

supplied him with when he sailed for Maryland. In a little time Sir William came to him again, with his brother, Mr. Henry Courtney, who conducted him into a noble parlour, where was a great company of fine ladies sitting, whom our hero accosted with all that respect which is ever due to beauty and merit. Sir William then asked him jocosely, if he could find out which was his dove. He knew some of the ladies there; and that, unless his judgment deceived him, such a lady (singling out one of them) was the happy person. "You are right," replied Sir William, "this is my turtle dove." Sir William then put a piece of money into his hat, as did Mr. Courtney, and then bid him go round to the ladies, which he did, addressing them in a very handsome manner, and, we need not add, gathered a plentiful harvest.

The next day, at Moll Upton's, in Newton Bushel, he met a sister of that order of mendicants; and he having an inclination to pay a visit to Sir Thomas Carew's, at Hackham, soon made agreement to change habits for that day. The barber was then sent for, to make his beard as smooth as his razor could make it; and his hair was dressed up with ribbons. Thus metamorphosed, our hero sets out, having a wand in his hand, and a little dog under his arm. Being come to Sir Thomas Carew's, he rushes into the house without ceremony, demanding his rent in an imperious tone. None of the men servants being in the way, the women first ran one way, then another; but he, taking no notice of them, continued to act the mad woman, beating his head against the wall, kissing his dog, and demanding his rent. At last comes one of the women servants, saying, "Lady, you are welcome to your rent," and gave him half a crown; but he was not to be got rid of so easily, for now he fell a raving again, and demanded some merry-go-down; upon which they brought him some ale, which he having drunk, took his leave, thanking them with a very low courtesy.

It was about this time Carew became acquainted with the Hon. Sir William W——, in the following manner: Being at Watchett, in Somersetshire, near the seat of this gentleman, he was resolved to pay him a visit. Putting on, therefore, a jacket and a pair of trowsers, he made the best of his way to Sir William's seat, and, luckily met Sir William, Lord Bolingbroke, and several other gentlemen and clergy, and some commanders of vessels walking in the park. Carew approached Sir William with a great deal of seeming fearfulness and respect; and with much modesty acquainted him he was a Silvertown man, and that he was the son of one of his tenants, named Moore; had been to Newfoundland, and in his passage homeward, the vessel was run down by a