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them an account by what stratagem he had obtained all his finery, and what success he had had with it, which he did; after which he asked Sir William if he had not bestowed half a crown that morning on a beggar, and about noon relieved a poor unfortunate shoemaker; "I remember," replied Sir William, "that I bestowed such alms on a poor ragged wretch." "Well," says Mr. Carew, "that poor ragged wretch was no other than the supercargo now before you." Sir William scarcely crediting this, Mr. Carew withdrew, and putting on the same rags, came again with the same piteous moan, the same dismal countenance, and the same deplorable tale as he had done in the morning, which fully convinced Sir William that he was the same man, and occasioned no little diversion to the company.

It was about this time the good old king of the gipsies, named Clause Patch, finished a life of true glory, being spent in promoting the welfare of his people. A little before his death, finding his final dissolution approach, he called together all his children, to the number of eighteen, and summoned as many of his subjects as were within any convenient distance, being willing that the last spark of his life should go out in the service of his people.

The venerable old king was brought in a high chair, and placed in the midst of them, his children standing next to him, and his subjects behind them.—For some time the king of the mendicants sat contemplating the emotions of his subjects, then bending forwards he thus addressed them: "Children and friends, or rather may I call you all my children, as I regard you all with a paternal love, I have taken you from your daily employments, that you may all eat and drink with me before I die; but before you depart, the books shall be examined, and every one of you shall receive, from my private purse, the same sum that you made by your business this day of the last week: let not this act of generosity displease my hearers—it is the last waste I shall make of their stores; the rest of what I die possessed is theirs of right, but my counsel, though directed to them only, shall be a public good to all. The good success, my dear children, with which it has pleased heaven to bless my industry in this our calling, has given me the power of bestowing one hundred pounds on each of you—a small fortune but improveable; and is of more use, as it is a proof that every one of you may gain as much as the whole, if your own idleness or vice prevent not: mark by what means! Our community, like people of all other professions, live upon the necessities, the passions, or weakness of their fellow-creatures. The two great passions of the human breast are vanity and pity; both these