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large size and great height, very thick brick walls, and wide piers between window and window. No accidents happened worth notice, except one, and then no bones broke—only hurt two or three men so as to keep them two or three days each from their work. . . .

“When we had nearly got the house down, I asked my master how it was to be disposed of. He said, ‘*You must.*’ I answered I knew nothing of the value of such things, and was therefore unfit for the business. He replied, ‘Mr. Sampson shall instruct you.’ Sir Hans then bid him give me in writing such directions as should enable me to sell the old materials.”

These directions, or prices, Howard found far too high, and though he finally succeeded in disposing of every vestige of the house, it was not without a struggle.

“Before I engaged to pull down the house,” he concludes, “I solemnly protested to Sir Hans Sloane that I would not be concerned with it if Mr. Sampson had anything to do with it, and the first time I could speak to him was in Beaufort Garden, for Sir Hans brought him there in his chariot contrary to my declaration when I consented to undertake so unpleasing a business; and there, in the presence of my master, rebuked him for leading my master into an error by which the