THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN OF GAUNT, DUKE OF LANCASTER. VOL. II

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The Adventures of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. Vol. II by James White

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JAMES WHITE

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ADVENTURES

O I

JOHN OF GAUNT,

DUKE OF LANCASTER.

BY JAMES WHITE, Esq.
AUTHOR OF EARL STRONGBOW, CONWAY
CASTLE, &c.

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ADVENTURES

JOHN OF GAUNT,

DUKE OF LANCASTER.

VISIT XIII.

THE duke was early on the ensuing day. No sooner, said he, had the first usher concluded, than the second began his history in the following words:

Vol. II. B. The

2 ADVENTURES OF

The humiliations, brother, and the miseries which I have experienced are in no wife inferior to your own. I was born in an obfcure village in the North of England, of parents who maintained themselves by agriculture. My father would fain have had me follow the same profession; but my grandfather, whose wife had been the daughter of a Welsh vicar, was defirous of beholding me in the pulpit, and being a positive old man, over-ruled my reluctant family. It was determined, there-

fore,

fore, that, as foon as I had laid in fufficient Latin, I should apply to be admitted a Servitor at the university of Oxford.

At length the time arrived when I quitted my native fields for a venerable dormitory in the college of St. John. In this lowly condition of life, I employed myself diligently in acquiring the countenance and affistance of my superiors, amongst whom one Doctor Absalom had most compassion on me. This was a Senior Fellow, of a little

B 2

round

ADVENTURES OF round fat body, and of the deepest erudition. He possessed withal a fort of ferocious good-nature, if fo I may denominate it; he would do one a friendly action very readily, but with a roughness and inclemency of air and language that were truly mortifying to the object of his benignity. He was pleased to harbour a good opinion of me, . which I repaid and improved by emptying his spitting-pot, waxing his boots, dusting his library, and fuch like dutiful behaviour. At

times too, in a case of need, I even

harnessed

harnessed his palfrey. I must defcant, for a moment, on this extraordinary beaft. Doctor Abfalom was the most regular of mortals: he went out every day to take the air, exactly at the hour of noon. His palfrey, which grazed in a little field adjoining to the chambers of its lord, used to come up to the back door, when the great clock struck twelve, as if praying to be faddled and bridled: infomuch that in all the colleges, and even in the town of Oxford, it became proverbial to fay, as punctual as

B 3 Doctor