

OCCURRENCES  
OF  
Master Manley's  
JOURNEY  
TO THE  
*Metropolis.*

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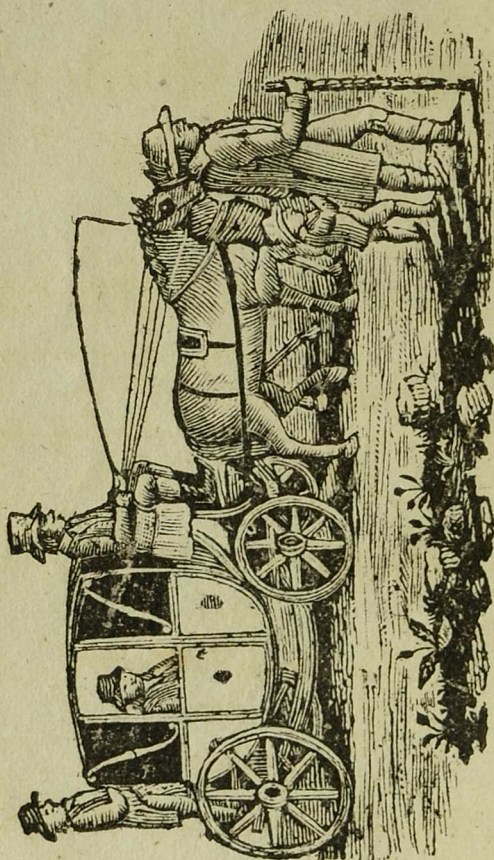
Ornamented with Cuts.

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To which is added,  
THE  
RHYMING ALPHABET;  
on  
*Tom Thumb's Delight.*

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PRICE TWO-PENCE.



67

OCCURRENCES  
OF  
Master Manley's  
JOURNEY  
TO THE  
*METROPOLIS.*

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*Ornamented with Cuts.*

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To which is added,  
THE  
RHYMING ALPHABET;  
OR,  
*Tom Thumb's Delight.*



CHELMSFORD:

Printed and Sold by I. Marsden.



*Price Two-Pence,*





# MASTER MANLEY'S

## *JOURNEY*

To the Metropolis.

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HAVING set out from home, (says little Master Manley) we rolled along in our carriage with the same speed, I thought, as the clouds.

It is to be lamented that the name of that man is not preserved, who invented this way of travelling. I was thinking thus, as we proceeded on our journey, when I perceived the driver's great coat had slipped off his seat, on one of the front wheels, which whirled it about the centre, and the coachman caught hold of it by one of the sleeves by which he endeavoured to pull it away.

At this instant I thrust out my head, to see what was amiss, when my hat blew off, and the footman who was behind the coach, hearing me cry out, leaned over towards me, to see what was the cause of my uproar, and off went his furred cap, and endeavouring to catch it, he lost his footing, and tipped over one of the hind wheels head foremost. It happened very lucky however, for Thomas, that we were going through a soft quagmire, otherwise it would have been impossible to say in what condition he might afterwards find his limbs, as he fell flat on his face.

My papa, amidst the confusion, was the only one that retained his right senses. He let down the front glass, and found means to get hold of the reins, which the coachman had hung to the side of the box, and stopped the horses. The coachman then got down, and disengaged his coat from the wheel, but he put on a very sorrowful countenance, on discovering a terrible rent on the back of it. On the other hand, the

footman had got his mouth so filled with mud, that he was for some time unable to speak ; his coat, which just before was of a bright green, no longer retained the least traces of that colour, except on the back part, which had not been in the mud. He then went back to look for his cap, which was become of but little value, as he was obliged to wring it several times, and even then was forced to carry it under his arm. My poor hat was not in a much better state, for the wind had made it cut an hundred capers over dirty places ; however, it lost nothing by those motions, but obtained a new coat, which it has partly ever since retained.

These accidents detained us some time ; but having at last got all things right, we proceeded, and had not travelled far before we came within sight of a village, when my papa discovered an old soldier seated by the side of the road, with one of his legs under him ; but the other, being made of wood, stuck out stiff before him. A long







crutch lay on one side of him, and on the other sat a large black dog. My papa gave me a shilling, and told me to throw it to the poor man, which I did with great pleasure, in so dexterous a manner, that he caught it in his hat.

The soldier pronounced his gratitude in so high a tone, that it roused a sorry beggar woman, who lay sleeping at a short distance; she immediately got up and overtook us just as we reached the town. O blessed sir! said she to my papa, in what a manner you bestow your charity! If you be so liberal to a drunken fellow, you will certainly be more so to an honest woman like me. My papa's mind happened to be employed, and having forgotten the relief he had given the poor soldier, looked at the woman with astonishment. Aye, aye, sir, (said she) I will venture to lay a wager, that before night, the soldier to whom you just now gave the shilling, will squander it all away in liquor. My papa seemed very angry with her and told her to hold her tongue. Why,

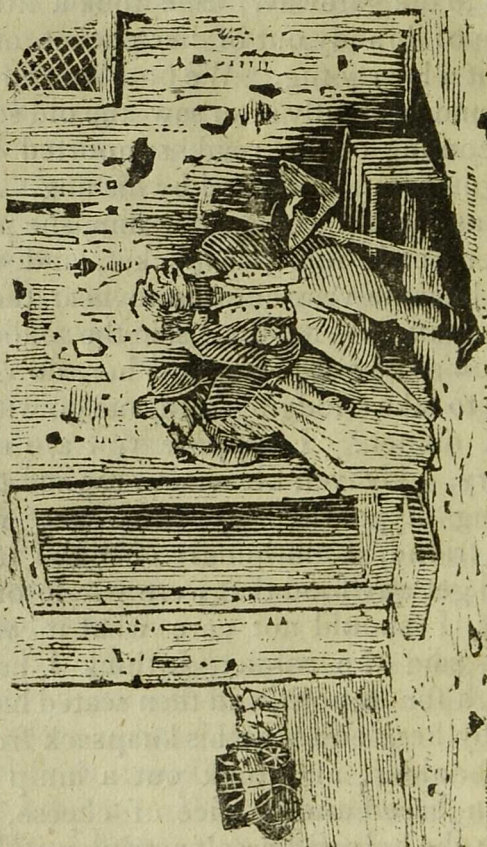
(said he) should you in this manner abuse a poor man, who has, perhaps, a greater claim to my charity than you have? Having said these words, he held out two-pence to the old woman, which she received, and went away grumbling as long as we could hear her speak.

This woman, sir, said I, has made me angry, and I am sorry you gave her any thing, for she certainly must be a horrid creature, to abuse a poor old soldier in this manner. You are right, replied my papa, but I saw she was in want, and it was upon that account I overlooked her malevolence: it is a sufficient punishment that she is forced to beg her bread.

While we were talking, the landlord shewed us into a room, of which one window opened towards the road we had been travelling, the other towards the inn yard. While dinner was getting ready, I stood at the window next the road, and soon after saw the beggar woman, who seated herself on a block

close to the gateway. She took a little bottle of brandy out of her pocket, and gave it a hearty tug. We both looked at her, and presently after saw the old soldier coming on the road, supported by his crutch, and followed by his dog. As soon as the old woman saw him, she put up her bottle into her pocket, and we both became very curious to hear their conversation. Mother, said the soldier, as soon as he got pretty near her, do you mean to take a lodging here, and go without a dinner? I suppose you are not hungry. Heaven bless you, replied the canting hypocrite, I assure you, my good friend, I am hungry enough: if I could get any food that were wholesome to eat, I should not care what it was. Well, said the soldier, I think I have enough for us both, and then seated himself by her, and took his knapsack from his shoulder, and took out a lump of brown bread and a slice of cheese, of which she helped herself very plentifully; the old woman, during this repast, turned her conversation on the general want





of charity, and said that the gentleman who had just then got out of his carriage, had condescended to give her only one halfpenny. Surely that cannot be, replied the honest soldier; for his good young gentleman threw me this shilling: do not fret yourself, you shall be the better for it.

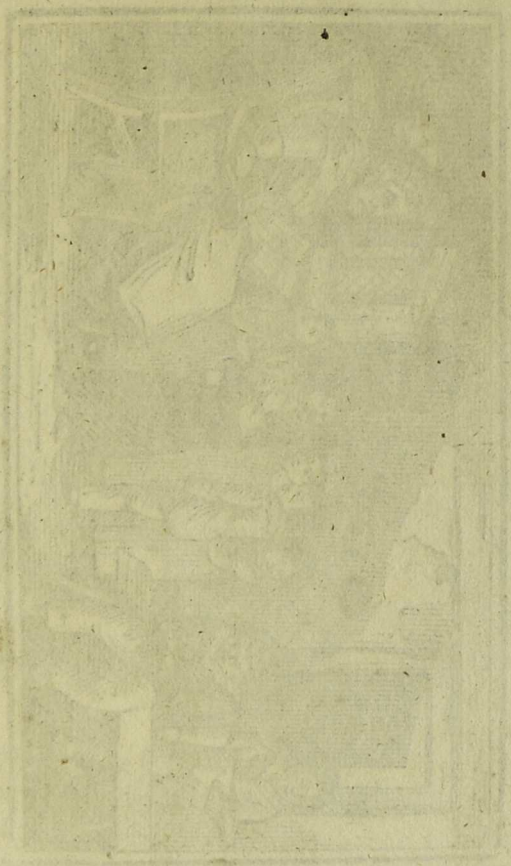
They then went together to the house, and seated themselves by each other on a bench, when the soldier called for a gill of brandy, a glass of which the old woman swallowed immediately.

My papa, leaning out of the window, exclaimed, What a hateful woman thou art! They both looked up, when the old woman, recollecting us, shrieked out, hung down her head, and got away as fast as she could; but the soldier was not at all disconcerted.

After we had dined, my papa paid the reckoning, and we pursued our journey, but had not travelled far before we saw a hare run across the road, followed by a pack of hounds; after having made several turnings, in order to elude her









THE

# Rhyming Alphabet;

*Or, Tom Thumb's Delight.*



**A** Was an Angler,  
And he caught a Fish;

**B** Was a Brazier,  
And he made a Dish.

**C** Was a Cook,  
And he fill'd it with Broth;

**D** Was a Driver,  
Quite sullen in Sloth.



**E** Was an Eater,  
And gorg'd all Day long ;

**F** Was a Fiddler,  
And sung a good song.

**G** Was a Giant,  
Both surly and stout ;

**H** Was a Huntsman,  
And rov'd all about.

**I** Was an Innkeeper,  
Who sold us good Ale ;

**K** Was a King,  
That would often regale.

**L** Was a Liar,  
By all men abhorr'd ;

**M** Was a Merchant,  
As rich as a Lord.

**N** Was a Noodle,  
And fond of the Bow ;

**O** Was an Oaf,  
Who follow'd the Plough,

**P** Was a Ploughman,  
That work'd all the day ;

**Q** Was a Queen,  
That went to the Play.

**R** Run a Race by himself,  
And was beat ;

**S** Was a Slut,  
And spoil'd all the Meat.

**T** Was a Traitor,  
And deserved to swing ;

**V** Vow'd him Vengeance,  
And told it the King.

**W** Was a Warrior,  
Stout, active, and bold;

**X** Was Xantippe,  
That arrant old Scold.

**Y** Was a Youth,  
A pretty good Lad;

**Z** Was a Zany,  
Altogether quite bad.

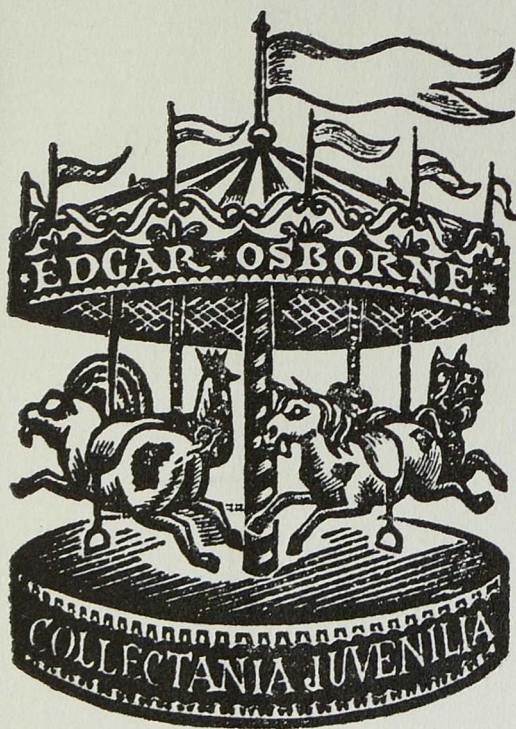
*FINIS.*

*Marsden, Printer, Chelmsford.*



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