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

In Four Volumes

**Fielding, Henry**

**London, 1750**

Book XI. Containing about three Days.

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THE  
 HISTORY  
 OF A  
 FOUNDLING.

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## BOOK XI.

*Containing about three Days.*

## CHAPTER I.

*A Crust for the Critics.*

**I**N our last initial Chapter, we may be supposed to have treated that formidable Set of Men, who are called Critics, with more Freedom than becomes us; since they exact, and indeed generally receive, great Condescension from Authors. We shall in this, therefore, give the Reasons of our Conduct to this august Body; and here we shall perhaps place them in a Light, in which they have not hitherto been seen.

This Word Critic is of *Greek* Derivation, and signifies Judgment. Hence I presume some Persons who have not understood the Original, and

have seen the *English* Translation of the Primitive, have concluded that it meant Judgment in the legal Sense, in which it is frequently used as equivalent to Condemnation.

I am the rather inclined to be of that Opinion, as the greatest Number of Critics hath of late Years been found amongst the Lawyers. Many of these Gentlemen, from Despair, perhaps, of ever rising to the Bench in *Westminster-hall*, have placed themselves on the Benches at the Playhouse, where they have exerted their judicial Capacity, and have given Judgment, *i. e.* condemned without Mercy.

The Gentlemen would perhaps be well enough pleased, if we were to leave them thus compared to one of the most important and honourable Offices in the Commonwealth, and, if we intended to apply to their Favour, we would do so; but as we design to deal very sincerely and plainly too with them, we must remind them of another Officer of Justice of a much lower Rank; to whom, as they not only pronounce, but execute their own Judgment, they bear likewise some remote Resemblance.

But in reality there is another Light, in which these modern Critics may with great Justice and Propriety be seen; and this is that of a common Slanderer. If a Person who prys into the Characters of others, with no other Design but to discover their Faults, and to publish them to the World, deserves the Title of a Slanderer of the Reputations of Men; why should not a Critic, who reads with the same malevolent View, be as properly stiled the Slanderer of the Reputation of Books?

Vice

Vice hath not, I believe, a more abject Slave; Society produces not a more odious Vermin; nor can the Devil receive a Guest more worthy of him, nor possibly more welcome to him, than a Slanderer. The World, I am afraid, regards not this Monster with half the Abhorrence which he deserves; and I am more afraid to assign the Reason of this criminal Lenity shewn towards him; yet it is certain that the Thief looks innocent in the Comparison; nay, the Murderer himself can seldom stand in Competition with his Guilt: For Slander is a more cruel Weapon than a Sword, as the Wounds which the former gives are always incurable. One Method, indeed, there is of killing, and that the basest and most execrable of all, which bears an exact Analogy to the Vice here disclaimed against, and that is Poison. A Means of Revenge so base, and yet so horrible, that it was once wisely distinguished by our Laws from all other Murders, in the peculiar Severity of the Punishment.

Besides the dreadful Mischiefs done by Slander, and the Baseness of the Means by which they are effected, there are other Circumstances that highly aggravate its atrocious Quality: For it often proceeds from no Provocation, and seldom promises itself any Reward, unless some black and infernal Mind may propose a Reward in the Thoughts of having procured the Ruin and Misery of another.

*Shakespeare* hath nobly touched this Vice, when he says,

*Who steals my Purse steals Trash, 'tis something,  
nothing;*

*'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been Slave to  
Thousands:*

*But*

*But he that filches from me my good Name,  
Robs me of that WHICH NOT ENRICHES HIM,  
BUT MAKES ME POOR INDEED.*

With all this my good Reader will doubtless agree; but much of it will probably seem too severe, when applied to the Slanderer of Books. But let it here be considered, that both proceed from the same wicked Disposition of Mind, and are alike void of the Excuse of Temptation. Nor shall we conclude the Injury done this Way to be very slight, when we consider a Book as the Author's Offspring, and indeed as the Child of his Brain.

The Reader who hath suffered his Muse to continue hitherto in a Virgin State, can have but a very inadequate Idea of this Kind of paternal Fondness. To such we may parody the tender Exclamation of *Macduff*. *Alas! Thou hast written no Book.* But the Author whose Muse hath brought forth, will feel the pathetic Strain, perhaps will accompany me with Tears (especially if his Darling be already no more) while I mention the Uneasiness with which the big Muse bears about her Burden, the painful Labour with which she produces it, and lastly, the Care, the Fondness, with which the tender Father nourishes his Favourite, till it be brought to Maturity, and produced into the World.

Nor is there any paternal Fondness which seems less to favour of absolute Instinct, and which may so well be reconciled to worldly Wisdom, as this. These Children may most truly be called the Riches of their Father; and many of them have with true filial Piety fed their Parent in his old Age: so that not only the Affection,  
but

but the Interest of the Author may be highly injured by these Slanderers, whose poisonous Breath brings his Book to an untimely End.

Lastly, the Slander of a Book is, in Truth, the Slander of the Author: For as no one can call another Bastard, without calling the Mother a Whore; so neither can any one give the Names of sad Stuff, horrid Nonsense, &c. to a Book, without calling the Author a Blockhead; which tho' in a moral Sense it is a preferable Appellation to that of Villain, is perhaps rather more injurious to his worldly Interest.

Now however ludicrous all this may appear to some, others, I doubt not, will feel and acknowledge the Truth of it; nay, may, perhaps, think I have not treated the Subject with decent Solemnity; but surely a Man may speak Truth with a smiling Countenance. In reality, to depreciate a Book maliciously, or even wantonly, is at least a very ill-natured Office; and a morose snarling Critic may, I believe, be suspected to be a bad Man.

I will therefore endeavour in the remaining Part of this Chapter, to explain the Marks of this Character, and to shew what Criticism I here intend to obviate: For I can never be understood, unless by the very Persons here meant, to insinuate, that there are no proper Judges of Writing, or to endeavour to exclude from the Commonwealth of Literature any of those noble Critics, to whose Labours the learned World are so greatly indebted. Such were *Aristotle*, *Horace*, and *Longinus* among the Antients, *Dacier* and *Bossu* among the *French*, and some perhaps among us; who have certainly been duly authorised to

execute

execute at least a judicial Authority in *Foro Literario*.

But without ascertaining all the proper Qualifications of a Critic, which I have touched on elsewhere, I think I may very boldly object to the Censures of any one past upon Works which he hath not himself read. Such Censurers as these, whether they speak from their own Guess or Suspicion, or from the Report and Opinion of others, may properly be said to slander the Reputation of the Book they condemn.

Such may likewise be suspected of deserving this Character, who without assigning any particular Faults, condemn the whole in general defamatory Terms; such as vile, dull, da—d Stuff, &c. and particularly by the Use of the Monosyllable Low; a Word which becomes the Mouth of no Critic who is not RIGHT HONOURABLE.

Again, tho' there may be some Faults justly assigned in the Work; yet if those are not in the most essential Parts, or, if they are compensated by greater Beauties, it will favour rather of the Malice of a Slanderer, than of the Judgment of a true Critic, to pass a severe Sentence upon the whole, merely on account of some vicious Part. This is directly contrary to the Sentiments of *Horace*.

*Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis  
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,  
Aut humana parum cavit natura——*

But where the Beauties, more in Number,  
shine,

I am not angry, when a casual Line  
(That with some trivial Faults unequal flows)  
A careless Hand, or human Frailty thows.

MR. FRANCIS  
FOX

For as *Martial* says, *Aliter non fit, Avite, Liber. No Book can be otherwise compos'd.* All Beauty of Character, as well as of Countenance, and indeed of every Thing human, is to be tried in this Manner. Cruel indeed would it be, if such a Work as this History, which hath employ'd some Thousands of Hours in the composing, should be liable to be condemned, because some particular Chapter, or perhaps Chapters, may be obnoxious to very just and sensible Objections. And yet nothing is more common than the most rigorous Sentence upon Books supported by such Objections, which, if they were rightly taken (and that they are not always) do by no Means go to the Merit of the whole. In the Theatre especially, a single Expression which doth not coincide with the Taste of the Audience, or with any individual Critic of that Audience, is sure to be hiss'd; and one Scene which should be disapproved, would hazard the whole Piece. To write within such severe Rules as these, is as impossible as to live up to some splenetic Opinions; and if we judge according to the Sentiments of some Critics, and of some Christians, no Author will be saved in this World, and no Man in the next.

## C H A P. II.

*The Adventures which Sophia met with, after her leaving Upton.*

OUR History, just before it was oblig'd to turn about, and travel backwards, had mentioned the Departure of *Sophia* and her Maid from the Inn; we shall now therefore pursue the Steps



Steps of that lovely Creature, and leave her unworthy Lover a little longer to bemoan his Ill-Luck, or rather his ill Conduct.

*Sophia* having directed her Guide to travel through Bye-Roads across the Country, they now passed the *Severn*, and had scarce got a Mile from the Inn, when the young Lady, looking behind her, saw several Horses coming after on full Speed. This greatly alarmed her Fears, and she called to the Guide to put on as fast as possible.

He immediately obeyed her, and away they rode a full Gallop. But the faster they went, the faster were they followed; and as the Horses behind were somewhat swifter than those before, so the former were at length overtaken. A happy Circumstance for poor *Sophia*; whose Fears, joined to her Fatigue, had almost overpowered her Spirits; but she was now instantly relieved by a female Voice, that greeted her in the softest Manner, and with the utmost Civility. This Greeting, *Sophia*, as soon as she could recover her Breath, with like Civility, and with the highest Satisfaction to herself, returned.

The Travellers who joined *Sophia*, and who had given her such Terror, consisted, like her own Company, of two Females and a Guide. The two Parties proceeded three full Miles together before any one offered again to open their Mouths; when our Heroine, having pretty well got the better of her Fear, (but yet being somewhat surprized that the other still continued to attend her, as she pursued no great Road, and had already passed through several Turnings) accosted the strange Lady in a most obliging Tone; and said, 'She was very happy to find they were both travelling the same Way.' The other, who,

who, like a Ghost, only wanted to be spoke to, readily answered, ' That the Happiness was entirely hers; that she was a perfect Stranger in that Country, and was so overjoyed at meeting a Companion of her own Sex, that she had perhaps been guilty of an Impertinence which required great Apology, in keeping Pace with her.' More Civilities passed between these two Ladies; for Mrs. *Honour* had now given Place to the fine Habit of the Stranger, and had fallen into the Rear. But tho' *Sophia* had great Curiosity to know why the other Lady continued to travel on through the same Bye-roads with herself, nay, tho' this gave her some Uneasiness; yet Fear, or Modesty, or some other Consideration, restrained her from asking the Question.

The strange Lady now laboured under a Difficulty which appears almost below the Dignity of History to mention. Her Bonnet had been blown from her Head not less than five Times within the last Mile; nor could she come at any Ribbon or Handkerchief to tye it under her Chin. When *Sophia* was informed of this, she immediately supplied her with a Handkerchief for this Purpose; which while she was pulling from her Pocket, she perhaps too much neglected the Management of her Horse, for the Beast now unluckily making a false Step, fell upon his Fore-Legs, and threw his fair Rider from his Back.

Tho' *Sophia* came Head foremost to the Ground, she happily received not the least Damage; and the same Circumstances which had perhaps contributed to her Fall, now preserved her from Confusion; for the Lane which they were then passing, was narrow and very much over-grown with Trees, so that the Moon could here afford very little

little Light, and was moreover, at present, so obscured in a Cloud, that it was almost perfectly dark. By these Means the young Lady's Modesty, which was extremely delicate, escaped as free from Injury as her Limbs, and she was once more reinstated in her Saddle, having received no other Harm than a little Fright by her Fall.

Day-light at length appeared in its full Lustre; and now the two Ladies, who were riding over a Common Side by Side, looking stedfastly at each other, at the same Moment both their Eyes became fixed; both their Horses stopt, and both speaking together, with equal Joy pronounced, the one the Name of *Sophia*, the other that of *Harriet*.

This unexpected Encounter surprized the Ladies much more than I believe it will the sagacious Reader, who must have imagined that the strange Lady could be no other than Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, the Cousin of Miss *Western*, whom we before-mentioned to have sallied from the Inn a few Minutes after her.

So great was the Surprise and Joy which these two Cousins conceived at this Meeting (for they had formerly been most intimate Acquaintance and Friends, and had long lived together with their Aunt *Western*) that it is impossible to recount half the Congratulations which passed between them, before either asked a very natural Question of the other, namely, whether she was going.

This at last, however, came first from Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; but easy and natural as the Question may seem, *Sophia* found it difficult to give it a very ready and certain Answer. She begged her Cousin therefore to suspend all Curiosity till they arrived at some Inn, 'which I suppose,' says she,  
' can

‘ can hardly be far distant; and believe me,  
 ‘ *Harriet*, I suspend as much Curiosity on my  
 ‘ Side; for indeed I believe our Astonishment is  
 ‘ pretty equal.’

The Conversation which passed between these Ladies on the Road, was, I apprehend, little worth relating; and less certainly was that between the two Waiting-women: For they likewise began to pay their Compliments to each other. As for the Guides, they were debarred from the Pleasure of Discourse, the one being placed in the Van, and the other obliged to bring up the Rear.

In this Posture they travelled many Hours, till they came into a wide and well beaten Road, which, as they turned to the Right, soon brought them to a very fair promising Inn; where they all alighted: But so fatigued was *Sephia*, that, as she had sat her Horse during the last five or six Miles with great Difficulty, so was she now incapable of dismounting from him without Assistance. This the Landlord, who had hold of her Horse, presently perceiving, offered to lift her in his Arms from her Saddle; and she too readily accepted the Tender of his Service. Indeed Fortune seems to have resolved to put *Sephia* to the Blush that Day, and the second malicious Attempt succeeded better than the first; for my Landlord had no sooner received the young Lady in his Arms, than his Feet, which the Gout had lately very severely handled, gave way, and down he tumbled; but at the same Time, with no less Dexterity than Gallantry, contrived to throw himself under his charming Burthen, so that he alone received any Bruise from the Fall; for the great Injury which happened to *Sephia*, was a violent

violent Shock given to her Modesty, by an immoderate Grin, which, at her rising from the Ground, she observed in the Countenances of most of the Bye-Standers. This made her suspect what had really happened, and what we shall not here relate, for the Indulgence of those Readers who are capable of laughing at the Offence given to a young Lady's Delicacy. Accidents of this Kind we have never regarded in a comical Light; nor will we scruple to say, that he must have a very inadequate Idea of the Modesty of a beautiful young Woman, who would wish to sacrifice it to so paultry a Satisfaction as can arise from Laughter.

This Fright and Shock, joined to the violent Fatigue which both her Mind and Body had undergone, almost overcame the excellent Constitution of *Sophia*, and she had scarce Strength sufficient to totter into the Inn, leaning on the Arm of her Maid. Here she was no sooner seated than she called for a Glass of Water; but *Mrs. Honour*, very judiciously, in my Opinion, changed it into a Glass of Wine.

*Mrs. Fitzpatrick* hearing from *Mrs. Honour*, that *Sophia* had not been in Bed during the two last Nights, and observing her to look very pale and wan with her Fatigue, earnestly entreated her to refresh herself with some Sleep. She was yet a Stranger to her History, or her Apprehensions; but had she known both, she would have given the same Advice; for Rest was visibly necessary for her; and their long Journey through Bye-Roads so entirely removed all Danger of Pursuit, that she was herself perfectly easy on that Account.

*Sophia*

*Sophia* was easily prevailed on to follow the Counsel of her Friend, which was heartily seconded by her Maid. Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* likewise offered to bear her Cousin Company, which *Sophia*, with much Complaisance, accepted.

The Mistress was no sooner in Bed, than the Maid prepared to follow her Example. She began to make many Apologies to her Sister *Abigail* for leaving her alone in so horrid a Place as an Inn; but the other stopped her short, being as well inclined to a Nap as herself, and desired the Honour of being her Bedfellow. *Sophia's* Maid agreed to give her a Share of her Bed, but put in her Claim to all the Honour. So after many Court'sies and Compliments, to Bed together went the Waiting-women, as their Mistresses had done before them.

It was usual with my Landlord (as indeed it is with the whole Fraternity) to enquire particularly of all Coachmen, Footmen, Postboys, and others, into the Names of all his Guests; what their Estate was, and where it lay. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the many particular Circumstances which attended our Travellers, and especially their retiring all to Sleep at so extraordinary and unusual an Hour as ten in the Morning, should excite his Curiosity. As soon therefore as the Guides entered the Kitchin, he began to examine who the Ladies were, and whence they came; but the Guides, tho' they faithfully related all they knew, gave him very little Satisfaction. On the contrary, they rather enflamed his Curiosity than extinguished it.

This Landlord had the Character, among all his Neighbours, of being a very sagacious Fellow. He was thought to see farther and deeper

into

into Things than any Man in the Parish, the Parson himself not excepted. Perhaps his Look had contributed not a little to procure him this Reputation; for there was in this something wonderfully wise and significant, especially when he had a Pipe in his Mouth; which, indeed, he seldom was without. His Behaviour, likewise, greatly assisted in promoting the Opinion of his Wisdom. In his Deportment he was solemn, if not fullen; and when he spoke, which was seldom, he always delivered himself in a slow Voice; and though his Sentences were short, they were still interrupted with many Hums and Ha's, Ay, Ays, and other Expletives: So that though he accompanied his Words with certain explanatory Gestures, such as shaking, or nodding the Head, or pointing with his Forefinger, he generally left his Hearers to understand more than he expressed; nay, he commonly gave them a Hint, that he knew much more than he thought proper to disclose. This last Circumstance alone, may, indeed, very well account for his Character of Wisdom; since Men are strangely inclined to worship what they do not understand. A grand Secret, upon which several Imposers on Mankind have totally relied for the Success of their Frauds.

This polite Person now taking his Wife aside, asked her, 'What she thought of the Ladies lately arrived?' 'Think of them?' said the Wife, 'why what should I think of them?' 'I know, answered he, 'what I think. The Guides tell strange Stories. One pretends to be come from Gloucester, and the other from Upton; and neither of them, for what I can find, can tell whither they are going. But what People ever travel across the Country from Upton hither,

‘ especially to *London*? And one of the Maid-  
 ‘ Servants, before she alighted from her Horse,  
 ‘ asked, if this was not the *London Road*? Now  
 ‘ I have put all these Circumstances together, and  
 ‘ whom do you think I have found them out to  
 ‘ be?’ ‘ Nay,’ answered she, ‘ you know I ne-  
 ‘ ver pretend to guess at your Discoveries.’— ‘ It  
 ‘ is a good Girl,’ replied he, chucking her under  
 the Chin; ‘ I must own you have always sub-  
 ‘ mitted to my Knowledge of these Matters.  
 ‘ Why then, depend upon it; mind what I say,  
 ‘ —depend upon it, they are certainly some of  
 ‘ the Rebel Ladies, who, they say, travel with  
 ‘ the young Chevalier; and have taken a round-  
 ‘ about Way to escape the Duke’s Army.’

‘ Husband,’ quoth the Wife, ‘ you have cer-  
 ‘ tainly hit it; for one of them is dress’d as fine as  
 ‘ any Princess; and, to be sure, she looks for all  
 ‘ the World like one.—But yet, when I consider  
 ‘ one Thing.’— ‘ When you consider,’ cries the  
 Landlord contemptuously— ‘ Come, pray let’s  
 ‘ hear what you consider.’— ‘ Why it is,’ an-  
 ‘ swered the Wife, ‘ that she is too humble to be  
 ‘ any very great Lady; for while our *Betty* was  
 ‘ warming the Bed, she called her nothing but  
 ‘ Child, and my Dear, and Sweetheart; and  
 ‘ when *Betty* offer’d to pull off her Shoes and  
 ‘ Stockings, she would not suffer her, saying, she  
 ‘ would not give her the Trouble.’

‘ Pugh!’ answered the Husband, ‘ That is no-  
 ‘ thing. Dost think, because you have seen  
 ‘ some great Ladies rude and uncivil to Persons  
 ‘ below them, that none of them know how to  
 ‘ behave themselves when they come before their  
 ‘ Inferiors? I think I know People of Fashion  
 ‘ when I see them. I think I do. Did not she





‘ callt or a Glafs of Water when ſhe came in ?  
‘ Another Sort of Women would have called for  
‘ a Dram ; you know they would. If ſhe be  
‘ not a Woman of very great Quality, ſell me for  
‘ a Fool ; and, I believe, thoſe who buy me will  
‘ have a bad Bargain. Now, would a Woman  
‘ of her Quality travel without a Footman, unleſs  
‘ upon ſome ſuch extraordinary Occaſion ?’  
‘ Nay, to be ſure, Husband,’ cries ſhe, ‘ you know  
‘ theſe Matters better than I, or moſt Folk.’ ‘ I  
‘ think I do know ſomething,’ ſaid he. ‘ To be  
‘ ſure,’ answered the Wife, ‘ the poor little Heart  
‘ looked ſo piteous, when ſhe ſat down in the  
‘ Chair, I proteſt I could not help having a Com-  
‘ paſſion for her, almoſt as much as if ſhe had  
‘ been a poor Body. But what’s to be done, Huſ-  
‘ band ? If an ſhe be a Rebel, I ſuppoſe you in-  
‘ tend to betray her up to the Court. Well, ſhe’s  
‘ a ſweet-temper’d, good-humour’d Lady, be ſhe  
‘ what ſhe will, and I ſhall hardly refrain from  
‘ crying when I hear ſhe is hanged or beheaded.’  
‘ Pooh,’ answered the Huſband !——But as to  
‘ what’s to be done it is not ſo eaſy a Matter to  
‘ determine. I hope, before ſhe goes away, we  
‘ ſhall have the News of a Battle : For if the Che-  
‘ valier ſhould get the better, ſhe may gain us In-  
‘ tereſt at Court, and make our Fortunes with-  
‘ out betraying her.’ ‘ Why that’s true,’ replied  
the Wife ; ‘ and I heartily hope ſhe will have it  
‘ in her Power. Certainly ſhe’s a ſweet good  
‘ Lady ; it would go horribly againſt me to have  
‘ her come to any Harm.’ ‘ Pooh,’ cries the  
Landlord, ‘ Women are always ſo tender-hearted.  
‘ Why you would not harbour Rebels, would you ?’  
‘ No, certainly,’ answered the Wife ; ‘ and as  
‘ or betraying her, come what will on’t, nobody  
‘ can

‘ can blame us. It is what any body would do in  
‘ our Case.’

While our politic Landlord, who had not, we see, undeservedly the Reputation of great Wisdom among his Neighbours, was engaged in debating this Matter with himself, (for he paid little Attention to the Opinion of his Wife) News arrived that the Rebels had given the Duke the Slip, and had got a Day’s March towards *London*; and soon after arrived a famous *Jacobite* Squire, who, with great Joy in his Countenance, shook the Landlord by the Hand, saying, ‘ All’s our own, Boy, Ten thousand honest *Frenchmen* are landed in *Suffolk*. Old *England* for ever! Ten thousand *French*, my brave Lad! I am going to tap away directly.’

This News determined the Opinion of the wise Man, and he resolved to make his Court to the young Lady, when she arose; for he had now (he said) discovered that she was no other than *Madam Jenny Cameron* herself.

### CH A P. III.

*A very short Chapter, in which however is a Sun,  
a Moon, a Star, and an Angel.*

THE Sun (for he keeps very good Hours at this Time of the Year) had been some Time retired to Rest, when *Sophia* arose greatly refreshed by her Sleep; which, short as it was, nothing but her extreme Fatigue could have occasioned; for tho’ she had told her Maid, and perhaps herself too, that she was perfectly easy, when she left *Upton*; yet it is cert in her Mind was a little affected with that Malady which is

attended with all the restless Symptoms of a Fever, and is perhaps the very Distemper which Physicians mean (if they mean any thing) by the Fever on the Spirits.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* likewise left her Bed at the same Time; and having summoned her Maid, immediately dressed herself. She was really a very pretty Woman, and had she been in any other Company but that of *Sophia*, might have been thought beautiful; but when Mrs. *Honour* of her own Accord attended, (for her Mistress would not suffer her to be waked) and had equipped our Heroine, the Charms of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* who had performed the Office of the Morning-Star, and had preceded greater Glories, shared the Fate of that Star, and were totally eclipsed the Moment those Glories shone forth.

Perhaps *Sophia* never looked more beautiful than she did at this Instant. We ought not therefore to condemn the Maid of the Inn for her Hyperbole; who when she descended, after having lighted the Fire, declared, and ratified it with an Oath, that if ever there was an Angel upon Earth, she was now above Stairs.

*Sophia* had acquainted her Cousin with her Design to go to *London*; and Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* had agreed to accompany her; for the Arrival of her Husband at *Upton* had put an End to her Design of going to *Bath*, or to her Aunt *Western*. They had therefore no sooner finished their Tea, than *Sophia* proposed to set out, the Moon then shining extremely bright, and as for the Frost she desied it; nor had she any of those Apprehensions which many young Ladies would have felt at travelling by Night; for she had, as we have  
before

before observed, some little Degree of natural Courage; and this her present Sensations, which bordered somewhat on Despair, greatly encreas'd. Besides, as she had already travelled twice with Safety, by the Light of the Moon, she was the better emboldened to trust to it a third Time.

The Disposition of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* was more timorous; for tho' the greater Terrors had conquer'd the less, and the Presence of her Husband had driven her away at so unseasonable an Hour from *Upton*; yet being now arrived at a Place where she thought herself safe from his Pursuit, these lesser Terrors of I know not what, operated so strongly, that she earnestly intreated her Cousin to stay till the next Morning, and not expose herself to the Dangers of travelling by Night.

*Sophia*, who was yielding to an Excess, when she could neither laugh nor reason her Cousin out of these Apprehensions, at last gave way to them. Perhaps indeed, had she known of her Father's Arrival at *Upton*, it might have been more difficult to have persuaded her; for as to *Jones*, she had, I am afraid, no great Horror at the Thoughts of being overtaken by him; nay, to confess the Truth, I believe she rather wish'd than fear'd it; though I might honestly enough have conceal'd this Wish from the Reader, as it was one of those secret spontaneous Emotions of the Soul, to which the Reason is often a Stranger.

When our young Ladies had determin'd to remain all that Evening in their Inn, they were attended by the Landlady, who desired to know what their Ladyships would be pleas'd to eat. Such Charms were there in the Voice, in the Manner, and in the affable Deportment of *Sophia*,

that she ravished the Landlady to the highest Degree; and that good Woman, concluding that she had attended *Jenny Cameron*, became in a Moment a staunch *Jacobite*, and wished heartily well to the young Pretender's Cause, from the great Sweetness and Affability with which she had been treated by his supposed Mistress.

The two Cousins began now to impart to each other their reciprocal Curiosity, to know what extraordinary Accidents on both Sides occasioned this so strange and unexpected Meeting. At last Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, having obtained of *Sophia* a Promise of communicating likewise in her Turn, began to relate what the Reader, if he is desirous to know her History, may read in the ensuing Chapter.

## C H A P. IV.

*The History of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.*

MRS. *Fitzpatrick*, after a Silence of a few Moments, fetching a deep Sigh, thus began:

‘ It is natural to the Unhappy to feel a secret  
 ‘ Concern in recollecting those Periods of their  
 ‘ Lives which have been most delightful to them.  
 ‘ The Remembrance of past Pleasures affects us  
 ‘ with a kind of tender Grief, like what we  
 ‘ suffer for departed Friends; and the Ideas  
 ‘ of both may be said to haunt our Imagina-  
 ‘ tions.

‘ For this Reason, I never reflect without Sor-  
 ‘ row on those Days (the happiest far of my Life)  
 ‘ which we spent together, when both were un-  
 ‘ der the Care of my Aunt *Western*. Alas! why  
 ‘ are

' are Miss *Graveairs*, and Miss *Giddy* no more?  
 ' You remember, I am sure, when we knew each  
 ' other by no other Names. Indeed you gave the  
 ' latter Appellation with too much Cause. I have  
 ' since experienced how much I deserved it. You,  
 ' my *Sophia*, was always my Superior in every  
 ' thing, and I heartily hope you will be so in your  
 ' Fortune. I shall never forget the wise and ma-  
 ' tronly Advice you once gave me, when I la-  
 ' mented being disappointed of a Ball, though  
 ' you could not be then fourteen Years old.—  
 ' O my *Sophy*, how blest must have been my Si-  
 ' tuation, when I could think such a Disappoint-  
 ' ment a Misfortune; and when indeed it was  
 ' the greatest I had ever known!

' And yet, my dear *Harriet*,' answered *Sophia*,  
 ' it was then a serious Matter with you. Com-  
 ' fort yourself therefore with thinking, that what-  
 ' ever you now lament may hereafter appear as  
 ' trifling and contemptible as a Ball would at this  
 ' Time.'

' Alas, my *Sophia*,' replied the other Lady,  
 ' you yourself will think otherwise of my pre-  
 ' sent Situation; for greatly must that tender  
 ' Heart be altered, if my Misfortunes do not  
 ' draw many a Sigh, nay many a Tear, from you.  
 ' The Knowledge of this should perhaps deter  
 ' me from relating what I am convinced will so  
 ' much affect you.'—Here Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* stopt,  
 till at the repeated Entreaties of *Sophia*, she thus  
 proceeded.

' Though you must have heard much of my  
 ' Marriage; yet as Matters may probably have  
 ' been misrepresented, I will set out from the  
 ' very Commencement of my unfortunate Ac-  
 ' quaintance with my present Husband; which

was at *Bath*, soon after you left my Aunt, and returned home to your Father.

Among the gay young Fellows, who were at this Season at *Bath*, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was one. He was handsome, degagé, extremely gallant, and in his Dress exceeded most others. In short, my Dear, if you was unluckily to see him now, I could describe him no better than by telling you he was the very Reverse of every Thing which he is: For he hath rusticated himself so long, that he is become an absolute wild *Irishman*. But to proceed in my Story; the Qualifications which he then possessed so well recommended him, that though the People of Quality at that Time lived separate from the rest of the Company, and excluded them from all their Parties, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* found Means to gain Admittance. It was perhaps no easy Matter to avoid him; for he required very little or no Invitation; and as being handsome and genteel, he found it no very difficult Matter to ingratiate himself with the Ladies; so, he having frequently drawn his Sword, the Men did not care publickly to affront him. Had it not been for some such Reason, I believe he would have been soon expelled by his own Sex; for surely he had no strict Title to be preferred to the *English* Gentry; nor did they seem inclined to shew him any extraordinary Favour. They all abused him behind his Back, which might probably proceed from Envy; for by the Women he was well received, and very particularly distinguished by them.

My Aunt, tho' no Person of Quality herself, as she had always lived about the Court, was enrolled in that Party: For by whatever Means

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Means you get into the Polite Circle, when you are once there, it is sufficient Merit for you that you are there. This Observation, young as you was, you could scarce avoid making from my Aunt, who was free, or reserved, with all People just as they had more or less of this Merit.

And this Merit, I believe, it was, which principally recommended Mr. *Fitzpatrick* to her Favour. In which he so well succeeded, that he was always one of her private Parties. Nor was he backward in returning such Distinction; for he soon grew so very particular in his Behaviour to her, that the Scandal Club first began to take Notice of it, and the better disposed Persons made a Match between them. For my own Part, I confess, I made no Doubt but that his Designs were strictly honourable, as the Phrase is; that is, to rob a Lady of her Fortune by way of Marriage. My Aunt was, I conceived, neither young enough nor handsome enough, to attract much wicked Inclination; but she had matrimonial Charms in great Abundance.

I was the more confirmed in this Opinion from the extraordinary Respect which he shewed to myself, from the first Moment of our Acquaintance. This I understood as an Attempt to lessen, if possible, that Disinclination which my Interest might be supposed to give me towards the Match; and I know not but in some Measure it had that Effect: For as I was well contented with my own Fortune, and of all People the least a Slave to interested Views; so I could not be violently the Enemy of a Man with whose Behaviour to me I was



greatly pleased; and the more so, as I was the only Object of such Respect; for he behaved at the same Time to many Women of Quality without any Respect at all.

Agreeable as this was to me, he soon changed it into another Kind of Behaviour, which was perhaps more so. He now put on much Softness and Tenderneſs, and languished and ſighed abundantly. At Times indeed, whether from Art or Nature I will not determine, he gave his uſual Loofe to Gayety and Mirth; but this was always in general Company, and with other Women; for even in a Country-Dance, when he was not my Partner, he became grave; and put on the ſoſteſt Look imaginable, the Moment he approached me. Indeed he was in all Things ſo very particular towards me, that I muſt have been blind not to have diſcovered it. And, and, and—' And you was more pleaſed ſtill, my dear *Harriet*,' cries *Sophia*; 'you need not be aſhamed,' added ſhe ſighing; 'for ſure there are irrefiſtible Charms in Tenderneſs, which too many Men are able to affect.' 'True,' answered her Couſin, 'Men, who in all other Inſtances want common Senſe, are very *Machiavel's* in the Art of Loving. I wiſh I did not know an Inſtance.—Well, Scandal now began to be as buſy with me as it had before been with my Aunt; and ſome good Ladies did not ſcruple to affirm, that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* had an Intrigue with us both.

But what may ſeem aſtoniſhing; my Aunt never ſaw, nor in the leaſt ſeemed to ſuſpect that which was viſible enough, I believe, from both our Behaviours. One would indeed think, that Love quite puts out the Eyes of an old Woman,

' Woman. In Fact, they so greedily swallow  
 ' the Addresſes which are made to them, that  
 ' like an outrageous Glutton, they are not at  
 ' Leiſure to obſerve what paſſes amongſt others at  
 ' the ſame Table. This I have obſerved in more  
 ' Caſes than my own; and this was ſo ſtrongly  
 ' verified by my Aunt, that, tho' ſhe often found  
 ' us together at her Return from the Pump, the  
 ' leaſt canting Word of his, pretending Impa-  
 ' tience at her Abſence, effectually ſmothered all  
 ' Suſpicion. One Artifice ſucceeded with her to  
 ' Admiration. This was his treating me like a  
 ' little Child, and never calling me by any other  
 ' Name in her Preſence, but that of pretty  
 ' Miſs. This indeed did him ſome Diſſervice  
 ' with your humble Servant; but I ſoon ſaw  
 ' through it, eſpecially as in her Abſence he be-  
 ' haved to me, as I have ſaid, in a different Man-  
 ' ner. However, if I was not greatly diſobliged  
 ' by a Conduct of which I had diſcovered the  
 ' Deſign, I ſmarted very ſeverely for it: For my  
 ' Aunt really conceived me to be what her Lover  
 ' (as ſhe thought him) called me, and treated me,  
 ' in all Reſpects, as a perfect Infant. To ſay the  
 ' Truth, I wonder ſhe had not inſiſted on my  
 ' again wearing Leading-ſtrings.

' At laſt, my Lover (for ſo he was) thought  
 ' proper, in a moſt ſolemn Manner, to diſcloſe a  
 ' Secret which I had known long before. He  
 ' now placed all the Love which he had pretended  
 ' to my Aunt to my Account. He lamented, in  
 ' very pathetic Terms, the Encouragement ſhe  
 ' had given him, and made a high Merit of the  
 ' tedious Hours, in which he had undergone her  
 ' Converſation.—What ſhall I tell you, my dear

‘ *Sophia* ?—Then I will confess the Truth. I  
 ‘ was pleas’d with my Man. I was pleas’d with  
 ‘ my Conquest. To rival my Aunt delighted me ;  
 ‘ to rival so many other Women charmed me. In  
 ‘ short, I am afraid, I did not behave as I should  
 ‘ do, even upon the very first Declaration.—I  
 ‘ wish I did not almost give him positive Encou-  
 ‘ ragement before we parted.

‘ The *Bath* now talk’d loudly, I might almost  
 ‘ say, roar’d against me. Several young Wo-  
 ‘ men affect’d to shun my Acquaintance, not so  
 ‘ much, perhaps, from any real Suspicion, as from  
 ‘ a Desire of banishing me from a Company, in  
 ‘ which I too much engross’d their favourite Man.  
 ‘ And here I cannot omit expressing my Grati-  
 ‘ tude to the Kindness intended me by Mr. *Nash* ;  
 ‘ who took me one Day aside, and gave me Ad-  
 ‘ vice, which if I had follow’d, I had been a  
 ‘ happy Woman. “ Child,” says he, “ I am  
 ‘ sorry to see the Familiarity which subsists be-  
 ‘ tween you and a Fellow who is altogether un-  
 ‘ worthy of you, and I am afraid will prove  
 ‘ your Ruin. As for your old stinking Aunt, if  
 ‘ it was to be no Injury to you, and my pretty  
 ‘ *Sophy Western*, (I assure you I repeat his Words)  
 ‘ I should be heartily glad, that the Fellow was  
 ‘ in Possession of all that belongs to her. I never  
 ‘ advise old Women : For if they take it into  
 ‘ their Heads to go to the Devil, it is no more  
 ‘ possible, than worth while, to keep them from  
 ‘ him. Innocence and Youth and Beauty are  
 ‘ worthy a better Fate, and I would save them  
 ‘ from his Clutches. Let me advise you therefore,  
 ‘ dear Child, never suffer this Fellow to be particu-  
 ‘ lar with you again.”—Many more Things he  
 ‘ said

' said to me, which I have now forgotten, and in-  
 ' deed I attended very little to them at that Time :  
 ' For Inclination contradicted all he said ; and  
 ' besides I could not be persuaded, that Women  
 ' of Quality would condescend to Familiarity  
 ' with such a Person as he described.

' But I am afraid, my Dear, I shall tire you  
 ' with a Detail of so many minute Circum-  
 ' stances. To be concise therefore, imagine me  
 ' married ; imagine me, with my Husband, at  
 ' the Feet of my Aunt ; and then imagine the  
 ' maddest Woman in *Bedlam* in a raving Fit,  
 ' and your Imagination will suggest to you no  
 ' more than what really happened.

' The very next Day my Aunt left the Place,  
 ' partly to avoid seeing Mr. *Fitzpatrick* or my-  
 ' self, and as much perhaps to avoid seeing any  
 ' one else ; for, tho' I am told she hath since de-  
 ' nied every thing stoutly, I believe she was then  
 ' a little confounded at her Disappointment.  
 ' Since that Time I have written to her many  
 ' Letters ; but never could obtain an Answer,  
 ' which I must own sits somewhat the heavier,  
 ' as she herself was, tho' undesignedly, the Occa-  
 ' sion of all my Sufferings : For had it not been  
 ' under the Colour of paying his Addressees to  
 ' her, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* would never have found  
 ' sufficient Opportunities to have engaged my  
 ' Heart, which, in other Circumstances, I still  
 ' flatter myself would not have been an easy  
 ' Conquest to such a Person. Indeed, I believe,  
 ' I should not have erred so grossly in my Choice,  
 ' If I had relied on my own Judgment ; but I  
 ' trusted totally to the Opinion of others, and  
 ' very foolishly took the Merit of a Man for  
 ' granted, whom I saw so universally well re-  
 ' ceived

' ceived by the Women. What is the Reason,  
 ' my Dear, that we who have Understandings  
 ' equal to the wisest and greatest of the other  
 ' Sex, so often make Choice of the silliest Fel-  
 ' lows for Companions and Favourites? It raises  
 ' my Indignation to the highest Pitch, to reflect  
 ' on the Numbers of Women of Sense who have  
 ' been undone by Fools.' Here she paused a  
 Moment; but *Sophia* making no Answer, she  
 proceeded as in the next Chapter.

C H A P. V.

*In which the History of Mrs. Fitzpatrick is  
continued.*

' **W**E remained at *Bath* no longer than  
 ' a Fortnight after our Wedding: For  
 ' as to any Reconciliation with my Aunt, there  
 ' were no Hopes; and of my Fortune, not one  
 ' Farthing could be touched till I was of Age, of  
 ' which I now wanted more than two Years.  
 ' My Husband therefore was resolved to set out  
 ' for *Ireland*; against which I remonstrated very  
 ' earnestly, and insisted on a Promise which he  
 ' had made me before our Marriage, that I  
 ' should never take this Journey against my Con-  
 ' sent; and indeed I never intended to consent  
 ' to it; nor will any Body, I believe, blame me  
 ' for that Resolution; but this, however, I  
 ' never mentioned to my Husband, and petitioned  
 ' only for the Reprieve of a Month; but he had  
 ' fixed the Day, and to that Day he obstinately  
 ' adhered.

' The Evening before our Departure, as we  
 ' were disputing this Point with great Eagerness  
 ' on

' on both Sides, he started suddenly from his  
 ' Chair, and left me abruptly, saying, he was  
 ' going to the Rooms. He was hardly out of  
 ' the House, when I saw a Paper lying on the  
 ' Floor, which, I suppose, he had carelessly pulled  
 ' from his Pocket, together with his Handker-  
 ' chief. This Paper I took up, and finding it to  
 ' be a Letter, I made no Scruple to open and  
 ' read it; and indeed I read it so often, that I  
 ' can repeat it to you almost Word for Word.  
 ' This then was the Letter.

To Mr. Brian Fitzpatrick.

Sir,

" Y OURS received, and am surprized you  
 " should use me in this Manner, as have  
 " never seen any of your Cash, unless for one  
 " Linsley-Woolsey Coat, and your Bill now is  
 " upwards of 150*l*. Consider, Sir, how often  
 " you have fobbed me off with your being shortly  
 " to be married to this Lady, and t'other Lady;  
 " but I can neither live on Hopes or Promises,  
 " nor will my Woollen-draper take any such  
 " in Payment. You tell me you are secure of  
 " having either the Aunt or the Niece, and  
 " that you might have married the Aunt before  
 " this, whose Jointure you say is immense, but  
 " that you prefer the Niece on account of her  
 " ready Money. Pray, Sir, take a Fool's Ad-  
 " vice for once, and marry the first you can get.  
 " You will pardon my offering my Advice, as  
 " you know I sincerely wish you well. Shall  
 " draw on you *per* next Post, in favour of Mes-  
 " sieurs *John Drugget* and Company, at four-  
 " teen

“teen Days, which doubt not your honouring,  
“and am,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

SAM. COSGRAVE.

‘ This was the Letter Word for Word. Guess,  
‘ my dear Girl, guess how this Letter affected  
‘ me. *You prefer the Niece on account of her*  
‘ *Ready Money!* If every one of these Words  
‘ had been a Dagger, I could with Pleasure have  
‘ stabbed them into his Heart; but I will not re-  
‘ count my frantic Behaviour on the Occasion.  
‘ I had pretty well spent my Tears before his  
‘ Return home; but sufficient Remains of them  
‘ appeared in my swollen Eyes. He threw him-  
‘ self fullenly into his Chair, and for a long  
‘ Time we were both silent. At length in a  
‘ haughty Tone he said, “I hope, Madam,  
‘ your Servants have packed up all your Things;  
‘ for the Coach will be ready by Six in the  
‘ Morning.” My Patience was totally subdued  
‘ by this Provocation, and I answered, No, Sir,  
‘ there is a Letter still remains unpacked; and  
‘ then throwing it on the Table, I fell to up-  
‘ braiding him with the most bitter Language I  
‘ could invent.

‘ Whether Guilt, or Shame, or Prudence, re-  
‘ strained him, I cannot say; but tho’ he is the  
‘ most passionate of Men, he exerted no Rage on  
‘ this Occasion. He endeavoured on the con-  
‘ trary to pacify me by the most gentle Means.  
‘ He swore the Phrase in the Letter to which I  
‘ principally objected was not his, nor had he  
‘ ever written any such. He owned indeed the  
‘ having

' having mentioned his Marriage, and that Pre-  
 ' ference which he had given to myself, but de-  
 ' nied with many Oaths the having assigned any  
 ' such Reason. And he excused the having  
 ' mentioned any such Matter at all, on account  
 ' of the Straits he was in for Money, arising, he  
 ' said, from his having too long neglected his  
 ' Estate in *Ireland*. And this, he said, which he  
 ' could not bear to discover to me, was the only  
 ' Reason of his having so strenuously insisted on  
 ' our Journey. He then used several very en-  
 ' dearing Expressions, and concluded by a very  
 ' fond Caress, and many violent Protestations of  
 ' Love.

' There was one Circumstance, which, tho'  
 ' he did not appeal to it, had much Weight with  
 ' me in his Favour, and that was the Word Join-  
 ' ture in the Taylor's Letter, whereas my Aunt  
 ' never had been married, and this Mr. *Fitz-*  
 ' *patrick* well knew.—As I imagined therefore  
 ' that the Fellow must have inserted this of his  
 ' own Head, or from Hearsay, I persuaded my-  
 ' self he might have ventured likewise on that  
 ' odious Line on no better Authority. What  
 ' Reasoning was this, my Dear? Was I not an  
 ' Advocate rather than a Judge?—But why do I  
 ' mention such a Circumstance as this, or appeal  
 ' to it for the Justification of my Forgiveness!—  
 ' In short, had he been guilty of twenty times as  
 ' much, half the Tendernefs and Fondnefs which  
 ' he used, would have prevailed on me to have  
 ' forgiven him. I now made no farther Ob-  
 ' jections to our setting out, which we did the  
 ' next Morning, and in a little more than a  
 ' Week arrived at the Seat of Mr. *Fitzpatrick*.

' Your



‘ Your Curiosity will excuse me from relating  
 ‘ any Occurrences which pass during our Jour-  
 ‘ ney: For it would indeed be highly disagree-  
 ‘ able to travel it over again, and no less so to  
 ‘ you to travel it over with me.

‘ This Seat then, is an ancient Mansion-  
 ‘ House: If I was in one of those merry Hu-  
 ‘ mours, in which you have so often seen me, I  
 ‘ could describe it to you ridiculously enough.  
 ‘ It looked as if it had been formerly inhabited  
 ‘ by a Gentleman. Here was Room enough,  
 ‘ and not the less Room on account of the Fur-  
 ‘ niture: For indeed there was very little in it.  
 ‘ An old Woman, who seem’d coeval with the  
 ‘ Building, and greatly resembled her whom  
 ‘ *Chamont* mentions in the *Orphan*, received us  
 ‘ at the Gate, and in a Howl scarce human, and  
 ‘ to me unintelligible, welcomed her Master  
 ‘ home. In short, the whole Scene was so  
 ‘ gloomy and melancholy, that it threw my Spi-  
 ‘ rits into the lowest Dejection; which my Hus-  
 ‘ band discerning, instead of relieving, encreas’d  
 ‘ by two or three malicious Observations.  
 ‘ “There are good Houses, Madam,” says he,  
 ‘ “as you find, in other Places besides *England*;  
 ‘ “but perhaps you had rather be in a dirty Lodg-  
 ‘ “ings at *Bath*.”

‘ Happy, my Dear, is the Woman, who in  
 ‘ any State of Life, hath a cheerful good-natured  
 ‘ Companion to support and comfort her; but  
 ‘ why do I reflect on happy Situations only to  
 ‘ aggravate my own Misery! My Companion,  
 ‘ far from clearing up the Gloom of Solitude,  
 ‘ soon convinced me, that I must have been  
 ‘ wretched with him in any Place, and in any  
 ‘ Condition. In a Word, he was a surly Fel-  
 ‘ low,

low, a Character you have perhaps never seen :  
 For indeed no Woman ever sees it exemplified,  
 but in a Father, a Brother, or a Husband ; and  
 tho' you have a Father, he is not of that Cha-  
 racter. This surly Fellow had formerly ap-  
 peared to me the very Reverse, and so he did  
 still to every other Person. Good Heaven !  
 how is it possible for a Man to maintain a con-  
 stant Lie in his Appearance abroad and in  
 Company, and to content himself with shewing  
 disagreeable Truth only at home ? Here, my  
 Dear, they make themselves Amends for the  
 uneasy Restraint which they put on their Tem-  
 pers in the World ; for I have observed the  
 more merry and gay and good-humoured my  
 Husband hath at any Time been in Company,  
 the more sullen and morose he was sure to be-  
 come at our next private Meeting. How shall  
 I describe his Barbarity ? To my Fondness he  
 was cold and insensible. My little comical  
 Ways, which you, my *Sophy*, and which others  
 have called so agreeable, he treated with Con-  
 tempt. In my most serious Moments he sung  
 and whistled ; and whenever I was thoroughly  
 dejected and miserable, he was angry, and  
 abused me : For though he was never pleased  
 with my good Humour, nor ascribed it to my  
 Satisfaction in him ; yet my low Spirits always  
 offended him, and those he imputed to my Re-  
 pentance of having (as he said) married an  
*Irishman*.

You will easily conceive, my dear *Grave-*  
*airs* ; (I ask your Pardon, I really forgot my-  
 self) that when a Woman makes an imprudent  
 Match in the Sense of the World ; that is,  
 when she is not an arrant Prostitute to pecu-  
 niary

' niary Interest, she must necessarily have some  
 ' Inclination and Affection for her Man. You  
 ' will as easily believe that this Affection may  
 ' possibly be lessened; nay, I do assure you, Con-  
 ' tempt will wholly eradicate it. This Con-  
 ' tempt I now began to entertain for my Hus-  
 ' band, whom I now discovered to be—I must  
 ' use the Expression—an arrant Blockhead. Per-  
 ' haps you will wonder I did not make this Dis-  
 ' covery long before; but Women will suggest  
 ' a thousand Excuses to themselves for the Folly  
 ' of those they like: Besides, give me Leave to  
 ' tell you, it requires a most penetrating Eye to  
 ' discern a Fool through the Disguises of Gayety  
 ' and Good-breeding.

' It will be easily imagined, that when I once  
 ' despised my Husband, as I confess to you I soon  
 ' did, I must consequently dislike his Company;  
 ' and indeed I had the Happiness of being very  
 ' little troubled with it; for our House was now  
 ' most elegantly furnished, our Cellars well  
 ' stocked, and Dogs and Horses provided in great  
 ' Abundance. As my Gentleman therefore en-  
 ' tertained his Neighbours with great Hospitality;  
 ' so his Neighbours resorted to him with great  
 ' Alacrity; and Sports and Drinking consumed  
 ' so much of his Time, that a small Part of his  
 ' Conversation, that is to say, of his Ill-humours,  
 ' fell to my Share.

' Happy would it have been for me, if I could  
 ' as easily have avoided all other disagreeable  
 ' Company; but alas! I was confined to some  
 ' which constantly tormented me; and the more,  
 ' as I saw no Prospect of being relieved from  
 ' them. These Companions were my own rack-  
 ' ing Thoughts, which plagued, and in a man-

ner

ner haunted me Night and Day. In this Situation I paſt through a Scene, the Horrors of which can neither be painted nor imagined. Think, my Dear, figure, if you can, to yourſelf what I muſt have undergone. I became a Mother by the Man I ſcorned, hated, and deſteſted. I went through all the Agonies and Miſeries of a Lying-in, (ten Times more painful in ſuch a Circumſtance, than the worſt Labour can be, when one endures it for a Man one loves,) in a Deſert, or rather indeed a Scene of Riot and Revel, without a Friend, without a Companion, or without any of thoſe agreeable Circumſtances which often alleviate, and perhaps ſometimes more than compenſate the Sufferings of our Sex at that Season.

## C H A P. VI.

*In which the Miſtake of the Landlord throws Sophia into a dreadful Conſternation.*

MRS. *Fitzpatrick* was proceeding in her Narrative, when ſhe was interrupted by the Entrance of Dinner, greatly to the Concern of *Sophia*: For the Miſfortunes of her Friend had raiſed her Anxiety, and left her no Appetite, but what Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* was to ſatisfy by her Relation.

The Landlord now attended with a Plate under his Arm, and with the ſame Reſpect in his Countenance and Addreſs, which he would have put on, had the Ladies arrived in a Coach and Six.

The married Lady ſeemed leſs affected with her own Miſfortunes than was her Couſin: For the former eat very heartily, whereas the latter

could hardly swallow a Morsel. *Sophia* likewise shewed more Concern and Sorrow in her Countenance than appeared in the other Lady; who having observed these Symptoms in her Friend, begged her to be comforted, saying, 'Perhaps all may yet end better than either you or I expect.'

Our Landlord thought he had now an Opportunity to open his Mouth, and was resolved not to omit it. 'I am sorry, Madam,' cries he, 'that your Ladyship can't eat; for to be sure you must be hungry after so long fasting. I hope your Ladyship is not uneasy at any thing: For, as Madam there says, all may end better than any body expects. A Gentleman who was here just now, brought excellent News; and perhaps some Folks who have given other Folks the Slip, may get to *London* before they are overtaken; and if they do, I make no Doubt, but they will find People who will be very ready to receive them.'

All Persons under the Apprehension of Danger convert whatever they see and hear into the Objects of that Apprehension. *Sophia* therefore immediately concluded from the foregoing Speech, that she was known and pursued by her Father. She was now struck with the utmost Consternation, and for a few Minutes deprived of the Power of Speech; which she no sooner recovered, than she desired the Landlord to send his Servants out of the Room, and then addressing herself to him, said; 'I perceive, Sir, you know who we are; but I beseech you;— nay, I am convinced, if you have any Compassion or Goodness, you will not betray us.'

' I betray your Ladyship!' quoth the Land-  
 lord; ' No; (and then he swore several very  
 hearty Oaths) ' I would sooner be cut into ten  
 ' thousand Pieces. I hate all Treachery. I! I  
 ' never betrayed any one in my Life yet, and I  
 ' am sure I shall not begin with so sweet a Lady  
 ' as your Ladyship. All the World would very  
 ' much blame me if I should, since it will be in  
 ' your Ladyship's Power so shortly to reward me.  
 ' My Wife can witness for me, I knew your  
 ' Ladyship the Moment you came into the  
 ' House: I said it was your Honour, before I  
 ' lifted you from your Horse, and I shall carry  
 ' the Bruises I got in your Ladyship's Service to  
 ' the Grave; but what signified that, as long as  
 ' I saved your Ladyship? To be sure some Peo-  
 ' ple this Morning would have thought of get-  
 ' ting a Reward; but no such Thought ever en-  
 ' tered into my Head. I would sooner starve  
 ' than take any Reward for betraying your La-  
 ' dyship.'

' I promise you, Sir,' says *Sophia*, ' if it be  
 ' ever in my Power to reward you, you shall not  
 ' lose by your Generosity.'

' Alack-a-day, Madam!' answered the Land-  
 lord, ' in your Ladyship's Power! Heaven put  
 ' it as much into your Will. I am only afraid  
 ' your Honour will forget such a poor Man as  
 ' an Innkeeper; but if your Ladyship should not,  
 ' I hope you will remember what Reward I re-  
 ' fused—refused! that is, I would have refused,  
 ' and to be sure it may be called refusing; for I  
 ' might have had it certainly; and to be sure you  
 ' might have been in some Houses;—but for my  
 ' Part, would not methinks for the World have  
 ' your Ladyship wrong me so much, as to ima-  
 ' gine

‘ gine I ever thought of betraying you, even before I heard the good News.

‘ What News pray?’ says *Sophia*, something eagerly.

‘ Hath not your Ladyship heard it then?’ cries the Landlord, ‘ nay, like enough: For I heard it only a few Minutes ago; and if I had never heard it, may the Devil fly away with me this Instant, if I would have betrayed your Honour; no, if I would, may I—Here he subjoined several dreadful Imprecations, which *Sophia* at last interrupted, and begged to know what he meant by the News.—He was going to answer, when Mrs. *Honour* came running into the Room, all pale and breathless, and cried out, ‘ Madam, we are all undone, all ruined, they are come, they are come!’ These Words almost froze up the Blood of *Sophia*; but Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* asked *Honour*, who were come?—‘ Who?’ answered she, why the *French*; several hundred thousands of them are landed, and we shall be all murdered and ravished.’

As a Miser, who hath in some well-built City a Cottage value Twenty Shillings, when at a Distance he is alarmed with the News of a Fire, turns pale and trembles at his Loss; but when he finds the beautiful Palaces only are burnt, and his own Cottage remains safe, he comes instantly to himself and smiles at his good Fortunes: Or as (for we dislike something in the former Simile) the tender Mother, when terrified with the Apprehension that her darling Boy is drowned, is struck senseless and almost dead with Consternation; but when she is told that little Master is safe, and the *Victory* only with Twelve hundred brave Men gone to the Bottom, Life and Sense again

again return, maternal Fondness enjoys the sudden Relief from all its Fears, and the general Benevolence which at another Time would have deeply felt the dreadful Catastrophe, lies fast asleep in her Mind.

So *Sophia*, than whom none was more capable of tenderly feeling the general Calamity of her Country, found such immediate Satisfaction from the Relief of those Terrors she had of being overtaken by her Father, that the Arrival of the *French* scarce made any Impression on her. She gently chid her Maid for the Fright into which she had thrown her; and said, 'she was glad it was no worse; for that she had feared somebody else was come.'

'Ay, ay,' quoth the Landlord smiling, 'her Ladyship knows better Things; she knows the *French* are our very best Friends, and come over hither only for our Good. They are the People who are to make old *England* flourish again. I warrant her Honour thought the Duke was coming; and that was enough to put her into a Fright. I was going to tell your Ladyship the News.---His Honour's Majesty, Heaven blefs him, hath given the Duke the Slip; and is marching as fast as he can to *London*, and Ten thousand *French* are landed to join him on the Road.'

*Sophia* was not greatly pleased with this News, nor with the Gentleman who related it; but as she still imagined he knew her (for she could not possibly have any Suspicion of the real Truth) she durst not shew any Dislike. And now the Landlord, having removed the Cloth from the Table, withdrew; but at his Departure frequently repeated his Hopes of being remembered hereafter.



The Mind of *Sophia* was not at all easy under the Supposition of being known at this House; for she still applied to herself many Things which the Landlord had address'd to *Jenny Cameron*; she therefore order'd her Maid to pump out of him by what Means he had become acquainted with her Person, and who had offer'd him the Reward for betraying her; she likewise order'd the Horses to be in Readiness by Four in the Morning, at which Hour Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* promis'd to bear her Company; and then composing herself as well as she could, she desired that Lady to continue her Story.

## C H A P. VII.

*In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick concludes her History.*

WHILE Mrs. *Honour*, in Pursuance of the Commands of her Mistress, order'd a Bowl of Punch, and invited my Landlord and Landlady to partake of it, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* thus went on with her Relation.

‘ Most of the Officers who were quartered at a Town in our Neighbourhood were of my Husband’s Acquaintance. Among these was a Lieutenant, a very pretty Sort of Man, and who was married to a Woman so agreeable both in her Temper and Conversation, that from our first knowing each other, which was soon after my Lying-in, we were almost inseparable Companions; for I had the good Fortune to make myself equally agreeable to her.

‘ The Lieutenant, who was neither a Sot nor a Sportsman, was frequently of our Parties; indeed he was very little with my Husband, and

no

' no more than good Breeding constrained him  
 ' to be, as he lived almost constantly at our  
 ' House. My Husband often expressed much Dis-  
 ' satisfaction at the Lieutenant's preferring my  
 ' Company to his; he was very angry with me  
 ' on that Account, and gave me many a hearty  
 ' Curse for drawing away his Companions; say-  
 ' ing, "I ought to be d--ned for having spoiled  
 ' one of the prettiest Fellows in the World, by  
 ' making a Milk-sop of him.

' You will be mistaken, my dear *Sophia*, if  
 ' you imagine that the Anger of my Husband  
 ' arose from my depriving him of a Companion;  
 ' for the Lieutenant was not a Person with whose  
 ' Society a Fool could be pleased; and if I should  
 ' admit the Possibility of this, so little Right had  
 ' my Husband to place the Loss of his Companion  
 ' to me, that I am convinced it was my Con-  
 ' versation alone which induced him ever to come  
 ' to the House. No, Child, it was Envy, the  
 ' worst and most rancorous Kind of Envy, the  
 ' Envy of Superiority of Understanding. The  
 ' Wretch could not bear to see my Conversation  
 ' preferred to his, by a Man of whom he could  
 ' not entertain the least Jealousy. O my dear  
 ' *Sophy*, you are a Woman of Sense; if you mar-  
 ' ry a Man, as is most probable you will, of less  
 ' Capacity than yourself, make frequent Trials  
 ' of his Temper before Marriage, and see whe-  
 ' ther he can bear to submit to such a Superiority.  
 ' --Promise me, *Sophy*, you will take this Ad-  
 ' vice; for you will hereafter find its Importance.  
 ' It is very likely I shall never marry at all,' an-  
 ' swered *Sophia*; ' I think, at least, I shall never  
 ' marry a Man in whose Understanding I see any  
 ' Defects before Marriage; and I promise you I



' would rather give up my own, than see any  
 ' such afterwards.'—' Give up your Understand-  
 ' ing!' replied Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, ' Oh fie, Child,  
 ' I will not believe so meanly of you. Every  
 ' thing else I might myself be brought to give  
 ' up; but never this. Nature would not have  
 ' allotted this Superiority to the Wife in so many  
 ' Instances, if she had intended we should all of  
 ' us have surrendered it to the Husband. This  
 ' indeed Men of Sense never expect of us; of  
 ' which the Lieutenant I have just mentioned  
 ' was one notable Example; for tho' he had a  
 ' very good Understanding, he always acknow-  
 ' ledged (as was really true) that his Wife had a  
 ' better. And this, perhaps, was one Reason of  
 ' the Hatred my Tyrant bore her.

' Before he would be so governed by a Wife,  
 ' he said, especially such an ugly B—— (for in-  
 ' deed she was not a regular Beauty, but very  
 ' agreeable, and extremely genteel) he would see  
 ' all the Women upon Earth at the Devil, which  
 ' was a very usual Phrase with him. He said,  
 ' he wondered what I could see in her to be so  
 ' charmed with her Company; since this Wo-  
 ' man, says he, hath come among us, there is  
 ' an End of your beloved Reading, which you  
 ' pretended to like so much, that you could not  
 ' afford Time to return the Visits of the Ladies,  
 ' in this Country; and I must confess I had been  
 ' guilty of a little Rudeness this Way; for the  
 ' Ladies there are at least no better than the  
 ' mere Country Ladies here; and I think I need  
 ' make no other Excuse to you for declining any  
 ' Intimacy with them.

' This Correspondence however continued a  
 ' whole Year, even all the while the Lieutenant  
 ' was

' was quartered in that Town; for which I was  
 ' contented to pay the Tax of being constantly  
 ' abused in the Manner above-mentioned by my  
 ' Husband; I mean when he was at home; for  
 ' he was frequently absent a Month at a Time  
 ' at *Dublin*, and once made a Journey of two  
 ' Months to *London*; in all which Journeys I  
 ' thought it a very singular Happiness that he  
 ' never once desired my Company; nay, by his  
 ' frequent Censures on Men who could not travel,  
 ' as he phrased it, without a Wife tied up  
 ' to their Tail, he sufficiently intimated that had  
 ' I been never so desirous of accompanying him,  
 ' my Wishes would have been in vain; but,  
 ' Heaven knows, such Wishes were very far from  
 ' my Thoughts.

At length my Friend was removed from me,  
 and I was again left to my Solitude, to the tormenting  
 Conversation with my own Reflections, and to apply to Books  
 for my only Comfort. I now read almost all Day long.—How  
 many Books do you think I read in three  
 Months? ' I can't guess, indeed, Cousin,'  
 answered *Sophia*.—' Perhaps half a Score!' ' Half a Score! half a  
 Thousand, Child,' answered the other. ' I read a good deal in  
*Daniel's English History of France*; a great deal in *Plutarch's Lives*;  
 the *Atalantis*, *Pope's Homer*, *Dryden's Plays*, *Chillingworth*,  
 the Countess *D'Anois*, and *Lock's Human Understanding*.

' During this Interval I wrote three very supplicating,  
 and, I thought, moving Letters to my Aunt; but as I received  
 no Answer to any of them, my Disdain would not suffer me to  
 continue my Application.'—Here she stopt, and looking earnestly  
 at *Sophia*, said, ' Methinks,

' my Dear, I read something in your Eyes which  
 ' reproaches me of a Neglect in another Place,  
 ' where I should have met with a kinder Return.  
 ' Indeed, dear *Harriet*,' answered *Sophia*, ' your  
 ' Story is an Apology for any Neglect; but in-  
 ' deed I feel that I have been guilty of a Remiff-  
 ' ness, without so good an Excuse.—Yet pray  
 ' proceed; for I long, tho' I tremble, to hear  
 ' the End.'

Thus then Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* resumed her Nar-  
 rative. ' My Husband now took a second Jour-  
 ' ney to *England*, where he continued upwards  
 ' of three Months. During the greater Part of  
 ' this Time, I led a Life which nothing but  
 ' having led a worse, could make me think tole-  
 ' rable; for perfect Solitude can never be recon-  
 ' ciled to a social Mind, like mine, but when it  
 ' relieves you from the Company of those you  
 ' hate. What added to my Wretchedness, was  
 ' the Loss of my little Infant: Not that I pretend  
 ' to have had for it that extravagant Tenderness  
 ' of which I believe I might have been capable  
 ' under other Circumstances; but I resolved, in  
 ' every Instance, to discharge the Duty of the  
 ' tenderest Mother; and this Care prevented me  
 ' from feeling the Weight of that, heaviest of all  
 ' Things, when it can be at all said to lie heavy  
 ' on our Hands.

' I had spent full ten Weeks almost entirely by  
 ' myself, having seen no body all that Time,  
 ' except my Servants, and a very few Visitors,  
 ' when a young Lady, a Relation to my Husband,  
 ' came from a distant Part of *Ireland* to visit me.  
 ' She had staid once before a Week at my House,  
 ' and then I gave her a pressing Invitation to re-  
 ' turn; for she was a very agreeable Woman,  
 ' and

‘ and had improved good natural Parts by a proper Education. Indeed she was to me a most welcome Guest.

‘ A few Days after her Arrival, perceiving me in very low Spirits, without enquiring the Cause, which indeed she very well knew, the young Lady fell to compassionating my Case. She said, “ Tho’ Politeness had prevented me from complaining to my Husband’s Relations of his Behaviour; yet they all were very sensible of it, and felt great Concern upon that Account; but none more than herself:” And after some more general Discourse on this Head, which I own I could not forbear countenancing; at last, after much previous Precaution, and enjoined Concealment, she communicated to me, as a profound Secret—that my Husband kept a Mistress.

‘ You will certainly imagine, I heard this News with the utmost Insensibility—Upon my Word, if you do, your Imagination will mislead you. Contempt had not so kept down my Anger to my Husband, but that Hatred rose again on this Occasion. What can be the Reason of this? Are we so abominably selfish, that we can be concerned at others having Possession even of what we despise? Or are we not rather abominably vain, and is not this the greatest Injury done to our Vanity? What think you, *Sophia*?’

‘ I don’t know, indeed,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘ I have never troubled myself with any of these deep Contemplations; but I think the Lady did very ill in communicating to you such a Secret.’

‘ And yet, my Dear, this Conduct is natural,’ replied Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; ‘ and when you have seen and read as much as myself, you will acknowledge it to be so.’

‘ I am sorry to hear it is natural,’ returned *Sophia*; ‘ for I want neither Reading nor Experience to convince me, that it is very dishonourable and very ill-natured: Nay, it is surely as ill-bred to tell a Husband or Wife of the Faults of each other, as to tell them of their own.’

‘ Well,’ continued Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, ‘ my Husband at last returned; and if I am thoroughly acquainted with my own Thoughts, I hated him now more than ever; but I despised him rather less: For certainly nothing so much weakens our Contempt, as an Injury done to our Pride or our Vanity.’

‘ He now assumed a Carriage to me, so very different from what he had lately worn, and so nearly resembling his Behaviour the first Week of our Marriage, that had I now had any Spark of Love remaining, he might, possibly, have rekindled my Fondness for him. But though Hatred may succeed to Contempt, and may, perhaps, get the better of it, Love, I believe, cannot. The Truth is, the Passion of Love is too restless to remain contented, without the Gratification which it receives from its Object; and one can no more be inclined to love without loving, than we can have Eyes without seeing. When a Husband, therefore, ceases to be the Object of this Passion, it is most probable some other Man—I say, my Dear, if your Husband grows indifferent to you—if you once come to despise him—I say,----that is,---if you have the Passion of Love in you---Lud! I have  
‘ be-

' bewildered myself so,---but one is apt, in these  
 ' abstracted Considerations, to lose the Concate-  
 ' nation of Ideas, as Mr. *Locke* says.---In short,  
 ' the Truth is---In short, I scarce know what it  
 ' is; but, as I was saying, my Husband re-  
 ' turned, and his Behaviour, at first, greatly sur-  
 ' prized me; but he soon acquainted me with  
 ' the Motive, and taught me to account for it.  
 ' In a Word, then, he had spent and lost all the  
 ' ready Money of my Fortune; and as he could  
 ' mortgage his own Estate no deeper, he was now  
 ' desirous to supply himself with Cash for his Ex-  
 ' travagance, by selling a little Estate of mine,  
 ' which he could not do without my Assistance;  
 ' and to obtain this Favour was the whole and  
 ' sole Motive of all the Fondness which he now  
 ' put on.

' With this I peremptorily refused to comply.  
 ' I told him, and I told him truly, that had I  
 ' been possessed of the *Indies* at our first Mar-  
 ' riage, he might have commanded it all: For it  
 ' had been a constant Maxim with me, that where  
 ' a Woman disposes of her Heart, she should al-  
 ' ways depose her Fortune; but as he had been  
 ' so kind, long ago, to restore the former into  
 ' my Possession, I was resolved likewise to retain  
 ' what little remained of the latter.

' I will not describe to you the Passion into  
 ' which these Words, and the resolute Air in  
 ' which they were spoken, threw him: Nor will  
 ' I trouble you with the whole Scene which suc-  
 ' ceeded between us. Out came, you may be  
 ' well assured, the Story of the Mistress; and  
 ' out it did come, with all the Embellishments  
 ' which Anger and Disdain could bestow upon  
 ' it.



Mr. *Fitzpatrick* seemed a little Thunder-  
struck with this, and more confused than I had  
seen him; tho' his Ideas are always confused  
enough, Heaven knows. He did not, how-  
ever, endeavour to exculpate himself; but took  
a Method which almost equally confounded me.  
What was this but Recrimination! He affected  
to be jealous;--he may, for ought I know,  
be inclined enough to Jealousy in his natural  
Temper: Nay, he must have had it from Na-  
ture, or the Devil must have put it into his  
Head; for I defy all the World to cast a just  
Aspersion on my Character: Nay, the most  
scandalous Tongues have never dared censure  
my Reputation. My Fame, I thank Heaven,  
hath been always as spotless as my Life; and let  
Falshood itself accuse that, if it dare. No, my  
dear *Graveairs*, however provoked, however ill  
treated, however injured in my Love, I have  
firmly resolved never to give the least Room  
for Censure on this Account.---And yet, my  
Dear, there are some People so malicious, some  
Tongues so venomous, that no Innocence can  
escape them. The most undesigned Word,  
the most accidental Look, the least Familiarity,  
the most innocent Freedom, will be miscon-  
strued, and magnified into I know not what,  
by some People. But I despise, my dear *Grave-  
airs*, I despise all such Slander. No such Ma-  
lice, I assure you, ever gave me an uneasy Mo-  
ment. No, no, I promise you I am above all  
that.---But where was I? O let me see, I told  
you my Husband was jealous.---And of whom,  
pray?---Why of whom but the Lieutenant I  
mentioned to you before? He was obliged to  
resort above a Year and more back, to find  
any

‘ any Object for this unaccountable Passion, if  
 ‘ indeed he really felt any such, and was not an  
 ‘ arrant Counterfeit, in order to abuse me.

‘ But I have tired you already with too many  
 ‘ Particulars. I will now bring my Story to a  
 ‘ very speedy Conclusion. In short, then, after  
 ‘ many Scenes very unworthy to be repeated, in  
 ‘ which my Cousin engaged so heartily on my  
 ‘ Side, that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* at last turned her  
 ‘ out of Doors; when he found I was neither  
 ‘ to be soothed nor bullied into Compliance, he  
 ‘ took a very violent Method indeed. Perhaps  
 ‘ you will conclude he beat me; but this, tho’ he  
 ‘ hath approached very near to it, he never ac-  
 ‘ tually did. He confined me to my Room, with-  
 ‘ out suffering me to have either Pen, Ink, Pa-  
 ‘ per, or Book; and a Servant every Day made  
 ‘ my Bed, and brought me my Food.

‘ When I had remained a Week under this  
 ‘ Imprisonment, he made me a Visit, and, with  
 ‘ the Voice of a Schoolmaster, or, what is often  
 ‘ much the same, of a Tyrant, asked me, “ If I  
 ‘ would yet comply?” “ I answered very stout-  
 ‘ ly, “ That I would die first.” “ Then so you  
 ‘ shall, and be d--n’d,” cries he; “ for you shall  
 ‘ never go alive out of this Room.”

‘ Here I remained a Fortnight longer; and, to  
 ‘ say the Truth, my Constancy was almost sub-  
 ‘ dued, and I began to think of Submission; when  
 ‘ one Day, in the Absence of my Husband, who  
 ‘ was gone abroad for some short Time, by the  
 ‘ greatest good Fortune in the World, an Accident  
 ‘ happened.---I--at a Time when I began to give  
 ‘ Way to the utmost Despair---every Thing would  
 ‘ be excusable at such

‘ a Time---at that very Time I received---But it  
 ‘ would take up an Hour to tell you all Particu-  
 ‘ lars.--In one Word, then, (for I will not tire  
 ‘ you with Circumstances) Gold, the common  
 ‘ Key to all Padlocks, opened my Door, and set  
 ‘ me at Liberty.

‘ I now made haste to *Dublin*, where I im-  
 ‘ mediately procured a Passage to *England*; and  
 ‘ was proceeding to *Bath*, in order to throw my-  
 ‘ self into the Protection of my Aunt, or of your  
 ‘ Father, or of any Relation who would afford it  
 ‘ me. My Husband overtook me last Night, at  
 ‘ the Inn where I lay, and which you left a few  
 ‘ Minutes before me; but I had the good Luck  
 ‘ to escape him, and to follow you.

‘ And thus, my Dear, ends my History: A  
 ‘ tragical one, I am sure, it is to myself; but,  
 ‘ perhaps, I ought rather to apologize to you for  
 ‘ its Dulness.’

‘ *Sophia* heaved a deep Sigh, and answered, ‘ In-  
 ‘ deed, *Harriet*, I pity you from my Soul!--  
 ‘ But what could you expect? Why, why,  
 ‘ would you marry an *Irishman*?’

‘ Upon my Word,’ replied her Cousin, ‘ your  
 ‘ Censure is unjust. There are, among the *Irish*,  
 ‘ Men of as much Worth and Honour, as any  
 ‘ among the *English*: Nay, to speak the Truth,  
 ‘ Generosity of Spirit is rather more common  
 ‘ among them. I have known some Examples  
 ‘ there too of good Husbands; and, I believe,  
 ‘ these are not very plenty in *England*. Ask me,  
 ‘ rather, what I could expect when I married a  
 ‘ Fool; and I will tell you a solemn Truth; I  
 ‘ did not know him to be so.’---‘ Can no Man,’  
 ‘ said *Sophia*, in a very low and alter’d Voice,  
 ‘ do you think, make a bad Husband, who is  
 ‘ not

‘not a Fool?’ ‘That,’ answered the other, ‘is too general a Negative; but none, I believe, is so likely as a Fool to prove so. Among my Acquaintance, the silliest Fellows are the worst Husbands; and I will venture to assert, as a Fact, that a Man of Sense rarely behaves very ill to a Wife, who deserves very well.’

## C H A P. VIII.

*A dreadful Alarm in the Inn, with the Arrival of an unexpected Friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.*

**S**OPHIA now, at the Desire of her Cousin, related—not what follows, but what hath gone before in this History: For which Reason the Reader will, I suppose, excuse me, for not repeating it over again.

One Remark, however, I cannot forbear making on her Narrative, namely, that she made no more mention of *Jones*, from the Beginning to the End, than if there had been no such Person alive. This I will neither endeavour to account for, nor to excuse. Indeed, if this may be called a Kind of Dishonesty, it seems the more inexcusable, from the apparent Openness and explicit Sincerity of the other Lady.—But so it was.

Just as *Sophia* arrived at the Conclusion of her Story, there arrived in the Room where the two Ladies were sitting, a Noise, not unlike, in Loudness, to that of a Pack of Hounds just let out from their Kennel; nor, in Shrillness, to Cats, when caterwauling; or, to Screech-Owls; or, indeed, more like (for what Animal can resemble a human Voice?) to those Sounds, which, in the pleasant Mansions of that Gate, which seems to  
derive

derive its Name from a Duplicity of Tongues, issue from the Mouths, and sometimes from the Nostrils of those fair River Nymphs, clyped of old the *Naiades*; in the vulgar Tongue translated Oyster-Wenches: For when, instead of the antient Libations of Milk and Honey and Oil, the rich Distillation from the Juniper-Berry, or perhaps, from Malt, hath, by the early Devotion of their Votaries, been poured forth in great Abundance, should any daring Tongue with unhallowed License prophane; *i. e.* depreciate the delicate fat *Milton* Oyster, the Plaice sound and firm, the Flounder as much alive as when in the Water, the Shrimp as big as a Prawn, the fine Cod alive but a few Hours ago, or any other of the various Treasures, which those Water-Deities, who fish the Sea and Rivers, have committed to the Care of the Nymphs, the angry *Naiades* lift up their immortal Voices, and the prophane Wretch is struck deaf for his Impiety.

Such was the Noise, which now burst from one of the Rooms below; and soon the Thunder, which long had rattled at a Distance, began to approach nearer and nearer, 'till, having ascended by Degrees up Stairs, it at last entered the Apartment where the Ladies were. In short, to drop all Metaphor and Figure, Mrs. Honour having scolded violently below Stairs, and continued the same all the Way up, came in to her Mistress in a most outrageous Passion, crying out, 'What doth your Ladyship think? Would you imagine, that this impudent Villain, the Master of this House, hath had the Impudence to tell me, nay, to stand it out to my Face, that your Ladyship is that nasty, stinking Wh—re,

(Jenny

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‘ (*Jenny Cameron* they call her) that runs about  
 ‘ the Country with the Pretender? Nay, the  
 ‘ lying, saucy Villain, had the Assurance to tell  
 ‘ me, that your Ladyship had owned yourself to  
 ‘ be so: But I have clawed the Rascal; I have  
 ‘ left the Marks of my Nails in his impudent  
 ‘ Face. My Lady!’ says I, ‘ you saucy Scound-  
 ‘ rel: My Lady is Meat for no Pretenders.  
 ‘ She is a young Lady of as good Fashion, and  
 ‘ Family, and Fortune, as any in *Somerſetſhire*.  
 ‘ Did you never hear of the great Squire *Western*,  
 ‘ Sirrah? She is his only Daughter; ſhe is,—  
 ‘ and Heireſs to all his great Eſtate. My Lady  
 ‘ to be called a naſty *Scotch Wh—re* by ſuch a  
 ‘ Varlet—To be ſure, I wiſh I had knocked  
 ‘ his Brains out with the Punch-bowl.

The principal Uneaſineſs with which *Sophia*  
 was affected on this Occaſion, *Honour* had her-  
 ſelf cauſed, by having in her Paſſion diſcovered  
 who ſhe was. However, as this Miſtake of the  
 Landlord ſufficiently accounted for thoſe Paſſages  
 which *Sophia* had before miſtaken, ſhe acquired  
 ſome Eaſe on that Account; nor could ſhe, upon  
 the whole, forbear ſmiling. This enraged *Honour*,  
 and ſhe cried, ‘ Indeed, Madam, I did not  
 ‘ think your Ladyſhip would have made a laugh-  
 ‘ ing Matter of it. To be called Whore by ſuch  
 ‘ an impudent low Rascal. Your Ladyſhip may  
 ‘ be angry with me, for ought I know, for tak-  
 ‘ ing your Part, ſince proffered Service, they ſay,  
 ‘ ſtinks; but to be ſure I could never bear to hear  
 ‘ a Lady of mine called Whore.—Nor will I  
 ‘ bear it. I am ſure your Ladyſhip is as virtuous  
 ‘ a Lady as ever ſat Foot on *Engliſh* Ground,  
 ‘ and I will claw any Villain’s Eyes out who  
 ‘ dares for to offer to preſume for to ſay the leaſt



‘ Word to the contrary. No body ever could  
 ‘ say the least ill of the Character of any Lady  
 ‘ that ever I waited upon.’

*Hinc illæ Lachrymæ*; in plain Truth, *Honour* had as much Love for her Mistress as most Servants have, that is to say—But besides this, her Pride obliged her to support the Character of the Lady she waited on; for she thought her own was in a very close Manner connected with it. In Proportion as the Character of her Mistress was raised, hers likewise, as she conceived, was raised with it; and, on the contrary, she thought the one could not be lowered without the other.

On this Subject, Reader, I must stop a Moment to tell thee a Story. ‘ The famous *Nell Gwynn*, stepping one Day from a House where she had made a short Visit into her Coach, saw a great Mob assembled, and her Footman all bloody and dirty; the Fellow being asked by his Mistress, the Reason of his being in that Condition, answered, ‘ I have been fighting, Madam, with an impudent Rascal who called your Ladyship a Wh—re. ‘ You Blockhead,’ replied Mrs. *Gwynn*, ‘ at this Rate you must fight every Day of your Life; why, you Fool, all the World knows it.’ ‘ Do they?’ cries the Fellow, in a muttering Voice, after he had shut the Coach Door, ‘ they shan’t call me a Whore’s Footman for all that.’

Thus the Passion of Mrs. *Honour* appears natural enough, even if it were to be no otherwise accounted for; but, in reality, there was another Cause of her Anger; for which we must beg Leave to remind our Reader of a Circumstance mentioned in the above Simile. There

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are indeed certain Liquors, which being applied to our Passions, or to Fire, produce Effects the very Reverse of those produced by Water, as they serve to kindle and inflame, rather than to extinguish. Among these, the generous Liquor called Punch is one. It was not therefore without Reason, that the learned Dr. *Cheney* used to call drinking Punch, pouring liquid Fire down your Throat.

Now Mrs. *Honour* had unluckily poured so much of this liquid Fire down her Throat, that the Smoke of it began to ascend into her Pericranium, and blinded the Eyes of Reason which is there supposed to keep her Residence, while the Fire itself from the Stomach easily reached the Heart, and there inflamed the noble Passion of Pride. So that upon the whole, we shall cease to wonder at the violent Rage of the Waiting-woman; tho' at first sight we must confess the Cause seems inadequate to the Effect.

*Sophia*, and her Cousin both, did all in their Power to extinguish these Flames which had roared so loudly all over the House. They at length prevailed; or, to carry the Metaphor one Step farther, the Fire having consumed all the Fuel which the Language affords, to wit, every reproachful Term in it, at last went out of its own Accord.

But tho' Tranquillity was restored above Stairs, it was not so below; where my Landlady highly resenting the Injury done to the Beauty of her Husband, by the Flesh-Spades of Mrs. *Honour*, called aloud for Revenge and Justice. As to the poor Man who had principally suffered in the Engagement, he was perfectly quiet. Perhaps the Blood which he lost, might have cooled his Anger :



Anger: For the Enemy had not only applied her Nails to his Cheeks, but likewise her Fist to his Nostrils, which lamented the Blow with Tears of Blood in great Abundance. To this we may add Reflections on his Mistake; but indeed nothing so effectually silenced his Repentment, as the Manner in which he now discovered his Error; for as to the Behaviour of Mrs. *Honour*, it had the more confirmed him in his Opinion: but he was now assured by a Person of great Figure, and who was attended by a great Equipage, that one of the Ladies was a Woman of Fashion and his intimate Acquaintance.

By the Orders of this Person, the Landlord now ascended, and acquainted our fair Travelers, that a great Gentleman below desired to do them the Honour of waiting on them. *Sophia* turned pale, and trembled at this Message, tho' the Reader will conclude it was too civil, notwithstanding the Landlord's Blunder, to have come from her Father; but Fear hath the common Fault of a Justice of Peace, and is apt to conclude hastily from every slight Circumstance, without examining the Evidence on both Sides.

To ease the Reader's Curiosity, therefore, rather than his Apprehensions, we proceed to inform him, that an *Irish* Peer had arrived very late that Evening at the Inn in his Way to *London*. This Nobleman having sallied from his Supper at the Hurricane before commemorated, had seen the Attendant of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, and upon a short Enquiry, was informed, that her Lady, with whom he was very particularly acquainted, was above. This Information he had no sooner received, than he addressed himself to the Landlord, pacified him, and sent him up  
Stairs

Stairs with Compliments rather civiler than those which were delivered.

It may perhaps be wondered at, that the Waiting-woman herself was not the Messenger employed on this Occasion; but we are sorry to say, she was not at present qualified for that, or indeed for any other Office. The Rum (for so the Landlord chose to call the Distillation from Malt) had basely taken the Advantage of the Fatigue which the poor Woman had undergone, and had made terrible Depredations on her noble Faculties, at a Time when they were very unable to resist the Attack.

We shall not describe this tragical Scene too fully; but we thought ourselves obliged by that historic Integrity which we profess, shortly to hint a Matter which we would otherwise have been glad to have spared. Many Historians indeed, for want of this Integrity, or of Diligence, to say no worse, often leave the Reader to find out these little Circumstances in the Dark, and sometimes to his great Confusion and Perplexity.

*Sophia* was very soon eased of her causeless Fright by the Entry of the noble Peer, who was not only an intimate Acquaintance of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, but in Reality a very particular Friend of that Lady. To say Truth, it was by his Assistance, that she had been enabled to escape from her Husband; for this Nobleman had the same gallant Disposition with those renowned Knights, of whom we read in heroic Story, and had delivered many an imprisoned Nymph from Durance. He was indeed as bitter an Enemy to the savage Authority too often exercised by Husbands and Fathers, over the Young and Lovely of the other Sex, as ever Knight-Errant was to the barbarous

barous Power of Enchanters: Nay, to say Truth, I have often suspected that those very Enchanters with which Romance every where abounds, were in Reality no other than the Husbands of those Days; and Matrimony itself was perhaps the enchanted Castle in which the Nymphs were said to be confined.

This Nobleman had an Estate in the Neighbourhood of *Fitzpatrick*, and had been for some Time acquainted with the Lady. No sooner therefore did he hear of her Confinement, than he earnestly applied himself to procure her Liberty; which he presently effected, not by storming the Castle, according to the Example of antient Heroes; but by corrupting the Governor, in Conformity with the modern Art of War; in which Craft is held to be preferable to Valour, and Gold is found to be more irresistible than either Lead or Steel.

This Circumstance, however, as the Lady did not think it material enough to relate to her Friend, we would not at that Time impart it to the Reader. We rather chose to leave him a while under a Supposition, that she had found, or coined, or by some very extraordinary, perhaps supernatural Means, had possessed herself of the Money with which she had bribed her Keeper, than to interrupt her Narrative by giving a Hint of what seemed to her of too little Importance to be mentioned.

The Peer, after a short Conversation, could not forbear expressing some Surprize at meeting the Lady in that Place; nor could he refrain from telling her, he imagined she had been gone to *Bath*. *Mrs. Fitzpatrick* very freely answered, ' That she had been prevented in her Purpose by  
 ' the

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‘ the Arrival of a Person she need not mention.  
 ‘ In short,’ says she, ‘ I was overtaken by my  
 ‘ Husband (for I need not affect to conceal what  
 ‘ the World knows too well already.) I had the  
 ‘ good Fortune to escape in a most surprizing  
 ‘ Manner, and am now going to *London* with  
 ‘ this young Lady, who is a near Relation of  
 ‘ mine, and who hath escaped from as great a  
 ‘ Tyrant as my own.’

His Lordship concluding that this Tyrant was likewise a Husband, made a Speech full of Compliments to both the Ladies, and as full of Invectives against his own Sex; nor indeed did he avoid some oblique Glances at the matrimonial Institution itself, and at the unjust Powers given by it to Man over the more sensible, and more meritorious Part of the Species. He ended his Oration with an Offer of his Protection, and of his Coach and Six, which was instantly accepted by Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, and at last, upon her Persuasions, by *Sophia*.

Matters being thus adjusted, his Lordship took his Leave, and the Ladies retired to Rest, where Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* entertained her Cousin with many high Encomiums on the Character of the noble Peer, and enlarged very particularly on his great Fondness for his Wife; saying, she believed he was almost the only Person of high Rank, who was entirely constant to the Marriage Bed. ‘ Indeed,’ added she, ‘ my dear *Sophy*, that is a very rare Virtue amongst Men of Condition. Never expect it when you marry; for, believe me, if you do, you will certainly be deceived.’

A gentle Sigh stole from *Sophia* at these Words, which perhaps contributed to form a Dream of no very

very pleasant Kind; but as she never revealed this Dream to any one, so the Reader cannot expect to see it related here.

C H A P. IX.

*The Morning introduced in some pretty Writing:  
A Stage Coach. The Civility of Chambermaids:  
The heroic Temper of Sophia. Her Generosity:  
The Return to it. The Departure of the Com-  
pany, and their Arrival at London; with some  
Remarks for the Use of Travellers.*

THOSE Members of the Society, who are born to furnish the Blessings of Life, now began to light their Candles, in order to pursue their daily Labours, for the Use of those who are born to enjoy these Blessings. The sturdy Hind now attends the Levee of his Fellow Labourer the Ox; the cunning Artificer, the diligent Mechanic spring from their hard Mattress; and now the bonny House-maid begins to repair the disordered Drum-Room, while the riotous Authors of that Disorder, in broken interrupted Slumbers tumble and tofs, as if the Hardness of Down disquieted their Repose.

In simple Phrase, the Clock had no sooner struck Seven, than the Ladies were ready for their Journey; and at their Desire, his Lordship and his Equipage were prepared to attend them.

And now a Matter of some Difficulty arose; and this was how his Lordship himself should be conveyed: For tho' in Stage-Coaches, where Passengers are properly considered as so much Luggage, the ingenious Coachman stows half a Dozen with perfect Ease into the Place of four: for

for well he contrives that the fat Hostess, or well-fed Alderman, may take up no more Room than the slim Miss, or taper Master; it being the Nature of Guts, when well squeezed, to give Way, and to lie in a narrow Compass; yet in these Vehicles which are called, for Distinction-sake, Gentlemens Coaches, tho' they are often larger than the others, this Method of packing is never attempted.

His Lordship would have put a short End to the Difficulty, by very gallantly desiring to mount his Horse; but Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* would by no means consent to it. It was therefore concluded that the *Abigails* should by Turns relieve each other on one of his Lordship's Horses, which was presently equipped with a Side-Saddle for that Purpose.

Every Thing being settled at the Inn, the Ladies discharged their former Guides, and *Sophia* made a Present to the Landlord, partly to repair the Bruise which he had received under herself, and partly on Account of what he had suffered under the Hands of her enraged Waiting-woman. And now *Sophia* first discovered a Loss which gave her some Uneasiness; and this was of the hundred Pound Bank-Bill which her Father had given her at their last Meeting; and which, within a very inconsiderable Trifle, was all the Treasure she was at present worth. She searched every where; and shook and tumbled all her Things to no Purpose, the Bill was not to be found: And she was at last fully persuaded that she had lost it from her Pocket, when she had the Misfortune of tumbling from her Horse in the dark Lane, as before recorded. A Fact that seemed the more probable, as she now recollected

some

some Discomposure in her Pockets which had happened at that Time, and the great Difficulty with which she had drawn forth her Handkerchief the very Instant before her Fall, in order to relieve the Distress of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*.

Misfortunes of this Kind, whatever Inconveniences they may be attended with, are incapable of subduing a Mind in which there is any Strength, without the Assistance of Avarice. *Sophia* therefore, tho' nothing could be worse timed than this Accident, at such a Season, immediately got the better of her Concern, and with her wonted Serenity and Cheerfulness of Countenance, returned to her Company. His Lordship conducted the Ladies into the Vehicle, as he did likewise Mrs. *Honour*, who, after many Civilities, and more Dear Madams, at last yielded to the well-bred Importunities of her Sister *Abigail*, and submitted to be complimented with the first Ride in the Coach; in which indeed she would afterwards have been contented to have pursued her whole Journey, had not her Mistress, after several fruitless Intimations, at length forced her to take her Turn on Horseback.

The Coach now having received its Company, began to move forwards, attended by many Servants, and by two led Captains, who had before rode with his Lordship, and who would have been dismissed from the Vehicle upon a much less worthy Occasion, than was this of accommodating two Ladies. In this they acted only as Gentlemen; but they were ready at any Time to have performed the Office of a Footman, or indeed would have condescended lower, for the Honour of his Lordship's Company, and for the Convenience of his Table.

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My Landlord was so pleased with the Present he had received from *Sophia*, that he rather rejoiced in than regretted his Bruise, or his Scratches. The Reader will perhaps be curious to know the *Quantum* of this Present, but we cannot satisfy his Curiosity. Whatever it was, it satisfied the Landlord for his bodily Hurt; but he lamented he had not known before how little the Lady valued her Money; 'For to be sure,' says he, 'one might have charged every Article double, and she would have made no Cavil at the Reckoning.'

His Wife however was far from drawing this Conclusion; whether she really felt any Injury done to her Husband more than he did himself, I will not say; certain it is, she was much less satisfied with the Generosity of *Sophia*. 'Indeed,' cries she, 'my Dear, the Lady knows better how to dispose of her Money than you imagine. She might very well think we should not put up such a Business without some Satisfaction, and the Law would have cost her an infinite deal more than this poor little Matter, which I wonder you would take.' 'You are always so bloodily wise,' quoth the Husband: 'It would have cost her more, would it? Dost fancy I don't know that as well as thee? But would any of that more, or so much, have come into our Pockets? Indeed, if Son *Tom* the Lawyer had been alive, I could have been glad to have put such a pretty Business into his Hands. He would have got a good Picking out of it; but I have no Relation now who is a Lawyer, and why should I go to Law for the Benefit of Strangers?' 'Nay, to be sure,' answered she, 'you must know best.' 'I believe I do,' replied





plied he. ' I fancy when Money is to be got, I can smell it out as well as another. Every body, let me tell you, would not have talked People out of this. Mind that, I say; every body would not have cajoled this out of her, mind that.' The Wife then joined in the Applause of her Husband's Sagacity; and thus ended the short Dialogue between them on this Occasion.

We will therefore take our Leave of these good People, and attend his Lordship and his fair Companions, who made such good Expedition, that they performed a Journey of ninety Miles in two Days, and on the second Evening arrived in *London*, without having encountered any one Adventure on the Road worthy the Dignity of this History to relate. Our Pen, therefore, shall imitate the Expedition which it describes, and our History shall keep Pace with the Travellers who are its Subject. Good Writers will indeed do well to imitate the ingenious Traveller in this Instance, who always proportions his Stay at any Place, to the Beauties, Elegancies, and Curiosities which it affords. At *Esbur*, at *Stowe*, at *Wilton*, at *Eastbury*, and at *Prior's Park*, Days are too short for the ravished Imagination; while we admire the wondrous Power of Art in improving Nature. In some of these, Art chiefly engages our Admiration; in others, Nature and Art contend for our Applause; but in the last, the former seems to triumph. Here Nature appears in her richest Attire, and Art dressed with the modestest Simplicity, attends her benignant Mistress. Here Nature indeed pours forth the choicest Treasures which she hath lavished on this World; and here human Nature presents  
you

you with an Object which can be exceeded only in the other.

The same Taste, the same Imagination, which luxuriously riots in these elegant Scenes, can be amused with Objects of far inferior Note. The Woods, the Rivers, the Lawns of *Devon* and of *Dorset*, attract the Eye of the ingenious Traveller, and retard his Pace, which Delay he afterwards compensates by swiftly scouring over the gloomy Heath of *Bagshot*, or that pleasant Plain which extends itself Westward from *Stockbridge*, where no other Object than one single Tree only in sixteen Miles presents itself to the View, unless the Clouds, in Compassion to our tired Spirits, kindly open their variegated Mansions to our Prospect.

Not so travels the Money-meditating Trademan, the sagacious Justice, the dignified Doctor, the warm-clad Grazier, with all the numerous Offspring of Wealth and Duiness. On they jogg, with equal Pace, through the verdant Meadows, or over the barren Heath, their Horses measuring four Miles and a half *per* Hour with the utmost Exactness; the Eyes of the Beast and of his Master being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the same Objects in the same manner. With equal Rapture the good Rider surveys the proudest Boasts of the Architect, and those fair Buildings, with which some unknown Name hath adorned the rich Cloathing-Town; where Heaps of Bricks are piled up as a kind of Monument, to shew that Heaps of Money have been piled there before.

And now, Reader, as we are in haste to attend our Heroine, we will leave to thy Sagacity to apply all this to the *Baesian* Writers, and to those

Authors who are their Opposites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our Aid. Bestir thyself therefore on this Occasion; for tho' we will always lend thee proper Assistance in difficult Places, as we do not, like some others, expect thee to use the Arts of Divination to discover our Meaning, yet we shall not indulge thy Laziness where nothing but thy own Attention is required; for thou art highly mistaken if thou dost imagine that we intended, when we began this great Work, to leave thy Sagacity nothing to do; or that, without sometimes exercising this Talent, thou wilt be able to travel through our Pages with any Pleasure or Profit to thyself.

#### C H A P. X.

*Containing a Hint or two concerning Virtue, and a few more concerning Suspicion.*

OUR Company being arrived at *London*, were set down at his Lordship's House, where, while they refreshed themselves after the Fatigue of their Journey, Servants were dispatched to provide a Lodging for the two Ladies; for as her Ladyship was not then in Town, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* would by no means consent to accept a Bed in the Mansion of the Peer.

Some Readers will perhaps condemn this extraordinary Delicacy, as I may call it, of Virtue, as too nice and scrupulous; but we must make Allowances for her Situation, which must be owned to have been very ticklish; and when we consider the Malice of censorious Tongues, we must allow, if it was a Fault, the Fault was an Excess on the right Side, and which every Wo-

man

man who is in the self-same Situation will do well to imitate. The most formal Appearance of Virtue, when it is only an Appearance, may perhaps, in very abstracted Considerations, seem to be rather less commendable than Virtue itself without this Formality; but it will however be always more commended; and this, I believe, will be granted by all, that it is necessary, unless in some very particular Cases, for every Woman to support either the one or the other.

A Lodging being prepared, *Sophia* accompanied her Cousin for that Evening; but resolved early in the Morning to enquire after the Lady, into whose Protection, as we have formerly mentioned, she had determined to throw herself, when she quitted her Father's House. And this she was the more eager in doing, from some Observations she had made during her Journey in the Coach.

Now as we would by no means fix the odious Character of Suspicion on *Sophia*, we are almost afraid to open to our Reader the Conceits which filled her Mind concerning Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; of whom she certainly entertained at present some Doubts; which, as they are very apt to enter into the Bosoms of the worst of People, we think proper not to mention more plainly, till we have first suggested a Word or two to our Reader touching Suspicion in general.

Of this there have always appeared to me to be two Degrees. The first of these I chuse to derive from the Heart, as the extreme Velocity of its Discernment seems to denote some previous inward Impulse, and the rather, as this superlative Degree often forms its own Objects; sees what is not, and always more than really exists.

This is that quick-sighted Penetration, whose Hawk's Eyes no Symptom of Evil can escape; which observes not only upon the Actions, but upon the Words and Looks of Men; and as it proceeds from the Heart of the Observer, so it dives into the Heart of the Observed, and there espies Evil, as it were, in the first Embryo; nay sometimes before it can be said to be conceived. An admirable Faculty, if it were infallible; but as this Degree of Perfection is not even claimed by more than one mortal Being; so from the Fallibility of such acute Discernment have arisen many sad Mischiefs and most grievous Heart-akes to Innocence and Virtue. I cannot help therefore regarding this vast Quick-sightedness into Evil, as a vicious Excess, and as a very pernicious Evil in itself. And I am the more inclined to this Opinion, as I am afraid it always proceeds from a bad Heart, for the Reasons I have above mentioned, and for one more, namely, because I never knew it the Property of a good one. Now from this Degree of Suspicion I entirely and absolutely acquit *Sophia*.

A second Degree of this Quality seems to arise from the Head. This is indeed no other than the Faculty of seeing what is before your Eyes, and of drawing Conclusions from what you see. The former of these is unavoidable by those who have any Eyes, and the latter is perhaps no less certain and necessary a Consequence of our having any Brains. This is altogether as bitter an Enemy to Guilt, as the former is to Innocence; nor can I see it in an unamiable Light, even though, through human Fallibility, it should be sometimes mistaken. For Instance, if a Husband should accidentally surprize his Wife in the Lap  
or

or in the Embraces of some of those pretty young Gentlemen who profess the Art of Cuckold-making, I should not highly, I think, blame him for concluding something more than what he saw, from the Familiarities which he really had seen, and which we are at least favourable enough to, when we call them innocent Freedoms. The Reader will easily suggest great Plenty of Instances to himself: I shall add but one more, which however unchristian it may be thought by some, I cannot help esteeming to be strictly justifiable; and this is a Suspicion that a Man is capable of doing what he hath done already, and that it is possible for one who hath been a Villain once, to act the same Part again. And to confess the Truth, of this Degree of Suspicion I believe *Sophia* was guilty. From this Degree of Suspicion she had, in Fact, conceived an Opinion, that her Cousin was really not better than she should be.

The Case, it seems, was this: Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* wisely considered, that the Virtue of a young Lady is, in the World, in the same Situation with a poor Hare, which is certain, whenever it ventures abroad, to meet its Enemies: For it can hardly meet any other. No sooner therefore was she determined to take the first Opportunity of quitting the Protection of her Husband, than she resolved to cast herself under the Protection of some other Man; and whom could she so properly chuse to be her Guardian as a Person of Quality, of Fortune, of Honour; and who, besides a gallant Disposition which inclines Men to Knight-Errantry, that is, to be the Champions of Ladies in Distress, had often declared a vio-



lent Attachment to herself, and had already given her all the Instances of it in his Power?

But as the Law hath foolishly omitted this Office of Vice-Husband, or Guardian to an eloped Lady; and as Malice is apt to denominate him by a more disagreeable Appellation; it was concluded that his Lordship should perform all such kind Offices to the Lady in secret, and without publicly assuming the Character of her Protector. Nay, to prevent any other Person from seeing him in this Light, it was agreed that the Lady should proceed directly to *Bath*, and that his Lordship should first go to *London*, and thence should go down to that Place by the Advice of his Physicians.

Now all this *Sophia* very plainly understood, not from the Lips or Behaviour of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, but from the Peer, who was infinitely less expert at retaining a Secret, than was the good Lady; and perhaps the exact Secrecy which Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* had observed on this Head in her Narrative, served not a little to heighten those Suspicions which were now risen in the Mind of her Cousin.

*Sophia* very easily found out the Lady she sought; for indeed there was not a Chairman in Town to whom her House was not perfectly well known; and as she received, in Return of her first Message, a most pressing Invitation, she immediately accepted it. Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* indeed did not desire her Cousin to stay with her with more Earnestness than Civility required. Whether she had discerned and resented the Suspicion above-mentioned, or from what other Motive it arose, I cannot say; but certain it is, she was full

full as desirous of parting with *Sophia*, as *Sophia* herself could be of going.

The young Lady, when she came to take Leave of her Cousin, could not avoid giving her a short Hint of Advice. She begged her, for Heaven's Sake, to take care of herself, and to consider in how dangerous a Situation she stood; adding, she hoped some Method would be found of reconciling her to her Husband. 'You must remember, my Dear,' says she, 'the Maxim which my Aunt *Western* hath so often repeated to us both; *That whenever the matrimonial Alliance is broke, and War declared between Husband and Wife, she can hardly make a disadvantageous Peace for herself on any Conditions.* These are my Aunt's very Words, and she hath had a great deal of Experience in the World.' Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* answered, with a contemptuous Smile, 'Never fear me, Child, take care of yourself; for you are younger than me. I will come and visit you in a few Days; but, dear *Sophy*, let me give you one Piece of Advice: Leave the Character of *Graveairs* in the Country; for, believe me, it will fit very aukwardly upon you in this Town.'

Thus the two Cousins parted, and *Sophia* repaired directly to Lady *Bellafton*, where she found a most hearty, as well as most polite Welcome. The Lady had taken a great Fancy to her when she had seen her formerly with her Aunt *Western*. She was indeed extremely glad to see her, and was no sooner acquainted with the Reasons which induced her to leave the Squire and fly to *London*, than she highly applauded her Sense and Resolution; and after expressing the highest Satisfaction in the Opinion which *Sophia* had declared





she entertained of her Ladyship, by chusing her House for an Asylum, she promised her all the Protection which it was in her Power to give.

As we have now brought *Sophia* into safe Hands, the Reader will, I apprehend, be contented to deposite her there a while, and to look a little after other Personages, and particularly poor *Jones*, whom we have left long enough to do Penance for his past Offences, which, as is the Nature of Vice, brought sufficient Punishment upon him themselves.

THE