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The History Of Tom Jones, A Foundling

In Four Volumes

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Book XIV. Containing two Days.

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THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK XIV.

Containing two Days.

CHAP. I.

An Essay to prove that an Author will write the better, for having some Knowledge of the Subject on which he writes.

AS several Gentlemen in these Times, by the wonderful Force of Genius only, without the least Assistance of Learning, perhaps, without being well able to read, have made a considerable Figure in the Republic of Letters; the modern Critics, I am told, have lately begun to assert, that all kind of Learning is entirely useless to a Writer; and, indeed, no

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other



other than a kind of Fetters on the natural Spritelines and Activity of the Imagination, which is thus weighed down, and prevented from soaring to those high Flights which otherwise it would be able to reach.

This Doctrine, I am afraid, is, at present, carried much too far: For why should Writing differ so much from all other Arts? the Nimbleness of a Dancing-Master is not at all prejudiced by being taught to move; nor doth any Mechanic, I believe, exercise his Tools the worse by having learnt to use them. For my own Part, I cannot conceive that *Homer* or *Virgil* would have writ with more Fire, if, instead of being Masters of all the Learning of their Times, they had been as ignorant as most of the Authors of the present Age. Nor do I believe that all the Imagination, Fire, and Judgment of *Pitt* could have produced those Orations that have made the Senate of *England* in these our Times a Rival in Eloquence to *Greece* and *Rome*, if he had not been so well read in the Writings of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, as to have transferred their whole Spirit into his Speeches, and with their Spirit, their Knowledge too.

I would not here be understood to insist on the same Fund of Learning in any of my Bretheren, as *Cicero* persuades us is necessary to the Composition of an Orator. On the contrary, very little Reading is, I conceive, necessary to the Poet, less to the Critic, and the least of all to the Politician. For the first, perhaps, *Bysses*'s Art of Poetry, and a few of our modern Poets, may suffice; for the second, a moderate Heap of Plays; and for the last, an indifferent Collection of political Journals.

To

To say the Truth, I require no more than that a Man should have some little Knowledge of the Subject on which he treats, according to the old Maxim of Law, *Quam quisque norit artem in eâ se exercent.* With this alone a Writer may sometimes do tolerably well; and indeed without this, all the other Learning in the World will stand him in little stead.

For Instance let us suppose that *Homer* and *Virgil*, *Aristotle* and *Cicero*, *Thucydides* and *Livy* could have met all together, and have clubbed their several Talents to have composed a Treatise on the Art of Dancing; I believe it will be readily agreed they could not have equalled the excellent Treatise which *Mr. Effex* hath given us on that Subject, entitled, *The Rudiments of genteel Education.* And, indeed, should the excellent *Mr. Broughton* be prevailed on to set *Pist* to Paper, and to complete the abovesaid Rudiments, by delivering down the true Principles of Athletics, I question whether the World will have any Cause to lament, that none of the great Writers, either antient or modern, have ever treated about that noble and useful Art.

To avoid a Multiplicity of Examples in so plain a Case, and to come at once to my Point, I am apt to conceive, that one Reason why many *English* Writers have totally failed in describing the Manners of upper Life, may possibly be, that in Reality they know nothing of it.

This is a Knowledge unhappily not in the Power of many Authors to arrive at. Books will give us a very imperfect Idea of it; nor will the Stage a much better: The fine Gentleman formed upon reading the former will almost always



turn out a Pedant, and he who forms himself upon the latter, a Coxcomb.

Nor are the Characters drawn from these Models better supported. *Vanbrugh* and *Congreve* copied Nature; but they who copy them draw as unlike the present Age, as *Hogarth* would do if he was to paint a Rout or a Drum in the Dresses of *Titian* and of *Vandyke*. In short, Imitation here will not do the Business. The Picture must be after Nature herself. A true Knowledge of the World is gained only by Conversation, and the Manners of every Rank must be seen in order to be known.

Now it happens that this higher Order of Mortals is not to be seen, like all the rest of the Human Species, for nothing, in the Streets, Shops, and Coffee-houses: Nor are they shewn like the upper Rank of Animals, for so much a Piece. In short, this is a Sight to which no Persons are admitted, without one or other of these Qualifications, *viz.* either Birth or Fortune, or what is equivalent to both, the honourable Profession of a Gamester. And, very unluckily for the World, Persons so qualified very seldom care to take upon themselves the bad Trade of Writing; which is generally entered upon by the lower and poorer Sort, as it is a Trade which many think requires no Kind of Stock to set up with.

Hence those strange Monsters in Lace and Embroidery, in Silks and Brocades, with vast Wigs and Hoops; which, under the Name of Lords and Ladies, strut the Stage, to the great Delight of Attornies and their Clerks in the Pit, and of the Citizens and their Apprentices in the Galleries; and which are no more to be found
in

in real Life, than the Centaur, the Chimera, or any other Creature of mere Fiction. But to let my Reader into a Secret, this Knowledge of upper Life, though very necessary for preventing Mistakes, is no very great Resource to a Writer whose Province is Comedy, or that Kind of Novels, which, like this I am writing, is of the comic Class.

What Mr. *Pope* says of Women is very applicable to most in this Station, who are indeed so entirely made up of Form and Affectation, that they have no Character at all, at least, none which appears. I will venture to say the highest Life is much the dullest, and affords very little Humour or Entertainment. The various Callings in lower Spheres produce the great Variety of humorous Characters; whereas here, except among the few who are engaged in the Pursuit of Ambition, and the fewer still who have a Relish for Pleasure, all is Vanity and servile Imitation. Dressing and Cards, eating and drinking, bowing and courtesying, make up the Business of their Lives.

Some there are however of this Rank, upon whom Passion exercises its Tyranny, and hurries them far beyond the Bounds which Decorum prescribes; of these, the Ladies are as much distinguished by their noble Intrepidity, and a certain superior Contempt of Reputation, from the frail ones of meaner Degree, as a virtuous Woman of Quality is by the Elegance and Delicacy of her Sentiments from the honest Wife of a Yeoman or Shopkeeper. Lady *Bellaston* was of this intrepid Character; but let not my Country Readers conclude from her, that this is the general Conduct of Women of Fashion, or that



we mean to represent them as such. They might as well suppose, that every Clergyman was represented by *Thwackum*, or every Soldier by Ensign *Northerton*.

There is not indeed a greater Error than that which universally prevails among the Vulgar, who borrowing their Opinion from some ignorant Satirists, have affixed the Character of Lewdness to these Times. On the contrary, I am convinced there never was less of Love Intrigue carried on among Persons of Condition, than now. Our present Women have been taught by their Mothers to fix their Thoughts only on Ambition and Vanity, and to despise the Pleasures of Love as unworthy their Regard; and being afterwards, by the Care of such Mothers, married without having Husbands, they seem pretty well confirmed in the Justness of those Sentiments; whence they content themselves, for the dull Remainder of Life, with the Pursuit of more innocent, but I am afraid more childish Amusements, the bare Mention of which would ill suit with the Dignity of this History. In my humble Opinion, the true Characteristic of the present *Beau Monde*, is rather Folly than Vice, and the only Epithet which it deserves is that of *Friivolous*.

C H A P. II.

Containing Letters and other Matters which attend Amours.

JONES had not long been at Home, before he received the following Letter.

‘ I was never more surprized than when I
‘ found you was gone. When you left the
‘ Room,

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' Room, I little imagined you intended to have
 ' left the House without seeing me again. Your
 ' Behaviour is all of a Piece, and convinces me
 ' how much I ought to despise a Heart which
 ' can doat upon an Idiot; though I know not
 ' whether I should not admire her Cunning more
 ' than her Simplicity: Wonderful both! For
 ' though she understood not a Word of what
 ' passed between us, she yet had the Skill, the
 ' Assurance, the——what shall I call it? to de-
 ' ny to my Face, that she knows you, or ever
 ' saw you before.—Was this a Scheme laid
 ' between you, and have you been base enough
 ' to betray me?—O how I despise her, you,
 ' and all the World, but chiefly myself! for—I
 ' dare not write what I should afterwards run
 ' mad to read; but remember, I can detest as
 ' violently as I have loved.'

Jones had but little Time given him to reflect
 on this Letter, before a second was brought him
 from the same Hand; and this, likewise, we shall
 set down in the precise Words.

' When you consider the Hurry of Spirits in
 ' which I must have writ, you cannot be fur-
 ' prized at any Expressions in my former Note.
 ' ——Yet, perhaps, on Reflection, they were
 ' rather too warm. At least I would, if possible,
 ' think all owing to the odious Playhouse, and to
 ' the Impertinence of a Fool, which detained
 ' me beyond my Appointment.—How easy is it
 ' to think well of those we love?—Perhaps
 ' you desire I should think so. I have resolved
 ' to see you To-Night; so come to me im-
 ' mediately.

P. S. I have ordered to be at Home to none but
yourself.

P. S. Mr. Jones will imagine I shall assist
him in his Defence; for I believe he
cannot desire to impose on me more
than I desire to impose on myself.

P. S. Come immediately.

To the Men of Intrigue I refer the Determination, whether the angry or the tender Letter gave the greatest Uneasiness to *Jones*. Certain it is, he had no violent Inclination to pay any more Visits that Evening, unless to one single Person. However he thought his Honour engaged, and had not this been Motive sufficient, he would not have ventured to blow the Temper of *Lady Bellaston* into that Flame of which he had Reason to think it susceptible, and of which he feared the Consequence might be a Discovery to *Sophia*, which he dreaded. After some discontented Walks therefore about the Room, he was preparing to depart, when the Lady kindly prevented him, not by another Letter, but by her own Presence. She entered the Room very disordered in her Dress, and very discomposed in her Looks, and threw herself into a Chair, where having recovered her Breath, she said,—‘ You see, Sir, when Women have gone one Length too far, they will stop at none. If any Person would have sworn this to me a Week ago, I would not have believed it of myself.’ ‘ I hope, Madam, said *Jones*, my charming Lady *Bellaston* will be as difficult to believe any thing
against

' against one who is so sensible of the many Obligations she hath conferred upon him.' ' Indeed! says she, sensible of Obligations! Did I expect to hear such cold Language from Mr. Jones?' ' Pardon me, my dear Angel, said he, if after the Letters I have received, the Terrors of your Anger, though I know not how I have deserved it'—' And have I then, says she with a Smile, so angry a Countenance?'—' Have I really brought a chiding Face with me?'—' If there be Honour in Man, said he, I have done nothing to merit your Anger.'-----' You remember the Appointment you sent me---I went in Pursuance-----I beseech you, cry'd she, do not run through the odious Recital-----Answer me but one Question, and I shall be easy—Have you not betrayed my Honour to her?---Jones fell upon his Knees, and began to utter the most violent Protestations, when Partridge came dancing and capering in to the Room, like one drunk with Joy, crying out, She's found! she's found!--Here, Sir, here, she's here,---Mrs. Honour is upon the Stairs.' ' Stop her a Moment, cries Jones,---Here, Madam, step behind the Bed, I have no other Room nor Closet, nor Place on Earth to hide you in; sure never was so damn'd an Accident.'-----' D--n'd indeed! said the Lady, as she went to her Place of Concealment; and, presently afterwards in came Mrs Honour. ' Hey day! says she, Mr. Jones, what's the Matter?'---' That impudent Rascal your Servant, would scarce let me come up Stairs. I hope he hath not the same Reason to keep me from you as he had at Upton.---I suppose you hardly expected to see me; but you have certainly bewitch-

'ed my Lady. Poor dear young Lady! To
 'be sure, I loves her as tenderly as if she was
 'my own Sister. Lord have Mercy upon
 'you, if you don't make her a good Husband;
 'and to be sure if you do not, nothing can be bad
 'enough for you.' *Jones* begged her only to whif-
 'per, for that there was a Lady dying in the next
 'Room.' 'A Lady! cries she; ay, I suppose
 'one of your Ladies.--O Mr. *Jones*, there are
 'too many of them in the Word; I believe we
 'are got into the House of one, for my Lady
 '*Bellaſten* I darſt to ſay is no better than ſhe
 'ſhould be.'---'Huſh! huſh! cries *Jones*, every
 'Word is over-heard in the next Room.' 'I
 'don't care a Farthing, cries *Honour*, I ſpeaks
 'no Scandal of any one; but to be ſure the
 'Servants make no Scruple of ſaying as how
 'her Ladyſhip meets Men at another Place---
 'where the Houſe goes under the Name of a
 'poor Gentlewoman, but her Ladyſhip pays the
 'Rent, and many's the good Thing beſides,
 'they ſay, ſhe hath of her.'---Here *Jones*, after
 'expreſſing the utmoſt Uneaſineſs, offered to ſtop
 'her Mouth,---'Hey day! why ſure Mr. *Jones*
 'you will let me ſpeak, I ſpeaks no Scandal, for
 'I only ſays what I heard from others,--- and
 'thinks I to myſelf much good may it do the
 'Gentlewhoman with her Riches, if ſhe comes
 'by it in ſuch a wicked Manner. To be ſure
 'it is better to be poor and honeſt.' 'The Ser-
 'vants are Villains, cries *Jones*, and abuſe their
 'Lady unjuſtly.---Ay to be ſure Servants are al-
 'ways Villains, and ſo my Lady ſays, and won't
 'hear a Word of it.'---'No, I am convinced,
 'ſays *Jones*, my *Sophia* is above liſtning to ſuch
 'baſe Scandal.' 'Nay, I believe it is no Scandal
 'neither,

‘neither, cries *Honour*, for why should she meet
‘Men at another House?---It can never be for
‘any Good: For if she had a lawful Design of
‘being courted, as to be sure any Lady may
‘lawfully give her Company to Men upon that
‘Account; why where can be the Sense?---I pro-
‘test, cries *Jones*, I can’t hear all this of a Lady
‘of such Honour, and a Relation of *Sophia*;
‘besides you will distract the poor Lady in the
‘next Room.--- Let me intreat you to walk
‘with me down Stairs.’---‘Nay, Sir, if you won’t
‘let me speak, I have done—Here, Sir, is a
‘Letter from my young Lady,---what would
‘some Men give to have this? But, Mr. *Jones*,
‘I think you are not over and above generous,
‘and yet I have heard some Servants say---but I
‘am sure you will do me the Justice to own I
‘never saw the Colour of your Money.’ Here
Jones hastily took the Letter, and presently after
slip’d five Pieces into her Hand. He then returned
a thousand Thanks to his dear *Sophia* in a Whisper,
and begged her to leave him to read her Letter;
she presently departed, not without expressing
much grateful Sense of his Generosity.

Lady *Bellafton* now came from behind the
Curtain. How shall I describe her Rage? Her
Tongue was at first incapable of Utterance; but
Streams of Fire darted from her Eyes, and well
indeed they might, for her Heart was all in a
Flame. And now as soon as her Voice found
Way, instead of expressing any Indignation a-
gainst *Honour*, or her own Servants, she began
to attack poor *Jones*. ‘You see, said she, what
‘I have sacrificed to you, my Reputation, my
‘Honour,---gone for ever! And what Return
‘have I found? Neglected, slighted for a Coun-



try Girl, for an Idiot.'—'What Neglect, Madam, or what Slight, cries *Jones*, have I been guilty of?—Mr. *Jones*, said she, it is in vain to dissemble, if you will make me easy, you must entirely give her up; and as a Proof of your Intention, shew me the Letter.'—
 'What Letter, Madam?' said *Jones*. Nay, surely, said she, you cannot have the Confidence to deny your having received a Letter by the Hands of that Trollop.'—'And can your Ladyship, cries he, ask of me what I must part with my Honour before I grant? Have I acted in such a Manner by your Ladyship? Could I be guilty of betraying this poor innocent Girl to you, what Security could you have, that I should not act the same Part by yourself? A Moment's Reflection will, I am sure, convince you, that a Man with whom the Secrets of a Lady are not safe, must be the most contemptible of Wretches.'—'Very well, said she—I need not insist on your becoming this contemptible Wretch in your own Opinion; for the Inside of the Letter could inform me of nothing more than I know already. I see the Footing you are upon.'—Here ensued a long Conversation, which the Reader, who is not too curious, will thank me for not inserting at length. It shall suffice therefore to inform him, that *Lady Bellafton* grew more and more pacified, and at length believed, or affected to believe, his Protestations, that his meeting with *Sophia* that Evening was merely accidental, and every other Matter which the Reader already knows, and which as *Jones* set before her in the strongest Light, it is plain that she had in Reality no Reason to be angry with him.

She

She was not however in her Heart perfectly satisfied with his Refusal to shew her the Letter; so deaf are we to the clearest Reason, when it argues against our prevailing Passions. She was indeed well convinced that *Sophia* possessed the first Place in *Jones's* Affections; and yet, haughty and amorous as this Lady was, she submitted at last to bear the second Place; or to express it more properly in a legal Phrase, was contented with the Possession of that of which another Woman had the Reversion.

It was at length agreed, that *Jones* should for the future visit at the House: For that *Sophia*, her Maid, and all the Servants would place these Visits to the Account of *Sophia*; and that she herself would be considered as the Person imposed upon.

This Scheme was contrived by the Lady, and highly relished by *Jones*, who was indeed glad to have a Prospect of seeing his *Sophia* at any Rate; and the Lady herself was not a little pleased with the Imposition on *Sophia*, which *Jones*, she thought, could not possibly discover to her for his own Sake.

The next Day was appointed for the first Visit, and then, after proper Ceremonials, the Lady *Bellafton* returned Home.

CHAP. III.

Containing various Matters.

JONES was no sooner alone, than he eagerly broke open his Letter, and read as follows.

Sir,

‘ Sir, it is impossible to express what I have
 ‘ suffered since you left this House; and as I have
 ‘ Reason to think you intend coming here again,
 ‘ I have sent *Honour*, though so late at Night,
 ‘ as she tells me she knows your Lodgings, to
 ‘ prevent you. I charge you, by all the Regard
 ‘ you have for me, not to think of visiting here;
 ‘ for it will certainly be discovered; nay, I al-
 ‘ most doubt from some Things which have dropt
 ‘ from her Ladyship, that she is not already
 ‘ without some Suspicion. Something favourable
 ‘ perhaps may happen; we must wait with Pa-
 ‘ tience; but I once more entreat you, if you
 ‘ have any Concern for my Ease, do not think
 ‘ of returning hither.’

This Letter administred the same Kind of Con-
 solation to poor *ones*, which *Job* formerly re-
 ceived from his Friends. Besides disappointing
 all the Hopes which he promised to himself from
 seeing *Sophia*, he was reduced to an unhappy
 Dilemma, with Regard to *Lady Bellafton*; for
 there are some certain Engagements, which, as
 he well knew, do very difficultly admit of any
 Excuse for the Failure; and to go, after the
 strict Prohibition from *Sepbia*, he was not to be
 forced by any human Power. At length, after
 much Deliberation, which during that Night
 supply'd the Place of Sleep, he determin'd to
 feign himself sick: For this suggested itself as the
 only means of failing the appointed Visit, with-
 out incensing *Lady Bellafton*, which he had more
 than one Reason of desiring to avoid.

The first Thing however which he did in the
 Morning was to write an Answer to *Sophia*,
 which he enclosed in one to *Honour*. He then
 dis-

dispatched another to Lady *Bellaſton*, containing the abovementioned Excuse; and to this he soon received the following Answer.

‘ I am vexed that I cannot see you here this Afternoon, but more concerned for the Occasion; take great Care of yourself, and have the best Advice, and I hope there will be no Danger.—I am so tormented all this Morning with Fools, that I have scarce a Moment’s Time to write to you. Adieu.’

‘ P. S. I will endeavour to call on you this Evening at nine.—Be sure to be alone.’

Mr. *Jones* now received a Visit from Mrs. *Miller*, who, after some formal Introduction, began the following Speech. ‘ I am very sorry, Sir, to wait upon you on such an Occasion; but I hope you will consider the ill Consequence which it must be to the Reputation of my poor Girls, if my House should once be talked of as a House of ill Fame. I hope you won’t think me therefore guilty of Impertinence, if I beg you not to bring any more Ladies in at that Time of Night. The Clock had struck two before one of them went away.’ ‘ I do assure you, Madam, said *Jones*, the Lady who was here last Night, and who staid the latest (for the other only brought me a Letter) is a Woman of very great Fashion, and my near Relation.’ ‘ I don’t know what Fashion she is of, answered Mrs. *Miller*, but I am sure no Woman of Virtue, unless a very near Relation indeed would visit a young Gentleman at ten at Night, and stay four Hours in his Room with him alone; besides, Sir, the Behaviour of her Chairmen shews what she was; for they did nothing

‘ but

but make Jest all the Evening in the Entry,
 and asked Mr *Partridge* in the hearing of my
 own Maid, if Madam intended to stay with his
 Master all Night; with a great deal of Stuff
 not proper to be repeated. I have really a
 great Respect for you, Mr. *Jones*, upon your
 own Account, nay I have a very high Obliga-
 tion to you for your Generosity to my Cousin.
 Indeed I did not know how very good you had
 been till lately. Little did I imagine to what
 dreadful Courses the poor Man's Distress had
 driven him. Little did I think when you gave
 me the ten Guineas, that you had given them
 to a Highwayman! O Heavens! What Good-
 ness have you shewn? How have you preserv-
 ed this Family.—The Character which Mr.
Allworthy hath formerly given me of you, was,
 I find, strictly true.—And indeed if I had no
 Obligation to you, my Obligations to him are
 such, that, on his Account, I should shew you
 the utmost Respect in my Power.—Nay, be-
 lieve me, dear Mr. *Jones*, if my Daughters
 and my own Reputation were out of the Case,
 I should, for your own Sake, be sorry that so
 pretty a young Gentleman should converse with
 these Women; but if you are resolved to do
 it, I must beg you to take another Lodging;
 for I do not myself like to have such Things
 carried on under my Roof; but more especially
 upon the Account of my Girls, who have little,
 Heaven knows, besides their Characters to re-
 commend them.' *Jones* started and changed
 Colour at the Name of *Allworthy*. 'Indeed,
Mrs. Miller, answered he a little warmly, I
 do not take this at all kind. I will never bring
 any Slander on your House; but I must insist
 ' on

‘on seeing what Company I please in my own Room; and if that gives you any Offence, I shall, as soon as I am able, look for another Lodging.’ ‘I am sorry we must part then,’ Sir, said she, but I am convinced Mr. *Allworthy* himself would never come within my Doors, if he had the least Suspicion of my keeping an ill House.’—‘Very well, Madam,’ said *Jones*.—‘I hope, Sir,’ said she, ‘you are not angry; for I would not for the World offend any of Mr. *Allworthy*’s Family. I have not slept a wink all Night about this Matter.’—‘I am sorry, I have disturbed your Rest, Madam,’ said *Jones*, ‘but I beg you will send *Partridge* up to me immediately;’ which she promised to do, and then with a very low Courtesy retired.

As soon as *Partridge* arrived, *Jones* fell upon him in the most outrageous manner.—‘How often,’ said he, ‘am I to suffer for your Folly, or rather for my own in keeping you? Is that Tongue of yours resolved upon my Destruction?’—‘What have I done, Sir?’ answered affrighted *Partridge*, ‘Who was it gave you Authority to mention the Story of the Robbery, or that the Man you saw here was the Person?’—‘I Sir?’ cries *Partridge*. ‘Now don’t be guilty of a Falshood in denying it,’ said *Jones*.—‘If I did mention such a Matter,’ answers *Partridge*, ‘I am sure, I thought no Harm: For I should not have opened my Lips, if it had not been to his own Friends and Relations, who, I imagined, would have let it go no farther.’ ‘But I have a much heavier Charge against you,’ cries *Jones*, ‘than this. How durst you, after all the Precautions I gave you,

‘men-

mention the Name of Mr. *Allworthy* in this
 House? *Partridge* denied that he ever had,
 with many Oaths. 'How else,' said *Jones*,
 should Mrs. *Miller* be acquainted that there
 was any Connection between him and me?
 And it is but this Moment she told me, she
 respected me on his Account.'—'O Lord,
 Sir,' said *Partridge*, 'I desire only to be heard
 out; and to be sure, never was any thing so
 unfortunate; hear me but out, and you will
 own how wrongfully you have accused me.
 When Mrs. *Honour* came down Stairs last
 Night, she met me in the Entry, and asked
 me when my Master had heard from Mr. *All-*
worthy; and to be sure Mrs. *Miller* heard the
 very Words; and the Moment Madam *Ho-*
nour was gone, she called me into the Parlour
 to her.' 'Mr. *Partridge*,' says she, 'What
 Mr. *Allworthy* is that the Gentlewoman men-
 tioned? Is it the great Mr. *Allworthy* of *So-*
merfetshire?' Upon my Word, Madam,' says
 I, 'I know nothing of the Matter.'—'Sure,
 says she, 'your Master is not the Mr. *Jones*
 I have heard Mr. *Allworthy* talk of?' Upon
 my Word, Madam,' says I, 'I know nothing
 of the Matter.'—'Then,' says she, turning
 to her Daughter *Nancy*,' says she, 'as sure as
 ten Pence this is the very young Gentleman,
 and he agrees exactly with the Squire's De-
 scription.' 'The Lord above knows who it
 was told her; for I am the arrantest Villain
 that ever walked upon two Legs, if ever it
 came out of my Mouth.—I promise you, Sir,
 I can keep a Secret when I am desired.—Nay,
 Sir, so far was I from telling her any thing
 about Mr. *Allworthy*, that I told her the very
 direct

direct contrary : For though I did not contradict
 it at that Moment, yet, as second Thoughts,
 they say, are best ; so when I came to consider
 that some Body must have informed her, thinks
 I to myself, I will put an End to the Story ;
 and so I went back again into the Parlour some
 Time afterwards, and says I, Upon my Word,
 says I, whoever, says I, told you that this Gentleman was Mr. Jones ; that is, says I, that this Mr. Jones was that Mr. Jones, told you a confounded Lie : And I beg, says I, you will never mention any such Matter, says I ; for my Master, says I, will think I must have told you so ; and I defy any Body in the House, ever to say, I mentioned any such Word. To be certain, Sir, it is a wonderful Thing, and I have been thinking with myself ever since, how it was she came to know it ; not but I saw an old Woman here t'other Day a begging at the Door, who looked as like her we saw in *Warwickshire*, that caused all that Mischief to us. To be sure it is never good to pass by an old Woman without giving her something, especially if she looks at you ; for all the World shall never persuade me but that they have a great Power to do Mischief, and to be sure I shall never see an old Woman again, but I shall think to myself, *Insandum, Regina, jubes renovare Dolorem.*

The Simplicity of *Partridge* set *Jones* a laughing, and put a final End to his Anger, which had indeed seldom any long Duration in his Mind ; and instead of commenting on his Defence, he told him he intended presently to leave those Lodgings, and ordered him to go and endeavour to get him others.

C H A P. IV.

Which we hope will be very attentively perused by young People of both Sexes.

Partridge had no sooner left *Mr. Jones*, than *Mr. Nightingale*, with whom he had now contracted a great Intimacy, came to him, and after a short Salutation, said, ‘So, *Tom*, I hear you had Company very late last Night. Upon my Soul, you are a happy Fellow, who have not been in Town above a Fortnight, and can keep Chairs waiting at your Door till two in the Morning.’ He then ran on with much common-place Raillery of the same Kind, till *Jones* at last interrupted him, saying, ‘I suppose you have received all this Information from Mrs. *Miller*, who hath been up here a little while ago to give me Warning. The good Woman is afraid, it seems, of the Reputation of her Daughters.’ ‘O she is wonderfully nice,’ says *Nightingale*, ‘upon that Account; if you remember, she would not let *Nancy* go with us to the Masquerade.’ ‘Nay, upon my Honour, I think she’s in the Right of it,’ says *Jones*; ‘however I have taken her at her Word, and have sent *Partridge* to look for another Lodging.’ ‘If you will,’ says *Nightingale*, ‘we may, I believe, be again together; for to tell you a Secret, which I desire you won’t mention in the Family, I intend to quit the House to-day.’—‘What, hath Mrs. *Miller* given you Warning too, my Friend?’ cries *Jones*. ‘No,’ answered the other; ‘but the Rooms are not so convenient enough.—Besides, I am grown wea-

‘ry.

ry of this Part of the Town. I want to be nearer the Places of Diversion; so I am going to *Pall-mall*.—‘And do you intend to make a Secret of your going away?’ said *Jones*. ‘I promise you,’ answered *Nightingale*, ‘I don’t intend to bilk my Lodgings; but I have a private Reason for not taking a formal Leave.’ ‘Not so private,’ answered *Jones*; ‘I promise you, I have seen it ever since the second Day of my coming to the House.—Here will be some wet Eyes on your Departure.—Poor *Nancy*, I pity her, faith!—Indeed, *Jack*, you have play’d the Fool with that Girl—You have given her a Longing, which, I am afraid, Nothing will ever cure her of.’—*Nightingale* answered, ‘What the Devil would you have me do? Would you have me marry her to cure her?’—‘No,’ answered *Jones*, ‘I would not have had you make Love to her, as you have often done in my Presence. I have been astonished at the Blindness of her Mother in never seeing it.’ ‘Pugh, see it!’ cries *Nightingale*, ‘What the Devil should she see?’ ‘Why see,’ said *Jones*, ‘that you have made her Daughter distractedly in Love with you. The poor Girl cannot conceal it a Moment, her Eyes are never off from you, and she always colours every Time you come into the Room. Indeed, I pity her heartily; for she seems to be one of the best natured, and honestest of human Creatures.’ ‘And so,’ answered *Nightingale*, ‘according to your Doctrine, one must not amuse one’s self by any common Gallantries with Women, for fear they should fall in Love with us.’ ‘Indeed, *Jack*,’ said *Jones*, ‘you wilfully misunderstand me; I do not fancy Women are so apt to fall in Love; but

‘ but you have gone far beyond common Gallantries.’— ‘ What, do you suppose,’ says *Nightingale*, ‘ that we have been a-bed together?’ ‘ No,’ upon my Honour,’ answered *Jones*, very seriously, ‘ I do not suppose so ill of you; nay, I will go farther, I do not imagine you have laid a regular premeditated Scheme for the Destruction of the Quiet of a poor little Creature, or have even foreseen the Consequence: For I am sure thou art a very good natured Fellow; and such a one can never be guilty of a Cruelty of that Kind; But at the same Time you have pleased your own Vanity, without considering that this poor Girl was made a Sacrifice to it; and while you have had no Design but of amusing an idle Hour, you have actually given her Reason to flatter herself, that you had the most serious Designs in her Favour. Prithee, *Jack*, answer me honestly: To what have tended all those elegant and luscious Descriptions of Happiness arising from violent and mutual Fondness; all those warm Professions of Tenderness, and generous, disinterested Love? Did you imagine she would not apply them? Or, speak ingenuously, did not you intend she should?’ ‘ Upon my Soul, *Tom*,’ cries *Nightingale*, ‘ I did not think this was in thee. Thou wilt make an admirable Parson.—So, I suppose, you would not go to Bed to *Nancy* now, if she would let you?’— ‘ No,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ may I be d—n’d if I would.’ ‘ *Tom, Tom*,’ answered *Nightingale*, ‘ last Night; remember last Night.

‘--When ev’ry Eye was clos’d, and the pale Moon,
‘ And silent Stars shone conscious of the Theft.

‘ Lookee,

‘Lookee, Mr. *Nightingale*,’ said *Jones*, ‘I am no canting Hypocrite, nor do I pretend to the Gift of Chastity, more than my Neighbours. I have been guilty with Women, I own it; but am not conscious that I have ever injured any—Nor would I, to procure Pleasure to myself, be knowingly the Cause of Misery to any human Being.’

‘Well, well,’ said *Nightingale*, ‘I believe you, and I am convinced you acquit me of any such Thing.’

‘I do, from my Heart,’ answered *Jones*, ‘of having debauched the Girl, but not from having gained her Affections.’

‘If I have,’ said *Nightingale*, ‘I am sorry for it; but Time and Absence will soon wear off such Impressions. It is a Receipt I must take myself: For to confess the Truth to you,—I never liked any Girl half so much in my whole Life; but I must let you into the whole Secret, *Tom*. My Father hath provided a Match for me, with a Woman I never saw; and she is now coming to Town, in order for me to make my Addresses to her.’

At these Words *Jones* burst into a loud Fit of Laughter; when *Nightingale* cried,—‘Nay, prithee don’t turn me into Ridicule. The Devil take me if I am not half mad about this Matter! my poor *Nancy*! Oh *Jones*, *Jones*, I wish I had a Fortune in my own Possession.’

‘I heartily wish you had,’ cries *Jones*; for if this be the Case, I sincerely pity you both: But surely you don’t intend to go away without taking your Leave of her?’

‘I would not,’ answered *Nightingale*, ‘undergo the Pain of taking Leave for ten thousand Pound;

' Pound; besides, I am convinced, instead of
 ' answering any good Purpose, it would only
 ' serve to inflame my poor *Nancy* the more. I
 ' beg therefore, you would not mention a Word
 ' of it To-day, and in the Evening, or To-mor-
 ' row Morning, I intend to depart.'

Jones promised he would not; and said, upon
 Reflection he thought, as he had determined and
 was obliged to leave her, he took the most pru-
 dent Method. He then told *Nightingale*, he should
 be very glad to lodge in the same House with
 him; and it was accordingly agreed between them,
 that *Nightingale* should procure him either the
 Ground Floor, or the two Pair of Stairs; for the
 young Gentleman himself was to occupy that
 which was between them.

This *Nightingale*, of whom we shall be pre-
 sently obliged to say a little more, was in the or-
 dinary Transactions of Life a Man of strict Ho-
 nour, and what is more rare among young Gen-
 tlemen of the Town, one of strict Honesty too;
 yet in Affairs of Love he was somewhat loose in
 his Morals; not that he was even here as void of
 Principle as Gentlemen sometimes are, and oftener
 affect to be; but it is certain he had been guilty
 of some indefensible Treachery to Women, and
 had in a certain Mytery, called *Making Love*,
 practised many Deceits, which, if he had used in
 Trade he would have been counted the greatest
 Villain upon Earth.

But as the World, I know not well for what
 Reason, agree to see this Treachery in a better
 Light, he was so far from being ashamed of his
 Iniquities of this Kind, that he gloried in them,
 and would often boast of his Skill in gaining of
 Women, and his Triumphs over their Hearts, for
 which

which he had before this Time received some Rebukes from *Jones*, who always exprest great Bitterness against any Misbehaviour to the fair Part of the Species, who, if considered, he said, as they ought to be, in the Light of the dearest Friends, were to be cultivated, honoured, and caressed with the utmost Love and Tenderness; but, if regarded as Enemies, were a Conquest of which a Man ought rather to be ashamed than to value himself upon it.

C H A P. V.

A short Account of the History of Mrs. Miller.

JONES this Day eat a pretty good Dinner for a sick Man, that is to say, the larger Half of a Shoulder of Mutton. In the Afternoon he received an Invitation from *Mrs. Miller* to drink Tea: For that good Woman having learnt, either by Means of *Partridge*, or by some other Means natural or supernatural, that he had a Connection with *Mr. Allworthy*, could not endure the Thoughts of parting with him in an angry Manner.

Jones accepted the Invitation; and no sooner was the Tea-kettle removed, and the Girls sent out of the Room, than the Widow, without much Preface, began as follows: 'Well, there are very surprizing Things happen in this World; but certainly it is a wonderful Business, that I should have a Relation of *Mr. Allworthy* in my House, and never know any Thing of the Matter. Alas! Sir, you little imagine what a Friend that best of Gentlemen hath been to me and mine. Yes, Sir, I am not ashamed to own it;



‘ it is owing to his Goodness, that I did not long
‘ since perish for Want, and leave my poor little
‘ Wretches, two destitute, helpless, friendless
‘ Orphans, to the Care, or rather to the Cruelty
‘ of the World.

‘ You must know, Sir, though I am now re-
‘ duced to get my Living by letting Lodgings, I
‘ was born and bred a Gentlewoman. My Fa-
‘ ther was an Officer of the Army, and died in a
‘ considerable Rank: But he lived up to his Pay;
‘ and as that expired with him, his Family, at
‘ his Death, became Beggars. We were three
‘ Sisters. One of us had the good Luck to die
‘ soon after of the Small-pox: A Lady was so
‘ kind as to take the second out of Charity, as
‘ she said, to wait upon her. The Mother of
‘ this Lady had been a Servant to my Grandmo-
‘ ther; and having inherited a vast Fortune from
‘ her Father, which he had got by Pawnbroking,
‘ was married to a Gentleman of great Estate and
‘ Fashion. She used my Sister so barbarously,
‘ often upbraiding her with her Birth and Pover-
‘ ty, calling her in Derision a Gentlewoman, that
‘ I believe she at length broke the Heart of the
‘ poor Girl. In short, she likewise died with-
‘ in a Twelvemonth after my Father. Fortune
‘ thought proper to provide better for me, and
‘ within a Month from his Decease I was mar-
‘ ried to a Clergyman, who had been my Lover
‘ a long Time before, and who had been very
‘ ill-used by my Father on that Account: For
‘ though my poor Father could not give any of
‘ us a Shilling, yet he bred us up as delicately,
‘ considered us, and would have had us consider
‘ ourselves as highly, as if we had been the rich-
‘ est Heiresses. But my dear Husband forgot all
‘ this

‘ this Usage, and the Moment we were become
 ‘ fatherless, he immediately renewed his Addreses
 ‘ to me so warmly, that I, who always liked,
 ‘ and now more than ever esteemed him, soon
 ‘ comply’d. Five Years did I live in a State of
 ‘ perfect Happiness with that best of Men, till
 ‘ at last—Oh! cruel, cruel Fortune that ever se-
 ‘ parated us, that deprived me of the kindest of
 ‘ Husbands, and my poor Girls of the tenderest
 ‘ Parent.—O my poor Girls! you never knew
 ‘ the Blessing which ye lost.—I am ashamed, Mr.
 ‘ Jones, of this womanish Weakness; but I shall
 ‘ never mention him without Tears.’ — ‘ I ought
 ‘ rather, Madam,’ said Jones, ‘ to be ashamed
 ‘ that I do not accompany you.’ — ‘ Well, Sir,’
 continued she, ‘ I was now left a second Time
 ‘ in a much worse Condition than before; be-
 ‘ sides the terrible Affliction I was to encounter,
 ‘ I had now two Children to provide for; and
 ‘ was, if possible, more penniless than ever, when
 ‘ that great, that good, that glorious Man, Mr.
 ‘ Allworthy, who had some little Acquaintance
 ‘ with my Husband, accidentally heard of my Dis-
 ‘ tress, and immediately writ this Letter to me.
 ‘ Here, Sir,—here it is; I put it into my Pocket
 ‘ to shew it you. This is the Letter, Sir; I
 ‘ must and will read it to you.

‘ Madam,
 ‘ I Heartily condole with you on your late
 ‘ grievous Loss, which your own good Sense,
 ‘ and the excellent Lessons you must have learnt
 ‘ from the worthiest of Men, will better enable
 ‘ you to bear, than any Advice which I am ca-
 ‘ pable of giving. Nor have I any Doubt that
 ‘ you, whom I have heard to be the tenderest of



“ Mothers, will suffer any immoderate Indul-
 “ gence of Grief to prevent you from discharg-
 “ ing your Duty to those poor Infants, who now
 “ alone stand in Need of your Tendersness.

“ However, as you must be supposed at pre-
 “ sent to be incapable of much worldly Consid-
 “ eration, you will pardon my having ordered a
 “ Person to wait on you, and to pay you Twenty
 “ Guineas, which I beg you will accept ’till I
 “ have the Pleasure of seeing you, and believe
 “ me to be, Madam, &c.”

“ This Letter, Sir, I received within a Fort-
 “ night after the irreparable Loss I have men-
 “ tioned, and within a Fortnight afterwards, Mr.
 “ *Allworthy*, — the blessed Mr. *Allworthy*, came to
 “ pay me a Visit, when he placed me in the House
 “ where you now see me, gave me a large Sum
 “ of Money to furnish it, and settled an Annuity
 “ of 50*l.* a Year upon me, which I have con-
 “ stantly received ever since. Judge then, Mr.
 “ *Jones*, in what Regard I must hold a Benefac-
 “ tor, to whom I owe the Preservation of my
 “ Life, and of those dear Children, for whose
 “ Sake alone my Life is valuable. — Do not, there-
 “ fore, think me impertinent, Mr. *Jones*, (since
 “ I must esteem one for whom I know Mr. *All-*
 “ *worthy* hath so much Value) if I beg you not
 “ to converse with these wicked Women. You
 “ are a young Gentleman, and do not know half
 “ their artful Wiles. Do not be angry with me,
 “ Sir, for what I said upon account of my House;
 “ you must be sensible it would be the Ruin of
 “ my poor dear Girls. Besides, Sir, you cannot
 “ but be acquainted, that Mr. *Allworthy* himself
 “ would

‘ would never forgive my conniving at such Matters, and particularly with you.’

‘ Upon my Word, Madam,’ said *Jones*, ‘ you need make no farther Apology; nor do I in the least take any Thing ill you have said: But give me Leave, as no one can have more Value than myself for Mr. *Allworthy*, to deliver you from one Mistake, which, perhaps, would not be altogether for his Honour: I do assure you, I am no Relation of his.’

‘ Alas! Sir,’ answered she, ‘ I know you are not. I know very well who you are; for Mr. *Allworthy* hath told me all: But I do assure you, had you been twenty Times his Son, he could not have expressed more Regard for you, than he hath often expressed in my Presence. You need not be ashamed, Sir, of what you are; I promise you no good Person will esteem you the less on that Account. No, Mr. *Jones*; the Words ‘ dishonourable Birth’ are Nonsense, as my dear dear Husband used to say, unless the Word ‘ dishonourable’ be applied to the Parents; for the Children can derive no real Dishonour from an Act of which they are intirely innocent.’

Here *Jones* heaved a deep Sigh, and then said, ‘ Since I perceive, Madam, you really do know me, and Mr. *Allworthy* hath thought proper to mention my Name to you; and since you have been so explicit with me as to your own Affairs, I will acquaint you with some more Circumstances concerning myself.’ And these Mrs. *Miller* having expressed great Desire and Curiosity to hear, he began and related to her his whole History, without once mentioning the Name of *Sophia*.

There is a Kind of Sympathy in honest Minds, by Means of which they give an easy Credit to each other. Mrs. *Miller* believed all which *Jones* told her to be true, and exprest much Pity and Concern for him. She was beginning to comment on the Story, but *Jones* interrupted her: For as the Hour of Affignation now drew nigh, he began to stipulate for a second Interview with the Lady that Evening, which he promised should be the last at her House; swearing, at the same Time, that she was one of great Distinction, and that nothing but what was intirely innocent was to pass between them; and I do firmly believe he intended to keep his Word.

Mrs. *Miller* was at length prevailed on, and *Jones* departed to his Chamber, where he sat alone till Twelve o'Clock, but no Lady *Bellaston* appeared.

As we have said that this Lady had a great Affection for *Jones*, and as it must have appeared that she really had so, the Reader may perhaps wonder at the first Failure of her Appointment, as she apprehended him to be confined by Sickness, a Season when Friendship seems most to require such Visits. This Behaviour, therefore, in the Lady, may, by some, be condemned as unnatural; but that is not our Fault; for our Business is only to record Truth.

C H A P. VI.

*Containing a Scene which we doubt not will affect
all our Readers.*

MR. *Jones* closed not his Eyes during all the former Part of the Night; not owing it to any Uneasiness which he conceived at being disappointed by *Lady Bellafton*; nor was *Sophia* herself, though most of his waking Hours were justly to be charged to her Account, the present Cause of dispelling his Slumbers. In Fact, poor *Jones* was one of the best-natured Fellows alive, and had all that Weakness which is called Compassion, and which distinguishes this imperfect Character from that noble Firmness of Mind, which rolls a Man, as it were, within himself, and, like a polished Bowl, enables him to run through the World, without being once stopped by the Calamities which happen to others. He could not help, therefore, compassionating the Situation of poor *Nancy*, whose Love for Mr. *Nightingale* seemed to him so apparent, that he was astonished at the Blindness of her Mother, who had more than once, the preceding Evening, remarked to him the great Change in the Temper of her Daughter, 'who from being,' she said, 'one of the liveliest, merriest Girls in the World, was, on a sudden, become all Gloom and Melancholy.'

Sleep, however, at length got the better of all Resistance; and now, as if he had already been a Deity, as the Antients imagined, and an offended one too, he seemed to enjoy his dear-bought Conquest.—To speak simply, and without any Meta-

phor, Mr. *Jones* slept 'till Eleven the next Morning, and would, perhaps, have continued in the same quiet Situation much longer, had not a violent Up roar awakened him.

Partridge was now summoned, who, being asked what was the Matter, answered, 'That there was a dreadful Hurricane below Stairs; that Miss *Nancy* was in Fits; and that the other Sister, and the Mother, were both crying and lamenting over her.' *Jones* expressed much Concern at this News, which *Partridge* endeavoured to relieve, by saying, with a Smile, 'He fancied the young Lady was in no Danger of Death; for that *Susan* (which was the Name of the Maid) had given him to understand, it was nothing more than a common Affair. In short,' said he, 'Miss *Nancy* hath had a Mind to be as wife as her Mother; that's all. She was a little hungry, it seems, and so sat down to Dinner before Grace was said; and so there is a Child coming for the *Foundling-Hospital*.'—'Prithee leave thy stupid jesting,' cries *Jones*, 'Is the Misery of these poor Wretches a Subject of Mirth? Go immediately to Mrs. *Miller*, and tell her, I beg Leave—Stay, you will make some Blunder; I will go myself; for she desired me to breakfast with her.' He then rose, and dressed himself as fast as he could: And while he was dressed, *Partridge*, notwithstanding many severe Rebukes, could not avoid throwing forth certain Pieces of Brutality, commonly called Jest, on this Occasion. *Jones* was no sooner dressed than he walked down Stairs, and knocking at the Door was presently admitted, by the Maid, into the outward Parlour, which was as empty of Company as it was of any Apparatus
for

for eating. Mrs. Miller was in the inner Room with her Daughter, whence the Maid presently brought a Message to Mr. Jones, ' that her Mistress hoped he would excuse the Disappointment, but an Accident had happened, which made it impossible for her to have the Pleasure of his Company at Breakfast that Day; and begged his Pardon for not sending him up Notice sooner.' Jones ' desired she would give herself no Trouble about any Thing so trifling as his Disappointment; that he was heartily sorry for the Occasion; and that if he could be of any Service to her, she might command him.'

He had scarce spoke these Words, when Mrs. Miller, who heard them all, suddenly threw open the Door, and coming out to him, in a Flood of Tears, said, ' O Mr. Jones, you are certainly one of the best young Men alive. I give you a thousand Thanks for your kind Offer of your Service; but, alas! Sir, it is out of your Power to preserve my poor Girl.—O my Child, my Child! She is undone, she is ruined for ever!' ' I hope, Madam,' said Jones, ' no Villain'—' O Mr. Jones,' said she, ' that Villain who Yesterday left my Lodgings, hath betrayed my poor Girl; hath destroyed her,—I know you are a Man of Honour. You have a good—a noble Heart, Mr. Jones. The Actions to which I have been myself a Witness, could proceed from no other. I will tell you all: Nay, indeed, it is impossible, after what hath happened, to keep it a Secret. That Nightingale, that barbarous Villain, hath undone my Daughter. She is—she is—oh! Mr. Jones, my Girl is with Child by him; and in that Condition he hath deserted her. Here!

‘ here, Sir, is his cruel Letter; read it Mr. Jones,
 ‘ and tell me if such another Monster lives.’
 The Letter was as follows.

‘ Dear Nancy,

‘ **A**S I found it impossible to mention to you
 ‘ what, I am afraid, will be no less shock-
 ‘ ing to you, than it is to me, I have taken this
 ‘ Method to inform you, that my Father insists
 ‘ upon my immediately paying my Addressee to a
 ‘ young Lady of Fortune, whom he hath provided
 ‘ for my—I need not write the detested Word.
 ‘ Your own good Understanding will make you
 ‘ sensible, how entirely I am obliged to an Obe-
 ‘ dience, by which I shall be for ever excluded
 ‘ from your dear Arms. The Fondness of your
 ‘ Mother may encourage you to trust her with
 ‘ the unhappy Consequence of our Love, which
 ‘ may be easily kept a Secret from the World,
 ‘ and for which I will take Care to provide, as
 ‘ I will for you. I wish you may feel less on
 ‘ this Account than I have suffered: But sum-
 ‘ mon all your Fortitude to your Assistance, and
 ‘ forgive and forget the Man, whom Nothing
 ‘ but the Prospect of certain Ruin could have
 ‘ forced to write this Letter. I bid you forget
 ‘ me, I mean only as a Lover; but the best of
 ‘ Friends you shall ever find in

‘ Your faithful, though unhappy

‘ J. N.’

When Jones had read this Letter, they both
 stood silent during a Minute, looking at each
 other; at last he began thus: ‘ I cannot express,
 ‘ Madam,

‘ Madam, how much I am shocked at what I
 ‘ have read; yet let me beg you, in one Parti-
 ‘ cular, to take the Writer’s Advice. Consider
 ‘ the Reputation of your Daughter,’ — ‘ It is
 ‘ gone, it is lost, Mr. Jones, cry’d she, as well
 ‘ as her Innocence. She received the Letter in
 ‘ a Room-full of Company, and immediately
 ‘ swooning away upon opening it, the Contents
 ‘ were known to every one present. But the
 ‘ Loss of her Reputation, bad as it is, is not the
 ‘ worst; I shall lose my Child; she hath at-
 ‘ tempted twice to destroy herself already: And
 ‘ though she hath been hitherto prevented, vows
 ‘ she will not out-live it; nor could I myself
 ‘ out-live any Accident of that Nature.—What
 ‘ then will become of my little *Betsy*, a helpless
 ‘ infant Orphan? And the poor little Wretch
 ‘ will, I believe, break her Heart at the Miseries
 ‘ with which she sees her Sister and myself dis-
 ‘ tracted, while she is ignorant of the Cause.—
 ‘ O ’tis the most sensible, and best-natured little
 ‘ Thing. The barbarous cruel — hath de-
 ‘ stroyed us all. O my poor Children! Is this the
 ‘ Reward of all my Cares? Is this the Fruit of
 ‘ all my Prospects? Have I so chearfully under-
 ‘ gone all the Labours and Duties of a Mother?
 ‘ Have I been so tender of their Infancy, so care-
 ‘ ful of their Education? Have I been toiling so
 ‘ many Years, denying myself even the Conve-
 ‘ niences of Life to provide some little Suste-
 ‘ nance for them, to lose one or both in such a
 ‘ manner?’ ‘ Indeed, Madam,’ said *Jones*, with
 ‘ Tears in his Eyes, ‘ I pity you from my Soul.’
 ‘ — ‘ O Mr. Jones,’ answered she, even you,
 ‘ though I know the Goodness of your Heart,
 ‘ can have no Idea of what I feel. The best,



' the kindest, the most dutiful of Children! O
 ' my poor *Nancy*, the Darling of my Soul! the
 ' Delight of my Eyes; the Pride of my Heart:
 ' Too much, indeed, my Pride; for to those
 ' foolish, ambitious Hopes, arising from her
 ' Beauty, I owe her Ruin. Alas! I saw with
 ' Pleasure the Liking which this young Man had
 ' for her. I thought it an honourable Affection;
 ' and flattered my foolish Vanity with the
 ' Thoughts of seeing her married to one so much
 ' her Superior. And a thousand Times in my
 ' Presence, nay, often in yours, he hath endeavoured
 ' to sooth and encourage these Hopes by
 ' the most generous Expressions of disinterested
 ' Love, which he hath always directed to my poor
 ' Girl and which I, as well as she, believed to
 ' be real. Could I have believed that these were
 ' only Snares laid to betray the Innocence of my
 ' Child, and for the Ruin of us all?'—At these
 Words little *Betsy* came running into the Room,
 crying, ' Dear Mamma, for Heaven's sake come
 ' to my Sister; for she is in another Fit, and my
 ' Cousin can't hold her.' Mrs. *Miller* immediately
 obeyed the Summons; but first ordered
Betsy to stay with Mr. *Jones*, and begged him
 to entertain her a few Minutes, saying, in the
 most pathetic Voice, ' Good Heaven! let me
 ' preserve one of my Children at least.'

Jones, in Compliance with this Request, did all
 he could to comfort the little Girl, though he
 was, in Reality, himself very highly affected
 with Mrs. *Miller's* Story. He told her, ' her
 ' Sister would be soon very well again: That by
 ' taking on in that Manner, she would not only
 ' make her Sister worse, but make her Mother
 ' ill too.' ' Indeed, Sir,' says she, ' I would
 ' not

‘not do any Thing to hurt them for the World.
 ‘I would burst my Heart rather than they should
 ‘see me cry.—But my poor Sister can’t see me
 ‘cry.—I am afraid she will never be able to see
 ‘me cry any more. Indeed, I can’t part with
 ‘her; indeed I can’t.—And then poor Mam-
 ‘ma too, what will become of her?—She says
 ‘she will die too, and leave me: But I am re-
 ‘solved I won’t be left behind.’ ‘And are you
 ‘not afraid to die, my little *Betsy*?’ said *Jones*.
 ‘Yes,’ answered she, ‘I was always afraid to
 ‘die; because I must have left my Mamma, and
 ‘my Sister; but I am not afraid of going any
 ‘where with those I love.’

Jones was so pleased with this Answer, that he
 eagerly kissed the Child; and soon after Mrs.
Miller returned, saying, ‘She thanked Heaven,
 ‘*Nancy* was now come to herself. And now,
 ‘*Betsy*,’ says she, ‘you may go in; for your
 ‘Sister is better, and longs to see you. She
 then turned to *Jones*, and began to renew her
 Apologies for having disappointed him of his
 Breakfast.

‘I hope, Madam,’ said *Jones*, ‘I shall have
 ‘a more exquisite Repast than any you could
 ‘have provided for me. This, I assure you, will
 ‘be the Case, if I can do any Service to this
 ‘little Family of Love. But whatever Success
 ‘may attend my Endeavours, I am resolved to
 ‘attempt it. I am very much deceived in Mr.
 ‘*Nightingale*, if, notwithstanding what hath hap-
 ‘pened, he hath not much Goodness of Heart at
 ‘the Bottom, as well as a very violent Affection
 ‘for your Daughter. If this be the Case, I think
 ‘the Picture which I shall lay before him, will
 ‘affect him. Endeavour, Madam, to comfort
 ‘yourself,

‘ yourself, and Miss *Nancy*, as well as you can.
 ‘ I will go instantly in quest of Mr. *Nightingale*;
 ‘ and I hope to bring you good News.’

Mrs. *Miller* fell upon her Knees, and invoked all the Blessings of Heaven upon Mr. *Jones*; to which she afterwards added the most passionate Expressions of Gratitude. He then departed to find Mr. *Nightingale*, and the good Woman returned to comfort her Daughter, who was somewhat cheared at what her Mother told her; and both joined in resounding the Praises of Mr. *Jones*.

C H A P. VII.

The Interview between Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale.

THE Good or Evil we confer on others, very often, I believe, recoils on ourselves. For as Men of a benign Disposition enjoy their own Acts of Beneficence, equally with those to whom they are done, so there are scarce any Natures so entirely diabolical, as to be capable of doing Injuries, without paying themselves some Pangs, for the Ruin which they bring on their fellow Creatures.

Mr. *Nightingale*, at least, was not such a Person. On the contrary, *Jones* found him in his new Lodgings, sitting melancholy by the Fire, and silently lamenting the unhappy Situation in which he had placed poor *Nancy*. He no sooner saw his Friend appear, than he rose hastily to meet him; and after much Congratulation said, ‘ Nothing could have been more opportune than this
 ‘ kind

kind Visit; for I was never more in the Spleen
in my Life.'

'I am sorry,' answered *Jones*, 'that I bring
News very unlikely to relieve you; nay, what
I am convinced must, of all other, shock you
the most. However, it is necessary you should
know it. Without further Preface then, I come
to you, Mr. *Nightingale*, from a worthy Family,
which you have involved in Misery and
Ruin.' Mr. *Nightingale* changed Colour at
these Words; but *Jones*, without regarding it,
proceeded, in the liveliest Manner, to paint the
tragical Story, with which the Reader was ac-
quainted in the last Chapter.

Nightingale never once interrupted the Narra-
tion, though he discovered violent Emotions at
many Parts of it. But when it was concluded,
after fetching a deep Sigh, he said, 'What you
tell me, my Friend, affects me in the tenderest
Manner. Sure there never was so cursed an
Accident as the poor Girl's betraying my Let-
ter. Her Reputation might otherwise have been
safe, and the Affair might have remained a pro-
found Secret; and then the Girl might have
gone off never the worse; for many such Things
happen in this Town: And if the Husband
should suspect a little, when it is too late, it
will be his wiser Conduct to conceal his Suspi-
cion both from his Wife and the World.'

'Indeed, my Friend,' answered *Jones*, 'this
could not have been the Case with your poor
Nancy. You have so entirely gained her Af-
fections, that it is the Loss of you, and not of
her Reputation, which afflicts her, and will end
in the Destruction of her and her Family.'
'Nay, for that Matter, I promise you,' cries
Nightingale,

Nightingale, 'she hath my Affections so abso-
 lutely, that my Wife, whoever she is to be,
 will have very little Share in them.' 'And is
 it possible then,' said *Jones*, 'you can think of
 deserting her?' 'Why what can I do?' an-
 swered the other. 'Ask *Miss Nancy*,' replied
Jones warmly. 'In the Condition to which you
 have reduced her, I sincerely think she ought
 to determine what Reparation you shall make
 her. Her Interest alone, and not yours, ought
 to be your sole Consideration. But if you ask
 me what you shall do? What can you do less,'
 cries *Jones*, 'than fulfil the Expectations of her
 Family, and her own. Nay, I sincerely tell
 you, they were mine too, ever since I first
 saw you together. You will pardon me, if I
 presume on the Friendship you have favoured
 me with, moved as I am with Compassion for
 those poor Creatures. But your own Heart
 will best suggest to you, whether you have ne-
 ver intended, by your Conduct, to persuade the
 Mother, as well as the Daughter, into an Opi-
 nion, that you designed honourably: And if so,
 though there may have been no direct Promise
 of Marriage in the Case, I will leave to your
 own good Understanding, how far you are
 bound to proceed.'
 'Nay, I must not only confess what you have
 hinted,' said *Nightingale*; 'but, I am afraid,
 even that very Promise you mention I have
 given.' 'And can you, after owning that,' said
Jones, 'hesitate a Moment?' 'Consider, my
 Friend,' answered the other; 'I know you
 are a Man of Honour, and would advise no
 one to act contrary to its Rules; if there were
 no other Objection, can I, after this Publica-
 tion

'tion of her Disgrace, think of such an Alliance
 'with Honour?' 'Undoubtedly,' replied *Jones*,
 'and the very best and truest Honour, which is
 'Goodness, requires it of you. As you men-
 'tion a Scruple of this Kind, you will give me
 'Leave to examine it. Can you, with Honour,
 'be guilty of having, under false Pretences, de-
 'ceived a young Woman and her Family, and
 'of having, by these Means, treacherously rob-
 'bed her of her Innocence? Can you, with
 'Honour, be the knowing, the wilful Occa-
 'sion, nay, the artful Contriver of the Ruin of
 'a human Being? Can you, with Honour, de-
 'stroy the Fame, the Peace, nay, probably, both
 'the Life and Soul too of this Creature? Can
 'Honour bear the Thought, that this Creature is
 'a tender, helpless, defenceless, young Woman?
 'A young Woman who loves, who doats on
 'you, who dies for you; who hath placed the
 'utmost Confidence in your Promises; and to
 'that Confidence hath sacrificed every Thing
 'which is dear to her? Can Honour support such
 'Contemplations as these a Moment?'

'Common Sense, indeed,' said *Nightingale*,
 'warrants all you say; but yet you well know
 'the Opinion of the World is so contrary to
 'it, that was I to marry a Whore, though
 'my own, I should be ashamed of ever showing
 'my Face again.'

'Fie upon it, Mr. *Nightingale*,' said *Jones*,
 'do not call her by so ungenerous a Name:
 'When you promised to marry her, she became
 'your Wife; and she hath sinned more against
 'Prudence than Virtue. And what is this World,
 'which you would be ashamed to face, but the
 'Vile, the Foolish, and the Profligate? Forgive
 'me,

me, if I say such a Shame must proceed from
 false Modesty, which always attends false Ho-
 nour as its Shadow.—But I am well assured
 there is not a Man of real Sense and Goodness
 in the World, who would not honour and ap-
 plaud the Action. But admit no other would,
 would not your own Heart, my Friend, ap-
 plaud it? And do not the warm, rapturous Sen-
 sations, which we feel from the Consciousness
 of an honest, noble, generous, benevolent Ac-
 tion, convey more Delight to the Mind, than
 the undeserved Praise of Millions? Set the Al-
 ternative fairly before your Eyes. On the one
 Side, see this poor, unhappy, tender, believing
 Girl, in the Arms of her wretched Mother,
 breathing her last. Hear her breaking Heart in
 Agonies, sighing out your Name; and lament-
 ing, rather than accusing, the Cruelty which
 weighs her down to Destruction. Paint to your
 Imagination the Circumstances of her fond,
 despairing Parent, driven to Madness, or, per-
 haps, to Death, by the Loss of her lovely
 Daughter. View the poor, helpless, Orphan-
 Infant: And when your Mind hath dwelt a
 Moment only on such Ideas, consider yourself
 as the Cause of all the Ruin of this poor, lit-
 tle, worthy, defenceless Family. On the other
 Side, consider yourself as relieving them from
 their temporary Sufferings. Think with what
 Joy, with what Transports, that lovely Crea-
 ture will fly to your Arms. See her Blood re-
 turning to her pale Cheeks, her Fire to her
 languid Eyes, and Raptures to her tortured
 Breast. Consider the Exultations of her Mo-
 ther, the Happiness of all. Think of this lit-
 tle Family made, by one Act of yours, com-
 pletely

‘pletely happy. Think of this Alternative, and
 ‘sure I am mistaken in my Friend, if it requires
 ‘any long Deliberation, whether he will sink
 ‘these Wretches down for ever, or, by one ge-
 ‘nerous, noble Resolution, raise them all from
 ‘the Brink of Misery and Despair, to the highest
 ‘Pitch of human Happiness. Add to this but
 ‘one Consideration more; the Consideration that
 ‘it is your Duty so to do—That the Misery
 ‘from which you will relieve these poor People,
 ‘is the Misery which you yourself have wilfully
 ‘brought upon them.’

‘O my dear Friend,’ cries *Nightingale*, ‘I
 ‘wanted not your Eloquence to rouse me. I
 ‘pity poor *Nancy* from my Soul, and would wil-
 ‘lingly give any Thing in my Power, that no
 ‘Familiarities had ever passed between us. Nay,
 ‘believe me, I had many Struggles with my Pas-
 ‘sion before I could prevail with myself to write
 ‘that cruel Letter, which hath caused all the
 ‘Misery in that unhappy Family. If I had no
 ‘Inclinations to consult but my own, I would
 ‘marry her To-morrow Morning: I would, by
 ‘Heaven; but you will easily imagine how im-
 ‘possible it would be to prevail on my Father to
 ‘consent to such a Match; besides, he hath pro-
 ‘vided another for me; and To-morrow, by his
 ‘express Command, I am to wait on the Lady.’

‘I have not the Honour to know your Father,’
 said *Jones*; ‘but suppose he could be persuaded,
 ‘would you yourself consent to the only Means
 ‘of preserving these poor People?’ ‘As eagerly
 ‘as I would pursue my Happiness,’ answered
Nightingale; ‘for I never shall find it in any
 ‘other Woman.—O my dear Friend, could you
 ‘imagine what I have felt within these twelve

‘Hours

' Hours for my poor Girl, I am convinced she
 ' would not engross all your Pity. Passion leads
 ' me only to her; and if I had any foolish Scr-
 ' ples of Honour, you have fully satisfied them:
 ' Could my Father be induced to comply with
 ' my Desires, nothing would be wanting to
 ' compleat my own Happiness, or that of my
 ' Nancy.'

' Then I am resolved to undertake it,' said
Jones. ' You must not be angry with me, in
 ' whatever Light it may be necessary to set this
 ' Affair, which, you may depend on it, could not
 ' otherwise be long hid from him: For Things
 ' of this Nature make a quick Progress, when
 ' once they get abroad, as this unhappily hath al-
 ' ready. Besides, should any fatal Accident fol-
 ' low, as upon my Soul I am afraid will, unless
 ' immediately prevented, the Publick would ring
 ' of your Name in a Manner which, if your Fa-
 ' ther hath common Humanity, must offend him.
 ' If you will therefore tell me where I may find
 ' the old Gentleman, I will not lose a Moment
 ' in the Business; which while I pursue, you
 ' cannot do a more generous Action than by
 ' paying a Visit to the poor Girl. You will find
 ' I have not exaggerated in the Account I have
 ' given of the Wretchedness of the Family.'

Nightingale immediately consented to the Pro-
 posal; and now having acquainted *Jones* with his
 Father's Lodging, and the Coffee-house where he
 would most probably find him, he hesitated a
 Moment, and then said, ' My dear *Tom*, you are
 ' going to undertake an Impossibility. If you
 ' knew my Father, you would never think of
 ' obtaining his Consent.—Stay, there is one Way
 ' —Suppose you told him I was already married,
 ' it

‘ it might be easier to reconcile him to the Fact
 ‘ after it was done; and, upon my Honour, I
 ‘ am so affected with what you have said, and I
 ‘ love my *Nancy* so passionately, I almost wish
 ‘ it was done, whatever might be the Confe-
 ‘ quence.’

Jones greatly approved the Hint, and promised to pursue it. They then separated, *Nightingale* to visit his *Nancy*, and *Jones* in quest of the old Gentleman.

C H A P. VIII.

What passed between Jones and old Mr. Nightingale; with the Arrival of a Person not yet mentioned in this History.

NOtwithstanding the Sentiment of the *Roman* Satirist, which denies the Divinity of *Fortune*, and the Opinion of *Seneca*, to the same Purpose; *Cicero*, who was, I believe, a wiser Man than either of them, expressly holds the contrary; and certain it is, there are some Incidents in Life so very strange and unaccountable, that it seems to require more than human Skill and Foresight in producing them.

Of this Kind was what now happened to *Jones*, who found *Mr. Nightingale* the elder in so critical a Minute, that *Fortune*, if she was really worthy all the Worship she received at *Rome*, could not have contrived such another. In short, the old Gentleman and the Father of the young Lady whom he intended for his Son, had been hard at it for many Hours; and the latter was just now gone, and had left the former delighted with the Thoughts that he had succeeded in a long Con-
 tion,

attention, which had been between the two Fathers of the future Bride and Bridegroom; in which both endeavoured to over-reach the other, and, as it not rarely happens in such Cases, both had retreated fully satisfied of having obtained the Victory.

This Gentleman whom Mr. *Jones* now visited, was what they call a Man of the World; that is to say, a Man who directs his Conduct in this World, as one who being fully persuaded there is no other, is resolved to make the most of this. In his early Years he had been bred to Trade; but having acquired a very good Fortune, he had lately declined his Business; or, to speak more properly, had changed it from dealing in Goods, to dealing only in Money, of which he had always a plentiful Fund at Command, and of which he knew very well how to make a very plentiful Advantage, sometimes of the Necessities of private Men, and sometimes of those of the Public. He had indeed conversed so entirely with Money, that it may be almost doubted, whether he imagined there was any other Thing really existing in the World: This at least may be certainly averred, that he firmly believed nothing else to have any real Value.

The Reader will, I fancy, allow, that Fortune could not have culled out a more improper Person for Mr. *Jones* to attack with any Probability of Success; nor could the whimsical Lady have directed this Attack at a more unseasonable Time.

As Money then was always uppermost in this Gentleman's Thoughts; so the Moment he saw a Stranger within his Doors, it immediately occurred to his Imagination, that such Stranger was either come to bring him Money, or to fetch it from

from him. And according as one or other of these Thoughts prevailed, he conceived a favourable or unfavourable Idea of the Person who approached him.

Unluckily for *Jones*, the latter of these was the Ascendant at present; for as a young Gentleman had visited him the Day before, with a Bill from his Son for a Play Debt, he apprehended, at the first Sight of *Jones*, that he was come on such another Errand. *Jones* therefore had no sooner told him, that he was come on his Son's Account, than the old Gentleman, being confirmed in his Suspicion, burst forth into an Exclamation, 'That he would lose his Labour.' 'Is it then possible, Sir, answered *Jones*, that you can guess my Business?' 'If I do guess it,' replied the other, 'I repeat again to you, you will lose your Labour. What, I suppose you are one of those Sparks who lead my Son into all those Scenes of Riot and Debauchery, which will be his Destruction; but I shall pay no more of his Bills I promise you. I expect he will quit all such Company for the future. If I had imagined otherwise, I should not have provided a Wife for him; for I would be instrumental in the Ruin of no Body.' 'How, Sir,' said *Jones*, 'and was this Lady of your providing?' 'Pray, Sir,' answered the old Gentleman, 'how comes it to be any Concern of yours?'—'Nay, dear Sir,' replied *Jones*, 'be not offended that I interest myself in what regards your Son's Happiness, for whom I have so great an Honour and Value. It was upon that very Account I came to wait upon you. I can't express the Satisfaction you have given me by what you say; for I do assure you your Son is
' a Person

a Person for whom I have the highest Honour.
 —Nay, Sir, it is not easy to express the Esteem
 I have for you, who could be so generous, so
 good, so kind, so indulgent to provide such a
 Match for your Son; a Woman who, I dare
 swear, will make him one of the happiest Men
 upon Earth.

There is scarce any thing which so happily in-
 troduces Men to our good Liking, as having
 conceived some Alarm at their first Appearance;
 when once those Apprehensions begin to vanish,
 we soon forget the Fears which they occasioned,
 and look on ourselves as indebted for our present
 Ease, to those very Persons who at first rais'd our
 Fears.

Thus it happened to *Nightingale*, who no
 sooner found that *Jones* had no Demand on him,
 as he suspected, than he began to be pleas'd with
 his Presence. Pray, good Sir, said he, be
 pleas'd to sit down. I do not remember to
 have ever had the Pleasure of seeing you be-
 fore; but if you are a Friend of my Son, and
 have any thing to say concerning this young
 Lady, I shall be glad to hear you. As to her
 making him happy, it will be his own Fault if
 she doth not. I have discharged my Duty, in
 taking Care of the main Article. She will
 bring him a Fortune capable of making any
 reasonable, prudent, sober Man happy. Un-
 doubtedly, cries *Jones*, for she is in herself a
 Fortune; so beautiful, so genteel, so sweet-
 tempered, and so well educated; she is indeed
 a most accomplished young Lady; sings ad-
 mirably well, and hath a most delicate Hand
 at the Harpsichord. I did not know any of
 these Matters, answered the old Gentleman,
 for

for I never saw the Lady; but I do not like her
 the worse for what you tell me; and I am the
 better pleas'd with her Father for not laying
 any Strefs on these Qualifications in our Bar-
 gain. I shall always think it a Proof of his
 Understanding. A silly Fellow would have
 brought in these Articles as an Addition to her
 Fortune; but to give him his due, he never
 mentioned any such Matter; though to be sure
 they are no Disparagements to a Woman. I
 do assure you, Sir, cries *Jones*, she hath them
 all in the most eminent Degree: For my Part I
 own I was afraid you might have been a little
 backward, a little less inclined to the Match:
 For your Son told me you had never seen the
 Lady; therefore I came, Sir, in that Case, to
 entreat you, to conjure you, as you value the
 Happiness of your Son, not to be averse to his
 Match with a Woman who hath not only all
 the good Qualities I have mentioned, but many
 more.---- If that was your Business, Sir,
 said the old Gentleman, we are both obliged
 to you; and you may be perfectly easy; for I
 give you my Word I was very well satisfied
 with her Fortune. Sir, answered *Jones*, I
 honour you every Moment more and more.
 To be so easily satisfied, so very moderate on
 that Account, is a Proof of the Soundness of
 your Understanding, as well as the Nobleness
 of your Mind.---- Not so very moderate,
 young Gentleman, not so very moderate, an-
 swered the Father.--- Still more and more
 noble, replied *Jones*, and give me Leave to
 add, sensible: For sure it is little less than Mad-
 ness to consider Money as the sole Foundation
 of Happiness. Such a Woman as this with
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her little, her nothing of a Fortune.—‘ I find,
 cries the old Gentleman, you have a pretty just
 Opinion of Money, my Friend, or else you
 are better acquainted with the Person of the
 Lady than with her Circumstances. Why pray,
 what Fortune do you imagine this Lady to
 have?—‘ What Fortune? cries *Jones*, why
 too contemptible a one to be named for your
 Son. Well, well, well, said the other, per-
 haps he might have done better.—‘ That I
 deny, said *Jones*, for she is one of the best of
 Women.’ ‘ Ay, ay, but in Point of For-
 tune I mean—answered the other.—And
 yet as to that now, how much do you imagine
 your Friend is to have?—‘ How much, cries
Jones, how much!—Why at the utmost, per-
 haps, 200 l.’ ‘ Do you mean to banter me,
 young Gentleman? said the Father a little
 angry.—‘ No, upon my Soul, answered *Jones*,
 I am in Earnest; nay I believe I have gone to
 the utmost Farthing. If I do the Lady an In-
 jury, I ask her Pardon.’ ‘ Indeed you do,
 cries the Father. I am certain she hath fifty
 Times that Sum, and she shall produce fifty
 to that, before I consent that she shall marry my
 Son.’ ‘ Nay, said *Jones*, it is too late to
 talk of Consent now—If she had not fifty
 Farthings your Son is married.—‘ My Son
 married! answered the old Gentleman with
 Surprise.’ ‘ Nay, said *Jones*, I thought you
 was unacquainted with it.—‘ My Son married
 to Miss *Harris*! answered he again’—‘ To
 Miss *Harris*! said *Jones*; no, Sir, to Miss *Nancy*
Miller, the Daughter of Mrs. *Miller*, at whose
 House he lodged; a young Lady, who, though
 her Mother is reduced to let Lodgings’—‘ Are
 you

‘ you bantering, or are you in Earnest?’ cries the Father with a most solemn Voice. ‘ Indeed, Sir, answered *Jones*, I scorn the Character of a Banterer. I came to you in most serious Earnest, imagining, as I find true, that your Son had never dared acquaint you with a Match so much inferior to him in Point of Fortune, tho’ the Reputation of the Lady will suffer it no longer to remain a Secret.’

While the Father stood like one struck suddenly dumb at this News, a Gentleman came into the Room, and saluted him by the Name of Brother.

But though these two were in Consanguinity so nearly related, they were in their Dispositions almost the Opposites to each other. The Brother who now arrived had likewise been bred to Trade, in which he no sooner saw himself worth 6000 *l.* than he purchased a small Estate with the greatest Part of it, and retired into the Country; where he married the Daughter of an unbeneficed Clergyman; a young Lady who, though she had neither Beauty nor Fortune, had recommended herself to his Choice, entirely by her good Humour, of which she possessed a very large Share.

With this Woman he had, during twenty-five Years, lived a Life more resembling the Model which certain Poets ascribe to the Golden Age, than any of those Patterns which are furnished by the present Times. By her he had four Children, but none of them arrived at Maturity except only one Daughter, whom in vulgar Language he and his Wife had spoiled; that is, had educated with the utmost Tenderness and Fondness; which she returned to such a Degree, that she had actually refused a very extraordinary Match with

a Gentleman a little turned of forty, because she could not bring herself to part with her Parents.

The young Lady whom Mr. *Nightingale* had intended for his Son was a near Neighbour of his Brother, and an Acquaintance of his Niece; and in reality it was upon the Account of his projected Match, that he was now come to Town; not indeed to forward, but to dissuade his Brother from a Purpose which he conceived would inevitably ruin his Nephew; for he foresaw no other Event from a Union with Miss *Harris*, notwithstanding the Largeness of her Fortune, as neither her Person nor Mind seemed to him to promise any Kind of matrimonial Felicity; for she was very tall, very thin, very ugly, very affected, very silly, and very ill-natured.

His Brother therefore no sooner mentioned the Marriage of his Nephew with Miss *Miller*, than he express the utmost Satisfaction; and when the Father had very bitterly reviled his Son, and pronounced Sentence of Beggary upon him, the Uncle began in the following Manner.

‘ If you was a little cooler, Brother, I would ask you whether you love your Son for his Sake, or for your own. You would answer, I suppose, and so I suppose you think, for his Sake; and doubtless it is his Happiness which you intended in the Marriage you proposed for him.

‘ Now, Brother, to prescribe Rules of Happiness to others, hath always appeared to me very absurd, and to insist on doing this very tyrannical. It is a vulgar Error I know; but it is nevertheless an Error. And if this be absurd in other Things, it is mostly so in the Affair of Marriage, the Happiness of which depends

pende entirely on the Affection which subsists between the Parties.

I have therefore always thought it unreasonable in Parents to desire to chuse for their Children on this Occasion; since to force Affection is an impossible Attempt; nay, so much doth Love abhor Force, that I know not whether through an unfortunate but incurable Perverseness in our Natures, it may not be even impatient of Persuasion.

It is, however, true, that though a Parent will not, I think, wisely prescribe, he ought to be consulted on this Occasion; and in Strictness perhaps should at least have a negative Voice. My Nephew therefore, I own, in marrying without asking your Advice, hath been guilty of a Fault. But honestly speaking, Brother, have you not a little promoted this Fault? Have not your frequent Declarations on this Subject, given him a moral Certainty of your Refusal, where there was any Deficiency in Point of Fortune? nay, doth not your present Anger arise solely from that Deficiency? And if he hath failed in his Duty here; did you not as much exceed that Authority, when you absolutely bargained with him for a Woman without his Knowledge, whom you yourself never saw, and whom if you had seen and known as well as I, it must have been Madness in you, to have ever thought of bringing her into your Family.

Still I own my Nephew in a Fault; but surely it is not an unpardonable Fault. He hath acted indeed without your Consent, in a Matter in which he ought to have asked it; but it is in a Matter in which his Interest is



' principally concerned ; you yourself must and
 ' will acknowledge, that you consulted his In-
 ' terest only, and if he unfortunately differed
 ' from you, and hath been mistaken in his No-
 ' tion of Happiness, will you, Brother, if you
 ' love your Son, carry him still wider from the
 ' Point? Will you increase the ill Consequences
 ' of his simple Choice? Will you endeavour to
 ' make an Event certain Misery to him, which
 ' may accidentally prove so? In a Word, Bro-
 ' ther, because he hath put it out of your Power
 ' to make his Circumstances as affluent as you
 ' would, will you distress them as much as you
 ' can ?'

By the Force of the true Catholick Faith, St.
Antony won upon the Fishes. *Orpheus* and *Am-
 phion* went a little farther, and by the Charms of
 Music enchanted Things merely inanimate. Won-
 derful both! But neither History nor Fable have
 ever yet ventured to record an Instance of any
 one, who by Force of Argument and Reason
 hath triumphed over habitual Avarice.

Mr. *Nightingale*, the Father, instead of at-
 tempting to answer his Brother, contented him-
 self with only observing, that they had always
 differed in their Sentiments concerning the Edu-
 cation of their Children. ' I wish, said he, Bro-
 ' ther, you would have confined your Care to
 ' your own Daughter, and never have troubled
 ' yourself with my Son, who hath, I believe, as
 ' little profited by your Precepts, as by your
 ' Example.' For young *Nightingale* was his
 Uncle's Godson, and had lived more with him
 than with his Father. So that the Uncle had
 often declared, he loved his Nephew almost
 equally with his own Child.

Jones

Jones fell into Raptures with this good Gentleman; and when after much Persuasion, they found the Father grew still more and more irritated, instead of appeased, *Jones* conducted the Uncle to his Nephew at the House of Mrs. *Miller*.

C H A P. IX.

Containing strange Matters.

AT his Return to his Lodgings, *Jones* found the Situation of Affairs greatly altered from what they had been in at his Departure. The Mother, the two Daughters, and young Mr. *Nightingale*, were now sat down to Supper together, when the Uncle was, at his own Desire, introduced without any Ceremony into the Company, to all of whom he was well known; for he had several Times visited his Mother at that House.

The old Gentleman immediately walked up to Miss *Nancy*, saluted and wished her Joy, as he did afterwards the Nephew and the other Sister; and lastly, he paid the proper Compliments to his Nephew, with the same good Humour and Courtesy, as if his Nephew had married his equal or superior in Fortune, with all the previous Requisites first performed.

Miss *Nancy* and her supposed Husband both turned pale, and looked rather foolish than otherwise upon the Occasion; but Mrs. *Miller* took the first Opportunity of withdrawing; and having sent for *Jones* into the Dining Room, she threw herself at his Feet, and in a most passionate Flood of Tears, called him her good Angel, the

Preserver of her poor little Family, with many other respectful and endearing Appellations, and made him every Acknowledgment which the highest Benefit can extract from the most grateful Heart.

After the first Gust of her Passion was a little over, which she declared, if she had not vented, would have burst her, she proceeded to inform Mr. Jones, that all Matters were settled between Mr. *Nightingale* and her Daughter, and that they were to be married the next Morning: At which Mr. Jones having expressed much Pleasure, the poor Woman fell again into a Fit of Joy and Thanksgiving, which he at length with Difficulty silenced, and prevailed on her to return with him back to the Company, whom they found in the same good Humour in which they had left them.

This little Society now past two or three very agreeable Hours together, in which the Uncle, who was a very great Lover of his Bottle, had so well ply'd his Nephew, that this latter, though not drunk, began to be somewhat flustered; and now Mr. *Nightingale* taking the old Gentleman with him up Stairs into the Apartment he had lately occupied, unbosomed himself as follows:

‘As you have been always the best and kindest of Uncles to me, and as you have shewn such unparalleled Goodness in forgiving this Match, which to be sure may be thought a little improvident; I should never forgive myself if I attempted to deceive you in any thing.’ He then confessed the Truth, and opened the whole Affair.

‘How, *Jack!* said the old Gentleman, and are you really then not married to this young Woman?’ ‘No, upon my Honour,’ answered
‘*Nigh-*

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Nightingale, I have told you the simple Truth
 My dear Boy, cries the Uncle kissing him, I
 am heartily glad to hear it. I never was better
 pleased in my Life. If you had been married
 I should have assisted you as much as was in
 my Power, to have made the best of a bad
 Matter; but there is a great Difference be-
 tween considering a Thing which is already
 done and irrecoverable, and that which is yet
 to do. Let your Reason have fair Play, *Jack*,
 and you will see this Match in so foolish and
 preposterous a Light, that there will be no
 Need of any dissuasive Arguments.' 'How,
 Sir! replies young *Nightingale*, is there this
 Difference between having already done an Act,
 and being in Honour engaged to do it?' 'Pugh,
 said the Uncles, Honour is a Creature of the
 World's making, and the World hath the
 Power of a Creator over it, and may govern
 and direct it as they please. Now you well
 know how trivial these Breaches of Contract
 are thought; even the grossest make but the
 Wonder and Conversation of a Day. Is there
 a Man who afterwards will be more backward
 in giving you his Sister or Daughter? [Or is
 there any Sister or Daughter who would
 be more backward to receive you? Honour is not
 concerned in these Engagements.' 'Pardon
 me, dear Sir, cries *Nightingale*, I can never
 think so; and not only Honour, but Con-
 science and Humanity are concern'd. I am
 well satisfied, that was I now to disappoint the
 young Creature, her Death would be the Con-
 sequence, and I should look upon myself as her
 Murderer; nay, as her Murderer by the cruel-
 lest of all Methods, by breaking her Heart.'

' Break her Heart, indeed! no, no, *Jack*, cries
 ' the Uncle, the Hearts of Women are not so
 ' soon broke; they are tough, Boy, they are
 ' tough.' ' But, Sir,' answered *Nightingale*,
 ' my own Affections are engaged, and I never
 ' could be happy with any other Woman. How
 ' often have I heard you say, that Children should
 ' be always suffered to chuse for themselves, and
 ' that you would let my Cousin *Harriet* do so!
 ' Why ay,' replied the old Gentleman, ' so I
 ' would have them; but then I would have them
 ' chuse wisely.—Indeed, *Jack*, you must and
 ' shall leave this Girl.'—' Indeed, Uncle,' cries
 ' the other, ' I must and will have her.' ' You
 ' will, young Gentleman?' said the Uncle; ' I
 ' did not expect such a Word from you. I should
 ' not wonder if you had used such Language to
 ' your Father, who hath always treated you like
 ' a Dog, and kept you at the Distance which a
 ' Tyrant preserves over his Subjects; but I,
 ' who have lived with you upon an equal Footing,
 ' might surely expect better Usage: But I know
 ' how to account for it all! it is all owing to your
 ' preposterous Education, in which I have had
 ' too little Share. There is my Daughter now,
 ' whom I have brought up as my Friend, never
 ' doth any Thing without my Advice, nor ever
 ' refuses to take it when I give it her.' ' You
 ' have never yet given her Advice in an Affair of
 ' this Kind,' said *Nightingale*, ' for I am greatly
 ' mistaken in my Cousin, if she would be very
 ' ready to obey even your most positive Com-
 ' mands in abandoning her Inclinations.' ' Don't
 ' abuse my Girl,' answered the old Gentleman
 ' with some Emotion; ' don't abuse my *Harriet*. I
 ' have brought her up to have no Inclinations con-
 ' trary

'trary to my own. By suffering her to do what-
 'ever she pleases, I have enured her to a Habit
 'of being pleased to do whatever I like.' 'Par-
 'don me, Sir,' said *Nightingale*, 'I have not
 'the least Design to reflect on my Cousin, for
 'whom I have the greatest Esteem; and indeed
 'I am convinced you will never put her to so se-
 'vere a Trial, or lay such hard Commands on
 'her as you would do on me.—But, dear Sir,
 'let us return to the Company; for they will be-
 'gin to be uneasy at our long Absence. I must
 'beg one Favour of my dear Uncle, which is
 'that he would not say any Thing to shock the
 'poor Girl or her Mother.' 'O you need not
 'fear me,' answered he, 'I understand myself
 'too well to affront Women; so I will readily
 'grant you that Favour; and in Return I must
 'expect another of you.' 'There are but few
 'of your Commands, Sir,' said *Nightingale*,
 'which I shall not very chearfully obey.' 'Nay,
 'Sir, I ask nothing,' said the Uncle, 'but the
 'Honour of your Company home to my Lodging,
 'that I may reason the Case a little more fully
 'with you: For I would, if possible, have the
 'Satisfaction of preserving my Family, notwith-
 'standing the headstrong Folly of my Brother,
 'who, in his own Opinion, is the wisest Man in
 'the World.'

Nightingale, who well knew his Uncle to be as
 headstrong as his Father, submitted to attend him
 Home, and then they both returned back into the
 Room, where the old Gentleman promised to
 carry himself with the same Decorum which he
 had before maintained.

C H A P. X.

A short Chapter, which concludes the Book.

THE long Absence of the Uncle and Nephew had occasioned some Disquiet in the Minds of all whom they had left behind them; and the more, as during the preceding Dialogue, the Uncle had more than once elevated his Voice, so as to be heard down Stairs; which, tho' they could not distinguish what he said, had caused some evil foreboding in *Nancy* and her Mother, and indeed even in *Jones* himself.

When the good Company therefore again assembled, there was a visible Alteration in all their Faces; and the good Humour which, at their last Meeting, universally shone forth in every Countenance, was now changed into a much less agreeable Aspect. It was a Change indeed common enough to the Weather in this Climate, from Sunshine to Clouds, from *June* to *December*.

This Alteration was not however greatly remarked by any present; for as they were all now endeavouring to conceal their own Thoughts, and to act a Part, they became all too busily engaged in the Scene to be Spectators of it. Thus neither the Uncle nor Nephew saw any Symptoms of Suspicion in the Mother or Daughter; nor did the Mother or Daughter remark the over-acted Complaisance of the old Man, nor the counterfeit Satisfaction which grinned in the Features of the young one.

Something like this, I believe, frequently happens, where the whole Attention of two Friends being engaged in the Part which each is to act,

in order to impose on the other, neither sees nor suspects the Art practis'd against himself; and thus the Thrust of both (to borrow no improper Metaphor on the Occasion) alike takes Place.

From the same Reason it is no unusual Thing for both Parties to be over-reach'd in a Bargain, though the one must be always the greater Loser; as was he who sold a blind Horse, and received a bad Note in Payment.

Our Company in about half an Hour broke up, and the Uncle carried off his Nephew; but not before the latter had assur'd Miss *Nancy*, in a Whisper, that he would attend her early in the Morning, and fulfil all his Engagements.

Jones, who was the least concern'd in this Scene, saw the most. He did indeed suspect the very Fact; for besides observing the great Alteration in the Behaviour of the Uncle, the Distance he assum'd, and his overstrained Civility to Miss *Nancy*; the carrying off a Bridegroom from his Bride at that Time of Night, was so extraordinary a Proceeding, that it could be accounted for, only by imagining that young *Nightingale* had revealed the whole Truth, which the apparent Openness of his Temper, and his being fluster'd with Liquor, made too probable.

While he was reasoning with himself, whether he should acquaint these poor People with his Suspicion, the Maid of the House inform'd him, that a Gentlewoman desired to speak with him.

— He went immediately out, and taking the Candle from the Maid, usher'd his Visitant up Stairs, who, in the Person of Mrs. *Honour*, acquaint'd him with such dreadful News concerning his *Sophia*, that he immediately lost all Con-

sideration

sideration for every other Person ; and his whole Stock of Compassion was entirely swallowed up in Reflections on his own Misery, and on that of his unfortunate Angel.

What this dreadful Matter was, the Reader will be informed, after we have first related the many preceding Steps which produced it, and those will be the Subject of the following Book.

T H E