Defoe Daniel

The History and Remarkable Life of the Truly Honourable...

Daniel Defoe

The History and Remarkable Life of the Truly Honourable Colonel Jacque, Commonly called Colonel Jack

http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=23151411
The History and Remarkable Life of the Truly Honourable Colonel Jacque, Commonly called Colonel Jack:

Содержание

Defoe Daniel
The History and Remarkable Life of the Truly Honourable Colonel Jacque, Commonly called Colonel Jack

INTRODUCTION

Smollett bears witness to the popularity of Defoe's *Colonel Jacque*. In the sixty-second chapter of *Roderick Random*, the hero of that novel is profoundly impressed by the genius of the disappointed poet, Melopoyn, the story of whose tragedy is Smollett's acrimonious version of the fate of his own first literary effort, *The Regicide*. Melopoyn tells Random that while waiting in vain for his tragedy to be produced, he wrote some pastorals which were rejected by one bookseller after another. A first said merely that the pastorals would not serve; a second advised Melopoyn to offer in their place something "satirical or luscious;" and a third asked if he "had got never a piece of secret history, thrown into a series of letters, or a volume of adventures, such as those of Robinson Crusoe and Colonel Jack, or a collection of

conundrums, wherewith to entertain the plantations?" Smollett probably wrote this passage some time in the year 1747, for *Roderick Random* was published in January, 1748. It was twenty-four years earlier-December twentieth, 1722-that *Colonel Jacque* had been published, or, to give it the name set forth by its flaunting title-page: -*The History and Remarkable Life of the truly Honourable Colonel Jacque, vulgarly called Col. Jack, who was born a Gentleman; put 'Prentice to a Pickpocket; was six and twenty years a Thief, and then kidnapped to Virginia; came back a Merchant; was five times married to four Whores; went into the Wars, behaved bravely, got Preferment, was made Colonel of a Regiment; came over, and fled with the Chevalier, is still abroad Completing a Life of Wonders, and resolves to die a General.* Surely a book for servants, readers of our time will be apt to think on looking at this title-page; and yet *Colonel Jacque* is found to-day in many a gentleman's library. This is no reason, though, why it should still retain considerable popularity in Smollett's day. In less time after their appearance, some books which live forever in literature have been forgotten by the great mass of readers. What was it now that kept *Colonel Jacque* popular a quarter of a century after its publication?

It can hardly be the story which maintained its popularity, for the inorganic tale is of the simplest kind. Jacque, like Captain Singleton, and Moll Flanders in her childhood, had almost no knowledge of his parents. He was brought up by a woman who was well paid for taking the child off his parents' hands-a woman

who, though seemingly an abandoned character, nevertheless showed the boy kindness. When he was about ten, she died. Then followed the chequered career sketched in the title given above. Jacque, trained by a comrade as a pickpocket, became in time a thief on a larger scale, but not a thief quite destitute of good feeling. After he had robbed a poor woman of Kentish Town of 22*s*. 6½*d*., his conscience was never easy till he paid her back the money, a year later; and through all his criminal life, he remembered that his foster-mother had told him he came of gentle blood, and accordingly should remember always to be a gentleman. The hope of being a gentleman was before him, even when he was kidnapped to Virginia and sold into bondage. There he became such a favourite of his master that in time he was able to set up as a planter on his own account. From Virginia he returned to England, and thence, after the unhappy matrimonial ventures mentioned in the title, he went back to Virginia, where at last he married the wife whom he had previously divorced.

Nor could the character of the hero have had much to do in keeping *Colonel Jacque* popular. In spite of his matrimonial achievements, in spite of the affection which he rouses in his American employer and his slaves both, Colonel Jacque is with out any attraction which a reader can perceive to-day. Like most of Defoe's characters, he is without fine feeling; he is always looking out for the main chance. His chief interest is commerce; he is a typical "Anglo-Saxon" trader. There are thousands and thousands of such clever, prosy, cold-blooded business-men in

the United States to-day, and in the British colonies, and in the United Kingdom. Though Defoe's biographers are divided as to whether or not he shared their mercantile cleverness, there is no doubt that Defoe was heartily in sympathy with such men; and his interest in recounting Colonel Jacque's commercial ventures shows him to have been what I have already called him-the Yankee trader of the Queen Anne writers.

It was the story of Colonel Jacque's successful trading, no doubt, which had a large part in sustaining the popularity of his *History*. But even more important in this respect, was that which we have seen to be the vital force in all Defoe's fiction-circumstantial vividness. This is less striking in the later pages than in the earlier. The vividness ceases to a large extent after Jacque goes to America, for Defoe did not know America so well as he knew his England. Yet even when the scene shifts to the further side of the ocean, Defoe makes no blunders; nothing impossible occurs; his geography is correct. In *Colonel Jacque*, perhaps more than anywhere else, we see that interest of Defoe's in distant British possessions which made him, as I have said, one of the "imperialists" of his time. Even so, what vividness there is in the American scenes is too largely commercial. Not many people, other than small traders or would-be traders, could ever have read with interest such a paragraph as the following: -

"With the sloop I sent letters to my wife and to my chief manager with orders to load her back, as I there directed, viz., that she should have two hundred barrels of flour, fifty barrels

of pease; and, to answer my other views, I ordered a hundred bales to be made up of all sorts of European goods, such as not my own warehouses only would supply, but such as they could be supplied with in other warehouses where I knew they had credit for anything."

Very different are the earlier pages which deal with Jacque's adventures as a poor criminal boy in England. Here Defoe was on ground that he knew thoroughly. Sir Leslie Stephen[1] has observed that Defoe passed beyond the bounds of probability when he made his hero, an almost elderly man writing his memoirs in Mexico, remember the details of his boyish thieving with marvellous exactness. Barring this improbability-one by the way which you are not aware of while you read the scenes in question, for you do not know how long a time will elapse before the hero begins to record his experiences-the verisimilitude of the first part of *Colonel Jacque* could not be surpassed. Moreover, in picturing the life of the poor, neglected boy, Defoe is unusually sympathetic. And so in the early pages of *Colonel Jacque*, more than anywhere else, is found the power of the story, the secret of its popularity when Smollett was writing *Roderick Random*, and the secret of its appeal to readers to-day. Lamb was hardly overstating the case when he declared, "The beginning of 'Colonel Jack' is the most affecting, natural picture of a young thief that was ever drawn."[2]

---

[1] : *Hours in a Library*.

[2] : Wilson's *Memoirs of Defoe*, London, 1830, III., p. 429.

At the end of the second volume of *Colonel Jacque* will be found two of Defoe's earlier political satires: -*The True-Born Englishman* and *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. The former, the most celebrated piece of verse which Defoe wrote, was published in January, 1701. The circumstances which led to its publication are set forth by the author himself in his autobiographical sketch of 1715, *An Appeal to Honour and Justice*.

On the first of August, 1700, according to his statement, there appeared "a vile abhorred pamphlet, in very ill verse, written by one Mr. Tutchin, and called *The Foreigners*; in which the author.. fell personally upon the King himself, and then upon the Dutch Nation. And after having reproached his Majesty with crimes that his worst enemy could not think of without horror, he sums up all in the odious name of *Foreigner*. This filled me with a kind of rage against the book, and gave birth to a trifle which I never could hope should have met with so general an acceptance as it did; I mean *The True-Born Englishman*."

The reason for Tutchin's pamphlet was that William III., never loved by the English, became less and less popular after the death of Queen Mary. A Dutchman, he was supposed to have the interests of Holland more at heart than those of England. This supposition was strengthened by the fact that he took no Englishmen into his confidence as he did his old and trusted Dutch friends. These, naturally, shared his unpopularity, especially the Duke of Schomberg and the King's favourite

minister, William Bentinck, created Earl of Portland, both of whom are mentioned by Defoe in his *True-Born Englishman*.

Defoe, in this reply to Tutchin's pamphlet, sought to prove that the king and his foreign friends had as good right to the esteem of the English as any patriots in the history of the country. In the first part of the "poem," as Defoe called his satire, he showed that William, with his Dutch blood, was as much entitled to the name of Englishman as any of his subjects, who came of mixed British, Pictish, Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman blood. In short, Defoe made the English out a hybrid race, and with excellent good sense showed that their national vigour was due largely to their being so. Much of what he said might well be said to-day of the people of the United States, as for instance, the following from Defoe's explanatory preface: -

"The multitudes of foreign nations who have taken sanctuary here, have been the greatest additions to the wealth and strength of the nation; the essential whereof is the number of its inhabitants. Nor would this nation ever have arrived to the degree of wealth and glory it now boasts of, if the addition of foreign nations.. had not been helpful to it. This is so plain, that he who is ignorant of it is too dull to be talked with."

The other side to Defoe's picture (and there was another side then as now) is shown in verses which, with a few changes, would likewise be applicable to the United States to-day. Defoe is trying to prove that even with lapse of years the English race remains hybrid.

"And lest by length of time it be pretended The climate may this modern breed have mended, Wise Providence, to keep us where we are, Mixes us daily with exceeding care. We have been Europe's sink, the jakes where she Voids all her offal outcast progeny. From our fifth Henry's time, the strolling bands Of banish'd fugitives from neighb'ring lands Have here a certain sanctuary found: Th' eternal refuge of the vagabond, Where, in but half a common age of time, Borr'wing new blood and manners from the clime, Proudly they learn all mankind to contemn, And all their race are true-born Englishmen."

In the second part of the satire, Defoe tries to describe the nature of the English, their pride, and their ingratitude to their benefactors. Among the stanzas in which he hits off the faults of his countrymen, the following, more true than grammatical, is among the most forcible: -

"Surly to strangers, froward to their friend; Submit to love with a reluctant mind; Resolved to be ungrateful and unkind. If by necessity reduced to ask, The giver has the difficultest task; For what's bestow'd they awkwardly receive, And always take less freely than they give. The obligation is their highest grief; And never love, where they accept relief. So sullen in their sorrows, that 'tis known, They'll rather die than their afflictions own: And if relieved, it is too often true, That they'll abuse their benefactors too; For in distress their haughty stomach's such, They hate to see themselves obliged too much, Seldom contented, often in the wrong; Hard to be pleased at all, and never long."

Defoe's satire was a success. Written, as it is, in rough verse, at times little better than doggerel, it is yet always vigorous and interesting. To-day, after a lapse of two hundred years, no verse from Defoe's pen is so readable. That it was effective in accomplishing the purpose for which it was composed, is proved by the fact that the people, taking the satire good-naturedly, experienced a revulsion of feeling towards the king and his Dutch friends. It was natural that the piece should bring Defoe the increased regard of the king, whose favour he had already to some extent enjoyed. "This poem was the occasion of my being known to His Majesty," Defoe wrote in his *Appeal to Honour and Justice*; and "I was afterwards received by him."

Concluding the second volume of *Colonel Jacque* will be found the ironical *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, which placed Defoe in the pillory and in prison. It was written in 1702, the first year of Anne's reign, when the strong Tory influence in the government seemed likely to bring back the persecution of Nonconformists which had ceased in the time of William. From the early summer, when Dr. Sacheverell preached at Oxford a most inflammatory sermon against the Dissenters, High Church feeling against them grew stronger and stronger. Finally Defoe decided that the best service he could render them was to show the views of the High Church party in all their extreme savageness. The result was the pamphlet, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters; or, Proposals for the Establishment of the Church*, which appeared on the first of December, 1702.

Defoe was so successful in imagining High Tory sentiments in his pamphlet, that it was received with indignation by the Dissenters themselves and with acclaim by the extreme Churchmen. "I join with" the author "in all he says," wrote one of them,[3] to a friend who had sent him the pamphlet, "and have such a value for the book, that, next to the Holy Bible and the sacred Comments, I take it for the most valuable piece I have." Naturally there was a storm when the truth was discovered and the High Tories found out that what they had praised was ironical. They were immediately shamed into declaring the pamphlet a dangerous libel, intended to stir up the Dissenters to civil war. Defoe's bookseller and printer were accordingly arrested, and a reward was offered for his apprehension. He gave himself up, was tried, and sentenced to pay a fine of two hundred marks, to stand three times in the pillory, and to go to prison for the Queen's pleasure. How Defoe converted his punishment in the pillory into a triumph, and how profitably he employed his time during his imprisonment, have been already told in the introduction to *Robinson Crusoe*.

G. H. Maynadier.

[3] : Defoe mentions the letter in his *Review* for August 11th, 1705.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

Sir, – It is so customary to write prefaces to all books of this kind, to introduce them with the more advantage into the world, that I cannot omit it, though on that account 'tis thought this work needs a preface less than any that ever went before it. The pleasant and delightful part speaks for itself; the useful and instructive is so large, and capable of so many improvements, that it would employ a book large as itself to make improvements suitable to the vast variety of the subject.

Here's room for just and copious observations on the blessings and advantages of a sober and well-governed education, and the ruin of so many thousands of youths of all kinds in this nation for want of it; also, how much public schools and charities might be improved to prevent the destruction of so, many unhappy children as in this town are every year bred up for the gallows.

The miserable condition of unhappy children, many of whose natural tempers are docible, and would lead them to learn the best things rather than the worst, is truly deplorable, and is abundantly seen in the history of this man's childhood; where, though circumstances formed him by necessity to be a thief, a strange rectitude of principles remained with him, and made him early abhor the worst part of his trade, and at last wholly leave it off. If he had come into the world with the advantage of education, and been well instructed how to improve the generous

principles he had in him, what a man might he not have been!

The various turns of his fortunes in the world make a delightful field for the reader to wander in; a garden where he may gather wholesome and medicinal fruits, none noxious or poisonous; where he will see virtue and the ways of wisdom everywhere applauded, honoured, encouraged, rewarded; vice and all kinds of wickedness attended with misery, many kinds of infelicities; and at last, sin and shame going together, the persons meeting with reproof and reproach, and the crimes with abhorrence.

Every wicked reader will here be encouraged to a change, and it will appear that the best and only good end of an impious, misspent life is repentance; that in this there is comfort, peace, and oftentimes hope, and that the penitent shall be returned like the prodigal, *and his latter end be better than his beginning*.

While these things, and such as these, are the ends and designs of the whole book, I think I need not say one word more as an apology for any part of the rest-no, nor for the whole. If discouraging everything that is evil, and encouraging everything that is virtuous and good-I say, if these appear to be the whole scope and design of the publishing this story, no objection can lie against it; neither is it of the least moment to inquire whether the Colonel hath told his own story true or not; if he has made it a History or a Parable, it will be equally useful, and capable of doing good; and in that it recommends itself without any introduction. – Your humble servant,

The Editor.

THE LIFE OF COLONEL JACQUE

Seeing my life has been such a chequer-work of nature, and that I am able now to look back upon it from a safer distance than is ordinarily the fate of the clan to which I once belonged, I think my history may find a place in the world as well as some who I see are every day read with pleasure, though they have in them nothing so diverting or instructing as I believe mine will appear to be.

My original may be as high as anybody's for aught I know, for my mother kept very good company; but that part belongs to her story more than to mine. All I know of it is by oral tradition, thus: My nurse told me my mother was a gentlewoman, that my father was a man of quality, and she (my nurse) had a good piece of money given her to take me off his hands, and deliver him and my mother from the importunities that usually attend the misfortune of having a child to keep that should not be seen or heard of.

My father, it seems, gave my nurse something more than was agreed for, at my mother's request, upon her solemn promise that she would use me well and let me be put to school; and charged her, that if I lived to come to any bigness, capable to understand the meaning of it, she should always take care to bid me remember that I was a gentleman; and this, he said, was all the education he would desire of her for me; for he did not doubt, he said, but that, some time or other, the very hint would inspire

me with thoughts suitable to my birth, and that I would certainly act like a gentleman, if I believed myself to be so.

But my disasters were not directed to end as soon as they began. It is very seldom that the unfortunate are so but for a day; as the great rise by degrees of greatness to the pitch of glory in which they shine, so the miserable sink to the depth of their misery by a continued series of disasters, and are long in the tortures and agonies of their distressed circumstances, before a turn of fortune, if ever such a thing happens to them, gives them a prospect of deliverance.

My nurse was as honest to the engagement she had entered into as could be expected from one of her employment, and particularly as honest as her circumstances would give her leave to be; for she bred me up very carefully with her own son, and with another son of shame like me, whom she had taken upon the same terms.

My name was John, as she told me, but neither she or I knew anything of a surname that belonged to me; so I was left to call myself Mr. Anything, what I pleased, as fortune and better circumstances should give occasion.

It happened that her own son (for she had a little boy of her own, about one year older than I) was called John too; and about two years after she took another son of shame, as I called it above, to keep as she did me, and his name was John too.

As we were all Johns, we were all Jacques, and soon came to be called so; for at that part of the town where we had our

breeding, viz., near Goodman's Fields, the Johns are generally called Jacque; but my nurse, who may be allowed to distinguish her own son a little from the rest, would have him called captain, because, forsooth, he was the eldest.

I was provoked at having this boy called captain, and I cried, and told my nurse I would be called captain; for she told me I was a gentleman, and I would be a captain, that I would. The good woman, to keep the peace, told me, ay, ay, I was a gentleman, and therefore I should be above a captain, for I should be a colonel, and that was a great deal better than a captain; "for, my dear," says she, "every tarpauling, if he gets but to be lieutenant of a press smack, is called captain, but colonels are soldiers, and none but gentlemen are ever made colonels. Besides," says she, "I have known colonels come to be lords and generals, though they were bastards at first, and therefore you shall be called colonel."

Well, I was hushed indeed with this for the present, but not thoroughly pleased, till, a little while after, I heard her tell her own boy that I was a gentleman, and therefore he must call me colonel; at which her boy fell a-crying, and he would be called colonel. That part pleased me to the life, that he should cry to be called colonel, for then I was satisfied that it was above a captain: so universally is ambition seated in the minds of men that not a beggar-boy but has his share of it.

So here was Colonel Jacque and Captain Jacque. As for the third boy, he was only plain Jacque for some years after, till he came to preferment by the merit of his birth, as you shall hear

in its place.

We were hopeful boys, all three of us, and promised very early, by many repeated circumstances of our lives, that we would be all rogues; and yet I cannot say, if what I have heard of my nurse's character be true, but the honest woman did what she could to prevent it.

Before I tell you much more of our story, it would be very proper to give you something of our several characters, as I have gathered them up in my memory, as far back as I can recover things, either of myself or my brother Jacques, and they shall be brief and impartial.

Captain Jacque was the eldest of us all, by a whole year. He was a squat, big, strong-made boy, and promised to be stout when grown up to be a man, but not to be tall. His temper was sly, sullen, reserved, malicious, revengeful; and, withal, he was brutish, bloody, and cruel in his disposition. He was, as to manners, a mere boor, or clown, of a carman-like breed; sharp as a street-bred boy must be, but ignorant and unteachable from a child. He had much the nature of a bull-dog, bold and desperate, but not generous at all. All the schoolmistresses we went to could never make him learn-no, not so much as to make him know his letters; and as if he was born a thief, he would steal everything that came near him, even as soon almost as he could speak; and that not from his mother only, but from anybody else, and from us too that were his brethren and companions. He was an original rogue, for he would do the foulest and most villainous things,

even by his own inclination; he had no taste or sense of being honest-no, not, I say, to his brother rogues, which is what other thieves make a point of honour of; I mean that of being honest to one another.

The other, that is to say, the youngest of us Johns, was called Major Jacque, by the accident following: The lady that had deposited him with our nurse had owned to her that it was a major of the Guards that was the father of the child, but that she was obliged to conceal his name, and that was enough. So he was at first called John the Major, and afterwards the Major; and at last, when we came to rove together, Major Jacque, according to the rest, for his name was John, as I have observed already.

Major Jacque was a merry, facetious, pleasant boy, had a good share of wit, especially off-hand-wit, as they call it; was full of jests and good humour, and, as I often said, had something of a gentleman in him. He had a true manly courage, feared nothing, and could look death in the face without any hesitation; and yet, if he had the advantage, was the most generous and most compassionate creature alive. He had native principles of gallantry in him, without anything of the brutal or terrible part that the captain had; and, in a word, he wanted nothing but honesty to have made him an excellent man. He had learned to read, as I had done; and as he talked very well, so he wrote good sense and very handsome language, as you will see in the process of his story.

As for your humble servant, Colonel Jacque, he was a poor,

unhappy, tractable dog, willing enough, and capable too, to learn anything, if he had had any but the devil for his schoolmaster. He set out into the world so early, that when he began to do evil, he understood nothing of the wickedness of it, nor what he had to expect for it. I remember very well that when I was once carried before a justice, for a theft which indeed I was not guilty of, and defended myself by argument, proving the mistakes of my accusers, and how they contradicted themselves, the justice told me it was a pity I had not been better employed, for I was certainly better taught; in which, however, his worship was mistaken, for I had never been taught anything but to be a thief; except, as I said, to read and write, and that was all, before I was ten years old; but I had a natural talent of talking, and could say as much to the purpose as most people that had been taught no more than I.

I passed among my comrades for a bold, resolute boy, and one that durst fight anything; but I had a different opinion of myself, and therefore shunned fighting as much as I could, though sometimes I ventured too, and came off well, being very strong made and nimble withal. However, I many times brought myself off with my tongue, where my hands would not have been sufficient, and this as well after I was a man as while I was a boy.

I was wary and dexterous at my trade, and was not so often catched as my fellow-rogues-I mean while I was a boy, and never after I came to be a man; no, not once for twenty-six years, being so old in the trade, and still unhanged, as you shall hear.

As for my person, while I was a dirty glass-bottle-house boy, sleeping in the ashes, and dealing always in the street dirt, it cannot be expected but that I looked like what I was, and so we did all; that is to say, like a "black-your-shoes-your-honour," a beggar-boy, a blackguard-boy, or what you please, despicable and miserable to the last degree; and yet I remember the people would say of me, "That boy has a good face; if he was washed and well dressed, he would be a good, pretty boy. Do but look; what eyes he has; what a pleasant, smiling countenance! 'Tis a pity. I wonder what the rogue's father and mother was," and the like. Then they would call me, and ask me my name, and I would tell them my name was Jacque. "But what's your surname, sirrah?" says they. "I don't know," says I. "Who is your father and mother?" "I have none," said I. "What, and never had you any?" said they. "No," says I, "not that I know of." Then they would shake their heads and cry, "Poor boy!" and "'Tis a pity," and the like; and so let me go. But I laid up all these things in my heart.

I was almost ten years old, the captain eleven, and the major about eight, when the good woman my nurse died. Her husband was a seaman, and had been drowned a little before in the *Gloucester* frigate, one of the king's ships which was cast away going to Scotland with the Duke of York in the time of King Charles II., and the honest woman dying very poor, the parish was obliged to bury her; when the three young Jacques attended her corpse, and I, the colonel (for we all passed for her own children), was chief mourner; the captain, who was the eldest

son, going back very sick.

The good woman being dead, we, the three Jacques, were turned loose to the world. As to the parish providing for us, we did not trouble ourselves much about that; we rambled about all three together, and the people in Rosemary Lane and Ratcliff, and that way, knowing us pretty well, we got victuals easily enough and without much begging.

For my particular part, I got some reputation for a mighty civil, honest boy; for if I was sent off an errand, I always did it punctually and carefully, and made haste again; and if I was trusted with any thing, I never touched it to diminish it, but made it a point of honour to be punctual to whatever was committed to me, though I was as arrant a thief as any of them in all other cases.

In like case, some of the poorer shopkeepers would often leave me at their door, to look after their shops till they went up to dinner, or till they went over the way to an alehouse, and the like, and I always did it freely and cheerfully, and with the utmost honesty.

Captain Jacque, on the contrary, a surly, ill-looking, rough boy, had not a word in his mouth that savoured either of good manners or good humour; he would say "Yes" and "No," just as he was asked a question, and that was all, but nobody got any thing from him that was obliging in the least. If he was sent off an errand he would forget half of it, and it may be go to play, if he met any boys, and never go at all, or if he went, never come

back with an answer, which was such a regardless, disobliging way that nobody had a good word for him, and everybody said he had the very look of a rogue, and would come to be hanged. In a word, he got nothing of anybody for goodwill, but was, as it were, obliged to turn thief for the mere necessity of bread to eat; for if he begged, he did it with so ill a tone, rather like bidding folks give him victuals than entreating them, that one man, of whom he had something given, and knew him, told him one day, "Captain Jacque," says he, "thou art but an awkward, ugly sort of a beggar, now thou art a boy; I doubt thou wilt be fitter to ask a man for his purse than for a penny when thou comest to be a man."

The major was a merry, thoughtless fellow, always cheerful; whether he had any victuals or no, he never complained; and he recommended himself so well by his good carriage that the neighbours loved him, and he got victuals enough, one where or other. Thus we all made a shift, though we were so little, to keep from starving; and as for lodging, we lay in the summer-time about the watch-houses and on bulkheads and shop-doors, where we were known. As for a bed, we knew nothing what belonged to it for many years after my nurse died; and in winter we got into the ash-holes and nealing-arches in the glass-house, called Dallow's Glass-house, in Rosemary Lane, or at another glass-house in Ratcliff Highway.

In this manner we lived for some years; and here we failed not to fall among a gang of naked, ragged rogues like ourselves,

wicked as the devil could desire to have them be at so early an age, and ripe for all the other parts of mischief that suited them as they advanced in years.

I remember that one cold winter night we were disturbed in our rest with a constable and his watch crying out for one Wry-neck, who, it seems, had done some roguery, and required a hue-and-cry of that kind; and the watch were informed he was to be found among the beggar-boys under the nealing-arches in the glass-house.

The alarm being given, we were awakened in the dead of the night with "Come out here, ye crew of young devils; come out and show yourselves;" so we were all produced. Some came out rubbing their eyes and scratching their heads, and others were dragged out; and I think there was about seventeen of us in all, but Wry-neck as they called him, was not among them. It seems this was a good big boy, that used to be among the inhabitants of that place, and had been concerned in a robbery the night before, in which his comrade, who was taken, in hopes of escaping punishment, had discovered him, and informed where he usually harboured; but he was aware, it seems, and had secured himself, at least for that time. So we were allowed to return to our warm apartment among the coal-ashes, where I slept many a cold winter night; nay, I may say, many a winter, as sound and as comfortably as ever I did since, though in better lodgings.

In this manner of living we went on a good while, I believe two years, and neither did or meant any harm. We generally went

all three together; for, in short, the captain, for want of address, and for something disagreeable in him, would have starved if we had not kept him with us. As we were always together, we were generally known by the name of the three Jacques; but Colonel Jacque had always the preference, upon many accounts. The major, as I have said, was merry and pleasant, but the colonel always held talk with the better sort-I mean the better sort of those that would converse with a beggar-boy. In this way of talk I was always upon the inquiry, asking questions of things done in public, as well as in private; particularly, I loved to talk with seamen and soldiers about the war, and about the great sea-fights or battles on shore that any of them had been in; and, as I never forgot anything they told me, I could soon, that is to say, in a few years, give almost as good an account of the Dutch war, and of the fights at sea, the battles in Flanders, the taking of Maestricht, and the like, as any of those that had been there; and this made those old soldiers and tars love to talk with me too, and to tell me all the stories they could think of, and that not only of the wars then going on, but also of the wars in Oliver's time, the death of King Charles I., and the like.

By this means, as young as I was, I was a kind of an historian; and though I had read no books, and never had any books to read, yet I could give a tolerable account of what had been done and of what was then a-doing in the world, especially in those things that our own people were concerned in. I knew the names of every ship in the navy, and who commanded them too, and all

this before I was fourteen years old, or but very soon after.

Captain Jacque in this time fell into bad company, and went away from us, and it was a good while before we ever heard tale or tidings of him, till about half a year, I think, or thereabouts. I understood he was got among a gang of kidnappers, as they were then called, being a sort of wicked fellows that used to spirit people's children away; that is, snatch them up in the dark, and, stopping their mouths, carry them to such houses where they had rogues ready to receive them, and so carry them on board ships bound to Virginia, and sell them.

This was a trade that horrid Jacque, for so I called him when we were grown up, was very fit for, especially the violent part; for if a little child got into his clutches, he would stop the breath of it, instead of stopping its mouth, and never troubled his head with the child's being almost strangled, so he did but keep it from making a noise. There was, it seems, some villainous thing done by this gang about that time, whether a child was murdered among them, or a child otherwise abused; but it seems it was a child of an eminent citizen, and the parent somehow or other got a scent of the thing, so that they recovered their child, though in a sad condition, and almost killed. I was too young, and it was too long ago, for me to remember the whole story, but they were all taken up and sent to Newgate, and Captain Jacque among the rest, though he was but young, for he was not then much above thirteen years old.

What punishment was inflicted upon the rogues of that gang

I cannot tell now, but the captain, being but a lad, was ordered to be three times soundly whipped at Bridewell, my Lord Mayor, or the Recorder, telling him it was done in pity to him, to keep him from the gallows, not forgetting to tell him that he had a hanging look, and bid him have a care on that very account; so remarkable was the captain's countenance, even so young, and which he heard of afterwards on many occasions. When he was in Bridewell I heard of his misfortune, and the major and I went to see him; for this was the first news we heard of what became of him.

The very day that we went he was called out to be corrected, as they called it, according to his sentence; and as it was ordered to be done soundly, so indeed they were true to the sentence; for the alderman who was the president of Bridewell, and whom I think they called Sir William Turner, held preaching to him about how young he was, and what pity it was such a youth should come to be hanged, and a great deal more; how he should take warning by it, and how wicked a thing it was that they should steal away poor innocent children, and the like; and all this while the man with a blue badge on lashed him most unmercifully, for he was not to leave off till Sir William knocked with a little hammer on the table.

The poor captain stamped and danced, and roared out like a mad boy; and I must confess I was frighted almost to death; for though I could not come near enough, being but a poor boy, to see how he was handled, yet I saw him afterwards with his

back all wealed with the lashes, and in several places bloody, and thought I should have died with the sight of it; but I grew better acquainted with those things afterwards.

I did what I could to comfort the poor captain when I got leave to come to him. But the worst was not over with him, for he was to have two more such whippings before they had done with him; and indeed they scourged him so severely that they made him sick of the kidnapping trade for a great while; but he fell in among them again, and kept among them as long as that trade lasted, for it ceased in a few years afterwards.

The major and I, though very young, had sensible impressions made upon us for some time by the severe usage of the captain, and it might be very well said we were corrected as well as he, though not concerned in the crime; but it was within the year that the major, a good-conditioned, easy boy, was wheedled away by a couple of young rogues that frequented the glass-house apartments, to take a walk with them, as they were pleased to call it. The gentlemen were very well matched; the major was about twelve years old, and the oldest of the two that led him out was not above fourteen. The business was to go to Bartholomew Fair, and the end of going to Bartholomew Fair was, in short, to pick pockets.

The major knew nothing of the trade, and therefore was to do nothing; but they promised him a share with them for all that, as if he had been as expert as themselves. So away they went. The two dexterous young rogues managed it so well that

by eight o'clock at night they came back to our dusty quarters at the glass-house, and, sitting them down in a corner, they began to share their spoil, by the light of the glass-house fire. The major lugged out the goods, for as fast as they made any purchase they unloaded themselves, and gave all to him, that, if they had been taken, nothing might be found about them.

It was a devilish lucky day to them, the devil certainly assisting them to find their prey, that he might draw in a young gamester, and encourage him to the undertaking, who had been made backward before by the misfortune of the captain. The list of their purchase the first night was as follows: -

1. A white handkerchief from a country wench, as she was staring up at a jack-pudding; there was 3s. 6d. and a row of pins tied up in one end of it.

2. A coloured handkerchief, out of a young country fellow's pocket as he was buying a china orange.

3. A riband purse with 11s. 3d. and a silver thimble in it, out of a young woman's pocket, just as a fellow offered to pick her up.

N.B. – She missed her purse presently, but, not seeing the thief, charged the man with it that would have picked her up, and cried out, "A pickpocket!" and he fell into the hands of the mob, but, being known in the street, he got off with great difficulty.

4. A knife and fork, that a couple of boys had just bought and were going home with; the young rogue that took it got it within the minute after the boy had put it in his pocket.

5. A little silver box with 7s. in it, all in small silver, 1d., 2d.,

3d., 4d. pieces.

N.B. – This, it seems, a maid pulled out of her pocket, to pay at her going into the booth to see a show, and the little rogue got his hand in and fetched it off, just as she put it up again.

6. Another silk handkerchief, out of a gentleman's pocket.

7. Another.

8. A jointed baby and a little looking-glass, stolen off a toy-seller's stall in the fair.

All this cargo to be brought home clear in one afternoon, or evening rather, and by only two little rogues so young, was, it must be confessed, extraordinary; and the major was elevated the next day to a strange degree.

He came very early to me, who lay not far from him, and said to me, "Colonel Jacque, I want to speak with you." "Well," said I, "what do you say?" "Nay," said he, "it is business of consequence; I cannot talk here;" so we walked out. As soon as we were come out into a narrow lane by the glass-house, "Look here," says he, and pulls out his little hand almost full of money.

I was surprised at the sight, when he puts it up again, and, bringing his hand out, "Here," says he, "you shall have some of it;" and gives me a sixpence and a shilling's worth of the small silver pieces. This was very welcome to me, who, as much as I was of a gentleman, and as much as I thought of myself upon that account, never had a shilling of money together before in all my life, not that I could call my own.

I was very earnest then to know how he came by this wealth,

for he had for his share 7s. 6d. in money, the silver thimble, and a silk handkerchief, which was, in short, an estate to him, that never had, as I said of myself, a shilling together in his life.

"And what will you do with it now, Jacque?" said I. "I do?" says he. "The first thing I do I'll go into Rag Fair and buy me a pair of shoes and stockings." "That's right," says I, "and so will I too;" so away we went together, and we bought each of us a pair of Rag Fair stockings in the first place for fivepence; not fivepence a pair, but fivepence together; and good stockings they were too, much above our wear, I assure you.

We found it more difficult to fit ourselves with shoes; but at last, having looked a great while before we could find any good enough for us, we found a shop very well stored, and of these we bought two pair for sixteenpence.

We put them on immediately, to our great comfort, for we had neither of us had any stockings to our legs that had any feet to them for a long time. I found myself so refreshed with having a pair of warm stockings on, and a pair of dry shoes-things, I say, which I had not been acquainted with a great while-that I began to call to my mind my being a gentleman, and now I thought it began to come to pass. When we had thus fitted ourselves I said, "Hark ye, Major Jacque, you and I never had any money in our lives before, and we never had a good dinner in all our lives. What if we should go somewhere and get some victuals? I am very hungry."

"So we will, then," says the major; "I am hungry too." So we

went to a boiling cook's in Rosemary Lane, where we treated ourselves nobly, and, as I thought with myself, we began to live like gentlemen, for we had three pennyworth of boiled beef, two pennyworth of pudding, a penny brick (as they call it, or loaf), and a whole pint of strong beer, which was sevenpence in all.

N.B. – We had each of us a good mess of charming beef-broth into the bargain; and, which cheered my heart wonderfully, all the while we were at dinner, the maid and the boy in the house, every time they passed by the open box where we sat at our dinner, would look in and cry, "Gentlemen, do you call?" and "Do ye call, gentlemen?" I say, this was as good to me as all my dinner.

Not the best housekeeper in Stepney parish, not my Lord Mayor of London, no, not the greatest man on earth, could be more happy in their own imagination, and with less mixture of grief or reflection, than I was at this new piece of felicity; though mine was but a small part of it, for Major Jacque had an estate compared to me, as I had an estate compared to what I had before; in a word, nothing but an utter ignorance of greater felicity, which was my case, could make anybody think himself so exalted as I did, though I had no share of this booty but eighteenpence.

That night the major and I triumphed in our new enjoyment, and slept with an undisturbed repose in the usual place, surrounded with the warmth of the glass-house fires above, which was a full amends for all the ashes and cinders which we rolled in below.

Those who know the position of the glass-houses, and the arches where they neal the bottles after they are made, know that those places where the ashes are cast, and where the poor boys lie, are cavities in the brickwork, perfectly close, except at the entrance, and consequently warm as the dressing-room of a bagnio, that it is impossible they can feel any cold there, were it in Greenland or Nova Zembla, and that therefore the boys lie there not only safe, but very comfortably, the ashes excepted, which are no grievance at all to them.

The next day the major and his comrades went abroad again, and were still successful; nor did any disaster attend them, for I know not how many months; and, by frequent imitation and direction, Major Jacque became as dexterous a pickpocket as any of them, and went on through a long variety of fortunes, too long to enter upon now, because I am hastening to my own story, which at present is the main thing I have to set down.

The major failed not to let me see every day the effects of his new prosperity, and was so bountiful as frequently to throw me a tester, sometimes a shilling; and I might perceive that he began to have clothes on his back, to leave the ash-hole, having gotten a society lodging (of which I may give an explanation by itself on another occasion); and which was more, he took upon him to wear a shirt, which was what neither he or I had ventured to do for three years before, and upward.

But I observed all this while, that though Major Jacque was so prosperous and had thriven so well, and notwithstanding he was

very kind, and even generous, to me, in giving me money upon many occasions, yet he never invited me to enter myself into the society or to embark with him, whereby I might have been made as happy as he; no, nor did he recommend the employment to me at all.

I was not very well pleased with his being thus reserved to me. I had learned from him in general that the business was picking of pockets, and I fancied that though the ingenuity of the trade consisted very much in sleight-of-hand, a good address, and being very nimble, yet that it was not at all difficult to learn; and, especially, I thought the opportunities were so many, the country people that come to London so foolish, so gaping, and so engaged in looking about them, that it was a trade with no great hazard annexed to it, and might be easily learned, if I did but know in general the manner of it, and how they went about it.

The subtle devil, never absent from his business, but ready at all occasions to encourage his servants, removed all these difficulties, and brought him into an intimacy with one of the most exquisite divers, or pickpockets, in the town; and this, our intimacy, was of no less a kind than that, as I had an inclination to be as wicked as any of them, he was for taking care that I should not be disappointed.

He was above the little fellows who went about stealing trifles and baubles in Bartholomew Fair, and ran the risk of being mobbed for three or four shillings. His aim was at higher things, even at no less than considerable sums of money, and bills for

more.

He solicited me earnestly to go and take a walk with him as above, adding that after he had shown me my trade a little, he would let me be as wicked as I would; that is, as he expressed it, that after he had made me capable, I should set up for myself, if I pleased, and he would only wish me good luck.

Accordingly, as Major Jacque went with his gentlemen only to see the manner, and receive the purchase, and yet come in for a share; so he told me, if he had success, I should have my share as much as if I had been principal; and this he assured me was a custom of the trade, in order to encourage young beginners, and bring them into the trade with courage, for that nothing was to be done if a man had not the heart of the lion.

I hesitated at the matter a great while, objecting the hazard, and telling the story of Captain Jacque, my elder brother, as I might call him. "Well, colonel," says he, "I find you are faint-hearted, and to be faint-hearted is indeed to be unfit for our trade, for nothing but a bold heart can go through stitch with this work; but, however, as there is nothing for you to do, so there is no risk for you to run in these things the first time. If I am taken," says he, "you have nothing to do in it; they will let you go free; for it shall easily be made appear, that whatever I have done, you had no hand in it."

Upon these persuasions I ventured out with him; but I soon found that my new friend was a thief of quality, and a pickpocket above the ordinary rank, and that aimed higher abundantly than

my brother Jacque. He was a bigger boy than I a great deal; for though I was now near fifteen years old, I was not big of my age; and as to the nature of the thing, I was perfectly a stranger to it. I knew indeed what at first I did not, for it was a good while before I understood the thing as an offence. I looked on picking pockets as a kind of trade, and thought I was to go apprentice to it. It is true this was when I was young in the society, as well as younger in years, but even now I understood it to be only a thing for which, if we were catched, we ran the risk of being ducked or pumped, which we call soaking, and then all was over; and we made nothing of having our rags wetted a little; but I never understood, till a great while after, that the crime was capital, and that we might be sent to Newgate for it, till a great fellow, almost a man, one of our society, was hanged for it; and then I was terribly frighted, as you shall hear by-and-by.

Well, upon the persuasions of this lad, I walked out with him; a poor innocent boy, and (as I remember my very thoughts perfectly well) I had no evil in my intentions. I had never stolen anything in my life; and if a goldsmith had left me in his shop, with heaps of money strewed all round me, and bade me look after it, I should not have touched it, I was so honest; but the subtle tempter baited his hook for me, as I was a child, in a manner suited to my childishness, for I never took this picking of pockets to be dishonesty, but, as I have said above, I looked on it as a kind of trade that I was to be bred up to, and so I entered upon it, till I became hardened in it beyond the power of retreating.

And thus I was made a thief involuntarily, and went on a length that few boys do, without coming to the common period of that kind of life-I mean to the transport-ship, or to the gallows.

The first day I went abroad with my new instructor, he carried me directly into the city, and as we went first to the water-side, he led me into the long-room at the custom-house. We were but a couple of ragged boys at best, but I was much the worse. My leader had a hat on, a shirt, and a neckcloth; as for me, I had neither of the three, nor had I spoiled my manners so much as to have a hat on my head since my nurse died, which was now some years. His orders to me were to keep always in sight, and near him, but not close to him, nor to take any notice of him at any time till he came to me; and if any hurly-burly happened, I should by no means know him, or pretend to have anything to do with him.

I observed my orders to a tittle. While he peered into every corner and had his eye upon everybody, I kept my eye directly upon him, but went always at a distance, and on the other side of the long-room, looking as it were for pins, and picking them up out of the dust as I could find them, and then sticking them on my sleeve, where I had at last gotten forty or fifty good pins; but still my eye was upon my comrade, who, I observed, was very busy among the crowds of people that stood at the board doing business with the officers who pass the entries and make the cockets, &c.

At length he comes over to me, and stooping as if he would

take up a pin close to me, he put some thing into my hand, and said, "Put that up, and follow me downstairs quickly." He did not run, but shuffled along apace through the crowd, and went down, not the great stairs which we came in at, but a little narrow staircase at the other end of the long-room. I followed, and he found I did, and so went on, not stopping below, as I expected, nor speaking one word to me, till, through innumerable narrow passages, alleys, and dark ways, we were got up into Fenchurch Street, and through Billiter Lane into Leadenhall Street, and from thence into Leadenhall Market.

It was not a meat-market day, so we had room to sit down upon one of the butchers' stalls, and he bid me lug out. What he had given me was a little leather letter-case, with a French almanac stuck in the inside of it, and a great many papers in it of several kinds.

We looked them over, and found there was several valuable bills in it, such as bills of exchange and other notes, things I did not understand; but among the rest was a goldsmith's note, as he called it, of one Sir Stephen Evans, for £300, payable to the bearer, and at demand. Besides this, there was another note for £12, 10s., being a goldsmith's bill too, but I forget the name. There was a bill or two also written in French, which neither of us understood, but which, it seems, were things of value, being called foreign bills accepted.

The rogue, my master, knew what belonged to the goldsmiths' bills well enough, and I observed, when he read the bill of Sir

Stephen, he said, "This is too big for me to meddle with;" but when he came to the bill £12, 10s., he said to me, "This will do. Come hither, Jacque;" so away he runs to Lombard Street, and I after him, huddling the other papers into the letter-case. As he went along he inquired the name out immediately, and went directly to the shop, put on a good, grave countenance, and had the money paid him without any stop or question asked. I stood on the other side the way looking about the street, as not at all concerned with anybody that way, but observed that when he presented the bill he pulled out the letter-case, as if he had been a merchant's boy, acquainted with business, and had other bills about him.

They paid him the money in gold, and he made haste enough in telling it over, and came away, passing by me, and going into Three King Court, on the other side of the way; then we crossed back into Clement's Lane, made the best of our way to Cole Harbour, at the water-side, and got a sculler for a penny to carry us over the water to St. Mary Overy's stairs, where we landed, and were safe enough.

Here he turns to me; "Colonel Jacque," says he, "I believe you are a lucky boy; this is a good job. We'll go away to St. George's Fields and share our booty." Away we went to the Fields, and sitting down in the grass, far enough out of the path, he pulled out the money. "Look here, Jacque," says he, "did you ever see the like before in your life?" "No, never," says I; and added very innocently, "Must we have it all?" "We have it!" says he, "who

should have it?" "Why," says I, "must the man have none of it again that lost it?" "He have it again!" says he. "What d'ye mean by that?" "Nay, I don't know," says I. "Why, you said just now you would let him have the t'other bill again, that you said was too big for you."

He laughed at me. "You are but a little boy," says he, "that's true, but I thought you had not been such a child neither;" so he mighty gravely explained the thing to me thus: that the bill of Sir Stephen Evans was a great bill for £300, "and if I," says he, "that am but a poor lad, should venture to go for the money, they will presently say, how should I come by such a bill, and that I certainly found it or stole it; so they will stop me," says he, "and take it away from me, and it may bring me into trouble for it too; so," says he, "I did say it was too big for me to meddle with, and that I would let the man have it again, if I could tell how. But for the money, Jacque, the money that we have got, I warrant you he should have none of that. Besides," says he, "whoever he be that has lost this letter-case, to be sure, as soon as he missed it, he would run to the goldsmith and give notice that if anybody came for the money they would be stopped; but I am too old for him there," says he.

"Why," says I, "and what will you do with the bill? Will you throw it away? If you do, somebody else will find it," says I, "and they will go and take the money." "No, no," says he; "then they will be stopped and examined, as I tell you I should be." I did not know well what all this meant, so I talked no more about that;

but we fell to handling the money. As for me, I had never seen so much together in all my life, nor did I know what in the world to do with it, and once or twice I was a-going to bid him keep it for me, which would have been done like a child indeed, for, to be sure, I had never heard a word more of it, though nothing had befallen him.

However, as I happened to hold my tongue as to that part, he shared the money very honestly with me; only at the end he told me, that though it was true he promised me half, yet as it was the first time, and I had done nothing but look on, so he thought it was very well if I took a little less than he did; so he divided the money, which was £12, 10s., into two exact parts, viz., £6, 5s. in each part; then he took £1, 5s. from my part, and told me I should give him that for hansel. "Well," says I, "take it, then, for I think you deserve it all: " so, however, I took up the rest, and "What shall I do with this now," says I, "for I have nowhere to put it?" "Why, have you no pockets?" says he. "Yes," says I; "but they are full of holes." I have often thought since that, and with some mirth too, how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with; for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in; nor had I any pocket, but such as I say was full of holes. I knew nobody in the world that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me; for, being a poor naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries. And now, as I was full of wealth,

behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell; and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold, all but 14s.; and that is to say, it was in four guineas, and that 14s. was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that; but after I had gone a while, my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand. Then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up and wrapped it all together, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say, when they have been talking of money that they could not get in, "I wish I had it in a foul clout;" in truth, I had mine in a foul clout; for it was foul, according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass-house, and when I went to go to sleep I knew not what to do with it. If I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it, or robbed of it, or some trick or other put upon me for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom. But then sleep went from my eyes. Oh, the weight of human care! I,

a poor beggar-boy, could not sleep so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who before that could have slept upon a heap of brick-bats, or stones, or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frighted; then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while; then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head that if I fell asleep I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money, which if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so that I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough; and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches.

As soon as it was day I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney, and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for, after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it, and it perplexed me so that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

When my crying was over the case was the same; I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell. At last it came

into my head that I would look out for some hole in a tree, and seek to hide it there till I should have occasion for it. Big was this discovery, as I then thought it. I began to look about me for a tree; but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile End that looked fit for my purpose; and if there were any that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people that they would see if I went to hide any thing there; and I thought the people eyed me as it was, and that two men in particular followed me to see what I intended to do.

This drove me farther off, and I crossed the road at Mile End, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind Beggar's at Bethnal Green. When I came a little way in the lane I found a footpath over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought. At last one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get it, and when I came there I put my hand in, and found (as I thought) a place very fit, so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it; but, behold, putting my hand in again to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me, and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in quite out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost. There could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for 'twas a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my mpney, but I must come

thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it. Well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow, but no bottom was to be found, or any end of the hole or cavity. I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in a great way, but all was one. Then I cried, nay, roared out, I was in such a passion. Then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again till I scratched my arm and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently. Then I began to think I had not so much as a halfpenny of it left for a halfpenny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again. Then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and thus I did several times. The last time I had gotten up the tree I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the side of the bank also; and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have; and looking into the open place, to my inexpressible joy, there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole; for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, and had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I halloed quite out loud when I saw it; then I ran to it, and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced

and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other, and, in short, I knew not what; much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing, either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

While I was in the first transport of my joy, as I have said, I ran about, and knew not what I did; but when that was over I sat down, opened the foul clout the money was in, looked at it, told it, found it was all there, and then I fell a-crying as savourly as I did before, when I thought I had lost it.

It would tire the reader should I dwell on all the little boyish tricks that I played in the ecstasy of my joy and satisfaction when I had found my money; so I break off here. Joy is as extravagant as grief, and since I have been a man I have often thought, that had such a thing befallen a man, so to have lost all he had, and not have a bit of bread to eat, and then so strangely to find it again, after having given it so effectually over-I say, had it been so with a man, it might have hazarded his using some violence upon himself.

Well, I came away with my money, and having taken sixpence out of it, before I made it up again I went to a chandler's shop in Mile End and bought a halfpenny roll and a halfpenny worth of cheese, and sat down at the door after I bought it, and ate it very heartily, and begged some beer to drink with it, which the good woman gave me very freely.

Away I went then for the town, to see if I could find any of my

companions, and resolved I would try no more hollow trees for my treasure. As I came along Whitechapel I came by a broker's shop over against the church, where they sold old clothes, for I had nothing on but the worst of rags; so I stopped at the shop, and stood looking at the clothes which hung at the door.

"Well, young gentleman," says a man that stood at the door, "you look wishfully. Do you see any thing you like, and will your pocket compass a good coat now, for you look as if you belonged to the ragged regiment?" I was affronted at the fellow. "What's that to you," says I, "how ragged I am? If I had seen anything I liked, I have money to pay for it; but I can go where I shan't be huffed at for looking."

While I said thus pretty boldly to the fellow comes a woman out. "What ails you," says she to the man, "to bully away our customers so? A poor boy's money is as good as my Lord Mayor's. If poor people did not buy old clothes, what would become of our business?" And then turning to me, "Come hither, child," says she; "if thou hast a mind to anything I have, you shan't be hectored by him. The boy is a pretty boy, I assure you," says she to another woman that was by this time come to her. "Ay," says the t'other, "so he is, a very well-looking child, if he was clean and well dressed, and may be as good a gentleman's son, for anything we know, as any of those that are well dressed. Come, my dear," says she, "tell me what is it you would have." She pleased me mightily to hear her talk of my being a gentleman's son, and it brought former things to my mind; but when she talked

of my being not clean and in rags, then I cried.

She pressed me to tell her if I saw anything that I wanted. I told her no, all the clothes I saw there were too big for me. "Come, child," says she, "I have two things here that will fit you, and I am sure you want them both; that is, first, a little hat, and there," says she (tossing it to me), "I'll give you that for nothing. And here is a good warm pair of breeches; I dare say," says she, "they will fit you, and they are very tight and good; and," says she, "if you should ever come to have so much money that you don't know what to do with it, here are excellent good pockets," says she, "and a little fob to put your gold in, or your watch in, when you get it."

It struck me with a strange kind of joy that I should have a place to put my money in, and need not go to hide it again in a hollow tree, that I was ready to snatch the breeches out of her hands, and wondered that I should be such a fool never to think of buying me a pair of breeches before, that I might have a pocket to put my money in, and not carry it about two days together in my hand, and in my shoes and I knew not how; so, in a word, I gave her two shillings for the breeches, and went over into the churchyard and put them on, put my money into my new pockets, and was as pleased as a prince is with his coach and six horses. I thanked the good woman too for the hat, and told her I would come again when I got more money, and buy some other things I wanted; and so I came away.

I was but a boy, 'tis true, but I thought myself a man, now I had

got a pocket to put my money in, and I went directly to find out my companion by whose means I got it; but I was frighted out of my wits when I heard that he was carried to Bridewell. I made no question but it was for the letter-case, and that I should be carried there too; and then my poor brother Captain Jacque's case came into my head, and that I should be whipped there as cruelly as he was, and I was in such a fright that I knew not what to do.

But in the afternoon I met him; he had been carried to Bridewell, it seems, upon that very affair, but was got out again. The case was thus: having had such good luck at the custom-house the day before, he takes his walk thither again, and as he was in the long-room, gaping and staring about him, a fellow lays hold of him, and calls to one of the clerks that sat behind, "Here," says he, "is the same young rogue that I told you I saw loitering about t'other day, when the gentleman lost his letter-case and his goldsmiths' bills; I dare say it was he that stole them." Immediately the whole crowd of people gathered about the boy, and charged him point-blank; but he was too well used to such things to be frighted into a confession of what he knew they could not prove, for he had nothing about him belonging to it, nor had any money but six pence and a few dirty farthings.

They threatened him, and pulled and hauled him, till they almost pulled the clothes off his back, and the commissioners examined him; but all was one; he would own nothing, but said he walked up through the room, only to see the place, both then and the time before, for he had owned he was there before; so,

as there was no proof against him of any fact, no, nor of any circumstances relating to the letter-case, they were forced at last to let him go. However, they made a show of carrying him to Bridewell, and they did carry him to the gate to see if they could make him confess anything; but he would confess nothing, and they had no mittimus; so they durst not carry him into the house; nor would the people have received him, I suppose, if they had, they having no warrant for putting him in prison.

Well, when they could get nothing out of him, they carried him into an alehouse, and there they told him that the letter-case had bills in it of a very great value; that they would be of no use to the rogue that had them, but they would be of infinite damage to the gentleman that had lost them; and that he had left word with the clerk, whom the man that stopped this boy had called to, and who was there with him, that he would give £30 to any one that would bring them again, and give all the security that could be desired that he would give them no trouble, whoever it was.

He was just come from out of their hands when I met with him, and so he told me all the story. "But," says he, "I would confess nothing, and so I got off, and am come away clear." "Well," says I, "and what will you do with the letter-case and the bills? Will you not let the poor man have his bills again?" "No, not I," says he; "I won't trust them. What care I for their bills?" It came into my head, as young as I was, that it was a sad thing indeed to take a man's bills away for so much money, and not have any advantage by it neither; for I concluded that

the gentleman who owned the bills must lose all the money, and it was strange he should keep the bills, and make a gentleman lose so much money for nothing. I remember that I ruminated very much about it, and though I did not understand it very well, yet it lay upon my mind, and I said every now and then to him, "Do let the gentleman have his bills again; do, pray do;" and so I teased him, with "Do" and "Pray do," till at last I cried about them. He said, "What, would you have me be found out and sent to Bridewell, and be whipped, as your brother Captain Jacque was?" I said, "No, I would not have you whipped, but I would have the man have his bills, for they will do you no good, but the gentleman will be undone, it may be." And then I added again, "Do let him have them." He snapped me short. "Why," says he, "how shall I get them to him? Who dare carry them? I dare not, to be sure, for they will stop me, and bring the goldsmith to see if he does not know me, and that I received the money, and so they will prove the robbery, and I shall be hanged. Would you have me be hanged, Jacque?"

I was silenced a good while with that, for when he said, "Would you have me be hanged, Jacque?" I had no more to say. But one day after this he called to me. "Colonel Jacque," says he, "I have thought of a way how the gentleman shall have his bills again; and you and I shall get a good deal of money by it, if you will be honest to me, as I was to you." "Indeed," says I, "Robin" – that was his name-"I will be very honest; let me know how it is, for I would fain have him have his bills."

"Why," says he, "they told me that he had left word at the clerk's place in the long-room that he would give £30 to any one that had the bills, and would restore them, and would ask no questions. Now, if you will go, like a poor innocent boy, as you are, into the long-room and speak to the clerk, it may do. Tell him if the gentleman will do as he promised, you believe you can tell him who has it; and if they are civil to you, and willing to be as good as their words, you shall have the letter-case, and give it them."

I told him ay, I would go with all my heart. "But, Colonel Jacque," says he, "what if they should take hold of you and threaten to have you whipped? Won't you discover me to them?" "No," says I; "if they would whip me to death I won't." "Well, then," says he, "there's the letter-case; do you go." So he gave me directions how to act and what to say; but I would not take the letter-case with me, lest they should prove false, and take hold of me, thinking to find it upon me, and so charge me with the fact; so I left it with him. And the next morning I went to the custom-house, as was agreed. What my directions were will, to avoid repetition, appear in what happened; it was an errand of too much consequence indeed to be entrusted to a boy, not only so young as I was, but so little of a rogue as I was yet arrived to the degree of.

Two things I was particularly armed with, which I resolved upon: 1. That the man should have his bills again; for it seemed a horrible thing to me that he should be made to lose his money,

which I supposed he must, purely because we would not carry the letter-case home. 2. That whatever happened to me, I was never to tell the name of my comrade Robin, who had been the principal. With these two pieces of honesty, for such they were both in themselves, and with a manly heart, though a boy's head, I went up into the long-room in the custom-house the next day.

As soon as I came to the place where the thing was done, I saw the man sit just where he had sat before, and it ran in my head that he had sat there ever since; but I knew no better; so I went up, and stood just at that side of the writing-board that goes upon that side of the room, and which I was but just tall enough to lay my arms upon.

While I stood there one thrust me this way, and another thrust me that way, and the man that sat behind began to look at me. At last he called out to me, "What does that boy do there? Get you gone, sirrah! Are you one of the rogues that stole the gentleman's letter-case a Monday last?" Then he turns his tale to a gentleman that was doing business with him, and goes on thus: "Here was Mr. – had a very unlucky chance on Monday last. Did not you hear of it?" "No, not I," says the gentleman. "Why, standing just there, where you do," says he, "making his entries, he pulled out his letter-case, and laid it down, as he says, but just at his hand, while he reached over to the standish there for a penful of ink, and somebody stole away his letter-case."

"His letter-case!" says t'other. "What, and was there any bills in it?"

"Ay," says he, "there was Sir Stephen Evans's note in it for £300, and another goldsmith's bill for about £12; and which is worse still for the gentleman, he had two foreign accepted bills in it for a great sum-I know not how much. I think one was a French bill for 1200 crowns."

"And who could it be?" says the gentleman.

"Nobody knows," says he; "but one of our room-keepers says he saw a couple of young rogues like that," pointing at me, "hanging about here, and that on a sudden they were both gone."

"Villains!" says he again. "Why, what can they do with them? They will be of no use to them. I suppose he went immediately and gave notice to prevent the payment."

"Yes," says the clerk, "he did; but the rogues were too nimble for him with the little bill of £12 odd money; they went and got the money for that, but all the rest are stopped. However, 'tis an unspeakable damage to him for want of his money."

"Why, he should publish a reward for the encouragement of those that have them to bring them again; they would be glad to bring them, I warrant you."

"He has posted it up at the door that he will give £30 for them."

"Ay; but he should add that he will promise not to stop or give any trouble to the person that brings them."

"He has done that too," says he; "but I fear they won't trust themselves to be honest, for fear he should break his word."

"Why? It is true he may break his word in that case, but no man should do so; for then no rogue will venture to bring home

anything that is stolen, and so he would do an injury to others after him."

"I durst pawn my life for him, he would scorn it."

Thus far they discoursed of it, and then went off to something else. I heard it all, but did not know what to do a great while; but at last, watching the gentleman that went away, when he was gone I ran after him to have spoken to him, intending to have broke it to him, but he went hastily into a room or two full of people at the hither end of the long-room; and when I went to follow, the doorkeepers turned me back, and told me I must not go in there; so I went back, and loitered about near the man that sat behind the board, and hung about there till I found the clock struck twelve, and the room began to be thin of people; and at last he sat there writing, but nobody stood at the board before him, as there had all the rest of the morning. Then I came a little nearer, and stood close to the board, as I did before; when, looking up from his paper, and seeing me, says he to me, "You have been up and down here all this morning, sirrah! What do you want? You have some business that is not very good, I doubt."

"No, I han't," said I.

"No? It is well if you han't," says he. "Pray, what business can you have in the long-room, sir? You are no merchant."

"I would speak with you," said I.

"With me!" says he. "What have you to say to me?"

"I have something to say," said I, "if you will do me no harm for it."

"I do thee harm, child! What harm should I do thee?" and spoke very kindly.

"Won't you indeed, sir?" said I.

"No, not I, child; I'll do thee no harm. What is it? Do you know anything of the gentleman's letter-case?"

I answered, but spoke softly that he could not hear me; so he gets over presently into the seat next him, and opens a place that was made to come out, and bade me come in to him; and I did.

Then he asked me again if I knew anything of the letter-case.

I spoke softly again, and said folks would hear him.

Then he whispered softly, and asked me again.

I told him I believed I did, but that, indeed, I had it not, nor had no hand in stealing it, but it was gotten into the hands of a boy that would have burned it, if it had not been for me; and that I heard him say that the gentleman would be glad to have them again, and give a good deal of money for them.

"I did say so, child," said he; "and if you can get them for him, he shall give you a good reward, no less than £30, as he has promised."

"But you said too, sir, to the gentleman just now," said I, "that you was sure he would not bring them into any harm that should bring them."

"No, you shall come to no harm. I will pass my word for it."

Boy. Nor shan't they make me bring other people into trouble?

Gent. No; you shall not be asked the name of anybody, nor to tell who they are.

Boy. I am but a poor boy, and I would fain have the gentleman have his bills; and indeed I did not take them away, nor I han't got them.

Gent. But can you tell how the gentleman shall have them?

Boy. If I can get them, I will bring them to you to-morrow morning.

Gent. Can you not do it to-night?

Boy. I believe I may if I knew where to come.

Gent. Come to my house, child.

Boy. I don't know where you live.

Gent. Go along with me now, and you shall see.

So he carried me up into Tower Street, and showed me his house, and ordered me to come there at five o'clock at night; which accordingly I did, and carried the letter-case with me.

When I came the gentleman asked me if I had brought the book, as he called it.

"It is not a book," said I.

"No, the letter-case; that's all one," says he.

"You promised me," said I, "you would not hurt me," and cried.

"Don't be afraid, child," says he. "I will not hurt thee, poor boy; nobody shall hurt thee."

"Here it is," said I, and pulled it out.

He then brought in another gentleman, who, it seems, owned the letter-case, and asked him if that was it, and he said, "Yes."

Then he asked me if all the bills were in it.

I told him I heard him say there was one gone, but I believed there was all the rest.

"Why do you believe so?" says he.

"Because I heard the boy that I believe stole them say they were too big for him to meddle with."

The gentleman then that owned them said, "Where is the boy?"

Then the other gentleman put in, and said, "No, you must not ask him that; I passed my word that you should not, and that he should not be obliged to tell it to anybody."

"Well, child," says he, "you will let us see the letter-case opened, and whether the bills are in it?"

"Yes," says I.

Then the first gentleman said, "How many bills were there in it?"

"Only three," says he. "Besides the bill of £12, 10s., there was Sir Stephen Evans's note for £300 and two foreign bills."

"Well, then, if they are in the letter-case, the boy shall have £30, shall he not?" "Yes," says the gentleman; "he shall have it very freely."

"Come, then, child," says he, "let me open it."

So I gave it him, and he opened it, and there were all three bills, and several other papers, fair and safe, nothing defaced or diminished; and the gentleman said, "All is right."

Then said the first man, "Then I am security to the poor boy for the money." "Well, but," says the gentleman, "the rogues have

got the £12, 10s.; they ought to reckon that as part of the £30." Had he asked me, I should have consented to it at first word; but the first man stood my friend. "Nay," says he, "it was since you knew that the £12, 10s. was received that you offered £30 for the other bills, and published it by the crier, and posted it up at the custom-house door, and I promised him the £30 this morning." They argued long, and I thought would have quarrelled about it.

However, at last they both yielded a little, and the gentleman gave me £25 in good guineas. When he gave it me he bade me hold out my hand, and he told the money into my hand; and when he had done he asked me if it was right. I said I did not know, but I believed it was. "Why," says he, "can't you tell it?" I told him no; I never saw so much money in my life, nor I did not know how to tell money. "Why," says he, "don't you know that they are guineas?" No, I told him, I did not know how much a guinea was.

"Why, then," says he, "did you tell me you believed it was right?" I told him, because I believed he would not give it me wrong.

"Poor child," says he, "thou knowest little of the world, indeed. What art thou?"

"I am a poor boy," says I, and cried.

"What is your name?" says he. "But hold, I forgot," said he; "I promised I would not ask your name, so you need not tell me."

"My name is Jacque," said I.

"Why, have you no surname?" said he.

"What is that?" said I.

"You have some other name besides Jacque," says he, "han't you?"

"Yes," says I; "they call me Colonel Jacque."

"But have you no other name?"

"No," said I.

"How came you to be Colonel Jacque, pray?"

"They say," said I, "my father's name was Colonel."

"Is your father or mother alive?" said he.

"No," said I; "my father is dead."

"Where is your mother, then?" said he.

"I never had e'er a mother," said I.

This made him laugh. "What," said he, "had you never a mother? What, then?"

"I had a nurse," said I; "but she was not my mother."

"Well," says he to the gentleman, "I dare say this boy was not the thief that stole your bills."

"Indeed, sir, I did not steal them," said I, and cried again.

"No, no, child," said he, "we don't believe you did. This is a very clever boy," says he to the other gentleman, "and yet very ignorant and honest; 'tis pity some care should not be taken of him, and something done for him. Let us talk a little more with him." So they sat down and drank wine, and gave me some, and then the first gentleman talked to me again.

"Well," says he, "what wilt thou do with this money now thou hast it?"

"I don't know," said I.

"Where will you put it?" said he,

"In my pocket," said I.

"In your pocket!" said he. "Is your pocket whole? Shan't you lose it?"

"Yes," said I, "my pocket is whole."

"And where will you put it when you get home?"

"I have no home," said I, and cried again.

"Poor child!" said he. "Then what dost thou do for thy living?"

"I go of errands," said I, "for the folks in Rosemary Lane."

"And what dost thou do for a lodging at night?"

"I lie at the glass-house," said I, "at night."

"How, lie at the glass-house! Have they any beds there?" says he.

"I never lay in a bed in my life," said I, "as I remember."

"Why," says he, "what do you lie on at the glass-house?"

"The ground," says I; "and sometimes a little straw, or upon the warm ashes."

Here the gentleman that lost the bills said, "This poor child is enough to make a man weep for the miseries of human nature, and be thankful for himself; he puts tears into my eyes." "And into mine too," says the other.

"Well, but hark ye, Jacque," says the first gentleman, "do they give you no money when they send you of errands?"

"They give me victuals," said I, "and that's better."

"But what," says he, "do you do for clothes?"

"They give me sometimes old things," said I, "such as they

have to spare."

"Why, you have never a shirt on, I believe," said he, "have you?"

"No; I never had a shirt," said I, "since my nurse died."

"How long ago is that?" said he.

"Six winters, when this is out," said I.

"Why, how old are you?" said he.

"I can't tell," said I.

"Well," says the gentleman, "now you have this money, won't you buy some clothes and a shirt with some of it?"

"Yes," said I, "I would buy some clothes."

"And what will you do with the rest?"

"I can't tell," said I, and cried.

"What dost cry for, Jacque?" said he.

"I am afraid," said I, and cried still.

"What art afraid of?"

"They will know I have money."

"Well, and what then?"

"Then I must sleep no more in the warm glass house, and I shall be starved with cold. They will take away my money."

"But why must you sleep there no more?"

Here the gentlemen observed to one another how naturally anxiety and perplexity attend those that have money. "I warrant you," says the clerk, "when this poor boy had no money he slept all night in the straw, or on the warm ashes in the glass-house, as soundly and as void of care as it would be possible for any

creature to do; but now, as soon as he has gotten money, the care of preserving it brings tears into his eyes and fear into his heart."

They asked me a great many questions more, to which I answered in my childish way as well as I could, but so as pleased them well enough. At last I was going away with a heavy pocket, and I assure you not a light heart, for I was so frighted with having so much money that I knew not what in the earth to do with myself. I went away, however, and walked a little way, but I could not tell what to do; so, after rambling two hours or thereabout, I went back again, and sat down at the gentleman's door, and there I cried as long as I had any moisture in my head to make tears of, but never knocked at the door.

I had not sat long, I suppose, but somebody belonging to the family got knowledge of it, and a maid came and talked to me, but I said little to her, only cried still. At length it came to the gentleman's ears. As for the merchant, he was gone. When the gentleman heard of me he called me in, and began to talk with me again, and asked me what I stayed for.

I told him I had not stayed there all that while, for I had been gone a great while, and was come again.

"Well," says he, "but what did you come again for?"

"I can't tell," says I.

"And what do you cry so for?" said he. "I hope you have not lost your money, have you?"

No, I told him, I had not lost it yet, but was afraid I should.

"And does that make you cry?" says he.

I told him yes, for I knew I should not be able to keep it, but they would cheat me of it, or they would kill me and take it away from me too.

"They?" says he. "Who? What sort of gangs of people art thou with?"

I told him they were all boys, but very wicked boys; "thieves and pickpockets," said I, "such as stole this letter-case-a sad pack; I can't abide them."

"Well, Jacque," said he, "what shall be done for thee? Will you leave it with me? Shall I keep it for you?"

"Yes," said I, "with all my heart, if you please."

"Come, then," says he, "give it me; and that you may be sure that I have it, and you shall have it honestly again, I'll give you a bill for it, and for the interest of it, and that you may keep safe enough. Nay," added he, "and if you lose it, or anybody takes it from you, none shall receive the money but your self, or any part of it."

I presently pulled out all the money, and gave it to him, only keeping about 15s. for myself to buy some clothes; and thus ended the conference between us on the first occasion, at least for the first time. Having thus secured my money to my full satisfaction, I was then perfectly easy, and accordingly the sad thoughts that afflicted my mind before began to vanish away.

This was enough to let any one see how all the sorrows and anxieties of men's lives come about; how they rise from their restless pushing at getting of money, and the restless cares of

keeping it when they have got it. I that had nothing, and had not known what it was to have had anything, knew nothing of the care, either of getting or of keeping it; I wanted nothing, who wanted everything; I had no care, no concern about where I should get my victuals or how I should lodge; I knew not what money was, or what to do with it; and never knew what it was not to sleep till I had money to keep, and was afraid of losing it.

I had, without doubt, an opportunity at this time, if I had not been too foolish, and too much a child to speak for myself-I had an opportunity, I say, to have got into the service, or perhaps to be under some of the care and concern, of these gentlemen; for they seemed to be very fond of doing some thing for me, and were surprised at the innocence of my talk to them, as well as at the misery (as they thought it) of my condition.

But I acted indeed like a child; and leaving my money, as I have said, I never went near them for several years after. What course I took, and what befell me in that interval, has so much variety in it, and carries so much instruction in it, that it requires an account of it by itself.

The first happy chance that offered itself to me in the world was now over. I had got money, but I neither knew the value of it or the use of it; the way of living I had begun was so natural to me, I had no notion of bettering it; I had not so much as any desire of buying me any clothes-no, not so much as a shirt; and much less had I any thought of getting any other lodging than in the glass-house, and loitering about the streets, as I had done; for

I knew no good, and had tasted no evil; that is to say, the life I had led being not evil in my account.

In this state of ignorance I returned to my really miserable life; so it was in itself, and was only not so to me because I did not understand how to judge of it, and had known no better.

My comrade that gave me back the bills, and who, if I had not pressed him, designed never to have restored them, never asked me what I had given me, but told me if they gave me anything it should be my own; for, as he said he would not run the venture of being seen in the restoring them, I deserved the reward if there was any; neither did he trouble his head with inquiring what I had, or whether I had anything or no; so my title to what I had got was clear.

I went now up and down just as I did before. I had money indeed in my pocket, but I let nobody know it. I went of errands cheerfully as before, and accepted of what anybody gave me with as much thankfulness as ever. The only difference that I made with myself was, that if I was hungry, and nobody employed me, or gave me anything to eat, I did not beg from door to door, as I did at first, but went to a boiling-house, as I said once before, and got a mess of broth and a piece of bread, price a halfpenny; very seldom any meat; or if I treated myself, it was a halfpennyworth of cheese; all which expense did not amount to above twopence or three pence a week; for, contrary to the usage of the rest of the tribe, I was extremely frugal, and I had not disposed of any of the guineas which I had at first; neither, as I said to the custom-

house gentleman, could I tell what a guinea was made of, or what it was worth.

After I had been about a month thus, and had done nothing, my comrade, as I called him, came to me one morning. "Colonel Jacque," says he, "when shall you and I take a walk again?" "When you will," said I. "Have you got no business yet?" says he. "No," says I; and so one thing bringing on another, he told me I was a fortunate wretch, and he believed I would be so again, but that he must make a new bargain with me now; "for," says he, "colonel, the first time we always let a raw brother come in for full share to encourage him; but afterwards, except it be when he puts himself forward well and runs equal hazard, he stands to courtesy; but as we are gentlemen, we always do very honourably by one another; and if you are willing to trust it or leave it to me, I shall do handsomely by you, that you may depend upon." I told him I was not able to do anything, that was certain, for I did not understand it, and therefore I could not expect to get anything, but I would do as he bade me; so we walked abroad together.

We went no more to the custom-house; it was too bold a venture. Besides, I did not care to show myself again, especially with him in company. But we went directly to the Exchange, and we hankered about in Castle Alley, and in Swithin's Alley, and at the coffee-house doors. It was a very unlucky day, for we got nothing all day but two or three handkerchiefs, and came home to the old lodgings at the glass-house; nor had I had anything to eat or drink all day but a piece of bread which he gave me, and some

water at the conduit at the Exchange Gate. So when he was gone from me, for he did not lie in the glass-house, as I did, I went to my old broth-house for my usual bait, and refreshed myself, and the next day early went to meet him again, as he appointed me.

Being early in the morning, he took his walk to Billingsgate, where it seems two sorts of people make a great crowd as soon as it is light, and at that time a-year rather before daylight; that is to say, crimps and the masters of coal-ships, whom they call collier-masters; and, secondly, fishmongers, fish-sellers, and buyers of fish.

It was the first of these people that he had his eye upon. So he gives me my orders, which was thus: "Go you," says he, "into all the alehouses as we go along, and observe where any people are telling of money; and when you find any, come and tell me." So he stood at the door, and I went into the houses. As the collier-masters generally sell their coals at the gate, as they call it, so they generally receive their money in those alehouses; and it was not long before I brought him word of several. Upon this he went in and made his observations, but found nothing to his purpose. At length I brought him word that there was a man in such a house who had received a great deal of money of somebody, I believed of several people, and that it lay all upon the table in heaps, and he was very busy writing down the sums and putting it up in several bags. "Is he?" says he; "I'll warrant him I will have some of it;" and in he goes. He walks up and down the house, which had several open tables and boxes in it, and he listened to hear, if he

could, what the man's name was; and he heard somebody call him Cullum, or some such name. Then he watches his opportunity, and steps up to him, and tells him a long story, that there was two gentlemen at the Gun tavern sent him to inquire for him, and to tell him they desired to speak with him.

The collier-master had his money lay before him, just as I had told him, and had two or three small payments of money, which he had put up in little black dirty bags, and lay by themselves; and as it was hardly broad day, he found means in delivering his message to lay his hands upon one of those bags, and carry it off perfectly undiscovered.

When we had got it he came out to me, who stood but at the door, and pulling me by the sleeve, "Run, Jacque," says he, "for our lives;" and away he scours, and I after him, never resting, or scarce looking about me, till we got quite up into Fenchurch Street, through Lime Street into Leadenhall Street, down St. Mary Axe to London Wall, then through Bishopsgate Street and down Old Bedlam into Moorfields. By this time we were neither of us able to run very fast; nor need we have gone so far, for I never found that anybody pursued us. When we got into Moorfields and began to take breath, I asked him what it was frighted him so. "Fright me, you fool!" says he; "I have got a devilish great bag of money." "A bag!" said I. "Ay, ay," said he; "let us get out into the fields where nobody can see us, and I'll show it you." So away he had me through Long Alley, and cross Hog Lane and Holloway Lane, into the middle of the great field,

which since that has been called the Farthing Pie-House Fields. There we would have sat down, but it was all full of water; so we went on, crossed the road at Anniseed Cleer, and went into the field where now the great hospital stands; and finding a by-place, we sat down, and he pulls out the bag. "Thou art a lucky boy, Jacque," says he; "thou deservest a good share of this job, truly; for it is all along of thy lucky news." So he pours it all out into my hat; for, as I told you, I now wore a hat.

How he did to whip away such a bag of money from any man that was awake and in his senses I cannot tell; but there was a great deal in it, and among it a paperful by itself. When the paper dropped out of the bag, "Hold," says he, "that is gold!" and began to crow and hollow like a mad boy. But there he was baulked; for it was a paper of old thirteenpence-halfpenny pieces, half and quarter pieces, with ninepences and fourpence-halfpennies-all old crooked money, Scotch and Irish coin; so he was disappointed in that. But as it was there was about £17 or £18 in the bag, as I understood by him; for I could not tell money, not I.

Well, he parted this money into three; that is to say, into three shares-two for himself and one for me, and asked if I was content. I told him yes, I had reason to be contented. Besides, it was so much money added to that I had left of his former adventure that I knew not what to do with it, or with myself, while I had so much about me.

This was a most exquisite fellow for a thief; for he had the

greatest dexterity at conveying anything away that he scarce ever pitched upon anything in his eye but he carried it off with his hands, and never that I know of missed his aim or was caught in the fact.

He was an eminent pickpocket, and very dexterous at ladies' gold watches; but he generally pushed higher at such desperate things as these; and he came off the cleanest and with the greatest success imaginable; and it was in these kinds of the wicked art of thieving that I became his scholar.

As we were now so rich, he would not let me lie any longer in the glass-house, or go naked and ragged as I had done, but obliged me to buy two shirts, a waistcoat, and a greatcoat; for a greatcoat was more for our purpose in the business we was upon than any other. So I clothed myself as he directed, and he took me a lodging in the same house with him, and we lodged together in a little garret fit for our quality.

Soon after this we walked out again, and then we tried our fortune in the places by the Exchange a second time. Here we began to act separately, and I undertook to walk by myself; and the first thing I did accurately was a trick I played that argued some skill for a new beginner; for I had never seen any business of that kind done before. I saw two gentlemen mighty eager in talk, and one pulled out a pocket-book two or three times, and then slipt it into his coat-pocket again, and then out it came again, and papers were taken out and others were put in; and then in it went again, and so several times; the man being still warmly engaged

with another man, and two or three others standing hard by them. The last time he put his pocket-book into his pocket, he might be said to throw it in rather than put it in with his hand, and the book lay end-way, resting upon some other book or something else in his pocket; so that it did not go quite down, but one corner of it was seen above his pocket.

This careless way of men putting their pocket-books into a coat-pocket, which is so easily dived into by the least boy that has been used to the trade, can never be too much blamed. The gentlemen are in great hurries, their heads and thoughts entirely taken up, and it is impossible they should be guarded enough against such little hawk's-eyed creatures as we were; and, therefore, they ought either never to put their pocket-books up at all, or to put them up more secure, or to put nothing of value into them. I happened to be just opposite to this gentleman in that they call Swithin's Alley, or that alley rather which is between Swithin's Alley and the Exchange, just by a passage that goes out of the alley into the Exchange, when, seeing the book pass and repass into the pocket and out of the pocket as above, it came immediately into my head, certainly I might get that pocket-book out if I were nimble, and I warrant Will would have it, if he saw it go and come to and again as I did. But when I saw it hang by the way, as I have said, "Now it is mine," said I to myself, and, crossing the alley, I brushed smoothly but closely by the man, with my hand down flat to my own side, and, taking hold of it by the corner that appeared, the book came so light into my hand,

it was impossible the gentleman should feel the least motion, or anybody else see me take it away. I went directly forward into the broad place on the north side of the Exchange, then scoured down Bartholomew Lane, so into Tokenhouse Yard, into the alleys which pass through from thence to London Wall, so through Moorgate, and sat down on the grass in the second of the quarters of Moorfields, towards the middle field; which was the place that Will and I had appointed to meet at if either of us got any booty. When I came thither Will was not come; but I saw him coming in about half-an-hour.

As soon as Will came to me I asked him what booty he had gotten. He looked pale, and, as I thought, frighted; but he returned, "I have got nothing, not I; but, you lucky young dog," says he, "what have you got? Have not you got the gentleman's pocket-book in Swithin's Alley?" "Yes," says I, and laughed at him; "why, how did you know it?" "Know it!" says he. "Why, the gentleman is raving and half distracted; he stamps and cries and tears his very clothes. He says he is utterly undone and ruined, and the folks in the alley say there is I know not how many thousand pounds in it. What can be in it?" says Will. "Come, let us see."

Well, we lay close in the grass in the middle of the quarter, so that nobody minded us; and so we opened the pocket-book, and there was a great many bills and notes under men's hands; some goldsmiths', and some belonging to insurance offices, as they call them, and the like. But that which was, it seems, worth all the

rest was that, in one of the folds of the cover of the book, where there was a case with several partitions, there was a paper full of loose diamonds. The man, as we understood afterward, was a Jew, who dealt in such goods, and who indeed ought to have taken more care of the keeping of them.

Now was this booty too great, even for Will himself, to manage; for though by this time I was come to understand things better than I did formerly, when I knew not what belonged to money, yet Will was better skilled by far in those things than I. But this puzzled him too, as well as me. Now were we something like the cock in the fable; for all these bills, and I think there was one bill of Sir Henry Furness's for £1200, and all these diamonds, which were worth about £150, as they said-I say, all these things were of no value to us: one little purse of gold would have been better to us than all of it. "But come," says Will, "let us look over the bills for a little one."

We looked over all the bills, and among them we found a bill under a man's hand for £32. "Come," says Will, "let us go and inquire where this man lives." So he went into the City again, and Will went to the post-house, and asked there. They told him he lived at Temple Bar. "Well," says Will, "I will venture. I'll go and receive the money; it may be he has not remembered to send to stop the payment there."

But it came into his thoughts to take another course. "Come," says Will, "I'll go back to the alley, and see if I can hear anything of what has happened, for I believe the hurry is not over yet."

It seems the man who lost the book was carried into the King's Head tavern at the end of that alley, and a great crowd was about the door.

Away goes Will, and watches and waits about the place; and then, seeing several people together, for they were not all dispersed, he asks one or two what was the matter. They tell him a long story of a gentleman who had lost his pocket-book, with a great bag of diamonds in it, and bills for a great many thousand pounds, and I know not what; and that they had been just crying it, and had offered £100 reward to any one who would discover and restore it.

"I wish," said he to one of them that parleyed with him, "I did but know who has it; I don't doubt but I could help him to it again. Does he remember nothing of anybody, boy or fellow, that was near him? If he could but describe him, it might do." Somebody that overheard him was so forward to assist the poor gentleman that they went up and let him know what a young fellow, meaning Will, had been talking at the door; and down comes another gentleman from him, and, taking Will aside, asked him what he had said about it. Will was a grave sort of a young man, that, though he was an old soldier at the trade, had yet nothing of it in his countenance; and he answered that he was concerned in business where a great many of the gangs of little pickpockets haunted, and if he had but the least description of the person they suspected, he durst say he could find him out, and might perhaps get the things again for him. Upon this he desired him to go up

with him to the gentleman, which he did accordingly; and there, he said, he sat leaning his head back to the chair, pale as a cloth, disconsolate to a strange degree, and, as Will described him, just like one under a sentence.

When they came to ask him whether he had seen no boy or shabby fellow lurking near where he stood, or passing, or repassing, and the like, he answered, "No, not any." Neither could he remember that anybody had come near him. "Then," said Will, "it will be very hard, if not impossible, to find them out. However," said Will, "if you think it worth while, I will put myself among those rogues, though," says he, "I care not for being seen among them. But I will put in among them, and if it be in any of those gangs, it is ten to one but I shall hear something of it."

They asked him then if he had heard what terms the gentleman had offered to have it restored; he answered, "No" (though he had been told at the door). They answered, he had offered £100. "That is too much," says Will; "but if you please to leave it to me, I shall either get it for you for less than that, or not be able to get it for you at all." Then the losing gentleman said to one of the other, "Tell him that if he can get it lower, the overplus shall be to himself." William said he would be very glad to do the gentleman such a service, and would leave the reward to himself. "Well, young man," says one of the gentlemen, "whatever you appoint to the young artist that has done this roguery (for I warrant he is an artist, let it be who it will), he shall be paid, if it be within

the £100, and the gentleman is willing to give you £50 besides for your pains."

"Truly, sir," says Will very gravely, "it was by mere chance that, coming by the door, and seeing the crowd, I asked what the matter was. But if I should be instrumental to get the unfortunate gentleman his pocket-book and the things in it again, I shall be very glad; nor am I so rich neither, sir, but £50 is very well worth my while too." Then he took directions who to come to, and who to give his account to if he learned anything, and the like.

Will stayed so long that, as he and I agreed, I went home, and he did not come to me till night; for we had considered before that it would not be proper to come from them directly to me, lest they should follow him and apprehend me. If he had made no advances towards a treaty, he would have come back in half-an-hour, as we agreed; but staying late, we met at our night rendezvous, which was in Rosemary Lane.

When he came he gave an account of all the discourse, and particularly what a consternation the gentleman was in who lost the pocket-book, and that he did not doubt but we should get a good round sum for the recovery of it.

We consulted all the evening about it, and concluded he should let them hear nothing of them the next day at all; and that the third day he should go, but should make no discovery; only that he had got a scent of it, and that he believed he should have it, and make it appear as difficult as possible, and to start as many objections as he could. Accordingly, the third day after he met

with the gentleman, who, he found, had been uneasy at his long stay, and told him they were afraid that he only flattered them to get from them, and that they had been too easy in letting him go without a further examination.

He took upon him to be very grave with them, and told them that if that was what he was like to have for being so free as to tell them he thought he might serve them, they might see that they had wronged him, and were mistaken by his coming again to them; that if they thought they could do any thing by examining him, they might go about it, if they pleased, now; that all he had to say to them was, that he knew where some of the young rogues haunted who were famous for such things; and that by some inquiries, offering them money, and the like, he believed they would be brought to betray one another, and that so he might pick it out for them; and this he would say before a justice of peace, if they thought fit; and then all that he had to say further to them was to tell them he had lost a day or two in their service, and had got nothing but to be suspected for his pains, and that after that he had done, and they might seek their goods where they could find them.

They began to listen a little upon that, and asked him if he could give them any hopes of recovering their loss. He told them that he was not afraid to tell them that he believed he had heard some news of them, and that what he had done had prevented all the bills being burnt, book and all; but that now he ought not to be asked any more questions till they should be pleased to answer

him a question or two. They told him they would give him any satisfaction they could, and bid him tell what he desired.

"Why, sir," says he, "how can you expect any thief that had robbed you to such a considerable value as this would come and put himself into your hands, confess he had your goods, and restore them to you, if you do not give them assurance that you will not only give them the reward you agreed to, but also give assurance that they shall not be stopped, questioned, or called to account before a magistrate?"

They said they would give all possible assurance of it. "Nay," says he, "I do not know what assurance you are able to give; for when a poor fellow is in your clutches and has shown you your goods, you may seize upon him for a thief, and it is plain he must be so. Then you go, take away your goods, send him to prison, and what amends can he have of you afterward?"

They were entirely confounded with the difficulty; they asked him to try if he could get the things into his hands, and they would pay him the money before he let them go out of his hand, and he should go away half-an-hour before they went out of the room.

"No, gentlemen," says he, "that won't do now. If you had talked so before you had talked of apprehending me for nothing, I should have taken your words; but now it is plain you have had such a thought in your heads, and how can I, or any one else, be assured of safety?"

Well, they thought of a great many particulars, but nothing would do. At length the other people who were present put

in, that they should give security to him, by a bond of £1000, that they would not give the person any trouble whatsoever. He pretended they could not be bound, nor could their obligation be of any value, and that their own goods being once seen, they might seize them. "And what would it signify," said he, "to put a poor pick pocket to sue for his reward?" They could not tell what to say, but told him that he should take the things of the boy, if it was a boy, and they would be bound to pay him the money promised. He laughed at them, and said, "No, gentlemen; as I am not the thief, so I shall be very loth to put myself in the thief's stead and lie at your mercy."

They told him they knew not what to do then, and that it would be very hard he would not trust them at all. He said he was very willing to trust them and to serve them, but that it would be very hard to be ruined and charged with the theft for endeavouring to serve them.

They then offered to give it him under their hands that they did not in the least suspect him; that they would never charge him with anything about it; that they acknowledged he went about to inquire after the goods at their request; and that if he produced them, they would pay him so much money, at or before the delivery of them, without obliging him to name or produce that person he had them from.

Upon this writing, signed by three gentlemen who were present, and by the person in particular who lost the things, the young gentleman told them he would go and do his utmost to get

the pocket-book and all that was in it.

Then he desired that they would in writing, beforehand, give him a particular of all the several things that were in the book, that he might not have it said, when he produced it, that there was not all; and he would have the said writing sealed up, and he would make the book be sealed up when it was given to him. This they agreed to; and the gentleman accordingly drew up a particular of all the bills that he remembered, as he said, was in the book, and also of the diamonds, as follows: -

One bill under Sir Henry Furness's hand for £1200.

One bill under Sir Charles Duncomb's hand for £800, £250 endorsed off = £550.

One bill under the hand of J. Tassel, goldsmith, £165.

One bill of Sir Francis Child, £39.

One bill of one Stewart, that kept a wager-office and insurance, £350.

A paper containing thirty-seven loose diamonds, value about £250.

A little paper containing three large rough diamonds, and one large one polished and cut, value £185.

For all these things they promised, first, to give him whatever he agreed with the thief to give him, not exceeding £50, and to give him £50 more for himself for procuring them.

Now he had his cue, and now he came to me, and told me honestly the whole story as above. So I delivered him the book, and he told me that he thought it was reasonable we should not

take the full sum, because he would seem to have done them some service, and so make them the easier. All this I agreed to; so he went the next day to the place, and the gentlemen met him very punctually.

He told them at the first word he had done their work, and, as he hoped, to their mind; and told them, if it had not been for the diamonds, he could have got all for £10; but that the diamonds had shone so bright in the boy's imagination that he talked of running away to France or Holland, and living there all his days like a gentleman; at which they laughed. "However, gentlemen," said he, "here is the book;" and so pulled it out, wrapt up in a dirty piece of a coloured handkerchief, as black as the street could make it, and sealed with a piece of sorry wax, and the impression of a farthing for a seal.

Upon this, the note being also unsealed, at the same time he pulled open the dirty rag, and showed the gentleman his pocket-book; at which he was so over-surprised with joy, notwithstanding all the preparatory discourse, that he was fain to call for a glass of wine or brandy to drink, to keep him from fainting.

The book being opened, the paper of diamonds was first taken out, and there they were every one; only the little paper was by itself; and the rough diamonds that were in it were loose among the rest, but he owned they were all there safe.

Then the bills were called over one by one, and they found one bill for £80 more than the account mentioned, besides several

papers which were not for money, though of consequence to the gentleman; and he acknowledged that all was very honestly returned. "And now, young man," said they, "you shall see we will deal as honestly by you;" and so, in the first place, they gave him £50 for himself, and then they told out the £50 for me.

He took the £50 for himself, and put it up in his pocket, wrapping it in paper, it being all in gold; then he began to tell over the other £50. But when he had told out £30, "Hold, gentlemen," said he, "as I have acted fairly for you, so you shall have no reason to say I do not do so to the end. I have taken £30, and for so much I agreed with the boy; and so there is £20 of your money again."

They stood looking one at another a good while, as surprised at the honesty of it; for till that time they were not quite without a secret suspicion that he was the thief; but that piece of policy cleared up his reputation to them. The gentleman that had got his bills said softly to one of them, "Give it him all." But the other said (softly too), "No, no; as long as he has got it abated, and is satisfied with the £50 you have given him, 'tis very well; let it go as it 'tis." This was not spoke so softly but he heard it, and said, "No," too; "I am very well satisfied; I am glad I have got them for you;" and so they began to part.

But just before they were going away one of the gentlemen said to him, "Young man, come, you see we are just to you, and have done fairly, as you have also; and we will not desire you to tell us who this cunning fellow is that got such a prize from this gentleman; but as you have talked with him, prithee, can you tell

us nothing of how he did it, that we may beware of such sparks again?"

"Sir," says Will, "when I shall tell you what they say, and how the particular case stood, the gentleman would blame himself more than anybody else, or as much at least. The young rogue that catched this prize was out, it seems, with a comrade, who is a nimble, experienced pickpocket as most in London; but at that time the artist was somewhere at a distance, and this boy never had picked a pocket in his life before; but he says he stood over against the passage into the Exchange, on the east side, and the gentleman stood just by the passage; that he was very earnest in talking with some other gentleman, and often pulled out this book and opened it, and took papers out and put others in, and returned it into his coat-pocket; that the last time it hitched at the pocket-hole, or stopt at something that was in the pocket, and hung a little out, which the boy, who had watched it a good while perceiving, he passes by close to the gentleman, and carried it smoothly off, without the gentleman's perceiving it at all."

He went on, and said, "'Tis very strange gentlemen should put pocket-books which have such things in them into those loose pockets, and in so careless a manner." "That's very true," says the gentleman; and so, with some other discourse of no great signification, he came away to me.

We were now so rich that we scarce knew what to do with our money; at least I did not, for I had no relations, no friends, nowhere to put anything I had but in my pocket. As for Will, he

had a poor mother, but wicked as himself, and he made her rich and glad with his good success.

We divided this booty equally; for though the gaining it was mine, yet the improving of it was his, and his management brought the money; for neither he or I could have made anything proportionable of the thing any other way. As for the bills, there was no room to doubt but unless they had been carried that minute to the goldsmith's for the money, he would have come with notice to stop the payment, and perhaps have come while the money was receiving, and have taken hold of the person. And then as to the diamonds, there had been no offering them to sale by us poor boys to anybody but those who were our known receivers, and they would have given us nothing for them compared to what they were worth; for, as I understood afterwards, those who made a trade of buying stolen goods took care to have false weights, and cheat the poor devil that stole them at least an ounce in three.

Upon the whole, we made the best of it many ways besides. I had a strange kind of uninstructed conscience at that time; for though I made no scruple of getting anything in this manner from anybody, yet I could not bear destroying their bills and papers, which were things that would do them a great deal of hurt, and do me no good; and I was so tormented about it that I could not rest night or day while I made the people easy from whom the things were taken.

I was now rich, so rich that I knew not what to do with my

money or with myself. I had lived so near and so close, that although, as I said, I did now and then lay out twopence or threepence for mere hunger, yet I had so many people who, as I said, employed me, and who gave me victuals and sometimes clothes, that in a whole year I had not quite spent the 15s. which I had saved of the custom-house gentleman's money; and I had the four guineas which was of the first booty before that still in my pocket-I mean the money that I let fall into the tree.

But now I began to look higher; and though Will and I went abroad several times together, yet, when small things offered, as handkerchiefs and such trifles, we would not meddle with them, not caring to run the risk for small matters. It fell out one day that, as we were strolling about in West Smithfield on a Friday, there happened to be an ancient country gentleman in the market, selling some very large bullocks. It seems they came out of Sussex, for we heard him say there were no such bullocks in the whole county of Suffolk. His worship, for so they called him, had received the money for these bullocks at a tavern, whose sign I forget now, and having some of it in a bag, and the bag in his hand, he was taken with a sudden fit of coughing, and stands to cough, resting his hand with the bag of money in it upon the bulk-head of a shop just by the Cloister Gate in Smithfield; that is to say, within three or four doors of it. We were both just behind him. Says Will to me, "Stand ready." Upon this he makes an artificial stumble, and falls with his head just against the old gentleman in the very moment when he was coughing, ready to

be strangled, and quite spent for want of breath.

The violence of the blow beat the old gentleman quite down. The bag of money did not immediately fly out of his hand, but I ran to get hold of it, and gave it a quick snatch, pulled it clean away, and ran like the wind down the Cloisters with it; turned on the left hand, as soon as I was through, and cut into Little Britain, so into Bartholomew Close, then across Aldersgate Street, through Paul's Alley into Redcross Street, and so across all the streets, through innumerable alleys, and never stopped till I got into the second quarter of Moorfields, our old agreed rendezvous.

Will, in the meantime, fell down with the old gentleman, but soon got up. The old knight, for such, it seems, he was, was frighted with the fall, and his breath so stopped with his cough that he could not recover himself to speak till some time; during which nimble Will was got up again, and walked off. Nor could he call out, "Stop thief," or tell anybody he had lost anything for a good while; but, coughing vehemently and looking red, till he was almost black in the face, he cried, "The ro-hegh, hegh, hegh-the rogues-hegh-have got-hegh, hegh, hegh, hegh, hegh, hegh;" then he would get a little breath, and at it again: "The rogues-hegh, hegh;" and, after a great many heghs and rogues, he brought it out-"have got away my bag of money!"

All this while the people understood nothing of the matter; and as for the rogues indeed, they had time enough to get clear away, and in about an hour Will came to the rendezvous. There

we sat down in the grass again, and turned out the money, which proved to be eight guineas, and £5, 12s. in silver, so that it made just £14 together. This we shared upon the spot, and went to work the same day for more; but whether it was that, being flushed with our success, we were not so vigilant, or that no other opportunity offered, I know not, but we got nothing more that night, nor so much as anything offered itself for an attempt.

We took many walks of this kind, sometimes together, at a little distance from one another, and several small hits we made; but we were so flushed with our success that truly we were above meddling with trifles, as I said before-no, not such things that others would have been glad of; nothing but pocket-books, letter-cases, or sums of money would move us.

The next adventure was in the dusk of the evening, in a court which goes out of Gracechurch Street into Lombard Street, where the Quakers' meeting house is. There was a young fellow who, as we learned afterward, was a woollen-draper's apprentice in Gracechurch Street. It seems he had been receiving a sum of money which was very considerable, and he comes to a goldsmith's shop in Lombard Street with it; paid in the most of it there; insomuch that it grew dark, and the goldsmith began to be shutting in shop, and candles to be lighted. We watched him in there, and stood on the other side of the way to see what he did. When he had paid in all the money he intended, he stayed still some time longer, to take notes, as I supposed, for what he had paid; and by this time it was still darker than before. At last

he comes out of the shop, with still a pretty large bag under his arm, and walks over into the court, which was then very dark. In the middle of the court is a boarded entry, and farther, at the end of it, a threshold; and as soon as he had set his foot over the threshold, he was to turn on his left hand into Gracechurch Street.

"Keep up," says Will to me; "be nimble;" and as soon as he had said so he flies at the young man, and gives him such a violent thrust that pushed him forward with too great a force for him to stand; and as he strove to recover, the threshold took his feet, and he fell forward into the other part of the court, as if he had flown in the air, with his head lying towards the Quakers' meeting-house. I stood ready, and presently felt out the bag of money, which I heard fall; for it flew out of his hand, he having his life to save, not his money. I went forward with the money, and Will, that threw him down, finding I had it, run backward, and as I made along Fenchurch Street, Will overtook me, and we scoured home together. The poor young man was hurt a little with the fall, and reported to his master, as we heard afterward, that he was knocked down, which was not true, for neither Will or I had any stick in our hands; but the master of the youth was, it seems, so very thankful that his young man was not knocked down before he paid the rest of the money (which was above £100 more) to the goldsmith, who was Sir John Sweetapple, that he made no great noise at the loss he had, and, as we heard afterward, only warned his apprentice to be more careful and come no more through such places in the dark; whereas the man had really no

such deliverance as he imagined, for we saw him before, when he had all the money about him; but it was no time of day for such work as we had to do, so that he was in no danger before.

This booty amounted to £29, 16s., which was £14 18s. apiece, and added exceedingly to my store, which began now to be very much too big for my management; and indeed I began to be now full of care for the preservation of what I had got. I wanted a trusty friend to commit it to; but where was such a one to be found by a poor boy bred up among thieves? If I should have let any honest body know that I had so much money, they would have asked me how I came by it, and would have been afraid to take it into their hands, lest I being some time or other catched in my rogueries, they should be counted the receivers of stolen goods and the encouragers of a thief.

We had, however, in the meantime a great many other successful enterprises, some of one kind, some of another, and were never so much as in danger of being apprehended; but my companion Will, who was now grown a man, and encouraged by these advantages, fell into quite another vein of wickedness, getting acquainted with a wretched gang of fellows that turned their hands to everything that was vile.

Will was a lusty, strong fellow, and withal very bold and daring, would fight anybody and venture upon anything; and I found he began to be above the mean rank of a poor pickpocket, so I saw him but seldom. However, once coming to me in a very friendly manner, and asking me how I went on, I told him that

I used the old trade still, that I had had two or three good jobs: one with a young woman, whose pocket I had picked of eleven guineas; and another, a countrywoman, just come out of a stage-coach, seeing her pull out her bag to pay the coachman; and that I followed her till I got an opportunity, and slipped it out so neatly that though there was £8, 17s. in it, yet she never felt it go. And several other jobs I told him of, by which I made pretty good purchase. "I always said you were a lucky boy, Colonel Jacque," says he; "but, come, you are grown almost a man now, and you shall not be always at play at push-pin. I am got into better business, I assure you, and you shall come into it too. I'll bring you into a brave gang, Jacque," says he, "where you shall see we shall be all gentlemen."

Then he told me the trade itself, in short, which was with a set of fellows that had two of the most desperate works upon their hands that belonged to the whole art of thieving; that is to say, in the evening they were footpads, and in the night they were housebreakers. Will told me so many plausible stories, and talked of such great things, that, in short, I, who had been always used to do anything he bid me do, went with him without any hesitation.

Nothing is more certain than that hitherto, being partly from the gross ignorance of my untaught childhood, as I observed before, partly from the hardness and wickedness of the company I kept; and add to these that it was the business I might be said to be brought up to-I had, I say, all the way hitherto, no manner of thoughts about the good or evil of what I was embarked in;

consequently I had no sense of conscience, no reproaches upon my mind for having done amiss.

Yet I had something in me, by what secret influence I knew not, kept me from the other degrees of raking and vice, and, in short, from the general wickedness of the rest of my companions. For example, I never used any ill words, nobody ever heard me swear, nor was I given to drink, or to love strong drink; and I cannot omit a circumstance that very much served to prevent it. I had a strange original notion, as I have mentioned in its place, of my being a gentleman; and several things had casually happened in my way to increase this fancy of mine. It happened one day, that being in the Glass-house Yard, between Rosemary Lane and Ratcliff Highway, there came a man dressed very well, and with a coach attending him, and he came (as I suppose) to buy glass-bottles, or some other goods, as they sold; and in bargaining for his goods, he swore most horrid oaths at every two or three words. At length the master of the glass-house, an ancient, grave gentleman, took the liberty to reprove him, which at first made him swear the worse. After a while the gentleman was a little calmer, but still he swore very much, though not so bad as at first. After some time the master of the glass-house turned from him-"Really, sir," says the good old gentleman, "you swear so, and take God's name in vain so, that I cannot bear to stay with you. I would rather you would let my goods alone and go somewhere else. I hope you won't take it ill, but I don't desire to deal with anybody that does so. I am afraid my glass-house

should fall on your head while you stay in it."

The gentleman grew good-humoured at the reproof, and said, "Well, come, don't go away; I won't swear any more," says he, "if I can help it; for I own," says he, "I should not do it."

With that the old gentleman looked up at him, and, returning, "Really, sir," says he, "'tis pity you, that seem to be a fine gentleman, well-bred and good-humoured, should accustom yourself to such a hateful practice. Why, 'tis not like a gentleman to swear; 'tis enough for my black wretches that work there at the furnace, or for these ragged, naked, blackguard boys," pointing at me, and some others of the dirty crew that lay in the ashes. "'Tis bad enough for them," says he, "and they ought to be corrected for it, too; but for a man of breeding, sir," says he, "a gentleman, it ought to be looked upon as below them. Gentlemen know better, and are taught better, and it is plain you know better. I beseech you, sir, when you are tempted to swear, always ask yourself, 'Is this like a gentleman? Does this become me as a gentleman?' Do but ask yourself that question, and your reason will prevail-you will soon leave it off."

I heard all this, and it made the blood run chill in my veins when he said swearing was only fit for such as we were. In short, it made as great an impression upon me as it did upon the gentleman; and yet he took it very kindly too, and thanked the old gentleman for his advice. But from that time forward I never had the least inclination to swearing or ill words, and abhorred it when I heard other boys do it. As to drinking, I had no opportunity;

for I had nothing to drink but water, or small-beer that anybody gave me in charity, for they seldom gave away strong beer; and after I had money, I neither desired strong beer or cared to part with my money to buy it.

Then as to principle, 'tis true I had no foundation laid in me by education; and being early led by my fate into evil, I had the less sense of its being evil left upon my mind. But when I began to grow to an age of understanding, and to know that I was a thief, growing up in all manner of villainy, and ripening apace for the gallows, it came often into my thoughts that I was going wrong, that I was in the high-road to the devil; and several times I would stop short, and ask myself if this was the life of a gentleman.

But these little things wore off again as often as they came on, and I followed the old trade again, especially when Will came to prompt me, as I have observed, for he was a kind of a guide to me in all these things; and I had, by custom and application, together with seeing his way, learned to be as acute a workman as my master.

But to go back where I left off. Will came to me, as I have said, and telling me how much better business he was fallen into, would have me go along with him, and I should be a gentleman. Will, it seems, understood that word in a quite different manner from me; for his gentleman was nothing more or less than a gentleman thief, a villain of a higher degree than a pickpocket, and one that might do something more wicked, and better entitling him to the gallows, than could be done in our

way. But my gentleman that I had my eye upon was another thing quite, though I could not really tell how to describe it either.

However, the word took with me, and I went with him. We were neither of us old. Will was about twenty-four; and as for me, I was now about eighteen, and pretty tall of my age.

The first time I went with him, he brought me into the company only of two more young fellows. We met at the lower part of Gray's Inn Lane, about an hour before sunset, and went out into the fields toward a place called Pindar of Wakefield, where are abundance of brick-kilns. Here it was agreed to spread from the field-path to the roadway, all the way towards Pancras Church, to observe any chance game, as they called it, which they might shoot flying. Upon the path within the bank on the side of the road going towards Kentish Town, two of our gang, Will and one of the others, met a single gentleman walking apace towards the town. Being almost dark, Will cried, "Mark, ho!" which, it seems, was the word at which we were all to stand still at a distance, come in if he wanted help, and give a signal if anything appeared that was dangerous.

Will steps up to the gentleman, stops him, and put the question; that is, "Sir, your money?" The gentleman, seeing he was alone, struck at him with his cane; but Will, a nimble, strong fellow, flew in upon him, and with struggling got him down. Then he begged for his life, Will having told him with an oath that he would cut his throat. In that moment, while this was doing, comes a hackney-coach along the road, and the fourth man, who

was that way, cries, "Mark, ho!" which was to intimate that it was a prize, not a surprise. And accordingly the next man went up to assist him, where they stopped the coach, which had a doctor of physic and a surgeon in it, who had been to visit some considerable patient, and, I suppose, had had considerable fees. For here they got two good purses, one with eleven or twelve guineas, the other six with some pocket-money, two watches, one diamond ring, and the surgeon's plaster-box, which was most of it full of silver instruments.

While they were at this work, Will kept the man down who was under him; and though he promised not to kill him, unless he offered to make a noise, yet he would not let him stir till he heard the noise of the coach going on again, by which he knew the job was over on that side. Then he carried him a little out of the way, tied his hands behind him, and bade him lie still and make no noise, and he would come back in half-an-hour and untie him, upon his word; but if he cried out, he would come back and kill him.

The poor man promised to lie still and make no noise, and did so; and had not above 11s. 6d. in his pocket, which Will took, and came back to the rest; but while they were together, I, who was on the side of the Pindar of Wakefield, cried, "Mark, ho!" too.

What I saw was a couple of poor women, one a kind of a nurse, and the other a maid-servant, going for Kentish Town. As Will knew that I was but young at the work, he came flying to me, and seeing how easy a bargain it was, he said, "Go, colonel, fall

to work." I went up to them, and speaking to the elderly woman, "Nurse," said I, "don't be in such haste. I want to speak with you;" at which they both stopped, and looked a little frighted. "Don't be frighted, sweetheart," said I to the maid; "a little of that money in the bottom of your pocket will make all easy, and I will do you no harm." By this time Will came up to us, for they did not see him before; then they began to scream out. "Hold!" says I; "make no noise, unless you have a mind to force us to murder you whether we will or no. Give me your money presently, and make no words, and we shan't hurt you." Upon this the poor maid pulled out 5s. 6d., and the old woman a guinea and a shilling, crying heartily for her money, and said it was all she had left in the world. Well, we took it for all that, though it made my very heart bleed to see what agony the poor woman was in at parting with it, and I asked her where she lived. She said her name was Smith, and she lived at Kentish Town. I said nothing to her, but bid them go on about their business, and I gave Will the money. So in a few minutes we were all together again. Says one of the other rogues, "Come, this is well enough for one road; it's time to be gone." So we jogged away, crossing the fields, out of the path towards Tottenham Court. "But hold!" says Will; "I must go and untie the man." "D-n him," says one of them, "let him lie." "No," says Will, "I won't be worse than my word; I will untie him." So he went to the place, but the man was gone. Either he had untied himself, or somebody had passed by, and he had called for help, and so was untied; for he could not find him, nor make him hear,

though he ventured to call twice for him aloud.

This made us hasten away the faster, and getting into Tottenham Court Road, they thought it was a little too near, so they made into the town at St. Giles's, and crossing to Piccadilly, went to Hyde Park gate. Here they ventured to rob another coach; that is to say, one of the two other rogues and Will did it, between the Park gate and Knightsbridge. There was in it only a gentleman and a whore that he had picked up, it seems, at the Spring Garden, a little farther. They took the gentleman's money, his watch, and his silver-hilted sword; but when they come to the slut, she damned and cursed them for robbing the gentleman of his money and leaving him none for her. As for herself, she had not one sixpenny piece about her, though she was indeed well enough dressed too.

Having made this adventure, we left that road too, and went over the fields to Chelsea. In the way from Westminster to Chelsea we met three gentlemen, but they were too strong for us to meddle with. They had been afraid to come over the fields so late (for by this time it was eight o'clock, and though the moon gave some light, yet it was too late and too dark to be safe); so they hired three men at Chelsea, two with pitchforks, and the third, a waterman, with a boathook staff to guard them. We would have steered clear of them, and cared not to have them see us, if we could help it. But they did see us, and cried, "Who comes there?" We answered, "Friends;" and so they went on, to our great satisfaction.

When we came to Chelsea, it seems we had other work to do, which I had not been made privy to; and this was a house to be robbed. They had some intelligence, it seems, with a servant in the house, who was of their gang. This rogue was a waiting-man, or footman, and he had a watchword to let them in by; but this fellow, not for want of being a villain, but by getting drunk and not minding his part of the work, disappointed us. For he had promised to rise at two o'clock in the morning and let us all in; but, being very drunk, and not come in at eleven o'clock, his master ordered him to be shut out and the doors locked up, and charged the other servants not to let him in upon any terms whatsoever.

We came about the house at one o'clock to make our observations, intending to go and lie under Beaufort House wall till the clock struck two, and then to come again; but, behold! when we came to the house, there lay the fellow at the door fast asleep, and very drunk. Will, who, I found, was the leader in all these things, waked the fellow, who, as he had had about two hours' sleep, was a little come to himself, and told them the misfortune, as he called it, and that he could not get in. They had some instruments about them, by which they could have broken in by force; but Will considered that as it was but waiting till another time, and they should be let in quietly, they resolved to give it over for that time.

But this was a happy drunken bout for the family; for the fellow having let fall some words in his drink (for he was a saucy

one as well as a drunken one, and talked oddly), as that it had been better they had let him in, and he would make them pay dear for it, or some such thing, the master hearing of it, turned him away in the morning, and never let him come into his house again. So, I say, it was a happy drunkenness to the family, for it saved them from being robbed, and perhaps murdered; for they were a cursed, bloody crew, and, as I found, were about thirteen of them in all, whereof three of them made it their business to get into gentlemen's services, and so to open doors in the night, and let the other rogues in upon them to rob and destroy them.

I rambled this whole night with them. They went from Chelsea, being disappointed there as above, to Kensington. There they broke into a brewhouse and washhouse, and by that means into an out-kitchen of a gentleman's house, where they unhanged a small copper, and brought it off, and stole about a hundredweight of pewter, and went clear off with that too. And every one going their own by-ways, they found means to get safe to their several receptacles where they used to dispose of such things.

We lay still the next day, and shared the effects stolen that night, of which my share came to £8, 19s. The copper and pewter being weighed, and cast up, a person was at hand to take it as money, at about half value, and in the afternoon Will and I came away together. Will was mighty full of the success we had had, and how we might be sure of the like this way every day. But he observed that I did not seem so elevated at the success of that

night's ramble as I used to be, and also that I did not take any great notice of the expectations he was in of what was to come. Yet I had said little to him at that time.

But my heart was full of the poor woman's case at Kentish Town, and I resolved, if possible, to find her out and give her her money. With the abhorrence that filled my mind at the cruelty of that act, there necessarily followed a little distaste for the thing itself; and now it came into my head with a double force that this was the high road to the devil, and that certainly this was not the life of a gentleman.

Will and I parted for that time; but next morning we met again, and Will was mighty brisk and merry. "And now, Colonel Jacque," says he, "we shall be rich very quickly." "Well," says I, "and what shall we do when we are rich?" "Do!" says he; "we will buy a couple of good horses, and go farther afield."

"What do you mean by farther afield?" says I. "Why," says he, "we will take the highway like gentlemen, and then we shall get a great deal of money indeed." "Well," says I, "what then?" "Why, then," says he, "we shall live like gentlemen."

"But, Will," says I, "if we get a great deal of money, shan't we leave this trade off, and sit down, and be safe and quiet?"

"Ay," says Will; "when we have got a great estate, we shall be willing to lay it down." "But where," says I, "shall we be before that time comes, if we should drive on this cursed kind of trade?"

"Prithee never think of that," says Will; "if you think of those things, you will never be fit to be a gentleman." He touched me

there indeed, for it ran much in my mind still that I was to be a gentleman, and it made me dumb for a while; but I came to myself after a little while, and I said to him, pretty tartly, "Why, Will, do you call this way of living the life of a gentleman?"

"Why," says Will, "why not?"

"Why," says I, "was it like a gentleman for me to take that 22s. from a poor ancient woman, when she begged of me upon her knees not to take it, and told me it was all she had in the world to buy her bread for herself and a sick child which she had at home? Do you think I could be so cruel, if you had not stood by and made me do it? Why, I cried at doing it as much as the poor woman did, though I did not let you see me."

"You fool you," says Will; "you will never be fit for our business, indeed, if you mind such things as those. I shall bring you off those things quickly. Why, if you will be fit for business, you must learn to fight when they resist, and cut their throats when they submit; you must learn to stop their breath that they may beg and pray no more. What signifies pity? Prithee, who will pity us when we come to the Old Bailey? I warrant you that whining old woman, that begged so heartily for her 22s., would let you and I beg upon our knees, and would not save our lives by not coming in for an evidence against us. Did you ever see any of them cry when they see gentlemen go to the gallows?"

"Well, Will," says I, "you had better let us keep to the business we were in before. There were no such cruel doings in that, and yet we got more money by it than I believe we shall get at this."

"No, no," says Will, "you are a fool; you don't know what fine things we shall do in a little while."

Upon this discourse we parted for that time; but I resolved with myself that I would never be concerned with him that way any more. The truth is, they were such a dreadful gang, such horrid barbarous villains, that even that little while that I was among them my very blood run cold in my veins at what I heard, particularly the continued raving and damning one another and themselves at every word they spoke; and then the horrid resolutions of murder, and cutting throats, which I perceived was in their minds upon any occasion that should present. This appeared first in their discourse upon the disappointment they met with at Chelsea, where the two rogues that were with us, ay, and Will too, damned and raged that they could not get into the house, and swore they would have cut the gentleman's throat if they had got in, and shook hands, damning and cursing themselves if they did not murder the whole family as soon as Tom (that was the manservant) could get an opportunity to let them in.

Two days after this Will came to my lodging; for I had now got a room by myself, had bought me tolerable good clothes and some shirts, and began to look like other folks. But, as it happened, I was abroad upon the scout in another way; for though I was not hardened enough for so black a villain as Will would have had me be, yet I had not arrived to any principle sufficient to keep me from a life, in its degree wicked enough, which tended

to the same destruction, though not in so violent and precipitant degrees. I had his message delivered to me, which was to meet him the next evening at such a place, and as I came in time enough to meet, so I went to the place, but resolved beforehand that I would not go any more with him among the gang.

However, to my great satisfaction, I missed him; for he did not come at all to the place, but met with the gang at another place, they having sent for him in haste upon the notice of some booty; and so they went all away together. This was a summons, it seems, from one of the creatures which they had abroad in a family, where an opportunity offered them to commit a notorious robbery, down almost as far as Hounslow, and where they wounded a gentleman's gardener so that I think he died, and robbed the house of a very considerable sum of money and plate.

This, however, was not so clean carried, nor did they get in so easy, but by the resistance they met with the neighbours were all alarmed, and the gentlemen rogues were pursued, and being at London with the booty, one of them was taken. Will, a dexterous fellow and head of the gang, made his escape, and though in his clothes, with a great weight about him of both money and plate, plunged into the Thames and swam over where there was no path or road leading to the river; so that nobody suspected any one's going that way. Being got over, he made his way, wet as he was, into some woods adjacent, and, as he told me afterwards, not far from Chertsey, and stayed lurking about in the woods or fields thereabouts till his clothes were dry; then, in the night, got down

to Kingston, and so to Mortlake, where he got a boat to London.

He knew nothing that one of his comrades was taken; only he knew that they were all so closely pursued that they were obliged to disperse, and every one to shift for himself. He happened to come home in the evening, as good luck then directed him, just after search had been made for him by the constables; his companion, who was taken, having, upon promise of favour, and of saving him from the gallows, discovered his companions, and Will among the rest, as the principal party in the whole undertaking.

Will got notice of this just time enough to run for it and not to be taken; and away he came to look for me; but, as my good fate still directed, I was not at home neither. However, he left all his booty at my lodging, and hid it in an old coat that lay under my bedding, and left word that my brother Will had been there, and had left his coat that he borrowed of me, and that it was under my bed.

I knew not what to make of it, but went up to go to bed; and, finding the parcel, was perfectly frighted to see, wrapped up in it, above one hundred pound in plate and money, and yet knew nothing of brother Will, as he called himself, nor did I hear of him for three or four days.

At the end of four days I heard, by great accident, that Will, who used to be seen with me, and who called me brother, was taken, and would be hanged. Next day a poor man, a shoemaker, that used formerly to have a kindness for me, and to send me

of errands, and gave me sometimes some victuals, seeing me accidentally in Rosemary Lane, going by him, clasped me fast hold by the arm. "Hark ye, young man," says he, "have I catched you?" and hauled me along as if I had been a thief apprehended, and he the constable. "Hark ye, Colonel Jacque," says he again, "come along with me. I must speak with you. What, are you got into this gang too? What, are you turned housebreaker? Come, I'll have you hanged, to be sure."

These were dreadful words to me, who, though not guilty of the particular thing in question, yet was frighted heartily before, and did not know what I might be charged with by Will, if he was taken, as I heard that very morning he was. With these words, the shoemaker began to hale and drag me along as he used to do when I was a boy.

However, recovering my spirits, and provoked to the highest degree, I said to him again, "What do you mean, Mr. – ? Let me alone, or you will oblige me to make you do it;" and with that I stopped short, and soon let him see I was grown a little too big to be haled about as I used to be when I run of his errands, and made a motion with my other hand as if I would strike him in the face.

"How, Jacque!" says he; "will you strike me? Will you strike your old friend?" and then he let go my arm, and laughed. "Well, but hark ye, colonel," says he, "I am in earnest. I hear bad news of you. They say you are gotten into bad company, and that this Will calls you brother. He is a great villain, and I hear he is charged

with a bloody robbery, and will be hanged if he is taken. I hope you are not concerned with him. If you are, I would advise you to shift for yourself, for the constable and the headborough are after him to-day, and if he can lay any thing to you he will do it, you may be sure. He will certainly hang you to save himself."

This was kind, and I thanked him, but told him this was a thing too serious, and that had too much weight in it, to be jested with, as he had done before; and that some ignorant stranger might have seized upon me as a person guilty, who had no further concern in it than just knowing the man, and so I might have been brought into trouble for nothing. At least people might have thought I was among them, whether I was or no, and it would have rendered me suspected, though I was innocent.

He acknowledged that; told me he was but in jest, and that he talked to me just as he used to do.

"However, colonel," says he, "I won't jest any more with you in a thing of such a dangerous consequence; I only advise you to keep the fellow company no more."

I thanked him, and went away, but in the greatest perplexity imaginable. And now, not knowing what to do with myself, or with the little ill-gotten wealth which I had, I went musing and alone into the fields towards Stepney, my usual walk, and there began to consider what to do. And as this creature had left his prize in my garret, I began to think that if he should be taken, and should confess and send the officers to search there for the goods, and they should find them, I should be undone, and should

be taken up for a confederate; whereas I knew nothing of the matter, and had no hand in it.

While I was thus musing, and in great perplexity, I heard somebody halloo to me; and, looking about, I saw Will running after me. I knew not what to think at first, but seeing him alone, was the more encouraged, and I stood still for him. When he came up to me I said to him, "What is the matter, Will?" "Matter!" says Will. "Matter enough; I am undone. When was you at home?"

"I saw what you left there," says I. "What is the meaning of it, and where got you all that? Is that your being undone?"

"Ay," says Will, "I am undone for all that; for the officers are after me; and I am a dead dog if I am taken, for George is in custody, and he has peached on me and all the others to save his life."

"Life!" says I; "why should you lose your life if they should take you? Pray what would they do to you?"

"Do to me!" says he; "they would hang me, if the king had ne'er another soldier in his guards. I shall certainly be hanged as I am now alive."

This frighted me terribly, and I said, "And what will you do then?" "Nay," says he, "I know not. I would get out of the nation, if I knew how; but I am a stranger to all those things, and I know not what to do, not I. Advise me, Jacque," says he; "prithee tell me whither shall I go. I have a good mind to go to sea."

"You talk of going away," says I; "what will you do with all

you have hid in my garret? It must not lie there," said I; "for if I should be taken up for it, and it be found to be the money you stole, I shall be ruined."

"I care not what becomes of it, not I," says Will. "I'll be gone. Do you take it, if you will, and do what you will with it. I must fly, and I cannot take it with me." "I won't have it, not I," says I to him. "I'll go and fetch it to you if you will take it," says I; "but I won't meddle with it. Besides, there is plate. What shall I do with plate?" said I. "If I should offer to sell it anywhere," said I, "they will stop me."

"As for that," says Will, "I could sell it well enough, if I had it; but I must not be seen anywhere among my old acquaintance; for I am blown, and they will all betray me. But I will tell you where you shall go and sell it, if you will, and they will ask you no questions, if you give them the word that I will give you." So he gave me the word, and directions to a pawnbroker near Cloth Fair. The word was *Good tower standard*. Having these instructions, he said to me, "Colonel Jacque, I am sure you won't betray me; and I promise you, if I am taken, and should be hanged, I won't name you. I will go to such a house" (naming a house at Bromley, by Bow, where he and I had often been), "and there," says he, "I'll stay till it is dark. At night I will come near the streets, and I will lay under such a haystack all night" (a place we both knew also very well); "and if you cannot finish to come to me there, I will go back to Bow."

I went back and took the cargo, went to the place by Cloth

Fair, and gave the word *Good tower standard*; and without any words, they took the plate, weighed it, and paid me after the rate of 2s. per ounce for it. So I came away and went to meet him, but it was too late to meet him at the first place; but I went to the haystack, and there I found him fast asleep.

I delivered him his cargo. What it really amounted to I knew not, for I never told it; but I went home to my quarters very late and tired. I went to sleep at first, but, notwithstanding I was so weary, I slept little or none for several hours. At last, being overcome with sleep, I dropped, but was immediately roused with noise of people knocking at the door, as if they would beat it down, and crying and calling out to the people of the house, "Rise, and let in the constable here. We come for your lodger in the garret."

I was frighted to the last degree, and started up in my bed; but when I was awaked I heard no noise at all, but of two watchmen thumping at the doors with their staves, and giving the hour, "Past three o'clock, and a rainy, wet morning" – for such it was. I was very glad when I found it was but a dream, and went to bed again, but was soon roused a second time with the same, very same noise and words. Then, being sooner awaked than I was before, I jumped out of bed and ran to the window, and found it was just an hour more, and the watchmen were come about: "Past four o'clock," and they went away again very quietly; so I lay me down again, and slept the rest of the night quietly enough.

I laid no stress upon the thing called a dream, neither till now

did I understand that dreams were of any importance; but getting up the next day, and going out with a resolution to meet brother Will, who should I meet but my former brother, Captain Jacque. When he saw me, he came close to me in his blunt way, and says, "Do you hear the news?" "No, not I," said I; "what news?" "Your old comrade and teacher is taken this morning and carried to Newgate." "How," says I, "this morning?" "Yes," says he, "this morning at four o'clock. He is charged with a robbery and murder somewhere beyond Brentford; and that which is worse is, that he is impeached by one of the gang, who, to save his own life, has turned evidence; and therefore you had best consider," says the captain, "what you have to do." "What I have to do!" says I; "and what do you mean by that?" "Nay, colonel," says he, "don't be angry; you know best. If you are not in danger, I am glad of it, but I doubt not but you were with them." "No, not I," said I again; "I assure you I was not." "Well," says he, "but if you were not with them this bout, you have been with them at other times; and 'twill be all one." "Not I," says I; "you are quite mistaken. I am none of their gang; they are above my quality." With such, and a little more talk of that kind, we parted, and Captain Jacque went away; but as he went I observed he shook his head, seemed to have more concern upon him than he could be supposed to have merely on my account, of which we shall hear more very quickly.

I was extremely alarmed when I heard Will was in Newgate, and, had I known where to have gone, would certainly have fled as far as legs would have carried me. My very joints trembled,

and I was ready to sink into the ground; and all that evening, and that night following, I was in the uttermost consternation. My head ran upon nothing but Newgate and the gallows, and being hanged; which, I said, I deserved, if it were for nothing but taking that two-and-twenty shillings from the poor old nurse.

The first thing my perplexed thoughts allowed me to take care of was my money. This indeed lay in a little compass, and I carried it generally all about me. I had got together, as you will perceive by the past account, above £60 (for I spent nothing), and what to do with it I knew not. At last it came into my head that I would go to my benefactor, the clerk at the custom-house, if he was to be found, and see if I could get him to take the rest of my money. The only business was to make a plausible story to him, that he might not wonder how I came by so much money.

But my invention quickly supplied that want. There was a suit of clothes at one of our houses of rendezvous, which was left there for any of the gang to put on, upon particular occasions, as a disguise. This was a green livery, laced with pink-coloured galloon, and lined with the same; an edged hat, a pair of boots, and a whip. I went and dressed myself up in this livery, and went to my gentleman, to his house in Tower Street, and there I found him in health and well, just the same honest gentleman as ever.

He stared at me when first I came to him, for I met him just at his door; I say, he stared at me, and seeing me bow and bow to him several times, with my laced hat under my arm, at last, not knowing me in the least, says he to me, "Dost thou want

to speak with me, young man?" And I said, "Yes, sir; I believe your worship" (I had learnt some manners now) "does not know me. I am the poor boy Jacque." He looked hard at me, and then recollecting me presently, says he, "Who-Colonel Jacque! Why, where hast thou been all this while? Why, 'tis five or six years since I saw you." "'Tis above six years, and please your worship," says I.

"Well, and where hast thou been all this while?" says he.

"I have been in the country, sir," says I, "at service."

"Well, Colonel Jacque," says he, "you give long credit; what's the reason you han't fetched your money all this while, nor the interest? Why, you will grow so rich in time by the interest of your money, you won't know what to do with it."

To that I said nothing, but bowed and scraped a great many times. "Well, come, Colonel Jacque," said he, "come in and I will give you your money, and the interest of it too."

I cringed and bowed, and told him I did not come to him for my money; for I had had a good place or two, and I did not want my money.

"Well, Colonel Jacque," said he, "and who do you live with?"

"Sir Jonathan Loxham," said I, "sir, in Somersetshire, and please your worship." This was a name I had heard of, but knew nothing of any such gentleman, or of the country.

"Well," says he, "but won't you have your money, Jacque?"

"No, sir," said I, "if your worship would please, for I have had a good place."

"If I would please to do what, prithee? Your money is ready, I tell thee."

"No, sir," said I; "but I have had a good place."

"Well, and what dost thou mean, Jacque? I do not understand thee."

"Why, and please your worship, my old master, Sir Jonathan's father, left me £30 when he died, and a suit of mourning, and-"

"And what, prithee, Jacque? What, hast thou brought me more money?" For then he began to understand what I meant.

"Yes, sir," said I; "and your worship would be so good to take it, and put it all together. I have saved some, too, out of my wages."

"I told you, Jacque," says he, "you would be rich. And how much hast thou saved? Come, let me see it."

To shorten the story, I pulled it out, and he was content to take it, giving me his note, with interest, for the whole sum, which amounted to £94; that is to say,

£25 The first money. 9 For six years' interest. 60 Now paid him. _ £94

I came away exceeding joyful, made him abundance of bows and scrapes, and went immediately to shift my clothes again, with a resolution to run away from London and see it no more for a great while. But I was surprised the very next morning, when, going cross Rosemary Lane, by the end of the place which is called Rag Fair, I heard one call "Jacque." He had said something before, which I did not hear, but upon hearing the name Jacque

I looked about me, immediately saw three men, and after them a constable coming towards me with great fury. I was in a great surprise, and started to run, but one of them clapped in upon me, and got hold of me, and in a moment the rest surrounded me, and I was taken. I asked them what they wanted, and what I had done. They told me it was no place to talk of that there, but showed me their warrant, and bade me read it, and I should know the rest when I came before the justice; so they hurried me away.

I took the warrant, but, to my great affliction, I could know nothing by that, for I could not read; so I desired them to read it, and they read it, that they were to apprehend a known thief, that went by the name of one of the three Jacques of Rag Fair; for that he was charged upon oath with having been a party in a notorious robbery, burglary, and murder, committed so and so, in such a place, and on such a day.

It was to no purpose for me to deny it, or to say I knew nothing of it; that was none of their business, they said; that must be disputed, they told me, before the justice, where I would find that it was sworn positively against me, and then, perhaps, I might be better satisfied.

I had no remedy but patience; and as my heart was full of terror and guilt, so I was ready to die with the weight of it as they carried me along. For as I very well knew that I was guilty of the first day's work, though I was not of the last, so I did not doubt but I should be sent to Newgate, and then I took it for granted I must be hanged; for to go to Newgate and to be hanged were to

me as things which necessarily followed one another.

But I had a sharp conflict to go through before it came to that part; and that was before the justice; where, when I was come, and the constable brought me in, the justice asked me my name. "But hold," says he, "young man; before I ask you your name, let me do you justice. You are not bound to answer till your accusers come;" so, turning to the constable, he asked for his warrant.

"Well," says the justice, "you have brought this young man here by virtue of this warrant. Is this young man the person for whom this warrant is granted?"

Con. I believe so, and please your worship.

Just. Believe so! Why, are you not sure of it?

Con. An't please your worship, the people said so where I took him.

Just. It is a very particular kind of warrant; it is to apprehend a young man who goes by the name of Jacque, but no surname, only that it is said he is called Captain Jacque, or some other such name. Now, young man, pray is your name Captain Jacque? or are you usually called so?

I presently found that the men that took me knew nothing of me, and the constable had taken me up by hearsay; so I took heart, and told the justice that I thought, with submission, that it was not the present question what my name was, but what these men, or any one else, had to lay to my charge; whether I was the person who the warrant empowered them to apprehend or no.

He smiled. "'Tis very true, young man," says he, "it is very

true; and, on my word, if they have taken you up, and do not know you, and there is nobody to charge you, they will be mistaken to their own damage."

Then I told his worship I hoped I should not be obliged to tell my name till my accuser was brought to charge me, and then I should not conceal my name.

"It is but reason," said his good worship. "Mr. Constable," turning to the officers, "are you sure this is the person that is intended in your warrant? If you are not, you must fetch the person that accuses him, and on whose oath the warrant was granted." They used many words to insinuate that I was the person, and that I knew it well enough, and that I should be obliged to tell my name.

I insisted on the unreasonableness of it, and that I should not be obliged to accuse myself: and the justice told them in so many words that he could not force me to it, that I might do it if I would, indeed; "but you see," says the justice, "he understood too well to be imposed upon in that case." So that, in short, after an hour's debating before his worship, in which time I pleaded against four of them, the justice told them they must produce the accuser, or he must discharge me.

I was greatly encouraged at this, and argued with the more vigour for myself. At length the accuser was brought, fettered as he was, from the gaol, and glad I was when I saw him, and found that I knew him not; that is to say, that it was not one of the two rogues that I went out with that night that we robbed the poor

old woman.

When the prisoner was brought into the room he was set right against me.

"Do you know this young man?" says the justice.

"No, sir," says the prisoner; "I never saw him in my life."

"Hum!" says the justice; "did not you charge one that goes by the name of Jacque, or Captain Jacque, as concerned in the robbery and murder which you are in custody for?"

Pris. Yes, an't please your worship.

Just. And is this the man, or is he not?

Pris. This is not the man, sir; I never saw this man before.

"Very good, Mr. Constable," says the justice, "what must we do now?"

"I am surprised," says the constable. "I was at such a house" (naming the house), "and this young man went by. The people cried out, 'There's Jacque; that's your man;' and these people ran after him, and apprehended him."

"Well," says the justice, "and have these people anything to say to him? Can they prove that he is the person?"

One said no, and the other said no; and, in short, they all said no. "Why, then," said the justice, "what can be done? The young man must be discharged; and I must tell you, Mr. Constable, and you gentlemen that have brought him hither, he may give you trouble, if he thinks fit, for your being so rash. But look you, young man," says the justice, "you have no great damage done you, and the constable, though he has been mistaken, had no ill

design, but to be faithful to his office. I think you may pass it by."

I told his worship I would readily pass it by at his direction, but I thought the constable and the rest could do no less than to go back to the place where they had insulted me, and declare publicly there that I was honourably acquitted, and that I was not the man. This his worship said was very reasonable, and the constable and his assistants promised to do it, and so we came all away good friends, and I was cleared with triumph.

Note. – This was the time that, as I mentioned above, the justice talked to me, and told me I was born to better things, and that by my well managing of my own defence, he did not question but I had been well educated; and that he was sorry I should fall into such a misfortune as this, which he hoped, however, would be no dishonour to me, since I was so handsomely acquitted.

Though his worship was mistaken in the matter of my education, yet it had this good effect upon me, that I resolved, if possible, I would learn to read and write, that I would not be such an uncapable creature, that I should not be able to read a warrant, and see whether I was the person to be apprehended or not.

But there was something more in all this than what I have taken notice of; for, in a word, it appeared plainly that my brother, Captain Jacque, who had the forwardness to put it to me whether I was among them or no, when in truth he was there himself, had the only reason to be afraid to fly, at the same time that he advised me to shift for myself.

As this presently occurred to my thoughts, so I made it my

business to inquire and find him out, and to give him notice of it.

In the meantime, being now confident of my own safety, I had no more concern upon my mind about myself; but now I began to be anxious for poor Will, my master and tutor in wickedness, who was now fast by the heels in Newgate, while I was happily at liberty; and I wanted very much to go and see him, and accordingly did so.

I found him in a sad condition, loaden with heavy irons, and had himself no prospect or hope of escaping. He told me he should die, but bid me be easy; for, as it would do him no good to accuse me, who never was out with any of them but that once, so I might depend upon it he would not bring me into the trouble. As for the rogue who had betrayed them all, he was not able to hurt me, for I might be satisfied he had never seen me in his life. "But, Colonel Jacque," says he, "I will tell you who was with us, and that is, your brother the captain, and the villain has certainly named him; and, therefore," says he, "if you can give him timely notice of it, do, that he may make his escape."

He said a great many things to warn me off following the steps he had led me. "I was far out, Jacque," said he, "when I told you, to be a notorious thief was to live like a gentleman." He chiefly discovered his concern that they had, as he feared, killed the gentleman's gardener, and that he in particular had given him a wound in the neck, of which he was afraid he would die.

He had a great sum of money in gold about him, being the same that I had carried back to him at the haystack; and he had

concealed it so well that those who took him had not found it, and he gave me the greatest part of it to carry to his mother, which I very honestly delivered, and came away with a heavy heart. Nor did I ever see him since, for he was executed in about three weeks' time after, being condemned that very next sessions.

I had nothing to do now but to find the captain, who, though not without some trouble, I at last got news of, and told him the whole story, and how I had been taken up for him by mistake, and was come off, but that the warrant was still out for him, and very strict search after him; I say, telling him all this, he presently discovered by his surprise that he was guilty, and after a few words more, told me plainly it was all true, that he was in the robbery, and that he had the greatest part of the booty in keeping, but what to do with it, or himself, he did not know; and wanted me to tell him, which I was very unfit to do, for I knew nothing of the world. Then he told me he had a mind to fly into Scotland, which was easy to be done, and asked me if I would go with him. I told him I would, with all my heart, if I had money enough to bear the charge. He had the trade still in his eyes by his answer. "I warrant you," says he, "we will make the journey pay our charge." "I dare not think of going any more upon the adventure," says I. "Besides, if we meet with any misfortune out of our knowledge, we shall never get out of it; we shall be undone." "Nay," says he; "we shall find no mercy here, if they can catch us, and they can do no worse abroad. I am for venturing at all events."

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.