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The History Of Tom Jones, A Foundling

In Four Volumes

Fielding, Henry

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Book XV. In which the History advances about two Days.

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THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK XV.

In which the History advances about two Days.

CHAP. I.

Too short to need a Preface.

THERE are a Set of Religious, or rather Moral Writers, who teach that Virtue is the certain Road to Happiness, and Vice to Misery, in this World. A very wholesome and comfortable Doctrine, and to which we have but one Objection, namely, That it is not true.

Indeed, if by Virtue these Writers mean the Exercise of those Cardinal Virtues, which like good House-wives stay at home, and mind only the Business of their own Family, I shall very



readily concede the Point; For so surely do all these contribute and lead to Happiness, that I could almost wish, in Violation of all the antient and modern Sages, to call them rather by the Name of Wisom, than by that of Virtue: For with Regard to this Life, no System, I conceive, was ever wiser than that of the antient *Epureans*, who held this Wisdom to constitute the chief Good; nor foolisher than that of their Opposites, those modern *Epicures*, who place all Felicity in the abundant Gratification of every sensual Appetite.

But if by Virtue is meant (as I almost think it ought) a certain relative Quality, which is always busying itself without Doors, and seems as much interested in pursuing the Good of others as its own; I cannot so easily agree that this is the surest Way to human Happiness; because I am afraid we must then include Poverty and Contempt, with all the Mischiefs which Backbiting, Envy, and Ingratitude can bring on Mankind, in our Idea of Happiness; nay, sometimes perhaps we shall be obliged to wait upon the said Happiness to a Goal; since many by the above Virtue have brought themselves thither.

I have not now Leisure to enter upon so large a Field of Speculation, as here seems opening upon me; my Design was to wipe off a Doctrine that lay in my Way; since while Mr. Jones was acting the most virtuous Part imaginable in labouring to preserve his Fellow-creatures from Destruction, the Devil, or some other evil Spirit, one perhaps clothed in human Flesh, was hard at Work to make him completely miserable in the Ruin of his *Sophia*.

This

This therefore would seem an Exception to the above Rule, if indeed it was a Rule; but as we have in our Voyage through Life seen so many other Exceptions to it, we chuse to dispute the Doctrine on which it is founded, which we don't apprehend to be Christian, which we are convinced is not true, and which is indeed destructive of one of the noblest Arguments that Reason alone can furnish for the Belief of Immortality.

But as the Reader's Curiosity (if he hath any) must be now awake, and hungry, we shall provide to feed it as fast as we can.

C H A P. II.

In which is opened a very black Design against Sophia.

I Remember a wise old Gentleman, who used to say, 'When Children are doing Nothing, they are doing Mischief.' I will not enlarge this quaint Saying to the most beautiful Part of the Creation in general; but so far I may be allowed, that when the Effects of female Jealousy do not appear openly in their proper Colours of Rage and Fury, we may suspect that mischievous Passion to be at work privately, and attempting to undermine, what it doth not attack above ground.

This was exemplified in the Conduct of Lady *Bellafton*, who, under all the Smiles which she wore in her Countenance, concealed much Indignation against *Sophia*; and as she plainly saw, that this young Lady stood between her and the full Indulgence of her Desires, she resolved to get rid of her by some Means or other; nor was it long before

before a very favourable Opportunity of accomplishing this presented itself to her.

The Reader may be pleased to remember, that when *Sophia* was thrown into that Consternation at the Play-house, by the Wit and Humour of a Set of young Gentlemen who call themselves the Town, we informed him, that she had put herself under the Protection of a young Nobleman, who had very safely conducted her to her Chair.

This Nobleman, who frequently visited Lady *Bellafton*, had more than once seen *Sophia* there, since her Arrival in Town, and had conceived a very great Liking to her; which Liking, as Beauty never looks more amiable than in Distress, *Sophia* had in this Fright so increased, that he might now, without any great Impropriety, be said to be actually in Love with her.

It may easily be believed, that he would not suffer so handsome an Occasion of improving his Acquaintance with the beloved Object as now offered itself, to elapse, when even Good-breeding alone might have prompted him to pay her a Visit.

The next Morning therefore, after this Accident, he waited on *Sophia*, with the usual Compliments, and Hopes that she had received no Harm from her last Night's Adventure.

As Love, like Fire, when once thoroughly kindled, is soon blown into a Flame; *Sophia* in a very short Time completed her Conquest. Time now flew away unperceived, and the noble Lord had been two Hours in Company with the Lady, before it entered into his Head that he had made too long a Visit. Though this Circumstance alone would have alarmed *Sophia*, who was somewhat more a Mistress of Computation at present; she had

had indeed much more pregnant Evidence from the Eyes of her Lover of what pass within his Bosom; nay, though he did not make any open Declaration of his Passion, yet many of his Expressions were rather too warm, and too tender, to have been imputed to Complaisance, even in the Age when such Complaisance was in Fashion; the very Reverse of which is well known to be the reigning Mode at present.

Lady *Bellaſton* had been apprised of his Lordship's Visit at his first Arrival; and the Length of it very well satisfied her, that Things went as she wished, and as indeed she had suspected the second Time she saw this young Couple together. This Business she rightly, I think, concluded, that she should by no Means forward by mixing in the Company while they were together; she therefore ordered her Servants, that when my Lord was going, they should tell him, she desired to speak with him; and employed the intermediate Time in meditating how best to accomplish a Scheme which she made no doubt but his Lordship would be very readily embrace the Execution of.

Lord *Fellamar* (for that was the Title of this young Nobleman) was no sooner introduced to her Ladyship, than she attacked him in the following Strain: 'Bless me, my Lord, are you here yet? I thought my Servants had made a Mistake, and let you go away; and I wanted to see you about an Affair of some Importance.'-----
'Indeed, Lady *Bellaſton*,' said he, 'I don't wonder you are astonish'd at the Length of my Visit: For I have staid above two Hours, and I did not think I had staid above half a one.'-----
'What am I to conclude from thence, my Lord?'

said

said she, 'The Company must be very agreeable
 which can make Time slide away so very deceit-
 fully.'—'Upon my Honour,' said he, 'the
 most agreeable I ever saw. Pray tell me, La-
 dy *Bellaston*, who is this blazing Star which
 you have produced among us all of a sudden?'
 —'What blazing Star, my Lord?' said she,
 affecting a Surprize. 'I mean,' said he, 'the
 Lady I saw here the other Day, whom I had
 last Night in my Arms at the Play-house, and
 to whom I have been making that unreasonable
 Visit.'—'O my Cousin *Western!*' said she,
 'why that blazing Star, my Lord, is the Daugh-
 ter of a Country Booby Squire, and hath been
 in Town about a Fortnight, for the first Time.'
 —'Upon my Soul,' said he, 'I should swear she
 had been bred in a Court; for besides her Beau-
 ty, I never saw any Thing so genteel, so sen-
 sible, so polite.'—'O brave!' cries the Lady,
 'my Cousin hath you, I find.'—'Upon my
 Honour,' answered she, 'I wish she had: For
 I am in Love with her to Distraction.'—'Nay,
 my Lord,' said she, 'it is not wishing yourself
 very ill neither, for she is a very great Fortune:
 I assure you she is an only Child, and her Fa-
 ther's Estate is a good 3000 *l.* a Year.' 'Then
 I can assure you, Madam,' answered the Lord,
 'I think her the best Match in *England*.' 'In-
 deed, my Lord,' replied she, 'if you like her,
 I heartily wish you had her.' 'If you think
 so kindly of me, Madam,' said he, 'as she is
 a Relation of yours, will you do me the Ho-
 nour to propose it to her Father?' 'And are
 you really then in earnest?' cries the Lady,
 with an affected Gravity. 'I hope, Madam,'
 answered he, 'you have a better Opinion of me,
 than

' than to imagine I would jest with your Lady-
 ' ship in an Affair of this Kind.' ' Indeed then,'
 said the Lady, ' I will most readily propose your
 ' Lordship to her Father; and I can, I believe,
 ' assure you of his joyful Acceptance of the Pro-
 ' posal; but there is a Bar, which I am almost
 ' ashamed to mention; and yet it is one you will
 ' never be able to conquer. You have a Rival,
 ' my Lord, and a Rival who, though I blush to
 ' name him, neither you, nor all the World will
 ' ever be able to conquer.' ' Upon my Word,
 ' Lady *Bellaſton*,' cries he, ' you have struck a
 ' Damp to my Heart, which hath almost de-
 ' prived me of Being.' ' Fie! my Lord,' said
 she, ' I should rather hope I had struck Fire into
 ' you. A Lover, and talk of Damps in your
 ' Heart! I rather imagined you would have asked
 ' your Rival's Name, that you might have im-
 ' mediately entered the Lifts with him.' ' I pro-
 ' mise you, Madam,' answered he, ' there are
 ' very few Things I would not undertake for
 ' your charming Cousin: But pray who is this
 ' happy Man? — ' Why he is,' said she, ' what
 ' I am sorry to say most happy Men with us are,
 ' one of the lowest Fellows in the World. He
 ' is a Beggar, a Bastard, a Foundling, a Fellow
 ' in meaner Circumstances than one of your
 ' Lordship's Footmen.' ' And is it possible,'
 cried he, ' that a young Creature with such Per-
 ' fections should think of bestowing herself so
 ' unworthily?' ' Alas! my Lord,' answered
 she, ' consider the Country—the Bane of all
 ' young Women is the Country. There they
 ' learn a Set of romantic Notions of Love, and I
 ' know not what Folly, which this Town and
 ' good Company can scarce eradicate in a whole
 ' Winter.' ' Indeed, Madam,' replied my
 Lord,

Lord, ' your Cousin is of too immense a Value
 ' to be thrown away : Such Ruin as this must
 ' be prevented.' ' Alas !' cries she, ' my Lord,
 ' how can it be prevented ? The Family have
 ' already done all in their Power ; but the Girl
 ' is, I think, intoxicated, and nothing less than
 ' Ruin will content her. And to deal more o-
 ' penly with you, I expect every Day to hear she
 ' is run away with him.' ' What you tell me,
 ' Lady *Bellaſton*,' answered his Lordſhip, ' af-
 ' fects me moſt tenderly, and only raiſes my
 ' Compaſſion inſtead of leſſening my Adoration
 ' of your Couſin. Some Means muſt be found
 ' to preſerve ſo inestimable a Jewel. Hath your
 ' Ladyſhip endeavoured to reaſon with her ?'
 ' Here the Lady affected a Laugh, and cried, ' My
 ' dear Lord, ſure you know us better than to talk
 ' of reaſoning a young Woman out of her Inclina-
 ' tions ? Theſe inestimable Jewels are as deaf
 ' as the Jewels they wear: Time, my Lord, Time
 ' is the only Medicine to cure their Folly ; but
 ' this is a Medicine, which I am certain ſhe will
 ' not take ; nay, I live in hourly Horrors on her
 ' Account. In ſhort, nothing but violent Me-
 ' thods will do.' ' What is to be done ?' cries
 ' my Lord, ' What Methods are to be taken ?—
 ' Is there any Method upon Earth ?—Oh ! Lady
 ' *Bellaſton* ! there is nothing which I would not
 ' undertake for ſuch a Reward.'—' I really know
 ' not,' answered the Lady, after a Pauſe ; and
 ' then pausing again, ſhe cried out, — ' Upon my
 ' Soul, I am at my Wit's End on this Girl's
 ' Account.—If ſhe can be preſerved, ſomething
 ' muſt be done immediately ; and as I ſay, no-
 ' thing but violent Methods will do. — If your
 ' Lordſhip hath really this Attachment to my
 ' Couſin,

‘Cousin, (and to do her Justice, except in this
‘filly Inclination, of which she will soon see her
‘Folly, she is every Way deserving) I think there
‘may be one Way, indeed it is a very disagree-
‘able one, and what I am almost afraid to think
‘of.—It requires a great Spirit, I promise you.’
‘I am not conscious, Madam,’ said he, ‘of
‘any Defect there; nor am I, I hope, suspected
‘of any such. It must be an egregious Defect
‘indeed, which could make me backward on this
‘Occasion.’ ‘Nay, my Lord,’ answered she,
‘I am far from doubting you. I am much more
‘inclined to doubt my own Courage; for I must
‘run a monstrous Risque. In short, I must place
‘such a Confidence in your Honour as a wise
‘Woman will scarce ever place in a Man on any
‘Consideration.’ In this Point likewise my Lord
very well satisfied her; for his Reputation was
extremely clear, and common Fame did him no
more than Justice, in speaking well of him. ‘Well
‘then,’ said she, ‘my Lord, — I — I vow, I
‘can’t bear the Apprehension of it. — No, it must
‘not be.—At least every other Method shall be
‘tried. Can you get rid of your Engagements,
‘and dine here to Day? Your Lordship will
‘have an Opportunity of seeing a little more of
‘Miss *Western*.—I promise you we have no Time
‘to lose. Here will be no Body but Lady *Betty*,
‘and Miss *Eagle*, and Colonel *Hampsted*, and
‘Tom *Edwards*; they will all go soon,—and I
‘shall be at Home to no Body. Then your Lord-
‘ship may be a little more explicit. Nay, I will
‘contrive some Method to convince you of her
‘Attachment to this Fellow.’ My Lord made
proper Compliments, accepted the Invitation, and
then they parted to dress, it being now past three
in

in the Morning, or to reckon by the old Style in the Afternoon.

CHAP. III.

A further Explanation of the foregoing Design.

THOUGH the Reader may have long since concluded Lady *Bellaſton* to be a Member (and no inconsiderable one) of the Great World, ſhe was in reality a very conſiderable Member of the *Little World*; by which Appellation was diſtinguiſhed a very worthy and honourable Society which not long ſince flouriſhed in this Kingdom.

Among other good Principles upon which this Society was founded, there was one very remarkable: For as it was a Rule of an honourable Club of Heroes, who aſſembled at the Cloſe of the late War, that all the Members ſhould every Day fight once at leaſt; ſo 'twas in this, that every Member ſhould, within the twenty-four Hours, tell at leaſt one merry Fib, which was to be propagated by all the Brethren and Siſterhood.

Many idle Stories were told about this Society, which from a certain Quality may be, perhaps not unjuſtly, ſuppoſed to have come from the Society themſelves. As, that the Devil was the Preſident; and that he ſat in Perſon in an Elbow-Chair at the upper End of the Table: But upon very ſtriſt Enquiry, I find there is not the leaſt Truth in any of thoſe Tales, and that the Aſſembly conſiſted in reality of a Set of very good Sort of People, and the Fibs which they propagated were of a harmleſs Kind, and tended only to produce Mirth and good Humour.

Edwards

Edwards was likewise a Member of this comical Society. To him therefore *Lady Bellaſton* applied as a proper Instrument for her Purpose, and furnished him with a Fib, which he was to vent whenever the Lady gave him her Cue; and this was not to be till the Evening, when all the Company but Lord *Fellamar* and himself were gone, and while they were engaged in a Rubbers at Whist.

To this Time then, which was between Seven and Eight in the Evening, we will convey our Reader; when *Lady Bellaſton*, Lord *Fellamar*, Miss *Western*, and *Tom* being engaged at Whist, and in the last Game of their Rubbers, *Tom* received his Cue from *Lady Bellaſton*, which was, ' I protest, *Tom*, you are grown intolerable lately; you used to tell us all the News of the Town, and now you know no more of the World than if you lived out of it.'

Mr. *Edwards* then began as follows: ' The Fault is not mine, Madam; it lies in the Dulness of the Age, that doth nothing worth talking of.—O la! though now I think on't, there hath a terrible Accident befallen poor Colonel *Wilcox*.—Poor *Ned*.—You know him, my Lord, every Body knows him; faith! I am very much concerned for him.'

' What is it, pray?' says *Lady Bellaſton*.
' Why, he hath killed a Man this Morning in a Duel, that's all.'

His Lordship, who was not in the Secret, asked gravely, whom he had killed? To which *Edwards* answered, ' A young Fellow we none of us know; a *Somerſetſhire* Lad just come to Town, one *Jones* his Name is; a near Relation of one Mr. *Alworthy*, of whom your

Lordship I believe hath heard. I saw the Lad lie dead in a Coffee-house.--Upon my Soul he is one of the finest Corpses I ever saw in my Life.' *Sophia*, who just began to deal as *Tom* had mentioned that a Man was killed, stopt her Hand, and listened with Attention, (for all Stories of that Kind affected her) but no sooner had he arrived at the latter Part of the Story, than she began to deal again; and having dealt three Cards to one, and seven to another, and ten to a third, at last dropt the rest from her Hand, and fell back in her Chair.

The Company behaved as usually on these Occasions. The usual Disturbance ensued, the usual Assistance was summoned, and *Sophia* at last, as it is usual, returned again to Life, and was soon after, at her earnest Desire, led to her own Apartment; where, at my Lord's Request, *Lady Bellafton* acquainted her with the Truth, attempted to carry it off as a Jest of her own, and comforted her with repeated Assurances, that neither his Lordship, nor *Tom*, though she had taught him the Story, were in the true Secret of the Affair.

There was no farther Evidence necessary to convince Lord *Fellamar* how justly the Case had been represented to him by *Lady Bellafton*; and now at her Return into the Room, a Scheme was laid between these two noble Persons, which, though it appeared in no very heinous Light to his Lordship, (as he faithfully promised, and faithfully resolved too, to make the Lady all the subsequent Amends in his Power by Marriage;) yet many of our Readers, we doubt not, will see with just Detestation.

The next Evening at Seven was appointed for the fatal Purpose, when *Lady Bellafton* undertook that

that *Sophia* should be alone, and his Lordship should be introduced to her. The whole Family were to be regulated for the Purpose, most of the Servants dispatched out of the House; and for Mrs. *Honour*, who, to prevent Suspicion, was to be left with her Mistress till his Lordship's Arrival, Lady *Bellaſton* herself was to engage her in an Apartment as distant as possible from the Scene of the intended Mischieſ, and out of the Hearing of *Sophia*.

Matters being thus agreed on, his Lordship took his Leave, and her Ladyship retired to Rest, highly pleased with a Project, of which she had no Reason to doubt the Success, and which promised so effectually to remove *Sophia* from being any future Obstruction to her Amour with *Jones*, by a Means of which she should never appear to be guilty, even if the Fact appeared to the World; but this she made no doubt of preventing by huddling up a Marriage, to which she thought the ravished *Sophia* would easily be brought to consent, and at which all the rest of her Family would rejoice.

But Affairs were not in so quiet a Situation in the Bosom of the other Conspirator: His Mind was tost in all the distracting Anxiety so nobly described by *Shakespear*.

*Between the Acting of a dreadful Thing,
And the first Motion, all the Interim is
Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dream:
The Genius and the mortal Instruments
Are then in Council; and the State of Man,
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The Nature of an Insurrection,—*

Though the Violence of his Passion had made him eagerly embrace the first Hint of this Design, especially as it came from a Relation of the Lady, yet when that Friend to Reflection, a Pillow, had placed the Action itself in all its natural black Colours before his Eyes, with all the Consequences which must, and those which might probably attend it; his Resolution began to abate, or rather indeed to go over to the other Side; and after a long Conflict which lasted a whole Night between Honour and Appetite, the former at length prevailed, and he determined to wait on Lady *Bellaſton*, and to relinquish the Design.

Lady *Bellaſton* was in Bed, though very late in the Morning, and *Sophia* sitting by her Bed-side, when the Servant acquainted her that Lord *Fellamar* was below in the Parlour; upon which her Ladyship desired him to stay, and that she would see him presently; but the Servant was no sooner departed than poor *Sophia* began to intreat her Cousin not to encourage the Visits of that odious Lord (so she called him, though a little unjustly) upon her Account. 'I see his Design,' said she; 'for he made downright Love to me Yesterday Morning; but as I am resolved never to admit it, I beg your Ladyship not to leave us alone together any more, and to order the Servants that, if he enquires for me, I may be always denied to him.'

'La! Child,' says Lady *Bellaſton*, 'you Country Girls have nothing but Sweet-hearts in your Head; you fancy every Man who is civil to you is making Love. He is one of the most gallant young Fellows about Town, and I am convinced means no more than a little Gallantry. Make Love to you indeed! I wish with
' all

‘ all my Heart he would, and you must be an arrant mad Woman to refuse him.’

‘ But as I shall certainly be that mad Woman,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ I hope his Visits shall not be intruded upon me.’

‘ O Child,’ said *Lady Bellafton*, ‘ you need not be so fearful; if you resolve to run away with that *Jones*, I know no Person who can hinder you.’

‘ Upon my Honour, Madam,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ your Ladyship injures me. I will never run away with any Man; nor will I ever marry contrary to my Father’s Inclinations.’

‘ Well, Miss *Western*,’ said the Lady, ‘ if you are not in a Humour to see Company this Morning; you may retire to your own Apartment; for I am not frightned at his Lordship, and must fend for him up into my Dressing-Room.’

Sophia thanked her Ladyship, and withdrew; and presently afterwards *Fellamar* was admitted up Stairs.

CHAP. IV.

By which it will appear how dangerous an Advocate a Lady is, when she applies her Eloquence to an ill Purpose.

WHEN *Lady Bellafton* heard the young Lord’s Scruples, she treated them with the same Disdain with which one of those Sages of the Law, called *Newgate* Solicitors, treats the Qualms of Conscience in a young Witness. ‘ My dear Lord,’ said she, ‘ you certainly want a Cordial. I must fend to *Lady Edgely* for one

of her best Drams. Fie upon it! have more
 Resolution. Are you frightned by the Word
Rape? Or are you apprehensive---? Well! if
 the Story of *Helen* was modern, I should think
 it unnatural. I mean the Behaviour of *Paris*,
 not the Fondness of the Lady; for all Women
 love a Man of Spirit. There is another Story
 of the *Sabine Ladies*,---and that too, I thank
 Heaven, is very ancient. Your Lordship, per-
 haps, will admire my Reading; but I think
 Mr. *Hook* tells us, they made tolerable good
 Wives afterwards. I fancy few of my married
 Acquaintance were ravished by their Husbands.
 Nay, dear Lady *Bellafton*, cried he, 'don't
 ridicule me in this Manner.' 'Why, my good
 Lord,' answered she, 'do you think any Wo-
 man in *England* would not laugh at you in her
 Heart, whatever Prudery she might wear in her
 Countenance?---You force me to use a strange
 Kind of Language, and to betray my Sex most
 abominably: But I am contented with know-
 ing my Intentions are good, and that I am en-
 deavouring to serve my Cousin; for I think
 you will make her a Husband notwithstanding
 this; or, upon my Soul, I would not even per-
 suade her to fling herself away upon an empty
 Title. She should not upbraid me hereafter
 with having lost a Man of Spirit; for that his
 Enemies allow this poor young Fellow to be.'

Let those who have had the Satisfaction of hear-
 ing Reflections of this Kind from a Wife or a
 Mistress, declare whether they are at all sweet-
 ened by coming from a female Tongue. Certain
 it is, they sunk deeper into his Lordship than any
 Thing which *Demosthenes* or *Cicero* could have
 said on the Occasion.

Lady

Lady *Bellaſton* perceiving ſhe had fired the young Lord's Pride, began now, like a true Orator, to rouse other Paſſions to its Aſſiſtance: 'My Lord,' ſays ſhe, in a graver Voice, 'you will be pleaſed to remember, you mentioned this Matter to me firſt; for I would not appear to you in the Light of one who is endeavouring to put off my Couſin upon you. Fourſcore thouſand Pounds do not ſtand in Need of an Advocate to recommend them.' 'Nor doth Miſs *Western*,' ſaid he, 'require any Recommendation from her Fortune; for in my Opinion, no Woman ever had half her Charms.' 'Yes, yes, my Lord;' replied the Lady, looking in the Glaſs, 'there have been Women with more than half her Charms, I aſſure you; not that I need leſſen her on that Account: She is a moſt delicious Girl, that's certain; and within theſe few Hours ſhe will be in the Arms of one, who ſurely doth not deſerve her, though I will give him his Due, I believe he is truly a Man of Spirit.'

'I hope ſo, Madam,' ſaid my Lord; 'tho' I muſt own he doth not deſerve her; for unleſs Heaven, or your Ladyſhip diſappoint me, ſhe ſhall within that Time be in mine.'

'Well ſpoken, my Lord,' answered the Lady, 'I promiſe you no Diſappointment ſhall happen from my Side; and within this Week I am convinced I ſhall call your Lordſhip my Couſin in Public.'

The Remainder of this Scene conſiſted entirely of Raptures, Excuses, and Compliments, very pleaſant to have heard from the Parties; but rather dull when related at ſecond Hand. Here, therefore, we ſhall put an End to this Dialogue,

and hasten to the fatal Hour, when every Thing was prepared for the Destruction of poor *Sophia*.

But this being the most tragical Matter in our whole History, we shall treat it in a Chapter by itself.

CHAP. V.

Containing some Matters which may affect, and others which may surprize the Reader.

THE Clock had now struck Seven, and poor *Sophia*, alone and melancholy, sat reading a Tragedy. It was *The Fatal Marriage*; and she was now come to that Part where the poor distressed *Isabella* disposes of her Wedding Ring.

Here the Book dropt from her Hand, and a Shower of Tears ran down into her Bosom. In this Situation she had continued a Minute, when the Door opened, and in came Lord *Fellamar*. *Sophia* started from her Chair at his Entrance; and his Lordship advancing forwards, and making a low Bow, said, 'I am afraid, Miss *Western*, I break in upon you abruptly.' 'Indeed, my Lord,' says she, 'I must own myself a little surprized at this unexpected Visit.' 'If this Visit be unexpected, Madam,' answered Lord *Fellamar*, 'my Eyes must have been very faithless Interpreters of my Heart, when last I had the Honour of seeing you: For surely you could not otherwise have hoped to detain my Heart in your Possession, without receiving a Visit from its Owner.' *Sophia*, confused as she was, answered this Bombast (and very properly, I think) with a Look of inconceivable Disdain. My Lord then

then made another and a longer Speech of the same Sort. Upon which *Sophia*, trembling, said, 'Am I really to conceive your Lordship to be out of your Senses? Sure, my Lord, there is no other Excuse for such Behaviour.' — 'I am, indeed, Madam, in the Situation you suppose,' cries his Lordship; 'and sure you will pardon the Effects of a Frenzy which you yourself have occasioned: For Love hath so totally deprived me of Reason, that I am scarce accountable for any of my Actions.' 'Upon my Word, my Lord,' said *Sophia*, 'I neither understand your Words nor your Behaviour.' — 'Suffer me then, Madam,' cries he, 'at your Feet to explain both, by laying open my Soul to you, and declaring that I doat on you to the highest Degree of Distraction. O most adorable, most divine Creature! what Language can express the Sentiments of my Heart?' 'I do assure you, my Lord,' said *Sophia*, 'I shall not stay to hear any more of this.' 'Do not,' cries he, 'think of leaving me thus cruelly: Could you know half the Torments which I feel, that tender Bosom must pity what those Eyes have caused.' Then fetching a deep Sigh, and laying hold of her Hand, he ran on for some Minutes in a Strain which would be little more pleasing to the Reader than it was to the Lady; and at last concluded with a Declaration, 'That if he was Master of the World, he would lay it at her Feet.' *Sophia* then forcibly pulling away her Hand from his, answered with much Spirit, 'I promise you, Sir, your World and its Master, I should spurn from me with equal Contempt.' She then offered to go, and Lord *Fellamar* again laying hold of her Hand, said,



' Pardon me, my beloved Angel, Freedoms which
 ' nothing but Despair could have tempted me to
 ' take.—Believe me, could I have had any Hope
 ' that my Title and Fortune, neither of them
 ' inconsiderable, unless when compared with your
 ' Worth, would have been accepted, I had, in
 ' the humblest Manner, presented them to your
 ' Acceptance.—But I cannot lose you.—By Hea-
 ' ven, I will sooner part with my Soul.—You
 ' are, you must, you shall be only mine.' ' My
 ' Lord,' says she, ' I intreat you to desist from
 ' a vain Pursuit; for, upon my Honour, I will
 ' never hear you on this Subject. Let go my
 ' Hand, my Lord; for I am resolved to go from
 ' you this Moment; nor will I ever see you
 ' more.' ' Then, Madam,' cries his Lordship,
 ' I must make the best Use of this Moment; for
 ' I cannot live, nor will I live without you.'—
 ' What do you mean, my Lord?' said *Sophia*;
 ' I will raise the Family.' ' I have no Fear,
 ' Madam,' answered he, ' but of losing you, and
 ' that I am resolved to prevent, the only Way
 ' which Despair points to me.'—He then caught
 her in his Arms: Upon which she screamed so
 loud, that she must have alarmed some one to her
 Assistance, had not Lady *Bellafton* taken Care to
 remove all Ears.

But a more lucky Circumstance happened for
 poor *Sophia*: Another Noise now broke forth,
 which almost drowned her Cries; for now the
 whole House rang with, ' Where is she? D---n
 ' me, I'll unkennel her this Instant. Shew me
 ' her Chamber, I say. Where is my Daughter?
 ' I know she's in the House, and I'll see her if
 ' she's above Ground. Shew me where she is.'
 ---At which last Words the Door flew open, and
 in

in came Squire *Western*, with his Parson, and a Set of Myrmidons at his Heels.

How miserable must have been the Condition of poor *Sophia*, when the enraged Voice of her Father was welcome to her Ears? Welcome indeed it was, and luckily did he come; for it was the only Accident upon Earth which could have preserved the Peace of her Mind from being forever destroyed.

Sophia, notwithstanding her Fright, presently knew her Father's Voice; and his Lordship, notwithstanding his Passion, knew the Voice of Reason, which peremptorily assured him, it was not now a Time for the Perpetration of his Villainy. Hearing, therefore, the Voice approach, and hearing likewise whose it was; (for as the Squire more than once roared forth the Word Daughter, so *Sophia*, in the midst of her Struggling, cried out upon her Father;) he thought proper to relinquish his Prey, having only disordered her Handkerchief, and with his rude Lips committed Violence on her lovely Neck.

If the Reader's Imagination doth not assist me, I shall never be able to describe the Situation of these two Persons when *Western* came into the Room. *Sophia* tottered into a Chair, where she sat disordered, pale, breathless, bursting with Indignation at Lord *Fellamar*; affrighted, and yet more rejoiced at the Arrival of her Father.

His Lordship sat down near her, with the Bag of his Wig hanging over one of his Shoulders, the rest of his Dress being somewhat disordered, and rather a greater Proportion of Linnen than is usual appearing at his Bosom. As to the rest, he was amazed, affrighted, vexed, and ashamed.

As to Squire *Western*, he happened, at this Time, to be overtaken by an Enemy, which very frequently pursues, and seldom fails to overtake, most of the Country Gentlemen in this Kingdom. He was, literally speaking, drunk; which Circumstance, together with his natural Impetuosity, could produce no other Effect, than his running immediately up to his Daughter, upon whom he fell foul with his Tongue in the most inveterate Manner; nay, he had probably committed Violence with his Hands, had not the Parson interposed, saying, 'For Heaven's Sake, Sir, animadvert that you are in the House of a great Lady. Let me beg you to mitigate your Wrath; it should minister a Fullness of Satisfaction that you have found your Daughter; for as to Revenge, it belongeth not unto us. I discern great Contrition in the Countenance of the young Lady. I stand assured, if you will forgive her, she will repent her of all past Offences, and return unto her Duty.'

The Strength of the Parson's Arms had at first been of more Service than the Strength of his Rhetoric. However, his last Words wrought some Effect, and the Squire answered, 'I'll forgee her if she wull ha un. If wot ha un, *Sophy*, I'll forgee thee all. Why dost unt speak? Shat ha un? D—n me, shat ha un? Why dost unt answer? Was ever such a stubborn Tuoad?'

'Let me intreat you, Sir, to be a little more moderate,' said the Parson; 'you frighten the young Lady so, that you deprive her of all Power of Utterance.'

'Power of mine A—,' answered the Squire. 'You take her Part then, you do? A pretty Parson'

‘Parson truly, to side with an undutiful Child.
 ‘Yes, yes, I will gee you a Living with a Pox.
 ‘I’ll gee un to the Devil sooner.’
 ‘I humbly crave your Pardon,’ said the Par-
 son; ‘I assure your Worship, I meant no such
 ‘Matter.’

My Lady *Bellafton* now entered the Room, and
 came up to the Squire, who no sooner saw her,
 than resolving to follow the Instructions of his
 Sister, he made her a very civil Bow, in the ru-
 ral Manner, and paid her some of his best Com-
 pliments. He then immediately proceeded to his
 Complaints, and said, ‘There, my Lady Cou-
 sin; there stands the most undutiful Child in
 ‘the World: She hankers after a beggarly
 ‘Rascal, and won’t marry one of the greatest
 ‘Matches in all *England*, that we have provided
 ‘for her.’

‘Indeed, Cousin *Western*,’ answered the Lady,
 ‘I am persuaded you wrong my Cousin. I am
 ‘sure she hath a better Understanding. I am con-
 ‘vinced she will not refuse what she must be sen-
 ‘sible is so much to her Advantage.’

This was a wilful Mistake in Lady *Bellafton*;
 for she well knew whom Mr. *Western* meant;
 though perhaps she thought he would easily be
 reconciled to his Lordship’s Proposals.

‘Do you hear there,’ quoth the Squire, ‘what
 ‘her Ladyship says? All your Family are for the
 ‘Match. Come, *Sophy*, be a good Girl, and
 ‘be dutiful, and make your Father happy.’

‘If my Death will make you happy, Sir,’ an-
 swered *Sophia*, ‘you will shortly be so.’

‘It’s a Lie, *Sophy*; it’s a d---n’d Lie, and you
 ‘know it,’ said the Squire.

‘Indeed,

‘ Indeed, Miss *Western*,’ said Lady *Bellaſton*, ‘ you injure your Father; he hath nothing in View but your Intereſt in this Match; and I and all your Friends muſt acknowledge the higheſt Honour done to your Family in the Propoſal.’

‘ Ay, all of us,’ quoth the Squire: ‘ Nay, it was no Propoſal of mine. She knows it was her Aunt propoſed it to me firſt.----Come, *Sophy*, once more let me beg you to be a good Girl, and gee me your Conſent before your Couſin.’

‘ Let me give him your Hand, Couſin,’ ſaid the Lady. ‘ It is the Faſhion now-a-days to diſpenſe with Time and long Courtſhips.’

‘ Pugh,’ ſaid the Squire, ‘ what ſignifies Time; won’t they have Time enough to court afterwards? People may court very well after they have been a-bed together.’

As Lord *Fellamar* was very well aſſured, that he was meant by Lady *Bellaſton*, ſo never having heard nor ſuſpected a Word of *Blifil*, he made no Doubt of his being meant by the Father. Coming up therefore to the Squire, he ſaid, ‘ Though I have not the Honour, Sir, of being perſonally known to you; yet, as I find I have the Happineſs to have my Propoſals accepted, let me intercede, Sir, in Behalf of the young Lady, that ſhe may not be more ſolicited at this Time.’

‘ You intercede, Sir!’ ſaid the Squire, ‘ why, who the Devil are you?’

‘ Sir, I am Lord *Fellamar*,’ answered he, ‘ and am the happy Man, whom I hope you have done the Honour of accepting for a Son-in-law.’

‘ You

‘ You are a Son of a B---,’ replied the Squire,
 ‘ for all your laced Coat. You my Son-in-law,
 ‘ and be d---n’d to you !’

‘ I shall take more from you, Sir, than from
 ‘ any Man,’ answered the Lord ; ‘ but I must
 ‘ inform you, that I am not used to hear such
 ‘ Language without Resentment.’

‘ Resent my A—,’ quoth the Squire. ‘ Don’t
 ‘ think I am afraid of such a Fellow as thee art !
 ‘ Because hast a got a Spit there dangling at thy
 ‘ Side. Lay by your Spit, and I’ll give thee
 ‘ enough of meddling with what doth not belong
 ‘ to thee.—I’ll teach you to Father-in-law me.
 ‘ I’ll lick thy Jacket.’

‘ It’s very well, Sir,’ said my Lord, ‘ I shall
 ‘ make no Disturbance before the Ladies. I am
 ‘ very well satisfied. Your humble Servant, Sir ;
 ‘ Lady *Bellafton*, your most obedient.’

His Lordship was no sooner gone, than Lady
Bellafton coming up to Mr. *Western*, said, ‘ Bless
 ‘ me, Sir, what have you done ? You know not
 ‘ whom you have affronted ; he is a Nobleman
 ‘ of the first Rank and Fortune, and Yesterday
 ‘ made Proposals to your Daughter ; and such as
 ‘ I am sure you must accept with the highest Plea-
 ‘ sure.’

‘ Answer for yourself, Lady Cousin,’ said the
 Squire, ‘ I will have nothing to do with any of
 ‘ your Lords. My Daughter shall have an ho-
 ‘ nest Country Gentleman ; I have pitched upon
 ‘ one for her,—and she shall ha’ un.—I am sorry
 ‘ for the Trouble she hath given your Ladyship
 ‘ with all my Heart.’ Lady *Bellafton* made a
 civil Speech upon the Word Trouble, to which
 the Squire answered, ‘ Why that’s kind,—and I
 ‘ would do as much for your Ladyship. To be
 ‘ sure

‘ sure Relations should do for one another. So I
 ‘ with your Ladyship a good Night.—Come,
 ‘ Madam, you must go along with me by fair
 ‘ Means, or I’ll have you carried down to the
 ‘ Coach.’

Sophia said she would attend him without
 Force; but begged to go in a Chair, for she
 said she should not be able to ride any other
 Way.

‘ Prithee,’ cries the Squire, ‘ wout unt per-
 ‘ suade me canst not ride in a Coach, wouldst?
 ‘ That’s a pretty Thing surely. No, no, I’ll
 ‘ never let thee out of my Sight any more till art
 ‘ married, that I promise thee.’ *Sophia* told him
 she saw he was resolved to break her Heart. ‘ O
 ‘ break thy Heart and be d—n’d,’ quoth he, ‘ if
 ‘ a good Husband will break-it. I don’t value a
 ‘ Brais Varden, not a Hapenny of any unduti-
 ‘ ful B--- upon Earth.’ He then took violently
 hold of her Hand; upon which the Parson once
 more interfered, begging him to use gentle Me-
 thods. At that the Squire thundered out a Curse,
 and bid the Parson hold his Tongue, saying,
 ‘ At’n’t in Pulpit now? when art a got up there
 ‘ I never mind what dost say; but I won’t be
 ‘ Priest-ridden, nor taught how to behave my-
 ‘ self by thee. I wish your Ladyship a good
 ‘ Night. Come along, *Sophy*; be a good Girl,
 ‘ and all shall be well. Shat ha un, d---n me,
 ‘ that ha un.’

Mrs. Honour appeared below Stairs, and with
 a low Curtesy to the Squire, offered to attend her
 Mistress; but he pushed her away, saying, ‘ Hold,
 ‘ Madam, hold, you come no more near my
 ‘ House.’ ‘ And will you take my Maid away
 ‘ from me?’ said *Sophia*. ‘ Yes, indeed, Ma-
 ‘ dam,

‘dam, will I,’ cries the Squire: ‘You need not fear being without a Servant; I will get you another Maid, and a better Maid than this, who, I’d lay five Pound to a Crown, is no more a Maid than my Grannum. No, no, *Sophy*, she shall contrive no more Escapes I promise you.’ He then packed up his Daughter and the Parson into the Hackney Coach, after which he mounted himself, and ordered it to drive to his Lodgings. In the Way thither he suffered *Sophia* to be quiet, and entertained himself with reading a Lecture to the Parson on good Manners, and a proper Behaviour to his Betters.

It is possible he might not so easily have carried off his Daughter from Lady *Bellafton*, had that good Lady desired to have detained her; but in reality, she was not a little pleased with the Confinement into which *Sophia* was going: And as her Project with Lord *Fellamar* had failed of Success, she was well contented that other violent Methods were now going to be used in Favour of another Man.

C H A P. VI.

By what Means the Squire came to discover his Daughter.

THOUGH the Reader in many Histories is obliged to digest much more unaccountable Appearances than this of Mr. *Western*, without any Satisfaction at all; yet, as we dearly love to oblige him whenever it is in our Power, we shall now proceed to shew by what Method the Squire discovered where his Daughter was.

In

In the third Chapter then of the preceding Book, we gave a Hint (for it is not our Custom to unfold at any Time more than is necessary for the Occasion) that Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, who was very desirous of reconciling her Uncle and Aunt *Western*, thought she had a probable Opportunity, by the Service of preserving *Sophia* from committing the same Crime which had drawn on herself the Anger of her Family. After much Deliberation therefore she resolv'd to inform her Aunt *Western* where her Cousin was, and accordingly she writ the following Letter, which we shall give the Reader at length, for more Reasons than one.

‘ Honoured Madam,

‘ The Occasion of my writing this will perhaps make a Letter of mine agreeable to my dear Aunt, for the Sake of one of her Neices, tho’ I have little Reason to hope it will be so on the Account of another.

‘ Without more Apology, as I was coming to throw my unhappy Self at your Feet, I met, by the strangest Accident in the World, my Cousin *Sophy*, whose History you are better acquainted with than myself, though, alas! I know infinitely too much; enough indeed to satisfy me, that unless she is immediately prevented, she is in Danger of running into the same fatal Mischiefs, which, by foolishly and ignorantly refusing your most wise and prudent Advice, I have unfortunately brought on myself.

‘ In short, I have seen the Man, nay, I was most part of Yesterday in his Company, and a charming young Fellow I promise you he is.

‘ By

‘ By what Accident he came acquainted with me
 ‘ is too tedious to tell you now; but I have this
 ‘ Morning changed my Lodgings to avoid him,
 ‘ lest he should by my Means discover my Cou-
 ‘ sin; for he doth not yet know where she is,
 ‘ and it is adviseable he should not, till my Uncle
 ‘ hath secured her.---No Time therefore is to be
 ‘ lost; and I need only inform you, that she is
 ‘ now with Lady *Bellaston*, whom I have seen,
 ‘ and who hath, I find, a Design of concealing
 ‘ her from her Family. You know, Madam,
 ‘ she is a strange Woman; but nothing could
 ‘ misbecome me more, than to presume to give
 ‘ any Hint to one of your great Understanding,
 ‘ and great Knowledge of the World, besides
 ‘ barely informing you of the Matter of Fact.

‘ I hope, Madam, the Care which I have
 ‘ shewn on this Occasion for the Good of my
 ‘ Family, will recommend me again to the Fa-
 ‘ vour of a Lady who hath always exerted so
 ‘ much Zeal for the Honour and true Interest of
 ‘ us all; and that it may be a Means of restoring
 ‘ me to your Friendship, which hath made so
 ‘ great a Part of my former, and is so necessary
 ‘ to my future Happiness. I am,

‘ With the utmost Respect,

‘ Honoured Madam,

‘ Your most dutiful obliged Niece,

‘ And most Obedient

‘ Humble Servant,

‘ *Harriet Fitzpatrick.*”

Mrs.

Mrs. *Western* was now at her Brother's House, where she had resided ever since the Flight of *Sophia*, in order to administer Comfort to the poor Squire in his Affliction. Of this Comfort which she doled out to him in daily Portions, we have formerly given a Specimen.

She was now standing with her Back to the Fire, and, with a Pinch of Snuff in her Hand, was dealing forth this daily Allowance of Comfort to the Squire, while he smoaked his Afternoon Pipe, when she received the above Letter; which she had no sooner read than she delivered it to him, saying, 'There, Sir, there is an Account of your lost Sheep. Fortune hath again restored her to you, and if you will be governed by my Advice, it is possible you may yet preserve her.'

The Squire had no sooner read the Letter than he leaped from his Chair, threw his Pipe into the Fire, and gave a loud Huzza for Joy. He then summoned his Servants, called for his Boots, and ordered the *Chevalier* and several other Horses to be saddled, and that Parson *Supple* should be immediately sent for. Having done this, he turned to his Sister, caught her in his Arms, and gave her a close Embrace, saying, 'Zounds! you don't seem pleas'd; one would imagine you was sorry I have found the Girl.'

'Brother,' answered she, 'the deepest Politicians, who see to the Bottom, discover often a very different Aspect of Affairs, from what swims on the Surface. It is true indeed, Things do look rather less desperate than they did formerly in *Holland*, when *Lewis* the fourteenth was at the Gates of *Amsterdam*; but there is a Delicacy required in this Matter, which you will

‘ will pardon me, Brother, if I suspect you
 ‘ want. There is a Decorum to be used with a
 ‘ Woman of Figure, such as Lady *Bellaſton*,
 ‘ Brother, which requires a Knowledge of the
 ‘ World ſuperior, I am afraid, to yours.’

‘ Siſter,’ cries the Squire, ‘ I know you have
 ‘ no Opinion of my Parts; but I’ll ſhew you on
 ‘ this Occaſion who is a Fool. Knowledge
 ‘ quotha! I have not been in the Country ſo long
 ‘ without having ſome Knowledge of Warrants
 ‘ and the Law of the Land. I know I may
 ‘ take my own wherever I can find it. Shew
 ‘ me my own Daughter, and if I don’t know
 ‘ how to come at her, I’ll ſuffer you to call me
 ‘ Fool as long as I live. There be Juſtices of
 ‘ Peace in *London*, as well as in other Places.’

‘ I proteſt,’ cries ſhe, ‘ you make me tremble
 ‘ for the Event of this Matter, which if you
 ‘ will proceed by my Advice, you may bring to
 ‘ ſo good an Iſſue. Do you really imagine,
 ‘ Brother, that the Houſe of a Woman of Fi-
 ‘ gure is to be attacked by Warrants and brutal
 ‘ Juſtices of the Peace? I will inform you how
 ‘ to proceed. As ſoon as you arrive in Town,
 ‘ and have got yourſelf into a decent Dreſs (for
 ‘ indeed, Brother, you have none at preſent fit
 ‘ to appear in) you muſt ſend your Compliments
 ‘ to Lady *Bellaſton*, and deſire Leave to wait on
 ‘ her. When you are admitted to her Preſence,
 ‘ as you certainly will be, and have told her your
 ‘ Story, and have made proper Uſe of my Name,
 ‘ (for I think you juſt know one another only
 ‘ by Sight, though you are Relations,) I am con-
 ‘ fident ſhe will withdraw her Protection from
 ‘ my Niece, who hath certainly impoſed upon
 ‘ her. This is the only Method.--- Juſtices of
 ‘ Peace

‘Peace indeed! do you imagine any such Event can arrive to a Woman of Figure in a civilized Nation?’

‘D---n their Figures,’ cries the Squire; ‘a pretty civilized Nation truly, where Women are above the Law. And what must I stand sending a Parcel of Compliments to a confounded Whore, that keeps away a Daughter from her own natural Father? I tell you, Sister, I am not so ignorant as you think me. ---I know you would have Women above the Law, but it is all a Lie; I heard his Lordship say at Size, that no one is above the Law. But this of yours is *Hannover Law*, I suppose.’

‘Mr. *Western*,’ said she, ‘I think you daily improve in Ignorance.----I protest you are grown an arrant Bear.’

‘No more a Bear than yourself, Sister *Western*,’ said the Squire.---‘Pox! you may talk of your Civility an you will, I am sure you never shew any to me. I am no Bear, no, nor no Dog neither, though I know Somebody, that is something that begins with a B---; but Pox! I will shew you I have a got more good Manners than some Folks.’

‘Mr. *Western*,’ answered the Lady, ‘you may say what you please, *Je vous mesprise de tout mon Cœur*. I shall not therefore be angry.--- Besides, as my Cousin with that odious *Irish* Name justly says, I have that Regard for the Honour and true Interest of my Family, and that Concern for my Niece, who is a Part of it, that I have resolved to go to Town myself upon this Occasion; for indeed, indeed, Brother, you are not a fit Minister to be employed

ployed at a polite Court.---*Greenland--Greenland* should always be the Scene of the *Tra-*
montane Negotiation.'

'I thank Heaven,' cries the Squire, 'I don't
understand you now. You are got to your
Hannoverian Linguo. However, I'll shew you
I scorn to be behind-hand in Civility with you;
and as you are not angry for what I have said,
so I am not angry for what you have said. In-
deed I have always thought it a Folly for Re-
lations to quarrel; and if they do now and then
give a hasty Word, why People should give
and take; for my Part I never bear Malice;
and I take it very kind of you to go up to *Lon-*
don; for I never was there but twice in my
Life, and then I did not stay above a Fortnight
at a Time; and to be sure I can't be expected
to know much of the Streets and the Folks in
that Time. I never denied that you know'd
all these Matters better than I. For me to
dispute that would be all as one, as for you to
dispute the Management of a Pack of Dogs,
or the finding a Hare sitting, with me.'---
'Which I promise you,' says she, 'I never will.'
'--Well, and I promise you,' returned he, 'that
I never will dispute the t'other.'

Here then a League was struck (to borrow a
Phrase from the Lady) between the contending
Parties; and now the Parson arriving, and the
Horses being ready, the Squire departed, having
promised his Sister to follow her Advice, and she
prepared to follow him the next Day.

But having communicated these Matters to the
Parson on the Road, they both agreed that the
prescribed Formalities might very well be dispensed
with;

with; and the Squire having changed his Mind, proceeded in the Manner we have already seen.

C H A P. VII.

In which various Misfortunes besel poor Jones.

A F F A I R S were in the aforesaid Situation, when Mrs. *Honour* arrived at Mrs. *Miller's*, and called *Jones* out from the Company, as we have before seen, with whom, when she found herself alone, she began as follows.

‘ O my dear Sir, how shall I get Spirits to tell you; you are undone, Sir, and my poor Lady’s undone, and I am undone.’ ‘ Hath any thing happened to *Sophia?*’ cries *Jones*, staring like a Mad-man. ‘ All that is bad,’ cries *Honour*; ‘ O I shall never get such another Lady! O that I should ever live to see this Day!’ At these Words *Jones* turned pale as Ashes, trembled and stammered; but *Honour* went on. ‘ O, Mr. *Jones*, I have lost my Lady for ever.’ ‘ How! What! for Heaven’s Sake tell me.---’ ‘ O my dear *Sophia!*’---‘ You may well call her so,’ said *Honour*; ‘ she was the dearest Lady to me.---I shall never have such another Place.’---‘ D---n your Place,’ cries *Jones*; ‘ where is?’ ‘ what! what is become of my *Sophia?*’ ‘ Ay, to be sure,’ cries she, ‘ Servants may be d---n’d. It signifies nothing what becomes of them, tho’ they are turned away, and ruined ever so much. To be sure they are not Flesh and Blood like other People. No to be sure, it signifies nothing what becomes of them.’---‘ If you have any Pity, any Compassion,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ I beg you will instantly tell me what
‘ hath

' hath happened to *Sophia*? To be sure I have
 ' more Pity for you than you have for me, an-
 ' swered *Honour*; I don't d—n you because you
 ' have lost the sweetest Lady in the World. To
 ' be sure you are worthy to be pitied, and I an
 ' worthy to be pitied too: For to be sure if ever
 ' there was a good Mistress'—' What hath hap-
 ' pened, cries *Jones*, in almost a raving Fit.----
 ' What? —What? said *Honour*; why the
 ' worst that could have happened both for you
 ' and for me.——Her Father is come to
 ' Town, and hath carried her away from us
 ' both.' Here *Jones* fell on his Knees in Thank-
 ' giving that it was no worse.—' No worse!
 ' repeated *Honour*, what could be worse for ei-
 ' ther of us? He carried her off, swearing she
 ' should marry Mr. *Bliffl*; that's for your Com-
 ' fort; and for poor me, I am turned out of
 ' Doors.' ' Indeed Mrs. *Honour*, answered *Jones*,
 ' you frightened me out of my Wits. I imagined
 ' some most dreadful sudden Accident had hap-
 ' pened to *Sophia*; something, compared to
 ' which, even the seeing her married to *Bliffl*
 ' would be a Trifle; but while there is Life,
 ' there are Hopes, my dear *Honour*. Women
 ' in this Land of Liberty cannot be married by
 ' actual brutal Force.' ' To be sure, Sir, said
 ' she, that's true. There may be some Hopes
 ' for you; but alack-a-day! what Hopes are
 ' there for poor me? And to be sure, Sir, you
 ' must be sensible I suffer all this upon your Ac-
 ' count. All the Quarrel the Squire hath to me
 ' is for taking your Part, as I have done, against
 ' Mr. *Bliffl*.' ' Indeed Mrs. *Honour*, answered
 ' he, I am sensible of my Obligations to you,
 ' and will leave nothing in my Power undone to
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‘ make you amends.’ ‘ Alas, Sir, said she, what
‘ can make a Servant amends for the Loss of one
‘ Place, but the getting another altogether as
‘ good!’— ‘ Do not despair, Mrs. Honour, said
‘ Jones, I hope to reinstate you again in the
‘ same.’ ‘ Alack-a-day, Sir, said she, how can
‘ I flatter myself with such Hopes, when I know
‘ it is a Thing impossible; for the Squire is so
‘ set against me: And yet if you should ever
‘ have my Lady, as to be sure I now hopes
‘ heartily you will; for you are a generous good-
‘ natured Gentleman, and I am sure you loves
‘ her, and to be sure she loves you as dearly as
‘ her own Soul; it is a Matter in vain to deny
‘ it; because as why, every Body that is in the
‘ least acquainted with my Lady, must see it;
‘ for, poor dear Lady, she can’t dissemble; and
‘ if two People who loves one another a’n’t
‘ happy, why who should be so? Happiness don’t
‘ always depend upon what People has; besides,
‘ my Lady has enough for both. To be sure
‘ therefore as one may say, it would be all the
‘ Pity in the World to keep two such Loviers
‘ asunder; nay, I am convinced for my Part,
‘ you will meet together at last; for if it is to be,
‘ there is no preventing it. If a Marriage is
‘ made in Heaven, all the Justices of Peace upon
‘ Earth can’t break it off. To be sure I wishes
‘ that Parson *Supple* had but a little more Spirit
‘ to tell the Squire of his Wickedness in endea-
‘ vouring to force his Daughter contrary to her
‘ Liking; but then his whole Dependance is on
‘ the Squire, and so the poor Gentleman, though
‘ he is a very religious good sort of Man, and
‘ talks of the Badness of such Doings behind the
‘ Squire’s Back, yet he dares not say his Soul is
‘ his

' his own to his Face. To be sure I never saw
 ' him make so bold as just now, I was afraid the
 ' Squire would have struck him.—I would not
 ' have your Honour be melancholy, Sir, nor
 ' despair; Things may go better, as long as you
 ' are sure of my Lady, and that I am certain
 ' you may be; for she never will be brought to
 ' consent to marry any other Man. Indeed, I am
 ' terribly afraid the Squire will do her a Mis-
 ' chief in his Passion: For he is a prodigious
 ' passionate Gentleman, and I am afraid too the
 ' poor Lady will be brought to break her Heart;
 ' for she is as tender-hearted as a Chicken; it is
 ' pity methinks, she had not a little of my
 ' Courage. If I was in Love with a young
 ' Man, and my Father offered to lock me up,
 ' I'd tear his Eyes out, but I'd come at him;
 ' but then there's a great Fortune in the Case,
 ' which it is in her Father's Power either to
 ' give her or not; that, to be sure, may make
 ' some Difference.'

Whether *Jones* gave strict Attention to all
 the foregoing Harangue, or whether it was for
 want of any Vacancy in the Discourse, I cannot
 determine; but he never once attempted to an-
 swer, nor did she once stop, till *Partridge* came
 running into the Room, and informed him that
 the great Lady was upon the Stairs.

Nothing could equal the Dilemma to which
Jones was now reduced. *Honour* knew nothing
 of any Acquaintance that subsisted between him
 and Lady *Bellafton*, and she was almost the last
 Person in the World to whom he would have
 communicated it. In this Hurry and Distress,
 he took (as is common enough) the worst Course,
 and instead of exposing her to the Lady, which

would have been of little Consequence, he chose to expose the Lady to her; he therefore resolved to hide *Honour*, whom he had but just time to convey behind the Bed, and to draw the Curtains.

The Hurry in which *Jones* had been all Day engaged on Account of his poor Landlady and her Family, the Terrors occasioned by Mrs. *Honour*, and the Confusion into which he was thrown by the sudden Arrival of *Lady Bellafton*, had altogether driven former Thoughts out of his Head; so that it never once occur'd to his Memory to act the Part of a sick Man; which indeed, neither the Gaiety of his Dress, nor the Freshness of his Countenance would have at all supported.

He received her Ladyship therefore rather agreeably to her Desires than to her Expectations, with all the good Humour he could muster in his Countenance, and without any real or affected Appearance of the least Disorder.

Lady Bellafton no sooner entered the Room, than she squatted herself down on the Bed: 'So, my dear *Jones*,' said she, you find nothing can detain me long from you. Perhaps I ought to be angry with you, that I have neither seen nor heard from you all Day; for I perceive your Distemper would have suffered you to come abroad: Nay, I suppose you have not sat in your Chamber all Day dress'd up like a fine Lady to see Company after a Lying in; but however, don't think I intend to scold you: For I never will give you an Excuse for the cold Behaviour of a Husband, by putting on the ill Humour of a Wife.

'Nay,

‘Nay, Lady *Bellaſton*,’ ſaid *Jones*, ‘I am ſure your Ladyſhip will not upbraid me with Neglect of Duty, when I only waited for Orders. Who, my dear Creature, hath Reaſon to complain? Who miſſed an Appointment laſt Night, and left an unhappy Man to expect, and wiſh, and ſigh, and languish?’

‘Do not mention it, my dear Mr. *Jones*,’ cried ſhe. ‘If you knew the Occaſion, you would pity me. In ſhort, it is impoſſible to conceive what Women of Condition are obliged to ſuffer from the Impertinence of Fools, in order to keep up the Farce of the World. I am glad, however, all your languiſhing and wiſhing have done you no harm: For you never looked better in your Life. Upon my Faith! *Jones*, you might at this Inſtant fit for the Picture of *Adonis*.’

There are certain Words of Provocation which Men of Honour hold can properly be answered only by a Blow. Among Lovers poſſibly there may be ſome Expreſſions which can be answered only by a Kiſs. Now the Compliment which Lady *Bellaſton* now made *Jones* ſeems to be of this Kind, eſpecially as it was attended with a Look in which the Lady conveyed more ſoft Ideas than it was poſſible to expreſs with her Tongue.

Jones was certainly at this Inſtant in one of the moſt diſagreeable and diſtreſs’d Situations imaginable; for to carry on the Compariſon we made uſe of before, tho’ the Provocation was given by the Lady, *Jones* could not receive Satisfaction, nor ſo much as offer to aſk it, in the Preſence of a third Perſon; Seconds in this kind of Duels not being according to the Law of Arms. As this Objection did not occur to Lady

Bellaſton, who was ignorant of any other Woman being there but herſelf, ſhe waited ſome time in great Aſtoniſhment for an Answer from *Jones*, who conſcious of the ridiculous Figure he made, ſtood at a Diſtance, and not daring to give the proper Answer, gave none at all. Nothing can be imagined more comick, nor yet more tragick than this Scene would have been, if it had laſted much longer. The Lady had already changed Colour two or three times; had got up from the Bed and ſat down again, while *Jones* was wiſhing the Ground to ſink under him, or the Houſe to fall on his Head, when an odd Accident freed him from an Embarrasment out of which neither the Eloquence of a *Cicero*, nor the Politics of a *Machiavel* could have delivered him, without utter Diſgrace.

This was no other than the Arrival of young *Nightingale* dead drunk; or rather in that State of Drunkenneſs which deprives Men of the Uſe of their Reaſon, without depriving them of the Uſe of their Limbs.

Mrs. *Miller* and her Daughters were in Bed, and *Partridge* was ſmoking his Pipe by the Kitchen Fire; ſo that he arrived at Mr. *Jones*'s Chamber Door without any Interruption. This he burſt open, and was entering without any Ceremony, when *Jones* ſtarted from his Seat, and ran to oppoſe him; which he did ſo effectually, that *Nightingale* never came far enough within the Door to ſee who was ſitting on the Bed.

Nightingale had in Reality miſtaken *Jones*'s Apartment for that in which himſelf had lodged; he therefore ſtrongly inſiſted on coming in, often ſwearing that he would not be kept from his own Bed.

Bed. *Jones*, however, prevailed over him, and delivered him into the Hands of *Partridge*, whom the Noise on the Stairs soon summoned to his Master's Assistance,

And now *Jones* was unwillingly obliged to return to his own Apartment, where at the very Instant of his Entrance he heard Lady *Bellafton* venting an Exclamation, though not a very loud one; and at the same Time, saw her flinging herself into a Chair in a vast Agitation, which in a Lady of a tender Constitution would have been an Hysteric Fit.

In reality the Lady, frightened with the Struggle between the two Men, of which she did not know what would be the Issue, as she heard *Nightingale* swear many Oaths he would come to his own Bed, attempted to retire to her known Place of Hiding, which to her great Confusion she found already occupied by another.

'Is this Usage to be borne, Mr. *Jones*?' cries the Lady, '—basest of Men?—What Wretch is this to whom you have exposed me?' 'Wretch!' cries *Honour*, bursting in a violent Rage from her Place of Concealment-----' marry come up?—Wretch forsooth!—As poor a Wretch as I am, I am honest; that is more than some Folks who are richer can say.

Jones, instead of applying himself directly to take off the Edge of Mrs. *Honour*'s Repentment, as a more experienced Gallant would have done, fell to cursing his Stars, and lamenting himself as the most unfortunate Man in the World; and presently after, addressing himself to Lady *Bellafton*, he fell to some very absurd Proteftations of Innocence. By this time the Lady having recovered the Use of her Reason, which she had



as ready as any Woman in the World, especially on such Occasions, calmly replied; ‘ Sir, you need make no Apologies, I see now who the Person is; I did not at first know Mrs. Honour; but now I do, I can suspect nothing wrong between her and you; and I am sure she is a Woman of too good Sense to put any wrong Constructions upon my Visit to you; I have been always her Friend, and it may be in my Power to be much more hereafter.’

Mrs. Honour was altogether as placable, as she was passionate. Hearing therefore Lady Bellaston assume the soft Tone, she likewise softened her’s.—— ‘ I’m sure, Madam,’ says she, ‘ I have been always ready to acknowledge your Ladyship’s Friendships to me; sure I never had so good a Friend as your Ladyship——and to be sure now I see it is your Ladyship that I spoke to, I could almost bite my Tongue off for very mad.-----I Constructions upon your Ladyship-----to be sure it doth not become a Servant as I am to think about such a great Lady---I mean I was a Servant: For indeed I am no Body’s Servant now, the more miserable Wretch is me.-----I have lost the best Mistress.’-----Here Honour thought fit to produce a Shower of Tears.--- ‘ Don’t cry, Child,’ says the good Lady, ‘ Ways perhaps may be found to make you amends. Come to me to-morrow Moning.’ She then took up her Fan which lay on the Ground, and without even looking at Jones, walked very majestically out of the Room; there being a kind of Dignity in the Impudence of Women of Quality, which their Inferiors vainly aspire to attain to in Circumstances of this Nature.

Jones

Jones followed her down Stairs, often offering her his Hand, which she absolutely refused him, and got into her Chair without taking any Notice of him as he stood bowing before her.

At his Return up Stairs, a long Dialogue pass between him and Mrs. *Honour*, while she was adjusting herself after the Discomposure she had undergone. The Subject of this was his Infidelity to her young Lady; on which she enlarged with great Bitterness; but *Jones* at last found means to reconcile her, and not only so, but to obtain a Promise of most inviolable Secrecy, and that she would the next Morning endeavour to find out *Sophia*, and bring him a further Account of the Proceedings of the Squire.

Thus ended this unfortunate Adventure to the Satisfaction only of Mrs. *Honour*; for a Secret (as some of my Readers will perhaps acknowledge from Experience) is often a very valuable Possession; and that not only to those who faithfully keep it, but sometimes to such as whisper it about till it come to the Ears of every one, except the ignorant Person, who pays for the supposed concealing of what is publickly known,

C H A P. VIII.

Short and sweet.

NOtwithstanding all the Obligations she had received from *Jones*, Mrs. *Miller* could not forbear in the Morning some gentle Remonstrances for the Hurricane which had happened the preceding Night in his Chamber. These were however so gentle and so friendly; professing, and indeed truly, to aim at nothing



more than the real Good of Mr, *Jones* himself, that he, far from being offended, thankfully received the Admonition of the good Woman, expressed much Concern for what had past, excused it as well as he could, and promised never more to bring the same Disturbances into the House.

But though Mrs. *Miller* did not refrain from a short Expostulation in private at their first meeting; yet the Occasion of his being summoned down Stairs that Morning was of a much more agreeable Kind; being indeed to perform the Office of a Father to Miss *Nancy*, and to give her in Wedlock to Mr. *Nightingale*, who was now ready drest, and full as sober as many of my Readers will think a Man ought to be who receives a Wife in so imprudent a Manner.

And here perhaps it may be proper to account for the Escape which this young Gentleman had made from his Uncle, and for his Appearance in the Condition in which we have seen him the Night before.

Now when the Uncle had arrived at his Lodgings with his Nephew, partly to indulge his own Inclinations (for he dearly loved his Bottle) and partly to disqualify his Nephew from the immediate Execution of his Purpose, he ordered Wine to be set on the Table; with which he so briskly ply'd the young Gentleman, that this latter, who, though not much used to Drinking, did not detest it so as to be guilty of Disobedience, or of Want of Complaisance by refusing, was soon completely finished.

Just as the Uncle had obtained this Victory, and was preparing a Bed for his Nephew, a Messenger arrived with a Pice of News, which so entirely disconcerted and shocked him, that

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he in a Moment lost all Consideration for his Nephew, and his whole Mind became entirely taken up with his own Concerns.

This sudden and afflicting News was no less than that his Daughter had taken the Opportunity of almost the first Moment of his Absence, and had gone off with a neighbouring young Clergyman; against whom, tho' her Father could have had but one Objection, namely, that he was worth nothing, yet she had never thought proper to communicate her Amour even to that Father; and so artfully had she managed, that it had never been once suspected by any, till now that it was consummated.

Old Mr. *Nightingale* no sooner received this Account, than in the utmost Confusion he ordered a Post-Chaise to be instantly got ready, and having recommended his Nephew to the Care of a Servant, he directly left the House, scarce knowing what he did, nor whither he went.

The Uncle thus departed, when the Servant came to attend the Nephew to Bed, had waked him for that Purpose, and had at last made him sensible that his Uncle was gone, he, instead of accepting the kind Offices tendered him, insisted on a Chair being called; with this the Servant, who had received no strict Orders to the contrary, readily complied; and thus being conducted back to the House of Mrs. *Miller*, he had staggered up to Mr. *Jones's* Chamber, as hath been before recounted.

This Bar of the Uncle being now removed (though young *Nightingale* knew not as yet in what Manner) and all Parties being quickly ready, the Mother, Mr. *Jones*, Mr. *Nightingale*, and



his Love stept into a Hackney-Coach, which conveyed him to Doctor's Commons; where Miss *Nancy* was, in vulgar Language, soon made an honest Woman, and the poor Mother became in the purest Sense of the Word, one of the happiest of all human Beings.

And now Mr. *Jones* having seen his good Offices to that poor Woman and her Family brought to a happy Conclusion, began to apply himself to his own Concerns; but here lest many of my Readers should censure his Folly for thus troubling himself with the Affairs of others, and lest some few should think he acted more disinterestedly than indeed he did, we think proper to assure our Reader, that he was so far from being unconcerned in this Matter, that he had indeed a very considerable Interest in bringing it to that final Consummation.

To explain this seeming Paradox at once, he was one who could truly say with him in *Terence*, *Homo sum: Humani nihil a me alienum puto*. He was never an indifferent Spectator of the Misery or Happiness of any one; and he felt either the one or the other in great Proportion as he himself contributed to either. He could not therefore be the Instrument of raising a whole Family from the lowest State of Wretchedness to the highest Pitch of Joy without conveying great Felicity to himself; more perhaps than worldly Men often purchase to themselves by undergoing the most severe Labour, and often by wading through the deepest Iniquity.

Those Readers who are of the same Complexion with him, will perhaps think this short Chapter contains abundance of Matter; while others may probably wish, short as it is, that it had

had been totally spared as impertinent to the main Design, which I suppose they conclude is to bring Mr. Jones to the Gallows, or if possible, to a more deplorable Catastrophe.

C H A P. IX.

Containing Love-Letters of several Sorts.

MR. Jones, at his Return Home, found the following Letters lying on his Table, which he luckily opened in the Order they were sent.

L E T T E R I.

‘ Surely I am under some strange Infatuation ;
‘ I cannot keep my Resolutions a Moment, how-
‘ ever strongly made or justly founded. Last
‘ Night I resolv’d never to see you more ; this
‘ Morning I am willing to hear if you can, as
‘ you say, clear up this Affair. And yet I know
‘ that to be impossible. I have said every Thing
‘ to myself which you can invent.—Perhaps
‘ not. Perhaps your Invention is stronger.
‘ Come to me therefore the Moment you receive
‘ this. If you can forge an Excuse I almost pro-
‘ mise you to believe it. Betrayed to---I will
‘ think no more.—Come to me directly.—This
‘ is the third Letter I have writ, the two former
‘ are burnt---I am almost inclin’d to burn this
‘ too—I wish I may preserve my Senses.—Come
‘ to me presently.’

L. E. T.

LETTER II.

‘ If you ever expect to be forgiven, or even
 ‘ suffered within my Doors, come to me this In-
 ‘ stant.’

LETTER III.

‘ I now find you was not at Home when my
 ‘ Notes came to your Lodgings. The Moment
 ‘ you receive this let me see you;—I shall not
 ‘ stir out; nor shall any Body be let in but your-
 ‘ self. Sure nothing can detain you long.’

Jones had just read over these three Billets,
 when *Mr. Nightingale* came into the Room.
 ‘ Well *Tom,*’ said he, ‘ any News from Lady
 ‘ *Bellaſton*, after laſt Night’s Adventure?’ (for
 it was now no Secret to any one in that Houſe
 who the Lady was.) ‘ The Lady *Bellaſton*?’
 answered *Jones* very gravely.---‘ Nay, dear *Tom,*’
 cries *Nightingale*, ‘ don’t be ſo reſerved to your
 ‘ Friends. Though I was too drunk to ſee her
 ‘ laſt Night; I ſaw her at the Maſquerade. Do
 ‘ you think I am ignorant who the Queen of
 ‘ the Fairies is?’ ‘ And did you really then
 ‘ know the Lady at the Maſquerade?’ ſaid *Jones*.
 ‘ Yes, upon my Soul, did I,’ ſaid *Nightingale*,
 ‘ and have given you twenty Hints of it ſince,
 ‘ though you ſeemed always ſo tender on that
 ‘ Point, that I would not ſpeak plainly. I fan-
 ‘ cy, my Friend, by your extreme Nicety in
 ‘ this Matter, you are not ſo well acquainted
 ‘ with the Character of the Lady, as with her
 ‘ Perſon. Don’t be angry, *Tom*, but, upon
 ‘ my

‘ my Honour, you are not the first young Fellow she hath debauched. Her Reputation is in no Danger, believe me.’

Though *Jones* had no Reason to imagine the Lady to have been of the vestal Kind when his Amour began; yet as he was thoroughly ignorant of the Town, and had very little Acquaintance in it, he had no Knowledge of that Character which is vulgarly called a Demirep; that is to say, a Woman who intrigues with every Man she likes, under the Name and Appearance of Virtue; and who, though some over-nice Ladies will not be seen with her, is visited (as they term it) by the whole Town; in short, whom every knows to be what no Body calls her.

When he found, therefore, that *Nightingale* was perfectly acquainted with his Intrigue, and began to suspect, that so scrupulous a Delicacy as he had hitherto observed, was not quite necessary on the Occasion, he gave a Latitude to his Friend’s Tongue, and desired him to speak plainly what he knew, or had ever heard of the Lady.

Nightingale, who in many other Instances, was rather too effeminate in his Disposition, had a pretty strong Inclination to Tittle-Tattle. He had no sooner, therefore, received a full Liberty of speaking from *Jones*, than he entered upon a long Narrative concerning the Lady; which as it contained many Particulars highly to her Dishonour, we have too great a Tenderness for all Women of Condition to repeat. We would cautiously avoid giving an Opportunity to the future Commentators on our Works, of making any malicious Application; and of forcing us to be,
against

against our Will, the Author of Scandal, which never entered into our Head.

Jones having very attentively heard all that *Nightingale* had to say, fetched a deep Sigh, which the other observing, cried, 'Heyday! Why thou art not in Love, I hope! Had I imagined my Stories would have affected you, I promise you should never have heard them.' 'O my dear Friend,' cries *Jones*, 'I am so entangled with this Woman, that I know not how to extricate myself.' 'In Love indeed?' 'No, my Friend, but I am under Obligations to her, and very great ones. Since you know so much, I will be very explicit with you. It is owing perhaps solely to her, that I have not before this, wanted a Bit of Bread. How can I possibly desert such a Woman? and yet I must desert her, or be guilty of the blackest Treachery to one, who deserves infinitely better of me than she can: A Woman, my *Nightingale*, for whom I have a Passion which few can have an Idea of. I am half distracted with Doubts how to act.' 'And is this other, pray, an honourable Mistress?' cries *Nightingale*. 'Honourable?' answered *Jones*; 'No Breath ever yet durst fully her Reputation. The sweetest Air is not purer, the limpid Stream not clearer than her Honour. She is all over, both in Mind and Body, consummate Perfection. She is the most beautiful Creature in the Universe; and yet she is Mistress of such noble, elevated Qualities, that though she is never from my Thoughts, I scarce ever think of her Beauty; but when I see it.'—'And can you, my good Friend,' cries *Nightingale*, 'with such an Engagement as this upon your
' Hands,

' Hands, hesitate a Moment about quitting such
 ' a——' ' Hold,' said *Jones*, ' no more Abuse
 ' of her; I detest the Thought of Ingratitude.'
 ' Pooh!' answered the other, ' you are not the
 ' first upon whom she hath conferred Obligations
 ' of this Kind. She is remarkably liberal where
 ' she likes; though, let me tell you, her Fa-
 ' vours are so prudently bestowed, that they
 ' should rather raise a Man's Vanity, than his
 ' Gratitude.' In short, *Nightingale* proceeded
 so far on this Head, and told his Friend so many
 Stories of the Lady, which he swore to the Truth
 of, that he entirely removed all Esteem for her
 from the Breast of *Jones*; and his Gratitude was
 lessened in Proportion. Indeed he began to look
 on all the Favours he had received, rather as
 Wages than Benefits, which depreciated not only
 her, but himself too in his own Conceit, and put
 him quite out of Humour with both. From this
 Disgust, his Mind, by a natural Transition turn-
 ed towards *Sophia*: Her Virtue, her Purity, her
 Love to him, her Sufferings on his Account,
 filled all his Thoughts, and made his Commerce
 with Lady *Bellafton* appear still more odious.
 The Result of all was, that though his turning
 himself out of her *Service*, in which Light he
 now saw his Affair with her, would be the Loss
 of his Bread; yet he determined to quit her, if
 he could but find a handsome Pretence; which
 being communicated to his Friend, *Nightingale*
 considered a little, and then said, ' I have it,
 ' my Boy! I have found out a sure Method:
 ' Propose Marriage to her, and I would venture
 ' hanging upon the Success.' ' Marriage!'
 cries *Jones*. ' Ay, propose Marriage,' answer-
 ed *Nightingale*, ' and she will declare off in a
 ' Moment.

‘ Moment. I knew a young Fellow whom she
 ‘ kept formerly, who made the Offer to her in
 ‘ earnest, and was presently turned off for his
 ‘ Pains.’

Jones declared he could not venture the Experiment. ‘ Perhaps,’ said he, ‘ she may be
 ‘ less shocked at this Proposal from one Man
 ‘ than from another. And if she should take me
 ‘ at my Word, where am I then? Caught in
 ‘ my own Trap, and undone for ever.’ ‘ No;’
 answered *Nightingale*, ‘ not if I can give you an
 ‘ Expedient, by which you may, at any Time,
 ‘ get out of the Trap.’ — ‘ What Expedient
 ‘ can that be?’ replied *Jones*. ‘ This,’ answered
Nightingale. ‘ The young Fellow I mentioned,
 ‘ who is one of the most intimate Acquaintances
 ‘ I have in the World, is so angry with her for
 ‘ some ill Offices she hath since done him, that
 ‘ I am sure he would, without any Difficulty,
 ‘ give you a Sight of her Letters; upon which
 ‘ you may decently break with her; and declare
 ‘ off before the Knot is ty’d, if she should
 ‘ really be willing to tie it, which I am convinced
 ‘ she will not.’

After some Hesitation, *Jones*, upon the Strength of this Assurance, consented; but as he swore he wanted the Confidence to propose the Matter to her Face, he wrote the following Letter, which *Nightingale* dictated.

‘ *Madam,*

‘ I am extremely concerned, that, by an unfortunate
 ‘ Engagement abroad, I should have missed receiving
 ‘ the Honour of your Ladyships Commands the Moment
 ‘ they came; and the Delay which I must now suffer of
 ‘ vindicating

' ing myself to your Ladyship, greatly adds to
 ' this Misfortune. O Lady *Bellaſton*, what a
 ' Terror have I been in, for Fear your Reputa-
 ' tion ſhould be expoſed by theſe perverſe Acci-
 ' dents. There is one only Way to ſecure it. I
 ' need not name what that is. Only permit me
 ' to ſay, that as your Honour is as dear to me as
 ' my own; ſo my ſole Ambition is to have the
 ' Glory of laying my Liberty at your Feet; and
 ' believe me when I aſſure you, I can never be
 ' made completely happy, without you generouſly
 ' beſtow on me a legal Right of calling you mine
 ' for ever. I am,

' *Madam,*

' *With moſt profound Reſpect,*

' *Your Ladyſhip's moſt Obliged,*

' *Obedient humble Servant,*

' Thomas Jones.'

To this ſhe preſently returned the following
 Answer.

' Sir,

' When I read over your ſerious Epistle, I
 ' could from its Coldneſs and Formality, have
 ' ſworn that you already had the legal Right you
 ' mention; nay, that we had, for many Years,
 ' compoſed that monſtrous Animal a Husband and
 ' Wife. Do you really then imagine me a Fool?
 ' Or do you fancy yourſelf capable of ſo entirely
 ' perſuading me out of my Senſes, that I ſhould
 ' deliver my whole Fortune into your Power, in
 ' order to enable you to ſupport your Pleaſures at
 ' my

‘ my Expence. Are these the Proofs of Love
 ‘ which I expected? Is this the Return for——
 ‘ but I scorn to upbraid you, and am in great
 ‘ Admiration of your profound Respect.

‘ P. S. I am prevented from Revising :—Per-
 ‘ haps I have said more than I meant.——
 ‘ Come to me at Eight this Evening.’

Jones, by the Advice of his Privy-council, re-
 plied.

‘ Madam,
 ‘ It is impossible to express how much I am
 ‘ shocked at the Suspicion you entertain of me.
 ‘ Can Lady *Bellafton* have conferred Favours on
 ‘ a Man whom she could believe capable of so
 ‘ base a Design? Or can she treat the most so-
 ‘ lemn Tie of Love with Contempt? Can you
 ‘ imagine, Madam, that if the Violence of my
 ‘ Passion, in an unguarded Moment, overcame
 ‘ the Tendernefs which I have for your Honour,
 ‘ I would think of indulging myself in the Con-
 ‘ tinuance of an Intercourse which could not pos-
 ‘ sibly escape long the Notice of the World;
 ‘ and which when discovered, must prove so
 ‘ fatal to your Reputation? If such be your Opi-
 ‘ nion of me, I must pray for a sudden Opportu-
 ‘ nity of returning those pecuniary Obligations,
 ‘ which I have been so unfortunate to receive at
 ‘ your Hands; and for those of a more tender
 ‘ Kind, I shall ever remain, &c.’ And so con-
 ‘ cluded in the very Words with which he had con-
 ‘ cluded the former Letter.

The

The Lady answered as follows :

‘ I see you are a Villain ; and I despise you
 ‘ from my Soul. If you come here I shall not
 ‘ be at Home.’

Though *Jones* was well satisfied with his Deliverance from a Thralldom which those who have ever experienced it, will, I apprehend, allow to be none of the lightest, he was not, however, perfectly easy in his Mind. There was, in this Scheme, too much of Fallacy to satisfy one who utterly detested every Species of Falshood or Dishonesty : nor would he, indeed, have submitted to put it in Practice, had he not been involved in a distressful Situation, where he was obliged to be guilty of some Dishonour, either to the one Lady or the other ; and surely the Reader will allow, that every good Principle, as well as Love, pleaded strongly in Favour of *Sophia*.

Nightingale, highly exulted in the Success of his Stratagem, upon which he received many Thanks, and much Applause from his Friend. He answered, ‘ Dear *Tom*, we have conferred
 ‘ very different Obligations on each other. To
 ‘ me you owe the regaining your Liberty ; to
 ‘ you I owe the Loss of mine. But if you are
 ‘ as happy in the one Instance as I am in the other,
 ‘ I promise you, we are the two happiest Fellows
 ‘ in *England*.

The two Gentlemen were now summoned down to Dinner, where Mrs. *Miller*, who performed herself the Office of Cook, had exerted her best Talents, to celebrate the Wedding of her Daughter. This joyful Circumstance she ascribed

princi-

principally to the friendly Behaviour of *Jones*, her whole Soul was fired with Gratitude towards him, and all her Looks, Words, and Actions were so busted in expressing it, that her Daughter, and even her new Son-in-law, were very little the Objects of her Consideration.

Dinner was just ended when *Mrs. Miller* received a Letter; but as we have had Letters enough in this Chapter, we shall communicate the Contents in our next.

C H A P. X.

Consisting partly of Facts, and partly of Observations upon them.

THE Letter then which arrived at the End of the preceding Chapter was from *Mr. Allworthy*, and the Purport of it was his Intention to come immediately to Town, with his Nephew *Blifil*, and a Desire to be accommodated with his usual Lodgings, which were the first Floor for himself, and the second for his Nephew.

The Chearfulness which had before displayed itself in the Countenance of the poor Woman, was a little clouded on this Occasion. This News did indeed a good deal disconcert her. To requite so disinterested a Match with her Daughter, by presently turning her new Son-in-law out of Doors, appeared to her very unjustifiable on the one Hand; and on the other, she could scarce bear the Thoughts of making any Excuse to *Mr. Allworthy*, after all the Obligations received from him, for depriving him of Lodgings which were indeed strictly his Due: For that Gentleman, in conferring all his numberless Benefits on others, acted

acted by a Rule diametrically opposite to what is practised by most generous People. He contrived, on all Occasions, to hide his Beneficence not only from the World, but even from the Object of it. He constantly used the Words *Lend* and *Pay*, instead of *Give*; and by every other Method he could invent, always lessened with his Tongue the Favours he conferred while he was heaping them with both his Hands. When he settled the Annuity of 50 *l.* a Year, therefore, on Mrs. *Miller*, he told her, 'it was in Consideration of ' always having her First-Floor when he was in ' Town,' (which he scarce ever intended to be) ' but that she might let it at any other Time, for ' that he would always send her a Month's Warn- ' ing.' He was now, however, hurried to Town so suddenly that he had no Opportunity of giving such Notice; and this Hurry probably prevented him, when he wrote for his Lodgings, adding, *if they were then empty*: For he would most certainly have been well satisfied to have relinquished them on a less sufficient Excuse, than what Mrs. *Miller* could now have made.

But there are a Sort of Persons, who, as *Prior* excellently well remarks, direct their Conduct by something

*Beyond the fix'd and settled Rules
Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools,
Beyond the Letter of the Law.* }

To these it is so far from being sufficient that their Defence would acquit them at the *Old-Bailey*, that they are not even contented, though Conscience, the severest of all Judges, should discharge them. Nothing short of the Fair and Honourable

Honourable will satisfy the Delicacy of their Minds; and if any of their Actions fall short of this Mark, they mope and pine, are as uneasy and restless as a Murderer, who is afraid of a Ghost, or of the Hangman.

Mrs. *Miller* was one of these. She could not conceal her Uneasiness at this Letter; with the Contents of which she had no sooner acquainted the Company, and given some Hints of her Distress, than *Jones*, her good Angel, presently relieved her Anxiety. 'As for myself, Madam,' said he, 'my Lodging is at your Service at a Moment's Warning: And Mr. *Nightingale*, I am sure, as he cannot yet prepare a House fit to receive his Lady, will consent to return to his new Lodging, whither Mrs. *Nightingale* will certainly consent to go.' With which Proposal both Husband and Wife instantly agreed.

The Reader will easily believe, that the Cheeks of Mrs. *Miller* began again to glow with additional Gratitude to *Jones*; but, perhaps, it may be more difficult to persuade him, that Mr. *Jones* having, in his last Speech, called her Daughter Mrs. *Nightingale*, (it being the first Time that agreeable Sound had ever reached her Ears) gave the fond Mother more Satisfaction, and warmed her Heart more towards *Jones*, than his having dissipated her present Anxiety.

The next Day was then appointed for the Removal of the new-married Couple, and of Mr. *Jones*, who was likewise to be provided for in the same House with his Friend. And now the Serenity of the Company was again restored, and they past the Day in the utmost Chearfulness, all except *Jones*, who, though he outwardly accompanied the rest in their Mirth, felt many a bitter
Pang

Pang on the Account of his *Sophia*; which were not a little heightened by the News of Mr. *Bliss*'s coming to Town, (for he clearly saw the Intention of his Journey :) And what greatly aggravated his Concern was, that Mrs. *Honour*, who had promised to enquire after *Sophia*, and to make her Report to him early the next Evening, had disappointed him.

In the Situation that he and his Mistress were in at this Time, there were scarce any Grounds for him to hope, that he should hear any good News; yet he was as impatient to see Mrs. *Honour*, as if he had expected she would bring him a Letter with an Assignation in it from *Sophia*, and bore the Disappointment as ill. Whether this Impatience arose from that natural Weakness of the human Mind, which makes it desirous to know the worst, and renders Uncertainty the most intolerable of Pains; or whether he still flattered himself with some secret Hopes, we will not determine. But that it might be the last, whoever has loved cannot but know. For of all the Powers exercised by this Passion over our Minds, one of the most wonderful is that of supporting Hope in the midst of Despair. Difficulties, Improbabilities, nay Impossibilities are quite overlooked by it; so that to any Man extremely in Love, may be applied what *Addison* says of *Cæsar*,

The Alps, and Pyrenæans, sink before him!

Yet it is equally true, that the same Passion will sometimes make Mountains of Molehills, and produce Despair in the midst of Hope; but these cold Fits last not long in good Constitutions. Which Temper *Jones* was now in, we leave the

Reader to guess, having no exact Information about it; but this is certain, that he had spent two Hours in Expectation, when being unable any longer to conceal his Uneasiness, he retired to his Room; where his Anxiety had almost made him frantick, when the following Letter was brought him from Mrs. Honour, with which we shall present the Reader *verbatim & literatim*.

S I R,

I shud fartenly haf kalel on you a cordin too mi Prommiss haddunt itt bin that hur Lashipp prevent mee; for too bee sur, Sir, you nose very well that evere Persun must luk furst at ome, and fartenly such anuther offer mite not ave ever hapned, so as I shud ave bin justly to blam, had I not excepted of it when her Laship was so veri kind as to offer to mak mee hur one Uman without mi ever askin any such thing, to bee sur shee is won of thee best Ladis in thee Wurld, and Pepil who safe to the Kontrari must bee veri wicket Pepil in thare Harts. To be sur if ever I ave sad any thing of that Kine it as bin thru Ighorens and I am hartili forri for it. I nose your Onur to be a Genteelman of more Onur and Onetty, if I ever said ani such thing, to repete it to hurt a pore Servant that as alwais ad thee grateft Respect in thee World for ure Onur. To bee sur won shud kepe wons Tung within one's Teeth, for no Boddi nose what may hapen; and too bee sur if ani Boddi ad tolde mee Yesterday, that I shud haf bin in so gud a Plase to Day, I shud not haf beleved it; for too bee sur I never was a dremd of any such Thing, nor shud I ever have soft after ani other Bodi's Plase; but as her Lashipp wafs so

kine

' kine of her one a cord too give it mee without
 ' askin, to be sure Mrs. *Etoff* herself, nor no
 ' other Boddi can blam mee for exceptin such a
 ' Thing when it fals in mi Waye. I begg ure
 ' Onur not too menshion ani thing of what I haf
 ' sad, for I wish ure Onur all thee gud Luk in
 ' thee Wurld; and I don't cuesday butt thatt u
 ' wil haf Madam *Sofia* in the End; butt as to
 ' miself ure Onur nose I kant bec of ani farder
 ' Sarvis to u in that Matar, nou bein under thee
 ' Cumand oft anuthar Parion, and nott mi one
 ' Mistres. I begg ure Onur to say nothing of
 ' what past, and belive me to be, Sir,

' Ure Onur's umble Sarvant

' To Cumand till Deth,

' Honour *Blackmore*.'

Various were the Conjectures when *Jones* en-
 tertained on this Step of Lady *Bellaston*; who in
 reality had little farther Design than to secure
 within her own House the Repository of a Secret,
 which she chose should make no farther Progress
 than it had made already; but mostly she desired
 to keep it from the Ears of *Sophia*; for though
 that young Lady was almost the only one who
 would never have repeated it again, her Ladyship
 could not persuade herself of this; since as she
 now hated poor *Sophia* with most implacable Ha-
 tred, she conceived a reciprocal Hatred to herself
 to be lodged in the tender Breast of our Heroine,
 where no such Passion had ever yet found an En-
 trance.

While *Jones* was terrifying himself with the Apprehension of a thousand dreadful Machinations, and deep political Designs, which he imagined to be at the Bottom of the Promotion of Honour, Fortune, who hitherto seems to have been an utter Enemy to his Match with *Sophia*, tried a new Method to put a final End to it, by throwing a Temptation in his Way, which in his present desperate Situation it seemed unlikely he should be able to resist.

C H A P. XI.

Containing curious, but not unprecedented Matter.

THERE was a Lady, one Mrs. *Hunt*, who had often seen *Jones* at the House where he lodged, being intimately acquainted with the Women there, and indeed a very great Friend to Mrs. *Miller*. Her Age was about Thirty; for she owned Six and Twenty; her Face and Person very good, only inclining a little too much to be fat. She had been married young by her Relations to an old *Turkey* Merchant, who having got a great Fortune, had left off Trade. With him she lived without Reproach, but not without Pain, in a State of great Self-denial, for about twelve Years; and her Virtue was rewarded by his dying, and leaving her very rich. The first Year of her Widowhood was just at an End, and she had past it in a good deal of Retirement, seeing only a few particular Friends, and dividing her Time between her Devotions and Novels, of which she was always extremely fond. Very good Health, a very warm Constitution, and a good deal of Religion,

Religion, made it absolutely necessary for her to marry again; and she resolved to please herself in her second Husband, as she had done her Friends in the first. From her the following Billet was brought to *Jones*.

‘ Sir,

‘ From the first Day I saw you I doubt my
 ‘ Eyes have told you too plainly, that you were
 ‘ not indifferent to me; but neither my Tongue
 ‘ nor my Hand should have ever avowed it, had
 ‘ not the Ladies of the Family where you are
 ‘ lodged given me such a Character of you, and
 ‘ told me such Proofs of your Virtue and Good-
 ‘ ness, as convince me you are not only the most
 ‘ agreeable, but the most worthy of Men. I
 ‘ have also the Satisfaction to hear from them,
 ‘ that neither my Person, Understanding, or
 ‘ Character are disagreeable to you. I have a
 ‘ Fortune sufficient to make us both happy, but
 ‘ which cannot make me so without you. In
 ‘ thus disposing of myself I know I shall incur
 ‘ the Censure of the World; but if I did not
 ‘ love you more than I fear the World, I should
 ‘ not be worthy of you. One only Difficulty
 ‘ stops me: I am informed you are engaged
 ‘ in a Commerce of Gallantry with a Wo-
 ‘ man of Fashion. If you think it worth while
 ‘ to sacrifice that to the Possession of me, I
 ‘ am yours; if not, forget my Weakness, and
 ‘ let this remain an eternal Secret between you
 ‘ and

‘ *Arabella Hunt.*’

At the reading of this *Jones* was put into a violent Flutter. His Fortune was then at a very low Ebb, the Source being stop'd from which hitherto he had been supplied. Of all he had received from *Lady Bellaſton* not above five Guineas remained, and that very Morning he had been dunned by a Tradesman for twice that Sum. His honourable Miſtreſs was in the Hands of her Father, and he had ſcarce any Hopes ever to get her out of them again. To be ſubſiſted at her Expence from that little Fortune ſhe had independent of her Father, went much againſt the Delicacy both of his Pride and his Love. This Lady's Fortune would have been exceeding convenient to him, and he could have no Objection to her in any Reſpect. On the contrary, he liked her as well as he did any Woman except *Sophia*. But to abandon *Sophia*, and marry another, that was impoſſible; he could not think of it upon any Account. Yet why ſhould he not, ſince it was plain ſhe could not be his? Would it not be kinder to her, than to continue her longer engaged in a hopeleſs Paſſion for him? Ought he not to do ſo in Friendſhip to her? This Notion prevailed ſome Moments, and he had almoſt determined to be falſe to her from a high Point of Honour; but that Refinement was not able to ſtand very long againſt the Voice of Nature, which cried in his Heart, that ſuch Friendſhip was Treason to Love. At laſt he called for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and writ as follows to Mrs. *Hunt*.

Madam,

It would be but a poor Return to the Favour
you have done me, to ſacrifice any Gallantry

to

' to the Possession of you, and I would certainly
 ' do it, though I were not disengaged, as at pre-
 ' sent I am, from any Affair of that Kind. But
 ' I should not be the honest Man you think me,
 ' if I did not tell you, that my Affections are en-
 ' gaged to another, who is a Woman of Virtue,
 ' and one that I never can leave, though it is
 ' probable I shall never possess her. God forbid
 ' that in Return of your Kindness to me, I
 ' should do you such an Injury, as to give you
 ' my Hand, when I cannot give my Heart. No,
 ' I had much rather starve than be guilty of that.
 ' Even though my Mistress were married to ano-
 ' ther, I would not marry you unless my Heart
 ' had entirely effaced all Impressions of her. Be
 ' assured that your Secret was not more safe in
 ' your own Breast, than in that of

' Your most Obliged, and

' Grateful Humble Servant,

' T. Jones.'

When our Heroe had finished and sent this
 Letter, he went to his Scrutore, took out Miss
Western's Muff, kiss'd it several Times, and
 then strutted some Turns about his Room, with
 more Satisfaction of Mind than ever any *Irishman*
 felt in carrying off a Fortune of fifty thousand
 Pounds.

CHAPTER XII.

A Discovery made by Partridge.

WHILE *Jones* was exulting in the Consciencefulness of his Integrity, *Partridge* came capering into the Room, as was his Custom when he brought, or fancied he brought, any good Tidings. He had been dispatched that Morning, by his Master, with Orders to endeavour, by the Servants of *Lady Bellafton*, or by any other Means, to discover whether *Sophia* had been conveyed; and he now returned, and with a joyful Countenance told our Heroe, that he had found the lost Bird. ‘I have seen, Sir,’ says he, ‘black *George*, the Gamekeeper, who is one of the Servants whom the Squire hath brought with him to Town. I knew him presently, though I have not seen him these several Years; but you know, Sir, he is a very remarkable Man, or to use a purer Phrase, he hath a most remarkable Beard, the largest and blackest I ever saw. It was some Time however before black *George* could recollect me.’—‘Well, but what is your good News?’ cries *Jones*, ‘What do you know of my *Sophia*?’—‘You shall know presently, Sir,’ answered *Partridge*, ‘I am coming to it as fast as I can.—You are so impatient, Sir, you would come at the Infinitive Mood, before you can get to the Imperative. As I was saying, Sir, it was some Time before he recollected my Face.—‘Confound your Face,’ cries *Jones*, ‘what of my *Sophia*?’—‘Nay, Sir,’ answered *Partridge*, ‘I know nothing more of *Madam Sophia*, than what I am going

' going to tell you ; and I should have told you
 ' all before this if you had not interrupted me ;
 ' but if you look so angry at me, you will fright-
 ' en all of it out of my Head, or to use a purer
 ' Phrase, out of my Memory. I never saw you
 ' look so angry since the Day we left *Upton*,
 ' which I shall remember if I was to live a thou-
 ' sand Years.'—' Well, pray go on in your own
 ' Way,' said *Jones*, ' you are resolved to make
 ' me mad I find.' ' Not for the World,' an-
 ' swered *Partridge*, ' I have suffered enough for
 ' that already ; which, as I said, I shall bear in
 ' my Remembrance the longest Day I have to
 ' live.—' Well, but black *George*?' cries *Jones*,
 '—' Well, Sir, as I was saying, it was a long
 ' Time before he could recollect me ; for indeed
 ' I am very much altered since I saw him. *Non*
 ' *sum qualis eram*. I have had Troubles in the
 ' World, and nothing alters a Man so much as
 ' Grief. I have heard it will change the Colour
 ' of a Man's Hair in a Night. However, at last,
 ' know me he did, that's sure enough ; for we are
 ' both of an Age, and were at the same Charity
 ' School. *George* was a great Dunce, but no
 ' Matter for that ; all Men do not thrive in the
 ' World according to their Learning. I am sure
 ' I have Reason to say so ; but it will be all one a
 ' thousand Years hence. Well, Sir,---where was
 ' I?---O---well, we no sooner knew each other,
 ' than after many hearty Shakes by the Hand, we
 ' agreed to go to an Alehouse and take a Pot, and
 ' by good luck the Beer was some of the best I
 ' have met with since I have been in Town.---
 ' Now, Sir, I am coming to the Point ; for no
 ' sooner did I name you, and told him, that you
 ' and I came to Town together, and had lived

together ever since, than he called for another Pot, and swore he would drink to your Health; and indeed he drank your Health so heartily, that I was overjoyed to see there was so much Gratitude left in the World: And after we had emptied that Pot, I said I would be my Pot too, and so we drank another to your Health; and then I made haste Home to tell you the News.

‘What News?’ cries *Jones*, ‘you have not mentioned a Word of my *Sophia*!’ — ‘Bless me! I had like to have forgot that. Indeed we mentioned a great deal about young *Madam Western*, and *George* told me all; that *Mr. Bliss* is coming to Town in order to be married to her. He had best make Haste then, says I, or some Body will have her before he comes; and indeed, says I, *Mr. Seagrim*, it is a thousand Pities some Body should not have her; for he certainly loves her above all the Women in the World. I would have both you and she know that it is not for her Fortune he follows her; for I can assure you as to Matter of that, there is another Lady, one of much greater Quality and Fortune than she can pretend to, who is so fond of some Body, that she comes after him Day and Night.’

Here *Jones* fell into a Passion with *Partridge*, for having, as he said, betrayed him; but the poor Fellow answered, he had mentioned no Name: ‘Besides, Sir,’ said he, ‘I can assure you, *George* is sincerely your Friend, and wished *Mr. Bliss* at the Devil more than once; nay, he said he would do any Thing in his Power upon Earth to serve you; and so I am convinced he will.---Betray you indeed! why I
question

‘question whether you have a better Friend than
‘George upon Earth, except myself, or one that
‘would go farther to serve you.’

‘Well,’ says *Jones*, a little pacified, ‘you say
‘this Fellow, who I believe indeed is enough in-
‘clined to be my Friend, lives in the same House
‘with *Sophia*?’

‘In the same House!’ answered *Partridge*;
‘why, Sir, he is one of the Servants of the Fa-
‘mily, and very well drest I promise you he is;
‘if it was not for his black Beard, you would
‘hardly know him.’

‘One Service then at least he may do me,’
says *Jones*; ‘sure he can certainly convey a Let-
‘ter to my *Sophia*.’

‘You have hit the Nail *ad unguem*,’ cries *Par-
tridge*; ‘How came I not to think of it? I will
‘engage he shall do it upon the very first men-
‘tioning.’

‘Well then,’ said *Jones*, ‘do you leave me
‘at present, and I will write a Letter which you
‘shall deliver to him To-morrow Morning; for
‘I suppose you know where to find him.’

‘O yes, Sir,’ answered *Partridge*, ‘I shall
‘certainly find him again; there is no Fear of
‘that. The Liquor is too good for him to stay
‘away long. I make no Doubt but he will be
‘there every Day he stays in Town.’

‘So you don’t know the Street then where
‘my *Sophia* is lodged?’ cries *Jones*.

‘Indeed, Sir, I do,’ says *Partridge*.

‘What is the Name of the Street?’ cries
Jones.

‘The Name, Sir, why here, Sir, just by,’
answered *Partridge*, ‘not above a Street or two
‘off. I don’t indeed know the very Name; for

‘ as he never told me, if I had asked, you know
 ‘ it might have put some Suspicion into his Head.
 ‘ No, no, Sir, let me alone for that. I am too
 ‘ cunning for that, I promise you.’

‘ Thou art most wonderfully cunning indeed,’
 replied *Jones*; ‘ however I will write to my
 ‘ Charmer, since I believe you will be cunning
 ‘ enough to find him To-morrow at the Ale-
 ‘ house.’

And now having dismissed the sagacious *Partridge*, Mr. *Jones* sat himself down to write, in which Employment we shall leave him for a Time. And here we put an End to the fifteenth Book.

BOOK XVII

Containing the Space of Five Days

CHAPTER I

THE

I Have heard of a Dramatic Writer who used
 to say he would rather write a Play than a
 Prologue; in like manner I think I can
 wish for his Play were printed the Book of this
 History than the Prologue Chapter to each of
 To say the Truth I believe many a heavy
 Critic hath reproved in the Head of that
 Author who first introduced the Method of pre-
 fixing to his Play the Prologue of Matters which