work, adopted the profession of an architect, and found considerable employment: his best known building is the Chapel of Greenwich Hospital—an elegant structure, but alone sufficient to show that he was by no means a purist in the application of Greek principles. Revett also practised as an architect, but without any marked success. It remains only to notice James Wyatt, who suddenly became famous by the erection of the Pantheon, Oxford-street (1772), and during the rest of the century secured a large share of public favour. His ambition in the first instance was to produce an Italianised Greek style; but later he unhappily turned his attention to Gothic, and to him is due the destruction of much, and the disfigurement of more, of the most precious of our mediæval remains. His tasteless additions are now for the most part removed, or in process of removal, but the injury to the originals is irreparable.

We ought not, however, to quit this part of our subject without mentioning the names of two or three architects to whom we owe some bridges of great value and beauty, though unfortunately in the chief instances deficient in the essential quality of stability. Of these architects—for bridge-building was not then considered a branch of engineering—the earliest was Labelye, a Swiss, builder of Westminster bridge, opened in 1750, and now in process of replacement by a less picturesque but far more convenient and, we may hope, more lasting structure. Blackfriars bridge (opened in 1760), a more elegant but not more stable edifice than Labelye's, was the work of Richard Mylne. A competitor with Mylne for the erection of this bridge was John Gwyn, whose proposals for a Royal Academy we have mentioned. Gwyn had studied the subject of bridges and public ways closely, and was a man of remarkably clear insight. In his "London and Westminster Improved," (1766, to which Johnson wrote the "Noble Dedication," as Boswell terms it), Gwyn not only urged the necessity of replacing old London bridge by a new one, carrying another bridge across the Thames near the site where Waterloo bridge now stands, and removing Smithfield and Fleet markets, but in maps, as well as in the text, clearly pointed out most of the new lines of thoroughfare and principal improvements which have been since effected in the metropolis, and others which yet remain unaccomplished. Gwyn was the builder of the well-known Magdalen bridge, Oxford, and of the handsome but inconveniently steep English bridge at Shrewsbury.

CHAPTER XXI.

Manners as depicted in the Literature of the period.—Changes in the commerce of Literature.—Samuel Johnson the link between two periods.—Literature of George the Second's time.—The Novelists.—Richardson.—Fielding.—Smollett.—Sterne.—Goldsmith.—Literature of the first quarter of a century of the reign of George the Third.—Manners.—Stage Coaches.—Highwaymen.—The Post.—Inns.—Public refreshment places of London.—Ranelagh.—Vauxhall.—The Pantheon.—The Theatre.—Garrick.—Bath.—Gaming Tables.

On a rainy day, somewhere about the year 1780, a man of advanced age stood bareheaded in the market of Uttoxeter, making strange contortions of visage whilst he remained for an hour in front of a particular stall. It was Dr. Samuel Johnson, who had gone from Lichfield to this small market town, to subject himself to the penance of rough weather and mocking by-standers, for expiation of an act of filial disobedience which he had committed fifty years before. His father was a bookseller at Lichfield, who died in 1731,—a man who knew something more of books than their titles; a proud man struggling to conceal his poverty. He had a shop with a good stock of the solid folios and quartos of the age of Anne and George I. "He propagates learning all over this diocese," said a chaplain in 1716. His manner of trade was nevertheless somewhat different from that of the bookseller of a cathedral town in the next century. He carried some of his most vendible stock to markets around Lichfield. "At that time booksellers' shops in the provincial towns of England were very rare, so that there was not one even in Birmingham, in which town old Mr. Johnson used to open a shop every market-day."* The old man, being on a sick-bed, had requested his son Samuel to attend the book-stall at Uttoxeter. The young student had come home from Oxford too poor to complete his academical career. "My pride prevented me from doing my duty, and I gave my father a refusal," said the literary veteran, whose pride, during the fifty years that had elapsed between the committal of the fault and its singular atonement, had sustained many a grievous trial and sore indignity. As Johnson was enduring his hour of penance, we may well believe that thoughts of the great changes that he had witnessed in the commerce of literature would come into his mind. He had seen his father's book-stall at Birmingham succeeded by the Circulating Library which William Hutton established there in 1751. When he was a lad of sixteen, idling, as some thought, in the desultory reading offered to him in his father's shop, he might have learnt from a pamphlet of that time, that there were only twenty-eight "Printing-houses in all the Corporation towns of England," seven towns having two printers each, and fourteen towns only one each.* Half a century later the desire for News had called forth a Printing House in every considerable town, to provide its own "Postman," or "Mercury," or "Gazette," or Courant," or "Chronicle," or "Times," or "Advertiser." In 1782 there were in England fifty Provincial Journals.† In the year that Johnson's father died, 1731, Cave issued his "Gentleman's Magazine." The "London Magazine" immediately followed. The rapid extension of a class of readers somewhat distinct from "the learned" produced "the Golden Age of Magazines, when their pages were filled with voluntary contributions from men who never aimed at dazzling the public, but came each with his scrap of information or his humble question, or his hard problem, or his attempt at verse."‡ Johnson was to nurse the infant into manhood, with food more substantial than this spoon-meat. If the Printer of St. John's Gate had no other claim to the respect of coming generations, it would have been praise enough that he was the first who gave the hard-earned bread of literature to Samuel Johnson, as a regular coadjutor in his Magazine, "by which," says Boswell, "he probably obtained a tolerable livelihood." That form of popular literature which Cave originated was followed up, some twenty years later, by the more ambitious "Review." The "Monthly Review" was the parent of "The Critical," "The London," and other Reviews, that addressed a great mixed class of readers. "The History of the Works of the Learned" might have higher aims, but it was not calculated for a large and enduring success. The Monthly Magazine and Reviews called into existence a new race of authors. The division of large books into weekly or monthly numbers, so as to suit a more extended market, was another of the many indications of the growth of a different race of book buyers than the purchasers of costly works.

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* Boswell's "Life of Johnson," chap. i.

Johnson came to London, a literary adventurer, in 1737. He was long destined to bear the poverty, and to encounter the supposed degradation, that surrounded the author who wrote for subsistence—the successor of the author who wrote for preferment. Coming at a period when the circle of readers was rapidly and steadily enlarging, he was rescued from the slavery of waiting in a lord's antechamber for five guineas for a dedication, to pass through the scarcely less painful dependence upon the capricious or mercenary publisher for a guinea for an article. But from this second stage of the author's misery relief was sure to come in time. Johnson swallowing the scraps from Cave's table, hidden behind a screen to conceal his ragged clothes,—Johnson wandering about the streets, hungry and houseless, with Savage; or collecting a few shillings, when his acquaintances were few and as poor as himself, to redeem the clothes of Boyse from the pawnbroker,—and Johnson the acknowledged head of the Literary Club of which Burke and Reynolds were members, — are indications of social changes that were of more importance than the vicissitudes in the life of the individual. In many respects Johnson may be regarded as the Representative Man of the Literature of half a century—the Magazine-writer, the Essayist, the Critic, the Poet, the Philologist —the chapman, with many articles of use or ornament in a crowded market. But, in a point of view not altogether fanciful, Johnson was something higher than a Representative—he was a King. Of his death, in 1784, it has been said, "it was not only the end of a reign, but the end of kingship altogether, in our literary system. For king Samuel has had no successor; nobody since his day, and that of his contemporary Voltaire, has sat on a throne of Literature, either in England or in France."* More fortunate than most sovereigns, king Samuel from the time when he began really to reign instead of fighting his way to the royal chair, had an annalist who has not damaged the character of the potentate by a minute record of the frailties and prejudices of the man. Johnson has indeed an interest apart from that of being the hero of the most amusing book in any language, from his position as the chief connecting link between the Literature of two periods which appear, at the first glance to be very widely separated. In 1738, Johnson published anonymously his poem of "London"; and Pope is reported to have said, "the author, whoever he is, will not be long concealed." In 1783, Johnson "read with great delight" Crabbe's poem of "The Village," and suggested alterations in some of the lines. The association with Pope carries us back to the time of Anne. The association with Crabbe leads us onward to the time of William IV. But Johnson, isolated from the literature that preceded

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* See Nicholl's "Literary Anecdotes," vol i. p. 288.
† Andrews's "History of Journalism," p. 274.
‡ Southey—"The Doctor," chap. cxii.

* G. L. Craik—"Literature and Learning in England."

him and the literature that followed him, is the faithful mirror of the literature of his own age. In social intercourse with him, we see a large number of the most distinguished of his brethren. In his estimates of their value, and of others his contemporaries—estimates often prejudiced to the extent of absurdity, but even in their prejudices reflecting the opinions of his day—we obtain a broader general view of the literature of a very remarkable period of transition than from any other source. Johnson, as preserved to us by Boswell, is the universal commentator. In his admiration or in his contempt, we collect who were the writers filling the largest space in the estimation of the public they addressed. We may trace them,like himself obtaining almost an absolute command over the national thought, by lighting up the obscure places of knowledge, and by bringing the remote places into easy communication.

The precise period at which Johnson launched his little bark upon the wide ocean of literature, would appear, in many respects, as one offering small encouragement to a man possessing high genius, even if combined with the rarer faculty of turning his learning and abilities to account. The government of sir Robert Walpole would bestow wages upon needy hacks, without much regard to the quality of the work that was to be done for the hire. To shower lucrative places upon Walpole's scribbling eulogists and defenders, would have been to take the bread out of the mouths of the other hungry tribe who required sinecures as the payment for their votes. When Johnson came to London he found the authors up in arms against that partial interference with "the precarious dependence" of the wits which Walpole had accomplished by placing the stage under the control of a licenser.* Yet if, by the effect of this law, the Lord Chamberlain was to be the chief supervisor, who would not suffer one species of wit to be retailed without a permit, the restrictions upon the theatre had no influence upon the speedy and luxuriant growth of many other forms of intellectual production, adapted, like that of the stage, for a general diffusion amongst all classes of society.

It is not uncommon to hear the reign of George II. spoken of as an age of dullness. Except by looking accurately at bibliographical dates, we can scarcely form a notion of the literary vigour that was displayed in the last twenty years of that reign. The greatest of the productions of Pope was the fourth book of "The Dunciad," published in 1742. He died in 1744. The mighty intellect of Swift had been long shut up in hopeless imbecility, when he died in 1745. Young, who had made his reputation and his fortune by his Satires in the latter years of George I., achieved what the world was inclined to consider a far higher distinction by the publication of his "Night Thoughts" in 1741. Thomson, who, in 1726, had established his enduring claim to the honours of a true poet, published his "Castle of Indolence" in 1748, the year of his death. Another generation of poets was at hand, to fill up the choir when the elder race were silent. Johnson made a poetical name by his "London" in 1738, and by his "Vanity of Human Wishes" in 1749. Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination," and Armstrong's "Art of Preserving Health," appeared in 1774. The "Oriental Eclogues" of Collins in 1742, and his "Odes" in 1746, marked the day-spring of a genius that was too soon clouded in a dark night. Gray's "Elegy" "first made him known to the public," according to Johnson, in 1751; and soon commanded that popularity which it never lost. His "Bard" and "Progress of Poesy" found few admirers upon their appearance in 1757, amply compensated by subsequent over-praise. The English poetical succession was thus honourably continued through the reigns of the foreigners who had succeeded to the throne of the Stuarts; and was handed on to that of their successor, "born and bred a Briton."

A new species of literature, that may almost be considered indigenous, is the marked characteristic of the period we are now regarding. In 1740 Samuel Richardson published the first part of his novel of "Pamela;" of which the second part, issued in 1741, was regarded as the natural falling-off of most "continuations." To understand the extraordinary popularity of "Pamela," we must take Richardson's own account of the object which he proposed to himself in its composition: "I thought the story, if written in an easy and natural manner suitable to the simplicity of it, might possibly turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance-writing; and, dismissing the improbable and marvellous, with which novels generally abound, might tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue." The novels to which Richardson alludes were not of English growth; for, with the exception of Defoe, we had no novelist who attempted to invest the ordinary concerns of the life of unheroic men and women with the charm of reality. We had translations from French romances, and imitations of French romances, from the time of Scudery to the time of Crebillon. It was reserved for Richardson to carry on a story with such an implicit reliance upon his power of exciting sympathy without "the improbable and marvellous," that the educated and uneducated have confided in his fictions as absolute truths. That confidence has subsisted even to recent times, when these creations, too tedious for a more busy age, were not quite forgotten. Sir John Herschel has preserved a tribute to the genius of Richardson which is worth a wilderness of criticism : "I recollect an anecdote told me by a late highly-respected inhabitant of Windsor, as a fact which he could personally testify, having occurred in a village where he resided several years, and where he actually was at the time it took place. The blacksmith of the village had got hold of Richardson's novel of 'Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded,' and used to read it aloud in the long summer evenings, seated on his anvil, and never failed to have a large and attentive audience. It is a pretty long-winded book, but their patience was fully a match for the author's prolixity, and they fairly listened to it all. At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived which brings the hero and heroine together, and sets them living long and happily according to the most approved rules, the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and, procuring the church keys, actually set the parish bells ringing." [*] "Clarissa" was not published till 1748; "Sir Charles Grandison" followed in 1751. There is a singular passage in a letter of Johnson to Richardson, which is suggestive, as it appears to us, of one of the peculiar merits of the novelist. He writes, speaking of "Clarissa," "I wish you would add an *Index rerum*, that when the reader recollects any incident he may easily find it." Johnson makes a similar suggestion when "Grandison" was published. "'Clarissa,'" he says, "is not a performance to be read with eagerness, and laid aside for ever; but will be occasionally consulted by the busy, the aged, and the studious." It is one of the most characteristic excellences of Richardson, that there is not the minutest incident in his narratives which has not some distinct bearing upon the development of the complete story. To trace the connexion of these circumstances, would have been facilitated by an index; and it is not impossible that this was in Johnson's mind, although Mr. Croker regards the suggestion as an adroit piece of flattery to a vain man.[†] We remember to have heard an eminent lawyer declare that he studied Richardson's plots as he would study a mass of evidence in a complicated case; and that the extreme art by which the chain was kept entire, in links not always apparent, could be readily traced by one who brought the legal mind to discover something beyond meaningless prolixity in the endless details of these novels.

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* *Ante*, vol. v. p. 467.

In 1742 Henry Fielding published "The Adventures of Joseph

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[*] "Address to the Subscribers to the Windsor and Eton Public Library;" 1833.

[†] Boswell, ed. 1848, p. 73.

Andrews," the hero of which history "was esteemed to be the only son of Gaffer and Gammer Andrews, and brother to the illustrious Pamela, whose virtue is at present so famous." No one now reads Fielding's first novel as a burlesque of Richardson, for which it was really intended. It would appear from a letter of Gray to West, that he had been amused by "Joseph Andrews," without a suspicion that any ridicule was intended of another novelist; and, indeed, Fielding, having discovered his own real power, appears very soon to have resigned himself to delineations of character and manners without much regard to his purpose of satirizing the over-wrought sentiment of Richardson. Gray says: "The incidents are ill-laid and without invention; but the characters have a great deal of nature, which always pleases, even in her lowest shapes. . . . . Throughout he shows himself well read in stage-coaches, country squires, inns, and inns of court." Johnson, who always professed contempt for Fielding in proportion as he admired Richardson, maintained that Fielding's characters were characters of manners, whilst Richardson's were characters of nature.[*] "Richardson used to say, that had he not known who Fielding was, he should have believed he was an ostler. Sir, there is more knowledge of the heart in one letter of Richardson's than in all 'Tom Jones.' I, indeed, never read 'Joseph Andrews.'" This dispraise of Fielding indicates his great value to those who would understand the manners of his age; in what Boswell properly termed "very natural pictures of human life," but which Johnson despised as "of very low life," Fielding, "well read in stage-coaches, country squires, inns, and inns of court," is a faithful historian, in his own line, of a condition of society that was worth the closest observation of one capable of exhibiting its characteristics. His "Jonathan Wild," published in 1743, can scarcely be regarded as a novel. Before the appearance of his greatest work, "Tom Jones," in 1749, another novelist, came upon the field, with equal readiness of observation, but with a coarser power of delineating what he saw. Smollett's "Roderick Random" appeared in 1748. In 1751 were published both Fielding's "Amelia" and Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle." In 1753, Smollett's "Ferdinand Count Fathom" appeared. Fielding died in 1754. Another of equal genius with these two great novelists—at his outset equally popular—came in the last year of George II. The first two volumes of Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" were published in 1759, the other seven volumes at intervals extending to 1767. In 1776 Johnson said, with some truth, of this remarkable book, "Nothing odd will do long. 'Tristram Shandy' did not last." One whose hold upon readers of every class has never been loosened, from the hour when he appeared as a novelist in 1766, Oliver Goldsmith, produced, in his "Vicar of Wakefield," a picture of English life which puts us in far better humour with his time than the freer delineations of either of the great masters of fiction who had preceded him. The people had either become more lovable or they are presented to us by a more kindly observer.

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[*] Boswell, ed. 1848, p. 190.

In the decade immediately preceding the accession of George III., there was something like a revival of that species of literature which Addison and Steele had naturalized amongst us. In 1750 appeared the "Rambler," by Johnson, published twice a week. In 1758, "the great moralist," as he was called, commenced his "Idler." The "Adventurer," in which Johnson was also concerned, was issued in 1752. The "World," issued in 1753, and the "Connoisseur," in 1754, had more of the spirit of the earlier Essayists than the measured periods in which Johnson descanted upon human follies. Edward Moore and Owen Cambridge, in the "World," George Colman and Bonnell Thornton, in the "Connoisseur," looked upon life in the spirit of the sage invoked by Johnson :—

> "Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
> With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth."

The period had also its exponent in one whom the admirers of satire, made doubly attractive by personality, called "Aristophanes." Samuel Foote was not a vulgar libeller. In his caricatures of vice and folly, during thirty years from 1747 to 1776, we may see not the mere humours of individuals, but the marked characteristics of prevailing manners.

The literature of the first quarter of a century of the reign of George III. presents us much indifferent Poetry, but some that has survived. The vigour of Churchill may yet be admired, in spite of his coarseness. If, with the exception of Goldsmith and Beattie, there was little verse that was unaffected and natural until the time of Cowper, a taste for simplicity and freshness, in preference to the artificial and elaborate, was produced by the publication of Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." Johnson did far less for a right direction of the national taste in his "Lives of the Poets," than Thomas Warton in his "History of English Poetry." Garrick made Shakspere in fashion, and occasionally ventured, in his desire to give him a more fashionable dress, to patch the poet's golden mantle with the tinsel of the player's wardrobe. For graver literature, this portion of the reign of George III. acquired a lasting distinction. It gave us Burke as the greatest of political philosophers; Adam Smith as an economist; and Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon as historians. More important as a painter of manners even than the Novelists, the Dramatists, or the Essayists, that age bequeathed us Horace Walpole. The public of his own time knew little of his surpassing power of presenting the peculiarities of his own exclusive class; and, in common with other letter-writers of the same period, of introducing us to the saloons, where, hidden from profane eyes, the noble and the great were playing "Low Life above Stairs."*

Let us endeavour to note a few of the more prominent features of the national character and habits, as delineated in the light literature of half a century. It was the transition period from an age in which the decencies of life were very imperfectly observed, to an age in which decorum was beginning to assert an authority which has steadily gone on, to preserve a greater semblance of morality, and therefore, in no inconsiderable degree, to hold fast its substance. The grossness of society was reflected in the novelists and dramatists of the middle of the century; but, as we advance towards its end we find the grossness veiled in double meanings, and the profaneness smothered in stars and dashes. Amidst much deep-seated depravity in all classes, there was a larger amount of indecorum. When the indecorum vanished, much of the vice, no doubt, remained behind; but in its hiding-places it unquestionably became less dangerous. We shall glance, in the first instance, at the public resorts of society;—the places where all ranks meet, and to a certain extent associate.†

Stage Coaches; Inns; Public Conveyance; Public Accommodation. This is a large subject; a subject that, at the first view, might appear to touch only the surface of society. But it really involves many features of a nation's social life. In the days of our early novelists the stage coach was an institution, and on some roads had arrived at the dignity of being called a "Machine." But this rapid vehicle of four miles an hour was not for common travellers—indeed, very genteel travellers were content with cheaper accommodation. There was a mode of transit upon the North Road, which only cost a shilling a-day to a passenger, and in conveying him from York to London did not occupy quite a fortnight. This was the conveyance of Roderick Random to the metropolis, and we may believe that the waggon and its inside have been faithfully portrayed out of Smollett's personal recollections. Random, and his faithful follower, Strap, overtake the waggon upon the road; ascend by a ladder; and tumbling into the straw find themselves in the society of Captain Weazel with his spouse, and an old usurer with a vivacious female companion. The captain—an ensign made out of a nobleman's valet—when the waggon arrived at its inn, demanded a separate room for his lady and himself, with a supper apart. The inn-keeper replied that, "he could not afford them a room by themselves; and as for supping, he had prepared victuals for the passengers in the waggon without respect of persons." In the stage-coach we find the same assumption of superiority. "The human species are divided into two sorts of people, to wit, high people and low people. . . . These two parties, especially those bordering nearly on each other, to wit, the lowest of the high, and the highest of the low, often change their parties according to place and time." The bickerings of a stage-coach company illustrate this philosophic view of Fielding. Miss Graveairs, the daughter of a gentleman's steward who had been a postillion, would not demean herself to ride with Joseph Andrews, a footman. The youth had met with an accident:—"there were waggons on the road," said the genteel personage. A young lady, who was an earl's grand-daughter, begged, almost with tears in her eyes, that the poor fellow might be admitted. To the remark that "no one could refuse another coming into a stage-coach," the fine lady replied, "I don't know, madam, I am not much used to stage-coaches; I seldom travel in them." There is another witness to the assumption of gentility in female stage-coach passengers:—"I have always remarked that within half-a-dozen miles of the end of our journey, if there has been a fine spoken lady in the coach, though but a country shopkeeper's wife, who imagined herself a stranger to the company, she has expressed great anger and astonishment at not seeing the chaise, the chariot, or the coach, coming to meet her on the road."[*]

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* "George Selwyn and his Contemporaries," vol. i. p. 20.

† This sketch carries on the delineation of manners at the beginning of the century—*ante*, vol. v. chapters xv., xvi., and xvii.

The pretension of the ladies to the respect due to "quality," is matched in the novelists by the boasts of the gentlemen to the confidence produced by courage. To be cool and collected in the presence of danger was as necessary in a journey from London to Bath as in the march from Carlisle to Culloden. The highwayman was an institution especially connected with the stage-coach. He had been growing into a power for many years. He was in his most

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[*] Edward Moore; "World," November 29, 1753.

high and palmy state when Fielding had ceased to write, and George III. began to reign. In 1761, "the Flying Highwayman engrosses the conversation of most of the towns within twenty miles of London . . . He robs upon three different horses, a gray, a sorrel, and a black one. . . He has leaped over Colnbrook turnpike a dozen times within this fortnight."[*] A lawyer, in Fielding's stage-coach, boasts that he had often met highwaymen when he travelled on horseback, but none ever durst attack him. A ruffian stops the coach, and the lawyer and the rest of the passengers quietly surrender their money; but the lawyer informs the company that if it had been daylight, and he could have come at his pistols, he would never have submitted to the robbery. A stage-coach is crossing Hounslow Heath at day-break. The Heath at that period, and long after, invariably suggested the idea of highwaymen. The courage of a "son of Mars" was to assure the ladies of adequate protection.—"Make yourselves perfectly easy on that head, madam. I have got a pair of pistols—here they are—which I took from a horse-officer at the battle of Dettingen; they are double loaded, and if any highwayman in England robs you of the value of a pin, while I have the honour of being in your company——" The oaths may be imagined. Two highwaymen appear in sight; the ladies begin to scream; a lawyer (the novelists delight to introduce a lawyer) exclaims, "no matter—we'll sue the county and recover," his teeth chattering; the warrior quietly gives up his pistols to Smollett's hero, who jumps out of the coach to face the robbers.

Such were the scenes when few persons travelled; when the facilities of locomotion did not make travellers, as in the later days of the mail, and in our own wondrous days of the railway. A little boy going to school, and his mother, are the only passengers in the stage-coach from Worcester to Gloucester. The vehicle rolls about; and a horseman is seen speaking earnestly to the coachman, who is at last peremptorily ordered by him to stop. The horseman is not a robber. He is an honest farmer, who opens the coach door: tells the lady that the driver is so drunk that there will be an accident; conducts her and her son to his farm hard by; and finally puts a pillion upon his horse, and carries them safely to Gloucester. The relator of the incident contrasts the one coach—probably not a daily stage—between Worcester and Gloucester, and its scanty supply of passengers, with the long and well-filled trains that vibrate many times a-day between these two cities.[†] The coach which Fielding's Parson Adams could outstrip in pace as

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[*] "Annual Register," vol. iv. p. 189.

[†] "Remains of T. W. Hill," p. 109.