, when I saw him, I had an immediate hope that he brought me good news.

The first thing he said, when he joined me, was—" Oh, Sir !"

The turn of his countenance immediately alarmed me, and I eagerly asked —' What is the matter, William ?'

" I don't know how to tell you, Sir."

' Speak ! Not know how ! What do you mean ?'

" A terrible thing !"

' What terrible thing ? Has my father sent you ?'

" Oh, no ! I wish he had !"

' What can you mean ? Why won't you speak ? Has any thing happened to my father ?'

" I am afraid to frighten you !"

' Speak, I say. What is the matter ?'

" He is dead !"

' Who ? My father ?'

" Yes !"

' My father dead !'

" I cannot help it !"

' When was he ill? How did he die?'

"It is so shocking—I can't tell you."

'Shocking! How? Which way? Did he kill himself?'

"Oh, no. It was a fight! The man that murdered him has run for it; but they say the constables are after him."

'Murdered! My father murdered!'

"Nay, they say the quarrel was of his own seeking. But he lies at home, yonder, such a sight! It was all about a dispute at gaming, which brought it on. What they fought with I don't know, but I thought as how I must come and tell you; though I hope you will not think of going home, till he is laid in the ground. Beside, it 's all ruination there! The bailiffs are in the house, and every stick and stone is seized; yet they say it 's not half enough. As for wages, I shall say nothing about them; but I am sorry for you, and, while it lasts, you are welcome to what little money I have got."

Just as William had recovered his powers of speech, I had lost mine.

I know not what my affliction would have been, had my father ever attached himself to me; but he had always appeared to have no other feeling, for me, than that I was an appurtenance, which belonged to his house, and therefore must be taken care of, as an animal that it became him to have fed.

The gaming lessons, which he gave me, were partly the ebullitions of vanity, and partly of pride: he delighted first to show the extent of his own science, and next was ambitious that his son should hold as high a head as himself. The same motives influenced him with respect to my education. His house, his dog, or his son: all that was his must be extraordinary; and oaths to prove them so were never wanting.

I presume you are aware, courteous

Madam, or Sir, that I now discuss the character of my father as my present, and not as my past, self. The touches of penetration—I need say no more. By this time, you cannot but know me; and know, without my telling you, that my feelings, as a boy—Oh, yes! Very different indeed! I am now a philosopher—not a *new* philosopher! Heaven forbid!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Manner of my Father's Death: a comparative Statement of Feelings: a sympathetic Friend and his honest Endeavours to regain me to the Paths of Virtue: a Dialogue, and my bad Behaviour.

The brawl in which my father was killed happened at a billiard table: his antagonist, like himself, was a true desperado. They began to fight with the butt end of *queues*, or cues, but afterward drew their hangers (which weapons were then worn) though not till both had received very violent contusions.

I respect the feelings of my fair readers too much to give a full pic-

ture of fractures, hackings, and the spectacle which my father became, after his death; but, if the wicked could be warned, the warning was more than dreadful; it was horrible!

To refer once more to my own feelings, what would they have been, had my dear and loving lady mother lived till this time, and had she, by any terrible but innocent accident, lain dead, and mangled, like my father! Could I have entered the house! As it was, the horror that I felt can scarcely be conceived! but, had it been her——!!!

Heavens! How could I suffer such an image to enter my thoughts! Never can her angel form and lovely maternal virtues be associated with any shade of contamination!

Leave from the school was immediately granted me to return to town with William. What a scene of con-

fusion, distress, and terror, was the house of my father! I durst not enter the apartment in which he lay. Had I wished to see him, I should have been prevented.

Is it any wonder? I there found my virtuous governor! the man who had so kindly endeavoured to nurture all the good propensities in me, which my dear lady mother had planted. Humanity had brought him there the moment that he heard of the tragedy. Alas, I cannot say I was glad to meet him: my conscience smote me, and his presence was a reproach.

He knew enough, and was sufficiently penetrating, partly to read my thoughts; but he had a benevolent purpose in view, and would not notice them, which his humanity also forbade. Nothing could be milder than his behaviour! nothing more soothing than his discourse!

He endeavoured to discover if any wreck of my father's fortune could be saved, for my use; but all such endeavours were fruitless. Memorandums were found, in his pocket-book and among his papers, of transactions darkly hinted at, and sums owing from nobody knew who; but to these enigmas, when my father died, the key was lost. Neither were they debts which my governor could suppose were justly incurred; and not even his desire to do me a service could make him guilty of any the smallest moral turpitude.

He remained in the house, with me, till my father was buried; and the next day, when we were alone, he spoke to me as follows:

"My dear boy, the condition, into which the hand of Providence has thought proper so seriously and sud-

denly to plunge you, wrings my heart. I am poor! were I not, the high respect which I owe to Lady Charlotte, your dear mother, as well as the affection which I felt for you, while you were my pupil, would make me glad indeed to protect you, from the desolate state into which you are sunk. But you are young, and, could I only persuade you to renounce the ways of wickedness for ever, and apply your talents, which are so promising, to worthy and good pursuits, I well know, in spite of your present misfortunes, how happy and successful you might be. I would not say a word that you could misinterpret, or think injurious or severe, but, I hope, the dreadful lesson, which you have received, will convince you how certainly ruin falls, at last, on wickedness. I have engaged myself, as a governor, to go abroad:

I know not how such a petition may be received, but, if you are willing, I will earnestly entreat the father of the youth, whom I am to accompany, to suffer you to go with us. I can just maintain you, out of my salary. However, I will only do this on condition, that, you will pledge your most solemn promise never to practise any of the diabolical arts, which you have been so mischievously taught."

This was an accusation that touched me in a tender part, and, in something of a resentful and sulky tone, I replied, 'I do not want any body's help; and, as for arts, who has a right to make me any reproaches?'

"Bryan, recollect yourself: ask that question of your conscience! I wish what I have heard may be false, but it was far from my intention to reproach; I only meant to persuade. Listen im-

partially to the stories of the world, concerning your father; you will surely then let the mild advice of an affectionate friend prevail."

Though this gentle probing was made with a wish to cure me of what might else become a mortal wound, I had imbibed such haughtiness, as well among my school-fellows as from my father, that I could not suffer it patiently. Again I answered—'Why am I to be told of my father? Whether he had faults or not, I can't help it; and, as for advice, I don't ask for any: I don't like advice.'

"You will not rightly understand me, Bryan. I am only desirous to preserve you from—Heaven only knows what! Were you with me, could I daily show you how sincerely I am interested to see you a good and happy man, had I but a frequent opportunity

to point out to you the consequences of good actions and of bad, I then can scarcely doubt of seeing you become all that I could wish. I fear your return to school! I wish you seriously to avoid what, I am told, I believe from undoubted authority, will be your reception, if you go back."

'What do you mean, Sir?'

"That you will not be suffered to remain there; and, that, when you are sent away, it may perhaps be under more painful circumstances than you are aware."

The refuge of conscious guilt is pretended anger, and loud words. The habits which I had so often seen my father indulge were excited, by this remonstrance, and I answered—'I am afraid of nobody, Sir: I'll face my enemies. I don't wish to receive any favors: I did not ask for any. I can provide for myself.'

Having some sort of habitual awe of the good gentleman, who had once been my governor, and still more of his virtues, I turned away and hurried out of the room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Pestilential Rogues not easily silenced: always accuse their Accusers: my Doubts and Fears, after I had left my Governor: Intrepidity necessary, to Rogues and honest Men.

How many men are there who love to rob, but do not love to be told they are thieves. As for what men think, rogues will suffer that with all the patience possible, endeavouring never to suspect they are suspected. Nor indeed do they feel much concern, should they chance to hear any thing that prying people may permit themselves to say; provided what is said be spoken in whispers; for, in that case, they can bluster and bully aloud, make bit-

ter complaints of calumny, talk of their purity, saints and methodist preachers with scarcely so much frothing at the mouth, and never fail to threaten prosecutions, fines, pillories, and imprisonments for wretches who dare to spread such atrocious libels.

In my course of reading, I have found (I beg it may be *seriously remembered*, I speak of times past) on comparing facts, that your social rogues may be silenced, perhaps by a little whipping; or, if not, by the hulks, the halter, or Botany Bay; but that your *Pestilential Rogues* have such effrontery that demonstration itself cannot hush their clamors. While they reign, every rash scribbler, every wretched prater, and every poor devil, who dares to grumble at the mischief which these *Pestilential Rogues* are heaping wholesale upon the world, is sacrificed without the smallest mercy. Death, trans-

portation, and *solitary imprisonment*, are their favorite punishments; but, according to them, totally inadequate to such crimes! Yet, when they themselves have filled up their measure of wickedness, till it overflows, and they can no longer escape some small but very inadequate retribution, how do the caves of corruption resound with their cries!

Though the mischiefs they have committed be incalculable, for they not only plunder, and ruin, where they ought to protect, guide, and show the utmost rectitude to their supposed inferiors, but, disseminate such pernicious moral habits as would themselves, if followed, destroy a nation, yet, with the most impenetrable assurance, they retort accusation; or so far defy truth, and common decency, that they loudly protest the wickedness is not theirs, but belongs to the men who have been appointed to examine their nefarious

incredible practices, though this has been done with the most scrupulous circumspection, and though the examiners have but reported facts, with a wish that guilt should rather escape than that innocence should in the smallest degree suffer.

Pshaw! Fie upon me! I am always obliged to apologize for blunders. I have written in the present tense instead of the preterite; but, after these explanations, and especially as my readers know what is passing in the world, and how virtuous it is become, no candid person will accuse me of malice. I am a visionary, and very willing that men should divert themselves with my dreams.

Thus, when I (the boy Bryan) turned away, with such affected self-sufficiency, from my dear kind-hearted governor, being yet but the embrio of no more than a social rogue, it was with a

consciousness that I could thus far escape; and, as is the common practice I am told with all rogues, great and small, I indulged in insolence.

The prophecy of my governor, however, which to me wore the form of a menace, excited many disagreeable and cankering fears. Was the trick I had last played Maximilian Lord Froth become the discourse of the school? Was it known to the masters? Was it the public talk? It must surely be that event which my governor hinted at! and how did it come to his knowledge?

Supposing these questions all to be answered contrary to my wish, what could be done to me? I had been too much in the habit of hearing the nature of delinquencies discussed not to be well satisfied, that, I had not yet made myself amenable to law. Still, I debated, with myself, whether it were

not better to go no more back, and by that means avoid subjecting myself either to reproach, or any disagreeable interrogatories, which some one or other might have the insolence, as I called it, of obliging me to suffer. Were I to answer—*I will not criminate myself*, they would conclude me criminal.

Should I ask William to go for my wardrobe? Would it be delivered? Should I not, by that means, renounce all future connections with my school-fellows? Yes, that would be to confess I was ashamed to face accusation: it was to acknowledge fraud, mean evasion, and a consciousness of guilt. I determined to return. Like other rogues, I felt myself capable of outfacing shame.

In this trait of character, there is not one of my readers who will not immediately perceive, that, had I not been audacious enough to resolve as I did,

I should not have been a youth to undertake many of those things, which remain to be told. He, who has not uncommon intrepidity, is alike incapable of extraordinary virtue, or extraordinary vice. Yet what an ineffable fool is he, who puts so fine a quality to base uses! A reptile is not so despicable as a rogue!

CHAPTER XXX.

Resolutions to be a bold-faced Rogue: my too scrupulous Fears as an Author: a Simile, not very new, but very true: the Way to the Land of Oblivion: an unexpected Meeting: Cogitations and Courage perforce.

On my journey back, my thoughts directed me to conduct myself just as I find those Pestilential Rogues *did, formerly.* What efforts did I not make, in order to harden myself against any possibility of being driven from my purpose; which was to maintain, even before Rhadamanthus himself, should he rise to sit in judgment upon me, not only that I was as innocent as a lamb, but, that it was amazing how it could

enter the thought of any human creature to point at me! I who professed and was allowed by—by myself—and admirers—to have the most scrupulous, the most impeccable, the most maidenly, modest, sense of——

Ay, of what? Had I not long been noted for my jesuitical——

Mercy on me! I shall unwittingly fall into the very error I am most anxious to avoid. If I do not take care, allusions, and—— Lord, lord!—Beware, Mr. Bryan Perdue! Do not make bad worse!

On recollection, these are senseless fears. How could such a paltry, pitiful, insignificant moiety of a rogue be compared to——

> "Let us take the road!
> Hark! I hear the sound of coaches!
> The hour of attack approaches:
> To your arms, my brave boys, and load!"

I cheered my heart with such pleasant ditties, as I rode along; and, in the effervescence of thought to acquire impenetrability of front, buried my spurs in the sides of the poor hack I had hired. But so it always is! Hacks, poor hacks, everlastingly suffer, from the tyrants that ride them! and are so driven forward that they have scarcely breath enough to give a groan. But, when it does come, it is a deep one.

Surely, there can be no danger in saying this? A man may talk of riding a post-horse to death, or of the poor, over-driven, broken-kneed, broken-hearted devil dropping into a Scotch Slough, or an Irish Bog, or what is the devil indeed an English Pit at last, and dislocating the neck of the merciless rider, and—— Well! And what?

Read the domestic occurrences of nations, east, west, north, and south,

and you will find these were accidents common to them all.

I am a literal historian; the province of invention belongs to—inquire of Johanna Southgate, and you will be referred to courts of conscience, courts of law, holy courts, profane courts, country courts, and city courts, nobody can tell where! Invention is a quality in which perhaps no age ever equalled the present: it renders documents inconvenient even to accountants, no wonder therefore that they are burned. They are the things which Shakespear says time *trots* with, when on his journey to the *Land of Oblivion*, lying on the borders of the province of *General Release*. You must pass through the last to get at the first, if you mean to travel the velvet lawn road of the pestilential rogues, of which I gave a short account in a former chapter.

Notwithstanding these fears and

conscientious qualms, I recruited my flagging spirits, by the recollection of the positive manner in which my father had so often assured me, that, he had given me a talent equal to the purse of Fortunatus: he that possessed it had riches inexhaustible!

Just as I was approaching the place of my destination, who should I meet but the poor villager, whom I had succoured, and whose child had been in such danger of death, from the galloping of Maximilian Lord Froth.

Was the pain or the pleasure that I suffered, at the sight of him, the greatest? I had done a virtuous action: of that I was willing enough to be proud. I had even gained a temporary intimacy with Henry, Patrick, and Alexander: of that I was prouder still. Through my means, perhaps, the man that I met was now alive, and his child again playing by the road side.

This was a good account, on the creditor page: but the per contra? First, the son of a gambler: second, the established character of being a shoot from the same vicious trunk: third, the unavoidable and settled antipathy, which, previous to the village affair, had existed between me and the virtuous part of our small but noisy republic: again, the utter disgrace into which my last adventure with Maximilian Lord Froth had re-plunged me: and, to sum up the account, the awfully wicked manner in which my father had made his last appearance on the stage of life.

The balance was dreadfully against me! However, I gave a cheerful salutation to John Brown, my village friend, inquired after his wife and child with as much good will as my situation would permit, and rode forward.

There is a great mixture of good

and evil in all men, all things, and all opinions. Rogues, social and pestilential, are very careful to remember all the good of themselves that they can; and, whenever they happen to be publicly called to account, they loudly insist that the world ought to remember nothing else. Well, so the world would remember, if, like me, the world were wise. The pestilential rogues themselves, but that there are none, would then be shamed into virtue.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A choice Simile: a disagreeable Dialogue: a State of Suspense and Solitary Imprisonment: tormenting Thoughts, and a hearty Wish: awful Preparations: the Beginning of a solemn Harangue: an unexpected Advocate.

I JUMPED from my horse and marched up to the school with the look of a lion, that could roar, if he pleased: take care not to provoke him: or rather like the great orator, Mr. Contemptuous Governall, staring at the opposition bench, when beginning a speech. Oh, the wonderful man! Heaven born!

I was met by the master. "So, Mr. Bryan Perdue! I could not have sup-

posed you would have thought proper to return."

'Why not return, Sir? What reason have I to be afraid, or ashamed?'

"Have not you indeed? I am very sorry you can either think or say so: However, since you are here, Sir, go up to your room, and do not make your appearance, in the school, till you are called for."

'Sir, I am not come to stay at your school.'

"I know you are not: of that I will take care."

'Then, Sir, what right——'

"Speak not another word, Sir. Go to your room: the insolence of your behaviour very ill becomes you. Be gone! or I will instantly have you horsed. You ought to know, Sir, that I am master here. Your dinner shall be sent you, and in the afternoon prepare to meet, if not the punish-

ment, at least, the disgrace which you so justly merit."

Resistance was in vain, and I turned away with an endeavour to retain my impudence, as my best and only support; but, in reality, with a very flagging and foolish countenance.

Confined to my room and at leisure to reflect, how wretched were my thoughts! I could not divine what was intended to be done; though I had the comfort to imagine, that, the words of the master implied, I was not to receive corporal punishment; and I had therefore to steel my mind, anew, against every sensibility to public shame.

What is, what can be, more painful, than indistinct and confused fears? A certainty that evil is impending, with a perfect ignorance of its nature, and extent? The pictures are incessantly shifting before the imagination, but, as

every figure grins horribly, these reveries of mischief greatly exceed reality, and are the most painful part of punishment.

Spoke like an oracle! say the advocates for solitary imprisonment. To which the oracle gravely, and, contrary to the practice of oracles, conscientiously, and intelligibly replies—Let those, who inflict solitary imprisonment, beware of the how, the when, the where, and the whom! Let them measure it out with the most scrupulous, the most delicate circumspection, and earnest inquiries into its effects! Let its duration be tremblingly weighed, its application cautiously administered, and its cessation be determined by its effects; for, the oracle repeats, of all punishments, solitary imprisonment is the most dreadful!

Well, I have told you what was my woful condition. Bless me! If these

were the feelings of a young social rogue, what must be those of your old pestilential villains, when they at last are thus publicly detected and exposed? Pshaw! Curse these pestilential scoundrels! How they haunt the——my poor brain. Feelings! Had they any, could there be such monsters! I wish they might never trouble me or the world more! Solitary imprisonment, if you please, and a sufficient dose of it, for them—could they be found. But, Heaven be thanked, these are only my gloomy visions. Nothing more! Nothing more!

The time approached, the school hour in the afternoon was come, the boys were assembled, the ushers were at their stations, the head master was seated, two of the strongest and most determined scholars were sent for me, my room door was unlocked, they each

griped me fast by the arm and collar, and I was conducted to the bar.

There I stood, before the monarchical desk! Silence was commanded, and not a whisper was to be heard. My judge summoned all his consequence, gave three stentorial hems, and began.

"Mr. Bryan Perdue, Sir, in a school like this—Hem! I say, Sir, in a school like this, where order, and regularity, that is, in a school like this, where the sons of noblemen, and gentlemen, are sent to—Yes, Sir, to study good morality, Sir—I say, Sir, it has too lately been disclosed to me, you have introduced the infamous and detestable vice of gaming.

"Yes, Sir, that is the accusation made against you! publicly made! twenty boys are ready to prove it! What have you to say to that, Sir?

Sir, I won't hear a word! for I know you have nothing to say, Sir. Sir, I will not allow myself to be insulted, in this place.

"Maximilian Lord Froth, you are the youth who was the first to complain, because you have suffered the most. My Lord, I am well informed of the temptations that you have undergone, from this wicked-minded boy, Bryan Perdue, or you should yourself be sent away from the school with disgrace. Because this school, this seminary of learning and virtue—Yes, my Lord, and you *shall* be sent away if ever again you are detected in the like practices, however painful it may be to myself, and your noble parents.

"Bryan Perdue, this school, that is, the character of this school must be maintained——"

I interrupted the grave, slow, and

solemn progress of the orator, by suddenly exclaiming—'Lord Froth, Sir, is more to blame than I am.' This was as instantly contradicted by his lordship, the voices of several boys were heard at once, and there was a short temporary beginning of uproar. Disorder, however, was soon quelled, and Maximilian Lord Froth was ordered to tell his tale.

He did but repeat what the reader already knows: the proofs of my daily habits of gaming were individually detailed, and, in despite of all my attempts to retort, deny, and prevaricate, it was impossible to clear myself of such multiplied charges.

There was but one incident, in this public expulsion, which deserves particularly to be recorded.

When the master was proceeding to give a summary of all that had been alleged against me, Henry rose in his

place, and, paying great respect to the master, begged for a moment to be heard.

By all means, was the reply: for Henry was himself respected.

The purport of his speech was to acknowledge, before he proceeded, that, as to the charge of gaming, he had not any thing to say in my favor: but, he hoped it would be thought just to make it known, when I stood thus publicly accused and disgraced, that I had performed as good an action, perhaps, as any, the very best boy in the whole school; and he was well assured the master would think that, when the bad actions of any one were made public, the good ought not to be forgotten. In the case of which he spoke, mine had been uncommonly good; for, I had not only given my money, but, made every exertion in my power, to procure succour for a distressed family,

afford them consolation, and, in fact, had so acted, in his opinion, as most assuredly to have saved the lives of a father and child.

Henry then proceeded circumstantially to relate the tale; except that he, with great caution and ingenuity, avoided to implicate Maximilian Lord Froth, by not naming who the person was that rode over the child. Henry supposed that honor required him to make this concealment.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Eloquence, though somewhat deranged, resumed: Reasons for my Expulsion enumerated, and the Dignity of the School asserted: great Efforts to give a little Praise: poetical Sagacity of the learned Master, and his little Daughter: Proofs that a Man may applaud himself for Artifice, which is Vice and Folly: the Behaviour of Patrick O'Neale: Inexperience, a Poem: my final Dismissal.

THE interposition of Henry was so generous, his tale so well told, and the circumstances themselves were so much in my favor, that the plan of the master was disconcerted. He had to reconsider, and give a new arrangement to the formal expulsion which he had in-

tended to pronounce; and, as his flow of ideas was not remarkable, it gave him some trouble.

In continuation, however, he told me, that, a gambler could not, must not, should not, be permitted to stay in his school, a seminary well known never to admit of contamination; that, my gambling propensities were not to be doubted; and that, in addition, I was the son of a man, whom—since he was dead, and had paid the penalties of vice, he should suffer to sleep in peace, but—he must publicly, on this occasion, declare, that, I was not a boy to be tolerated, or even endured, in such a seminary: "a seminary that—Sir, it has produced—Sir, all that it has produced is well known; I need say no more; Sir, you are expelled.

"Sir, do not go from your place, I have a further communication to make.

"Sir, you have given occasion to a

performance, which—a performance, that—a performance, such as—such a performance!—Sir, I shall give no further description of this performance, but shall read it, aloud, for the edification of the scholars of this school; a school which has—Sir, I repeat, it has produced—what has it not produced? Sir, were I to make elaborate speeches, and to pride myself on elocution, were I given to vanity and self-applause, I peradventure might, I could recount—yes, Sir, I could recount, recount, Sir—Sir, I could recount—more than I shall now mention.

"But, Sir, this performance, Sir, appeared, and I read it, with my learned friend, the rector, but without duly discovering its merits at so slight an inspection. Sir, my inspection—my inspection, Sir—was—was but a glance: but I showed it at home, in my parlour; and there my little daughter discovered

—I shall not immediately inform you what she discovered, but she said she was sure it was written within the walls of this seminary—Yes, Sir, within the walls of this seminary! Of this seminary!

"Sir, my curiosity was raised: I was desirous to envelop, I mean to develop, or examine, into the affair myself, and find how far the penetration of my little daughter was worthy of regard. Beside, Sir, it was now an interesting inquiry! It regarded my seminary! I assembled the school, as I have done to-day, and I read it, gravely, emphatically, and aloud.

"Now, that I might exert the sagacity of a person, accustomed to superintend and penetrate into the very arcana of an establishment like this, over which I preside, I used such artifice as became my dignity, and station: I imputed a libellous intention to the

author, declared it to be the production of a scholar, in this school, offered a reward to the boy, who should name the writer, and significantly demanded, of Maximilian Lord Froth, whether he was not personally implicated, in this business?

"Having employed this ingenious stratagem, that youth, who sits there, Mr. Patrick O'Neale, rose up in his place, and, with a proper sense of truth and honor, answered—'Sir, those verses were written by me; and I am exceedingly sorry that it can be thought they have any libellous tendency, for, I can truly declare, not only that I had no such intention, but, that I am very much astonished, and grieved, they can admit of any such interpretation.'

"Sir, I quieted the conscientious scruples of Mr. Patrick O'Neale, and declared how ingeniously I had conceived this stratagem, that I might know who

the author was, and be well assured, from and by my own ears, that so capital a performance was the performance of one of my scholars, taught by me, residing now, at present, in this school, a school so honored—Yes, Sir, so worthy to be honored, Sir, by the scions of genius, which it shoots forth! Gentlemen, you all understand that, I now speak according to the particular rule, or section, or branch of rhetoric, which is denominated metaphor; therefore, listen attentively, while I read.

INEXPERIENCE.

"Poor simple mouse! Canst thou not see
What arts assault thy health and ease?
The traps, which cunning sets for thee,
With bacon baited, or with cheese?

"Why haunt the place where nothing's won,
But headlong ruin and remorse?
Coveting crumbs why dost thou run
Where thraldom waits to end thy course?

"Poor simple youth! whose wealth, profuse,
Dazzles and tempts the sharper's eye;
Artless and open, thou, t' abuse;
He prompted all his arts to try.

"He nightly baits the trap of vice,
And bids thee win that thou mayst lose;
Guides slightly the destructive dice,
Till thou art fast within his noose.

"Thou see'st his smiles and hear'st his praise,
Besotted, blind to what they tend!
Till nights profane, and wretched days,
Imprison'd Penury must end."

The master concluded this his solemn harangue with expatiating on the very ingenious allegory of the poem; the morality, which it inculcated; and the high and satisfactory pleasure it gave him, to find, that, it was the effusion of a muse cultivated, nurtured, and in some sense inspired, as it were, by the walls of that school, under his tuition, so as to manifestly prove, to the conviction of the whole world, that,

though the seeds of the odious vice of gaming had been scattered there, nay, he might strengthen the figure, by saying, industriously planted, yet, such was the good example daily before the eyes of his scholars, that it could never take root!

In brief, my dismission was formally pronounced, an eulogium on Patrick with no less formality and eloquence was continued and concluded, and the school was ordered to break up with half a holiday bestowed, in which to commemorate and rejoice over this poetical era, to the glory, the public, the immortal glory, of his school! The 20,000l. prize in the lottery had been sold at his office, and the world should hear enough of such an astonishing event!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Every Reader admires his own Remarks: Artifice pernicious to Children, though the Practice and Admiration of Fools: I find myself the Scape-goat: at present, I have no Relations: the Influence of invisible Beings: an unexpected Salutation: Dialogue with Patrick and Alexander; and the pathetic but ineffectual Appeal of Henry.

THOUGH I have not a single word to offer, respecting the eloquence of this oration, since, the substance of it being before him, the reader may make his own remarks, which remarks always give the greatest satisfaction to every reader; yet, there is one part of the speech that must not be passed over in

silence, lest any person should, unfortunately, make the mistake of supposing that I am as well satisfied with it as the orator himself appeared to have been.

The reader will perceive I am only anxious for the character of my own understanding, and am not fearful that he should be liable to fall into any the slightest error: that, of course, I shall graciously admit to be a thing impossible.

The short passage to which I allude, is that in which my most virtuous and sagacious schoolmaster tells a direct falsehood, in order to discover a concealed truth.

Now, I would have it known, and familiar, to every schoolmaster and schoolmistress on earth, and, if I could accomplish the matter, to all parents, tutors, governors male and female, down to wet nurses, dry nurses, nur-

sery maids, and every creature who is in any way or manner concerned in the education of youth, that stratagems, tricks, contrivances, and deceit of every possible kind, in order to produce good, is the most absurd, contemptible, and stupidly foolish device that Cunning, hugging herself, ever yet adopted. To use such means is to be guilty of the grossest abuse of the finest faculties of the soul; and those, who do use them, instead of being qualified to teach, ought indeed to be sent back to school, that they may learn the most essential of all lessons: to be direct, and honest, in word, look, and deed with all men, but in a most guarded and religious degree with children.

Ah! Had this practice been followed in my father's family, I should not now have been writing the memoirs of myself; or at least not of *a social rogue*.

I shall not be thought to wander far

from nature when I relate that the boys, being graciously allowed to run and play, did not neglect the opportunity.

But what became of me? I had now no playmates! I was the scabbed sheep of the flock; the scape-goat; the stricken deer, that the herd forsook.

Yes, the herd: for, in that title, I would not have those I am going to mention included.

I was sauntering down the court, to lead my hack from the stable, mount him, and ride mournfully home; or rather ride I knew not whither, for home I had none.

Do not trouble me with questions, good reader, about my relations; for, in answer to all such inquiries for ever, and to remove every impediment at a single stroke, I take this opportunity to tell you I had not one: they were all dead and buried: they were scattered

over the face of the earth: East, West, North, and South: gone I knew not whither. Were they forthcoming, just now, they would but trouble my narration; they might relieve me, and I want to be in distress: therefore, I tell you, they are dead, or lost, or unknown, or any thing that you please.

Should any of them happen hereafter to make their appearance, why so be it; it may then be convenient; but that is nothing to the purpose at present. Nor do I in any degree make myself their sponsor: I promise and vow nothing in their name. Let Chance direct their affairs, as she has done mine, through life, and those of all my friends, from the first moment that I knew her to this very day, June the eleventh, 1805.

As to personal acquaintance with Madam Chance, I grant I never had any: I never even saw her. I allow that she acts invisibly; but, if it were not

for the invisible beings, that people this world, as we are perfectly well informed, it would not be habitable! And, since we are all so eager to declare that they take the most essential part of our affairs upon themselves, what have we to do but to be grateful, and silent? at the same time thanking God that it is no worse; or rather that it is so well.

As I recollect, I left myself traversing the court, turning the corner, and going toward the stable; but not perhaps in quite so forlorn a manner as you might suppose. I heard myself called by name, and, just as I was wheeling round, saw Patrick, Alexander, and Henry at my elbow. So! thought I: my schooling is not yet over!

"Bryan," said Patrick, "perhaps you may think that, when I wrote those verses, I meant them to be applied to you and Maximilian Lord Froth? I

had no such intention, upon my honor: however, I would not be understood to say that, after I had imagined the simile, you were not in my mind: you certainly were; but I meant you no harm, and I wrote the lines because I liked the thought. I gave copies away, and one of them got into a newspaper. I know how my master's youngest daughter came to guess so rightly; but that is of no consequence: I only wish to tell you that I neither had, nor have, any desire to do you harm."

My spirits had been greatly depressed, and I returned a kind of sullen answer, telling him that I did not suppose any thing was meant; and, if it was, that I did not care: I could bear it: every body turned their backs upon me; but things might alter.

"Yes, Mr. Bryan," said Alexander, so they will, if you have but the good sense and honesty to alter yourself."

'I desire none of your taunts, Mr. Alexander Gordon,' said I.

"Nay, Mr. Bryan Perdue," he replied, "I did not come now, at this time, to taunt you; for that would be cowardly: if I could persuade, I would willingly take some trouble; but of that there is but little probability."

"Do not think so!" interrupted Henry, with ardour, and catching my hand, which he pressed; "Bryan, I have been a witness that you have great goodness of heart! How can you be so mistaken as to study how to make yourself a——? No! I will not describe, just now, what must give you so much pain to hear: but, remember your lady mother! Remember all the good people, the good advice, and the good actions, you have ever known! Let them persuade you to be good yourself! Perhaps, Bryan, God in mercy to you has taken away your father: now is

the time, if you would but resolve, to be good. We are all sorry to see you without friends and so young: we three will join, and I dare say can get many more, to speak to our fathers and relations; so that, perhaps, some provision may be made for you, if you will but promise to be good. Do, Bryan, be good! Pray, pray, Bryan, be good! If you will but be good, Bryan, you shall be our intimate acquaintance and friend: we will love you, and serve you, and be your companions, and you shall share every thing that we have. Think of the village, Bryan; remember the child, and the distracted mother, and the dying father, and how you rode for help, Bryan, and how good you were then, and how you despised money, if you could but save the lives of the poor, the helpless, and the dying! Do think of that charming

afternoon, Bryan! You can never be so happy by any means as by being good. Wicked people will never love you! They do not know what it is to love, and have true friends. Speak to me, Bryan, say you will be good! Give us your promise that you will be good! Here, take this: here is a little purse, which we have made up among us, because we are afraid you may be immediately in distress. Pray be good, Bryan! Pray, pray, be good!"

Henry, bursting into tears, could proceed no further. I felt myself moved, I believe, as much as himself; still, however, I was sulky, and very unwilling to be supposed bad: I therefore answered, I would accept of no purse, from any body; and, as for goodness, I hoped I should prove as good a man as the best of them, though I had been so run down in the school.

It was the phrase and the feeling of a foolish boy; and, wiping my eyes, I turned in a half abrupt surly manner and continued my way to the stable.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Advantages and Disadvantages of Good and Ill Temper: he that would rule must command himself: Miseries occasioned by the Want of Self-command: an Apostrophe to Mothers: Anecdotes, of Francis the First: of his great Rival, Charles V: of the Emperor Maximilian; and of Popes and Princes: a Tyrant at every House.

Ah me! That the temper, in which poor mortals happen to be, should have so potent an influence on their happiness, and should so continually decide the little and the great events of life, being itself so precarious, so little subject to control! What is the first moral lesson that a child should be taught? To preserve his temper. What is the second? To preserve his temper.

What is the third? To preserve his temper.

If this lesson be but well inculcated, all the rest will easily follow. But, alas, this is a lesson which few teachers themselves were ever taught, or either practise or understand. Those, who instruct, have so little considered the faculties of childhood, that they expect impossibilities, become impatient at their disappointment, reprove when they ought to encourage, confuse instead of guide the infant mind, and, to gratify their own pernicious anger, by chastisement, they produce the stupidity which they pretend to lament.

Those who assume the important duties of guiding and instructing, from the highest in the state to the lowest, are wholly unqualified for the office, unless they have an almost perfect command of temper; and, in general, they are the very people who have the

least. Their own destructive irascibility communicates itself to their deputies, their assistants, their families, wives, children, menials, and every creature within the circle of their influence.

By command of temper, alone, we can obtain a command over the passions of ourselves and others. How great are the afflictions which the want of this virtue brings upon men! How many examples, past and present, have we of this truth! Many of them are dreadful; for in them we have the progress of evil, from anger to animosity, enmity, hatred, revenge, and the destruction of nations!

Not satisfied with the present mischief, these infernal vices are inculcated, as the most glorious virtues. We are no true patriots, we are enemies to our country, unless we acknowledge the rage by which we are infuriated to

kill, ravage, burn, destroy, starve, and exterminate! The same pious and virtuous propensities are inculcated among those who call themselves, and whom we are taught to call, our enemies; and the sacred name of the Divinity is invoked, by each party, with such blasph——

Hey! in the name of common sense, what topic are you now upon, Mr. Perdue? What rhapsody is this? Enmity, hatred, revenge—infernal vices—rage, ravage, burn, destroy, kill, starve, and exterminate! And at the very moment when you are sermonizing on command of temper! Of whom, or to whom, are you talking? I begin to fear for your understanding!

Well you may, Madam, well you may, when these fits seize me! Thank you, heartily, for calling me to recollection. Ay, ay, this is the only kind of subject on which I am a fool! Oh, quite frantic!

Yet I wish—Do let me request you to take that sweet little boy, whom you so dearly love, upon your knee, every morning, and with all that amability, which beams upon your countenance and plays round your lips, teach him not only mildness but command of temper. You wish to leave him a great estate? Ah! bestow command of temper upon him; for that is the most precious bequest a mother can make! Without any further mention of the evils I was tormenting myself by remembering, and which I could devoutly wish might never be remembered more, the common instances that daily show how unhappy we are made by *the want of temper*, cannot have escaped your sagacity. I am glad that neither yourself, your husband, your parents, your relations, nor your friends are subject to such a want; but, in other people! How often have you observed the odi-

ous, the ridiculous, the baneful, effects of the want of temper!

Why, Sir, I must own, when my husband——

Yes, yes: I know what you are going to own, dear Madam. Notwithstanding his faults, he is the best man on earth! I know how you encourage all the gentle affections, and how lovely they make you, while they endear you to his heart!

Concerning amiable traits of temper, I have a thousand anecdotes; but that which presents itself first to my memory is of a monarch, who, being dead long ago, is now often and highly praised.

Francis I, king of France, beheld a person, dressed like a gentleman, putting his hand into the purse (which was then worne at the belt) of the Cardinal of Lorrain: this was at mass, and the person, or rather the pilferer, per-

ceiving that the king had his eye upon him, had the presence of mind to make a sign: as much as to say, Silence, your Majesty! and you shall see such sport!

Imagining that a thief could not have so much audacity before him (we are all apt to overrate our own influence, even we who are not monarchs, Madam) the merry king looked on, and saw the thief slip among the crowd.

Whether, when mass was over, the monarch sportively asked a loan, or what means he took, history is not minute enough to mention; but he induced the cardinal to put his hand in his purse, and, finding it empty, the latter began to wonder.

When the king had laughed till he was weary, he thought it but fit the cardinal should have his money again, and looked round to find the wag, who had played the trick. Then came the

best of the joke: he was not to be found! And, as pleasantry and good temper were in fashion at the court of Francis I, the cardinal turned the laugh on his side, and the king, after suffering it with great good-humor, exclaimed: By the faith of a gentleman, this is the first time that I have been made the accomplice of a thief!

Among kings and cardinals, I own, Madam, the loss of such a trifle was no trial of temper: but the manner denoted a habit of mind.

Another anecdote, which was told of the great rival of the amiable Francis I. will perhaps tolerably display their different characters, and show that, to a certain degree, they both had acquired a command of temper. Observe, I only say *to a certain degree.*

The Emperor, Charles V, had a watch, which was then of rare workmanship, for it was a repeater. This

watch a courtier, supposing it to be invaluable, had the dexterity to purloin. Having, as he supposed, concealed it in his pocket, he suddenly stood confounded, before the emperor, when the watch, by some accident, struck the hour. The courtier fell on his knees, and the emperor granted his pardon, with this moral remark, that the thief had suffered more, from the ignominy of the transaction, than he ever could have gained by its success. Had Charles V. always thought as justly, Madam, we should have heard less of his battles, and perhaps nothing of his virtues; for, hitherto, historians have been abject moralists.

I have another anecdote of an emperor, and of the same kind. It may amuse you, Madam, and will cost me but little trouble to copy from my common-place book.

In one of the chief cities of Ger-

many, no matter which, the emperor Maximilian being there, every effort was made for his amusement. Shows and pastimes were exhibited in the streets, and a courtier, pretending to cede his place, stepped backward to a cupboard, unperceived by any one, as he supposed, and took out a handful of gold from a cup which had been presented to his sovereign. The courtier was deceived, when he thought the emperor intent only upon the sports; for the monarch wore a large ring, which reflected the objects in the chamber, and by looking on it, he had accidentally seen all that passed.

The sports being over, and the opinion of the emperor concerning them being expected, instead of noticing them, he called to the thief, and told him to dip his hand into the cup, in the cupboard, and take out as many pieces

as he pleased. The man, stung with his own guilt, took but few. Let me see those in your pocket, said the monarch, that I may know whether you took most the first time, or the second.

Imagine, Madam, the confusion of the thief and the equanimity of the emperor, when the latter said—Take the whole, to defray the expences of your journey home, but never let me see you more.

Were command of temper but to become a habitual practice among men, punishment would never perniciously exceed crime, and crime would seldom escape unpunished.

I might recount to you a thousand tragical histories of the effects of anger, or the want of temper; for example: how an emperor threw the keeper of a bath into a burning furnace, because

he had made the bath too warm: how a king of Hungary brought on an apoplexy, because his courtiers had eaten up some Italian figs: how a pope spoke blasphemy, for being disappointed of a roasted peacock: how another pope threw ashes into the eyes instead of strewing them over the head of an archbishop, because he was of a contrary faction: how Theodosius the younger, though reputed a pious prince, in a transport of rage, ordered the massacre of seven thousand citizens of Thessalonica: how—— Alas! We are sailing now upon the endless ocean!

The irascible man seldom need go further than to the next door, for an example: the tyrant, great or small, is every where kept in countenance! "If such an act of tyranny was mine, Sir, was I not compelled to it, by such another act, which was yours?" And so on with endless recrimination. Hence

the justice and the necessity of all possible wars and wickedness!

I once more repeat, if you love your child, dear Madam, teach him to command his temper.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Ill-temper an Implement of Trade: the Gamester's Vocabulary: my Father thought himself no Fool: Increase of Knowledge and Canting Dictionaries: the Temples of Fame and of Immortality are separate Buildings: my own Self-sufficiency; which prompts me to a good Action: a Tale of some Distress.

I HAD been taught the reverse; for, exclusive of my learned governess, and other teachers as wise as herself, not meaning to include my dear lady mother and governor, I had the continual example of my father placed before me; and, of all other instruction, that of example is the most prevalent.

Beyond the common stock of iras-

cibility, which is generally communicated from generation to generation, family to family, and man to man, my father considered anger as the most essential branch of his profession.

It was therefore that he, like most gentlemen, who entitle themselves Pigeon-pluckers, had carefully stored his vocabulary with a peculiar assortment of verbs, and corresponding nouns, the very utterance, mode, and figure of which implied terror, and destruction! To blast, to blow, to burn, to shiver, to shatter, to scatter, scourge, and fire! when properly arranged with eyes, and limbs, body, bones, blood, and brains! accompanied when spoken with select and terrible tones of voice, fierce looks, and bodily gesticulations; to express knocking down, warding off, shifting, lunging, giving fire, and every attitude of cut and thurst—these, I say, had been found sufficient, on all

common occasions, to silence complaint and enforce acquiescence. It is, I suppose, in order to be perfect in them that professional gentlemen, meaning gamesters, and their humble imitators, carefully make these and more dreadful terms, if they can find them, an essential part of their common discourse.

Thus it very naturally happened that all these words, and some of their merciful and pleasant associations, had become quite familiar, as well to my feelings as to my ear.

Do not imagine, Sir, that I would insinuate my father had not the cunning to know his company; and likewise the particular times, at which such dreadful missiles were to be hurled in abundance, to the terror of opponents. Kindred phrases, I grant you, would escape him, on all occasions; but to these the gentlemen, who call themselves men of the world, are so accus-

tomed, that it never occurs to them that they are in the least singular, or improper. So far from it, indeed, they continually adopt them; and by this means, without the least suspicion, they become a part of the vernacular idiom; so that our language is, and long has been, remarkably rich, and I suspect unequalled, in that elegant part of it which has been carefully compiled, and published, at various times, under the title of the Canting Dictionary.

Our stores of knowledge are indeed immense! Various and multiplied are the paths that lead to the temple of Fame! I own that the temple of Immortality lies far beyond, and almost at an immense distance; but those, who travel so far, seldom fail to call at the first temple, on their road.

Some have supposed these two buildings to be but one; but they have been egregiously mistaken.

These, my gentle reader, you are well aware, are among my village dreams; which, when I remember, I must relate.

Well, by my want of temper, that is of common sense, I have rejected the kind intercessions of my governor, the friendship of three virtuous school-fellows, and thus am thrown, at the age of seventeen, naked as it were upon the world, with idle habits, many inordinate desires, the fantastic wishes of inexperienced youth, and yet with all the vanity of knowing myself to be the son of a noble mother, and the self-sufficient supposition of being an expert cunning—must I say—scoundrel.

That is, according to my own interpretation, I was so artful, and withal so clever, that I could make myself what I pleased. If I chose to be good, why so; thanks to my condescension:

if to be a rogue, I knew enough to laugh at difficulties and defy dangers.

In this temper of mind I once more mounted my hack, and set off for London. The road lay through the village where my few good propensities had been brought into action. When I came opposite the cottage I had a grateful feeling, with some small tincture of vanity, which, combined, induced me to alight, and once more inquire after my humble friends.

Charley, the child that had been hurt, was at play behind the cottage; Mary, his mother, was not at home; and the father, John Brown, whom I met in the morning, was returned.

"My wife is gone to see a sick neighbour," said John Brown, "and try to give her a little help; for, if poor folk did not help one another, the mercy knows what would become of

them. For my part, to be sure, I have no right to say as much; for the goodness of your honor, and moreover of your honor's friends, which was all of your doing, I am sure is never to be forgotten. But every poor person has not such luck; and the rich folk know but little of how we poor folk suffer: for I can't think but, if they did, they would now and then lend us a bit of a lift. Because, as you may well guess, Sir, a bit of kindness bestowed at a right time does a deal of good; more perhaps than it might be thought. For, when a poor man happens to fall desperately ill, which was my mischance, and has nothing but his daily labor, to get a few eatables for a wife and children (I have seven myself, though you see only four of them at play) and when every thing is from hand to mouth, and he is behindhand in his rent, and knows not

which way to turn, unless it be to sink down and die quietly, finding it a sort of happiness to be released, why then, to be sure, his courage fails, and he forgets for a bit of time that, if he dies, he leaves a poor wife and children to the parish, which I suppose to be misery enough."

Impatient at the moralizing of honest John, I was preparing to depart just as his wife, Mary, returned, who expressed great pleasure at seeing me, and immediately exclaimed—

"Ah, Sir! if I did not know you to be the best young gentleman in the world, why—why I should not think it at all to the purpose to open my lips; but I wish you had been with me! Poor Betty Clarke! We always call her Betty, though she is the mother of a family, and as good a mother, though I say it, as ever lived! Her children always kept clean and sweet;

and they have all of them been larned to say their prayers; ay, and to read, too, by she herself; never missed a day; while they were not a bit the less kept to work, and every one was made the handiest and best children in the parish. Kind soul! If a neighbour was ill, she was sure to be found every day at the bed side, to give comfort and a little help!"

'Well, but, what is the matter with her?'

"I am afraid she will die, and then what will become of her three youngest children?"

'Where is her husband?'

"Oh! he is gone for a soldier. At one time there was not a better man in the parish; but he lost a little boy, and that went to the heart of him, and made him grieve desperately; and then he was drawn for a militia-man; and he seemed to be glad, for Betty

thought they could have raised money to pay for another in his place, but he was bent to be resolute, and would go; and there, I don't know how, but he became quite an altered man; and when his time was out I doubt Betty did not find him so good as he used to be to her; though she never made a word of complaint; but, after being at home just three months, it's now almost two years ago since he list for a soldier, and left poor Betty to provide for six children; one of them in arms, another only three years old, and the eldest but twelve. Three of 'em be out at place, and right handy chits they be. Every body pitied her, for she had enough to do; but I don't know such another! She worked night and day, for she would have died sooner than see her children want; by which reason she has brought herself so low

began to write, and soon produced the following:

"TO HENRY FAIRMAN, ESQ.

"Sir,

"Though I do not choose to accept—that is—I know no right that any one has to make—I mean—a gentleman does not choose to appear unlike a gentleman: because, why should a purse have been offered to me? I assure you, Sir, I was not flattered by any gentleman that could suppose—that is, by any gentleman who did not consider—consider me as a gentleman. And, with respect to writing of verses, I would have every gentleman understand that, if I love play, I—yes, Sir, I—I play like a man of honor, which is what the first noblemen in the kingdom will and do countenance, by their practice: therefore to be called to ac-

count, and—treated as I have been treated—I assure you, Sir, I cannot recollect how I have been treated but with—with—great contempt—Yes, upon my honor, with great contempt and—and indignation—and surprise: because——"

I paused for a cause. I found the gentleman, and the man of honor, inflating the boy, Bryan, till the danger that he might swell to an unreasonable and enormous size became great. Neither could he absolutely persuade himself that he was the *honorable person*, about whom he was vapouring and prating. Yes, extravagant as my folly was, conscience gave me a sudden twinge, and called me to momentary recollection.

On reading what I had so heroically written, I discovered that the subject on which I had intended to

write was scarcely touched upon; that, in expressing my honorable wrath, I had confounded persons and things; and that I did not well understand either what I had written or what I intended to write.

Yet, the consequence that I had assumed gave me an opinion of my talents, rank, and manhood, which I was by no means willing to relinquish! A vindication so honorable to myself must be sent! I therefore concluded my rhapsody by adding,

"I will say no more, Sir, on this disagreeable subject, but take the liberty to inform you I have just seen a sick woman, the mother of a family; and as I know you are charitable, and even glad to assist the poor, I further mention that she is a *proper object*, on whom to bestow the gift you were pleased to offer to me. I know you

meant it as a friend—otherwise—but you meant it as a friend, and so I sign myself; and further that

I am,

And shall ever remain, &c. &c.

BRYAN PERDUE.

"P. S. John Brown, who will deliver this to you, can tell you all you may wish to know, about the poor sick woman."

Having sealed, directed, and given this precious epistle to John Brown, with an especial injunction to deliver it to Henry, I mounted my Rosinante and turned his head toward London.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Tyranny compared: the absolute Power of Authors: shall I kill, or shall I cure: the Reader my Slave: I myself at the Mercy of a Reviewer: a bold and masterly Attempt to bully Reviewers: a cautious and cunning offer to compound: the Murder of Genius the worst of Crimes: good Books defy Criticism: the just Critic an excellent Man.

I HAVE mounted my Bucephalus, but I care not for that: I will not stir a step—till I please.

Prate and preach about tyrants, indeed! Who is so great a tyrant as an author? Who holds the reins of life and death with such an absolute authority?

I think proper to inform you, Ma-

dam, whether you do or do not feel compassion for the poor sick creature, whose hut we have just been at, that I shall kill or cure her, just as the whim may take me. The truth is, I would make it suit my convenience, but that I cannot very well divine what that convenience may be.

Suppose I were to let her pine, and bring home her renegade husband just as she lies at the point of death. Behold her too weak to utter a word; at least, a sentence; yet she holds a long discourse with him! And so pathetic! Recommends her children! How many has she? I forget! Oh, six! Asks what is to become of them, when she is laid low? Holds a truly pious discourse, concerning——

Poh! I forget myself, as usual—That is a duty, which the rector of the village is paid to perform; and, the rectory being a living of four hundred a year,

he can afford to hire a journeyman; who, his master being busied elsewhere, on schemes of profit, preferment, or pleasure, will pray with the poor or flirt with the foolish, just as he can settle such matters privately between himself and his conscience.

Well, if Betty Clarke be to die, neither rector nor curate will be more certain of a seat among the poor, or the pure, in spirit, than Betty.

But what if I think proper to restore her to health! to her children! to her husband! What if I make the rose once more bloom upon her cheek, give back the fond mother to her children, make them prodigies of virtue and beauty, and elevate her husband to—a halberd! make him a serjeant-major! I can do all this, if I please. Nay, I have but to say the word and he is a general!

Talk no more therefore of arbitrary

power! Who has power so absolute as an author? Sir, no matter for the tickling flattery which you readily bestow upon yourself for your independent spirit, while you have this book in your hand, you are my slave. Cast it from you, if you would be free!—Nay, take not up another; since I know not but then you may be worse off than you were before.

How so? What do you mean by worse, my quaint Sir? Explain!

I will, Sir, if you can only be patient.

He, who writes the best book, is the greatest tyrant: his yoke is the hardest to shake off, his chains are rivetted the most securely.

Then, Sir, you own, at last, there are greater tyrants, in other words better writers, than yourself!

Fore gad, Sir, you have caught me napping! Did I indeed own so strange

a thing! Think it a slip of the pen! A fault I seldom commit! My memory deceives me if you ever detected me in it before; and I think I may safely promise you never will again. Pray, Sir, are you a Reviewer?

Why that question, Sir?

Because, Sir, if you are, I bow with humble and obsequious submission! Tyrant though I am, I allow you to be a greater! An author, having published his book, has nailed himself on a cross, where he lies in agony like the wicked thief; and you, Sir, are similar to the watchful demon, which the old German painters delighted to place perching on the shoulder of the poor expiring wretch, ready to snatch his soul, the moment it should take flight.

But what of that? Of the two thieves, one was good and one bad. Authors, allowing them all to be thieves, and who will venture even a

doubt on that subject? authors, like the two crucified thieves, are good and bad: now, be it known to your fiend-like worship that, though you may be as daring and as unprincipled a demon as Edinburgh itself, in this age of hardihood, has lately bred, I am a good thief; and, though I know your claws will scratch, they will be obliged to let me fly. I shall escape to Paradise in your despite.

Hark ye me, Sirs! I'll whisper a secret: demons though you are, we may compound: suffer not your talons to touch me, and I will publish it to the universe, no Frenchman further, or louder, that you are the guardian angels of good taste! Tell the world all the good you can imagine of me, and, among my future treatises, I will write one expressly to prove, what no one doubts, that on sound and liberal criticism the progress of cor-

rect classical and fine writing depends; that you, in defiance of the wicked example given you by your predecessors, speak with candor, write with caution, and never hazard an opinion till it has been conscientiously considered; and that you hold it a worse crime, as it really is, than house-breaking, or highway robbery, to murder the offspring of genius and knowledge.

Bless me! How can I thus strangely forget simple facts! Gentlemen Reviewers, addressing you with all the amenity, the solace, and the respect, which you never fail to show, like, not only polite and well-bred, but, conscientious, liberal, and perfectly competent masters of the most difficult art which you modestly practise, whatever sentence you may be pleased to pronounce, a bad book will eternally continue bad, and a good book will

remain for the delight and instruction of mankind. If, however, my private opinion can afford you consolation, it is, that, a candid and just critic is the beneficent friend of knowledge, the promoter of morality, and an honor to his country.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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