

and sent messengers to every part; till, at the expiration of a year and a half, his heart melted with tenderness, and he repaired to his father's house at Bickley, in Devonshire. Disguised both in habit and countenance, he was not at first known; but when he discovered himself, joy gushed out in full streams, stopping the power of speech: they bedewed his cheeks with tears, and imprinted them with their kisses.

For some time unsatisfied longings after the community of gipsies preyed on his mind; long did filial piety and his inclinations struggle for the victory; at length the last prevailed. One day, therefore, without taking leave of any of his friends, he directed his steps towards the Brick-house, at Tiverton, when finding some of the gipsies there, he joined their company, to the great satisfaction of them all.

Being again admitted at the first general assembly of the gipsies, he was soon after sent out on a cruize upon their enemies. The first efforts that occurred to his thoughts were, the equipping himself with an old pair of trowsers, enough of a jacket to cover his nakedness, stockings such as nature gave, shoes which had leaks enough to sink a first-rate man-of-war, and a woollen cap so black, that one might safely swear it had never been washed. He became now nothing more nor less than an unfortunate shipwrecked seaman. In his first excursion he gained a very considerable booty, having imitated the passes and certificates that were necessary for him to travel unmolested, and proceeded to Totness, and from thence to the city of Exeter, where he raised a contribution in one day amounting to several pounds.

He next became the plain, honest, country farmer, who, living in the Isle of Sheppy, in Kent, had the misfortune to have his grounds overflowed, and all his cattle drowned. His habit was neat, but rustic; his air and behaviour simple and inoffensive; his speech in the Kentish dialect; his countenance dejected; his tale pitiful; his wife and seven tender helpless infants being partakers of his misfortunes; in short, never did actor personate any character more just, seldom getting less than a guinea a day.

He once gave a handsome gratuity to an expert and famous rat-catcher (who assumed the honour of being rat-catcher to the King), to be initiated into that art, and the still more useful secret of curing madness in dogs or cattle.

Our hero soon attained so considerable a knowledge in his profession, that he practised with much success and applause, to the great advantage of the public.

Forming a new stratagem, he exchanged his habit, shirt, and all, for only an old blanket; shoes and stockings he laid aside, because they did not suit his present purpose. Being