

for all these I have had my reward, in seeing the happiness, and having the love of all my subjects. I depart, therefore, in peace, to rest with my fathers: it remains only that I give you my last advice; which is, that in choosing my successor, you pay no parental regard to my family, but let him only who is most worthy rule over you." He said no more, but leaning back in his chair, expired without a sigh.

Before the day appointed for the election, a vast concourse of mendicants flocked from all parts of the kingdom to the city of London.

When the day of election came, our hero was one of the candidates, and exhibited to the electors so long a list of bold and ingenious stratagems which he had executed, and made so graceful and majestic an appearance in his person, that he was chosen by a considerable majority (though there were ten candidates for the same honour), upon which he was duly elected, and hailed by the whole of the assembly, King of the Mendicants: the public register of their actions being immediately committed to his care, and homage done him by all the assembly, the whole concluded with great feasting and rejoicing.

Though Mr. Carew was now privileged by the dignity of his office from going out on a cruize, and was provided with every thing necessary by the joint contributions of the community; yet he did not give himself up to that slow poison of the mind, indolence. Our hero, therefore, notwithstanding the particular privilege of his office, was as active in his stratagems as ever, and ready to encounter any difficulties which seemed to promise success.

The great activity and ingenuity of their new king was highly agreeable to the community of the mendicants, and his applauses resounded at all their meetings; but as fortune delights to change the scene, and of a sudden depress those whom she had most favoured, we now come to relate the misfortunes of our hero.

Going one day to pay a visit to Mr. Robert Incledon, at Barnstable, in Devon (in an ill hour which his knowledge could not foresee), knocking at the door softly, it was opened by the clerk, who accosted him with the common salutations of, "How do you do, Mr. Carew—where have you been?" He readily replied, that he had been making a visit to 'Squire Basset's, and in his return had called to pay his respects to Mr. Incledon: the clerk very civilly asked him to walk in; but no sooner was he entered, than the door was shut upon him by Mr. Justice Leithbridge, a bitter enemy to the whole community of mendicants, who had concealed himself behind it, and Mr. Carew was made a prisoner. So sudden.