WILLIAM ALDRIDGE.

PORTRAITS, MEMOIRS,

AND

Characters,

OF

REMARKABLE PERSONS,

FROM THE

REVOLUTION in 1688

TO THE

END OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

COLLECTED FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC ACCOUNTS EXTANT.

BY

JAMES CAULFIELD.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE are no description of persons who excite public curiosity more than those who have been ushered into notice by circumstances of peculiar notoriety, particularly such as have not been restrained by the laws of their country, or influenced by the common obligations of society. Men, whose daring enterprise and deep cunning might, properly cultivated, and differently directed, have rendered them the brightest ornaments of the age in which they lived; and *Whitney*, *Jack Sheppard*, or *Turpin*, (common thieves) instead of the ignominious fate which attended them, might have emulated the extolled deeds of a Marlborough or a Wellington; and, like them, have enjoyed similar honors. As might *Bamfylde Moore Carew*, in negociation and

contrivance, have equalled or excelled Lord Castlereagh or Mr. George Canning; and why not *George Barrington*, for ingenuity and ability, as a counsellor, have vied with any advocate or pleader who *has* distinguished himself at the bar. Of another description of persons, James Bick the *mimic trumpeter*, and Isaac the celebrated *Oxford Grinner*, might, if exhibited on a public stage, have been formidable rivals in repute with Mathews and Grimaldi.

Very different are the multitude who are noticed only as instances of the deviation of nature, such as giants, dwarfs, strong men, personal deformity, &c. In like manner are distinguished those persons who have lived to an extraordinary age; others, as empirics and quacks, buffoons, prize-fighters, and adventurers, serve but to fill up the class of *Remarkable Characters;* and if eccentricity of manners characterises another description

of persons, that very eccentricity entitles them to a place in the present work.

The period in which many of the persons lived who are commemorated in this undertaking, is perhaps the most eventful in the annals of British history. England witnessed the ascent to its throne of two different families, in the short space of twenty-six years. The revolution of 1688 gave to the country, as its king, William Prince of Orange, afterwards William III. and, on the demise of Queen Anne, the succession was vested in the house of Brunswick, by the accession of George I. Party-strife ran so high on this event taking place, that it ultimately ended in open rebellion. And, men of the most exalted rank, and of the highest consideration in the country, were, with numbers of inferior note, alike made examples of; and the axe and the gibbet became as much in re-

quest as when the strife for sovereignty existed between the contending houses of York and Lancaster.

It is an extraordinary circumstance, that among the many collected lives of highwaymen, and other notorious offenders, that whatever embellishments by plates, which have hitherto accompanied the accounts, they have invariably been given from the invention of the artist, without the least regard to the personal resemblance of the party described in the narrative. In Johnson's history of highwaymen, &c. (now an uncommon book,) though embellished with numerous and expensive plates, there is not one throughout the work that is a faithful representation of the person, even in the article of dress, much less of their physiognomy and general character. *Mull'd Sack*, the *German Princess*, *Whitney*, *Jonathan Wild*, *Jack Shep-*

pard, and *Sarah Malcolm's* transactions, are delineated entirely by scenic views of their robberies and subsequent executions.

The only cause that can be assigned for this palpable error, is the uncommon rarity of the true prints. That of Mull'd Sack, in particular, has been sold at a public auction for upwards of forty guineas; Whitney, copied in this collection, is considered to be unique; *William Joy*, the English samson; Jonathan Wild, with the ticket to his funeral; Turpin in his cave; Old Harry, with his raree-show; Guy, founder of Guy's Hospital, writing his will; and many others, interspersed throughout the work, are likewise taken from originals of the greatest scarcity and value; and not a life or character is recorded, but is accompanied by a portrait of unquestioned authenticity.

JAMES CAULFIELD.

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REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

MEMOIRS

OF

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

William Aldridge.

[WILLIAM III.

IT very often happens that we are indebted to the casual circumstance of a person living to a great age, personal deformity, size, or other chances, for the perpetuity of their likenesses being handed down to posterity. Such was the case with William Aldridge, in whose character there appears nothing more particular than of his living to the very advanced age of 114 years. He was by profession a wheelwright, and resided at Acton, in Middlesex, and was buried there November 21st, 1698.

The portrait from which this print was engraved, was painted two years before his death, and was in the possession of his great grandson, Mr. Thomas

Aldridge, vestry-clerk of Acton parish, where the family have been established upwards of a century. The portrait has the appearance of a hale man of sixty, rather than that of 112, which was his age at the period it was painted. He was buried under a tomb in the cemetery, the inscription upon which gives his age one year older.

WILL.M ATKINS,

(Gout Doctor.)

William Atkins,

THE GOUT DOCTOR.

Of all the diseases incident to the human frame the Gout, (to those who are afflicted with it,) is the most vexatious, painful, and tormenting in the catalogue of evils attendant on man; and no complaint has created more quacks, to tamper with, and poison the constitution with sovereign remedies, than this. Among the first-rate of these empirics may rank William Atkins, "whose renovating elixir restored pristine youth and vigour to the patient, however old or decayed," and whose vivifying drops infallibly cured imbecility in men, and barrenness in women; he resided in the Old Bailey, and was (in his own conceit) the Solomon of the day; his bills exceeded all others, in extravagant assertions and impudence; he even had the audacity to declare he had raised a woman from a fit of the dead-palsy, and rendered her capable of walking immediately.

This wonderful great man was short in stature, fat, and waddled as he walked; he always wore a white

three-tailed wig, nicely combed and frizzed upon each cheek. He generally carried a cane, but a hat never. He was represented on the top of his own bills sitting in an arm-chair, holding a bottle between his finger and thumb, surrounded with rotten-teeth, nippers, pills, packets, and gally-pots.

Atkins boasted of his humility in using a hackney-coach instead of keeping one of his own; but what would he have said, or thought, had he lived in the present times, to see that carriages and equipage are as essential in the trade of a quack-doctor, as the distribution of their hand-bills in every street throughout the metropolis; nay, most of these gentry that are successful, have their country-seats and parks; and, in their tables and company, vie with the first nobility, and people of rank and fashion; Gilead House, the seat of Dr. Solomon, near Liverpool, has been deemed important enough to be engraved and published, to adorn the Beauties of England.

Some of Atkins's medicines were composed of thirty different ingredients! what hope remained for an individual assailed by so many enemies united? A few years since flourished, near Leicester-square, a German quack, Dr. Délalina, who pretended to

eradicate the gout from any person, however aged or infirm, in six visits.—The well-known French remedy has been found, by sad experience, not only to eradicate the gout, but likewise the lives of most persons who have been desperate enough to venture on that fatal remedy.

Thomas Baskerville.

THIS whimsical enthusiast, who affected manners and habits peculiarly his own, was born and resided at a place called Bayworth, in the parish of Sunningwell, near Abingdon.—In his younger days he was considered a person of learning and curious research, and was author of a journal of his own travels through a great part of England, in the years 1677 and 1678, still existing in manuscript.—He was well known to the Oxford Students, who, from his dry, droll, and formal appearance, gave him the nickname of the *King of Jerusalem*, he being of a religious turn, and constantly speaking of that heavenly city; a pretention to inherit which, he founded on what he styled his regeneration or second birth, in the year 1666, as may be gathered from his own poetic lines, inserted under his portrait:—

As shadows fly, so houres dye,
And dayes do span the age of man;
In Month of AUGUST *twenty-nine,*
I first began my Mourning time,
Thousand six hundred and ninety-nine.

THOMAS BASKERVILLE.

Yet I drudge on as said before,
Ther's Time, when Time shall be no more.
A second BIRTH *I had I say,*
January Eleventh day,
In that circle Fifty-two Weeks,
Thousand Six hundred Sixty-six
A ray of Light I saw that day,
Enter my heart with heat and joy,
Saying these words unto me then
KING OF JERUSALEM.

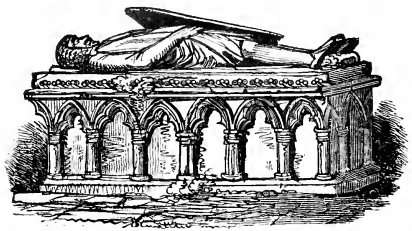
The number of Sectaries that sprung up at the period Baskerville lived, without question bewildered a brain naturally not very strong; Fox the Quaker, Naylor the blasphemer, Venner the Fifth Monarchy-man, Muggleton, and a whole tribe of Schismatic pretenders to new-born lights, had each their several followers; to one party or other it may naturally be imagined Baskerville inclined; or he might probably feel inspired, similar with Swendenbourg of latter days, to convey disciples to the new Jerusalem, by a path unknown to any other than himself.

His portrait, which exhibits a meagre, long, and mortified countenance, was engraved when he was in his 70th year. Over his monogram BÆ is inscribed two lines, doubtless of his own editing:—

Once I was alive, and had flesh to thrive,
But now I am a skellitan. at 70.

He affected most of the singularities which naturally adhere to reclusive and habitual retirement, and lived to a very advanced age, dying about the year 1705.

Many of his MSS. went with the Harleian collection to the British Museum.



F. Place fec.

JOHN BIGG,

(The Dinton Hermit.)

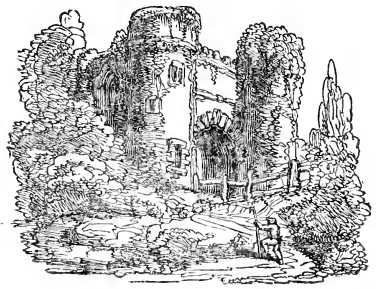
John Bigg,

THE DINTON HERMIT.

MANY men from necessity, not choice, have assumed singular habits and manners, which have, from time immemorial, amused and instructed mankind: such a being was John Bigg.—Disappointed (no doubt) in his prospects through life, he became sulky, and adopted a way of life he thought peculiarly his own; in that, however, he was mistaken; as others, previous to his time, had taken the same course; witness the hermits of La Trappe, Roger Crabb, of Uxbridge, who lived on three-farthings per day, and other singular humourists, among whom may be remembered, of late days, Simon Eady the pauper of St. Giles's, with Mathews the Dulwich Hermit, found some few years back murdered in his cave. All that is left as a memorial of Bigg is the following:—John Bigg, the Dinton Hermit, baptized 22d of April, 1629, buried 4th of April, 1696. Browne Willis gives the particulars of this man out of a letter written to him

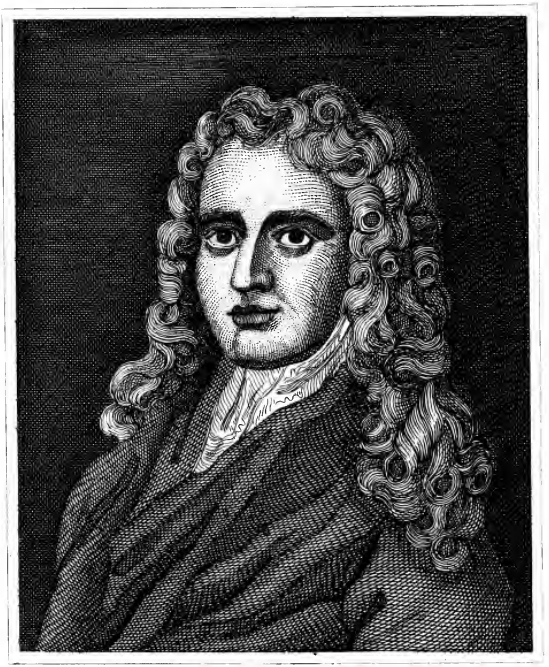
by Thomas Hearne, dated Oxon, Feb. 12, 1712. He was formerly clerk to Simon Mayne, of Dinton, one of the judges who passed sentence on King Charles I. He lived at Dinton (county Bucks,) in a cave, had been a man of tolerable wealth, was looked upon as a pretty good scholar, and of no contemptible parts. Upon the restoration he grew melancholy, betook himself to a recluse life, and lived by charity, but never asked for any thing but leather, which he would immediately nail to his cloathes. He kept three bottles, that hung to his girdle, viz. for strong and small beer, and milk: his shoes are still preserved; they are very large, and made up of about a thousand patches of leather; one of them is in the Bodlean Repository, the other in the collection of Sir John Vanhatten, of Dinton, who had his cave dug up some years since, in hopes of discovering something relative to him, but without success. The print of him is done from a picture in the possession of Scroop Bernard, Esq. of Nether Winchendon, Bucks. Some time since it was reported the celebrated Margravine of Anspach proffered to any person who would lead a recluse life, five hundred pounds annuity for life; if, after a period of seven years (during which time they were to have no converse, or

see mankind, and suffer their hair and nails to grow untouched) they survived, but it does not appear any one was desperate enough in circumstances to undergo the ordeal.—It has been said a man endured this kind of life four years, but gave it up in despair.



Thomas Brown.

THOMAS (commonly called Tom,) Brown was the son of a considerable farmer of Shiffnall, in Shropshire, and educated at Newport-school, in that county; from whence he was removed to Christ-church, in Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself by his uncommon attainments in literature. He had great parts and quickness of apprehension, nor does it appear that he was wanting in application; for we are told, that he was very well skilled in the Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and Spanish languages, even before he was sent to Oxford. The irregularities of his life did not suffer him, however, to continue long at the university, but when obliged to quit it, he took advantage of a remittance sent by his indulgent father, and thinking he had a sufficiency of wit and learning, left Oxford for the capital, in hopes of making his fortune some way or other there. This scheme did not answer, and he was very soon in danger of starving; upon which he made interest to be school-master of Kingston-upon-Thames, in which pursuit he succeeded. But this was a profes-



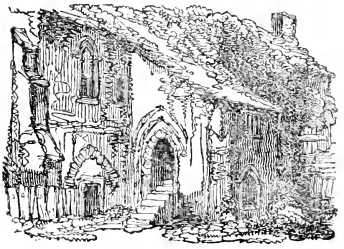
THOMAS BROWN.

sion very unsuitable to a man of his turn, and a situation that must needs have been extremely disagreeable to him; and therefore we cannot wonder, that he soon quitted this school, and returned again to London, where, finding his old companions more delighted with his humour than ready to relieve his necessities, he had recourse to his pen, and became an author, and partly a libeller, by profession. He wrote a great variety of pieces, under the names of dialogues, letters, poems, &c. in all which he discovered no small erudition, and a vast and exuberant vein of humour; for he was in his writings, as in his conversation, always lively and facetious. In the mean time he made no other advantage of these productions than what he derived from the booksellers; for though they raised his reputation, and made his company sought after, yet, as he possessed less of the gentleman than wits usually do, and more of the scholar, so he was not apt to choose his acquaintance by interest, but was more solicitous to be recommended to the ingenious who might admire, than to the great who might relieve him. An anonymous author, who has given the world some account of Mr. Brown, says, that though a good-natured man, he had one pernicious quality, which was, rather to

lose his friend than his joke. He had a particular genius for satire, and dealt it out liberally whenever he could find occasion. He is famed for being the author of a libel, fixed one Sunday morning on the doors of Westminster-abbey; and of many others, against the clergy and quality. He used to treat religion very lightly, and would often say, that he understood the world better than to have the imputation of righteousness laid to his charge; yet, upon the approach of death, his heart misgave him, and he began to express sentiments of remorse for his past life.

Towards the latter end of Brown's life, we are informed by Mr. Jacob, that he was in favor with the Earl of Dorset, who invited him to dinner on a Christmas-day, with Dryden, and some other men of genius; when Brown, to his agreeable surprize, found a bank-note of 50*l.* under his plate; and Dryden at the same time was presented with another of 100*l.* Brown died in 1704, and was interred in the cloister of Westminster-abbey, near the remains of Mrs. Behn, with whom he was intimate in his life-time. His whole works were printed in 1707, consisting of dialogues, essays, declamations, satires, letters from the dead to the living, translations, amusements, &c.

in 4 vols.; there are several other editions of his works, but all have become scarce, and have not been reprinted for many years; indeed, the indelicacy of many of his pieces preclude the likelihood of their ever appearing collectively before the public in a new edition; his remains, in 2 vols. are very rare to be met with, and abound with as much ribaldry and obscenity as his other productions. Tom Brown thought it the pinnacle of excellence to be thought "a merry fellow," and therefore laid out his powers upon small jests or gross buffoonery, so that his performances have little intrinsic value, and were read only while they were recommended by the novelty of the event that occasioned them. What sense or knowledge his works contain is disgraced by the garb in which it is exhibited. The Rev. Mr. Noble says, he died in great poverty.



Thomas D'Urfey.

THOMAS D'URFEY, Esq. was originally intended to have been brought up to the bar, but possessing too much wit to confine himself to that dry study, and too little to make a shining character in any other, experienced all the varied fortunes of men who have not great abilities, and who trust entirely to their pens for their support and appearance through life. Very little more is known of D'Urfey's origin and family than that he was a native of Devonshire. His plays, which are numerous, were in their day acted with considerable applause, but the low wit and humour with which they abound, would not suit the taste of the present enlightened generation. He was, besides, author of many small Poems, the chief of which are collected in his most celebrated work of "*Wit and Mirth, or Pills to purge Melancholy*," in 6 vols. 12mo. which have now become extremely scarce. He has been compared to Colley Cibber, but their wit and humour were widely different, Cibber's writings keeping their reputation to the

THOMAS D'URFEY.

present day, and are as much read as ever. D'Urfey was admitted to great familiarity with King Charles the Second, and that merry monarch would often lean on his shoulder, and hum a tune with him; he has frequently amused and entertained Queen Anne, by singing catches and glees; yet, with all his gaiety and high acquaintance, poor Tom was always in straitened circumstances; as a Tory he was very much caressed and beloved by his party, yet he was esteemed and respected by the Whigs.

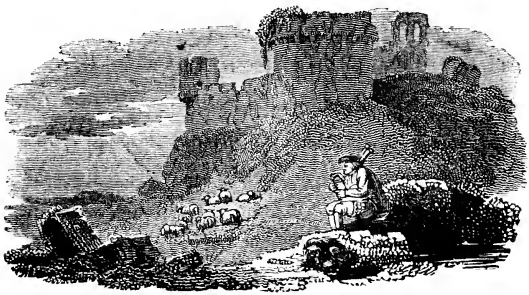
The Author of the prologue to D'Urfey's last play thus speaks of him:—

> *"Though Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure,*
> *"The comic Tom abounds in other treasure."*

Addison was well acquainted with him, and often pleaded successfully for his friend, when he became aged and in decayed circumstances;—in one of his papers he remarks, "He has made the world merry, and I hope they will make him easy, as long as he stays among us. This," adds he, "I will take upon me to say, they cannot do a kindness to a more cheerful, honest, good-natured man." D'Urfey died at a good old age, February 26, 1723, and was buried in the cemetery of St. James's Church, Westminster.

D'Urfey and Bello, a musician, had high words at Epsom, and swords were resorted to, but with great caution. A brother wit maliciously compared this rencounter with that mentioned in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, between Clinias and Dametas.

I sing of a duel in Epsom befel
'Twixt fa sol la D'Urfey and sol la mi Bell:
But why do I mention the scribbling brother?
For naming the one, you may guess at the other.
Betwixt them there happened a terrible clutter,
Bell set up the loud pipes, and D'Urfey did splutter.
"Draw Bell, wert thou Dragon, I'd spoil thy soft notes:"
"Thy squalling said t'other, for I'll cut thy throat."
With a scratch on the finger the duel's dispatch'd;
Thy Clinias (O Sidney) was never so match'd.



SIR JOHN FENWICK,

(Beheaded on Tower Hill 1697.)

Sir John Fenwick.

Sir John Fenwick, of Fenwick Castle, in the county of Northumberland, Bart. a man of considerable abilities, but of a profligate and restless disposition, commanded a regiment in the service of William III. when Prince of Orange, in 1676. He was apprehended in Kent, when on his way to France, upon suspicion of being engaged in a plot to assassinate the king. On his being taken into custody, he wrote a letter to his lady, setting forth his misfortune, and giving himself for dead, unless powerful applications could be made for him, or that some of the jury could be hired to starve out the rest; and to that he added, *this or nothing can save my life.* This letter was taken from the person to whom he had given it: at his first examination, before the lords-justices, he denied every thing, till he was shewed this letter; and then he was confounded. In his private treaty with the Duke of Devonshire, he desired an assurance of life, upon his promise to tell all he knew; but the king refused that, and would have it left to him-

self to judge of the truth and the importance of the discoveries he should make. So he, resolving to cast himself on the king's mercy, sent him a paper, in which, after a bare account of the consultations among the Jacobites (in which he took care to charge none of his own party,) he said, that King James, and those who were employed by him, had assured them, that both the Earls of *Shrewsbury* and *Marlborough*, the Lord *Godolphin*, and Admiral *Russell*, were reconciled to him, and were now in his interests, and acting for him. This was a discovery that could signify nothing, but to give the king a jealousy of those persons; for he did not offer the least shadow or circumstance, either of proof, or of presumption, to support this accusation. The king, not being satisfied herewith, sent an order for bringing him to a trial, unless he made other discoveries. He desired to be further examined by the lords-justices, to whom he, being upon oath, told some more particulars, but he took care to name none of his own side, but those against whom evidence was already brought, or who were safe and beyond sea; some few others he named, in matters of less consequence, that did not amount to high-treason; he owned a thread of negotiations that had passed between them and King James, or the court of France;

he said the Earl of *Aylesbury* had gone over to France, and had been admitted to a private audience with the French king, where he had proposed the sending over an army of 30,000 men; and had undertaken that a great body of gentlemen and horses should be brought to join them; it appeared, by his discoveries, that the Jacobites in England were much divided. Some were called compounders, and others non-compounders. The first sort desired securities from King James, for the preservation of the religion and liberties of England; whereas, the second sort were for trusting him upon discretion, without asking any terms, putting all in his power, and relying entirely on his honor and generosity. These seemed, indeed, to act more suitably to the great principle upon which they all insisted, that kings have their power from God, and are accountable only to him for the exercise of it. Dr. Lloyd, the deprived Bishop of Norwich, was the only eminent clergyman who joined in this; and, therefore, all that party had, upon *Sancroft's* death, recommended him to King James, to have his nomination for Canterbury. Fenwick put all this in writing, upon assurance that he should not be forced to witness any part of it. When that was sent to the king, all appearing to be so trifling, and no other proof being

offered for any part of it, except his own word, which he had stipulated should not be made use of, his majesty sent an order to bring him to his trial. But as the king was slow in sending this order, so the Duke of Devonshire, who had been in the secret management of the matter, was for some time in the country. The lords-justices delayed the matter till he came to town; and then the king's coming was so near, that it was respited till he came over. By these delays Fenwick gained his main design, which was to practice upon the witnesses.

His lady began with Porter; he was offered, that if he would go beyond sea, he should have a good sum in hand, and an annuity secured to him for his life; he listened so far to the proposition, that he drew those who were in treaty with him, together with the lady herself, who carried the sum that he was to receive, to a meeting, where he had provided witnesses who should over-hear all that passed, and should, upon a signal, come in and seize them with the money; which was done, and a prosecution upon it was ordered. The fact was fully proved, and the persons concerned in it were censured and punished: so Porter was no more to be dealt with.—Goodman was the other witness; First, they gathered matter to

defame him, in which his wicked course of life furnished them very copiously; but they trusted not to this method, but betook themselves to another, in which they prevailed more effectually; they persuaded him to go out of England; and, by this means, when the last orders were given for Fenwick's trial, there were not two witnesses against him. So, by the course of law, he must have been acquitted; the whole was upon this kept entire for the session of Parliament. The king sent to the House of Commons the two papers that Fenwick had sent him; Fenwick was brought before the house; but he refused to give any farther account of the matter contained in them, and they were rejected as false and scandalous, made only to create jealousies; and ordered a bill of attainder to be brought against him, which met with great opposition in both houses, in every step that was made. In conclusion, the bill passed by a small majority of only seven in the House of Lords: The royal assent was soon given to it, and Fenwick then made all possible applications to the king for a reprieve; and, as a main ground for that, and as an article of merit, related how he had saved the king's life, two years before; but as this fact could not be proved, so it could confer no obligation on the king, since he had given him no warning of his danger; and, according to

his own story, had trusted the conspirators' words very easily, when they promised to pursue their design no farther, which he had no reason to do. Fenwick, seeing no hope was left, prepared himself to die; he desired the assistance of one of the deprived bishops, which was not granted, but he was attended by Bishop Burnet. He was beheaded on Tower-hill, January 23, 1697, aged 52; and was buried near the altar, in the church of St. Martin's in the Fields, London, with his three sons. Sir John, though a very profligate character, and an indifferent husband, was yet so tenderly beloved by his lady, that no stratagem was omitted by her to save him that love could invent, or duty practice. She even erected a monument, in York Cathedral, to perpetuate his memory. She was Lady Mary, eldest daughter of Charles Howard, Earl of Carlisle. Happily their only daughter, Jane, as well as all their sons, died very young. He died very composed, and left a paper in writing, wherein he did not deny the facts that had been sworn against him, but complained of the injustice of the procedure, and left his thanks to those who had voted against the bill. He owned his loyalty to King James, and to the Prince of Wales after him. But mentioned the design of assassinating King William in terms full of horror.

IOHN GALE
alias
Dumb Iack

John Gale,

alias

DUMB JACK.

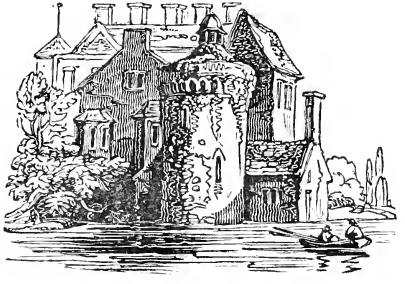
JOHN GALE, otherwise Dumb Jack, noticed by the Rev. Mark Noble as an unfortunate person, appears rather to have been a felicitous character, enjoying life, while he lived in a way peculiar to himself. Mr. Noble, who had the use of Granger's valuable papers, names him as an ideot, and deaf and dumb into the bargain, "so much for the learned and Reverend Gentleman;" but it does not always follow, that a deprivation of one faculty entails the party afflicted with lack of others; on the contrary, we know the blind, in general, have a nicety in feeling greatly beyond those blessed with sight.*

* I knew a gentleman, Mr. Francis Linley, organist of Pentonville Chapel, Clerkenwell, from his birth blind, whose greatest amusement was to explore church-yards, and with his fingers trace out memorials of the dead from tomb-stones; indeed, the fineness of his touch would lead him to know a book from the lettering at the back of a volume: and could, without a guide, make his way throughout the bustling streets of London.

John Gale had a something so remarkably uncouth in his physiognomy and manner, that he attracted general notice wherever he appeared. He lived principally in the neighbourhood of Clare-market, where he picked up a maintenance among the butchers, and other tradesmen thereabouts, by helping to drive cattle and carrying heavy loads of meat, and other servile employments of that nature. Being perfectly harmless, he was rather under protection of the mob, than, as is too often the case with unhappy objects of this description, exposed to their unfeeling scoffs and abuse. He always wore his hat in a particular direction; so much on one side, as hardly to keep its place on his head, and was seldom seen without a pipe in his mouth. Tobacco and ale were his two grand animal gratifications; and his highest mental enjoyment seemed to be that of witnessing the public execution of criminals, whom he constantly accompanied from the gaol to Tyburn, riding on the copse of the cart, and smoking his pipe with perfect decorum the whole way, unmoved at the passing scene, while

> Clever *Tom Clinch* as the rabble was bawling,
> Was riding up Holborn to die in his calling;
> And the maids to the windows and balconies ran,
> And cry'd out, Alack! he's a proper young man!

From this circumstance Dumb Jack (his general and familiar appellation,) became universally known; and from the many prints of him extant, it was not wished the remembrance of him should perish; his form too existing on walking sticks, and on tobacco-stoppers, both of wood and metal, many of which still are to be found in the cabinets of the curious. Mr. Noble regrets the pen of the biographer was wanting to the fame of poor Jack, and very gravely remarks his ignorance, whether he died by violence from a ruffian, while sleeping on a bulk in the streets, or of disease in a garret, or hospital; but, it is reasonable to conjecture, he came to his end in a similar way with other mortals, a gradual decay of nature.



Philip Hermon.

PHILIP HERMON was one of those visionary enthusiasts among the people called Quakers, that pretended to possess lights unknown to the rest of mankind; and, through holding forth this doctrine to others, at length brought himself to imagine he was inspired by a divine spirit, to become a teacher and prophet, to guide and collect the stray-lambs that had wandered from the fold of the righteous.—The Quakers had been stigmatized during the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, and the reign of Charles the Second, for their perverse spirit, false doctrine, and lying prophets. In 1653, one Hannah Trapnel, residing at an ordinary in Whitehall, set up the trade of inspiration, praying for the *Lord Protector*, and that God would keep him close to himself, and deliver him from carnal councils. It was said she was in a trance while praying, but, at the expiration of a fortnight, she recovered sufficiently to take her journey homeward to Dunbar: and, in December, 1655, the same woman went to St. *Maws*, in Cornwall, to visit one Carew, a prisoner

PHILIP HERMON,

(Quaker.)

there, and had in company with her three fellows, one having a sword: this party was stopped by a trooper, who informed them he had orders from the Lord Protector to disarm all Cavaliers; to this they replied, *Thy Lord Protector we own not, thou art of the army of the beast.* The Governor of Pendinnis sent for the woman, but she refused to attend: on which an order was given to follow, and bring her before a justice of peace at Penryn.

About the same time, James Naylor, who had been converted to Quakerism by George Fox, took upon himself the character of the Messiah, and pretended to heal the sick, and raise the dead, and was for this offence most severely and most deservedly punished.

Near the latter end of the reign of Charles the Second, one John Kelsey undertook the laudable task of converting the grand Signior to the *Quaking principles*, and actually made his way to *Constantinople* for that purpose; a good bastinado on the soles of his feet, as a recompence for his trouble, could not, however, effectually wean him from the pursuit of his mission, and he was secured per force, and sent on board a ship to convey him to England.

It is not very probable Mr. Hermon went quite so far as either of the above of his fellow-labourers in the

Quaking Vineyard, but it is highly probable he came in for a share of the *imprisonment* and *persecution*, as the *Friends* called it, that was liberally dealt out by government against these innovators, on their first attempts to establish themselves as the *chosen sect*. On one occasion, Hermon was moved by the spirit to ejaculate, "Oh! the blessed man, Joseph: Friends, I believe he had not the law as we have; Oh, Friends, I think Joseph had not the law; to the best of my memory, the law was not writ in Joseph's time;—Oh, Infallibility!"

SIR JOHN JOHNSTON,

(Executed 1691.)

Sir John Johnston.

Sir John Johnston was born at Skickaldy, in Fifeshire, and his father who had a good estate, having diminished it by a too generous way of living, Sir John went young into the army to raise his fortune; and, being at the siege of Maestrich, under the command of the Duke of Monmouth, he so behaved himself as to obtain a captain's commission, but both that and his personal estate were too scanty for his way of living. While he was at Utrecht, in Holland, he was charged with committing a rape on a young woman, and likewise of the like crime near Chester, while in England. After this he went over to Ireland, where he thought to better his circumstances by marriage; and getting into the acquaintance of a Mr. Magrath, in the county of Clare, he, by the manner of his conversation, so gained his good opinion, that he frequently invited him to dinner, and Mr. Magrath having a daughter, who had 10,000*l.* to her portion, Sir John took every opportunity to insinuate himself into her company, and so far gained upon her affections as to obtain her consent to elope with him;

but the father, having some hints given him of their private courtship, kept a very watchful eye over their actions, and at last being confirmed in his suspicions, forbad Sir John his house, and kept his daughter close. She being very uneasy under her confinement, and being deprived of the sight of Sir John, whom she loved to distraction, made a kinswoman her confidant, and entrusted her with a letter to Sir John, to let him know how uneasy her life was, and that if he would come to such a place, at such a time, she would endeavour to make her escape, and meet him; but the lady thinking she should gain most by obliging her uncle, delivered the letter to him, instead of Sir John; Mr. Magrath, having read it, sealed it up again, and sent it to Sir John, who received it with a great deal of satisfaction, and immediately wrote an answer, and sends it back by the same messenger. But repairing to the place of rendezvous, instead of meeting the lady, fell into an ambuscade of fellows with sticks and clubs, who beat him so unmercifully that he promised to relinquish his pursuit. Leaving those parts, he repaired to Dublin; where, having before contracted debts, he was arrested, and thrown into prison. Not knowing how to extricate himself out

of this difficulty, and having had some acquaintance with the Lady Thomond, who was a zealous Roman Catholic, and knowing she kept a priest in her house, he sent a letter to her, acquainting her with his hard fortune, and informing her that he was reconciled to the see of Rome, begged that she would send her chaplain to be assistant to him in the concerns of his soul. The lady acquiesced with his desire, and gave orders to her confessor to attend him; when introduced to Sir John, he told him he could not be ignorant of the danger he was in, knowing how all those of his function were persecuted at that time, King William having so lately made a conquest of that nation, and, therefore, he could not venture to stay long with him, hoping he was fully prepared to make his confession: Sir John replied his confession was but short;—it was, that he wanted money, and he must work his deliverance, or he should be obliged to inform against him. The priest, being terrified, thought it better to part with his money, than hazard a discovery; and gave him what he had about him, which was a good sum in broad pieces; but Sir John, not thinking this enough to answer his wants, obliged him to send for a scrivener, and give him a bond

for 60*l.* more, which being done, the priest was permitted to depart. Sir John immediately employed a person to settle with his creditors, and with the bond and part of the money compounded his debts, got out of prison, and made the best of his way for England.

Having been here some small time, and spent the remainder of his money, he was obliged to be beholden to some of his countrymen for support: and Captain James Campbell having a design to steal an heiress, one Miss Mary Wharton,* he and

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* Miss Wharton was daughter of Philip Wharton, Esq., and at the age of thirteen, by his death, inherited 1,500*l.* *per annum*, besides a personal property to the amount of 1,000*l.* This young lady resided with her mother, in Great Queen-street; when Captain James Campbell, brother of the Earl of Argyle, wishing to possess so rich a prize, determined to marry her per force, and for that purpose prevailed upon Sir John Johnston and Archibald Montgomery to assist him in conveying Miss Wharton from her home. The enterprize succeeded but too well, to Johnston's cost; Campbell, who was the real culprit, escaped punishment, and married Margaret Leslie, daughter of David Lord Newark, after parliament had dissolved his first marriage; but every effort to save Johnston proved ineffectual. Miss Wharton afterwards married Colonel Bierly, who commanded a regiment of horse in the service of William III.

Previous to this unpleasant affair, an act for preventing clandestine marriages had been introduced into the House of

Mr. Montgomery were assistants in the affair; which being done, and a reward of 100*l.* offered for the apprehending Captain Campbell, and 50*l.* a-piece for him and Mr. Montgomery. Sir John being betrayed by his landlord, was apprehended and indicted for it, the 11th of December, 1690. The evidence was in substance, that Miss Mary Wharton, being an heiress of considerable fortune, and under the care of her guardian, (Mr. Bierly,) was decoyed out on the 10th of November, and being met with by Sir John Johnston, Captain Campbell, and Mr. Montgomery, in Queen-street, was forced into a coach with six horses, (appointed to wait there by Captain Campbell,) and carried to the coachman's house, and there married to Captain Campbell, against the consent of herself, or knowledge of her guardian. The Jury finding the prisoner Guilty, he received sentence of death.

At the place of execution, he addressed the spectators in a long speech, in which he not only endea-

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Commons, which met with considerable opposition; and, although Campbell's violence was a strong argument in favor of the measure, the house rejected it, but annulled his marriage, much against the wishes of the Earl of Argyle, who earnestly petitioned that it might be confirmed.

voured to make it appear he was blameless in the transaction for which he suffered, but that he had been greatly wronged by printed papers, in which he was charged with a rape at Chester, and a similar crime at Utrecht, in Holland. He was executed at Tyburn, the 23d of December, 1690.

WILLIAM JOY,

(The English Sampson.)

William Joy,

THE ENGLISH SAMPSON.

WILLIAM JOY was a native of Kent, and born May 2, 1675, at St. Lawrence, a small village, one mile from Ramsgate, in the Isle of Thanet. When very young, he distinguished himself among his juvenile companions and play-mates, by his amazing superiority in strength, over any antagonist that dare to come in competition with his power, whether in play or earnest. When about twenty-four years of age, he first began to exhibit in public his astonishing feats, in a display of personal prowess inferior to none but the Hebrew champion recorded in holy writ. Among many other of this man's extraordinary performances may be recorded:—1. A strong horse, urged by the whip to escape his powerful rein, is restrained and kept from escape solely by the check of his pull, aided by a strong rope, and this without any stay or support whatever. 2. Seated upon a stool, with his legs horizontally elevated, solely by muscular power, he jumps clearly from his seat. 3. To prove the agility and flex-

ibility of his joints, he places a glass of wine on the sole of his foot, and, in an erect posture, without the least bending of his head or body, raises the glass to his mouth, and drinks the contents, turning his foot with both hands, to accommodate his draught. 4. Aided by a strong leather girdle, or belt, and supporting himself by pressing his arms on a railing, he lifts from the ground a stone of the enormous weight of 2240lbs. 5. A rope fastened to a wall, which had borne 3500lbs. weight, without giving way, is broke asunder by his amazing strength. The celebrity of this man attracted the curiosity of King William III., before whom he exhibited at Kensington Palace; likewise before George, Prince of Denmark, and his royal consort, the Princess, afterwards Queen Anne, and their son William, Duke of Gloucester, called the hopes of England.—He also went through a regular course of performances at the Duke's Theatre, in Dorset-gardens, Salisbury-square, which was attended by the first nobility and gentry in the kingdom. The portrait of William Joy, which is presumed to be unique, is dated 1699, and printed on a whole sheet, and is noticed by Bromley in his catalogue of English Heads, but has escaped the notice of the Rev. Mark Noble, in his continua-

tion of Granger's Biographical History. The head is surrounded with five vignettes, representing the manner in which he performed his various feats of strength. At all times, and in all ages, we hear and read of extraordinary persons, celebrated for one thing or another. September 4th, 1818, was shown at Bartholomew Fair, "The strongest woman in Europe, the celebrated French Female Hercules, Madame Gobert, who will lift with her teeth a table five feet long and three feet wide, with several persons seated upon it; also carry thirty-six weights, fifty-six pounds each, equal to 2016lbs. and will disengage herself from them without any assistance; will carry a barrel containing 340 bottles; also an anvil 400lbs. weight, on which they will forge with four hammers at the same time she supports it on her stomach; she will also lift with her hair the same anvil, swing it from the ground, and suspend it in that position to the astonishment of every beholder; will take up a chair by the hind stave with her teeth, and throw it over her head, ten feet from her body. Her travelling caravan, (weighing two tons,) on its road from Harwich to Leominster, owing to the neglect of the driver, and badness of the road, sunk in the mud, nearly to the box of the wheels; the two horses

being unable to extricate it she descended, and, with apparent ease, disengaged the caravan from its situation, without any assistance whatever."

Having the curiosity to see this wonderful Female, I went for the purpose of accurately observing her manner of performance, which was by laying extended at length on her back on three chairs, pillows were then placed over her legs, thighs, and stomach, over those two thick blankets, and then a moderately thick deal board, the thirty-six weights were then placed on the board, beginning at the bottom of the legs, and extending upwards above the knees and thighs, but none approaching towards the stomach. She held the board on each side with her hands, and when the last weight was put on, she pushed the board upwards on one side, and tumbled the weights to the ground. On the whole, there appeared more of trick than personal strength in this feat. Her next performance was raising the anvil, (which might weigh nearly 200lbs.,) from the ground with her hair, which is thick, black, and as strong as that in the tail of a horse; this is platted on each side, and fixed to two cords, which is attached to the anvil, then rising from a bending to an erect posture, she raises and swings the anvil several

times backwards and forwards through her legs. Her next feat was raising a table with her teeth, a slight rickety thing, made of deal, with a bar across the legs, which, upon her grasping it, is sustained against her thighs, and enables her more easily to swing it round several times, maintaining her hold only by her teeth. The chair she makes nothing of, but canters it over her head like a plaything. That she is a wonderfully strong woman is evident, but that she can perform what is promised in her bills is a notorious untruth. She has an infant which now sucks at her breast, about eleven months old; that lifts, with very little exertion, a quarter of a hundred weight.

In the year 1794, the writer of this article saw at the Admiralty Coffee-house, Charing-cross, a man named Sheppard, a sergeant in the Coventry volunteers, commanded by Colonel Troughton; he was then about five or six-and-twenty years of age, and was remarked by his comrades and friends for extraordinary strength, many particulars of which were related, that aroused the curiosity of some officers of that regiment, and some gentlemen, their friends, to see the man and become witnesses of his power; after being introduced, and requested to show a

proof of strength, he desired to have a few oysters sent for, the largest which could be procured, unopened, which being produced, (and large ones they were) he took six, and devoured them shells and all, in a manner we generally see a person munch a biscuit; a heavy mahogany coffee-house-table, seven feet long and four wide, he fixed his teeth in, placing his arms behind him, and, by mere strength, elevated the end to touch the ceiling; he likewise took two men, of moderate size, one in each hand, raised them from the ground, and held them at arms length; but he acknowledged his superior strength to lay in his jaw and neck. He has been known to take a pewter pint pot, and tear it into pieces and shreds with his teeth, and what may appear extraordinary, he said he felt a visible decay of strength upon any time having his hair cut, whether this was an affectation of imitating Samson of old or not, we cannot determine, but must entirely depend on the man's assertion;—but all this does not come up to the feats of William Joy. Topham, Sheppard, and Madame Gobert, were but pigmies compared with the ENGLISH SAMSON.

The facetious Tom Brown, in a letter to George Moult, Esq. upon the breaking up of Bartholomew

Fair, informs him, that "a man may easily foretell, without pretending to the gift of prophecy, that the stage will be short-lived, and the strong Kentish-man will take possession of the two play-houses, as he has already done of that in Dorset-gardens." And, in a postcript to the same epistle, he adds "The strong Kentish-man, (of whom you have heard so many stories) has, as I told you above, taken up his quarters in *Dorset-gardens*, and how they'll get him out again the Lord knows, for he threatens to thrash all the Poets, if they pretend to disturb him. Mr. Joseph Haines was his master of the ceremonies, and introduced him in a prologue upon the stage; and, indeed, who so fit to do it as this person, whose breath is as strong as the Kentish-man's back."

Dr. John Radcliffe.

Dr. John Radcliffe, a man equally singular in his manners as he rendered himself so by his cures, was a native of Wakefield, in Yorkshire, of respectable parentage, but burthened with the charge of a numerous family. The neighbouring gentry observing in Radcliffe an excellent capacity when a boy, induced them to educate him at their own expence; and, when he arrived at the age of fifteen, he was sent to University College, Oxford, where his mother (then a widow,) assisted him in obtaining a thorough knowledge of Botany, Chemistry, and Anatomy. He afterwards became a fellow of Lincoln College, and commenced physician, with a sovereign contempt for the works of medical writers. "There," said he, "is Radcliffe's library," pointing to a few books on a window-seat. The faculty, in revenge, called his cures "*guess work*," and he retorted by terming them "*old nurses*."—His abhorrence of the practice of consulting the water of patients is well

Dr JOHN RADCLIFFE,
(Obiit 1714.)

known,* nature was his guide, and she led him to adopt a cool regimen in the small-pox, which has saved numbers of lives, and preserved the smoothness and beauty of many faces. Several circumstances conspired to render his residence at Oxford unpleasant; he, therefore, went to London, where his practice became general, and he was equally celebrated for his wit and his prescriptions; the former blazed forth with native frankness, without respect to place or persons; he once said to King William, "I would not have your *two* legs for your *three* kingdoms:" and to Queen Anne, by a messenger who had been sent for him, that "her majesty was as well as any woman in England, if she would think so."

Dr. Radcliffe was a firm friend, and his lamentations on the death of the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Craven do honor to his feelings; he has, however, been accused of parsimony, and neglect of

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* A woman, the wife of a shoe-maker, went to the doctor with her husband's water, (who was ill,) in a urinal, for advice, he threw the water away, withdrew, and filled it with his own, bidding her return and shew her husband that, and make him a pair of boots to fit. The poor woman said the thing was impossible, without his being measured; and so is it to cure him, replied Radcliffe, without seeing him.

his family; the latter charge he endeavoured to obviate, by leaving liberal annuities to his two sisters, two nephews and a niece, and rewarding his servants; several acts are recorded of his benevolence, and he not only forgave, but provided for a criminal who had robbed him, and exulted in restoring to his place and confidence a servant whom he suspected and had dismissed. He was once informed of a considerable loss he had sustained by the capture of a ship, in which some of his property had been embarked, and answered the usual compliments of condolence with a smile, and put round the bottle, "my lord, I have only to go up 250 pair of stairs to make myself whole again."

A nobleman of high rank, whom the doctor had attended, and who was afflicted with a quinsey in the throat, being by his friends considered in imminent danger, and Radcliffe refusing to go on the first sending for, the servants had orders to take the carriage and bring him to the patient by force, this the coachman literally obeyed, thrusting the doctor into the carriage, and driving him home, where, when he arrived, he ordered the coachman and footman to attend him into their master's chamber, giving orders to the footman to make the cook get ready im-

mediately a dish of hot hasty-pudding, and send it up; keeping the coachman in the room, under pretence of his assistance being necessary. The pudding ready, the doctor desired the coachman to give some to his master while hot, which the sick nobleman declining to take, the doctor made the coachman be seated with him to partake of it; neither for a time could taste it for the heat, but Radcliffe, after blowing and pretending to take a spoonful, very dexterously threw a hot one in the coachman's face, who, not relishing the salutation, immediately returned the compliment in that of the doctor's,—the sight of this curious engagement set the sick nobleman into a convulsion of laughter, which broke the quinsey, and brought the doctor to the assistance of his patient, to prevent suffocation.

Dr. Radcliffe's constitution was strong, and he had a turn for conviviality, but when he entertained Prince Eugene, he gave him plain beef and pudding, for which the prince returned him thanks, as having considered him "not as a courtier, but as a soldier."

It is believed that he distributed large sums in private charity, to the non-juring clergy of England, and the deprived episcopal clergy of Scotland; and he is known to have been very liberal to the society

for promoting Christian Knowledge; and to his friend, Dr. Walker, a Roman Catholic, to whom he gave a handsome competence, and a respectable funeral after his decease; it has been suspected that he gave his purse, with his friendship, to Dr. Sacheverel.

He resided next door to Sir Godfrey Kneller, with whom, for a time, he lived on friendly terms, and who several times painted his portrait; but some dispute arising, concerning a garden-door which separated their houses, Sir Godfrey threatened to have it nailed up, which coming to the knowledge of the doctor, he facetiously said, Sir Godfrey was welcome to do what he pleased with it, provided he did not paint it. Sir Godfrey's rejoinder was, he could take that or any thing else from the doctor, except physic!

He was to have married a lady with 15,000*l.* fortune, who endeavoured to conceal her pregnancy by a favored lover; far from resenting her conduct after the discovery, he pleaded to her father for forgiveness, and advised him to marry her to the man of her choice, that he might give his property *legally* to the young *Hans-en-kelder*.

Dr. Radcliffe died, November 1, 1714, and was buried at St. Mary's Church, Oxford, with a so-

lemnity commensurate to his munificence to that University. His death is supposed to have been accelerated by the vexation he experienced at not having attended Queen Anne, during her last moments, as ordered by the privy-council. His property, (exclusive of the legacies mentioned above,) he bequeathed to the University of Oxford, where his library is a sufficient monument to his memory; and to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in London.

Thomas Rymer.

THOMAS RYMER was born in Yorkshire, and had his education at the University of Cambridge, but in what college is not known. On his settling in London, he became a member of the society of Gray's Inn, and, in 1692, succeeded Mr. Shadwell, as historiographer to King William III., a situation he was well qualified to fill, from his extensive reading, and deep research into books and manuscripts connected with English History. He was a man of great learning, and a lover of poetry; but, when he set up for a critic, he brought a swarm of disappointed authors round him, that almost galled and stung him to death, in revenge for his unmercifully scourging the offspring of their brains. His critical writings prove he had very few requisites for the character he had assumed, and he was indeed almost totally disqualified for it, by his want of candour.—The severities which he has exercised in his *View of the Tragedies of the last Age*, against the inimitable Shakespeare, are scarcely to be forgiven, and

THOMAS RYMER.

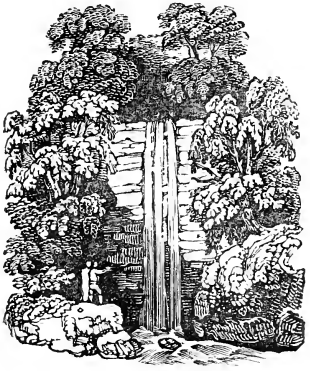
must surely be considered as a kind of sacrilege committed on the memory of our immortal Bard. The publication brought on him a very severe satire, from the pen of a brother author, and equally severe critic, under the title of "A Description of the Miseries of a Garreteer Poet," in a print representing Mr. Rymer and his distressed family, in a miserable attic, with the following description of the place and furniture, "in one corner of this poetical apartment stood a flock-bed, and underneath it a green JORDAN presented itself to the eye, which had collected the nocturnal urine of the whole family, consisting of Mr. Rymer, his wife, and two daughters; three rotten chairs and a half seemed to stand like traps in various parts of the room, threatening downfall to unwary strangers; and one solitary table, in the middle of this aerial apartment, served to hold the different treasures of the whole family; there was now lying upon it, the first act of a Comedy, a pair of yellow stays, two political pamphlets, a plate of bread and butter, three dirty night-caps, and a volume of miscellaneous poems. The lady of the house was drowning a neck of mutton in meagre soup, and their two daughters sat in the window mending their father's brown stockings, with blue worsted; such

was the mansion of Mr. Rymer, the poet; and, to complete his misfortunes, instead of an expected reward for his works from a nobleman, he brought home as a present little POMPEY: this so exasperated his wife, that with savage hands she seized his works on the table, and was going to commit them to the flames, but her husband's voice interrupted her, crying out, see! see! see! my dear, the pot boils over, and the broth is all running into the fire; this luckily put an end to their debate, they sat down to dinner without a table-cloth, envying one another every morsel that escaped their own mouths."

That Mr. Rymer's talents for dramatic poetry were extremely inferior to those of the persons whose writings he has with so much rigour attacked, will be apparent to every one who will take the trouble of perusing one play, which he has given to the world, entitled, *Edgar*, a tragedy, 4to., 1678.

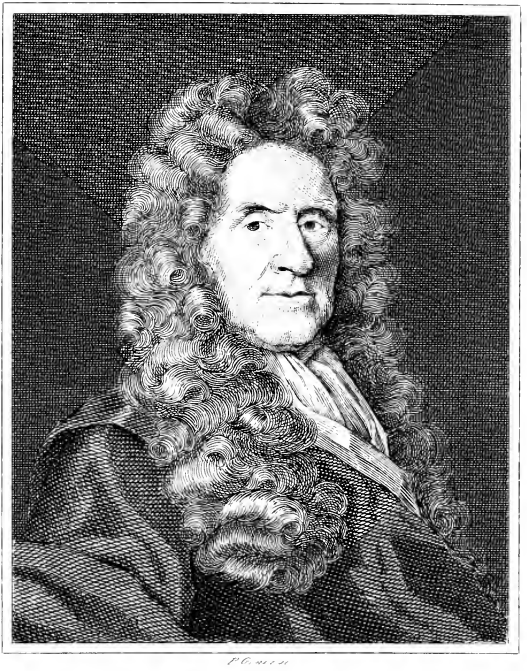
But although he did not rank high in fame or judgment as a poet and a critic, yet it cannot be denied but that he was a very excellent antiquary and historian. Some of his pieces, relating to our constitution, are remarkably good; and his well-known valuable and most useful work, entitled the

Foedera, printed in seventeen volumes, folio, will stand an everlasting monument of his worth, his indefatigable assiduity, and clearness of judgment as an historical compiler. He died on the 14th day of December, 1713, and was buried in the parish-church of St. Clement's Danes.



Thomas Tryon.

THOMAS TRYON was one among many instances to prove how much personal industry, aided by prudence, may effect. He was born at Bibury, in Gloucestershire, of parents in a very humble situation; his father was a plasterer and tile-maker, and, at five years of age, rendered his son useful towards earning a part to support himself, by spinning and carding of wool, and assisting him in his own trade of a plasterer, which occupation he quitted to assume the office of a shepherd. At thirteen years of age he first began to learn to read, and at fourteen, by the strictest frugality, he found himself master of several sheep, one of which he gave to be taught the art of writing; and, shortly afterwards, he sold his whole stock of sheep for three pounds, and with that sum in his pocket made the best of his way to London, in hopes of improving his little fortune: he was not long in finding a situation, and became apprentice to a hat-maker, at Bridewell Dock: he paid the greatest attention in learning his business,



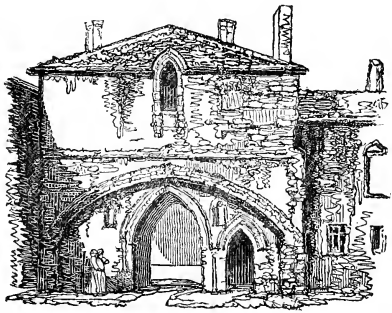
THOMAS TRYON,

to which he devoted the whole of the day, and amused himself the greatest part of the night in reading; he was peculiarly attached to books of astrology and the occult sciences, and Lilly, Partridge, Booker, and others of the same class, were his infallible oracles. In imitation of Roger Crabb, the Uxbridge hermit, he rejected the use of animal food, and affected to consider the lives of the dumb creation as sacred. Having heated his imagination to the highest pitch, he boasted that by his "temperance, cleanliness, and innocency," he was purified for celestial enjoyment, and had felt himself inspired with divine illuminations. He possessed, however, sufficient prudence to take care of that which the generality of the world call "the main chance." He entered and pursued business with such attention and success, that he accumulated a considerable fortune. His amusements and fancies were innocent, and hurt none; and, like some other humourists, marked the progress of the spirit in a journal, in which he carefully recorded the mighty working wonders of his prolific brain, and at forty-eight commenced author upon other subjects, not less extraordinary than the preceding.

Tryon was of a sensible, enthusiastic mind, acting entirely from his own resolves; not submitting to

the guidance or advice of any one; had society or friendship directed him, or assisted his experience and application, he might have produced something worthy remark, and we might have admired, and been improved, instead of wondering and smiling at his singular mode of burying birds, or laughing at his abomination of woollen cloth, and his permission for our wearing linen.

He died, August 21, 1703, at the age of 69, when perhaps he had thoughts of remaining a series of ages in this world, through his tenderness to beasts, birds, fishes, insects and reptiles.



The Trwe Effigies of Iames Whitney the Notorious Highwayman.

James Whitney.

In general, the biographers of rogues and vagabonds give their heroes a title to wit and ingenuity very far beyond the abilities of the scoundrels they record; to this, in a great measure, is owing the difficulty of finding out, and appreciating as they merit, genuine anecdotes of the characters delineated. If any man becomes distinguished by crime, a hundred stories are immediately put in circulation, attributing matters to his invention, to which he was not only incompetent, but absolutely a stranger to the very circumstances related.

One of this description appears to have been James Whitney, who, in addition to his own depredations, has the credit of many he never probably committed. He was born at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, and, when fit for servitude, was apprenticed to a butcher, with whom he continued until the expiration of his time; but no sooner did he become his own master, than he gave way to a very irregular course of life.

Going with another butcher to Romford, in Essex,

in order to buy calves, they met with one they had a particular fancy to; but the owner demanded what they thought an extravagant price for it, so that they could not strike a bargain; however, as the man kept a public-house, our companions agreed to go in and drink with him. They were much vexed at not being able to purchase the calf, when *Whitney* suddenly proposed the stealing of it, to which the other consenting, they sat drinking till night.

In the evening, a fellow came into the town with a great she-bear, which he carried about for a show, and put up at the house where the two butchers were drinking in an inner room, the landlord was some time before he could contrive where to lodge the bear, but at last he resolved to move the calf into another out-house, and tie madam *Bruin* up in his place, which was done accordingly, without the knowledge of *Whitney* and his friend, who continued drinking till they were told it was time to go to bed. Upon this warning they paid their reckoning, and went out, staying in the fields near the town till they imagined the time favored their design. The night was very dark, and they came to the stall without making any noise or disturbance; *Whitney* was to go in and fetch out the calf, while the other

watched without; when he entered he felt about, till he got hold of the bear, which lying after the sluggish manner peculiar to those creatures, he began to tickle it to make it rise; at last, being awaked, the beast being muzzled, rose up on her hind legs, not knowing but it was her master going to show her. *Whitney* still continued feeling about, wondering at the length of the calf's hair, and that he should stand in such a posture, till the bear caught hold of him and hugged him fast between her fore-feet.

In this posture he remained, unable to move, and afraid to cry out, till the other butcher, wondering at his long stay, put his head in at the door, and said, with a low voice, *What the plague, will you be all the night stealing a calf!—A calf!* quoth *Whitney, I believe it is the devil that I am going to steal, for he hugs me as closely, as he does the witch in the statue. Let it be the devil, says t'other bring him out, however, that we may see what he is like, which is something I should be very glad to know.* *Whitney* was too much surprised to be pleased with the jesting of his companion, so that he replied, with some choler, *Come, and fetch him yourself, for may I be d——d if I half like him.* Hereupon t'other entered, and, after a little examina-

tion, found how they were bit. By his assistance *Whitney* got loose, and they both swore they would never attempt to steal calves any more.

Whitney, after this, took the *George Inn*, at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, where, for a time, he entertained all sorts of bad company; but, this speculation not answering, in a little time he was compelled to shut up his house, and retreat to London, where he began to practice every sort of fraud and villany.—It was some time before he took to the highway, following only the common tricks practised by the sharpers of the town, in which he was the more successful, as he always went dressed like a gentleman.

One morning, as *Whitney* stood on Ludgate-hill, at a mercer's door, waiting for a friend whom he expected to come by, two ladies of the town came along, these ladies took our gentleman for the master of the shop, and supposing him to become an easy dupe, asked him if he had any fine silks of the newest fashion; *Whitney* readily replied, *that he had none by him at present he could recommend, but in a day or two's time he should have choice, several weavers being to bring him in pieces, made from the last fashions brought up, and begged to know where*

he might have the honor to wait on them with samples,—to which one of the ladies replied, *That being newly come to town, they did not remember the name of the street; but it was not far off, and if he pleased to go with them, they would show him their habitation.* *Whitney* politely consented, and, to make the affair appear with a better face, he stepped into the shop, as if he went to give orders to the shopman, to whom he only put a few trifling questions, and came out again unsuspected. Having accompanied the ladies home, he very civilly offered to take his leave of them.—*Nay, Sir*, says one of them, *but you shall walk in and take a glass of wine with us, since you have been so good as to give yourself all this trouble.* *Whitney* thanked them, and, with abundance of complaisance, accepted the invitation.

Hitherto both parties were deceived, *Whitney* really took them for gentlewomen of fortune, and came home with them only to learn something that might forward him to make a prey of them; and they as confidently believed him to be the mercer, who owned the shop at which they picked him up. Their designs were to get his money out of his pocket, and, if they could, a suit or two of silk into the bargain. What confirmed them in this opinion was,

the notice he took of several gentlemen as he passed along the street, by pulling off his hat to them, and their returning the compliment.—*Whitney* did it for this very purpose, and it is natural and common for men of fashion to return the salutation of those who notice them.

The ladies introduced the supposed mercer into an apartment splendidly furnished, where a table was instantly spread with a fine cold collation. This being over, the servant and one of the ladies withdrew, leaving the other alone with our adventurer, who soon discovered the drift of her ladyship; but, willing to keep on the mask, after many amorous professions, promised her as much silk as would make her a complete dress.

Whitney was so well pleased with his adventure and reception at this place, that he was resolved, if possible, to have a little more of the same enjoyment, and to that end went to a mercer, and told him, that such a lady had sent him to desire that he would send one of his men with two or three pieces of the richest silk he had, for her to choose a gown and petticoat. The mercer knowing the person of quality he named, she having been his customer before, and without mistrusting any thing, sent a

youth, who was but newly come apprentice, telling him the prices in *Whitney's* hearing. Our adventurer led the lad through as many bye-streets as he could, in order to carry him out of his knowledge, till observing a house in *Suffolk-street*, which had a thoroughfare into *Hedge-lane*, he desired the young man to stay at the door, while he carried in the silks to shew them to the lady, who lodged there; the youth very readily agreed, and *Whitney* went into the house, and asked the people for somebody whom they did not know; and, upon their telling him no such person lived in that neighbourhood, he desired leave to go through, which was granted, and he got clear off with his prize, which he immediately carried to his two ladies, and divided between them. After which he revelled with them in all manner of excess for several days, and then withdrew himself.

He was resolved, however, that nobody but himself should enjoy the fruit of his industry, and since he could not have the profit of his cheat, he thought proper to restore the mercer his goods again. To this end he writes a letter where the women lived, and the shop-keeper, getting a warrant and constable, went and found the silks in their possession; all the excuse they could make, as receiving them

from the right owner, availed nothing, they were hurried before a magistrate, who committed them to *Tothill-fields Bridewell*, were their backs were covered with stripes of the cat-and-nine-tails, instead of the eleemosynary silks, which they made so sure of.

Whitney had now become a confirmed highwayman, and meeting a gentleman on *Bagshot-heath*, he commanded him to stand and deliver, to which the other replied, *Sir, 'tis well you spoke first; for I was just going to say the same thing to you.—Why, are you a gentleman thief then?* quoth *Whitney.—Yes*, said the stranger, *but I have had very bad success to day.* *Whitney* upon this wished him better luck, and took his leave, really supposing him to be what he pretended.—At night it was the fortune of *Whitney* and this person to put up at the same inn, when our gentleman told some other travellers by what stratagem he had escaped being robbed on the road. *Whitney* had so altered his habit and speech, that the gentleman did not know him again; so that he heard all the story without being taken any notice of. Among other things, he heard him tell one of the company softly, that he had saved an hundred pounds by his contrivance. The person to whom he had whispered this, was going the same way the next

morning, and said, he had also a considerable sum about him, and, if he pleased, should be glad to travel with him for security.

When morning came, the travellers set out, and *Whitney* about a quarter of an hour after them; all the discourse of the gentlemen was about cheating the highwaymen, if they should meet any. When *Whitney*, at a convenient place, had got before them, and bid them stand, the gentleman whom he met before not knowing him, he having disguised himself after another manner, briskly cried out, *We were going to say the same to you, Sir.—Were you so?* quoth *Whitney, and are you of my profession then?—Yes*, said they both. *If you are*, replied *Whitney, I suppose you remember the old proverb, two of a trade can never agree, so that you must not expect any favor on that score. But to be plain, gentlemen, the trick will do no longer; I know you very well, and must have your hundred pounds, Sir; and your considerable sum, Sir*, turning to the other, *let it be what it will, or I shall make bold to send a brace of bullets through each of your heads. You, Mr. Highwayman, should have kept your secret a little longer, and not have boasted so soon of having outwitted a*

thief; there is now nothing for you to do, but deliver or die!

These terrible words put them both into a sad consternation: they were loth to lose their money, but more loth to lose their lives; so, of two evils they chose the least, the tell-tale coxcomb disbursing his hundred pounds, and the other a somewhat larger sum, professing that they would be careful for the future not to count without their host.

Another time, *Whitney* met with one Mr. *Hull*, an old usurer, in the Strand, as he was riding across *Hounslow-heath*. He could hardly have chosen a wretch more in love with money; and, consequently, who would have been more unwilling to have parted with it. When the dreadful words were spoken, he trembled like a paralytic, and fell to expostulating the case in the most moving expressions he was master of, professing that he was a very poor man, had a large family of children, and should be utterly ruined if he was so hard-hearted as to take his money from him. He added, moreover, the illegality of such an action, and how very dangerous it was to engage in such evil courses. *Whitney*, who knew him, cried out in a great passion: *Sirrah, do you pretend to preach*

morality to an honester man than yourself; you make a prey of all mankind, and grind to death with eight and ten per cent. This once, however, Sir, I shall oblige you to lend me what you have without bond, consequently without interest; so make no more words.

Old Hull, hereupon, pulled out about eighteen guineas, which he gave with a great deal of grumbling; telling him withal, that he should see him one time or another ride up *Holborn-hill* backwards. *Whitney* was going about his business till he heard these words, when he returned, and pulled the old gentleman off his horse, putting him on again with his face towards the horse's tail, and tying his legs; *Now*, says he, *you old rogue, let me see what a figure a man makes when he rides backwards, and let me have the pleasure, at least, of beholding you first in that posture.* So giving the horse three or four good cuts with his whip, he set him a running so fast, that he never stopt till he came to *Hounslow* town, where the people loosed our gentleman, after they had made themselves a little merry with the sight.

Whitney always affected to appear generous and

noble; meeting one day with a gentleman on Newmarket-heath, whose name was *Long*, and having robbed him of a hundred pounds, in silver, which was in his portmanteau, tied up in a great bag, the gentleman told him, that he had a great way to go, and, as he was unknown upon the road, should meet with many difficulties, if he did not restore as much as would bear his expences. *Whitney* opened the mouth of the bag, and holding it to Mr. *Long*, *Here*, says he, *take what you have occasion for.* Mr. Long put in his hand, and took out as much as he could hold: to which *Whitney* made no opposition, but only said with a smile, *I thought you would have had more conscience, Sir.*

Coming once to Doncaster, he put up at the *Red Lion Inn*, and made a great figure, having a pretty round sum in his possession. While he resided here, he was informed that the landlord of the house was reputed rich, but withal so covetous, that he would do nothing to help a poor relation or neighbour in distress. On this *Whitney* set his wits to work, and gives out that he had a good estate, and travelled about the country merely for his pleasure, and so artfully insinuated himself into the good

opinion of his host, that he ran most plentifully into his debt, both for his own accommodation, and the keep of his horse.

It happened that while he remained here, there was an annual fair held; upon the fair-day, in the morning, a small box, carefully sealed, and very weighty, came directed to him. He opened it, took out a letter, which he read, and locked it up, and gave it to his landlady, desiring her to keep it in her custody for the present, because it would be safer than in his own hands, and ordered the landlord, at the same time, to write out his bill, that he might pay him the next morning: as soon as he had done this, he went out, as though to see the fair. In the afternoon he comes home again, in a great hurry, and desired his horse might be dressed and saddled, he having a mind to shew him in the fair, and, if he could, to exchange him for one he had seen, and which he thought was the finest that ever he fixed his eyes on.—*I will have him*, says he, *if possible, whether the owner will buy mine or no, and though he cost me forty guineas;* he then asked for his landlady to help him to his box, but she was gone to the fair; whereupon he fell a swearing like a madman, that he supposed she had locked up what he gave

her, and taken the keys with her: *If she has*, quoth he, *I had rather have given ten guineas, for I have no money at all, but what is in your possession.* Enquiry was made, and it was found to be as he said, which put him into a still greater passion, though it was what he wished for, and even expected, the whole having been invented for the sake of this single scene.

The landlord quickly had notice of our gentleman's anger, and the occasion of it; upon which he comes to him, and begs of him to be easy, offering to lend him the sum he wanted, till his wife came home. *Whitney* seemed to resent it highly, that he must be obliged to borrow money when he had so much of his own; however, as there was no other way, he condescended, with abundance of reluctance, to accept the proposal; adding, that he desired an account of all he was indebted as soon as possible, as it was not his custom to run hand over head.

Having received forty guineas, the sum he pretended to want, he mounts his horse, and rides towards the fair, but instead of dealing there for another horse, he spurred his own through the crowd, as fast as he could conveniently, and made the best of his way towards London. At night the people

of the inn sat up very late for his coming home, nor did they suspect any thing the first, or even the second night, but at the end of two or three days the landlord was a little uneasy; and, after he had waited a week to no purpose, it came into his head to break open the box, in order to examine it. With this view he goes to the magistrate of the place, procures his warrant, and, in presence of a constable and other witnesses, broke open the casket, and was ready to hang himself when he found the contents to be nothing but sand and stones.

This was, however, the last of *Whitney's* adventures, for not long after his arrival in town he was apprehended in *White Friars*, upon the information of Mother *Cozens*, who kept a bawdy-house in *Milford-lane*, over-against St. *Clement's Church*. The magistrate, who took the information, committed him to Newgate, where he remained till the next sessions at the Old Bailey. Being brought to trial, and found guilty, the Recorder passed sentence of death on him, and exhorted him to a sincere repentance, as it was impossible for him to hope for any reprieve, after such a course of villanies: and, on Wednesday, the 19th of December, 1694, he was carried to the place of execution, which was at *Porter's Block*, near

Smithfield, where he addressed the people in the following words:—

"*I have been a very great offender, both against God, and my Country, by transgressing all laws, human and divine. I believe there is not one here present, but has often heard my name, before my confinement, and have seen a large catalogue of my crimes, which has been made public since;—why should I then pretend to vindicate a life stained with so many enormous deeds?—The sentence passed on me is just, and I can see the footsteps of a providence, which I had before profanely laughed at, in my apprehension and conviction. I hope the sense which I have of these things has enabled me to make my peace with heaven, the only thing that is now of any concern to me. Join in your prayers with me, my dear countrymen, that God would not forsake me in my last moments.*

Having spoke thus, and afterwards spent a few moments in private devotion, he was turned off, being about thirty-four years of age.

ÆSOP,

The Drunken rhyming Cobler of Eton.

Æsop of Eton.

COBLERS, in general, have the character of being great tiplers, and Æsop of Eton was not of a disposition to falsify the common assertion, that a cobler, when drunk, is "as great as a lord." The real name of this genius has not been handed down to us; but, from the appellation given him of Æsop, there is every reason to suppose him to have been deformed, similar to his fabled namesake of antiquity. In the reign of Queen Anne, when the Whig and Tory politicians so liberally bespattered one another, Æsop was determined not to remain neuter, and, inspired by the classic air of Eton, he started in the treble pursuits of politics, poetry and cobbling, and employed his pen and awl alternately, to patch the state and old shoes and boots. The latter profession, however, succeeded with him best; as his cobbling jobs enabled him to keep St. Crispin's weekly holiday regularly throughout the year, and the copious draughts of Sir John Barleycorn's delighful beverage enabled him to exercise his muse

in many a drunken rhyme, though it does not appear that either his poetic or prosaic productions were ever deemed worthy to be preserved in print. Mr. Granger observes of his rhymes, that he knew no better way to characterize them, than "by the three blue beans in a blue bladder." The memory of Æsop of Eton, and his works, have long ceased to interest any one.

At the period in which Æsop of Eton flourished, there were several other pretenders to the appellation of the Phrygian sage, and the name became so degraded as to be marked only with contempt. Tom Brown informs us, in one of his witty letters, that, "because Æsop from Tunbridge had the good fortune to please, an hundred other Æsops, from *Epsom*, Islington, and other parts of the kingdom, were immediately trumped up, till the very name of *Æsop* at last grew scandalous."

Tom Brown's Works, Vol. I. p. 241.

JAMES BICK,

(The Mimic Trumpeter.)

James Bick,

THE MIMIC TRUMPETER.

JAMES BICK picked up a tolerable living by frequenting public-houses, and amusing the company in various tricks of Ventriloquism. He is said to have been related to John Shore Bick, Esq. serjeant-trumpeter, but there is no reason to suppose there was any other affinity in these people, than in the name. James Bick particularly excelled in imitating the trumpet, and he has been known to accompany a band, where that instrument was wanting, in a manner so perfectly correct, that the finest ear could not feel the deficiency of the real from the counterfeit deception. He lived and flourished about the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, and was succeeded in his mimic art by one Clinch, of Barnet, who regularly performed at Hicks's-hall Coffee-house, St. John's-street, Clerkenwell, of an evening, and collected very considerable sums from his admiring auditors.

Bick's reputation, as a sham-trumpeter, was too

well established for Clinch to attack that instrument, and he wisely judged it best to stick to the horn, which, by incessant practice, he brought himself to excel in; he greatly distinguished himself in mimicing the huntsman, pack of hounds, sham doctor, old woman, drunken man; and the bells, the flute, double courtel, and the organ, with three voices. All instruments were imitated by his natural voice, and he sung an Essex song, after a manner which none but himself could perform, as we are informed by the "Daily Post" of April 24, 1722. The time of Bick's death is not known, but Clinch died in December, 1734, when he had attained the age of seventy years. We have of late years witnessed the surprising powers of Ventriloquism. Askins, a man with a wooden-leg, performed for a season or two at Sadler's Wells, at a considerable weekly salary; and George Romondo, a native of Lisbon, about the year 1805, exhibited his tricks of Ventriloquism in almost every public-house throughout the metropolis. Mathews, the Comedian, has lately set up in this way, and his single exertions filled the theatre of the English Opera-house for a whole season, while the theatres of Drury Lane and Covent-garden were playing to empty benches.

THOMAS BRITTON.

Thomas Britton.

THOMAS BRITTON was born about the middle of the seventeenth century, at, or near Higham-Ferrers, in Northamptonshire. He served an apprenticeship to a small-coal man, in London, and set up in the same trade in Clerkenwell. He made it his business to go about the streets, with his sack on his back, crying "Small-coal." His daily rounds through the town made him acquainted with a variety of book-stalls, from which he collected a tolerable library of books, which he occasionally sold at a good profit to the nobility and gentry. About the commencement of the last century, a passion prevailed among several persons of distinction, for collecting old books and MSS., and it was their Saturday's amusement, during winter, to ramble through various quarters of the town in pursuit of these literary treasures. The Earls of Oxford, Pembroke, Sunderland, and Winchelsea, and the Duke of Devonshire were of this party; and Mr. Bagford, and other collectors, assisted them in their researches. Britton appears to have

been employed by them; and, as he was a very modest, decent, and unassuming man, he was a sharer in their conversation when they met, after their morning's walk, at a bookseller's shop in Ave-maria-lane. Britton used to pitch his coal-sack on a bulk at the door, and, drest in his blue-frock, step in, and spend an hour with the company. But it was not only by a few bookish lords that his acquaintance was cultivated; his humble roof was frequented by assemblies of the fair and the gay, and this small-coal man has the singular honor of having set the first example, in this country, of that elegant and rational amusement, a musical concert. His attachment to music caused him to be known to many amateurs and performers, who formed themselves into a club at his house, where capital pieces were played by some of the first professional persons. Dr. Pepusch, and even Handel, here displayed their powers on the harpsichord, and Dubourg played his first solo on the violin. Britton's house was an old mean building, of which the ground-floor was a repository for coals; over this was the concert-room, long, low and narrow, and ascended to by a pair of stairs from the outside, scarcely to be mounted without crawling; yet some of the finest ladies of the land were seen

to trip up them without airs or hesitation. This music meeting commenced in 1678, and it is affirmed that it was at first absolutely gratuitous, but, in process of time, probably after Britton had taken a more convenient room in the next house, a subscription was paid of ten shillings a-year each; for which, however, he provided musical instruments. He had also a very good collection of ancient and modern music, by the best authors.

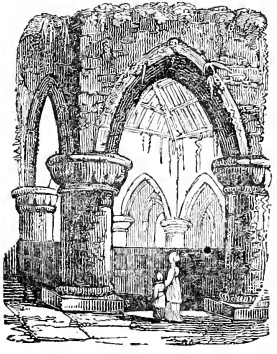
The singularity of Britton's mode of life, and the contrast between his station and his connections, caused a variety of opinions to prevail concerning him and his meetings. He was taken for an atheist, a jesuit, a sectary, and a conjuror; and his concerts were thought to be meetings for seditious or magical purposes. He was, however, a plain honest man, of an open, ingenuous countenance, and cheerful temper, and a sincere votary of the arts and studies in which he engaged His taste for chemistry he imbibed from his neighbour, Dr. Garencieres; and his ingenuity enabled him to contrive a moving laboratory, built by himself, at a small expence, with which he performed many curious experiments; of the nature of these we are not informed, but as many

of the books he had picked up related to the Rosycrucian philosophy, it is not improbable that he might waste some of his small-coal in search after the *grand secret.*

He appears rather to have been a general virtuoso, than a real proficient in any one branch, yet he played upon the viol de gamba at his own concerts; and the noted antiquary, Thomas Hearne, has attested his real skill in rare books and old manuscripts. He sold a large collection of these some years before his death, the printed catalogue of which Hearne says he has often looked over with wonder; and another collection of books and music, which was the chief property he left behind him, was sold by his widow.

The circumstances of his death were as extraordinary as those of his life, if the story is to be credited. A Ventriloquist was introduced into his company by an acquaintance, who was fond of mischievous jests; this man, in a voice apparently coming from a distance, announced to poor Britton his approaching end, and bid him prepare for it, by repeating the Lord's Prayer, on his knees. Britton, whose mystical and magical books had probably made

him credulous, obeyed the injunction, went home, took to his bed, and actually died in a few days. This was in September, 1714. He was buried, with a very respectful attendance, in Clerkenwell church-yard.



Daniel Burgess.

Daniel Burgess, a pulpit buffoon, and imitator of Hugh Peters, amused his congregations more by the levity of his manners, and coarseness of his jokes, than benefited them either by precept or example. He was the son of a clergyman, at Collingburn-Ducis, Wilts, where he was born, in 1645. Mr. Burgess went to Ireland, under the protection of Lord Orrery, the Lord-president of Munster, where he taught a school at Charlevil; but, returning to England at the Restoration, he became a Non-conformist, though not a Puritan; for he was as facetious as his merry monarch, and his jokes were suited to the nature of his company, and the age he lived in. The tales and jests of Hugh Peters have been collected, and published in a small volume, but the quips, cranks, jests, and puns of Daniel Burgess would form a small Encyclopædia of wit and mirth. Preaching of Job's 'robe of righteousness,' "If," said he, "any of you would have a *suit* for a twelvemonth, let him repair to Monmouth-street; if for his

DANIEL BURGESS.

life-time, let him apply to the Court of Chancery, and if for all eternity, let him put on righteousness." Observing but a small congregation one day at his sermon, he suddenly called out, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" The affrighted audience exclaimed, "Where? Where? Where?"—"In hell, to burn such wretches as regard not the glad tidings of the gospel."

Some modern preachers have not disdained to copy the style and manner of Daniel's address from the pulpit. The Rev. Mr. Whitfield, previous to one of his sermons, loudly vociferated, "I espy a whore! I'll throw my bible at her?" at which every female in the chapel stooping their heads, to avoid the menaced threat, fearing in his wrath he might mistake the right aim; "Aye," exclaimed he, "I see a guilty conscience needs no accuser."

The Rev. Rowland Hill, likewise, would sometimes condescend to a little facetiousness;—while building his chapel in the Blackfriar's-road, he observed considerable progress making towards erecting the first Surry Theatre, which he noticed in an address to his followers in the following words:—"You have a race to run now, between G—— and the devil, the children of the last are making all possible haste in building him a temple, where he

may receive the donation and devotions of the children of vanity! now exert yourselves in the cause of righteousness, and never let it be said but what God can outrun the devil."

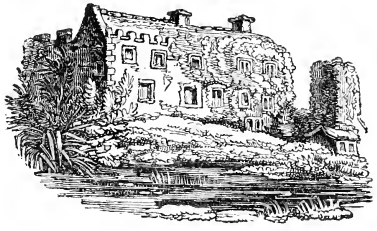
Burgess assigned a curious motive for the Hebrews being called Israelites, "the reason is, because God ever hated Jacobites; and, therefore, Jacob's sons were not so called, but Israelites."—Burgess, in his doctrine as well as politics, was in direct opposition to the popular fire-brand, Dr. Sacheverel; this was so well known, that when the high and low-church party were at the summit of their intemperate zeal, Sacheverel's mob, infuriated by the hangman's burning the sermons of their idol, in revenge set fire to the meeting-houses of their opponents, the Whigs, in which conflagration, that of Daniel Burgess, as one of the most conspicuous, became first illuminated, at the expence of the pulpit and pews. His vein of mirth did not forsake him to the last, nor was his waggery and jokes confined to the meeting-house, but enlivened the company in which he joined, both at home and abroad.

Burgess once dining with a gentleman of his congregation, a large Cheshire-cheese, uncut, was brought to table, "Where shall I cut it?" asked

Daniel; "Any where you please, Mr. Burgess," answered the gentleman. Upon which Daniel handed it to the servant, desiring him to carry it to his house, and he would cut it at home.

He published many works, a catalogue of which is added to his funeral sermon, from his "Golden Snuffers," to his "Latin Defence of Non-conformity." There were several Puritan preachers of the name of Burgess, who are mentioned by Dr. Calamy.

Daniel Burgess died towards the end of January, and was buried the 31st of that month, 1723.



William Carstairs.

"CARDINAL CARSTAIRS," as he was generally called, acted the direct opposite part to his namesake, the tool of the Duke of Lauderdale, in promoting the worst designs of Charles II. in Scotland; who, in 1678, under great horror, according to Burnet, ordered himself to be cast into some ditch, as a dog, for he said he was no better. The *Cardinal*, on the contrary, projected traitorous designs in London, against his sovereign, for which he was apprehended, and sent to Scotland, where, being put to the torture, he confessed his treason; but was afterwards permitted to retire to Holland, where he was received, and even taken into some degree of favor and confidence, by the Prince of Orange, with whom he afterwards returned to England.

A bigotted Presbyterian, he enjoyed, it is said, the revenues of the bishopric of Dumblaine, and constantly attended King William, as his chaplain, in all his campaigns; indeed, during the whole of that reign, he was regarded as a person of some conse-

quence. The intended assassin of the Rye-house Plot had his share in the infamous massacre at Glencoe, and wickedness only changed its object. Queen Anne gave him a gracious reception, as the head of a deputation at the time of the Union, when he attended on behalf of the kirk, as principal of the college at Edinburgh; but she never would employ him in her government. But, to keep him quiet, he was continued one of the Royal Chaplains, and received the episcopal revenue to defend Scotland from bishops.

Carstairs lived to see George I. seated upon the throne, and died in 1715. Mackay, who knew him well, describes him as "the cunningest, subtle dissembler in the world, with an air of sincerity a dangerous enemy, because always hid. An instance of which was secretary *Johnstoun*, to whom he pretended friendship till the very morning he gave him a blow, though he had been worming him out of the king's favor for many months before.

He was a fat, sanguine-complexioned, fair man, always smiling, where he designed most mischief; a good friend when sincere. He is said to have had a Catholic spirit at times, and to have done acts of benevolence in an extraordinary way, an instance

of which follows:—ordering a suit of clothes to be made for him, (but two or three inches less in size than usual,) he pretended to put them on, but, in seeming anger, abused the tailor for so mistaking his measure, then, turning to a poor episcopalian present, said, he hoped it would not offend if he requested him to accept the suit, as he thought it would better fit him. The dispossessed clergyman received the present with thanks. Carstair's State-papers were published in 1774, by Joseph M'Cormick, D. D. minister of Preston-pans. He died in the year 1715, aged sixty-six.

T. Van.d Gucht Sculp.

Mr. John Dennis

John Dennis.

JOHN DENNIS, well-known under the appellation of *Dennis the Critic*, was the son of a sadler, and citizen of London, where he was born in 1657. He received a literary education, first at Harrow-school, and afterwards at Caius College, Cambridge. He remained seven years at the University, and quitting it, with the degree of M. A., made the tour of France and Italy, which he was enabled to accomplish by the liberality of his father and a rich uncle, the latter of whom leaving him a small fortune, shortly after his return, it enabled him to form an acquaintance with the most distinguished poets and men of letters of the time, by whom he was regarded as a person of knowledge and talents. He followed no particular profession, but devoted himself to a literary life. He endeavoured to make himself known as a poet, critic, and dramatic writer, and exerted himself with considerable assiduity, though with but little success; his poetry was turgid, heavy, and obscure.

For the stage, he wrote both comedy and tragedy, and appears to have had some knowledge of the mechanism of the drama; but his performances were, in general, valued by the public at a much lower rate than he himself put upon them. His tragedy, entitled "Liberty Asserted," which became popular, on account of the virulent abuse of the French nation, (with which it abounded,) was of such political consequence in his own eyes, that he imagined Lewis XIV. would make a point, at the peace, of having him delivered up to his resentment. Under this apprehension, he actually applied to the Duke of Marlborough for his good offices, when the treaty of Utrecht was in agitation. The Duke gravely remarked, "that he himself had made no application for security in the articles of peace, and yet he could not but think he had done the French king almost as much harm as Mr. Dennis had done." Another time, being upon a visit to a friend, who lived on the coast of Sussex, he saw a ship making towards land, when, taking it into his head that this was a French vessel come to seize him, he exclaimed, that he was betrayed, and made the best of his way to London, without taking leave of his host.

When his "Appius and Virginia," was performed,

Dennis, to augment the terror of the scene, invented a new species of thunder, more sonorous and alarming than that before in use, and which, indeed, was so well approved as to be employed to the present day. His tragedy soon disappeared from the stage; but Dennis soon after heard his own thunder at the performance of Macbeth. "S'death," cried he, "how these rascals use me! they will not let my play run, yet they steal my thunder."

His last tragedy, entitled "Coriolanus, or the Fatal Resentment," altered from Shakespeare, caused him entirely to break with the managers. After three representations to poor houses, another play was given out for the next night. Dennis was equally surprised and enraged. He published his tragedy, with a dedication to the Duke of Newcastle, in which he states his case, charging the "three insolent actors," who were managers,* with a conspiracy against him, and against genius in general, and assuming the most ludicrous self-consequence.

Dennis was a sour, morose, and ill-natured man; his irritable temper often involved him in personal

* Booth, Wilks, and Cibber.

disputes with men greatly his superiors, among whom were Addison and Pope; and, though his attacks upon them were not without some foundation of reason and plain sense, yet they shewed great insensibility to poetical beauty, and much coarseness of animosity.

His jealousy of a successful rival provoked him, notwithstanding his Whiggism, to publish some very severe strictures on Addison's Cato, but they did not deprive Cato of a single admirer, notwithstanding they might prove that it was not a perfect piece. Still less could his home-spun criticism injure such an exquisite fancy-piece as the Rape of the Lock; yet Pope, as irritable as himself, thought proper to give him a niche in the Dunciad; and further persecuted him with a very laughable "Narrative of the Deplorable Phrensy of Mr. John Dennis." It is probable that the acrimony of the critic's temper was heightened by the narrowness of his circumstances. The private fortune he possessed seems soon to have been spent.

Through the favor of the Duke of Marlborough, he obtained the place of a land-waiter, at the Custom-house, which his extravagance obliged him in a few years to sell, with the reservation of an annuity for

a certain term; this he outlived, so that he was totally unprovided for the necessities of old age. He was obliged to secure his person, by residence within the verge of the court, and his quiet was continually disturbed by the fear of bailiffs.* When he was far advanced in years, and afflicted with loss of sight, a play was acted at the Hay-market for his benefit, to which his old antagonist, Pope, wrote a prologue. This act of generosity would have been more to the poet's credit, had he not written his prologue in a style of ironical ridicule upon the old critic. Thomson, who took the most active part in the charity, was complimented in Dennis's name, with some elegant lines, said to be written by Savage. The veteran did not long survive this kindness, dying in his seventy-seventh year, 1734.

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* Straying a little beyond the rules of the court once, on the evening of a Saturday, he saw a person, with an ill-favored countenance, near him; with dismay and trembling he waited till the clock had struck twelve, when he exclaimed, "I value you not now, whether bailiff or not." The gentleman, who had caused his alarm, understanding for what he had been mistaken, was with difficulty restrained, by the age of Dennis, from giving him corporal chastisement.

William Ellis.

William Ellis was a poor half-witted fellow, who wandered about Moorfields, and its neighbourhood, and was supported by the casual bounty of passengers; he would continually indulge himself in talking of his Betty, who, however, resisted the ardor of his tender addresses. Sutton Nichols, the engraver and printseller, went to the expence of having his portrait engraved, and Ellis was employed by him in the disposal of his own likeness; it represents him sitting on the rails of Moorfields, holding a print of Harry the raree-show-man, whom Ellis himself greatly resembled; the print is ornamented with a chaplet of laurel on the right, and a Cupid drawing his bow on the left. Under the chaplet is inscribed:—

"Tell her I burn with noble vestal fire;
Tell her she's all I wish, or can desire."

And under the Cupid:—

"These lines so sweet unto my love impart,
And with them send thy arrow to her heart."

"My muse b'ing at leasure, and the court out of town,
To write my own character I sat me down,

Not doubting, nice critics, but you'll be so kind
As to pass by, with candor, what errors you find:
My years of minority I spent at school;
But love, that sweet passion, my reason would rule;
And yielding obedience to its potent sway,
The charms of dear Betty my heart stole away;
Denied having enjoyment—from pensive and sad,
I grew melancholy—at last I grew mad;
And nothing but Betty, dear Betty, I cry'd;
Such charms has that Phœnix, she shall be my bride:
But Bedlam became my sad portion and lot,
By loving a fair one that knew of it not."

By the two last lines it appears poor Ellis had been an inmate in Bedlam; but, as his passion had not drove him desperately mad for the love of his Betty, he was permitted to wander at large, and picked up a maintenance by the promiscuous charity of persons who commiserated his unfortunate situation.

Henry Evans.

THE confused jumble of dates which Mr. Noble has set down concerning this person, would lead one to imagine he never saw the inscription to the portrait; which is, "Henry Evans, born at Haberdam, County of Caernarvon, Æt. 104, 1710." The reverend author remarks, several persons of the above name have lived to great ages:—Jonathan Evans, resident near Welch Pool, in the County of Montgomery, lived to be 117 years of age; and left a son aged ninety-one, and a daughter eighty-seven, We cannot much wonder at the hardy sons of Wales living more than a century, upon their mountains; but Mr. Henry Evans, transplanted from Cambria, certainly resided in Spital-street, Spital-fields, London, yet reached the still greater age of 129, and retained all his faculties to the last. He was seven years old when Charles I. was beheaded by the regicides; and this circumstance ascertains his birth to have been in 1642, and his death to have occurred in 1771.

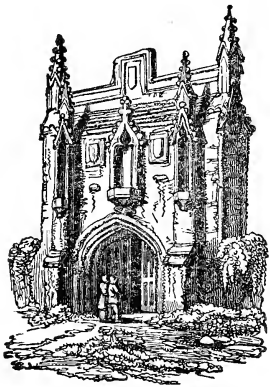
HENRY EVANS,

(Born 1606.)

But if Evans was one hundred and four years of age in 1710, he must have been forty-two years of age at the time of Charles's death; and if born, as the inscription implies, in 1606, and deceasing in 1771, according to Mr. Noble's account, he must have lived to the great age of 165, an age little short of Henry Jenkins.

I am inclined to think, the resident in Spital-street, Spital-fields, and the native of Caernarvon, were different persons. Parish certificates are sometimes made use of for deceptive purposes, as was the case in the year 1790; when Donald Mac Leod, a Scotch soldier, travelled from Edinburgh to London, on foot, for the purpose of applying to Chelsea Hospital for admission, or a pension for past services; he was accompanied by a female, of a middle age, who passed for his wife, and they supported themselves on the road, by a certificate he had obtained in Scotland, representing him then as in the one hundred and second year of his age; in person he was athletic and healthy, and was, in truth, upwards of seventy, but had taken his father's certificate, (who had been a serjeant in an Highland regiment) instead of his own. The circumstance of his apparent great age and strength gained many friends,

and two different portraits were engraved and published for his benefit, together with his memoirs;—but, upon a strict enquiry, the cheat was discovered, the consequent disappointment and vexation of which brought the old man to the grave, in the year 1792.



ANDREW FLETCHER,

(Of Salton.)

Andrew Fletcher.

ANDREW FLETCHER, who was a thorough-paced republican, has been variously represented by different writers, but all agree in one particular, that is, to the violence and turbulent disposition of his manners. He was son of Sir Robert Fletcher, of Saltoun, in Scotland, and born in 1653. His father, who died while he was a child, directed he should be placed under the tuition of Dr. Gilbert Burnet, then rector of Saltoun, from whom he imbibed his free principles in government. He spent some years of his youth in foreign travel, and first appeared as a public character in the station of a commissioner for East Lothian, in the Scotch parliament, when the Duke of York was lord-commissioner.

He distinguished himself in such a manner, by his opposition to the measures of the court, that he thought it adviseable to withdraw to Holland; and, upon his non-appearance to a summons from the lords of the council, he was outlawed, and his estate confiscated. In 1683 he came over to England, to

consult with some of his republican friends, but prudently returned to the Continent.

In 1685, he engaged in the enterprise of the Duke of Monmouth to dethrone James II., but was greatly disgusted at the act of Monmouth's adherents proclaiming him king; an unfortunate circumstance occasioned his quitting that party almost as soon as he had joined them. Fletcher having taken the horse of a country gentleman, engaged in the same cause, on some remonstrance by the owner, drew out a pistol, and shot the man dead. This action excited such resentment against him, among the friends and countrymen of the deceased, that it became necessary for the duke to dismiss him from the army, and he made his escape from justice, by getting on board a vessel which conveyed him to Spain, and, fortunately for him, saved him from suffering the fate that attended the unfortunate Monmouth and his deluded followers.

He is said to have undergone many hazards in Spain; but, at length, he made his way into Hungary, where he engaged in the war against the Turks.—But his restless disposition suffering him to rest no where long, brought him back to join in the conferences which were held among the Scotish refugees

in Holland, for the purpose of effecting a revolution; and, when that event took place, he returned to Scotland, and resumed the possession of his estate, and held it by his own law, without asking leave of king or parliament. Jealousy of kings, indeed, seems to have been wrought into his very nature, and he thought it was scarcely possible to provide too many securities against their love of absolute sway. In his own disposition he was arbitrary and tyrannical, and in one of his discourses on the affairs of Scotland, he proposes a provision for the poor, by DOMESTIC SLAVERY.

Mackay, in his Memoirs, drew the following character of him while living:—"He is a gentleman, steady in his principles, of nice honor, with abundance of learning; brave as the sword he wears, and bold as a lion; a sure friend, but an irreconcileable enemy; would lose his life readily to serve his country, and would not do a base thing to save it. His thoughts are large as to religion, and could never be brought within the bounds of any particular sect; nor will he be under the distinction of Whig or Tory, saying, "these names are only used to cloak the knavery of both parties." It is, however, evident that Fletcher was not so brave as Mackay

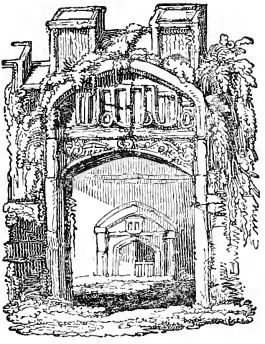
supposed; nor was he accurate, when he said, that "he would lose his life readily to serve his country, but would not do a base thing to save it." He exiled himself from Scotland, when he should have stayed; and fled to a ship, after he had committed a murder.

If his most particular friend, however high in rank, accepted an office under government, from that moment he was his enemy; apologies only added to his violence and obloquy. He talked and wrote against all bodies of men. Had the law taken its proper course, he must have died as a malefactor, for his unprovoked enormity at Taunton. One of his servants wishing his dismissal, he asked, "*Why do you leave me?*"—"*Because I cannot bear your temper.*"—"*I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner on than it is off!*"—"*But then, Sir, it is no sooner off than it is on.*"

Bishop Burnet, in noticing Andrew Fletcher, gives him the following character:—"A gentleman of a fair estate in Scotland, attended with the improvement of a good education, he has written some excellent tracts, but not published in his name; and has a very fine genius; is a low, thin man, brown complexion, full of fire, with a stern, sour look, and

fifty years old." Dean Swift calls him, "A most arrogant, conceited pedant in politics; cannot endure the least contradiction in any of his visions or paradoxes."

Andrew Fletcher died at London, in 1716.

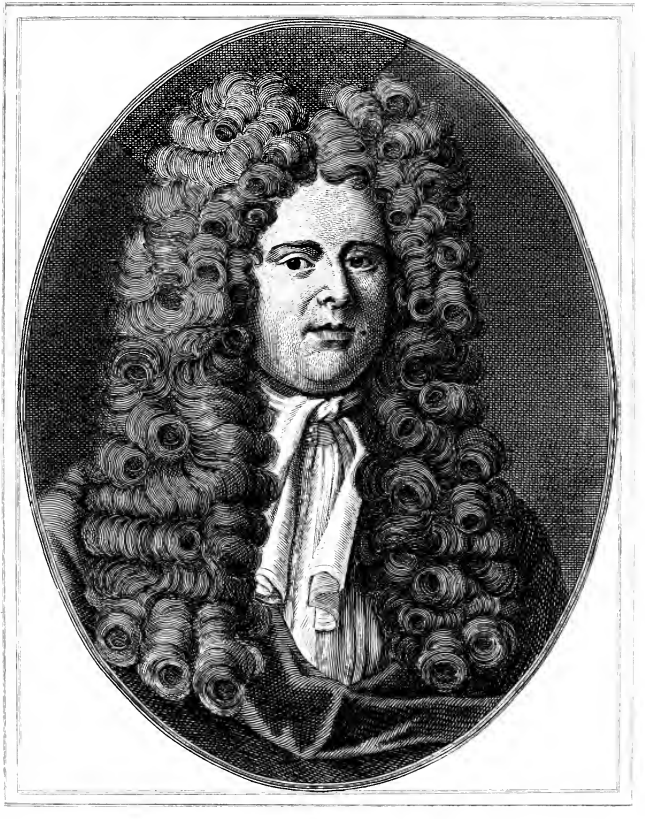


Daniel Defoe.

DANIEL DEFOE, the son of a butcher, was born at London, about the year 1663, the father's name was *James Foe*, and why the son prefixed the De to the surname does not appear.*

Daniel received his education at Newington-green, and early displayed his attachment to the cause of liberty and Protestantism, by joining the ill-advised insurrection under the Duke of Monmouth, in the west; and he had the good fortune to escape, and

* In a pamphlet, intituled "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Mr. D——— de F———, of London, hosier, who has lived above fifty years by himself, in the kingdoms of *North* and *South* Britain. The various shapes he has appeared in, and the Discoveries he has made for the Benefit of his Country." The author makes De Foe to say, he always hated the *English*, and took a pleasure in depreciating and villifying of them, witness his *True-born Englishman;* and that he changed his name merely to make it sound like French. The subject of the tract is a dialogue between *De Foe, Robinson Crusoe,* and his *Man Friday. London,* 1719.



DANIEL DE FOE,

return unnoticed to London. He early imbibed a taste for literature, and wrote a political pamphlet before his twenty-first year. With the business of a writer, he joined that of a trader, and was first engaged as a hose-factor, and afterwards as a maker of bricks and pantiles, near Tilbury-fort; but his commercial schemes proved unsuccessful, and he became insolvent. It is to his credit that, after having been released from his debts by a composition, he paid most of them in full, when his circumstances were amended. The first of his writings which excited the public attention was "The True-born Englishman." Its purpose was to furnish a reply to those who were continually abusing King William and some of his friends as *foreigners*, by shewing that the present race of Englishmen was a mixed and heterogenous breed, scarcely any of which could lay claim to native purity of blood. His "Shortest Way with the Dissenters, or Proposals for the Establishment of the Church;" became a subject of complaint in the House of Commons, and was voted a seditious libel, and burnt by the common hangman, and a prosecution was ordered against the publishers. Defoe at first secreted himself, but upon the apprehension of his printer and bookseller, he came

forward, in order to secure them, and stood his trial; was convicted, and sentenced to fine, imprisonment, and the pillory. He underwent the infamous punishment with the greatest fortitude, and so far from being ashamed of his fate, that he wrote "A Hymn to the Pillory." Pope, who thought fit to introduce him in his Dunciad, characterises him in the following line:—

Earless on high stood unabash'd Defoe.

By this it should seem the barbarous custom of cutting off the ears of libellers was still practiced.

It was generally thought he was treated with unreasonable, and unmerited severity, and, at last, obtained his liberation from Newgate by the interposition of Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford; and the Queen herself compassionating his case, sent money to his wife and family. He continued, after he had regained his liberty, to write upon political subjects, and in 1706, he published, by subscription, his largest piece in verse, which was "Jure Divino," a satire, in twelve books. It was intended to expose the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and to decry tyrannical government. He seems, at this time, to have enjoyed the favor of Queen Anne, by

whom he was employed, according to his own assertion, in certain honorable, though secret, services; and, when the union with Scotland was projected, he was sent by the ministers into that country, for the purpose of rendering the measure popular.

His knowledge of commerce and revenue caused him to be frequently consulted by the committees of parliament there, and he endeavoured to conciliate the good-will of the nation, by a poem, entitled "Caledonia," highly complimentary to its inhabitants. After the union was completed, he wrote the history of it, in a folio volume, 1709; and, in the same year, he published "The History of Addresses." At this time he was living in tranquillity and comfort at Stoke Newington.

The most celebrated of all his works, "The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," appeared in 1719, and no work in any language has been more popular. Its editions have been numberless, and has been translated into almost all modern languages, and continues to be a standard library book. Defoe's success in this performance, induced him to write a number of other lives and adventures, which are now published collectively with his other works. Defoe died at London, in April, 1731.

Blind Granny.

THIS miserable, wretched, drunken object, who was blind of one eye, used to annoy the passengers in the streets of London, while sober, with licking her blind eye with her tongue, which was of a most enormous length, and thickness; indeed, it was of such a prodigious size, that her mouth could not contain it, and she could never close her lips, or to use a common expression, keep her tongue within her teeth. This wonderful feat of washing her eye with her tongue, was exhibited with a view of obtaining money from such as crowded around her, and no sooner had she obtained sufficient means, but she hastened to the first convenient liquor-shop, to indulge her propensity in copious libations, and when properly inspired, would rush into the streets, with all the gestures of a frantic maniac, and roll and dance about, until she became a little sobered, which was sometimes accelerated by the salutary application of a pail of water, gratuitously bestowed upon her, by persons whose door-way she had taken possession

BLIND GRANNY.

of, as shelter from the persecuting tormentings of boys and girls who generally followed her.

UPON LADY GRANNY, IN HER SUPPOSED GRANDURE.

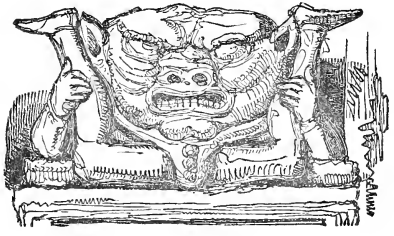
"That Fools have fortune we may now aver,
Since GRANNY laughs at them y^t laught at her;
So fame reports, then let no nymph despair,
Since so deform'd a wretch so well can fare;
Let none suppose her Dancing days are fled,
Who see how finely GRANNY's brought to bed:
Have patience, Lasses, 'till the hour approach,
And then, like GRANNY, you may keep your Coach."

UPON GRANNY IN HER NATIVE POVERTY.

"The scene is alter'd—GRANNY's glory,
Coach and Fortune's all a story;
Yet, tho' her honor's now neglected,
She's merry still, no whit dejected;
Which shows that wit may be a trouble,
And only make misfortune double,
While GRANNY always blith and jolly,
Enjoys the pleasure of her folly."

It should seem, from the above lines, this woman had been used, in early days, to scenes of gaiety and splendour, but if she really had ever kept her coach, it certainly must have been supported by other

means than the attraction of her personal charms.—Whatever she might have been in the prime of her youth, not the least vestige of former beauty are to be discovered in the resemblances of her, when advanced in years. There are three prints of old GRANNY, one in 4to. mezzotinto, and two whole-length engravings, the best of which is that with the first eight lines of verses, engraved in the background of the print, and from which the second is a copy.



JOHN HARDMAN,

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John Hardman.

JOHN HARDMAN was a professed operator and doctor for corns and bunnions, and, from his badge of the king's arms, it may reasonably be conjectured William the Third's toes, at one time or other, might be indebted for relief to Hardman's skill; the appearance of this man, from his portrait, bespeaks him to have been a foreigner, (probably a Dutchman,) with whom London, during the reign of William, swarmed; his flowing locks of hair, and formal curled whiskers, ear-rings, and curiously cut coat and waistcoat, were entirely foreign, and gives him very much the appearance of what he most likely was, a mountebank. He found it his interest to parade the streets in this strange attire, to attract the notice, and engage the custom, of people afflicted with what he undertook to cure;—however he was authorised, he took the liberty to wear the king's arms, by way of a clasp to fasten his waistcoat, and, as if that was not sufficient to distinguish him, wore the same, hanging by a chain, adorning his

side, similar to an order of knighthood. The doctors of medicine, apothecaries, &c. his contemporaries, were distinguished by large wigs and gold-headed canes, which peculiarly marked their profession even to the early part of the reign of George the Third; and, it would have appeared equally singular in a counsel to plead in court without the appendages of wig and band, as to see a medical man enter a sick room divested of his wig and cane. A high sounding title has of late years been found productive in most professions; thus, the trade of a farrier is lost in that of a veterinary-surgeon, a barber and tooth-drawer in that of a dentist, and a corn-cutter in that of a chiropedist. One of the latter calling, a Mr. Corderoy, scarcely measuring three feet ten inches in height, is everlastingly on his feet, perambulating the streets and squares at the west end of the town, attentive to the charge and care of the most fashionable disordered and distorted toes and feet in the kingdom, though it is well known his practice is so extensive, it would enable him, were he so inclined, to set up a splendid equipage; prudential reasons are assigned as the cause of this operator's forbearance, having a family of ten children to provide for. It is really amusing to see the

double use the little gentleman puts his umbrella to, from the diminutiveness of his stature, it effectually screens him from the pelting rain, and the adroitness which practice has brought his hand to, in making use of it in raising the knockers and bells, (otherwise out of his reach) is truly amazing.

Ferdinando Lord Fairfax, the father of the parliamentary general, died of a mortification in his foot, in consequence of the unskilfulness of an operator cutting his great toe-nail. Corn-cutters, or chiropœdists, confine themselves at present in their operations to their own houses, or the private chambers of their patients, without proclaiming their calling to the multitude in the open streets, and the only gentry that perambulate with symbolic badges, watching for customers, are the modern rat-catchers; who, like Hardman, appear appareled in all the pomp and pageantry of their vocation; but it is very probable they shortly will adopt a more lofty syle and title, and some latinised term, to elevate them in dignity.

Old Harry,

THE RAREE-SHOW-MAN.

Old Harry had a facetious manner in describing the contents of his Raree-show, that never failed drawing around him crowds of auditors; his learned and elaborate elucidation on every subject, and article, contained in the attractive cabinet he was in the habit of exhibiting, became a source of amusement and instruction to old and young. And *Harry* contrived to make a comfortable living, at the expence of the public, in return for the trouble he took to furnish them with a species of entertainment of an interesting nature, at a very moderate charge on their pockets. But *Poor Harry* was not without a rival in this art; *Jemmy la Roche*, a fellow of great ingenuity, had furnished himself with a *show* of a similar description with *Harry's*, and with the boldness and intrepidity of a reformer, made his progress through town and country, laying every neighbourhood under heavy contributions, in return

OLD HARRY,

(With his Raree Show.)

for the compliment of his occasional visits; while *Old Harry*, with a modesty quite his own, was content with the patronage and support he experienced in his own immediate vicinity of Moorfields, seldom straying beyond the boundaries of Hoxton and Islington, and very rarely was known to travel westward beyond Temple-bar.

Sutton Nicholls, an engraver and printseller, residing in Aldersgate-street, has preserved two representations of Harry, with his raree-show; the first a small half-sheet; the other, in the same print with *Ellis* the *Ideot*, sitting on the rails of Moorfields. *Pierce Tempest*, in his Cries of London, from drawings by *Marcellus Laroon*, has given the character of *Old Harry*, with his show on his back, perambulating the streets, bawling aloud for an audience to his *show*. *Jemmy la Roche* likewise was deemed of sufficient consequence to have his likeness handed down to posterity, which has been preserved by Sutton Nicholls, in a print similar to that of Old Harry; and Smith, the Mezzotinto Scraper, has done a very fine print of *La Roche*. These rival candidates for popularity flourished about the year 1710.

Under the portrait of old Harry with his show, are the following lines:—

" Reader, behold the Efigie of one
Wrinkled by Age; Decrepit and Forlorne,
Then what's Inscrib'd beneath his picture trace,
That shows the Man, the Picture but his Face,
His tinkling bell doth you together call,
To see his RARY-SHOW Spectators all,
That will be pleased before you by him pass,
To pay a Farthing and look through his glass,
Where every Object that it doth present
Will please your fancy, yield your mind content!
Objects as strange in Nature as in Number,
Such a vast many as will make you wonder;
That when you do look through his glass you'd swear,
That by one small sight you view'd a whole Fair
Of Monsters stranger than can be express'd,
There's NIPPOTATE lies among the rest,
Twelve years together he has drove this trade,
And by no upstart yet has been dismaid;
'Tis so long since he did himself betake,
To shew the Louse, the Flea, and Spangl'd Snake,
His NIPPOTATE which on Raw flesh fed,
He liveing shew'd, and does the same now dead;
The Bells that he when Liveing always wore,
He wears about his Neck as heretofore,
Then Buy OLD HARRY, stick him up that he
May be remembered by Posterity."

NIPPOTATE was a tame hedge-hog, which Harry felt so much attachment for, as to preserve stuffed when dead.

NICHOLAS HART,

(The Great Sleeper.)

Nicholas Hart,

THE GREAT SLEEPER.

NICHOLAS HART became the subject of general notice and conversation, from the circumstance of a lethargic fit, that seized him on the 5th of August, 1711, to the 11th of the same month. His friends, after having tried every means in their power to rouse him from the dormant state he lay in, had him conveyed to St. Bartholomew's hospital, where he remained during the above period, without taking the least refreshment of any kind whatever, excepting sleep; though several experiments were made on his person to promote resuscitation. It appears, however, there was a greater portion of art than nature in this unnatural slumber; and that he had purposely taken narcotic drugs, to produce the effect desired, namely, to procure money to be raised for him, by confederate knaves, as an object of charity and commiseration. In this speculation, Mr. Hart entirely succeeded; and, it seems, from the symptoms of his periodical sleeping fit, faithfully detailed by a

gentleman of Lincoln's-inn,* that Hart slept, in order to be maintained in ease and comfort when he awoke, and that he gained more by his rest than others by their industry; and, in short, wealth flowed so fast upon him, that he obtained sufficient to support others, besides saving his own provisions, while he carried on his profitable farce! What use Hart put the money to he had thus raised we are not informed; but Mr. Addison, in

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* The symptoms this gentleman observed in Hart were, that

"On the first of the month he grew dull,
On the second appeared drowsy,
On the third fell a yawning,
On the fourth began to nod,
On the fifth dropped asleep,
On the sixth was heard to snore,
On the seventh turned himself in his bed,
On the eighth, recovered his former posture,
On the ninth fell a stretching,
On the tenth about midnight awaked,
On the eleventh in the morning, called for a little small beer."

The same gentleman observes, "He believes it a very extraordinary circumstance for a man to gain his livelihood by sleeping, and that rest should procure a man sustenance, as well as industry; yet so it is, that Nicholas Hart got last year enough to support himself for a twelvemonth;" and adds, "he is informed that he has had this year a very comfortable nap."

noticing the circumstance, says, "Nicholas Hart, who slept last year in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, intends to sleep this year at the Cock and Bottle, in Little Britain," probably glancing at a similar attempt to raise contributions on the credulous part of the community.

Stow, in his *Summarie*, gives an account of a still greater sleeper than Hart, but it is to be hoped with different views. He informs us, that "The 27th of April, 1546, being Wednesday in Easter-week, W. Foxlei, pot-maker for the mint in the Tower of London,* fell asleep, who could not be wakened

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* M. Brady, Physician to Prince Charles of Lorrain, gives the following particulars of an extraordinary sleeper:—

"A woman, named Elizabeth Alton, of a healthful strong constitution, who had been servant to the curate of St. Guilain, near the town of Mons, about the beginning of 1738, when she was about thirty-six years of age, grew extremely restless and melancholy. In the month of August, in the same year, she fell into a sleep which held four days, notwithstanding all possible endeavours to awake her. At length she awaked naturally, but became more restless and uneasy than before; for six or seven days, however, she resumed her usual employments, until she fell asleep again, which continued eighteen hours. From that time to the year 1753, which is fifteen years, she fell asleep daily about three o'clock in the morning, without waking until about eight or nine at night. In 1754, indeed, her sleep returned to

with pricking, cramping, or otherwise, till the first day of the next tearm, which was full xiiij daies and xv. nights. The cause of his thus sleeping coulde not be knowen, though the same were diligently searched for by the physicians, and other learned men; yea, the king himself examined the said W. Foxlei, who was in all points found as he had slept but one night; and was living till the year of our Lorde 1587."

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the natural periods for four months, and, in 1748, a tertian ague prevented her sleeping for three weeks. On February 20, 1755, M. Brady, with a surgeon, went to see her. About five o'clock in the evening, they found her pulse extremely regular; on taking hold of her arm it was so rigid, that it was not bent without much trouble. They then attempted to lift up her head, but her neck and back were as stiff as her arms. He hallooed in her ear as loud as his voice could reach; he thrust a needle into her flesh up to the bone; he put a piece of rag to her nose flaming with spirits of wine, and let it burn some time, yet all without being able to disturb her in the least. At length, in about six hours and a half, her limbs began to relax; in eight hours she turned herself in the bed, and then suddenly raised herself up, sat down by the fire, eat heartily, and began to spin. At other times, they whipped her till the blood came; they rubbed her back with honey, and then exposed it to the stings of bees; they thrust nails under her finger-nails; and it seems these triers of experiments consulted more the gratifying their own curiosity than the recovery of the unhappy object of the malady.

ISAAC THE OXFORD GRINNER.

Isaac the Grinner.

THIS man, who resided at Oxford, having by nature an extreme ordinary physiognomy, turned it to the best account in his power, by making it still more disgusting, and set up the trade of a public grinner, and was in his way allowed to be master of a great deal of original grimace: it is still the custom, in many parts of the country, particularly at fairs, to have a grinning-match through a horse-collar, which is by many thought to be adding a whimsical frame to an ugly picture. Isaac was not the original inventor of this elegant art, but he brought it to more perfection than most of his predecessors, or subsequent successors. The public are generally indulged in these genteel sights by several performers, who are stimulated to excel by the prize of a gold-laced hat, gloves, stockings, garters, or other articles of trifling value. The practice is much commended by Mr. Addison, in the Spectator, and, as a personal accomplishment, he thinks it far more agreeable than burning the mouth with eating hot hasty-pudding,

or running in a sack over hillocks, or a ploughed field, or vaulting to seize the suspended soap-lathered goose, plunging the head into a tub of water with the hands tied behind, to catch with the teeth the floating oranges or apples that elude the nimblest bite, or any other ingenious invention, to provoke a laugh.

About thirty years since, Mr. Astley, of the amphitheatre, Westminster-road, engaged an Italian buffoon, who appeared under the title of the celebrated grimacier, and distorted his face into thirty different characters, totally dissimilar one with another; the salary of this man was ten pounds per week. Isaac of Oxford was thought of sufficient consequence to have his likeness handed down to posterity, and the print has been said very much to resemble him.

JOHN KEILING,

(alias Blind Jack.)

John Keiling,

alias

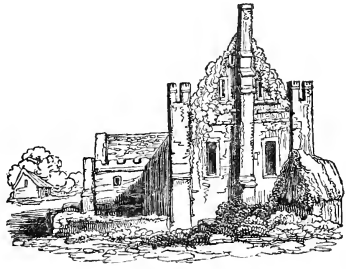
BLIND JACK.

THE streets of London, in the reigns of Queen Anne, George the First, and Second, were infested with all sorts of paupers, vagabonds, impostors, and common adventurers; and many, who otherwise might be considered real objects of charity, by their disgusting manners and general appearance in public places, rather merited the interference of the parish beadles, and the discipline of Bridewell, than the countenance and encouragement of such persons as mostly congregate around common street-exhibitions. One-eyed Granny and Blind Jack were particular nuisances to the neighbourhoods in which the first practiced her mad-drunk gambols, and the latter his beastly manner of performing on the flageolet.—John Keiling, alias *Blind Jack*, having the misfortune to lose his sight, thought of a strange method to insure himself a livelihood. He was constitutionally a hale, robust fellow, without any complaint,

saving blindness, and having learnt to play a little on the flageolet, he conceived a notion that, by performing on that instrument in a different way to that generally practiced, he should render himself more noticed by the public, and be able to lay larger contributions on their pockets.

The manner of *Blind Jack's* playing the flageolet was by obtruding the mouth-piece of the instrument up one of his nostrils, and, by long custom, he could produce as much wind as most others with their lips into the pipe; but the continued contortion and gesticulation of his muscles and countenance, rendered him an object of derision and disgust, as much as that of charity and commiseration.

The original print of John Keiling, which is a 4to. done in mezzotinto, is in the Radcliffe collection, and very rare to be seen in any other.



EDWARD KING,

(Abel Roper's Man Toby.)

Edward King,

COMMONLY CALLED TOBY.

EDWARD KING was the son of a farrier, in High-street, Coventry, an honest and industrious man; his mother was Mrs. Ruth Roper, sister to Abel Roper, the celebrated bookseller; his uncle, Abel, having been very successful in trade, and probably remembering the kindness done him in early life by an uncle, sent for his nephew to London, and bound him apprentice to himself as a bookseller: but soon after, leaving off shop-keeping, and making it his whole business to collect news for his Post-boy, he wanted some one to attend him, and carry his copy to the printer; and in this capacity he employed his nephew, who, having a remarkable cast in each of his eyes, and a face covered with warts, was particularly noticed wherever he went. One day going up-stairs at the Tilt-yard Coffee-house, Whitehall, to speak with his uncle, his singular phiz attracted the attention of Captain Drake, one of the clerks of

the Admiralty-office, who spontaneously ejaculated, here comes *Toby;* though he had never seen his comical face before. And, from that moment, Edward King hardly went by any other name than the captain's adoption to his dying day.

The post assigned him by his uncle Abel continually involved him in broils and vexation; being sent one evening from the Rummer-tavern, Charing-cross, with some copy for the printer, at Northumberland-house he was accosted by a common street-walker, pretty well dressed, with a *how do you do, Countryman?* says Toby, *Why are you my country-woman! Yes*, answered madam, *I am.* So jogging on lovingly together, says Toby, *do you know Coventry?—Aye, very well*, said she! *And do you know my Lady Hales?*—says Toby, *Aye, God bless her*, replied the pretended *Coventry* woman, for *she is a very good gentlewoman.* So *Toby* could no longer doubt of her being his country-woman. By this time they drew pretty near to Exeter Change, and *Toby* had agreed to give madam a pint of ale at the upper end of Exeter-street; but, as ill-luck would have it, some of the reformers of that age, knowing the woman to be a common strumpet, seized both her and her gallant; *Toby*, though in a fright, had the presence

of mind to run for it: But, O grievous misfortune! *Toby* was no racer, so they soon retook him, and as flight shews guilt, these myrmidons conveyed him and his lady prisoners to the watch-house in St. Martin's-lane. However, to preserve his tender reputation, which till now had been unspotted, he resolved to send for his uncle Abel, to help him out of his trouble, and giving a poor woman the only two-pence he had in the world, he dispatches her to the Rummer, but, unfortunately, Abel was gone; the woman being unlucky in her enquiry, Mr. Crofts, the master of the house, had the curiosity to enquire what business she had with Mr. Roper?— "Why, says the woman, I come from his kinsman; he is in St. Martin's watch-house, and wants to speak with him directly." *Toby* in the watch-house, woman? No, no, it cannot be; nay, replied the woman, call him *Toby*, or what you please, I do not know his name; but he says Mr. Roper is his uncle; and I tell you he was brought to the watch-house with a woman above an hour ago. Well, says the vintner, Mr. Roper is not in the house, but an't please God, I will go myself, and know the truth of this matter. Accordingly he went, and finding the messenger had not deceived him, he wrought *Toby's*

deliverance, by engaging to see him forth-coming when sent for, which he never was.

Some time after this, *Toby* being in haste, and the evening dark, Mr. Evans, who was at that time under-secretary to the lord-chamberlain, and *Toby* happening to come in contact, unfortunately blundered against him, who, taking it for an assault, called at the lodge, in Whitehall, where *Toby* was kept prisoner all night; but the next morning, his uncle, who was acquainted with Mr. Evans, went and told him the misfortune of his kinsman's eye-sight, whereupon he was discharged without paying fees.

Sir Richard Steele was judged to be of great use to the public by his writings, particularly with regard to the dismantling and surrender of Dunkirk, &c. But as it was impossible to please every body, there appeared a pamphlet under the following title, "The Character of Richard S——le, Esq., with some remarks. By *Toby*, Abel's kinsman; or, according to Mr. Calamy, A. F. & N. in a letter to his god-father. Price 6d." Now this pamphlet was not written by *Toby*, as many people imagined; what induced them to believe it was, they knew his uncle had been at the charge of teaching him to translate

French and Dutch; which in a year's time he did pretty well, and in a tolerable good style; but for politics, he understood them no more than the *Pestle and Mortar Apothecary*, or the Virtuoso Doctor, that made it his business to catch butterflies, and afterwards dissect them. The real author was Dr. Wagstaffe, Physician of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a very ingenious, facetious, and pleasant gentleman, who was likewise author of that excellent piece, "A Comment upon the History of Tom Thumb."—However, when *Toby* was asked whether he wrote Mr. Steele's character, he would shake his head, squint, and say nothing.

But now, having enjoyed a profound quiet for a considerable time, poor *Toby* is called out once more to suffer. He had undertaken to print and disperse a pamphlet, entitled, "An *English Merchant's Remarks upon a scandalous* Jacobite Paper *published* in the Post-boy, *under the name of a* Memorial *presented to the Chancery of* Sweden, by the *Resident* of Great Britain." It never could be learnt where *Toby* had the copy of this pamphlet; and it died a secret in his own breast. Though the government came very artfully into the knowledge of the *Printer* and *Publisher*, they could never learn, by any art or

stratagem, who was the *Author* of those *Remarks*. When *Toby* was trudging about the town to disperse this pamphlet, a friend of his asked him, how he durst venture to do it? *O*, says Toby, *I disguise myself. Disguise yourself*, replied the other, *How? By pulling my perruque on one side*, answered *Toby, and flopping my hat over my eyes.* Well, it is certain, he did this for some days before the government knew any thing of it; at last a pretended friend of *Toby's*, but employed underhand by those at the helm, came to take a night's lodging with him; and *Toby* coming home pretty much in drink, (for he was a great lover of strong liquor,) and taking his friend to be one of the same principles with himself, he made no scruple of telling him in bed, that he handed that pamphlet to the press. Thereupon the other asked him who printed it; and *Toby* told him, the widow *Beardwell*. The next news heard was, that Mrs. *Beardwell* and *Toby* were taken into custody, upon the information of that very bedfellow of his, though the man always denied it. After a few days, the widow was admitted to bail, but poor *Toby* was continued in custody, because he would not tell where he had the copy; and the messengers thought themselves sure of this point, if they could but make

him drunk. They, therefore, tried the experiment, for *Toby* would be as drunk as they pleased, but in his cups they could get no more out of him than when he was sober, excepting, that he returned into their laps part of the liquor, of which they had been so liberal. Thus continuing obstinate and inflexible to the last, he was kept in custody six or seven months, at the expiration whereof an act of indemnification came out, and *Toby*, taking advantage of it, escaped out of their hands.

Upon *Toby's* being taken into custody, his uncle and he parted, and poor *Toby* was forced to shift for himself. So, to get a penny, *Toby* caused the dying speeches of Justice Hall and Parson Paul, (two Preston rebels, hanged at Tyburn,) to be printed pompously in a large broad sheet, with their effigies at top, curiously engraved in copper: the design answered so well, that *Toby* got a new suit of clothes by it, and money in his pocket; which last being in time pretty well exhausted, and not knowing how to get more in an honest way, *Toby* takes a trip to *Coventry*, the place of his nativity, where his father-in-law, a farrier, gave him a kind reception, and took a little house for him, which in a short time was launched under the name of *Toby's Coffee-house*,

and here *Toby* sold strong ale, coffee, and drams, and entertained his friends with his squints and conundrums. Neither, to speak truth, did he want for encouragement, but fell at once into a very good train of business, all the gentlemen of the city and country, (of the Tory party,) frequented his house, chiefly on account of his principles, but more particularly for his fidelity in standing to his text, and not discovering the author of the Swedish pamphlet above-mentioned; and, observing that poor *Toby* had no sign, they thought none so fit to hang at the door, as his own sweet phiz, which they therefore desired Mr. *Fry*, who drew all their pictures, to take upon a board of *Toby's* providing; which he did accordingly, and hit his likeness so exactly, that he gained a great deal of reputation by it.

When *Toby* took his coffee-house, he likewise took a wife; the object of his love was his father-in-law's housekeeper, who proved a very notable woman; but he, like an imprudent man, drank hard.

His uncle generally went once a-year to visit him, but had the mortification to see him sometimes drink to excess. He advised him all he could against it, but to no purpose; at last he said, once for all, to him, *Toby, I find you have a mind to make*

your wife a widow soon; I will not speak to you any more about drinking, and so fare you well. As he said, so it proved, for about two months after, he departed this mortal life, of the distemper called the jaundice. So for poor Toby there was FINIS.

Edward King died some time about 1726.

James Poro.

James Poro, the son of Paul Poro, was born at Genoa, in the year 1686, and was doomed, by one of the sports of Nature, to drag about with him a monstrous excrescence, which grew from his body, having something of the form and feature of the human kind, which possessing an independent animated nature to himself, was considered as a twin-brother, and was as such baptized by the name of Matthew. This unfortunate object made a show of himself, in London, in the year 1714, and was particularly noticed by Sir Hans Sloane, who caused his portrait to be painted, which is still preserved in the British Museum. The Rev. J. Greene, of Wilford, near Stratford-upon-Avon, gave an account in the Gentleman's Magazine, for October, 1777, of Lazarus Coloredo, a Genoese, who, in the reign of King Charles the First, was publicly exhibited for sight, with a much more perfect twin-brother, (than that of Poro's,) which Thomas Bartholine, an accurate and judicious naturalist, of the seventeenth cen-

JAMES PORO,

(Born at Genoa 1686.)

tury, and royal professor of anatomy at Copenhagen, saw twice; first at Copenhagen, when Coloredo was twenty-eight years of age; and afterwards at Basil, in Switzerland. Bartholine noticed this deviation of nature, and also gave a print of it in the first volume of his "Historiarum Anatomicarum Rariorum, I. et II." dedicated to Frederick III. King of Denmark, printed at the Hague, in 1654. The "Gentleman's Magazine" contains an engraving of Coloredo, in the dress of the times, with a cloak and band, boots, spurs, and sword; his breast open, with the monster hanging from him, whose head is much larger than his own. In the "Philosophical Transactions," is a description of twin-sisters, Hungarians, who were publicly shown in London, about the year 1708, when they were about eight years old. They were united behind, from the small of the back to the parting of the legs, so that when one went forward, the other went backward; and when one stooped she lifted the other from the ground. They were very active, and one of them talked a good deal; they had not the sense of feeling in common, any where but in the parts that joined. They could read, write, and sing, very prettily; they could also speak three languages, Hungarian,

High and Low Dutch, and French: and while they were here, they learned English. Their faces were very beautiful, and they were well-shaped; they loved each other with great tenderness, and one of them dying in her twenty-second year, the other did not long survive.

The portrait of Coloredo is engraved both by Hollar and Marshall, and were probably given or sold to those persons whose curiosity led them to visit him, when in England, where he was publicly shown, as he was afterwards in Scotland. In the reign of James II., Sir Thomas Grantham having purchased a negro in the West Indies, with an excrescence projecting from his breast like a child, brought him over to England, to exhibit him, but the negro having escaped, professing himself a christian, and being baptized, he claimed his *habeas corpus* when seized, and was allowed it. It does not appear when Poro died, or whether he returned to his native country.

R. Grace fc

YORKSHIRE NAN,

(Prince George's Cap-Woman.)

Yorkshire Nan,

PRINCE GEORGE'S CAP WOMAN.

" Amongst the Females of a modern Fame,
Nan justly does our admiration claim:
Some people yet her Sex cou'd never scan,
Five Voyages she made and passed for Man;
At Cudgel weapons she mankind defies,
And with discourse she will them exercise;
She hath two Races run, it is well known,
And won them both, as Luke at Bear will own,
But that so few her real sex yet knows,
Is one great sign she keeps her Leggs too close,
Then at ker skill, we need the less to wonder,
Whoe'er would Conquer Nan, must keep her under.

From the above lines, an inference is plain, that Nan was a female virago, the counterpart of Mary Frith, commonly called Moll Cut-purse, Ann Mills, Hannah Snell, and other women of masculine habits and propensities. In what capacity she made her five voyages, we are uninformed; but it is by no means unlikely, in a similar way with her two cotemporaries, Mary Read and Anne Bonny, the notorious female pirates. The Rev. Mark Noble

judged, from the appearance and occupation of Nan, she was an harmless maniac, that was suffered to go about with her wares, hats, and caps. But that she was for a short time confined in Bedlam; in all probability, he formed his ideas on this woman's character, from the sight of an imperfect print wanting the descriptive lines, otherwise it is not likely a reverend divine would construe cudgel-matches, foot-races, or sea-adventures, harmless recreations for a female.

Her title of Cap woman to Prince George, (of Denmark,) consort to Queen Anne, was doubtless of her own adoption.

SIR WILLIAM READ,

(Oculist.)

Sir William Read.

Sir William Read was one of those extraordinary persons, who, from the lowest stations in life, by their own perseverance, achieve both fame and fortune; he was originally a tailor, or a cobler, and became progressively a mountebank, and a quack-doctor; and though he could not read, he could spell well enough to ride in his own chariot, and entertain his friends with the greatest delicacies the season afforded, and treat them with copious libations from golden vessels. Impudence is the great support of the quack profession, and of that Read had an uncommon share. A few scraps of Latin, in his bills, made the ignorant suppose him to be wonderfully learned; indeed, the very air of Oxford infused knowledge into him, when he resided there, in his last profession; and in one of his addresses, he called upon the vice-chancellor, university, and the city, to vouch for his cures, as indeed he did upon the good people of the three kingdoms. Blindness vanished before him, and he even deigned to practice in other dis-

tempers; but he defied all competition as an oculist. Queen Anne, and George I. honored him with the care of their eyes; from which, one would have thought the rulers, like the ruled, wished to be as dark as Taylor, his brother quack's coach-horses, five of which were blind, because he exercised his skill upon animals that could not complain.

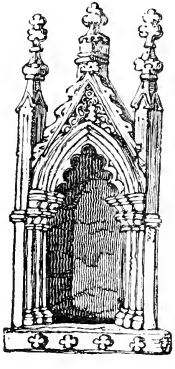
Read died at Rochester, May 24, 1715; and the next day was deposited in the cemetery of St. Nicholas, in that city. After Queen Anne had knighted Read and Dr. Hans Sloane, Mr. Gwinnet sent the following lines, in a letter, to his beloved Mrs. Thomas:—

"The Queen, like heaven, shines equally on all,
Her favors now without distinction fall;
Great Read and slender Hannes, both knighted, show
That none their honors shall to merit owe.
That popish doctrine is exploded quite,
Or Ralph had been no duke,* and Read no knight.
That none may virtue or their learning plead,
This has no grace, and that can hardly read."

The most fortunate however of eye-doctors is the present Sir William Adams, formerly a little apothecary

* Ralph Duke of Montague.

in Devonshire; but luckily taking to the study of the diseases of the eye, and making a few successful cures, has jumped over the heads of the first oculists of the present day; his practical success is not diminished, by having married a lady of considerable fortune. He has, beside, been lucky enough to find a recipe for the cure of *opthalmia*, and succeeded in restoring to sight, two and twenty old Greenwich pensioners, for which the governors of that hospital liberally made him a present of a piece of plate, valued at five hundred guineas.



Abel Roper.

Abel Roper was born at Atherston, in Warwickshire, of parents not in the most flourishing circumstances, who, having many children to provide for, an uncle, who was a bookseller in London, took him home, and adopted him at twelve years of age, and sent him to school. He took very ready to learning, and is said to speak Greek by rote, when he did not understand Latin. He did not continue long at school, being bound apprentice, at the age of fourteen, to his uncle, who then lived in Fleet-street, but died within a year and a half after; when Abel was turned over to Christopher Wilkinson, of the same trade, resident in the same street. After he attained the age of twenty-one, he received 100*l.* left him by his uncle, and the copy-rights of various works, worth much more; and his prospects were further improved by marrying his last master's widow. He then commenced business, by taking one side of a saddler's shop, near Bell-yard, opposite the Middle Temple gate; but he afterwards removed next

ABEL ROPER.

door to the Devil tavern;—his sign was the "Black Dog."—Those who had determined to expel James II. from the throne, fixed upon Roper as the distributor of pamphlets, written to pave the way for the revolution, in which he was indefatigable; and was the original printer of the famous ballad of "Lillyburlero," afterwards reprinted with a tune set by Richard Baldwin, when it sold with wonderful rapidity. At length Abel thought it of little importance what he sold, so that he gained by it; or whether it was subversive of religion, morals, or the government. His unequalled impudence, and unmoved countenance, carried him through many difficulties with impunity. He published the "Post-boy," in which he attacked the Tories, and even the Whigs, just as he was hired. Swift threatened to be revenged for his abuse, though he had joined in that of Marlborough, more hateful to him than even Roper or his "Post-boy," or any other of his writings. He published the ribaldry of Tom Brown, and libelled Lewis XIV. besides which, he lampooned the celebrated women of his day, in "The Auction of Ladies;" and thus exposed several young persons, especially tradesmen's daughters, to ridicule and contempt. The vignette affixed to this periodical paper

was a black ram, alluding to the well-known custom of frail matrons bestriding that animal to save their lands. But this scandalous paper, to the credit of the public, did not extend to more than eight or nine numbers. The unwarrantable liberties of his pen often brought him into danger: his "News Letters into the Country," procured him a severe reprimand from the Earl of Nottingham, secretary of state. He was compelled to appear before Mr. Secretary Trumbull, for printing Mr. Southwell's play without licence; before Mr. Secretary Boyle, afterwards Lord Carlton, for some misdemeanour: and he was summoned before the Lord-mayor and Court of Aldermen, for reflecting upon the "Society for the Reformation of Manners." He was afterwards prosecuted for an obscene pamphlet, entitled "The Art of Cuckoldom;" but a bribe saved him from the severity of the law; though it fell upon him for publishing Dr. Drake's work, who disowning it, Roper was for a short time in the custody of a messenger. Tom Brown attempted to cane him, for publishing Dr. Kingston's attack upon him; but it ended in a boxing-match, when Abel beat Tom. From enemies they became friends, and Tom assisted him in his "Auction of Ladies."

An obscure Frenchman, the quondam master of the "Post Man," a writer and translator of the lowest description, from an assistant, was at length taken into partnership by Roper, who would not change the title of his paper, but retained that of the "Post Boy."

George Ridpath, a Scotchman, and editor of the "Flying Post," was tried at Guildhall, for inserting some scandalous reflections in his paper upon Queen Anne, but had not the temerity to wait in court till the jury brought in their verdict; on the contrary, wisely retired; nor stopped, when he was informed of the result, till he found himself safe in Holland. Such were the editors of the "Post Boy," the "Post Man," and the "Flying Post."

Abel Roper died in 1716. It has been remarked of him, that, "like many others of his brethren of the quill, he had an excellent talent at a specious lie, and knew how to make vice of virtue, or virtue of vice, according as they clashed or coincided with his party."

It was Roper that persuaded Faithorne (the engraver) to erase the head of Cromwell in the equestrian print of him, and to substitute that of the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III.

Dr. Henry Sacheverel.

HENRY SACHEVEREL, a man whose history affords a very striking example of the folly of party-spirit, was the son of Joshua Sacheverel, of Marlborough, clerk, who died rector of St. Peter's church, in Marlborough, leaving a numerous family, in very low circumstances. By a letter to him from his uncle, in 1711, it appears that he had a brother, named Thomas, and a sister, Susannah. Henry was put to school at Marlborough, at the charge of Mr. Edward Hearst, an apothecary, who, being his godfather, adopted him as his son. Hearst's widow put him afterwards to Magdalen College, Oxford. Here he soon distinguished himself by a regular observation of the duties of the house, by his compositions, good manners, and genteel behaviour; qualifications which recommended him to that society, of which he became fellow; and, as a public tutor, had the care of the education of most of the young gentlemen of quality and for-

HENRY SACHEVERELL.

(Obit 1724.)

tune that were admitted of the college; and was contemporary and chamber-fellow with Addison, and one of his chief intimates till the time of his famous trial.

Much has been said by Sacheverel's enemies of his ingratitude to his relations, and of his turbulent behaviour at Oxford; but these appear to have been groundless calumnies, circulated only by the spirit of party. In his younger years he wrote some excellent Latin poems, besides several in the second and third volumes of the Musæ Anglicanæ," ascribed to his pupils; and there is a good one of some length in the second volume, under his own name, (transcribed from the Oxford collection, on Queen Mary's death, 1695). He took the degree of M. A. May 16, 1696; B. D. Feb. 4, 1707; D. D. July 1, 1708. His first preferment was Cannock, or Cank, in the county of Stafford. He was appointed preacher of St. Saviour's, Southwark, in 1705; and, while in this station, preached his famous sermons (at Derby, August 14, 1709, and at St. Paul's, November 9, in the same year); and, in one of them, was supposed to point at Lord Godolphin, under the name of Volpone. It has been suggested, that to this circumstance, as much as to the doctrines

contained in his sermons, he was indebted for his prosecution, and, eventually, for his preferment. Being impeached by the House of Commons, his trial began February 27, 1709-10, and continued until the 23d of March, when he was sentenced to a suspension from preaching for three years, and his two sermons ordered to be burnt. This prosecution, however, overthrew the ministry, and laid the foundation of his fortune. To Sir Simon Harcourt, who was counsel for him, he presented a silver bason, gilt, with an elegant inscription, written probably by his friend Dr. Atterbury.

His enemies triumphed, yet dared not venture abroad. He was disgraced by the legislature, but tens of thousands bent as lowly before him as the Thibetians to the Grand Lama. He went on a tour of triumph through the country; and was received with splendour and respectful pomp at every place he visited. Magistrates, in their formalities, welcomed him into their corporations; and his guard of honor was frequently a thousand gentlemen on horseback. At Bridgenorth, he was met by Mr. Creswell, at the head of four thousand horse, and the same number of persons on foot, wearing white knots edged with gold, and three leaves of gilt laurel in

their hats. The hedges, for several miles, were dressed with garlands of flowers, and the steeples covered with flags. In this manner he passed through Warwick, Birmingham, Bridgenorth, Ludlow, and Shrewsbury, on his way to his Welch living, with a cavalcade better suited to a prince than a priest. Ridiculous as this farce was, it did some good, as it kept up the respect due to the national church, by engaging the voice of the people at large in its favor, and discouraging any attempts to lower or innovate upon it, in the smallest degree.

In the month that his suspension ended, he had the valuable rectory of St. Andrew's, Holborn, given him by the Queen; and the House of Commons, his prosecutors, ordered him to preach before them, and thanked him for his discourse. At that time his reputation was so high, that he was enabled to sell the first sermon (preached after his sentence expired on Palm Sunday) for the sum of one hundred pounds; and upwards of forty thousand copies, it is said, were soon sold.

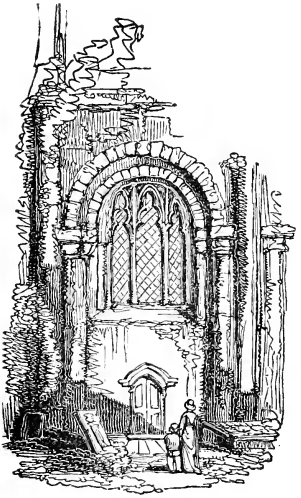
We find, by "Swift's Journal to Stella," January 22, 1711-12, that he had also interest enough with the ministry to provide very amply for one of his

brothers; yet, as the dean had said before, "they hated and affected to despise him." A considerable estate at Callow, in Derbyshire, was soon after left to him by his kinsman, George Sacheverel, Esq. After this we hear little of him, except by quarrels with his parishioners. He died June 5, 1724; and, by his will, bequeathed to Bishop Atterbury, then in exile, who was supposed to have penned for him the defence he made before the House of Peers, the sum of five hundred pounds.

The Duchess of Marlborough describes Sacheverel as "an ignorant, impudent incendiary; a man who was the scorn even of those who made use of him as a tool." And Bishop Burnet says, "he was a bold, insolent man, with a very small measure of religion, virtue, learning, or good sense; but he resolved to force himself into popularity and preferment by the most petulant railings at dissenters and low-church men, in several sermons and libels, written without either chasteness of style, or liveliness of expression."

Whatever his character, it is evident he owed every thing to an injudicious prosecution, which

defeated the purposes of those who instituted it, and for many years continued those prejudices in the public mind, which a wiser administration would have been anxious to dispel.



Jane Scrimshaw.

JANE SCRIMSHAW is no other way recorded, than as having lived to the advanced age of one hundred and twenty-seven. She was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Scrimshaw, woolstapler, and born in London, in the parish of St. Mary-le-Bow, April 3, 1584. She was never married; and, when little more than thirty years old, found a comfortable asylum in Merchant Taylors' Alms-house, near Little Tower-hill. Her portrait, which was taken in April, 1711, at the Alms-house, bears an inscription, describing her as then in a good state of health. It appears, however, she was shortly after removed to Rosemary-lane Workhouse, where she died, December 25, the same year. Vexation, perhaps, in leaving the Alms-house, where she had resided eighty years, might have accelerated her death.

Had Jane Scrimshaw kept a diary of transactions which must have passed immediately under her view, how many interesting particulars might have been recorded during the reigns of eight sovereigns,

JANE SCRIMSHAW.

Elizabeth to Anne. That persons greatly advanced in age retain their health and faculties, is evident from proofs we daily meet with. Mr. Noble saw a woman, named Boston, aged one hundred and six years, who had resided fifty years in the hospital at Temple-Balsal, Warwickshire; she was tall and upright, and, only a fortnight before her death, she had performed her usual Saturday's task, of carrying a pail of water, from a well at a considerable distance, to wash her rooms. He saw her in the last week of her life, when she had in her hands a large water-jug, complaining she was not so well as usual, and therefore could not carry the pail; but she had used great exertion some day before, in walking several miles to visit a grand-daughter, which had exhausted her strength.

Elizabeth Alexander, who resided many years in Hanway-street, Tottenham-court-road, in the year 1810, when past the age of one hundred and eight, would, when walking in the street, if looked after, quickly turn to observe if any part of her dress was in disorder, or accidentally soiled; and frequently has walked to Camden Town, a distance of nearly two miles, to visit some friends who resided there.

John Tutchin.

JOHN TUTCHIN, a passionate party-writer in the reign of James II., levelled so many of his political pieces against the person and government of that king, that, if they did not actually excite rebellion, considerably promoted that which broke out under the command of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth; on the suppression of which, the severity of punishment, under the direction of the infamous Judge Jefferies, exceeded that of any preceding example. Among the many called to account on this occasion, was John Tutchin, who was brought to trial for the publication and circulation of seditious and inflammatory writings, tending to subvert the existing government. With such a judge as Jefferies, and in such times, a look or nod to the Jury was sufficient; and Tutchin was found guilty. He was, in consequence, sentenced to be whipped through several market-towns in the West of England. His punishment, on this occasion, was so very severe, that he *even petitioned to be*

JOHN TUTCHIN.

hanged; but that was a mercy the implacable Jefferies, nor the vindictive James, could be brought to grant. At the death of James, Tutchin wrote an invective against his memory, with more asperity than even the severity of his sufferings could excuse. Tutchin was every way contemptible, both as a writer and as a man; and yet, at the Revolution, he considered himself not only as a persecuted patriot, but as a genius worthy to celebrate and protect the sacred name of liberty:—not deterred by former punishments, he continued his political mania, and April 1, 1702, he produced a periodical work, entitled "The Observator," which proceeded, unnoticed and despised, until 1703, when certain reflections appeared in some of his papers so obnoxious to the ministry that a proclamation was issued, offering 100*l.* for apprehending him, 50*l.* for John How, the printer, and the same sum for Benjamin Bragg.

Tutchin attempted poetry as well as prose, and published a volume of poems in 1685, together with a pastoral, entitled, "The Unfortunate Shepherd;" but he suffered less in his reputation as a writer when he was whipped, than he did on this miserable production: for his genius did not soar higher

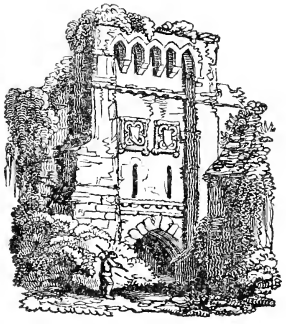
than was necessary for the production of a common ballad. His "Foreigners," published in the reign of William III. produced the "True-born Englishman;" and his other writings, in that of Queen Anne, contributed to change the ministry: thus we find, that

"Great events from little causes spring."

Several of his writings were burnt in Dublin, by the hands of the common hangman;—and, by his petulance and scurrility, he became so odious to the Tories, as to receive so severe a personal chastisement in August, 1707, that occasioned his death on the 23d of September following, in great distress, at his lodgings in the Mint, Southwark, where he had probably retired to avoid arrests, it being a privileged place, where persons, laying under pecuniary difficulties, found a sanctuary against the persecution of clamorous creditors, as well as within the verge of the court under controul of the board of Green-cloth.*

* The privilege against arrest for debt, in the Mint, had ceased long prior to the same taking effect, as to that of the verge of the court; where it continued in full force until within the last forty years.

In some verses on his death he is called Captain Tutchin; at the time of his death he was but forty-four years of age.



John Valerius.

VALERIUS was born in the Upper Palatinate of Germany, in the year 1667, without arms; and, when bereaved of his parents and friends, by death, had no other means to depend on for a subsistence than the exhibition of his person. He had practiced many arts with his feet and toes, generally performed by the hands and fingers; and necessity had brought them into such use, that he felt but little deficiency in the lack of arms and hands. He travelled into several countries, and, among others, visited England, and at London exhibited himself, and performed all his wonderful feats, from the year 1698-9 until 1705, as may be seen by the various specimens of his writing, dated in the intermediate periods.

The portrait of this man, and his different postures and performances, was engraved and published by himself, in Holland, with Dutch inscriptions, and must have been productive of great advantages to

P. Bruce fc.

JOHN VALERIUS,

(Born without Arms.)

Valerius, from the immense number of impressions taken from the plates, which appear, from some of the copies extant, (though in any state rare to be met with) to have been very much worn.

It was a common custom with the persons who visited Valerius, to give him some gratuity for a specimen of his writing; and, on the back of his portrait, which belonged to the late Sir William Musgrave, were four lines, written by Valerius with his toes.

The late Mr. Bindley, for upwards of forty years a commissioner of the stamp-office, was one of the greatest collectors of portraits of his time; and, among other rare articles, possessed Valerius's book complete, with lines round the portrait (written by himself) in the same manner as that of Sir William's.

Valerius wrote but very indifferently, compared with Matthew Buckinger, whose performances in writing and drawing were truly astonishing. A female of the present time, (a Miss Biffin) that annually is to be seen at Bartholomew and other fairs round the metropolis, labouring under similar misfortune with Valerius, works with her toes neatly

at her needle, and is very ingenious in designing and cutting out patterns in paper.*

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* A still more extraordinary person than either Valerius or Miss Biffin, was William Kingston, who was born without arms or hands, and resided at Ditcheat, near Bristol, an account of whom is extracted from a letter sent to the Rev. Mr. Wesley, by a person named Walton, dated Bristol, October 14, 1788.

" I went with a friend to visit this man, who highly entertained us at breakfast, by putting his half-naked foot upon the table as he sat, and carrying his tea and toast between his great and second toe to his mouth, with as much facility as if his foot had been a hand, and his toes fingers. I put half a sheet of paper upon the floor, with a pen and ink-horn: he threw off his shoes as he sat, took the ink-horn in the toes of his left foot, and held the pen in those of his right. He then wrote three lines, as well as most ordinary writers, and as swiftly. He writes out all his own bills, and other accounts. He then shewed how he shaves himself with a razor in his toes, and how he combs his own hair. He can dress and undress himself, except buttoning his cloaths. He feeds himself, and can bring both his meat or his broth to his mouth, by holding the fork or spoon in his toes. He cleans his own shoes; can clean the knives, light the fire, and do almost every other domestic business as well as any other man. He can make his hen-coops. He is a farmer by occupation; he can milk his own cows with his toes, and cut his own hay, bind it up in bundles, and carry it about the field for his cattle. Last winter he had eight heifers constantly to fodder. The last summer he made all his own hay-ricks. He can do all the business of the hay-field (except mowing), as fast and as well, with only his feet, as others can with rakes and forks. He goes to the field and

In the place of an arm, where the shoulder usually projects, in the body of Valerius appears the figure of a perfect thumb, and his chest, unlike most others of his sex and nature, exhibits the appearance of the breast of a female. His face is, likewise, remarkably feminine.

The very rare book of Valerius's postures contains sixteen prints, the first of which is his portrait, inscribed—

> Brachys manibus que coptus orepidus que Laboret
> Sine Brachys born in Palatino.
> London, March the 20th, 1698-9.
> Scriptumore John Valerij."

---

catches his horse; he saddles and bridles him with his feet and toes. If he has a sheep among his flock that ails any thing, he can separate it from the rest, drive it into a corner, and catch it when nobody else can. He then examines it, and applies a remedy to it. He is so strong in his teeth, that he can lift ten pecks of beans with them. He can throw a great sledge-hammer as far with his feet as other men can with their hands. In a word, he can nearly do as much without, as others can with, their arms.

"He began the world with a hen and chicken; with the profit of these he purchased an ewe; the sale of these procured him a ragged colt (as he expressed it) and then a better; after this he raised a few sheep, and now occupies a small farm."

PLATE II.

Represents Valerius beating a drum, with an inscription in Dutch, (which is likewise under each of the other prints) implying, that

"Whoever sees him perform this feat will be struck with astonishment and wonder."

PLATE III.

Playing at Cards and Dice.

"In the act of managing the cards and dice he does not yield in dexterity to those who play with their hands."

PLATE IV.

Shaving himself.

"No man who has the use of his hands would ever think of the expedient of doing this office with his toes."

PLATE V.

Standing erect on his left leg, holding a rapier between his great and second toe.

" In the science and art of defence, he manages his weapon with as much skill, adroitness, and strength as his adversary."

PLATE VI.

Standing on his left leg, balancing a chair with his right.

" The ease and power with which he elevates and supports the chair in the position he places it in, is beyond what many could do with the use of their arms and hands."

PLATE VII.

Balancing himself on a pedestal, and taking up a dice with his mouth.

" By the support of one foot, with the toes of the other, he takes up various *dice*, and, by the assistance of his teeth, he builds a little square tower three stories in height."

PLATE VIII.

Laying at full length, with his head on the ground, and recovering himself by the support of his left leg.

" The flexibility of his joints enabled him to place himself in most extraordinary positions, and his strength was sufficient to recover any posture at pleasure."

PLATE IX.

Laying on his back, taking up a glass of liquor, and conveying it with his toes to his head.

" In addition to his powers in balancing his body, it was truly wonderful to witness the ease and dexterity with which he took a glass, filled to the brim with wine, and conducted it, with his toes, to the top of his head, and balancing the same without spilling a drop."

PLATE X.

Balancing a glass of liquor on his forehead.

" This feat he performed in a way similar to the former, with the exception of his laying extended at

full length on a table, depending for support by the left leg."

PLATE XI.

Standing on a stool, taking a glass of liquor from the ground with his mouth.

" Elevated near two feet from the floor, on a stool, with the greatest ease he bends his body, and catches the glass between his teeth, drinks the liquor, and turns the glass upside down."

PLATE XII.

Seated on a stool, with both feet he conducts a glass of liquor to the top of his head.

" The amazing pliability of his joints rendered it a matter of the greatest ease to Valerius to do all the offices of the hands with his feet, and he could move them in every direction with the utmost facility."

PLATE XIII.

Seated on a stool, and writing with his toes.

" However niggardly nature had been in bounty to Valerius, she made an ample compensation, in

gifting him with most extraordinary powers and command with his feet, which he could, with the greatest agility, turn to all the purposes of the hands."

PLATE XIV.

Seated on a stool, he takes a pistol and discharges it with his right toes.

" Long habit had brought this man's soles of the feet into the same use as the palm of the hand; he could expand or contract them at pleasure; and, if he could not handle, he could foot a pistol, with any one."

PLATE XV.

Seated on a low stool, he takes up a musket, and assisted by both feet discharges the same.

" The weight and length of a musket must have made this one of Valerius's most difficult performances; yet, from the apparent ease with which he managed it, it seems to have been equally of the same familiar use with the rest."

PLATE XVI.

Standing on the left leg, taking up his hat from the ground with his right foot.

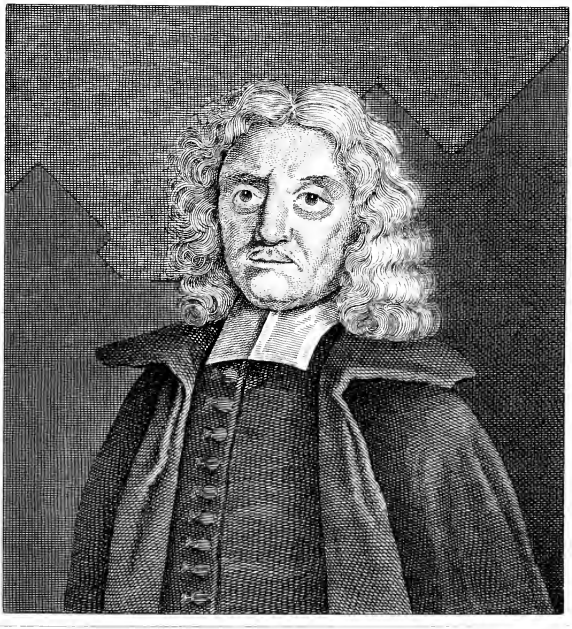
" It was Valerius's general mode, when his visitants took leave of him, to take up his hat, which, after placing on his head, he took off in a most graceful manner, and bowed thanks for the honor their visit conferred on him."

Jeremiah White,

CHAPLAIN TO OLIVER CROMWELL.

JEREMIAH WHITE received a liberal education, and was brought up at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which house he became Fellow. In the troublesome time of the civil wars, Mr. White's politics led him to join the prevailing powers, and in time procured him to be made preacher to the council of state, and domestic chaplain to his Highness Oliver Lord Protector. He was a very sprightly and facetious man, despised the cant and hypocrisy of the puritanical party of his time, and was considered one of the chief wits of the Protector's court.

Possessing all the advantages of youth, and a fine person, he had the ambition to aspire to the hand of Cromwell's youngest daughter, the Lady Frances. The young lady appears by no means to have discouraged his addresses, but, in so religious a court, this gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of.



JEREMIAH WHITE,

(Chaplain to Oliver Cromwell.)

The Protector was informed of it; and, having no inclination for such an alliance, was so much concerned, that he ordered the person who told him to keep a strict look-out, promising, if he could give him any substantial proofs, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punished. The spy followed his business so close, that in a little time he dogged Jerry White, (as he was generally called) to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector, to acquaint him that they were together. Oliver, in a rage, hastened to the chamber, and going hastily in, found Jerry on his knees, either kissing his daughter's hand, or having just kissed it. Cromwell, in a fury, asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frances? White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, "May it please your Highness, I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was, therefore, humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me." Oliver, turning to the young woman, cried, "What's the meaning of this, hussey? Why do you refuse the honor Mr. White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you would treat him as such." My lady's woman, who desired nothing better, with a

very low curtsey, replied, " If Mr. White intends me that honor I shall not be against him." " Sayest thou so, my lass," cried Cromwell, " call Goodwyn —this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room."

Mr. White had gone too far to recede from his proposal; his brother parson came, and Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector, who gave the bride five hundred pounds to her portion, to the secret disappointment and indignation of the enraged dupe of his own making, but entire gratification and satisfaction of the fair abigail, the moment they were made one flesh, who, by this unexpected good fortune, obtained a husband much above her most sanguine hope or pretensions.

The Restoration deprived White of all hope of preferment, if he refused to take the oaths, and offered him but faint prospects if he did; he, therefore, prudently chose to remain quiescent, for he was too pleasant a man to take up his abode in a prison, for preaching in a conventicle.

His wit and cheerfulness gained him many friends, —but he would have found himself more at home in the palace of Charles II. than in that of Oliver. He

survived not only the Restoration and Revolution, but the Union, and died in 1707, aged seventy-eight.

When the story of his marriage was mentioned before Mrs. White, (who survived her husband) she always simpered her assent to its truth. Jeremiah White printed the funeral sermon of Mr. Francis Fuller, preached by him; but his "Persuasive to Moderation and Forbearance in Love, among the divided Forms of Christians," was published after his death. Others of his works were promised, but have not yet appeared.

END OF VOL. I.

W. Lewis, Printer, Finch-lane, Cornhill.