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**The History Of Tom Jones, A Foundling**

In Four Volumes

**Fielding, Henry**

**London, 1750**

Book VI. Containing about three Weeks.

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.

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## BOOK VI.

*Containing about three Weeks.*

## CHAP. I.

*Of Love.*

**I**N our last Book we have been obliged to deal pretty much with the Passion of Love; and, in our succeeding Book, shall be forced to handle this Subject still more largely. It may not, therefore, in this Place, be improper to apply ourselves to the Examination of that modern Doctrine, by which certain Philosophers, among many other wonderful Discoveries, pretend to have found out, that there is no such Passion in the human Breast.

Whether these Philosophers be the same with that surprizing Sect, who are honourably mentioned

VOL. II.

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tioned by the late Dr. *Swift*; as having, by the mere Force of Genius alone, without the least Assistance of any Kind of Learning, or even Reading, discovered that profound and invaluable Secret, That there is no God: or whether they are not rather the same with those who, some Years since, very much alarmed the World, by shewing that there were no such Things as Virtue or Goodness really existing in Human Nature, and who deduced our best Actions from Pride, I will not here presume to determine. In reality, I am inclined to suspect, that all these several Finders of Truth are the very identical Men, who are by others called the *Finders of Gold*. The Method used in both these Searches after Truth and after Gold, being indeed one and the same; *viz.* the searching, rummaging, and examining into a nasty Place; indeed, in the former Instances, into the nastiest of all Places, A BAD MIND.

But though, in this Particular, and perhaps in their Success, the Truth-finder, and the Gold-finder, may very properly be compared together; yet in Modesty, surely, there can be no Comparison between the two; for who ever heard of a Gold-finder that had the Impudence or Folly to assert, from the ill Success of his Search, that there was no such thing as Gold in the World? Whereas the Truth-finder, having raked out that *Jakes*, his own Mind, and being there capable of tracing no Ray of Divinity, nor any thing virtuous, or good, or lovely, or loving, very fairly, honestly, and logically concludes, that no such things exist in the whole Creation.

To avoid, however, all Contention, if possible, with these Philosophers, if they will be called  
so;

so; and to shew our own Disposition to accommodate Matters peaceably between us, we shall here make them some Concessions, which may possibly put an End to the Dispute.

First, we will grant that many Minds, and perhaps those of the Philosophers, are entirely free from the least Traces of such a Passion.

Secondly, That what is commonly called Love, namely, the Desire of satisfying a voracious Appetite with a certain Quantity of delicate white human Flesh, is by no means that Passion for which I here contend. This is indeed more properly Hunger; and as no Glutton is ashamed to apply the Word Love to his Appetite, and to say he LOVES such and such Dishes; so may the Lover of this Kind, with equal Propriety say, he HUNGERS after such and such Women.

Thirdly, I will grant, which I believe will be a most acceptable Concession, that this Love for which I am an Advocate, though it satisfies itself in a much more delicate Manner, doth nevertheless seek its own Satisfaction as much as the grossest of all our Appetites.

And, Lastly, That this Love, when it operates towards one of a different Sex, is very apt, towards its complete Gratification, to call in the Aid of that Hunger which I have mentioned above; and which it is so far from abating, that it heightens all its Delights to a Degree scarce imaginable by those who have never been susceptible of any other Emotions, than what have proceeded from Appetite alone.

In return to all these Concessions, I desire of the Philosophers to grant, that there is in some (I believe in many) human Breasts, a kind and benevolent Disposition, which is gratified by

contributing to the Happiness of others. That in this Gratification alone, as in Friendship, in parental and filial Affection, as indeed in general Philanthropy, there is a great and exquisite Delight. That if we will not call such Disposition Love, we have no Name for it. That though the Pleasures arising from such pure Love may be heightened and sweetened by the Assistance of amorous Desires, yet the former can subsist alone, nor are they destroyed by the Intervention of the latter. Lastly, That Esteem and Gratitude are the proper Motives to Love, as Youth and Beauty are to Desire; and therefore though such Desire may naturally cease, when Age or Sickness overtakes its Object; yet these can have no Effect on Love, nor ever shake or remove from a good Mind, that Sensation or Passion which hath Gratitude and Esteem for its Basis.

To deny the Existence of a Passion of which we often see manifest Instances, seems to be very strange and absurd; and can indeed proceed only from that Self-Admonition which we have mentioned above: But how unfair is this? Doth the Man who recognizes in his own Heart no Traces of Avarice or Ambition, conclude therefore that there are no such Passions in Human Nature? Why will we not modestly observe the same Rule in judging of the Good, as well as the Evil of others? Or why, in any Case, will we, as *Shakespeare* phrases it, "put the World in our own Perion?"

Predominant Vanity is, I am afraid, too much concerned here. This is one Instance of that Adulation which we bestow on our own Minds, and this almost universally. For there is scarce  
any

any Man, how much soever he may despise the Character of a Flatterer, but will condescend in the meanest Manner to flatter himself.

To those, therefore, I apply for the Truth of the above Observations, whose own Minds can bear Testimony to what I have advanced.

Examine your Heart, my good Reader, and resolve whether you do believe these Matters with me. If you do, you may now proceed to their Exemplification in the following Pages; if you do not, you have, I assure you, already read more than you have understood; and it would be wiser to pursue your Business, or your Pleasures (such as they are) than to throw away any more of your Time in reading what you can neither taste nor comprehend. To treat of the Effects of Love as you, must be as absurd as to discourse on Colours to a Man born blind; since possibly your Idea of Love may be as absurd as that which we are told such blind Man once entertained of the Colour Scarlet: that Colour seem'd to him to be very much like the Sound of a Trumpet; and Love probably may, in your Opinion, very greatly resemble a Dish of Soup, or a Sir-loin of Roast-beef.

## C H A P. II.

*The Character of Mrs. Western. Her great Learning and Knowledge of the World, and an Instance of the deep Penetration which she derived from those Advantages.*

THE Reader hath seen Mr. *Western*, his Sister and Daughter, with young *Jones*, and the Parson, going together to Mr. *Western's* House,

Houfe, where the greater Part of the Company spent the Evening with much Joy and Fertility. *Sophia* was indeed the only grave Person: For as to *Jones*, though Love had now gotten entire Possession of his Heart, yet the pleasing Reflection on Mr. *Allworthy's* Recovery, and the Presence of his Mistress, joined to some tender Looks which she now and then could not refrain from giving him, so elevated our Heroe, that he joined the Mirth of the other three, who were perhaps as good-humoured People as any in the World.

*Sophia* retained the same Gravity of Countenance the next Morning at Breakfast; whence she retired likewise earlier than usual, leaving her Father and Aunt together. The Squire took no Notice of this Change in his Daughter's Disposition. To say the Truth, though he was somewhat of a Politician, and had been twice a Candidate in the Country Interest at an Election, he was a Man of no great Observation. His Sister was a Lady of a different Turn. She had lived about the Court, and had seen the World. Hence she had acquired all that Knowledge which the said World usually communicates; and was a perfect Mistress of Manners, Customs, Ceremonies, and Fashions; nor did her Erudition stop her. She had considerably improved her Mind by Study; she had not only read all the modern Plays, Operas, Oratorios, Poems and Romances; in all which she was a Critic; but had gone thro' *Rapin's* History of *England*, *Eachard's* *Roman History*, and many *French Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire*; to these she had added most of the political Pamphlets and Journals, published within the last twenty Years.

From

From which she had attained a very competent Skill in Politics, and could discourse very learnedly on the Affairs of *Europe*. She was moreover excellently well skilled in the Doctrine of Amour, and knew better than any Body who and who were together: A Knowledge which she the more easily attained, as her Pursuit of it was never diverted by any Affairs of her own; for either she had no Inclinations, or they had never been solicited; which last is indeed very probable: For her masculine Person, which was near six Foot high, added to her Manner and Learning, possibly prevented the other Sex from regarding her, notwithstanding her Petticoats, in the Light of a Woman. However, as she had considered the Matter scientifically, she perfectly well knew, though she had never practised them, all the Arts which fine Ladies use when they desire to give Encouragement, or to conceal Liking, with all the long Appendage of Smiles, Ogles, Glances, &c. as they are at present practised in the Beau-monde. To sum the whole, no Species of Disguise or Affectation had escaped her Notice; but as to the plain simple Workings of honest Nature, as she had never seen any such, she could know but little of them.

By means of this wonderful Sagacity, Mrs. *Western* had now, as she thought, made a Discovery of something in the Mind of *Sophia*. The first Hint of this she took from the Behaviour of the young Lady in the Field of Battle: and the Suspicion which she then conceived, was greatly corroborated by some Observations which she had made that Evening and the next Morning. However, being greatly cautious to avoid being found in a Mistake, she carried the Secret a





whole Fortnight in her Bosom, giving only some oblique Hints, by Simpering, Winks, Nods, and now and then dropping an obscure Word, which indeed sufficiently alarmed *Sophia*, but did not at all affect her Brother.

Being at length, however, thoroughly satisfied of the Truth of her Observation, she took an Opportunity, one Morning, when she was alone with her Brother, to interrupt one of his Whistles in the following Manner :

‘ Pray, Brother, have you not observed something very extraordinary in my Niece lately ?’  
 ‘ No, not I,’ answered *Western* ; ‘ Is any thing the Matter with the Girl ?’ ‘ I think there is,’ replies she, ‘ and something of much Consequence too.’ ‘ Why she doth not complain of any thing,’ cries *Western*, ‘ and she hath had the Small Pox.’ ‘ Brother,’ returned she, ‘ Girls are liable to other Distempers besides the Small Pox, and sometimes possibly to much worse.’ Here *Western* interrupted her with much Earnestness, and begged her, if any thing ailed his Daughter, to acquaint him immediately, adding, ‘ she knew he loved her more than his own Soul, and that he would send to the World’s End for the best Physician to her.’ ‘ Nay, nay,’ answered she, smiling, ‘ the Distemper is not so terrible ; but I believe, Brother, you are convinced I know the World, and I promise you I was never more deceived in my Life, if my Niece be not most desperately in Love.’ ‘ How ! in Love,’ cries *Western*, in a Passion, ‘ in Love without acquainting me ! I’ll disinheret her, I’ll turn her out of Doors, stark naked, without a Farthing.’ ‘ Is all my kindness vor’ur, and vondnefs o’ur  
 ‘ come

' come to this, to fall in Love without asking  
 ' me Leave ! ' But you will not,' answered  
 Mrs. *Western*, ' turn this Daughter, whom  
 ' you love better than your own Soul, out of  
 ' Doors, before you know whether you shall ap-  
 ' prove her Choice. Suppose she should have  
 ' fixed on the very Person whom you yourself  
 ' would wish, I hope you would not be angry  
 ' then.' ' No, no,' cries *Western*, ' that would  
 ' make a Difference. If she marries the Man I  
 ' would ha' her, she may love whom she pleases,  
 ' I shan't trouble my Head about that.' ' That  
 ' is spoken,' answered the Sister, ' like a sensible  
 ' Man, but I believe the very Person she hath  
 ' chosen, would be the very Person you would  
 ' chuse for her. I will disclaim all Knowledge  
 ' of the World if it is not so; and I believe,  
 ' Brother, you will allow I have some.' ' Why  
 ' lookee, Sister,' said *Western*, ' I do believe you  
 ' have as much as any Woman; and to be sure  
 ' those are Women's Matters. You know I  
 ' don't love to hear you talk about Politics, they  
 ' belong to us, and Petticoats should not meddle:  
 ' But come, who is the Man?' ' Marry!' said  
 she, ' you may find him out yourself, if you  
 ' please. You who are so great a Politician,  
 ' can be at no great Loss. The Judgment which  
 ' can penetrate into the Cabinets of Princes, and  
 ' discover the secret Springs which move the  
 ' great State Wheels in all the political Machines  
 ' of *Europe*, must surely, with very little Diffi-  
 ' culty find out what passies in the rude unin-  
 ' formed Mind of a Girl.' ' Sister,' cries the  
 Squire, ' I have often warned you not to talk the  
 ' Court Gibberish to me. I tell you, I don't  
 ' understand the Lingo; but I can read a Jour-  
 '

'nal, or the *London Evening-Post*. Perhaps in-  
 deed, there may be now and tan a Verse which  
 'I can't make much of, because half the Letters  
 'are left out; yet I know very well what is  
 'meant by that, and that our Affairs don't go so  
 'well as they should do, because of Bribery and  
 'Corruption.' 'I pity your Country Ignorance  
 'from my Heart,' cries the Lady, 'Do you?'  
 answered *Western*, 'and I pity your Town  
 'Learning; I had rather be any thing than a  
 'Courtier, and a Presbyterian, and a *Hanove-*  
 '*rian* too, as some People, I believe, are.' 'If  
 'you mean me,' answered she, 'you know I am  
 'a Woman, Brother; and it signifies nothing  
 'what I am. Besides ----- 'I do know you are  
 'a Woman,' cries the Squire, 'and its well for  
 'thee, that art one; if hadst been a Man, I pro-  
 'mise thee I had lent thee a *Flick* long ago.' 'Ay  
 'there,' said she, 'in that *Flick* lies all your fan-  
 'cied Superiority. Your Bodies, and not your  
 'Brains, are stronger than ours. Believe me, it  
 'is well for you that you are able to beat us; or,  
 'such is the Superiority of our Understanding,  
 'we should make all of you what the brave, and  
 'wise, and witty, and polite are already, ---our  
 'Slaves.' I am glad I know your Mind,' an-  
 swered the Squire, 'but we'll talk more of this  
 'Matter another Time. At present, do tell me  
 'what Man is it you mean about my Daughter.'  
 'Hold a Moment,' said she, 'while I digest that  
 'sovereign Contempt I have for your Sex; or  
 'else I ought to be angry too with you. There  
 '-----I have made a Shift to gulp it down.  
 'And now, good politic Sir, what think you of  
 'Mr. *Blissl*? Did she not faint away on seeing  
 'him lie breathless on the Ground? Did she not,  
 'after

' after he was recovered, turn pale again the  
 ' Moment we came up to that Part of the Field  
 ' where he stood? And pray what else should be  
 ' the Occasion of all her Melancholy that Night  
 ' at Supper, the next Morning, and indeed ever  
 ' since?' 'Fore *George!*' cries the Squire, 'now  
 ' you mind me on't, I remember it all. It is  
 ' certainly so, and I am glad on't, with all my  
 ' Heart. I knew *Sophy* was a good Girl, and  
 ' would not fall in Love to make me angry. I  
 ' was never more rejoiced in my Life: For no-  
 ' thing can lie so handy together as our two  
 ' Estates. I had this Matter in my Head some  
 ' Time ago; for certainly the two Estates are in  
 ' a Manner joined together in Matrimony al-  
 ' ready, and it would be a thousand Pities to  
 ' part them. It is true indeed, there be larger  
 ' Estates in the Kingdom, but not in this Coun-  
 ' ty, and I had rather bate something, than  
 ' marry my Daughter among Strangers and Fo-  
 ' reigners. Besides most o' zuch great Estates be  
 ' in the Hands of Lords, and I heate the very  
 ' Name of *themmun*. Well but, Sister, what  
 ' would you advise me to do: For I tell you  
 ' Women know these Matters better than we do?'  
 ' O your humble Servant, Sir,' answered the  
 Lady, ' we are obliged to you for allowing us a  
 ' Capacity in any Thing. Since you are pleased  
 ' then, most politic Sir, to ask my Advice, I  
 ' think you may propose the Match to *Allworthy*  
 ' yourself. There is no Indecorum in the Pro-  
 ' posal's coming from the Parent of either Side:  
 ' King *Alcinous*, in Mr. *Pope's* *Odyfsey*, offers  
 ' his Daughter to *Ulyfses*. I need not caution so  
 ' politic a Person not to say that your Daughter is  
 ' in Love; that would indeed be against all  
 ' B 6. ' Rules.'

' Rules.' ' Well,' said the Squire, ' I will propose it; but I shall certainly lend un a *Flick*, if he should refuse me.' ' Fear not,' cries Mrs. *Western*, ' the Match is too advantageous to be refused.' I don't know that,' answered the Squire, ' *Allworthy* is a queer B—ch, and Money hath no Effect o'un.' ' Brother,' said the Lady, ' your Politics astonish me. Are you really to be imposed on by Professions? Do you think Mr. *Allworthy* hath more Contempt for Money than other Men, because he professes more? Such Credulity would better become one of us weak Women, than that wise Sex which Heaven hath formed for Politicians. Indeed, Brother, you would make a fine Ple-nipo to negotiate with the *French*. They would soon persuade you, that they take Towns out of mere defensive Principles.' ' Sister,' answered the Squire, with much Scorn, ' let your Friends at Court answer for the Towns taken; as you are a Woman, I shall lay no Blame upon you: For I suppose they are wiser than to trust Women with Secrets.' He accompanied this with so sarcastical a Laugh, that Mrs. *Western* could bear no longer. She had been all this Time fretted in a tender Part (for she was indeed very deeply skilled in these Matters, and very violent in them) and therefore burst forth in a Rage, declared her Brother to be both a Clown and a Blockhead, and that she would stay no longer in his House.

The Squire, tho' perhaps he had never read *Machiavel*, was, however, in many Points, a perfect Politician. He strongly held all those wise Tenets, which are so well inculcated in that Politico-Peripatetic School of *Exchange-Alley*.

*Alley.* He knew the just Value and only Use of Money, viz. to lay it up. He was likewise well skilled in the exact Value of Reversions, Expectations, &c. and had often considered the Amount of his Sister's Fortune, and the Chance which he or his Posterity had of inheriting it. This he was infinitely too wise to sacrifice to a trifling Resentment. When he found, therefore, he had carried Matters too far, he began to think of reconciling them; which was no very difficult Task, as the Lady had great Affection for her Brother, and still greater for her Niece; and tho' too susceptible of an Affront offered to her Skill in Politics, on which she much valued herself, was a Woman of a very extraordinary good and sweet Disposition.

Having first, therefore, laid violent Hands on the Horses, for whose Escape from the Stable no Place but the Window was left open; he next applied himself to his Sister, softened and soothed her, by unsaying all he had said, and by Assertions directly contrary to those which had incensed her. Lastly, he summoned the Eloquence of *Sophia* to his Assistance, who, besides a most graceful and winning Address, had the Advantage of being heard with great Favour and Partiality by her Aunt.

The Result of the Whole was a kind Smile from Mrs. *Western*, who said, 'Brother, you  
'are absolutely a perfect *Croat*; but as those  
'have their Use in the Army of the Empress  
'Queen, so you likewise have some Good in  
'you. I will therefore once more sign a Treaty  
'of Peace with you, and see that you do not in-  
'fringe it on your Side; at least, as you are so  
'excellent a Politician, I may expect you will  
'keep

‘ keep your Leagues, like the *French*, till your  
 ‘ Interest calls upon you to break them.’

## C H A P. III.

*Containing two Defiances to the Critics.*

THE Squire having settled Matters with his Sister, as we have seen in the last Chapter, was so greatly impatient to communicate the Proposal to *Allworthy*, that Mrs. *Western* had the utmost Difficulty to prevent him from visiting that Gentleman in his Sickness, for this Purpose.

Mr. *Allworthy* had been engaged to dine with Mr. *Western* at the Time when he was taken ill. He was, therefore, no sooner discharged out of the Custody of Physic, but he thought (as was usual with him on all Occasions, both the highest and the lowest) of fulfilling his Engagement.

In the Interval between the Time of the Dialogue in the last Chapter, and this Day of public Entertainment, *Sophia* had, from certain obscure Hints thrown out by her Aunt, collected some Apprehension that the sagacious Lady suspected her Passion for *Jones*. She now resolved to take this Opportunity of wiping out all such Suspicion, and for that Purpose to put an entire Constraint on her Behaviour.

First, she endeavoured to conceal a throbbing melancholy Heart with the utmost Sprightlines in her Countenance, and the highest Gaiety in her Manner. Secondly, she addressed her whole Discourse to Mr. *Blifil*, and took not the least Notice of poor *Jones* the whole Day.

The Squire was so delighted with this Conduct of his Daughter, that he scarce eat any  
 Dinner,

Dinner, and spent almost his whole Time in watching Opportunities of conveying Signs of his Approbation by Winks and Nods to his Sister; who was not at first altogether so pleased with what she saw as was her Brother.

In short, *Sophia* so greatly overacted her Part, that her Aunt was at first staggered, and began to suspect some Affectation in her Niece; but as she was herself a Woman of great Art, so she soon attributed this to extreme Art in *Sophia*. She remembered the many Hints she had given her Niece concerning her being in Love, and imagined the young Lady had taken this Way to rally her out of her Opinion, by an overacted Civility; a Notion that was greatly corroborated by the excessive Gaiety with which the whole was accompanied. We cannot here avoid remarking that this Conjecture would have been better founded, had *Sophia* lived ten Years in the Air of *Grosvenor-square*, where young Ladies do learn a wonderful Knack of rallying and playing with that Passion, which is a mighty serious Thing in Woods and Groves an hundred Miles distant from *London*.

To say the Truth, in discovering the Deceit of others, it matters much that our own Art be wound up, if I may use the Expression, in the same Key with theirs: For very artful Men sometimes miscarry by fancying others wiser, or in other Words, greater Knaves than they really are. As this Observation is pretty deep, I will illustrate it by the following short Story. Three Countrymen were pursuing a *Wiltshire* Thief through *Brentford*. The simplest of them seeing the *Wiltshire House* written under a Sign, advised his Companions to enter it, for there most probably



bably they would find their Countryman. The second, who was wiser, laughed at this Simplicity; but the third, who was wiser still, answered, 'Let us go in, however, for he may think we should not suspect him of going amongst his own Countrymen.' They accordingly went in and searched the House, and by that Means missed overtaking the Thief, who was, at that Time, but a little Way before them; and who, as they all knew, but had never once reflected, could not read.

The Reader will pardon a Digression in which so invaluable a Secret is communicated, since every Gamester will agree how necessary it is to know exactly the Play of another, in order to countermine him. This will, moreover, afford a Reason why the wiser Man, as is often seen, is the Bubble of the weaker, and why many simple and innocent Characters are so generally misunderstood and misrepresented; but what is most material, this will account for the Deceit which *Sophia* put on her politic Aunt.

Dinner being ended, and the Company retired into the Garden, Mr. *Western*, who was thoroughly convinced of the Certainty of what his Sister had told him, took Mr. *Allworthy* aside, and very bluntly proposed a Match between *Sophia* and young Mr. *Bliss*.

Mr. *Allworthy* was not one of those Men, whose Hearts flutter at any unexpected and sudden Tidings of worldly Profit. His Mind was, indeed, tempered with that Philosophy which becomes a Man and a Christian. He affected no absolute Superiority to all Pleasure and Pain, to all Joy and Grief; but was not at the same time to be discomposed and ruffled by every accidental  
Bliss;

Blast; by every Smile or Frown of Fortune. He received, therefore, Mr. *Western's* Proposal without any visible Emotion, or without any Alteration of Countenance. He said, the Alliance was such as he sincerely wished, then launched forth into a very just Encomium on the young Lady's Merit; acknowledged the Offer to be advantageous in Point of Fortune; and after thanking Mr. *Western* for the good Opinion he had profess'd of his Nephew, concluded, that if the young People liked each other, he should be very desirous to complete the Affair.

*Western* was a little disappointed at Mr. *Allworthy's* Answer; which was not so warm as he expected. He treated the Doubt whether the young People might like one another with great Contempt; saying, 'That Parents were the best Judges of proper Matches for their Children; that, for his Part, he should insist on the most resigned Obedience from his Daughter; and if any young Fellow could refuse such a Bedfellow, he was his humble Servant, and hoped there was no Harm done.'

*Allworthy* endeavoured to soften this Resentment by many Elogiums on *Sophia*; declaring, he had no Doubt but that Mr. *Blifil* would very gladly receive the Offer; but all was ineffectual, he could obtain no other Answer from the Squire but—'I say no more—I humbly hope there's no Harm done—that's all.' Which Words he repeated at least a hundred Times before they parted.

*Allworthy* was too well acquainted with his Neighbour to be offended at this Behaviour; and tho' he was so averse to the Rigour which some Parents exercise on their Children in the Article

of

of Marriage, that he had resolv'd never to force his Nephew's Inclinations, he was nevertheless much pleas'd with the Prospect of this Union: For the whole Country resounded the Praises of *Sophia*, and he had himself greatly admir'd the uncommon Endowments of both her Mind and Person. To which, I believe we may add, the Consideration of her vast Fortune, which, tho' he was too sober to be intoxicated with it, he was too sensible to despise.

And here, in Defiance of all the barking Critics in the World, I must and will introduce a Digression concerning true Wisdom, of which Mr. *Allworthy* was in Reality as great a Pattern as he was of Goodness.

True Wisdom then, notwithstanding all which Mr. *Hogarth's* poor Poet may have writ against Riches, and in Spite of all which any rich, well-fed Divine may have preach'd against Pleasure, consists not in the Contempt of either of these. A Man may have as much Wisdom in the Possession of an affluent Fortune, as any Beggar in the Streets; or may enjoy a handsome Wife or a hearty Friend, and still remain as wise as any four Popish Recluse, who buries all his social Faculties, and starves his Belly while he well lashes his Back.

To say Truth, the wisest Man is the likeliest to possess all worldly Blessings in an eminent Degree: For as that Moderation which Wisdom prescribes is the surest Way to useful Wealth; so can it alone qualify us to taste many Pleasures. The wise Man gratifies every Appetite and every Passion, while the Fool sacrifices all the rest to pall and satiate one.

It may be objected, That very wise Men have been notoriously avaricious. I answer, Not wise in that Instance. It may likewise be said, That the wisest Men have been, in their Youth, immoderately fond of Pleasure. I answer, They were not wise then.

Wisdom, in short, whose Lessons have been represented as so hard to learn by those who never were at her School, only teaches us to extend a simple Maxim universally known and followed even in the lowest Life, a little farther than that Life carries it. And this is not to buy at too dear a Price.

Now, whoever takes this Maxim abroad with him into the grand Market of the World, and constantly applies it to Honours, to Riches, to Pleasures, and to every other Commodity which that Market affords, is, I will venture to affirm, a wise Man; and must be so acknowledged in the worldly Sense of the Word: For he makes the best of Bargains; since in Reality he purchases every Thing at the Price only of a little Trouble, and carries home all the good Things I have mentioned, while he keeps his Health, his Innocence, and his Reputation, the common Prices which are paid for them by others, entire and to himself.

From this Moderation, likewise, he learns two other Lessons, which complete his Character. First, never to be intoxicated when he hath made the best Bargain, nor dejected when the Market is empty, or when its Commodities are too dear for his Purchase.

But I must remember on what Subject I am writing, and not trespass too far on the Patience of

of a good-natured Critic. Here therefore I put an End to the Chapter.

C H A P. IV.

*Containing sundry curious Matters.*

AS soon as Mr. *Alworthy* returned home, he took Mr. *Bliss* apart, and after some Preface, communicated to him the Proposal which had been made by Mr. *Western*, and, at the same Time, informed him how agreeable this Match would be to himself.

The Charms of *Sophia* had not made the least Impression on *Bliss*; not that his Heart was pre-engaged; neither was he totally insensible of Beauty, or had any Aversion to Women; but his Appetites were, by Nature, so moderate, that he was able, by Philosophy or by Study, or by some other Method, easily to subdue them; and as to that Passion which we have treated of in the first Chapter of this Book, he had not the least Tincture of it in his whole Composition.

But tho' he was so entirely free from that mixed Passion, of which we there treated, and of which the Virtues and Beauty of *Sophia* formed so notable an Object; yet was he altogether as well furnished with some other Passions, that promised themselves very full Gratification in the young Lady's Fortune. Such were Avarice and Ambition, which divided the Dominion of his Mind between them. He had more than once considered the Possession of this Fortune as a very desirable Thing, and had entertained some distant Views concerning it: But his own Youth and that of the young Lady, and indeed principally a  
Re-

Reflection that Mr. *Western* might marry again, and have more Children, had restrained him from too hasty or eager a Pursuit.

This last and most material Objection was now in great Measure removed, as the Proposal came from Mr. *Western* himself. *Blifil*, therefore, after a very short Hesitation, answered Mr. *Allworthy*, that Matrimony was a Subject on which he had not yet thought: But that he was so sensible of his friendly and fatherly Care, that he should in all Things submit himself to his Pleasure.

*Allworthy* was naturally a Man of Spirit, and his present Gravity arose from true Wisdom and Philosophy, not from any original Phlegm in his Disposition: For he had possessed much Fire in his Youth, and had married a beautiful Woman for Love. He was not, therefore, greatly pleased with this cold Answer of his Nephew; nor could he help launching forth into the Praises of *Sophia*, and expressing some Wonder that the Heart of a young Man could be impregnable to the Force of such Charms, unless it was guarded by some prior Affection.

*Blifil* assured him he had no such Guard; and then proceeded to discourse so wisely and religiously on Love and Marriage, that he would have stopt the Mouth of a Parent much less devoutly inclined than was his Uncle. In the End, the good Man was satisfied, that his Nephew, far from having any Objections to *Sophia*, had that Esteem for her, which in sober and virtuous Minds is the sure Foundation of Friendship and Love. And as he doubted not but the Lover would, in a little Time, become altogether as agreeable to his Mistress, he foresaw great Happiness

pineness arising to all Parties by so proper and desirable an Union. With Mr. *Bliss*'s Consent, therefore, he wrote the next Morning to Mr. *Western*, acquainting him that his Nephew had very thankfully and gladly received the Proposal, and would be ready to wait on the young Lady, whenever she should be pleased to accept his Visit.

*Western* was much pleased with this Letter, and immediately returned an Answer; in which, without having mentioned a Word to his Daughter, he appointed that very Afternoon for opening the Scene of Courtship.

As soon as he had dispatched this Messenger, he went in Quest of his Sister, whom he found reading and expounding the Gazette to Parson *Supple*. To this Exposition he was obliged to attend near a Quarter of an Hour, tho' with great Violence to his natural Impetuosity, before he was suffered to speak. At length, however, he found an Opportunity of acquainting the Lady, that he had Business of great Consequence to impart to her; to which she answered, ' Brother, ' I am entirely at your Service. Things look so ' well in the North that I was never in a better ' Humour.'

The Parson then withdrawing, *Western* acquainted her with all which had passed, and desired her to communicate the Affair to *Sophia*, which she readily and cheerfully undertook; tho' perhaps her Brother was a little obliged to that agreeable Northern Aspect which had so delighted her, that he heard no Comment on his Proceedings: for they were certainly somewhat too hasty and violent.

## C H A P. V.

*In which is related what passed between Sophia and her Aunt.*

SOPHIA was in her Chamber reading, when her Aunt came in. The Moment she saw Mrs. *Western*, she shut the Book with so much Eagerness, that the good Lady could not forbear asking her, What Book that was which she seemed so much afraid of shewing? ‘ Upon my Word, Madam,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘ it is a Book which I am neither ashamed nor afraid to own I have read. It is the Production of a young Lady of Fashion, whose good Understanding, I think, doth Honour to her Sex, and whose good Heart is an Honour to Human Nature.’ Mrs. *Western* then took up the Book, and immediately after threw it down, saying--- ‘ Yes, the Author is of a very good Family; but she is not much among People one knows. I have never read it; for the best Judges say, there is not much in it.’ ‘ I dare not, Madam, set up my own Opinion,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ against the best Judges, but there appears to me a great deal of human Nature in it; and in many Parts, so much true Tenderness and Delicacy, that it hath cost me many a Tear.’ ‘ Ay, and do you love to cry then?’ says the Aunt. ‘ I love a tender Sensation,’ answered the Niece, ‘ and would pay the Price of a Tear for it at any Time.’ ‘ Well, but shew me,’ said the Aunt, ‘ what was you reading when I came in; there was something very tender in that, I believe, and very loving too. You  
‘ blush,



‘ blush, my dear *Sophia*. Ah! Child, you should  
‘ read Books, which would teach you a little  
‘ Hypocrisy, which would instruct you how to  
‘ hide your Thoughts a little better.’ ‘ I hope,  
‘ Madam,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘ I have no Thoughts  
‘ which I ought to be ashamed of discovering.’  
‘ Ashamed! no,’ cries the Aunt, ‘ I don’t think  
‘ you have any Thoughts which you ought to be  
‘ ashamed of; and yet, Child, you blushed just  
‘ now when I mentioned the Word *Loving*.  
‘ Dear *Sophy*, be assured you have not one  
‘ Thought which I am not well acquainted with;  
‘ as well, Child, as the *French* are with our Mo-  
‘ tions, long before we put them in Execution.  
‘ Did you think, Child, because you have been  
‘ able to impose upon your Father, that you  
‘ could impose upon me? Do you imagine I did  
‘ not know the Reason of your over-acting all  
‘ that Friendship for Mr. *Bliss* yesterday? I have  
‘ seen a little too much of the World, to be so  
‘ deceived. Nay, nay, do not blush again. I  
‘ tell you it is a Passion you need not be ashamed  
‘ of.---It is a Passion I myself approve, and have  
‘ already brought your Father into the Approba-  
‘ tion of it. Indeed, I solely consider your Inclina-  
‘ tion; for I would always have that gratified,  
‘ if possible, though one may sacrifice higher  
‘ Prospects. Come, I have News which will de-  
‘ light your very Soul. Make me your Confid-  
‘ ent, and I will undertake you shall be happy  
‘ to the very Extent of your Wishes.’ ‘ La,  
‘ Madam,’ says *Sophia*, looking more foolishly  
‘ than ever she did in her Life, ‘ I know not what  
‘ to say---Why, Madam, should you suspect?’--  
‘ Nay, no Dishonesty,’ returned Mrs. *Western*.  
‘ Consider, you are speaking to one of your own  
‘ Sex,

‘Sext, to an Aunt, and I hope you are convinced  
 ‘you speak to a Friend. Consider, you are only  
 ‘revealing to me what I know already, and  
 ‘what I plainly saw yesterday through that most  
 ‘artful of all Disguises, which you had put on,  
 ‘and which must have deceived any one who  
 ‘had not perfectly known the World. Lastly,  
 ‘consider it is a Passion which I highly approve.’  
 ‘La, Madam,’ says *Sophia*, ‘you come upon  
 ‘one so unawares, and on a sudden. To be sure,  
 ‘Madam, I am not blind---and certainly, if it  
 ‘be a Fault to see all human Perfections assem-  
 ‘bled together---But is it possible my Father and  
 ‘you, Madam, can see with my Eyes?’ I tell  
 ‘you,’ answered the Aunt, ‘we do entirely ap-  
 ‘prove; and this very afternoon your Father  
 ‘hath appointed for you to receive your Lover.?’  
 ‘My Father, this Afternoon!’ cries *Sophia*, with  
 the Blood starting from her Face.---‘Yes, Child,’  
 said the Aunt, ‘this Afternoon. You know the  
 ‘Impetuosity of my Brother’s Temper. I ac-  
 ‘quainted him with the Passion which I first dis-  
 ‘covered in you that Evening when you fainted  
 ‘away in the Field. I saw it in your Fainting.  
 ‘I saw it immediately upon your Recovery. I  
 ‘saw it that Evening at Supper, and the next  
 ‘Morning at Breakfast: (you know, Child, I  
 ‘have seen the World). Well, I no sooner ac-  
 ‘quainted my Brother, but he immediately  
 ‘wanted to propose it to *Allworthy*. He pro-  
 ‘posed it Yesterday, *Allworthy* consented, (as to  
 ‘be sure he must with Joy) and this Afternoon,  
 ‘I tell you, you are to put on all your best Airs.’  
 ‘This afternoon!’ cries *Sophia*. ‘Dear Aunt,  
 ‘you frighten me out of my Senses.’ ‘O, my  
 ‘Dear,’ said the Aunt, ‘you will soon come to  
 Vol. II. C ‘yourself

‘ yourself again; for he is a charming young  
 ‘ Fellow, that’s the Truth on’t.’ ‘ Nay, I will  
 ‘ own,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ I know none with such  
 ‘ Perfections. So brave, and yet so gentle; so  
 ‘ witty, yet so inoffensive; so humane, so civil,  
 ‘ so genteel, so handsome! What signifies his  
 ‘ being base born, when compared with such  
 ‘ Qualifications as these?’ ‘ Base born! what do  
 ‘ you mean?’ said the Aunt, ‘ Mr. *Blifil* base  
 ‘ born!’ *Sophia* turned instantly pale at this  
 Name, and faintly repeated it. Upon which the  
 Aunt cried, ‘ Mr. *Blifil*, ay Mr. *Blifil*, of whom  
 ‘ else have we been talking?’ ‘ Good Heavens,’  
 answered *Sophia*, ready to sink, ‘ of Mr. *Jones*, I  
 ‘ thought; I am sure I know no other who de-  
 ‘ serves-----’ ‘ I protest,’ cries the Aunt, ‘ you  
 ‘ frighten me in your Turn. Is it Mr. *Jones*,  
 ‘ and not Mr. *Blifil*, who is the Object of your  
 ‘ Affection?’ ‘ Mr. *Blifil*!’ repeated *Sophia*.  
 ‘ Sure it is impossible you can be in earnest; if  
 ‘ you are, I am the most miserable Woman alive.’  
*Mrs. Western* now stood a few Moments silent,  
 while Sparks of fiery Rage flashed from her Eyes.  
 At length, collecting all her Force of Voice,  
 she thundered forth in the following articulate  
 Sounds:

‘ And is it possible you can think of disgracing  
 ‘ your Family by allying yourself to a Bastard?  
 ‘ Can the Blood of the *Westerns* submit to such  
 ‘ Contamination! If you have not Sense suffi-  
 ‘ cient to restrain such monstrous Inclinations, I  
 ‘ thought the Pride of our Family would have  
 ‘ prevented you from giving the least Encourage-  
 ‘ ment to so base an Affection; much less did I  
 ‘ imagine you would ever have had the Assur-  
 ‘ ance to own it to my Face.’

‘ Madam,’

‘Madam,’ answered *Sophia*, trembling, ‘what I have said you have extorted from me. I do not remember to have ever mentioned the Name of Mr. *Jones*, with Approbation, to any one before; nor should I now, had I not conceived he had your Approbation. Whatever were my Thoughts of that poor unhappy young Man, I intended to have carried them with me to my Grave---To that Grave where only now, I find, I am to seek Repose.’---Here she sunk down in her Chair, drowned in her Tears, and, in all the moving Silence of unutterable Grief, presented a Spectacle which must have affected almost the hardest Heart

All this tender Sorrow, however, raised no Compassion in her Aunt. On the contrary, she now fell into the most violent Rage---‘And I would rather,’ she cried, in a most vehement Voice, ‘follow you to your Grave, than I would see you disgrace yourself and your Family by such a Match. O Heavens! could I have ever suspected that I should live to hear a Niece of mine declare a Passion for such a Fellow? You are the first---yes, Miss *Western*, you are the first of your Name who ever entertained so grovelling a Thought. A Family so noted for the Prudence of its Women’---Here she run on a full Quarter of an Hour, till having exhausted her Breath rather than her Rage, she concluded with threatening to go immediately and acquaint her Brother.

*Sophia* then threw herself at her Feet, and laying hold of her Hands, ‘begged her, with Tears, to conceal what she had drawn from her; urging the Violence of her Father’s Temper, and protesting that no Inclinations of hers

‘ should ever prevail with her to do any thing  
‘ which might offend him.’

Mrs. *Western* stood a Moment looking at her, and then having recollected herself, said, that  
‘ on one Consideration only she would keep the  
‘ Secret from her Brother; and this was, that  
‘ *Sophia* should promise to entertain Mr. *Blifil*  
‘ that very Afternoon as her Lover, and to regard him as the Person who was to be her Husband.’

Poor *Sophia* was too much in her Aunt’s Power to deny her any thing positively; she was obliged to promise that she would see Mr. *Blifil*, and be as civil to him as possible; but begged her Aunt that the Match might not be hurried on. She said, ‘ Mr. *Blifil* was by no means agreeable to her, and she hoped her Father would be prevailed on not to make her the most wretched of Women.’

Mrs. *Western* assured her, ‘ that the Match was entirely agreed upon, and that nothing could or should prevent it.’ ‘ I must own,’ said she, ‘ I looked on it as on a Matter of Indifference; nay, perhaps, had some Scruples about it before, which were actually got over by my thinking it highly agreeable to your own Inclinations; but now I regard it as the most eligible thing in the World; nor shall there be, if I can prevent it, a Moment of Time lost on the Occasion.’

*Sophia* replied, ‘ Delay at least, Madam, I may expect from both your Goodness and my Father’s. Surely you will give me Time to endeavour to get the better of so strong a Disinclination as I have at present to this Person.’

The

The Aunt answered, 'She knew too much of the World to be so deceived; that as she was sensible another Man had her Affections, she should persuade Mr. *Western* to hasten the Match as much as possible. It would be bad Politics indeed,' added she, 'to protract a Siege when the Enemy's Army is at Hand, and in Danger of relieving it. No, no, *Sophy*,' said she, 'as I am convinced you have a violent Passion, which you can never satisfy with Honour, I will do all I can to put your Honour out of the Care of your Family: For when you are married, those Matters will belong only to the Consideration of your Husband. I hope, Child, you will always have Prudence enough to act as becomes you; but if you should not, Marriage hath saved many a Woman from Ruin.'

*Sophia* well understood what her Aunt meant; but did not think proper to make her an Answer. However, she took a Resolution to see Mr. *Bless*, and to behave to him as civilly as she could: For on that Condition only she obtained a Promise from her Aunt to keep secret the Liking which her ill Fortune, rather than any Scheme of Mrs. *Western*, had unhappily drawn from her.

## C H A P. VI.

*Containing a Dialogue between Sophia and Mrs. Honour, which may a little relieve those tender Affections which the foregoing Scene may have raised in the Mind of a good-natured Reader.*

MRS. *Western* having obtained that Promise from her Niece which we have seen in the last Chapter, withdrew; and presently after

arrived Mrs. Honour. She was at Work in a neighbouring Apartment, and had been summoned to the Key-hole by some Vociferation in the preceding Dialogue, where she had continued during the remaining Part of it. At her Entry into the Room, she found *Sophia* standing motionless, with the Tears trickling from her Eyes. Upon which she immediately ordered a proper Quantity of Tears into her own Eyes, and then began, 'O Gemini, my dear Lady, what is the Matter?' 'Nothing,' cries *Sophia*. 'Nothing! O dear Madam,' answers Mrs. Honour, 'you must not tell me that, when your Ladyship is in this Taking, and when there hath been such a Preamble between your Ladyship and Madam Western.' 'Don't tease me,' cries *Sophia*, 'I tell you nothing is the Matter.----' 'Good Heavens! Why was I born!----' 'Nay, Madam,' says Mrs. Honour, 'you shall never persuade me, that your La'ship can lament yourself so for nothing. To be sure, I am but a Servant; but to be sure I have been always faithful to your Ladyship, and to be sure I would serve your La'ship with my Life.' 'My dear Honour,' says *Sophia*, 'tis not in thy Power to be of any Service to me. I am irretrievably undone.' 'Heaven forbid,' answered the Waiting-woman; 'but if I can't be of any service to you, pray tell me, Madam, it will be some Comfort to me to know: Pray dear Ma'am, tell me what's the Matter.' 'My Father,' cries *Sophia*, 'is going to marry me to a Man I both despise and hate.' 'O, dear Ma'am,' answered the other, 'who is this wicked Man? For to be sure he is very bad, or your La'ship would not despise him.' 'His Name

' Name is Poison to my Tongue,' replied *Sophia*,  
 ' thou wilt know it too soon.' Indeed, to confess  
 the Truth, she knew it already, and therefore  
 was not very inquisitive as to that Point.  
 She then proceeded thus: ' I don't pretend to  
 ' give your La'ship Advice, *whereof* your La'ship  
 ' knows much better than I can pretend to, being  
 ' but a Servant; but, i-sackins! no Father in  
 ' *England* should marry me against my Consent.  
 ' And to be sure, the Squire is so good, that if he  
 ' did but know your La'ship despises and hates  
 ' the young Man, to be sure he would not desire  
 ' you to marry him. And if your La'ship would  
 ' but give me Leave to tell my Master so--To be  
 ' sure, it would be more proper to come from  
 ' your own Mouth; but as your La'ship doth  
 ' not care to foul your Tongue with his nasty  
 ' Name.' ' You are mistaken, *Honour*,' says  
*Sophia*, ' my Father was determined before he  
 ' ever thought fit to mention it to me.' ' More  
 ' Shame for him,' cries *Honour*, ' you are to go  
 ' to Bed to him, and not Master. And tho' a  
 ' Man may be a very proper Man, yet every  
 ' Woman mayn't think him handsome alike. I  
 ' am sure my Master would never act in this  
 ' Manner of his own Head. I wish some Peo-  
 ' ple would trouble themselves only with what  
 ' belongs to them; they would not, I believe,  
 ' like to be served so, if it was their own Case:  
 ' For tho' I am a Maid, I can easily believe as  
 ' how all Men are not equally agreeable. And  
 ' what signifies your La'ship having so great a  
 ' Fortune, if you can't please yourself with the  
 ' Man you think most handsome? Well, I say  
 ' nothing, but to be sure it is Pity some Folks  
 ' had not been better born; nay, as for that  
 C 4                      ' Matter,



‘ Matter, I should not mind it myself: But then  
 ‘ there is not so much Money, and what of that?  
 ‘ your La’ship hath Money enough for both;  
 ‘ and where can your La’ship bestow your For-  
 ‘ tune better? For to be sure every one must  
 ‘ allow, that he is the most handsome, charm-  
 ‘ ingest, finest, tallest, properest Man in the  
 ‘ World.’ ‘ What do you mean by running on  
 ‘ in this Manner to me?’ cries *Sophia*, with a  
 very grave Countenance. ‘ Have I ever given  
 ‘ any Encouragement for these Liberties?’ ‘ Nay  
 ‘ Ma’am, I ask Pardon; I meant no Harm,’ an-  
 swered she; ‘ but to be sure the poor Gentleman  
 ‘ hath run in my Head ever since I saw him this  
 ‘ Morning.---To be sure, if your Ladyship had  
 ‘ but seen him just now, you must have pitied  
 ‘ him. Poor Gentleman! I wishes some Mis-  
 ‘ fortune hath not happened to him: For he hath  
 ‘ been walking about with his Arms a-crofs, and  
 ‘ looking so melancholy all this Morning; I vow  
 ‘ and protest it made me almost cry to see him.’  
 ‘ To see whom?’ says *Sophia*. ‘ Poor Mr.  
 ‘ *Jones*,’ answered *Honour*. ‘ See him! Why,  
 ‘ where did you see him?’ cries *Sophia*. ‘ By  
 ‘ the Canal, Ma’am,’ says *Honour*. ‘ There he  
 ‘ hath been walking all this Morning, and at  
 ‘ last there he laid himself down; I believe he  
 ‘ lies there still. To be sure, if it hath not been  
 ‘ for my Modesty, being a Maid as I am, I should  
 ‘ have gone and spoke to him. Do, Ma’am, let  
 ‘ me go and see, only for a Fancy, whether he  
 ‘ is there still.’ ‘ Pugh!’ says *Sophia*, ‘ There!  
 ‘ no, no, what should he do there? He is gone  
 ‘ before this Time to be sure. Besides, why---  
 ‘ what--why should you go to see?---Besides, I  
 ‘ want you for something else. Go, fetch me  
 ‘ my

‘ my Hat and Gloves. I shall walk with my Aunt in the Grove before Dinner.’ *Honour* did immediately as she was bid, and *Sophia* put her Hat on; when looking in the Glass, she fancied the Ribbon with which her Hat was tied, did not become her, and so sent her Maid back again for a Ribbon of a different Colour; and then giving Mrs. *Honour* repeated Charges not to leave her Work on any Account, as she said it was in violent Haste, and must be finished that very Day; she muttered something more about going to the Grove, and then sallied out the contrary Way, and walked as fast as her tender trembling Limbs could carry her, directly towards the Canal.

*Jones* had been there, as Mrs. *Honour* had told her: He had indeed spent two Hours there that Morning in melancholy Contemplation on his *Sophia*, and had gone out from the Garden at one Door, the Moment she entered it at another. So that those unlucky Minutes which had been spent in changing the Ribbons, had prevented the Lovers from meeting at this Time. A most unfortunate Accident, from which my fair Readers will not fail to draw a very wholesom Lesson. And here I strictly forbid all Male Critics to intermeddle with a Circumstance, which I have recounted only for the sake of the Ladies, and upon which they only are at Liberty to comment.



## C H A P. VII.

*A Picture of formal Courtship in Miniature, as it always ought to be drawn, and a Scene of a tenderer Kind, painted at full Length.*

IT was well remarked by one, (and perhaps by more) that Misfortunes do not come single. This wife Maxim was now verified by *Sophia*, who was not only disappointed of seeing the Man she loved; but had the Vexation of being obliged to dress herself out, in order to receive a Visit from the Man she hated.

That Afternoon, Mr. *Western*, for the first Time, acquainted h's Daughter with his Intention; telling her, he knew very well that she had heard it before from her Aunt. *Sophia* looked very grave upon this, nor could she prevent a few Pearls from stealing into her Eyes. 'Come, come, says *Western*, 'none of your Maidenish Airs; I know all; I assure you, Sister hath told me all.

'Is it possible,' says *Sophia*, 'that my Aunt can have betrayed me already?' 'Ay, ay,' says *Western*, 'betrayed you! ay. Why, you betrayed yourself Yesterday at Dinner. You shewed your Fancy very plainly, I think. But you young Girls never know what you would be at. So you cry because I am going to marry you to the Man you are in Love with! Your Mother, I remember, whimpered and whined just in the same Manner; but it was all over within twenty-four Hours after we were married: Mr. *Blissl* is a brisk young Man, and will soon put an End to your Squeamishness. Come, 'chear

‘chear up, chear up, I expect un every Minute.’

*Sophia* was now convinced that her Aunt had behaved honourably to her; and she determined to go through that disagreeable Afternoon with as much Resolution as possible, and without giving the least Suspicion in the World to her Father.

Mr. *Bliss* soon arrived; and Mr. *Western* soon after withdrawing, left the young Couple together.

Here a long Silence of near a Quarter of an Hour ensued: For the Gentleman who was to begin the Conversation had all that unbecoming Modesty which consists in Bashfulness. He often attempted to speak, and as often suppressed his Words just at the very Point of Utterance. At last out they broke in a Torrent of far-fetched and high-strained Compliments, which were answered on her Side, by downcast Looks, half Bows and civil Monosyllables. *Bliss* from his Inexperience in the Ways of Women, and from his Conceit of himself, took this Behaviour for a modest Assent to his Courtship; and when to shorten a Scene which she could no longer support, *Sophia* rose up and left the Room, he imputed that too, merely to Bashfulness, and comforted himself, that he should soon have enough of her Company.

He was indeed perfectly well satisfied with his Prospect of Success: For as to that entire and absolute Possession of the Heart of his Mistress, which romantic Lovers require, the very Idea of it never entered his Head. Her Fortune and her Person were the sole Objects of his Wishes, of which he made do Doubt soon to obtain the ab-



solute Property ; as Mr. *Western's* Mind was so earnestly bent on the Match ; and as he well knew the strict Obedience which *Sophia* was always ready to pay to her Father's Will, and the greater still which her Father would exact, if there was Occasion. This Authority, therefore, together with the Charms which he fancied in his own Person and Conversation, could not fail, he thought, of succeeding with a young Lady, whose Inclinations, were, he doubted not, entirely disengaged.

Of *Jones* he certainly had not even the least Jealousy ; and I have often thought it wonderful that he had not. Perhaps he imagined the Character which *Jones* bore all over the Country, (how justly let the Reader determine) of being one of the wildest Fellows in *England*, might render him odious to a Lady of the most exemplary Modesty. Perhaps his Suspicions might be laid asleep by the Behaviour of *Sophia*, and of *Jones* himself, when they were all in Company together. Lastly, and indeed principally, he was well assured there was not another Self in the Case. He fancied that he knew *Jones* to the Bottom, and had in reality a great Contempt for his Understanding, for not being more attached to his own Interest. He had no Apprehension that *Jones* was in Love with *Sophia* ; and as for any lucrative Motives, he imagined they would sway very little with so silly a Fellow. *Blifil*, moreover, thought the Affair of *Molly Seagrim* still went on, and indeed believed it would end in Marriage : For *Jones* really loved him from his Childhood, and had kept no Secret from him, till his Behaviour on the Sickness of Mr. *Allworthy* had entirely alienated his Heart ; and it was  
by

by Means of the Quarrel which had ensued on this Occasion, and which was not yet reconciled, that Mr. *Bliffl* knew nothing of the Alteration which had happened in the Affection which *Jones* had formerly borne towards *Molly*.

From these Reasons, therefore, Mr. *Bliffl* saw no Bar to his Success with *Sophia*. He concluded, her Behaviour was like that of all other young Ladies on a first Visit from a Lover, and it had indeed entirely answered his Expectations.

Mr. *Western* took Care to way-lay the Lover at his Exit from his Mistress. He found him so elevated with his Success, so enamoured with his Daughter, and so satisfied with her Reception of him, that the old Gentleman began to caper and dance about his Hall, and by many other antic Actions, to express the Extravagance of his Joy: For he had not the least Command over any of his Passions: and that which had at any Time the Ascendant in his Mind, hurried him to the wildest Excesses.

As soon as *Bliffl* was departed, which was not till after many hearty Kisses and Embraces bestowed on him by *Western*, the good Squire went instantly in quest of his Daughter, whom he no sooner found than he poured forth the most extravagant Raptures, bidding her chuse what Clothes and Jewels she pleased; and declaring that he had no other Use for Fortune but to make her happy. He then caressed her again and again with the utmost Profusion of Fondness, called her by the most endearing Names, and protested she was his only Joy on Earth.

*Sophia* perceiving her Father in this Fit of Affection, which she did not absolutely know the Reason of (for Fits of Fondness were not unusual



to him, tho' this was rather more violent than ordinary) thought she should never have a better Opportunity of disclosing herself than at present; as far at least, as regarded Mr. *Bliss*; and she too well foresaw the Necessity which she should soon be under of coming to a full Explanation. After having thanked the Squire, therefore for all his Professions of Kindness, she added, with a Look full of inexpressible Softness, 'And is it possible my Papa can be so good to place all his Joy in his *Sophy's* Happiness?' which *Western* having confirmed by a great Oath, and a Kiss; she then laid hold of his Hand, and falling on her Knees, after many warm and passionate Declarations of Affection and Duty, she begged him, 'not to make her the most miserable Creature on Earth, by forcing her to marry a Man whom she detested. This I entreat of you, dear Sir, said she, for your Sake, as well as my own, since you are so very kind to tell me your Happiness depends on mine.' 'How! what!' says *Western*, staring wildly. 'O Sir,' continued she, 'not only your poor *Sophy's* Happiness, her very Life, her Being depends upon your granting her Request. I cannot live with Mr. *Bliss*. To force me into this Marriage, would be killing me.' 'You can't live with Mr. *Bliss*!' says *Western*. 'No, upon my Soul I can't,' answered *Sophia*. 'Then die and be d—ned,' cries he, spurning her from him. 'Oh! Sir,' cries *Sophia*, catching hold of the Skirt of his Coat, 'take Pity on me, I beseech you. Don't look, and say such cruel—Can you be unmoved while you see your *Sophy* in this dreadful Condition? Can the best of Fathers break my Heart? Will he kill me by the most painful, cruel, lingering Death?'

‘Death?’ Pooh! Pooh!’ cries the Squire, all  
 ‘Stuff and Nonsense, all maidenish Tricks. Kill  
 ‘you indeed! Will Marriage kill you?’— ‘Oh!  
 ‘Sir,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘such a Marriage is worse  
 ‘than Death---He is not even indifferent, I hate  
 ‘and detest him.’--- ‘If you detest un never so  
 ‘much,’ cries *Western*, ‘you shall ha’ un.’ This  
 he bound by an Oath too shocking to repeat, and  
 after many violent Asseverations, concluded in  
 these Words: ‘I am resolved upon the Match,  
 ‘and unless you consent to it, I will not give  
 ‘you a Groat, not a single Farthing; no, tho’  
 ‘I saw you expiring with Famine in the Street,  
 ‘I would not relieve you with a Morsel of Bread.  
 ‘This is my fixed Resolution, and so I leave you  
 ‘to consider on it.’ He then broke from her  
 with such Violence, that her Face dashed against  
 the Floor, and he burst directly out of the Room,  
 leaving poor *Sophia* prostrate on the Ground.

When *Western* came into the Hall, he there  
 found *Jones*; who seeing his Friend looking wild,  
 pale, and almost breathless, could not forbear en-  
 quiring the Reason of all these melancholy Ap-  
 pearances. Upon which the Squire immediately  
 acquainted him with the whole Matter, conclud-  
 ing with bitter Denunciations against *Sophia*, and  
 very pathetic Lamentations of the Misery of all  
 Fathers who are so unfortunate to have Daugh-  
 ters.

*Jones*, to whom all the Resolutions which had  
 been taken in Favour of *Bliss* were yet a Secret,  
 was at first almost struck dead with this Relation;  
 but recovering his Spirits a little, mere Despair,  
 as he afterwards said, inspired him to mention a  
 Matter to Mr. *Western*, which seemed to require  
 more Impudence than a human Forehead was  
 ever



ever gifted with. He desired Leave to go to *Sophia*, that he might endeavour to obtain her Concurrence with her Father's Inclinations.

If the Squire had been as quick-sighted, as he was remarkable for the contrary, Passion might at present very well have blinded him. He thanked *Jones* for offering to undertake the Office, and said, 'Go, go, prithee, try what canst do;' and then swore many execrable Oaths that he would turn her out of Doors unless she consented to the Match.

## C H A P. VIII.

*The Meeting between Jones and Sophia.*

*JONES* departed instantly in Quest of *Sophia*, whom he found just risen from the Ground where her Father had left her, with the Tears trickling from her Eyes, and the Blood running from her Lips. He presently ran to her, and with a Voice full at once of Tenderness and Terrour, cried, 'O my *Sophia*, what means this dreadful Sight!--She looked softly at him for a Moment before she spoke, and then said, 'Mr. *Jones*, for Heaven's Sake, how came you here?' '—Leave me, I beseech you, this Moment.' 'Do not,' says he, 'impose so harsh a Command upon me—my Heart bleeds faster than those Lips. O *Sophia*, how easily could I drain my Veins to preserve one Drop of that dear Blood.' I have too many Obligations to you already,' answered she, 'for sure you meant them such.'—Here she looked at him tenderly almost a Minute, and then bursting into an Agony, cried,--'O Mr. *Jones*,--why did you save  
' my

' my Life?—my Death would have been happier for us both.'— ' Happier for us both!' cried he, ' Could Racks or Wheels kill me so painfully as *Sophia's*!—I cannot bear the dreadful Sound—Do I live but for her?'—Both his Voice and Look were full of inexpressible Tenderness when he spoke these Words, and at the same Time he laid gently hold on her Hand, which she did not withdraw from him; to say the Truth, she hardly knew what she did or suffered. A few Moments now passed in Silence between these Lovers, while his Eyes were eagerly fixed on *Sophia*, and hers declining towards the Ground; at last she recovered Strength enough to desire him again to leave her; for that her certain Ruin would be the Consequence of their being found together; adding,— ' O Mr. *Jones*, you know not, you know not what hath passed this cruel Afternoon.' I know all, ' my *Sophia*,' answered he; ' your cruel Father hath told me all, and he himself hath sent me hither to you.' ' My Father sent you to me!' replied she, sure you dream.' ' Would to Heaven,' cries he, ' it was but a Dream. O *Sophia*, your Father hath sent me to you, to be an Advocate for my odious Rival, to solicit you in his Favour—I took any Means to get Access to you—O speak to me, *Sophia*, comfort my bleeding Heart. Sure no one ever loved, ever doated like me. Do not unkindly withhold this dear, this soft, this gentle Hand—One Moment, perhaps, tears you for ever from me—Nothing less than this cruel Occasion could, I believe, have ever conquered the Respect and Awe, with which you have inspired me.' She stood a Moment silent and covered

vered with Confusion, then lifting up her Eyes gently towards him, she cried, 'What would Mr. *Jones* have me say?' 'O do but promise,' cries he, 'that you never will give yourself to *Bliss*.' 'Name not,' answered she, 'the detested Sound. Be assured I never will give him what is in my Power to with-hold from him.' 'Now then,' cries he, 'while you are so perfectly kind, go a little farther, and add that I may hope.'—'Alas,' says she, 'Mr. *Jones*, whither will you drive me? What Hope have I to bestow? You know my Father's Intentions.'—'But I know,' answered he, 'your Compliance with them cannot be compelled.' 'What,' says she, 'must be the dreadful Consequence of my Disobedience? My own Ruin is my least Concern. I cannot bear the Thoughts of being the Cause of my Father's Misery.' 'He is himself the Cause,' cries *Jones*, 'by exacting a Power over you which Nature hath not given him. Think on the Misery which I am to suffer, if I am to lose you, and see on which Side Pity will turn the Balance.' 'Think of it!' replied she, 'can you imagine I do not feel the Ruin which I must bring on you, should I comply with your Desire—It is that Thought which gives me Resolution to bid you fly from me for ever, and avoid your own Destruction.' 'I fear no Destruction,' cries he, 'but the Loss of *Sophia*; if you would save me from the most bitter Agonies, recall that cruel Sentence—Indeed, I can never part with you, indeed I cannot.'

The Lovers now stood both silent and trembling, *Sophia* being unable to withdraw her Hand from *Jones*, and he almost as unable to hold

hold

hold it; when the Scene, which I believe some of my Readers will think had lasted long enough, was interrupted by one of so different a Nature, that we shall reserve the Relation of it for a different Chapter.

## C H A P. IX.

*Being of a much more tempestuous Kind than the former.*

**B**EFORE we proceed with what now happened to our Lovers. it may be proper to recount what had past in the Hall, during their tender Interview.

Soon after *Jones* had left *Mr. Western* in the Manner above-mentioned, his Sister came to him; and was presently informed of all that had past between her Brother and *Sophia*, relating to *Bliss*.

This Behaviour in her Niece. the good Lady construed to be an absolute Breach of the Condition, on which she had engaged to keep her Love for *Mr. Jones* a Secret. She considered herself, therefore, at full Liberty to reveal all she knew to the Squire, which she immediately did in the most explicit Terms, and without any Ceremony or Preface.

The Idea of a Marriage between *Jones* and his Daughter, had never once entered into the Squire's Head, either in the warmest Minutes of his Affection towards that young Man, or from Suspicion, or on any other Occasion. He did indeed consider a Parity of Fortune and Circumstances, to be physically as necessary an Ingredient in Marriage, as Difference of Sexes, or any other

other Essential; and had no more Apprehension of his Daughter's falling in Love with a poor Man, than with any Animal of a different Species.

He became, therefore, like one Thunderstruck at his Sister's Relation. He was, at first, incapable of making any Answer, having been almost deprived of his Breath by the Violence of the Surprize. This, however, soon returned, and, as is usual in other Cases after an Intermifion, with redoubled Force and Fury.

The first Use he made of the Power of Speech, after his Recovery from the sudden Effects of his Astonishment, was to discharge a round Volley of Oaths and Imprecations. After which he proceeded hastily to the Apartment, where he expected to find the Lovers, and murmured, or indeed, rather roared forth Intentions of Revenge every Step he went.

As when two Doves, or two Wood-pigeons, or as when *Strepbon* and *Phyllis* (for that comes nearest to the Mark) are retired into some pleasant solitary Grove, to enjoy the delightful Conversation of Love; that bashful Boy who cannot speak in Public, and is never a good Companion to more than two at a Time. Here while every Object is serene, should hoarse Thunder burst suddenly through the shattered Clouds, and rumbling roll along the Sky, the frightened Maid starts from the mossy Bank or verdant Turf; the pale Livery of Death succeeds the red Regimentals in which Love had before dressed her Cheeks; Fear shakes her whole Frame, and her Lover scarce supports her trembling, tottering Limbs.

Or as when the two Gentlemen, Strangers to the wonderous Wit of the Place, are cracking a  
 Bottle

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Bottle together at some Inn or Tavern at *Salisbury*, if the great *Dowdy* who acts the Part of a Madman, as well as some of his Setters-on do that of a Fool, should rattle his Chains, and dreadfully hum forth the grumbling Catch along the Gallery; the frighted Strangers stand aghast, scared at the horrid Sound, they seek some Place of Shelter from the approaching Danger, and if the well-barred Windows did admit their Exit, would venture their Necks to escape the threatening Fury now coming upon them.

So trembled poor *Sophia*, so turned she pale at the Noise of her Father, who in a Voice most dreadful to hear, came on swearing, cursing and vowing the Destruction of *Jones*. To say the Truth, I believe the Youth himself would, from some prudent Considerations, have preferred another Place of Abode at this Time, had his Terror on *Sophia's* Account given him Liberty to reflect a Moment on what any otherways concerned himself, than as his Love made him partake whatever affected her.

And now the Squire having burst open the Door, beheld an Object which instantly suspended all his Fury against *Jones*; this was the ghastly Appearance of *Sophia*, who had fainted away in her Lover's Arms. This tragical Sight Mr. *Western* no sooner beheld, than all his Rage forsok him, he roared for Help with his utmost Violence; ran first to his Daughter, then back to the Door, calling for Water, and then back again to *Sophia*, never considering in whose Arms she then was, nor perhaps once recollecting that there was such a Person in the World as *Jones*: For, indeed, I believe, the present Circumstances  
of

of his Daughter were now the sole Consideration which employed his Thoughts.

Mrs. *Western* and a great Number of Servants soon came to the Assistance of *Sophia* with Water, Cordials, and every Thing necessary on those Occasions. These were applied with such Success, that *Sophia* in a very few Minutes began to recover, and all the Symptoms of Life to return. Upon which she was presently led off by her own Maid and Mrs. *Western*; nor did that good Lady depart without leaving some wholesome Admonitions with her Brother, on the dreadful Effects of his Passion, or, as she pleased to call it, Madness.

The Squire, perhaps, did not understand this good Advice, as it was delivered in obscure Hints, Shrugs, and Notes of Admiration; at least, if he did understand it, he profited very little by it: For no sooner was he cured of his immediate Fears for his Daughter, than he relapsed into his former Frenzy, which must have produced an immediate Battle with *Jones*, had not Parson *Supple*, who was a very strong Man, been present, and by mere Force restrained the Squire from Acts of Hostility.

The Moment *Sophia* was departed, *Jones* advanced in a very suppliant Manner to Mr. *Western*, whom the Parson held in his Arms, and begged him to be pacified; for that, while he continued in such a Passion, it would be impossible to give him any Satisfaction.

‘I will have Satisfaction o’thee,’ answered the Squire, ‘so doff thy Clothes. At unt half a Man, and I’ll lick thee as well as waft ever licked in thy Life.’ He then bespattered the Youth with Abundance of that Language, which

passes between Country Gentlemen who embrace opposite Sides of the Question; with frequent Applications to him to salute that Part which is generally introduced into all Controversies, that arise among the lower Orders of the *English* Gentry, at Horse-races, Cock-matches, and other public Places. Allusions to this Part are likewise often made for the Sake of the Jest. And here, I believe, the Wit is generally misunderstood. In Reality, it lies in desiring another to kiss your A--- for having just before threatned to kick his: For I have observed very accurately, that no one ever desires you to kick that which belongs to himself, nor offers to kiss this Part in another.

It may likewise seem surprizing, that in the many thousand kind Invitations of this Sort, which every one who hath conversed with Country Gentlemen must have heard, no one, I believe, hath ever seen a single Instance where the Desire hath been complied with. A great Instance of their Want of Politeness: For in Town, nothing can be more common than for the finest Gentlemen to perform this Ceremony every Day to their Superiors, without having that Favour once requested of them.

To all such Wit, *Jones* very calmly answered, ‘ Sir, this Usage may, perhaps, cancel every other Obligation you have conferred on me; but there is one you can never cancel; nor will I be provoked by your Abuse, to lift my Hand against the Father of *Sophia*.’

At these Words the Squire grew still more outrageous than before; so that the Parson begged *Jones* to retire, saying, ‘ You behold, Sir, how he waxeth wroth at your Abode here; therefore let me pray you not to tarry any longer.’

‘ His



‘ His Anger is too much kindled for you to commune with him at present. You had better, therefore, conclude your Visit, and refer what Matters you have to urge in your Behalf to some other Opportunity.’

*Jones* accepted this Advice with Thanks, and immediately departed. The Squire now regained the Liberty of his Hands, and so much Temper as to express some Satisfaction in the Restraint which had been laid upon him; declaring that he should certainly have beat his Brains out; and adding, ‘ It would have vexed one confoundedly to have been hanged for such a Rascal.’

The Parson now began to triumph in the Success of his Peace-making Endeavours, and proceeded to read a Lecture against Anger, which might perhaps rather have tended to raise than to quiet that Passion in some hasty Minds. This Lecture he enriched with many valuable Quotations from the Antients, particularly from *Seneca*; who hath, indeed, so well handled this Passion, that none but a very angry Man can read him without great Pleasure and Profit. The Doctor concluded this Harangue with the famous Story of *Alexander* and *Clitus*; but as I find that entered in my Common-Place under Title *Drunkennes*, I shall not insert it here.

The Squire took no Notice of this Story, nor perhaps of any Thing he said: For he interrupted him before he had finished, by calling for a Tankard of Beer; observing (which is perhaps as true as any Observation on this Fever of the Mind) that *Anger makes a Man dry*.

No sooner had the Squire swallowed a large Draught than he renewed the Discourse on *Jones*, and declared a Resolution of going the next Morn-

Morning early to acquaint Mr. *Allworthy*. His Friend would have dissuaded him from this, from the mere Motive of Good-nature ; but his Dissuasion had no other Effect than to produce a large Volley of Oaths and Curses, which greatly shocked the pious Ears of *Supple* ; but he did not dare to remonstrate against a Privilege, which the Squire claimed as a free-born *Englishman*. To say Truth, the Parson submitted to please his Palate at the Squire's Table, at the Expence of suffering now and then this Violence to his Ears. He contented himself with thinking he did not promote this evil Practice, and that the Squire would not swear an Oath the less, if he never entered within his Gates. However, tho' he was not guilty of ill Manners by rebuking a Gentleman in his own House, he paid him off obliquely in the Pulpit ; which had not, indeed, the good Effect of working a Reformation in the Squire himself ; yet it so far operated on his Conscience, that he put the Laws very severely in Execution against others, and the Magistrate was the only Person in the Parish who could swear with Impunity.

## C H A P. X.

*In which Mr. Western visits Mr. Allworthy.*

**M**R. *Allworthy* was now retired from Breakfast with his Nephew, well satisfied with the Report of the young Gentleman's successful Visit to *Sophia*, (for he greatly desired the Match, more on Account of the young Lady's Character than of her Riches) when Mr. *Western* broke

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abruptly in upon them, and without any Ceremony began as follows.

‘ There, you have done a fine Piece of Work  
 ‘ truly. You have brought up your Bastard to a  
 ‘ fine Purpose; not that I believe you have had  
 ‘ any Hand in it neither, that is, as a Man may  
 ‘ say, designedly; but there is a fine Kettle of  
 ‘ Fish made on’t up at our House.’ ‘ What can  
 ‘ be the Matter, Mr. *Western*?’ said *Allworthy*.  
 ‘ O Matter *enow* of all Conscience; my Daugh-  
 ‘ ter hath fallen in Love with your Bastard, that’s  
 ‘ all; but I won’t *ge* her a *Hapenny*, not the  
 ‘ Twentieth Part of a Brass Varden. I always  
 ‘ thought what would come o’ breeding up a  
 ‘ Bastard like a Gentleman, and letting *un* come  
 ‘ about to *Vok’s* Houses. Its well *wor un* I could  
 ‘ not get at *un*, I’d a licked *un*, I’d a spoil’d his  
 ‘ Caterwauling, I’d a taught the Son of a Whore  
 ‘ to meddle with Meat for his Master. He shan’t  
 ‘ ever have a Morsel of Meat of mine, or a  
 ‘ Varden to buy it: If she will *ha un*, one  
 ‘ Smock shall be her Portion. I’ll sooner *ge* my  
 ‘ *Estate* to the *zinking* Fund, that it may be sent  
 ‘ to *Hannover* to corrupt our Nation with.’ ‘ I  
 ‘ am heartily sorry,’ cries *Allworthy*. ‘ Pox o’  
 ‘ your Sorrow,’ says *Western*, ‘ it will do me  
 ‘ Abundance of Good, when I have lost my only  
 ‘ Child, my poor *Sophy*, that was the Joy of my  
 ‘ Heart, and all the Hope and Comfort of my  
 ‘ Age; but I am resolved I will turn her out  
 ‘ o’ Doors; she shall beg and starve, and rot in  
 ‘ the Streets. Not one *Hapenny*, not a *Hapenny*  
 ‘ shall she ever *hae* o’ mine. The Son of a Bitch  
 ‘ was always good at finding a Hare fitting; an  
 ‘ be rotted to’n, I little thought what Puss he was  
 ‘ looking after; but it shall be the worst he ever  
 ‘ *wound*

'wound in his Life. She shall be no better than  
 'Carrion; the Skin o'er is all he shall ha, and  
 'zu you may tell un.' 'I am in Amazement,'  
 cries *Allworthy*, 'at what you tell me, after what  
 'passed between my Nephew and the young  
 'Lady no longer ago than Yesterday.' 'Yes,  
 'Sir,' answered *Western*, 'it was after what  
 'passed between your Nephew and she that the  
 'whole Matter came out. Mr. *Bliffl* there was  
 'no sooner gone than the Son of a Whore came  
 'lurching about the House. Little did I think,  
 'when I used to love him for a Sportsman, that  
 'he was all the while a poaching after my  
 'Daughter.' 'Why, truly,' says *Allworthy*,  
 'I could wish you had not given him so many  
 'Opportunities with her; and you will do me  
 'the Justice to acknowledge, that I have always  
 'been averse to his staying so much at your  
 'House, tho' I own I had no Suspicion of this  
 'Kind.' 'Why, Zounds!' cries *Western*,  
 'who could have thought it? What the Devil  
 'had she to do wi'n? He did not come there  
 'a courting to her; he came there a hunting  
 'with me.' 'But was it possible,' says *All-*  
*worthy*, 'that you should never discern any  
 'Symptoms of Love between them, when you  
 'have seen them so often together?' 'Never  
 'in my Life, as I hope to be saved,' cries *Wes-*  
*tern*. 'I never so much as zeed him kiss her in  
 'all my Life; and so far from courting her, he  
 'used rather to be more silent when she was in  
 'Company than at any other Time: And as for  
 'the Girl, she was always less civil to'n than to  
 'any young Man that came to the House. As  
 'to that Matter, I am not more easy to be de-  
 'ceived than another; I would not have you  
 D 2 ' think

‘ think I am, Neighbour.’ *Allworthy* could scarce refrain Laughter at this; but he resolv’d to do a Violence to himself: For he perfectly well knew Mankind, and had too much good Breeding and good Nature to offend the Squire in his present Circumstances. He then ask’d *Western* what he would have him do upon this Occasion. To which the other answer’d, ‘ That he would have him keep the Rascal away from his House, and that he would go and lock up the Wench: For he was resolv’d to make her marry Mr. *Bliffl* in Spite of her Teeth’ He then took *Bliffl* by the Hand, and swore he would have no other Son-in law. Presently after which he took his Leave, saying, his House was in such Disorder, that it was necessary for him to make haste home, to take care his Daughter did not give him the Slip; and as for *Jones*, he swore, if he caught him at his House, he would qualify him to run for the Gelding’s Plate.

When *Allworthy* and *Bliffl* were again left together, a long Silence ensued between them; all which Interval the young Gentleman fill’d up with Sighs, which proceeded partly from Disappointment, but more from Hatred: For the Success of *Jones* was much more grievous to him than the Loss of *Sophia*.

At length his Uncle ask’d him what he was determin’d to do, and he answer’d in the following Words. ‘ Alas, Sir, can it be a Question what Step a Lover will take, when Reason and Passion point different Ways? I am afraid it is too certain he will, in that Dilemma, always follow the latter. Reason dictates to me, to quit all Thoughts of a Woman who places her Affections on another; my Passion bids me  
‘ hope

' hope she may, in Time, change her Inclina-  
 ' tions in my Favour. Here, however, I con-  
 ' ceive an Objection may be raised, which, if it  
 ' could not fully be answered, would totally deter-  
 ' me from any further Pursuit. I mean the In-  
 ' justice of endeavouring to supplant another, in  
 ' a Heart, of which he seems already in Pos-  
 ' session ; but the determined Resolution of Mr.  
 ' *Western* shews, that in this Case I shall, by so  
 ' doing, promote the Happiness of every Party ;  
 ' not only that of the Parent, who will thus be  
 ' preserved from the highest Degree of Misery,  
 ' but of both the others, who must be undone  
 ' by this Match. The Lady, I am sure, will be  
 ' undone in every Sense : For, besides the Loss  
 ' of most Part of her own Fortune, she will be  
 ' not only married to a Beggar, but the little  
 ' Fortune which her Father cannot withhold  
 ' from her, will be squandered on that Wench,  
 ' with whom I know he yet converses --- Nay,  
 ' that is a Trifle : For I know him to be one of  
 ' the worst Men in the World : For had my  
 ' dear Uncle known what I have hitherto endea-  
 ' voured to conceal, he must have long since  
 ' abandoned so profligate a Wretch.' ' How,'  
 ' said *Allworthy*, ' hath he done any Thing worse  
 ' than I already know ? Tell me, I beseech you.'  
 ' No,' replied *Bliffl*, ' it is now past, and per-  
 ' haps he may have repented of it.' ' I com-  
 ' mand you, on your Duty,' said *Allworthy*, ' to  
 ' tell me what you mean.' ' You know, Sir,'  
 ' says *Bliffl*, ' I never disobeyed you ; but I am  
 ' sorry I mentioned it, since it may now look  
 ' like Revenge, whereas, I thank Heaven, no  
 ' such Motive ever entered my Heart ; and if  
 ' you oblige me to discover it, I must be his Pe-



'itioner to you for your Forgiveness.' 'I will  
 ' have no Conditions,' answered *Allworthy*, 'I  
 ' think I have shewn Tenderness enough towards  
 ' him, and more perhaps than you ought to  
 ' thank me for.' 'More, indeed, I fear than  
 ' he deserved,' cries *Blifil*; 'for in the very Day  
 ' of your utmost Danger, when myself and all  
 ' the Family were in Tears, he filled the House  
 ' with Riot and Debauchery. He drank and  
 ' sung and roared; and when I gave him a gentle  
 ' Hint of the Indecency of his Actions, he fell  
 ' into a violent Passion, swore many Oaths, called  
 ' me Rascal, and struck me.' 'How!' cries  
*Allworthy*, 'did he dare to strike you?' 'I am  
 ' sure,' cries *Blifil*, 'I have forgiven him that  
 ' long ago. I wish I could so easily forget his  
 ' Ingratitude to the best of Benefactors; and yet,  
 ' even that I hope you will forgive him, since  
 ' he must have certainly been possessed with the  
 ' Devil: For that very Evening, as Mr. *Thwackum*  
 ' and myself were taking the Air in the Fields,  
 ' and exulting in the good Symptoms which  
 ' then first began to discover themselves, we un-  
 ' luckily saw him engaged with a Wench in a  
 ' Manner not fit to be mentioned. Mr.  
 ' *Thwackum*, with more Boldness than Prudence,  
 ' advanced to rebuke him, when (I am sorry to  
 ' say it) he fell upon the worthy Man, and beat  
 ' him so outrageously, that I wish he may have  
 ' yet recovered the Bruises. Nor was I without  
 ' my Share of the Effects of his Malice, while I  
 ' endeavoured to protect my Tutor: But that I  
 ' have long forgiven; nay, I prevailed with Mr.  
 ' *Thwackum* to forgive him too, and not to in-  
 ' form you of a Secret which I feared might be  
 ' fatal to him. And now, Sir, since I have un-  
 ' advisedly

' advisedly dropped a Hint of this Matter, and  
 ' your Commands have obliged me to discover  
 ' the Whole, let me intercede with you for him.'  
 ' O Child,' said *Allworthy*, ' I know not whether  
 ' I should blame or applaud your Goodness, in  
 ' concealing such Villany a Moment: But where  
 ' is Mr. *Thwackum*? Not that I want any Con-  
 ' firmation of what you say; but I will examine  
 ' all the Evidence of this Matter, to justify to  
 ' the World the Example I am resolved to make  
 ' of such a Monster.'

*Thwackum* was now sent for, and presently ap-  
 peared. He corroborated every Circumstance  
 which the other had deposed; nay, he produced  
 the Record upon his Breast, where the Hand-  
 writing of Mr. *Jones* remained very legible in  
 Black and Blue. He concluded with declaring to  
 Mr. *Allworthy*, that he should have long since in-  
 formed him of this Matter, had not Mr. *Bliffl*,  
 by the most earnest Interpositions, prevented him.  
 ' He is,' says he, ' an excellent Youth; though  
 ' such Forgiveness of Enemies is carrying the  
 ' Matter too far.'

In Reality, *Bliffl* had taken some Pains to  
 prevail with the Parson, and to prevent the Disco-  
 very at that Time; for which he had many Rea-  
 sons. He knew that the Minds of Men are apt  
 to be softened and relaxed from their usual Seve-  
 rity by Sickness. Besides, he imagined that if  
 the Story was told when the Fact was so recent,  
 and the Physician about the House, who might  
 have unravelled the real Truth, he should never  
 be able to give it the malicious Turn which he  
 intended. Again, he resolved to hoard up this  
 Business, till the Indiscretion of *Jones* should af-  
 ford some additional Complaints; for he thought



the joint Weight of many Facts falling upon him together, would be the most likely to crush him; and he watched therefore some such Opportunity as that with which Fortune had now kindly presented him. Lastly, by prevailing with *Thwackum* to conceal the Matter for a Time, he knew he should confirm an Opinion of his Friendship to *Jones*, which he had greatly laboured to establish in Mr. *Allworthy*.

## C H A P. XI.

*A short Chapter; but which contains sufficient Matter to affect the good-natured Reader.*

IT was Mr. *Allworthy*'s Custom never to punish any one, not even to turn away a Servant, in a Passion. He resolved, therefore, to delay passing Sentence on *Jones* till the Afternoon.

The poor young Man attended at Dinner, as usual; but his Heart was too much loaded to suffer him to eat. His Grief too was a good deal aggravated by the unkind Looks of Mr. *Allworthy*; whence he concluded that *Western* had discovered the whole Affair between him and *Sophia*: But as to Mr. *Blifil*'s Story, he had not the least Apprehension; for of much the greater Part he was entirely innocent; and for the Residue, as he had forgiven and forgotten it himself, so he suspected no Remembrance on the other Side. When Dinner was over, and the Servants departed, Mr. *Allworthy* began to harangue. He set forth, in a long Speech, the many Iniquities of which *Jones* had been guilty, particularly those which this Day had brought to Light; and concluded by telling him, 'That un-  
' less



taking. Fie upon it, young Man! indeed  
 there is scarce any Punishment equal to your  
 Crimes, and I can scarce think myself justifi-  
 cable in what I am now going to bestow on  
 you. However, as I have educated you like  
 a Child of my own, I will not turn you naked  
 into the World. When you open this Paper,  
 therefore, you will find something which may  
 enable you, with Industry, to get an honest  
 Livelihood; but if you employ it to worse  
 Purposes, I shall not think myself obliged to  
 supply you farther, being resolved, from this  
 Day forward, to converse no more with you  
 on any Account. I cannot avoid saying,  
 There is no Part of your Conduct which I re-  
 sent more than your ill Treatment of that good  
 young Man (meaning *Blissl*) who hath behaved  
 with so much Tenderness and Honour towards  
 you.

These last Words were a Dose almost too bit-  
 ter to be swallowed. A Flood of Tears now  
 gushed from the Eyes of *Jones*, and every Facul-  
 ty of Speech and Motion seemed to have de-  
 serted him. It was some Time before he was  
 able to obey *Allworthy's* peremptory Commands  
 of departing; which he at length did, having  
 first kissed his Hands with a Passion difficult to be  
 affected, and as difficult to be described.

The Reader must be very weak, if, when he  
 considers the Light in which *Jones* then appeared  
 to Mr. *Allworthy*, he should blame the Rigour of  
 his Sentence. And yet all the Neighbourhood,  
 either from this Weakness, or from some worse  
 Motive, condemned this Justice and Severity as  
 the highest Cruelty. Nay, the very Persons who  
 had before censured the good Man for the Kind-  
 ness

ness and Tenderneſs ſhewn to a Baſtard (his own, according to the general Opinion) now cried out as loudly againſt turning his own Child out of Doors. The Women eſpecially were unanimous in taking the Part of *Jones*, and raiſed more Stories on the Occaſion than I have Room, in this Chapter, to ſet down.

One Thing muſt not be omitted, that in their Cenſures on this Occaſion, none ever mentioned the Sum contained in the Paper which *Allworthy* gave *Jones*, which was no leſs than Five hundred Pounds; but all agreed that he was ſent away Pennyleſs, and ſome ſaid, naked from the Houſe of his inhuman Father.

## C H A P. XII.

*Containing Love-Letters, &c.*

*JONES* was commanded to leave the Houſe immediately, and told, that his Clothes and every Thing elſe ſhould be ſent to him whitherſoever he ſhould order them.

He accordingly ſet out, and walked above a Mile, not regarding, and indeed ſcarce knowing whither he went. At length a little Brook obſtructing his Paſſage, he threw himſelf down by the Side of it; nor could he help muttering, with ſome little Indignation, ‘Sure my Father will not deny me this Place to reſt in?’

Here he preſently fell into the moſt violent Agonies, tearing his Hair from his Head, and uſing moſt other Actions which generally accompany Fits of Madneſs, Rage, and Deſpair.

When he had in this Manner vented the firſt Emotions of Paſſion, he began to come a little

to himself. His Grief now took another Turn, and discharged itself in a gentler Way, till he became at last cool enough to reason with his Passion, and to consider what Steps were proper to be taken in his deplorable Condition.

And now the great Doubt was, how to act with regard to *Sophia*. The Thoughts of leaving her, almost rent his Heart asunder; but the Consideration of reducing her to Ruin and Beggary still racked him, if possible, more; and if the violent Desire of possessing her Person could have induced him to listen one Moment to this Alternative, still he was by no means certain of her Resolution to indulge his Wishes at so high an Expence. The Resentment of Mr. *Allworthy*, and the Injury he must do to his Quiet, argued strongly against this latter; and lastly, the apparent Impossibility of his Success, even if he would sacrifice all these Considerations to it, came to his Assistance; and thus Honour at last, backed with Despair, with Gratitude to his Benefactor, and with real Love to his Mistress, got the better of burning Desire, and he resolved rather to quit *Sophia* than to pursue her to her Ruin.

It is difficult for any who have not felt it, to conceive the glowing Warmth which filled his Breast on the first Contemplation of this Victory over his Passion. Pride flattered him so agreeably, that his Mind perhaps enjoyed perfect Happiness; but this was only momentary; *Sophia* soon returned to his Imagination, and allayed the Joy of his Triumph with no less bitter Pangs than a good-natured General must feel when he surveys the bleeding Heaps, at the Price of whose Blood he hath purchased his Laurels; for thou-  
sands

fands of tender Ideas lay murdered before our Conqueror.

Being resolv'd, however, to pursue the Paths of this Giant Honour, as the gigantic Poet *Lee* calls it, he determin'd to write a farewell Letter to *Sophia*; and accordingly proceeded to a House not far off, where, being furnished with proper Materials, he wrote as follows.

MADAM,

“ **W**hen you reflect on the Situation in which I write, I am sure your Goodnature will pardon any Inconsistency or Absurdity which my Letter contains; for every thing here flows from a Heart so full, that no Language can express its Dictates.

“ I have resolv'd, Madam, to obey your Commands, in flying for ever from your dear, your lovely Sight. Cruel indeed those Commands are; but it is a Cruelty which proceeds from Fortune, not from my *Sophia*. Fortune hath made it necessary, necessary to your Preservation, to forget there ever was such a Wretch as I am.

“ Believe me, I would not hint all my Sufferings to you, if I imagin'd they could possibly escape your Ears. I know the Goodness and Tenderness of your Heart, and would avoid giving you any of those Pains which you always feel for the Miserable. O let nothing, which you shall hear of my hard Fortune, cause a Moment's Concern; for after the Loss of you, every Thing is to me a Trifle.

“ O *Sophia*! it is hard to leave you; it is harder still to desire you to forget me; yet the sincerest Love obliges me to both. Pardon my  
con-

' conceiving that any Remembrance of me can  
 ' give you Disquiet ; but if I am so gloriously  
 ' wretched, sacrifice me every Way to your Re-  
 ' lief. Think I never loved you ; or think truly  
 ' how little I deserve you ; and learn to scorn  
 ' me for a Presumption which can never be too  
 ' severely punished.----I am unable to say more.  
 ' -----May Guardian Angels protect you for  
 ' ever.

He was now searching his Pockets for his  
 Wax, but found none, nor indeed any thing  
 else, therein ; for in Truth he had, in his frantic  
 Disposition, tossed every thing from him, and,  
 amongst the rest, his Pocket-book, which he had  
 received from Mr. *Allworthy*, which he had ne-  
 ver opened, and which now first occurred to his  
 Memory.

The House supplied him with a Wafer for his  
 present Purpose, with which having sealed his  
 Letter, he returned hastily towards the Brook  
 Side, in order to search for the Things which he  
 had there lost. In his Way he met his old Friend  
*Black George*, who heartily condoled with him on  
 his Misfortune ; for this had already reached his  
 Ears, and indeed those of all the Neighbour-  
 hood.

*Jones* acquainted the Game-keeper with his  
 Loss, and he as readily went back with him to  
 the Brook, where they searched every Tuft of  
 Grass in the Meadow, as well where *Jones* had  
 not been, as where he had been ; but all to no  
 Purpose, for they found nothing : For indeed,  
 though the Things were then in the Meadow,  
 they omitted to search the only Place where they  
 were deposited ; to wit, in the Pockets of the  
 said *George* ; for he had just before found them,  
 and

and being luckily apprized of their Value, had very carefully put them up for his own Use.

The Game-keeper having exerted as much Diligence in Quest of the lost Goods, as if he had hoped to find them, desired Mr. *Jones* to recollect if he had been in no other Place; 'For sure,' said he, 'if you had lost them here so lately, the Things must have been here still; for this is a very unlikely Place for any one to pass by;' and indeed it was by great Accident that he himself had passed through that Field, in order to lay Wires for Hares, with which he was to supply a Poulterer at *Bath* the next Morning.

*Jones* now gave over all Hopes of recovering his Loss, and almost all Thoughts concerning it, and turning to *Black George*, asked him earnestly, If he would do him the greatest Favour in the World?

*George* answered, with some Hesitation, 'Sir, you know you may command me whatever is in my Power, and I heartily wish it was in my Power to do you any Service.' In fact, the Question staggered him; for he had, by selling Game, amassed a pretty good Sum of Money in Mr. *Western's* Service, and was afraid that *Jones* wanted to borrow some small Matter of him; but he was presently relieved from his Anxiety, by being desired to convey a Letter to *Sophia*, which with great Pleasure he promised to do. And indeed, I believe there are few Favours which he would not have gladly conferred on Mr. *Jones*; for he bore as much Gratitude towards him as he could, and was as honest as Men who love Money better than any other Thing in the Universe, generally are.

Mrs.



Mrs. *Honour* was agreed by both to be the proper Means by which this Letter should pass to *Sophia*. They then separated; the Game-keeper returned home to Mr. *Western's*, and *Jones* walked to an Alehouse at half a Mile's Distance, to wait for his Messenger's Return.

*George* no sooner came home to his Master's House, than he met with Mrs. *Honour*; to whom, having first sounded her with a few previous Questions, he delivered the Letter for her Mistress, and received at the same Time another from her for Mr. *Jones*; which *Honour* told him she had carried all that Day in her Bosom, and began to despair of finding any Means of delivering it.

The Game-keeper returned hastily and joyfully to *Jones*, who having received *Sophia's* Letter from him instantly withdrew, and eagerly breaking it open read as follows:

SIR,

IT is impossible to express what I have felt since I saw you. Your submitting, on my Account, to such cruel Insults from my Father, lays me under an Obligation I shall ever own. As you know his Temper, I beg you will, for my Sake, avoid him. I wish I had any Comfort to send you; but believe this, that nothing but the last Violence shall ever give my Hand or Heart where you would be sorry to see them bestowed.

*Jones* read this Letter a hundred Times over, and kissed it a hundred Times as often. His Passion now brought all tender Desires back into his Mind. He repented that he had writ to *Sophia* in the Manner we have seen above; but he repented more that he had made use of the Interval

of his Messenger's Absence to write and dispatch a Letter to Mr. *Allworthy*, in which he had faithfully promised and bound himself to quit all Thoughts of his Love. However, when his cool Reflections returned, he plainly perceived that his Case was neither mended nor altered by *Sophia's* Billet, unless to give him some little Glimpse of Hope from her Constancy, of some favourable Accident hereafter. He therefore resumed his Resolution, and taking leave of *Black George*, set forward to a Town about five Miles distant, whither he had desired Mr. *Allworthy*, unless he pleased to revoke his Sentence, to send his Things after him.

## C H A P. XIII.

*The Behaviour of Sophia on the present Occasion; which none of her Sex will blame, who are capable of behaving in the same Manner. And the Discussion of a knotty Point in the Court of Conscience.*

**SOPHIA** had passed the last twenty-four Hours in no very desirable Manner. During a large Part of them she had been entertained by her Aunt, with Lectures of Prudence, recommending to her the Example of the polite World, where Love (so the good Lady said) is at present entirely laughed at, and where Women consider Matrimony, as Men do Offices of public Trust, only as the Means of making their Fortunes, and of advancing themselves in the World. In commenting on which Text Mrs. *Western* had displayed her Eloquence during several Hours.

These

These sagacious Lectures, though little suited either to the Taste or Inclination of *Sophia*, were, however, less irksome to her than her own Thoughts, that formed the Entertainment of the Night, during which she never once closed her Eyes.

But though she could neither sleep nor rest in her Bed; yet, having no Avocation from it, she was found there by her Father at his Return from *Allworthy's*, which was not till past Ten o'Clock in the Morning. He went directly up to her Apartment, opened the Door, and seeing she was not up---cried---'Oh! you are safe' then, and I am resolved to keep you so.' He then locked the Door, and delivered the Key to *Honour*, having first given her the strictest Charge, with great Promises of Rewards for her Fidelity, and most dreadful Menaces of Punishment, in case she should betray her Trust.

*Honour's* Orders were not to suffer her Mistress to come out of her Room without the Authority of the Squire himself, and to admit none to her but him and her Aunt; but she was herself to attend her with whatever *Sophia* pleased, except only Pen, Ink, and Paper, of which she was forbidden the Use.

The Squire ordered his Daughter to dress herself and attend him at Dinner; which she obeyed; and having sat the usual Time, was again conducted to her Prison.

In the Evening, the Goaler *Honour* brought her the Letter which she received from the Game-keeper. *Sophia* read it very attentively twice or thrice over, and then threw herself upon the Bed, and burst into a Flood of Tears. Mrs. *Honour* expressed great Astonishment at this Behaviour

haviour in her Mistress; nor could she forbear very eagerly begging to know the Cause of this Passion. *Sophia* made her no Answer for some Time, and then starting suddenly up caught her Maid by the Hand, and cried, 'O Honour! I am undone.' 'Marry forbid,' cries *Honour*, 'I wish the Letter had been burnt before I had brought it to your La'ship. I'm sure I thought it would have comforted your La'ship, or I would have seen it at the Devil before I would have touch'd it.' '*Honour*,' says *Sophia*, 'you are a good Girl, and it is vain to attempt concealing longer my Weakness from you; I have thrown away my Heart on a Man who hath forsaken me.' 'And is Mr. *Jones*,' answered the Maid, such a Perfidy Man?' 'He hath taken his Leave of me,' says *Sophia*, 'for ever in that Letter. Nay, he hath desired me to forget him. Could he have desired that, if he had loved me? Could he have borne such a Thought? Could he have written such a Word?' 'No certainly, Ma'm,' cries *Honour*, 'and to be sure, if the best Man in *England* was to desire me to forget him, I'd take him at his Word. Marry come up! I am sure your La'ship hath done him too much Honour ever to think on him. A young Lady who may take her Choice of all the young Men in the Country.---And to be sure, if I may be so presumptuous as to offer my poor Opinion, there is young Mr. *Bliffl*, who besides that he is come of honest Parents, and will be one of the greatest Squires all hereabouts, he is to be sure, in my poor Opinion, a more handsomer, and a more politer Man by half; and besides, he is a young Gentleman of

' a sober Character, and who may defy any of  
 ' the Neighbours to say black is his Eye: He  
 ' follows no dirty Trollops, nor can any Bastards  
 ' be laid at his Door. Forget him indeed! I  
 ' thank Heaven I myself am not so much at my  
 ' last Prayers, as to suffer any Man to bid me  
 ' forget him twice. If the best He that wears a  
 ' Head was for to go for to offer to say such an  
 ' affronting Word to me, I would never give  
 ' him my Company afterwards, if there was ano-  
 ' ther young Man in the Kingdom. And as I  
 ' was a saying, to be sure, there is young Mr.  
 ' *Bliss*----' Name not his detested Name,' cries  
*Sophia*. ' Nay, Ma'am,' says *Honour*, 'if your  
 ' La'ship doth not like him, there be more jolly  
 ' handsome young Men that would court your  
 ' La'ship, if they had but the least Encourage-  
 ' ment. I don't believe there is arrow young  
 ' Gentleman in this Country, or in the next to  
 ' it, that if your La'ship was but to look as if  
 ' you had a Mind to him, would not con-  
 ' about to make his Offers directly.' 'What a  
 ' Wretch dost thou imagine me,' cries *Sophia*,  
 ' by affronting my Ears with such Stuff! I detest  
 ' all Mankind.' 'Nay, to be sure, Ma'am,'  
 answered *Honour* 'your La'ship hath had enough  
 ' to give you a Surfeit of them. To be used ill  
 ' by such a poor beggarly bastardly Fellow:  
 ' Hold your blasphemous Tongue,' cries *Sophia*,  
 ' how dare you mention his Name with Disre-  
 ' spect before me? He use me ill? No, his poor  
 ' bleeding Heart suffered more when he writ the  
 ' cruel Words, than mine from reading them.  
 ' O! he is all heroic Virtue, and angelic Good-  
 ' ness. I am ashamed of the Weakness of my  
 ' own Passion, for blaming what I ought to ad-  
 ' mire.

' mire.—O *Honour!* it is my Good only which  
 ' he consults. To my Interest he sacrifices both  
 ' himself and me—— The Apprehension of  
 ' ruining me hath driven him to Despair.' ' I  
 ' am very glad, says *Honour,*' ' to hear your  
 ' La'ship takes that into your Consideration: for  
 ' to be sure, it must be nothing less than Ruin,  
 ' to give your Mind to one that is turned out of  
 ' Doors, and is not worth a Farthing in the  
 ' World.' ' Turned out of Doors!' cries *Sophia*  
 ' hastily, ' how! what dost thou mean?'  
 ' Why, to be sure, Ma'm, my Master no  
 ' sooner told Squire *Allworthy* about Mr. *Jones*  
 ' having offered to make Love to your Ladyship,  
 ' than the Squire stripped him stark naked, and  
 ' turned him out of Doors.' ' Ha!' says *Sophia,*  
 ' I have been the cursed, wretched Cause of his  
 ' Destruction?—Turn'd naked out of Doors!  
 ' Here, *Honour,* take all the Money I have;  
 ' take the Rings from my Fingers.—Here my  
 ' Watch, carry him all.—Go, find him im-  
 ' mediately.' ' For Heaven's Sake, Ma'am,' an-  
 ' swered Mrs. *Honour,* ' do but consider, if my  
 ' Master should miss any of these Things, I  
 ' should be made to answer for them. Therefore  
 ' let me beg your Ladyship not to part with your  
 ' Watch and Jewels. Besides the Money, I  
 ' think, is enough of all Conscience; and as  
 ' for that, my Master can never know any thing  
 ' of the Matter.' ' Here then,' cries *Sophia,*  
 ' take every Farthing I am worth, find him out  
 ' immediately and give it him. Go, go, lose  
 ' not a Moment.'

Mrs. *Honour* departed according to Orders,  
 and finding *Black George* below Stairs, delivered  
 him the Purse which contained Sixteen Guineas,  
 being

being indeed the whole Stock of *Sophia*: For tho' her Father was very liberal to her, she was much too generous to be rich.

*Black George* having received the Purse, set forward towards the Alehouse; but in the Way a Thought occurred to him, whether he should not detain this Money likewise. His Conscience, however, immediately started at this Suggestion, and began to upbraid him with Ingratitude to his Benefactor. To this his Avarice answered, 'That his Conscience should have considered the Matter before, when he deprived poor *Jones* of his 500*l.* That having quietly acquiesced in what was of so much greater Importance, it was absurd, if not downright Hypocrisy, to affect any Qualms at this Trifle.' In return to which, Conscience, like a good Lawyer, attempted to distinguish between an absolute Breach of Trust, as here where the Goods were delivered, and a bare Concealment of what was found, as in the former Case. Avarice presently treated this with Ridicule, called it a Distinction without a Difference, and absolutely insisted, that when once all Pretensions of Honour and Virtue were given up in any one Instance, that there was no Precedent for resorting to them upon a second Occasion. In short, poor Conscience had certainly been defeated in the Argument, had not Fear stepped in to her Assistance, and very strenuously urged, that the real Distinction between the two Actions, did not lie in the different Degrees of Honour, but of Safety: For that the secreting the 500*l.* was a Matter of very little Hazard; whereas the detaining the Sixteen Guineas was liable to the utmost Danger of Discovery.

Ch. 14. a FOUNDLING. 71

By this friendly Aid of Fear, Conscience obtained a compleat Victory in the Mind of *Black George*, and, after making him a few Compliments on his Honesty, forced him to deliver the Money to *Jones*.

C H A P. XIV.

*A short Chapter, containing a short Dialogue between Squire Western and his Sister.*

**M**RS. *Western* had been engaged abroad all that Day. The Squire met her at her Return home; and when she enquired after *Sophia*, he acquainted her that he had secured her safe enough. 'She is locked up in Chamber,' cries he, 'and *Honour* keeps the Key.' As his Looks were full of prodigious Wisdom and Sagacity when he gave his Sister this Information, it is probable he expected much Applause from her for what he had done; but how was he disappointed! when with a most disdainful Aspect, she cried, 'Sure, Brother you are the weakest of all Men. Why will you not confide in me for the Management of my Niece? Why will you interpose? You have now undone all that I have been spending my Breath in order to bring about. While I have been endeavouring to fill her Mind with Maxims of Prudence, you have been provoking her to reject them. *English* Women, Brother, I thank Heaven, are no Slaves. We are not to be locked up like the *Spanish* and *Italian* Wives. We have as good a Right to Liberty as yourselves. We are to be convinced by Reason and Persuasion only, and not governed by Force. I have seen the  
' World,



' World, Brother, and know what Arguments  
 ' to make Use of; and if your Folly had not  
 ' prevented me, should have prevailed with her  
 ' to form her Conduct by those Rules of Pru-  
 ' dence and Discretion which I formerly taught  
 ' her.' ' To be sure,' said the Squire, ' I am  
 ' always in the Wrong.' ' Brother,' answered  
 the Lady, ' you are not in the Wrong, unless  
 ' when you meddle with Matters beyond your  
 ' Knowledge. You must agree, that I have  
 ' seen most of the World? and happy had it  
 ' been for my Niece, if she had not been taken  
 ' from under my Care. It is by living at home  
 ' with you that she hath learnt romantic Notions  
 ' of Love and Nonsense.' ' You don't imagine,  
 ' I hope,' cries the Squire, ' that I have taught  
 ' her any such Things.' ' Your Ignorance,  
 ' Brother,' returned she, ' as the great *Milton*  
 ' says, almost subdues my Patience.\* ' D——n  
 ' *Milton,*' answered the Squire, ' if he had the  
 ' Impudence to say so to my Face, I'd lend him  
 ' a Douse, thof he was never so great a Man.  
 ' Patience! an you come to that, Sister, I have  
 ' more Occasion of Patience, to be used like an  
 ' overgrown School-boy; as I am by you. Do  
 ' you think no one hath any Understanding, un-  
 ' less he hath been about at Court? Pox! the  
 ' World is come to a fine Pass indeed, if we are  
 ' all Fools, except a Parcel of Roundheads and  
 ' *Hannover* Rats. Pox! I hope the Times are a  
 ' coming that we shall make Fools of them,  
 ' and every Man shall enjoy his own. That's  
 ' all, Sister, and every Man shall enjoy his own.  
 ' I hope to see it, Sister, before the *Hannover*

\* The Reader may perhaps subdue his own Patience, if he searches for this in *Milton*.

' Rats

‘ Rats have eat up all our Corn, and left us nothing but Turneps to-feed upon.’ ‘ I protest, Brother,’ cries she, ‘ you are now got beyond my Understanding. Your Jargon of Turneps and *Hannover* Rats, is to me perfectly unintelligible.’ ‘ I believe,’ cries he, ‘ you don’t care to hear o’em; but the Country Interest may succeed one Day or other for all that.’ ‘ I wish,’ answered the Lady, ‘ you would think a little of your Daughter’s Interest: For believe me, she is in greater Danger than the Nation.’ ‘ Just now,’ said he, ‘ you chid me for thinking on her, and would ha’ her left to you.’ ‘ And if you will promise to interpose no more,’ answered she, ‘ I will out of my Regard to my Niece, undertake the Charge.’ ‘ Well, do then,’ said the Squire, ‘ for you know I always agreed, that Women are the properest to manage Women.’

Mrs. *Western* then departed, muttering something with an Air of Disdain, concerning Women and Management of the Nation. She immediately repaired to *Sophia*’s Apartment, who was now, after a Day’s Confinement, released again from her Captivity.