

THE
LIFE AND SKETCHES
OF
CURIOUS AND ODD CHARACTERS.

ILLUSTRATED

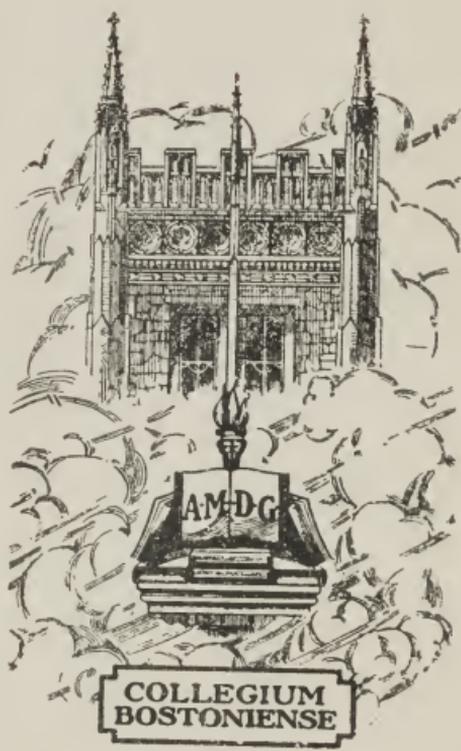
WITH TWENTY-FOUR ENGRAVINGS.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE C. ARKE.

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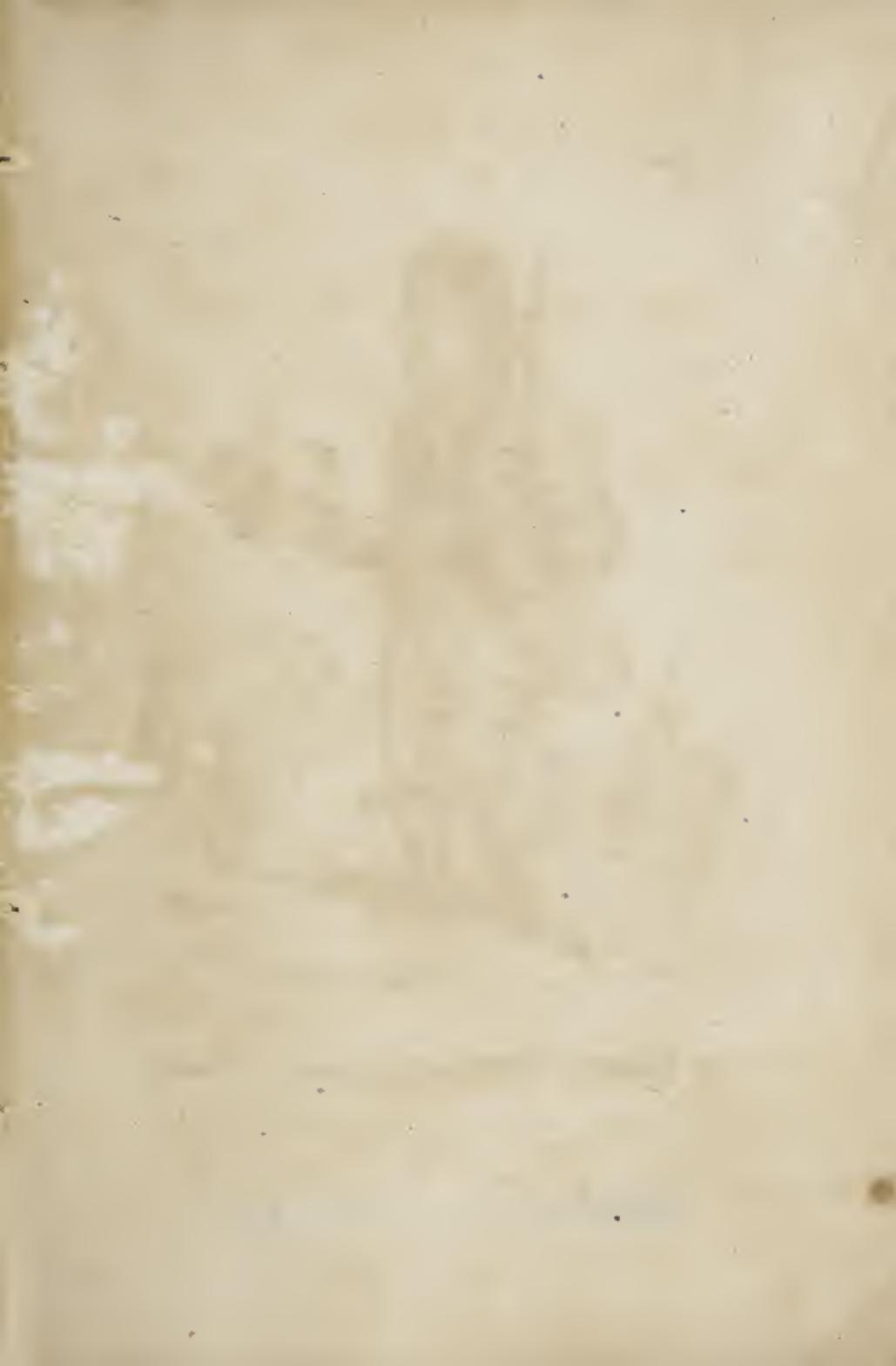


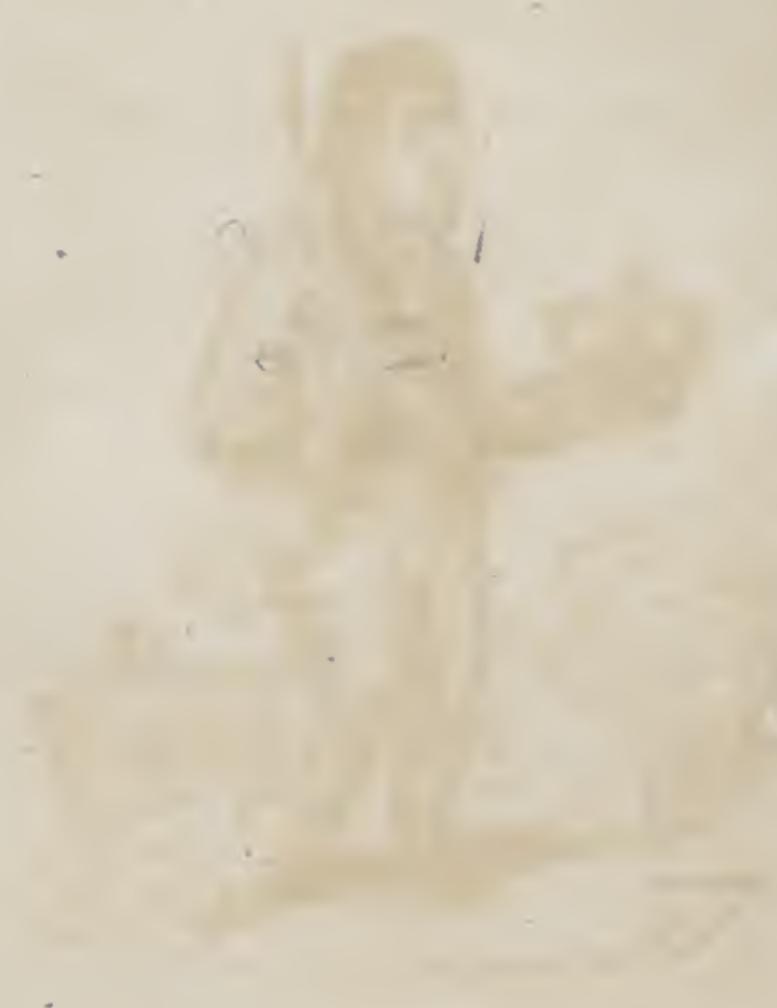
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SIR HARRY DIMSDALE, *Mayor of Garratt.*

THE
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WITH TWENTY-FOUR ENGRAVINGS.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY CHARLES GAYLORD.
1840.

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PORTRAITS
OF
CURIOUS CHARACTERS.



NATHANIEL BENTLEY, ESQ.

Known by the name of Dirty Dick,
Late a Hardware Merchant in Leadenhall-street, London.

MR. BENTLEY resided at the corner of the avenue leading to the house formerly the Old Crown

Tavern, Leadenhall-street, not far from the East-India House.

The house and character of this eccentric individual are so well described in a poem published in the *European Magazine*, for January, 1801, that we shall transcribe it :

“ Who but has seen (if he can see at all)
 ’Twixt Aldgate’s well-known pump and Leadenhall,
 A curious hard-ware shop, in general full
 Of wares, from Birmingham and Pontipool ?
 Begrim’d with dirt, behold its ample front,
 With thirty years collected filth upon ’t.
 See festoon’d cobwebs pendent o’er the door,
 While boxes, bales, and trunks, are strew’d around the floor.

“ Behold how whistling winds and driving rain
 Gain free admission at each broken pane,
 Save where the dingy tenant keeps them out
 With urn or tray, knife-case, or dirty clout!
 Here snuffers, waiters, patent-screws for corks;
 There castors, card-racks, cheese-trays, knives and forks:
 Here empty cases pil’d in heaps on high;
 There pack-thread, papers, rope, in wild disorder lie.

“ O say, thou enemy to soap and towels !
 Hast no compassion lurking in thy bowels ?
 Think what thy neighbors suffer by thy whim
 Of keeping self and house in such a trim !
 The officers of health should view the scene,
 And put thy shop and thee in quarantine.
 Consider thou, in summer’s ardent heat,
 When various means are tried to cool the street,
 What must each decent neighbor suffer then
 From various vapours issuing from thy den.

“ When fell Disease, with all her horrid train,
 Spreads her dark pinions o’er ill-fated Spain,
 That Britain may not witness such a scene,
 Behoves us doubly now to keep our dwellings clean.

“ Say, if, within the street where thou dost dwell,
 Each house were kept exactly like thy cell;

O, say, thou enemy to brooms and mops!
 How long thy neighbors could keep open shops,
 If, following thee in taste, each wretched elf,
 Unshav'd, unwash'd, and squalid like thyself,
 Resolv'd to live?—The answer's very plain,
 One year would be the utmost of their reign:
 Victims to filth, each vot'ry soon would fall,
 And one grand jail-distemper kill them all.

“ Persons there are, who say thou hast been seen
 (Some years ago) with hands and face wash'd clean;
 And, wouldst thou quit this most unseemly plan,
 Thou art ('tis said) a very comely man:
 Of polish'd language, partial to the fair,
 Then why not wash thy face and comb thy matted hair?
 Clear from thy house accumulated dirt,
 New paint the front, and wear a cleaner shirt.”

Many are the reports concerning his civility, and polite manner of attending to the ladies, whenever they have honoured him with their commands; and several curious persons have come to town from various parts of the country, on purpose to see so remarkable a figure.

Before the powder-tax was introduced, Nathaniel frequently paid a shilling for dressing that head, which of late years he scarcely seemed to think worthy of a comb! He mends his own clothes, and washes his own linen,—which he proudly acknowledges. His answer to a gentleman who wished to convert him to cleanliness, was, “It is of no use, Sir; if I wash my hands to-day, they will be dirty again to-morrow.” On being asked whether he kept a dog or cat to destroy rats, mice, &c. he replied, “No, Sir, they only make more dirt, and spoil more goods than any service they are of; but as to rats and mice, how can they live in my house, when I take care to leave them nothing to eat?” If asked why he does not

take down his shutters which have been so long up, or why he does not put his goods in proper order, his answer is, "he has been long thinking of it, but he has not time."

With all Nathaniel Bentley's eccentricities, it must be acknowledged, he is both intelligent and polite: like a diamond begrimed with dirt, which, though it may easily conceal its lustre in such a state, can easily recover its original polish—not a diamond indeed of the first water—not a rough diamond—but an *unwashed* diamond.

In his beauish days, his favorite suit was blue and silver, with his hair dressed in the extremity of fashion; but now—strange fancy—his hair frequently stands up like the quills of the porcupine, and he generally attended in his late shop without a coat, while his waistcoat, breeches, shirt, face, and hands, corresponded with the dirt of his warehouse.

ANN SIGGS.

Contrast to the Character last mentioned.

THOSE who are in the practice of walking the principal streets of this metropolis, leading from Bond-street to Cornhill, must have been attracted by the daily appearance of Ann Siggs, a tall woman, walking apparently easy with crutches, and mostly dressed in white, sometimes wearing a jacket or spencer of green baize; yet always remarkably clean in her dress and appearance.

It does not appear, however, that this female ranks very high among the *remarkables*, having but very few eccentricities, and nothing very singular, except her dress and method of walking. The great burthen of warm clothing which she always

wears, is not from affectation, or a disposition to promote popular gaze, but from the necessity of guarding against the least cold, which she says always increases a rheumatic complaint with which she is afflicted.



When we consider the great number of beggars who daily perambulate London, and the violence they commit against decency, cleanliness, and delicate feelings, one naturally feels surprised they are so often the receivers of the generosity and bounty of the passing crowds; but independent of the commendable garb which adorns the interesting figure of Ann Siggs, we have repeatedly noticed

another rare quality so very uncommon among the mendicant tribe, and that is, a silent and modest appeal to the considerate passenger, which almost involuntarily calls forth inquiry

She is about fifty-six years of age, and is said to have a brother still living, an opulent tradesman on the Surrey side of the water: she also had a sister living at Isleworth, who died some time since.

This mendicant receives from the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, a weekly allowance, which, with the benevolence of some well-disposed persons, probably adds considerably to her comforts,

“ But cannot minister to the mind diseas'd.”

It appears she has lived in Eden-court, Swallow-street, upwards of fifteen years, the lonely occupant of a small back room, leaving it at 9 o'clock every morning to resume her daily walks.

Her father lived many years at Dorking, in Surrey, maintaining the character of an industrious, quiet, and honest man, by the trade of a tailor, and who, having brought up a large family of eight children, died, leaving the present Ann Siggs destitute of parental protection at the age of eighteen; and after many revolutions of bright and gloomy circumstances that have attended her during her humble perambulations, which the weakest minds are by no means calculated to endure, these have in some measure wrought upon her intellects. She is however perfectly innocent.



MEMOIRS OF THE CELEBRATED
MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL,
Surgeon Dentist, &c. of Mount-str. Berkeley-square.

THE appellation of extraordinary may, indeed, well apply to this ingenious and whimsical man. All the remarkable eccentricities which have yet been the characteristic of any man, however celebrated, may all hide their diminished heads before Martin Van Butchell. He is the morning-star of the eccentric world; a man of uncommon merit

and science, therefore the more wonderful from his curious singularities, his manners, and his appearance. Many persons make use of means to excite that attention which their merit does not deserve, and for the obtaining of credit which they never possessed. It appears, as an exception to these rules, that the singularities of Martin Van Butchell have tended more to *obscure*, than to *exalt* or *display* the sterling abilities which even the tongue of envy has never denied him.

The father of Martin Van Butchell was very well known in the reign of George II.; being tapestry-maker to his majesty, with a salary of £50 per annum attached to the office.

The education of the son was equal to the father's circumstances; who lived in a large house, with extensive gardens, known by the name of the "*Crown House*," in the parish of Lambeth, where several of the gentry occasionally lodged for the beauty of the situation and air; the son, who had many opportunities of improvement by and through the distinguished persons who paid their visits at his father's house, was early taken notice of, and very soon possessed a knowledge of the French language, and arrived at many accomplishments. He maintained a good character, with a prepossessing address; recommendations which induced Sir Thomas Robinson to solicit his acceptance to travel with his son, as a suitable companion, in a tour through Europe. This offer, it appears, was not accepted; but in a short time after, he joined the family of the Viscountess Talbot; where, as groom of the chambers, he remained many years: a situation so lucrative as to enable him to leave and pursue with vigour his endeared studies of mechanics, medicine and anatomy.

The study of the human teeth accidentally took up his attention through the breaking of one of his own, and he engaged himself as pupil to the famous Dr. J. Hunter. The profession of dentist was the occasion of first introducing him to the notice of the public; and so successful was he in this art, that for a complete set of teeth he has received the enormous price of eighty guineas! We have heard of a lady who was dissatisfied with teeth for which she had paid him ten guineas; upon which he voluntarily returned the money: scarcely had she slept upon the contemplation of this disappointment, before she returned, soliciting the set of teeth, which he had made her, as a favour, with an immediate tender of the money which she originally paid, and received them back again.

After many years successfully figuring as a dentist, Martin Van Butchell became no less eminent as a maker of trusses for ruptured persons. A physician of eminence in Holland having heard of his skill in this practice, made a voyage for the purpose of consulting him, and was so successfully treated, that, in return for the benefit received, he taught Martin Van Butchell the secret of curing fistulas; which he has practised ever since in an astonishing and unrivalled manner.

The eccentricities of Martin now began to excite public notice; upon his first wife's death, who, for the great affection he bore towards her, he was at first determined never should be buried; after embalming the body, he kept her in her wedding clothes a considerable time, in the parlour of his own house, which occasioned the visits of a great number of the nobility and gentry. It has been reported, that the resolution of his keeping his wife unburied, was occasioned by a clause in the marriage settlement, disposing of certain

property, *while she remained above ground*: we cannot decide how far this may be true, but she has been since buried. He has a propensity to every thing in direct opposition to other persons: he makes it a rule to dine by himself, and for his wife and children also to dine by themselves; and it is his common custom to call his children by whistling, and by no other way.

Next to his dress and the mode of wearing his beard, one of the first singularities which distinguished him, was walking about London streets, with a large Otaheitan tooth or bone in his hand, fastened in a string to his wrist, intended to deter the boys from insulting him, as they very improperly were used to do, before his person and character were so well known.

Upon the front of his house, in Mount-street, he had painted the following puzzle:

BY
HIS MAJESTY'S

Thus said sneaking Jack, ROYAL speaking like himself,
I'll be first; if I get my money, I don't care who suffers

LETTERS PATENT,

MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL'S

NEW INVENTED

with caustic care—and old Phim
SPRING BANDS AND FASTENINGS

Sometimes in six days, and always ten—
the fistulæ in Ano.

FOR

THE APPAREL AND FURNITURE

July Sixth

OF

Licensed to deal in Perfumery, i. e.

HUMAN BEINGS

Hydrophobia cured in thirty days,

AND

BRUTE CREATURES

made of Milk and Honey.

which remained some years. In order a little to comprehend it: some years ago, he had a famous dun horse, but on some dispute with the stable-keeper, the horse was detained for the keep, and at last sold, by the ranger of Hyde-Park, at Tattersal's, where it fetched a very high price. This affair was the cause of a law-suit, and the reason why Martin Van Butchell interlined the curious notice in small gold letters, nearly at the top, as follows:—"Thus said sneaking Jack, speaking like himself, I'll be first; if I get my money, I don't care who suffers."

After losing his favorite dun horse, a purchase was soon made of a small white poney, which he never suffers to be trimmed in any manner whatever; the shoes for it are always fluted to prevent slipping, and he will not suffer the creature to wear any other. His saddle is no less curious. He humorously paints the poney, some times all purple, often with purple spots, and with streaks and circles upon his face and hinder parts. He rides on this equipage very frequently, especially on Sundays, in the Park and about the streets.

The curious appearance of him and his horse have a very striking effect, and always attracts the attention of the public. His beard has not been shaved or cut for fifteen years; his hat shallow and narrow brimmed, and now almost white with age, though originally black: his coat a kind of russet brown, which has been worn a number of years, with an old pair of boots in colour like his hat, and about as old. His bridle is also exceedingly curious; to the head of it is fixed a blind, which, in case of taking fright or starting, can be dropped over the horse's eyes, and be drawn up again at pleasure.

Many have been the insults and rude attacks of

the ignorant and vulgar mob, at different times, upon this extraordinary man; and instances have occurred of these personal attacks terminating seriously to the audacious offender. One man, we remember, had the extreme audacity to take this venerable character by the beard; in return, he received a blow from the injured gentleman, with an umbrella, that had nearly broken a rib.

We shall now endeavor to exhibit his remarkable turn for singularity, by his writings, as published at different times in the public prints, and affording entertainment for the curious:

“Corresponding—Lads—Remember Judas :— And the year 80! *Last Monday Morning, at 7 o'clock, Doctor Merryman, of Queen-street, May-fair, presented Elizabeth, the wife of Martin Van Butchell, with her Fifth fine Boy, at his House in Mount-street, Grosvenor Square, and—they—are—all—well—.* Post Master General for Ten Thousand Pounds (—we mean Gentlemen’s—not a Penny less—) I will soon construct—such Mail-Coach—Perch—Bolts as shall never break !

To many I refer—for my character: Each will have grace—to write his case; soon as he is well—an history tell; for the public good;—to save human blood, as—all—true—folk—should. Sharkish people may—keep themselves away,—*Those that use me ill—I never can heal; being forbidden—to cast pearls to pigs; lest—they—turn—and—tear. Wisdom makes dainty: patients come to me, with heavy guineas,—between ten and one; but—I—go—to—none.*”

Mender of Mankind; in a manly way.

In another advertisement, he says :

“That your Majesty’s Petitioner is a British Christian Man, aged fifty-nine—with a comely

beard—full eight inches long. That your Majesty's Petitioner was born in the County of Middlesex—brought up in the County of Surrey—and has never been out of the Kingdom of England. That your Majesty's Petitioner (—about ten years ago—) had often the high honor (—before your Majesty's Nobles—) of conversing with your Majesty (—face to face—) when we were hunting of the stag—on Windsor forest."

"*British Christian Lads* (—Behold—now is the day—of Salvation. Get understanding; as the highest gain.—) Cease looking boyish;—become quite manly!—(*Girls* are fond of hair: it is *natural*.—) Let your beards grow long: that ye may be strong:—in mind—and body: as were great grand dads:—Centuries ago; when John did not owe—a single penny: more than---he---could ---pay."

Many more equally whimsical advertisements might be selected, and many additional anecdotes might be told of him; but what we have here recorded concerning this complete *original* may be depended upon: not one word of which is contrary to truth.

PARTICULARS RELATING TO
JOHN STATHAM,

A remarkable blind young man, well known about the streets of London.

It seems that this extraordinary character was born blind, above the year 1768. Having been deprived of his father, whilst very young, he was taken care of by his father-in-law, a brassfounder; and, early in life, habituated to attend very con-



stantly the public worship of the church of England; but it appears, the visits he then made to places of worship were more from the authority of his father-in-law, than from any relish he had for the benefit of assembling amongst religious people: on the contrary, he was averse to the practice of going to church, and therefore it is not to be wondered at, that he should be found at length professing openly, by words and actions, similar dislike even to religion itself. But his continuance in these sentiments was suddenly changed, in accidentally

meeting with the Countess of Huntingdon's Hymns, and the preaching of a gentleman at Spa Fields Chapel, so that he became more and more enraptured with the sublime doctrines of the Gospel; and has ever since constantly attended upon the dissenting meetings. And though blind, he does not *walk in darkness*, like too many professing Christians, "who have eyes, but see not."

Those who have the use of their sight, and have been constantly resident in London, are not better acquainted with the town than poor Statham. With astonishing precision, he finds his way, from street to street, and from house to house, supplying his customers with the various periodical publications that he carries; and this only by the means of an extraordinary retentive memory. His constant companion being a stick, whereby he *feels* his way. Such is his care and recollection, that he has never been known to lose himself.

Whilst living with his father-in-law, he paid great attention to the brass foundery business, and still remembers the process of that art. On the death of his father-in-law, poor Statham became possessed of a very small freehold estate: the produce of which is, however, so trifling, that were it not for the occasional assistance of benevolent persons, and his little magazine walk, the wants of nature could not be supplied. He uses every exertion within his power to increase his weekly pittance; but the cruelty exercised upon him by inconsiderate people has, at different times, given him severe pain and bitter disappointment: the inhumanity we allude to, is that of sending him orders for magazines to be taken to places, several miles distant, which when purchased and conveyed to the fictitious place, he has been told, "No such books have been ordered nor is there any

one of that name lives here." Now if the persons so treating a poor defenceless man, only reflected a moment, at least they would forbear the shameful exercise of such wanton cruelty.

As we have hinted at the strength of his memory, we will now produce some facts to substantiate the truth. He can repeat all the Church of England service, and a great part of the Old and New Testament; some particular portions of Scripture which he considers remarkably striking he delivers with peculiar emphasis; besides the recollection of Lady Huntingdon's Hymns. Every sermon he hears he will go over, when returned home, with astonishing precision.

Equal to his retentive memory is his ingenuity, possessing an extensive knowledge of metals, copper, tin, brass, pewter, &c. &c. He can likewise tell if pinchbeck is or not a good mixture of copper and brass of equal proportion!

And no less remarkable is his retention of hearing. We remember upon a time, a person only having been once in his company, and after an absence of some months the same gentleman paid him a second visit: poor Statham immediately looked to the spot from whence the voice proceeded, and having repeatedly turned his head, without any further information, instantly addressed the gentleman he recollected.

It appears he is extremely fond of music, and what is called spiritual singing. His mode of living is always regular and frugal; strong liquors, so much used by the poor of this country, are by him religiously abstained from. These circumstances cause him to receive the advantages of a regular good state of health, and that cheerfulness of mind and patience in suffering so very conspicuous in his character.

Since the above account was written, this unfortunate individual was found, by the road side, near Bagnigge-Wells, frozen to death, on Christmas morning, December 25th, 1808, having lost his way in that memorably severe storm of frost and snow, of Christmas eve of that year.



ANNE LONGMAN, SINGER AND MUSICIAN.

WE have now to take notice of a female who never fails to attract particular notice; she is mostly attended by a crowd: with the assistance of

a musical instrument, called a guitar, she adds her own voice, which, combined with the instrument, has a very pleasing effect.

A decent modesty is conspicuous in this person, more so than in any other we have ever witnessed following so humble a calling. She is wife to a soldier in the foot-guards, and lost her sight by suckling twin children, who are sometimes with her, conducted by a girl, who seems engaged to assist the family both at home and out of doors. Cleanliness, at all times the nurse of health, is by nine-tenths of the poor of this land banished existence, as if it were matter of misery to be distinguished by a clean skin and with clean clothes; now this rarity, we speak of, is amply possessed by Anne Longman, and though not quite so conspicuous in this particular as Ann Siggs, yet she lays strong claim to pity and charitable sympathy. It cannot be supposed that her husband, possessing only the salary arising from the situation of a private in the foot-guards, can support, without additional assistance, himself, his wife quite blind, and a family of four children, without encountering some severe trials and difficulties; so that, upon the whole, it is a matter of satisfaction and pleasure to find, that, incumbered as she is, some addition is made to their support through the innocent means of amusing the surrounding spectators by her melody.



JOHN AND ROBERT GREEN,
THE WANDERING MINSTRELS.

THESE pedestrians form a singular sight; twins in birth, and partners in misfortunes in life; they came into the world blind; and blind are compelled to wade their way through a world of difficulties and troubles.

Though nothing very remarkable can be recorded of them, yet there is something in their looks and manners that at least renders them conspicuous characters.

They are continually moving from village to

village, from town to town, and from city to city, never omitting to call upon London, whether outward or homeward bound. It is observable, however, they never play but one tune, which may account for their not stopping any length of time in one place. For upwards of twenty years they have always been seen together.

John and Robert Green are visitors at most country fairs, particularly at the annual Statute Fair, held at Chipping Norton, which they never fail to attend; and at this place, it appears, they were born.

When in London, they are always noticed with a guide; and as soon as the old harmony is finished, one takes hold of the skirt of the other's coat, and in that manner proceed until they again strike up the regular tune. We are inclined to think the charity bestowed upon them is not given as a retaining fee, but rather to get rid of a dissonance and a discord which, from continual repetition, becomes exceedingly disagreeable; though in this manner they pick up a decent subsistence.

TOM AND HIS PIGEONS,

A NOTED CHARACTER, ABOUT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, &c.

THOMAS SUGDEN seems determined to distinguish himself from the rest of his brethren, by carrying two pigeons upon his shoulders, and one upon his head; healthy and fine birds continue so but a little time with him. He is the dirtiest among the dirty; and his feathered companions soon suffer from this disgusting propensity; one week reduces their fine plumage and health to a



level with the squald and miserable appearance of their master, whose pockets very often contain the poor prisoners, to be ready to bring them forth at the first convenient stand he thinks it most to his advantage to occupy; and from this mode of conveyance are they indebted for broken feathers, dirt, &c.

Sugden, a native of Yorkshire, lost his sight in a dreadful storm, on board the Gregson merchantman, Capt. Henley, commander: the particulars he sometimes relates, and attributes his misfor-

tunes to an early neglect of parental admonition, when nothing but sea could serve his turn. He addresses his younger auditors upon this subject, and remonstrates with them on the advantage of obedience to their parents.



ROGER SMITH.

ELEVATED as the bell-ringing tribe are above this humble creature, the correct manner of his ringing, with hand-bells, various peals and song

tunes, would puzzle the judgments of a very large portion of regular-bred belfry idlers.

Numbers of persons have attended upon his performance, particularly when his self-constructed belfry was in existence, near Broad Wall, Lambeth, containing a peal of eight bells, from which he obtained a tolerable livelihood. Here he was soon disturbed, and obliged to quit, to make way for some building improvement. He has ever since exercised his art in most public places, on eight, ten, and sometimes twelve bells, for upwards of twenty-four years. He frequently accompanies the song tunes with his voice, adding considerably to the effect, though he has neither a finished nor powerful style of execution. While he performs upon the hand-bells (which he does sitting), he wears a hairy cap, to which he fixes two bells; two he holds in each hand; one on each side, guided by a string connected with the arm; one on each knee; and one on each foot. It appears, he originally came from the city of Norwich, and was employed as a weaver in that place some years, but, having (from a cold) received an injury to his sight, resigned his trade for the profession which necessity now compels him to follow.

GEORGE ROMONDO,

Well known for his imitative abilities and grotesque appearance.

It seems the important study of ass-braying, wild-boar grunting, and the cry of hungry pigs, has engaged for some years the attention of this original. In addition to these harmonious and delightful sounds, another description of melody he



successfully performs, which is on the trumpet French horn, drum, &c.

An Italian took a fancy to his wonderful ingenuity, and had him imported into England. As an inducement to obtain George's consent to leave the city of Lisbon, in Portugal, the place of his nativity, he was most flatteringly assured of making his fortune.

Romondo took shipping for England, safely arrived in London early in the year 1800; and soon after commenced operations in a caravan

drawn by horses, nearly resembling those used by the famous Pidcock, for the travelling of his wild beasts up and down the country. In this manner Romondo began making a tour of England, from fair to fair, under the style and title of "THE LITTLE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN." He now became alternately pig, boar, and ass, for the Italian's profit, with an allowance of 2s. 6d. per day, for himself. It is natural to suppose such a speculation could not be attended with success; the event actually turned out so; and after some time it was given up, and our poor mountain hero left by this cunning Italian, to shift for himself.

He, however, soon after commenced operations upon his own account, and continues to this day to exercise his surprising talents !

He is about forty-three years of age, wears a cocked hat, drooping a prodigious length over his shoulders, completely in the fashion of a dustman or coalheaver, and with a coat actually sweeping the ground. In height he is about three feet six inches; his legs and thighs appear like a pair of callipers; he is said to be, in temper, very good natured; and is very fond of the ladies, often kissing their elbows, which come exactly parallel with his lips, as he walks the streets of London; and in exchange, many a box on the ear has been received, with apparent good nature. At particular times, he is seen in his full dress, with a round fashionable hat, white cotton stockings, and red slippers.

PORTRAITS OF CURIOUS



TOBY,

A CONSPICUOUS NEGRO.

A frequent visitor about the streets of London.

FROM the unintelligible crying jargon this man utters, while supplicating charity, one would be induced to suppose him ignorant of the English language; but he possesses, at least, as perfect a knowledge of it as most persons in his humble sphere.

The use of his own native language is of great advantage to him, in exciting the pity and fixing

the attention of the passenger; and is, besides, a great inducement to many to extend their charity to this apparently distressed stranger. Indeed he exercises every art, and leaves no method untried, to work upon the various dispositions of those he supplicates. Very often he will preach to the spectators gathered round him, presuming frequently to make mention of the name of Jesus; and, sometimes, he will amuse another sort of auditors with a song; and *when begging*, he always appears bent double, as if with excessive pain and fatigue. But here again is another deception and trick of a very shallow manufacture: for the same day we have seen him, when outward-bound, in the morning, so bent double as with a *fixed* affliction; but on his return home in the evening, after the business of the day is closed, this black Toby reverses his position, lays aside all his restraints, walks upright, and with as firm a step as the nature of his loss will allow, begins talking English, and ceases preaching. To all appearance, a daily and universal miracle appears to be wrought; for scarcely are he and his jovial companions assembled together in one place and with one accord; or rather scarcely has liquor appeared upon the table, than the blind can see—the dumb speak—the deaf hear—and the lame walk! Here, indeed, as Pope has said, one might

“ See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing: ”

Or, as he has neatly said upon a more solemn occasion,

“ Hear the dumb sing; the lame his crutch forego,
“ And leap, exulting, like the bounding roe.”

To descend from the imitations of these poets:

strains, we add, that to such assemblies* as those just described, Toby is a visiting member, and is frequently called upon from the chair to amuse the company; and as a beggar's life is avowedly made up of extremes, from these midnight revels, he adjourns to a miserable two-penny lodging, where, with the regular return of the morning, as a carpenter putteth on his apron, or as a trowel is taken into the hand of a bricklayer; even so Black Toby, laying aside all the freaks of the evening, again sallies forth in quest of those objects of credulity, that will ever be found in a population so extensive as that of this metropolis.

Toby was employed on board a merchantman, bound from Bermuda to Memel, and in the voy-

* From some such meetings as these, we suppose the following circular club letter to have been issued:

“The company of all mumpers, cadgers, match-makers, dandelion-diggers, dragon-fogrum-gatherers, water-cress-fishers, and others, is earnestly requested, to-morrow evening, at the Old Blind Beak's head, in Dyot-street, St. Giles's, at 9 o'clock precisely. As the house has been altered, the company will be accommodated with a large room up stairs; but those who are not really lame, are desired to leave their sticks and crutches at the bar, to prevent mischief. After the admission of new members, the president will give directions from the chair, for avoiding beadles and all other unlucky persons; point out, for the benefit of country members, the best parts for strolling, the method of making artificial sores, &c.

“Mr. Nick Froth, the landlord, also informs his friends and customers, that, on account of the many evening lectures and methodist meetings, in the winter season, the club will meet an hour later than usual. He will also allow sprats to be boiled on the tap-room fire, let his boy fetch hogs' maws and sheeps' heads.—And that he likewise sends strong beer in white jugs or black tin pots (out of a blind) to any of the stands, at a reasonable distance from his house.—

“N. B. A good stand to let, now occupied by a person who is under the necessity of going into the Lock Hospital.”

age, from the severity of the weather and change of climate, lost the whole of his toes in the passage. From Memel, he found his way to England, on board the Lord Nelson privateer, and ever since has supported himself by the improper charity he receives from begging.

MEMOIRS OF THE FAMOUS
 Sir JOHN DINELY, Baronet,
One of the knights of Windsor.

“Take him for all in all, -
 “We ne’er shall look upon his like again.”

SIR JOHN DINELY is descended from a very illustrious family, which continued to flourish in great repute in Worcestershire, till the late century, when they expired in the person of Sir Edward Dinely, Knight.

The present heroic Sir John Dinely has, however, made his name conspicuous by stepping into a new road of fancy, by his poetic effusions, by his curious advertisements for a wife, and by the singularity of his dress and appearance.

Sir John now lives at Windsor, in one of the habitations appropriated to reduced gentlemen of his description. His fortune he estimates at three hundred thousand pounds, *if he could recover it!*

In dress, Sir John is no changeling; for nearly twenty years past he has been the faithful resemblance of the engraving accompanying this account. He is uncommonly loquacious, his conversation is overcharged with egotism, and such a mixture of repartee and evasion, as to excite



doubts, in the minds of superficial observers, as to the reality of his character and abilities. With respect to his exterior, it is really laughable to observe him, when he is known to be going to some public place to exhibit his person; he is then decked out with a full-bottomed wig, a velvet embroidered waistcoat, satin breeches and silk stockings. On such occasions as these, not a little inflated with family pride, he seems to imagine himself as great as any lordling: but on the day

following, he may be seen slowly pacing from the chandler's shop with a penny loaf in one pocket, a morsel of butter, a quatern of sugar, and a three-farthing candle in the other.

He is still receiving epistles in answer to his advertisements, and several whimsical interviews and ludicrous adventures have occurred in consequence. He has, more than once, paid his addresses to one of his own sex, dressed as a fine lady: at other times, when he has expected to see his fair enamorata at a window, he has been rudely saluted with the contents of very different compliments. One would suppose these accidents would operate as a cooler, and allay in some degree the warmth of his passion. But our heroic veteran still triumphs over every obstacle, and the heyday of his blood still beats high; as may be seen by the following advertisement for a wife, in the Reading Mercury, May 24, 1802:

“ Miss in her Teens—let not this sacred offer escape your eye. I now call all qualified ladies, marriageable, to chocolate at my house every day at your own hour.—With tears in my eyes, I must tell you, that sound reason commands me to give you but one month's notice before I part with my chance of an infant baronet forever: for you may readily hear that three widows and old maids, all aged above fifty, near my door, are now pulling caps for me. Pray, my young charmers, give me a fair hearing; do not let your avaricious guardians unjustly fright you with a false account of a forfeiture, but let the great Sewel and Rivet's opinions convince you to the contrary; and that I am now in legal possession of these estates; and with the spirit of an heroine command my three thousand pounds, and rank above half the ladies in our im-

perial kingdom. By your ladyship's directing a favorable line to me, Sir John Dinely, Baronet, at my house in Windsor Castle, your attorney will satisfy you, that, if I live but a month, eleven thousand pounds a year will be your ladyship's for ever."

Sir John does not forget to attend twice or thrice a year at Vauxhall and the theatres, according to appointments in the most fashionable daily papers. He parades the most conspicuous parts of Vauxhall, and is also seen in the front row of the pit in the theatres; whenever it is known he is to be there, the house is sure, especially by the females, to be well attended. Of late, Sir John has added a piece of stay-tape to his wig, which passes under his chin; from this circumstance, some persons might infer that he is rather chop-fallen; an inference by no means fair, if we still consider the gay complexion of his advertisements and addresses to the ladies.

PARTICULARS CONCERNING THE POLITE GROCERS OF THE STRAND

“ Brother John and I.”

OUR engraving represents two singular characters, whose eccentric humor is well worthy of the attention of the *curious*. Messrs. AARON and JOHN TRIM are grocers, living at No. 449, Strand, nearly opposite to Villier's-street; at this shop curiosity would not be disappointed of the expected gratification, from the personal appearance of the two gentlemen behind the counter, if there was nothing else to strike the attention. One of



the gentlemen is so short, as frequently to be under the necessity of mounting the steps to serve his customers. And the shop itself displays no common spectacle: a dozen pair of scales are strewed from one end of the counter to the other, mingled with large lumps of sugar and various other articles; the floor is so completely piled with goods, one upon the other, and in all parts so covered that there is passage sufficient but for

one person at a time to be served; and we believe there is no shop in the neighborhood so much frequented, although there are a great many in the same business within two hundred yards of A. and J. Trim. Their shop is remarkable for selling what is termed "*a good article.*" These gentlemen exercise the greatest attention to their customers, and such good humor and urbanity of manners, as to be characterised the "POLITE GROCERS." They were 'born in the same house in which they now live, and have remained there ever since; and where their father, a man well esteemed, died some years back, leaving the business to his sons, with considerable property.

The church of England never had more regular attenders upon its ministry and forms of worship than in the persons of Messrs. Aaron and John Trim, whose attendance at the public worship, at St. Martin's, in the Strand, is as regular with them as the neglect and desertion is common by the generality of its members.

The whole of the business of the Polite Grocers is conducted by themselves, with now and then the assistance of a young woman, who appears principally to have the management of the Two penny-post; and from the extent of their trade, the smallness of their expenses, and their frugality, it is generally supposed they must be rich; but though extremely talkative upon any other subject, yet on every point relating to themselves, and their private concerns, they very properly maintain the most impenetrable closeness and reserve.

Abounding as this age does with so many temptations and examples of extravagance and waste, it requires no small portion of resolution to

maintain a due observance of economy, to be kept from following the pulic current in its wasteful fashions and extravagant expenses. Now, that the *Polite Grocers* maintain this economy, cannot be doubted; and which, in the present situation of things, must be considered no small virtue. Economy without penuriousness, liberality without prodigality!



ANN JOHNSON,

The Holborn Lace Weaver, a blind woman.

ANN JOHNSON is a poor industrious widow, cleanly, sober, and decent, inoffensive and hon-

est, and quite blind. The engraved portrait of this interesting figure may be depended upon for its faithful representation of the much-to-be-pitied original. She was born at Eaton, in Cheshire, on St. Andrew's day, old style, in the year 1742, was apprenticed to a ribband weaver at the early age of ten years, and was twenty-four years old when she lost her sight, occasioned by a spotted fever.

Sitting exposed to the inclemency of hot and cold, of wet and dry weather, for upwards of six and twenty years, in the open streets of London, might naturally undermine a constitution the most vigorous and healthy. It certainly has considerably affected Ann Johnson, whose regular appearance, even in the bitterest days of winter, has been as uniform as the finest in summer, on Holborn-hill, upon the steps at the corner of Marmaduke and Thomas Langdale's house, the distillers. Here she exhibits the expert manner in which she makes laces, attracting the notice of the considerate passenger: she is rendered additionally interesting, by the cheerfulness of her conversation and the serenity of her countenance, using words, in effect, similar to the following beautiful lines:

“Are not the ravens daily fed by thee?
And wilt thou clothe the lilies, and not me?
Begone distrust!—I shall have clothes and bread,
While lilies flourish, or the birds are fed.”

She resides at No. 5, Church-lane, Bloomsbury, and has been an inhabitant of London upwards of thirty-eight years. We particularly recommend her to the considerate attention of every little girl or young woman, and, when they are in want of any laces, to think of Ann Johnson.—Such great industry deserves encouragement.



SAMUEL HORSEY,

A REMARKABLE MAN WITHOUT LEGS,
Called the King of the Beggars.

SUCH as have seen this man in London (and there are very few that have not) will be instantly struck with the accuracy of the engraving.

He has literally *rocked* himself about London for upwards of nineteen years, with the help of a wooden seat, assisted by a short pair of crutches; and the facility with which he moves is the more singular, when we consider he is very corpulent; he appears to possess remarkably good health, and is about fifty-six years of age. In his life we have no great deal to notice, as wonderful or remarka-

ble. His figure alone is what renders him a striking character; not striking for the height or bulk of his person, but for the mutilated singularity and diminutive size so conspicuously attracting when upon his move in the busiest parts of London streets; in places that require considerable care, even for persons well mounted upon legs, and possessing a good knowledge in the art of walking, to get along without accidents; but even here poor Samuel works his way, whilst buried, as it were, with the press of the crowd, in a manner very expeditious, and tolerably free from accidents, except being tumbled over now and then by people walking too much in haste.

MISS THEODORA DE VERDION,

COMMONLY KNOWN BY THE NAME OF CHEVALIER

JOHN THEODORA DE VERDION,

Who lived in London disguised as a man, a teacher of languages and a walking bookseller.

THIS singular woman was born in the year 1744, at Leipsic, in Germany, and died at her lodgings in Upper Charles-street, Hatton-garden, London, July 15, 1802. She was the only daughter of an architect, of the name of Grahn, who erected several edifices in the city of Berlin, particularly the church of St. Peter. She wrote an excellent hand, and had learned the mathematics, the French, Italian, and English languages; and possessed a complete knowledge of her native tongue. Upon her arrival in England, she commenced teacher of the German language, under the name of Dr. John de Verdion. In her exterior, she was extremely grotesque, wearing a bag wig, a large cocked hat,



three or four folio books under one arm, and an umbrella under the other, her pockets completely filled with small volumes, and a stick in her right hand.

She had a good knowledge of English books; many persons entertained her for advice, relative to purchasing them. She obtained a comfortable subsistence from teaching and translating foreign languages, and by selling books chiefly in foreign literature. She taught the Duke of Portland the German language, and was always welcomed to his house; the Prussian Ambassador to our court

received from her a knowledge of the English language; and several distinguished noblemen she frequently visited to instruct them in the French tongue; she also taught Edward Gibbon, the celebrated Roman historian, the German language, previous to his visiting that country. This extraordinary female has never been known to have appeared in any other but the male dress since her arrival in England, where she remained upwards of thirty years; and upon occasions she would attend at court, decked in very superb attire; and was well remembered about the streets of London; and particularly frequent in attending book auctions, and would buy to a large amount, sometimes a coach load, &c. Here her singular figure generally made her the jest of the company.

Her general purchase at these sales was odd volumes; which she used to carry to other booksellers, and endeavor to sell, or exchange for other books. She was also a considerable collector of medals and foreign coins of gold and silver; but none of these were found after her decease. She frequented the Furnival's Inn coffee house, in Holborn, dining there almost every day; she would have the first of every thing in season, and was as strenuous for a large quantity, as she was dainty in the quality of what she chose for her table. At times, it is well known, she could dispense with three pounds of solid meat; and, we are sorry to say, she was much inclined to extravagant drinking.

The disorder of a cancer in her breast, occasioned by falling down stairs, she was, after much affliction, *at length compelled* to make known to a German physician, who prescribed for her; when

the disorder turned to a dropsy, defied all cure,
and finished the career of so remarkable a lady.

To follow lovers, women there have been
Disguis'd as men, who've dar'd the martial scene;
Or, in pursuit of an inconstant swain,
Experienc'd all the dangers of the main.
Not so DE VERDION, for some other plan
She laid aside the woman for the man.
Perhaps she thought, that female garb and looks
Ill spoke the gravity of German books;
That as a woman she could not pretend
To teach, translate, and literature to vend;
That as a woman she could never be
A DOCTOR, since 'tis man takes that *degree* :
Who can deny that a *bag wig* denotes
More sense, more consequence, than *petticoats*?
And probably our hero-heroine knew
That otherwise her nostrums would not do!
But haply Prudence urg'd this strange disguise,
(For in concealment modesty oft lies)
Assur'd she'd have to deal with wicked men,
She might have chose this metamorphose then;
And as poor women always weak are thought,
Security from men's appearance sought;
Then let not ridicule insult her name,
For who can tell but virtue was her aim;
That she disclaim'd her sex through pious care,
And thus, ye fair ones, left a name that's *fair* ;
For, nature's common frailties set aside,
She liv'd a Christian, and a Christian died;
Nor man nor woman by attire is known,
THE PROOF OF ALL WILL BE THE HEART ALONE!



DANIEL LAMBERT,
Aged Thirty-six Years.

THE astonishing weight of this man is fifty stone and upwards, being more than seven hundred pounds; the surprising circumference of his body is three yards four inches; his leg, one yard and an inch; and his height, five feet eleven inches; and, though of this amazing size, entirely free from any corporal defect.

This very remarkable personage received his birth in Leicester; at which place he was apprenticed to an engraver. Until he arrived at the age of twenty years, he was not of more than usual size, but after that period he began to increase in bulk, and has been gradually increasing, until within a few months of the present time. He was much accustomed to exercise in the early years of his life, and excelled in walking, riding and shooting; and more particularly devoted himself to field exercises, as he found himself inclined to corpulency; but, to the astonishment of his acquaintance, it proved not only unavailing, but really seemed to produce a directly opposite effect. Mr. Lambert is in full possession of perfect health; and whether sitting, lying, standing, or walking, is quite at his ease, and requires no more attendance than any common-sized person. He enjoys his night's repose, though he does not indulge himself in bed longer than the refreshment of sleep continues.

The following anecdote is related of him:--
“Some time since, a man with a dancing bear going through the town of Leicester, one of Mr. Lambert's dogs taking a dislike to his shaggy appearance, made a violent attack upon the defenceless animal. Bruin's master did not fail to take the part of his companion, and, in his turn, began to belabour the dog. Lambert, being a witness of the fray, hastened with all possible expedition from the seat or settle (on which he made a practice of sitting at his own door) to rescue his dog. At this moment the bear, turning round suddenly, threw down his unwieldy antagonist, who, from terror and his own weight, was absolutely unable to rise again, and with difficulty got rid of his formidable opponent.”

He is particularly abstemious with regard to diet, and for nearly twelve years has not taken any liquor, either with or after his meals, but water alone. His manners are very pleasing; he is well-informed, affable, and polite; and having a manly countenance and prepossessing address, he is exceedingly admired by those who have had the pleasure of conversing with him. His strength (it is worthy of observation) bears a near proportion to his wonderful appearance. About eight years ago, he carried more than four hundred weight and a half, as a trial of his ability, though quite unaccustomed to labor. His parents were not beyond the moderate size; and his sisters, who are still living, are by no means unusually tall or large. A suit of clothes cost him twenty pounds, so great a quantity of materials are requisite for their completion.

It is reported, that among those who have recently seen him, was a gentleman weighing twenty stone: he seemed to suffer much from his great size and weight. Mr. Lambert, on his departure, observed, that he would not (even were it possible) change situations with him for ten thousand pounds. He bears a most excellent character at his native town, which place he left, to the regret of many, on Saturday, April 4, 1806, for his first visit to London.

FROM THE STAMFORD PAPER,

Friday, June 23, 1809.

We have to announce the death of this celebrated man, which took place in this town *at half past 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning last.*

Mr. Lambert had travelled from Huntingdon hither in the early part of the week, intending to

receive the visits of the curious who might attend the ensuing races. On Tuesday evening he sent a message to the office of this paper, requesting that, as "the mountain could not wait upon Mahomet, Mahomet would go to the mountain." Or, in other words, that the printer would call upon him to receive an order for executing some handbills, announcing Mr. Lambert's arrival, and his desire to see company.

The orders he gave upon that occasion were delivered without any presentiment that they were to be his last, and with his usual cheerfulness. He was in bed—one of large dimensions—("Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa")—fatigued with his journey; but anxious that the bills might be quickly printed, in order to his seeing company next morning.

Before nine o'clock on that morning, however, he was a corpse! Nature had endured all the trespass she could admit: the poor man's corpulency had constantly increased, until, at the time we have *mentioned*, the clogged machinery of life stood still, and the prodigy of Mammon was numbered with the dead.

He was in his 40th year; and upon being weighed, within a few days, by the famous Caledon's balance, was found to be 52 stone 11 pounds in weight (14lb. to the stone,) which is 10 stone 11lb. more than the great Mr. Bright, of Essex, ever weighed.— he had apartments at Mr. Berridge's, the Waggon and Horses, in St. Martin's, on the ground floor—for he had been long incapable of walking up stairs.

His coffin, in which there has been great difficulty of placing him, is 6 feet 4 inches long, 4 feet 4 inches wide, and 2 feet 4 inches deep; the

immense substance of his legs makes it necessarily almost a square case. The celebrated sarcophagus of Alexander, viewed with so much admiration at the British Museum, would not nearly contain this immense sheer bulk.

The coffin, which consists of 112 superficial feet of elm, is built upon 2 axletrees and 4 cog wheels; and upon these the remains of the poor man will be rolled into his grave; which we understand is to be in the new burial-ground at the back of St. Martin's church.—A regular descent will be made by cutting away the earth slopingly for some distance—the window and wall of the room in which he lies must be taken down to allow his exit.—He is to be buried at 8 o'clock this morning.

MARY JONES,

COMMONLY CALLED MAD MOLLY,

*Well known about Cheapside, Newgate-Street,
Holborn-Bridge, &c. &c.*

WHIMS wild and simple lead her from her home,
 'Mongst London's alleys, streets, and lanes, to roam,
 When morning wakes, none earlier rous'd than she,
 Pity she claims and kind humanity.
 Affliction sad hath chas'd her hard,
 Frailty her crime, and mis'ry her reward!
 Her mind's serenity is lost and gone,
 Her eyes grown languid, and she weeps alone.
 And oft the gaily-passing stranger stays
 His well-tim'd steps, and takes a silent gaze;
 Or hears repeated, as he passes nigh,
 One short, but simple word, "Good-by!"
 A beauty once she was in life's gay morn;
 Fled now's her beauty, and she's left forlorn.
 Once was she happy, calm, and free,
 Now lives in woe, in rags, and misery.



A revolution too hath taken place,
In manners, actions, and grimace.
Unlawful love has marr'd her former peace,
Quick vanish'd hope ; and left her comfortless !
She merits every kind protecting care :
Of generous bounty let her have her share.
Childish and trivial now are all her ways ;
In peace, oh ! let her live ; with comfort end her days.

JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

Member in three successive Parliaments for Berkshire.

MEGGOT was the family name of Mr. Elwes; and his name being John, the conjunction of Jack Meggot induced strangers to imagine sometimes that his friends were addressing him by an assumed appellation. The father of Mr. Elwes was an eminent brewer; and his dwelling-house and offices were situated in Southwark; which borough was formerly represented in parliament by his grandfather, Sir George Meggot. During his life he purchased the estate now in possession of the family of the Calverts, at Marcham, in Berkshire. The father died when the late Mr. Elwes was only four years old; so that little of the singular character of Mr. Elwes is to be attributed to him: but from the mother it may be traced with ease: she was left nearly one hundred thousand pounds by her husband, and yet starved herself to death. The only children from the above marriage, were Mr. Elwes, and a daughter, who married the father of the late Colonel Timms; and from thence came the entail of some part of the present estate.

Mr. Elwes, at an early period of life, was sent to Westminster School, where he remained ten or twelve years. He certainly, during that time, had not misapplied his talents; for he was a good classical scholar to the last; and it is a circumstance very remarkable, yet well authenticated, that he never read afterwards. Never, at any period of his future life, was he seen with a book; nor had he in all his different houses left behind him two pounds worth of literary furniture. His knowledge in accounts was little; and, in some

measure may account for his total ignorance as to his own concerns. The contemporaries of Mr. Elwes, at Westminster, were Mr. Worsley, late Master of the Board of Works, and the late Lord Mansfield; who, at that time, borrowed all that young Elwes would lend. His lordship, however, afterwards changed his disposition.

Mr. Elwes from Westminster-school removed to Geneva, where he shortly after entered upon pursuits more congenial to his temper than study. The riding-master of the academy had then three of the best horsemen in Europe for his pupils: Mr. Worsley, Mr. Elwes, and Sir Sidney Meadows. Elwes of the three was accounted the most desperate: the young horses were put into his hands always; and he was, in fact, the rough-rider of the other two. He was introduced, during this period, to Voltaire, whom, in point of appearance, he somewhat resembled; but though he has often mentioned this circumstance, neither the genius, the fortune, nor the character, of Voltaire, ever seemed to strike him as worthy of envy.

Returning to England, after an absence of two or three years, he was to be introduced to his uncle, the late Sir Harvey Elwes, who was then living at Stoke, in Suffolk, the most perfect picture of human penury perhaps that ever existed. In him the attempts of saving money was so extraordinary, that Mr. Elwes never quite reached them, even at the most covetous period of his life. To this Sir Harvey Elwes he was to be the heir, and of course it was policy to please him. On this account it was necessary, even in old Mr. Elwes, to masquerade a little; and as he was at that time in the world, and its affairs, he dressed like other people. This would not have done for

Sir Harvey. The nephew, therefore, used to stop at a little inn at Chelmsford, and begin to dress in character. A pair of small iron buckles, worsted stockings darned, a worn out old coat, and a tattered waistcoat, were put on; and forwards he rode to visit his uncle; who used to contemplate him with a kind of miserable satisfaction, and seemed pleased to find his heir bidding fair to rival him in the unaccountable pursuit of avarice. There they would sit—saving souls!—with a single stick upon the fire, and with one glass of wine, occasionally, betwixt them, inveighing against the extravagance of the times; and when evening shut in, they would immediately retire to rest—as going to bed saved candle-light.

To the whole of his uncle's property Mr. Elwes succeeded; and it was imagined that his own was not at the time very inferior. He got, too, an additional seat; but he got it as it had been most religiously delivered down for ages past: the furniture was most sacredly antique: not a room was painted, nor a window repaired: the beds above stairs were all in canopy and state, where the worms and moths held undisturbed possession; and the roof of the house was inimitable for the climate of Italy.

Mr. Elwes had now advanced beyond the fortieth year of his age; and for fifteen years previous to this period it was that he was known in all the fashionable circles of London. He had always a turn for play; and it was only late in life, and from paying always, and not always being paid, that he conceived disgust at the inclination.

The acquaintances which he had formed at Westminster-school, and at Geneva, together with his own large fortune, all conspired to introduce him into whatever society he liked best.

Mr. Elwes, on the death of his uncle, came to reside at Stoke; in Suffolk. Bad as was the mansion-house he found here, he left one still worse behind him at Marcham, of which the late Colonel Timms, his nephew, used to mention the following proof. A few days after he went thither, a great quantity of rain falling in the night, he had not been long in bed before he found himself wet through; and putting his hand out of the clothes, found the rain was dropping from the ceiling upon the bed. He got up and moved the bed; but he had not lain long, before he found the same inconveniency continued. He got up again, and again the rain came down. At length, after pushing the bed quite round the room, he retired into a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and there he slept till morning. When he met his uncle at breakfast, he told him what had happened. "Ay! ay!" said the old man, seriously; "I don't mind it myself; but to those that do, that's a nice corner in the rain."

Mr. Elwes, on coming into Suffolk, first began to keep fox-hounds; and his stable of hunters, at that time, was said to be the best in the kingdom. Of the breed of his horses he was certain, because he bred them himself; and they were not broke in till they were six years old.

The keeping of fox-hounds was the only instance in the whole life of Mr. Elwes of his ever sacrificing money to pleasure. But even here every thing was done in the most frugal manner. His huntsman had by no means an idle life of it. This famous lackey might have fixed an epoch in the history of servants; for, in a morning, getting up at four o'clock, he milked the cows. He then prepared breakfast for his master, or any friends

he might have with him. Then slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away they went into the field. After the fatigues of hunting, he refreshed himself by rubbing down two or three horses as quickly as possible; then running into the house, would lay the cloth and wait at dinner. Then hurrying again into the stable to feed the horses; diversified with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight horses to litter down for the night. What may appear extraordinary, this man lived in his place for some years; though his master used often to call him "an idle dog!" and say, "the rascal wanted to be paid for doing nothing."

An inn upon the road, and an apothecary's bill, were equal objects of aversion to Mr. Elwes. The words "give" and "pay" were not found in his vocabulary; and therefore, when he once received a very dangerous kick from one of his horses, who fell in going over a leap, nothing could persuade him to have any assistance. He rode the chase through, with his leg cut to the bone; and it was only some days afterwards, when it was feared an amputation would be necessary, that he consented to go up to London, and, dismal day! part with some money for advice.

The whole fox-hunting establishment of Mr. Elwes, huntsman, dogs, and horses, did not cost him three hundred pounds a year!

While he kept hounds, and which consumed a period of nearly fourteen years, Mr. Elwes almost totally resided at Stoke, in Suffolk. He sometimes made excursions to Newmarket; but never engaged on the turf. A kindness, however, which he performed there, should not pass into oblivion

Lord Abingdon, who was slightly known to Mr. Elwes in Berkshire, had made a match for seven thousand pounds, which, it was supposed, he would be obliged to forfeit, from an inability to produce the sum, though the odds were greatly in his favor. Unasked, unsolicited, Mr. Elwes made him an offer of the money, which he accepted, and won his engagement.

On the day when this match was to be run, a clergyman had agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes to see the fate of it. They were to go, as was his custom, on horseback, and were to set out at seven in the morning. Imagining they were to breakfast at Newmarket, the gentleman took no refreshment, and away they went. They reached Newmarket about eleven, and Mr. Elwes began to busy himself in inquiries and conversation till twelve, when the match was decided in favor of Lord Abingdon. He then thought they should move off to the town, to take some breakfast; but old Elwes still continued riding about till three: and then four arrived. At which time the gentleman grew so impatient, that he mentioned something of the keen air of Newmarket Heath, and the comforts of a good dinner. "Very true," said old Elwes; "very true. So here, do as I do;"—offering him at the same time, from his great-coat pocket, a piece of an old crushed pancake, "which," he said, "he had brought from his house at Marcham two months before—but that it was as good as new."

The sequel of the story was, that they did not reach home till nine in the evening, when the gentleman was so tired, that he gave up all refreshment but rest; and old Mr. Elwes, having hazarded seven thousand pounds in the morning, went

happily to bed with the reflection—that he had saved three shillings.

He had brought with him his two sons out of Berkshire; and certainly, if he liked any thing it was these boys. But no money would he lavish on their education; for he declared that “putting things into people’s heads, was taking money out of their pockets.”

From this mean, and almost ludicrous, desire of saving, no circumstance of tenderness or affection, no sentiment of sorrow or compassion, could turn him aside. The more diminutive the object seemed, his attention grew the greater: and it appeared as if Providence had formed him in a mould that was miraculous, purposely to exemplify that trite saying, *Penny wise, and pound foolish*.

From the parsimonious manner in which Mr. Elwes now lived, (for he was fast following the footsteps of Sir Harvey,) and from the two large fortunes of which he was in possession, riches rolled in upon him like a torrent. But as he knew almost nothing of accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing, he was obliged, in the disposal of his money, to trust much to memory; to the suggestions of other people still more; hence every person who had a *want* or a *scheme*, with an apparent high interest—adventurer or honest, it signified not—all was prey to him; and he swam about like the enormous pike, which, ever voracious and unsatisfied, catches at every thing, till it is itself caught! hence are to be reckoned visions of distant property in America; phantoms of annuities on lives that could never pay; and bureaus filled with bonds of *promising* peers and members long *dismembered* of all property. Mr. Elwes lost in this manner full *one hundred and fifty thousand pounds!*

But what was gôt from him, was only obtained from his want of knowledge—by knowledge that was superior; and knaves and sharpers might have lived upon him, while poverty and honesty would have starved.

When this inordinate passion for saving did not interfere, there are upon record some kind offices and very active services, undertaken by Mr. Elwes. He would go far and long to serve those who applied to him: and give—however strange the word from him—give himself great trouble to be of use. These instances are gratifying to select—it is plucking the sweet-briar and the rose from the weeds that overspread the garden.

Mr. Elwes, at this period, was passing—among his horses and hounds, some rural occupations, and his country neighbours—the happiest hours of his life—where he forgot, for a time, at least, that strange anxiety and continued irritation about his money, which might be called the *insanity of saving!* But as his wealth was accumulating, many were kind enough to *make* applications to employ it for him. Some very obligingly would trouble him with nothing more than their *simple bond*: others offered him a scheme of great advantage, with “a small risk and a certain profit,” which as certainly turned out to be the reverse; and others proposed “tracts of land in America, and plans that were sure of success.” But amidst these *kind offers*, the fruits of which Mr. Elwes long felt, and had to lament, some pecuniary accommodations, at a moderate interest, were not bestowed amiss, and enabled the borrowers to pursue industry into fortune, and form a settlement for life.

Mr. Elwes, from Mr. Meggôt, his father, had

inherited some property in London in houses; particularly about the Haymarket, not far from which old Mr. Elwes drew his first breath; being born in St. James's parish. To this property he began now to add, by engagements with one of the Adam's about building, which he increased from year to year to a very large extent. Great part of Marybone soon called him her founder. Portman Place, and Portman Square, the riding-houses and stables of the second troop of life-guards, and buildings too numerous to name, all rose out of his pocket; and had not the fatal American war kindly put a stop to his rage of raising houses, much of the property he then possessed would have been laid out in bricks and mortar.

The extent of his property in this way soon grew so great, that he became, from judicious calculation, his *own insurer*; and he stood to all his losses by conflagrations. He soon therefore became a *philosopher* upon fire: and, on a public house belonging to him being consumed, he said, with great composure, "Well, well, there is no great harm done. The *tenant* never paid me, and I should not have got quit of him so quickly in any other way."

It was the custom of Mr. Elwes, whenever he went to London, to occupy any of his premises which might happen to be then vacant. He travelled in this manner from street to street; and whenever any body chose to take the house where he was, he was instantly ready to move into any other. He was frequently an itinerant for a night's lodging; and though master of above a hundred houses, he never wished to rest his head long in any he chose to call his own. A couple of beds, a couple of chairs, a table, and an old

woman, comprised all his furniture; and he moved them in about a minute's warning. Of all these moveables, the old woman was the only one which gave him trouble; for she was afflicted with a lameness, that made it difficult to get her about quite so fast as he chose. And then the colds she took were amazing; for at one time she was in a small house in the Haymarket; at another in a great house in Portland Place; sometimes in a little room with a coal fire; at other times with a few chips, which the carpenters had left, in rooms of most splendid, but frigid dimensions, and with a little oiled paper in the windows for glass.

Mr. Elwes had come to town in his usual way, and taken up his abode in one of his houses that was empty. Colonel Timms, who wished much to see him, by some accident was informed his uncle was in London; but then how to find him was the difficulty. He inquired at all the usual places where it was probable he might be heard of. He went to Mr. Hoare's, his banker; to the Mount Coffee-house; but no tidings were to be heard of him. Not many days afterwards, however, he learnt, from a person whom he met accidentally, that he had seen Mr. Elwes going into an uninhabited house in Great Marlborough Street. This was some clue to Colonel Timms, and away he went thither. As the best mode of information, he got hold of a *Chairman*; but no intelligence could he gain of a *gentleman* called Mr. Elwes. Colonel Timms then described his person—but *no gentleman* had been seen. A pot-boy, however, recollected, that he had seen a poor old man opening the door of the stable, and locking it after him, and from every description, it agreed with the person of old Mr. Elwes. Of

course, Colonel Timms went to the house. He knocked very loudly at the door : but no one answered. Some of the neighbors said they had seen such a man ; but no answer could be obtained from the house. The Colonel, on this, resolved to have the stable-door opened ; which being done, they entered the house together. In the lower parts of it all was shut and silent ; but, on ascending the stair-case, they heard the moans of a person seemingly in distress. They went to the chamber, and there, upon an old pallet-bed,



lay stretched out, seemingly in the agonies of death, the figure of old Mr. Elwes. For some time he seemed insensible that any body was near him ;

but on some cordials being administered by a neighbouring apothecary, who was sent for, he recovered enough to say, "That he had, he believed, been ill for two or three days, and that there was an old woman in the house; but for some reason or other she had not been near him. That she had been ill herself; but that she had got well, he supposed, and was gone away."

They afterwards found the *old woman*—the companion of all his movements, and the partner of all his journeys—stretched out lifeless on a rug upon the floor, in one of the garrets. She had been dead, to all appearance, about two days.

Thus died the servant; and thus would have died, but for a providential discovery of him by Colonel Timms, old Mr. Elwes, her master! His mother, Mrs. Meggot, who possessed *one hundred thousand pounds*, starved herself to death; and her son, who certainly was then worth *half a million*, nearly died in his own house for absolute want.

Mr. Elwes, however, was not a hard landlord, and his tenants lived easily under him: but if they wanted any repairs, they were always at liberty to do them for themselves; for what may be styled the comforts of a house were unknown to him. What he allowed not himself it could scarcely be expected he would give to others.

He had resided about thirteen years in Suffolk, when the contest for Berkshire presented itself on the dissolution of parliament; and when, to preserve the peace of that county, he was nominated by Lord Craven. To this Mr. Elwes consented; but on the special agreement, that he was to be brought in for nothing. All he did was dining at the ordinary at Abingdon; and he got into parliament for the moderate sum of *eighteen-pence*.

Mr. Elwes was at this time nearly sixty years old, but was in possession of all his activity. Preparatory to his appearance on the boards of St. Stephen's Chapel, he used to attend constantly, during the races and other public meetings, all the great towns where his voters resided; and at the different assemblies he would dance with agility amongst the youngest to the last.

Mr. Elwes was chosen for Berkshire in three successive parliaments: and he sat as a member of the House of Commons above twelve years. It is to his honour, that, in every part of his conduct, and in every vote he gave, he proved himself to be an independent country gentleman.

The *honor* of parliament made no alteration in the dress of Mr. Elwes: on the contrary, it seemed, at this time, to have attained additional meanness, and nearly to have reached that happy climax of poverty, which has, more than once, drawn on him the compassion of those who passed him in the street. For the Speaker's dinners, he had indeed one suit; with which the Speaker, in the course of the session, became very familiar. The minister, likewise, was well acquainted with it: and at any dinner of Opposition, still was his apparel the same. The wits of the minority used to say, "that they had full as much reason as the minister to be satisfied with Mr. Elwes—as he had the *same habit* with every body!" At this period of his life, Mr. Elwes wore a wig. Much about that time, when his parliamentary life ceased, that wig was worn out: so then (being older and wiser as to expense) he wore his own hair; which, like his expenses, was very small.

He retired voluntarily from a parliamentary life, and even took no leave of his constituents by

an advertisement. But, though Mr. Elwes was now no longer a member of the House of Commons, yet, not with the venal herd of expectant placemen and pensioners, whose eyes too often view the House of Commons as another Royal Exchange, did Mr. Elwes retire into private life. No; he had fairly and honorably, attentively and long, done his duty there, and he had so done it without "fee or reward." In all his parliamentary life, he never asked or received a single favor; and he never gave a vote, but he could solemnly have laid his hand upon his breast, and said, "So help me God! I believe I am doing what is for the best!"

Thus, duly honored, shall the memory of a good man go to his grave: for, while it may be the painful duty of the biographer to present to the public the pitiable follies which may deform a character, but which must be given to render perfect the resemblance,—on those beauties which arise from the bad parts of the picture, who shall say, it is not a duty to expatiate?

The model which Mr. Elwes left to future members may, perhaps, be looked on rather as a work to wonder at than to follow, even under the most virtuous of administrations. Mr. Elwes came into Parliament *without expense*, and he performed his duty as a member would have done in the pure days of our constitution. What he had not bought, he never attempted to sell; and he went forward in that straight and direct path, which can alone satisfy a reflecting and good mind. In one word, Mr. Elwes, as a public man, voted and acted in the House of Commons, as a man would do who felt there were people to live after him, who wished to deliver unmortgaged to his children

the public estate of government; and who felt, that if he suffered himself to become a pensioner on it, he thus far embarrassed his posterity, and injured their inheritance.

When his son was in the Guards, he was frequently in the habit of dining at the officers' table there. The politeness of his manner rendered him generally agreeable, and in time he became acquainted with every officer in the corps. Amongst the rest, was a gentleman of the name of Tempest, whose good humor was almost proverbial. A vacancy happening in a majority, it fell to this gentleman to purchase; but as money is not always to be got upon landed property immediately, it was imagined that some officer would have been obliged to purchase over his head. Old Mr. Elwes hearing of the circumstance, sent him the money the next morning, without asking any security. He had seen Captain Tempest, and liked his manners; and he never once afterwards talked to him about the payment of it. But on the death of Captain Tempest, which happened shortly after, the money was replaced.

This was an act of liberality in Mr. Elwes which ought to atone for many of his failings. But behold the inequalities which so strongly mark this human being! Mr. Spurling, of Dynes-Hall, a very active and intelligent magistrate for the county of Essex, was once requested by Mr. Elwes to accompany him to Newmarket. It was a day in one of the spring meetings which was remarkably filled with races; and they were out from six in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening before they again set out for home. Mr. Elwes, in the usual way, would eat nothing; but Mr. Spurling was somewhat wiser, and went down to Newmar-

ket. When they began their journey home, the evening was grown very dark and cold, and Mr. Spurling rode on somewhat quicker; but on going through the turnpike by the Devil's Ditch, he heard Mr. Elwes calling to him with great eagerness. On returning before he had paid, Mr. Elwes said, "Here! here! follow me—this is the best road!" In an instant he saw Mr. Elwes, as well as the night would permit, climbing his horse up the precipice of the ditch. "Sir," said Mr. Spurling, "I can never get up there." "No danger at all!" replied old Elwes: "but if your horse be not safe, lead him!" At length, with great difficulty, and with one of the horses falling, they mounted the ditch, and then, with not less toil got down on the other side. When they were safely landed on the plain, Mr. Spurling thanked heaven for their escape. "Ay," said old Elwes, "you mean from the *turnpike*: very right; never *pay a turnpike* if you can avoid it!" In proceeding on their journey, they came to a very narrow road: on which Mr. Elwes, notwithstanding the cold, went as slow as possible. On Mr. Spurling wishing to quicken their pace, old Elwes observed, that he was letting his horse feed on some hay that was hanging to the sides of the hedge. "Besides," added he, "it is nice hay, and you have it for *nothing!*"

Thus, while endangering his neck to save the payment of a turnpike, and starving his horse for a *half-penny-worth* of hay, was he risking the sum of *twenty-five thousand pounds* on some iron works across the Atlantic Ocean, and of which he knew nothing, either as to produce, prospect, or situation.

In the advance of the season, his morning

employment was to pick up any stray chips, bones, or other things, to carry to the fire, in his pocket; and he was one day surprised by a neighboring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with some difficulty, a *crow's nest*, for this purpose.



On the gentleman wondering why he gave himself this trouble,

“Oh, Sir,” replied he, “it is really a shame that these creatures should do so. Do but see what waste they make!”

To save, as he thought, the expense of going to a butcher, he would have a whole sheep killed,

and so eat mutton to—the end of the chapter. When he occasionally had his river drawn, though sometimes horse-loads of small fish were taken, not one would he suffer to be thrown in again, for he observed, “He should never see them more!” Game in the last state of putrefaction, and meat that *walked about his plate*, would he continue to eat, rather than have new things killed before the old provision was exhausted.

When any friends, who might occasionally be with him, were absent, he would carefully put out his own fire, and walk to the house of a neighbor; and thus make one fire serve both. His shoes he never would suffer to be cleaned, lest they should be worn out the sooner. But still, with all this self-denial—that penury of life to which the inhabitant of an alms-house is not doomed—still did he think he was profuse; and frequently said, “he must be a little more careful of his property.” When he went to bed, he would put five or ten guineas into a bureau, and then, full of his money, after he had retired to rest, sometimes in the middle of the night, he would come down to see if it was safe. The irritation of his mind was unceasing. He thought every body extravagant; and when a person was talking to him one day of the great wealth of old Mr. Jennings, (who is supposed to be worth a *million*,) and that they had seen him that day in a new carriage, “Ay, ay,” said old Elwes; “he will soon see the end of his money!”

Mr. Elwes now denied himself every thing, except the common necessaries of life; and, indeed, it might have admitted a doubt, whether or not, if his manors, his fish-ponds, and grounds in his own hands, had not furnished a subsistence,

where he had not any thing actually to buy, he would not, rather than have bought any thing, have starved. He one day, during this period, dined upon the remaining part of a moor-hen, which had been brought out of the river by a rat! and, at another, ate an undigested part of a pike, which a larger one had swallowed, but had not finished, and which was taken in this state in a net! At the time this last circumstance happened, he discovered a strange kind of satisfaction; for he said to Capt. Topham, who happened to be present, "Ay! this is killing two birds with one stone!" Mr. Elwes, at this time, was perhaps worth nearly 800,000*l.* and at this period he had not made his will, of course was not saving from any sentiment of affection for any person.

As he had now vested the enormous savings of his property in the funds, he felt no diminution of it.

Mr. Elwes passed the spring of 1786 alone, at his solitary house at Stoke; and, had it not been for some little daily scheme of avarice, would have passed it without one consolatory moment. His temper began to give way apace; his thoughts unceasingly ran upon money! money! money!—and he saw no one but whom he imagined was deceiving and defrauding him.

As, in the day, he would not allow himself any fire, he went to bed as soon as day closed, to save candle; and had begun to deny himself even the pleasure of sleeping in sheets. In short, he had now nearly brought to a climax the moral of his whole life—the perfect vanity of wealth!

On removing from Stoke, he went to his farmhouse at Thaydon Hall; a scene of more ruin and desolation, if possible, than either of his houses in

Suffolk or Berkshire. It stood alone, on the borders of Epping Forest; and an old man and woman, his tenants, were the only persons with whom he could hold any converse. Here he fell ill; and, as he would have no assistance, and had not even a servant, he lay, unattended, and almost forgotten, for nearly a fortnight—indulging, even in death, that avarice which malady could not subdue. It was at this period he began to think of making his will; feeling, perhaps, that his sons would not be entitled, by law, to any part of his property, should he die intestate: and, on coming to London, he made his last will and testament.

Mr. Elwes, shortly after executing his will, gave, by letter of attorney, the power of managing, receiving, and paying all his moneys, into the hands of Mr. Ingraham, his lawyer, and his youngest son, John Elwes, Esq. who had been his chief agents for some time.

Nor was the act by any means improper. The *lapses of his memory* had now become frequent and glaring. All recent occurrences he forgot entirely; and as he never committed any thing to writing, the confusion he made was inexpressible. As an instance of this, the following anecdote may serve. He had, one evening, given a draft on Messrs. Hoares, his bankers, for twenty pounds; and having taken it into his head, during the night, that he had over-drawn his account, his anxiety was unceasing. He left his bed, and walking about his room with that *little feverish irritation* that always distinguished him, waited with the utmost impatience till morning came, when, on going to his banker, with an apology for the great liberty he had taken, he was assured there was no occasion for his apology, as he happened to have in their

hands, at that time, the small sum of *fourteen thousand seven hundred pounds!*

Mr. Elwes passed the summer of 1788 at his house in Welbeck-Street, London, without any other society than that of two maid servants: for he had now given up the expense of keeping any male domestic. His chief employment used to be that of getting up early in the morning to visit his houses in Marybone, which during the summer were repairing. As he was there generally at four o'clock in the morning, he was of course on the spot before the workmen; and he used contentedly to sit down on the steps before the door to scold them when they did come. The neighbors, who used to see him appear thus regularly every morning, and who concluded, from his apparel, he was one of the workmen, observed, "there never was so punctual a man as the *old carpenter.*" During the whole morning he would continue to run up and down stairs, to see the men were not idle for an instant, with the same anxiety as if his whole happiness in life had been centred in the finishing this house, regardless of the greater property he had at stake in various places, and for ever employed in the *minutiæ* only of affairs. Indeed, such was his anxiety about this house, the rent of which was not above fifty pounds a year, that it brought on a fever, which nearly cost him his life.

In the muscular and unincumbered frame of Mr. Elwes, there was every thing that promised extreme length of life; and he lived to above seventy years of age without any natural disorder attacking him: but, as Lord Bacon has well observed, "the minds of some men are a lamp that is continually burning;" and such was the mind of Mr.

Elwes. Removed from those occasional public avocations which had once engaged his attention, *money* was now his only thought. He rose upon *money*; upon *money* he lay down to rest; and as his capacity sunk away from him by degrees, he dwindled from the real cares of his property into the puerile concealment of a few guineas. This little store he would carefully wrap up in various papers, and depositing them in different corners, would amuse himself with running from one to the other, to see whether they were all safe. Then forgetting, perhaps, where he had concealed some of them, he would become as seriously afflicted as a man might be who had lost all his property. Nor was the *day* alone thus spent: he would frequently rise in the middle of the *night*, and be heard walking about different parts of the house, looking after what he had thus hidden and forgotten.

It was at this period, and at seventy-six years old, or upwards, that Mr. Elwes began to feel, for the first time, some bodily infirmities from age. He now experienced occasional attacks from the gout: on which, with his usual perseverance, and with all his accustomed antipathy to *apothecaries*, and their *bills*, he would set out to walk as far and as fast as he could. While he was engaged in this painful mode of cure, he frequently lost himself in the streets, the names of which he no longer remembered, and was as frequently brought home by some errand-boy, or stranger, of whom he had inquired his way. On these occasions he would bow and thank them, at the door, with great civility; but never indulged them with a sight of the inside of the house.

During the winter of 1789, the last winter Mr.

Elwes was fated to see, his memory visibly weakened every day; and, from his unceasing wish to save money, he now began to apprehend he should die in want of it. Mr. Gibson had been appointed his builder in the room of Mr. Adam; and one day, when this gentleman waited upon him, he said, with apparent concern, "Sir, pray consider in what a wretched state I am; you see in what a good house I am living; and here are five guineas, which is all I have at present; and how I shall go on with such a sum of money, puzzles me to death—I dare say you thought I was rich; now you see how it is!"

The first symptoms of more immediate decay, was his inability to enjoy his rest at night. Frequently would he be heard at midnight as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money, I will; nobody shall rob me of my property!" On any one of the family going into his room, he would start from his fever of anxiety, and, as if wakened from a troubled dream, again hurry into bed, and seem unconscious of what had happened. At other times, when perfectly awake, he would walk to the spot where he had hidden his money, to see if it was safe.

In the autumn of 1789, his memory was gone entirely; his perception of things was decreasing very rapidly; and as the mind became unsettled, gusts of the most violent passion usurped the place of his former command of temper. For six weeks previous to his death, he would go to rest in his clothes, as perfectly dressed as during the day. He was one morning found fast asleep betwixt the sheets, with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old torn hat upon his head.

Mr. Elwes, on the 18th of November, 1789, discovered signs of that utter and total weakness, which carried him to his grave in eight days. On the evening of the first day he was conveyed to bed—from which he rose no more. His appetite was gone. He had but a faint recollection of any thing about him; and his last coherent words were addressed to his son, Mr. John Elwes, in hoping “he had left him what he wished.” On the morning of the 26th of November he expired without a sigh!

Thus died Mr. Elwes, the most perfect model of human penury which has been presented to the public for a long series of years

MARY O'BRIEN.

THERE was living in 1813, at the house of Mr. J. Mathews, Gardener, Armagh, a woman named Mary O'Brien, aged 103.—Four generations of her lineal descendants reside with her. There is a probability, from her health and strength, that she may live to see her granddaughter's grandchild, when she may be enabled to say, “*Rise up daughter, go to your daughter, for your daughter's daughter has got a daughter.*”—Old Jenkins, the Englishman, lived to the vast age of 169. It is a curious speculation, that if thirty-three men were each to attain the same age of Jenkins, one coming into the world at the precise moment his immediate predecessor left it, the first of these venerable personages might have shaken hands with Adam, and the remotest of thirty-five such persons would have been coeval with the world.



THOMAS LAUGHER,
Aged 109 Years.

THOMAS LAUGHER, supposed to be the oldest man now living in England, was baptized on the

6th of January (old style), in the year 1700, at Markly, Worcestershire: he now resides (June the 20th, 1809,) at the Park coffee-house, Worcester-street, Southwark. Consequently he is upwards of 109 years of age: his father died at the age of 97, his mother at 108, and his son at 80.

When King William and Queen Mary died, he was a little boy: he very well remembers Queen Anne going to the House of Peers, 1705, on horseback, seated on a pillion, behind the Lord Chancellor. He says he was formerly a wholesale wine and brandy merchant in Tower-street, and that he lost, by the failure of the house of Neele, Fordyce and James, Bartholomew-lane, the sum of £198,000; and that the sudden loss of his property took such an effect upon him, that it struck him blind, and speechless, and caused quantities of skin to come from off his body. He was educated at Christ's College, Oxford; and, after a residence of eleven years and a half at that place, he took a tour on the continent of Europe, and visited many parts of Turkey, in which he resided upwards of seven years.

He never drank strong beer, small beer, wine, or spirits, until he was above 53 years of age. His principal sustenance was tea, coffee, bread and spring water. He never ate any animal food whatever, nor butter, nor cheese. He recollects the quartern loaf at $2\frac{1}{4}$ d., primest meat at 1d. per pound, and the best fresh butter at $2\frac{1}{4}$ d. per pound.

His grandmother died 141 years old, and she lived upon dry bread and cold pump water. This astonishing man, whose looks are truly venerable, is, to all appearance, strong and hearty, and seems likely to live many more years; and, for a man of his great age, can walk about extremely well. He

rises mostly at 4 o'clock in the morning, takes a long walk before breakfast, and eats and drinks very sparingly, though he now lives upon animal food and beer, and but rarely, if ever, drinks any spirits, except for their proper use.

[Since the foregoing account was written, he has departed this life, in the year 1812.]

FRANCIS BOLTON.

On the 23d of June 1811, died at Borough-bridge, Yorkshire, aged eighty-three, Francis Bolton, pauper, of that place, one of the most eccentric characters perhaps ever known. He was born at Spofforth, in Yorkshire, and was said, in his youthful days, to be a remarkably handsome man, and the first person, as a farmer's servant, in that part of the country, who wore white stockings. His constant custom, from his infancy, was to throw large quantities of cold water upon his head. The manner he performed this was very singular: in the most inclement winter, he would go to some neighbouring pump, and fill his hat with water, and having drank as much as he thought proper, he would put his hat on, and the contents would run down his body. His shirt, when washed, he would put on wet, and for the last twenty years of his life he refused to lie on a bed; as a substitute he used wet straw, on which he used to lie without any covering but the clothes he put off; and during the winter season he has many times been found frozen to the ground. When able, he travelled the country as a beggar.



THE FLYING PYE-MAN.

THIS person is well known in the neighborhood of Fleet-market, daily making his appearance there as the vender of hot pudding and pies. His actions and language are superior to the common way of those people who follow so humble a calling. His hair is mostly powdered, his dress is extremely clean, and even genteel; his tongue is constantly at work, and his voice strong. He moves with astonishing rapidity, is followed by a crowd, and enjoys an extensive trade.

THE LIFE OF
DANIEL DANCER, ESQ.

Content is wealth, the riches of the mind,
And happy he who can that treasure find;
But the base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods o'er his gold, and, griping still for more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor. DRYDEN.

It is presumed by philosophers, that the most important study for the improvement of mankind is MAN; and this knowledge cannot be more profitably acquired, than in perusing those true examples of human life, recorded in the vicissitudes and incidents which biography presents impartially to the mind, with the direction of truth for their application to the purposes of our own lives and actions, for imitation or abhorrence.

In this view, however elevated or depressed the hero of the piece may be, some useful instruction may still be gained, as we find ourselves more or less interested in his transactions. In relating the splendid actions of ambitious heroes, little is offered that can be adopted or imitated by the most numerous class of society; but in detailing the events concomitant with the most miserable penury, a lesson is produced fraught with wisdom, the chief purport of which is to show in what estimation riches are in the eyes of God, who wisely and equally condemns to human distress, the miser that scrapes, and the spendthrift that scatters.

Avarice, the most degrading of all passions to the understanding, and the most deleterious to our happiness, exhibits a humiliating picture of human nature, and most impressively illustrates the un-

deniable truth, that wealth cannot grant ease to its possessor; but, on the contrary, fills him with the most alarming fears for the safety of this imaginary good, and naturally suggests the most consolatory reflection to forbearing poverty, whose unequal share in the distribution of wealth is more than counterbalanced by the comparison.

With this view is here presented to the public, the following exact particulars of the most remarkable instances of the misery which is ever attendant upon the mind cursed with the insanity of saving. It appears by the parish register, that Mr. Daniel Dancer was born in the year 1716, and was the eldest of four children, three sons and a daughter. His father lived on Harrow-Weald Common, near Harrow on the Hill, where he possessed property to a very considerable amount, and which his son, by the most determined and whimsical abstemiousness, increased to upwards of three thousand pounds per annum.

The years of his minority probably passed unnoticed, as nothing is recorded of him in his youth that might indicate the singularity and propensity to *save*, which so peculiarly distinguished his maturer years; but a detail of his actions is now offered to the world, as the most perfect examples of *saving knowledge*, and how misery may be multiplied by self-denial, for the purpose of accumulating useless riches.

Mr. Dancer, as before observed, had a sister, whose disposition to reserve perfectly accorded with his own; and, as they lived together many years, their stories are necessarily connected, and will furnish, in the sequel, the most melancholy and degrading instance of the infirmity and folly of human nature.

The daily appearance of this lady abroad, when it happened that necessity or condescension drew her out, exhibited the most perfect resemblance of one of the witches in former times: for it is certain, that had not philosophy, and the extension of knowledge, long ago banished the belief in witchcraft, Miss Dancer had certainly been taken up by the witch-finders, and most probably burned for her acquaintance with poverty, which made her appear in such a questionable form, that even the sagacious Matthew Hopkins, witch-hunter to King James, might have mistaken this bundle of rags for a correspondent with familiar spirits; for her appearance might, with justice, be pronounced not to be of this fashionable world.

Her accoutrements were usually a mixture of male with female paraphernalia, tied round with a raveling of hemp; for even in this part of attire she studied how to make one cord last long by untwisting it to make it go farther; and, thus equipped, she would sally forth, armed with a broomstick or pitchfork, to check the progress of such daring marauders as had the audacity to intrude upon her brother's grounds; on which occasion her neighbors observed she had more the appearance of a walking dunghill than one of the fair sex.

The miserable hovel in which this parsimonious and uniform pair took up their earthly residence, was perfectly of a peice with themselves. Like Drake's ship, it had suffered so much by repair, and still wanted so much, that a bit of the original building could scarcely be distinguished by the most diligent antiquarian; for there was not one article of moveables which can be mentioned, but had at one time or another, been nailed to some part

of the mansion, either to keep out the weather, or, which Mr. and Miss Dancer deemed more troublesome, the neighbouring feline species, which, strange to declare, often ventured into this house of famine, lured, no doubt, by the inviting scent of the vermin within, some of which species often had the temerity to dispute the antiquity of their right of possession; for it cannot be supposed that this saving pair could think of the extravagance of keeping a cat, who daily denied themselves the natural call of appetite.

A neighbour going in one day, found Mr. Dancer pulling some nails out of the sides of his bellows; and, upon asking him the reason, he replied, that wanting some nails to fasten a piece of leather to a hole which time had effected in the boarding of the house, he thought he could spare some out of this useful piece of furniture, which would save buying; observing, that undertakers, trunk-makers, and bellows-makers, were the most extravagant and wasteful fellows in the world in their profusion of nails.

Miss Dancer's disposition also corresponded with his own; and she lived, or rather vegetated, in this delightful mansion, winter and summer, making each season keep pace with her frugal maxims; for out of a *little* she had learned to *spare*, as extravagance was in her opinion the most unpardonable fault.

The purpose of life is for refinement and improvement in some pursuit or other. This couple only lived to save money, therefore every action of theirs only tended to the accumulation of wealth; and it was a long time before they had arrived at the summit of the ART of SAVING, by absolutely denying themselves regular repasts, however

coarse in quality, or scanty in quantity; for they, for a series of years, lived as sumptuously as three pounds of *sticking* of beef, and fourteen hard dumpings, would allow for the short space of seven days; and this supply, for years, served them week after week; and though, during hot weather in summer, the meat might urge greater expedition, and fresher supplies, yet they never were observed to relinquish their daily portion, with one cold dumpling and a draught of water. Half a bullock's head, with occasionally a few stale trotters, made broth for weeks; and this was sometimes rendered more savoury by the addition of a few picked bones which he took up in his walks, and of which he daily deprived the dogs.

Their way of life suffered no variation; one uniform application of the principle of *saving* pervaded every action of their lives, and was the constant object of every point of view. Their economical arrangements were constantly the same, save that, now and then, accident might throw something in their way, which might spare their weekly expenditure for three pounds of *sticking*. Mr. Dancer's constant and strict attention, in his walks about his grounds, sometimes afforded him a piece of delicious viand, which the hand of more dainty and more extravagant appetite had thrown aside; not so much for the sake of variety, as for the nauseous increase of smell it had acquired; which, rendering it unfit for its former owner, seemed, when picked up, to endear it the more to the parsimonious finder, who immediately calculated upon the saving it would produce to this thrifty pair in their weekly commons.

An uncommon instance of this kind occurred one summer's morning, which for many weeks

discontinued the inquiries at the butcher's shop after the allowance of neck-beef; and, while it offered a change in their mode of living, gratified their darling avarice, and insatiable propensity to save money. It happened one morning, as Mr. Dancer was taking his usual walk upon the common, to pick up bones, sticks, or any bit of rag or other matter that might go towards repairing his clothes or his house, that he found a sheep, which had apparently died from natural disease, and most probably was in a putrid state. This



was a rare prize for Mr. Dancer; and, incredible as it may appear, he took it up, and bore it home

on his shoulder in triumph to his sister, who received it as the immediate gift of heaven, to bless their *poor souls* with a change of food; for they had not for years tasted any thing like it; and now they were likely to feast for a great length of time uncontrolled, and at no expense neither, which was the most delicate *sauce* that could accompany such a delicious morsel as carrion mutton to the appetite of a miser.

It was immediately skinned, and cut up, and the fat laid aside, and an immense number of pies made of it, with proper seasoning; so that Mr. Dancer's house, for a while, resembled a Perigord pie-maker's shop, preparing to pack up for exportation. On these they feasted with their accustomed frugality for several weeks, until the whole were exhausted. It is even said that Miss Dancer importuned Mr. Dancer to send two handsome ones to Mr. James Taylor, the Borough usurer.

When a miser finds a treasure, he is sure to lock it up. Whether Mr. Dancer thought his sister extravagant in the indulgence of her stomach at the beginning of the *pie-feast*, or whether it was his pleasure at the thought of living at a small expense, or at the change of diet the pies supplied, he became unusually careful of them at last, and locked them up in one of his strong coffers. The truth of this, the following anecdote will illustratively supply. The neighbours one morning observing Miss Dancer rather lower spirited than usual, kindly inquired into the cause, when after some hesitation, she acknowledged, that her brother Daniel had scolded her for eating too much of the mutton pies, and told her she was very extravagant, which she observed, with tears in

her eyes, was an exceeding hard case, as she loved to save as well as himself; but what vexed her more, he had locked them up in his strong trunk, in order to make them last longer, not trusting her with the key. Miss Dancer, upon the whole, seems to have been a very proper companion for her brother; for it would have been a difficult case to have matched him any where for savingness.

This couple never manifested any predilection for any mode of worship. Religion did not teach how to save money; so that whenever Mr. Dancer happened to stray into a church or meeting, which happened sometimes, in his long walks, it was only for a little rest; and he was sure to depart before the collection was to be made, as he thought the gift of a penny was parting with the seed of a guinea, which might by little and little increase to an hundred. He might indeed be deemed a Predestinarian from the following circumstance; but, as Mr. Locke observes, "Let ever so much probability hang on one side, and a covetous man's reasoning and money on the other, it is easy to foresee which will outweigh." It was during the last illness which terminated his sister's life, that he was importuned to afford her some medical assistance; to which he shrewdly replied, it would cost him money; and, besides, continued he, "Why should I waste my money in wickedly and wantonly trying to oppose the will of God? If the girl is come to her latter end, nothing can save her; and all I may do will only tend to make me lose my money; and she may as well die now as at any other time. If I thought bleeding would recover her, I would open a vein myself; but I cannot think of paying for physic for dying

people." The dread of incurring expence, and parting with his darling coin, was insurmountable. Mr. Dancer's reasoning on the conduct of Providence, even tended towards his favourite penchant—SAVE MONEY.

Perhaps never having felt the inconvenience of ill health, or, from that callosity of heart ever attendant upon the avaricious mind, he, at this period, allowed his sister, in her last exigency, but the usual portion of *sticking of beef*, with the cold hard dumplin; to which he added the miser's humanity, "If you don't like it, why, go without." But Mr. Dancer's deficiency of care was very amply supplied by the late lady Tempest, who afforded every attention and kindness necessary to the case of Miss Dancer. The latter was possessed of more than 2000*l.* which she intended to leave Lady Tempest for her extraordinary care of her in her last illness; but she, unfortunately for Lady Tempest, expired before she could sign a will in her favour; and her property being thus left intestate, and at the disposition of the law, her two brothers wished equally to divide it with Mr. Dancer; but to this proposal he would not agree, and obstinately refused to comply with any proposal they could make, insomuch that after a long while persevering, and obstinately refusing to come to any agreement of participation, a law-suit followed, and Mr. Dancer recovered 1040*l.* of his sister's fortune, as the regular price of her board and lodging for thirty years, at thirty pounds per annum, and one hundred pounds for the last two years; for this charge he declared to be very *reasonable*, as during that time she had done nothing but *eat and lie in bed*. The remainder of her fortune, after these extraordinary deductions, was equally

divided between the two brothers and Mr. Dancer.

Mr. Dancer's calculations for saving money were systematical and regular; nothing escaped his attention to that sole object of his soul; and so rigid was his avarice, that he rarely washed his face or hands, because soap was dear, towels would wear out, and, besides, when dirty were expensive washing. However, to obviate the too great inconvenience of the accumulation of filth, he would, once in two or three weeks, in summer time, repair to a neighbouring pond, and there wash himself with sand, and afterwards lie on his back in the grass to dry his skin in the sunshine.

His wardrobe might very justly boast more sorts and colours, and more substances, than the paraphernalia of a strolling company of players. His stockings were so much darned, that it was difficult to discern what they were, for patches, for none of the original could ever be discovered; and in dirty or cold weather, they were strongly fortified with ropes of twisted hay, for which he had a happy talent. This contrivance served him for boots; and when he declined them, he could untwist them, and they served to increase the bulk of his bed.

For many years it was his opinion that every man ought to be his own cobbler; and for this employ he had a lucky genius, which he indulged so far as to keep by him the most necessary tools for mending shoes; but these, it must impartially be observed, cost him nothing; for he had borrowed one at a time from different persons until he had possessed himself of a complete set, and with these he mended his own shoes so

admirably, that what he wore, by the frequent jobs and coverings they had received from his thrifty hands, had become so ponderous, that running a race in them would have been impracticable; and, besides, their dimensions were so much enlarged, that they resembled hog-troughs more than shoes. To keep these upon his feet, he took several yards of cord, which he twisted round his ancles in the manner the ancient Romans wore their sandals.

Linen was a luxury to which, notwithstanding his avaricious disposition, he was not quite a stranger; for at an early period of his saving career, he used to buy two shirts annually; but for some years previous to his death, he never allowed himself more than one, for which he would constantly bestow at some old clothes shop two shillings and sixpence; and was never but once known to go to so *handsome* a price as three shillings. After it had got into his possession, it never underwent the necessary operation either of washing or mending; upon his back it was doomed to perpetual slavery until it fell off in rags. Hence it cannot be doubted, nor will it surprise the reader to be told, that, notwithstanding Mr. Dancer's peculiarity of disposition induced him to shun the world, he never was without a numerous retinue about him, whose lively spirit, and attachment to his person, made his acquaintance, as well as his neighbors, extremely cautious of approaching him.

After his sister's death, a pair of sheets, as black as soot-bags, were discovered upon the bed; but these he would never suffer to be removed; and when they were worn out, were never replaced; so that after that time he relinquished the use of linen to sleep in.

He would not allow any one to make his bed, though Lady Tempest often solicited him to permit it; and for many years his room was never swept. Towards the time of his death, it was observed to be filled with sticks, which he had stolen out of the different hedges. A considerable quantity of odd shapen gravel stones were also found in a bag, but for what use these were intended is unknown.

The report of his riches, and the idea of its concealment about the house, once brought a troop of house-breakers, who very easily entered, and, without any search-warrant, rummaged every corner of the place; but although this domiciliary visit cost the lives of some of them, they took away but little property. Old Dancer had been long on his guard; and his mode of hiding was so peculiar to himself, that the grand object of the thieves was never discoverable by them. Mr. Dancer concealed his treasure where no one could ever think of seeking for it. Bank notes were usually deposited with the spiders; they were hid amongst the cobwebs in the cow-house; and guineas in holes in the chimney, and about the fire-place, covered with soot and ashes. Soon after the robbery, when the thieves were apprehended, and to be tried, it being very necessary that Mr. Dancer should attend the trial, Lady Tempest requested that in order to appear a little decent, he would change his shirt, and she would lend him a clean one. "No, no," he replied, "it is not necessary. The shirt I have on is quite *new*; I bought it only three weeks ago, and then it was clean."

His extreme love of money overcame every other consideration; and to this idol, Mammon, he

even sacrificed brotherly affection. From the evident want of this principle, and to his attachment to gain, may be accounted his strange behaviour, as before related, to his sister at her latter end. But in one singular instance, and to the canine species too, he seemed, in some measure, to forego his favourite idea of saving. This was a dog, of which he was extremely fond, and which he called by the familiar appellation of, *Bob my child*. His treatment of this animal affords an instance of that inconsistency of human actions, which philosophy seeks in vain to account for.

While his self-denial was so severe that he denied himself a penny loaf a day, and existed entirely upon Lady Tempest's pot liquor and scraps from her kitchen, of which he would cram so greedily, that he was frequently under the necessity of rolling himself upon the floor before he could go to sleep, he allowed this dog, he called Bob, a pint of milk daily; and this he paid for as it was constantly supplied by a neighboring farmer, when he had parted with his farming stock, and had not one cow left.

Once upon a time a complaint being made to him that his dog Bob had worried some of his neighbors' sheep, he took the dog to a farrier's shop, and had all his teeth filed down.

For this barbarous action he never gave any reason; possibly it might be to prevent the like again; as he might shrewdly guess, that any further damage from his dog's mischievous manner might bring expenses upon him, as he was certainly liable to be compelled to pay them.

His sister being dead, and finding himself lonesome, he hired a man for his companion; and in his choice he shewed much discernment; for



his man Griffiths was a proper counterpart of himself—both miserable alike. When they went out, they took different roads, though both followed the same occupation; only that the servant indulged more taste for strong beer; a liquor which Mr. Dancer carefully avoided, as costing money; but Griffiths would tipple a little, which was the cause of much altercation at night when these *saving* souls met. However, Griffiths generally came loaded with bones, some of which having some fragments of flesh on, served to heighten their repast, and quieted the master's impending storm. This fellow had, by as severe parsimony

as that exercised by Mr. Dancer, contrived to accumulate 500l. out of wages which had never exceeded 10l. per annum. At the time he lived with Mr. Dancer he was upwards of sixty, and hired himself to him for *eighteen pence a week*. Every trait of so singular a character is interesting. Mr. Dancer having occasion to come to London one day for the purpose of investing *two thousand pounds* in the funds, a gentleman, who did not *know* him, met him near the Royal Exchange, and mistaking him for a beggar, charitably slipped a penny into his hands. Jemmy Taylor, the Borough usurer, who stood by, was a little surprised; but Mr. Dancer seemed to understand the gentleman very well, and observing to Taylor, *every little helps*, he pocketed the half-pence, and walked on. Perhaps he might consider this penny as the seed of a pound, to which it might attain by gentle gradations; and as the human mind is always pleased with prospects of what it wishes, Mr. Dancer might contemplate this penny multiplying itself progressively, until it arrived at thousands; for, as Lord Chesterfield observes, *take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves*. In fact, the truth is, that wealth is at first acquired by very minute particles: small sums are the semina of great ones, and may very aptly be compared to seconds of time, which generate years, centuries, and even eternity itself.

Lady Tempest was the only person who had any influence over this unfortunate miser; and though she knew his fortune was at last to devolve to her and Captain Holmes, yet she, with that gentleman, with the utmost solicitude, employed every contrivance to make him partake of those conveniences and indulgences, which his fortune

could supply, and which his advanced years required; but all their entreaties were without effect. "Where was he to get the money? How could he afford it? If it was not for some charitable assistance, how could he live?" One day however, this lady, with a great deal of persuasion, prevailed upon him to purchase a hat, which he did at last, of a Jew, for a shilling, having worn the one he then possessed upwards of fourteen years; but yet it was too good in his eye to throw away. When Lady Tempest visited him the next time, she, to her great astonishment, perceived him still with his old hat on. On importuning him for the reason, he at last told her, that, after much solicitation, he had prevailed on his OLD MAN GRIFFITHS to give him SIXPENCE profit upon the hat he had purchased, by her desire, of the Jew, a few days before.

To those who cannot exist without every conveniency in life, and even without every artificial appendage to luxury, let them turn to this old miser, worth more than THREE THOUSAND pounds per annum, who, for the sake of making that sum still more, foregoes even that superlative comfort, a fire in winter time! Ye spendthrifts, read this anecdote and blush.

Mr. Dancer had arrived at his 78th year before he felt any serious cause of complaint to call in a doctor. His antipathy to the medical tribe has been already mentioned; therefore it was in vain to advise him to take any medicine, even when there was a necessity for it.

During the illness which terminated this miserable man's misspent life, in the 78th year of his age, in the month of October 1794, Lady Tempest accidentally called upon him, and found him

lying in an old sack, which came up to his chin, and his head wrapped up in pieces of the same materials as big as a bee-hive. On her remonstrating against the impropriety of such a situation, he observed, that being a *very poor man*, he could not afford better; and having come into the world without a shirt, he was determined to go out in the same manner.

His opinion of the professors of physic was rather singular, and seemed to border upon predestination. To use his own language, the *medical tinkers* were all a set of rogues; who, while they patched up one hole, always contrived to make ten, for a better job; but he allowed of the utility of surgery in repairing accidental fractures.

His prejudice against the whole tribe of lawyers was determined in the extreme. Indeed, his inveteracy was the result of strongly feeling the effects of their chicanery; and his aversion to this class of men was so great, that he would even forego his own interest to gratify his resentment, as the following anecdote will prove.

Having, as was usually his half yearly custom, agreed with an old clothes-man for a shirt for half a crown, as he thought, the dealer called at his house, and left him one worth three shillings; but for which he refused to pay any more than his original agreement of 2s. 6d. Notwithstanding the party urged the goodness and the fineness of the article, Mr. Dancer was impenetrable; and no more than the half-crown would he pay; which the man as peremptorily refusing, at last applied to the court of Requests of the district, to which he was obliged to repair, although it cost him fivepence on the journey for bread and cheese,

and the cost of hearing, &c. in all upwards of four shillings and sixpence. This had such an effect on Mr. Dancer's mind, that he ever afterwards held the lawyers in abhorrence; for to give, or pay, were not to be found in his vocabulary. Addition and multiplication were his favorite rules, and usury was the foundation of his good deeds.

Though Mr. Dancer, by his spirit of covetousness, debased himself in this sordid manner, yet he kept a mare, for which he showed a great partiality; but he never allowed her more than two shoes at one time, deeming it an unnecessary expense to shoe the hind feet of the animal; and he used to say, it was more pleasant for a horse to feel the naked grass, than to be confined in unnatural shoes.

Mr. Dancer was the most perfect picture of human penury that perhaps ever existed, and the most singular character that ever lived; his habits were those of an hermit, and his extreme avarice rendered him abstemious as any ascetic of the desert.

In this manner lived, and in this situation died, Daniel Dancer, Esquire, a monumental proof to the world, that the advantages of fortune, unless properly directed, will not make their possessor happy. Lady Tempest, it ought to be observed here, had but a very short enjoyment of the great accession of wealth she acquired by this miser's death; for she contracted an illness during her attendance upon Mr. Dancer's last hours, that in a few months closed the period of her own life, which happened in January, 1795.

The house, or rather the heap of ruins, in which Mr. Dancer lived, and which at his death devolved to the right of Captain Holmes, was a most

miserable decayed building, frightful and terrific in its outside appearance ; for it had not been repaired for more than half a century. But though poor in external appearance, the ruinous fabric was very rich in the interior. It took many weeks to explore its whole contents ; and Captain Holmes and Lady Tempest found it a very agreeable task to dive into the miser's secrets. One of the late Mr. Dancer's richest scrutoires was found to be a dung-heap in the cow-house ; a sum little short of £2500 was contained in this rich piece of manure ; and in an old jacket, carefully tied, and strongly nailed down to the manger, in bank-notes and gold, five hundred pounds more.

Several large bowls filled with guineas, half guineas, and quantities of silver, were discovered, at different times, in searching the corners of the house ; and various parcels of bank-notes stuffed under the covers of old chairs and cushions. In the stable the Captain found some jugs of dollars and shillings. It was observable, that Mr. Dancer used to visit this place in the dead of the night, but for what purpose even old Griffiths himself could not guess ; but it is supposed, it was to rob one jug to add to a bowl which he had buried, and was nearly full, when taken up from under one of the hearth tiles.

The chimney was not left unsearched, and paid very well for the trouble ; for in nineteen different holes, all filled with soot, were found various sums of money, amounting together to more than 200*l*. Bank-notes to the value of 600*l*. were found doubled up in the bottom of an old tea-pot. Over these was a bit of paper, whimsically inscribed, "Not to be too hastily looked over."

Mr. Dancer's principal acquaintance, and the most congenial companion of his soul, was the penurious Jemmy Taylor, of the Borough of Southwark. This genius became acquainted with him accidentally at the Stock Exchange, where they chanced to meet to transact some money affairs: and they often visited each other afterwards; for it was a certain satisfaction to each to edify by the other's experience. No doubt their conversation ran much upon refinements in *hard living*, for Jemmy was as rigid an ascetic as the other, though he did not go quite in so beggarly a style.

BARBARA URSELIN.

IN 1655, this female was exhibited for money. Her name was Augusta Barbara; she was the daughter of Balthazar Urselin, and was then in her twenty-second year. Her whole body, and even her face, was covered with curled hair of a yellow colour, and very soft, like wool; she had besides a thick beard that reached to her girdle, and from her ears hung long tufts of yellowish hair. She had been married above a year, but then had no issue. Her husband's name was Vaubeck, and he married her merely to make a show of her, for which purpose he visited various countries of Europe, and England among others. Barbara Urselin is believed to be the hairy girl mentioned by Bartoline, and appears not to differ from her whom Borelli describes by the name of Barba, who he believed improved, if not procured, that hairiness by art

MULLED SACK.

JOHN COTTINGTON, better known by the name of Mulled Sack, was one of the most notorious highwaymen this country has produced. He was the son of a haberdasher in Cheapside, who having exhausted his property died poor, and was buried by the parish, leaving fifteen daughters and four sons, of whom our hero was the youngest. At eight years of age he was put apprentice to a chimney-sweeper of St. Mary-le-bow, with whom he remained about five years: as soon as he entered his teens he ran away; and soon afterwards received the name of Mulled Sack, from his drinking sack mulled, morning, noon and night. To support a life of dissipation he turned pickpocket; and one of his first robberies of this sort was committed on Lady Fairfax, from whom he got a rich gold watch: and his depredations were afterwards so numerous, that his biographers state "the many various neat tricks Mulled Sack played upon Ludgate-hill, by making stops of coaches and carts, and the money that he and his consorts got there by picking pockets, would have been almost enough to have built St. Paul's Cathedral."

Mulled Sack was detected in picking the pocket of Oliver Cromwell as he came out of the Parliament House; but escaped hanging by the political changes of the times. He next turned highwayman, and was so audacious as to rob Colonel Hewson when marching over Hounslow at the head of his regiment, in company with one Tom Cheney. They were pursued by a body of troopers; Mulled Sack escaped, but his companion, after defending himself against eighteen horsemen,

was overpowered and taken: he was tried at the Old Bailey, convicted, and executed at Tyburn. Mulled Sack, afterwards, along with several other of his companions, waylaid a waggon which was conveying £4,000 to Oxford and Gloucester, and seized the money, which they soon spent: he also robbed the house of the Receiver-General of Reading of £6,000, which he was preparing to send up to town. For this offence Mulled Sack, who was taken, was tried at Reading, but acquitted; it is said, by bribing the jury. He had not been long at liberty before he killed one John Bridges, for which he was obliged to quit the kingdom, and went to Cologne, where he robbed King Charles II., then in exile, of as much plate as was valued at £1,500. On returning to England he promised to give Oliver Cromwell some of his Majesty's papers, but, says his biographer, "not making good his promise, he was sent to Newgate, and receiving sentence of death, was hanged in Smithfield rounds, in April 1659, aged fifty-five years."

MOLL CUT PURSE.

MARY FRITH, or as she was more generally called, Moll Cut Purse, was a woman of masculine figure and spirit, who lived in the reign of Charles the First. She was a participator in most of the crimes and wild frolics of her time; and was notorious as a fortune-teller, a pickpocket, and a receiver of stolen goods. In this she acted much on the same plan that was afterwards adopted by Jonathan Wild, keeping a correspondence with most of the thieves of that time. She was

particularly intimate with Mulled Sack, until he once left her in pawn for a tavern score, when she dropped his acquaintance.

Moll Cut Purse once robbed General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath, for which offence she was sent to Newgate, but by the proper application of a large sum of money she soon obtained her liberty. She lived a life of iniquity, which was extended to the age of seventy-five years. Moll was very fond of smoking tobacco, which her early biographer thinks hastened her death; but the smokers of the present day would deny such an inference. Moll's character and exploits are alluded to by Butler and Swift.

FRANCIS BATTALIA,

THE STONE-EATER.

MAN generally comes into the world and goes out of it empty handed; we say generally, for this rule, like most others, is not without an exception, as will be seen in the memoir we are about to give of an Italian who lived in London about the middle of the seventeenth century. For this account we are indebted to a tract by Dr. John Bulwer, published in 1753, and entitled "Man Transformed, or the Artificial Changeling."

I saw in London, the other day (says the Doctor), an Italian, one Francis Battalia by name, about thirty years of age, who was born with two stones in one hand and one in the other; who as soon as he was born, having the breast offered unto him refused to suck; and when they would have fed him with pap he utterly rejected that also; whereupon the mid-wife and nurse, entering

into consideration of the strangeness of his birth and refusal of all kind of nourishment, consulted with some physicians what they should do in this case.

When the physicians saw that the child rejected all usual nourishment, they stated their opinion that the child brought its meat with it into the world, and that it was to be nourished with stones. The experiment was tried, the three stones which he held in his hands when born (some accounts say five) were successively swallowed; and the nurse now fed him with nothing but small pebbles, which constituted his only solid food, not only from his birth to manhood, but during the remainder of his life.

Dr. Bulwer, who saw him when he was thirty years of age, says: "his manner is to put three or four stones into a spoon, and so putting them into the mouth together, to swallow them all down one after another; then he drinks a glass of beer after them. He devours about half a peck of these stones every day; and when he chinks upon his stomach, or shakes his body, you may hear the stones rattle as if they were in a sack; all which in twenty-four hours are resolved: after which digestion of them he hath a fresh appetite to these stones, as we have to our victuals; and by these, with a cup of beer and a pipe of tobacco, he has his whole subsistence. He hath attempted to eat meat and bread, broth, milk, and such kind of food, upon which other mortals commonly live; but he could never brook any, neither would they stay with him to do him any good.

He is a black, swarthy, little fellow, active and strong enough; and hath been a soldier in Ireland, where he hath made good use of this property; for having the advantage of this strange way of

alimony, he sold his allowance of provision at great rates; and he told me that at Limerick, in Ireland, he sold a sixpenny loaf and two pennyworth of cheese for twelve shillings and sixpence.

It seems that when Battalia first came over to this country, he was suspected to be an impostor, and was by the order of the government shut up for a month with the allowance of two pots of beer and half an ounce of tobacco every day. At the end of this time he was discharged, and acquitted of all deceit.

Mr. Boyle, in his *Experimental Philosophy*, notices Battalia, of whom he says, "Not long ago, there was here in England, a private soldier very famous for digesting of stones; and a very inquisitive man assures me that he knew him familiarly, and had the curiosity to keep in his company for twenty-four hours together to watch him; and observed that he ate nothing but stones in that time."

PHEBE BROWN.

The greatest wonder I ever saw (says Mr. Hutton, of Birmingham) was Phebe Brown. She is five feet six inches in height, is about thirty, well proportioned, round face, and ruddy; has a dark penetrating eye, which, the moment it fixes upon your face, sees your character, and that with precision. Her step (pardon the Irishism) is more manly than a man's, and can cover forty miles a day. Her common dress is a man's hat, coat, with a spencer over it, and men's shoes. She is unmarried.

She can lift one hundred weight in each hand, and carry fourteen score; can sew, knit, cook, and spin, but hates them all, and every accompaniment to the female character, that of modesty excepted. A gentleman at the New Bath had recently treated her rudely: "She had a good mind to have knocked him down." She assured me she never knew what fear was. She gives no affront, but offers to fight any man who gives her one. If she never has fought, perhaps it is owing to the insulter having been a coward, for the man of courage would disdain to offer an insult to a female.

Phebe has strong sense, an excellent judgment, says smart things, and supports an easy freedom in all companies. Her voice is more than masculine, it is deep toned. With the wind in her favor, she can send it a mile; she has neither beard nor prominence of breast; she undertakes any kind of manual labor, as holding the plough, driving a team, thatching the barn, using the flail, &c.; but her chief avocation is breaking horses, for which she charges a guinea a week each. She always rides without a saddle, is thought the best judge of a horse or cow in the country, and is frequently employed to purchase for others at the neighbouring fairs.

She is fond of Milton, Pope, and Shakspeare, also of music; is self-taught, and performs on several instruments, as the flute, violin, and harpsichord, and supports the bass viol in Mallock church. She is a markswoman, and carries the gun on her shoulder. She eats no beef or pork, and but little mutton. Her chief food is milk, which is also her drink, discarding wine, ale, and spirits.

THE SPOTTED NEGRO BOY

GEORGE ALEXANDER GRATTON, the Spotted Negro Boy, was well known to the inhabitants of the metropolis and its vicinity, about twelve years ago, at which time he was exhibited at the fairs, by Richardson, a famous purveyor of objects of entertainment at those places of popular festivity.

Both the parents of George Alexander were black, and natives of Africa. He was born in the island of St. Vincent, on the plantation of Mr. Alexander, of which one Gratton was overseer, about the month of June, 1803; and the curiosity of his appearance was such, that he was shewn, in the capital of his native island, at the price of a dollar each person. It is added, that the superstitious prejudices of the negroes placed his life in some danger, and that he was, on that account, shipped for England. Probably the prospect of a profitable disposal of him, in this country, was an equally powerful motive for his removal.

The child was only fifteen months old, when, in September, 1809, being brought to Bristol, in the ship called the Friends of Emma, Mr. Richardson, the proprietor, as before intimated, of a travelling theatre, was applied to, and an engagement entered upon, by which he was consigned to Mr. Richardson's care for three years.

His skin and hair were every where party-coloured, transparent brown and white. On the crown of his head, several triangles, one within the other, were formed by alternations of the colours of his hair. In figure and countenance he might truly be called a beautiful child. His limbs were well proportioned, his features regular and

pleasing, his eyes bright and intelligent, and the whole expression of his face both mild and lively. His voice was soft and melodious; and, as his mind began to develope itself, much quickness and penetration were betrayed.

When nearly five years of age, he was unfortunately attacked with a swelling in the jaw, and died on the 3d of February, 1813. Mr. Richardson, who had always treated him with a parental kindness while alive, was sincerely afflicted at his death. Soon after he had been placed with him, he had caused him to be baptised at the parish church of Newington, in the county of Surry; and, on his death, he was buried at Great Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, in a brick vault, which Mr. Richardson caused to be purposely constructed. Mr. Richardson, fearful that the body might be stolen, had previously kept it unburied for the space of three months.

In the vestry of the church of Great Marlow hangs a fine painting of this extraordinary natural phenomenon, executed from the life, by Coventry; and presented to the corporation of Buckingham by Mr. Richardson; who finally closed his displays of affectionate regard for a child, which was not originally more recommended to his attention by his curiosity, than he was afterwards endeared to him by disposition and manners, by erecting a monument to his memory at Great Marlow, and placing upon it the following inscription and epitaph:—

TO THE MEMORY

OF

GEORGE ALEXANDER GRATTON,

THE SPOTTED NEGRO BOY,

*From the Carribee Islands, in the West Indies, died Feb
3d, 1813, aged four years and three quarters.*

*This Tomb is erected by his only Friend and Guardian,
Mr. John Richardson, of London.*

Should this plain simple tomb attract thine eye,
Stranger, as thoughtfully thou passest by,
Know that there lies beneath this humble stone,
A child of colour, haply not thine own.

His parents, born of Afric's sun-burnt race,
Though black and white were blended in his face,
To Britain brought, which made his parents free,
And shewed the world great Nature's prodigy.

Deprived of kindred that to him were dear,
He found a friendly Guardian's fost'ring care,
But, scarce had bloomed, the fragrant flower fades,
And the loved infant finds an early grave.

To bury him his loved companions came,
And strewed choice flowers, and lisped his early fame;
And some that loved him most, as if unblest,
Bedewed with tears the white wreath on his breast.

But he is gone, and dwells in that abode,
Where some of every clime must joy in God!

MORAN, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

SOME years ago one Moran, a slater, possessed the faculty of ventriloquism in a very extraordinary degree: from the tops of the houses he could accost travellers in the streets, in a voice that seemed to proceed from the next passenger. This man was employed to work at the new episcopal palace, built by Primate Robinson, at Armagh. One morning, a labourer, who wrought about the premises, was terrified by a hollow and dismal voice, that proceeded from a dark cellar in a house that had belonged to the late Thomas

Ogle, which his Grace the Primate had given orders to pull down. He was summoned, in a manner that he found it impossible to resist, to descend into the dark terrific vault. Trembling, agitated, and perspiring at every pore, he obeyed the awful mandate. When he was in the cellar, profound silence prevailed for a few minutes. The same voice then solemnly uttered these tremendous words: "I am the spirit of a murderer; to-night I will visit you in the little room of your kitchen, and communicate to you the horrid crimes I have committed. If you regard your life here, or your salvation hereafter, meet me in that room at twelve o'clock." The poor labourer was unable to utter a syllable, and with trembling knees he betook himself to his house, sent for the vicar of his parish, and encouraged by his presence, awaited the approach of the awful hour. Twelve o'clock, however, came, but the spirit came not.—Next morning he was obliged to resume his work; when he came opposite the same spot, the same voice again accosted him, but in a more elevated and angry tone, "Beware how you bring with you the vicar to our interview. This night let me meet you alone, at twelve o'clock, or your destruction will ensue." The wretched labourer, thus beset, as he thought, by preternatural powers, obeyed. At a quarter before twelve o'clock, he was seated at a little table in his room. His apparatus, for defence against the spiritual visitant, was a bible, a sword, and a bottle of whiskey. His pallid lips were alternately applied in ejaculating pious prayers to Heaven, or swallowing exhilarating drams; and his trembling hands now and then grasped, and then dropped the useless steel, as his courage rose and fell.

Meanwhile, his wife and daughters stood almost breathless at the outside of the door, counting the tickings of a cuckoo clock. At length, at the first sound of the expected hour, a deep groan was heard in the room, and a noise, which, to their affrighted ears, seem to resemble the fall of a thunderbolt. The poor labourer had dropped down, powerless on the floor. His imagination had overpowered him, and at the first stroke of the clock, he had tumbled on the ground, a senseless lump. All his vital powers were suspended for a long time; and, after their revival, the poor fellow was deprived for a considerable period of the exercise of his understanding; and, if it had not been for the humanity of William Johnson, father to the celebrated architect, of Dublin, he would have perished, a wretched victim to the tricks of Moran, the ventriloquist.

HUGH WILLIAMS.

IN the year 1664, on the 5th of December, a boat on the Menai, crossing that strait, with eighty-one passengers, was upset, and only one passenger, named Hugh Williams, was saved. On the same day, in the year 1785, was upset another boat, containing about sixty persons, and every soul perished, with the exception of *one*, whose name also was Hugh Williams. And on the 5th of August, 1820, a third boat met the same disaster; but the passengers of this were no more than twenty-five, and, singular to relate, the whole perished with the exception of *one*, whose name was Hugh Williams.—*Bristol Mercury*.



SIR HARRY DIMSDALE,
MAYOR OF GARRATT.

SOME doubt exists as to the origin of the Mayors of Garratt; though they are generally believed to have taken their rise from a frolic towards the close of the seventeenth century, when some

watermen, during an election, determined on passing a merry day at Garratt, a district in the parish of Wandsworth, in Surry, took into their heads to choose one of their company representative of that place. Ever since, at a general election, the custom has been generally kept up, and the Mayor, who is usually a cripple or an idiot, is elected. The crowd collected on such occasions, occasioned a sort of fair, and the election, on this account, perhaps, was principally encouraged. The last Mayor of Garratt was *Sir Harry Dimsdale*, as he was called; for the power which made him representative of Garratt, conferred on him the honor of knighthood.

This poor idiot was born in Shug-lane, Haymarket, in the year 1758. Of his early pursuits little is known; but we find him in 1788, receiving parochial relief from St. Martin's parish: his trade at that time was vending "bobbins, thread, and stay-laces for the ladies:" he next commenced muffin dealer; by which he rendered himself very conspicuous about the streets of London. His harmless behaviour gained him many customers, and life rolled on gaily and smoothly, till 'ambition fired his soul;' and he aspired to the honor of representing the borough of Garratt, on the death of that celebrated character, Sir Jeffrey Dunstan; and in which he was successful. Sir Harry was elected to fill the *important* station of Mayor of Garratt, during four parliaments; though not without experiencing violent opposition in the persons of Squire Jobson the bill-sticker, Lord Goring the ministerial barber, and others. The following is a copy of his address to his constituents, at the general election in 1807.

To the worthy, free, and independent
Electors of the ancient borough of Garratt.

Gentlemen,—Once more you are called on to exercise your invaluable right, the elective franchise, for your ancient and honorable borough, and once more your faithful representative, for the three last parliaments, offers himself a candidate.

Gentlemen, as all the Talents were lately dismissed, disgracefully, it is requisite I should declare to you, I held no place under them. I am, gentlemen, no milk and water patriot—I am no summer insect—I have always been a champion for the rights and privileges of my constituents—and as we have now an entire change of men, I hope, as they are called by many all the Blocks, they will see the necessity of calling to their aid and assistance, men who have long been hid in obscurity—men whose virtue and integrity may shine at this awful crisis—and, gentlemen, should they at length see their interest so clear, as to call into action my abilities, I declare I am ready to accept any place under them, but I am determined to act on independent principles, as my worthy colleague, Lord Cochrane, so loudly and so often swore on the hustings, at Covent Garden.

Gentlemen, I congratulate you on the defeat of Sixpenny Jack,; he was obliged to hop off and leave the laurel of victory to Sir Francis Burdett and my worthy colleague Lord Cochrane, and should any Quixotic candidate be hardy enough to contest with me the high honor of representing your ancient borough, I have no doubt, by your manly exertions, you will completely triumph over my opponent. In times past, you have had confidence in my wisdom and integrity—you have

looked up to me as your guardian angel—and I hope you have not been deceived; for, believe me, when I repeat what I so often have done, I am ready to sacrifice life, health, and fortune, in defence of the invaluable rights, privileges, and immunities of your ancient and honorable borough. I am, &c.

SIR HARRY DIMSDALE.

From my attic chamber,
The dirty end of Monmouth-street,
June 10, 1807.

In this contest, Sir Harry was again successful, and his procession to Garratt-lane, exceeded *any thing of the kind* ever seen in London. He was placed (or rather, tied) on an eminence in a carriage somewhat resembling a triumphal car, drawn by four horses, which were profusely decorated with dyed wood shavings—a substitute for ribands. The dress of Sir Harry was perfectly *en suite*; and the *tout ensemble* a rare display of eccentric magnificence. Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like the Mayor of Garratt, on this memorable day.

And now, for a short time, all was sunshine with Sir Harry; yet, he found something was wanting to complete his happiness, and he resolved on taking to his bosom a wife; a suitable object presenting herself in the person of an inmate of St. Ann's workhouse. In a few weeks after the consummation of their nuptials, his *rib*, with the utmost *good-nature*, presented him with a son and heir, of which he was very proud.

In addition to his Mayoralty, he was nominated as a proper person to be opposed to the then all-powerful Buonaparte, whereupon he was elected Emperor. His garb now assumed all the show of

royalty; but unlike most monarchs, he carried his crown in his hand; it not being correct, he said, for him to wear it till he had ousted his more powerful rival. In this character, Sir Harry levied pretty handsome contributions on the good people of London; but the novelty of his person at length lost most of its attractions; he became neglected; illness seized him; and he died in the year 1811, in the 53d year of his age.

By his death, the boys were deprived of an object of ridicule, and the compassionate man spared the painful task of witnessing so harmless a being tormented and ill-used by the unfeeling and the heedless: for, as Shakspeare says,

God made him,
Therefore let him pass for a man.

A GOOD PATIENT.

At the Lincoln Assizes in March 1817, an action was brought by Mr. Wright, an apothecary of Bottesford, against a Mr. Jessop, a bachelor of opulence, residing near Lincoln, to recover the sum of 787*l.* 18*s.* for medicine and attendance, during 25 years. By the statement of plaintiff's counsel, it appeared that the defendant was of a hypochondriacal turn, and had taken pills for a great number of years; he used to have from 600 to 2000 pills sent to him at a time; and in one year he took 51,000! being at the rate of 150 a-day. There were also thousands of bottles of mixture. From the ravenous propensity of the patient for physic, it was deemed necessary to call in two physicians, who inquiring of the defendant what was the course of medicine and nourishment

he pursued through the day, answered as follows:—At half past two o'clock in the morning I take two spoonsful and a half of jalap and then a quantity of electuary; then I sleep till seven, and repeat the dose of both jalap and electuary; at nine o'clock I take 14 pills of No. 9, and 11 pills of No. 10, to whet my appetite for breakfast. At breakfast I eat a basin of milk, at eleven I have an acid and alkali mixture, afterwards I have a bolus, and at nine at night I have an anodyne mixture and go to sleep." After some progress had been made in the evidence, a compromise took place, the plaintiff accepting a verdict for 450*l*!

MARRIOT THE GLUTTON.

MARRIOT was a lawyer of Gray's Inn, who piqued himself on the brutal qualification of a voracious appetite, and a powerful digestive faculty, attainments which at most could only rank him in the same scale of beings as the cormorant or the ostrich.

Marriot increased his natural capacity for food by art and application, and had as much vanity in eating to excess as any monk ever had in abstinence.

Great eaters have been found in all ages, from the time of Herodotus, the wrestler of Megara, who would eat as much as ought to serve his whole company, down to the fellow backed by Sir John Lade, some years ago, against a glutton provided by the Duke of Queensbury. We do not recollect how much these fellows devoured; but the umpires declared that one man beat the other by a pig and an apple-pie.

OLD BOOTY'S GHOST.

THE following is a remarkable observation which was entered in Mr. Spink's Journal, and an account of Mr. Barnaby's trial at the Court of King's Bench, concerning Mr. Booty, a brewer in London.

“ Tuesday, May the 13th, this day the wind was S. S. W., and a little before four in the afternoon, we anchored in Manser Road, where lay Captains Bristo, Brian, and Barnaby, all of them bound to Lucera, to load. Wednesday, May the 13th, we weighed anchor, and in the afternoon I went on board of Captain Barnaby, and about two o'clock, we sailed all of us for the island of Lucera, wind W. S. W. and bitter weather. Thursday the 14th, about two o'clock, we saw the island, and all come to an anchor in twelve fathoms' water, the wind was W. S. W., and on the 15th day of May, we had an observation of Mr. Booty in the following manner: Captains Bristo, Brian and Barnaby went on shore shooting of colues on Strombolo. When we had done we called our men together, and about fourteen minutes after three in the afternoon, to our great surprise, we saw two men run by us with amazing swiftness; Captain Barnaby says, Lord bless me, the foremost man looks like my next door neighbour, Old Booty; but said, he did not know the other behind. Booty was dressed in grey clothes, and the one behind him in black; we saw them run into the burning mountain in the midst of the flames, on which we heard a terrible noise, too horrible to be described; Captain Barnaby then desired us to look at our watches, pen the time down in our pocket books, and enter it in our journals, which we accordingly did. When

we were laden, we all sailed for England, and arrived at Gravesend on the 6th of October, 1687; Mrs. Barnaby and Mrs. Brian came to congratulate our safe arrival, and after some discourse, Captain Barnaby's wife says, "My dear, I have got some news to tell you, Old Booty is dead." He swore an oath, and said, "We all saw him run into hell."

Some time afterwards, Mrs. Barnaby met with a lady of her acquaintance in London, and told her what her husband had seen, concerning Mr. Booty; it came to Mrs. Booty's ears; who arrested Captain Barnaby in 1000*l.* action. He gave bail, and it came to trial at the court of King's Bench, where Mr. Booty's clothes were brought into court. The sexton of the parish and the people that were with him during his illness swore to the time when he died, and we swore to our journals, and they came within two minutes; twelve of our men swore that the buttons of his coat were covered with the same grey cloth, and it appeared to be so. The jury asked Mr. Spink if he knew Mr. Booty in his lifetime; he said he never saw him till he saw him go by him into the burning mountain. The judge then said, "Lord grant I may never see the sight that you have seen; one, two or three, may be mistaken, but twenty or thirty cannot;" so the widow lost the cause.

N. B. It is now in the Records at Westminster. James the Second, 1687.

HERBERT, Chief Justice.

WYTHENS,

HALLOWAY,

AND WRIGHT,

} Justices.

THOMAS PARR.

THOMAS PARR was the son of John Parr, a husbandman of Winninton, in the parish of Alderbury, in the county of Salop, where he was born in the year 1483. Though he lived to the vast age of upwards of 152 years, yet the tenour of his life admitted but of little variety. He appears to have been the son of a husbandman; he laboured hard, and lived on coarse fare. Taylor, the Water Poet, says of him,

Good wholesome labour was his exercise,
 Down with the lamb, and with the lark he 'd rise;
 In mire and toiling sweat he spent the day,
 And to his team he whistled time away:
 The cock his night-clock, and till day was done,
 His watch and chief time-keeper was the sun.
 He was of old Pythagoras' opinion,
 That green cheese was most wholesome with an onion;
 Coarse maslin bread, and for his daily swig,
 Milk, butter-milk, and water, whey and whig:
 Sometimes metheglin; and by fortune happy,
 He sometimes sipp'd a cup of ale most nappy,
 Cyder or perry, when he did repair
 T'a Whitsun ale wake, weddings or a fair;
 Or when in Christmas-time he was a guest,
 At his good landlord's house amongst the rest;
 Else he had little leisure-time to waste;
 Or at the ale-house huff-cap ale to taste.

* * *

His physic was good butter, which the soil
 Of Salop yields, more sweet than Candy oil;
 And garlick he esteem'd above the rate
 Of Venice treacle, or best mithridate.
 He entertain'd no gout, no ache he felt,
 The air was good and temperate where he dwelt;
 While mavisses and sweet-tongued nightingales
 Did chant him roundelays and madrigals.
 Thus living within bounds of Nature's laws,
 Of his long-lasting life may be some cause.

And the same writer describes him in the following two lines:

From head to heel, his body had all over
A quick set, thick set, natural hairy cover.

The manner of his being conducted to London is also noticed in the following terms: "The Right Hon. Thomas, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, Earl Marshal of England, on being lately in Shropshire, to visit some lands and manors which his Lordship held in that county, or for some other occasions of importance which caused his Lordship to be there, the report of this aged man was signified to his Honor, who hearing of so remarkable a piece of antiquity, his Lordship was pleased to see him; and in his innate noble, and christian piety, he took him into his charitable tuition and protection, commanding that a litter and two horses (for the more easy carriage of a man so feeble and worn with age) be provided for him; also that a daughter of his, named Lucy, should likewise attend him, and have a horse for her own riding with him: and to cheer up the old man and make him merry, there was an antique-faced fellow with a high and mighty beard, that had also a horse for his carriage. These were all to be brought out of the country to London by easy journeys, the charge being allowed by his Lordship; likewise one of his Lordship's own servants, named Bryan Kelly, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of reckonings and expenses.

"In London, he was well entertained and accommodated with all things, having all the afore-said attendance at the sole charge and cost of his Lordship."

When brought before the King, his majesty, with

more acuteness than good-manners, said to him, "You have lived longer than other men; what have you done more than other men?" He answered, "I did penance when I was a hundred years old." "For shame, old man," said the King, "to recollect nothing but your vices."

This journey, however, proved fatal to him; owing to the alteration in his diet, the change of the air, and his general mode of life, he lived but a very short time, dying the 5th of November, 1635, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

After his death his body was opened, and an account was drawn up by the celebrated Dr. Harvey, some part of which we shall extract.

"Thomas Parr was a poor countryman of Shropshire, whence he was brought up to London by the Right Hon. Thomas Earl of Arundel and Surrey, and died after he had outlived nine Princes, in the tenth year of the tenth of them, at the age of 152 years and nine months.

• "He had a large breast, lungs not fungous, but sticking to his ribs, and distended with blood; a lividness in his face, as he had a difficulty of breathing a little before his death, and a long lasting warmth in his armpits and breast after it; which signs, together with others, were as evident in his body, as they used to be on those that die by suffocation. His heart was great, thick, fibrous, and fat. The blood in the heart blackish and diluted. The cartilages of the sternum not more bony than in others, but flexile and soft. His viscera were sound and strong, especially the stomach; and it was observed of him, that he used to eat often by night and day, though contented with old cheese, milk, coarse bread, small-

beer, and whey; and, which is more remarkable, that he eat at midnight a little before he died.

“The cause of his death was imputed chiefly to the change of food and air; forasmuch as coming out of a clear, thin, and free air, he came into the thick air of London; and after a constant plain and homely country diet, he was taken into a splendid family, where he fed high and drank plentifully of the best wines, whereupon the natural functions of the parts of his body were overcharged, his lungs obstructed, and the habit of the whole body quite disordered; upon which there could not but ensue a dissolution.

“The brain was sound, entire, and firm; and though he had not the use of his eyes, nor much of his memory, several years before he died, yet he had his hearing and apprehension very well, and was able even to the hundred and thirtieth year of his age to do any husbandman’s work, even threshing of corn.”

Taylor the Water poet, says, that Parr took his last lease of his landlord for his life, but being desirous for his wife’s sake to renew it for years, which his landlord would not consent to, he, to give himself the appearance of rejuvenescence, adopted the following trick: “Having been long blind, sitting in his chair by the fire, his wife looked out of the window, and perceiving Edward Porter, the son of his landlord, to come towards their house, she told her husband, saying, ‘Our landlord is coming hither:’ ‘Is it so,’ said old Parr, ‘I prithee, wife, lay a pin on the ground near my foot, or at my right toe;’ which she did; and when young master Porter, yet forty years old, was come into the house, after salutations between them, the old man said, ‘Wife, is not that a pin on the ground

near my foot?' 'Truly, husband,' quoth she, 'it is a pin indeed;' so she took up the pin, and Master Porter was half in amaze, that the old man had recovered his sight again. But it was quickly found out to be a witty conceit, thereby to have them suppose him to be more lively than he was, because he hoped to have his lease renewed for his wife's sake."

Rubens saw Parr at Shrewsbury, when he was above 140 years of age, and painted him. The picture represents Parr with a complexion as delicately incarnated as that of a young woman.

THE BOTTLE CONJURER.

WHEN conjurers the quality can bubble,
 And get their gold with very little trouble,
 By putting giddy lies in public papers,—
 As jumping in quart bottles,—such like vapours ;
 And further yet, if we the matter strain,
 Would pipe a tune upon a walking cane ;
 Nay, more surprising tricks ! he swore he'd show,
 Grannams who died a hundred years ago :—
 'Tis whimsical enough, what think ye, Sirs ?
 The quality can ne'er be conjurers,—
 The de'el a bit ;—no, let me speak in brief,
 The audience fools, the conjurer a thief.

London Magazine for 1749.

WE cannot perhaps select a more laughable hoax than that remarkable one which was played upon the good people of London in the year 1749, by the facetious Duke of Montague, and which has ever since been referred to as a proof of human credulity. This nobleman being in company with some friends, the conversation turned on public curiosity, when the duke said it went so far,

that if a person advertised that he would creep into a quart bottle, he would get an audience. Some of the company could not believe this possible; a wager was the result, and the duke, in order to decide it, caused the following advertisement to be put in all the papers.

“ At the *New Theatre* in the *Hay Market* on *Monday* next, the 16th inst. to be seen a person who performs the several most surprising things following, viz. First, he takes a common walking-cane from any of the spectators, and thereon plays the music of every instrument now in use, and likewise sings to surprising perfection. Secondly, he presents you with a common wine-bottle, which any of the spectators may first examine; this bottle is placed on a table in the middle of the stage, and he (without any equivocation) goes into it in sight of all the spectators, and sings in it; during his stay in the bottle, any person may handle it, and see plainly that it does not exceed a common tavern bottle.

Those on the stage or in the boxes may come in masked habits (if agreeable to them); and the performer (if desired) will inform them who they are.

Stage 7s. 6d. Boxes 5s. Pit 3s. Gallery 2s. To begin at half an hour after six o'clock.

Tickets to be had at the theatre.

** The performance continues about two hours and a half.

N. B. If any gentleman or lady, after the above performances (either singly or in company, in or out of mask) are desirous of seeing a representation of any deceased person, such as husband or wife, sister or brother, or any intimate

friend of either sex, (upon making a gratuity to the performer) shall be gratified by seeing and conversing with them for some minutes as if alive, likewise (if desired) he will tell you the most secret thoughts in your past life; and give you a full view of persons who have injured you, whether dead or alive.

For those gentlemen and ladies who are desirous of seeing this last part, there is a private room provided.

These performances have been seen by most of the crowned heads of *Asia*, *Africa*, and *Europe*, and never appeared public any where but once; but will wait on any at their houses, and perform as above, for five pounds each time.

*** There will be a proper guard to keep the house in due decorum.”

The following advertisement was also published at the same time, which one would have thought sufficient to prevent the former having any effect.

“ *Lately arrived from Italy,*

Signor Capitello Jumpedo, a surprising dwarf, no taller than a common tavern tobacco pipe; who can perform many wonderful equilibres, on the slack or tight rope: likewise he'll transform his body in above ten thousand different shapes and postures; and after he has diverted the spectators two hours and a half, he will open his mouth wide, and jump down his own throat. He being the most wonderfullest wonder of wonders as ever the world wondered at, would be willing to join in performance with that surprising musician on *Monday* next in the *Hay Market*.

He is to be spoken with at the *Black Raven* in

Golden-lane every day from seven till twelve, and from twelve all day long."

The bait however took even better than could have been expected. The playhouse was crowded with dukes, duchesses, lords, ladies, and all ranks and degrees to witness the bottle-conjurer. Of the result, we quote the following account from the journals of the time.

"Last night (viz. *Monday* the 16th) the much expected drama of the bottle conjurer of the *New theatre* in the *Hay Market*, ended in the tragi-comical manner following. Curiosity had drawn together prodigious numbers. About seven the theatre being lighted up, but without so much as a single fiddle to keep the audience in good-humor, many grew impatient. Immediately followed a chorus of catcalls, heightened by loud vociferations, and beating with sticks; when a fellow came from behind the curtain, and bowing, said, that if the performer did not appear, the money should be returned. At the same time a wag crying out from the pit, that if the ladies and gentlemen would give double prices, the conjurer would get into a pint bottle, presently a young gentleman in one of the boxes seized a lighted candle, and threw it on the stage. This served as the charge for sounding to battle. Upon this the greater part of the audience made the best of their way out of the theatre; some losing a cloak, others a hat, others a wig, and others hat, wig, and swords also. One party however staid in the house, in order to demolish the inside, when the mob breaking in, they tore up the benches, broke to pieces the scenes, pulled down the boxes, in short dismantled the theatre entirely, carrying away the particulars above-mentioned into the street, where

they made a mighty bonfire; the curtain being hoisted on a pole, by way of a flag. A large party of guards were sent for, but came time enough only to warm themselves round the fire. We hear of no other disaster than a young nobleman's chin being hurt, occasioned by his fall into the pit, with part of one of the boxes, which he had forced out with his foot. 'Tis thought the conjurer vanished away with the bank. Many enemies to the late celebrated book, concerning the ceasing of miracles, are greatly disappointed by the conjurer's non-appearance in the bottle; they imagining that his jumping into it would have been the most convincing proof possible, that miracles have not yet ceased."

Several advertisements were printed afterwards, some serious, others comical, relating to this whimsical affair; among the rest was the following, which, we hope, may be the means of curing this humor for the future.

" This is to inform the Public,

That notwithstanding the great abuse that has been put upon the gentry, there is now in town a man, who, instead of creeping into a quart or pint bottle, will change himself into a rattle; which he hopes will please both young and old. If this person meets with encouragement to this advertisement, he will then acquaint the gentry were and when he performs."

The reason assigned, in another humorous advertisement, for the conjurer's not going into the *quart bottle*, was, that after searching all the taverns, not one could be found due measure.

CONJURER BAKER.

RICHARD Baker, of Westleigh, in the parish of Burliscombe, Somersetshire, a small farmer (but better known by the name of "*Conjurer Baker*") died in 1819, full of years and iniquities, being seventy years old, and having, during the far greater part of his life, practised the gainful tactics of the "*Black Art.*" In noticing the death of a character who, for nearly half a century, has been daily and hourly employed in alternately counting the wages of his villainies, and in laughing at the follies of a cheated multitude, it would be no unfit opportunity for taxing the risibility of our readers, by portraying the deceased knave with all the mirthful embellishments of which his life and occupations are so abundantly susceptible. In common justice, we might for once laugh at him, who has, in so many thousand instances, amused and profited himself by making a jest of others; but his life is too much clogged with the heaviness of a guilty account, to allow one redeeming ray to qualify the lurid aspect of his mortal reckoning. It may surprise the distant reader, whose ears have never been afflicted with the doleful superstitions of the western countries, to be informed, that such was the fame of the deceased wizard, that the educated as well as the uninstructed of all classes, were in the habit of resorting to him from all parts of this and the neighboring counties for the exercise of his cabalistic skill, and on a Sunday, which was the day for his high orgies, vehicles of superior as well as of lowly descriptions were found to bring him an eager throng of votaries. His reputation was universal, and his gains proportionate. The wonders of his art would fill the

Alexandrian library. Bad crops, lost cattle, lost treasure, and lost hearts, brought their respective sufferers in ceaseless crowds to his door. They were all *overlooked*, he said; and they overlooked his knavery in their confidence of his skill. He foretold to the Southcottians that the Shiloh would *not* come, and who but a conjurer would have known this? The tenant of sterile land was, after a careful inspection of his presiding star, advised to provide a certain quantity of manure, which being spread over his ground in the form of rams horns at twelve o'clock precisely on the full moon night, would infallibly secure a good crop. This astonishing prediction has been repeatedly verified! Strayed stock and mislaid property have been strangely recovered, by only being well looked after, provided the wise man had once taken the matter in hand; and many a relenting Phillis, who had parted with her Strephon in a *huff*, has been heard to exclaim, on finding him return at the very hour calculated by the conjurer, that "sure Baker and the devil were in partnership." If to juggling artifices and petty fooleries of this description, the man had limited his imposture, he might have left the world with the simple reputation of a knave; but his avarice led him to delude the victim of disease into a fatal reliance on his affected skill, and very numerous are the instances of this description. Charmed powders and mystic lotions were confided in, to the exclusion of rational advice and proper remedies, and the death of the old and young has been the consequent penalty of such deplorable imbecility. A child died at Wellington, a martyr to its mother's folly of this nature. She consulted the heartless villain, and was assured that the infant was

“overlooked.” Some powders were given to her, accompanied with the slang verbosity of his craft, which the little sufferer was compelled to swallow, notwithstanding the mother declared that “it made her heart bleed to see the agonies of her child while taking the dose.” The consequence was as we have stated; and thus the guilt of a cold-blooded murder is superadded to the atrocities which have marked the career of this miscreant through life. His habits were those of an unsocial drunkard; but his necromancy, notwithstanding the expense of his selfish indulgence, enabled him to leave some property.

AN IRISH WILL.

THE following is a copy of a will made by a miser in Ireland: “I give and bequeath to my sister-in-law Mary Dennis, four old worsted stockings, which she will find underneath my bed; to my nephew Charles Macartney, two other pair of stockings, lying in the box where I keep my linen; to Lieutenant Johnson, of his Majesty’s fifth regiment of foot, my only pair of white cotton stockings, and my old scarlet great-coat; and to Hannah Bourke, my house-keeper, in return for her long and faithful services, my cracked earthen pitcher.” Hannah, in anger, told the other legatees, that she resigned to them her *valuable* share of the property, and then retired. In equal rage, Charles kicked down the pitcher; and, as it broke, a multitude of guineas burst out, and rolled along the floor. This fortunate discovery induced those present to examine the stockings, which to their great joy were crammed with money.

MARY EAST, THE FEMALE HUSBAND.

ABOUT the year 1736, a young fellow courted one Mary East, and for him she conceived the greatest liking ; but he, going upon the highway, was tried for a robbery and cast, but was afterwards transported : this so affected our heroine, that she resolved ever to remain single. In the same neighbourhood lived another young woman, who had likewise met with many crosses in love, and had determined on the like resolution ; being intimate, they communicated their minds to each other, and determined to live together ever after. After consulting on the best method of proceeding, they agreed that one should put on man's apparel, and that they would live as man and wife in some part where they were not known : the difficulty now was who was to be the man, which was soon decided, by the toss up of a halfpenny, and the lot fell on Mary East, who was then about sixteen years of age, and her partner seventeen. The sum they were then possessed of together, was about £30 ; with this they sat out, and Mary, after purchasing a man's habit, assumed the name of James How, by which we will for a while distinguish her. In the progress of their journey, they happened to light on a little public-house at Epping, which was to let ; they took it, and lived in it for some time : about this period a quarrel happened between James How and a young gentleman. James entered an action against him, and obtained damages of £500, which was paid him. Possessed of this sum, they sought out for a place in a better situation, and took a public-house in Limehouse-hole, where they lived many years, saving money, still cohabiting as man and wife, in good credit and esteem : they after-

wards left this and removed to the White Horse at Poplar, which they bought, and after that several more houses.

About the year 1750, one Mrs. Bentley, who lived on Garlick-hill, and was acquainted with James in her younger days, knowing in what good circumstances she lived, and of her being a woman, thought this a good scheme to build a project on, and accordingly sent to her for £10, at the same time intimating that if she would not send it, she would discover her sex. James, fearful of this, complied with her demand, and sent the money. It rested here for a considerable time, in which time James lived with his supposed wife in good credit, and had served all the parish offices in Poplar, excepting constable and church warden, from the former of which she was excused by a lameness in her hand, occasioned by the quarrel already mentioned; the other she was to have been next year, if this discovery had not happened: she had been several times foreman of juries; though her effeminacy indeed was remarked by most. At Christmas, 1765, Mrs. Bentley sent again with the same demand for £10, and with the like threatening obtained it: flushed with success, and not yet contented, she within a fortnight after sent again for the like sum, which James at that time happened not to have in the house: however, still fearful and cautious of a discovery, she sent her £5. The supposed wife of James How now died, and the same conscionable Mrs. Bentley now thought of some scheme to enlarge her demand: for this purpose she got two fellows to execute her plan, the one a mulatto, who was to pass for one of Justice Fielding's gang, the other to be equipped with a short pocket staff, and to act as constable. In these characters they came to the White Horse, and inquired for Mr. How,

who answered to the name ; they told her that they came from Justice Fielding to take her into custody for a robbery committed by her thirty-four years ago, and moreover that she was a woman. Terrified to the greatest degree on account of her sex, though conscious of her innocence in regard to the robbery, an intimate acquaintance, one Mr. Williams, a pawnbroker, happening to be passing by, she called to him, and told him the business those two men came about, and withall added this declaration to Mr. Williams : I am really a woman, but innocent of their charge. On this sincere confession he told her she should not be carried to Fielding, but go before her own bench of justices ; that he would just step home, put on a clean shirt, and be back in five minutes. At his departure, the two fellows threatened James How, but at the same time told her, that if she would give them £100, they would trouble her no more ; if not, she would be hanged in sixteen days, and they should have £40 a piece each for hanging her. Notwithstanding these threatenings she would not give them the money ; waiting with impatience till the return of Mr. Williams : on her denial, they immediately forced her out, and took her near the fields, still using the same threats ; adding with imprecations, had you not better give us the £100 than be hanged ? After a while they got her through the fields, and brought her to Garsick-hill to the house of the identical Mrs. Bentley, where with threats they got her to give a draft on Mr. Williams to Bentley, payable in a short time ; which, when they had obtained, they sent her about her business. Williams came back punctual to his promise, and was surprised to find her gone : he immediately went to the bench of justices to see if she was there, and not finding her, went to Sir John Fielding's, and not succeeding, came back, when

James soon after returned ; when she related to him all that had passed. The discovery was now public.

On Monday, July 14, 1766, Mrs. Bentley came to Mr. Williams with the draft, to know if he would pay it, being due the Wednesday after. He told her if she came with it when due, he should know better what to say ; in the mean time, he applied to the bench of justices for advice, and Wednesday being come, they sent a constable with others to be in the house. Mrs. Bentley punctually came for the payment of the draft, bringing with her the mulatto man, both of whom were taken into custody, and carried to the bench of justices sitting at the Angel in Whitechapel, where Mr. Williams attended, with James How, dressed in the proper habit of her sex, now again under her real name of Mary East. The alteration of her dress from that of a man to that of a woman appeared so great, that together with her awkward behaviour in her new assumed habit, it caused great diversion.

In the course of their examination Mrs. Bentley denied sending for the £100 ; the mulatto declared likewise, if she had not sent him for it he should never have gone. In short, they so contradicted each other, that they discovered the whole villainy of their designs. In regard to the ten pounds which Bentley had before obtained, she in her defence urged that Mary East had sent it to her. After the strongest proof of their extortion and assault, they were denied any bail, and both committed to Clerkenwell Bridewell to be tried for the offence : the other man made off, and was not afterwards heard of. At the following session the mulatto, whose name was William Barwick, was tried for defrauding the female husband of money, and was convicted : when he was sentenced to four years imprisonment, and to stand four times in the pillory.

During the whole of their cohabiting together as man and wife, which was thirty-four years, they lived in good credit and esteem, having during this time traded for many thousand pounds, and been to a day punctual to their payments : they had also by honest means saved up between £4000 and £5000 between them. It is remarkable that it has never there been observed that they ever dressed a joint of meat in their whole lives, nor ever had any meetings or the like at their house. They never kept either maid or boy ; but Mary East, the late James How, always used to draw beer, serve, fetch in and carry out pots herself, so peculiar were they in each particular.

ELIZABETH CANNING.

I WAS in London, says Voltaire, in the year 1753, when the adventures of Elizabeth Canning made so much noise. Elizabeth had quitted the house of her parents, and disappeared for a month ; when she returned thin, emaciated, and her clothes in rags—" Good God ! in what condition are you returned ! where have you been ? whence are you come ? what has befallen you ?" " Alas ! my dear aunt, as I passed through Moorfields, in order to return home, two strong ruffians threw me down, robbed me, and carried me off to a house ten miles from London." Her aunt and her neighbors wept at this tale. " Oh, my dear child ! was it not to the house of that infamous Mrs. Webb, that the ruffians conveyed you ? for she lives about ten miles from town." " Yes, aunt, it was to Mrs. Webb's." " To a great house on the right ?" " Yes, aunt." The neighbors then described Mrs. Webb ; and the

young Canning agreed, that she was exactly such a woman as they described her. One of them told Miss Canning, that people played all night in that woman's house; that it was a cut-throat place, where young men resorted to lose their money and ruin themselves. "Indeed it is a cut-throat place," replied Elizabeth Canning. "They do worse," said another neighbor; "those two ruffians, who are cousins to Mrs. Webb, go on the highway, take up all the pretty girls they meet, and oblige them to live on bread and water until they consent to abandon themselves to the gamblers in the house." "Good God! I suppose they obliged you, my dear niece, to live upon bread and water?" "Yes, aunt." She was asked, whether the ruffians had not offered violence to her chastity, and whether she had not been ruined? She answered; "That she had resisted them; that they beat her to the ground, and put her life in danger." Then the aunt and the neighbors began to cry out and weep.

They conducted the little girl to the house of one Adamson, who had been long a friend of the family; he was a man of fortune, and of great consequence in the parish. He mounted his horse, and took with him some friends, as zealous as himself, to reconnoitre the house of Mrs. Webb. On viewing the house, they thought there could be no doubt of the girl's having been confined there; and on perceiving an outhouse where there was some hay, they concluded that to have been the place of her confinement. The pity of the good man Adamson was excited; he described the place on his return, which Elizabeth acknowledged she had been confined in. He interested the whole neighborhood in her behalf, where a subscription was set on foot, in favor of a young woman so cruelly treated.

In proportion as Canning recovered her appear-

ance and beauty, the people grew warm in her interest. Mr. Adamson presented a formal complaint to the sheriff in behalf of injured innocence. Mrs. Webb, and all those who lived in her house, while tranquil and unapprehensive in the country, were arrested and thrown into a dungeon. The sheriff, in order to be the better informed of the truth of this transaction, commenced his proceedings by enticing amicably to him a young woman who was a servant to Mrs. Webb ; and engaging her by gentle words to say all that she knew. The servant, who had never seen or heard of Miss Canning, answered ingeniously at first, that she knew nothing of the person he spoke of. But when the sheriff told her, she must answer in a court, and that she would certainly be hanged if she did not confess, she said every thing he wished her to say. In short, a jury was assembled, and nine persons were condemned to be hanged.

The time drew near in which these nine persons were to be executed ; when the paper, called the *Session Paper*, fell into the hands of a philosopher, named Ramsay. He read the account of the trial, and found the whole of it absurd. He was moved with indignation ; and sat down to write a pamphlet, in which he stated it as a principle, that it is the first obligation of a juryman to be possessed of common sense. He showed, that Mrs. Webb, her two cousins, and the rest of the family, must have been different from the rest of mankind, if they obliged young girls to fast on bread and water with a view to prostitute them ; for, on the contrary, they should have dieted and dressed them well, in order to render them agreeable ; because, in all cases, merchants who have goods to dispose of, take care not to injure or tear them. He showed, that Miss Canning had never been at the house of Mrs. Webb,

and that she had only repeated the foolish things which her aunt had suggested to her, and that the good Mr. Adamson had, by the excess of his zeal, occasioned this extravagant prosecution: in short, that in all probability, the lives of nine of his majesty's subjects would be sacrificed, because Miss Canning was handsome and would tell falsehoods. The servant, who had been induced in an amicable manner, to say before the sheriff what was not true, could not safely contradict herself before the court. A person, who has given false testimony through passion or fear, commonly adheres to what he has said, and lies, from fear of passing for a liar.

It is in vain, said Mr. Ramsay, the law has ordained that two witnesses should be sufficient to prove a capital crime, and to take away the life of a citizen. If the Lord Chancellor and the Archbishop of Canterbury should swear that they have seen me assassinate my father and mother, and in half an hour eat them all for my breakfast, the Chancellor and the Archbishop should be put in Bedlam, rather than I should be burnt upon their evidence. If on the one hand a thing be impossible and absurd, and on the other there be ten thousand witnesses and a thousand reasoners, the impossibility of the thing should determine it against the evidences and reasonings. This little pamphlet opened the eyes of the sheriff and the jury. They were obliged to revise the proceedings. It was alleged, that Miss Canning was a little impostor, who had retired to lie in, while she pretended to have been in prison at Mrs. Webb's; and all the city of London, which had espoused her cause, was as much ashamed as it had been when a wag proposed to jump into a quart bottle, brought two thousand people to see the spectacle, carried off their money, and left them the bottle.

JENNY DARNEY.

AN inoffensive individual of the name of Jenny Darney is well known in the southern parts of the county of Cumberland. It has been impossible to ascertain any thing of her family, friends, or where she was born. The country people know her by the appellation of Jenny Darney, from the manner, I presume, in which she used to mend her clothes. Her present garb is entirely of her own manufacture. She collects the small parcels of wool which lie about the fields in sheep-farms, spins it on a rock and spindle of her own making ; and, as she cannot find any other method of making the yarn into cloth, she knits it on wooden needles, and by that means procures a warm, comfortable dress. In the lifetime of the late Charles Lutwidge, Esq. of Holm Rook, she took possession of an old cottage, or rather cow-house, on his estate, in which she has ever since been suffered to continue. Her intellect seems at certain times greatly deranged, but her actions are harmless, and her language inoffensive. On that score she is caressed by all the villagers, who supply her with eatables, &c. for money she utterly refuses. She seems a person, in her lucid intervals, of much shrewdness, and her understanding is much above the common level. This has also been improved by a tolerable education. Her appearance has been much the same for these twenty years, so that she must now be nearly ninety years of age ; but of this, as well as her family and name, she is always silent. She seems to have chosen out the spot where she now lives, to pass the remainder of her days unknown to her friends, and in a great measure from a distaste of a wicked world, to "prepare herself," as she often in her quiet hours says, "for a better."

MR. HOWE, THE ABSENT HUSBAND.

ABOUT the year 1706, I knew (says Dr. King) one Mr. Howe, a sensible, well-natured man, possessed of an estate of £700 or £800 per annum; he married a young lady of good family, in the West of England; her maiden name was Mallet, she was agreeable in her person and manners, and proved a very good wife. Seven or eight years after they had been married, he rose one morning very early, and told his wife he was obliged to go to the Tower to transact some particular business: the same day at noon, his wife received a note from him, in which he informed her that he was under the necessity of going to Holland, and should probably be absent three weeks or a month. He was absent from her *seventeen years*; during which time she never heard from him or of him. The evening before he returned, whilst she was at supper, and with some of her friends and relations, particularly one Dr. Rose, a physician, who had married her sister, a billet, without any name subscribed, was delivered to her, in which the writer requested the favor of her to give him a meeting the next evening in the Birdcage Walk, in St. James's Park. When she had read the billet, she tossed it to Dr. Rose, and laughing, said, "You see, brother, old as I am, I have a gallant." Rose, who perused the note with more attention, declared it to be Mr. Howe's hand writing: this surprised all the company, and so much affected Mrs. Howe, that she fainted away; however, she soon recovered, when it was agreed that Dr. Rose and his wife, with the other gentlemen and ladies who were then at supper, should attend Mrs. Howe the next evening to the Birdcage Walk: they had not been there more than five or six minutes, when

Mr. Howe came to them, and after saluting his friends and embracing his wife, walked home with her, and they lived together in great harmony from that time to the day of his death. But the most curious part of my tale remains to be related. When Howe left his wife, they lived in a house in Jermyn-street, near St. James's church : he went no farther than to a little street in Westminster, where he took a room, for which he paid five or six shillings a week, and changing his name, and disguising himself by wearing a black wig (for he was a fair man) he remained in this habitation during the whole time of his absence ! He had two children by his wife when he departed from her, who were both living at that time ; but they both died young in a few years after. However, during their lives, the second or third year after their father disappeared, Mrs. Howe was obliged to apply for an Act of Parliament to procure a proper settlement of her husband's estate, and a provision for herself out of it during his absence, as it was uncertain whether he was alive or dead ; this act he suffered to be solicited and passed, and enjoyed the pleasure of reading the progress of it in the votes, in a little coffee-house, near his lodging, which he frequented. Upon his quitting his house and family in the manner I have mentioned, Mrs. Howe at first imagined, as she could not conceive any other cause for such an abrupt elopement, that he had contracted a large debt unknown to her, and by that means involved himself in difficulties which he could not easily surmount ; and for some days she lived in continual apprehensions of demands from creditors, of seizures, executions, &c. But nothing of this kind happened ; on the contrary, he did not only leave his estate quite free and unencumbered, but he paid the bills of every tradesman with whom he had any dealings ;

and upon examining his papers, in due time after he was gone, proper receipts and discharges were found from all persons, whether tradesmen or others, with whom he had any manner of transactions or money concerns. Mrs. Howe, after the death of her children, thought proper to lessen her family of servants and the expenses of her housekeeping; and therefore removed from her house in Jermyn-street to a small house in Brewer-street, near Golden-square. Just over against her lived one Salt, a corn-chandler. About ten years after Howe's abdication, he contrived to make an acquaintance with Salt, and was at length in such a degree of intimacy with him, that he usually dined with him once or twice a week. From the room in which they ate, it was not difficult to look into Mrs. Howe's dining-room, where she generally sat, and received her company; and Salt, who believed Howe to be a bachelor, frequently recommended his own wife to him as a suitable match. During the last seven years of this gentleman's absence, he went every Sunday to St. James's church, and used to sit in Mr. Salt's seat, where he had a view of his wife, but could not easily be seen by her. After he returned home, he would never confess, even to his most intimate friends, what was the real cause of such a singular conduct; apparently there was none; but whatever it was, he was certainly ashamed to own it. Dr. Rose has often said to me, that he believed his brother Howe would never* have returned to his wife, if the money which he took with him, which was supposed to have been £1000 or £2000, had not been all spent; and he

* "And yet I have seen him, after his return, addressing his wife in the language of a young bridegroom. And I have been assured, by some of his most intimate friends, that he treated her, during the rest of their lives, with the greatest kindness and affection."

must have been a good economist, and frugal in his manner of living, otherwise his money would scarcely have held out; for I imagine he had his whole fortune by him—I mean what he carried away with him in money or bank-bills, and daily took out of his bag, like the Spaniard in *Gil Blas*, what was sufficient for his expenses.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE.

THE Roman Catholic Church has ever boasted of its miracles, and human credulity is still heavily taxed by the artful representation, or mistaken zeal of monks and bigots. We say mistaken zeal, for we are far from accusing the Roman Catholic Clergy of knowingly fabricating all the relations of pretended miracles; though this is not unfrequently the case.

The barefaced impostures of priests in former times, had become so notorious, as to throw a general discredit on all Catholic miracles, and hence they were not very frequent. They have lately, however, been revived in several instances, but in none so strikingly as in Prince Alexander of Hohenlohe, whose extraordinary feats in curing diseases, in all parts of the world, the newspapers are now recording.

This Prince, whose elder brother is now serving in the French army in Spain, is of one of the oldest families in Germany. His ancestors were among the first to embrace the reformed religion, but returned to the Catholic Church in 1667. In 1744, the houses of Hohenlohe were elevated to the rank of Princes of the holy Roman empire by Charles VII. They are divided into two reigning families,

or houses, viz. of Neuenstein and of Waldenburg ; to the latter of which the Rev. Prince Hohenlohe belongs. He is one of the canons of the noble Chapter of Olmutz, and a knight of Malta.

In June, 1821, Prince Hohenlohe visited Wurzburg, where he preached frequently, and celebrated high mass ; after which he commenced his miracles, which Father Baur, his biographer, thus briefly sums up :—

“ With perfect confidence he has restored persons declared incurable ; he has made the blind see—the deaf hear—the lame walk ; and paralytics he has perfectly cured. The number of these already amounts to *thirty-six* persons, amongst whom is the Princess Matilda of Schwartzenberg. Amongst others who have been restored to sight, the mother of Mr. Polzano, the man-milliner, deserves to be mentioned. She is the general subject of conversation throughout the city. By firm confidence in God, with God and in God, he performs these cures. *This is his secret, his magnetic power, and his sympathy.*”

Such miraculous doings naturally attracted a great concourse of people from town and country, and the house of the Prince was surrounded by thousands : the cures, which on the 27th of June amounted to thirty-six, had, on the following day, increased to sixty ; but the cure on which the Prince’s historian most dwells, is that of the Princess of Schwartzenberg, who had been lame from her eighth to her seventeenth year ; 30,000 florins had been spent in medical advice for her, and fourteen days before the Prince saw her, her life was despaired of :—

“ It was only,” says Father Baur, “ with the most violent pain that she could lie in a horizontal-position, and only by means of a machine, constructed by Mr. Heine, could she be something freer from

pain in bed ; because it supported her and brought her nearer to a perpendicular direction ; and in this state the Prince of Hohenlohe found her, where, praying with him and his disciple Martin Michel, and with full confidence in God, at his command to arise, she was instantly cured. She stepped out of bed alone, threw the machine from her, was dressed, and walked afterwards in the court-yard and in the garden, performed her devotions the next morning in the church, with praises and thanksgivings, visited the garden of the court and Julius' Hospital, and went on the 24th instant, in company with her Serene Highness the Princess of Lichtenstein, born Princess of Esterhazy ; his Serene Highness the Duke of Aremberg, also her uncle, his Serene Highness the Prince of Baar, and others, to the sermon of the Prince of Hohenlohe, in the Collegiate Church of Haug, and continues to this hour perfectly well."

"The public will do well to reflect on this," says Father Baur, "and the more so, as on the preceding day, as well as on the 20th of June in the morning, the Princess could neither turn herself in bed nor stand on either of her feet!!! The Crown Prince of Bavaria, who was deaf, was also restored to his hearing, on which he exclaimed, full of joy, 'How happy I am that I can now hear the birds sing, and the clock strike!'" Great gratifications certainly, but we should have thought there might have been higher pleasures derived from it.

When the Prince left Wurzburg for a short time for Bamberg, he met a great number of invalids on the roads ; "he stopped, got out of his carriage, and healed them." At Bamberg "he restored two sisters to the use of their limbs, who had not left their beds for ten years." The Rev. Mr. Sollner, of Hallstadt, "in the presence of a number of persons,

was cured of the gout as he sat in his carriage, and immediately alighted and went through the town on foot."

On the return of the Prince to Wurzburg, he continued his healing powers :—

"In the morning of Saturday, the 30th of June, a chaise drove up to Staufenberg's hotel. It was immediately conjectured that it brought some poor creature in need of help ; and actually, an old man, by trade a butcher, was carried out of it in sheets into the hotel ; for all his members were so crippled, that he could not be touched with hands. The crowd assembled in the place before the hotel, were astonished to see a person so extremely afflicted, and many said aloud,—' If this man is cured, the finger of God will be manifest.' The whole multitude were full of expectation for the event. After some time a lady was heard in the hotel, calling out of the window to those in the windows of the adjoining house—' Good God ! the man is cured ! he can walk already !' The crowd below were now more eager with expectation : when another lady called out to them—' Clear the way before the door, the man is coming out—let him have a free passage !' The man came out, and walked to his chaise ; but, after driving a little way, he stopped the coachman, and desired him to take him back to the gracious Prince, as, through excessive joy, he had forgotten to return him thanks."

The miracles of the prince do not stop here, for other remarkable cures follow :—

"The sister of Mrs. Brioli, the grocer, who lay under the physician's care almost dead, was healed on the spot, and now enjoys full health and vigor. Likewise on a bookkeeper of hers, a native of Volkach, whose speech was greatly affected by a disorder in his tongue, but who now speaks perfectly well.

“The child of Mr. Gulemann, who was attended by medical men, being entirely blind ; but restored on the spot, and to this hour remains blessed with perfect sight.

“A most remarkable case was the cure of the wife of the forester Kiesling, and that of the clerk of the courts, Mr. Kandler, who had almost given up all hopes of relief from physicians, and was perfectly healed of a lingering disease.

“Moreover, the daughter of Mel, the King’s cellarer, who was deaf ; she ran about the house, crying out for joy,—‘ I can hear perfectly well !’

“Previous to his departure on the 11th of July, his Serene Highness worked the following cures, among many others, which are certainly miraculous in their kind :

“A boy of four years old was brought from Grossenlangheim, who, for three years and a half had one of his eyes entirely covered by the eyelid, so that no one could tell whether the eye existed at all ; and his other eye was covered with a film. This boy was so perfectly restored by the prayers of the Prince, that both his eyes are now sound and well, and the same afternoon he went up and down all the steps of the Quanteischer House in this place.

“A wine-merchant came from Koningshofen, whose hands and feet had been for four years so much contracted, that his hands were fast clenched like a fist, and he could scarcely use them at all. This man was instantaneously restored, so that he can stand upright on his feet and walk, and also open and shut his hands, and enjoys the perfect use of them.

“A man from Schwemelsbach, who had not been able for eight years to raise himself once in his bed, was brought in a carriage before the residence of

the Rev. Prince, who was just about to begin a journey. The Prince was in the greatest haste, but still wished to relieve this afflicted man, and accordingly opened his window, and began to pray from it, desiring the sick to pray at the same time. After giving him his blessing, he called out to the man to arise. This he could not do, and the prayer was repeated, whereupon the sick man raised himself a little, and declared that he was quite free from pain. The prayer was again repeated, and then the man arose entirely by himself, got out of the vehicle, went from thence, to the Collegiate Church of Haug, and there returned thanks to God for his deliverance."

Such are a proof of the miracles related by Father Baur, in his life of Prince Hohenlohe. To those who are well read in the history of the Roman Catholic religion, these absurdities or known impostures will not excite much surprise. We do not mean to deny that imagination may have considerable influence on many diseases, but imagination will not give eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, or feet to the lame. Besides, with regard to the cures said to have been performed by the Prince, although we are told they are all well attested, yet there is not a single affidavit or attestation given. On the contrary, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Prince, the cure of the Princess of Schwartzenberg, is partially contradicted, at least, as to her debilitated state, by her medical attendant. The fact appears to be, that the Princess was so far recovered as to be able to walk before the Prince of Hohenlohe saw her. Mr. Heine, her surgeon, says, that "she was enabled to perform the full functions of the lower extremities, namely, the backward and forward steps in walking, without any difficulty;" and that this was her state the day before the Prince saw her, though, for fear

of overstraining, it was not thought advisable to encourage any desire to go alone. What, therefore, was there remarkable that, when encouraged, she should make the experiment of walking, and succeed.

It would far exceed the limits of our work to attempt to chronicle all the miracles said to be performed by the wonder-working Prince Hohenlohe ; in fact, no journal could keep pace with him, since to him time and distance are no obstacles ; for he can work miracles by the post, as well as when present—at least, so the Catholics assure us—nay, even a Protestant physician bears testimony to one of his cures—not, however, as a miracle, but as the effect of imagination. This was the case of a Miss Barbara O'Connor, a nun, in the convent of New-hall, near Chelmsford ; who had been attacked with a swelling in the thumb, which extended along the arm to the elbow, defying the most skilful treatment of the surgeons. At length Prince Hohenlohe was applied to. He writes a letter, telling the nun that at eight o'clock on the 3d of May, 1822, he will offer up prayers for her recovery, and bidding her pray at the same time. “ On the 2d of May,” says Dr. Badeley, “ I was requested to look at Miss O'Connor's hand and arm, which I found as much swollen and as bad as I had ever seen them. The fingers looked ready to burst, and the wrist was fifteen inches in circumference.”

The next day, Miss O'Connor went through the religious process prescribed by Prince Hohenlohe. “ Mass being nearly ended,” says Dr. Badeley, “ Miss O'Connor not finding the immediate relief she expected, exclaimed, ‘ Thy will be done, oh ! Lord ! thou hast not thought me worthy of this cure.’ Almost immediately after, she felt an extraordinary sensation through the whole arm to the end

of her fingers. The pain instantly left her, and the swelling gradually subsided; but it was some weeks before the hand resumed its natural size and shape."

Our next, and the last miracle we shall mention, rests entirely on the authority of a Catholic priest, and the world knows that things of this sort lose nothing in such hands. It is a letter from the Rev. Mr. O'Connor to Dr. Doyle, and we subjoin it without comment.

Maryborough, June, 1823.

MY LORD,

In compliance with your request, I send you a statement of the facts relative to Miss Lalor, which I have heard from others, and witnessed myself.

I am now in the house where she was first deprived of her speech. She is at present in the eighteenth year of her age; and as she is connected with most of the respectable Catholic families in this country, and has had frequent intercourse with them, her privation of speech during six years and five months, is established beyond contradiction. Her hearing and understanding remained unimpaired, and she carried a tablet and pencil to write what she could not communicate by signs.

Medical aid was tried by Dr. Ferris of Athy, and Surgeon Smith of Mountrath, but without effect. The latter gentleman (as a similar case never occurred in the course of his practice) resolved to have it submitted to the most eminent physicians in Dublin, eight of whom were consulted by him, and the result was, that no hopes could be entertained of her recovery. This decision was imparted by Dr. Smith to her father, apart from Mrs. and Miss Lalor; all which circumstances the doctor recollected on the 14th instant, when he saw Miss Lalor, heard her speak, and declared the cure to be miraculous.

You, my Lord, are already aware, that according to your directions, written to me on the 1st of June, I waited on Mr. Lalor, and communicated to him and to his family, all that you desired. They observed it with every exactness; and on the morning of the 10th instant, having heard Miss Lalor's confession by signs, and disposed her for receiving the holy communion, I read to her again from your lordship's letter, the directions of the Prince, namely, that she would excite within her a sincere repentance, a firm resolution of obeying God's commands, a lively faith, and unbounded confidence in his mercy, an entire conformity to his holy will, and a disinterested love of him.

I had previously requested the clergy of this district to offer up for Miss Lalor the holy sacrifice of the mass, at twelve minutes before eight o'clock in the morning of the 10th, keeping the matter a secret from most others, as you had recommended; however, as it transpired somewhat, a considerable number collected in the chapel, when my two coadjutors, with myself, began mass at the hour appointed. I offered the holy sacrifice in the name of the church. I besought the Lord to overlook my own unworthiness, and regard only Jesus Christ, the Great High Priest and Victim, who offers himself in the mass to his Eternal Father, for the living and the dead. I implored the Mother of God, of all the Angels and Saints, and particularly of St. John Nepomuscene; I administered the sacrament to the young lady, at the usual time, when she heard, as it were, a voice distinctly saying to her, "*Mary, you are well*"—when she exclaimed, "*O Lord, am I!*" and, overwhelmed with devotion, fell prostrate on her face. She continued in this posture for a considerable time, whilst I hastened to conclude the mass; but was interrupted in my thanksgiving im-

mediately after by the mother of the child, pressing her to speak.

When at length she was satisfied in pouring out her soul to the Lord, she took her mother by the hand, and said to her, "dear mother," upon which Mrs. Lalor called the clerk, and sent for me, as I had retired to avoid the interruption, and on coming to where the young lady was, I found her speaking in an agreeable, clear, and distinct voice, such as neither she nor her mother could recognise as her own.

As she returned home in the afternoon, the doors and windows in the street through which she passed were crowded with persons, gazing with wonder at this monument of the power and goodness of Almighty God.

Thus, my lord, in obedience to your commands, I have given you a simple statement of facts, without adding to, or distorting what I have seen and heard, the truth of which, their very notoriety places beyond all doubt; and which numberless witnesses, as well as myself, could attest by the most solemn appeal to heaven. I cannot forbear remarking to your lordship, how our Lord confirms now the doctrine of his church, and his own presence upon our altars, by the same miracles to which he referred the disciples of John, saying, "Go tell John the dumb speak," &c. as a proof that he was the Son of God who came to save the world.

I remain your lordship's dutiful and affectionate servant in Christ,

N. O'CONNOR.

*To the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle,
Old Derrig, Carlow.*

CHEVALIER D'EON.

THE Chevalier d'Eon, who was well known in London, was employed on diplomatic missions, and figured in some affairs of honor, passed many years of his life as a female. The Chevalier was born at Tounerre in Burgundy, in 1728, and when of a proper age, was, through the interest of the Prince of Conti, presented with a cornetcy of dragoons. He was afterwards employed as Secretary of Legation, in important embassies to Russia and England; and served as aide-de-camp to Marshal Broglio on the Rhine: he acquitted himself so well on these several occasions, as to be invested with the order of St. Louis, by the French King.

It was about the year 1771, that doubts first publicly arose in England as to the sex of the Chevalier d'Eon, although it had previously been the subject of conversation at St. Petersburg. The English, who wish to decide every disputed point by a wager, made the Chevalier's sex a sporting subject. Considerable bets were laid, and gambling policies of insurance to a large amount were effected on his sex. In 1777, an action was brought on one of these before Lord Mansfield, for the recovery of £700. The plaintiff was a surgeon, of the name of Hayes, and the defendant, Jaques, a broker, who received premiums of fifteen guineas, for every one of which he engaged to return £100, whenever it should be proved that the Chevalier was a woman. The plaintiff brought two French witnesses, who swore that the Chevalier was a female. Lord Mansfield reprobated the transaction, but held the wager fair; in consequence of which, a verdict was given for the plaintiff. The matter was afterwards solemnly pleaded before his Lordship, when the defendant

pleading the act of parliament, which rendered legally null all gambling debts above ten pounds, the insurers in this shameful transaction were deprived of their expected gains.

The Chevalier was now regarded as a woman, and accused of being an accomplice in these gambling transactions, and a sharer of the plunder, he was compelled to leave England.

He however previously published the following letter in the newspapers :—

“ By an article of advice (or caution) inserted in the Morning Post of the 13th and 14th November, 1775, Nos. 951 and 952, I had most earnestly desired the public of England, who have always testified their benevolence towards me, not to renew any policy on my sex. I declared that I would not manifest it juridically, while any policies were made, and till the old ones were annulled : but, if that was impossible, I should be obliged to retire from this country, that I esteemed as next to my native one.

“ The avidity that my enemies have proved for money, the *auri sacri fames* that possess them, has unhappily prevailed. They have not only renewed the old policies, but they have also obtained, on Tuesday, the first of July last, a judgment at the tribunal of the King’s Bench to decide my sex.

“ In consequence, I keep, with regret, my word with the public : I leave, with pain, my dear England, and where I believed I had found tranquillity and liberty, to retire to my native country, to be near to an august master, whose protection and goodness will prove a greater assurance of tranquillity than all the Magna Chartas of this island.

“ If the parties, interested and losing in those policies, would take my advice, I would counsel them not to pay any thing yet ; because the judgment of the King’s Bench, where they have decided

the question of my sex, was given without my being privy to it, and against my consent ; because I will oppose myself to that judgment when the tribunal of the King's Bench shall have resumed their sittings, and that the King, my master, will permit me to return to England. It will then be the proper time and place to offer all my reasons against the three witnesses who gave evidence on my sex.

“ I had rather perish than be triumphant from the weakness of the sex imputed to me. I have never made use of aught but my quality of Captain of dragoons to combat my enemies, when they have had the heart. How sad for me to have had to do, since my misfortunes in England, with only a set of avaricious wretches and poltroons ? My sex was never inquired into when I was sent to fight and negotiate with the enemies of my country. I am always unus et idem.

“ Being unwilling to abuse the public patience, though on the eve of my departure, and that it will very likely be for the last time, I here declare authentically, that, if any one, whether in France or in England, can convict me, in any court of justice, of being interested for a single shilling in any one or more policies, I will distribute all I am worth in the world to such hospital or charity that the said tribunal shall indicate. “ Le Chev. D'EON.”

London, 10th Aug. 1777,
Brewer-street, Golden-square.

On his return to France, we find him confirming the rumours against him by assuming the female dress. In excuse for this, it was said that this was not a matter of choice, but insisted on by the French court. The female garb once assumed was never relinquished.

In 1785 the Chevalier returned to England, living

on his pension, until deprived of it by the French Revolution. In 1795, he issued an advertisement, in which the Chevalier d'Eon states, "That at the age of sixty-eight, she embraces the resource of her skill, and long experience in the science of arms, to cut *her* bread with her sword, and instead of idly looking up for support from professed friends, she relies on the liberality of Britons at large, to protect an unfortunate woman of quality from the 'stings and arrows of outrageous fortune' in a foreign land, and in the vale of years."

The appeal was not made in vain, the Chevalier, who was well skilled in fencing, opened an Academy, and "cut *her* bread with *her* sword," until the year 1810, when the Chevalier died; and *her* friends were for the first time enabled with full confidence to say to all the world, "THIS WAS A MAN."

JOHN MACKAY, THE FATALIST.

THE subject of the following melancholy tale has long ceased to exist, and there is not in the place of his nativity a being who bears his name. The recital will, therefore, wound the feelings of no one, nor will it disturb the ashes of the dead, to give to the world the story of his madness, rather than his crime.

The name of John Mackay appears on the criminal records of the town of Belfast, in the north of Ireland. He was the murderer of his own child. It is unnecessary to dwell on the character of this unhappy man; suffice it that, from early education, and deeply-rooted habits, he was a fatalist. An enthusiastic turn of mind had been warped into a superstitious dread; and the fabric that might have been

great and beautiful, became a ruin that betokened only death and gloom. Yet in his breast the Creator had infused much of the milk of human kindness, and his disposition peculiarly fitted him to be at peace with all men. The poison had lain dormant in his bosom, but it rankled there. Domestic sorrows contributed to strengthen his gloomy creed; and its effects were darker as it took a deeper root. Life soon lost all its pleasures for him; his usual employments were neglected; his dress and appearance altered; his once animated countenance bore the traces of shame or guilt; and a sort of suspicious eagerness was in every look and action.

He had an only child; one of the loveliest infants that ever blessed a father's heart. It was the melancholy legacy of the woman he had loved; and never did a parent doat with more affection on an earthly hope. This little infant, all purity and innocence, was destined to be the victim of his madness. One morning his friend entered his apartment, and what was his horror at beholding the child stretched on the floor, and the father standing over it, his hands reeking with the blood of his babe. "God of heaven!" exclaimed his friend, "what is here?" Mackay approached, and calmly welcomed him, bidding him behold what he had done. His friend beat his bosom, and sunk on a chair, covering his face with his hands. "Why do you grieve?" asked the maniac; "why are you unhappy? I was the father of that breathless corpse, and I do not weep; I am even joyful when I gaze on it. Listen, my friend, listen; I knew I was predestined to murder, and who was so fit to be my victim as that little innocent, to whom I gave life, and from whom I have taken it? He had no crime to answer for; besides, how could I leave him in a cold world, which would mock him with my name?" Even before the commission of

the crime, he had sent to a magistrate, whose officers shortly entered, and apprehended him. He coolly surrendered himself, and betrayed no emotion; but he took from his bosom a miniature of his wife, dipped in the blood of his babe, and, without a sigh or a tear, departed. It was this circumstance that made many loath him, and created against him a sentiment of general abhorrence; but when he afterwards, in prison, declared to his friend the storm of passions to which that horrid calm succeeded—that he had torn his hair until the blood trickled down his forehead, while his brain seemed bursting his skull; his friend was satisfied, and still loved him. In the prison he was with him: though all others deserted him, he pitied and wept. Still, even to the last, he believed he had but fulfilled his duty in the death of his child; and often when he described the scene, and told how the infant smiled on its father at the moment he was prepared to kill it, lispng his name as the weapon was at its throat, he would start with horror at his own tale, and curse the destiny which had decreed it, but always spoke of it as a necessary deed. The time appointed for his trial approached; he contemplated it without dread, and talked of the fate that awaited him without a shudder. But his friend had exerted himself to procure such testimony of the state of his mind, previous to his committing the dreadful act, as to leave little dread of the result; yet he feared to awaken hopes in the unhappy prisoner which might be destroyed, and never mentioned it to him.

The morning of his trial arrived; he was brought to the bar; his hollow eyes glared unconsciously on his judge, and he gave his plea, as if the words “not guilty” came from a being without life. But his recollection seemed for a moment to return; he opened his lips and gasped faintly, as if he wished

to recall them. The trial commenced, and he listened with the same apathy; but once betraying feeling, when he smiled on his friend beside him. The evidence had been heard; the jury had returned to their box, and were about to record a verdict of insanity, when a groan from the prisoner created a momentary pause, and he dropped lifeless in the dock. He had for some minutes shadowed his countenance with his hand, and no one but his friend perceived its dreadful alteration. He attributed it to the awful suspense of the moment, the agony between hope and despair. Its cause was a more awful one;—he had procured poison, had taken it, and with an almost superhuman strength, had struggled with its effects until he fell dead before the court. He was buried in the churchyard of his native village, where a mound of earth marked his grave, but there was neither stone nor inscription to preserve the name of one so wretched.

HELEN OLIVER, THE RUSTIC D'EON.

IN the spring of 1822, a female was discovered to have been working for some time as a plasterer, in a man's dress. The following detailed account of this eccentric character, is given in the Glasgow Chronicle:—

She belonged originally to Saltcoats, is about twenty-seven years of age, and for better than four years she has, of her own free choice, worn the attire, and discharged the laborious duties, of one of the male sex. Her real name is Helen Oliver; but she has assumed the name of her brother John. About six years ago, while she was a maid servant in a farm house in West Kilbride, a particular inti-

macy took place between her and a person in a neighboring house, who officiated as ploughman. Being frequently seen walking together in quiet and sequestered places, they were regarded as lovers ; ultimately, however, this "ploughman" turned out to be also a female ; and it is believed by Helen's relatives and acquaintances, that it was the arguments of this personage which induced her to abandon the female dress and duties. Upon Sunday, the 4th of January, 1818, while in her parent's house at Saltcoats, she requested her mother to give her her "wee cutty pipe," and she would give her two new ones in exchange. To this unusual demand the mother, after some questions, assented ; and Helen immediately afterwards began to write a letter, which, in answer to an inquiry from her parent, she said was to inform the people in Greenock, to whom she was hired as a servant, that she would not be with them for some time, for several reasons she then alleged. Early on the following morning, Helen helped herself to a complete suit of her brother's clothes and disappeared, without giving the least intimation of her future prospects, or where she intended to fix her residence. Dressed in her new attire, she reached the house of a cousin in Glasgow on the same day. Her relative was not sufficiently intimate with the person of the fair impostor to detect the fraud. Never doubting in the least that she was "the real John Oliver," among other inquiries for absent relatives "sister Helen" was not forgotten. A plasterer stopt at the time in her cousin's house, and she resolved to learn that business. Accordingly she went for trial to a person in the Calton ; but having fallen out with her master, she left the town. She then went to Paisley, where she wrought for about three months, and she was next employed for about half a year in

Johnstone. There, either for amusement, or to prevent suspicion, and ensure concealment, she courted a young woman, and absolutely carried the joke so far as to induce the girl to leave her service to be married. Travelling one night between Johnstone and Paisley, she was accosted by a lad from Saltcoats, who was intimate with her person, parents, and history; and in consequence she removed to Kilmarnock, where she remained six months. Besides the places already mentioned, she has been in Lanark and Edinburgh, working always at plastering, except a short time she was employed by a Glasgow flesher, about the Bell-street Market.—A variety of circumstances have frequently impelled this rustic D'Eon to change, not only her master and house of residence, but also the town in which she was comfortably employed, particularly as she was often, or rather almost always, obliged to board and share her lodgings with some neighbor workman; and though for obvious reasons she seldom detailed more of her previous history than mentioned the towns she had visited and the masters she had served, yet some sagacious females have been known to declare that “Johnnie must have been a sodger or a sailor,” because “when he likes himself he can brawly clout his breeks, darn his stockings, mak' his ain meat, and wash his ain claise.” At the beginning of February last, Helen applied for employment to a master plasterer in Hutchesontown. She said she was seventeen years of age, and stated that she and a sister were left orphans at an early age; urged her forlorn condition, and that having already had some practice, she was very anxious to be bound an apprentice, that she might obtain an ample knowledge of the business. Eventually she was employed, and though she had the appearance of a little man, she was in reality a tall

woman, being about five feet four inches high. By no means shy of a lift, times without number she has carried the heavy hod full of lime for the Irish laborer in attendance. Steady, diligent, and quiet, she gave her master every satisfaction, and he, considering her rather a delicate boy, feelingly kept her at light ornamental work, and paid her seven shillings a week. Some time since a workman was employed by the same master, to whom Helen was intimately known. The master having learned the facts of the case, placed her apart at work from the men, and took a favorable opportunity to speak with her. She indignantly denied her metamorphosis, offered to produce letters from her sister, declared that she was a freemason, and besides had been a flesher, a drummer in the Greenock volunteers, and made a number of statements with a view to escape detection. One day, an Irishman, with characteristic confidence, sprang upon the heroine, hugged her like a brother bruin, and cried in his genuine Doric, "Johnny, they tell me you're a woman, and dang it, I mane to know, for I love a pruty girl." The agile female extricated herself in an instant, and with a powerful kick drove him from her; at the same time exclaiming, with an oath, she would soon convince him she was not a woman. Ultimately, however, the truth was wrung from her, and she has consequently left the town. She writes a good hand, and previous to her departure, she addressed a card to her master, in which she bade him farewell, and requested him not to make much talk about Helen Oliver.

PRINCESS CARABOO.

SOME few years ago, a singular female impostor appeared, and attracted great attention at Bath and Bristol. She was supposed to be some Eastern Princess, who had either been wrecked on our coast or put on shore, but as she did not speak any language that was known here, her history was not easy to come at. Dr. Wilkinson, of Bath, very humanely interested himself in her behalf. As she could write, pen, ink, and paper were furnished her, and she wrote a letter which was sent to one or both of the Universities to decipher, but without effect. At length it was discovered that Miss Caraboo was a Devonshire girl, who had in her life "played many parts."

The following account of her early life, and the ballad, will we are assured be acceptable to our readers :—

This girl was born at Witheridge, in Devonshire, in the year 1792. From a very early age, she was accustomed to roaming about. Her mother taught her to spin wool, and obliged her to work as much as she could, and in the season she was employed in weeding in the corn fields; but Mary evinced strong inclination to follow the occupations and amusements of a boy. When fatigued, she would go into the water. Her mother being uneasy at her way of life, procured her a place of service at Exeter; but she soon left it, and commenced in earnest the life of a wandering mendicant. Sometimes she met with encouragement, and sometimes with rebuffs; but she soon acquired a habit of tearing her clothes to tatters, and to appear as miserable as possible. In a word, she became a proficient in

all the artifices, and was exposed to all the vicissitudes of the trade she had chosen.

From Exeter she wandered to Taunton, sleeping under hayricks and in barns, always exciting compassion rather than importuning for alms. In this way Mary's stars guided her to Bristol a few years ago. When she had expended all the money she had collected on the road, she applied to the *Strangers' Friend Society*; but an inquiry having been set on foot as to her character and history, she deemed it prudent to decamp, and set off for London.

On the road she was taken ill, and the future Princess of Javasu, was conveyed in a humble waggon to St. Giles's hospital, where she was confined a considerable time with a frenzy fever. Her youth and engaging manners induced the chaplain of the institution to commiserate her forlorn situation, and he humanely procured her a situation, as servant in a family, with whom she remained three years; but her mistress being very strict, and refusing to allow her as much liberty as she wished, Mary packed up her little wardrobe, and bade her mistress farewell.

She now assumed the male attire, and procured a place as *footman*; and in this disguise she actually lived in her native place, close to her father's house, without exciting the least suspicion, having acquired the art of altering her features so completely that no one knew her.

After residing at Witheridge some time, she removed to a neighboring village; but being sent with a message during the deep snow about three years before, she was overwhelmed, and lay buried all night. In the morning she was benumbed and insensible. The removal of her wet clothes discovered her sex, and she was obliged to leave the place, and set out in pursuit of new adventures.

This young woman is the same person who, a

few years previous, passed with some respectable families in Ayrshire, in the west of Scotland, under the name of *Mrs. Mackrinkan*.

CARABOO—A NEW BALLAD.

Respectfully inscribed to Dr. W——n, of Bath.

O BRISTOL, 'mongst numerous evils,
 Thou hast always been prone to a *hoax*,
 Witness *Lukin*, from whom went seven devils,
 The *Haystack*, and *Chatterton's* jokes ;
 But, guided by fashion and science,
 What could tradesmen and simple folks do ?
 Can we wonder they plac'd such reliance
 On the tale of the sweet Caraboo !

To have *seen* her—in *that* there was danger—
 The Doctor's *account* must content us ;
 'Tis well while we burn'd for the stranger,
 That her shy and coy mien would prevent us ;
 But her sufferings we prize at a high rate,
 When England first meeting her view,
 She swam *many leagues* from a pirate,
 Who threat'ned the chaste Caraboo.

Did she leave her fine garments behind her,
 When she plung'd in the sea in a huff ?
 Or did those who first happen'd to find her,
 Meet the beautiful creature *in buff* !
 She breasted thy waves, Bristol channel,
Sans petticoat, stocking, or shoe,
 'Till landed, a *Fay* brought her flannel,
 'Steard of fig leaves, for poor Caraboo.

By the same more than mortal director,
 A "*couch*, in a *cottage*" was shewn her ;
 In she popp'd, and there met a protector—
 She *couldn't* ask leave of the owner !

Such eyes, nose and chin, and complexion,
 Apelles of old never drew ;
 Venus' self had not won his affection,
 Had he seen thy " *sweet smile,*" Caraboo

But oh ! every passionate lover
 Thanks his stars 'tis *not often* he can die.
 When he finds the fair pilgrim discover
 Such aversion to *men* and to *brandy*.
 By *signs* were her wishes unravell'd,
 Or by *words* not unlike the *Hindoo* ;
 No interpreters ever had travell'd
 To the land which produced Caraboo.

Then she wrote such a delicate hand,
 In style not unlike *European*—
 But the characters none understand,
 Nor the wisest of linguists agree on ;
 Blant Oxford knew nothing about it—
 Learned Raffles was posed with it too—
 The Doctor alone didn't doubt it,
 That thou wrot'st *heathen Greek*, Caraboo.

Once a week she climb'd up to the attic,
 (*Allah Tallah* said this must be done)
 There worshipp'd with fervour ecstatic,
 The rise and the fall of the sun :
 Of a gold chain she seem'd to declare,
 Round the neck of one *Jessee Mandue*,
 Of the Isle *Javasu* the Lord Mayor,
 And the father of dear Caraboo.

She fences with " dagger and sword"—
 As to trinkets she has but a few on ;
 Though she carries a magical " chord,"
 " Not unlike the Chinese *suon-puon.*"

None can harbor the slightest suspicion
 But apathy's niggardly crew ;
 By the India House soon a provision
 Will be made for the lorn Caraboo.

As the food of her country was fish,
 With them she was fed without grudging ;
 Every day brought her favorite dish,
 And she fed a good while upon *gudgeon* ;
 A scar on her back, after stripping,
 (Haply done by an Indian *tattoo*)
 Was seen—who shall say 'twas a whipping
 Thus flayed thy nice skin, Caraboo ?

One morning when gorged to the full,
 She stole from her cage like a squirrel,
Glumdalclitch ne'er griev'd for her gull—
 Like the gull of all gulls, Mrs. W—rr—ll.
 "Hue and cry—search the whole of the nation ;
 "She's stol'n by some *Macratoo* !
 "I've lost my outlandish *Circassian*—
 "O ! where, and O ! where's Caraboo ?"

To Bath, unassisted and single,
 Having *guess'd* the right way, she had hied her ;
 The scar on her back 'gan to tingle,
 As the *tail of a cart* pass'd beside her ;
 In *this*, with the *English* tongue gifted,
 Her journey she *begged* to pursue ;
 In the cart she was instantly lifted—
 But the man never *touched* Caraboo.

The Doctor has giv'n us the sequel—
 At Bath how she ask'd for her tea ;
 Her story can scarce find an equal
 If she really did figure a tree ;

Here the lady of Knowle overtook her—
 What a scene it presented to view !
 How she griev'd that she ever forsook her !
 How repentant was poor Caraboo !

“ Truth will out,” says the saw, “ in the end ”—
 So she told them the whole imposition ;
 How she dup'd “ her benevolent friend,”
Bamboozling the learn'd Physician.
 The Doctor now says, “ D—l take her !
 “ The *journal* is none of it true—
 “ Caraboo is become Mary Baker !
 “ And I shall be dubb'd Caraboo.”

THE OVERJOYED BARBER.

THE following instance of mischievous imposition may be depended on as a fact, having occurred a few years ago. On the drawing of one of the large prizes, some person who was in the hall, and knew the disposition of a poor barber, who belonged to a lottery club at Limehouse, the numbers of their tickets, &c. immediately set off to make a false report of their good fortune, which was performed with so much plausibility, that the breaking of all the things in the barber's shop (before determined on, in case of good luck) was directly put in practice ; and, as the populace were invited to assist in this rude demonstration of joy, a fire was made before the door, where wig-blocks, band-boxes, &c. &c. were actually burning, before the fraud was discovered. A public-house would have been opened, if the landlord had not been rather incredulous. The author of this sport took care to withdraw before its conclusion.

THOMAS PETT, THE MISER.

THOMAS PETT, who died in Clifford's Passage, on the 2d of JUNE, 1803, was a native of Warwickshire. At the age of ten years he came to London with a solitary shilling in his pocket. As he had neither friends nor relations in the capital, he was indebted to the humanity of an old woman, that sold pies, for a morsel of bread, till he could procure himself a crust. In the course of a few days he was engaged as an errand-boy by a tallow-chandler. Mrs. Dip, a lady of London mould, however, could not reconcile herself to his rustic manners and awkward gait; so that she dismissed him one cold winter's evening, with this observation, "Your master hired you in my absence, and I'll pack you off in his." The good husband did not desert Tom; he found him out, and bound him apprentice to a butcher, in the Borough of Southwark. He behaved so well during his apprenticeship, that his master recommended him, when he was out of his time, to a brother of the cleaver in Clare-market, as a journeyman. Tom's maxim was, that honesty was not the shortest road to wealth, but that it was by far the surest. For the first five years he was engaged at twenty-five pounds a year, meat and drink. The accumulation of money, and the abridgement of expense, were the two sole objects of his thoughts. His expenses were reduced to these three heads, lodging, clothing, and washing: as to the first, he fixed on a back room on the second floor, with one window, that occasionally admitted a straggling sunbeam. As to dress, every article was second-hand, nor was he choice in the color or quality; jocosely observing, when he was twitted on his garb, that, according to Solomon, there was

nothing new under the sun ; and that, as to color, it was a mere matter of fancy ; and that that was the best which stuck longest to its integrity : then, as to washing, he used to say a man did not deserve a shirt that would not wash it himself ; and that the only fault he had to find with Lord North was the duty he imposed on soap. There was one expense, however, that lay heavy on his mind, and which robbed him of many a night's sleep, and that was shaving ; he often lamented that he had not learnt to shave himself ; he used to console himself by hoping, that beards would one day be in fashion, and that even the Bond-street loungers would be driven to wear artificial ones. He made a promise one night when he was very thirsty, that as soon as he had accumulated a thousand pounds, he would treat himself to a pint of porter every Saturday. Fortune soon put it in his power to perform this promise, and he continued to observe it till the additional duty was laid on porter ; he then sunk to half a pint, as he thought that sufficient for any man that did not wish to get drunk, and, of course, die in a workhouse. If he heard of an auction in the neighborhood, he was sure to run for a catalogue, and when he had collected a number together, he used to sell them for waste paper. When he was first told that the Bank was restricted from paying in specie, he shook loudly, as Klopstock the poet says ; took to his bed, and could not be prevailed on to taste a morsel, or wet his lips, till he was assured that all was right. On Sundays, after dinner, he used to lock himself up in his room, and amuse himself with reading an old newspaper, or writing rhymes, many of which he left behind him on slips of paper. The following will serve as a specimen of his talents in this way :—

On hearing that Small-beer was raised.

They've rais'd the price of table drink;
 What is the reason, do you think?
 The tax on malt, the cause I hear:
 But what has malt to do with table-beer?

He was never known, even in the depth of the coldest winter, to light a fire in his room, or to go to bed by candlelight.

He was a great friend to good cheer at the expense of another. "Every man," said he, "ought to eat when he can get it—an empty sack cannot stand."

If his thirst at any time got the better of his avarice, and water was not at hand, he would sometimes venture to step into a public-house, and call for a penny-worth of beer. On trying occasions, he was always sure to sit in the darkest corner of the tap-room, in order that he might drink in every thing that was said with thirsty ear. He was seldom or ever known to utter a word, unless Bonaparte or a parish dinner were mentioned, and then he would draw a short contrast between French kickshaws and the roast beef and plumb-pudding of Old England, which he called the staple commodity of life. Once on a time he was prompted, by what demon I cannot tell, to purchase a *pint* of small beer; but the moment he locked it up in his closet, he repented, tore the hair out of his wig, and threw the key out of the window, lest he should be tempted, in some unlucky moment, to make too free with it.

Thus far of the life of Thomas Pett, whose pulse, for the last twenty years of his life, rose and fell with the funds; who never lay down or rose that he did not bless the first inventor of compound interest; whose constant saying was, "that gold was the clouded cane of youth, and the crutch of old age;" who, for forty-two years, lived in Clare-market as a

journeyman butcher ; who lodged thirty years in one gloomy apartment, which was never brightened with coal, candlelight, or the countenance of a visitant ; who never treated man, woman, or child, to a glass of any kind of liquor ; who never lent or borrowed a penny ; who never spoke ill or well of any one ; who never ate a morsel at his own expense ; who never said a civil thing, as far as is known, to that part of the creation which renders life tolerable ; who would not trust a washerwoman with a pocket-handkerchief ; who looked on all mankind to be fools, or mad, who did not pile up yellow dirt ; and who wanted to bargain for a coffin half an hour before he died.

About three days before his dissolution, he was pressed by his mistress to make his will, which he at last reluctantly assented to, observing, as he signed his name, that it was a hard thing that a man should sign away all his property with a stroke of a pen.

He left £2,475 in the three per cents, to distant relations, not one of whom he had ever seen or corresponded with.

The following list of his wearing apparel, &c. was taken after his death by a wag in the neighborhood.

An old bald wig.

A hat as limber as a pancake.

Two shirts that might pass for fishing-nets.

A pair of stockings embroidered with threads of different colors.

A pair of shoes, or rather sandals.

A bedstead instead of a bed.

A toothless comb.

An almanack out of all date.

A gouty chair and a leafless table.

A looking-glass that had out lived reflection.

A leathern bag, with a captive guinea, &c. &c.

EDWARDS, THE WELCH CONJURER.

At the Flintshire Great Sessions in April, 1818, a trial came on which exhibited a singular instance of superstition and imposture. The prosecution was Edward Pierce against John Edwards, for obtaining money under false pretences.

The nature of the case will be best understood from the evidence.

Edward Pierce examined by Mr. Temple.—I live at Llandyrnog, in the county of Denbigh. I saw John Edwards at his own house, called Berth-ddu, in the parish of Northop, in the month of April, 1815. I understood I had been put in Fynnon Elian; I mean my name had been put in. I thought something was the matter with me. I saw every thing going cross. I was informed that John Edwards pulled people out of the well; I went to him in order to be pulled out. I told him something was the matter with me. He immediately observed my name was put in Fynnon Elian. I trembled! He said it was not then a fit time to take my name out, but desired me to wait till the next full moon, when he would take me out. He requested me in the interim to read the following Psalms: 6, 7, 20, 68, 109, and 118; afterwards he would let me know when to go to Fynnon Elian, as there were other people to go with us—it was absolutely necessary to go there. I went to his house in May following, to inquire about the proper time to go to the well. He said he would go on the following Sunday, and desired me to meet him at St. Asaph. We met there at seven o'clock on the Sunday evening; it was then full moon. Edwards fixed the day. When I saw him at St. Asaph, he desired me to go on one side with him to pay the money, which he said was

to be given to the woman of the well, for taking my name out ; he said, if I paid him, my name would be taken out ; I was to pay 15s. ; but I told him I had only 14s. 6d. by me, which he accepted. He then engaged to take my name out, and pay the money to the woman of the well. He told me, that in consequence of having my name taken out, I should have my health and authority as I wished to have ; I am sure he told me so ; I paid the money in order that my name might be taken out. John Edwards, myself, and two other men on the same business, then started for the well ; we arrived there from 12 to half-past 12 on Sunday night ; I never saw the well before ; Edwards called me to the well, and showed it me ; we went to a stile near the well ; he bid us three go over and remain there till he fetched the key from the house where the woman of the well lived. He told me he would then pay the woman ; he did not say where the house was ; the well was inside a fence ; I did not see a key ; there was no door on it to my knowledge. Edwards was absent about 10 minutes ; when he returned he desired one of the men to follow him ; one of the strangers went with him ; they were absent about a quarter of an hour or 20 minutes ; when the man returned, I went in his stead. I found Edwards at the well ; he bid me stand on one side of the well, and say the Lord's Prayer ; I did so ; he then emptied the well with a small wooden cup ; when emptying it, he prayed to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ; the well then filled again. He then put some water into the cup, and desired me to drink some of it, and throw the remainder over my head ; he said I must do so three times ; I complied : after this, Edwards said, now we will look for your name. He put his hand a little above, near where the water goes into the well ; he found something immedi-

ately, and said, "Here is something," which he gave to me. He desired me to put my hand in. I did so, but could find nothing. What he gave me was a piece of slate, a cork, a piece of sheet-lead, rolled up and tied together with a wire. I did not open it till I got home; it was in my possession till then. When I opened the sheet-lead, I found a piece of parchment inside, with the letters E. P. upon it; there were also some crosses. It was too dark to read at the well. When Edwards gave it me, he said he thought it was my name, and said every thing would be right and go on well with me, and that I should come on better than usual. I gave the slate, &c. to Mr. Edward Thelwell; I had them in my possession till then.

After some other witnesses were examined, Mr. Manley addressed the Jury on behalf of the defendant, but called no witnesses.

The Chief Justice then proceeded to sum up the evidence, and animadverted much on the enormity of the offence.

The Jury, after a few minutes' deliberation, found the defendant guilty.—He was then remanded and ordered to be brought up for judgment the following day; when the court intimated, that the offence of which he had been convicted subjected him to transportation; but in consideration of its being the first offence, and of his imprisonment since last Great Session, sentenced him to be confined in the county gaol for twelve calendar months.

JOSEPH STRONG, THE BLIND MECHANIC.

MR. JOSEPH STRONG, of Carlisle, who was living in 1780, and had been blind from his infancy, followed the business of a diaper-weaver, and was allowed, even by people of the same occupation, to be not only a good but an expeditious workman. He lived to be somewhat advanced in years, but his mechanical abilities were not impaired in any considerable degree. In the exercise of these, besides making almost every article of household furniture, he constructed various pieces of machinery; one of which was the model of a loom, and the figure of a man working it. As an appendage, he added a brace of puppets, representing two women buffeting each other, or, as he interpreted them to his visitors, "boxing for the web."

At different times he dressed himself with articles entirely the work of his own hands. The instances of his admirable execution are too various to be enumerated here.

To show his strong propensity to produce, by his own ingenuity and labor, whatever he thought worthy of possessing, we shall add the following circumstances:

When he was about fifteen years of age, he concealed himself one afternoon in the cathedral during the time of service; after which, the congregation being gone, and the doors shut, he got into the organ loft, and examined every part of the instrument. This had engaged his attention till about midnight, when, having satisfied himself respecting the general construction; he proceeded to try the tones of the different stops, and the proportion they bore to each other. This experiment was not to be con-

ducted in so silent a manner as his former inquiries. In short, the noise alarmed the neighborhood of the church, and the circumstance of the organist having died a short time before, and no successor having been appointed, caused great consternation in the ears of all who heard it.

After some deliberation, a party, less intimidated than the rest, summoned resolution enough to enter the church at that tremendous hour; and Joseph, not less confounded than his unexpected visitors, was obliged to abandon his studies for that time. The next day he was taken before the Dean, who, after reprimanding him for the steps he had taken to gratify his curiosity, permitted him to visit the organ at all seasonable times. In consequence of this he set about making a chamber organ, which he completed without the assistance of any person.

He sold this instrument to a person in the Isle of Man, who afterwards removed to Dublin, where it was considered as a great curiosity.

Soon after his disposing of that he made another, upon which he played for his amusement and devotion; having a set of chaunts (his own composition) which he frequently used as a religious exercise, and to which he joined long and irregular lines, expressive of various devotional subjects.

He walked from Carlisle to London to visit Mr. Stanley, the celebrated organist and composer; on which occasion he made, for the first time, a pair of shoes.

ROYAL IMPOSTORS.

FROM the earliest period to the present time impostors of every description have arisen. To trace them through the various scenes of life would

be an endless task. Some have boldly aspired to thrones and dominions, and others have been contented with the humblest tricks of imposition or legerdemain. We might enumerate the regal impostors, the usurper, the courtier, the gambler, the quack, the swindler, &c. ; and under each classification detail the various species of imposture practised on society ; but we shall now simply confine ourselves to *Royal* impostors. For this purpose we need only advert to a few instances to prove the credulity of mankind, when impudence and hypocrisy have blinded the understanding.

From Smerdis the Magian to the present period many daring impositions have been practised on society. Some of them, either from the cunning and duplicity of the impostor, or the ignorance and credulity of men, have been peculiarly successful in transmitting the fruits of their fraud and imposture : such was the notorious Mahomet. Others, of subordinate importance, have emerged from obscurity ; and, after disturbing the repose of society by a few plausible pretensions, like meteoric exhalations, have suddenly disappeared ; or have otherwise been consigned to the ignominy they deserved. Of this latter class were, Demetrius of Russia, Pugatskef the Cossack, Symnel and Perkin Warbeck of England, the pretended Louis XVI. &c. &c.

We shall commence with Smerdis, as being the most daring impostor of early times. Cambyses, the King of Persia, murdered his brother Smerdis, from jealousy and suspicion. At his departure from Susa on his Egyptian expedition, he left the administration of affairs, during his absence, in the hands of Patisithes, one of the chief of the Magi. This man had a brother extremely like Smerdis the brother of Cambyses. As soon as Patisithes was assured of the death of that prince, which had been

concealed from the public, he placed his own brother on the throne, declaring him to be the true Smerdis, the son of Cyrus. Cambysis immediately gave orders for his army to march from Egypt, and cut off the usurper ; but receiving a wound in the thigh from his own sword, at Ecbatana, he died soon after. Before his death he represented the true state of the case to the assembled chiefs of the Persians, earnestly exhorting them not to submit to the impostor who had usurped the empire. The Persians, supposing he stated all this through hatred to his brother, disregarded his request, and quietly submitted to him whom they found on the throne, supposing him to be Smerdis the true son of Cyrus. He reigned for some months in undisputed sovereignty, until he was discovered to be Smerdis the Magian by the loss of his ears, of which he had been ignominiously deprived.

The success of that notorious impostor Mahomet is too manifest at this day to enter into the least detail. He has transmitted the fruits of his daring hypocrisy and fraud to posterity, and they are likely to remain as perpetual mementos of the most impudent imposture that ever ruled the destinies of mortals.

In 1605 an impostor in Poland pretended that he was Demetrius, the son of John Basilowitz, Grand Duke of Muscovy. He was the cause of a sanguinary war betwixt Poland and Muscovy. He stated that he was to have been murdered by the order of Boris Gudenow, who hoped to obtain the succession to the empire after the death of Theodore, the eldest son of the said John Basilowitz ; but that another had been killed in his stead. This person having received great encouragement from George Mniszeck, the Vayvod of Sendomir, promised to marry his daughter. On this assurance,

Vayvod, with the assistance of some other Polish lords, raised an army that marched with Demetrius into Muscovy. The Grand Duke Boris Gudenow dying soon after, Demetrius was warmly received by the Russians, and, after having subdued those who opposed him, he was proclaimed Grand Duke of the city of Moscow. His conduct soon rendered him odious to the Russians, he was suspected to be an impostor, and they secretly raised an army of 20,000 men. At the celebration of his nuptials, they suddenly attacked the castle, and cut to pieces Demetrius, and a great number of Poles who had escorted the bride. After the death of Demetrius, Basilius Zuski was proclaimed Grand Duke in the public market, where he caused the usurper's body to be exposed to public view. Notwithstanding this (such is the credulity of mankind), a rumour prevailed that Demetrius had escaped the slaughter; and shortly after another individual appeared, who pretended to be the same. The Poles acknowledged him for Demetrius, and having formed a great army, marched against the Russians. They several times defeated Zuski, and set at liberty the captive bride of Demetrius, who acknowledged him for her husband. After much blood had been shed in various battles, this daring and successful impostor was slain by the Tartars who composed his guard.

During the reign of Catherine II. of Russia, Pugatskef, a Cossack, was induced, in consequence of his personal resemblance, to assume the name of Peter III. who had been privately murdered by his queen. He raised a revolt, which for some period threatened serious consequences, and even made Catherine herself to tremble. However, at the end of the year 1774 he was captured, and put to death.

Great Britain has not been exempt from impostors of the same description, though of less con-

sequence. In the reign of Henry VII. Lambert Symnel, son of a baker, assumed the name and person of Edward, Earl of Warwick, and caused himself to be proclaimed King in Ireland. This imposture was contrived by a priest, and encouraged by Margaret, the widow of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, sister to Edward IV. Symnel transported an army out of Ireland into England. Being signally routed by Henry, he was taken prisoner, and made a turnspit in the king's kitchen.

In the year 1491, Margaret, dutchess dowager of Burgundy, set up another impostor, whose name was Perkin Warbeck, who pretended to be Richard, a younger son of King Edward IV. He possessed talent much superior to his predecessor Symnel, and managed the business so well, that he caused a considerable sensation in England. However, the Scotch, who supported him, having been defeated, Warbeck fled into Cornwall, and there caused himself to be proclaimed King; but receiving little support, he was compelled to surrender himself, when he was committed a prisoner to the Tower. Having twice made attempts to escape, he was at length hanged, according to his demerits.

After the fatal expedition of Sebastian, the youthful King of Portugal, to Morocco, in 1578, a bold adventurer aspired to the throne. He took the advantage of assuming Sebastian's name, in consequence of a similarity of features. Like his deceased sovereign, he had but one eye. He gained numerous partisans, which enabled him, for some time, to carry on perpetual contests with Henry the uncle of Sebastian. At last he received the reward of his deserts.

In descending to our own times, we have a recent instance of ridiculous imposture, in the person of Mathurin Bruneau, the pretended Dauphin of

France. His pretensions were prompted more by folly and puerile vanity, than cunning design, or studied hypocrisy. Although the strongest symptoms of insanity frequently betrayed his actions, he had the power of imposing on the credulity of numbers. Had he possessed intellect or energy, a serious commotion, excited by designing villains or credulous fools, might possibly have ensued. Fortunately his conduct in the court of justice evinced undoubted signs of idiotcy. On being sentenced to a fine and imprisonment, he impudently replied, "I am not less what I am." The process against this impostor induced a person named Sieur Dufresne to assume the title of Charles Navarre. He insisted on an audience with the King, and in this attempt was apprehended. He was discovered to be mad, and accordingly sent to Charenton, the Bedlam of Paris.

FRANK HALS, THE PAINTER.

AMONG the many painters the city of Mechlin has produced, none excelled Mr. Frank Hals, who was born there, in 1584. He was a pupil of Charles Van Mander, and applied himself to the study of nature, as to find no competitor, except Vandyke, whom he equalled in every thing, but clearness and delicacy of coloring.

While Mr. Hals resided at Haerlem, Vandyke went purposely to visit him, and calling, as if by accident, to view his pictures, desired to sit for his portrait, which, as he had only two hours to stay, must be painted immediately.

Hals immediately began with his usual rapidity, and succeeded so well, that he desired Vandyke to

view his progress ; which he did, and observed to him that painting seemed so easy, that he thought he could paint a portrait himself ; and desiring Hals to give him the pallet and pencils, begged him to sit, which he complied with, and in a quarter of an hour he produced a sketch, which threw the artist into such an extasy, that he rapturously exclaimed, it could only be Vandyke himself who had honored him with a visit.

Mr. Frank Hals in his life and manners, was unfortunately (for himself) as dissipated as he was excellent in his profession ; he was almost every night in a state of intoxication at some neighboring tavern, whence it became regularly the business of his pupils to conduct him home to bed.

In this state of inebriety he would frequently fall to prayers, which were so loud as to be heard all over the house ; his ejaculations often concluded with " Oh, Lord, take me quickly to thy highest heaven."

The pupils, among whom was that excellent artist, Adrian Brouwer, having determined on a joke at the expense of their master, contrived so to fix some ropes under his bed, as in the midst of his prayer to draw him to the ceiling ; which Hals perceiving, he roared out lustily, " Not quite so soon, Oh Lord ! I shall be glad to stay here a little longer." He was afterwards heard to pray ; but never expressed a wish to be taken hence so suddenly.

This celebrated painter was much entreated by Vandyke to visit England ; but his unhappy turn for indolence prevailed over his interest, and he died in indigence at the age of eighty, leaving a numerous family, all painters and musicians.

ANNE MOORE, OF TUTBURY.

THIS vile impostor, who pretended she could live without food, was born at Royston, near Ashborn, in the county of Derby, in the year 1761. Her parents were poor, and of the name of Peg. At the age of twenty-seven she married James Moore, a laborer, with whom she soon parted, after which she had two children by her master, a boy and a girl.— About the beginning of 1807, when residing at Tutbury, a village in Staffordshire, she first excited public attention, by declaring she could live without food. An assertion so repugnant to reason and nature was of course rejected. She therefore offered to prove the truth of her assertion by submitting to be watched for a considerable time.

In order to satisfy the public, she was removed from her home to the house of Mr. Jackson, grocer, of the same village, and all the inhabitants were invited to join in watching her. A Mr. Taylor, surgeon, superintended the watching, which continued sixteen days, during which time she was allowed a little water, on the three first days. When the watch had ended, she was removed to her own house; and Mr. Taylor published an account, declaring that she had lived for thirteen days, without taking any food, liquid, or solid. This account, so attested, was believed by numbers, who flocked to see her, and few visited her without leaving some proof of their credulity or pity. By this means she collected about £250.

Though the declaration of the persons who formerly watched her, had obtained considerable credit, yet there were many who thought her an impostor, and demanded that she should be again watched. A committee was formed of the neighboring clergy

men and magistrates, who met on Tuesday, the 20th of April, 1813; and the time it was determined she should be watched was fixed at one month, to which she at last was obliged to assent.

Her bed was filled with chaff, and the clothes examined in the presence of the committee. The watch entered on their office at two o'clock on Wednesday. She received the watches with as much good manners as she was capable of, though she had been crying bitterly before they came. The first watch, which continued four hours, was begun by Sir Oswald Mosley and the Rev. Leigh Richmond, and followed by several other gentlemen. At the end of seven days the public was informed that she had during that time taken no food whatever. Great confidence was now expressed by her advocates that she would endure the ordeal with credit. But when the machine for weighing her was put under the bed, it was found that she lost weight rapidly. At last, on the ninth day, she insisted upon the watches quitting the room, declaring that she was very ill, and that her daughter must be sent for. She was now greatly reduced, and the watches who attended her were much alarmed, lest she should expire, and apprehensive of being implicated in the charge of murder, they quitted the room, and admitted the daughter, who administered what she thought proper, when the mother began to recover.

One remarkable circumstance was, that on Friday, the 30th of April, after the watch broke up, she desired to take a solemn oath that she had not, during the time she was watched, taken any food whatever; which oath was administered unto her. This she did in hope, notwithstanding all, still to impose upon the public. But as her clothes gave evidence

against her, to her utter confusion, she was brought at last to make the following confession :—

“I, Anne Moore, of Tutbury, humbly asking pardon of all persons whom I have attempted to deceive and impose upon, and above all, with the most unfeigned sorrow and contrition, imploring the divine mercy and forgiveness of that God, whom I have greatly offended, do most solemnly declare, that I have occasionally taken sustenance for the last six years.

“Witness my hand, this fourth day of May, 1813.

“The mark ✕ of ANNE MOORE.”

The above declaration of Anne Moore, was made before me, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Stafford.

THOMAS LISTER.

Witness of the above declaration and signature of my mother Anne Moore,

MARY MOORE

This impostor was committed to prison, February, 1816, for falsely collecting money under the pretence of charity.

MR. JOSEPH CAPPER.

MR. JOSEPH CAPPER, who died in August, 1804, was, perhaps, the most eccentric character living since the celebrated miser, Elwes. He was born in Cheshire, of humble parents: his family being numerous, he came to London at an early age (as he used to say) to shift for himself, and was bound apprentice to a grocer. Mr. Capper soon manifested great quickness and industry, and proved a

most valuable servant to his master. It was one of the chief boasts of his life, that he had gained the confidence of his employer, and never betrayed it. Being of an enterprising spirit, Mr. Capper commenced business as soon as he was out of his apprenticeship, in the neighborhood of Rosemary-lane. His old master was his only friend, and recommended him so strongly to the dealers in his line, that credit to a very large amount was given to him. In proportion as he became successful, he embarked in various speculations, but in none was so fortunate as in the funds. He at length amassed a sum sufficient to enable him to decline all business. Mr. Capper, having now lost his old master, was resolved to lead a sedentary life. This best suited his disposition; for, although he possessed many amiable qualities, yet he was the most tyrannical and overbearing man living, and never seemed so happy as when placed by the side of a churlish companion. For several days he walked about the vicinity of London, searching for lodgings, without being able to please himself. Being one day much fatigued, he called at the Horns at Kennington, took a chop, and spent the day, and asked for a bed in his usual blunt manner; when he was answered in the same churlish style by the landlord, that he could not have one. Mr. Capper was resolved to stop, if he could, all his life, to plague the growling fellow, and refused to retire. After some altercation, however, he was accommodated with a bed, and never slept out of it for twenty-five years. During that time he made no agreement for lodging or eating, but wished to be considered as a customer only for the day. For many years he talked about quitting this residence the next day. His manner of living was so methodical, that he would not drink his tea out of any other than a favorite cup. He was equally par-

ticular with respect to his knives and forks, plates, &c. In winter and summer he rose at the same hour, and when the mornings were dark, he was so accustomed to the house, that he walked about the apartments without the assistance of any light. At breakfast he arranged, in a peculiar way, the paraphernalia of the tea-table, but first of all he would read the newspapers. At dinner he also observed a general rule, and invariably drank his pint of wine. His supper was uniformly a gill of rum, with sugar, lemon-peel, and porter, mixed together; the latter he saved from the pint he had at dinner. From this economical plan he never deviated. His bill for a fortnight amounted regularly to £4 18s. He called himself the Champion of Government, and his greatest glory was certainly his country and king. He joined in all subscriptions which tended to the aid of government. He was exceedingly choleric, and nothing raised his anger so soon as declaiming against the British constitution. In the parlor, he kept his favorite chair, and there he would often amuse himself with satirizing the customers, or the landlord, if he could make his jokes tell better. It was his maxim, never to join in general conversation, but to interrupt it, whenever he could say any thing ill-natured. Mr. Capper's conduct to his relations was exceedingly capricious; he never would see any of them. As they were chiefly in indigent circumstances, he had frequent applications from them to borrow money. "Are they industrious?" he would inquire; when being answered in the affirmative, he would add, "Tell them I have been deceived already, and never will advance a sixpence by way of loan, but I will give them the sum they want; and if ever I hear they make known the circumstance, I will cut them off with a shilling." Soon after Mr. Townsend became landlord of the

Horns, he had an opportunity of making a few good ready-money purchases, and applied to the old man for a temporary loan :—" I wish (said he) to serve you, Townsend ; you seem an industrious fellow ; but how is it to be done, Mr. Townsend ? I have sworn never to lend, I must therefore give it thee ;" which he accordingly did the following day. Mr. Townsend proved grateful for this mark of liberality, and never ceased to administer to him every mark of comfort the house would afford ; and what was, perhaps, more gratifying to the old man, he indulged him in his eccentricities. Mr. Capper was elected a steward of the parlor fire ; and if any persons were daring enough to put a poker in it without his permission, they stood a fair chance of feeling the weight of his cane. In summer time, a favorite diversion of his was killing flies in the parlor with his cane ; but, as he was sensible of the ill opinion this would produce among the bystanders, he would with great ingenuity introduce a story about the rascality of all Frenchmen, " whom," says he, " I hate and detest, and would knock down just the same as these flies." This was the signal for attack, and presently the killed and wounded were scattered about in all quarters of the room. This truly eccentric character lived to the age of seventy-seven, in excellent health ; and then died suddenly. In his boxes were found £100 in bank notes, a few guineas, a great many government securities, and a will, which the parties present proceeded to read. It was curiously worded and made on the back of a sheet of banker's checks. It was dated five years back, and the bulk of his property, which was then upwards of £30,000, he left equally among his poor relations. The two nephews were nominated executors, and were bequeathed between them £8000 in the three per cents. What has become of all the property which has

been accumulating since the will was made, does not appear. From Mr. Capper's declarations in his life time, there was reason to suppose he had made another will, as the one found did not appear to be witnessed.

SAMUEL STRETCH, THE MISER.

IN November, 1804, there died at Madeley, in Staffordshire, Mr. Samuel Stretch, aged 72, who may with justice be ranked in the catalogue of eccentric misers. He was a native of Market Drayton, in that county, and the early part of his life was spent as a private in the army, in which capacity he experienced some service, in fighting the battles of his country. For a length of time he resided in an obscure dwelling at Madeley, into which he did not for many years admit either male or female; it was indeed a dwelling of complete wretchedness. It was about fifteen years before that he purchased a load of coals, a part of which were left at the time of his death. His chief employ was to go about to the adjacent towns, carrying letters and small parcels, and doing errands for his neighbors. His person bespoke the most abject penury; he usually appeared in an old slouched hat and tattered garments, scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness, with a ragged bag hung over his shoulder, in which he mostly carried a little parsley, or some other kind of herb, the produce of his garden: these he generally offered as a present at the different places where he had to do business; and when accepted, he took care to deal them out with a very sparing hand. This show of generosity, together with his eccentric dress and conversation, usually produced

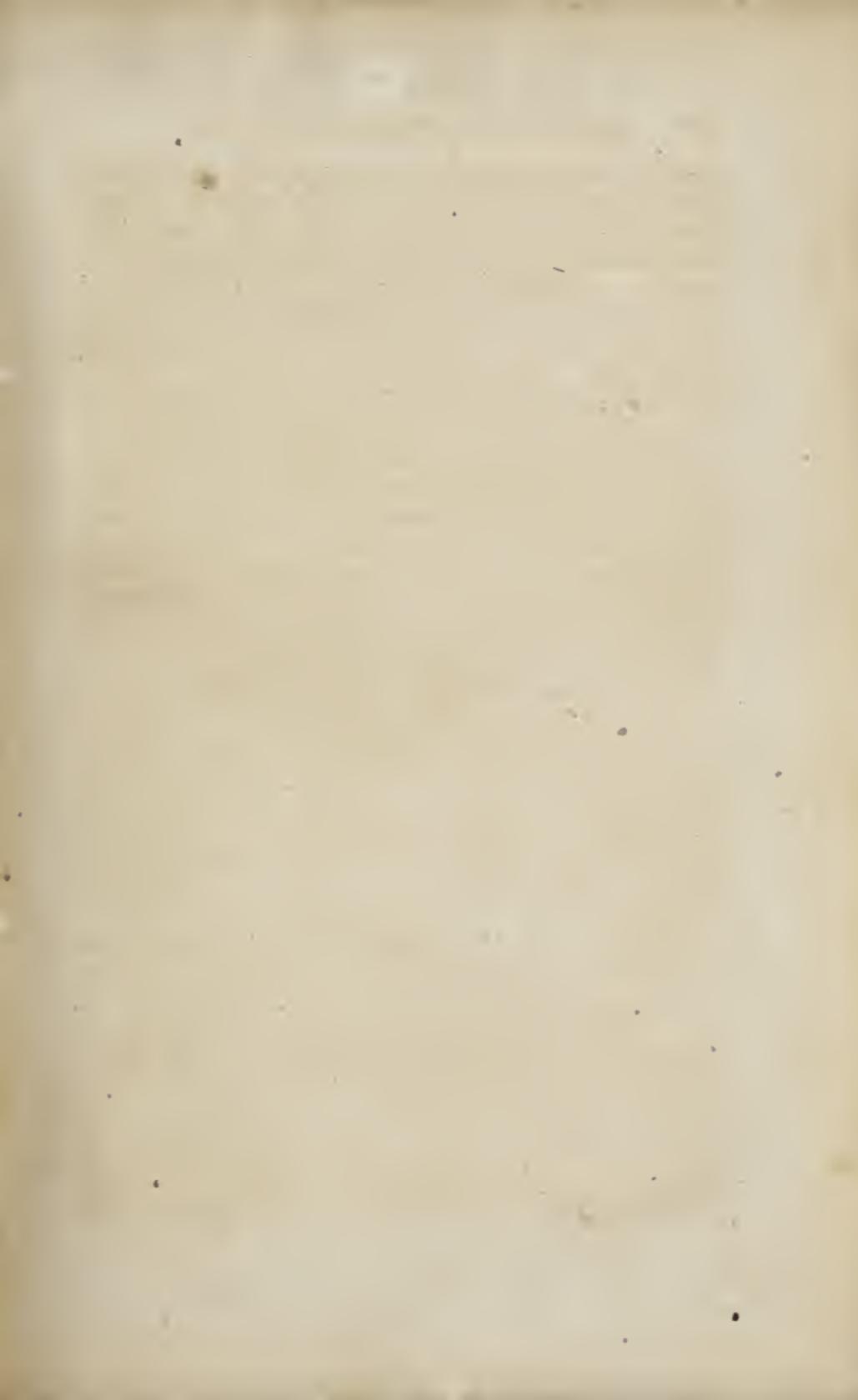
him a tenfold return. On searching his tattered satchel after his death, it was found to contain old bones and shoe soles, pieces of paper, &c. which articles he usually collected in his peregrinations. His stock of linen consisted of two old shirts and a pair of sheets; in his hat were found several articles of silver plate, &c. His death was occasioned by a violent cold, brought on by his falling into a ditch in a state of intoxication on his return from Newcastle the Saturday preceding. By his penurious disposition he had amassed a considerable sum of money, (exclusive of a loss of £500 which he experienced a few years before) a part of which he left to purchase an additional bell for the church at Madeley, and an annual salary for it to be rung every night at nine o'clock during the summer months, and at eight during the winter; a chandelier for the church; a bell for the use of the free school; £5 per annum towards the organist's salary for that place, and a like annual amount for the Drayton organist; a further sum to be applied to the enlarging and repairing the Madeley almshouses, and clothing and educating two poor children, until of a proper age to be put apprentice; and to his relations, TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE EACH.

OLD BOOTS.

NEVER, certainly, were the nose and chin of any human being on more friendly terms than those of Old Boots. This singular individual lived at an Inn at Rippon, in Yorkshire, in the humble but useful capacity of boots; and though his singular appearance subjected him to a thousand jokes, yet poor

Boots good naturedly bore them all ; particularly (which was frequently the case) when they were paid for by a present of money. Many a thrifty traveller was led to crack a joke on Boots' nose, and then present him with sixpence or a shilling to place between it and his chin, and thus go whistling out of the room. Eating would almost seem to have given Boots some difficulty ; but on such occasions, the two prominent features of his face were very accommodating, and by distending his mouth pretty wide, he could contrive at any meal to introduce in a short time a pound of bacon, with a due proportion of bread, beer, and vegetables. He was, however, an inoffensive creature, kind to his equals, and humble to his superiors, which made poor Boots a great favorite with all the visitors at the inn, where he long lived, and died.

THE END.



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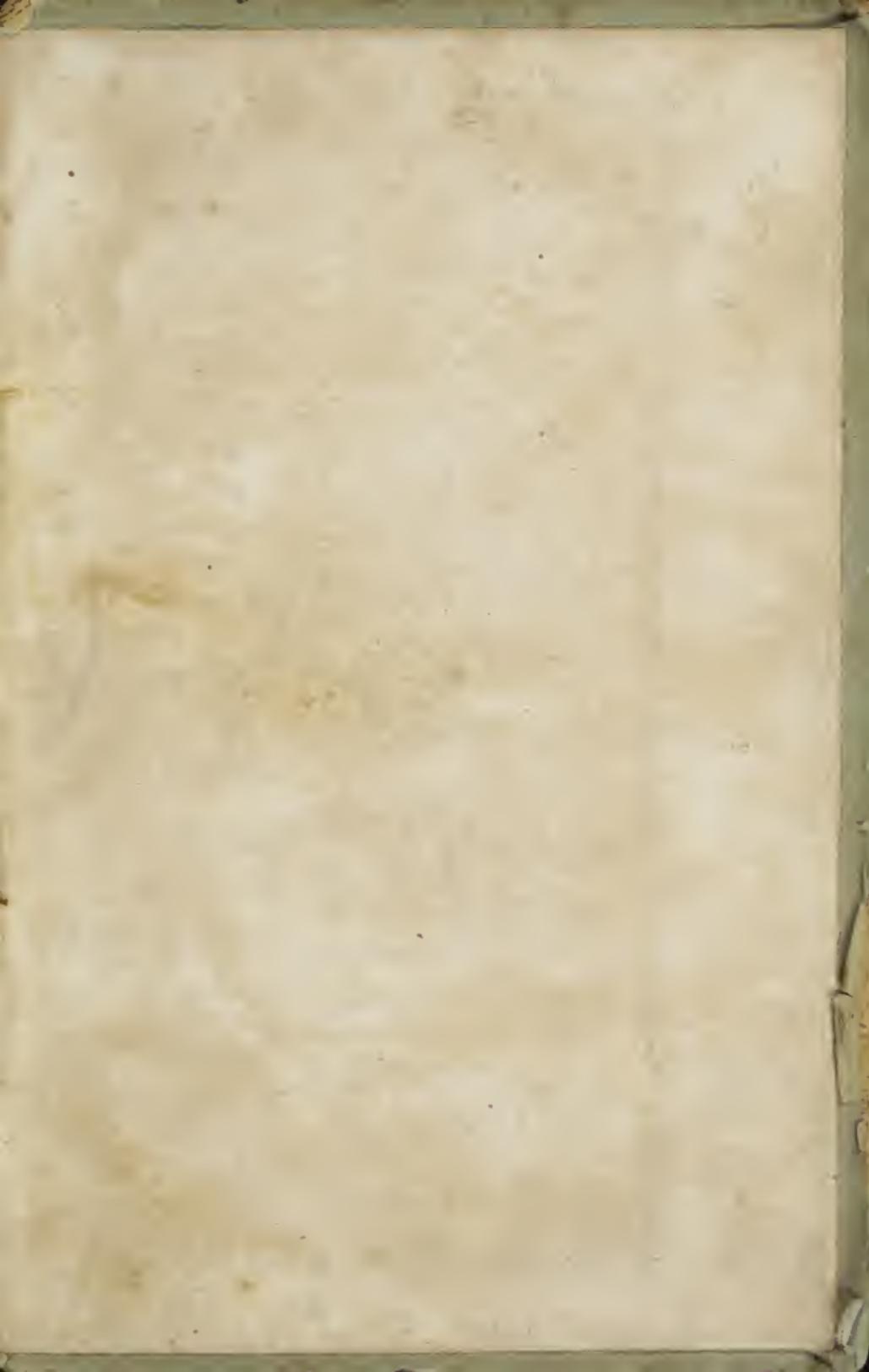
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