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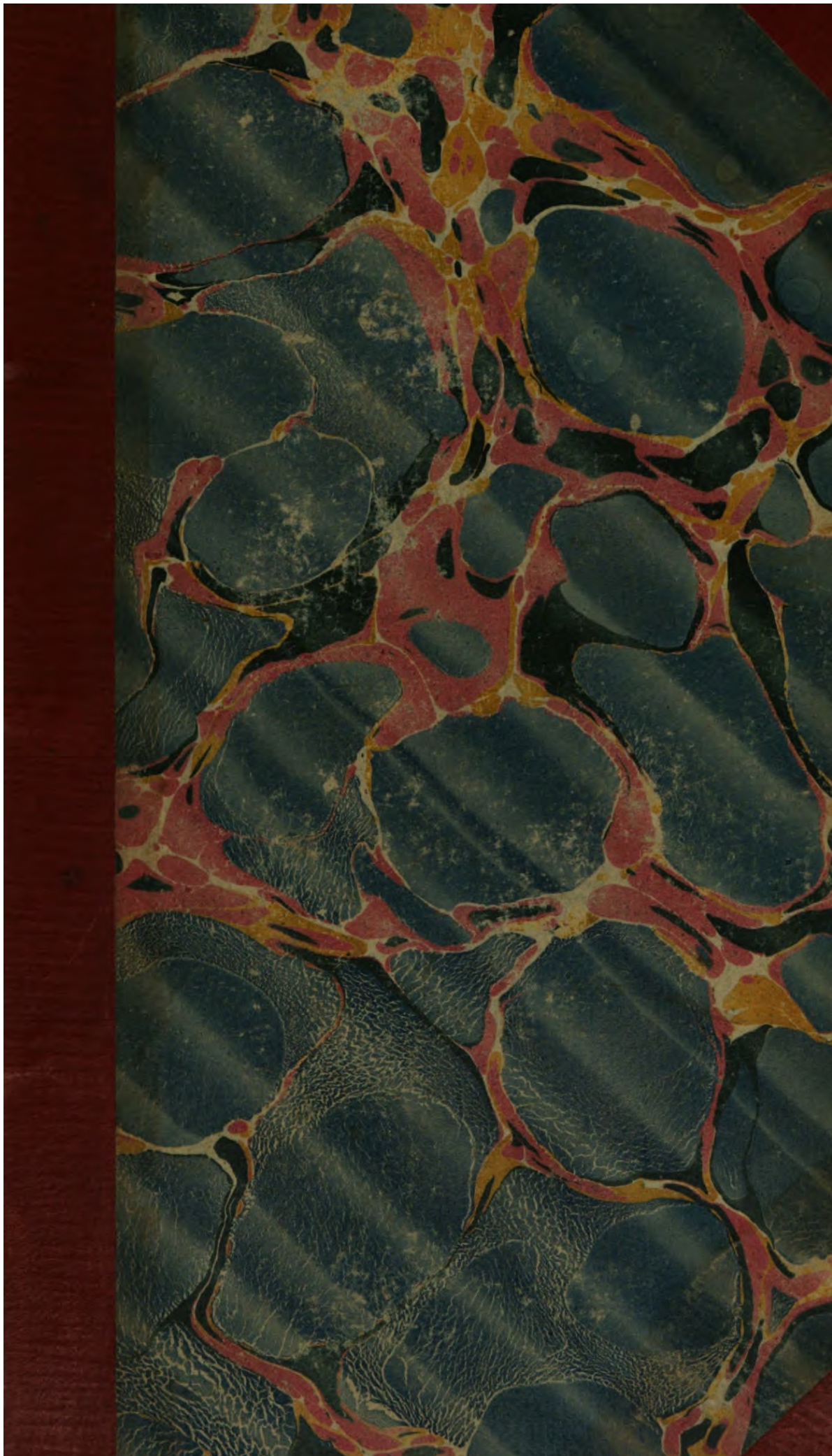
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To be returned

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XL 36



THE
WORKS
OF
HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

WITH
The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

VOL. IX.

THE THIRD EDITION.



L O N D O N:
Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand.
M.DCC.LXVI.

THE
HISTORY
OF
TOM JONES,
A
FOUNDLING.

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B O O K X V.

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THE

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F A
F O U N D L I N G .

B O O K X V .

In which the history advances about two days.

C H A P . I .

Too short to need a preface.

TH E R E are a set of religious, or rather moral writers, who teach that virtue is the certain road to happiness, and vice to misery, in this world. A very wholesome and comfortable doctrine, and to which we have but one objection, namely, that it is not true.

Indeed, if by virtue these writers mean the exercise of those cardinal virtues, which like good house-wives stay at home, and mind only the business of their own family, I shall very readily concede the point; for so surely do all these contribute and lead to happiness, that I could almost wish, in violation of all the antient and modern fages, to call them rather by the name of wisdom, than by that of virtue: for with regard to this life, no system, I conceive, was ever wiser than that of the antient Epicureans, who held this wisdom to constitute the chief good; nor foolisher than that of their opposites, those modern epicures, who place all felicity in the abundant gratification of every sensual appetite.

But if by virtue is meant (as I almost think it ought) a certain relative quality, which is always busying itself without doors, and seems as much interested in pursuing the good of others as its own; I cannot so easily agree that this is the surest way to human happiness; because I am afraid we must then include poverty and contempt, with all the mischiefs which backbiting, envy, and ingratitude, can bring on mankind, in our idea of happiness; nay, sometimes perhaps we shall be obliged to wait upon the said happiness to a gaol; since many by the above virtue have brought themselves thither.

I have not now leisure to enter upon so large a field of speculation, as here seems opening upon me; my design was to wipe off a doctrine that lay in my way; since while Mr. Jones was acting the most virtuous part imaginable in labouring to preserve his fellow-creatures from destruction, the devil, or some other evil spirit, one perhaps cloathed in human flesh, was hard at work to make him completely miserable in the ruin of his Sophia.

This therefore would seem an exception to the above rule, if indeed it was a rule; but as we have in our voyage through life seen so many other exceptions to it, we chuse to dispute the doctrine on which it is founded, which we don't apprehend to be christian, which we are convinced is not true, and which is indeed destructive of one of the noblest arguments that reason alone can furnish for the belief of immortality.

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

C H A P. II.

In which is opened a very black design against Sophia.

I Remember a wise old gentleman, who used to say, 'When children are doing nothing, they are doing mischief.' I will not enlarge this quaint saying to the most beautiful part of the creation in general; but so far I may be allowed, that when the effects of female jealousy

jealousy do not appear openly in their proper colours of rage and fury, we may suspect that mischievous passion to be at work privately, and attempting to undermine, what it doth not attack above ground.

This was exemplified in the conduct of lady Belaston, who, under all the smiles which she wore in her countenance, concealed much indignation against Sophia; and as she plainly saw, that this young lady stood between her and the full indulgence of her desires, she resolved to get rid of her by some means or other; nor was it long before a very favourable opportunity of accomplishing this presented itself to her.

The reader may be pleased to remember, that when Sophia was thrown into that consternation at the play-house, by the wit and humour of a set of young gentlemen who call themselves the town, we informed him, that she had put herself under the protection of a young nobleman, who had very safely conducted her to her chair.

This nobleman, who frequently visited lady Belaston, had more than once seen Sophia there, since her arrival in town, and had conceived a very great liking to her; which liking, as beauty never looks more amiable than in distress, Sophia had in this fright so encreased, that he might now, without any great impropriety, be said to be actually in love with her.

It may easily be believed, that he would not suffer so handsome an occasion of improving his acquaintance with the beloved object as now offered itself, to elapse, when even good-breeding alone might have prompted him to pay her a visit.

The next morning therefore, after this accident, he waited on Sophia, with the usual compliments, and hopes that she had received no harm from her last night's adventure.

As love, like fire, when once thoroughly kindled, is soon blown into a flame; Sophia in a very short time compleated her conquest. Time now flew away unperceived, and the noble lord had been two hours in company with the lady, before it entered into his head that he had made too long a visit. Though this circumstance alone would have alarmed Sophia,

' for your charming cousin : but pray who is this
 ' happy man ?' — ' Why he is,' said she, ' what I
 ' am sorry to say most happy men with us are, one of
 ' the lowest fellows in the world. He is a beggar,
 ' a bastard, a foundling, a fellow in meaner circum-
 ' stances than one of your lordship's footmen.' And
 ' is it possible,' cried he, ' that a young creature
 ' with such perfections should think of bestowing her-
 ' self so unworthily ?' ' Alas ! my lord,' answered
 ' she, ' consider the country — the bane of all young
 ' women is the country. There they learn a set of
 ' romantic notions of love, and I know not what
 ' folly, which this town and good company can scarce-
 ' eradicate in a whole winter.' ' Indeed, Madam,'
 replied my lord, ' your cousin is of too immense a
 ' value to be thrown away : such ruin as this must be
 ' prevented.' ' Alas !' cries she, ' my lord, how can
 ' it be prevented ? The family have already done
 ' all in their power ; but the girl is, I think, in-
 ' toxicated, and nothing less than ruin will content
 ' her. And to deal more openly with you, I expect
 ' every day to hear she is run away with him.' ' What
 ' you tell me, lady Bellafton,' answered his lordship,
 ' affects me most tenderly, and only raises my com-
 ' passion instead of lessening my adoration of your
 ' cousin. Some means must be found to preserve so
 ' inestimable a jewel. Hath your ladyship endea-
 ' voured to reason with her ?' Here the lady affected
 a laugh, and cried, ' My dear lord, sure you know
 ' us better than to talk of reasoning a young woman
 ' out of her inclinations ? These inestimable jewels
 ' are as deaf as the jewels they wear : time, my lord,
 ' time is the only medicine to cure their folly ; but
 ' this is a medicine, which I am certain she will not
 ' take ; nay, I live in hourly horrors on her account.
 ' In short, nothing but violent methods will do.'
 ' What is to be done ?' cries my lord, ' What me-
 ' thods are to be taken ? — Is there any method upon
 ' earth ? — Oh ! lady Bellafton ! there is nothing
 ' which I would not undertake for such a reward.'
 — ' I really know not,' answered the lady, after
 a pause ; and then pausing again, she cried out, —
 ' Upon

‘ Upon my soul, I am at my wit’s end on this girl’s
‘ account.—If she can be preserved, something must
‘ be done immediately ; and as I say, nothing but vio-
‘ lent methods will do.—If your lordship hath real-
‘ ly this attachment to my cousin, (and to do her jus-
‘ tice, except in this silly inclination, of which she
‘ will soon see her folly, she is every way deserving)
‘ I think there may be one way, indeed it is a very
‘ disagreeable one, and what I am almost afraid to
‘ think of. — It requires great spirit, I promise
‘ you.’ ‘ I am not conscious, Madam,’ said he, ‘ of
‘ any defect there ; nor am I, I hope, suspected of
‘ any such. It must be an egregious defect indeed,
‘ which could make me backward on this occasion.’
‘ Nay, my lord,’ answered she, ‘ I am so far from
‘ doubting you. I am much more inclined to doubt
‘ my own courage ; for I must run a monstrous risque.
‘ In short, I must place such a confidence in your
‘ honour as a wise woman will scarce ever place in a
‘ man on any consideration.’ In this point likewise
my lord very well satisfied her ; for his reputation was
extremely clear, and common fame did him no more
than justice, in speaking well of him. ‘ Well then,’
said she, ‘ my lord, — I — I vow, I can’t bear the
‘ apprehension of it. — No, it must not be. — At
‘ least every other method shall be tried. Can you
‘ get rid of your engagements, and dine here to-day ?
‘ Your lordship will have an opportunity of seeing a
‘ little more of Miss Western. — I promise you we
‘ have no time to lose. Here will be no body but
‘ lady Betty, and Miss Eagle, and colonel Hamsted,
‘ and Tom Edwards ; they will all go soon, — and I
‘ shall be at home to no body. Then your lordship
‘ may be a little more explicit. Nay, I will contrive
‘ some method to convince you of her attachment to
‘ this fellow.’ My lord made proper compliments,
accepted the invitation, and then they parted to dress,
it being now past three in the morning, or to reckon
by the old style in the afternoon.

C H A P. III.

A further explanation of the foregoing design.

THOUGH the reader may have long since concluded lady Bellaſton to be a member (and no inconfiderable one) of the great world, ſhe was in reality a very confiderable member of the little world; by which appellation was diſtinguiſhed a very worthy and honourable ſociety which not long ſince flouriſhed in this kingdom.

Among other good principles upon which this ſociety was founded, there was one very remarkable: for as it was a rule of an honourable club of heroes, who aſſembled at the cloſe of the late war, that all the members ſhould every day fight once at leaſt; ſo 'twas in this, that every member ſhould, within the twenty-four hours, tell at leaſt one merry fib, which was to be propagated by all the brethren and ſiſterhood.

Many idle ſtories were told about this ſociety, which from a certain quality may be, perhaps not unjuſtly, ſuppoſed to have come from the ſociety themſelves. As, that the devil was the preſident; and that he ſet in perſon in an elbow-chair at the upper end of the table; but upon very ſtrict enquiry, I find there is not the leaſt truth in any of thoſe tales, and that the aſſembly conſiſted in reality of a ſet of very good ſort of people, and the fibs which they propagated were of a harmleſs kind, and tended only to produce mirth and good humour.

Edwards was likewise a member of this comical ſociety. To him therefore lady Bellaſton applied as a proper inſtrument for her purpoſe, and furniſhed him with a fib, which he was to vent whenever the lady gave him her cue; and this was not to be till the evening, when all the company but lord Fellamar and himſelf were gone, and while they were engaged in a rubbers at whiſt.

To this time then, which was between ſeven and eight in the evening, we will convey our reader; when lady Bellaſton, lord Fellamar, Miſs Weſtern, and

and Tom being engaged at whist, and in the last game of their rubbers, Tom received his cue from lady Bellaſton, which was, ‘ I proteſt, Tom, you are grown intolerable lately; you uſed to tell us all the news of the town, and now you know no more of the world than if you lived out of it.’

Mr. Edwards then began as follows: ‘ The fault is not mine, Madam; it lies in the dulcneſs of the age, that doth nothing worth talking of. — O la! though now I think on’t there hath a terrible accident befallen poor colonel Wilcox. — Poor Ned. — You know him, my lord, every body knows him; faith! I am very much concerned for him.’

‘ What is it, pray?’ ſays lady Bellaſton.

‘ Why, he hath killed a man this morning in a duel, that’s all.’

His lordſhip, who was not in the ſecret, asked gravely, whom he had killed? To which Edwards answered, ‘ A young fellow we none of us know; a Somerſetſhire lad juſt come to town, one Jones his name is; a near relation of one Mr. Allworthy, of whom your lordſhip I believe hath heard. I ſaw the lad lie dead in a coffee-houſe. — Upon my ſoul he is one of the fineſt corſes I ever ſaw in my life.’

Sophia, who had juſt began to deal as Tom had mentioned that a man was killed, ſtopt her hand, and liſtened with attention, (for all ſtories of that kind affected her) but no ſooner had he arrived at the latter part of the ſtory, than ſhe began to deal again; and having dealt three cards to one, and ſeven to another, and ten to a third, at laſt dropt the reſt from her hand, and fell back in her chair.

The company behaved as uſually on theſe occaſions. The uſual diſturbance enſued, the uſual aſſiſtance was ſummoned, and Sophia at laſt, as it is uſual, returned again to life, and ſoon after was, at her earneſt deſire, led to her own apartment; where, at my lord’s requeſt, lady Bellaſton acquainted her with the truth, attempted to carry it off as a jeſt of her own, and comforted her with repeated aſſurances, that neither

his lordship, nor Tom, though she had taught him the story, were in the true secret of the affair.

There was no farther evidence necessary to convince lord Fellamar how justly the case had been represented to him by lady Bellaſton; and now at her return into the room, a ſcheme was laid between theſe two noble perſons, which, though it appeared in no very heinous light to his lordſhip, (as he faithfully promiſed, and faithfully reſolved too, to make the lady all the ſubſequent amends in his power by marriage;) yet many of our readers, we doubt not, will ſee with juſt deteſtation.

The next evening at ſeven was appointed for the fatal purpoſe, when lady Bellaſton undertook that Sophia ſhould be alone, and his lordſhip ſhould be introduced to her. The whole family were to be regulated for the purpoſe, moſt of the ſervants diſpatched out of the houſe; and for Mrs. Honour, who, to prevent ſuſpicion, was to be left with her miſtreſs till his lordſhip's arrival, lady Bellaſton herſelf was to engage her in an apartment as diſtant as poſſible from the ſcene of the intended miſchief, and out of the hearing of Sophia.

Matters being thus agreed on, his lordſhip took his leave, and her ladyſhip retired to reſt, highly pleaſed with a project, of which ſhe had no reaſon to doubt the ſucceſs, and which promiſed ſo effectually to remove Sophia from being any future obſtruction to her amour with Jones, by a means of which ſhe ſhould never appear to be guilty, even if the fact appeared to the world; but this ſhe made no doubt of preventing by huddling up a marriage, to which ſhe thought the raviſhed Sophia would eaſily be brought to conſent, and at which all the reſt of her family would rejoice.

But affairs were not in ſo quiet a ſituation in the boſom of the other conſpirator: his mind was toſt in all the diſtracting anxiety ſo nobly deſcribed by Shakeſpear.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the firſt motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :

The

The genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.—

Though the violence of his passion had made him eagerly embrace the first hint of this design, especially as it came from a relation of the lady, yet when that friend to reflection, a pillow, had placed the action itself in all its natural black colours before his eyes, with all the consequences which must, and those which might probably attend it; his resolution began to abate, or rather indeed to go over to the other side; and after a long conflict which lasted a whole night between honour and appetite, the former at length prevailed, and he determined to wait on lady Bellafton, and to relinquish the design.

Lady Bellafton was in bed, though very late in the morning, and Sophia sitting by her bed-side, when the servant acquainted her that lord Fellamar was below in the parlour; upon which her ladyship desired him to stay, and that she would see him presently; but the servant was no sooner departed than poor Sophia began to intreat her cousin not to encourage the visits of that odious lord (so she called him, though a little unjustly) upon her account. ‘I see his design,’ said she; ‘for he made down right love to me yesterday morning; but as I am resolved never to admit it, I beg your ladyship not to leave us alone together any more, and to order the servants that, if he enquires for me, I may be always denied to him.’

‘La! child,’ says lady Bellafton, ‘you country girls have nothing but sweat-hearts in your head; you fancy every man who is civil to you is making love. He is one of the most gallant young fellows about town, and I am convinced means no more than a little gallantry. Make love to you indeed! I wish with all my heart he would, and you must be an arrant mad woman to refuse him.’

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

‘ O child,’ said lady Bellaſton, ‘ you need not be ſo fearful; if you reſolve to run away with that Jones, I know no perſon who can hinder you.’

‘ Upon my honour, Madam,’ cries Sophia, ‘ your ladyſhip injures me. I will never run away with any man; nor will I ever marry contrary to my father’s inclinations.’

‘ Well, Miſs Weſtern,’ ſaid the lady, ‘ if you are not in a humour to ſee company this morning, you may retire to your own apartment; for I am not frightened at his lordſhip, and muſt ſend for him up into my dressing-room.’

Sophia thanked her ladyſhip, and withdrew; and preſently afterwards Fellamar was admitted up ſtairs.

C H A P. IV.

By which it will appear how dangerous an advocate a lady is, when ſhe applies her eloquence to an ill purpoſe.

WHEN lady Bellaſton heard the young lord’s ſcruples, ſhe treated them with the ſame diſdain with which one of thoſe ſages of the law, called Newgate ſolicitors, treats the qualms of conſcience in a young witneſs. ‘ My dear lord,’ ſaid ſhe, ‘ you certainly want a cordial. I muſt ſend to lady Edgely for one of her beſt drams. Fie upon it! have more reſolution. Are you frightened by the word rape? Or are you apprehenſive——?’ ‘ Well! if the ſtory of Helen was modern, I ſhould think it unnatural. I mean the behaviour of Paris, not the fondneſs of the lady; for all women love a man of ſpirit. There is another ſtory of the Sabine ladies, ——and that too, I thank heaven, is very ancient. Your lordſhip, perhaps, will admire my reading; but I think Mr. Hooke tells us, they made tolerable good wives afterwards. I fancy few of my married acquaintance were raviſhed by their huſbands.’ ‘ Nay, dear lady Bellaſton,’ cried he, ‘ don’t ridicule me in this manner.’ ‘ Why, my good lord,’ answered ſhe, ‘ do you

‘ you think any woman in England would not laugh
 ‘ at you in her heart, whatever prudery she might
 ‘ wear in her countenance ? — You force me to use
 ‘ a strange kind of language, and to betray my sex
 ‘ most abominably : but I am contented with knowing
 ‘ my intentions are good, and that I am endeavouring
 ‘ to serve my cousin ; for I think you will make her
 ‘ a good husband notwithstanding this ; or, upon
 ‘ my soul, I should not even persuade her to fling
 ‘ herself away upon an empty title. She should not
 ‘ upbraid me hereafter with having lost a man of spi-
 ‘ rit ; for that his enemies allow this poor young fellow
 ‘ to be.’

Let those who have had the satisfaction of hearing reflections of this kind from a wife or a mistress, declare whether they are at all sweetened by coming from a female tongue. Certain it is, they sunk deeper into his lordship than any thing which Demosthenes or Cicero could have said on the occasion.

Lady Bellaston perceiving she had fired the young lord’s pride, began now, like a true orator, to rouse other passions to its assistance. ‘ My lord,’ says she, ‘ in a graver voice, you will be pleased to remember, you mentioned this matter to me first ; for I would not appear to you in the light of one who is endeavouring to put off my cousin upon you. Four-score thousand pounds do not stand in need of an advocate to recommend them.’ Nor doth Miss Western,’ said he, ‘ require any recommendation from her fortune ; for in my opinion, no woman ever had half her charms.’ ‘ Yes, yes, my lord ;’ replied the lady, looking in the glass, ‘ there have been women with more than half her charms, I assure you ; not that I need lessen her on that account : she is a most delicious girl, that’s certain ; and within these few hours she will be in the arms of one, who surely doth not deserve her, though I will give him his due, I believe he is truly a man of spirit.’

‘ I hope so, Madam,’ said my lord ; ‘ though I must own he doth not deserve her ; for unless hea-
 ‘ ven,

‘ ven, or your ladyship difappoint me, ſhe ſhall within
‘ that time be mine.’

‘ Well ſpoken, my lord, answered the lady, ‘ I
‘ promiſe you no difappointment ſhall happen from my
‘ ſide; and within this week I am convinced I ſhall
‘ call your lordſhip my couſin in public.’

The remainder of this ſcene conſiſted entirely of raptures, excuſes, and compliments, very pleaſant to have heard from the parties; but rather dull when related at ſecond hand. Here, therefore, we ſhall put an end to this dialogue, and haſten to the fatal hour, when every thing was prepared for the deſtruction of poor Sophia.

But this being the moſt tragical matter in our whole hiſtory, we ſhall treat it in a chapter by itſelf.

C H A P. V.

Containing ſome matters which may affect, and others which may ſurprize the reader.

THE clock had now ſtruck ſeven, and poor Sophia, alone and melancholy, ſat reading a tragedy. It was the Fatal Marriage; and ſhe was now come to that part where the poor diſtreſt Ifabella diſpoſes of her wedding-ring.

Here the book dropt from her hand, and a ſhower of tears ran down into her boſom. In this ſituation ſhe had continued a minute, when the door opened, and in came lord Fellamar. Sophia, ſtarted from her chair at his entrance; and his lordſhip advancing forwards, and making a low bow, ſaid, ‘ I am afraid, ‘ Miſs Weſtern, I break in upon you abruptly.’ Indeed, my lord,’ ſays ſhe, ‘ I muſt own myſelf a little ſurprized at this unexpected viſit.’ ‘ If this viſit be unexpected, Madam,’ answered lord Fellamar, ‘ my eyes muſt have been very faithleſs interpreters of my heart, when laſt I had the honour of ſeeing you: for ſurely you could not otherwiſe have hoped to detain my heart in your poſſeſſion, without receiving a viſit from its owner.’ Sophia, conſuſed as ſhe was, answered this bombaſt (and very properly

properly I think) with a look of inconceivable disdain. My lord then made another and a longer speech of the same sort. Upon which Sophia, trembling, said, 'Am I really to conceive your lordship to be out of your senses? Sure, my lord, there is no other excuse for such behaviour.' — 'I am, indeed, Madam, in the situation you suppose,' cries his lordship; 'and sure you will pardon the effects of a frenzy which you yourself have occasioned: for love hath so totally deprived me of reason, that I am scarce accountable for any of my actions.' 'Upon my word, my lord,' said Sophia, 'I neither understand your words nor your behaviour.' — 'Suffer me then, Madam,' cries he, 'at your feet to explain both, by laying open my soul to you, and declaring that I doat on you to the highest degree of distraction. O most adorable, most divine creature! what language can express the sentiments of my heart?' 'I do assure you, my lord,' said Sophia, 'I shall not stay to hear any more of this.' 'Do not,' cries he, 'think of leaving me thus cruelly: could you know half the torments which I feel, that tender bosom must pity what those eyes have caused.' Then fetching a deep sigh, and laying hold of her hand, he ran on for some minutes in a strain which would be little more pleasing to the reader than it was to the lady; and at last concluded with a declaration, 'That if he was master of the world, he would lay it at her feet.' Sophia then forcibly pulling away her hand from his, answered with much spirit, 'I promise you, Sir, your world and its master, I should spurn from me with equal contempt.' She then offered to go, and lord Fel-lamar again laying hold of her hand, said, 'Pardon me, my beloved angel, freedoms which nothing but despair could have tempted me to take. — Believe me, could I have had any hope that my title and fortune, neither of them inconsiderable, unless when compared with your worth, would have been accepted, I had in the humblest manner, presented them to your acceptance. — But I cannot lose you. — By heaven, I will sooner part with my soul. —

‘ You are; you must, you shall be only mine.’ ‘ My lord,’ says she, ‘ I intreat you to desist from a vain pursuit; for, upon my honour, I will never hear you on this subject. Let go my hand, my lord; for I am resolved to go from you this moment; nor will I ever see you more.’ ‘ Then, Madam,’ cries his lordship, ‘ I must make the best use of this moment; for I cannot, nor will I live without you.’ — ‘ What do you mean, my lord?’ said Sophia; ‘ I will raise the family.’ ‘ I have no fear, Madam,’ answered he, ‘ but of losing you, and that I am resolved to prevent, the only way which despair points to me.’ — He then caught her in his arms: upon which she screamed so loud, that she must have alarmed some one to her assistance, had not lady Belaston taken care to remove all ears.

But a more lucky circumstance happened for poor Sophia: another noise now broke forth, which almost drowned her cries; for now the whole house rang with, ‘ Where is she? D——n me, I’ll unkennel her this instant. Shew me her chamber, I say. Where is my daughter? I know she’s in the house, and I’ll see her if she’s above ground. Shew me where she is.’ — At which last words the door flew open, and in came ’squire Western, with his parson, and a set of myrmidons at his heels.

How miserable must have been the condition of poor Sophia, when the enraged voice of her father was welcome to her ears? Welcome indeed it was, and luckily did he come; for it was the only accident upon earth which could have preserved the peace of her mind from being for ever destroyed.

Sophia, notwithstanding her fright, presently knew her father’s voice; and his lordship, notwithstanding his passion, knew the voice of reason, which peremptorily assured him, it was not now a time for the perpetration of his villainy. Hearing, therefore, the voice approach, and hearing likewise whose it was; (for as the ’squire more than once roared forth the word daughter, so Sophia, in the midst of her struggling, cried out upon her father;) he thought proper to relinquish his prey, having only disordered her hands.

handkerchief, and with his rude lips committed violence on her lovely neck.

If the reader's imagination doth not assist me, I shall never be able to describe the situation of these two persons when Western came into the room. Sophia tottered into her chair, where she sat disordered, pale, breathless, bursting with indignation at lord Fellamar; affrighted, and yet more rejoiced at the arrival of her father.

His lordship sat down near her, with the bag of his wig hanging over one of his shoulders, the rest of his dress being somewhat disordered, and rather a greater proportion of linen than is usual appearing at his bosom. As to the rest, he was amazed, affrighted, vexed, and ashamed.

As to 'squire Western, he happened, at this time, to be overtaken by an enemy, which very frequently pursues, and seldom fails to overtake most of the country gentlemen of this kingdom. He was, literally speaking, drunk; which circumstance, together with his natural impetuosity, could produce no other effect, than his running immediately up to his daughter, upon whom he fell foul with his tongue in the most inveterate manner; nay, he had probably committed violence with his hands, had not the parson interposed, saying, 'For heaven's sake, Sir, animadvert that you are in the house of a great lady. Let me beg you to mitigate your wrath; it should minister a fullness of satisfaction that you have found your daughter; for as to revenge, it belongeth not unto us. I discern great contrition in the countenance of the young lady. I stand assured, if you will forgive her, she will repent her of all past offences, and return unto her duty.'

The strength of the parson's arms had at first been of more service than the strength of his rhetoric. However, his last words wrought some effect, and the 'squire answered, 'I'll forgee her if she will ha un. If wot ha un, Sophy, I'll forgee thee all. Why dost unt speak? Shat ha un? d——n me, shat ha un? Why dost unt answer? Was ever such a stubborn tuoad?'

' Let

‘ Let me intreat you, Sir, to be a little more moderate,’ said the parson; ‘ you frighten the young lady so, that you deprive her of all power of utterance.’

‘ Power of mine a—, answered the ’squire. ‘ You take her part then, you do? A pretty parson truly, to side with an undutiful child. Yes, yes, I will gee you a living with a pox. I’ll gee un to the devil sooner.’

‘ I humbly crave your pardon, said the parson; ‘ I assure your worship, I meant no such matter.’

My lady Bellaſton now entered the room, and came up to the ’squire, who no ſooner ſaw her, than reſolving to follow the inſtructions of his ſiſter, he made her a very civil bow, in the rural manner, and paid her ſome of his beſt compliments. He then immediately proceeded to his complaints, and ſaid, ‘ There, my lady couſin; there ſtands the moſt undutiful child in the world: ſhe hankers after a beggarly rascal, and won’t marry one of the greateſt matches in all England, that we have provided for her.’

‘ Indeed, couſin Western,’ answered the lady, ‘ I am perſuaded you wrong my couſin. I am ſure ſhe hath a better underſtanding. I am convinced ſhe will not reſuſe what ſhe muſt be ſenſible is ſo much to her advantage.’

This was a wilful miſtake in lady Bellaſton; for ſhe well knew whom Mr. Western meant; though perhaps ſhe thought he would eaſily be reconciled to his lordſhip’s propoſals.

‘ Do you hear there,’ quoth the ’squire, ‘ what her ladyſhip ſays? All your family are for the match. Come, Sophy, be a good girl, and be dutiful, and make your father happy.’

‘ If my death will make you happy, Sir,’ answered Sophia, ‘ you will ſhortly be ſo.’

‘ It’s a lye, Sophy; it’s a d——n’d lye, and you know it,’ ſaid the ’squire.

‘ Indeed, Miſs Western,’ ſaid lady Bellaſton, ‘ you injure your father; he hath nothing in view but your intereſt in this match; and I and all your friends muſt acknowledge the higheſt honour done to your family in the propoſal.’

‘ Ay,

‘ Ay, all of us,’ quoth the ’squire; ‘ nay, it was
 ‘ no proposal of mine. She knows it was her aunt
 ‘ proposd it to me first. — Come, Sophy, once
 ‘ more let me beg you to be a good girl, and gee me
 ‘ your consent before your cousin.’

‘ Let me give him your hand, cousin,’ said the
 lady. ‘ It is the fashion now a-days to dispense with
 ‘ time and long courtships.’

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

As lord Fellamar was very well assured, that he
 was meant by lady Bellaston, so never having heard
 nor suspected a word of Blifil, he made no doubt of
 his being meant by the father. Coming up therefore
 to the ’squire, he said, ‘ Though I have not the ho-
 ‘ nour, Sir, of being personally known to you; yet,
 ‘ as I find I have the happiness to have my proposals
 ‘ accepted, let me intercede, Sir, in behalf of the
 ‘ young lady, that she may not be more solicited at
 ‘ this time.’

‘ You intercede, Sir!’ said the ’squire, ‘ why, who
 ‘ the devil are you?’

‘ Sir, I am lord Fellamar,’ answered he, ‘ and am
 ‘ the happy man, whom I hope you have done the
 ‘ honour of accepting for a son-in-law.’

‘ You are a son of a b——,’ replied the ’squire,
 ‘ for all your laced coat. You my son-in-law, and
 ‘ be d——n’d to you!’

‘ I shall take more from you, Sir, than from any
 ‘ man,’ answered the lord; ‘ but I must inform you,
 ‘ that I am not used to hear such language without
 ‘ resentment.’

‘ Resent my a——,’ quoth the ’squire. ‘ Don’t
 ‘ think I am afraid of such a fellow as thee art! be-
 ‘ cause hast got a spit there dangling at thy side.
 ‘ Lay by your spit, and I’ll give thee enough of
 ‘ meddling with what doth not belong to thee. —
 ‘ I’ll teach you to father-in-law me. I’ll lick thy
 ‘ jacket.’

‘ It’s

‘It’s very well, Sir,’ said my lord, ‘I shall make no disturbance before the ladies. I am very well satisfied. Your humble Servant, Sir; lady Bella-
ston, your most obedient.’

His lordship was no sooner gone, than lady Bella-
ston coming up to Mr. Western, said, ‘Bless me,
Sir, what have you done? You know not whom
you have affronted; he is a nobleman of the first
rank and fortune, and yesterday made proposals to
your daughter; and such as I am sure you must ac-
cept with the highest pleasure.’

‘Answer for yourself, lady cousin,’ said the squire,
‘I will have nothing to do with any of your lords.
My daughter shall have an honest country gentle-
man; I have pitched upon one for her,—and she
shall ha’ un.—I am sorry for the trouble she hath
given your ladyship with all my heart.’ Lady Bel-
laston made a civil speech upon the word trouble, to
which the squire answered, ‘Why that’s kind,—and
I would do as much for your ladyship. To be sure
relations should do for one another. So I wish your
ladyship a good night. — Come, Madam, you must
go along with me by fair means, or I’ll have you
carried down to the coach.’

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

‘Prithee,’ cries the squire, ‘wout unt persuade
me canst not ride in a coach, wouldst? That’s a
pretty thing surely. No, no, I’ll never let thee out
of my sight any more till art married, that I pro-
mise thee.’ Sophia told him she saw he was re-
solved to break her heart. ‘O break thy heart and
be d—n’d,’ quoth he, ‘if a good husband will
break it. I don’t value a brass varden, not a half-
penny of any undutiful b— upon earth.’ He then
took violently hold of her hand; upon which the
parson once more interfered, begging him to use
gentle methods. At that the squire thundered out
a curse, and bid the parson hold his tongue, saying,
‘At’n’t in pulpit now? when art a got up there I never
mind

‘ mind what dost say ; but I won’t be priest-ridden,
 ‘ nor taught how to behave myself by thee. I wish
 ‘ your ladyship a good-night. Come along, Sophy ;
 ‘ be a good girl, and all shall be well. Shat ha un,
 ‘ d——n me, shat ha un.

Mrs. Honour appeared below stairs, and with a low courtesy to the ’squire, offered to attend her mistress ; but he pushed her away, saying, ‘ Hold, Madam, hold, you come no more near my house.’ ‘ And will you take my maid away from me ?’ said Sophia. ‘ Yes, indeed, Madam, will I,’ cries the ’squire : ‘ you need not fear being without a servant ; I will get you another maid, and a better maid than this, who, I’d lay five pound to a crown, is no more a maid than my grannum. No, no, Sophy, she shall contrive no more escapes, I promise you.’ He then packed up his daughter and the parson into a hackney coach, after which he mounted himself, and ordered it to drive to his lodgings. In the way thither he suffered Sophia to be quiet, and entertained himself with reading a lecture to the parson on good manners, and a proper behaviour to his betters.

It is possible he might not so easily have carried off his daughter from lady Bellaſton, had that good lady desired to have detained her ; but in reality, she was not a little pleased with the confinement into which Sophia was going : and as her project with lord Fellamar had failed of success, she was well contented that other violent methods were now going to be used in favour of another man.

C H A P. VI.

By what means the ’squire came to discover his daughter.

THOUGH the reader in many histories is obliged to digest much more unaccountable appearances than this of Mr. Western, without any satisfaction at all ; yet, as we dearly love to oblige him whenever it is in our power, we shall now proceed to shew by what method the ’squire discovered where his daughter was.

In

In the third chapter then of the preceding book, we gave a hint (for it is not our custom to unfold at any time more than is necessary for the occasion) that Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who was very desirous of reconciling herself to her uncle and aunt Western, thought she had a probable opportunity, by the service of preserving Sophia from committing the same crime which had drawn on herself the anger of her family. After much deliberation therefore she resolved to inform her aunt Western where her cousin was, and accordingly she writ the following letter, which we shall give the reader at length, for more reasons than one.

‘ Honoured Madam,

‘ The occasion of my writing this will perhaps
‘ make a letter of mine agreeable to my dear aunt,
‘ for the sake of one of her nieces, though I have
‘ little reason to hope it will be so on the account of
‘ another.

‘ Without more apology, as I was coming to
‘ throw my unhappy self at your feet, I met, by
‘ the strangest accident in the world, my cousin So-
‘ phy, whose history you are better acquainted with
‘ than myself, though, alas! I know infinitely too
‘ much; enough indeed to satisfy me, that unless
‘ she is immediately prevented, she is in danger of
‘ running into the same fatal mischief, which, by
‘ foolishly and ignorantly refusing your most wise and
‘ prudent advice, I have unfortunately brought on
‘ myself.

‘ In short, I have seen the man, nay, I was most
‘ part of yesterday in his company, and a charming
‘ young fellow I promise you he is. By what ac-
‘ cident he came acquainted with me is too tedious
‘ to tell you now; but I have this morning changed
‘ my lodgings to avoid him, lest he should by my
‘ means discover my cousin; for he doth not yet
‘ know where she is, and it is adviseable he should
‘ not, till my uncle hath secured her.—— No time
‘ therefore is to be lost; and I need only inform you,
‘ that she is now with lady Bellaston, whom I have
‘ seen,

‘ seen, and who hath, I find, a design of concealing
 ‘ her from her family. You know, Madam, she is a
 ‘ strange woman; but nothing could misbecome me
 ‘ more, than to presume to give any hint to one of
 ‘ your great understanding, and great knowledge of
 ‘ the world, besides barely informing you of the mat-
 ‘ ter of fact.

‘ I hope, Madam, the care which I have shewn
 ‘ on this occasion for the good of my family, will
 ‘ recommend me again to the favour of a lady who
 ‘ hath always exerted so much zeal for the honour
 ‘ and true interest of us all; and that it may be a
 ‘ means of restoring me to your friendship, which
 ‘ hath made so great a part of my former, and is so
 ‘ necessary to my future happiness. I am,

‘ With the utmost respect,

‘ honoured Madam,

‘ your most dutiful obliged niece,

‘ and most obedient

‘ humble servant,

‘ HARRIET FITZPATRICK.

Mrs. Western was now at her brother’s house, where she had resided ever since the flight of Sophia, in order to administer comfort to the poor ’squire in his affliction. Of this comfort, which she doled out to him in daily portions, we have formerly given a specimen.

She was now standing with her back to the fire, and, with a pinch of snuff in her hand, was dealing forth this daily allowance of comfort to the ’squire, while he smoaked his afternoon pipe, when she received the above letter; which she had no sooner read than she delivered it to him, saying, ‘ There, Sir, there is an account of your lost sheep. Fortune hath again restored her to you, and if you will be governed by my advice, it is possible you may yet preserve her.’

The ’squire had no sooner read the letter than he leaped from his chair, threw his pipe into the fire, and gave

gave a loud huzza for joy. He then summoned his servants, called for his boots, and ordered the Chevalier and several other horses to be saddled, and that parson Supple should be immediately sent for. Having done this, he turned to his sister, caught her in his arms, and gave her a close embrace, saying, 'Zounds! you don't seem pleased; one would imagine you was sorry I have found the girl.'

'Brother,' answered she, 'the deepest politicians, who see to the bottom, discover often a very different aspect of affairs, from what swims on the surface. It is true, indeed, things do look rather less desperate than they did formerly in Holland, when Lewis the Fourteenth was at the gates of Amsterdam; but there is a delicacy required in this matter, which you will pardon me, brother, if I suspect you want. There is a decorum to be used with a woman of figure, such as lady Bellafton, brother, which requires a knowledge of the world, superior I am afraid to yours.'

'Sister,' cries the 'squire, 'I know you have no opinion of my parts; but I'll shew you on this occasion who is a fool. Knowledge quotha! I have not been in the country so long without having some knowledge of warrants and the law of the land. I know I may take my own wherever I can find it. Shew me my own daughter, and if I don't know how to come at her, I'll suffer you to call me fool as long as I live. There be justices of peace in London, as well as in other places.'

'I protest,' cries she, 'you make me tremble for the event of this matter, which if you will proceed by my advice, you may bring to so good an issue. Do you really imagine, brother, that the house of a woman of figure is to be attacked by warrants and brutal justices of the peace? I will inform you how to proceed. As soon as you arrive in town, and have got yourself into a decent dress (for indeed, brother, you have none at present fit to appear in) you must send your compliments to lady Bellafton, and desire leave to wait on her. When you are admitted to her presence, as you certainly will be,

and

‘ and have told her your story, and have made proper
 ‘ use of my name, (for I think you only just know
 ‘ one another by sight, though you are relations,) I
 ‘ am confident she will withdraw her protection from
 ‘ my niece, who hath certainly imposed upon her.
 ‘ This is the only method.—Justices of peace, in-
 ‘ deed! do you imagine any such event can arrive to
 ‘ a woman of figure in a civilized nation?’

‘ D—n their figures,’ cries the ’squire; ‘ a pretty
 ‘ civilized nation, truly, where women are above the
 ‘ law. And what must I stand sending a parcel of
 ‘ compliments to a confounded whore, that keeps
 ‘ away a daughter from her own natural father? I
 ‘ tell you, sister, I am not so ignorant as you think
 ‘ me.—I know you would have women above the
 ‘ law, but it is all a lye; I heard his lordship say
 ‘ at a Size, that no one is above the law. But this of
 ‘ yours is Hanover law, I suppose.’

‘ Mr. Western,’ said she, ‘ I think you daily im-
 ‘ prove in ignorance.—I protest you are grown an
 ‘ arrant bear.’

‘ No more a bear than yourself, sister Western,’
 said the ’squire.—Pox! you may talk of your civility
 ‘ an you will. I am sure you never shew any to me.
 ‘ I am no bear, no, nor no dog neither, though I
 ‘ know somebody, that is something that begins with
 ‘ a b—; but pox! I will shew you I have a got more
 ‘ good manners than some folks.’

‘ Mr. Western,’ answered the lady, ‘ you may say
 ‘ what you please, *Je vous mesprise de tout mon cœur.*
 ‘ I shall not therefore be angry.—Besides, as my
 ‘ cousin with that odious Irish name justly says, I
 ‘ have that regard for the honour and true interest
 ‘ of my family, and that concern for my niece, who
 ‘ is a part of it, that I have resolved to go to town
 ‘ myself upon this occasion; for indeed, indeed,
 ‘ brother, you are not a fit minister to be employed
 ‘ at a polite court.—Greenland—Greenland should
 ‘ always be the scene of the tramontane negotiation.’

‘ I thank heaven,’ cries the ’squire, ‘ I don’t un-
 ‘ derstand you now. You are got to your Hanove-
 ‘ rian linguo. However, I’ll shew you I scorn to be

‘ behind-hand in civility with you ; and as you are not
 ‘ angry for what I have said, so I am not angry for
 ‘ what you have said. Indeed I have always thought
 ‘ it a folly for relations to quarrel ; and if they do
 ‘ now and then give a hasty word, why people should
 ‘ give and take ; for my part, I never bear malice ;
 ‘ and I take it very kind of you to go up to London ;
 ‘ for I never was there but twice in my life, and then
 ‘ I did not stay above a fortnight at a time, and to be
 ‘ sure I can’t be expected to know much of the streets
 ‘ and the folks in that time. I never denied that you
 ‘ know’d all these matters better than I. For me to
 ‘ dispute that would be all as one, as for you to dispute
 ‘ the management of a pack of dogs, or the finding
 ‘ a hare fitting, with me.’ — ‘ Which I promise you,
 ‘ says she, ‘ I never will.’ — ‘ Well, and I promise
 ‘ you,’ returned he, ‘ that I never will dispute
 ‘ t’other.’

Here then a league was struck (to borrow a phrase
 from the lady) between the contending parties ; and
 now the parson arriving, and the horses being ready,
 the ‘squire departed, having promised his sister to
 follow her advice, and she prepared to follow him the
 next day.

But having communicated these matters to the par-
 son on the road, they both agreed that the prescribed
 formalities might very well be dispensed with ; and
 the ‘squire having changed his mind, proceeded in
 the manner we have already seen.

C H A P. VII.

In which various misfortunes befall poor Jones.

AFFAIRS were in the aforesaid situation when
 Mrs. Honour arrived at Mrs. Miller’s, and called
 Jones out from the company, as we have before seen,
 with whom, when she found herself alone, she began
 as follows :

‘ O my dear Sir, how shall I get spirits to tell you ;
 ‘ you are undone, Sir, and my poor lady’s undone,
 ‘ and I am undone.’ ‘ Hath any thing happened to
 ‘ Sophia ?’ cries Jones, staring like a madman. ‘ All
 ‘ that

‘ that is bad,’ cries Honour ; ‘ O I shall never get
 ‘ such another lady ! O that I should ever live to see
 ‘ this day !’ At these words Jones turned pale as
 ashes, trembled and stammered ; but Honour went
 on. ‘ O, Mr. Jones, I have lost my lady for ever.’
 ‘ How ! what ! for heaven’s sake tell me. — O my
 ‘ dear Sophia !’ — ‘ You may well call her so,’ said
 Honour ; ‘ she was the dearest lady to me. — I shall
 ‘ never have such another place.’ — ‘ D—n your
 ‘ place,’ cries Jones ; ‘ where is ? what ! what is be-
 ‘ come of my Sophia ?’ ‘ Ay, to be sure,’ cries she,
 ‘ servants may be d—n’d. It signifies nothing what
 ‘ becomes of them, though they are turned away,
 ‘ and ruined ever so much. To be sure they are not
 ‘ flesh and blood like other people. No to be sure,
 ‘ it signifies nothing what becomes of them.’ — ‘ If
 ‘ you have any pity, any compassion,’ cries Jones,
 ‘ I beg you will instantly tell me what hath hap-
 ‘ pened to Sophia ?’ ‘ To be sure I have more pity
 ‘ for you than you have for me,’ answered Honour ;
 ‘ I don’t d—n you because you have lost the sweetest
 ‘ lady in the world. To be sure you are worthy to
 ‘ be pitied, and I am worthy to be pitied too : for
 ‘ to be sure if ever there was a good mistress’ —
 ‘ What hath happened,’ cries Jones, in almost a rav-
 ing fit. — ‘ What ? — What ?’ said Honour ;
 ‘ why the worst that could have happened both for
 ‘ you and for me. — Her father is come to town,
 ‘ and hath carried her away from us both.’ Here
 Jones fell on his knees in thanksgiving that it was no
 worse. — ‘ No worse !’ repeated Honour, ‘ what could
 ‘ be worse for either of us ? He carried her off, swear-
 ‘ ing she should marry Mr. Blifil ; that’s for your com-
 ‘ fort ; and for poor me, I am turned out of doors.’
 ‘ Indeed, Mrs. Honour,’ answered Jones, ‘ you fright-
 ‘ ened me out of my wits. I imagined some most
 ‘ dreadful sudden accident had happened to Sophia ;
 ‘ something, compared to which, even the seeing her
 ‘ married to Blifil would be a trifle ; but while there
 ‘ is life, there are hopes, my dear Honour. Women
 ‘ in this land of liberty cannot be married by actual
 ‘ brutal force.’ ‘ To be sure, Sir,’ said she, ‘ that’s

‘ true. There may be some hopes for you ; but alack
‘ a-day ! what hopes are there for poor me ? And to
‘ be sure, Sir, you must be sensible I suffer all this
‘ upon your account. All the quarrel the ’squire hath
‘ to me is for taking your part, as I have done, against
‘ Mr. Blifil.’ ‘ Indeed, Mrs. Honour,’ answered he,
‘ I am sensible of my obligations to you, and will
‘ leave nothing in my power undone to make you
‘ amends.’ ‘ Alas, Sir,’ said she, ‘ what can make a
‘ servant amends for the loss of one place, but the
‘ getting another altogether as good !’ — ‘ Do not de-
‘ spair, Mrs. Honour,’ said Jones, ‘ I hope to rein-
‘ state you again in the same.’ ‘ Alack-a-day, Sir,’
said she, ‘ how can I flatter myself with such hopes,
‘ when I know it’s a thing impossible ; for the ’squire
‘ is so set against me : and yet if you should ever have
‘ my lady, as to be sure I now hopes heartily you will ;
‘ for you are a generous good-natured gentleman,
‘ and I am sure you loves her, and to be sure she
‘ loves you as dearly as her own soul ; it is a matter in
‘ vain to deny it ; because as why, every body that is in
‘ the least acquainted with my lady, must see it ; for,
‘ poor dear lady, she can’t dissemble ; and if two people
‘ who loves one another a’n’t happy, why who should
‘ be so ? Happiness don’t always depend upon what
‘ people has ; besides, my lady has enough for both.
‘ To be sure therefore as one may say, it would be
‘ all the pity in the world to keep two such lovers
‘ asunder ; nay, I am convinced for my part, you
‘ will meet together at last ; for if it is to be, there
‘ is no preventing it. If a marriage is made in hea-
‘ ven, all the justices of peace upon earth can’t break
‘ it off. To be sure I wishes that parson Supple had but
‘ a little more spirit to tell the ’squire of his wicked-
‘ ness in endeavouring to force his daughter contrary
‘ to her liking ; but then his whole dependance is on
‘ the ’squire, and so the poor gentleman, though he
‘ is a very religious good sort of man, and talks
‘ of the badness of such doings behind the squire’s
‘ back, yet he dares not say his soul is his own to
‘ his face. To be sure I never saw him make so bold as
‘ just now ; I was afraid the ’squire would have struck
‘ him.

‘ him.—I would not have your honour be melancholy,
‘ Sir, nor despair; things may go better, as long as
‘ you are sure of my lady, and that I am certain you
‘ may be; for she never will be brought to consent
‘ to marry any other man. Indeed, I am terribly
‘ afraid the squire will do her a mischief in his pas-
‘ sion: for he is a prodigious passionate gentleman,
‘ and I am afraid too the lady will be brought to
‘ break her heart; for she is as tender-hearted as a
‘ chicken; it is pity, methinks, she had not a little
‘ of my courage. If I was in love with a young
‘ man, and my father offered to lock me up, I’d tear
‘ his eyes out, but I’d come at him; but then there’s
‘ a great fortune in the case, which it is in her father’s
‘ power either to give her or not; that, to be sure,
‘ may make some difference.’

Whether Jones gave strict attention to all the fore-
going harangue, or whether it was for want of any
vacancy in the discourse, I cannot determine; but
he never once attempted to answer, nor did she once
stop, till Partridge came running into the room, and
informed him that the great lady was upon the stairs.

Nothing could equal the dilemma to which Jones
was now reduced. Honour knew nothing of any ac-
quaintance that subsisted between him and lady Bel-
laston, and she was almost the last person in the world
to whom he would have communicated it. In this
hurry and distress, he took (as is common enough)
the worst course, and instead of exposing her to the
lady, which would have been of little consequence, he
chose to expose the lady to her; he therefore resolved
to hide Honour, whom he had but just time to con-
vey behind the bed, and to draw the curtains.

The hurry in which Jones had been all day engaged
on account of his poor landlady and her family, the
terrors occasioned by Mrs. Honour, and the confusion
into which he was thrown by the sudden arrival of
lady Bellaston, had altogether driven former thoughts
out of his head; so that it never once occur’d to his
memory to act the part of a sick man; which in-
deed, neither the gaiety of his dress, nor the freshness
of his countenance, would have at all supported.

He received her ladyship therefore rather agreeably to her desires, than to her expectations, with all the good humour he could muster in his countenance, and without any real or affected appearance of the least disorder.

Lady Bellaſton no ſooner entered the room, than ſhe ſquatted herſelf down on the bed: ‘ So my dear Jones,’ ſaid ſhe, ‘ you find nothing can detain me long from you. Perhaps I ought to be angry with you, that I have neither ſeen nor heard from you all day; for I perceive your diſtemper would have ſuffered you to come abroad: nay, I ſuppoſe you have not ſat in your chamber all day dreſt up like a fine lady to ſee company after a lying-in; but however, don’t think I intend to ſcold you: for I never will give you an excuſe for the cold behaviour of a huſband, by putting on the ill humour of a wife.’

‘ Nay, lady Bellaſton,’ ſaid Jones, ‘ I am ſure your ladyſhip will not upbraid me with neglect of duty, when I only waited for orders. Who, my dear creature, hath reaſon to complain? Who miſſed an appointment laſt night, and left an unhappy man to expect, and wiſh, and ſigh, and languish?’

‘ Do not mention it, my dear Mr. Jones,’ cried ſhe. ‘ If you knew the occaſion, you would pity me. In ſhort, it is impoſſible to conceive what women of condition are obliged to ſuffer from the impertinence of fools, in order to keep up the farce of the world. I am glad, however, all your languishing and wiſhing have done you no harm: for you never looked better in your life. Upon my faith! Jones, you might at this inſtant fit for the picture of Adoniſ.’

‘ There are certain words of provocation which men of honour hold can only properly be answered by a blow. Among lovers poſſibly there may be ſome expreſſions which can be only answered by a kiſs. The compliment which lady Bellaſton now made Jones, ſeems to be of this kind, eſpecially as it was attended with a look in which the lady conveyed more ſoft ideas than it was poſſible to expreſs with her tongue.’

Jones

Jones was certainly at this instant in one of the most disagreeable and distress'd situations imaginable; for to carry on the comparison we made use of before, though the provocation was given by the lady, Jones could not receive satisfaction, nor so much as offer to ask it, in the presence of a third person; seconds in this kind of duels not being according to the law of arms. As this objection did not occur to lady Bellaston, who was ignorant of any other woman being there but herself, she waited some time in great astonishment for an answer from Jones, who conscious of the ridiculous figure he made, stood at a distance, and not daring to give the proper answer, gave none at all. Nothing can be imagined more comic, nor yet more tragical than this scene would have been, if it had lasted much longer. The lady had already changed colour two or three times; had got up from the bed and sat down again, while Jones was wishing the ground to sink under him, or the house to fall on his head, when an odd accident freed him from an embarrassment out of which neither the eloquence of a Cicero, nor the politics of a Machiavel, could have delivered him, without utter disgrace.

This was no other than the arrival of young Nightingale dead drunk; or rather in that state of drunkenness which deprives men of the use of their reason, without depriving them of the use of their limbs.

Mrs. Miller and her daughters were in bed, and Partridge was smoaking his pipe by the kitchen fire; so that he arrived at Mr. Jones's chamber door without any interruption. This he burst open, and was entering without any ceremony, when Jones started from his seat, and ran to oppose him; which he did so effectually, that Nightingale never came far enough within the door to see who was sitting on the bed.

Nightingale had in reality mistaken Jones's apartment for that in which himself had lodged; he therefore strongly insisted on coming in, often swearing that he would not be kept from his own bed. Jones, however, prevailed over him, and delivered him into

the hands of Partridge, whom the noise on the stairs soon summoned to his master's assistance.

And now Jones was unwillingly obliged to return to his own apartment, where at the very instant of his entrance he heard lady Bellafton venting an exclamation, though not a very loud one; and at the same time, saw her flinging herself into a chair in a vast agitation, which in a lady of a tender constitution would have been an hysterical fit.

In reality, the lady frightened with the struggle between the two men, of which she did not know what would be the issue, as she heard Nightingale swear many oaths he would come to his own bed, attempted to retire to her known place of hiding, which to her great confusion she found already occupied by another.

'Is this usage to be borne, Mr. Jones?' cries the lady, '— basest of men? — What wretch is this to whom you have exposed me?' 'Wretch!' cries Honour, bursting in a violent rage from her place of concealment — 'marry come up? — Wretch forsooth! — as poor a wretch as I am, I am honest; that is more than some folks who are richer can say.'

Jones, instead of applying himself directly to take off the edge of Mrs. Honour's resentment, as a more experienced gallant would have done, fell to cursing his stars, and lamenting himself as the most unfortunate man in the world; and presently after, addressing himself to lady Bellafton, he fell to some very absurd protestations of innocence. By this time the lady having recovered the use of her reason, which she had as ready as any woman in the world, especially on such occasions, calmly replied; 'Sir, you need make no apologies, I see now who the person is; I did not at first know Mrs. Honour; but now I do, I can suspect nothing wrong between her and you; and I am sure she is a woman of too good sense to put any wrong constructions upon my visit to you; I have been always her friend, and it may be in my power to be much more so hereafter.'

Mrs.

Mrs. Honour was altogether as placable, as she was passionate. Hearing therefore lady Bellaſton aſſume the ſoft tone, ſhe likewiſe ſoftened her's.—
 ‘ I’m ſure, Madam,’ ſays ſhe, ‘ I have been always ready to acknowledge your ladyſhip’s friendships to me; ſure I never had ſo good a friend as your ladyſhip—and to be ſure now I ſee it is your ladyſhip that I ſpoke to, I could almoſt bite my tongue off for very mad. — I conſtructions upon your ladyſhip—to be ſure it doth not become a ſervant as I am to think about ſuch a great lady—I mean I was a ſervant: for indeed I am nobody’s ſervant now, the more miſerable wretch is me—I have loſt the beſt miſtreſs.’—Here Honour thought fit to produce a ſhower of tears.—‘ Don’t cry, child,’ ſays the good lady, ‘ Ways perhaps may be found to make you amends. Come to me to-morrow morning.’ She then took up her fan which lay on the ground, and without even looking at Jones, walked very majeſtically out of the room; there being a kind of dignity in the impudence of women of quality, which their inferiors vainly aſpire to attain to in circumſtances of this nature.

Jones followed her down ſtairs, often offering her his hand, which ſhe abſolutely reſuſed him, and got into her chair without taking any notice of him as he ſtood bowing before her.

At his return up ſtairs, a long dialogue paſſed between him and Mrs. Honour, while ſhe was adjusting herſelf after the diſcompoſure ſhe had undergone. The ſubject of this was his infidelity to her young lady; on which ſhe enlarged with great bitterneſs; but Jones at laſt found means to reconcile her, and not only ſo, but to obtain a promiſe of moſt inviolable ſecrecy, and that ſhe would the next morning endeavour to find out Sophia, and bring him a further account of the proceedings of the ‘ſquire.

Thus ended this unfortunate adventure to the ſatisfaction only of Mrs. Honour; for a ſecret (as ſome of my readers will perhaps acknowledge from experience) is often a very valuable poſſeſſion: and that not only to thoſe who faithfully keep it, but ſometimes to ſuch

as whisper it about till it comes to the ears of every one, except the ignorant person, who pays for the supposed concealing of what is publicly known.

C H A P. VIII.

Short and sweet.

NOtwithstanding all the obligations she had received from Jones, Mrs. Miller could not forbear in the morning some gentle remonstrances for the hurricane which had happened the preceding night in his chamber. These were however so gentle and so friendly; professing, and indeed truly, to aim at nothing more than the real good of Mr. Jones himself, that he, far from being offended, thankfully received the admonition of the good woman, expressed much concern for what had past, excused it as well as he could, and promised never more to bring the same disturbances into the house.

But though Mrs. Miller did not refrain from a short expostulation in private at their first meeting; yet the occasion of his being summoned down stairs that morning was of a much more agreeable kind; being indeed to perform the office of a father to Miss Nancy, and to give her in wedlock to Mr. Nightingale, who was now ready dressed, and full as sober as many of my readers will think a man ought to be who receives a wife in so imprudent a manner.

And here perhaps it may be proper to account for the escape which this young gentleman had made from his uncle, and for his appearance in the condition in which we have seen him the night before.

Now when the uncle had arrived to his lodgings with his nephew, partly to indulge his own inclinations (for he dearly loved his bottle) and partly to disqualify his nephew from the immediate execution of his purpose, he ordered wine to be set on the table; with which he so briskly plied the young gentleman, that this latter, who, though not much used to drinking, did not detest it so as to be guilty of disobedience, or of want of complaisance by refusing, was soon completely finished.

Just as the uncle had obtained this victory, and was preparing a bed for his nephew, a messenger arrived with a piece of news, which so entirely disconcerted and shocked him, that he in a moment lost all consideration for his nephew, and his whole mind became entirely taken up with his own concerns.

This sudden and afflicting news was no less than that his daughter had taken the opportunity of almost the first moment of his absence, and had gone off with a neighbouring young clergyman; against whom, though her father could have had but one objection, namely, that he was worth nothing, yet she had never thought proper to communicate her amour even to that father; and so artfully had she managed, that it had never been once suspected by any, till now that it was consummated.

Old Mr. Nightingale no sooner received this account, than in the utmost confusion he ordered a post-chaise to be instantly got ready, and having recommended his nephew to the care of a servant, he directly left the house, scarce knowing what he did, nor whither he went.

The uncle being thus departed, when the servant came to attend the nephew to bed, had waked him for that purpose, and had at last made him sensible that his uncle was gone, he, instead of accepting the kind offices tendered him, insisted on a chair being called; with this the servant, who had received no strict orders to the contrary, readily complied; and thus being conducted back to the house of Mrs. Miller, he had staggered up to Mr. Jones's chamber, as hath been before recounted.

This bar of the uncle being now removed (though young Nightingale knew not as yet in what manner) and all parties being quickly ready, the mother, Mr. Jones, Mr. Nightingale, and his love, stept into a hackney coach, which conveyed him to Doctor's Commons; where Miss Nancy was, in vulgar language, soon made an honest woman, and the poor mother became, in the purest sense of the word, one of the happiest of all human beings.

And now, Mr. Jones having seen his good offices to that poor woman and her family brought to a happy conclusion, began to apply himself to his own concerns; but here, lest many of my readers should censure his folly for thus troubling himself with the affairs of others, and lest some few should think he acted more disinterestedly than indeed he did, we think proper to assure our reader, that he was so far from being unconcerned in this matter, that he had indeed a very considerable interest in bringing it to that final consummation.

To explain this seeming paradox at once, he was one who could truly say with him in Terence, *Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto*. He was never an indifferent spectator of the misery or happiness of any one; and he felt either the one or the other in great proportion as he himself contributed to either. He could not therefore be the instrument of raising a whole family from the lowest state of wretchedness to the highest pitch of joy without conveying great felicity to himself; more perhaps than worldly men often purchase to themselves by undergoing the most severe labour, and often by wading through the deepest iniquity.

Those readers who are of the same complexion with him, will perhaps think this short chapter contains abundance of matter; while others may probably wish, short as it is, that it had been totally spared as impertinent to the main design, which I suppose they conclude is to bring Mr. Jones to the gallows, or, if possible, to a more deplorable catastrophe.

C H A P. IX.

Containing love-letters of several sorts.

MR. Jones at his return home, found the following letters lying on his table, which he luckily opened in the order they were sent.

L E T T E R. I.

‘ Surely I am under some strange infatuation; I
 • cannot keep my resolutions a moment, however
 • strongly

‘strongly made or justly founded. Last night I resolved never to see you more; this morning I am willing to hear if you can, as you say, clear up this affair. And yet I know that to be impossible. I have said every thing to myself which you can invent.—Perhaps not. Perhaps your invention is stronger. Come to me therefore the moment you receive this. If you can forge an excuse, I almost promise you to believe it. Betrayed to—I will think no more.—Come to me directly.—This is the third letter I have writ, the two former are burnt—I am almost inclined to burn this to—I wish I may preserve my senses.—Come to me presently.’

L E T T E R II.

‘If you ever expect to be forgiven, or even suffered within my doors, come to me this instant.’

L E T T E R III.

‘I now find you was not at home when my notes came to your lodgings. The moment you receive this let me see you;—I shall not stir out; nor shall any body be let in but yourself. Sure nothing can detain you long.’

Jones had just read over these three billets, when Mr. Nightingale came into the room. ‘Well Tom,’ said he, ‘any news from lady Bellaſton, after last night’s adventure?’ (for it was now no secret to any one in that house who the lady was.) ‘The lady Bellaſton?’ answered Jones very gravely.—‘Nay, dear Tom,’ cries Nightingale, ‘don’t be so reserved to your friends. Though I was too drunk to see her last night, I saw her at the masquerade. Do you think I am ignorant who the queen of the fairies is?’ ‘And did you really then know the lady at the masquerade?’ said Jones. ‘Yes, upon my soul, did I,’ said Nightingale, ‘and have given you twenty hints of it since, though you seemed always so tender on that point, that I would not speak plainly. I fancy, my friend, by your extreme nicety
‘ in

‘ in this matter, you are not so well acquainted with
 ‘ the character of the lady, as with her person. Don’t
 ‘ be angry, Tom, but, upon my honour, you are not
 ‘ the first young fellow she hath debauched. Her re-
 ‘ putation is in no danger, believe me.’

Though Jones had no reason to imagine the lady to have been of the vestal kind when this amour began; yet as he was thoroughly ignorant of the town, and had very little acquaintance in it, he had yet no knowledge of that character which is vulgarly called a demirep; that is to say, a woman who intrigues with every man she likes, under the name and appearance of virtue; and who, though some over-nice ladies will not be seen with her, is visited (as they term it) by the whole town; in short, whom every body knows to be what no body calls her.

When he found, therefore, that Nightingale was perfectly acquainted with his intrigue, and began to suspect, that so scrupulous a delicacy as he had hitherto observed, was not quite necessary on the occasion, he gave a latitude to his friend’s tongue, and desired him to speak plainly what he knew, or had ever heard of the lady.

Nightingale, who in many other instances, was rather too effeminate in his disposition, had a pretty strong inclination to tittle-tattle. He had no sooner, therefore, received a full liberty of speaking from Jones, than he entered upon a long narrative concerning the lady; which as it contained many particulars highly to her dishonour, we have too great a tenderness for all women of condition to repeat. We would cautiously avoid giving an opportunity to the future commentators on our works, of making any malicious application; and of forcing us to be, against our will, the author of scandal, which never entered into our head.

Jones having very attentively heard all that Nightingale had to say, fetched a deep sigh, which the other observing, cried, ‘ Hey-day! why thou art
 ‘ not in love, I hope! Had I imagined my stories
 ‘ would have affected you, I promise you should never
 ‘ have heard them.’ ‘ O my dear friend,’ cries Jones,
 ‘ I am

‘ I am so entangled with this woman, that I know
‘ not how to extricate myself. In love indeed? no,
‘ my friend, but I am under obligations to her, and
‘ very great ones. Since you know so much, I will
‘ be very explicit with you. It is owing perhaps solely
‘ to her, that I have not before this, wanted a bit of
‘ bread. How can I possibly desert such a woman?
‘ and yet I must desert her, or be guilty of the
‘ blackest treachery to one, who deserves infinitely
‘ better of me than she can: a woman, my Night-
‘ ingale, for whom I have a passion which few can
‘ have an idea of. I am half-distracted with doubts
‘ how to act.’ ‘ And is this other, pray, an honour-
‘ able mistress?’ cries Nightingale. ‘ Honourable?’
answered Jones; ‘ no breath ever yet durstully her
‘ reputation. The sweetest air is not purer, the
‘ limpid stream not clearer than her honour. She is
‘ all over, both in mind and body, consummate per-
‘ fection. She is the most beautiful creature in the
‘ universe; and yet she is mistress of such noble,
‘ elevated qualities, that though she is never from my
‘ thoughts, I scarce ever think of her beauty, but
‘ when I see it.’——‘ And can you, my good friend,’
cries Nightingale, ‘ with such an engagement as this
‘ upon your hands, hesitate a moment about quit-
‘ ting such a ——’ ‘ Hold,’ said Jones, ‘ no more
‘ abuse of her; I detest the thought of ingratitude.’
‘ Pooh!’ answered the other, ‘ you are not the first
‘ upon whom she hath conferred obligations of this
‘ kind. She is remarkably liberal where she likes;
‘ though, let me tell you, her favours are so pru-
‘ dently bestowed, that they should rather raise a
‘ man’s vanity, than his gratitude.’ In short, Night-
ingale proceeded so far on this head, and told his
friend so many stories of the lady, which he swore
to the truth of, that he entirely removed all esteem
for her from the breast of Jones; and his gratitude
was lessened in proportion. Indeed he began to look
on all the favours he had received, rather as wages
than benefits, which not only depreciated her, but
himself too, in his own conceit, and put him quite out
of humour with both. From this disgust, his mind,
by

by a natural transition, turned towards Sophia: her virtue, her purity, her love to him, her sufferings on his account, filled all his thoughts, and made his commerce with lady Bellaston appear still more odious. The result of all was, that though his turning himself out of her service, in which light he now saw his affair with her, would be the loss of his bread; yet he determined to quit her, if he could but find a handsome pretence; which having communicated to his friend, Nightingale considered a little, and then said, ‘I have it, my boy! I have found out a sure method: propose marriage to her, and I would venture hanging upon the success.’ ‘Marriage!’ cries Jones. ‘Ay, propose marriage,’ answered Nightingale, ‘and she will declare off in a moment. I knew a young fellow whom she kept formerly, who made the offer to her in earnest, and was presently turned off for his pains.’

Jones declared he could not venture the experiment. ‘Perhaps,’ said he, ‘she may be less shocked at this proposal from one man than from another. And if she should take me at my word, where am I then? caught in my own trap, and undone for ever.’ ‘No;’ answered Nightingale, ‘not if I can give you an expedient, by which you may, at any time, get out of the trap.’ — ‘What expedient can that be?’ replied Jones. ‘This,’ answered Nightingale. ‘The young fellow I mentioned, who is one of the most intimate acquaintances I have in the world, is so angry with her for some ill offices she hath since done him, that I am sure he would, without any difficulty, give you a sight of her letters; upon which you may decently break with her; and declare off before the knot is tyed, if she should really be willing to tie it, which I am convinced she will not.’

After some hesitation, Jones, upon the strength of this assurance, consented; but as he swore he wanted the confidence to propose the matter to her face, he wrote the following letter, which Nightingale dictated.

1

‘Madam,

‘ Madam,

‘ I am extremely concerned, that, by an unfortu-
 ‘ nate engagement abroad, I should have missed re-
 ‘ ceiving the honour of your ladyship’s commands
 ‘ the moment they came; and the delay which I
 ‘ must now suffer of vindicating myself to your lady-
 ‘ ship, greatly adds to this misfortune. O lady Bel-
 ‘ laston, what a terror have I been in, for fear your
 ‘ reputation should be exposed by these perverse acci-
 ‘ dents. There is one only way to secure it. I need
 ‘ not name what that is. Only permit me to say,
 ‘ that as your honour is as dear to me as my own;
 ‘ so my sole ambition is to have the glory of laying
 ‘ my liberty at your feet; and believe me when I
 ‘ assure you, I can never be made completely happy,
 ‘ without you generously bestow on me a legal right of
 ‘ calling you mine for ever. I am,

‘ Madam,

‘ with most profound respect,

‘ your ladyship’s most obliged,

‘ obedient humble servant,

THOMAS JONES.’

To this she presently returned the following answer.

‘ Sir,

‘ When I read over your serious epistle, I could
 ‘ from its coldness and formality, have sworn that
 ‘ you had already the legal right you mention; nay,
 ‘ that we had for many years, composed that mon-
 ‘ strous animal a husband and wife. Do you really
 ‘ then imagine me a fool? or do you fancy yourself
 ‘ capable of so entirely persuading me out of my
 ‘ senses, that I should deliver my whole fortune into
 ‘ your power, in order to enable you to support your
 ‘ pleasures at my expence. Are these the proofs of
 ‘ love which I expected? Is this the return for —
 ‘ but I scorn to upbraid you, and am in great admi-
 ‘ ration of your profound respect.

‘ P. S.

• P. S. I am prevented from revising : — Perhaps I
 • have said more than I meant. — Come to me at
 • eight this evening.’

Jones, by the advice of his privy-council, replied.

• Madam,

• It is impossible to express how much I am shocked
 • at the suspicion you entertain of me. Can lady Bel-
 • laston have conferred favours on a man whom she
 • could believe capable of so base a design? or can
 • she treat the most solemn tie of love with contempt?
 • Can you imagine, Madam, that if the violence of
 • my passion, in an unguarded moment, overcame
 • the tenderness which I have for your honour, that I
 • would think of indulging myself in the continuance
 • of an intercourse which could not possibly escape
 • long the notice of the world; and which, when dis-
 • covered, must prove so fatal to your reputation?
 • If such be your opinion of me, I must pray for a
 • sudden opportunity of returning those pecuniary
 • obligations, which I have been so unfortunate to
 • receive at your hands; and for those of a more
 • tender kind, I shall ever remain, &c.’ And so con-
 • cluded in the very words with which he had con-
 • cluded the former letter.

The lady answered as follows :

• I see you are a villain; and I despise you from my
 • soul. If you come here, I shall not be at home.’

Though Jones was well satisfied with his deliver-
 ance from a thraldom which those who have ever ex-
 perience it, will, I apprehend, allow to be none of
 the lightest, he was not, however, perfectly easy in
 his mind. There was in this scheme too much of
 fallacy to satisfy one who utterly detested every species
 of falshood or dishonesty: nor would he, indeed, have
 submitted to put it in practice, had he not been in-
 volved in a distressful situation, where he was obliged
 to be guilty of some dishonour, either to the one lady
 or the other; and surely the reader will allow, that
 every good principle, as well as love, pleaded strong-
 ly in favour of Sophia.

Night-

Nightingale highly exulted in the success of his stratagem, upon which he received many thanks, and much applause from his friend. He answered, 'Dear Tom, we have conferred very different obligations on each other. To me you owe the regaining your liberty; to you I owe the loss of mine. But if you are as happy in the one instance as I am in the other, I promise you, we are the two happiest fellows in England.'

The two gentlemen were now summoned down to dinner, where Mrs. Miller, who performed herself the office of cook, had exerted her best talents, to celebrate the wedding of her daughter. This joyful circumstance she ascribed principally to the friendly behaviour of Jones, her whole soul was fired with gratitude towards him, and all her looks, words, and actions, were so busied in expressing it, that her daughter, and even her new son-in-law, were very little the objects of her consideration.

Dinner was just ended when Mrs. Miller received a letter; but as we have had letters enough in this chapter, we shall communicate the contents in our next.

C H A P. X.

Consisting partly of facts, and partly of observations upon them.

THE letter then which arrived at the end of the preceding chapter was from Mr. Allworthy, and the purport of it was his intention to come immediately to town, with his nephew Blifil, and a desire to be accommodated with his usual lodgings, which were the first floor for himself, and the second for his nephew.

The cheerfulness which had before displayed itself in the countenance of the poor woman, was a little clouded on this occasion. This news did indeed a good deal disconcert her. To requite so disinterested a match with her daughter, by presently turning her new son-in-law out of doors, appeared to her very unjustifiable on the one hand; and on the other, she could scarce bear the thoughts of making any excuse
to

to Mr. Allworthy, after all the obligations received from him, for depriving him of lodgings which were indeed strictly his due: for that gentleman, in conferring all his numberless benefits on others, acted by a rule diametrically opposite to what is practised by most generous people. He contrived, on all occasions, to hide his beneficence not only from the world, but even from the object of it. He constantly used the words Lend and Pay, instead of Give; and by every other method he could invent, always lessened with his tongue the favours he conferred while he was heaping them with both his hands. When he settled the annuity of 50 l. a year, therefore, on Mrs. Miller, he told her, 'it was in consideration of always having her first-floor when he was in town, (which he scarce ever intended to be) but that she might let it at any other time, for that he would always send her a month's warning.' He was now, however, hurried to town so suddenly that he had no opportunity of giving such notice; and this hurry probably prevented him, when he wrote for his lodgings, adding, if they were then empty: for he would most certainly have been well satisfied to have relinquished them on a less sufficient excuse, than what Mrs. Miller could now have made.

But there are a sort of persons, who, as Prior excellently well remarks, direct their conduct by something

Beyond the fix'd and settled rules
Of vice and virtue in the schools,
Beyond the letter of the law.

}
}

To these it is so far from being sufficient that their defence would acquit them at the Old-Bailey, that they are not even contented, though conscience, the severest of all judges, should discharge them. Nothing short of the fair and honourable will satisfy the delicacy of their minds; and if any of their actions fall short of this mark, they mope and pine, are as uneasy and restless as a murderer, who is afraid of a ghost, or of the hangman.

Mrs.

Mrs. Miller was one of these. She could not conceal her uneasiness at this letter; with the contents of which she had no sooner acquainted the company, and given some hints of her distress, than Jones, her good angel, presently relieved her anxiety. 'As for myself, Madam,' said he, 'my lodging is at your service at a moment's warning: and Mr. Nightingale, I am sure, as he cannot yet prepare a house fit to receive his lady, will consent to return to his new lodging, whither Mrs. Nightingale will certainly consent to go.' With which proposal both husband and wife instantly agreed.

The reader will easily believe, that the cheeks of Mrs. Miller began again to glow with additional gratitude to Jones; but, perhaps, it may be more difficult to persuade him, that Mr. Jones having, in his last speech, called her daughter Mrs. Nightingale, (it being the first time that agreeable sound had ever reached her ears) gave the fond mother more satisfaction, and warmed her heart more towards Jones, than his having dissipated her present anxiety.

The next day was then appointed for the removal of the new-married couple, and of Mr. Jones, who was likewise to be provided for in the same house with his friend. And now the serenity of the company was again restored, and they pass the day in the utmost cheerfulness, all except Jones, who, though he outwardly accompanied the rest in their mirth, felt many a bitter pang on the account of his Sophia; which were not a little heightened by the news of Mr. Blifil's coming to town, (for he clearly saw the intention of his journey :) and what greatly aggravated his concern was, that Mrs. Honour, who had promised to enquire after Sophia, and to make her report to him early the next evening, had disappointed him.

In the situation that he and his mistress were in at this time, there were scarce any grounds for him to hope, that he should hear any good news; yet he was as impatient to see Mrs. Honour, as if he had expected she would bring him a letter with an assignation in it from Sophia, and bore the disappointment

as ill. Whether this impatiēce arose from that natural weakness of the human mind, which makes it desirous to know the worst, and renders uncertainty the most intolerable of pains; or whether he still flattered himself with some secret hopes, we will not determine. But that it might be the last, whoever has loved cannot but know. For of all the powers exercised by this passion over our minds, one of the most wonderful is that of supporting hope in the midst of despair. Difficulties, improbabilities, nay impossibilities are quite overlooked by it; so that to any man extremely in love, may be applied what Addison says of Cæsar,

The Alps, and Pyrenæans, sink before him.

Yet it is equally true, that the same passion will sometimes make mountains of mole-hills, and produce despair in the midst of hope; but these cold fits last not long in good constitutions. Which temper Jones was now in, we leave the reader to guess, having no exact information about it; but this is certain, that he had spent two hours in expectation, when being unable any longer to conceal his uneasiness, he retired to his room; where his anxiety had almost made him frantick, when the following letter was brought him from Mrs. Honour, with which we shall present the reader *verbatim & literatim*.

‘ S I R,

‘ I shud fartenly haf kaled on you a cordin too
 ‘ mi prommiss haddunt itt bin that hur lashipp pre-
 ‘ vent mee; for too bey fur, Sir, you nose very well
 ‘ that evere persun must luk furit at ome, and far-
 ‘ tenly such anuther offar mite not ave ever hapned,
 ‘ so as I shud ave been justly to blam, had I not ex-
 ‘ cepted of it when her laship was so veri kind as to
 ‘ offer to mak mee hur one uman without me ever
 ‘ asking any such thing, to bee fur shee is won of
 ‘ thee best ladis in thee wurld, and pepil who safe
 ‘ to the kontrari must bee veri wicket pepil in thare
 ‘ harts. To be fur if ever I ave sad any thing of
 ‘ that kine it as bin thru ignorens and I am hartili
 ‘ forri

‘ sorri for it. I nose your onur to be a genteelman
 ‘ of more onur and onesly, if I ever said ani such
 ‘ thing, to repete it to hurt a pore servant that as
 ‘ always ad thee gratest respect in thee world for ure
 ‘ onur. To bee sur won shud kepe wons tung within
 ‘ wons teeth, for no boddi nose what may hapen ;
 ‘ and too bee sur if ani boddi ad tolde mee yester-
 ‘ day, that I shud haf bin in so gud a plase to day,
 ‘ I shud not haf beleaved it; for too bee sur I never
 ‘ was a dremd of any such thing, nor shud I ever
 ‘ have soft after ani other bodi’s plase ; but as her
 ‘ lashipp was so kine of her one a cord too give it
 ‘ mee without asking, to be sur Mrs. Etoff herself,
 ‘ nor no other boddi can blam mee for exceptin such
 ‘ a thing when it fals in mi waye. I beg ure onur
 ‘ not too menshion any thing of what I haf sad, for I
 ‘ wish ure onur all thee gud luk in the wurld ; and
 ‘ I don’t cuestion butt thatt u will haf Madam Sofia
 ‘ in the end ; butt as to miself, ure onur nose I cant
 ‘ bee of ani farder sarvis to u in that matar, nou bein
 ‘ under thee cumand off anuthar parson, and nott mi
 ‘ one mistres. I begg ure onur to say nothing of what
 ‘ past, and belive me to be, Sir,

‘ Ure onur’s umble sarvant

‘ To cumand till deth,

‘ HONOUR BLACKMORE.

Various were the conjectures which Jones enter-
 tained for this step of lady Bellafton ; who in reality
 had little farther design than to secure within her own
 house the repository of a secret, which she chose should
 make no farther progress than it had made already ;
 but mostly she desired to keep it from the ears of So-
 phia ; for though that young lady was almost the only
 one who would never have repeated it again, her
 ladyship could not persuade herself of this ; since as
 she now hated poor Sophia with most implacable
 hatred, she conceived a reciprocal hatred to herself
 to be lodged in the tender breast of our heroine, where
 no such passion had ever yet found an entrance.

While

While Jones was terrifying himself with the apprehension of a thousand dreadful machinations, and deep political designs, which he imagined to be at the bottom of the promotion of Honour, fortune, who hitherto seems to have been an utter enemy to his match with Sophia, tried a new method to put a final end to it, by throwing a temptation in the way of Jones, which in his present desperate situation it seemed unlikely he should be able to resist.

C H A P. XI.

Containing curious, but not unprecedented matter.

THERE was a lady, one Mrs. Hunt, who had often seen Jones at the house where he lodged, being intimately acquainted with the women there, and indeed a very great friend to Mrs. Miller. Her age was about thirty; for she owned six and twenty; her face and person very good, only inclining a little too much to be fat. She had been married young by her relations to an old Turkey-merchant, who having got a great fortune, had left off trade. With him she lived without reproach, but not without pain, in a state of great self-denial, for about twelve years; and her virtue was rewarded by his dying and leaving her very rich. The first year of her widowhood was just at an end, and she had past it in a good deal of retirement, seeing only a few particular friends, and dividing her time between her devotions and novels, of which she was always extremely fond. Very good health, a very warm constitution, and a great deal of religion, made it absolutely necessary for her to marry again; and she resolved to please herself in her second husband, as she had done her friends in the first. From her the following billet was brought to Jones.

‘ S I R,

‘ From the first day I saw you I doubt my eyes
 ‘ have told you too plainly, that you were not indif-
 ‘ ferent to me; but neither my tongue nor my hand
 ‘ should have ever avowed it, had not the ladies of
 ‘ the family where you are lodged given me such a
 ‘ character

' character of you, and told me such proofs of your
 ' virtue and goodness, as convince me you are not
 ' only the most agreeable, but the most worthy of
 ' men. I have also the satisfaction to hear from
 ' them, that neither my person, understanding, or
 ' character, are disagreeable to you. I have a fortune
 ' sufficient to make us both happy, but which cannot
 ' make me so without you. In thus disposing of my-
 ' self I know I shall incur the censure of the world ;
 ' but if I did not love you more than I fear the
 ' world, I should not be worthy of you. One only
 ' difficulty stops me : I am informed you are engaged
 ' in a commerce of gallantry with a woman of fashion.
 ' If you think it worth while to sacrifice that to the
 ' possession of me, I am yours ; if not, forget my
 ' weakness, and let this remain an eternal secret be-
 ' tween you and

' ARABELLA HUNT.'

At the reading of this, Jones was put into a violent
 flutter. His fortune was then at a very low ebb, the
 source being stop't from which hitherto he had been
 supplied. Of all he had received from lady Bellaston
 not above five guineas remained, and that very morn-
 ing he had been dunned by a tradesman for twice that
 sum. His honourable mistress was in the hands of
 her father, and he had scarce any hopes ever to get
 her out of them again. To be subsisted at her ex-
 pence from that little fortune she had independent of
 her father, went much against the delicacy both of his
 pride and his love. This lady's fortune would have
 been exceedingly convenient to him, and he could
 have no objection to her in any respect. On the con-
 trary, he liked her as well as he did any woman ex-
 cept Sophia. But to abandon Sophia, and marry
 another, that was impossible ; he could not think of
 it upon any account. Yet why should he not, since
 it was plain she could not be his ? Would it not be
 kinder to her, than to continue her longer engaged
 in a hopeless passion for him ? Ought he not to do so
 in friendship to her ? This notion prevailed some mo-
 ments, and he had almost determined to be false to

her from a high point of honour; but that refinement was not able to stand very long against the voice of nature, which cried in his heart, that such friendship was treason to love. At last he called for pen, ink, and paper, and writ as follows to Mrs. Hunt:

MADAM,

It would be but a poor return to the favour you have done me, to sacrifice any gallantry to the possession of you, and I would certainly do it, though I were not disengaged, as at present I am, from any affair of that kind. But I should not be the honest man you think me, if I did not tell you, that my affections are engaged to another, who is a woman of virtue, and one that I never can leave, though it is probable I shall never possess her. God forbid that in return of your kindness to me, I should do you such an injury, as to give you my hand, when I cannot give my heart. No, I had much rather starve than be guilty of that. Even though my mistress were married to another, I would not marry you unless my heart had entirely effaced all impressions of her. Be assured that your secret was not more safe in your own breast, than in that of

Your most obliged, and
Grateful humble servant,
T. JONES.

When our hero had finished and sent this letter, he went to his scrutore, took out Miss Western's muff, kissed it several times, and then strutted some turns about his room, with more satisfaction of mind than ever any Irishman felt in carrying off a fortune of fifty thousand pounds.

CHAP. XII.

A discovery made by Partridge.

WHILE Jones was exulting in the consciousness of his integrity, Partridge came capering into the room, as was his custom when he brought, or he fancied he brought, any good tidings. He had been

been dispatched that morning by his master, with orders to endeavour, by the servants of lady Bellaston, or by any other means, to discover whither Sophia had been conveyed; and he now returned, and with a joyful countenance told our hero, that he had found the lost bird. ‘I have seen, Sir,’ says he, ‘Black George, the gamekeeper, who is one of the servants whom the squire hath brought with him to town. I knew him presently, though I have not seen him these several years; but you know, Sir, he is a very remarkable man, or to use a purer phrase, he hath a most remarkable beard, the largest and blackest I ever saw. It was some time however before Black George could recollect me.’ — ‘Well, but what is your good news?’ cries Jones, ‘What do you know of my Sophia?’ — ‘You shall know presently, Sir,’ answered Partridge, ‘I am coming to it as fast as I can.—You are so impatient, Sir, you would come at the infinitive mood, before you can get to the imperative. As I was saying, Sir, it was some time before he recollected my face.’ — ‘Confound your face,’ cries Jones, ‘what of my Sophia?’ — ‘Nay, Sir,’ answered Partridge, ‘I know nothing more of Madam Sophia, than what I am going to tell you; and I should have told you all before this if you had not interrupted me; but if you look so angry at me, you will frighten all of it out my head, or to use a purer phrase, out of my memory. I never saw you look so angry since the day we left Upton, which I shall remember if I was to live a thousand years.’ — ‘Well, pray go on in your own way,’ said Jones, ‘you are resolved to make me mad I find.’ ‘Not for the world,’ answered Partridge, ‘I have suffered enough for that already; which, as I said, I shall bear in my remembrance the longest day I have to live.’ — ‘Well, but Black George?’ cries Jones, — ‘Well, Sir, as I was saying, it was a long time before he could recollect me; for indeed I am very much altered since I saw him. *Non sum qualis eram.* I have had troubles in the world, and nothing alters a man so much as grief. I have heard it will change the colour of a

man's hair in a night. However, at last, know me
 he did, that's sure enough; for we are both of an
 age, and were in the same charity-school. George
 was a great dunce, but no matter for that; all men
 do not thrive in the world according to their learn-
 ing. I am sure I have reason to say so; but it
 will be all one a thousand years hence. Well, Sir,
 —where was I?—O—well, we no sooner knew
 each other, than after many hearty shakes by the
 hand, we agreed to go to an alehouse and take a
 pot, and by good luck the beer was some of the best
 I have met with since I have been in town.—Now,
 Sir, I am coming to the point; for no sooner did I
 name you, and told him, that you and I came to
 town together, and had lived together ever since,
 than he called for another pot, and swore he would
 drink to your health; and indeed he drank your
 health so heartily, that I was overjoyed to see there
 was so much gratitude left in the world: and after
 we had emptied that pot, I said I would be my pot
 too, and so we drank another to your health; and
 then I made haste home to tell you the news.

'What news?' cries Jones, 'you have not men-
 tioned a word of my Sophia!'—'Bless me! I had
 like to have forgot that. Indeed we mentioned a
 great deal about young Madam Western, and
 George told me all; that Mr. Blifil is coming to
 town in order to be married to her. He had best
 make haste then, says I, or somebody will have
 her before he comes; and indeed, says I, Mr. Sea-
 grim, it is a thousand pities somebody should not
 have her; for he certainly loves her above all the
 women in the world. I would have both you and
 she know, that it is not for her fortune he follows
 her; for I can assure you as to matter of that, there
 is another lady, one of much greater quality and
 fortune than she can pretend to, who is so fond of
 somebody, that she comes after him day and
 night.'

Here Jones fell into a passion with Partridge, for
 having, as he said, betrayed him; but the poor fellow
 answered he had mentioned no name:

'Besides,
 Sir,'

'Sir,' said he, 'I can assure you George is sincerely your friend, and wished Mr. Blifil at the devil more than once; nay, he said he would do any thing in his power upon earth to serve you; and I am convinced he will.—Betray you indeed! why I question whether you have a better friend than George upon earth, except myself, or one that would go farther to serve you.'

'Well,' says Jones, a little pacified, 'you say this fellow, who I believe indeed is enough inclined to be my friend, lives in the same house with Sophia?'

'In the same house!' answered Partridge; 'why, Sir, he is one of the servants of the family, and very well drest I promise you he is; if it was not for his black beard, you would hardly know him.'

'One service then at least he may do me,' says Jones; 'sure he can certainly convey a letter to my Sophia.'

'You have hit the nail *ad unguem*,' cries Partridge; 'How came I not to think of it? I will engage he shall do it upon the very first mentioning.'

'Well then,' said Jones, 'do you leave me at present, and I will write a letter which you shall deliver to him to-morrow morning; for I suppose you know where to find him.'

'O yes, Sir,' answered Partridge, 'I shall certainly find him again; there is no fear of that. The liquor is too good for him to stay away long. I make no doubt but he will be there every day he stays in town.'

'So you don't know the street then where my Sophia is lodged?' cries Jones.

'Indeed, Sir, I do,' says Partridge.

'What is the name of the street?' cries Jones.

'The name, Sir, why here, Sir, just by,' answered Partridge, 'not above a street or two off.'

'I don't indeed know the very name; for as he never told me, if I had asked, you know it might have put some suspicion into his head. No, no, Sir, let me alone for that. I am too cunning for that, I promise you.'

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

And now having disfrained the sagacious Partridge, Mr. Jones sat himself down to write, in which employment we shall leave him for a time. And here we put an end to the fifteenth book.

T H E

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F A
F O U N D L I N G.

B O O K XVI.

Containing the space of five days.

C H A P. I.

Of Prologues.

I HAVE heard of a dramatic writer who used to say, he would rather write a play than a prologue; in like manner, I think, I can with less pains write one of the books of this history, than the prefatory chapter to each of them.

To say the truth, I believe many a hearty curse hath been devoted on the head of the Author, who first instituted the method of prefixing to his play that portion of matter which is called the prologue; and which at first was part of the piece itself, but of latter years hath had usually so little connexion with the drama before which it stands, that the prologue to one play might as well serve for any other. Those indeed of more modern date, seem all to be written on the same three topics, viz. an abuse of the taste of the town, a condemnation of all cotemporary Authors, and, an eulogium on the performance just about to be represented. The sentiments in all these are very little varied, nor is it possible they should; and indeed I have often wondered at the great inven-

tion of Authors, who have been capable of finding such various phrases to express the same thing.

In like manner I apprehend, some future historian (if any one shall do me the honour of imitating my manner) will, after much scratching his pate, bestow some good wishes on my memory, for having first established these several initial chapters; most of which, like modern prologues, may as properly be prefixed to any other book in this history as to that which they introduce, or indeed to any other history as to this.

But however Authors may suffer by either of these inventions, the reader will find sufficient emolument in the one, as the spectator hath long found in the other.

First it is well known, that the prologue serves the critic for an opportunity to try his faculty of hissing, and to tune his cat-call to the best advantage; by which means, I have known those musical instruments so well prepared, that they have been able to play in full concert at the first rising of the curtain.

The same advantages may be drawn from these chapters, in which the critic will be always sure of meeting with something that may serve as a whetstone to his noble spirit; so that he may fall with a more hungry appetite for censure on the history itself. And here his sagacity must make it needless to observe how artfully these chapters are calculated for that excellent purpose; for in these we have always taken care to intersperse somewhat of the sour or acid kind, in order to sharpen and stimulate the said spirit of criticism.

Again, the indolent reader, as well as spectator, finds great advantage from both these; for as they are not obliged either to see the one or read the others, and both the play and the book are thus protracted, by the former they have a quarter of an hour longer allowed them to sit at dinner, and by the latter they have the advantage of beginning to read at the fourth or fifth page instead of the first, a matter by no means of trivial consequence to persons who read
books

books with no other view than to say they have read them, a more general motive to reading than is commonly imagined; and from which not only law books, and good books, but the pages of Homer and Virgil, of Swift and Cervantes have been often turned over.

Many other are the emoluments which arise from both these, but they are for the most part so obvious that we shall not at present stay to enumerate them; especially since it occurs to us that the principal merit of both the prologue and the preface is that they be short.

C H A P. II.

A whimsical adventure which befel the 'squire, with the distressed situation of Sophia.

WE must now convey the reader to Mr. Western's lodgings, which were in Piccadilly, where he was placed by the recommendation of the landlord at the Hercules Pillars at Hyde-Park-Corner; for at the inn, which was the first he saw on his arrival in town, he placed his horses, and in those lodgings, which were the first he heard of, he deposited himself.

Here when Sophia alighted from the hackney-coach, which brought her from the house of lady Bellaston, she desired to retire to the apartment provided for her, to which her father very readily agreed, and whither he attended her himself. A short dialogue, neither very material nor pleasant to relate minutely, then passed between them, in which he pressed her vehemently to give her consent to the marriage with Blifil, who, as he acquainted her, was to be in town in a few days; but instead of complying, she gave a more peremptory and resolute refusal than she had ever done before. This so incensed her father, that after many bitter vows that he would force her to have him whether she would or no, he departed from her with many hard words and curses, locked the door and put the key into his pocket.

D 5.

While

While Sophia was left with no other company than what attend the close state prisoner, namely, fire and candle, the 'squire sat down to regale himself over a bottle of wine, with his parson and the landlord of the Hercules Pillars, who, as the 'squire said, would make an excellent third man, and could inform them of the news of the town, and how affairs went; for to be sure, says he, he knows a great deal, since the horses of many of the quality stand at his house.

In this agreeable society Mr. Western pass that evening and great part of the succeeding day, during which period nothing happened of sufficient consequence to find a place in this history. All this time Sophia pass by herself; for her father swore she should never come out of her chamber alive, unless she first consented to marry Blifil; nor did he ever suffer the door to be unlocked unless to convey her food, on which occasions he always attended himself.

The second morning after his arrival, while he and the parson were at breakfast together on a toast and tankard, he was informed that a gentleman was below to wait on him.

'A Gentleman!' quoth the 'squire, 'who the devil can he be? Do, Doctor, go down and see who 'tis. Mr. Blifil can hardly be come to town yet.— Go down do, and know what his business is.'

The doctor returned with an account that it was a very well dress'd man, and by the ribbon in his hat, he took him for an officer of the army; that he said he had some particular business, which he could deliver to none but Mr. Western himself.

'An officer!' cries the 'squire, 'what can any such fellow have to do with me? If he wants an order for baggage-waggon, I am no justice of peace here, nor can I grant a warrant.— Let un come up then, if he must speak to me.'

A very genteel man now entered the room; who having made his compliments to the 'squire, and desired the favour of being alone with him, delivered himself as follows:

'Sir

“Sir, I come to wait upon you by the command of my lord Fellamar; but with a very different message from what I suppose you expect, after what I have heard of you last night.”

“My lord who?” cries the squire, “I never heard the name o’ un.”

“His lordship,” said the gentleman, “is willing to impute every thing to the effect of liquor, and the most trifling acknowledgement of that kind will set every thing right; for as he hath the most violent attachment to your daughter, you, Sir, are the last person upon earth, from whom he would resent an affront; and happy is it for you both that he hath given such publick demonstrations of his courage, as to be able to put up an affair of this kind, without danger of any imputation on his honour. All he desires therefore, is, that you will before me make some acknowledgement; the slightest in the world will be sufficient; and he intends this afternoon to pay his respects to you, in order to obtain your leave of visiting the young lady on the footing of a lover.”

“I don’t understand much of what you say, Sir,” said the squire; “but I suppose, by what you talk of about my daughter, that this is the lord which my cousin lady Bellaston mentioned to me, and said something about his courting my daughter. If so be, that how, that be the case — you may give my service to his lordship, and tell us the girl is disposed of already.”

“Perhaps, Sir,” said the gentleman, “you are not sufficiently apprized of the greatness of this offer. I believe such a person, title, and fortune would be no where refused.”

“Looke, Sir,” answered the squire, “to be very plain, my daughter is bespoke already; but if she was not, I would not marry her to a lord upon any account; I hate all lords; they are a parcel of courtiers and Hanoverians, and I will have nothing to do with them.”

“Well, Sir,” said the gentleman, “if that is your resolution, the message I am to deliver to you is,

“that my lord desires the favour of your company
“this morning in Hyde-Park.”

“You may tell my lord,” answered the squire,
“that I am busy, and cannot come. I have enough
“to look after at home, and can’t stir abroad on any
“account.”

“I am sure, Sir,” quoth the other, “you are too
“much a gentleman to send such a message; you will
“not, I am convinced, have it said of you, that
“after having affronted a noble peer, you refuse him
“satisfaction. His lordship would have been willing,
“from his great regard to the young lady, to have
“made up matters in another way; but unless he is
“to look on you as a father, his honour will not suffer
“his putting up such an indignity as you must be sen-
“sible you offered him.”

“I offered him!” cries the squire; “it is a d—n’d
“lie, I never offered him any thing.”

Upon these words the gentleman returned a very
short verbal rebuke, and this he accompanied at the
same time with some manual remonstrances, which
no sooner reached the ears of Mr. Western, than that
worthy squire began to caper very briskly about the
room, bellowing at the same time with all his might,
as if desirous to summon a greater number of specta-
tors to behold his agility.

The parson, who had left great part of the tankard
unfinished, was not retired far; he immediately at-
tended therefore on the squire’s vociferation, crying,
“Bless me! Sir, what’s the matter?”—“Matter?”
quoth the squire, “here’s a highwayman, I believe,
“who wants to rob and murder me—for he hath
“fallen upon me with that stick there in his hand,
“when I wish I may be d—n’d if I gid un the least
“provocation.”

“How, Sir,” said the captain, “did you not tell me
“I ly’d?”

“No, as I hope to be saved,” answered the squire.
“I believe I might say,” “’Twas a lie that I had
“offered any affront to my lord,”—“but I never
“said the word you lie.—I understand myself better,
“and you might have understood yourself better than

‘to fall upon a naked man. If I had a stick in my hand, you would not have dared to strike me. I’d have knocked thy lantern jaws about thy ears. Come down into yard this minute, and I’ll take a bout with thee at single stick for a broken head, that I will; or I will go into naked room and box thee for a belly-full. At unt half a man, at unt I’m sure.’

The captain, with some indignation replied, ‘I see, Sir, you are below my notice, and I shall inform his lordship you are below his.—I am sorry I have dirtied my fingers with you.’—At which words he withdrew, the parson interposing to prevent the squire from stopping him, in which he easily prevailed, as the other, though he made some efforts for the purpose, did not seem very violently bent on success. However, when the captain was departed, the squire sent many curses and some menaces after him; but as these did not set out from his lips till the officer was at the bottom of the stairs, and grew louder and louder as he was more and more remote, they did not reach his ears, or at least did not retard his departure.

Poor Sophia however, who, in her prison, heard all her father’s outcries from first to last, began now first to thunder with her foot, and afterwards to scream as loudly as the old gentleman himself had done before, though in a much sweeter voice. These screams soon silenced the squire, and turned all his consideration towards his daughter, whom he loved so tenderly, that the least apprehension of any harm happening to her, threw him presently into agonies: for except in that single instance in which the whole future happiness of her life was concerned, she was sovereign mistress of his inclinations.

Having ended his rage against the captain, with swearing he would take the law of him, the squire now mounted up stairs to Sophia, whom, as soon as he had unlocked and opened the door, he found all pale and breathless. The moment however that she saw her father, she collected all her spirits, and catching him hold by the hand, she cry’d passionately,

' O my dear Sir, I am almost frighted to death;
 ' I hope to heaven no harm hath happened to you'
 — ' No, no,' cries the 'squire, ' no great harm. The
 ' rascal hath not hurt me much, but rat me if I don't
 ' ha the la o'un.' ' Pray, dear Sir,' says she, ' tell
 ' me what's the matter, who is it that hath insulted
 ' you?' ' I don't know the name o'un,' answered
 Western, ' some officer fellow I suppose, that we are
 ' to pay for beating us, but I'll make him pay this
 ' bout, if the rascal hath got any thing, which I sup-
 ' pose he hath not. For thof he was drest out fo
 ' vine, I question whether he had got a root of land
 ' in the world.' ' But, dear Sir,' cries she, ' what
 ' was the occasion of your quarrel?' ' What should
 ' it be, Sophy?' answered the 'squire, but about you,
 ' Sophy. All my misfortunes are about you; you
 ' will be the death of your poor father at last. Here's
 ' a varlet of a lord, the Lord knows who forsooth!
 ' who hath taan a liking to you, and because I would
 ' not gi un my consent, he sent me a kallenge. Come,
 ' do be a good girl, Sophy, and put an end to all
 ' your father's troubles; come do, consent to ha un;
 ' he will be in town within this day or two; do but
 ' promise me to marry un as soon as he comes, and
 ' you will make me the happiest man in the world,
 ' and I will make you the happiest woman; you shall
 ' have the finest cloaths in London, and the finest
 ' jewels, and a coach and six at your command. I
 ' promised Allworthy already to give up half my
 ' estate.—Odrabbit it! I should hardly stick at giving
 ' up the whole.' ' Will my papa be so kind,' says
 she, ' as to hear me speak!'—' Why wout ask, Sophy?'
 cries he, ' when dost know I had rather hear thy voice,
 ' than the musick of the best pack of dogs in Eng-
 ' land. — Hear thee, my dear little girl! I hope I
 ' shall hear thee as long as I live: for if ever I was to
 ' lose that pleasure, I would not gee a brafs varden to
 ' live a moment longer. Indeed, Sophy, you do not
 ' know how I love you, indeed you don't, or you
 ' never could have run away and left your poor fa-
 ' ther, who hath no other joy, no other comfort upon
 ' earth but his little Sophy.' At these words the tears
 stood

stood in his eyes; and Sophia, (with the tears streaming from hers) answered, 'Indeed, my dear papa, I know you have loved me tenderly, and heaven is my witness how sincerely I have returned your affection; nor could any thing but an apprehension of being forced into the arms of this man, have driven me to run from a father whom I love so passionately, that I would, with pleasure, sacrifice my life to his happiness; nay, I have endeavoured to reason myself into doing more, and had almost worked up a resolution, to endure the most miserable of all lives, to comply with your inclination. It was that resolution alone to which I could not force my mind; nor can I ever.' Here the squire began to look wild, and the foam appeared at his lips, which Sophia observing, begged to be heard out, and then proceeded: 'If my father's life, his health, or any real happiness of his was at stake, here stands your resolved daughter, may heaven blast me, if there is a misery I would not suffer to preserve you. —No, that most detested, most loathsome of all lots would I embrace. I would give my hand to Blifil for your sake.'—'I tell thee, it will preserve me,' answers the father; 'it will give me health, happiness, life, every thing.—Upon my soul I shall die if dost refuse me; I shall break my heart, I shall upon my soul.'—'Is it possible,' says she, 'you can have such a desire to make me miserable?' 'I tell thee noa,' answered he loudly, 'my whole desire is to make thee happy; me! d—n me if there is a thing upon earth I would not do to see thee happy?'—'And will not my dear papa allow me to have the least knowledge of what will make me so? If it be true that happiness consists in opinion; what must be my condition, when I shall think myself the most miserable of all the wretches upon earth?' 'Better think yourself so,' said he, 'than know it by being married to a poor bastardly vagabond.' 'If it will content you, Sir,' said Sophia, 'I will give you the most solemn promise never to marry him nor any other while my papa lives, without his consent. Let me dedicate my whole life to your service; let me be again your poor Sophy, and my

' my whole business and pleasure be, as it hath been,
 ' to please and divert you.' ' Looke, Sophy,' an-
 ' swered the 'squire, ' I am not to be choused in this
 ' manner. Your aunt Western would then have rea-
 ' son to think me the fool she doth. No, no, Sophy,
 ' I'd have you to know I have a got more wisdom,
 ' and know more of the world than to take the word
 ' of a woman in a matter where a man is concerned.'
 ' How, Sir, have I deserved this want of confidence?'
 said she. ' Have I ever broke a single promise to you ?
 ' or have I ever been found guilty of a falshood from
 ' my cradle ?' Looke, Sophy,' cries he, ' that's nei-
 ' ther here nor there. I am determined upon this
 ' match, and have him you shall, d——n me, if that
 ' unt. D——n me if that unt, though dost hang thyself
 ' the next morning.' At repeating which words he
 clenched his fist, knit his brows, bit his lips, and
 thundered so loud, that the poor afflicted, terrified
 Sophia sunk trambling into her chair, and had not a
 flood of tears come immediately to her relief, perhaps
 worfe had followed.

Western beheld the deplorable condition of his
 daughter with no more contrition or remorse, than
 the turnkey of Newgate feels at viewing the agonies
 of a tender wife, when taking her last farewell of her
 condemned husband; or rather he looked down on
 her with the same emotions which arise in an honest
 fair tradesman, who sees his debtor dragged to prison
 for 10l. which, though a just debt, the wretch is
 wickedly unable to pay. Or, to hit the case still
 more nearly, he felt the same compunction with a
 bawd when some poor innocent whom she hath en-
 snared into her hands, falls into fits at the first pro-
 posal of what is called seeing company. Indeed this
 resemblance would be exact, was it not that the bawd
 hath an interest in what she doth, and the father,
 though perhaps he may blindly think otherwise, can
 in reality have none in urging his daughter to almost
 an equal prostitution.

In this condition he left his poor Sophia, and de-
 parting with a very vulgar observation on the effect
 of tears, he locked the room, and returned to the
 parson.

parson, who said every thing he durst in behalf of the young lady, which though perhaps it was not quite so much as his duty required, yet was it sufficient to throw the 'squire into a violent rage, and into many indecent reflections on the whole body of the clergy, which we have too great an honour for that sacred function to commit to paper.

C H A P. III.

What happened to Sophia during her confinement.

TH E landlady of the house where the 'squire lodged had begun very early to entertain a strange opinion of her guests. However, as she was informed that the 'squire was a man of a vast fortune, and as she had taken care to exact a very extraordinary price for her rooms, she did not think proper to give any offence; for though she was not without some concern for the confinement of poor Sophia, of whose great sweetness of temper and affability, the maid of the house had made so favourable a report, which was confirmed by all the 'squire's servants, yet she had much more concern for her own interest, than to provoke one, whom, as she said, she perceived to be a very haughty kind of a gentleman.

Though Sophia eat but little, yet she was regularly served with her meals; indeed I believe if she had liked any one rarity, that the 'squire, however angry, would have spared neither pains nor cost to have procured it for her; since, however strange it may appear to some of my readers, he really doated on his daughter, and to give her any kind of pleasure was the highest satisfaction of his life.

The dinner hour being arrived, Black George carried her up a pullet, the 'squire himself (for he had sworn not to part with the key) attending the door. As George deposited the dish, some compliments passed between him and Sophia (for he had not seen her since she left the country, and she treated every servant with more respect than some persons shew to those who are in a very slight degree their inferiors). Sophia would have had him take the pullet back, saying,

the:

she could not eat; but George begged her to try, and particularly recommended to her the eggs, of which he said it was full.

All this time the squire was waiting at the door; but George was a great favourite with his master, as he was employed in concerns of the highest nature, namely about the game, and was accustomed to take many liberties. He had officiously carried up the dinner, being, as he said, very desirous to see his young lady; he made therefore no scruple of keeping his master standing above ten minutes, while civilities were passing between him and Sophia; for which he received only a good-humoured rebuke at the door when he returned.

The eggs of pullets, partridges, pheasants, &c. were, as George well knew, the most favourite dainties of Sophia. It was therefore no wonder, that he who was a very good-natured fellow, should take care to supply her with this kind of delicacy, at a time when all the servants in the house were afraid she would be starved; for she had scarce swallowed a single morsel in the last forty hours.

Though vexation hath not the same effect on all persons, as it usually hath on a widow, whose appetite it often renders sharper than it can be rendered by the air on Bansted Downs, or Salisbury Plain; yet the sublimest grief, notwithstanding what some people may say to the contrary, will eat at last. And Sophia herself, after some little consideration, began to dissect the fowl, which she found to be as full of eggs as George had reported.

But if she was pleased with these, it contained something which would have delighted the Royal Society much more; for if a fowl with three legs be so invaluable a curiosity, when perhaps time hath produced a thousand such, at what price shall we esteem a bird which so totally contradicts all the laws of animal oeconomy, as to contain a letter in its belly? Ovid tells us of a flower into which Hyacinthus was metamorphosed, that bears letters on its leaves, which Virgil recommended as a miracle to the Royal Society of his day; but no age nor nation hath ever recorded a bird with a letter in its maw. But

But though a miracle of this kind might have engaged all the *Academies des Sciences* in Europe, and perhaps in a fruitless enquiry; yet the reader by barely recollecting the last dialogue which passed between Messieurs Jones and Partridge, will be very easily satisfied from whence this letter came, and how it found its passage into the fowl.

Sophia, notwithstanding her long fast, and notwithstanding her favourite dish was there before her, no sooner saw the letter than she immediately snatched it up, tore it open, and read as follows.

Madam,

Was I not sensible to whom I have the honour of writing, I should endeavour, however difficult, to paint the horrors of my mind, at the account brought me by Mrs. Honour: but as tenderness alone can have any true idea of the pangs which tenderness is capable of feeling; so can this most amiable quality which my Sophia possesses in the most eminent degree, sufficiently inform her what her Jones must have suffered on this melancholy occasion. Is there a circumstance in the world which can heighten my agonies, when I hear of any misfortune which hath befallen you? Surely there is one only, and with that I am accursed. It is, my Sophia, the dreadful consideration that I am myself the wretched cause. Perhaps I here do myself too much honour, but none will envy me an honour which costs me so extremely dear. Pardon me this presumption, and pardon me a greater still, if I ask you whether my advice, my assistance, my presence, my absence, my death, or my tortures can bring you any relief? Can the most perfect admiration, the most watchful observance, the most ardent love, the most melting tenderness, the most resigned submission to your will, make you amends for what you are to sacrifice to my happiness? If they can, fly, my lovely angel, to those arms which are ever open to receive and protect you; and to which, whether you bring yourself alone, or the riches of the world with you, is, in my opinion,

an

‘ an alternative not worth regarding. If, on the con-
 ‘ trary, wisdom shall predominate, and, on the most
 ‘ mature reflection, inform you, that the sacrifice is
 ‘ too great; and if there be no way left to reconcile
 ‘ you to your father, and restore the peace of your dear
 ‘ mind, but by abandoning me, I conjure you drive
 ‘ me for ever from your thoughts, exert your resolu-
 ‘ tion, and let no compassion for my sufferings bear
 ‘ the least weight in that tender bosom. Believe me,
 ‘ Madam, I so sincerely love you better than myself,
 ‘ that my great and principal end is your happiness.
 ‘ My first wish (why would not fortune indulge me
 ‘ in it?) was, and pardon me if I say, still is to see
 ‘ you every moment the happiest of women; my se-
 ‘ cond wish is to hear you are so; but no misery on
 ‘ earth can equal mine, while I think you owe an
 ‘ uneasy moment to him who is,

‘ Madam,

‘ In every sense, and to every purpose,

‘ your devoted,

‘ THOMAS JONES.’

What Sophia said, or did, or thought upon this
 letter, how often she read it, or whether more than
 once, shall all be left to our reader’s imagination.
 The answer to it he may perhaps see hereafter, but
 not at present; for this reason, among others, that
 she did not now write any, and that for several good
 causes, one of which was this, she had no paper, pen,
 nor ink.

In the evening while Sophia was meditating on the
 letter she had received, or on something else, a violent
 noise from below disturbed her meditations. This
 noise was no other than a round bout at altercation
 between two persons. One of the combatants, by
 his voice, she immediately distinguished to be her
 father; but she did not so soon discover the shriller
 pipes to belong to the organ of her aunt Western,
 who was just arrived in town, and having, by means
 of one of her servants, who stopt at the Hercules Pil-
 lars, learnt where her brother lodged, she drove
 directly to his lodgings. We

We shall therefore take our leave at present of Sophia, and with our usual good-breeding, attend her Ladyship.

C H A P. IV.

In which Sophia is delivered from her confinement.

THE 'squire and the parson (for the landlord was now otherwise engaged) were smoaking their pipes together, when the arrival of the lady was first signified. The 'squire no sooner heard her name, than he immediately ran down to usher her up stairs; for he was a great observer of such ceremonials, especially to his sister, of whom he stood more in awe than of any other human creature, though he never would own this, nor did he perhaps know it himself.

Mrs. Western, on her arrival in the dining-room, having flung herself into a chair, began thus to harangue. 'Well, surely, no one ever had such an intolerable journey. I think the roads, since so many turnpike acts, are grown worse than ever. La, brother, how could you get into this odious place? no person of condition, I dare swear, ever set foot here before.' 'I don't know,' cries the 'squire, 'I think they do well enough; it was landlord recommended them. I thought as he knew most of the quality, he could best shew me where to get among um.' 'Well, and where's my niece?' says the lady. 'Have you been to wait upon lady Bellaston yet?' 'Ay, ay,' cries the 'squire, 'your niece is safe enough; she is up stairs in chamber.' 'How,' answered the lady, 'is my niece in this house, and doth she not know of my being here?' 'No, nobody can well get to her,' says the 'squire, 'for she is under lock and key. I have her safe; I vetched her from my lady Cousin the first night I came to town, and I have taken care o' her ever since; she is as secure as a fox in a bag, I promise you.' 'Good heaven!' returned Mrs. Western, 'what do I hear! I thought what a fine piece of work would be the consequence of my consent to your coming

' to town yourself; nay, it was indeed your own head-
 ' strong will, nor can I charge myself with having
 ' ever consented to it. Did not you promise me,
 ' brother, that you would take none of these head-
 ' strong measures? Was it not by these headstrong
 ' measures that you forced my niece to run away
 ' from you in the country? Have you a mind to ob-
 ' lige her to take such another step?' 'Z——ds and
 ' the devil,' cries the 'squire, dashing his pipe on the
 ground, ' did ever mortal hear the like? when I ex-
 ' pected you would have commended me for all I have
 ' done, to be fallen upon in this manner!' 'How!
 ' brother,' said the lady, ' have I ever given you the
 ' least reason to imagine I should commend you for
 ' locking up your daughter? Have I not often told
 ' you that women in a free country are not to be
 ' treated with such arbitrary power? We are as free
 ' as the men, and I heartily wish I could not say we
 ' deserve that freedom better. If you expect I should
 ' stay a moment longer in this wretched house, or
 ' that I should ever own you again as my relation,
 ' or that I should ever trouble myself again with the
 ' affairs of your family, I insist upon it that my niece
 ' be set at liberty this instant.' This she spoke with
 so commanding an air, standing with her back to the
 fire, with one hand behind her, and a pinch of snuff
 in the other, that I question whether Thalestris at
 the head of her Amazons ever made a more tre-
 mendous figure. It is no wonder therefore that the
 poor 'squire was not proof against the awe which she
 inspired. 'There,' he cried, throwing down the
 key, 'There it is, do whatever you please. I in-
 ' tended only to have kept her up till Blifil came to
 ' town; which can't be long; and now if any harm
 ' happens in the mean time, remember who is to be
 ' blamed for it.'

' I will answer it with my life,' cried Mrs. Western,
 ' but I shall not intermeddle at all, unless upon one
 ' condition, and that is, that you will commit the
 ' whole entirely to my care, without taking any one
 ' measure yourself, unless I shall eventually appoint
 ' you to act. If you ratify these preliminaries, bro-
 ' ther,

‘ther, I yet will endeavour to preserve the honour
‘of your family; if not, I shall continue in a neutral
‘state.’

‘I pray you, good Sir,’ said the Parson, ‘per-
‘mit yourself this once to be admonished by her
‘ladyship; peradventure by communing with young
‘Madam Sophia, she will effect more than you have
‘been able to perpetrate by more rigorous mea-
‘sures.’

‘What dost thee open upon me?’ cries the ‘squire.
‘If thee dost begin to babble, I shall whip thee in
‘presently.’

‘Fie, brother,’ answered the lady, ‘is this lan-
‘guage to a clergyman? Mr. Supple is a man of sense,
‘and gives you the best advice; and the whole world,
‘I believe, will concur in his opinion; but I must
‘tell you, I expect an immediate answer to my cate-
‘gorical proposals. Either cede your daughter to my
‘disposal, or take her wholly to your own surprising
‘discretion, and then I here, before Mr. Supple, eva-
‘cuate the garrison, and renounce you and your fa-
‘mily for ever.’

‘I pray you, let me be a mediator,’ cries the par-
‘son; ‘let me supplicate you.’

‘Why there lies the key on the table,’ cries the
‘squire, ‘She may take ‘un up, if she pleases; who
‘hinders her?’

‘No, brother,’ answered the lady, ‘I insist on the
‘formality of its being delivered me, with a full rati-
‘fication of all the concessions stipulated.’

‘Why then I will deliver it to you. — There ‘tis,’
cries the ‘squire. ‘I am sure, sister, you can’t ac-
‘cuse me of ever denying to trust my daughter to
‘you. She hath lived wi’ you a whole year and
‘more to a time, without my ever seeing her.’

‘And it would have been happy for her,’ answered
the lady, ‘if she had always lived with me. Nothing
‘of this kind would have happened under my eye.’

‘Ay, certainly,’ cries he, ‘I only am to blame.’

‘Why, you are to blame, brother,’ answered she;
‘I have been often obliged to tell you so, and shall
‘always be obliged to tell you so. However, I hope
‘you will now amend, and gather so much experience
‘from

‘ from past errors, as not to defeat my wisest machinations by your blunders. Indeed, brother, you are not qualified for these negotiations. All your whole scheme of politics is wrong. I once more, therefore, insist, that you do not intermeddle. Remember only what is past.’—

‘ Z——ds and bl——d, sister,’ cries the ‘squire, ‘ What would you have me say? You are enough to provoke the devil.’

‘ There now,’ said she, ‘ just according to the old custom. I see, brother, there is no talking to you. I will appeal to Mr. Supple, who is a man of sense, if I said any thing, which could put any human creature into a passion; but you are so wrong-headed every way.’

‘ Let me beg you, Madam,’ said the parson, ‘ not to irritate his worship.’

‘ Irritate him?’ said the lady; — ‘ Sure you are as great a fool as himself. Well, brother, since you have promised not to interfere, I will once more undertake the management of my niece. Lord have mercy upon all affairs which are under the directions of men. The head of one woman is worth a thousand of yours.’ And now having summoned a servant to shew her to Sophia, she departed, bearing the key with her.

She was no sooner gone, than the ‘squire (having first shut the door) ejaculated twenty bitches, and as many hearty curses against her, not sparing himself for having ever thought of her estate; but added, ‘ Now one hath been a slave so long, it would be pity to lose it at last, for want of holding out a little longer. The bitch can’t live for ever, and I know I am down for it upon the will.’

The parson greatly commended this resolution; and now the ‘squire having ordered in another bottle, which was his usual method when any thing either pleased or vexed him, did, by drinking plentifully of this medicinal julap, so totally wash away his choler, that his temper was become perfectly placid and serene, when Mrs. Western returned with Sophia into the room. The young lady had on her hat and capachin, and the aunt acquainted Mr. Western,

‘ that

that she intended to take her niece with her to her own lodgings; for, indeed, brother,' says she, these rooms are not fit to receive a christian soul in.'

'Very well, Madam,' quoth Western, 'whatever you please. The girl can never be in better hands than yours; and the parson here can do me the justice to say, that I have said fifty times behind your back, that you was one of the most sensible women in the world.'

'To this,' cries the parson, 'I am ready to bear testimony.'

'Nay, brother,' says Mrs. Western, 'I have always, I'm sure, given you as favourable a character. You must own you have a little too much hastiness in your temper; but when you will allow yourself time to reflect, I never knew a man more reasonable.'

'Why then, sister, if you think so', said the 'squire, 'here's your good health with all my heart. I am a little passionate sometimes, but I scorn to bear any malice. Sophy, do you be a good girl, and do every thing your aunt orders you.'

'I have not the least doubt of her,' answered Mrs. Western. 'She hath had already an example before her eyes, in the behaviour of that wretch her cousin Harriet, who ruined herself by neglecting my advice.—O brother, what think you? You was hardly gone out of hearing, when you set out for London, when who should arrive but that impudent fellow with the odious Irish name—that Fitzpatrick. He broke in abruptly upon me without notice, or I would not have seen him. He ran on a long, unintelligible story about his wife, to which he forced me to give him a hearing; but I made him very little answer, and delivered him the letter from his wife, which I bid him answer himself. I suppose the wretch will endeavour to find us out; but I beg you will not see her, for I am determined I will not.'

'I zee her,' answered the 'squire; 'you need not fear me. I'll gee no encouragement to such undutiful wenches. It is well for the fellow her husband I was not at huome. Od rabbit it, he should have taken a dance thru the horse-pond, I promise un-

‘ You zee, Sophy, what undutifulness brings volks to.
 ‘ You have an example in your own family.’

‘ Brother,’ cries the aunt, ‘ you need not shock
 ‘ my niece by such odious repetitions. Why will
 ‘ you not leave every thing entirely to me?’ ‘ Well
 ‘ well; I wull, I wull,’ said the ’squire.

And now Mrs. Western, luckily for Sophia, put
 an end to the conversation, by ordering chairs to be
 called. I say luckily; for had it continued much
 longer, fresh matter of dissension would, most prob-
 ably, have arisen between the brother and sister;
 between whom education and sex made the only differ-
 ence; for both were equally violent, and equally
 positive; they had both a vast affection for Sophia,
 and both a sovereign contempt for each other.

C H A P. V.

*In which Jones receives a letter from Sophia, and goes to
 a play with Mrs. Miller and Partridge.*

THE arrival of Black George in town, and the
 good offices which that grateful fellow had
 promised to do for his old benefactor, greatly com-
 forted Jones in the midst of all the anxiety and un-
 easiness which he had suffered on the account of So-
 phia; from whom, by the means of the said George,
 he received the following answer to his letter, which
 Sophia, to whom the use of pen, ink, and paper was
 restored with her liberty, wrote the very evening when
 she departed from her confinement.

‘ S I R,

‘ As I do not doubt your sincerity in what you
 ‘ write, you will be pleased to hear that some of my
 ‘ afflictions are at an end, by the arrival of my aunt
 ‘ Western, with whom I am at present, and with
 ‘ whom I enjoy all the liberty I can desire. One
 ‘ promise my aunt hath insisted on my making, which
 ‘ is, that I will not see or converse with any person
 ‘ without her knowledge and consent. This promise
 ‘ I have most solemnly given, and shall most invio-
 ‘ lably keep; and though she hath not expressly
 forbidden

forbidden me writing, yet that must be an omission
 from forgetfulness; or this, perhaps, is included
 in the word conversing. However, as I cannot
 but consider this as a breach of her generous con-
 fidence in my honour, you cannot expect that I
 shall, after this, continue to write myself, or to
 receive letters, without her knowledge. A promise
 is with me a very sacred thing, and to be extended
 to every thing understood from it, as well as to
 what is expressed by it; and this consideration may
 perhaps, on reflection, afford you some comfort.
 But why should I mention a comfort to you of this
 kind? For though there is one thing in which I can
 never comply with the best of fathers, yet am I firm-
 ly resolved never to act in defiance of him, or to
 take any step of consequence without his consent.
 A firm persuasion of this, must teach you to divert
 your thoughts from what fortune hath (perhaps)
 made impossible. This your own interest persuades
 you. This may reconcile, I hope, Mr. Allworthy
 to you; and if it will, you have my injunctions to
 pursue it. Accidents have laid some obligations on
 me, and your good intentions probably more. For-
 tune may, perhaps, be sometimes kinder to us both
 than at present. Believe this, that I shall always
 think of you as I think you deserve, and am.

S I R,

Your obliged humble servant,

SOPHIA WESTERN.

I charge you write to me no more—at present
 at least; and accept this, which is now of no service
 to me, which I know you must want, and think
 you owe the trifle only to that fortune by which you
 found it *.

A child who had just learnt his letters, would have
 spelt this letter out in less time than Jones took in
 reading it. The sensations it occasioned were a mix-
 ture of joy and grief; somewhat like what divide the

* Meaning, perhaps, the Bank-bill for 100l.

mind of a good man, when he peruses the will of his deceased friend, in which a large legacy, which his distresses make the more welcome, is bequeathed to him. Upon the whole, however, he was more pleased than displeas'd; and indeed the reader may probably wonder that he was displeas'd at all; but the reader is not quite so much in love as was poor Jones: and love is a disease, which, though it may in some instances resemble a consumption, (which it sometimes causes) in others proceeds in direct opposition to it, and particularly in this, that it never flatters itself, or sees any one symptom in a favourable light.

One thing gave him complete satisfaction, which was, that his mistress had regained her liberty, and was now with a lady where she might at least assure herself of a decent treatment. Another comfortable circumstance, was the reference which she made to her promise of never marrying any other man: for however disinterested he might imagine his passion, and notwithstanding all the generous overtures made in his letter, I very much question whether he could have heard a more afflicting piece of news, than that Sophia was married to another, though the match had been never so great, and never so likely to end in making her compleatly happy. That refined degree of Platonic affection which is absolutely detached from the flesh, and is indeed entirely and purely spiritual, is a gift confined to the female part of the creation; many of whom I have heard declare, (and doubtless with great truth) that they would, with the utmost readiness, resign a lover to a rival, when such resignation was proved to be necessary for the temporal interest of such lover. Hence, therefore, I conclude, that this affection is in nature, though I cannot pretend to say, I have ever seen an instance of it.

Mr. Jones having spent three hours in reading and kissing the aforesaid letter, and being, at last, in a state of good spirits, from the last mentioned considerations, he agreed to carry an appointment, which he had before made, into execution. This was to attend

tend Mrs. Miller, and her younger daughter, into the gallery at the play-house, and to admit Mr. Partridge as one of the company. For as Jones had really that taste for humour which many affect, he expected to enjoy much entertainment in the criticisms of Partridge; from whom he expected the simple dictates of nature, unimproved indeed, but likewise unadulterated by art.

In the first row then of the first gallery did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge take their places. Partridge immediately declared, it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, 'It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out.' While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller, 'Look, look, Madam, the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer-book, before the gun powder-treason service.' Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, 'That here were candles enough burnt in one night, to keep an honest poor family for a twelvemonth.'

As soon as the play, which was Hamlet Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones, 'What man that was in the strange dress; something,' said he, 'like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?' Jones answered, 'That is the ghost.' To which Partridge replied with a smile, 'Persuade me to that, Sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one, if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, Sir, ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither.' In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue, till the scene between the Ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick, which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling, that his knees knocked against each other.

Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? ‘O la! Sir,’ said he, ‘I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of any thing; for I know it is but a play. And if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person.’ ‘Why, who,’ cries Jones, ‘dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself!’ ‘Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure? Who’s fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such fool-hardiness! — Whatever happens it is good enough for you. — Follow you? I’d follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps, it is the devil—for they say he can put on what likenesses he pleases.—Oh! here he is again,—No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I’d have gone for all the king’s dominions.’ Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, ‘Hush, hush, dear Sir, don’t you hear him!’ And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet, succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, ‘Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible.’ ‘Nay, Sir,’ answered Partridge, ‘if you are not afraid of the devil, I can’t help it; but to be sure it is natural to be surprized at such things, though I know there is nothing in them; not that it was the ghost that surprized me neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress: but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me.’ ‘And dost thou imagine then, Partridge,’ cries Jones, ‘that he was really frightened?’ ‘Nay, Sir,’ said Partridge, ‘did not you yourself observe afterwards,
‘ when

‘ when he found it was his own father’s spirit, and
 ‘ how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear
 ‘ forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb
 ‘ with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been,
 ‘ had it been my own case.—But hush! O la! what
 ‘ noise is that? There he is again.—Well, to be
 ‘ certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it,
 ‘ I am glad I am not down yonder, where those men
 ‘ are.’ Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet,
 ‘ Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a
 ‘ sword against the power of the devil?’

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king’s countenance. ‘ Well,’ said he, ‘ how people may be
 ‘ deceived by faces? *Nulli fides fronti* is, I find, a
 ‘ true saying. Who would think, by looking in the
 ‘ king’s face, that he had ever committed a murder?’ He then enquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprized, gave him no other satisfaction, than, ‘ that he might possibly see him
 ‘ again soon, and in a flash of fire.’

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, ‘ There, Sir, now; what say
 ‘ you now? is he frightened now or no? As much
 ‘ frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, no
 ‘ body can help some fears, I would not be in so bad
 ‘ a condition, as what’s his name, ’squire Hamlet, is
 ‘ there, for all the world. Bless me! what’s become
 ‘ of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I
 ‘ saw him sink into the earth.’ ‘ Indeed, you saw
 ‘ right,’ answered Jones. ‘ Well, well,’ cries Partridge, ‘ I know it is only a play; and besides, if
 ‘ there was any thing in all this, Madam Miller
 ‘ would not laugh so: for as to you, Sir, you would
 ‘ not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in
 ‘ person.—There, there—Ay, no wonder you are in
 ‘ such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to
 ‘ pieces. If she was my own mother I should serve
 ‘ her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is for-

‘ feited by fuch wicked doings.—Ay, go about
‘ your bufinefs; I hate the fight of you.’

Our critic was now pretty filent till the play, which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at firft underftand, ’till Jones explained it to him; but he no fooner entered into the fpirit of it, than he began to blefs himfelf that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her, ‘ If fhe did not imagine the king looked as if he was ‘ touched; though he is,’ faid he, ‘ a good actor, ‘ and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would ‘ not have fo much to answer for, as that wick- ‘ ed man there hath, to fit upon a much higher ‘ chair than he fits upon.—No wonder he run ‘ away; for your fake I’ll never truft an innocent ‘ face again.’

The grave-digging fcene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expreffed much surprize at the number of fculls thrown upon the ftage. To which Jones answered, ‘ That it was one of the moft ‘ famous burial-places about town.’ ‘ No wonder ‘ then,’ cries Partridge, ‘ that the place is haunted. ‘ But I never faw in my life a worfe grave-digger. ‘ I had a fexton when I was clerk, that fhould have ‘ dug three graves while he is digging one. The ‘ fellow handles a fpade as if it was the firft time he ‘ had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may ‘ fing. You had rather fing than work, I believe.’ —Upon Hamlet’s taking up the fcull, he cried out, ‘ Well, it is ftrange to fee how fearlefs fome men are: ‘ I never could bring myfelf to touch any thing be- ‘ longing to a dead man on any account.—He feemed ‘ frightened enough too at the ghofit I thought. *Nemo ‘ omnibus horis fapit.*’

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play; at the end of which Jones asked him, ‘ which of the players he had liked beft?’ To this he answered, with fome appearance of indignation at the queftion, ‘ The king without doubt.’ ‘ Indeed, ‘ Mr. Partridge,’ fays Mrs. Miller, ‘ you are not of ‘ the fame opinion with the town: for they are all ‘ agreed, that Hamlet is acted by the beft player ‘ who

‘ who was ever on the stage.’ ‘ He the best player!’ cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer, ‘ Why I could act as well as he myself: I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is, any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but indeed, Madam, though I was never at a play at London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. — Any body may see he is an actor.’

While Mrs. Miller was thus engaged in conversation with Partridge, a lady came up to Mr. Jones, whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick. She said, she had seen him from the other part of the gallery, and had taken that opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say, which might be of great service to himself. She then acquainted him with her lodgings, and made him an appointment the next day in the morning; which, upon recollection, she presently changed to the afternoon; at which time Jones promised to attend her.

Thus ended the adventure at the play-house; where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said, than to any thing that passed on the stage.

He durst not go to bed all that night, for fear of the ghost; and for many nights after sweated for two or three hours before he went to sleep with the same apprehensions, and waked several times in great horrors, crying out, ‘ Lord have mercy upon us! there it is.’

C H A P. VI.

In which the history is obliged to go back.

IT is almost impossible for the best parent to observe an exact impartiality to his children, even though no superior merit should bias his affection; but sure a parent can hardly be blamed, when that superiority determines his preference.

As I regard all the personages of this history in the light of my children; so I must confess the same inclination of partiality to Sophia; and for that I hope the reader will allow me the same excuse from the superiority of her character.

This extraordinary tenderness which I have for my heroine, never suffers me to quit her any long time without the utmost reluctance. I could now, therefore, return impatiently to enquire, what hath happened to this lovely creature since her departure from her father's, but that I am obliged first to pay a short visit to Mr. Blifil.

Mr. Western, in the first confusion into which his mind was cast, upon the sudden news he received of his daughter, and in his first hurry to go after her, had not once thought of sending any account of the discovery to Blifil. He had not gone far, however, before he recollected himself, and accordingly stopt at the very first inn he came to, and dispatched away a messenger to acquaint Blifil with his having found Sophia, and with his firm resolution to marry her to him immediately, if he would come up after him to town.

As the love which Blifil had for Sophia was of that violent kind, which nothing but the loss of her fortune, or some such accident, could lessen, his inclination to the match was not at all altered by her having run away, though he was obliged to lay this to his own account. He very readily, therefore, embraced this offer. Indeed, he now proposed the gratification of a very strong passion besides avarice, by marrying this young lady, and this was hatred: for he concluded that matrimony afforded an equal opportunity

of satisfying either hatred or love; and this opinion is very probably verified by much experience. To say the truth, if we are to judge by the ordinary behaviour of married persons to each other, we shall perhaps be apt to conclude, that the generality seek the indulgence of the former passion only in their union of every thing but of hearts.

There was one difficulty, however, in his way, and this arose from Mr. Allworthy. That good man, when he found by the departure of Sophia, (for neither that, nor the cause of it, could be concealed from him) the great aversion which she had for his nephew, began to be seriously concerned that he had been deceived into carrying matters so far. He by no means concurred with the opinion of those parents, who think it as immaterial to consult the inclinations of their children in the affair of marriage, as to solicit the good pleasure of their servants when they intend to take a journey; and who are, by law or decency at least, withheld often from using absolute force. On the contrary, as he esteemed the institution to be of the most sacred kind, he thought every preparatory caution necessary to preserve it holy and inviolate; and very wisely concluded, that the surest way to effect this, was by laying the foundation in previous affection.

Bliss indeed soon cured his uncle of all anger on the score of deceit, by many vows and protestations that he had been deceived himself, with which the many declarations of Western very well tallied; but now to persuade Allworthy to consent to the renewing his addresses, was a matter of such apparent difficulty, that the very appearance was sufficient to have deterred a less enterprising genius; but this young gentleman so well knew his own talents, that nothing within the province of cunning seemed to him hard to be achieved.

Here then he represented the violence of his own affection, and the hopes of subduing aversion in the lady by perseverance. He begged that in an affair on which depended all his future repose, he might at least be at liberty to try all fair means for success.

Heaven forbid, he said, that he should ever think of prevailing by any other than the most gentle methods! 'Besides, Sir, said he, if they fail, you may then (which will be surely time enough) deny your consent.' He urged the great and eager desire which Mr. Western had for the match; and lastly, he made great use of the name of Jones, to whom he imputed all that had happened; and from whom, he said, to preserve so valuable a young lady was even an act of charity.

All these arguments were well seconded by Thwackum, who dwelt a little stronger on the authority of parents than Mr. Blifil himself had done. He ascribed the measures which Mr. Blifil was desirous to take, to christian motives; 'and though,' says he, 'the good young gentleman hath mentioned charity last, I am almost convinced, it is his first and principal consideration.'

Square, possibly, had he been present, would have sung to the same tune, though in a different key, and would have discovered much moral fitness in the proceeding; but he was now gone to Bath for the recovery of his health.

Allworthy, though not without reluctance, at last yielded to the desires of his nephew. He said, he would accompany him to London, where he might be at liberty to use every honest endeavour to gain the lady: 'But I declare,' said he, 'I will never give my consent to any absolute force being put on her inclinations, nor shall you ever have her, unless she can be brought freely to compliance.'

Thus did the affection of Allworthy for his nephew betray the superior understanding to be triumphed over by the inferior; and thus is the prudence of the best of heads often defeated, by the tenderness of the best of hearts.

Blifil having obtained this unhop'd for acquiescence in his uncle, rested not till he carried his purpose into execution. And as no immediate business required Mr. Allworthy's presence in the country, and little preparation is necessary to men for a journey, they set out the very next day, and arrived in town
that

that evening, when Mr. Jones, as we have seen, was diverting himself with Partridge, at the play.

The morning after his arrival, Mr. Blifil waited on Mr. Western, by whom he was most kindly and graciously received, and from whom he had every possible assurance (perhaps more than was possible) that he should very shortly be as happy as Sophia could make him; nor would the 'squire suffer the young gentleman to return to his uncle, till he had, almost against his will, carried him to his sister.

C H A P. VII.

In which Mr. Western pays a visit to his sister, in company with Mr. Blifil.

MRS. Western was reading a lecture on prudence, and matrimonial politics, to her niece, when her brother and Blifil broke in with less ceremony than the laws of visiting require. Sophia no sooner saw Blifil, than she turned pale, and almost lost the use of all her faculties; but her aunt, on the contrary, waxed red, and having all her faculties at command, began to exert her tongue on the 'squire.

'Brother,' said she, 'I am astonished at your behaviour, will you never learn any regard to decorum? Will you still look upon every apartment as your own, or as belonging to one of your country tenants? Do you think yourself at liberty to invade the privacies of women of condition, without the least decency or notice?'—'Why, what a pox! is the matter now?' quoth the 'squire, 'one would think I had caught you at'—'None of your brutality, Sir, I beseech you,' answered she.—'You have surprized my poor niece so, that she can hardly, I see, support herself.—Go, my dear, retire, and endeavour to recruit your spirits; for I see you have occasion.' At which words, Sophia, who never received a more welcome command, hastily withdrew.

'To be sure, sister,' cries the 'squire, 'you are mad, when I have brought Mr. Blifil here to court her, to force her away.'

'Sure,

‘ Sure, brother,’ says she, ‘ you are worse than mad, when you know in what situation affairs are, to—I am sure, I ask Mr. Blifil pardon, but he knows very well to whom to impute so disagreeable a reception. For my own part, I am sure, I shall always be very glad to see Mr. Blifil; but his own good sense would not have suffered him to proceed so abruptly, had you not compelled him to it.’

Blifil bowed and stammered, and looked like a fool; but Western, without giving him time to form a speech for the purpose, answered, ‘ Well, well, I am to blame if you will, I always am, certainly; but come, let the girl be fetched back again, or let Mr. Blifil go to her—He’s come up on purpose, and there is no time to be lost.’

‘ Brother,’ cries Mrs. Western, ‘ Mr. Blifil, I am confident, understands himself better than to think of seeing my niece any more this morning after what hath happened. Women are of a nice constitution; and our spirits when disordered, are not to be recomposed in a moment. Had you suffered Mr. Blifil to have sent his compliments to my niece, and to have desired the favour of waiting on her in the afternoon, I should possibly have prevailed on her to have seen him; but now I despair of bringing about any such matter.’

‘ I am very sorry, Madam,’ cried Blifil, ‘ that Mr. Western’s extraordinary kindness to me, which I can never enough acknowledge, should have occasioned—’ ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ said she, interrupting him, ‘ you need make no apologies, we all know my brother so well.’

‘ I don’t care what any body knows of me,’ answered the squire;—‘ but when must he come to see her? for consider, I tell you, he is come up on purpose, and so is Allworthy.’ ‘ Brother,’ said she, ‘ whatever message Mr. Blifil thinks proper to send to my niece, shall be delivered to her; and I suppose, she will want no instructions to make a proper answer. I am convinced she will not refuse to see Mr. Blifil at a proper time.’—‘ The devil she

‘ won’t.’

‘won’t,’ answered the ‘squire.—‘Odsbud!—Don’t we know—I say nothing, but some volk are wiser than all the world.—If I might have had my will, she had not run away before: and now I expect to hear every moment she is gone again. For as great a fool as some volk think me, I know very well she hates’—‘No matter, brother,’ replied Mrs. Western, ‘I will not hear my niece abused. It is a reflection on my family. She is an honour to it; and she will be an honour to it, I promise you. I will pawn my whole reputation in the world on her conduct.—I shall be glad to see you, brother, in the afternoon; for I have something of importance to mention to you.—At present, Mr. Blifil, as well as you, must excuse me; for I am in haste to dress.’—‘Well but,’ said the ‘squire, ‘do appoint a time.’—‘Indeed,’ said she, ‘I can appoint no time.—I tell you, I will see you in the afternoon.’—‘What the devil would you have me do?’ cries the ‘squire, turning to Blifil, ‘I can no more turn her, than a beagle can turn an old hare. Perhaps, she will be in a better humour in the afternoon.’—‘I am condemned, I see, Sir, to misfortune,’ answered Blifil; ‘but I shall always own my obligations to you.—He then took a ceremonious leave of Mrs. Western, who was altogether as ceremonious on her part; and then they departed, the ‘squire muttering to himself with an oath, that Blifil should see his daughter in the afternoon.

If Mr. Western was little pleased with this interview, Blifil was less. As to the former, he imputed the whole behaviour of his sister to her humour only, and to her dissatisfaction at the omission of ceremony in the visit; but Blifil saw a little deeper into things. He suspected somewhat of more consequence, from two or three words which dropt from the lady; and, to say the truth, he suspected right, as will appear when I have unfolded the several matters which will be contained in the following chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

Schemes of lady Bellaſton for the ruin of Jones.

LOVE had taken too deep a root in the mind of lord Fellamar to be plucked up by the rude hands of Mr. Western. In the heat of reſentment he had indeed given a commiſſion to captain Egglane, which the captain had far exceeded in the execution; nor had it been executed at all, had his lordſhip been able to find the captain after he had ſeen lady Bellaſton, which was in the afternoon of the day after he had received the affront; but ſo induſtrious was the captain in the diſcharge of his duty, that having after long enquiry found out the ſquire's lodgings very late in the evening, he ſat up all night at a tavern, that he might not miſs the ſquire in the morning, and by that means miſſed the revocation which my lord had ſent to his lodgings.

In the afternoon then next after the intended rape of Sophia, his lordſhip, as we have ſaid, made a viſit to lady Bellaſton, who laid open ſo much of the character of the ſquire, that his lordſhip plainly ſaw the abſurdity he had been guilty of in taking any offence at his words, eſpecially as he had thoſe honourable deſigns on his daughter. He then unbosomed the violence of his paſſion to lady Bellaſton, who readily undertook the cauſe, and encouraged him with certain aſſurance of a moſt favourable reception from all the elders of the family, and from the father himſelf when he ſhould be ſober, and ſhould be made acquainted with the nature of the offer made to his daughter. The only danger, ſhe ſaid, lay in the fellow ſhe had formerly mentioned, who, though a beggar and a vagabond, had by ſome means or other, ſhe knew not what, procured himſelf tolerable cloaths, and paſt for a gentleman. ‘Now,’ ſays ſhe, ‘as I have, for the ſake of my couſin, made it my buſineſs to enquire after this fellow, I have luckily found out his lodgings;’ with which ſhe then acquainted his lordſhip. ‘I am thinking, my lord,’ added ſhe, ‘(for this fellow is too mean for your per-
ſonal

sonal resentment) whether it would not be possible for your lordship to contrive some method of having him pressed and sent on board a ship. Neither law nor conscience forbid this project: for the fellow, I promise you, however well drest, is but a vagabond, and as proper as any fellow in the streets to be pressed into the service; and as for the conscientious part, surely the preservation of a young lady from such ruin is a most meritorious act; nay, with regard to the fellow himself, unless he could succeed (which heaven forbid) with my cousin, it may probably be the means of preserving him from the gallows, and perhaps may make his fortune in an honest way.'

Lord Fellamar very heartily thanked her ladyship, for the part which she was pleased to take in the affair, upon the success of which his whole future happiness entirely depended. He said, he saw at present no objection to the pressing scheme, and would consider of putting it in execution. He then most earnestly recommended to her ladyship, to do him the honour of immediately mentioning his proposals to the family; to whom, he said, he offered a *Carte Blanche*, and would settle his fortune in almost any manner they should require. And after uttering many ecstasies and raptures concerning Sophia, he took his leave and departed, but not before he had received the strongest charge to beware of Jones, and to lose no time in securing his person where he should no longer be in a capacity of making any attempts to the ruin of the young lady.

The moment Mrs. Western was arrived at her lodgings, a card was dispatched with her compliments to lady Bellafton; who no sooner received it, than with the impatience of a lover, she flew to her cousin, rejoiced at this fair opportunity, which beyond her hopes offered itself: for she was much better pleased with the prospect of making the proposals to a woman of sense, and who knew the world, than to a gentleman whom she honoured with the appellation of Hottentot; though indeed from him she apprehended no danger of a refusal.

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The two ladies being met, after very short previous ceremonials, fell to business, which was indeed almost as soon concluded as begun; for Mrs. Western no sooner heard the name of lord Fellamar than her cheeks glowed with pleasure; but when she was acquainted with the eagerness of his passion, the earnestness of his proposals, and the generosity of his offer, she declared her full satisfaction in the most explicit terms.

In the progress of their conversation, their discourse turned to Jones, and both cousins very pathetically lamented the unfortunate attachment which both agreed Sophia had to that young fellow; and Mrs. Western entirely attributed it to the folly of her brother's management. She concluded however at last, with declaring her confidence in the good understanding of her niece, who though she would not give up her affection in favour of Blifil, will, I doubt not, says she, soon be prevailed upon to sacrifice a simple inclination to the addresses of a fine gentleman, who brings her both a title and a large estate: 'For indeed,' added she, 'I must do Sophy the justice to confess, this Blifil is but a hideous kind of fellow, as you know, Bellaston, all country gentlemen are, and hath nothing but his fortune to recommend him.'

'Nay, said lady Bellaston, 'I don't then so much wonder at my cousin; for I promise you, this Jones is a very agreeable fellow, and hath one virtue which the men say is a great recommendation to us. What do you think, Mrs. Western—I shall certainly make you laugh; nay, I can hardly tell you myself for laughing—Will you believe that the fellow hath had the assurance to make love to me? But if you should be inclined to disbelieve it, here is evidence enough, his own hand-writing, I assure you.' She then delivered her cousin the letter with the proposals of marriage, which if the reader hath a desire to see, he will find already on record in the XVth book of this history.

'Upon my word, I am astonished,' said Mrs. Western, 'this is indeed a master-piece of assurance. With

‘ With your leave, I may possibly make some use of this letter.’ ‘ You have my full liberty, cries lady Bellaſton, ‘ to apply it to what purpoſe you pleaſe. ‘ However, I would not have it ſhewn to any but ‘ Miſs Weſtern, nor to her unleſs you find occaſion.’ ‘ Well, and how did you uſe the fellow?’ returned Mrs. Weſtern. ‘ Not as a huſband,’ ſaid the lady; ‘ I am not married, I ‘promiſe you, my dear. You ‘ know, Mrs. Weſtern, I have tried the comforts once ‘ already; and once I think is enough for any reaſon- ‘ able woman.’

This letter lady Bellaſton thought would certainly turn the balance againſt Jones in the mind of Sophia, and ſhe was emboldened to give it up, partly by her hopes of having him inſtantly diſpatched out of the way, and partly by having ſecured the evidence of Honour, who, upon ſounding her, ſhe ſaw ſufficient reaſon to imagine, was prepared to teſtify whatever ſhe pleaſed.

But perhaps the reader may wonder why lady Bellaſton, who in her heart hated Sophia, ſhould be ſo deſirous of promoting a match, which was ſo much to the intereſt of the young lady. Now, I would deſire ſuch readers to look carefully into human nature, page almoſt the laſt, and there he will find, in ſcarce legible characters, that women, notwithstanding the prepoſterous behaviour of mothers, aunts, &c. in matrimonial matters, do in reality think it ſo great a miſfortune to have their inclinations in love thwarted, that they imagine, they ought never to carry enmity higher than upon theſe diſappointments; again, he will find it written much about the ſame place, that a woman who hath once been pleaſed with the poſſeſſion of a man, will go above half way to the devil, to prevent any other woman from enjoying the ſame.

If he will not be contented with theſe reaſons, I freely confeſs I ſee no other motive to the actions of that lady, unleſs we will conceive ſhe was bribed by lord Fellamar, which for my own part I ſee no cauſe to ſuſpect.

Now

Now this was the affair which Mrs. Western was preparing to introduce to Sophia, by some prefatory discourse on the folly of love, and on the wisdom of legal prostitution for hire; when her brother and Blifil broke abruptly in upon her; and hence arose all that coldness in her behaviour to Blifil, which, though the squire, as was usual with him, imputed to a wrong cause, infused into Blifil himself (he being a much more cunning man) a suspicion of the real truth.

C H A P. IX.

In which Jones pays a visit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

THE reader may now perhaps be pleased to return with us to Mr. Jones, who at the appointed hour attended on Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but before we relate the conversation which now pass, it may be proper, according to our method, to return a little back, and to account for so great an alteration of behaviour in this lady, that from changing her lodging principally to avoid Mr. Jones, she had now industriously, as hath been seen, sought this interview.

^ And here we shall need only to resort to what happened the preceding day, when hearing from lady Bellaston, that Mr. Western was arrived in town, she went to pay her duty to him, at his lodgings, at Piccadilly, where she was received with many scurvy compellations too coarse to be repeated, and was even threatened to be kicked out of doors. From hence an old servant of her aunt Western, with whom she was well acquainted, conducted her to the lodgings of that lady, who treated her not more kindly, but more politely: or, to say the truth, with rudeness in another way. In short, she returned from both, plainly convinced not only that her scheme of reconciliation had proved abortive, but that she must for ever give over all thoughts of bringing it about by any means whatever. From this moment desire of revenge only filled her mind; and in this temper meeting Jones at the play, an opportunity seemed to her to occur of effecting this purpose.

The

The reader must remember, that he was acquainted by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in the account she gave of her own story, with the fondness Mrs. Western had formerly shewn for Mr. Fitzpatrick at Bath, from the disappointment of which, Mrs. Fitzpatrick derived the great bitterness her aunt had expressed toward her. She had therefore no doubt but that the good lady would as easily listen to the addresses of Mr. Jones, as she had before done to the other; for the superiority of charms was clearly on the side of Mr. Jones; and the advance which her aunt had since made in age, she concluded, (how justly I will not say) was an argument rather in favour of her project than against it.

Therefore, when Jones attended, after a previous declaration of her desire of serving him, arising, as she said, from a firm assurance how much she should be by so doing oblige Sophia; and after some excuses for her former disappointment, and after acquainting Mr. Jones in whose custody his mistress was, of which she thought him ignorant; she very explicitly mentioned her scheme to him, and advised him to make sham addresses to the older lady, in order to procure an easy access to the younger, informing him at the same time of the success which Mr. Fitzpatrick had formerly owed to the very same stratagem.

Mr. Jones expressed great gratitude to the lady for the kind intentions towards him which she had expressed, and indeed testified, by this proposal; but besides intimating some diffidence of success from the lady's knowledge of his love to her niece, which had not been her case in regard to Mr. Fitzpatrick, he said, he was afraid Miss Western would never agree to an imposition of this kind, as well from her utter detestation of all fallacy, as from her avowed duty to her aunt.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was a little nettled at this; and indeed, if it may not be called a lapse of the tongue, it was a small deviation from politeness in Jones, and into which he scarce would have fallen, had not the delight he felt in praising Sophia, hurried him out of
all

all reflection; for this commendation of one cousin was more than a tacit rebuke on the other.

‘ Indeed, Sir, ‘ answered the lady; with some warmth, ‘ I cannot think there is any thing easier ‘ than to cheat an old woman with a profession of ‘ love, when her complexion is amorous; and though ‘ she is my aunt, I must say there never was a more ‘ liquorish one than her ladyship. Can’t you pretend ‘ that the despair of possessing her niece, from her ‘ being promised to Blifil, has made you turn your ‘ thoughts towards her? As to my cousin Sophia, I ‘ can’t imagine her to be such a simpleton as to have ‘ the least scruple on such an account, or to conceive ‘ any harm in punishing one of these hags for the ‘ many mischiefs they bring upon families, by their ‘ tragi-comic passions; for which I think it is pity ‘ they are not punishable by law. I had no such scruple ‘ myself; and yet I hope my cousin Sophia will not ‘ think it an affront when I say she cannot detest ‘ every real species of falshood more than her cousin ‘ Fitzpatrick. To my aunt indeed I pretend no duty, ‘ nor doth she deserve any. However, Sir, I have ‘ given you my advice, and if you decline pursuing ‘ it, I shall have the less opinion of your understand- ‘ ing—that’s all.’

Jones now clearly saw the error he had committed, and exerted his utmost power to rectify it; but he only faltered and stuttered into nonsense and contradiction. To say the truth, it is often safer to abide by the consequences of the first blunder, than to endeavour to rectify it; for by such endeavours we generally plunge deeper instead of extricating ourselves; and few persons will on such occasions have the good nature, which Mrs. Fitzpatrick displayed to Jones, by saying, with a smile, ‘ You need attempt no more ‘ excuses; for I can easily forgive a real lover, what- ‘ ever is the effect of fondness for his mistress.’

She then renewed her proposal, and very fervently recommended it, omitting no argument which her invention could suggest on the subject; for she was so violently incensed against her aunt, that scarce any thing was capable of affording her equal pleasure

with exposing her ; and like a true woman, she would see no difficulties in the execution of a favourite scheme.

Jones however persisted in declining the undertaking, which had not indeed the least probability of success. He easily perceived the motives which induced Mrs. Fitzpatrick to be so eager in pressing her advice. He said, he would not deny the tender and passionate regard he had for Sophia ; but was so conscious of the inequality of their situations, that he could never flatter himself so far as to hope that so divine a young lady would condescend to think on so unworthy a man ; nay, he protested, he could scarce bring himself to wish she should. He concluded with a profession of generous sentiments, which we have not at present leisure to insert.

There are some fine women (for I dare not here speak in too general terms) with whom self is so predominant, that they never detach it from any subject ; and as vanity is with them a ruling principle, they are apt to lay hold of whatever praise they meet with ; and, though the property of others, convey it to their own use. In the company of these ladies it is impossible to say any thing handsome of another woman, which they will not apply to themselves ; nay, they often improve the praise they seize ; as for instance, if her beauty, her wit, her gentility, her good-humour deserve so much commendation, what do I deserve who possess those qualities in so much more eminent a degree ?

To these ladies a man often recommends himself while he is commending another woman ; and while he is expressing ardour and generous sentiments for his mistress, they are considering what a charming lover this man would make to them, who can feel all this tenderness for an inferior degree of merit. Of this, strange as it may seem, I have seen many instances besides Mrs. Fitzpatrick, to whom all this really happened, and who now began to feel a somewhat for Mr. Jones, the symptoms of which she much sooner understood than poor Sophia had formerly done.

To

To say the truth, perfect beauty in both sexes is a more irresistible object than it is generally thought; for notwithstanding some of us are contented with more homely lots, and learn by rote (as children are to repeat what gives them no idea) to despise outside, and to value more solid charms; yet I have always observed at the approach of consummate beauty, that these more solid charms only shine with that kind of lustre which the stars have after the rising of the sun.

When Jones had finished his exclamations, many of which would have become the mouth of Oroondates himself, Mrs. Fitzpatrick heaved a deep sigh, and taking her eyes off from Jones, on whom they had been some time fixed, and dropping them on the ground, she cried, ‘Indeed, Mr. Jones, I pity you; but it is the curse of such tenderness to be thrown away on those who are insensible of it. I know my cousin better than you, Mr. Jones, and I must say, any woman who makes no return to such a passion, and such a person, is unworthy of both.’

‘Sure, Madam,’ said Jones, ‘you can’t mean’
 —‘Mean?’ cries Mrs. Fitzpatrick, ‘I know not what I mean; there is something, I think, in true tenderness bewitching; few women ever meet with it in men, and fewer still know how to value it when they do. I never heard such truly noble sentiments, and I can’t tell how it is, but you force one to believe you. Sure she must be the most contemptible of women who can overlook such merit.’

The manner and look with which all this was spoke, infused a suspicion into Jones, which we don’t care to convey in direct words to the reader. Instead of making any answer, he said, ‘I am afraid, Madam, I have made too tiresome a visit, and offered to take his leave.’

‘Not at all, Sir,’ answered Mrs. Fitzpatrick.—
 ‘Indeed I pity you, Mr. Jones; indeed I do: but if you are going, consider of the scheme I have mentioned. I am convinced you will approve it, and let me see you again as soon as you can.—To-

'morrow morning if you will, or at least some time to-morrow. I shall be at home all day.'

Jones then, after many expressions of thanks, very respectfully retired; nor could Mrs. Fitzpatrick forbear making him a present of a look at parting, by which if he had understood nothing, he must have had no understanding in the language of the eyes. In reality it confirmed his resolution of returning to her no more; for faulty as he hath hitherto appeared in this history, his whole thoughts were now so confined to his Sophia, that I believe no woman upon earth could have now drawn him into an act of inconstancy.

Fortune however, who was not his friend, resolved, as he intended to give her no second opportunity, to make the best of this; and accordingly produced the tragical incident which we are now in sorrowful notes to record.

C H A P. X.

The consequence of the preceding visit.

MR. Fitzpatrick having received the letter before-mentioned, from Mrs. Western, and being by that means acquainted with the place to which his wife was retired, returned directly to Bath, and thence the day after set forward to London.

The reader hath been already often informed of the jealous temper of this gentleman. He may likewise be pleased to remember the suspicion which he had conceived of Jones at Upton, upon his finding him in the room with Mrs. Waters; and though sufficient reasons had afterwards appeared entirely to clear up that suspicion, yet now the reading so handsome a character of Mr. Jones from his wife, caused him to reflect, that she likewise was in the inn at the same time, and jumbled together such a confusion of circumstances in a head which was naturally none of the clearest, that the whole produced that green-eyed monster mentioned by Shakespear in his tragedy of Othello.

And now as he was enquiring in the street after his wife, and had just received directions to the door, unfortunately Mr. Jones was issuing from it.

Fitzpatrick did not yet recollect the face of Jones; however, seeing a young well-dressed fellow coming from his wife, he made directly up to him, and asked him what he had been doing in that house: 'for I am sure,' said he, 'you must have been in it, as I saw you come out of it.'

Jones answered very modestly, 'That he had been visiting a lady there.' To which Fitzpatrick replied, 'what business have you with the lady?' Upon which Jones, who now perfectly remembered the voice, features, and indeed coat, of the gentleman, cried out, — 'Ha, my good friend! give me your hand; I hope there is no ill blood remaining between us, upon a small mistake which happened so long ago.'

'Upon my soul, Sir,' said Fitzpatrick, 'I don't know your name, nor your face.' 'Indeed, Sir,' said Jones, 'neither have I the pleasure of knowing your name, but your face I very well remember to have seen before at Upton, where a foolish quarrel happened between us, which, if it is not made up yet, we will now make up over a bottle.'

'At Upton!' cried the other.—'Ha! upon my soul, I believe your name is Jones.' 'Indeed,' answered he, 'it is.'—'O, upon my soul,' cries Fitzpatrick, 'you are the very man I wanted to meet. — Upon my soul I will drink a bottle with you presently; but first I will give you a great knock over the pate. There is for you, you rascal. Upon my soul, if you do not give me satisfaction for that blow, I will give you another.' And then drawing his sword put himself in a posture of defence, which was the only science he understood.

Jones was a little staggered by the blow, which came somewhat unexpectedly; but presently recovering himself he also drew, and though he understood nothing of fencing, prest on so boldly upon Fitzpatrick, that he beat down his guard, and sheathed one half of his sword in the body of the said gentleman, who had no sooner received it, than he stept backwards, dropt

the point of his sword, and leaning upon it, cried, 'I have satisfaction enough: I am a dead man.'

'I hope not,' cries Jones, 'but whatever be the consequence, you must be sensible you have drawn it upon yourself.' At this instant a number of fellows rushed in and seized Jones, who told them, he should make no resistance, and begged some of them at least would take care of the wounded gentleman.

'Ay,' cries one of the fellows, 'the wounded gentleman will be taken care enough of; for I suppose he hath not many hours to live. As for you, Sir, you have a month at least good yet.' D—n me, Jack,' said another, 'he hath prevented his voyage; he's bound to another port now;' and many other such jests was our poor Jones made the subject of, by these fellows, who were indeed the gang employed by lord Fellamar, and had dogged him into the house of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, waiting for him at the corner of the street when this unfortunate accident happened.

The officer who commanded this gang very wisely concluded, that his business was now to deliver his prisoner into the hands of the civil magistrate. He ordered him therefore to be carried to a public house, where having sent for a constable, he delivered him to his custody.

The constable seeing Mr. Jones very well drest, and hearing that the accident had happened in a duel, treated his prisoner with great civility, and, at his request, dispatched a messenger to enquire after the wounded gentleman, who was now at a tavern under the surgeon's hands. The report brought back was, that the wound was certainly mortal, and there were no hopes of life. Upon which the constable informed Jones, that he must go before a justice. He answered, 'wherever you please: I am indifferent as to what happens to me; for though I am convinced I am not guilty of murder in the eye of the law, yet the weight of blood I find intolerable upon my mind.'

Jones was now conducted before the justice, where the surgeon who dressed Mr. Fitzpatrick appeared, and deposed, that he believed the wound to be mortal;

tal; upon which the prisoner was committed to the Gate-house. It was very late at night, so that Jones would not send for Partridge till the next morning; and as he never shut his eyes till seven, so it was near twelve before the poor fellow, who was greatly frightened at not hearing from his master so long, received a message which almost deprived him of his being, when he heard it.

He went to the Gate-house with trembling knees and a beating heart, and was no sooner arrived in the presence of Jones, than he lamented the misfortune that had befallen him, with many tears, looking all the while frequently about him in great terror; for as the news now arrived that Mr. Fitzpatrick was dead, the poor fellow apprehended every minute that his ghost would enter the room. At last he delivered him a letter, which he had like to have forgot, and which came from Sophia by the hands of Black George.

Jones presently dispatched every one out of the room, and having eagerly broke open the letter, read as follows.

‘ You owe the hearing from me again to an accident which I own surprizes me. My aunt hath just now shewn me a letter from you to lady Bellaston, which contains a proposal of marriage. I am convinced it is your own hand; and what more surprizes me, is, that it is dated at the very time when you would have me imagine you was under such concern on my account.—I leave you to comment on this fact. All I desire is, that your name may never more be mentioned to

‘ S. W.’

Of the present situation of Mr. Jones’s mind, and of the pangs with which he was now tormented, we cannot give the reader a better idea, than by saying, his misery was such, that even Thwackum would almost have pitied him. But bad as it is, we shall at present leave him in it, as his good genius (if he really had any) seems to have done. And here we put an end to the sixteenth book of our history.

T H E

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F A
F O U N D L I N G .

B O O K XVII.

Containing three days.

C H A P. I.

Containing a portion of introductory writing.

WHEN a comic writer hath made his principal characters as happy as he can; or when a tragic writer hath brought them to the highest pitch of human misery, they both conclude their business to be done, and that their work is come to a period.

Had we been of the tragic complexion, the reader must allow we were very nearly arrived at this period, since it would be difficult for the devil, or any of his representatives on earth, to have contrived much greater torments for poor Jones, than those in which we left him in the last chapter; and as for Sophia, a good-natured woman would hardly wish more uneasiness to a rival, than what she must at present be supposed to feel. What then remains to complete the tragedy but a murder or two, and a few moral sentences.

But to bring our favourites out of their present anguish and distress, and to land them at last on the

shore of happiness, seems a much harder task; a task indeed so hard that we do not undertake to execute it. In regard to Sophia, it is more than probable, that we shall somewhere or other provide a good husband for her in the end, either Blifil, or my lord, or somebody else; but as to poor Jones, such are the calamities in which he is at present involved, owing to his imprudence, by which if a man doth not become a felon to the world, he is at least a *Felo de se*; so destitute is he now of friends, and so persecuted by enemies, that we almost despair of bringing him to any good; and if our reader delights in seeing executions, I think he ought not to lose any time in taking a first row at Tyburn.

This I faithfully promise, that notwithstanding any affection, which we may be supposed to have for this rogue, whom we have unfortunately made our hero, we will lend him none of that supernatural assistance with which we are entrusted, upon condition that we use it only on very important occasions. If he doth not therefore find some natural means of fairly extricating himself from all his distresses, we will do no violence to the truth and dignity of history for his sake; for we had rather relate that he was hanged at Tyburn, (which may very probably be the case) than forfeit our integrity, or shock the faith of our reader.

In this the ancients had a great advantage over the moderns. Their mythology, which was at that time more firmly believed by the vulgar than any religion is at present, gave them always an opportunity of delivering a favourite hero. Their deities were always ready at the writer's elbow, to execute any of his purposes; and the more extraordinary the invention was, the greater was the surprize and delight of the credulous reader. Those writers could with greater ease have conveyed a friend from one country to another, nay from one world to another, and have brought him back again, than a poor circumscribed modern can deliver him from a gaol.

The Arabians and Persians had an equal advantage in writing their tales from the Genii and Fairies, which

which they believe in as an article of their faith, upon the authority of the Koran itself. But we have none of these helps. To natural means alone are we confined; let us try therefore what by these means may be done for poor Jones; though, to confess the truth, something whispers me in the ear, that he doth not yet know the worst of his fortune; and that a more shocking piece of news than any he hath yet heard, remains for him in the unopened leaves of fate.

CHAP. II.

The generous and grateful behaviour of Mrs. Miller.

MR. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller were just sat down to breakfast, when Blifil, who had gone out very early that morning, returned to make one of the company.

He had not been long seated before he began as follows: 'Good Lord! my dear uncle, what do you think hath happened? I vow I am afraid of telling it you, for fear of shocking you with the remembrance of ever having shewn any kindness to such a villain.' 'What is the matter, child,' said the uncle, 'I fear I have shewn kindness in my life to the unworthy more than once. But charity doth not adopt the vices of its objects.' 'O, Sir,' returned Blifil, 'it is not without the secret direction of Providence that you mention the word adoption. Your adopted son, Sir, that Jones, that wretch whom you nourished in your bosom, hath proved one of the greatest villains upon earth.' 'By all that's sacred 'tis false,' cries Mrs. Miller. 'Mr. Jones is no villain. He is one of the worthiest creatures breathing; and if any other person had called him villain, I would have thrown all this boiling water in his face.' Mr. Allworthy looked very much amazed at this behaviour. But she did not give him leave to speak, before turning to him, she cried, 'I hope you will not be angry with me; I would not offend you, Sir, for the world; but indeed I could not bear to hear him called so.'

' I must own, Madam, said Allworthy very gravely,
 ' I am a little surprized to hear you so warmly de-
 ' fend a fellow you do not know.' ' O I do know
 ' him, Mr. Allworthy,' said she, ' indeed I do; I
 ' should be the most ungrateful of all wretches if I
 ' denied it. O he hath preserved me and my little
 ' family; we have all reason to bless him while we
 ' live. — And I pray heaven to bless him, and
 ' turn the hearts of his malicious enemies. I know,
 ' I find, I see he hath such.' ' You surprize me,
 ' Madam, still more,' said Allworthy; ' sure you must
 ' mean some other. It is impossible you should have
 ' any such obligations to the man my nephew men-
 ' tions.' ' Too surely,' answered she, ' I have ob-
 ' ligations to him of the greatest and tenderest kind.
 ' He hath been the preserver of me and mine.—
 ' Believe me, Sir, he hath been abused, grossly
 ' abused to you; I know he hath, or you, whom I
 ' know to be all goodness and honour, would not,
 ' after the many kind and tender things I have
 ' heard you say of this poor helpless child, have so
 ' disdainfully called him fellow. Indeed, my best of
 ' friends, he deserves a kinder appellation from you,
 ' had you heard the good, the kind, the grateful
 ' things which I have heard him utter of you. He
 ' never mentions your name but with a sort of ado-
 ' ration. In this very room I have seen him on his
 ' knees, imploring all the blessings of heaven upon
 ' your head. I do not love that child there better
 ' than he loves you.'

' I see, Sir, now,' said Blifil, with one of those
 grinning sneers with which the devil marks his best
 beloved, ' Mrs. Miller really doth know him. I
 ' suppose you will find she is not the only one of
 ' your acquaintance to whom he hath exposed you.
 ' As for my character, I perceive by some hints she
 ' hath thrown out, he hath been very free with it,
 ' but I forgive him.' ' And the Lord forgive you,
 ' Sir,' says Mrs. Miller; ' we have all sins enough to
 ' stand in need of his forgiveness.'

' Upon my word, Mrs. Miller,' said Allworthy,
 ' I do not take this behaviour of yours to my nephew,
 ' kindly;

kindly; and I do assure you, as any reflections which you cast upon him must come only from that wickedest of men, they would only serve, if that were possible, to heighten my resentment against him: for I must tell you, Mrs. Miller, the young man who now stands before you, hath ever been the warmest advocate for the ungrateful wretch whose cause you espouse. This, I think, when you hear it from my own mouth, will make you wonder at so much baseness and ingratitude.'

You are deceived, Sir,' answered Mrs. Miller, if they were the last words which were to issue from my lips, I would say you were deceived; and I once more repeat it, the Lord forgive those who have deceived you. I do not pretend to say the young man is without faults; but they are the faults of wildness and of youth; faults which he may, nay which I am certain he will relinquish, and if he should not, they are vastly overbalanced by one of the most humane tender honest hearts that ever man was blessed with.'

Indeed, Mrs. Miller,' said Allworthy, 'had this been related of you, I should not have believed it.'

Indeed, Sir,' answered she, 'you will believe every thing I have said, I am sure you will; and when you have heard the story which I shall tell you, (for I will tell you all) you will be so far from being offended, that you will own (I know your justice so well) that I must have been the most despicable and most ungrateful of wretches, if I had acted any other part than I have.'

Well, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'I shall be very glad to hear any good excuse for a behaviour which I must confess, I think wants an excuse. And now, Madam, will you be pleased to let my nephew proceed in his story without interruption. He would not have introduced a matter of slight consequence with such a preface. Perhaps even this story will cure you of your mistake.'

Mrs. Miller gave tokens of submission, and then Mr. Bliffl began thus. 'I am sure, Sir, if you don't think proper to resent the ill usage of Mrs. Miller,

‘ I shall easily forgive what affects me only. I think your goodness hath not deserved this indignity at her hands.’ ‘ Well, child,’ said Allworthy, ‘ but what is this new instance? What hath he done of late?’ ‘ What?’ cries Blifil, ‘ notwithstanding all Mrs. Miller hath said, I am very sorry to relate, and what you should never have heard from me, had it not been a matter impossible to conceal from the whole world. In short, he hath killed a man; I will not say murdered,—for perhaps it may not be so construed in law, and I hope the best for his sake.’

Allworthy looked shocked, and blessed himself; and then turning to Mrs. Miller, he cried, ‘ Well, Madam, what say you now?’

‘ Why, I say, Sir,’ answered she, ‘ that I never was more concerned at any thing in my life; but, if the fact be true, I am convinced the man, whoever he is, was in fault. Heaven knows there are many villains in this town, who make it their business to provoke young gentlemen. Nothing but the greatest provocation could have tempted him; for of all the gentlemen I ever had in my house, I never saw one so gentle, or so sweet-tempered. He was beloved by every one in the house, and every one who came near it.’

While she was thus running on, a violent knocking at the door interrupted the conversation, and prevented her from proceeding further, or from receiving any answer; for as she concluded this was a visiter to Mr. Allworthy, she hastily retired, taking with her her little girl, whose eyes were all over blubbered at the melancholy news she heard of Jones, who used to call her his little wife, and not only gave her many play-things, but spent whole hours in playing with her himself.

Some readers may perhaps be pleased with these minute circumstances, in relating of which we follow the example of Plutarch, one of the best of our brother historians; and others to whom they may appear trivial, will, we hope, at least pardon them, as we are never prolix on such occasions.

C H A P.

C H A P. III.

The arrival of Mr. Western, with some matters concerning the paternal authority.

MRS. Miller had not long left the room, when Mr. Western entered; but not before a small wrangling bout had passed between him and his chairmen; for the fellows who had taken up their burden at the Hercules Pillars, had conceived no hopes of having any future good customer in the 'squire; and they were moreover farther encouraged by his generosity, (for he had given them of his own accord six-pence more than their fare;) they therefore very boldly demanded another shilling, which so provoked the 'squire, that he not only bestowed many hearty curses on them at the door, but retained his anger after he came into the room; swearing that all the Londoners were like the court, and thought of nothing but plundering country gentlemen. "D—n me," says he, "if I won't walk in the rain rather than get into one of their hand-barrows again. They have jolted me more in a mile than Brown Befs would in a long fox chace."

When his wrath on this occasion was a little appeased, he resumed the same passionate tone on another. "There," says he, "there is fine business forwards now. The hounds have changed at last, and when we imagined we had a fox to deal with, od-rat-it, it turns out to be a badger at last."

"Pray, my good neighbour," said Allworthy, "drop your metaphors, and speak a little plainer." "Why then," says the 'squire, "to tell you plainly, we have been all this time afraid of a son of a whore, of a bastard of some-body's, I don't know who's, not I—And now here is a confounded son of a whore of a lord, who may be a bastard too for what I know or care, for he shall never have a daughter of mine by my consent. They have beggared the nation, but they shall never beggar me. My land shall never be sent over to Hanover."

‘ You surprize me much, my good friend,’ said Allworthy. ‘ Why, zounds ! I am surprized myself,’ answered the ’squire. ‘ I went to zee sifter Western last night, according to her own appointment, and there I was had into a whole room-full of women.— There was my lady coufin Bellafton, and my lady Betty, and my lady Catharine, and my lady I don’t know who ; d—n me if ever you catch me among fuch a kennel of hoop-petticoat b——s. D—n me, I’d rather be run by my own dogs, as one Acton was, that the story book fays was turned into a hare ; and his own dogs killed un, and eat un. Od-rabbit-it, no mortal was ever run in fuch a manner ; if I dodged one way, one had me, if I offered to clap back, another snapped me. O ! certainly one of the greateft matches in England, fays one coufin, (here he attempted to mimic them ;) A very advantageous offer indeed, cries another coufin, (for you muft know they be all my coufins, thof I never zeed half o’um before.) “ Surely,” fays that fat a—fe b——, my lady Bellafton, “ Coufin, you muft be out of your wits to think of refufing fuch an offer.”

‘ Now I begin to underftand,’ fays Allworthy : ‘ fome perfon hath made propofals to Mifs Western, which the ladies of the family approve, but is not to your liking.’

‘ My liking !’ faid Western, ‘ how the devil fould it ? I tell you it is a lord, and thofe are always volks whom you know I always refolved to have nothing to do with. Did unt I refufe a matter of vorty years purchafe now for a bit of land, which one o’um had a mind to put into a park, only becaufe I would have no dealings with lords, and doft think I would marry my daughter Zu ? Befides, ben’t I engaged to you, and did I ever go off any bargain when I had promifed ?’

‘ As to that point, neighbour,’ faid Allworthy, ‘ I entirely releafe you from any engagement. No contract can be binding between parties who have not a full power to make it at the time, nor ever afterwards acquire the power of fulfilling it.’

‘ Slud !

‘ Slud! then,’ answered Western, ‘ I tell you I have power, and I will fulfil it. Come along with me directly to Doctors Commons, I will get a licence; and I will go to sifter and take away the wench by force, and she shall ha un, or I will lock her up and keep her upon bread and water as long as she lives.’

‘ Mr. Western,’ said Allworthy, ‘ shall I beg you will hear my full sentiments on this matter?’ ‘ Hear thee! ay to be sure, I will,’ answered he. ‘ Why then, Sir,’ cries Allworthy, ‘ I can truly say, without a compliment either to you or the young lady, that when this match was proposed, I embraced it very readily and heartily, from my regard to you both. An alliance between two families so nearly neighbours, and between whom there had always existed so mutual an intercourse and good harmony, I thought a most desirable event; and with regard to the young lady, not only the concurrent opinion of all who knew her, but my own observation, assured me that she would be an inestimable treasure to a good husband. I shall say nothing of her personal qualifications, which certainly are admirable; her good-nature, her charitable disposition, her modesty, are too well known to need any panegyric: but she hath one quality which existed in a high degree in that best of women, who is now one of the first of angels, which as it is not of a glaring kind, more commonly escapes observation; so little indeed is it remarked, that I want a word to express it. I must use negatives on this occasion. I never heard any thing of pertness, or what is called repartee, out of her mouth; no pretence to wit, much less to that kind of wisdom, which is the result only of great learning and experience; the affectation of which, in a young woman, is as absurd as any of the affectations of an ape. No dictatorial sentiments, no judicial opinions, no profound criticisms. Whenever I have seen her in the company of men, she hath been all attention, with the modesty of a learner, not the forwardness of a teacher. You’ll
‘ pardon

‘ pardon me for it, but I once, to try her only, de-
 ‘ fired her opinion on a point which was controverted
 ‘ between Mr. Thwackum and Mr. Square. To
 ‘ which she answered with much sweetness, “ You
 ‘ will pardon me, good Mr. Allworthy, I am sure
 ‘ you cannot in earnest think me capable of decid-
 ‘ ing any point in which two such gentlemen dis-
 ‘ agree.” ‘ Thwackum and Square, who both
 ‘ alike thought themselves sure of a favourable de-
 ‘ cision, seconded my request. She answered with
 ‘ the same good humour, “ I must absolutely be
 ‘ excused; for I will affront neither so much, as to
 ‘ give my judgment on his side.” ‘ Indeed, she
 ‘ always shewed the highest deference to the under-
 ‘ standings of men; a quality absolutely essential to
 ‘ the making a good wife. I shall only add, that
 ‘ as she is most apparently void of all affectation, this
 ‘ deference must be certainly real.’

Here Blifil sighed bitterly: upon which Western,
 whose eyes were full of tears at the praise of Sophia,
 blubbered out, ‘ Don’t be chicken-hearted, for shat
 ‘ ha her, d—n me, shat ha her, if she was twenty
 ‘ times as good.’

‘ Remember your promise, Sir,’ cried Allworthy,
 ‘ I was not to be interrupted.’ ‘ Well, shat unt,’
 answered the squire, ‘ I won’t speak another word.’

‘ Now, my good friend,’ continued Allworthy,
 ‘ I have dwelt so long on the merit of this young
 ‘ lady, partly as I really am in love with her char-
 ‘ racter, and partly that fortune (for the match in
 ‘ that light is really advantageous on my nephew’s
 ‘ side) might not be imagined to be my principal
 ‘ view in having so eagerly embraced the proposal.
 ‘ Indeed I heartily wished to receive so great a jewel
 ‘ into my family; but though I may wish for many
 ‘ good things, I would not therefore steal them, or
 ‘ be guilty of any violence or injustice to possess my-
 ‘ self of them. Now to force a woman into a mar-
 ‘ riage contrary to her consent or approbation, is an
 ‘ act of such injustice and oppression, that I wish
 ‘ the laws of our country could restrain it; but a
 ‘ good conscience is never lawless in the worst re-
 ‘ gulated.

‘gulated state, and will provide those laws for it-
‘self, which the neglect of legislators hath forgot-
‘ten to supply. This is surely a case of that kind;
‘for is it not cruel, nay impious, to force a woman
‘into that state against her will; for her behaviour in
‘which she is to be accountable to the highest and
‘most dreadful court of judicature, and to answer
‘at the peril of her soul? To discharge the matri-
‘monial duties in an adequate manner is no easy
‘task, and shall we lay this burthen upon a woman
‘while we at the same time deprive her of all that
‘assistance which may enable her to undergo it?
‘Shall we tear her very heart from her, while we
‘enjoin her duties to which a whole heart is scarce
‘equal. I must speak very plainly here: I think pa-
‘rents who act in this manner are accessaries to all
‘the guilt which their children afterwards incur, and
‘of course must, before a just judge, expect to par-
‘take of their punishment; but if they could avoid
‘this, good heaven! is there a soul who can bear the
‘thought of having contributed to the damnation
‘of his child?’

‘For these reasons, my best neighbour, as I see the
‘inclinations of this young lady are most unhappily
‘averse to my nephew, I must decline any further
‘thoughts of the honour you intended him, though
‘I assure you I shall always retain the most grateful
‘sense of it.’

‘Well, Sir,’ said Western, (the froth bursting forth
from his lips the moment they were uncorked) ‘you
‘cannot say but I have heard you out, and now I
‘expect you’ll hear me; and if I don’t answer every
‘word on’t, why then I’ll consent to gee the matter
‘up. First then I desire you to answer me one
‘question, Did not I beget her? did not I beget
‘her? answer me that. They say indeed it is a
‘wise father that knows his own child; but I am
‘sure I have the best title to her, for I bred her up.
‘But I believe you will allow me to be her father,
‘and if I be, am I not to govern my own child! I
‘ask you that, am I not to govern my own child?
‘and if I am to govern her in other matters, surely

‘ I am to govern her in this which concerns her
 ‘ most. And what am I desiring all this while? Am
 ‘ I desiring her to do any thing for me? to give me
 ‘ any thing?—Zo much on t’other side, that I am
 ‘ only desiring her to take away half my estate now,
 ‘ and t’other half when I die. Well, and what is
 ‘ it all vor? Why is unt it to make her happy? It’s
 ‘ enough to make one mad to hear volks talk; if I
 ‘ was going to marry myself, then she would ha
 ‘ reason to cry and to blubber; but, on the con-
 ‘ trary, han’t I offered to bind down my land in such
 ‘ a manner, that I could not marry if I would, seeing
 ‘ as narro’ woman upon earth would ha me. What
 ‘ the devil in hell can I do more? I contribute to
 ‘ her damnation!—Zounds! P’d zee all the world
 ‘ d—n’d bevore her little vinger should be hurt.
 ‘ Indeed, Mr. Allworthy, you must excuse me, but
 ‘ I am surprized to hear you talk in such a manner,
 ‘ and I must say, take it how you will, that I thought
 ‘ you had more sence.’

Allworthy resented this reflection only with a smile;
 nor could he, if he would have endeavoured it, have
 conveyed into that smile any mixture of malice or
 contempt. His smiles at folly were indeed such as
 we may suppose the angels bestow on the absurdities
 of mankind.

Blifil now desired to be permitted to speak a few
 words. ‘ As to using any violence on the young
 ‘ lady, I am sure I shall never consent to it. My
 ‘ conscience will not permit me to use violence on
 ‘ any one, much less on a lady for whom, however
 ‘ cruel she is to me, I shall always preserve the purest
 ‘ and sincerest affection; but yet I have read, that
 ‘ women are seldom proof against perseverance. Why
 ‘ may I not hope then by such perseverance at last
 ‘ to gain those inclinations, in which for the future
 ‘ I shall, perhaps, have no rival; for as for this
 ‘ lord, Mr. Western is so kind as to prefer me to him;
 ‘ and sure, Sir, you will not deny but that a parent
 ‘ hath at least a negative voice in these matters; nay,
 ‘ I have heard this very young lady herself say so
 ‘ more than once, and declare, that she thought

‘ children.

‘ children inexcusable who married in direct opposition to the will of their parents. Besides, though the other ladies of the family seem to favour the pretensions of my lord, I do not find the lady herself is inclined to give him any countenance; alas! I am too well assured she is not; I am too sensible that wickedest of men remains uppermost in her heart.’

‘ Ay, ay, so he does,’ cries Western.

‘ But surely,’ says Blifil, ‘ when she hears of this murder which he hath committed, if the law should spare his life’——

‘ What’s that?’ cries Western, ‘ murder! hath he committed a murder, and is there any hopes of seeing him hanged?——Tol de rol, tol lol de rol.’ Here he fell a singing and capering about the room.

‘ Child,’ says Allworthy, ‘ this unhappy passion of yours distresses me beyond measure. I heartily pity you, and would do every fair thing to promote your success.’

‘ I desire no more,’ cries Blifil, ‘ I am convinced my dear uncle hath a better opinion of me than to think that I myself wou’d accept of more.’

‘ Lookee,’ says Allworthy, ‘ you have my leave to write, to visit, if she will permit it,——but I insist on no thoughts of violence. I will have no confinement, nothing of that kind attempted.’

‘ Well, well, cries the ’squire, ‘ nothing of that kind shall be attempted; we will try a little longer what fair means will effect; and if this fellow be but hanged out of the way——Tol lol de rol. I never heard better news in my life; I warrant every thing goes to my mind.—Do, prithee, dear Allworthy, come and dine with me at the Hercules Pillars: I have bespoke a shoulder of mutton roasted, and a spare-rib of pork, and a fowl and egg-sauce. There will be nobody but ourselves, unless we have a mind to have the landlord; for I have sent parson Supple down to Basingstoke after my tobacco-box, which I left at an inn there, and I would not lose it for the world; for it is an old acquaintance of above twenty years standing.’

‘ I

‘ I can tell you landlord is a vast comical bitch, you will like un hugely.’

Mr. Allworthy at last agreed to this invitation, and soon after the squire went off, singing and capering at the hopes of seeing the speedy tragical end of poor Jones.

When he was gone, Mr. Allworthy resumed the aforesaid subject with much gravity. He told his nephew, ‘ he wished with all his heart he would endeavour to conquer a passion, in which I cannot,’ says he, ‘ flatter you with any hopes of succeeding. It is certainly a vulgar error, that aversion in a woman may be conquered by perseverance. Indifference may, perhaps, sometimes yield to it; but the usual triumphs gained by perseverance in a lover, are over caprice, imprudence, affectation, and often an exorbitant degree of levity, which excites women, not over-warm in their constitutions, to indulge their vanity by prolonging the time of courtship, even when they are well-enough pleased with the object, and resolve (if they ever resolve at all) to make him a very pitiful amends in the end. But a fixed dislike, as I am afraid this is, will rather gather strength, than be conquered by time. Besides, my dear, I have another apprehension which you must excuse. I am afraid this passion which you have for this fine young creature, hath her beautiful person too much for its object, and is unworthy of the name of that love, which is the only foundation of matrimonial felicity. To admire, to like, and to long for the possession of a beautiful woman, without any regard to her sentiments towards us, is, I am afraid, too natural; but love, I believe, is the child of love only; at least, I am pretty confident, that to love the creature who we are assured hates us, is not in human nature. Examine your heart, therefore, thoroughly, my good boy, and if, upon examination, you have but the least suspicion of this kind, I am sure your own virtue and religion will impel you to drive so vicious a passion from your heart, and your good sense will soon enable you to do it without pain.’

The

The reader may pretty well guess Blifil's answer; but if he should be at a loss, we are not, at present, at leisure to satisfy him, as our history now hastens on to matters of higher importance, and we can no longer bear to be absent from Sophia.

C H A P. IV.

An extraordinary scene between Sophia and her Aunt.

THE lowing heifer, and the bleating ewe, in herds and flocks, may ramble safe and unregarded through the pastures. These are, indeed, hereafter doomed to be the prey of man; yet many years are they suffered to enjoy their liberty undisturbed. But if a plump doe be discovered to have escaped from the forest, and to repose herself in some field or grove, the whole parish is presently alarmed, every man is ready to set his dogs after her; and if she is preserved from the rest by the good 'squire, it is only that he may secure her for his own eating.

I have often considered a very fine young woman of fortune and fashion, when first found strayed from the pale of her nursery, to be in pretty much the same situation with this doe. The town is immediately in an uproar, she is hunted from park to play, from court to assembly, from assembly to her own chamber, and rarely escapes a single season from the jaws of some devourer or other: for if her friends protect her from some, it is only to deliver her over to one of their own chusing, often more disagreeable to her than any of the rest: while whole herds or flocks of other women securely, and scarce regarded, traverse the park, the play, the opera, and the assembly; and though for the most part at least, they are at last devoured, yet for a long time do they wanton in liberty, without disturbance or controul.

Of all these paragons, none ever tasted more of this persecution than poor Sophia. Her ill stars were not contented with all that she had suffered on account of Blifil; they now raised her another pursuer, who seemed likely to torment her no less than the other had done. For though her aunt was less violent,

she

she was no less assiduous in teizing her, than her father had been before.

The servants were no sooner departed after dinner, than Mrs. Western, who had opened the matter to Sophia, informed her, 'That she expected his lordship that very afternoon, and intended to take the first opportunity of leaving her alone with him.' 'If you do, Madam,' answered Sophia, with some spirit, 'I shall take the first opportunity of leaving him by himself.' 'How! Madam!' cries the aunt; 'is this the return you make me for my kindness, in relieving you from your confinement at your father's?' 'You know, Madam,' said Sophia, 'the cause of that confinement was a refusal to comply with my father, in accepting a man I detested; and will my dear aunt, who hath relieved me from that distress, involve me in another equally bad?' 'And do you think then, Madam,' answered Mrs. Western, 'that there is no difference between my lord Fellamar and Mr. Blifil?' 'Very little, in my opinion,' cries Sophia: 'and if I must be condemned to one, I would certainly have the merit of sacrificing myself to my father's pleasure.' 'Then my pleasure, I find,' said the aunt, 'hath very little weight with you; but that consideration shall not move me. I act from nobler motives. The view of aggrandizing my family, of ennobling yourself, is what I proceed upon. Have you no sense of ambition? Are there no charms in the thoughts of having a coronet on your coach?' 'None, upon my honour,' said Sophia. 'A pincushion upon my coach would please me just as well.' 'Never mention honour,' cries the aunt, 'it becomes not the mouth of such a wretch. I am sorry, niece, you force me to use these words; but I cannot bear your groveling temper; you have none of the blood of the Westerns in you. But however mean and base your own ideas are, you shall bring no imputation on mine. I will never suffer the world to say of me, that I encouraged you in refusing one of the best matches in England; a match which, besides its advantage in fortune, would do
' honour

‘honour to almost any family, and hath indeed, in
‘title, the advantage of ours.’ ‘Surely,’ says So-
‘phia, ‘I am born deficient, and have not the senses
‘with which other people are blessed; there must be
‘certainly some sense which can relish the delights of
‘sound and show, which I have not: for surely man-
‘kind would not labour so much, nor sacrifice so
‘much for the obtaining, nor would they be so elate
‘and proud with possessing, what appeared to them,
‘as it doth to me, the most insignificant of all trifles.’
‘No, no, Miss;’ cries the aunt; ‘you are born
‘with as many senses as other people; but I assure
‘you, you are not born with a sufficient understand-
‘ing to make a fool of me, or to expose my conduct
‘to the world. So I declare this to you upon my
‘word, and you know, I believe, how fixed my re-
‘solutions are, unless you agree to see his lordship
‘this afternoon, I will, with my own hands, deliver
‘you to-morrow morning to my brother, and will
‘never henceforth interfere with you, nor see your
‘face again.’ Sophia stood a few moments silent after
this speech, which was uttered in a most angry and
peremptory tone; and then bursting into tears, she
cry’d, ‘Do with me, Madam, whatever you please;
‘I am the most miserable, undone wretch upon earth;
‘if my dear aunt forsakes me, where shall I look for
‘a protector?’—‘My dear niece,’ cries she, ‘you
‘will have a very good protector in his lordship; a
‘protector, whom nothing but a hankering after that
‘vile fellow Jones can make you decline.’ ‘Indeed,
‘Madam,’ said Sophia, ‘you wrong me. How can
‘you imagine, after what you have shewn me, if I
‘had ever any such thoughts, that I should not banish
‘them for ever. If it will satisfy you, I will receive
‘the sacrament upon it, never to see his face again.’
—‘But child, dear child,’ said the aunt, ‘be rea-
‘sonable: can you invent a single objection?’—
‘I have already, I think, told you a sufficient objec-
‘tion,’ answered Sophia.—‘What,’ cries the aunt; ‘
‘I remember none.’ ‘Sure, Madam,’ said Sophia,
‘I told you he had used me in the rudest and vilest
‘manner.’ ‘Indeed, child,’ answered she, ‘I never
‘heard

' heard you, or did not understand you :—But what do
 ' you mean by this rude and vile manner?' ' Indeed,
 ' Madam,' said Sophia, ' I am almost ashamed to tell
 ' you. He caught me in his arms, pulled me down
 ' upon the settee, and thrust his hand into my bo-
 ' som, and kissed it with such violence, that I have
 ' the mark upon my left breast at this moment.'—
 ' Indeed!' said Mrs. Western. ' Yes indeed, Ma-
 ' dam,' answered Sophia; ' my father luckily came
 ' in at that instant, or heaven knows what rudeness
 ' he intended to have proceeded to.' ' I am astonish-
 ' ed and confounded,' cries the aunt. ' No woman
 ' of the name of Western hath been ever treated so,
 ' since we were a family. I would have torn the
 ' eyes of a prince out, if he had attempted such
 ' freedoms with me. It is impossible: sure, Sophia,
 ' you must invent this to raise my indignation against
 ' him.' ' I hope, Madam,' said Sophia, ' you have
 ' too good an opinion of me, to imagine me capable
 ' of telling an untruth. Upon my soul it is true.'
 ' I should have stabbed him to the heart had I been
 ' present,' returned the aunt. ' Yet surely he could
 ' have no dishonourable design: it is impossible; he
 ' durst not: besides, his proposals shew he had not;
 ' for they are not only honourable but generous. I
 ' don't know; the age allows too great freedoms.
 ' A distant salute is all I would have allowed before
 ' the ceremony. I have had lovers formerly, not so
 ' long ago neither; several lovers, though I never
 ' would consent to marriage, and I never encouraged
 ' the least freedom. It is a foolish custom, and what
 ' I never would agree to. No man kissed more of
 ' me than my cheek. It is as much as one can bring
 ' ones self to give lips up to a husband; and, indeed,
 ' could I ever have been persuaded to marry, I be-
 ' lieve I should not have soon been brought to endure
 ' so much.' ' You will pardon me, dear Madam,'
 said Sophia, ' if I make one observation: you own
 ' you have had many lovers, and the world knows it,
 ' even if you should deny it. You refused them all,
 ' and I am convinced one coronet at least among
 ' them.' ' You say true, dear Sophy,' answered she;
 ' I had

‘ I had once the offer of a title.’ ‘ Why then,’ said Sophia, ‘ will you not suffer me to refuse this once ?’ ‘ It is true, child,’ said she, ‘ I have refused the offer of a title ; but it was not so good an offer ; that is, not so very, very good an offer.’——‘ Yes, Madam,’ said Sophia ; ‘ but you have had, very great proposals from men of vast fortunes. It was not the first, nor the second, nor the third advantageous match that offered itself.’ I own it was not,’ said she. ‘ Well, Madam,’ continued Sophia, ‘ and why may not I expect to have a second perhaps better than this ? You are now but a young woman, and I am convinced would not promise to yield to the first lover of fortune, nay, or of title too. I am a very young woman, and sure I need not despair.’ ‘ Well, my dear, dear Sophy,’ cries the aunt, ‘ what would you have me say ?’ ‘ Why I only beg that I may not be left alone, at least this evening : grant me that, and I will submit, if you think, after what is past, I ought to see him in your company.’ ‘ Well, I will grant it,’ cries the aunt. ‘ Sophy, you know I love you, and can deny you nothing. You know the easiness of my nature ; I have not always been so easy. I have been formerly thought cruel ; by the men I mean. I was called the cruel Parthenissa. I have broke many a window that has had verses to the cruel Parthenissa in it. Sophy, I was never so handsome as you, and yet I had something of you formerly. I am a little altered. Kingdoms and states, as Tully Cicero says in his epistles, undergo alterations, and so must the human form.’ Thus ran she on for near half an hour upon herself, and her conquests and her cruelty, till the arrival of my lord, who, after a most tedious visit, during which Mrs. Western never once offered to leave the room, retired, not much more satisfied with the aunt than with the niece. For Sophia had brought her aunt into so excellent a temper, that she consented to almost every thing her niece said ; and agreed, that a little distant behaviour might not be improper to so forward a lover.

Thus

Thus Sophia, by a little well-directed flattery, for which surely none will blame her, obtained a little ease for herself, and, at least, put off the evil day. And now we have seen our heroine in a better situation than she hath been for a long time before, we will look a little after Mr. Jones, whom we left in the most deplorable situation that can well be imagined.

C H A P. V.

Mrs. Miller and Mr. Nightingale visit Jones in the prison.

WHEN Mr. Allworthy and his nephew went to meet Mr. Western, Mrs. Miller set forwards to her son-in-law's lodgings, in order to acquaint him with the accident which had befallen his friend Jones; but he had known it long before from Partridge, (for Jones, when he left Mrs. Miller, had been furnished with a room in the same house with Mr. Nightingale.) The good woman found her daughter under great affliction on account of Mr. Jones, whom having comforted as well as she could, she set forwards to the Gate-house, where she heard he was, and where Mr. Nightingale was arrived before her.

The firmness and constancy of a true friend is a circumstance so extremely delightful to persons in any kind of distress, that the distress itself, if it be only temporary, and admits of relief, is more than compensated by bringing this comfort with it. Nor are instances of this kind so rare, as some superficial and inaccurate observers have reported. To say the truth, want of compassion is not to be numbered among our general faults. The black ingredient which fouls our disposition is envy. Hence our eye is seldom, I am afraid, turned upwards to those who are manifestly greater, better, wiser, or happier than ourselves, without some degree of malignity; while we commonly look downwards on the mean and miserable, with sufficient benevolence and pity. In fact, I have remarked, that most of the defects which have discovered themselves in the friendships within my observa-

ervation, have arisen from envy only; a hellish vice; and yet one from which I have known very few absolutely exempt. But enough of a subject which, if pursued, would lead me too far.

Whether it was that fortune was apprehensive lest Jones should sink under the weight of his adversity, and that she might thus lose any future opportunity of tormenting him; or whether she really abated somewhat of her severity towards him, she seemed a little to relax her persecution, by sending him the company of two such faithful friends, and what is perhaps more rare, a faithful servant. For Partridge, though he had many imperfections, wanted not fidelity; and though fear would not suffer him to be hanged for his master, yet the world, I believe, could not have bribed him to desert his cause.

While Jones was expressing great satisfaction in the presence of his friends, Partridge brought an account, that Mr. Fitzpatrick was still alive, though the surgeon declared that he had very little hopes. Upon which Jones fetching a deep sigh, Nightingale said to him; 'My dear Tom, why should you afflict yourself so upon an accident, which, whatever be the consequence, can be attended with no danger to you, and in which your conscience cannot accuse you of having been in the least to blame. If the fellow should die, what have you done more than taken away the life of a ruffian in your own defence? So will the coroner's inquest certainly find it; and then you will be easily admitted to bail: and though you must undergo the form of a trial, yet it is a trial which many men would stand for you for a shilling.' 'Come, come, Mr. Jones,' said Mrs. Miller, 'cheer yourself up. I knew you could not be the aggressor, and so I told Mr. Allworthy, and so he shall acknowledge too before I have done with him.'

Jones gravely answered, 'That whatever might be his fate, he should always lament the having shed the blood of one of his fellow-creatures, as one of the highest misfortunes which could have befallen him. But I have another misfortune of the ten-

‘ dereft kind.—O! Mrs. Miller, I have loft what I
 ‘ held moft dear upon earth.’ ‘ That muft be a mi-
 ‘ trefs,’ faid Mrs. Miller, ‘ but come, come; I know
 ‘ more than you imagine;’ (for indeed Partridge had
 blabbed all) ‘ and I have heard more than you
 ‘ know. Matters go better, I promife you, than you
 ‘ think; and I would not give Blifil fix-pence for all
 ‘ the chance which he hath of the lady.’

‘ Indeed, my dear friend, indeed,’ answered Jones,
 ‘ you are an entire ftranger to the caufe of my grief.
 ‘ If you was acquainted with the ftory, you would
 ‘ allow my cafe admitted of no comfort. I appre-
 ‘ hend no danger from Blifil. I have undone my-
 ‘ felf.’ ‘ Don’t defpair,’ replied Mrs. Miller; ‘ you
 ‘ know not what a woman can do: and if any thing
 ‘ be in my power, I promife you I will do it to ferve
 ‘ you. It is my duty. My fon, my dear Mr. Night-
 ‘ ingale, who is fo kind to tell me he hath obliga-
 ‘ tions to you on the fame account, knows it is my
 ‘ duty. Shall I go to the lady myfelf? I will fay any
 ‘ thing to her you would have me fay.’

‘ Thou beft of women,’ cries Jones, taking her by
 the hand, ‘ talk not of obligations to me;—but, as
 ‘ you have been fo kind to mention it, there is a fa-
 ‘ vour which, perhaps, may be in your power. I fee
 ‘ you are acquainted with the lady (how you came by
 ‘ your information I know not) who fits indeed very
 ‘ near my heart. If you could contrive to deliver
 ‘ this (giving her a paper from his pocket) I fhall for
 ‘ ever acknowledge your goodnefs.’

‘ Give it me,’ faid Mrs. Miller. ‘ If I fee it not
 ‘ in her own poffeffion before I fleep, may my next
 ‘ fleep be my laft. Comfort yourfelf, my good young
 ‘ man; be wife enough to take warning from paft
 ‘ follies, and I warrant all fhall be well, and I fhall
 ‘ yet fee you happy with the moft charming young
 ‘ lady in the world; for fo I hear from every one
 ‘ ſhe is.’

‘ Believe me, Madam,’ faid he, ‘ I do not fpeak
 ‘ the common cant of one in my unhappy fituation.
 ‘ Before this dreadful accident happened, I had re-
 ‘ folved

‘ solved to quit a life of which I was become sensible
‘ of the wickedness as well as folly. I do assure you,
‘ notwithstanding the disturbances I have unfortu-
‘ nately occasioned in your house, for which I heartily
‘ ask your pardon, I am not an abandoned profligate.
‘ Though I have been hurried into vices, I do not
‘ approve a vicious character; nor will I ever, from
‘ this moment, deserve it.’

Mrs. Miller expressed great satisfaction in these declarations, in the sincerity of which she averred she had an entire faith: and now the remainder of the conversation past in the joint attempts of that good woman and Mr. Nightingale, to cheer the dejected spirits of Mr. Jones, in which they so far succeeded, as to leave him much better comforted and satisfied than they found him; to which happy alteration nothing so much contributed as the kind undertaking of Mrs. Miller, to deliver his letter to Sophia, which he despaired of finding any means to accomplish: for when Black George produced the last from Sophia, he informed Partridge, that she had strictly charged him, on pain of having it communicated to her father, not to bring her any answer. He was moreover not a little pleased, to find he had so warm an advocate to Mr. Allworthy himself in this good woman, who was in reality, one of the worthiest creatures in the world.

After about an hour’s visit from the lady, (for Nightingale had been with him much longer) they both took their leave, promising to return to him soon; during which Mrs. Miller said, she hoped to bring him some good news from his mistress, and Mr. Nightingale promised to enquire into the state of Mr. Fitzpatrick’s wound, and likewise to find out some of the persons who were present at the encounter.

The former of these went directly in quest of Sophia, whither we likewise shall now attend her.

C H A P. VI.

In which Mrs. Miller pays a visit to Sophia.

ACCCESS to the young lady was by no means difficult: for as she lived now on a perfect friendly footing with her aunt, she was at full liberty to receive what visitants she pleased.

Sophia was dressing, when she was acquainted that there was a gentlewoman below to wait on her. As she was neither afraid, nor ashamed, to see any of her own sex, Mrs. Miller was immediately admitted.

Curtseys and the usual ceremonials between women who are strangers to each other being past, Sophia said, 'I have not the pleasure to know you, Madam.' 'No, Madam,' answered Mrs. Miller, 'and I must beg pardon for intruding upon you. But when you know what has induced me to give you this trouble, I hope'—'Pray, what is your business, Madam?' said Sophia, with a little emotion. 'Madam, we are not alone,' replied Mrs. Miller, in a low voice. 'Go out, Betty,' said Sophia.

When Betty was departed, Mrs. Miller said, 'I was desired, Madam, by a very unhappy young gentleman, to deliver you this letter.' Sophia changed colour when she saw the direction, well knowing the hand, and after some hesitation, said,—'I could not conceive, Madam, from your appearance, that your business had been of such a nature.—Whomever you brought this letter from, I shall not open it. I should be sorry to entertain an unjust suspicion of any one; but you are an utter stranger to me.'

'If you will have patience, Madam,' answered Mrs. Miller, 'I will acquaint you who I am, and how I came by that letter.' 'I have no curiosity, Madam, to know any thing,' cries Sophia, 'but I must insist on your delivering that letter back to the person who gave it you.'

Mrs. Miller then fell upon her knees, and in the most passionate terms, implored her compassion; to which Sophia answered: 'Sure, Madam, it is sur-

‘prizing you should be so very strongly interested in the behalf of this person. I would not think, Madam,’—‘No Madam,’ says Mrs. Miller, ‘you shall not think any thing but the truth. I will tell you all, and you will not wonder that I am interested. He is the best natured creature that ever was born.’—She then began and related the story of Mr. Henderson—After this she cried, ‘This, Madam, this is his goodness; but I have much more tender obligations to him. He hath preserved my child.’—Here, after shedding some tears, she related every thing concerning that fact, suppressing only those circumstances which would have most reflected on her daughter, and concluded with saying, ‘Now, Madam, you shall judge whether I can ever do enough for so kind, so good, so generous a young man: and sure he is the best and worthiest of all human beings.’

The alterations in the countenance of Sophia had hitherto been chiefly to her disadvantage, and had inclined her complexion to too great paleness; but she now waxed redder, if possible, than vermilion, and cried, ‘I know not what to say; certainly what arises from gratitude cannot be blamed—But what service can my reading this letter do your friend, since I am resolved never—Mrs. Miller fell again to her entreaties, and begged to be forgiven, but she could not, she said, carry it back. ‘Well, Madam,’ says Sophia, ‘I cannot help it, if you will force it upon me.—Certainly you may leave it whether I will or no.’ What Sophia meant, or whether she meant any thing, I will not presume to determine: but Mrs. Miller actually understood this as a hint, and presently laying the letter down on the table, took her leave, having first begged permission to wait again on Sophia; which request had neither assent nor denial.

The letter lay upon the table no longer than till Mrs. Miller was out of sight; for then Sophia opened and read it.

This letter did very little service to his cause; for it consisted of little more than confessions of his own

worthiness, and bitter lamentations of despair, together with the most solemn protestations of his unalterable fidelity to Sophia, of which, he said, he hoped to convince her, if he had ever more the honour of being admitted to her presence; and that he could account for the letter to lady Bellaſton, in such a manner, that though it would not entitle him to her forgiveness, he hoped at least to obtain it from her mercy. And concluded with vowing, that nothing was ever less in his thoughts than to marry lady Bellaſton.

Though Sophia read the letter twice over with great attention, his meaning still remained a riddle to her; nor could her invention suggest to her any means to excuse Jones. She certainly remained very angry with him, though indeed lady Bellaſton took up so much of her resentment, that her gentle mind had but little left to bestow on any other person.

That lady was most unluckily to dine this very day with her aunt Western, and in the afternoon, they were all three by appointment, to go together to the opera, and thence to lady Thomas Hatcher's drum. Sophia would have gladly been excused from all, but she would not disoblige her aunt; and as to the arts of counterfeiting illness, she was so entirely a stranger to them, that it never once entered into her head. When she was drest, therefore, down she went, resolved to encounter all the horrors of the day, and a most disagreeable one it proved; for lady Bellaſton took every opportunity very civilly and slyly to insult her; to all which her dejection of spirits disabled her from making any return? and indeed, to confess the truth, she was at the very best but an indifferent mistress of repartee.

Another misfortune which befel poor Sophia, was the company of lord Fellamar, whom she met at the opera, and who attended her to the drum. And though both places were too publick to admit of any particularities, and she was farther relieved by the musick at the one place, and by the cards at the other, she could not however enjoy herself in his company: for there is something of delicacy in women, which will

will not suffer them to be even easy in the presence of a man whom they know to have pretensions to them, which they are disinclined to favour.

Having in this chapter twice mentioned a drum, a word which our posterity, it is hoped, will not understand in the sense it is here applied, we shall, notwithstanding our present haste, stop a moment to describe the entertainment here meant, and the rather as we can in a moment describe it.

A drum then, is an assembly of well dressed persons of both sexes, most of whom play at cards, and the rest do nothing at all; while the mistress of the house performs the part of the landlady at an inn, and like the landlady of an inn prides herself in the number of her guests, though she doth not always, like her, get any thing by it.

No wonder then as so much spirits must be required to support any vivacity in these scenes of dulness, that we hear persons of fashion eternally complaining of the want of them; a complaint confined entirely to upper life. How insupportable must we imagine this round of impertinence to have been to Sophia, at this time; how difficult must she have found it to force the appearance of gaiety into her looks, when her mind dictated nothing but the tenderest sorrow, and when every thought was charged with tormenting ideas.

Night, however, at last restored her to her pillow, where we will leave her to sooth her melancholy at least, though incapable we fear of rest, and shall pursue our history, which something whispers us, is now arrived at the eve of some great event.

C H A P. VII.

A pathetic scene between Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller.

MR S. Miller had a long discourse with Mr. Allworthy, at his return from dinner, in which she acquainted him with Mr. Jones's having unfortunately lost all which he was pleased to bestow on him at their separation; and with the distresses to which that loss had subjected him; of all which she had received

a full account from the faithful retailer Partridge. She then explained the obligations she had to Jones; not that she was entirely explicit with regard to her daughter: for though she had the utmost confidence in Mr. Allworthy, and though there could be no hopes of keeping an affair secret, which was unhappily known to more than half a dozen; yet she could not prevail with herself to mention those circumstances which reflected most on the chastity of poor Nancy; but smothered that part of her evidence as cautiously as if she had been before a judge, and the girl was now on her trial for the murder of a bastard.

Allworthy said, there were few characters so absolutely vicious as not to have the least mixture of good in them. ‘However,’ says he, ‘I cannot deny but that you had some obligations to the fellow, bad as he is, and I shall therefore excuse what hath past already, but must insist you never mention his name to me more; for I promise you, it was upon the fullest and plainest evidence that I resolved to take the measures I have taken.’ ‘Well, Sir,’ says she, ‘I make not the least doubt, but time will shew all matters in their true and natural colours, and that you will be convinced this poor young man deserves better of you than some other folks that shall be nameless.’

‘Madam,’ cries Allworthy, a little ruffled, ‘I will not hear any reflections on my nephew; and if you ever say a word more of that kind, I will depart from your house that instant. He is the worthiest and best of men; and I once more repeat it to you, he hath carried his friendship to this man to a blameable length, by too long concealing facts of the blackest die. The ingratitude of the wretch to this good young man is what I most resent: for, Madam, I have the greatest reason to imagine he had laid a plot to supplant my nephew in my favour, and to have disinherited him.’

‘I am sure, Sir,’ answered Mrs. Miller, a little frightened, (for though Mr. Allworthy had the utmost sweetness and benevolence in his smiles, he had great terror in his frowns) ‘I shall never speak
‘ against

‘ against any gentleman you are pleased to think well
‘ of. I am sure, Sir, such behaviour would very little
‘ become me, especially when the gentleman is your
‘ nearest relation; but, Sir, you must not be angry
‘ with me, you must not indeed, for my good wiues
‘ to this poor wretch. Sure I may call him so now,
‘ though once you would have been angry with me,
‘ if I had spoke of him with the least disrespect.
‘ How often have I heard you call him your son?
‘ how often have you prattled to me of him, with all
‘ the fondness of a parent? Nay, Sir, I cannot for-
‘ get the many tender expressions, the many good
‘ things you have told me of his beauty, and his
‘ parts, and his virtues; of his good-nature and ge-
‘ nerosity.—I am sure, Sir, I cannot forget them:
‘ for I find them all true. I have experienced them
‘ in my own cause. They have preserved my family.
‘ You must pardon my tears, Sir, indeed you must,
‘ when I consider the cruel reverse of fortune which
‘ this poor youth, to whom I am so much obliged,
‘ hath suffered: when I consider the loss of your fa-
‘ vour, which I know he valued more than his life,
‘ I must, I must lament him. If you had a dagger
‘ in your hand, ready to plunge into my heart, I
‘ must lament the misery of one whom you have
‘ loved, and I shall ever love.’

Allworthy was pretty much moved with this speech,
but it seemed not to be with anger: for after a short
silence, taking Mrs. Miller by the hand, he said very
affectionately to her: ‘ Come, Madam, let us con-
‘ sider a little about your daughter. I cannot blame
‘ you, for rejoicing in a match which promises to be
‘ advantageous to her; but you know this advantage,
‘ in a great measure, depends on the father’s recon-
‘ ciliation. I know Mr. Nightingale very well, and
‘ have formerly had concerns with him; I will make
‘ him a visit, and endeavour to serve you in this mat-
‘ ter. I believe he is a worldly man; but as this is
‘ an only son, and the thing is now irretrievable,
‘ perhaps he may in time be brought to reason. I
‘ promise you I will do all I can for you.’

Many were the acknowledgements which the poor woman made to Allworthy, for this kind and generous offer, nor could she refrain from taking this occasion again to express her gratitude towards Jones, 'to whom,' said she, 'I owe the opportunity of giving you, Sir, this present trouble.' Allworthy gently stopped her; but he was too good a man to be really offended with the effects of so noble a principle as now actuated Mrs. Miller; and indeed had not this new affair inflamed his former anger against Jones, it is possible he might have been a little softened towards him, by the report of an action which malice itself could not have derived from an evil motive.

Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller had been above an hour together, when their conversation was put an end to by the arrival of Blifil, and another person, which other person was no less than Mr. Dowling, the attorney, who was now become a great favourite with Mr. Blifil, and whom Mr. Allworthy, at the desire of his nephew, had made his steward; and had likewise recommended him to Mr. Western, from whom the attorney received a promise of being promoted to the same office upon the first vacancy; and in the meantime, was employed in transacting some affairs which the 'squire then had in London, in relation to a mortgage.

This was the principal affair which then brought Mr. Dowling to town; therefore he took the same opportunity to charge himself with some money for Mr. Allworthy, and to make a report to him of some other business; in all which, as it was of much too dull a nature to find any place in this history, we will leave the uncle, nephew, and their lawyer concerned, and resort to other matters.

C H A P. VIII.

Containing various matters.

BEFORE we return to Mr. Jones, we will take one more view of Sophia.

Though that young lady had brought her aunt into great good humour by those soothing methods, which
we

we have before related, she had not brought her in the least to abate of her zeal for the match with lord Fellamar. This zeal was now inflamed by lady Bellaston, who had told her the preceding evening, that she was well satisfied from the conduct of Sophia, and from her carriage to his lordship, that all delays would be dangerous, and that the only way to succeed, was to press the match forward with such rapidity, that the young lady should have no time to reflect, and be obliged to consent, while she scarce knew what she did. In which manner, she said, one half of the marriages among people of condition were brought about. A fact very probably true, and to which I suppose is owing the mutual tenderness which afterwards exists among so many happy couples.

A hint of the same kind was given by the same lady to lord Fellamar; and both these so readily embraced the advice, that the very next day was, at his lordship's request, appointed by Mrs. Western for a private interview between the young parties. This was communicated to Sophia by her aunt, and insisted upon in such high terms, that, after having urged every thing she could possibly invent against it, without the least effect, she at last agreed to give the highest instance of complaisance which any young lady can give, and consented to see his lordship.

As conversations of this kind afford no great entertainment, we shall be excused from reciting the whole that past at this interview; in which, after his lordship had made many declarations of the most pure and ardent passion, to the silent, blushing Sophia; she at last collected all the spirits she could raise, and with a trembling low voice said, 'My lord, you must be yourself conscious whether your former behaviour to me hath been consistent with the professions you now make.' 'Is there,' answered he, 'no way by which I can atone for madness? what I did, I am afraid, must have too plainly convinced you, that the violence of love had deprived me of my senses.' 'Indeed, my lord,' said she, 'it is in your power to give me a proof of an affection which I much rather wish to encourage, and to which I

' should think myself more beholden.' ' Name it,
 ' Madam,' said my lord, very warmly.—' My lord,'
 says she, looking down upon her fan, ' I know you
 ' must be sensible how uneasy this pretended passion
 ' of yours hath made me.'—' Can you be so cruel
 ' to call it pretended?' says he. ' Yes, my lord,'
 answered Sophia, ' all professions of love to those
 ' whom we persecute, are most insulting pretences.
 ' This pursuit of yours is to me a most cruel perse-
 ' cution; nay, it is taking a most ungenerous ad-
 ' vantage of my unhappy situation.' ' Most lovely,
 ' most adorable charmer, do not accuse me,' cries
 he, ' of taking an ungenerous advantage, while I
 ' have no thoughts but what are directed to your ho-
 ' nour and interest, and while I have no view, no
 ' hope, no ambition, but to throw myself, honour,
 ' fortune, every thing at your feet.' ' My lord,'
 says she, ' it is that fortune, and those honours,
 ' which give you the advantage of which I complain.
 ' These are the charms which have seduced my rela-
 ' tions, but to me they are things indifferent. If
 ' your lordship will merit my gratitude, there is but
 ' one way.'—' Pardon me, divine creature,' said
 he, ' there can be none. All I can do for you is so
 ' much your due, and will give me so much pleasure,
 ' that there is no room for your gratitude.'—' In-
 ' deed, my lord,' answered she, ' you may obtain
 ' my gratitude, my good opinion, every kind thought
 ' and wish which it is in my power to bestow; nay,
 ' you may obtain them with ease; for sure to a ge-
 ' nerous mind it must be easy to grant my request.
 ' Let me beseech you then, to cease a pursuit, in
 ' which you can never have any success. For your
 ' own sake as well as mine, I entreat this favour:
 ' for sure you are too noble to have any pleasure in
 ' tormenting an unhappy creature. What can your
 ' lordship propose but uneasiness to yourself, by a
 ' perseverance, which, upon my honour, upon my
 ' soul, cannot, shall not prevail with me, whatever
 ' distresses you may drive me to.' Here my lord
 fetched a deep sigh, and then said—' Is it then,
 ' Madam,

‘Madam, that I am so unhappy to be the object of your dislike and scorn; or will you pardon me if I suspect there is some other?’ — Here he hesitated, and Sophia answered with some spirit, ‘My lord, I shall not be accountable to you for the reasons of my conduct. I am obliged to your lordship for the generous offer you have made; I own it is beyond either my deserts or expectations; yet I hope, my lord, you will not insist on my reasons, when I declare I cannot accept it.’ Lord Fellamar returned much to this, which we do not perfectly understand, and perhaps it could not all be strictly reconciled either to sense or grammar; but he concluded his ranting speech with saying, ‘That if she had pre-engaged herself to any gentleman, however unhappy it would make him, he should think himself bound in honour to desist.’ Perhaps my lord laid too much emphasis on the word gentleman; for we cannot else well account for the indignation with which he inspired Sophia, who, in her answer, seemed greatly to resent some affront he had given her.

While she was speaking, with her voice more raised than usual, Mrs. Western came into the room, the fire glaring in her cheeks, and the flames bursting from her eyes. ‘I am ashamed,’ says she, ‘my lord, of the reception which you have met with. I assure your lordship we are all sensible of the honour done us; and I must tell you, Miss Western, the family expect a different behaviour from you.’ Here my lord interfered on behalf of the young lady, but to no purpose; the aunt proceeded till Sophia pulled out her handkerchief, threw herself into a chair, and burst into a violent fit of tears.

The remainder of the conversation between Mrs. Western and his lordship, till the latter withdrew, consisted of bitter lamentations on his side, and on hers of the strongest assurances that her niece should and would consent to all he wished. ‘Indeed, my lord,’ says she, ‘the girl hath had a foolish education, neither adapted to her fortune nor her family. Her father, I’m sorry to say it, is to blame
for

‘ for every thing. The girl hath filly country notions of bashfulness. Nothing else, my lord, upon my honour ; I am convinced she hath a good understanding at the bottom, and will be brought to reason.’

This last speech was made in the absence of Sophia ; for she had sometime before left the room, with more appearance of passion than she had ever shewn on any occasion ; and now his lordship, after many expressions of thanks to Mrs. Western, many ardent professions of passion which nothing could conquer, and many assurances of perseverance, which Mrs. Western highly encouraged, took his leave for this time.

Before we relate what now passed between Mrs. Western and Sophia, it may be proper to mention an unfortunate accident which had happened, and which had occasioned the return of Mrs. Western with so much fury, as we have seen.

The reader then must know, that the maid who at present attended on Sophia, was recommended by lady Bellaſton, with whom she had lived for sometime in the capacity of a comb-bruſh ; ſhe was a very ſenſible girl, and had received the ſtricteſt inſtructions to watch her young lady very carefully. Theſe inſtructions, we are ſorry to ſay, were communicated to her by Mrs. Honour, into whoſe favour lady Bellaſton had now ſo ingratiated herſelf, that the violent affection which the good waiting-woman had formerly borne to Sophia, was entirely obliterated by that great attachment which ſhe had to her new miſtreſs.

Now when Mrs. Miller was departed, Betty, (for that was the name of the girl) returning to her young lady, found her very attentively engaged in reading a long letter, and the viſible emotions which ſhe betrayed on that occaſion, might have well accounted for ſome ſuſpicions which the girl entertained ; but indeed they had yet a ſtronger foundation, for ſhe had overheard the whole ſcene which paſſed between Sophia and Mrs. Miller.

Mrs.

Mrs. Western was acquainted with all this matter by Betty, who, after receiving many commendations, and some rewards for her fidelity, was ordered, that if the woman who brought the letter, came again, she should introduce her to Mrs. Western herself.

Unluckily Mrs. Miller returned at the very time when Sophia was engaged with his lordship. Betty, according to order, sent her directly to the aunt; who being mistress of so many circumstances relating to what had passed the day before, easily imposed upon the poor woman to believe that Sophia had communicated the whole affair; and so pumped every thing out of her which she knew, relating to the letter, and relating to Jones.

This poor creature might indeed be called simplicity itself. She was one of that order of mortals, who are apt to believe every thing which is said to them: to whom nature hath neither indulged the offensive nor defensive weapons of deceit, and who are consequently liable to be imposed upon by any one, who will only be at the expence of a little falsehood for that purpose. Mrs. Western having drained Mrs. Miller of all she knew, which indeed was but little, but which was sufficient to make the aunt suspect a great deal, dismissed her with assurances that Sophia would not see her, that she would send no answer to the letter, nor ever receive another; nor did she suffer her to depart without a handsome lecture on the merits of an office, to which she could afford no better name than that of procurefs. — This discovery, had greatly discomposed her temper, when coming into the apartment next to that in which the lovers were, she overheard Sophia very warmly protesting against his lordship's addresses. At which the rage already kindled, burst forth, and she rushed in upon her niece in a most furious manner, as we have already described, together with what past at that time till his lordship's departure.

No sooner was lord Fellamar gone, than Mrs. Western returned to Sophia, whom she upbraided in the most bitter terms, for the ill use she had made of the confidence reposed in her; and for her treachery

chery in conversing with a man with whom she had offered but the day before to bind herself in the most solemn oath, never more to have any conversation. Sophia protested she had maintained no such conversation. ‘How, how! Miss Western,’ said the aunt, ‘will you deny your receiving a letter from him yesterday?’ ‘A letter, Madam!’ answered Sophia somewhat surprized. ‘It is not very well bred, Miss,’ replies the aunt, ‘to repeat my words. I say a letter, and insist upon your shewing it me immediately.’ ‘I scorn a lie, Madam,’ said Sophia; ‘I did receive a letter, but it was without my desire, and indeed I may say against my consent.’ ‘Indeed, indeed, Miss,’ cries the aunt, ‘you ought to be ashamed of owning you had received it at all; but where is the letter? for I will see it.’

To this peremptory demand, Sophia paused some time before she returned an answer; and at last only excused herself by declaring she had not the letter in her pocket, which was indeed true; upon which her aunt losing all manner of patience, asked her niece this short question, whether she would resolve to marry lord Fellamar or no? to which she received the strongest negative. Mrs. Western then replied with an oath, or something very like one, that she would early the next morning deliver her back into her father’s hand.

Sophia then began to reason with her aunt in the following manner; ‘Why, Madam, must I of necessity be forced to marry at all? Consider how cruel you would have thought it in your own case, and how much kinder your parents were in leaving you to your liberty. What have I done to forfeit this liberty? I will never marry contrary to my father’s consent, nor without asking yours.— And when I ask the consent of either improperly, it will be then time enough to force some other marriage upon me.’ ‘Can I bear to hear this,’ cries Mrs. Western, ‘from a girl who hath now a letter from a murderer in her pocket?’ ‘I have no such letter I promise you,’ answered Sophia; ‘and if he be a murderer, he will soon be in no condition

‘condition to give you any further disturbance.’
 ‘How, Miss Western,’ said the aunt, ‘have you
 the assurance to speak of him in this manner, to
 own your affection for such a villain to my face!’
 ‘Sure, Madam,’ said Sophia, ‘you put a very
 strange construction on my words.’ ‘Indeed,
 Miss Western,’ cries the lady, ‘I shall not bear
 this usage; you have learnt of your father this
 manner of treating me; he hath taught you to
 give me the lie. He hath totally ruined you by
 his false system of education; and please heaven
 he shall have the comfort of its fruits: for once
 more I declare to you, that to-morrow morning I
 will carry you back. I will withdraw all my forces
 from the field, and remain henceforth, like the
 wise king of Prussia, in a state of perfect neutrality.
 You are both too wise to be regulated by my
 measures; so prepare yourself; for to-morrow morn-
 ing you shall evacuate this house.’

Sophia remonstrated all she could; but her aunt was deaf to all she said. In this resolution therefore we must at present leave her, as there seems to be no hopes of bringing her to change it.

C H A P. IX.

What happened to Mr. Jones in the prison.

MR. Jones past above twenty-four melancholy hours by himself, unless when relieved by the company of Partridge, before Mr. Nightingale returned; not that this worthy young man had deserted or forgot his friend; for indeed, he had been much the greatest part of the time employed in his service.

He had heard upon enquiry that the only persons who had seen the beginning of the unfortunate encounter, were a crew belonging to a man of war, which then lay at Deptford. To Deptford therefore he went in search of this crew, where he was informed that the men he sought after, were all gone ashore. He then traced them from place to place, till at last he found two of them drinking together,
 with

with a third person, at a hedge-tavern, near Aldersgate.

Nightingale desired to speak with Jones by himself (for Partridge was in the room when he came in.) As soon as they were alone, Nightingale taking Jones by the hand, cried, 'Come, my brave friend, be not too much dejected at what I am going to tell you—I am sorry I am the messenger of bad news; but I think it my duty to tell you.' 'I guess already what that bad news is,' cries Jones. 'The poor gentleman then is dead.'—'I hope not,' answered Nightingale. 'He was alive this morning; though I will not flatter you; I fear from the accounts I could get, that his wound is mortal. But if the affair be exactly as you told it, your own remorse would be all you have reason to apprehend, let what would happen; but forgive me, my dear Tom, if I entreat you to make the worst of your story to your friends. If you disguise any thing to us, you will only be an enemy to yourself.'

'What reason, my dear Jack, have I ever given you,' said Jones, 'to stab me with so cruel a suspicion?' 'Have patience,' cries Nightingale, 'and I will tell you all. After the most diligent enquiry I could make, I at last met with two of the fellows who were present at this unhappy accident, and I am sorry to say, they do not relate the story so much in your favour as you yourself have told it.' 'Why, what do they say?' cries Jones, 'Indeed what I am sorry to repeat, as I am afraid of the consequence of it to you. They say that they were at too great a distance to overhear any words that passed between you; but they both agree that the first blow was given by you.' 'Then upon my soul,' answered Jones, 'they injure me. He not only struck me first, but struck me without the least provocation. What should induce those villains to accuse me falsely?' 'Nay, that I cannot guess,' said Nightingale, 'and if you yourself, and I who am so heartily your friend, cannot conceive a reason why they should belie you, what reason will an indiffe-
' rent

‘rent court of justice be able to assign, why they
‘should not believe them? I repeated the question
‘to them several times, and so did another gentle-
‘man who was present, who, I believe, is a sea-
‘faring man, and who really acted a very friendly
‘part by you; for he begged them often to con-
‘sider, that there was the life of a man in the case;
‘and asked them over and over if they were certain;
‘to which they both answered, that they were, and
‘would abide by their evidence upon oath. For
‘heaven’s sake, my dear friend, recollect yourself;
‘for if this should appear to be the fact, it will be
‘your business to think in time of making the best
‘of your interest. I would not shock you; but
‘you know, I believe, the severity of the law, what-
‘ever verbal provocations may have been given you.’
‘Alas! my friend,’ cries Jones, ‘what interest hath
‘such a wretch as I? Besides, do you think I would
‘even wish to live with the reputation of a mur-
‘derer? if I had any friends, (as alas! I have none)
‘could I have the confidence to solicit them to speak
‘in the behalf of a man condemned for the blackest
‘crime in human nature? Believe me I have no
‘such hope; but I have some reliance on a throne
‘still greatly superior; which will, I am certain,
‘afford me all the protection I merit.’

He then concluded with many solemn and vehe-
ment protestations of the truth of what he had at first
asserted.

The faith of Nightingale was now again stag-
gered, and began to incline to credit his friend, when
Mrs. Miller appeared, and made a sorrowful report
of the success of her embassy; which when Jones
had heard, he cried out most heroically, ‘Well,
‘my friend, I am now indifferent as to what shall
‘happen, at least with regard to my life; and if it
‘be the will of heaven that I shall make an atone-
‘ment with that for the blood I have spilt, I hope
‘the Divine Goodness will one day suffer my honour
‘to be cleared, and that the words of a dying man
‘at least, will be believed, so far as to justify his
‘character.’

A very mournful scene now past between the prisoner and his friends, at which, as few readers would have been pleased to be present, so few, I believe, will desire to hear it particularly related. We will, therefore, pass on to the entrance of the turnkey, who acquainted Jones that there was a lady without who desired to speak with him, when he was at leisure.

Jones declared his surprize at this message. He said, 'He knew no lady in the world whom he could possibly expect to see there.' However, as he saw no reason to decline seeing any person, Mrs. Miller and Mr. Nightingale presently took their leave, and he gave orders to have the lady admitted.

If Jones was surprized at the news of a visit from a lady, how greatly was he astonished when he discovered this lady to be no other than Mrs. Waters! In this astonishment then we shall leave him a while, in order to cure the surprize of the reader, who will likewise, probably, not a little wonder at the arrival of this lady.

Who this Mrs. Waters was, the reader pretty well knows; what she was, he must be perfectly satisfied. He will therefore be pleased to remember, that this lady departed from Upton in the same coach with Mr. Fitzpatrick and the other Irish gentleman, and in their company travelled to Bath.

Now there was a certain office in the gift of Mr. Fitzpatrick at that time vacant, namely, that of a wife; for the lady who had lately filled that office had resigned, or at least deserted her duty. Mr. Fitzpatrick having therefore thoroughly examined Mrs. Waters on the road, found her extremely fit for the place, which, on her arrival at Bath, he presently conferred upon her, and she, without any scruple, accepted. As husband and wife this gentleman and lady continued together all the time they staid at Bath, and as husband and wife they arrived together in town.

Whether Mr. Fitzpatrick was so wise a man as not to part with one good thing till he had secured another, which he had at present only a prospect of regaining;

regaining; or whether Mrs. Waters had so well discharged her office, that he intended still to retain her as principal, and to make his wife (as is often the case) only her deputy, I will not say; but certain it is he never mentioned his wife to her, never communicated to her the letter given him by Mrs. Western, nor ever once hinted his purpose of repossessing his wife; much less did he ever mention the name of Jones. For though he intended to fight with him wherever he met him, he did not imitate those prudent persons who think a wife, a mother, a sister, or sometimes a whole family, the safest seconds on these occasions. The first account therefore which she had of all this, was delivered to her from his lips, after he was brought home from the tavern where his wound had been dress'd.

As Mr. Fitzpatrick however had not the clearest way of telling a story at any time, and was now, perhaps, a little more confus'd than usual, it was some time before she discovered that the gentleman who had given him this wound was the very same person from whom her heart had received a wound, which though not of a mortal kind, was yet so deep that it had left a considerable scar behind it. But no sooner was she acquainted that Mr. Jones himself was the man who had been committed to the Gate-house for this supposed murder, than she took the first opportunity of committing Mr. Fitzpatrick to the care of his nurse, and hasten'd away to visit the conqueror.

She now enter'd the room with an air of gaiety, which received an immediate check from the melancholy aspect of poor Jones, who started and bless'd himself when he saw her. Upon which she said, 'Nay, I do not wonder at your surprize; I believe you did not expect to see me; for few gentlemen are troubled here with visits from any lady, unless a wife. You see the power you have over me, Mr. Jones. Indeed, I little thought when we parted at Upton, that our next meeting would have been in such a place.' 'Indeed, Madam,' says Jones, 'I must look upon this visit as kind? few will follow
' the

‘ the miserable, especially to such dismal habitations.’
 ‘ I protest, Mr. Jones,’ says she, ‘ I can hardly per-
 ‘ suade myself you are the same agreeable fellow I
 ‘ saw at Upton. Why, your face is more miserable
 ‘ than any dungeon in the universe. What can be
 ‘ the matter with you?’ ‘ I thought, Madam,’ said
 Jones, ‘ as you knew of my being here, you knew
 ‘ the unhappy reason.’ ‘ Pugh,’ says she, ‘ you have
 ‘ pinked a man in a duel, that’s all.’ Jones express’d
 some indignation at this levity, and spoke with the
 utmost contrition for what had happened. To which
 she answered, Well then, Sir, if you take it so
 ‘ much to heart, I will relieve you; the gentleman
 ‘ is not dead; and, I am pretty confident, is in no
 ‘ danger of dying. The surgeon indeed who first
 ‘ dress’d him was a young fellow, and seem’d desirous
 ‘ of representing his case to be as bad as possible,
 ‘ that he might have the more honour from curing
 ‘ him; but the king’s surgeon hath seen him since,
 ‘ and says, unless from a fever, of which there are
 ‘ at present no symptoms, he apprehends not the least
 ‘ danger of life.’ Jones shew’d great satisfaction in
 his countenance at this report; upon which she
 affirm’d the truth of it, adding, ‘ By the most
 ‘ extraordinary accident in the world I lodge at the
 ‘ same house, and have seen the gentleman; and I
 ‘ promise you he doth you justice, and says, What-
 ‘ ever be the consequence, that he was entirely the
 ‘ aggressor, and that you was not in the least to
 ‘ blame.’

Jones expressed the utmost satisfaction at the ac-
 count which Mrs. Waters brought him. He then
 inform’d her of many things which she well knew
 before, as who Mr. Fitzpatrick was, the occasion of
 his resentment, &c. He likewise told her several
 facts of which she was ignorant, as the adventure of
 the muff, and other particulars, concealing only the
 name of Sophia. He then lamented the follies and
 vices of which he had been guilty; every one of
 which, he said, had been attended with such ill con-
 sequences, that he should be unpardonable if he did
 not take warning, and quit those vicious courses for
 the

the future. He lastly concluded with assuring her of his resolution to sin no more, lest a worse thing should happen to him.

Mrs. Waters with great pleasantry ridiculed all this, as the effects of low spirits and confinement. She repeated some witticisms about the devil when he was sick, and told him, ' She doubted not but ' shortly to see him at liberty, and as lively a fellow ' as ever; and then, says she, ' I don't question but ' your conscience will be safely delivered of all these ' qualms that it is now so sick in breeding.'

Many more things of this kind she uttered, some of which it would do her no great honour, in the opinion of some readers, to remember; nor are we quite certain but that the answers made by Jones would be treated with ridicule by others. We shall therefore suppress the rest of this conversation, and only observe, that it ended at last with perfect innocence, and much more to the satisfaction of Jones than of the lady: for the former was greatly transported with the news she had brought him; but the latter was not altogether so pleased with the penitential behaviour of a man whom she had at her first interview conceived a very different opinion of from what she now entertained of him.

Thus the melancholy occasioned by the report of Mr. Nightingale was pretty well effaced; but the dejection into which Mrs. Miller had thrown him still continued. The account she gave, so well tallied with the words of Sophia herself in her letter, that he made not the least doubt but that she had disclosed his letter to her aunt, and had taken a fixed resolution to abandon him. The torments this thought gave him, were to be equalled only by a piece of news which fortune yet had in store for him, and which we shall communicate in the second chapter of the ensuing book.

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F A
F O U N D L I N G.

B O O K XVIII.

Containing about six days.

C H A P. I.

A fare-well to the reader.

WE are now, reader, arrived at the last stage of our long journey. As we have therefore travelled together through so many pages, let us behave to one another like fellow-travellers in a stage-coach, who have passed several days in the company of each other; and who, notwithstanding any bickerings or little animosities which may have occurred on the road, generally make all up at last, and mount, for the last time, into their vehicle with cheerfulness and good-humour; since after this one stage, it may possibly happen to us, as it commonly happens to them, never to meet more.

As I have here taken up this simile, give me leave to carry it a little farther. I intend then in this last book to imitate the good company I have mentioned in their last journey. Now, it is well known, that all jokes and raillery are at this time laid aside; whatever characters any of the passengers have for the jest-sake personated on the road, are now thrown off, and the conversation is usually plain and serious.

In

In the same manner, if I have now and then, in the course of this work, indulged any pleasantry for thy entertainment, I shall here lay it down. The variety of matter, indeed, which I shall be obliged to cram into this book, will afford no room for any of those ludicrous observations which I have elsewhere made, and which may sometimes, perhaps, have prevented thee from taking a nap when it was beginning to steal upon thee. In this last book thou wilt find nothing (or at most very little) of that nature. All will be plain narrative only; and, indeed, when thou hast perused the many great events which this book will produce, thou wilt think the number of pages contained in it, scarce sufficient to tell the story.

And now, my friend, I take this opportunity (as I shall have no other) of heartily wishing thee well. If I have been an entertaining companion to thee, I promise thee it is what I have desired. If in any thing I have offended, it was really without any intention. Some things perhaps here said may have hit thee or thy friends; but I do most solemnly declare they were not pointed at thee or them. I question not but thou hast been told, among other stories of me, that thou wast to travel with a very scurrilous fellow: but whoever told thee so, did me an injury. No man detests and despises scurrility more than myself; nor hath any man more reason; for none hath ever been treated with more: and what is a very severe fate, I have had some of the abusive writings of those very men fathered upon me, who in other of their works have abused me themselves with the utmost virulence,

All these works, however, I am well convinced, will be dead long before this page shall offer itself to thy perusal: for however short the period may be of my own performances, they will most probably outlive their own infirm Author, and the weakly productions of his abusive cotemporaries. /

C H A P. II.

Containing a very tragical incident.

WHILE Jones was employed in those unpleas-
ant meditations, with which we left him tor-
menting himself, Partridge came stumbling into the
room with his face paler than ashes, his eyes fixed
in his head, his hair standing an end, and every
limb trembling. In short, he looked as he would
have done had he seen a spectre, or had he indeed
been a spectre himself.

Jones, who was little subject to fear, could not
avoid being somewhat shocked at this sudden ap-
pearance. He did indeed himself change colour, and
his voice a little faltered, while he asked him what
was the matter.

‘ I hope, Sir,’ said Partridge, ‘ you will not be
angry with me. Indeed I did not listen, but I was
obliged to stay in the outward room. I am sure I
with I had been a hundred miles off, rather than
have heard what I have heard.’ ‘ Why what is
the matter?’ said Jones. ‘ The matter, Sir? O
good heaven!’ answered Partridge, ‘ was that wo-
man who is just gone out, the woman who was with
you at Upton?’ ‘ She was, Partridge,’ cries Jones.
‘ And did you really, Sir, go to bed with that wo-
man?’ said he trembling—‘ I am afraid what pass
between us is no secret,’ said Jones.—‘ Nay, but
pray, Sir, for heaven’s sake, Sir, answer me,’ cries
Partridge. ‘ You know I did,’ cries Jones.—
‘ Why then the Lord have mercy upon your soul,
and forgive you,’ cries Partridge; ‘ but as sure as
I stand here alive, you have been a-bed with your
own mother.’

Upon these words, Jones became in a moment a
greater picture of horror than Partridge himself. He
was indeed, for some time, struck dumb with amaze-
ment, and both stood staring wildly at each other.
At last his words found way, and in an interrupted
voice he said.—‘ How! How! What’s this you
tell me?’ ‘ Nay, Sir,’ cries Partridge, ‘ I have not
breath

‘ breath enough to tell you new——but what I have
 ‘ said is most certainly true.—That woman who
 ‘ now went out is your own mother. How unlucky
 ‘ was it for you, Sir, that I did not happen to see
 ‘ her at that time, to have prevented it? Sure the
 ‘ devil himself must have contrived to bring about
 ‘ this wickedness.’

‘ Sure,’ cries Jones, ‘ fortune will never have done
 ‘ with me, till she hath driven me to distraction. But
 ‘ why do I blame fortune? I am myself the cause of
 ‘ all my misery. All the dreadful mischiefs which
 ‘ have befallen me, are the consequences only of
 ‘ my own folly and vice. What thou hast told me,
 ‘ Partridge, hath almost deprived me of my senses.
 ‘ And was Mrs. Waters then—But why do I ask?
 ‘ For thou must certainly know her——If thou hast
 ‘ any affection for me; nay, if thou hast any pity,
 ‘ let me beseech thee to fetch this miserable woman
 ‘ back again to me. O good heavens! Incest— with
 ‘ a mother! To what am I reserved?’ He then fell
 into the most violent and frantic agonies of grief and
 despair, in which Partridge declared he would not
 leave him: but at last having vented the first torrent
 of passion, he came a little to himself; and then
 having acquainted Partridge that he would find this
 wretched woman in the same house where the wounded
 gentleman was lodged, he dispatched him in quest of
 her.

If the reader will please to refresh his memory, by
 turning to the scene at Upton in the ninth book, he
 will be apt to admire the many strange accidents which
 unfortunately prevented any interview between Par-
 tridge and Mrs. Waters, when she spent a whole day
 there with Mr. Jones. Instances of this kind we may
 frequently observe in life, where the greatest events
 are produced by a nice train of little circumstances;
 and more than one example of this may be discovered
 by the accurate eye, in this our history.

After a fruitless search of two or three hours, Par-
 tridge returned back to his master, without having
 seen Mrs. Waters. Jones, who was in a state of
 desperation at this delay, was almost raving mad when

he brought him this account. He was not long however in this condition, before he received the following letter.

‘ S I R,

‘ S I N C E I left you, I have seen a gentleman,
 ‘ from whom I have learnt something concern-
 ‘ ing you, which greatly surprizes and affects me ; but
 ‘ as I have not at present leisure to communicate a
 ‘ matter of such high importance, you must suspend
 ‘ your curiosity till our next meeting, which shall be
 ‘ the first moment I am able to see you. O Mr.
 ‘ Jones, little did I think, when I past that happy day
 ‘ at Upton, the reflection upon which is like to em-
 ‘ bitter all my future life, who it was to whom I owed
 ‘ such perfect happiness. Believe me to be ever sin-
 ‘ cerely your unfortunate,

‘ J. W A T E R S.

‘ P. S. I would have you comfort yourself as much
 ‘ as possible ; for Mr. Fitzpatrick is in no manner of
 ‘ danger ; so that whatever other grievous crimes you
 ‘ may have to repent of, the guilt of blood is not
 ‘ among the number.’

Jones having received the letter, let it drop (for he was unable to hold it, and indeed had scarce the use of any one of his faculties). Partridge took it up, and having received consent by silence, read it likewise ; nor had it upon him a less sensible effect. The pencil, and not the pen, should describe the horrors which appeared in both their countenances. While they both remained speechless, the turnkey entered the room, and without taking any notice of what sufficiently discovered itself in the faces of them both, acquainted Jones that a man without desired to speak with him. This person was presently introduced, and was no other than Black George.

As sights of horror were not so usual to George as they were to the turnkey, he instantly saw the great disorder which appeared in the face of Jones. This he imputed to the accident that had happened, which

was reported in the very worst light in Mr. Western's family; he concluded therefore that the gentleman was dead, and that Mr. Jones was in a fair way of coming to a shameful end. A thought which gave him much uneasiness; for George was of a compassionate disposition, and notwithstanding a small breach of friendship, which he had been over-tempted to commit, was, in the main, not insensible of the obligations he had formerly received from Mr. Jones.

The poor fellow therefore scarce refrained from a tear at the present sight. He told Jones he was heartily sorry for his misfortunes, and begged him to consider, if he could be of any manner of service. 'Perhaps, Sir,' said he, 'you may want a little matter of money upon this occasion; if you do, Sir, what little I have is heartily at your service.'

Jones shook him very heartily by the hand, and gave him many thanks for the kind offer he had made; but answered, 'He had not the least want of that kind.' Upon which George began to press his services more eagerly than before. Jones again thanked him, with assurances that he wanted nothing which was in the power of any man living to give. 'Come, come, my good master,' answered George, 'do not take the matter so much to heart. Things may end better than you imagine; to be sure you are the first gentleman who hath killed a man, and yet come off.' 'You are wide of the matter, George,' said Partridge, 'the gentleman is not dead, nor like to die. Don't disturb my master, at present, for he is troubled about a matter in which it is not in your power to do him any good.' 'You don't know what I may be able to do, Mr. Partridge,' answered George; 'if his concern is about my young lady, I have some news to tell my master. — What do you say, Mr. George?' cried Jones: 'Hath any thing lately happened in which my Sophia is concerned? My Sophia! How dares such a wretch as I mention her so prophanely.' — 'I hope she will be yours yet,' answered George. — 'Why, yes, Sir, I have something to tell you about her. Madam Western hath just brought

‘ Madam Sophia home, and there hath been a terrible to do. I could not possibly learn the very right of it; but my master he hath been in a vast big passion, and so was Madam Western, and I heard her say as she went out of doors into her chair, that she would never set her foot in master’s house again. I don’t know what’s the matter, not I, but every thing was very quiet when I came out; but Robin, who waited at supper, said he had never seen the ’squire for a long while in such good humour with young Madam; that he kissed her several times, and swore she should be her own mistress, and he never would think of confining her any more. I thought this news would please you, and so I slipped out, though it was so late, to inform you of it.’ Mr. Jones assured George that it did greatly please him; for though he should never more presume to lift his eyes towards that incomparable creature, nothing could so much relieve his misery as the satisfaction he should always have, in hearing of her welfare.

The rest of the conversation which passed at the visit, is not important enough to be here related. The reader will therefore forgive us this abrupt breaking of, and be pleased to hear how this great good-will of the ’squire towards his daughter was brought about.

Mrs. Western, on her first arrival at her brother’s lodging, began to set forth the great honours and advantages which would accrue to the family by the match with lord Fellamar, which her niece had absolutely refused; in which refusal, when the ’squire took the part of his daughter, she fell immediately into the most violent passion, and so irritated and provoked the ’squire, that neither his patience nor his prudence could bear it any longer; upon which there ensued between them both so warm a bout at altercation, that perhaps the regions of Billingsgate never equalled it. In the heat of this scolding Mrs. Western departed, and had consequently no leisure to acquaint her brother with the letter which Sophia received, which might have possibly produced ill effects; but to

say

say truth, I believe it never once occurred to her memory at this time.

When Mrs. Western was gone, Sophia, who had been hitherto silent, as well indeed from necessity as inclination, began to return the compliment which her father had made her, in taking her part against her aunt, by taking his likewise against the lady. This was the first time of her so doing, and it was in the highest degree acceptable to the 'squire. Again he remembered that Mr. Allworthy had insisted on an entire relinquishment of all violent means; and indeed, as he made no doubt but that Jones would be hanged, he did not in the least question succeeding with his daughter by fair means; he now therefore once more gave a loose to his natural fondness for her, which had such an effect on the dutiful, grateful, tender and affectionate heart of Sophia, that had her honour given to Jones, and something else perhaps in which he was concerned been removed, I much doubt whether she would not have sacrificed herself to a man she did not like, to have obliged her father. She promised him she would make it the whole business of her life to oblige him, and would never marry any man against his consent; which brought the old man so near to his highest happiness, that he was resolved to take the other sup, and went to bed completely drunk.

C H A P. III.

Allworthy visits old Nightingale; with a strange discovery that he made on that occasion.

THE morning after these things had happened, Mr. Allworthy went, according to his promise, to visit old Nightingale, with whom his authority was so great, that after having sat with him three hours, he at last prevailed with him to consent to see his son.

Here an accident happened of a very extraordinary kind; one indeed of those strange chances, whence very good and grave men have concluded that Providence often interposes in the discovery of the most secret villainy, in order to caution men from quitting

the paths of honesty, however warily they tread in those of vice.

Mr. Allworthy, at his entrance into Mr. Nightingale's, saw Black George; he took no notice of him, nor did Black George imagine he had perceived him.

However, when their conversation on the principal point was over, Allworthy asked Nightingale whether he knew one George Seagrim, and upon what business he came to his house. 'Yes,' answered Nightingale, 'I know him very well, and a most extraordinary fellow he is, who, in these days, hath been able to hoard up 500 l. from renting a very small estate of 30 l. a year.' 'And is this the story which he hath told you?' cries Allworthy. 'Nay, it is true, I promise you,' said Nightingale, 'for I have the money now in my own hands, in five Bank bills, which I am to lay out either in a mortgage, or in some purchase in the North of England.' The Bank bills were no sooner produced at Allworthy's desire, than he blessed himself at the strangeness of the discovery. He presently told Nightingale, that these Bank bills were formerly his, and then acquainted him with the whole affair. As there are no men who complain more of the frauds of business than highwaymen, gamesters, and other thieves of that kind; so there are none who so bitterly exclaim against the frauds of gamesters, &c. as usurers, brokers, and other thieves of this kind; whether it be that the one way of cheating is a discountenance or reflection upon the other, or that money, which is the common mistress of all cheats, makes them regard each other in the light of rivals; but Nightingale no sooner heard the story, than he exclaimed against the fellow in terms much severer than the justice and honesty of Allworthy had bestowed on him.

Allworthy desired Nightingale to retain both the money and the secret till he should hear farther from him; and if he should in the mean time see the fellow, that he would not take the least notice to him of the discovery which he had made. He then returned to his lodgings, where he found Mrs. Miller

in.

in a very dejected condition, on account of the information she had received from her son-in-law. Mr. Allworthy, with great cheerfulness, told her that he had much good news to communicate; and with little further preface, acquainted her, that he had brought Mr. Nightingale to consent to see his son, and did not the least doubt to effect a perfect reconciliation between them; though he found the father more soured by another accident of the same kind, which had happened in his family. He then mentioned the running away of the uncle's daughter, which he had been told by the old gentleman, and which Mrs. Miller, and her son-in-law, did not yet know.

The reader may suppose Mrs. Miller received this account with great thankfulness, and no less pleasure; but so uncommon was her friendship to Jones, that I am not certain whether the uneasiness she suffered for his sake, did not over-balance her satisfaction at hearing a piece of news tending so much to the happiness of her own family; nor whether even this very news, as it reminded her of the obligations she had to Jones, did not hurt as well as please her; when her grateful heart said to her, 'While my own family is happy, how miserable is the poor creature, to whose generosity we owe the beginning of all this happiness!'

Allworthy having left her a little while to chew the cud (if I may use that expression) on these first tidings, told her, he had still something more to impart, which he believed would give her pleasure. 'I think,' said he, 'I have discovered a pretty considerable treasure belonging to the young gentleman, your friend; but perhaps indeed, his present situation may be such that it will be of no service to him.' The latter part of the speech gave Mrs. Miller to understand who was meant, and she answered with a sigh, 'I hope not, Sir.' 'I hope so too,' cries Allworthy, 'with all my heart; but my nephew told me this morning, he had heard a very bad account of the affair.'—'Good heaven! Sir,' said she—'Well, I must not speak, and yet it is certainly very hard

'hard to be obliged to hold one's tongue when one
 'hears'——'Madam,' said Allworthy, 'you may
 'say whatever you please, you know me too well to
 'think I have a prejudice against any one; and as for
 'that young man, I assure you I should be heartily
 'pleased to find he could acquit himself of every
 'thing, and particularly of this sad affair. You can
 'testify the affection I have formerly borne him..
 'The world, I know, censured me for loving him
 'so much. I did not withdraw that affection from
 'him without thinking I had the justest cause. Be-
 'lieve me, Mrs. Miller, I should be glad to find
 'I have been mistaken.' Mrs. Miller was going
 eagerly to reply, when a servant acquainted her,
 that a gentleman without desired to speak with her
 immediately. Allworthy then enquired for his ne-
 phew, and was told, that he had been for some time
 in his room with the gentleman, who used to come to
 him, and whom Mr. Allworthy guessing rightly to
 be Mr. Dowling, he desired presently to speak with
 him.

When Dowling attended, Allworthy put the case
 of the Bank notes to him, without mentioning any
 name, and asked in what manner such a person
 might be punished. To which Dowling answered,
 he thought he might be indicted on the Black Act;
 but said, as it was a matter of some nicety, it would
 be proper to go to council. He said he was to at-
 tend council presently upon an affair of Mr. Wes-
 tern's, and if Mr. Allworthy pleased, he would lay the
 case before them. This was agreed to; and then
 Mrs. Miller opening the door, cried, 'I ask pardon,
 'I did not know you had company;' but Allworthy
 desired her to come in, saying, he had finished his
 business. Upon which Mr. Dowling withdrew, and
 Mrs. Miller introduced Mr. Nightingale the younger,
 to return thanks for the great kindness done him by
 Allworthy; but she had scarce patience to let the
 young gentleman finish his speech before she inter-
 rupted him, saying, 'O Sir, Mr. Nightingale brings
 'great news about poor Mr. Jones; he hath been to
 'see the wounded gentleman, who is out of all
 'danger.

‘ danger of death, and what is more, declares he fell
‘ upon poor Mr. Jones himself, and beat him. I am
‘ sure, Sir, you would not have Mr. Jones be a
‘ coward. If I was a man myself, I am sure if any
‘ man was to strike me, I should draw my sword.
‘ Do pray, my dear, tell Mr. Allworthy, tell him
‘ all yourself.’ Nightingale then confirmed what
Mrs. Miller had said; and concluded with many
handsome things of Jones, who was, he said, one of
the best-natured fellows in the world, and not in the
least inclined to be quarrelsome. Here Nightingale
was going to cease, when Mrs. Miller again begged
him to relate all the many dutiful expressions he had
heard him make use of towards Mr. Allworthy. ‘ To
‘ say the utmost good of Mr. Allworthy,’ cries Night-
ingale, ‘ is doing no more than strict justice, and can
‘ have no merit in it; but indeed I must say, no
‘ man can be more sensible of the obligations he hath
‘ to so good a man than is poor Jones. Indeed, Sir,
‘ I am convinced the weight of your displeasure is
‘ the heaviest burden he lies under. He hath often
‘ lamented it to me, and hath as often protested in
‘ the most solemn manner he hath never been inten-
‘ tionally guilty of any offence towards you; nay,
‘ he hath sworn he would rather die a thousand deaths
‘ than he would have his conscience upbraid him
‘ with one disrespectful, ungrateful, or undutiful
‘ thought towards you. But I ask pardon, Sir, I am
‘ afraid I presume to intermeddle too far in so tender
‘ a point.’ ‘ You have spoke no more than what a
‘ christian ought,’ cries Mrs. Miller. ‘ Indeed,
‘ Mr. Nightingale,’ answered Allworthy, ‘ I applaud
‘ your generous friendship, and I wish he may merit
‘ it of you. I confess I am glad to hear the report
‘ you bring from this unfortunate gentleman; and if
‘ that matter should turn out to be as you represent
‘ it (and indeed I doubt nothing of what you say) I
‘ may perhaps, in time, be brought to think better
‘ than lately I have of this young man: for this good
‘ gentlewoman here, nay all who know me, can wit-
‘ ness that I loved him as dearly as if he had been my
‘ own son. Indeed I have considered him as a child

‘ sent by fortune to my care. I still remember the
 ‘ innocent, the helpless situation in which I found
 ‘ him. I feel the tender pressure of his little hands
 ‘ at this moment.—He was my darling, indeed he
 ‘ was.’ At which words he ceased, and the tears
 stood in his eyes.

As the answer which Mrs. Miller made may lead us into fresh matters, we will here stop to account for the visible alteration in Mr. Allworthy’s mind, and the abatement of his anger to Jones. Revolutions of this kind, it is true, do frequently occur in histories and dramatic writers, for no other reason than because the history or play draws to a conclusion, and are justified by authority of Authors; yet though we insist upon as much authority as any Author whatever, we shall use this power very sparingly, and never but when we are driven to it by necessity, which we do not at present foresee will happen in this work.

This alteration then in the mind of Mr. Allworthy was occasioned by a letter he had just received from Mr. Square, and which we shall give the reader in the beginning of the next chapter.

C H A P. IV.

Containing two letters in very different files.

“ My worthy friend,

“ **I** Informed you in my last, that I was forbidden
 “ the use of the waters, as they were found by
 “ experience rather to increase than lessen the symp-
 “ toms of my distemper. I must now acquaint you
 “ with a piece of news, which, I believe, will afflict
 “ my friends more than it hath afflicted me. Dr.
 “ Harrington and Dr. Brewster have informed me,
 “ that there is no hopes of my recovery.

“ I have somewhere read, that the great use of
 “ philosophy is to learn to die. I will not there-
 “ fore so far disgrace mine, as to shew any surprize
 “ at receiving a lesson which I must be thought to
 “ have so long studied. Yet, to say the truth, one
 “ page

“ page of the Gospel teaches this lesson better than
“ all the volumes of antient or modern philosophers.
“ The assurance it gives us of another life is a much
“ stronger support to a good mind, than all the con-
“ solations that are drawn from the necessity of na-
“ ture, the emptiness or satiety of our enjoyments
“ here, or any other topic of those declamations
“ which are sometimes capable of arming our minds
“ with a stubborn patience in bearing the thoughts of
“ death; but never of raising them to a real con-
“ tempt of it, and much less of making us think
“ it is a real good. I would not here be understood
“ to throw the horrid censure of atheism, or even
“ the absolute denial of immortality, on all who are
“ called philosophers. Many of that sect, as well
“ antient as modern, have, from the light of reason,
“ discovered some hopes of a future state; but, in
“ reality, that light was so faint and glimmering,
“ and the hopes were so uncertain and precarious,
“ that it may be justly doubted on which side their
“ belief turned. Plato himself concludes his Phæ-
“ don with declaring, that his best arguments amount
“ only to raise a probability; and Cicero himself
“ seems rather to profess an inclination to believe,
“ than any actual belief in the doctrines of immor-
“ tality. As to myself, to be very sincere with you,
“ I never was much in earnest in this faith, till I was
“ in earnest a christian.

“ You will perhaps wonder at the latter expression;
“ but I assure you it hath not been till very lately,
“ that I could, with truth, call myself so. The
“ pride of philosophy had intoxicated my reason,
“ and the sublimest of all wisdom appeared to me,
“ as it did to the Greeks of old, to be foolishness.
“ God hath however been so gracious to shew me
“ my error in time, and to bring me into the way of
“ truth, before I sunk into utter darkness for ever.

“ I find myself beginning to grow weak, I shall
“ therefore hasten to the main purpose of this let-
“ ter.

“ When I reflect on the actions of my past life,
“ I know of nothing which sits heavier upon my
“ conscience,

“ conscience, than the injustice I have been guilty
 “ of to that poor wretch your adopted son. I have
 “ indeed not only connived at the villainy of others,
 “ but been myself active in injustice towards him.
 “ Believe me, my dear friend, when I tell you on
 “ the word of a dying man, he hath been basely in-
 “ jured. As to the principal fact, upon the misre-
 “ presentation of which you discarded him, I solemnly
 “ assure you he is innocent. When you lay upon
 “ your supposed death-bed, he was the only person
 “ in the house who testified any real concern; and
 “ what happened afterwards arose from the wildness
 “ of his joy on your recovery; and, I am sorry to
 “ say it, from the baseness of another person (but it
 “ is my desire to justify the innocent, and to accuse
 “ none.) Believe me, my friend, this young man
 “ hath the noblest generosity of heart, the most
 “ perfect capacity for friendship, the highest inte-
 “ grity, and indeed every virtue which can enoble a
 “ man. He hath some faults, but among them is
 “ not to be numbered the least want of duty or gra-
 “ titude towards you. On the contrary, I am satis-
 “ fied, when you dismissed him from your house, his
 “ heart bled for you more than for himself.

“ Worldly motives were the wicked and base rea-
 “ sons of my concealing this from you so long; to
 “ reveal it now, I can have no inducement but the
 “ desire of serving the cause of truth, of doing right
 “ to the innocent, and of making all the amends
 “ in my power for a past offence. I hope this decla-
 “ ration therefore will have the effect desired, and
 “ will restore this deserving young man to your fa-
 “ vour; the hearing of which, while I am yet alive,
 “ will afford the utmost consolation to,

“ S I R,

“ Your most obliged,

“ Obedient humble servant,

“ THOMAS SQUARE.”

The

The reader will, after this, scarce wonder at the revolution so visibly appearing in Mr. Allworthy, notwithstanding he received from Thwackum, by the same post, another letter of a very different kind, which we shall here add, as it may possibly be the last time we shall have occasion to mention the name of that gentleman.

‘ S I R,

‘ I am not at all surprized at hearing from your
 ‘ worthy nephew a fresh instance of the villainy of
 ‘ Mr. Square the atheist’s young pupil. I shall not
 ‘ wonder at any murders he may commit; and I
 ‘ heartily pray that your own blood may not seal up
 ‘ his final commitment to the place of wailing and
 ‘ gnashing of teeth.

‘ Though you cannot want sufficient calls to re-
 ‘ pentance for the many unwarrantable weaknesses ex-
 ‘ emplified in your behaviour to this wretch, so
 ‘ much to the prejudice of your own lawful family,
 ‘ and of your character; I say, though these may
 ‘ sufficiently be supposed to prick and goad your
 ‘ conscience at this season; I should yet be wanting
 ‘ to my duty, if I spared to give you some admonition
 ‘ in order to bring you to a due sense of your errors.
 ‘ I therefore pray you seriously to consider the judg-
 ‘ ment which is likely to over-take this wicked vil-
 ‘ lain; and let it serve at least as a warning to you,
 ‘ that you may not for the future despise the advice
 ‘ of one who is so indefatigable in his prayers for
 ‘ your welfare.

‘ Had not my hand been with-held from due
 ‘ correction, I had scourged much of this diabolical
 ‘ spirit out of a boy, of whom from his infancy I
 ‘ discovered the devil had taken such entire possession;
 ‘ but reflections of this kind now come too late.

‘ I am sorry you have given away the living of
 ‘ Westerton so hastily. I should have applied on
 ‘ that occasion earlier, had I thought you would
 ‘ not have acquainted me previous to the disposi-
 ‘ tion.—Your objection to pluralities, is being
 ‘ righteous over-much. If there were any crime in
 ‘ the

‘ the practice, so many godly men would not agree
 ‘ to it. If the vicar of Aldergrove should die (as
 ‘ we hear he is in a declining way) I hope you will
 ‘ think of me, since I am certain you must be con-
 ‘ vinced of my most sincere attachment to your
 ‘ highest welfare. A welfare to which all worldly
 ‘ considerations are as trifling as the small tithes men-
 ‘ tioned in scripture are, when compared to the weighty
 ‘ matters of the law.

‘ I am, S I R,

‘ Your faithful humble servant,

‘ ROGER THWACKUM.’

This was the first time Thwackum ever wrote in this authoritative stile to Allworthy, and of this he had afterwards sufficient reason to repent, as in the case of those who mistake the highest degree of goodness for the lowest degree of weakness. Allworthy had indeed never liked this man. He knew him to be proud and ill-natured; he also knew that his divinity itself was tintured with his temper, and such as in many respects he himself did by no means approve: but he was at the same time an excellent scholar, and most indefatigable in teaching the two lads. Add to this the strict severity of his life and manners, an unimpeached honesty, and a most devout attachment to religion. So that upon the whole, though Allworthy did not esteem nor love the man, yet he could never bring himself to part with a tutor to the boys, who was, both by learning and industry, extremely well qualified for his office; and he hoped, that as they were bred up in his own house, and under his own eye, he should be able to correct whatever was wrong in Thwackum’s instructions.

C H A P. V.

In which the history is continued.

MR. Allworthy in his last speech, had recollected some tender ideas concerning Jones, which had brought tears into the good man’s eyes:
 This

This Mrs. Miller observing, said, ‘ Yes, yes, Sir, your goodness to this poor young man is known, notwithstanding all your care to conceal it; but there is not a single syllable of truth in what those villains said. Mr. Nightingale hath now discovered the whole matter. It seems these fellows were employed by a lord, who is a rival of poor Mr. Jones, to have pressed him on board a ship. ——— I assure them I don’t know who they will press next. Mr. Nightingale here hath seen the officer himself, who is a very pretty gentleman, and hath told him all, and is very sorry for what he undertook, which he would never have done, had he known Mr. Jones to have been a gentleman; but he was told that he was a common strolling vagabond.’

Allworthy stared at all this, and declared he was a stranger to every word she said. ‘ Yes, Sir,’ answered she, ‘ I believe you are. ——— It is a very different story, I believe, from what those fellows told the lawyer.’

‘ What lawyer, Madam? what is it you mean?’ said Allworthy. ‘ Nay, nay,’ said she, ‘ this is so like you to deny your own goodness; but Mr. Nightingale here saw him.’ ‘ Saw whom, Madam?’ answered he. ‘ Why your lawyer, Sir,’ said she, ‘ that you so kindly sent to enquire into the affair.’ ‘ I am still in the dark, upon my honour,’ said Allworthy. ‘ Why then do you tell him, my dear Sir,’ cried she. ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ said Nightingale, ‘ I did see that very lawyer, who went from you when I came into the room, at an alehouse in Aldersgate, in company with two of the fellows who were employed by lord Fellamar to press Mr. Jones, and who were by that means present at the unhappy rencounter between him and Mr. Fitzpatrick.’ ‘ I own, Sir,’ said Mrs. Miller, ‘ when I saw this gentleman come into the room to you, I told Mr. Nightingale that I apprehended you had sent him thither to inquire into the affair.’ Allworthy shewed marks of astonishment in his countenance at this news, and was indeed for two or three minutes struck dumb by it. At last, addressing himself to
Mr.

Mr. Nightingale, he said, ' I must confess myself, ' Sir, more surprized at what you tell me, than I ' have ever been before at any thing in my whole ' life. Are you certain this was the gentleman?' ' I am most certain,' answered Nightingale. ' At ' Aldersgate?' cries Allworthy. ' And was you in ' company with this lawyer and the two fellows?'— ' I was Sir,' said the other, ' very near half an ' hour.' — ' Well, Sir,' said Allworthy, ' and in ' what manner did the lawyer behave? did you hear ' all that past between him and the fellows?' ' No, ' Sir,' answered Nightingale, ' they had been to- ' gether before I came.—In my presence the lawyer ' said little; but after I had several times examined ' the fellows, who persisted in a story directly con- ' trary to what I had heard from Mr. Jones, and ' which I find by Mr. Fitzpatrick was a rank falshood; ' the lawyer then desired the fellows to say nothing ' but what was the truth, and seemed to speak so ' much in favour of Mr. Jones, that when I saw ' the same person with you, I concluded your good- ' ness had prompted you to send him thither.'— ' And did you not send him thither?' says Mrs. Mil- ' ler,—' Indeed I did not,' answered Allworthy; ' nor ' did I know he had gone on such an errand 'till this ' moment.'—' I see it all! said Mrs. Miller: ' upon ' my soul, I see it all! No wonder they have been ' closetted so close lately. Son Nightingale, let me ' beg you run for these fellows immediately—find ' them out if they are above ground. I will go my- ' self.' — ' Dear Madam,' said Allworthy, ' be pa- ' tient, and do me the favour to send a servant up- ' stairs to call Mr. Dowling hither, if he be in the ' house, or if not, Mr. Blifil.' Mrs. Miller went out muttering something to herself, and presently re- turned with an answer, ' That Mr. Dowling was ' gone; but that the t'other, as she called him, was ' coming.'

Allworthy was of a cooler disposition than the good woman, whose spirits were all up in arms in the cause of her friend. He was not however without some suspicions which were near akin to hers. When Blifil came

came into the room, he asked him with a very serious countenance, and with a less friendly look than he had ever before given him, 'Whether he knew any thing of Mr. Dowling's having seen any of the persons who were present at the duel between Jones and another gentleman?'

There is nothing so dangerous as a question which comes by surprize on a man, whose business it is to conceal truth, or to defend falsehood. For which reason those worthy personages, whose noble office it is to save the lives of their fellow-creatures at the Old-Bailey, take the utmost care, by frequent previous examination, to divine every question, which may be asked their clients on the day of trial, that they may be supplied with proper and ready answers, which the most fertile invention cannot supply in an instant. Besides, the sudden and violent impulse on the blood, occasioned by these surprizes, causes frequently such an alteration in the countenance, that the man is obliged to give evidence against himself. And such indeed were the alterations which the countenance of Blifil underwent from this sudden question, that we can scarce blame the eagerness of Mrs. Miller, who immediately cry'd out, 'Guilty, upon my honour! guilty upon my soul!'

Mr. Allworthy sharply rebuked her for this impetuosity; and then turning to Blifil, who seemed sinking into the earth, he said, 'Why do you hesitate, Sir, at giving me an answer? You certainly must have employed him; for he would not, of his own accord, I believe, have undertaken such an errand, and especially without acquainting me.'

Blifil then answered, 'I own, Sir, I have been guilty of an offence, yet may I hope your pardon?'—'My pardon,' said Allworthy very angrily.—'Nay, Sir,' answered Blifil, 'I knew you would be offended; yet surely my dear uncle will forgive the effects of the most amiable of human weaknesses. Compassion for those who do not deserve it, I own is a crime; and yet it is a crime from which you yourself are not entirely free. I know I have been guilty of it in more than one instance

‘ instance to this very person ; and I will own I did
 ‘ send Mr. Dowling, not on a vain and fruitless en-
 ‘ quiry, but to discover the witnesses, and to en-
 ‘ deavour to soften their evidence. This, Sir, is
 ‘ the truth ; which though I intended to conceal
 ‘ from you, I will not deny.’

‘ I confess,’ said Nightingale, ‘ this is the light
 ‘ in which it appeared to me from the gentleman’s
 ‘ behaviour.’

‘ Now, Madam,’ said Allworthy, ‘ I believe you
 ‘ will once in your life own you have entertained a
 ‘ wrong suspicion, and are not so angry with my
 ‘ nephew as you was.’

Mrs. Miller was silent ; for though she could not
 so hastily be pleased with Blifil, whom she looked up-
 on to have been the ruin of Jones, yet in this par-
 ticular instance he had imposed upon her as well as up-
 on the rest ; so entirely had the devil stood his friend.
 And indeed, I look upon the vulgar observation,
 “ That the Devil often deserts his friends, and leaves
 “ them in the lurch,” to be great a abuse on that
 gentleman’s character. Perhaps he may sometimes
 desert those who are only his cap acquaintance ; or
 who, at most, are but half his ; but he generally stands
 by those who are thoroughly his servants, and helps
 them off in all extremities, ’till their bargain expires.

As a conquered rebellion strengthens a govern-
 ment, or as health is more perfectly established by re-
 covery from some diseases ; so anger, when removed,
 often gives new life to affection. This was the case
 of Mr. Allworthy ; for Blifil having wiped off the
 greater suspicion, the lesser, which had been raised by
 Square’s letter, sunk of course, and was forgotten ;
 and Thwackum, with whom he was greatly offended,
 bore alone all the reflections which Square had cast on
 the enemies of Jones.

As for that young man, the resentment of Mr. All-
 worthy began more and more to abate towards him.
 He told Blifil, ‘ He did not only forgive the extra-
 ‘ ordinary efforts of his good-nature, but would give
 ‘ him the pleasure of following his example.’ Then
 turning to Mrs. Miller, with a smile which would have
 become

become an angel, he cry'd, ' What say you, Madam ;
' shall we take a hackney-coach, and all of us to-
' gether pay a visit to your friend ? I promise you
' it is not the first visit I have made in a prison.'

Every reader, I believe, will be able to answer for the worthy woman ; but they must have a great deal of good-nature, and be well acquainted with friendship, who can feel what she felt on this occasion. Few, I hope, are capable of feeling what now past in the mind of Blifil ; but those who are, will acknowledge, that it was impossible for him to raise any objection to this visit. Fortune, however, or the gentleman lately mentioned above, stood his friend, and prevented his undergoing so great a shock ; for at the very instant when the coach was sent for, Partridge arrived, and having called Mrs. Miller from the company, acquainted her with the dreadful accident lately come to light ; and hearing Mr. Allworthy's intention, begged her to find some means of stopping him ; ' For,' says he, ' the matter must at all hazards be kept a secret from him ; and if he should now go, he will find Mr. Jones and his mother, who arrived just as I left him, lamenting over one another the horrid crime they have ignorantly committed.'

The poor woman, who was almost deprived of her senses at this dreadful news, was never less capable of invention than at present. However, as women are much readier at this than men, she bethought herself of an excuse, and returning to Allworthy, said, ' I am sure, Sir, you will be surprized at hearing any objection from me to the kind proposal you just now made ; and yet I am afraid of the consequence of it, if carried immediately into execution. You must imagine, Sir, that all the calamities which have lately befallen this poor young fellow, must have thrown him into the lowest dejection of spirits : and now, Sir, should we all on a sudden fling him into such a violent fit of joy, as I know your presence will occasion, it may, I am afraid, produce some fatal mischief, especially as his servant, who is without, tells me he is very far from being well.'

‘ Is his servant without?’ cries Allworthy; ‘ pray call him hither. I will ask him some questions concerning his master.’

Partridge was at first afraid to appear before Mr. Allworthy; but was at length persuaded, after Mrs. Miller, who had often heard his whole story from his own mouth, had promised to introduce him.

Allworthy recollected Partridge the moment he came into the room, though many years had passed since he had seen him. Mrs. Miller therefore might have spared here a formal oration, in which indeed she was something prolix: for the reader, I believe, may have observed already that the good woman, among other things, had a tongue always ready for the service of her friends.

‘ And are you,’ said Allworthy to Partridge, ‘ the servant of Mr. Jones?’ ‘ I can’t say, Sir,’ answered he, ‘ that I am regularly a servant, but I live with him, an’t please your honour, at present. *Non sum qualis eram*, as your honour very well knows.’

Mr. Allworthy then asked him many questions concerning Jones, as to his health, and other matters; to all which Partridge answered, without having the least regard to what was, but considered only what he would have things appear; for a strict adherence to truth was not among the articles of this honest fellow’s morality, or his religion.

During this dialogue Mr. Nightingale took his leave, and presently after Mrs. Miller left the room, when Allworthy likewise dispatched Blifil; for he imagined that Partridge, when alone with him, would be more explicit than before company. They were no sooner left in private together, than Allworthy began as in the following chapter.

C H A P. VI.

In which the history is farther continued.

‘ SURE, friend,’ said the good man, ‘ you are the strangest of all human beings. Not only to have suffered as you have formerly, for obstinately persisting in a falsehood; but to persist in it thus to
‘ the

‘ the last, and to pass thus upon the world for the servant of your own son? What interest can you have in all this? What can be your motive?’

‘ I see Sir,’ said Partridge, falling down upon his knees, ‘ that your honour is prepossessed against me, and resolved not to believe any thing I say, and therefore what signifies my protestations? but yet there is one above who knows that I am not the father of this young man.’

‘ How!’ said Allworthy, ‘ will you yet deny what you was formerly convicted of upon such unanswerable, such manifest evidence? Nay, what a confirmation is your being now found with this very man, of all which twenty years ago appeared against you. I thought you had left the country; nay, I thought you had long since been dead.—In what manner did you know any thing of this young man? Where did you meet with him, unless you had kept some correspondence together? Do not deny this; for I promise you it will greatly raise your son in my opinion, to find that he hath such a sense of filial duty, as privately to support his father for so many years.’

‘ If your honour will have patience to hear me,’ said Partridge, ‘ I will tell you all.’—Being bid go on, he proceeded thus: ‘ When your honour conceived that displeasure against me, it ended in my ruin soon after; for I lost my little school; and the minister, thinking I suppose it would be agreeable to your honour, turned me out from the office of clerk; so that I had nothing to trust to but the barber’s shop, which in a country place like that, is a poor livelihood; and when my wife died (for ’till that time I received a pension of 12l. a year from an unknown hand, which indeed I believe was your honour’s own, for no body that ever I heard of doth these things besides); but as I was saying, when she died, this pension forsook me; so that now as I owed two or three small debts, which began to be troublesome to me, particularly one * which

* This is a fact which I knew happened to a poor clergyman in Dorsetshire, by the villainy of an attorney, who not contented with

‘ which an attorney brought up by law-charges from
 ‘ 15s. to near 30l. and as I found all my usual
 ‘ means of living had forsook me, I packed up my
 ‘ little all as well as I could, and went off.

‘ The first place I came to was Salisbury, where I
 ‘ got into the service of a gentleman belonging to
 ‘ the law, and one of the best gentlemen that ever I
 ‘ knew; for he was not only good to me, but I know
 ‘ a thousand good and charitable acts which he did
 ‘ while I staid with him; and I have known him of-
 ‘ ten refuse business because it was paultry and op-
 ‘ pressive.’—‘ You need not be so particular,’ said
 Allworthy; ‘ I know this gentleman, and a very
 ‘ worthy man he is, and an honour to his profes-
 ‘ sion.’—‘ Well, Sir,’ continued Partridge, ‘ from
 ‘ hence I removed to Lymington, where I was above
 ‘ three years in the service of another lawyer, who
 ‘ was likewise a very good sort of a man, and to be
 ‘ sure one of the merriest gentlemen in England.
 ‘ Well, Sir, at the end of the three years I set up a
 ‘ little school, and was likely to do well again, had
 ‘ it not been for a most unlucky accident. Here I
 ‘ kept a pig; and one day, as ill fortune would have
 ‘ it, this pig broke out, and did a trespass I think
 ‘ they call it, in a garden belonging to one of my
 ‘ neighbours, who was a proud, revengeful man,
 ‘ and employed a lawyer, one—one—I can’t think
 ‘ of his name; but he sent for a writ against me, and
 ‘ had me to Size. When I came there, Lord have
 ‘ mercy upon me—to hear what the counsellors said.
 ‘ There was one that told my lord a parcel of the
 ‘ confoundedst lies about me; he said, that I used to
 ‘ drive my hogs into other folks gardens, and a great
 ‘ deal more: and at last he said, He hoped I had at
 ‘ last brought my hogs to a fair market. To be sure,
 ‘ one would have thought, that instead of being

with the exorbitant costs to which the poor man was put by a
 single action, brought afterwards another action on the judgment,
 as it was called. A method frequently used to oppress the poor,
 and bring money into the pockets of attorneys, to the great scan-
 dal of the law, of the nation, of christianity, and even of human
 nature itself.

‘ owner

‘ owner only of one poor little pig, I had been the
 ‘ greatest hog-merchant in England. Well’—‘ Pray,’
 said Allworthy, ‘ do not be so particular. I have
 ‘ heard nothing of your son yet.’ ‘ O it was a great
 ‘ many years,’ answered Partridge, ‘ before I saw
 ‘ my son, as you are pleased to call him.—I went
 ‘ over to Ireland after this, and taught school at Cork,
 ‘ (for that one suit ruined me again, and I lay seven
 ‘ years in Winchester gaol.)—‘ Well,’ said All-
 ‘ worthy, ‘ pass that over till you return to England.’
 —‘ Then, Sir,’ said he, ‘ it was about half a year
 ‘ ago that I landed at Bristol, where I staid some time,
 ‘ and not finding it do there, and hearing of a place
 ‘ between that and Gloucester, where the barber was
 ‘ just dead, I went thither, and there I had been
 ‘ about two months, when Mr. Jones came thither.’
 He then gave Allworthy a very particular account of
 their first meeting, and of every thing, as well as he
 could remember, which had happened from that day
 to this; frequently interlarding his story with panegyrics
 on Jones, and not forgetting to insinuate the great
 love and respect which he had for Allworthy. He
 concluded with saying, ‘ Now, Sir, I have told your
 ‘ honour the whole truth.’ And then repeated a
 most solemn protestation, ‘ That he was no more the
 ‘ father of Jones than of the pope of Rome;’ and
 imprecated the most bitter curses on his head, if he
 did not speak truth.

‘ What am I to think of this matter?’ cries All-
 worthy. ‘ For what purpose should you so strongly
 ‘ deny a fact, which I think it would be rather your
 ‘ interest to own?—‘ Nay, Sir, answered Partridge,
 (for he could hold no longer) ‘ if your honour will
 ‘ not believe me, you are like soon to have satis-
 ‘ faction enough. I wish you had mistaken the
 ‘ mother of this young man, as well as you have
 ‘ his father.’—And now being asked what he
 meant, with all the symptoms of horror, both in his
 voice and countenance, he told Allworthy the whole
 story, which he had a little before expressed such
 desire to Mrs. Miller to conceal from him.

Allworthy was almost as much shocked at this discovery as Partridge himself had been while he related it. 'Good heavens!' says he, 'in what miserable distresses do vice and imprudence involve men! How much beyond our designs are the effects of wickedness sometimes carried!' He had scarce uttered these words, when Mrs. Waters came hastily and abruptly into the room. Partridge no sooner saw her, than he cried, 'Here, Sir, here is the very woman herself. This is the unfortunate mother of Mr. Jones; I am sure she will acquit me before your honour.'—'Pray Madam!—'

Mrs. Waters, without paying any regard to what Partridge said, and almost without taking any notice of him, advanced to Mr. Allworthy. 'I believe, Sir, it is so long since I had the honour of seeing you, that you do not recollect me.'—'Indeed,' answered Allworthy, 'you are so very much altered on many accounts, that had not this man already acquainted me who you are, I should not have immediately called you to my remembrance. Have you, Madam, any particular business which brings you to me?'—Allworthy spoke this with great reserve; for the reader may easily believe he was not well pleased with the conduct of this lady; neither with what he had formerly heard, nor with what Partridge had now delivered.

Mrs. Waters answered,—'Indeed, Sir, I have very particular business with you: and it is such as I can impart only to yourself.—I must desire therefore the favour of a word with you alone; for I assure you what I have to tell you is of the utmost importance.'

Partridge was then ordered to withdraw, but before he went, he begged the lady to satisfy Mr. Allworthy that he was perfectly innocent. To which she answered,—'You need be under no apprehension, Sir, I shall satisfy Mr. Allworthy very perfectly of that matter.'

Then Partridge withdrew, and that past between Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Waters which is written in the next chapter.

C H A P.

CHAP. VII.

Continuation of the history.

MRS. Waters remaining a few moments silent, Mr. Allworthy could not refrain from saying, 'I am sorry, Madam, to perceive by what I have since heard, that you have made so very ill a use'— 'Mr. Allworthy,' says she, interrupting him, 'I know I have faults, but ingratitude to you is not one of them. I never can nor shall forget your goodness, which I own I have very little deserved; but be pleased to wave all upbraiding me at present, as I have so important an affair to communicate to you concerning this young man, to whom you have given my maiden name of Jones.' 'Have I then,' said Allworthy, 'ignorantly punished an innocent man, in the person of him who hath just left us? Was he not the father of the child?' 'Indeed he was not,' said Mrs. Waters. 'You may be pleased to remember, Sir, I formerly told you, you should one day know; and I acknowledge myself to have been guilty of a cruel neglect, in not having discovered it to you before. Indeed I little knew how necessary it was.'—'Well, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'be pleased to proceed.' 'You must remember, Sir,' said she, 'a young fellow, whose name was Summer.' 'Very well,' cries Allworthy, 'he was the son of a clergyman of great learning and virtue, for whom I had the highest friendship.' 'So it appeared, Sir, answered she; for I believe you bred the young man up, and maintained him at the University; where, I think, he had finished his studies, when he came to reside at your house; a finer man, I must say, the sun never shone upon; for, besides the handsomest person I ever saw, he was so genteel, and had so much wit and good breeding.' 'Poor gentleman,' said Allworthy, 'he was indeed untimely snatched away; and little did I think he had any sins of this kind to answer for; for I plainly perceive you are going to tell me he was the father of your child.'

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ answered she, ‘ he was not,’ ‘ How?’
 said Allworthy, ‘ to what then tends all this preface?’
 ‘ To a story, Sir,’ said she, ‘ which I am concerned
 ‘ falls to my lot to unfold to you.—O, Sir, prepare to
 ‘ hear something which will surprize you, will grieve
 ‘ you.’ ‘ Speak,’ said Allworthy, ‘ I am conscious of
 ‘ no crime, and cannot be afraid to hear.’—‘ Sir,’
 ‘ said she, ‘ that Mr. Summer, the son of your
 ‘ friend, educated at your expence, who, after living
 ‘ a year in the house as if he had been your own son,
 ‘ died there of the small-pox, was tenderly lamented
 ‘ by you, and buried as if he had been your own;
 ‘ that Summer, Sir, was the father of this child.’—
 ‘ How!’ said Allworthy, ‘ you contradict yourself.’
 —‘ That I do not,’ answered she, ‘ he was indeed
 ‘ the father of this child, but not by me.’ Take
 ‘ care, Madam,’ said Allworthy; ‘ do not, to shun
 ‘ the imputation of any crime, be guilty of falshood.
 ‘ Remember there is one from whom you can conceal
 ‘ nothing, and before whose tribunal falshood will
 ‘ only aggravate your guilt.’ ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ says she,
 ‘ I am not his mother; nor would I now think my-
 ‘ self so for the world.’ ‘ I know your reason,’ said
 Allworthy, ‘ and shall rejoice as much as you to
 ‘ find it otherwise; yet you must remember, you
 ‘ yourself confest it before me.’—‘ So far what I
 ‘ confest,’ said she, ‘ was true, that these hands con-
 ‘ veyed the infant to your bed; conveyed it thither
 ‘ at the command of its mother; at her commands
 ‘ I afterwards owned it, and thought myself, by her
 ‘ generosity, nobly rewarded, both for my secrecy
 ‘ and my shame.’ ‘ Who could this woman be?’
 said Allworthy. ‘ Indeed I tremble to name her,’
 answered Mrs. Waters. ‘ By all this preparation I
 ‘ am to guess that she was a relation of mine,’ cried
 he. ‘ Indeed she was a near one.’ At which words
 Allworthy started, and she continued—‘ You had a
 ‘ sister, Sir.’—‘ A sister!’ repeated he looking aghast.
 —‘ As there is truth in heaven,’ cries she, ‘ your
 ‘ sister was the mother of that child you found be-
 ‘ tween your sheets.’ ‘ Can it be possible?’ cries
 he, ‘ good heavens!’ ‘ Have patience, Sir,’ said
 Mrs.

Mrs. Waters, and I will unfold to you the whole story. Just after your departure for London, Miss Bridget came one day to the house of my mother. She was pleased to say she had heard an extraordinary character of me, for my learning and superior understanding to all the young women there, so she was pleased to say. She then bid me come to her to the great house; where when I attended, she employed me to read to her. She expressed great satisfaction in my reading, shewed great kindness to me, and made me many presents. At last she began to catechise me on the subject of secrecy, to which I gave her such satisfactory answers, that, at last having locked the door of her room, she took me into her closet, and then locking that door likewise, she said, she should convince me of the vast reliance she had on my integrity, by communicating a secret in which her honour, and consequently her life was concerned. She then stopt, and after a silence of a few minutes, during which she often wiped her eyes, she enquired of me, if I thought my mother might safely be confided in. I answered, I would stake my life on her fidelity. She then imparted to me the great secret which laboured in her breast, and which, I believe, was delivered with more pains than she afterwards suffered in child-birth. It was then contrived, that my mother and myself only should attend at the time, and that Mrs. Wilkins should be sent out of the way, as she accordingly was, to the very furthest part of Dorsetshire, to enquire the character of a servant; for the lady had turned away her own maid near three months before; during all which time I officiated about her person upon trial, as she said, though, as she afterwards declared, I was not sufficiently handy for the place. This, and many other such things which she used to say of me, were all thrown out to prevent any suspicion which Wilkins might hereafter have, when I was to own the child; for she thought it could never be believed she would venture to hurt a young woman with whom she had intrusted such a secret. You

' may be assured, Sir, I was well paid for all these
 ' affronts, which, together with being informed with
 ' the occasion of them, very well contented me.
 ' Indeed the lady had a greater suspicion of Mrs.
 ' Wilkins than of any other person; not that she
 ' had the least aversion to the gentlewoman, but she
 ' thought her incapable of keeping a secret, especi-
 ' ally from you, Sir: for I have often heard Miss
 ' Bridget say, that if Mrs. Wilkins had committed
 ' a murder, she believed she would acquaint you
 ' with it. At last the expected day came, and Mrs.
 ' Wilkins, who had been kept a week in readiness,
 ' and put off from time to time, upon some pre-
 ' tence or other, that she might not return too soon,
 ' was dispatched. Then the child was born, in the
 ' presence only of myself and my mother, and was
 ' by my mother conveyed to her own house, where
 ' it was privately kept by her till the evening of
 ' your return, when I, by the command of Miss
 ' Bridget, conveyed it into the bed where you found
 ' it. And all suspicions were afterwards laid asleep
 ' by the artful conduct of your sister, in pretending
 ' ill-will to the boy, and that any regard she shewed
 ' him was out of meer complaisance to you.'

Mrs. Waters then made many protestations of the
 truth of this story, and concluded by saying,
 ' Thus, Sir, you have at last discovered your ne-
 ' phew; for so I am sure you will hereafter think
 ' him, and I question not but he will be both an
 ' honour and a comfort to you under that appella-
 ' tion.'

' I need not, Madam,' said Allworthy, ' express
 ' my astonishment at what you have told me; and
 ' yet surely you would not, and could not, have put
 ' together so many circumstances to evidence an un-
 ' truth. I confess, I recollect some passages relating
 ' to that Summer, which formerly gave me a con-
 ' ceit, that my sister had some liking to him. I
 ' mentioned it to her: for I had such a regard to
 ' the young man, as well on his own account, as
 ' on his father's, that I should willingly have con-
 ' sented to a match between them; but she express
 ' the

' the highest disdain of my unkind suspicion, as she
 ' called it; so that I never spoke more on the subject.
 ' Good heavens! Well! the Lord disposeth all things.
 ' — Yet sure it was a most unjustifiable conduct in
 ' my sister to carry this secret with her out of the
 ' world.' ' I promise you, Sir,' said Mrs. Waters,
 ' she always profest a contrary intention, and fre-
 ' quently told me, she intended one day to commu-
 ' nicate it to you. She said indeed, she was highly
 ' rejoiced that her plot had succeeded so well, and
 ' that you had of your own accord taken such a fancy
 ' to the child, that it was yet unnecessary to make
 ' any express declaration. Oh! Sir, had that lady
 ' lived to have seen this poor young man turned like
 ' a vagabond from your house; nay, Sir, could she
 ' have lived to hear that you had yourself employed
 ' a lawyer to prosecute him for a murder of which
 ' he was not guilty—Forgive me, Mr. Allworthy,
 ' I must say it was unkind.—Indeed you have been
 ' abused, he never deserved it of you.' ' Indeed,
 ' Madam,' said Allworthy, ' I have been abused by
 ' the person, whoever he was, that told you so.'
 ' Nay, Sir,' said she, ' I would not be mistaken, I
 ' did not presume to say you were guilty of any
 ' wrong. The gentleman who came to me, proposed no
 ' such matter: he only said, taking me for Mr. Fitz-
 ' patrick's wife, that if Mr. Jones had murdered my
 ' husband, I should be assisted with any money I
 ' wanted to carry on the prosecution, by a very
 ' worthy gentleman, who, he said, was well apprized
 ' what a villain I had to deal with. It was by this
 ' man I found out who Mr. Jones was; and this
 ' man, whose name is Dowling, Mr. Jones tells me,
 ' is your steward. I discovered his name by a very
 ' odd accident; for he himself refused to tell it
 ' me; but Partridge, who met him at my lodgings
 ' the second time he came, knew him formerly at
 ' Salisbury.'

' And did this Mr. Dowling,' says Allworthy,
 with great astonishment in his countenance, ' tell you
 ' that I would assist in the prosecution?' — ' No,
 ' Sir,' answered she, ' I will not charge him wrong-
 ' fully.

fully. He said I should be assisted, but he mentioned no name.—Yet, you must pardon me, Sir, if from circumstances I thought it could be no other.’ — ‘Indeed, Madam,’ says Allworthy, ‘from circumstances I am too well convinced it was another. — Good heaven! by what wonderful means is the blackest and deepest villainy sometimes discovered! — Shall I beg you, Madam, to stay till the person you have mentioned comes; for I expect him every minute; nay he may be, perhaps, already in the house.’

Allworthy then stepped to the door, in order to call a servant, when in came, not Mr. Dowling, but the gentleman who will be seen in the next chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

Further continuation.

THE gentleman who now arrived was no other than Mr. Western. He no sooner saw Allworthy, than, without considering in the least the presence of Mrs. Waters, he began to vociferate in the following manner. ‘Fine doings at my house! A rare kettle of fish I have discovered at last; who the devil would be plagued with a daughter? What’s the matter, neighbour?’ said Allworthy. ‘Matter enough,’ answered Western. ‘When I thought she was a just coming to; nay, when she had in a manner promised me to do as I would have her, and when I was a hoped to have had nothing more to do than to have sent for the lawyer, and finished all—What do you think I have found out? that the little b—— hath been playing tricks with me all the while, and carrying on a correspondence with that bastard of yours. Sister Western, whom I have quarrelled with upon her account, sent me word o’t, and I ordered her pockets to be searched when she was asleep, and here I have got un signed with the son of a whore’s own name. I have not had patience to read half o’t, for ’tis longer than one of parson Supple’s sermons; but I find plainly it is all about love; and indeed what should

'should it be else? I have packed her up in chamber
 'again, and to-morrow morning down she goes into
 'the country, unless she consents to be married di-
 'rectly, and there she shall live in a garret upon
 'bread and water all her days; and the sooner such
 'a b—— breaks her heart the better, though d——
 'her, that I believe is too tough. She will live long
 'enough to plague me.' 'Mr. Western,' answered
 Allworthy, 'you know I have always protested
 'against force, and you yourself consented that none
 'should be used.' 'Ay,' cries he, 'that was only
 'upon condition that she would consent without.
 'What the devil and doctor Faustus! shan't I do
 'what I will with my own daughter, especially when
 'I desire nothing but her own good?' 'Well, neigh-
 'bour,' answered Allworthy, 'if you will give me
 'leave, I will undertake once to argue with the
 'young lady.' 'Will you,' said Western, 'why
 'that is kind now and neighbourly, and mayhap you
 'will do more than I have been able to do with her;
 'for I promise you she hath a very good opinion of
 'you.' 'Well, Sir,' said Allworthy, 'if you will
 'go home, and release the young lady from her cap-
 'tivity, I will wait upon her within this half hour.'
 '—'But suppose,' said Western, 'she should run
 'away with un in the mean time? For lawyer Dow-
 'ling tells me, there is no hopes of hanging the fel-
 'low at last; for that the man is alive, and like to
 'do well, and that he thinks Jones will be out of
 'prison again presently.'——'How,' said All-
 worthy, 'what did you employ him then to enquire
 'or to do any thing in that matter?' 'Not I,' an-
 swered Western, 'he mentioned it to me just now
 'of his own accord.'——'Just now!' cries Allwor-
 thy, 'why where did you see him then? I want
 'much to see Mr. Dowling.'——'Why you may see
 'un an you will presently at my lodgings; for there
 'is to be a meeting of lawyers there this morning;
 'about a mortgage.——Icod! I shall lose two or dre-
 'thousand pounds, I believe, by that honest gentle-
 'man, Mr. Nightingale.'——'Well, Sir,' said All-
 worthy, 'I will be with you within the half hour.'

' And do for once,' cries the 'squire, ' take a fool's
 ' advice; and never think of dealing with her by
 ' gentle methods, take my word for it, those will
 ' never do. I have tried um long enough. She
 ' must be frightened into it, there is no other way.
 ' Tell her I'm her father; and of the horrid sin of
 ' disobedience, and of the dreadful punishment of it
 ' in t'other world; and then tell her about being
 ' locked up all her life in a garret in this, and being
 ' kept only on bread and water.' ' I will do all I
 ' can,' said Allworthy; ' for, I promise you, there
 ' is nothing I wish for more than an alliance with
 ' this amiable creature.' ' Nay, the girl is well
 ' enough, for matter o'that,' cries the 'squire; ' a man
 ' may go farther and meet with worfe meat; that I
 ' may declare o' her, thof she be my own daugh-
 ' ter. And if she will but be obedient to me, there
 ' is n'arrow a father within a hundred miles o' the
 ' place, that loves a daughter better than I do: but
 ' I see you are busy with the lady here, so I will go
 ' huome and expect you, and so your humble ser-
 ' vant.'

As soon as Mr. Western was gone, Mrs. Waters
 said, ' I see, Sir, the 'squire hath not the least re-
 ' membrance of my face. I believe, Mr. Allworthy,
 ' you would not have known me neither. I am very
 ' considerably altered since that day when you so
 ' kindly gave me that advice, which I had been
 ' happy had I followed.'—— ' Indeed, Madam,'
 cries Allworthy, ' it gave me great concern when I
 ' first heard the contrary.' ' Indeed, Sir,' says she,
 ' I was ruined by a very deep scheme of villainy,
 ' which, if you knew, though I pretend not to think
 ' it would justify me in your opinion, it would at
 ' least mitigate my offence, and induce you to pity
 ' me; you are not now at leisure to hear my whole
 ' story; but this I assure you, I was betrayed by the
 ' most solemn promises of marriage; nay, in the
 ' eye of heaven I was married to him: for after
 ' much reading on the subject, I am convinced that
 ' particular ceremonies are only requisite to give a
 ' legal sanction to marriage, and have only a worldly
 ' use

‘ use in giving a woman the privileges of a wife ;
‘ but that she who lives constant to one man, after a
‘ solemn private affiance, whatever the world may
‘ call her, hath little to charge on her own con-
‘ science.’ ‘ I am sorry, Madam,’ said Allworthy,
‘ you made so ill an use of your learning. Indeed
‘ it would have been well that you had been pos-
‘ sessed of much more, or had remained in a state of
‘ ignorance. And yet, Madam, I am afraid you
‘ have more than this sin to answer for.’ ‘ During
‘ his life,’ answered she, ‘ which was above a dozen
‘ years, I most solemnly assure you I had not. And
‘ consider, Sir, on my behalf, what is in the power
‘ of a woman stript of her reputation, and left des-
‘ titute ; whether the good-natured world will suffer
‘ such a stray sheep to return to the road of virtue,
‘ even if she was never so desirous. I protest then I
‘ would have chose it had it been in my power ; but
‘ necessity drove me into the arms of captain Waters,
‘ with whom, though still unmarried, I lived as a
‘ wife for many years, and went by his name. I
‘ parted with this gentleman at Worcester, on his
‘ march against the rebels, and it was then I acciden-
‘ tally met with Mr. Jones, who rescued me from the
‘ hands of a villain. Indeed he is the worthiest of
‘ men. No young gentleman of his age is, I be-
‘ lieve, freer from vice, and few have the twentieth
‘ part of his virtues ; nay, whatever vices he hath
‘ had, I am firmly persuaded he hath now taken a
‘ resolution to abandon them.’ ‘ I hope he hath,’
‘ cries Allworthy, ‘ and I hope he will preserve that
‘ resolution. I must say I have still the same hopes
‘ with regard to yourself. The world, I do agree,
‘ are apt to be too unmerciful on these occasions ; yet
‘ time and perseverance will get the better of this
‘ their disinclination, as I may call it, to pity ; for
‘ though they are not, like heaven, ready to receive
‘ a penitent sinner ; yet a continued repentance will
‘ at length obtain mercy even with the world. This
‘ you may be assured of, Mrs. Waters, that when-
‘ ever I find you are sincere in such good intentions,

‘ you shall want no assistance in my power to make
‘ them effectual.’

Mrs. Waters fell now upon her knees before him, and, in a flood of tears, made him many most passionate acknowledgments of his goodness, which, as she truly said, favoured more of the divine than human nature.

Allworthy raised her up, and spoke in the most tender manner, making use of every expression which his invention could suggest to comfort her, when he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Dowling, who, upon his first entrance, seeing Mrs. Waters, started, and appeared in some confusion; from which he soon recovered himself as well as he could, and then said, he was in the utmost haste to attend council at Mr. Western’s lodgings; but however, thought it his duty to call and acquaint him with the opinion of council, upon the case which he had before told him, which was, that the conversion of the monies in that case could not be questioned in a criminal cause, but that an action of trover might be brought, and if it appeared to the jury to be the monies of plaintiff, that plaintiff would recover a verdict for the value.

Allworthy, without making any answer to this, bolted the door, and then advancing with a stern look to Dowling, he said, ‘ Whatever be your haste, Sir, I must first receive an answer to some questions. Do you know this lady?’—‘ That lady, Sir?’ answered Dowling, with great hesitation. Allworthy then, with the most solemn voice, said, ‘ Look you, Mr. Dowling, as you value my favour, or your continuance a moment longer in my service, do not hesitate nor prevaricate; but answer faithfully and truly to every question I ask.—Do you know this lady?’—‘ Yes, Sir,’ said Dowling, ‘ I have seen the lady.’ ‘ Where, Sir?’ ‘ At her own lodgings.’—‘ Upon what business did you go thither, Sir, and who sent you?’ ‘ I went, Sir, to enquire, Sir, about Mr. Jones.’ ‘ And who sent you to enquire about him?’ ‘ Who, Sir; why, Sir, Mr. Blifil sent me.’ ‘ And what did you say to the lady concerning that matter?’ ‘ Nay, Sir, it is impossible to collect

' collect every word? ' Will you please, Madam, to
 ' assist the gentleman's memory?' ' He told me, Sir,'
 said Mrs. Waters, ' that if Mr. Jones had murdered
 ' my husband, I should be assisted by any money I
 ' wanted to carry on the prosecution, by a very
 ' worthy gentleman, who was well apprized what a
 ' villain I had to deal with.' ' These, I can safely
 ' swear, were the very words he spoke.'—' Were
 ' these the words, Sir?' said Allworthy. ' I cannot
 ' charge my memory exactly,' cries Dowling, ' but I
 ' believe I did speak to that purpose.'—' And did
 ' Mr. Blifil order you to say so?' ' I am sure, Sir,
 ' I should not have gone on my own accord, nor
 ' have willingly exceeded my authority in matters of
 ' this kind. If I said so, I must have so understood
 ' Mr. Blifil's instructions.' ' Look you, Mr. Dow-
 ' ling,' said Allworthy, ' I promise you before this
 ' lady, that whatever you have done in this affair by
 ' Mr. Blifil's order, I will forgive; provided you
 ' now tell me strictly the truth: for I believe what
 ' you say, that you would not have acted of your
 ' own accord, and without authority, in this matter.
 ' — Mr. Blifil then likewise sent you to examine
 ' the two fellows at Aldersgate?'—' He did, Sir.'
 ' Well, and what instructions did he then give you?
 ' Recollect as well as you can, and tell me, as near
 ' as possible, the very words he used.'—' Why,
 ' Sir, Mr. Blifil sent me to find out the persons who
 ' were eye-witnesses of this fight. He said, he feared
 ' they might be tampered with by Mr. Jones, or
 ' some of his friends. He said, blood required
 ' blood; and that not only all who concealed a mur-
 ' derer, but those who omitted any thing in their
 ' power to bring him to justice, were sharers in his
 ' guilt. He said, he found you was very desirous of
 ' having the villain brought to justice, though it was
 ' not proper you should appear in it.'—' He did
 ' so?' said Allworthy.—' Yes, Sir,' cries Dowling,
 ' I should not, I am sure, have proceeded such
 ' lengths for the sake of any other person living but
 ' your worship.—' What lengths, Sir,' said All-
 ' worthy.—' Nay, Sir,' cries Dowling, ' I would not
 ' have

' have your worship think I would, on any account,
 ' be guilty of subornation of perjury; but there are
 ' two ways of delivering evidence. I told them there-
 ' fore, that if any offers should be made them on
 ' the other side, they should refuse them, and that
 ' they might be assured they should lose nothing by
 ' being honest men, and telling the truth. I said, we
 ' were told, that Mr. Jones had assaulted the gentle-
 ' man first, and that if that was the truth, they should
 ' declare it; and I did give them some hints that
 ' they should be no losers.'—' I think you went
 ' lengths indeed,' cries Allworthy.—' Nay, Sir,'
 answered Dowling, ' I am sure I did not desire them
 ' to tell an untruth;—nor should I have said what
 ' I did, unless it had been to oblige you.'—
 ' You would not have thought, I believe,' says All-
 worthy, ' to have obliged me, had you known that
 ' this Mr. Jones was my own nephew.'—' I am
 ' sure, Sir,' answered he, ' it did not become me to
 ' take any notice of what I thought you desired to
 ' conceal.'—' How!' cries Allworthy, ' and did
 ' you know it then?'—' Nay, Sir,' answered
 Dowling, ' if your worship bids me speak the truth,
 ' I am sure I shall do it.—Indeed, Sir, I did know
 ' it; for they were almost the last words which Ma-
 ' dam Blifil ever spoke, which she mentioned to me
 ' as I stood alone by her bed-side, when she delivered
 ' me the letter, I brought your worship from her.'
 —' What letter?' cries Allworthy.—' The letter,
 ' Sir,' answered Dowling, ' which I brought from
 ' Salisbury, and which I delivered into the hands of
 ' Mr. Blifil.'—' O heavens!' cries Allworthy. ' Well,
 ' and what were the words? What did my sister say
 ' to you?'—' She took me by the hand,' answered
 he, ' and as she delivered me the letter, said, " I
 " scarce know what I have written. Tell my bro-
 " ther, Mr. Jones is his nephew—He is my son.—Bless
 " him," says she, and then fell backward, as if
 ' dying away. I presently called in the people, and
 ' she never spoke more to me, and died within a
 ' few minutes afterwards.'—Allworthy stood a minute
 silent, lifting up his eyes, and then turning to Dow-
 ' ling,

ling, said,——‘ How came you, Sir, not to deliver
 ‘ me this message?’ ‘ Your worship,’ answered he,
 ‘ must remember that you was at that time ill in bed ;
 ‘ and being in a violent hurry, as indeed I always
 ‘ am, I delivered the letter and message to Mr. Blifil,
 ‘ fil, who told me he would carry them both to you,
 ‘ which he hath since told me he did, and that your
 ‘ worship, partly out of friendship to Mr. Jones, and
 ‘ partly out of regard to your sister, would never
 ‘ have it mentioned; and did intend to conceal it
 ‘ from the world; and therefore, Sir, if you had
 ‘ not mentioned it to me first, I am certain I should
 ‘ never have thought it belonged to me to say any
 ‘ thing of the matter, either to your worship, or any
 ‘ other person.’

We have remarked some where already, that it is possible for a man to convey a lie in the words of truth; this was the case at present: for Blifil had, in fact, told Dowling what he now related; but had not imposed upon him, nor indeed had imagined that he was able so to do. In reality, the promises which Blifil had made to Dowling, were the motives which had induced him to secrecy; and as he very plainly saw Blifil would not be able to keep them, he thought proper now to make this confession, which the promises of forgiveness, joined to the threats, the voice, the looks of Allworthy, and the discoveries he had made before, extorted from him, who was besides taken unawares, and had no time to consider of evasions.

Allworthy appeared well satisfied with this relation, and having enjoined on Dowling strict silence as to what had past, conducted that gentleman himself to the door, lest he should see Blifil, who was returned to his chamber, where he exulted in the thoughts of his last deceit on his uncle, and little suspected what had since passed below stairs.

As Allworthy was returning to his room, he met Mrs. Miller in the entry, who, with a face all pale and full of terror, said to him, ‘ O! Sir, I find this
 ‘ wicked woman hath been with you, and you know
 ‘ all; yet do not on this account abandon the poor
 ‘ young

‘ young man; Consider, Sir, he was ignorant it was
 ‘ his own mother; and the discovery itself will most
 ‘ probably break his heart without your unkindness.’

‘ Madam,’ says Allworthy, ‘ I am under such an
 ‘ astonishment at what I have heard, that I am
 ‘ really unable to satisfy you; but come with me into
 ‘ my room. Indeed, Mrs. Miller, I have made
 ‘ surprizing discoveries, and you shall soon know
 ‘ them.’

The poor woman followed him trembling; and now
 Allworthy going up to Mrs. Waters, took her by the
 hand, and then turning to Mrs. Miller, said, ‘ What
 ‘ reward shall I bestow upon this gentlewoman for
 ‘ the services she hath done me? — O! Mrs. Miller,
 ‘ you have a thousand times heard me call the young
 ‘ man, to whom you are so faithful a friend, my
 ‘ son. Little did I then think he was indeed related
 ‘ to me at all. — Your friend, Madam, is my nephew;
 ‘ he is the brother of that wicked viper which I have
 ‘ so long nourished in my bosom. — She will herself
 ‘ tell you the whole story, and how the youth came
 ‘ to pass for her son. Indeed Mrs. Miller, I am
 ‘ convinced that he hath been wronged, and that I
 ‘ have been abused; abused by one whom you too
 ‘ justly suspected of being a villain. He is, in truth,
 ‘ the worst of villains.’

The joy which Mrs. Miller now felt, bereft her
 of the power of speech, and might perhaps have
 deprived her of her senses, if not of life, had not a
 friendly shower of tears come seasonably to her relief.
 At length recovering so far from her transport as to
 be able to speak, she cried; ‘ And is my dear Mr.
 ‘ Jones then your nephew, Sir? and not the son
 ‘ of this lady? And are your eyes opened to him at
 ‘ last? And shall I live to see him as happy as he de-
 ‘ serves?’ ‘ He certainly is my nephew,’ says All-
 worthy, ‘ and I hope all the rest.’ — ‘ And is this
 ‘ dear good woman, the person,’ cries she, ‘ to
 ‘ whom all this discovery is owing!’ — ‘ She is in-
 ‘ deed,’ says Allworthy. — ‘ Why then,’ cried Mrs.
 Miller upon her knees, ‘ may heaven shower down its
 ‘ choicest blessings upon her head, and for this one
 ‘ good

‘good action forgive her all her sins, be they never so many.’

Mrs. Waters then informed them, that she believed Jones would very shortly be released; for that the surgeon was gone, in company with a nobleman, to the justice who committed him, in order to certify that Mr. Fitzpatrick was out of all manner of danger, and to procure the prisoner his liberty.

Allworthy said, he should be glad to find his nephew there at his return home; but that he was then obliged to go on some business of consequence. He then called to a servant to fetch him a chair, and presently left the two ladies together.

Mr. Blifil hearing the chair ordered, came downstairs to attend upon his uncle; for he never was deficient in such acts of duty. He asked his uncle if he was going out? which is a civil way of asking a man whither he is going: to which the other making no answer, he again desired to know, when he would be pleased to return?—Allworthy made no answer to this neither, till he was just getting into his chair, and then turning about, he said.—‘Harkee, Sir, do you find out, before my return, the letter which your mother sent me on her death-bed.’ Allworthy then departed, and left Blifil in a situation to be envied only by a man who is just going to be hanged.

CHAP. IX.

A farther continuation.

ALLWORTHY took an opportunity whilst he was in the chair, of reading the letter from Jones to Sophia, which Western delivered him; and there were some expressions in it concerning himself, which drew tears from his eyes. At length he arrived at Mr. Western’s, and was introduced to Sophia.

When the first ceremonies were past, and the gentleman and lady had taken their chairs, a silence of some minutes ensued; during which the latter, who had been prepared for the visit by her father, sat playing with her fan, and had every mark of confusion.

fusion both in her countenance and behaviour. At length Allworthy, who was himself a little disconcerted, began thus; 'I am afraid, Miss Western, my family hath been the occasion of giving you some uneasiness! to which, I fear, I have innocently become more instrumental than I intended. Be assured, Madam, had I at first known how disagreeable the proposals had been, I should not have suffered you to have been so long persecuted. I hope therefore you will not think the design of this visit is to trouble you with any further solicitations of that kind, but entirely to relieve you from them.'

'Sir,' said Sophia, with a little modest hesitation, 'this behaviour is most kind and generous, and such as I could expect only from Mr. Allworthy: but as you have been so kind to mention this matter, you will pardon me for saying it hath indeed given me great uneasiness, and hath been the occasion of my suffering much cruel treatment from a father, who was, till that unhappy affair, the tenderest and fondest of all parents. I am convinced, Sir, you are too good and generous to resent my refusal of your nephew. Our inclinations are not in our own power; and whatever may be his merit, I cannot force them in his favour.' 'I assure you, most amiable young lady,' said Allworthy, 'I am capable of no such resentment, had the person been my own son, and had I entertained the highest esteem for him. For you say truly, Madam, we cannot force our inclinations, much less can they be directed by another.' 'Oh! Sir,' answered Sophia, 'every word you speak proves you to deserve that good, that great, that benevolent character the whole world allows you. I assure you, Sir, nothing less than the certain prospect of future misery could have made me resist the commands of my father.' 'I sincerely believe you, Madam,' replied Allworthy, 'and I heartily congratulate you on your prudent foresight, since by so justifiable a resistance you have avoided misery indeed.' 'You speak now, Mr. Allworthy,' cries she,

she, 'with a delicacy which few men are capable of
 feeling; but surely in my opinion, to lead our lives
 with one to whom we are indifferent, must be a
 state of wretchedness.—Perhaps that wretchedness
 would be even increased by a sense of the merits
 of the object to whom we cannot give our affec-
 tions. If I had married Mr. Blifil.'—'Pardon my
 interrupting you, Madam,' answered Allworthy,
 'but I cannot bear the supposition.—Believe me,
 Miss Western, I rejoice, from my heart I rejoice
 in your escape.—I have discovered the wretch,
 for whom you have suffered all this cruel violence
 from your father, to be a villain.' 'How, Sir!'
 cries Sophia, —'you must believe this surprizes me.'
 —'It hath surprized me, Madam,' answered All-
 worthy, and so it will the world—But I have ac-
 quainted you with the real truth.' 'Nothing but
 truth,' says Sophia, 'can, I am convinced, come
 from the lips of Mr. Allworthy.—Yet, Sir, such
 sudden, such unexpected news—Discovered, you
 say—may villainy be ever so?—'You will
 soon enough hear the story,' cries Allworthy;—
 'at present let us not mention so detested a name—
 I have another matter of a very serious nature to
 propose.—O! Miss Western, I know your vast
 worth, nor can I so easily part with the ambition of
 being allied to it.—I have a near relation, Madam,
 a young man whose character is, I am convinced,
 the very opposite to that of this wretch, and whose
 fortune I will make equal to what his was to have
 been.—Could I, Madam, hope you would admit a
 visit from him?' Sophia, after a minute's silence,
 answered, 'I will deal with the utmost sincerity
 with Mr. Allworthy. His character and the ob-
 ligation I have just received from him, demand it.
 I have determined at present to listen to no such
 proposals from any person. My only desire is to
 be restored to the affection of my father, and to
 be again the mistress of his family. This, Sir, I
 hope to owe to your good offices. Let me beseech
 you, let me conjure you, by all the goodness which
 I, and all who know you, have experienced; do
 not

'not the very moment when you have released me
 'from one persecution, do not engage me in another,
 'as miserable and as fruitless.' 'Indeed, Miss West-
 'tern,' replied Allworthy, 'I am capable of no
 'such conduct; and if this be your resolution, he
 'must submit to the disappointment, whatever tor-
 'ments he may suffer under it.' 'I must smile now,
 'Mr. Allworthy,' answered Sophia, 'when you
 'mention the torments of a man whom I do not
 'know, and who can consequently have so little
 'acquaintance with me.' 'Pardon me, dear young
 'lady,' cries Allworthy, 'I begin now to be afraid
 'he hath had too much acquaintance for the repose
 'of his future days; since, if ever man was capable
 'of a sincere, violent, and noble passion, such, I am
 'convinced, is my unhappy nephew's for Miss West-
 'tern.' 'A nephew of yours! Mr. Allworthy,' an-
 'swered Sophia. 'It is surely strange, I never heard
 'of him before.' 'Indeed! Madam,' cries All-
 'worthy, 'it is only the circumstance of his being
 'my nephew to which you are a stranger, and
 'which, till this day, was a secret to me.—Mr. Jones,
 'who has long loved you, he! he is my nephew.'
 'Mr. Jones your nephew, Sir?' cries Sophia, 'Can
 'it be possible?'—'He is indeed, Madam,' answered
 'Allworthy: 'he is my own sister's son—as such I
 'shall always own him; nor am I ashamed of own-
 'ing him. I am much more ashamed of my past
 'behaviour to him; but I was as ignorant of his
 'merit as of his birth. Indeed, Miss Western, I
 'have used him cruelly—Indeed I have.'—Here
 'the good man wiped his eyes, and after a short pause
 'proceeded—'I never shall be able to reward him for
 'his sufferings without your assistance.—Believe
 'me, most amiable young lady, I must have a great
 'esteem of that offering which I make to your worth.
 'I know he hath been guilty of faults; but there
 'is great goodness of heart at the bottom. Believe
 'me, Madam, there is.'—Here he stopped, seeming
 'to expect an answer, which he presently received
 'from Sophia, after she had a little recovered herself
 'from the hurry of spirits into which so strange and
 'sudden.

sudden information had thrown her: 'I sincerely with you joy, Sir, of a discovery in which you seem to have such satisfaction. I doubt not but you will have all the comfort you can promise yourself from it. The young gentleman hath certainly a thousand good qualities, which makes it impossible he should not behave well to such an uncle.'—'I hope, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'he hath those good qualities which must make him a good husband.—He must, I am sure, be of all men the most abandoned, if a lady of your merit should condescend'—'You must pardon me, Mr. Allworthy,' answered Sophia, 'I cannot listen to a proposal of this kind. Mr. Jones, I am convinced, hath much merit; but I shall never receive Mr. Jones as one who is to be my husband—Upon my honour I never will.'—'Pardon me, Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'if I am a little surprized, after what I have heard from Mr. Western—I hope the unhappy young man hath done nothing to forfeit your good opinion, if he had ever the honour to enjoy it.—Perhaps he may have been misrepresented to you, as he was to me. The same villainy may have injured him every where.—He is no murderer, I assure you, as he hath been called.'—'Mr. Allworthy,' answered Sophia, 'I have told you my resolution. I wonder not at what my father hath told you; but whatever his apprehensions or fears have been, if I know my heart, I have given no occasion for them; since it hath always been a fixed principle with me, never to have married without his consent. This is, I think, the duty of a child to a parent; and this, I hope, nothing could ever have prevailed with me to swerve from. I do not indeed conceive, that the authority of any parent can oblige us to marry, in direct opposition to our inclinations. To avoid a force of this kind, which I had reason to suspect, I left my father's house, and sought protection elsewhere. This is the truth of my story; and if the world, or my father, carry my intentions any farther, my own conscience will acquit me.' 'I hear you, Miss Western,'

' Western,' cries Allworthy, with admiration, ' I
 ' admire the justness of your sentiments; but surely
 ' there is more in this. I am cautious of offending
 ' you young lady; but am I to look on all which
 ' I have hitherto heard or seen, as a dream only?
 ' And have you suffered so much cruelty from your
 ' father on the account of a man to whom you have
 ' been always absolutely indifferent?' ' I beg, Mr.
 ' Allworthy,' answered Sophia, ' you will not insist
 ' on my reasons;—Yes, I have suffered indeed: I
 ' will not, Mr. Allworthy, conceal—I will be very
 ' sincere with you—I own I had a great opinion of
 ' Mr. Jones—I believe—I know I have suffered for
 ' my opinion—I have been treated cruelly by my
 ' aunt, as well as by my father; but that is now
 ' past—I beg I may not be farther pressed; for what-
 ' ever hath been, my resolution is now fixed. Your
 ' nephew, Sir, hath many virtues—he hath great vir-
 ' tues, Mr. Allworthy. I question not but he will
 ' do you honour in the world, and make you hap-
 ' py.'—' I wish I could make him so, Madam,'
 replied Allworthy; ' but that I am convinced is only
 ' in your power. It is that conviction which hath
 ' made me so earnest a solicitor in his favour.' ' You
 ' are deceived, indeed, Sir, you are deceived,' said
 Sophia—' I hope not by him—It is sufficient to
 ' have deceived me. Mr. Allworthy, I must insist
 ' on being prest no farther on this subject.—I should
 ' be sorry—Nay, I will not injure him in your fa-
 ' vour. I wish Mr. Jones very well. I sincerely wish
 ' him well; and I repeat it again to you, whatever
 ' demerit he may have to me, I am certain he hath
 ' many good qualities. I do not disown my former
 ' thoughts; but nothing can ever recal them. [At
 ' present there is not a man upon earth whom I would
 ' more resolutely reject than Mr. Jones; nor would
 ' the addresses of Mr. Blifil himself be less agreeable
 ' to me.'

Western had been long impatient for the event of
 this conference, and was just now arrived at the
 door to listen; when having heard the last senti-
 ments of his daughter's heart, he lost all temper,
 and

and bursting the door open in a rage, cried out, —
 ‘ it is a lye. It is a d—n’d lie. It is all owing to
 ‘ that d—n’d rascal Jones; and if she could get at
 ‘ un, she’d ha un any hour of the day.’ Here
 Allworthy interposed, and addressing himself to the
 ‘ squire with some anger in his look, he said, ‘ Mr.
 ‘ Western, you have not kept your word with me.
 ‘ You promised to abstain from all violence.’ —
 ‘ Why so I did,’ cries Western, ‘ as long as it was
 ‘ possible; but to hear a wench telling such con-
 ‘ founded lies.—‘ Zounds! doth she think if she
 ‘ can make vools of other volk, she can make one
 ‘ of me?—No, no, I know her better than thee
 ‘ dost.’ ‘ I am sorry to tell you, Sir,’ answered
 Allworthy, ‘ it doth not appear by your behaviour
 ‘ to this young lady, that you know her at all. I
 ‘ ask pardon for what I say; but I think our intima-
 ‘ cy, your own desires, and the occasion, justify me.
 ‘ She is your daughter, Mr. Western, and I think she
 ‘ doth honour to your name. If I was capable of
 ‘ envy, I should sooner envy you on this account,
 ‘ than any other man whatever.’—‘ Od-rabbit it,’
 cries the ‘ squire, ‘ I wish she was thine with all my
 ‘ heart—wouldst soon be glad to be rid of the trou-
 ‘ ble o’ her.’—‘ Indeed, my good friend,’ answered
 Allworthy, ‘ you yourself are the cause of all the
 ‘ trouble you complain of. Place that confidence in
 ‘ the young lady which she so well deserves, and I
 ‘ am certain you will be the happiest father on
 ‘ earth.’—‘ I confidence in her! cries the ‘ squire,
 —‘ ‘Sblood! what confidence can I place in her,
 ‘ when she won’t do as I wou’d ha her? Let her gi
 ‘ but her consent to marry as I would ha her, and
 ‘ I’ll place as much confidence in her as wouldst ha
 ‘ me.’—‘ You have no right, neighbour,’ answered
 Allworthy, ‘ to insist on any such consent. A nega-
 ‘ tive voice your daughter allows you, and God and
 ‘ nature have thought proper to allow you no more.’
 ‘ A negative voice?’ cries the ‘ squire—‘ Ay! ay!
 ‘ I’ll shew you what a negative voice I ha—Go along,
 ‘ go into your chamber, go, you stubborn’—‘ Indeed,
 ‘ Mr. Western,’ said Allworthy,—‘ Indeed you use
 ‘ her

‘ her cruelly—I cannot bear to see this—You shall, you must behave to her in a kinder manner. She deserves the best of treatment.’ ‘ Yes, yes,’ said the squire, ‘ I know what she deserves: now she’s gone, I’ll shew you what she deserves.—See here, Sir, here is a letter from my cousin, my lady Bellaston, in which she is so kind to gi me to understand, that the fellow is got out of prison again; and here she advises me to take all the care I can o’ the wench. Odzookers! neighbour Allworthy, you don’t know what it is to govern a daughter.’

The squire ended his speech with some compliments to his own sagacity; and then Allworthy, after a formal preface, acquainted him with the whole discovery which he had made concerning Jones, with his anger to Blifil, and with every particular which had been disclosed to the reader in the preceding chapters.

Men over violent in their dispositions, are, for the most part, as changeable in them. No sooner then was Western informed of Mr. Allworthy’s intention to make Jones his heir, than he joined heartily with the uncle in every commendation of the nephew, and became as eager for her marriage with Jones, as he had before been to couple her to Blifil.

Here Mr. Allworthy was again forced to interpose, and to relate what had passed between him and Sophia, at which he testified great surprize.

The squire was silent a moment, and looked wild with astonishment at this account.—At last he cried out, ‘ Why what can be the meaning of this, neighbour Allworthy? Vond o’ un she was, that I’ll be sworn to.—Odzookers! I have hit o’t. As sure as a gun I have hit o’ the very right o’t. It’s all along o’ zister. The girl hath got a hankering after this son of a whore of a lord. I vound ’em together at my cousin, my lady Bellaston’s. He hath turned the head o’ her, that’s certain—but d—n me if he shall ha her—I’ll ha no lords nor courtiers in my vamily.’

Allworthy now made a long speech, in which he repeated his resolution to avoid all violent measures,

fures, and very earnestly recommended gentle methods to Mr. Western, as those by which he might be assured of succeeding best with his daughter. He then took his leave, and returned back to Mrs. Miller, but was forced to comply with the earnest entreaties of the squire, in promising to bring Mr. Jones to visit him that afternoon, that he might, as he said, 'Make all matters up with the young gentleman.' At Mr. Allworthy's departure, Western promised to follow his advice in his behaviour to Sophia, saying, 'I don't know how 'tis, but damn me, Allworthy, if you don't make me always do just as you please; and yet I have as good an estate as you, and am in the commission of the peace as well as yourself.'

C H A P. X.

Wherein the history begins to draw towards a conclusion.

WHEN Allworthy returned to his lodgings, he heard Mr. Jones was just arrived before him. He hurried therefore instantly into an empty chamber, whither he ordered Mr. Jones to be brought to him alone.

It is impossible to conceive a more tender or moving scene, than the meeting between the uncle and nephew, (for Mrs. Waters, as the reader may well suppose, had at her last visit discovered to him the secret of his birth.) The first agonies of joy which were felt on both sides, are indeed beyond my power to describe: I shall not therefore attempt it. After Allworthy had raised Jones from his feet, where he had prostrated himself, and received him into his arms, 'O my child,' he cried, 'how have I been to blame! how have I injured you! What amends can I ever make you for those unkind, those unjust suspicions which I have entertained; and for all the sufferings they have occasioned to you?' 'Am I not now made amends?' cries Jones, 'Would not my sufferings, if they had been ten times greater, have been now richly repaid? O my dear uncle! this goodness, this tenderness over-powers, unmans,

‘ destroys me. I cannot bear the transports which
‘ flow so fast upon me. To be again restored to
‘ your presence, to your favour; to be once more
‘ thus kindly received by my great, my noble, my
‘ generous benefactor’—‘ Indeed, child,’ cries All-
‘ worthy, ‘ I have used you cruelly.’—He then ex-
‘ plained to him all the treachery of Bliss, and again
‘ repeated expressions of the utmost concern, for hav-
‘ ing been induced by that treachery to use him so ill.
‘ O talk not so,’ answered Jones; ‘ indeed, Sir, you
‘ have used me nobly. The wisest man might be
‘ deceived as you were, and under such a deception,
‘ the best must have acted just as you did. Your
‘ goodness displayed itself in the midst of your an-
‘ ger, just as it then seemed. I owe every thing to
‘ that goodness of which I have been most unwor-
‘ thy. Do not put me on self-accusation, by carry-
‘ ing your generous sentiments too far. Alas, Sir, I
‘ have not been punished more than I have deserved;
‘ and it shall be the whole business of my future life
‘ to deserve that happiness you now bestow on me;
‘ for believe me, my dear uncle, my punishment
‘ hath not been thrown away upon me: though I
‘ have been a great, I am not a hardened sinner; I
‘ thank heaven I have had time to reflect on my past
‘ life, where though I cannot charge myself with
‘ any gross villainy, yet I can discern follies and vices
‘ more than enough to repent and to be ashamed of;
‘ follies which have been attended with dreadful con-
‘ sequences to myself, and have brought me to the
‘ brink of destruction.’ ‘ I am rejoiced, my dear
‘ child,’ answered Allworthy, ‘ to hear you talk
‘ thus sensibly; for as I am convinced hypocrisy
‘ (good heaven how have I been imposed on by it
‘ in others!) was never among your faults; so I
‘ can readily believe all you say. You now see,
‘ Tom, to what dangers imprudence alone may
‘ subject virtue (for virtue, I am now convinced,
‘ you love in a great degree.) Prudence is indeed
‘ the duty which we owe to ourselves; and if we
‘ will be so much our own enemies as to neglect it,
‘ we are not to wonder if the world is deficient in
‘ discharging

‘ discharging their duty to us ; for when a man lays
‘ the foundation of his own ruin, others will, I am
‘ afraid, be too apt to build upon it. You say,
‘ however, you have seen your errors, and will re-
‘ form them. I firmly believe you, my dear child ;
‘ and therefore, from this moment, you shall never
‘ more be reminded of them by me. Remember them
‘ only yourself so far, as for the future to teach you
‘ the better to avoid them ; but still remember, for
‘ your comfort, that there is this great difference
‘ between those faults which candor may construe
‘ into imprudence, and those which can be deduced
‘ from villainy only. The former, perhaps, are
‘ even more apt to subject a man to ruin ; but if
‘ he reform, his character will, at length, be totally
‘ retrieved ; the world, though not immediately,
‘ will in time be reconciled to him ; and he may
‘ reflect, not without some mixture of pleasure, on
‘ the dangers he hath escaped ; but villainy, my
‘ boy, when once discovered, is irretrievable ; the
‘ stains which this leaves behind, no time will wash
‘ away. The censures of mankind will pursue the
‘ wretch, their scorn will abash him in publick ;
‘ and if shame drives him into retirement, he will go
‘ to it with all those terrors with which a weary child,
‘ who is afraid of hobgoblins, retreats from com-
‘ pany to go to bed alone. Here his murdered con-
‘ science will haunt him. Repose, like a false friend,
‘ will fly from him. Where-ever he turns his eyes,
‘ horror presents itself ; if he looks backward, un-
‘ available repentance treads on his heels ; if forward,
‘ incurable despair stares him in the face ; till, like
‘ a condemned prisoner confined in a dungeon, he
‘ detests his present condition, and yet dreads the
‘ consequence of that hour which is to relieve him
‘ from it. Comfort yourself, I say, my child, that
‘ this is not your case ; and rejoice, with thankful-
‘ ness to him who hath suffered you to see your er-
‘ rors, before they have brought on you that destruc-
‘ tion, to which a persistence in even those errors
‘ must have led you. You have deserted them ;
‘ and the prospect now before you is such, that hap-

' piness seems in your own power.'—At these words Jones fetched a deep sigh; upon which, when Allworthy remonstrated, he said, ' Sir, I will conceal nothing from you; I fear there is one consequence of my vices I shall never be able to retrieve. O my dear uncle, I have lost a treasure'—' You need say no more,' answered Allworthy; ' I will be explicit with you; I know what you lament; I have seen the young lady, and have discoursed with her concerning you. This I must insist on, as an earnest of your sincerity in all you have said, and of the steadfastness of your resolution, that you obey me in one instance. To abide intirely by the determination of the young lady, whether it shall be in your favour, or no. She hath already suffered enough from solicitations which I hate to think of; she shall owe no further constraint to my family: I know her father will be as ready to torment her now on your account, as he hath formerly been on another's; but I am determined she shall suffer no more confinement, no more violence, no more uneasy hours.'—' O my dear uncle,' answered Jones, ' lay, I beseech you, some command on me, in which I shall have some merit in obedience. Believe me, Sir, the only instance in which I could disobey you, would be to give an uneasy moment to my Sophia. No, Sir, if I am so miserable to have incurred her displeasure beyond all hope of forgiveness, that alone, with the dreadful reflection of causing her misery, will be sufficient to overpower me. To call Sophia mine is the greatest, and now the only additional blessing which heaven can bestow; but it is a blessing which I must owe to her alone.' ' I will not flatter you child,' cries Allworthy; ' I fear your case is desperate: I never saw stronger marks of an unalterable resolution in any person, than appeared in her vehement declarations against receiving your addresses; for which, perhaps, you can account better than myself.'—' Oh, Sir! I can account too well,' answered Jones; ' I have sinned against her beyond all hope of pardon; and guilty as I am, my guilt unfortunately appears to her in ten

times

‘times blacker than the real colours. O my dear
‘uncle, I find my follies are irretrievable; and all
‘your goodness cannot save me from perdition.’

A servant now acquainted them, that Mr. Western
was below stairs; for his eagerness to see Jones could
not wait till the afternoon. Upon which Jones,
whose eyes were full of tears, begged his uncle to
entertain Western a few minutes, till he a little re-
covered himself; to which the good man consented,
and having ordered Mr. Western to be shewn into a
parlour, went down to him.

Mrs. Miller no sooner heard that Jones was alone,
(for she had not yet seen him since his release from
prison) than she came eagerly into the room, and
advancing towards Jones, wished him heartily joy of
his new-found uncle, and his happy reconciliation;
adding, “I wish I could give you joy on another ac-
‘count, my dear child; but any thing so inexorable
‘I never saw.”

Jones, with some appearance of surprize, aske^d
her what she meant. ‘Why then,’ says she, ‘I
‘have been with your young lady, and have explain-
‘ed all matters to her, as they were told me by my
‘son Nightingale. She can have no longer any
‘doubt about the letter; that I am certain; for
‘I told her my son Nightingale was ready to take his
‘oath, if she pleased, that it was all his own inven-
‘tion, and the letter of his inditing. I told her the
‘very reason of sending the letter ought to recom-
‘mend you to her the more, as it was all upon her
‘account, and a plain proof, that you was resolved
‘to quit your profligacy for the future; that you
‘had never been guilty of a single instance of infi-
‘delity to her since your seeing her in town; I am
‘afraid I went too far there; but heaven forgive me;
‘I hope your future behaviour will be my justifica-
‘tion. I am sure I have said all I can; but all to
‘no purpose. She remains inflexible. She says, she
‘had forgiven many faults on account of youth;
‘but expressed such detestation of the character of a
‘libertine, that she absolutely silenced me. I often
‘attempted to excuse you; but the justness of her

' accusation flew in my face. Upon my honour, she
 ' is a lovely woman, and one of the sweetest and
 ' most sensible creatures I ever saw. I could have
 ' almost kissed her for one expression she made use of.
 ' It was a sentiment worthy of Seneca, or of a bishop.
 " I once fancied, Madam," said she, " I had dis-
 " covered great goodness of heart in Mr. Jones; and
 " for that I own I had a sincere esteem; but an entire
 " profligacy of manners will corrupt the best heart
 " in the world; and all which a good-natured liber-
 " tine can expect, is, that we should mix some grains
 " of pity with our contempt and abhorrence." ' She
 ' is an angelic creature, that is the truth on't.'—' O
 ' Mrs. Miller,' answered Jones, ' can I bear to think
 ' I have lost such an angel!' ' Lost! no,' cries Mrs.
 Miller; ' I hope you have not lost her yet. Resolve
 ' to leave such vicious courses, and you may yet have
 ' hopes: nay, if she should remain inexorable, there
 ' is another young lady, a sweet pretty young lady,
 ' and a swinking fortune, who is absolutely dying for
 ' love of you. I heard of it this very morning, and
 ' I told it to Miss Western; nay, I went a little be-
 ' yond the truth again; for I told her you had
 ' refused her; but indeed I knew you would refuse
 ' her.—And here I must give you a little com-
 ' fort: when I mentioned the young lady's name,
 ' who is no other than the pretty widow Hunt, I
 ' thought she turned pale; but when I said you had
 ' refused her, I will be sworn her face was all over
 ' scarlet in an instant; and these were her very words,
 " I will not deny but that I believe he has some af-
 " fection for me."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the ar-
 rival of Western, who could no longer be kept out
 of the room even by the authority of Allworthy
 himself; though this, as we have often seen, had a
 wonderful power over him.

Western immediately went up to Jones, crying
 out, ' My old friend Tom, I am glad to see thee
 ' with all my heart. All past must be forgotten. I
 ' could not intend any affront to thee, because, as
 ' Allworthy here knows, nay, dost know it thyself,

‘ I took thee for another person ; and where a body means no harm, what signifies a hasty word or two ? One christian must forget and forgive another.’ ‘ I hope, Sir,’ said Jones, ‘ I shall never forget the many obligations I have had to you ; but as for any offence towards me, I declare I am an utter stranger.’ — ‘ A’t, says Western, ‘ then give me thy fill ; a’t as hearty an honest cock as any in the kingdom. Come along with me ; I’ll carry thee to thy mistress this moment.’ Here Allworthy interposed ; and the squire being unable to prevail either with the uncle or nephew, was, after some litigation, obliged to consent to delay introducing Jones to Sophia till the afternoon ; at which time Allworthy, as well in compassion to Jones, as in compliance with the eager desires of Western, was prevailed upon to promise to attend at the tea-table.

The conversation which now ensued was pleasant enough ; and with which, had it happened earlier in our history, we would have entertained our reader ; but as we have now leisure only to attend to what is very material, it shall suffice to say, that matters being entirely adjusted as to the afternoon-visit, Mr. Western again returned home.

C H A P. XI.

The history draws nearer to a conclusion.

WHEN Mr. Western was departed, Jones began to inform Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller, that his liberty had been procured by two noble lords, who, together with two surgeons, and a friend of Mr. Nightingale’s, had attended the magistrate by whom he had been committed, and by whom, on the surgeon’s oath, that the wounded person was out of all manner of danger from his wound, he was discharged.

One only of these lords, he said, he had ever seen before, and that no more than once ; but the other had greatly surprized him, by asking his pardon for an offence he had been guilty of towards him, occasioned, he said, entirely by his ignorance who he was.

Now the reality of the case, with which Jones was not acquainted till afterwards, was this. The lieutenant whom lord Fellamar had employed, according to the advice of lady Bellaston, to press Jones, as a vagabond, into the sea-service, when he came to report to his lordship the event which we have before seen, spoke very favourably of the behaviour of Mr. Jones on all accounts, and strongly assured that lord, that he must have mistaken the person; for that Jones was certainly a gentleman: insomuch that his lordship, who was strictly a man of honour, and would by no means have been guilty of an action which the world in general would have condemned, began to be much concerned for the advice which he had taken.

Within a day or two after this, lord Fellamar happened to dine with the Irish peer, who, in a conversation upon the duel, acquainted his company with the character of Fitzpatrick; to which indeed he did not do strict justice, especially in what related to his lady. He said, she was the most innocent, and most injured woman alive, and that from compassion alone he had undertaken her cause. He then declared an intention of going the next morning to Fitzpatrick's lodgings, in order to prevail with him, if possible, to consent to a separation from his wife, who, the peer said, was in apprehensions for her life, if she should ever return to be under the power of her husband. Lord Fellamar agreed to go with him, that he might satisfy himself more concerning Jones, and the circumstances of the duel; for he was by no means easy concerning the part he had acted. The moment his lordship gave a hint of his readiness to assist in the delivery of the lady, it was eagerly embraced by the other nobleman, who depended much on the authority of lord Fellamar, as he thought it would greatly contribute to awe Fitzpatrick into a compliance; and perhaps he was in the right: for the poor Irishman no sooner saw these noble peers had undertaken the cause of his wife, than he submitted, and articles of separation were soon drawn up, and signed between the parties.

Fitzpatrick

Fitzpatrick had been so well satisfied by Mrs. Waters concerning the innocence of his wife with Jones at Upton, or perhaps from some other reasons, was now become so indifferent to that matter, that he spoke highly in favour of Jones to lord Fellamar, took all the blame upon himself, and said the other had behaved very much like a gentleman, and a man of honour; and upon that lord's further enquiry concerning Mr. Jones, Fitzpatrick told him he was nephew to a gentleman of very great fashion and fortune, which was the account he had just received from Mrs. Waters, after her interview with Dowling.

Lord Fellamar now thought it behoved him to do every thing in his power to make satisfaction to a gentleman whom he had so grossly injured, and without any consideration of rivalship, (for he had now given over all thoughts of Sophia) determined to procure Mr. Jones's liberty, being satisfied as well from Fitzpatrick as his surgeon, that the wound was not mortal. He therefore prevailed with the Irish peer to accompany him to the place where Jones was confined, to whom he behaved as we have already related.

When Allworthy returned to his lodgings, he immediately carried Jones into his room, and then acquainted him with the whole matter, as well what he had heard from Mrs. Waters, as what he had discovered from Mr. Dowling.

Jones expressed great astonishment, and no less concern at this account; but without making any comment or observation upon it. And now a message was brought from Mr. Blifil, desiring to know if his uncle was at leisure, that he might wait upon him. Allworthy started and turned pale, and then in a more passionate tone than I believe he had ever used before, bid the servant tell Blifil, he knew him not. 'Consider, dear Sir,'—cries Jones, in a trembling voice.—'I have considered,' answered Allworthy, 'and you yourself shall carry my message to the villain.—No one can carry him the sentence of his own ruin so properly, as the man whose ruin

‘ he hath so villainously contrived.’ — ‘ Pardon me, dear Sir,’ said Jones; ‘ a moment’s reflection will, I am sure, convince you of the contrary. What might perhaps be but justice from another tongue, would from mine be insult? and to whom? — My own brother, and your nephew. — Nor did he use me so barbarously. — Indeed that would have been more inexcusable than any thing he hath done. Fortune may tempt men of no very bad dispositions to injustice; but insults proceed only from black and rancorous minds, and have no temptations to excuse them. — Let me beseech you, Sir, to do nothing by him in the present height of your anger. Consider, my dear uncle, I was not myself condemned unheard.’ Allworthy stood silent a moment, and then embracing Jones, he said with tears gushing from his eyes, ‘ O my child! to what goodness have I been so long blind!’

Mrs. Miller entering the room at that moment, after a gentle rap, which was not perceived, and seeing Jones in the arms of his uncle, the poor woman, in an agony of joy, fell upon her knees, and burst forth into the most ecstatic thanksgivings to heaven, for what had happened. — Then running to Jones, she embraced him eagerly, crying, ‘ My dearest friend, I wish you joy a thousand and a thousand times of this blest day;’ and next Mr. Allworthy himself received the same congratulations. To which he answered, ‘ Indeed, indeed, Mrs. Miller, I am beyond expression happy.’ Some few more raptures having passed on all sides, Mrs. Miller desired them both to walk down to dinner in the parlour, where she said there were a very happy set of people assembled; being indeed no other than Mr. Nightingale and his bride, and his cousin Harris with her bridegroom.

Allworthy excused himself from dining with the company, saying he had ordered some little thing for him and his nephew in his own apartment; for that they had much private business to discourse of, but would not resist promising the good woman, that

both

both he and Jones would make part of her society at supper.

Mrs. Miller then asked what was to be done with Blifil; 'for indeed,' says she, 'I cannot be easy while such a villain is in my house.'—Allworthy answered, 'He was as uneasy as herself on the same account.' 'O Blifil,' cries she, 'if that be the case, leave the matter to me; I'll soon shew him the outside of my doors, and I warrant you.' Here are two or three lusty fellows below stairs. 'There will be no need of any violence,' cries Allworthy; 'if you will carry him a message from me, he will, I am convinced, depart of his own accord.' 'Will I?' said Mrs. Miller, 'I never did any thing in my life with a better will.' Here Jones interferred, and said, 'He had considered the matter better, and would, if Mr. Allworthy pleased, be himself the messenger.' 'I know,' says he, 'already enough of your pleasure, Sir, and I beg leave to acquaint him with it by my own words. Let me beseech you, Sir,' added he, 'to reflect on the dreadful consequences of driving him to violent and sudden despair. How unfit, alas! is this poor man to die in his present situation.' This suggestion had not the least effect on Mrs. Miller. She left the room, crying, 'You are too good, Mr. Jones, infinitely too good to live in this world.' But it made a deeper impression on Allworthy. 'My good child,' said he, 'I am equally astonished at the goodness of your heart, and the quickness of your understanding. Heaven indeed forbid that this wretch should be deprived of any means or time for repentance. That would be a shocking consideration indeed. Go to him therefore, and use your own discretion; yet do not flatter him with any hopes of my forgiveness; for I shall never forgive villainy farther than my religion obliges me, and that extends not either to our bounty or our conversation.'

Jones went up to Blifil's room, whom he found in a situation which moved his pity, though it would have raised a less amiable passion in many beholders. He cast himself on his bed, where he lay abandoning himself to despair, and drowned in tears; not in such

tears as flow from contrition, and wash away guilt from minds which have been seduced or surprized into it unawares, against the bent of their natural dispositions, as will sometimes happen from human frailty, even to the good; no, these tears were such as the frightened thief sheds in his cart, and are indeed the effects of that concern which the most savage natures are seldom deficient in feeling for themselves.

It would be unpleasant and tedious to paint this scene in full length. Let it suffice to say, that the behaviour of Jones was kind to excess. He omitted nothing which his invention could supply, to raise and comfort the drooping spirits of Blifil, before he communicated to him the resolution of his uncle, that he must quit the house that evening. He offered to furnish him with any money he wanted, assured him of his hearty forgiveness of all he had done against him, that he would endeavour to live with him hereafter as a brother, and would leave nothing unattempted to effectuate a reconciliation with his uncle.

Blifil was at first sullen and silent, balancing in his mind whether he should yet deny all: but finding at last the evidence too strong against him, he betook himself at last to confession. He then asked pardon of his brother in the most vehement manner, prostrated himself on the ground, and kissed his feet: in short, he was now as remarkably mean, as he had been before remarkably wicked.

Jones could not so far check his disdain, but that it a little discovered itself in his countenance at this extreme fervility. He raised his brother the moment he could from the ground, and advised him to bear his afflictions more like a man; repeating at the same time his promises, that he would do all in his power to lessen them: for which Blifil making many professions of his unworthiness, poured forth a profusion of thanks: and then he having declared he would immediately depart to another lodging, Jones returned to his uncle.

Among other matters, Allworthy now acquainted Jones with the discovery which he made concerning the 500 l. Bank-notes. 'I have,' said he, 'already consulted

He consulted a lawyer, who tells me, to my great astonishment, that there is no punishment for a fraud of this kind. Indeed, when I consider the black ingratitude of this fellow toward you, I think a highwayman, compared to him, is an innocent person. Good heaven! says Jones, is it possible? I am shocked beyond measure at this news. I thought there was not an honest fellow in the world. The temptation of such a sum was too great for him to withstand; for smaller matters have become safe to me through his hand. Indeed, my dear uncle, you must suffer me to call it weakness rather than ingratitude; for I am convinced the poor fellow loves me, and hath done me some kindnesses, which I can never forget; nay, I believe he hath repented of this very act: for it is not above a day or two ago, when my affairs seemed in a most desperate situation, that he visited me in my confinement, and offered me any money I wanted. Consider, Sir, what a temptation to a man who hath tasted such bitter distress, it must be to have a sum in his possession, which must put him and his family beyond any future possibility of suffering the like.

Child, cries Allworthy, you carry this forgiving temper too far. Such mistaken mercy is not only weakness, but borders on injustice, and is very pernicious to society, as it encourages vice. The dishonesty of this fellow I might perhaps have pardoned, but never his ingratitude. And give me leave to say, when we suffer any temptation to atone for dishonesty itself, we are as candid and merciful as we ought to be; and so far I confess I have gone; for I have often pitied the fate of a highwayman, when I have been on the grand jury; and have more than once applied to the judge on the behalf of such as have had any mitigating circumstances in their case; but when dishonesty is attended with any blacker crime, such as cruelty, murder, ingratitude, or the like, compassion and forgiveness then become faults. I am convinced the fellow is

‘ a villain, and he shall be punished; at least as far
‘ as I can punish him.’

This was spoke with so stern a voice, that Jones did not think proper to make any reply, besides the hour appointed by Mr. Western now drew so near, that he had barely time left to dress himself. Here therefore ended the present dialogue, and Jones retired to another room, where Partridge attended, according to order, with his cloaths.

Partridge had scarce seen his master since the happy discovery. The poor fellow was unable either to contain or express his transports. He behaved like one frantic, and made almost as many mistakes while he was dressing Jones, as I have seen made by Harlequin in dressing himself on the stage.

His memory, however, was not in the least deficient. He recollected now many omens and presages of this happy event, some of which he had remarked at the time, but many more he now remembered; nor did he omit the dreams he had dreamt the evening before his meeting with Jones; and concluded with saying, ‘ I always told your honour something boded in my mind, that you would one time or other have it in your power to make my fortune.’ Jones assured him, that this boding should as certainly be verified with regard to him, as all the other omens had been to himself; which did not a little add to all the raptures which the poor fellow had already conceived on account of his master.

C H A P. XII.

Approaching still nearer to the end.

JONES being now compleatly dressed, attended his uncle to Mr. Western’s. He was indeed one of the finest figures ever beheld, and his person alone would have charmed the greater part of womankind; but we hope it hath already appeared in this history; that nature, when she formed him, did not totally rely, as she sometimes doth, on this merit only, to recommend her work.

Sophia;

Sophia, who, angry as she was, was likewise set forth to the best advantage, for which I leave my female readers to account, appeared so extremely beautiful that even Allworthy, when he saw her, could not forbear whispering Western, that he believed she was the finest creature in the world. To which Western answered, in a whisper overheard by all present, 'So much the better for Tom; — for d—n me if he shan't ha the tousing her.' Sophia was all over scarlet at these words, while Tom's countenance was altogether as pale, and he was almost ready to sink from his chair.

The tea-table was scarce removed, before Western lugged Allworthy out of the room, telling him, he had business of consequence to impart, and must speak to him that instant in private before he forgot it.

The lovers were now alone, and it will, I question not, appear strange to many readers, that those who had so much to say to one another when danger and difficulty attended their conversation; and who seemed so eager to rush into each others arms, when so many bars lay in their way, now that with safety they were at liberty to say or do whatever they pleased, should both remain for some time silent and motionless; inso-much that a stranger of moderate sagacity might have well concluded, they were mutually indifferent; but so it was, however strange it may seem; both sat with their eyes cast downwards on the ground, and for some minutes continued in perfect silence.

Mr. Jones, during this interval, attempted once or twice to speak, but was absolutely incapable, muttering only, or rather sighing out, some broken words; when Sophia at length, partly out of pity to him, and partly to turn the discourse from the subject which she knew well enough he was endeavouring to open, said; —

'Sure, Sir, you are the most fortunate man in the world in this discovery.' 'And can you really, Madam, think me so fortunate,' said Jones, sighing, 'while I have incurred your displeasure?' — 'Nay, Sir,' says she, 'as to that, you best know whether you have deserved it.' 'Indeed, Madam,' answered he,

' he, ' you yourself are as well apprized of all my
 ' demerits. Mrs. Miller has acquainted you with
 ' the whole truth. O! my Sophia, am I never to
 ' hope for forgiveness? — I think, Mr. Jones,
 said she, ' I may almost depend on your own justice,
 ' and leave it to yourself to pass sentence on your
 ' own conduct. — Alas! Madam, answered he,
 ' it is mercy, and not justice, which I implore at your
 ' hands. Justice I know must condemn me. —
 ' Yet not for the letter I sent to lady Bellaston. O
 ' that I most solemnly declare, you have had a true
 ' account.' He then insisted much on the security
 given him by Nightingale, of a fair pretence for break-
 ing off, if, contrary to their expectations, her ladyship
 should have accepted his offer; but confess, that he
 had been guilty of a great indiscretion, to put such a
 letter as that into her power, ' which,' said he, ' I
 ' have dearly paid for, in the effect it has upon you.
 ' I do not, I cannot,' says she, ' believe otherwise of
 ' that letter than you would have me. My conduct,
 ' I think, shews you clearly I do not believe there
 ' is much in that. And yet, Mr. Jones, have I not
 ' enough to resent? After what past at Upton, to
 ' soon to engage in a new amour with another wo-
 ' man, while I fancied, and you pretended, your
 ' heart was bleeding for me! — Indeed you have
 ' acted strangely. Can I believe the passion you
 ' have profess'd to me to be sincere? Or, if I can,
 ' what happiness can I assure myself of with a man
 ' capable of so much inconstancy? O! my Sophia,
 ' cries he, ' do not doubt the sincerity of the purest
 ' passion that ever inflamed a human breast. Think,
 ' most adorable creature, of my unhappy situation,
 ' of my despair. — Could I, my Sophia, have
 ' flattered myself with the most distant hopes of
 ' being ever permitted to throw myself at your feet,
 ' in the manner I do now, it would not have been in
 ' the power of any other woman to have inspired a
 ' thought which the severest chastity could have con-
 ' demned. Inconstancy to you! O Sophia! if you
 ' can have goodness enough to pardon what is past,
 ' do not let any cruel future apprehensions that your
 ' mercy

‘mercy against me. — No repentance was ever more sincere. O! let it reconcile me to my heaven in this dear bosom.’ ‘Sincere repentance, Mr. Jones,’ answered she, ‘will obtain the pardon of a sinner, but it is from one who is a perfect judge of that sincerity. A human mind may be imposed on; nor is there any infallible method to prevent it. You must expect however, that if I can be prevailed on by your repentance to pardon you, I will at least insist on the strongest proof of its sincerity.’ — ‘Name any proof in my power,’ answered Jones eagerly. ‘Time,’ replied she; ‘Time, alone Mr. Jones, can convince me that you are a true penitent, and have resolved to abandon these vicious courses, which I should detest you for, if I imagined you capable of persevering in them.’ ‘Do not imagine it,’ cries Jones. ‘On my knees I entreat, I implore your confidence, a confidence which it shall be the business of my life to deserve.’ ‘Let it then,’ said she, ‘be the business of some part of your life to shew me you deserve it. I think I have been explicit enough in assuring you, that when I see you merit my confidence, you will obtain it. After what is past, Sir, can you expect I should take you upon your word?’

‘He replied, ‘Don’t believe me upon my word; I have a better security, a pledge for my constancy, which it is impossible to see and to doubt.’ ‘What is that?’ said Sophia, a little surprized. ‘I will shew you, my charming angel,’ cried Jones, seizing her hand, and carrying her to the glass. ‘There, behold it there in that lovely figure, in that face, that shape, those eyes, that mind which shines through these eyes: can the man who shall be in possession of these be inconstant? Impossible! my Sophia: they would fix a Dorimant, a lord Rochester. You could not doubt it, if you could see yourself with any eyes but your own.’ Sophia blushed, and half smiled; but forcing again her brow into a frown, ‘If I am to judge,’ said she, ‘of the future by the past, my image will no more remain in your heart when I am out of your sight, than it will

' will in this glass when I am out of the room.' ' By
 ' heaven, by all that is sacred,' said Jones, ' it never
 ' was out of my heart. The delicacy of your sex
 ' cannot conceive the grossness of ours, nor how little
 ' one sort of amour has to do with the heart.' ' I
 ' will never marry a man,' replied Sophia, very
 gravely, ' who shall not learn refinement enough to
 ' be as incapable as I am myself of making such a
 ' distinction.' ' I will learn it,' said Jones. ' I have
 ' learnt it already. The first moment of hope that
 ' my Sophia might be my wife, taught it me at once;
 ' and all the rest of her sex from that moment be-
 ' came as little the objects of desire to my sense, as
 ' of passion to my heart.' ' Well,' said Sophia, ' the
 ' proof of this must be from time. Your situation,
 ' Mr. Jones, is now altered, and I assure you I have
 ' great satisfaction in the alteration. You will now
 ' want no opportunity of being near me, and con-
 ' vincing me that your mind is altered too.' ' O!
 ' my angel,' cries Jones, ' how shall I thank thy
 ' goodness? And are you so good to own, that you
 ' have a satisfaction in my prosperity?—Believe
 ' me, believe me, Madam, it is you alone have given
 ' a relish to that prosperity, since I owe to it the dear
 ' hope—O! my Sophia, let it not be a distant one.
 ' —I will be all obedience to your commands. I
 ' will not dare to press any thing further than you
 ' permit me. Yet let me intreat you to appoint a
 ' short trial. O! tell me, when I may expect you
 ' will be convinced of what is most solemnly true.'
 ' When I have gone voluntarily thus far, Mr. Jones,'
 said she, ' I expect not to be pressed. Nay, I will
 ' not.'—' O! don't look unkindly thus, my Sophia,'
 cries he. ' I do not, I dare not press you.—Yet per-
 mit me at least once more to beg you would fix the
 ' period. O! consider the impatience of love.'—
 ' A twelvemonth, perhaps,' said she. ' O! my So-
 ' phia,' cries he, ' you have named an eternity.'—
 ' Perhaps it may be something sooner,' says she; ' I
 ' will not be teased. If your passion for me be what
 ' I would have it, I think you may now be easy.'—
 ' Easy, Sophia! call not such exulting happiness
 ' as

‘as mine by so cold a name.—O! transporting
 ‘thought! am I not assured that the blessed day will
 ‘come, when I shall call you mine; when fears shall
 ‘be no more; when I shall have that dear, that vast,
 ‘that exquisite, ecstatic delight of making my Sophia
 ‘happy?’—‘Indeed, Sir,’ said she, ‘that day is
 ‘in your own power.’—‘O! my dear, my divine
 ‘angel,’ cried he, ‘these words have made me mad
 ‘with joy.—But I must, I will thank those dear
 ‘lips which have so sweetly pronounced my bliss.’
 He then caught her in his arms, and kissed her with
 an ardour he had never ventured before.

At this instant, Western, who had stood some
 time listening, burst into the room, and with his
 ‘hunting voice and phrase, cried out, ‘To her boy,
 ‘to her, go to her.—That’s it, little honeys, O
 ‘that’s it. Well, what is it all over? Hath she
 ‘appointed the day, boy? What shall it be to-mor-
 ‘row or next day? It shan’t be put off a minute
 ‘longer than next day, I am resolved.’ ‘Let me
 ‘beseech you, Sir,’ says Jones, ‘don’t let me be
 ‘the occasion’—‘Beseech mine a——,’ cries Wes-
 ‘tern, ‘I thought thou had’st been a lad of higher
 ‘mettle, than to give way to a parcel of maidenish
 ‘tricks.—I tell thee ’tis all flimflam. Zoodikers!
 ‘she’d have the wedding to night with all her heart.
 ‘Would’st not Sophy? Come confess, and be an
 ‘honest girl for once. What, art dumb? Why dost
 ‘not speak?’ ‘Why should I confess, Sir,’ says
 Sophia, ‘since it seems you are so well acquainted
 ‘with my thoughts?’—‘That’s a good girl,’ cries
 he, ‘and dost consent then?’ ‘No indeed, Sir,’ says
 Sophia, ‘I have given no such consent.’—‘And
 ‘wunt nut ha un then to-morrow, nor next day?’
 says Western—‘Indeed, Sir,’ says she, ‘I have
 ‘no such intention.’ ‘But I can tell thee,’ replied he,
 ‘why hast nut; only because thou dost love to be
 ‘disobedient, and to plague and vex thy father.’
 ‘Pray, Sir,’ said Jones, interfering—‘I tell thee
 ‘thou art a puppy,’ cries he. ‘When I forbid
 ‘her, then it was all nothing but fighting and whin-
 ‘ing, and languishing and writing; now I am ver
 ‘thee,

• thee, she is against thee. All the spirit of contrary,
 • that's all. She is above being guided and governed
 • by her father, that is the whole truth on't. It is
 • only to disoblige and contradict me.' 'What
 • would my papa have me do?' cries Sophia.
 • 'What would I ha thee do?' says he, why gi un thy
 • hand this moment.'—'Well, Sir, said Sophia,
 • I will obey you.—There is my hand, Mr. Jones.'
 • 'Well, and will you consent to ha un to-morrow
 • morning?' says Western.—'I will be obedient
 • to you, Sir,' cries she.—'Why then to-morrow
 • morning be the day,' cries he.—'Why then to-
 • morrow morning shall be the day, papa, since you
 • will have it so,' says Sophia. Jones then fell upon
 his knees, and kissed her hand in an agony of joy,
 while Western began to caper and dance about the
 room, presently crying out,—'Where the devil is All-
 • worthy? He is without now, a talking with that
 • d—d lawyer Dowling, when he should be minding
 • other matters.' He then sallied out in quest of him,
 and very opportunely left the lovers to enjoy a few
 tender minutes alone.

But he soon returned with Allworthy, saying, 'If
 • you won't believe me, you may ask her yourself.
 • Hast nut gin thy consent, Sophy, to be married
 • to-morrow?' 'Such are your commands, Sir,' cries
 Sophia, 'and I dare not be guilty of disobedience.'
 'I hope, Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'my nephew
 • will merit so much goodness, and will be always
 • as sensible as myself, of the great honour you have
 • done my family. An alliance with so charming
 • and so excellent a young lady would indeed be an
 • honour to the greatest in England.' 'Yes,' cries
 Western, 'but if I had suffered her to stand still I
 • shall I, dilly dally, you might not have had that
 • honour yet a while; I was forced to use a little
 • fatherly authority to bring her to.' 'I hope not,
 • Sir,' cries Allworthy. 'I hope there is not the
 • least constraint.' 'Why, there,' cries Western,
 • you may bid her unsay all again, if you will. Do it
 • repent heartily of thy promise, do't not Sophy?
 • Indeed, papa,' cries she, 'I do not repent, nor do

‘I believe I ever shall, of any promise in favour of Mr. Jones.’ Then, nephew, cries Allworthy, ‘I felicitate you most heartily; for I think you are the happiest of men. And, Madam, you will give me leave to congratulate you on this joyful occasion: indeed I am convinced you have bestowed yourself on one who will be sensible of your great merit, and who will at least use his best endeavours to deserve it.’ ‘His best endeavours!’ cries Western, ‘that he will, I warrant un.—Harkee, Allworthy, I’ll bet thee five pound to a crown we have a boy to-morrow nine months: but prithee tell me what wut ha! Wut ha Burgundy, Champagne, or what? for please Jupiter, we’ll make a night on’t.’ ‘Indeed, Sir,’ said Allworthy, you must excuse me; both my nephew and I were engaged, before I suspected this near approach of his happiness.’—‘Engaged!’ quoth the squire, ‘never tell me.—I won’t part with thee to-night upon any occasion. Shalt sup here, please the lord Harry.’ ‘You must pardon me, my dear neighbour,’ answered Allworthy; ‘I have given a solemn promise, and that you know I never break.’ ‘Why, prithee, who art engaged to?’ cries the squire.—Allworthy then informed him, as likewise of the company.—‘Odzookers!’ answered the squire, ‘I will go with thee, and so shall Sophy; for I won’t part with thee to-night; and it would be barbarous to part Tom and the girl.’ This offer was presently embraced by Allworthy; and Sophia consented, having first obtained a private promise from her father, that he would not mention a syllable concerning her marriage.

CHAP. The last.

In which the history is concluded.

YOUNG Nightingale had been that afternoon, by appointment, to wait on his father, who received him much more kindly than he expected. There likewise he met his uncle, who was returned to town in quest of his new married daughter.

This

This marriage was the luckiest incident which could have happened to the young gentleman; for these brothers lived in a constant state of contention about the government of their children, both heartily despising the method which each other took. Each of them therefore now endeavoured as much as he could to palliate the offence which his own child had committed, and to aggravate the match of the other. This desire of triumphing over his brother, added to the many arguments which Allworthy had used, so strongly operated on the old gentleman, that he met his son with a smiling countenance, and actually agreed to sup with him that evening at Mrs. Miller's.

As for the other, who really loved his daughter with the most immoderate affection, there was little difficulty in inclining him to a reconciliation. He was no sooner informed by his nephew, where his daughter and her husband were, than he declared he would instantly go to her. And when he arrived there, he scarce suffered her to fall upon her knees, before he took her up, and embraced her with a tenderness which affected all who saw him; and in less than a quarter of an hour was as well reconciled to both her and her husband, as if he had himself joined their hands.

In this situation were affairs when Mr. Allworthy and his company arrived to complete the happiness of Mrs. Miller, who no sooner saw Sophia, than she guessed every thing that had happened; and so great was her friendship to Jones, that it added not a few transports to those she felt on the happiness of her own daughter.

There have not, I believe, been many instances of a number of people met together, where every one was so perfectly happy, as in this company. Amongst whom the father of young Nightingale enjoyed the least perfect content; for notwithstanding his affection for his son; notwithstanding the authority and the arguments of Allworthy, together with the other motive mentioned before, he could not so entirely be satisfied with his son's choice; and perhaps the pre-

sence of Sophia herself tended a little to aggravate and heighten his concern, as a thought now and then suggested itself, that his son might have had that lady, or some such other. Not that any of the charms which adorned either the person or mind of Sophia, created the uneasiness: it was the contents of her father's coffers which set his heart a longing. These were the charms which he could not bear to think his son had sacrificed to the daughter of Mrs. Miller.

The brides were both very pretty women; but so totally were they eclipsed by the beauty of Sophia, that had they not been two of the best-tempered girls in the world, it would have raised some envy in their breasts; for neither of their husbands could long keep his eyes from Sophia, who sat at the table like a queen receiving homage, or rather like a superior being receiving adoration from all around her. But it was an adoration which they gave, not which she exacted: for she was as much distinguished by her modesty and affability, as by all her other perfections.

The evening was spent in much true mirth. All were happy, but those the most, who had been most unhappy before. Their former sufferings and fears gave such a relish to their felicity, as even love and fortune in their fullest flow could not have given without the advantage of such a comparison. Yet as great joy, especially after a sudden change and revolution of circumstances, is apt to be silent, and dwells rather in the heart than on the tongue, Jones and Sophia appeared the least merry of the whole company. Which Western observed with great impatience, often crying out to them, 'Why do'st not talk, boy! Why do'st look so grave! Hast lost thy tongue, girl! Drink another glass of wine, sha't drink another glass.' And the more to enliven her, he would sometimes sing a merry song, which bore some relation to matrimony, and the loss of a maidenhead. Nay, he would have proceeded so far on that topic, as to have driven her out of the room, if Mr. Allworthy had not checked him sometimes by looks, and once or twice by a Fie! Mr. Western. He began indeed once to debate the matter, and assert his right to talk to his own daughter as he thought

thought fit; but as nobody seconded him, he was soon reduced to order.

Notwithstanding this little restraint, he was so pleased with the cheerfulness and good humour of the company, that he insisted on their meeting the next day at his lodgings. They all did so; and the lovely Sophia, who was now in private become a bride too, officiated as the mistress of the ceremonies, or in the polite phrase, did the honours of the table. She had that morning given her hand to Jones, in the chapel at Doctors-Commons, where Mr. Allworthy, Mr. Western, and Mrs. Miller, were the only persons present.

Sophia had earnestly desired her father, that no others of the company, who were that day to dine with him, should be acquainted with her marriage. The same secrecy was enjoined to Mrs. Miller, and Jones undertook for Allworthy. This somewhat reconciled the delicacy of Sophia to the public entertainment, which, in compliance with her father's will, she was obliged to go to, greatly against her own inclinations. In confidence of this secrecy, she went through the day pretty well, till the 'squire, who was now advanced into the second bottle, could contain his joy no longer, but, filling out a bumper, drank a health to the bride. The health was immediately pledged by all present, to the great confusion of our poor blushing Sophia, and the great concern of Jones upon her account. To say truth, there was not a person present made wiser by this discovery; for Mrs. Miller had whispered it to her daughter, her daughter to her husband, her husband to his sister, and she to all the rest.

Sophia now took the first opportunity of withdrawing with the ladies, and the 'squire sat in to his cups, in which he was, by degrees, deserted by all the company, except the uncle of young Nightingale, who loved his bottle as well as Western himself. These two therefore sat stoutly to it, during the whole evening, and long after that happy hour which had surrendered the charming Sophia to the eager arms of her enraptured Jones.

Thus, reader, we have at length brought our history to a conclusion, in which, to our great pleasure, though contrary perhaps to thy expectation, Mr. Jones
appears

appears to be the happiest of all human kind: for what happiness this world affords equal to the possession of such a woman as Sophia, I sincerely own I have never yet discovered.

As to the other persons who have made any considerable figure in this history, as some may desire to know a little more concerning them, we will proceed, in as few words as possible, to satisfy their curiosity.

Allworthy hath never yet been prevailed upon to see Blifil, but he hath yielded to the importunity of Jones, backed by Sophia, to settle 200*l.* a year upon him; to which Jones hath privately added a third. Upon this income he lives in one of the northern counties, about 200 miles distant from London, and lays up 200*l.* a year out of it, in order to purchase a seat in the next parliament from a neighbouring borough, which he has bargained for with an attorney there. He is also lately turned methodist, in hopes of marrying a very rich widow of that sect, whose estate lies in that part of the kingdom.

Square died soon after he writ the before-mentioned letter; and as to Thwackum, he continues at his vicarage. He hath made many fruitless attempts to regain the confidence of Allworthy, or to ingratiate himself with Jones, both of whom he flatters to their faces, and abuses behind their backs. But in his stead, Mr. Allworthy hath lately taken Mr. Abraham Adams into his house, of whom Sophia is grown immoderately fond, and declares he shall have the tuition of her children.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick is separated from her husband, and retains the little remains of her fortune. She lives in reputation at the polite end of the town, and is so good an œconomist, that she spends three times the income of her fortune, without running in debt. She maintains a perfect intimacy with the lady of the Irish peer; and in acts of friendship to her repays all the obligations she owes to her husband.

Mrs. Western was soon reconciled to her niece Sophia, and hath spent two months together with her in the country. Lady Bellaston made the latter a formal visit at her return to town, where she behaved to

Jones as to a perfect stranger, and with great civility wished him joy on his marriage.

Mr. Nightingale hath purchased an estate for his son in the neighbourhood of Jones, where the young gentleman, his lady, Mrs. Miller, and her little daughter reside, and the most agreeable intercourse subsists between the two families.

As to those of lower account, Mrs. Waters returned into the country, had a pension of 60*l.* a year settled upon her by Mr. Allworthy, and is married to parson Supple, on whom, at the instance of Sophia, Western hath bestowed a considerable living.

Black George hearing the discovery that had been made, run away, and was never since heard of; and Jones bestowed the money on his family, but not in equal proportions, for Molly had much the greatest share.

As for Partridge, Jones hath settled 50*l.* a year on him; and he hath again set up a school, in which he meets with much better encouragement than formerly; and there is now a treaty of marriage on foot between him and Miss Molly Seagrim, which through the mediation of Sophia, is likely to take effect.

We now return to take leave of Mr. Jones and Sophia, who, within two days after their marriage, attended Mr. Western and Mr. Allworthy into the country. Western hath resigned his family seat, and the greater part of his estate to his son-in-law, and hath retired to a lesser house of his, in another part of the country, which is better for hunting. Indeed he is often as a visitant with Mr. Jones, who as well as his daughter, hath an infinite delight in doing every thing in their power to please him. And this desire of theirs is attended with such success, that the old gentleman declares he was never happy in his life till now. He hath here a parlour and anti-chamber to himself, where he gets drunk with whom he pleases; and his daughter is still as ready as formerly to play to him whenever he desires it; Jones hath assured her that as next to pleasing her, one of his highest satisfactions is to contribute to the happiness of the old man; so the great duty which she expresses and performs to her father renders her

her almost equally dear to him, with the love which she bestows on himself.

Sophia hath already produced him two fine children, a boy and a girl, of whom the old gentleman is so fond, that he spends much of his time in the nursery, where he declares the tattling of his little grand-daughter, who is above a year and a half old, is sweeter music than the finest cry of dogs in England.

Allworthy was likewise greatly liberal to Jones on the marriage, and hath omitted no instance of shewing his affection to him and his lady, who love him as a father. Whatever in the nature of Jones had a tendency to vice, has been corrected by continual conversation with this good man, and by his union with the lovely and virtuous Sophia. He hath also, by reflection on his past follies, acquired a discretion and prudence very uncommon in one of his lively parts.

To conclude, as there are not to be found a worthier man and woman, than this fond couple, so neither can any be imagined more happy. They preserve the purest and tenderest affection for each other, an affection daily encreased and confirmed by mutual endearments, and mutual esteem. Nor is their conduct towards their relations and friends less amiable, than towards one another. And such is their condescension, their indulgence, and their beneficence to those below them, that there is not a neighbour, a tenant, or a servant, who doth not most gratefully bless the day when Mr. Jones was married to his Sophia.

THE END OF THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

PHILOSOPHICAL
TRANSACTIONS.

For the YEAR 1742-3.

The CONTENTS.

Several Papers relating to the Terrestrial CHRYSIPUS, GOLDEN-FOOT, or GUINEA, an Insect, or Vegetable, which has this surprising Property, that being cut into several pieces, each piece lives, and in a short time becomes as perfect an Insect, or Vegetable, as that of which it was originally only a Part.

Abstract of the
List of the
Museum of
Natural History
21 p. 2.

SOME OF THE
MUSEUM OF
NATURAL HISTORY
OF THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK
AND
THE
ADJACENT
COUNTY
OF
WESTCHESTER
AND
PUTNAM
COUNTIES
IN
THE
STATE
OF
NEW YORK
BY
JAMES
M. COOPER
1854

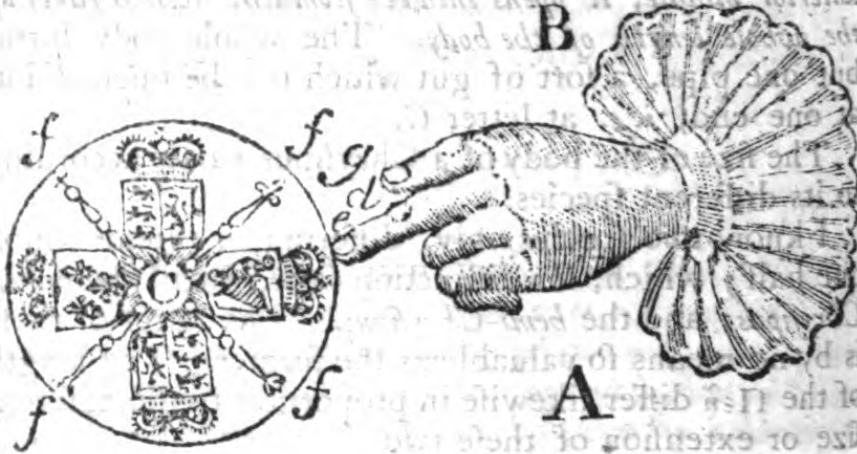
Abstract of Part of a Letter from the
Heer Rottenschach in Germany, commu-
 nicating Observations on the CHRYSI-
 PUS.

S I R,

SOME time since died here of old age, one Petrus Gualterus, a man well known in the learned world, and famous for nothing so much as for an extraordinary collection which he had made of the Chrysi, an animal or vegetable; of which I doubt not but there are still some to be found in England: however, if that should be difficult, it may be easy to send some over to you; as they are at present very plentiful in these parts. I can answer for the truth of the facts contained in the paper I send you, as there is not one of them but what I have seen repeated above twenty times; and I wish others may be encouraged to try the experiments over again, and satisfy themselves of the truth by their own eyes. The accounts of the Chrysi, as well as the collection itself, were found in the cabinet of the above-mentioned Petrus, after his death: for he could never be prevailed on to communicate a sight of either while alive. I am,

S I R, &c.

*The Figure of the TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS
sticking to a finger.*



*Observations and experiments upon the TER-
RESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS, or GUINEA, by
Mynbeer Petrus Gualterus.*

*Translated from the FRENCH by P. H. I. Z.
C. G. S.*

THE animal in question is a terrestrial vegetable or insect, of which mention is made in the *Philosophical Transactions* for several years, as may be seen in N^o 000. Art. 0000. and N^o 00. Art. 002. and N^o — Art. 18.

This animal or vegetable is of a rotund, orbicular, or round form, as represented in the figure annexed. In which *A*. denotes the ruffle. *B*. the hand. *G*. the thumb of that hand. *D*. the finger. *E*. the part of that finger to which the CHRYSIPUS sticks.

F. f. f. f. four tubes, representing the Πέος *, or *man's staff*, mentioned by Galen in his Treatise *de Ufu Partium*; and by Aristotle, in that little book called his Ἀρχιτεχνίον, or *Master-piece*. The το θηλυκόν, or *woman's pipe*, an oblong perforated substance, to which the said Πέος directly tend, is represented by the letter C. The mouth of the Chrysipus is in this anterior middle, it opens into the stomach, which takes up the whole length of the body. The whole body forms but one pipe, a sort of gut which can be opened but at one end, *i. e.* at letter C.

The size of the body of a Chrysipus varies according to its different species.

I know two species only, differing in extent almost one half; which, for distinction sake, I call the *whole Chrysipus*, and the *hemi-Chrysipus*. The latter of these is by no means so valuable as the former. The length of the Πέος differ likewise in proportion to the different size or extension of these two.

The Πέος of those of a modern growth are so imperfect and invisible to the naked eye, that it is much to be feared the species will soon be entirely lost among us: and indeed in England, they are observed of late to be much rarer than formerly, especially in the country, where at present there are very few of them to be found: but at the same time it is remarked that in some places of the continent, particularly in a certain part of Germany, they are much plentier; being to be found in great numbers, where formerly there were scarce any to be met with.

I have not, after the minutest observation, been able to settle, with any degree of certainty, whether this be really an animal or vegetable, or whether it be not strictly neither, or rather both. For as I have by the help of my microscope discovered some of its parts to resemble those of a lion; I have at other times taken notice of something not unlike the *Flower-de-luce*. Not to repeat those parts above-mentioned, which bear great analogy to the *Arteria* of the human body. On their extremities (if they are

* See *Philos. Transact.* concerning the *arbor vitæ*, anno 1732.

not very old) may be seen certain letters forming the names of several of our kings; whence I have been almost inclined to conclude, that these are the flowers mentioned by Virgil, and which appear to have been so extremely scarce in his time.

*Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum
Nascuntur flores.*

Particularly as he adds,

—*Et Phyllida solus habeto.*

Of which we shall take notice hereafter, when we come to speak of its properties. What hath principally dissuaded me from an opinion of its being an animal, is, that I could never observe any symptoms of voluntary motion: but indeed the same may be said of an oyster, which I think is not yet settled by the learned to be *absolutely* a vegetable.

But though it hath not, or seems not to have any progressive motion of its own, yet it is very easy to communicate a motion to it. Indeed some persons have made them fly all over the town with great velocity.

What is said of the *Polypus*, in a late excellent paper communicated to the Royal Society, is likewise applicable to the *Chrysepus*.

“ They make use of their progressive motion,
“ when communicated to them, to place themselves
“ conveniently, so as to catch their prey. They
“ are voracious animals; their Πῆν are so many
“ snares which they set for numbers of small *insects*.
“ As soon as any of them touches one of the Πῆν,
“ it is caught.”

But then it differs from the *Polypus* in the consequence: for instead of making the *insect* its prey, it becomes itself a prey to it; and instead of conveying an *insect* twice as large as its own mouth into it, in imitation of the *Polypus*, the poor *Chrysepus* is itself conveyed into the *Loculus* or pouch of an *insect* a thousand times as large as itself. Notwithstanding which, this wretched animal (for so I think we may

be

be allowed to call it) is so eager after its prey, that if the insect (which seldom happens) makes any resistance, it summons other *Chrysipe* to its aid, which in the end hardly ever fail of subduing it, and getting into its pouch.

The learned *Gualterus* goes on in these words: “ A *Chrysipe*, by the simple contact of my own finger, has so closely attached itself to my hand, that by the joint and indefatigable labour of several of my friends, it could by no means be severed, or made to quit its hold.”

As to the generation of the *Chrysipe*, it differs from all other animals or vegetables whatever: for though it seems the best supplied for this natural function, nature having provided each female part with four male ones, which one would think sufficient; yet it may be said, as of the *Polypus*, they have no distinguished place by which they bring forth their young.

Gualterus judiciously remarks *; “ I have (says he) some of them, that have greatly multiplied under my eyes, and of which I might almost say, that they have produced young ones from all the exterior parts of their body.”

“ I have learned, by a continual attention to the two species of them, that all the individuals of these species produce young ones.”

“ I have for sixty years had under my eye thousands of them; and though I have OBSERVED THEM CONSTANTLY, and with ATTENTION, so as to watch them night and day, I never observed any thing like the common animal copulation.”

“ I tried at first two of them; but these I found would not produce a compleat *Chrysipe*; at least I had reason to think the operation would be so slow, that I must have waited some years for its completion. Upon this, I tried a hundred of them together; by whose marvellous union (whether it be, that they mix total, like those heavenly spirits mentioned by Milton, or by any

* Vid. Remarks on the *Polypus*, pag. 6.

" other process not yet revealed to human wit) they
 " were found in the year's end to produce three,
 " four, and sometimes five complete *Chrysi*. I
 " have indeed often made them in that space produce
 " ten or twenty; but this hath been by some held a
 " dangerous experiment, not only to the parent
 " *Chrysi* themselves, which have by these means been
 " utterly lost and destroyed, but even to the phi-
 " losopher who hath attempted it: for as some cu-
 " rious persons have, by hermetic experiments, en-
 " dangered the loss of their teeth, so we, by a too
 " intense application to this *Chrysean* philosophy,
 " have been sometimes found to endanger our ears."
 He then proceeds thus:

* " Another fact, which I have observed, has
 " proved to me, that they have the faculty of mul-
 " tiplying, before they are severed from their parent.
 " I have seen a *Chrysi*, still adhering, bring forth
 " young ones: and those young ones themselves
 " have also brought forth others. Upon supposition,
 " that perhaps there was some copulation between
 " the parent and young ones, whilst they were yet
 " united; or between the young ones coming from
 " the body of the same parent; I made divers expe-
 " riments to be sure of the fact; but not one of
 " those experiments ever led me to any thing that
 " could give the idea of a copulation."

I now proceed to the singularities resulting from the operation I have tried upon them.

A *Chrysi* of the larger kind may be divided
 into one-and-twenty substances (whether animal or
 vegetable we determine not) every substance being at
 least as large as the original *Chrysi*. These may
 again be subdivided, each of them into twenty-four;
 and what is very remarkable, every one of these parts
 is heavier, and rather larger than the first *Chrysi*.
 The only difference in this change, is that of the
 colour; for the first sort are yellow, the second
 white, and the third resemble the complexion and
 figure of many human faces.

These subdivided parts are by some observed to lose in a great degree their adherescent quality: notwithstanding which, *Gualterus* writes, that, from the minutest observations upon his own experience, they all adhered with equal tenacity to his own fingers.

The manner of dividing a *Chrysipus* differs, however, greatly from that of the *Polypus*; for whereas we are taught in that excellent treatise above-mentioned, that

“If the body of a *Polypus* is cut into two parts transversely, each of those parts becomes a complete *Polypus*: on the very day of the operation, the first part, or anterior end of the *Polypus*, that is, the head, the mouth and the arms: this part, I say, lengthens itself, it creeps, and eats.”

“The second part, which has no head, gets one; a mouth forms itself at the anterior end; and shoots forth arms. This re-production comes about more or less quickly, according as the weather is more or less warm. In Summer, I have seen arms begin to sprout out 24 hours after the operation, and the new head perfected in every respect in a few days.”

“Each of those parts thus become a perfect *Polypus*, performs absolutely all its functions. It creeps, it eats, it grows, and it multiplies; and all that, as much as a *Polypus* which never had been cut.”

“In whatever place the body of a *Polypus* is cut, whether in the middle, or more or less near the head, or the posterior part, the experiment has always the same success.”

“If a *Polypus* is cut transversely at the same moment, into three or four parts, they all equally become so many complete ones.”

“The animal is too small to be cut at the same time into a great number of parts; I therefore did it successively. I first cut a *Polypus* into four parts, and let them grow; next, I cut those quarters again; and at this rate I proceeded, till I had made 50 out of one single one: and here I stopp'd, for there would have been no end of the experiment.”

* See *Polypus*, pag. 8, 9, 10.

“ I have now actually by me several parts of the
 “ same *Polypus* cut into pieces above a year ago;
 “ since which time, they have produced a great
 “ number of young-ones.”

“ *A Polypus may also be cut in two lengthways. Begin-*
 “ *ning by the head, one first splits the said head, and af-*
 “ *terwards the stomach: the Polypus being in the form*
 “ *of a pipe, each half of what is thus cut lengthways*
 “ *forms a half pipe, the anterior extremity of which*
 “ *is terminated by the half of the head, the half of*
 “ *the mouth, and part of the arms. It is not long be-*
 “ *fore the two edges of those half-pipes close after the*
 “ *operation: they generally begin at the posterior part,*
 “ *and close up by degrees to the anterior part. Then,*
 “ *each half-pipe becomes a whole-one, complete: a stomach*
 “ *is formed, in which nothing is wanting; and out of*
 “ *each half-mouth a whole-one is formed also.”*

“ I have seen all this done in less than an hour;
 “ and that the *Polypus* produced from each of those
 “ halves, at the end of that time did not differ from
 “ the whole ones, except that it had fewer arms;
 “ but in a few days more grew out.”

“ I have cut a *Polypus* lengthways, between seven
 “ and eight in the morning; and between two and
 “ three in the afternoon, *each of the parts has been*
 “ *able to eat a worm as long as itself.”*

“ If a *Polypus* is cut lengthways, beginning at the
 “ head, and the section is not carried quite through;
 “ the result is, a *Polypus* with two bodies, two heads,
 “ and one tail. Some of those bodies and heads may
 “ again be cut lengthways soon after. In this manner
 “ I have produced a *Polypus* that had several bodies, as
 “ many heads, and one tail. I afterwards, at once cut off
 “ the seven heads of this new *Hydra*: seven others
 “ grew again; and the heads that were cut off, became
 “ each a complete *Polypus*.”

“ I cut a *Polypus*, transversely into two parts:
 “ I put these two parts close to each other again,
 “ and they re-united where they had been cut. The
 “ *Polypus*, thus re-united, eat the day after it had
 “ undergone this operation: it is since grown, and
 “ has multiplied.”

“I took the posterior part of one Polypus, and the anterior of another, and I have brought them to reunite in the same manner as the foregoing. Next day, the Polypus that resulted, eat: it has continued well these two months since the operation: it is grown, and has put forth young ones, from each of the parts of which it was formed. The two foregoing experiments do not always succeed; it often happens, that the two parts will not join again.”

“In order to comprehend the experiment I am now going to speak of, one should recollect, that the whole body of a Polypus forms only one pipe, a sort of gut, or pouch.”

“I have been able to turn that pouch, that body of the Polypus, INSIDE-OUTWARDS; AS ONE MAY TURN A STOCKING.”

“I have several by me, that have remained turned in this manner; THEIR INSIDE IS BECOME THEIR OUTSIDE, AND THEIR OUTSIDE THEIR INSIDE: they eat, they grow, and they multiply, as if they had never been turned.”

Now in the division and subdivision of our *Chrysipus*, we are forced to proceed in quite a different manner; namely, by the metabolic or mutative, not by the schyptic or divisive. Some have indeed attempted this latter method; but, like that great philosopher the elder Pliny, they have perished in their disquisitions, as he did, by suffocation. Indeed there is a method called the *Kleptistic*, which hath been preferred to the metabolic: but this is too dangerous; the ingenious Gualterus never carried it farther than the metabolic, contenting himself sometimes to divide the original *Chrysipus* into twenty-two parts, and again to subdivide these into twenty-five; but this requires great art.

It can't be doubted but that Mr. Trembley will, in the work he is pleased to promise us, give some account of the longevity of the *Polypus*. As to the age of the *Chrysipus*, it differs extremely; some being of equal duration with the life of man, and some of scarce a moment's existence. The best method of preserving them is, I believe, in bags, or chests, in large numbers; for they seldom live long when they are alone.

The

The great Gualterus says, he thought he could never put enough of them together. If you carry them in your pockets singly, or in pairs, as some do, they will last a very little while, and in some pockets not a day.

* We are told of the *Polypus*, "That they are to be looked for in such ditches whose water is stocked with small insects. Pieces of wood, leaves, aquatic plants, in short, every thing is to be taken out of the water, that is met with at the bottom, or on the surface of the water, on the edges, and in the middle of the ditches. What is thus taken out, must be put into a glass of clear water, and these insects, if there are any, will soon discover themselves; especially if the glass is let stand a little, without moving it: for thus the insects, which contract themselves when they are first taken out, will again extend themselves when they are at rest, and become thereby so much the more remarkable."

The *Chrysipus* is to be looked for in serutores, and behind waincots in old houses. In searching for them, particular regard is to be had to the persons who inhabit, or have inhabited in the same houses, by observing which rule, you may often prevent throwing away your labour. They love to be rather with old than young persons, and detest finery so much, that they are seldom to be found in the pockets of laced cloaths, and hardly ever in gilded palaces. They are sometimes very difficult to be met with, even though you know where they are, by reason of pieces of wood, iron, &c. which must be removed away before you can come at them. There are, however, several sure methods of procuring them, which are all ascertained in a treatise on that subject, composed by Petrus Gualterus, which, now he is dead, will shortly see the light.

I come now, in the last place, to speak of the virtues of the *Chrysipus*: in these it exceeds not only the *Polypus*, of which not one single virtue is recorded, but all other animals and vegetables whatever. Indeed I intend here only to set down some of its chief qualities; for to enumerate all, would require a large volume.

* *Polypus*, pag. 1, 2.

First, then, A single *Chryſipus* ſtuck on to the finger, will make a man talk for a full hour, nay will make him ſay whatever the perſon who ſticks it on deſires; and again, if you deſire ſilence, it will as effectually ſtop the moſt loquacious tongue. Sometimes, indeed, one or two, or even twenty, are not ſufficient; but if you apply the proper number, they ſeldom or never fail of ſucceſs. It will likewiſe make men blind or deaf, as you think proper; and all this without doing the leaſt injury to the ſeveral organs.

Secondly, It hath a moſt miraculous quality of turning black into white, or white into black. Indeed it hath the powers of the prismatic glaſs, and can, from any object, reflect what colour it pleaſes.

Thirdly, It is the ſtrongeſt love-powder in the world, and hath ſuch efficacy on the female ſex, that it hath often produced love in the fineſt women to the moſt worthleſs and ugly, old and decrepit of our ſex.

To give the ſtrongeſt idea in one inſtance, of the ſalubrious quality of the *Chryſipus*: it is a medicine which the phyſicians are ſo fond of taking themſelves, that few of them care to viſit a patient, without ſwallowing a doſe of it.

To conclude, *facts like theſe I have related, to be admitted,* require the moſt convincing proofs. *I venture to ſay, I am able to produce ſuch proofs.* In the mean time, I refer my curious reader to the treatiſe I have above-mentioned, which is not yet published, and perhaps never may.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Since I compoſed the above treatiſe, I have been informed, that theſe animals ſwarm in England all over the country, like the locuſts, once in SEVEN years; and like them too, they generally cauſe much miſchief, and greatly ruin the country in which they have ſwarmed.

T H E

OLYMPIA

DEMO

THE FIRST

OLYNTHIAC

OF

DEMOSTHENES.

O. L. M. O

D. E. D.

Owing to the fact that the
 names of the
 Philip...
 the name...
 Athanasius...
 Olympian...
 Gregory...
 under a...
 ex...
 names...
 has been...
 from...
 as...
 names...
 Demosthenes...
 nation.

N O...
 N...
 names...
 at the...
 the...



THE FIRST
 OLYNTHIAC
 OF
 DEMOSTHENES.

The ARGUMENT.

Olynthus was a powerful free city of Thrace, on the confines of Macedonia. By certain alluring offers, Philip had tempted them into an alliance with him, the terms of which were a joint war against the Athenians, and if a peace, a joint peace. The Olynthians, some time after, becoming jealous of his growing power, detach themselves from his alliance, and make a separate peace with the Athenians. Philip, exclaiming against this, as a breach of their former treaty, and glad of an opportunity, which he had long been seeking, immediately declares war against them, and besieges their city. Upon this, they dispatch an Embassy to Athens for succour. The subject of this embassy coming to be debated among the Athenians, Demosthenes gives his sentiments in the following oration.

NO treasures, O Athenians, can, I am confident, be so desirable in your eyes, as to discover what is most advantageous to be done for this city, in the affair now before you. And since it is of so important a nature, the strictest attention

tention should be given to all those who are willing to deliver their opinions: for not only the salutary councils which any one may have premeditated, are to be heard and received; but I consider it as peculiar to your fortune and good genius, that many things, highly expedient, may suggest themselves to the speakers, even extemporarily, and without premeditation; and then you may easily, from the whole, collect the most useful resolutions. The present occasion wants only a tongue to declare, that the posture of these affairs requires your immediate application, if you have any regard for your preservation. I know not what disposition we all entertain; but my own opinion is, that we vote a supply of men to the Olynthians, and that we send them immediately; and thus by lending them our assistance now, we shall prevent the accidents which we have formerly felt, from falling again on us. Let an embassy be dispatched, not only to declare these our intentions, but to see them executed. For my greatest apprehension is, that the artful Philip, who well knows to improve every opportunity, by concessions, where they are most convenient, and by threats, which we may believe him capable of fulfilling, at the same time objecting our absence to our allies, may draw from the whole some considerable advantage to himself. This however, O Athenians, will give some comfort, that the very particular circumstance which adds the greatest strength to Philip, is likewise favourable to us. In his own person he unites the several powers of general, of king, and of treasurer; he presides absolutely in all councils, and is constantly at the head of his army. This indeed will contribute greatly to his successes in the field, but will have a contrary effect, with regard to that truce which he is so desirous to make with the Olynthians; who will find their contention not to be for glory, nor for the enlargement of dominion; the subversion or slavery of their country is what they fight against. They have seen in what manner he hath treated those Amphipolitans, who surrendered their city to him; and those Pydnæans, who re-

ceived him into theirs: and indeed, universally, a kingly state is, in my opinion, a thing in which republics will never trust; and above all, if their territories border on each other. These things therefore, O Athenians, being well known to you, when you enter on this debate, your resolutions must be for war, and to prosecute it with as much vigour as you have formerly shewn on any occasion. You must resolve to raise supplies with the utmost alacrity; to muster yourselves; to omit nothing: for no longer can a reason be assigned, or excuse alledged, why you should decline what the present exigency requires. For the Olynthians, whom with such universal clamours you have formerly insisted on our fomenting against Philip, are now embroiled with him by meer accident; and this most advantageously for you; since had they undertaken the war at your request, their alliance might have been less stable, and only to serve a present turn; but since their animosity arises from injuries offered to themselves, their hostility will be firm; as well on account of their fears, as of their resentment. The opportunity which now offers is not, O Athenians, to be lost, nor should you suffer what you have already often suffered. For had we, when we returned from succouring the Eubæans, when Hierax and Stratocles from the Amphipolitans, in this very place, besought you to sail to their assistance, and to receive their city into your protection; had we then consulted our own interest with the same zeal with which we provided for the safety of the Eubæans, we had then possessed ourselves of Amphipolis, and escaped the troubles which have since perplexed us. Again, when we were first acquainted with the sieges of Pydna, Potidea, Methone, Pagasæ, and others, (for I will not waste time in enumerating all) had we then assisted only one of these with proper vigour, we should have found Philip much humbler, and easier to be dealt with: whereas now, by constantly pretermittting the opportunities when they presented themselves, and trusting in fortune for the good success of future events, we have encreased the power, O Athenians,

of Philip ourselves, and have raised him higher than any king of Macedonia ever was. Now then an opportunity is come. What is it? why this which the Olynthians have of their own accord offered to this city; nor is it inferior to any of those we have formerly lost. To me, O Athenians, it appears, that if we settle a just account with the gods, notwithstanding all things are not as they ought to be, they are entitled to our liberal thanksgivings. For as to our losses in war, they are justly to be set down to our own neglect: but that we formerly suffered not these misfortunes, and that an alliance now appears to balance these evils, if we will but accept it: this, in my opinion, must be referred to the benevolence of the gods. But it happens as in the affair of riches, of which, I think, it is proverbially said, that if a man preserves the wealth he attains, he is greatly thankful to fortune; but if he insensibly consumes it, his gratitude to fortune is consumed at the same time. So in public affairs: if we make not a right improvement of opportunities, we forget the good offered us by the gods: for from the final event we generally form our judgments of all that preceded. It is therefore highly necessary, O Athenians, to take effectual care, that by making a right use of the occasion now offered us, we wipe off the stains contracted by our former conduct; for should we, O Athenians, desert these people likewise, and Philip be enabled to destroy Olynthus, will any man tell me what afterwards shall stop his future progress, wherever he desires to extend it? But consider, O Athenians, and see, by what means this Philip, once so inconsiderable, is now become so great. He first became master of Amphipolis, secondly of Pydna, next of Potidea, and then of Methone. After these conquests, he turned his arms towards Thessaly, where having reduced Phera, Pagasæ, Magnesia, he marched on to Thrace. Here, after he had dethroned some kings, and given crowns to others, he fell sick. On a small amendment of health, instead of refreshing himself with repose, he fell presently on the Olynthians. His expeditions against the Illyrians, the
Pæonians

Pæonians against Arymba, and who can recount all the other nations I omit. But should any man say, why therefore do you commemorate these things to us now? my answer is, that you may know, O Athenians, and sensibly perceive these two things. First, how pernicious it is to neglect the least article of what ought to be done; and, secondly, that you may discern the restless disposition of Philip to undertake, and his alacrity to execute: whence we may conclude, he will never think he hath done enough, nor indulge himself in ease. If then his disposition be to aim still at greater and greater conquests, and ours to neglect every brave measure for our defence; consider in what event we can hope these things should terminate! good gods! is there any of you so infatuated, that he can be ignorant that the war will come home to us, if we neglect it? and if this should happen, I fear, O Athenians, that we shall imitate those who borrow money at great usury, who for a short affluence of present wealth, are afterwards turned out of their original patrimony. So we shall be found to pay dearly for our sloth, and by giving our minds entirely up to pleasure, shall bring on ourselves many and grievous calamities, against our will shall be at last reduced to a necessity of action, and to contend even for our own country. Perhaps some one may object, that to find fault is easy, and within any man's capacity; but to advise proper measures to be taken in the present exigency, is the part of a counsellor. I am not ignorant, O Athenians, that not those who have been the first causes of the misfortune, but those who have afterwards delivered their opinions concerning it, fall often under your severe displeasure, when the success doth not answer their expectations. Be that as it will, I do not so tender my own safety, that from any regard to that, I should conceal what I imagine may conduce to your welfare.

The measures you are to take are, in my opinion, two. First, to preserve the Olynthian cities by sending a supply of men to the assistance; secondly, to ravage the country of the enemy; and this by attacking it both by sea and land. If either of these be

neglected, I much fear the success of your expedition: for should he, while you are wasting his territories, by submitting to suffer this; take Olynthus; he will be easily able to return home, and defend his own. On the other hand, if you only send succours to the Olynthians; when Philip perceives himself safe at home, he will set down before Olynthus, and employing every artifice against the town, will at length master it. We must therefore assist the Olynthians with numerous forces, and in two several places. This is my advice concerning the manner of our assisting them. As for the supply of money to be raised; you have a treasury, O Athenians, you have a treasury fuller of money, set apart for military uses, than any other city of Greece: this fund you may apply according to your pleasure, on this occasion: if the army be supplied this way, you will want no tax: if not, you will hardly find any tax sufficient. What? says some one, do you move to have this fund applied to the army? not I, truly; I only suggest that an army should be levied; that this fund should be applied to it; that those who do their duty to the public, should receive their reward from it; whereas in celebrating the public festivals, much is received by those who do nothing for it.

As to the rest, I think, all should contribute, largely if much wanted, less if little. Money is wanted, and without it, nothing which is necessary to be done can be performed. Others propose other means of raising it; of which do you fix on that which seems most advantageous, and apply yourselves to your preservation, while you have an opportunity: for you ought to consider and weigh well the posture in which Philip's affairs now stand: for it appears to me, that no man, even though he hath not examined them with much accuracy, can imagine them to be in the fairest situation. He would never have entered into this war, had he thought it would have been protracted. He hoped, at his very entrance to have carried all things before him, which expectation hath deceived him. This therefore, by falling out contrary to his opinion, hath given him the first shock,
and

and much dejected him. Then the commotions in Thessaly: for these are by nature the most perfidious of mortals, and have always proved so; as such he hath now sufficiently experienced them. They have decreed to demand Pagasæ of him, and to forbid the fortifying Magnesia. I have moreover heard it said, that the Thessalians would no longer open their ports to him, nor suffer his fleets to be victualled in their markets; for that these should go to the support of the republics of Thessaly, and not to the use of Philip. But should he be deprived of these, he will find himself reduced to great streights to provide for his auxiliaries. And further; can we suppose that Pæonia and Illyria, and all the other cities, will chuse rather to be slaves than free, and their own masters? They are not inured to bondage, and the man is, as they say, prone to insolence; which is indeed very credible; for unmerited success entirely perverts the understanding in weaker minds; whence it is often more difficult to retain advantages than it was to gain them. It is our parts then, O Athenians, to take advantage of this distress of Philip, to undertake the business with the utmost expedition; not only to dispatch the necessary embassies, but to follow them with an army, and to stir up all his other enemies against him: for we may be assured of this, that had Philip the same opportunity, and the war was near our borders, he would be abundantly ready to invade us. Are you not then ashamed through fear to omit bringing that on him, when you have an opportunity, which he, had he that opportunity, would surely bring on you? Besides, let none of you be ignorant, that you have now your option, whether you should attack him abroad, or be attacked by him at home: for if the Olynthians, by your assistance, are preserved, the kingdom of Philip will be by your forces invaded, and you may then retain your own dominions, your own city in safety; but should Philip once master the Olynthians, who would oppose his march hither? the Thebans? let me not be thought too bitter, if I say, they would be ready to assist him against us. The Phocians! they are not

able to save themselves, unless you, or some one else, will assist them. But my friend, says one, Philip will have no desire to invade us—I answer, it would surely be most absurd, if what he imprudently now threatens us with, he would not, when he conveniently could, perform. As to the difference, whether the war be here or there, there is, I think, no need of argument: for if it was necessary for you to be thirty days in the field within your own territories, and to sustain your army with your own product, supposing no enemy there at the same time; I say the losses of your husbandmen, who supply those provisions, would be greater than the whole expence of the preceding war. But if an actual war should come to our doors, what losses must we then expect? Add to this, the insults of the enemy, and that which to generous minds is not inferior to any loss, the disgrace of such an incident. It becomes us all therefore, when we consider all these things, to apply our utmost endeavours to expel this war from our borders: the rich, that for the many things they possess, parting with a little, they may secure the quiet possession of the rest: the young men, that having learnt experience in the art of war, at Philip's expence, in his country, they may become formidable defenders of their own; the orators, that they may be judicially vindicated in the advice they have given to the republic; since according to the success of the measures taken in consequence of their opinions, so you will judge of the advisers themselves. May this success be happy, for the sake of every one.

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OF THE
R E M E D Y

OF
A F F L I C T I O N

For the **LOSS** of our
F R I E N D S.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

IT would be a great pity if the
 that the world has seen
 body, the most illustrious
 to all the eyes of the
 The manner of his death
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 Of the manner of his
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O F T H E
R E M E D Y
O F
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For the LOSS of our
F R I E N D S.

IT would be a strange consideration (saith Cicero) that while so many excellent remedies have been discovered for the several diseases of the human body, the mind should be left without any assistance to alleviate and repel the disorders which befall it. The contrary of this he asserts to be true, and prescribes philosophy to us, as a certain and infallible method to assuage and remove all those perturbations which are liable to affect this nobler part of man.

Of the same opinion were all those wise and illustrious antients, whose writings and sayings on this subject have been transmitted to us. And when Seneca tells us, that *virtue* is sufficient to subdue all our passions, he means no other (as he explains it in many parts of his works) than *that exalted divine philosophy*, which consisted not in vain pomp, or useless curiosity, nor even in the search of more profitable knowledge, but in acquiring solid lasting habits of virtue, and ingrafting them into our character. It was not the bare knowing the right way, but the constant

stant and steady walking in it, which those glorious writers recommended and dignified by the august names of *philosophy* and *virtue*; which two words, if they did not always use in a synonymous sense, yet they all agreed in this, that *virtue* was the consummation of true *philosophy*.

Now that this supreme *philosophy*, this habit of *virtue*, which strengthened the mind of a *Socrates*, or a *Brutus*, is really superior to every evil which can attack us, I make no doubt: but in truth, this is to have a sound, not a sickly constitution. With all proper deference therefore to such great authorities, they seem to me to assert no more, than that health is a remedy against disease: for a soul once possessed of that degree of *virtue*, which can without emotion look on poverty, pain, disgrace, and death, as things indifferent: a soul, as *Horace* expresses it,

Totus serens atque rotundus.

Or, according to *Seneca*, which derives all its comfort from WITHIN, not from WITHOUT: which can look down on all the rattling billows of fortune, as from a rock on shore, we survey a tempestuous sea, with unconcern; such a soul is surely in a state of health which no vigour of bodily constitution can resemble.

And as this health of the mind exceeds that of the body in degree, so doth it in constancy or duration. In the latter, the transition from perfect health to sickness is easy, and often sudden; whereas the former being once firmly established in the robust state above described, is never afterwards liable to be shocked by any accident, or impulse of fortune.

It must be confessed indeed, that those great masters have pointed out the way to this *philosophy*, and have endeavoured to allure and persuade others into it: but as it is certain, that few of their disciples have been able to arrive at its perfection; nay, as several of the masters themselves have done little honour to their precepts, by their examples, there seems still great occasion for a mental physician, who should consider the human mind (as is often the case of the body)

body) in too weak and depraved a situation to be restored to firm vigour and sanity, and should propose rather to palliate and lessen its disorders, than absolutely to cure them.

To consider the whole catalogue of diseases, to which our minds are liable, and to prescribe proper remedies for them all, would require a much longer treatise than what I now intend; I shall confine myself therefore to one only, and to a particular species of that one, *viz.* to affliction for the death of our friends.

This is a malady to which the best and worthiest of men are chiefly liable. It is, like a fever, the distemper of a rich and generous constitution. Indeed we may say of those base tempers, which are totally incapable of being affected with it, what a witty physician of the last age said of a shattered and rotten carcase, that they are not worth preserving.

For this reason the calm demeanor of Stilpo the philosopher, who, when he had lost his children at the taking Megara by Demetrius, concluded, *he had lost nothing, for that he carried all which was his own about him,* hath no charms for me. I am more apt to impute such sudden tranquillity, at so great a loss, to ostentation or obduracy, than to consummate virtue. It is rather wanting the affection, than conquering it. To overcome the affliction arising from the loss of our friends, is great and praise-worthy; but it requires some reason and time. This sudden unuffled composure is owing to mere insensibility; to a depravity of the heart, not goodness of the understanding.

But in a mind of a different cast, in one susceptible of a tender affection, fortune can make no other ravage equal to such a loss. It is tearing the heart, the soul from the body; not by a momentary operation, like that by which the most cruel tormentors of the body soon destroy the subject of their cruelty; but by a continued, tedious, though violent agitation; the soul having this double unfortunate superiority to the body, that its agonies, as they are more exquisite, so they are more lasting.

If however this calamity be not in a more humane disposition to be presently or totally removed, an attempt to lessen it is, however, worth our attention. He who could reduce the torments of the gout to one half or a third of the pain, would, I apprehend, be a physician in much vogue and request; and surely, some palliative remedies are as much worth our seeking in the mental disorder; especially if this latter should (as appears to me who have felt both) exceed the former in its anguish a hundred fold.

I will proceed therefore, without further apology, to present my reader with the best prescriptions I am capable of furnishing; many of which have this uncommon recommendation, that I have tried them upon myself with some success. And if Montaigne be right in his choice of a physician, who had himself had the disease which he undertook to cure, I shall at least have that pretension to some confidence and regard.

And first, by way of preparative: while we yet enjoy our friends, and no immediate danger threatens us of losing them, nothing can be wholsomer than frequent reflections on the certainty of this loss, however distant it may then appear to us: for if it be worth our while to prepare the body for diseases which may possibly (or at most probably) attack us; how much more necessary must it seem to furnish the mind with every assistance to encounter a calamity, which our own death only, or the previous determination of our friendship, can prevent from happening to us.

It hath been mentioned as one of the first ingredients of a *wise* man, that nothing befalls him entirely unforeseen, and unexpected. And this is surely the principal means of taking his happiness or misery out of the hands of fortune. Pleasure or pain, which seize us unprepared, and by surprize, have a double force, and are both more capable of subduing the mind, than when they come upon us looking for them, and prepared to receive them. That pleasure is heighten'd by long expectation, appears to me a great though vulgar error. The mind, by constant premeditation on either, lessens the sweetness of the

one, and bitterness of the other. It hath been well said of lovers, who for a long time procrastinate and delay their happiness, that they have loved themselves out before they come to the actual enjoyment: this is as true in the more ungrateful article of affliction. The objects of our passions, as well as of our appetites, may be in great measure devoured by imagination; and grief, like hunger, may be so palled and abated by expectation, that it may retain no sharpness when its food is set before it.

The thoughts which are to engage our consideration on this head, are too various, and many of them too obvious to be enumerated: the principal are surely, First, the certainty of the dissolution of this alliance, however sweet it be to us, or however closely the knot be tied. Secondly, the extreme shortness of its duration, even at the best. And, Thirdly, the many accidents by which it is daily and hourly liable of being brought to an end.

Had not the wise man frequently meditated on these subjects, he would not have coolly answered the person who acquainted him with the death of his son — I KNEW I had begot a Mortal. Whereas by the behaviour of some on these occasions, we might be almost induced to suspect they were disappointed in their hopes of their friend's immortality; that something uncommon, and beyond the general fate of men, had happened to them. In a word, that they had flattered their fondness for their children and friends as enthusiastically as the poets have their works, which

*nec Jovis Ira nec Ignis,
Nec poterit Ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

Nor is there any dissuasive from such contemplation: it is no breach of friendship, nor violence of paternal fondness; for the event we dread and detest, is not by these means forwarded, as simple persons think their own death would be by making a will. On the contrary, the sweetest and most rapturous enjoyments are thus promoted and encouraged: for

what can be a more delightful thought than to assure ourselves, after such reflections, that the evil we apprehend, and which might so probably have happened, hath been yet fortunately escaped. If it be true that the loss of a blessing teaches us its true value, will not these ruminations on the certainty of losing our friends, and the incertainty of our enjoyment of them, add a relish to the present possession? Shall we not, in a word, return to their conversation, after such reflections, with the same eagerness and extasy, with which we receive those we love into our arms, when we first wake from a dream which hath terrified us with their deaths?

Thus then we have a double incentive to these meditations; as they serve as well to heighten our present enjoyment, as to lessen our future loss, and to fortify us against it. I shall now proceed to give my reader some instructions for his conduct, when this dreadful catastrophe hath actually befallen him.

And here I address myself to common men, and who partake of the more amiable weaknesses of human nature; not to those elevated souls whom the consummation of virtue and philosophy hath raised to a divine pitch of excellence, and placed beyond the reach of human calamity; for which reason I do not expect this loss shall be received with the composure of Stilpo. Nay, I shall not regard tears, lamentations, or any other indulgence to the first agonies of our grief on so dreadful an occasion, as marks of effeminacy; but shall rather esteem them as the symptoms of a laudable tenderness, than of a contemptible imbecility of heart.

However, though I admit the first emotions of our grief to be so far irresistable, that they are not to be instantly and absolutely overcome, yet we are not, on the other side, totally to abandon ourselves to them. Wisdom is our shield against all calamity, and this we are not cowardly to throw away, though some of the sharper darts of fortune may have pierced us through it. The mind of a wise man may be ruffled and disordered, but cannot be subdued: in the former it differs

fers from the perfection of the Deity; in the latter, from the abject condition of a fool.

With whatever violence our passions at first attack us, they will in time subside. It is then that reason is to be called to our assistance, and we should use every suggestion which it can lend to our relief: our utmost force being to be exerted to repel and subdue an enemy when he begins to retreat: this indeed, one would imagine, should want little or no persuasion to recommend it; inasmuch as we all naturally pursue happiness and avoid misery.

There are, however, two causes of our unwillingness to hearken to the voice of reason on this occasion. The first is, a foolish opinion, that friendship requires an exorbitant affliction of us; that we are thus discharging our duty to the dead, and offering (according to the superstition of the antients) an agreeable sacrifice to their manes: the other and perhaps the commoner motive is, the immediate satisfaction we ourselves feel in this indulgence; which, though attended with very dreadful consequences, gives the same present relief to a tender disposition, that air or water brings to one in a high fever.

Now what can possibly, on the least examination, appear more absurd than the former of these? When the grave, beyond which we can enter into no engagement with one another, hath dissolved all bonds of friendship between us, and removed the object of our affection far from the reach of any of our offices; can any thing be more vain and ridiculous, than to nourish an affliction to our own misery, by which we can convey neither profit nor pleasure to our friend! But I shall not dwell on an absurdity so monstrous in itself, that the bare first mention throws it in a light, which no illustration nor argument can heighten.

And as to the second, it is, as I have said, like those indulgencies, which however pleasant they may be to the distemper, serve only to increase it, and for which we are sure to pay the bitterest agonies in the end. Nothing can indeed betray a weaker or more childish temper of mind than this conduct: by which, like infants, we reject a remedy, if it be the least

distasteful; and are ready to receive any grateful food, without regarding the nourishment which, at the same time we contribute to the disease.

Without staying therefore longer to argue with such, I shall first recommend to my disciple or patient, of another complexion, carefully to avoid all circumstances which may revive the memory of the deceased, whom it is now his business to forget as fast, and as much as possible; whereas, such is the perverseness of our natures, we are constantly endeavouring, at every opportunity, to recal to our remembrance the words, looks, gestures, and other particularities of a friend. One carries about with him the picture; a second the hair; and others, some little gift or token of the dead, as a memorial of their loss. What is all this less than being self-tormentors, and playing with affliction? Indeed time is the truest and best physician on these occasions; and our wisest part is to lend him the utmost assistance we can: whereas by pursuing the methods I have here objected to, we withstand with all our might the aid and comfort which that great reliever of human misery so kindly offers us.

Diversions of the lightest kind have been recommended as a remedy for affliction: but for my part, I conceive they will rather increase than diminish it; especially where music is to make up any part of the entertainment: for the nature of this is to sooth or inflame, not to alter our passions. Indeed I should rather propose such diversions by way of trial than of cure: for when they can be pursued with any good effect, our affliction is, I apprehend, very little grievous or dangerous,

To say the truth, the physic for this, as well as every other mental disorder, is to be dispensed to us by philosophy and religion. The former of these words (however unhappily it hath contracted the contempt of the pretty gentlemen and fine ladies) doth surely convey to those who understand it, no very ridiculous idea. Philosophy, in its purer and stricter sense, means no more than the love of wisdom; but in its common and vulgar acceptation it signifies, the search after wisdom; or often, wisdom itself: for to
distinguish

distinguish between wisdom and philosophy (says a great writer) is rather matter of vain curiosity, than of real utility.

Now from this fountain (call it by which of the names we please) may be drawn the following considerations.

First, the injustice of our complaint, who have been only obliged to fulfil the condition on which we first received the good, whose loss we deplore, *viz.* that of parting with it again. We are tenants at will to fortune, and as we have advanced no consideration on our side, can have no right to accuse her caprice in determining our estate. However short-lived our possession hath been, it was still more than she promised, or we could demand. We are already obliged to her for more than we can pay; but like ungrateful persons, with whom one denial effaces the remembrance of an hundred benefits, we forget what we have already received; and rail at her, because she is not pleased to continue those favours, which of her own free-will she hath so long bestowed on us.

Again, as we might have been called on to fulfil the condition of our tenure long before, so, sooner or later, of necessity we must have done it. The longest term we could hope for is extremely short, and compared by Solomon himself to the length of a span. Of what duration is this life of man computed? A scrivener who sells his annuity at fourteen years and a half, rejoices in his cunning, and thinks he hath outwitted you, at least half a year, in the bargain.

But who will insure these fourteen years? No man. On the contrary, how great is the premium for insuring you one? and great as it is, he who accepts it is often a loser.

I shall not go into the hackneyed common-place of the numberless avenues to death: a road almost as much beaten by writers, as those avenues to death are by mankind: Tibullus sums 'em up in half a verse.

——— *Leti mille repente viæ.*

Surely

Surely no accident can befall our friend which should so little surprize us; for there is no other which he may not escape. In poverty, pain, or other instances, his lot may be harder than his neighbours. In this, the happiest and most miserable, the greatest and lowest, richest and poorest of mankind share all alike.

It is not then, it cannot be death itself (which is a part of life) that we lament should happen to our friend, but it is the time of his dying. We desire not a pardon, we desire a reprieve only. A reprieve, for how long? *Sine Die*. But if he could escape this fever, this small-pox, this inflammation of the bowels, he may live twenty years. He may so: but it is more probable he will not live ten: it is very possible, not one. But suppose he should have twenty, nay thirty years to come. In prospect it is true, the term seems to have some duration; but cast your eyes backwards, and how contemptible the span appears: for it happens in life (however pleasant the journey may be) as to a weary traveller; the plain he is yet to pass extends itself much larger to his eye than that which he hath already conquered.

And suppose fortune should be so generous to indulge us in the possession of our wish, and give us this twenty years longer possession of our friend, should we be then contented to resign? Or shall we not, in imitation of a child who desires its mamma to stay five minutes, and it will take the potion, be still as unwilling as ever? I am afraid the latter will be the case; seeing that neither our calamity, nor the child's phycic, becomes less nauseous by the delay.

But admitting this condition to be never so hard, will not philosophy shew us the folly of immoderate affliction? Can all our sorrow mend our case? Can we wash back our friend with our tears, or waft him back with our sighs and lamentations? It is a foolish mean-spiritedness in a criminal, to blubber to his judge when he knows he shall not prevail by it; and it is natural to admire those more who meet their fate with a decent constancy and resignation. Were the sentences of fate capable of remission; could our sorrows or sufferings

sufferings restore our friends to us, I would commend him who out-did the fabled Niobe in weeping: but since no such event is to be expected; since *from that Bourne no Traveller returns*, surely it is the part of a wise man, to bring himself to be content in a situation which no wit or wisdom, labour or art, trouble or pain, can alter.

And let us seriously examine our hearts, whether it is for the sake of our friends, or ourselves, that we grieve. I am ready to agree with a celebrated French writer; that *the lamentation expressed for the loss of our dearest friends, is often, in reality, for ourselves; that we are concerned at being less happy, less easy, and of less consequence than we were before; and thus the dead enjoy the honour of those tears which are truly shed on account of the living: concluding—that in these afflictions men impose on themselves.* Now if on the enquiry this should be found to be our case, I shall leave the patient to seek his remedy elsewhere; having first recommended to him, an assembly, a ball, an opera, a play, an amour, or, if he please, all of them, which will very speedily produce his cure. But, on the contrary, if after the strictest examination, it should appear (as I make no doubt is sometimes the case) that our sorrow arises from that pure and disinterested affection which many minds are so far from being capable of entertaining, that they can have no idea of it: in a word, if it be manifest that our tears are justly to be imputed to our friend's account, it may be then worth our while to consider the nature and degree of this misfortune which hath happened to him: and if, on duly considering it, we should be able to demonstrate to ourselves, that this supposed dreadful calamity should exist only in opinion, and all its horrors vanish, on being closely and nearly examined; then, I apprehend, the very foundation of our grief will be removed, and it must, of necessary consequence, immediately cease.

I shall not attempt to make an estimate of human life, which to do in the most concise manner, would fill more pages than I can here allow it; nor will it be necessary for me, since admitting there was more
real

real happiness in life than the wisest men have allowed; as the weakest and simplest will be ready to confess that there is much evil in it likewise; and as I conceive every impartial man will, on casting up the whole, acknowledge that the latter is more than a balance for the former, I apprehend it will appear sufficiently for my purpose, that death is not that king of terrors as he is represented to be.

Death is nothing more than the negation of life. If therefore life be no general good, death is no general evil. Now if this be a point in judgment, who shall decide it? Shall we prefer the judgment of women and children, or of wise men? If of the latter, shall I not have all their suffrages with me? Thales, the chief of the sages, held life and death as things indifferent. Socrates, the greatest of all the philosophers, speaks of death as of a deliverance. Solomon, who had tasted all the sweets of life, condemns the whole as vanity and vexation: and Cicero, (to name no more) whose life had been a very fortunate one, assures us in his old age, that *if any of the gods would frankly offer him to renew his infancy, and live his life over again, he would strenuously refuse it.*

But if we will be hardy enough to fly in the face of these and numberless other such authorities: if we will still maintain that the pleasures of life have in them something truly solid, and worthy our regard and desire, we shall not, however, be bold enough to say, that these pleasures are lasting, certain, or the portion of many among us. We shall not, I apprehend, insure the possession of them to our friend, nor secure him from all those evils, which, as I have before said, none have ever denied the real existence of: nor shall we surely contend, that he may not more likely have escaped the latter, than have been deprived of the former.

I remember the most excellent of women, and tenderest of mothers, when, after a painful and dangerous delivery, she was told she had a daughter, answering; *Good God! have I produced a creature who is to undergo what I have suffered!* Some years afterwards

wards, I heard the same woman, on the death of that very child, then one of the loveliest creatures ever seen, comforting herself with reflecting, that *her child could never know what it was to feel such a loss as she then lamented.*

In reality, she was right in both instances; and however instinct, youth, a flow of spirits, violent attachments, and above all, folly may blind us, the day of death is (to most people at least) a day of more happiness than that of our birth, as it puts an end to all those evils which the other gave a beginning to. So just is that sentiment of Solon, which Cræsus afterwards experienced the truth of, and which is couched in these lines.

ultima Semper

Expectanda Dies Homini, dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo, postremaque funera debet.

If therefore death be no evil, there is certainly no reason why we should lament its having happened to our friend: but if there be any whom neither his own observation, nor what Plato hath advanced in his apology for Socrates, in his Crito, and his Phædon; or Cicero, in the first and third books of his Tusculan questions; or Montaigne, (if he hath a contempt for the ancients) can convince, that death is not an evil worthy our lamentation, let such a man comfort himself, that the evil which his friend hath suffered, he shall himself shortly have his share in. As nothing can be a greater consolation to a delicate friendship than this, so there is nothing we may so surely depend on. A few days may, and a few years most infallibly will bring this about, and we shall then reap one benefit from the cause of our present affliction, that we are not then to be torn from the person we love.

These are, I think, the chief comforts which the voice of human philosophy can administer to us on this occasion. Religion goes much farther, and gives us a most delightful assurance, that our friend is not barely no loser, but a gainer by his dissolution; that
those

those virtues and good qualities which were the objects of our affection on earth, are now become the foundation of his happiness and reward in a better world.

Lastly ; It gives a hope, the sweetest, most endearing, and ravishing, which can enter into a mind capable of, and inflamed with friendship. The hope of again meeting the beloved person, of renewing and cementing the dear union in bliss everlasting. This is a rapture which leaves the warmest imagination at a distance. *Who can conceive* (says Sherlock, in his discourse on death) *the melting caresses of two souls in paradise?* What are all the trash and trifles, the bubbles, bawbles, and gewgaws of this life, to such a meeting ? This is a hope which no reasoning shall ever argue me out of, nor millions of such worlds as this should purchase : nor can any man shew me its absolute impossibility, 'till he can demonstrate that it is not in the power of the Almighty to bestow it on me.

ALEXANDER

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THE

A

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the world, and the only one who has seen the

the world, and the only one who has seen the
the world, and the only one who has seen the

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

A N D

DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

D I A

ALEXANDER

DIOCLE

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B E T W E E N
ALEXANDER THE GREAT,
A N D
DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

ALEXANDER.

WHAT fellow art thou, who darest thus to lie at thy ease in our presence, when all others, as thou seest, rise to do us homage? dost thou not know us?

DIOGENES.

I cannot say I do: but by the number of thy attendants, by the splendor of thy habit; but, above all, by the vanity of thy appearance, and the arrogance of thy speech, I conceive thou mayst be Alexander the son of Philip.

ALEXANDER.

And who can more justly challenge thy respect, than Alexander, at the head of that victorious army, who hath performed such wonderful exploits*, and under his conduct hath subdued the world?

DIOGENES.

* This is an anachronism: for Diogenes was of Sinope, and the meeting between him and Alexander fell out while the latter was confederating

DIOGENES.

Who? why the taylor who made me this old cloak.

ALEXANDER.

Thou art an odd fellow, and I have a curiosity to know thy name.

DIOGENES.

I am not aframed of it: I am called Diogenes; a name composed of as many and as well founding syllables as Alexander.

ALEXANDER.

Diogenes, I rejoice at this encounter. I have heard of thy name, and been long desirous of seeing thee; in which wish, since fortune hath accidentally favoured me, I shall be glad of thy conversation a-while: and that thou likewise may'st be pleased with our meeting, ask me some favour; and as thou knowest my power, so shalt thou experience my will to oblige thee.

DIOGENES.

Why then, Alexander the Great, I desire thee to stand from between me and the sun; whose beams thou hast with-held from me some time; a blessing which it is not in thy power to recompence the loss of.

ALEXANDER.

Thou hast a very shallow opinion of my power indeed; and if it was a just one, I should have travelled so far, undergone so much, and conquered so many nations, to a fine purpose truly.

DIOGENES.

That is not my fault.

ALEXANDER.

Dost thou not know that I am able to give thee a kingdom?

confederating the Grecian states in the Peloponnese before his Asiatic expedition: but that season would not have furnished sufficient matter for this dialogue; we have therefore fixed the time of it at the conqueror's return from India.

DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

I know thou art able, if I had one, to take it from me, and I shall never place any value on that which such as thou art can deprive me of.

ALEXANDER.

Thou dost speak vainly in contempt of a power which no other man ever yet arrived at. Hath the Granicus yet recovered the bloody colour with which I contaminated its waves? Are not the fields of Issus and Artela still white with human bones? Will Susa shew no monuments of my victory? Are Darius and Porus names unknown to thee? Have not the groans of those millions reached thy ears, who but for the valour of this heart, and the strength of this arm, had still enjoyed life and tranquillity. Hath then this son of Jupiter, this conqueror of the world, adored by his followers, dreaded by his foes, and worshipped by all, lived to hear his power contemned, and the offer of his favour slighted, by a poor philosopher, a wretched Cynic, whose cloak appears to be his only possession!

DIOGENES.

I retort the charge of vanity on thyself, proud Alexander; for how vainly dost thou endeavour to raise thyself on the monuments of thy disgrace! I acknowledge indeed, all the exploits thou hast recounted, and the millions thou hast to thy eternal shame destroyed. But is it hence thou wouldst claim Jupiter for thy father? Hath not then every plague or pestilential vapour the same title? If thou art the dread of wretches to whom death appears the greatest of evils, is not every mortal disease the same? And if thou hast the adoration of thy servile followers, do they offer thee more, than they are ready to pay to every tinsel ornament, or empty title? Is then the fear or worship of slaves of so great honour, when at the same time thou art the contempt of every brave honest man, though, like me, an old cloak should be his only possession?

ALEXANDER.

Thou seemest, to my apprehension, to be ignorant, that in professing this disregard for the glory I have so painfully achieved, thou art undermining the foundation of all that honour, which is the encouragement to, and reward of every thing truly great and noble: for in what doth all honour, glory, and fame consist, but in the breath of that multitude whose estimation with such ill-grounded scorn thou dost affect to despise. A reward which hath ever appeared sufficient to inflame the ambition of high and exalted souls; though from their meanness, low minds may be incapable of tasting, or rather, for which pride from the despair of attaining it may inspire thee to feign a false and counterfeit disdain. What other reward than this have all those heroes proposed to themselves who rejected the enjoyments which ease, riches, pleasure, and power, have held forth to them in their native country, have deserted their homes, and all those things, which to vulgar mortals appear lovely or desirable, and in defiance of difficulty and danger, invaded and spoiled the cities and territories of others; when their anger hath been provoked by no injury, nor their hope inspired by the prospect of any other good than of this very glory and honour, this adoration of slaves, which thou, from having never tasted its sweets, hast treated with contempt.

DIOGENES.

Thy own words have convinced me, (stand a little more out of the sun, if you please) that thou hast not the least idea of true honour. Was it to depend on the suffrages of such wretches, it would indeed be that contemptible thing which you represent it to be estimated in my opinion: but true honour is of a different nature; it results from the secret satisfaction of our own minds, and is decreed us by wise men and the gods; it is the shadow of wisdom and virtue, and is inseparable from them: nor is it either in thy power to deserve, nor in that of thy followers

to

to bestow. As for such heroes as thou hast named, who, like thyself, were born the curses of mankind, I readily agree they pursue another kind of glory, even that which thou hast mentioned, the applause of their slaves and sycophants; in this instance indeed their masters, since they bestow on them the reward, such as it is, of all their labours.

ALEXANDER.

However, as you would persuade me you have so clear a notion of my honour, I would be glad to be on a par with you, by conceiving some idea of yours; which I can never obtain of the shadow, till I have some clearer knowledge of the substance, and understand in what your wisdom and virtue consist.

DIOGENES.

Not in ravaging countries, burning cities, plundering and massacring mankind.

ALEXANDER.

No, rather in biting and snarling at them.

DIOGENES.

I snarl at them because of their vice and folly; in a word, because there are among them many such as thee and thy followers.

ALEXANDER.

If thou wouldst confess the truth, envy is the true source of all thy bitterness; it is that which begets thy hatred, and from hatred comes thy railing: whereas the thirst of glory only is my motive. I hate not those whom I attack, as plainly appears by the clemency I shew to them when they are conquered.

DIOGENES.

Thy clemency is cruelty. Thou givest to one what thou hast by violence and plunder taken from

another: and in so doing, thou only raisest him to be again the mark of fortune's caprice, and to be tumbled down a second time by thyself, or by some other like thee. My snarling is the effect of my love; in order, by my invectives against vice, to frighten men from it, and drive them into the road of virtue.

ALEXANDER.

For which purpose thou hast forsworn society, and art retired to preach to trees and stones.

DIOGENES.

I have left society, because I cannot endure the evils I see and detest in it.

ALEXANDER.

Rather because thou canst not enjoy the good thou dost covet in it. For the same reason I have left my own country, which afforded not sufficient food for my ambition.

DIOGENES.

But I come not, like thee, abroad to rob and plunder others. Thy ambition hath destroyed a million, whereas I have never occasioned the death of a single man.

ALEXANDER.

Because thou hast not been able: but thou hast done all within thy power, by cursing and devoting to destruction almost as many as I have conquered. Come, come, thou art not the poor-spirited fellow thou wouldst appear. There is more greatness of soul in thee than at present shines forth. Poor circumstances are clouds which often conceal and obscure the brightest minds. Pride will not suffer thee to confess passions which fortune hath not put it in thy power to gratify. It is therefore that thou deniest ambition: for hadst thou a soul as capacious as mine, I see no better way which thy humble fortune would allow thee of feeding its ambition, than what thou
hast

hast chosen: for when alone in this retreat which thou hast chosen, thou may'st contemplate thy own greatness. Here no stronger rival will contend with thee; nor can the hateful objects of superior power, riches, or happiness, invade thy sight. But be honest and confess, had fortune placed thee at the head of a Macedonian army—

DIOGENES.

Had fortune placed me at the head of the world it could not have raised me in my own opinion. And is this mighty soul, which is, it seems, so much more capacious than mine, obliged at last to support its superiority on the backs of a multitude of armed slaves? And who in reality have gained these conquests, and gathered all these laurels, of which thou art so vain? Hadst thou alone past into Asia, the empire of Darius had still stood unshaken. But though Alexander had never been born, who will say the same troops might not, under some other general, have done as great, or perhaps greater mischiefs? The honour therefore, such as it is, is by no means justly thy own. Thou usurpest the whole, when thou art, at most, entitled to an equal share only. It is not then Alexander, but Alexander and his army are superior to Diogenes. And in what are they his superiors? In brutal strength—in which they would be again excelled by an equal number of lions, or wolves, or tygers. An army which would be able to do as much more mischief than themselves, as they are than Diogenes.

ALEXANDER.

Then thy grief broke forth. Thou hatest us because we can do more mischief than thyself. And in this I see thou claimest the precedence over me; that I make use of others as the instruments of my conquests, whereas all thy raillery and curses against mankind, proceed only out of thy own mouth. And if I alone am not able to conquer the world, thou alone art able to curse it.

N. 3**DIOGENES.**

DIOGENES.

If I desired to curse it effectually, I have nothing more to do, than to wish thee long life and prosperity.

ALEXANDER.

But then thou must wish well to an individual, which is contrary to thy nature, who hatest all.

DIOGENES.

Thou art mistaken. Long life, to such as thee, is the greatest of curses: for to mortify thy pride effectually, know there is not in thy whole army, no, nor among all the objects of thy triumph, one equally miserable with thyself: for if the satisfaction of violent desires be happiness, and a total failure of success in most eager pursuits, misery, (which cannot, I apprehend, be doubted) what can be more miserable, than to entertain desires which we know never can be satisfied? And this a little reflection will teach thee is thy own case; for what are thy desires? not pleasures; with that Macedonia would have furnished thee. Not riches; for capacious as thy soul is, if it had been all filled with avarice, the wealth of Darius would have contented it. Not power; for then the conquest of Porus, and the extending thy arms to the farthest limits of the world*, must have satisfied thy ambition. Thy desire consists in nothing certain, and therefore with nothing certain can be gratified. It is as restless as fire, which still consumes whatever comes in its way, without determining where to stop. How contemptible must thy own power appear to thee, when it cannot give thee the possession of thy wish; but how much more contemptible thy understanding, which cannot enable thee to know certainly what that wish is?

ALEXANDER.

I can at least comprehend thine, and can grant it. I like thy humour, and will deserve thy friendship.

* Which was then known to the Greeks.

I know

I know the Athenians have affronted thee, have contemned thy philosophy, and suspected thy morals. I will revenge thy cause on them. I will lead my army back, and punish their ill-usage of thee. Thou thyself shalt accompany us; and when thou beholdest their city in flames, shalt have the triumph of proclaiming, that thy just resentment hath brought this calamity on them.

DIOGENES.

They do indeed deserve it at my hands; and though revenge is not what I profess, yet the punishment of such dogs may be of good example. I therefore embrace thy offer; but let us not be particular, let Corinth and Lacedæmon share the same fate. They are both the nest of vermin only, and fire alone will purify them. Gods! what a delight it will be to see the rascals, who have so only in derision called me a snarling cur, roasting in their own houses.

ALEXANDER.

Yet on a second consideration, would it not be wiser to preserve the cities, especially Corinth, which is so full of wealth, and only massacre the inhabitants?

DIOGENES.

D—n their wealth, I despise it.

ALEXANDER.

Well then, let it be given to the soldiers, as the demolition of it will not encrease the punishment of the citizens, when we have cut their throats.

DIOGENES.

True—Then you may give some of it to the soldiers: but as the dogs have formerly insulted me with their riches, I will, if you please, retain a little—perhaps a moiety, or not much more, to my own use. It will give me at least an opportunity of shewing the world, I can despise riches when

N 4

I possess

I possess them, as much as I did before in my poverty.

ALEXANDER.

Art not thou a true dog? Is this thy contempt of wealth? This thy abhorrence of the vices of mankind? To sacrifice three of the noblest cities of the world to thy wrath and revenge? and hast thou the impudence to dispute any longer the superiority with me, who have it in my power to punish my enemies with death, while thou only canst persecute with evil wishes.

DIOGENES.

I have still the same superiority over thee, which thou dost challenge over thy soldiers. I would have made thee the tool of my purpose. But I will discourse no longer with thee; for I now despise and curse thee more than I do all the world besides. And may perdition seize thee, and all thy followers.

[Here some of the army would have fallen upon him, but Alexander interposed.]

ALEXANDER.

Let him alone. I admire his obstinacy; nay, I almost envy it.—Farewel, old Cynic; and if it will flatter thy pride, be assured, I esteem thee so much that *was I not Alexander, I could desire to be Diogenes.*

DIOGENES.

Go to the Gibbet, and take with thee as a mortification; that *was I not Diogenes, I could almost content myself with being Alexander.*

AN
INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO,

AND

MERCURY.

Which was originally intended as an

INTRODUCTION TO A COMEDY,

CALLED

JUPITER'S DESCENT ON EARTH.

IN T H E

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J U P I T E R, J U N O, A P O L L O,

A N D

M E R C U R Y.

S C E N E I.

J U P I T E R, J U N O.

J U P I T E R.

PR A Y be pacified.

Juno. It is intolerable, insufferable, and I never will submit to it.

Jup. But, my dear.

Juno. Good Mr. Jupiter, leave off that odious word: you know I detest it. Use it to the trollop Venus, and the rest of your fluts. It sounds most agreeable to their ears, but it is nauseous to a goddess of strict virtue.

Jup. Madam, I do not doubt your virtue.

Juno. You don't? That is, I suppose, humbly insinuating that others do: but who are their divinities? I would be glad to know who they are; they are neither Diana nor Minerva, I am well assured; both of whom pity me; for they know your tricks; they can neither of them keep a maid of honour for you. I desire you will treat me with good manners at least. I should have had that, if I had married a mortal, though he had spent my fortune, and lain with my

chamber-maids, as you suffer men to do with impunity, highly to your honour be it spoken.

Jup. Faith! Madam, I know but one way to prevent them, which is by annihilating mankind; and I fancy your friends below, the ladies, would hardly thank you for obtaining that favour at my hands.

Juno. I desire you would not reflect on my friends below; it is very well known, I never shewed any favour, but to those of the purest, unspotted characters. And all my acquaintance, when I have been on the earth, have been of that kind: for I never return a visit to any other.

Jup. Nay, I have no inclination to find fault with the women of the earth; you know I like them very well.

Juno. Yes, the trollops of the earth, such as Venus converses with. You never shew any civility to my favourites, nor make the men do it.

Jup. My dear, give me leave to say, your favourites are such, that man must be new made before he can be brought to give them the preference: for when I moulded up the clay of man, I put not one ingredient in to make him in love with ugliness, which is one of the most glaring qualities in all your favourites, whom I have ever seen; and you must not wonder, while you have such favourites, that the men slight them.

Juno. The men slight them! I'd have you know, Sir, they slight the men; and I can, at this moment, hear not less than a thousand railing at mankind.

Jup. Ay, as I hear at this instant several grave black gentlemen railing at riches, and enjoying them, or at least coveting them, at the same time.

Juno. Very fine! Very civil! I understand your comparifon.—Well, Sir, you may go on giving an example of a bad husband, but I will not give the example of a tame wife; and if you will not make men better, I will go down to the earth and make women worse; that every house may be too hot for a husband, as I will shortly make heaven for you.

Jup.

Jup. That I believe you will—but if you begin your project of making women worse, I will take Hymen, and hang him; for I will take some care of my votaries, as well as you of yours.

SCENE II.

Enter APOLLO.

Apol. Mr. Jupiter good-morrow to you.

Jup. Apollo, how dost thou?—You are a wife deity, Apollo; prithee will you answer me one question?

Apol. To my best ability.

Jup. You have been much conversant with the affairs of men, what dost thou think the foolishhest thing a man can do?

Apol. Turn poet.

Jup. That is honest enough, as it comes from the god of poets: but you have missed the mark; for certainly the foolishhest thing a man can do, is to marry.

Apol. Fie! What is it then in a god? Who, besides that he ought to be wiser than man, is tied for ever by his immortality, and has not the chance which you have given to man, of getting rid of his wife.

Jup. Apollo, thy reproof is just: but let us talk of something else: for when I am out of the hearing my wife, I beg I may never hear of her.

Apol. Have you read any of those books I brought you, just sent me by my votaries upon earth.

Jup. I have read them all.—The poem is extremely fine, and the similes most beautiful—There is indeed one little fault in the similes.

Apol. What is that?

Jup. There is not the least resemblance between the things compared together.

Apol. One half of the simile is good, however.

Jup. The dedications please me extremely, and I am glad to find there are such excellent men upon earth.—There is one whom I find two or three authors agree to be much better than any of us in heaven are. This discovery, together with my wife's tongue,

tongue, has determined me to make a trip to the earth, and spend some time in such god-like company. Apollo, will you go with me?

Apol. I would with all my heart, but I shall be of disservice to you; for when I was last on earth, tho' I heard of these people, I could not get admision to any of them; you had better take Plutus with you, he is acquainted with them all.

Jup. Hang him, proud rascal, of all the deities he is my aversion; I would have kick'd him out of heaven long ago, but that I am afraid, if he was to take his residence entirely upon the earth, he would foment a rebellion against me.

Apol. Your fear has too just a ground, for the god of riches has more interest there, than all the other gods put together: nay, he has supplanted us in all our provinces; he gives wit to men I never heard of, and beauty to women Venus never saw—Nay, he ventures to make free with Mars himself; and sometimes, they tell me, puts men at the head of military affairs, who never saw an enemy, nor of whom an enemy ever could see any other than the back.

Jup. Faith! it is surprizing, that a god whom I sent down to earth when I was angry with mankind, and who has done them more hurt than all the other deities, should ingratiate himself so far into their favour.

Apol. You may thank yourself, you might have made man wiser if you would.

Jup. What to laugh at? No, Apollo, believe me, man far outdoes my intention; and when I read in those little Histories called dedications, how excellent he is grown, I am eager to be with him, that I may make another promotion to the stars; and here comes my son of fortune to accompany us.

S C E N E III.

MERCURY, JUPITER, APOLLO.

[MERCURY kneels.]

Merc. Pray father Jupiter, be pleased to bless me.

Jup.

Jup. I do, my boy. What part of heaven, pray, have you been spending your time in?

Merc. With some ladies of your acquaintance, *Apollo.* I have been at blind-man's-buff with the nine muses: but before we began to play, we had charming sport between Miss Thally and one of the poets: such a scene of courtship, or invocation as you call it. *Say, O Thalia,* cries the bard: and then he scratches his head: and then, *Say, O Thalia,* again; and repeated it an hundred times over; but the devil a word would she say.

Apollo. She's a humourful little jade, and if she takes it into her head to hold her tongue, not all the poets on earth can open her lips.

Jup. I wish Juno had some of her frolicks, with all my heart.

Merc. No, my mother-in-law is of a humour quite contrary —

Jup. Ay; for which reason I intend to make an elopement from her, and pay a short visit to our friends on earth, Son Mercury, you shall go along with me.

Merc. Sir, I am at your disposal: but pray what is the reason of this visit?

Jup. Partly my wife's temper, and partly some informations I have lately received of the prodigious virtue of mankind; which if I find as great as represented, I believe I shall leave Madam Juno for good-and-all, and live entirely amongst men.

Merc. I shall be glad to be introduced by you into the company of these virtuous men; for I am quite weary of the little rogues you put me at the head of. The last time I was on the earth, I believe I had three sets of my acquaintance hang'd in one year's revolution, and not one man of any reputable condition among them; there were indeed one or two condemned, but, I don't know how, they were found to be honest at last. And I must tell you, Sir, I will be god of rogues no longer, if you suffer it to be an established maxim, that no rich man can be a rogue.

Jup.

Jup. We'll talk of that hereafter. I'll now go put on my travelling cloaths, order my charge, and be ready for you in half an hour.

SCENE IV.

APOLLO, MERCURY.

Merc. Do you know the true reason of this expedition?

Apol. The great virtue of mankind, he tells us.

Merc. The little virtue of womankind rather—
Do you know him no better, than to think he would budge a step after human virtue: besides were the devil should he find it, if he would?

Apol. You have not read the late dedications of my votaries.

Mer. Of my votaries, you mean: I hope you will not dispute my title to the dedications, as the god of thieves. You make no distinction, I hope, between robbing with a pistol and with a pen.

Apol. My votaries robbers, Mr. Mercury?

Merc. Yes, Mr. Apollo; did not my Lord Chancellor Midos decree me the lawyers for the same reason. Would not he be a rogue who should take a man's money for persuading him he was a lord or a baronet, when he knew he was no such thing? Is not he equally such, who picks his pocket by heaping virtues on him which he knows he has no title to? These fellows prevent the very use of praise, which while only the reward of virtue, will always invite men to it; but when it is to be bought, will be despised by the true deserving, equally with a ribbon or a feather, which may be bought by any one in a milliner's or a minister's shop.

Apol. Very well! at this rate you will rob me of all my panegyrical writers.

Merc. Ay, and of your satirical writers too, at least a great many of 'em; for unjust satire is as bad as unjust panegyrick.

Apol. If it is unjust indeed—But, Sir, I hope you have no claim to my writers of plays, poems, which have neither satire nor panegyric in 'em.

Merc. Yes, Sir, to all who are thieves and steal from one another.

Apol. Methinks, Sir, you should not reflect thus on wits to me, who am the god of wit.

Merc. Hey-day, Sir, nor you on thieves, to me who am the god of thieves. We have no such reason to quarrel about our votaries, they are much of the same kind: for as it is a proverb, That all poets are poor: so is it a maxim, That all poor men are rogues.

Apol. Sir, Sir, I have men of quality that write.

Merc. Yes, Sir, and I have men of quality that rob; but neither are the one poets, or the other rogues: for as the one can write without wit, so can the other rob without roguery. They call it privilege, I think; Jupiter I suppose gave it them; and instead of quarrelling with one another, I think it would be wiser in us to unite in a petition to my father that he would revoke it, and put them on a footing with other votaries.

Apol. It is in vain to petition him any thing against mankind at present, he is in such good humour with them; if they should sour his temper, at his return perhaps he may be willing to do us justice.

Merc. It shall be my fault if he is not in a worse humour with them; at least I will take care he shall not be deceived: and that might happen; for men are such hypocrites, that the greatest part deceive even themselves, and are much worse than they think themselves to be.

Apol. And Jupiter you know, though he is the greatest, is far from being the wisest of the gods.

Merc. His own honesty makes him the less suspicious of others; for, except in regard to women, he is as honest a fellow as any deity in all the Elysian Fields: but I shall make him wait for me—Dear Mr. Apollo, I am your humble servant.

Apol. My dear Mercury, a good journey to you; at your return I shall be glad to drink a bottle of nectar with you.

Merc. I shall be proud to kiss your hands.

T H E

TRUE PATRIOT.

N^o 1. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1745.

ILLE EGO, *qui quondam*———

FASHION is the great governor of this world. It presides not only in matters of dress and amusement, but in law, physic, politics, religion, and all other things of the gravest kind: indeed the wisest of men would be puzzled to give any better reason, why particular forms in all these have been, at certain times, universally received, and at others universally rejected, than that they were in, or out of fashion.

Men as well as things are in like manner indebted to the favour of this *grand monarque*. It is a phrase commonly used in the polite world, that such a person is in fashion; nay, I myself have known an individual in fashion, and then out of fashion, and then in fashion again. Shakespear hath shared both these fates in poetry, and so hath Mr. Handel in music; so hath my Lord Coke in law, and in physic the great Sydenham: and as to politics and religion, I am sure every man's memory will suggest to himself very great masters in both, even in the present age, who have been in the highest degree, both in and out of fashion.

It is, therefore, the business of every man to accommodate himself to the fashion of the times; which if he neglects, he must not be surprized if the greatest parts and abilities are totally disregarded. If

Socrates

Socrates himself was to go to court in an antique dress, he would be neglected, or perhaps ridiculed; or if old Hippocrates was to visit the college of physicians, and there talk the language of his aphorisms, he would be despised; the college, as Moliere says, *having altered all that* at present.

But of all mankind, there are none whom it so absolutely imports to conform to this golden rule as an author; by neglecting this, Milton himself lay long in obscurity, and the world had nearly lost the best poem which perhaps it hath ever seen. On the contrary, by adhering to it, Tom Durfey, whose name is almost forgot, and many others who are quite forgotten, flourished most notably in their respective ages, and eat and were read very plentifully by their cotemporaries.

In strict obedience to this sovereign power, being informed by my bookseller, a man of great sagacity in his business, *that nobody at present reads any thing but news-papers*, I have determined to conform myself to the reigning taste. The number indeed of these writers at first a little staggered us both; but upon perusal of their works, I fancied I had discovered two or three little imperfections in them all, which somewhat diminished the force of this objection, and gave me hopes that the public will expel some of them to make room for their betters.

The first little imperfection in these writings, is, that there is scarce a syllable of TRUTH in any of them. If this be admitted to be a fault, it requires no other evidence than themselves, and the perpetual contradictions which occur not only on comparing one with the other, but the same author with himself at different days.

2dly, There is no SENSE in them; to prove this likewise, I appeal to their works.

3dly, There is, in reality, NOTHING in them at all. And this also must be allowed by their readers, if paragraphs which contain neither wit, nor humour, nor sense, nor the least importance, may be properly said to contain nothing. Such are the arrival of my Lord———*with a great equipage*, the marriage of
Miss

Miss——— of great beauty and merit, and the death of Mr. —— who was never heard of in his life, &c. &c.

Nor will this appear strange, if we consider who are the authors of such tracts; namely, the journey-men of booksellers, of whom, I believe, much the same may be truly predicated, as of these their productions.

But the encouragement with which these lucubrations are read, may seem more strange and more difficult to be accounted for. And here I cannot agree with my bookseller, that their eminent badness recommends them. The true reason is, I believe, simply the same which I once heard an economist assign for the content and satisfaction with which his family drank water-cyder, *viz.* because they could procure no other liquor. Indeed I make no doubt, but that the understanding as well as the palate, though it may out of necessity swallow the worse, will in general prefer the better.

In this confidence, I have resolved to provide the public a better entertainment than it hath lately been dieted with; and as it is no great assurance in an Author to think himself capable of excelling such writings as have been mentioned above, so neither can he be called too sanguine in promising himself a more favourable reception from the public.

It is not usual for us of superior eminence in our profession, to hang out our names on the sign post; however, to raise some expectation in the mind of every reader, as well as to give a slight direction to those conjectures which he will be apt to make on this occasion, I shall set down some few hints, by which a sagacious guesser may arrive at sufficient certainty concerning me.

And *first*, I faithfully promise him, that I do not live within a mile of Grub-street; nor am I acquainted with a single inhabitant of that place.

2dly, I am of no party; a word which I hope, by these my labours, to eradicate out of our constitution: this being indeed the true source of all those evils which we have reason to complain of.

3dly, I am a gentleman: a circumstance from which my readers will reap many advantages; for at the same time that he may peruse my paper, without any danger of seeing himself, or any of his friends, traduced with scurrility, so he may expect by means of my intercourse with people of condition, to find here many articles of importance concerning the affairs and transactions of the great world, (which can never reach the ears of vulgar news-writers) not only in matters of state and politics, but amusement. All routs, drums, and assemblies, will fall under my immediate inspection, and the adventures which happen at them, will be inserted in my paper, with due regard, however, to the character I here profess, and with strict care to give no offence to the parties concerned.

Lastly, As to my learning, knowledge, and other qualifications for the office I have undertaken, I shall be silent, and leave the decision to my readers judgment; of whom I desire no more than that he would not despise me before he is acquainted with me.

And to prevent this, as I have already given some account *what* I am, so I shall proceed to throw forth a few hints *who* I am; a matter commonly of the greatest importance towards the recommendation of all works of literature.

First, then, It is very probable I am Lord B — k. This I collect from my stile in writing and knowledge in politics. Again it is as probable that I am the B — p of ****, from my zeal for the protestant religion. When I consider these, together with the wit and humour which will diffuse themselves through the whole, it is more than possible I may be Lord C — himself, or at least he may have some share in my paper,

From some, or all of these reasons, I am very likely Mr. W — n, Mr. D — n, Mr. L — n, Mr. F — g, T — n, or indeed any other person who hath ever distinguished himself in the republic of letters.

This at least is very probable, that some of these gentlemen may contribute a share of their abilities to
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the carrying on this work ; in which, as nothing shall ever appear in it inconsistent with decency, or the religion and true civil interest of my country, no person, how great soever, need be ashamed of being imagined to have a part ; unless he should be weak enough to be ashamed of writing at all ; that is, of having more sense than his neighbours, or of communicating it to them.

I come now to consider the only remaining article, *viz.* the price, which is one third more than my cotemporary weekly historians set on their labours.

And here I might, with modesty enough, insist, that if I am either what or who I pretend to be, I have sufficient title to this distinction. It is well known that, among mechanics, a much larger advance is often allowed only for a particular name. A genteel person would not be suspected of dealing with any other than the most eminent in his trade, though he is convinced he pays an additional price by so doing. And I hope the polite world, especially when they consider the regard to fashion which I have above professed, will not scruple to allow me the same pre-eminence.

But in reality, this is the cheapest paper which was ever given to the public, both in quality, of which enough hath been said already, and in which light a shilling would, I apprehend, be a more moderate price than the three halfpence which is demanded by some others : And *secondly*, (which my bookseller chiefly insists on) in quantity ; as I shall contain, he says, full three times as many letters as the above-mentioned papers ; and for which reason he at first advised me to demand four-pence at least, for that one ninth part would be still abated to the public. To be serious. I would desire my reader to weigh fairly with himself, whether he doth not gain six times the knowledge and amusement by my paper, compared to any other ; and then I think he will have no difficulty to determine in my favour.

Indeed, the prudent part of mankind will be considerable gainers by purchasing my paper ; for as
it

it will contain every thing which is worth their knowing, all others will become absolutely needless : and I leave to their determination whether three-penny-worth of truth and sense is not more worth their purchasing than all the rubbish and nonsense of the week, which will cost them twenty times as much. In other words, is it not better to give their understanding an entertainment once a week, than to surcharge it every day with coarse and homely fare ?

I shall conclude the whole in the words of the fair and honest tradesman : gentlemen, upon my word and honour, I can afford it no cheaper ; and I believe there is no shop in town will use you better for the price.

N^o 3. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1745.

— *Furit ensis et ignis*
Quoque caret flammâ scelerum est locus. SIL. ITAL.

THE rebellion having long been the universal subject of conversation, in this town, it is no wonder that what so absolutely engages our waking thoughts should attend us to the pillow, and represent to us in dreams or visions those ideas which fear had before suggested to our minds.

It is natural, on all occasions, to have some little attention to our private welfare, nor do I ever honour the patriot the less (I am sure I confide in him much the more) whose own good is involved in that of the public. I am not, therefore, ashamed to give the public the following dream or vision, though my own little affairs, and the private consequences, which the success of this rebellion would produce to myself, form the principal object : for, I believe, at
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the same time, there are few of my readers who will not find themselves interested in some parts of it.

Methought I was sitting in my study, meditating for the good and entertainment of the public, with my two little children (as is my usual course to suffer them) playing near me; when I heard a very hard knock at my door, and immediately afterwards several ill-looking rascals burst in upon me, one of whom seized me with great violence, saying I was his prisoner, and must go with him. I asked him for what offence. Have you the impudence to ask that, said he, when the words True Patriot lie now before you? I then bid him shew me his warrant. He answered, *there it is*, pointing to several men, who were in highland dresses, with broad swords by their sides. My children then ran towards me, and bursting into tears, expressed their concern for their poor papa. Upon which one of the ruffians seized my little boy, and pulling him from me, dashed him against the ground; and all immediately hurried me away out of my room and house, before I could be sensible of the effects of this barbarity.

My concern for my poor children, from whom I had been torn in the above manner, prevented me from taking much notice of any objects in the streets, through which I was dragged with many insults. Houses burnt down, dead bodies of men, women and children, strewed every where as we passed, and great numbers of highlanders, and popish priests in their several habits, made, however, too forcible an impression on me to be unobserved.

My guard now brought me to Newgate, where they were informed that gaol was too full to admit a single person more. I was then conducted to a large booth in Smithfield, as I thought, where I was shut in with a great number of prisoners, amongst whom were many of the most considerable persons in this kingdom. Two of these were in a very particular manner reviled by the Highland guards, (for all the soldiers were in that dress) and these two I presently recollected to be the a-chb-sh-p of Y—k, and the b—p of Win——r.

As there is great inconsistency of time and place, in most dreams, I now found myself, by an unaccountable transition, in a court which bore some resemblance to the court of King's Bench; only a great cross was erected in the middle; and instead of those officers of justice who usually attend that court, a number of Highlanders, with drawn swords, stood there as centinels; the judges too were persons whose faces I had never seen before. I was obliged, I thought, to stand some time at the bar, before my trial came on, the court being busied in a cause where an abbot was plaintiff, in determining the boundaries of some abby land, which they decided for the plaintiff, the chief justice declaring, it was his majesty's pleasure, in all doubtful cases, that judgment should be in favour of the church.

A charge of high-treason was then, I dream'd, exhibited against me, for having writ in defence of his present majesty King GEORGE, and my paper of the True Patriot was produced in evidence against me.

Being called upon to make my defence, I insisted entirely on the statute of Hen. 7. by which all persons are exempted from incurring the penalties of treason, in defence of the king, *de facto*. But the chief justice told me in broken English, that if I had no other plea, they should presently over-rule that; for that his majesty was resolved to make an example of all who had any ways distinguished themselves, in opposition to his cause.

I thought I then replied, with a resolution which I hope every Englishman would exert on such an occasion, THAT THE LIFE OF NO MAN WAS WORTH PRESERVING LONGER THAN IT WAS TO BE DEFENDED BY THE KNOWN LAWS OF HIS COUNTRY; and that if the king's arbitrary pleasure was to be that law, I was indifferent what he determined concerning myself.

The court having put it to the vote, (for no jury, I thought, attended) and unanimously agreed that I was guilty, proceeded to pass the sentence usual in

cases of high treason, having first made many eulogiums on the pope, the Roman catholic religion, and the king who was to support both, and be supported by them.

I was then delivered into the hands of the executioner, who stood ready, and was ordered to allow me only three hours to confess myself and be reconciled to the church of Rome. Upon which a priest, whose face I remember to have seen at a place called an oratory, and who was, for his good services, preferred to be the ordinary of Newgate, immediately advanced, and began to revile me, saying, I was the wickedest heretick in the kingdom, and had exerted myself with more impudence against his majesty and his holiness than any other person whatsoever: but he added, as I had the good fortune to make some atonement for my impiety by being hanged, if I would embrace his religion, confess myself and receive absolution, I might possibly, after some expiation in purgatory, receive a final pardon.

I was hence conducted into a dungeon, where, by a glimmering light, I saw many wretches my fellow-prisoners, who for various crimes were condemned to various punishments.

Among these appeared one in a very ragged plight, whom I very well knew, and who, the last time I saw him, appeared to live in great affluence and splendor. Upon my enquiring the reason of his being detained in that region of horror, he very frankly told me it was for stealing a loaf. He acknowledged the fact; but said, he had been obliged to it for the relief of his indigent family. I see, continued he, your surprize at this change of my fortune; but, you must know, my whole estate was in the funds, by the wiping out of which I was at once reduced to the condition in which you now see me. I rose in the morning with 40,000 l. I had a wife whom I tenderly loved, and three blooming daughters. The eldest was within a week of her marriage, and I was to have paid down 10,000 l. with her. At noon I found a royal decree had reduced me to downright beggary. My daughter hath lost her marriage, and is gone distracted.

distracted. My wife is dead of a broken heart, and my poor girls have neither cloaths to cover them, nor meat to feed them : so that I may truly say,

— *Miser, O miser, omnia ademit*
Una dies infesta mihi tot præmia vitæ.

Here, methought, he stopt, and a flood of tears gushed from his eyes. I should perhaps have been a greater sharer in his sorrow, had not the consideration of his childrens ruin represented to me the situation of my own. Good gods! what were the agonies I then felt, though in a dream? Racks, wheels, gibbets, were no longer the objects of terror. My children possessed my whole mind, and my fearful imagination run through every scene of horror which villains can act on their fellow creatures. Sometimes I saw their helpless hands struggling for a moment with a barbarous cut-throat. Here I saw my poor boy, my whole ambition, the hopes and prospect of my age, sprawling on the floor, and weltering in his blood; there my fancy painted my daughter, the object of all my tenderness, prostituted even in her infancy to the brutal lust of a ruffian, and then sacrificed to his cruelty. Such were my terrors, when I was relieved from them by the welcome presence of the executioner, who summoned me immediately forth, telling me since I had refused the assistance of the priest, he could grant me no longer indulgence.

The first sight which occurred to me as I passed through the streets, (for common objects totally escape the observation of a man in my present temper of mind) was a young lady of quality, and the greatest beauty of this age, in the hands of two Highlanders, who were struggling with each other for their booty. The lovely prize, though her hair was dishevelled and torn, her eyes swollen with tears, her face all pale, and some marks of blood both on that and her breast, which was all naked and exposed, retained still sufficient charms to discover herself to me, who have always beheld her with wonder

and admiration. Indeed it may be questioned, whether perfect beauty loses or acquires charms by distress. This fight was matter of entertainment to my conductors, who, however, hurried me presently from it, as I wish they had also from her screams, which reached my ears to a great distance.

After such a spectacle as this, the dead bodies which lay every where in the streets (for there had been, I was told, a massacre the night before) scarce made any impression; nay, the very fires in which protestants were roasting, were, in my sense, objects of much less horror; nay, such an effect had this fight wrought on my mind, which hath been always full of the utmost tenderness for that charming sex, that for a moment it obliterated all concern for my children, from whom I was to be hurried for ever without a farewell, or without knowing in what condition I left them; or indeed whether they had hitherto survived the cruelty which now methought raged every where, with all the fury which rage, zeal, lust, and wanton fierceness could inspire into the bloody hearts of popish priests, bigots and barbarians. Of such a scene my learned reader may see a fine picture drawn by Silius Italicus, in his second book, where he describes the sacking the brave city of Sargentum by a less savage army.

I then overheard a priest admonish the executioner to exert the utmost rigour of my sentence towards me; after which the same priest advancing forwards, and putting on a look of compassion, advised me, for the sake of my soul, to embrace the holy communion. I gave him no answer, and he turned his back, thundering forth curses against me.

At length I arrived at the fatal place which promised me a speedy end to all my sufferings. Here, methought I saw a man who by his countenance and actions express the highest degree of despair. He stamped with his feet, beat his face, tore his hair, and uttered the most horrid execrations. Upon enquiring into the circumstances of this person, I was informed by one of the bystanders, that he was a nonjurer, who had

had lent considerable assistance to the pretender's cause, out of principle; and was now lamenting the consequences which the success of it had brought on such honest gentlemen as myself. My informer added, with a smile, the wise man expected his majesty would keep his word with hereticks.

The executioner then attempted to put the rope round my neck, when my little girl entered my bed-chamber, and put an end to my dream, by pulling open my eyes, and telling me that the taylor had brought home my cloaths for his majesty's birth-day.

The sight of my dear child, added to the name of that gracious prince, at once deprived me of every private and public fear; and the joy which now began to arise, being soon after heightened by consideration of the day, the sound of bells, and the hurry which prevailed every where from the eagerness of all sorts of people to demonstrate their loyalty at this season, gave me altogether as delightful a sensation as perhaps the heart of man is capable of feeling; of which I have the pleasure to know every reader must partake, who hath had good nature enough to sympathize with me in the foregoing part of this vision.

N^o 4. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1745.

*Ambubariarum collegia, pharmacopola,
Mendici, mimi, balatrones; hoc genus omne
Mæstum & sollicitum est.*——

HOR.

THE Author of the Serious Address to the People of Great-Britain (a pamphlet which ought to be in every man's hands at this season) hath incontestably shewn the danger of this rebellion to all who have any regard for the protestant religion, or the laws and liberties of their country.

We have further endeavoured in our last paper, to give a lively picture of the utter misery and desolation it would introduce, and the insecurity of our estates, properties, lives and families under the government of an absolute popish prince, (for absolute he would plainly be) introduced by the conquering arms of France, Spain, and the Highlands.

So that every good and worthy protestant in this nation, who is attached to his religion and liberties, or who hath any estate or property, either in churchlands or in the funds, (which includes almost every man who hath either estate or property in the kingdom) is concerned, in the highest degree, to oppose the present rebellion.

I am however aware, that there yet remains a party to be spoken to, who are not strictly concerned in interest in any of the preceding lights; I mean those gentlemen who have no property, nor any regard either for the religion or liberty of their country.

Now if I can make it appear, that those persons likewise are interested in opposing the pretender's cause, I think we may then justly conclude, he cannot have a single partizan in this nation (the most bigotted Roman catholics excepted) who is sensible enough to know his own good.

And first, the most noble party of free-thinkers, who have no religion, are most heartily concerned to oppose the introduction of popery, which would obtrude one on them, one not only inconsistent with free-thinking, but indeed with any thinking at all. How would a man of spirit, whose principles are too elevated to worship the great creator of the universe, submit to pay his adoration to a rabble of saints; most of whom he would have been justly ashamed to have kept company with while alive!

But besides the slavish doctrines which he must believe, or, at least, meanly pretend to believe, how would a genius who cannot conform to the little acts of decency required by a protestant church, support the slavish impositions of auricular confession, penance, fasting,

fasting, and all the tiresome forms and ceremonies exacted by the church of Rome!

Lastly, whereas the said free-thinkers have long regarded it as an intolerable grievance, that a certain body of men called *parsons* should, for the useless services of praying, preaching, catechising and instructing the people, receive a certain fixed stipend from the public, which the law foolishly allows them to call their own; how would these men brook the restoration of abby-lands, impropriations, and the numberless flowers which the reformation hath lopped off from the church, and which the re-establishment of popery would most infallibly restore to it.

Again, there are many worthy persons who, though very little concerned for the true liberty of their country, have, however, the utmost respect for what is by several mistaken for it, I mean licentiousness, or a free power of abusing the king, ministry, and every thing great, noble, and solemn.

The impunity with which this liberty hath been of late years practised, must be acknowledged by every man of the least candour. Indeed to such a degree, that power and government, instead of being objects of reverence and terror, have been set up as the butts of ridicule and buffoonry, as if they were only intended to be laughed at by the people.

Now this is a liberty which hath only flourished under this royal family. His present majesty, as he hath less deserved than his predecessors to be the object of it, so he hath supported it with more dignity and contempt than they have done: but how impatient the pretender will be under this liberty, and how certainly he will abolish it may be concluded, not only from the absolute power which he infallibly brings with him; but from the many ears and noses which his family, without such power, have, heretofore, sacrificed on these occasions.

And this is a loss not only to be deplored by those men of genius, who have exerted and may exert their great talents this way. There are many who without the capacity of writing have that of reading, and

have done their utmost to support and encourage such authors and their works. These will lose their favourite amusement, all those laughs and shrugs which they have formerly vented at the expence of their superiors.

But if these concerns should appear chimerical, I come now to pecuniary considerations; to a large body of men whose whole trade would be ruined by this man's success. The reader will be perhaps in doubt what trade can be carried on by such persons as I have described in the beginning of this paper: how much more will he be surprized to hear, that it is the principal trade which of late years hath been carried on in this kingdom. To keep him therefore no longer in suspense, I mean the honest method of selling ourselves, which hath flourished so notably for a long time among us. A business which I have ventured to call honest, notwithstanding the objections raised by weak and scrupulous people against it.

I know indeed many answers have been given to these objections by a late philosopher of great eminence, and by the followers of his school; such as, *that all mankind are rascals; that they are only to be governed by corruption, &c.* But to say the truth, there is no occasion of having recourse to these deep and obscure doctrines for this purpose; there is a much fuller and plainer answer to be given, and which is founded on principles the very reverse of those which were taught in this school, namely, the principles of common sense and common honesty; for if it be granted, as surely it will be, that we are freemen, we have certainly a right to ourselves; and whatever we have a right to, we have also a right to sell. And perhaps it was a doubt in that great philosopher, *whether we were freemen or no*, that led him into those doctrines I have mentioned.

Now this trade, by which alone so many thousands have got an honest livelihood for themselves and families, must be totally ruined; for if this nation should be once enslaved, it would be impossible for an honest

man

man to carry on this business any longer. A freeman (as hath been proved) may justly sell himself, but a slave cannot.

And if a man would be so dishonourable and base as to offer at carrying on this trade in an enslaved country, contrary to all the rules of honesty, and all the most solemn ties of slavery, yet who would buy him? The reasons against such a purchase are too obvious to be mentioned. Indeed we may say in general, that as it is dishonest in a slave to sell, so it is as foolish in a slave to buy; for as the one hath no property to part with, so neither can the other acquire any.

For these reasons, I think it is visibly the interest of all that part of the nation, to whom I have addressed myself in the beginning of this paper, to exclude popery and arbitrary power.

There is, however, one objection which I foresee may and will be made to this conclusion; and that is, whereas the estates of all the lords and commons of this kingdom will be forfeited, and at the disposal of the conqueror, and the personal fortunes of all others, will, in the confusion at least, be liable to plunder, that such honest gentlemen may have a sufficient chance abundantly to repair or compensate all their losses.

I own there is something very plausible in this argument, and it might perhaps have great force, if the pretender's son had landed in England, as he did in Scotland; and had been pleased to place that confidence in an English rabble, with which he hath vouchsafed rather to honour these Highland banditti. In this case, I grant, no man could justly have been blamed who hath fixed the eyes of his affection on his neighbour's estate, gardens, house, purse, wife, or daughter, for joining the young man's cause, provided the success of it had been probable: such a behaviour would then have been highly consistent with all the rules taught in that school of philosophy above-mentioned, and none but a musty moralist, for

whose doctrine great men have doubtless an adequate contempt, would have condemned it.

But the fact is otherwise : The *Highlanders* are those to whom he must owe any success he may attain ; these are therefore to be served before you ; and I easily refer to your own consideration, when Rome, and France, and Spain, are repaid their demands, when a vast army of hungry Highlanders, and a larger army of as hungry priests, are satisfied, how miserable a pittance will remain to your share ? indeed so small a one must this be, that the greatest adept in our philoso-political school would think it scarce worth his while to sacrifice his conscience to the certainty of obtaining it.

These latter considerations I earnestly recommend to the most serious attention of the gentlemen for whose use this paper is calculated ; and I am certain that any argument for the pretender's cause, drawn from the hopes of plundering their neighbours (with which perhaps some honest men have too fondly flattered themselves) will have very little weight with any person. Nay I must remind them, that they will not be suffered to rifle the very churches themselves, upon whose small riches most probably the said gentlemen have cast their eyes.

It appears then that none will be, or can be gainers by this rebellion but popish priests and Highlanders ; and I have too good an opinion of my country to apprehend that her religion, liberties and properties, can ever be endangered by such adversaries.

TUESDAY,

N^o 7. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1745.

To the TRUE PATRIOT.

My worthy friend,

I Received your paper, intituled the True Patriot, numbers one and two, inclosed in the franks of my great and most honoured patron, for which I have the higheft thanks for you both. I am delighted, and that greatly, with many passages in these papers. The moderation which you profess towards all parties, perfectly becomes a christian. Indeed I have always thought, that moderation in the shepherd was the best, if not only, way to bring home all the straggling sheep to his flock. I have intimated this at the vestry, and even at visitation before the archdeacon :

Sed cassandræ non creditum est.

I like your method of placing a motto from the classics at the head of every paper. It must give some encouragement to your readers, that the author understands (at least) one line of Latin, which is perhaps more than can be safely predicated of every writer in this age.

You desire me, Sir, to write you something proper to be seen, *et quidem*, by the public; as therefore a subject worthy their most serious attention now offers itself, *viz.* The ensuing fast ordained by authority, I have communicated my thoughts to you thereon, which you may suppress or publicate as you think meet.

ἔρχου ἐπ' ἔργον
Θεοῖσιν ἐπέυξαμένος τελέσαι. PYTHAGORAS,

—————“ Go upon the work,
 “ Having first prayed to the gods for success.”

As it is impossible for any man to reflect seriously on the progress of the present unnatural rebellion, without imputing such unparalleled success to some other cause than has yet appeared, some other strength than what any visible human means hath placed in the hands of the rebels; so will it be extremely difficult to assign any adequate cause whatsoever, without recurring to one, of whose great efficacy we have frequent examples in sacred history. I mean the just judgment of God against an offending people.

And that this is really so, we may conclude from these two considerations: First, from the rapidity of the rebels progress, so unaccountable from all human means; for can history produce an instance parallel to this, of six or seven men landing in a great and powerful nation, in opposition to the inclination of the people, in defiance of a vast and mighty army: (for though the greater part of this army was not then in the kingdom, it was so nearly within call that every man of them might, within the compass of a few days or weeks at farthest, have been brought home and landed in any part of it.) If we consider, I say, this handful of men landing in the most desolate corner, among a set of poor, naked, hungry, disarmed slaves, abiding there with impunity, till they had, as it were, in the face of a large body of his majesty's troops, collected a kind of army, or rather rabble, together; if we view this army intimidating the king's forces from approaching them by their situation; soon afterwards quitting that situation, marching directly up to the northern capital, and entering it without surprize or without a blow. If we again view this half-armed, half-disciplined mob, without the assistance of a single piece of artillery, march up to, attack, and *smite* a superior number of the king's regular troops, with cannon in their front to defend them. If we consider them

them returning from this complete victory to the capital, which they had before taken; there remaining, for near two months, in contempt of twelve millions of people, above a hundred thousand of which have arms in their hands, and one half of these the best troops in Europe. If we consider them afterwards, at the approach of a large army, under a general of great experience and approved merit, bending their course, though not in a direct line, towards this army; and then, by long and painful marches, over almost inaccessible mountains, through the worst of roads, in the worst of seasons; by those means, I say, slipping that army, and leaving it behind them. If we view them next march on towards another army still greater, under a young, brave, vigilant, and indefatigable prince, who were advancing in their front to meet, as the others were in their rear to pursue them. If we consider, I say, these Banditti not yet increased to full 6000, and above a third of these old men and boys, not to be depended on, proceeding without a check, through a long tract of country, through many towns and cities, which they plundered, at least to a degree, up within a few miles of this third army, sent to oppose them; then, by the advantage of a dark night, passing by this army likewise, and by a most incredible march getting between that and the metropolis, into which they struck a terror scarce to be credited. Though besides the two armies at their heels, there was still one in this very metropolis infinitely superior to these rebels, not only in arms and discipline, but in numbers. Who, I say, can consider such things as these and retain the least doubt, whether he shall impute them to a judgment inflicted on this sinful nation; especially when in the second place, we must allow such judgment to be most undoubtedly our due.

To run through every species of crimes with which our *sodom* abounds, would fill your whole paper. Indeed such monstrous impieties and iniquities have I both seen and heard of, within these three last yeers, during my sojourning in what is called the world,

world, particularly the last winter, while I tarried in the great city, that while I verily believe we are the silliest nation under heaven in every other light, we are wiser than *sodom* in wickedness. If we would avoid, therefore, that final judgment which was denounced against that city; if we would avoid that total destruction, with which we are threatened not remotely and at a distance, but immediately and at hand; if we would pacify that vengeance which hath already begun to operate by sending rebels, foreign enemies, pestilence the forerunner of famine, and poverty among us: if we would pacify that vengeance which seems already bent to our destruction, by breathing the breath of folly, as well as perfidy, into the nostrils of the great; what have we to do, but to set about THE WORK recommended by the wise and pious, though Heathen philosopher, in my motto. And what is THIS WORK, but a thorough amendment of our lives, a perfect alteration of our ways? but before we begin this, let us, in obedience to the rule of that philosopher prescribed above, first apply ourselves by fasting and prayer to the throne of offended grace. My lords the bishops have wisely set apart a particular day for this solemn service. A day, which I hope will be kept universally through this kingdom with all those marks of true piety and repentance, which our present dreadful situation demands. Indeed the wretch whose hard heart is not seriously in earnest on this occasion, deserves no more the appellation of a good Englishman, than of a good churchman, or a true christian. All sober and wise nations have, in times of public danger, instituted certain solemn sacrifices to their gods; now the christian sacrifices are those of fasting and prayer; and if ever these were in a more extraordinary manner necessary, it is surely now, when the least reflection must convince us that we do in so eminent a manner deserve the judgment of God, and when we have so much reason to apprehend it is coming upon us. I hope therefore, (I repeat it once more) that this day will be kept by us ALL, in the most solemn manner, and that not a man will dare

dare refuse complying with those duties which the state requires of us: but I must, at the same time, recommend to my countrymen a caution, that they would not mistake THE WORK itself for what is only the beginning of, or preface to it. Let them not vainly imagine, that when they have fasted and prayed for a day; nay, even for an age, that THE WORK is done. It is a total amendment of life, a total change of manners, which can bring THE WORK to a conclusion, or produce any good effects from it. Here again, to give particular instances would be to enumerate all those vices which I have already declined recounting, and would be too prolix. They are known, they are obvious; and few men who resolve to amend their lives, will, I believe, want any assistance to discover what parts of them stand in need of amendment. I shall however, point out two or three particulars, which I the rather single out, because I have heard, that there are some who dispute whether they are really vices or no, though every polity as well as the christian have agreed in condemning them as such. The first of these is lying. The devil himself is, in scripture, said to be the father of lies; and liars are perhaps some of the vilest and wickedest children he has. Nay, I think the morals of all civilized nations have denied even the character of a gentleman to a liar. So heinous is this vice, that it has not only stigmatized particular persons, but whole communities with infamy. And yet have we not persons, ay, and very great persons too, so famous for it, that their credit is a jest, and their words mere wind? I need not point them out, for they take sufficient care to point out themselves. Luxury is a second vice, which is so far from being acknowledged as criminal, that it is ostentatiously affected. Now this is not only a vice in itself; but it is in reality a privation of all virtue. For first, in lower fortunes it prevents men from being honest: and, in higher situations, it excludes that virtue without which no man can be a christian, namely charity. For as surely as charity covereth a multitude of sins, so must a multitude of dishes, pictures, jewels,

jewels, houses, horses, servants, &c. cover all charity. I remember dining last winter at a great man's table, where we had among many others one dish, the expence of which would have provided very liberally for a poor family a whole twelvemonth. In short, I never saw, during my abode in the great city, a single man who gave me reason to think, that he would have enabled himself to be charitable, by retrenching the most idle superfluity of his expence. Perhaps the large subscriptions which have prevailed all over the kingdom at this season, may be urged as an instance of charity. To this I answer, in the words of a very great and generous friend of mine, who disclaimed all merit from a very liberal subscription, saying, "It was rather sense than goodness, to sacrifice a small part for the security of the whole." Now true charity is of another kind, it has no self-interested motives, pursues no immediate return nor worldly good, well knowing that it is laying up a much surer and much greater reward for itself. But, indeed, who wonders that men are so backward in sacrificing any of their wealth to their consciences, who before had sacrificed their consciences to the acquisition of that very wealth. Can we expect to find charity in an age, when scarce any refuse to own the most profligate rapaciousness? when no man is ashamed of avowing the pursuit of riches through every dirty road and track? To speak out, in an age when every thing is venal; and when there is scarce one among the mighty who would not be equally ashamed at being thought not to set *some price* on himself, as he would at being imagined to set too low a one. This is an assertion whose truth is too well known. Indeed my four years knowledge of the world hath scarce furnished me with examples of any other kind. I believe I have already exceeded my portion of hour-glass; I shall therefore reserve what I have farther to say on this subject to some other opportunity.

I am, &c,

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

No.

No. 9. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1745.

Non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit. VIRG.

THE following letter came attended with a small present of Bologna faufages, Naples soap, Florence oyl, and a paper of maccaroni.

SIGNIOR SAR,

ME be inform, dat you be de Patriat, dat is to say, van parson who take part vor de muny; now, Sar, dat be commodity me did forget to bring over vid, me: but ven me ave got one two tousand pound me fal send you sum; me desire darefor, dat you woud rite sumting to recomend de opera, or begar me fal be oblige to go back to Italy like one fool as me did cum, and dey will laff at me for bring no muny from an country vich ave give so much many for song.

Me be, Signior Sar,

Of your excellence, de most humble sclave,

GIOVANI CANTILENA.

Though I by no means admit that character of patriotism which the signior hath conceived, whether in Italy or England I will not determine, yet as I think it one part of integrity to dare oppose popular clamour, I shall, in compliance with my good friend, and in return for his kind present, offer such thoughts as occur to me in favour of a diversion, against which so much disgust seems to prevail at this season.

And in the first place, I think it should be considered, that these poor Italians, whose property is their throats, did not come over of their own accord; but were invited hither. Nor is the rebellion a sufficient excuse to send them back unrewarded, since the
poverty

poverty and distress of this nation, even before this rebellion, occasioned by debts, wars, and almost every public calamity, must have deterred any persons, from such an undertaking, who had not resolved to have an opera at any rate, and in any situation.

But perhaps this melancholy situation of our affairs was a principal reason for the introduction of this opera. Is any thing more proper to soften and compose the mind in misfortunes than music? Hath it not always been found the most effectual remedy in grief? And was accordingly used as such by the great Nero, to calm and compose the agonies of his mind, while his own city was in flames; and Homer informs us, that Achilles used to assuage the wrath and impetuosity of his temper by the music which old Chiron had taught him. Nay, it hath been prescribed, by physicians, as a medicine for a diseased mind; and we are told by Josephus, that “When Saul was agitated with fits, like a dæmoniac, his physicians not being able to give any natural or philosophical account of the distemper, only advised the having somebody about him that could sing or play upon the harp well, that might be ready at hand to give him the diversion of an hymn or an air. This advice was taken, and David sent for, who by his voice and harp cured the patient.”

The great power over the passions, which the ancient philosophers assigned to music, is almost too well known to be mentioned. Socrates learned to sing, in his old age. Plato had so high an opinion of music, that he considered the application of it to amusement only, as a high perversion of its institution; for he imagined it given by the gods to men for much more divine and noble purposes. And Pythagoras (to mention no more) is known to have held, that virtue, peace, health, and all other good things, was nothing but harmony. Hence perhaps arose that notion maintained by some of the Greeks, from observing the sympathy between them, that the soul of man was something very like the sound of a fiddle.

And

And this power music is not only capable of exercising to allay and compose, it is altogether as efficacious in rousing and animating the passions. Thus Xenophantus is recorded to have incited Alexander to arms with his music. And Plutarch, in his *Læconic Apothegms*, tells us, that Agefilaus being asked why the Spartans marched (or rather danced) up to the enemy to some tune, answered, that music discovered the brave man from the coward: for those same notes which made the eyes of the valiant sparkle with fire, overspread the timorous face with paleness, and every other mark of terror,

This, therefore, is a second good reason for an opera at present, provided the music be properly adapted to the times, be chiefly martial, and consist mostly of trumpets and kettle-drums. The subject likewise of the drama (though that is generally considered as a matter of little consequence in those compositions) may lend some assistance; as suppose, for instance, the famous opera in which the celebrated Nicolini formerly killed a lion with so much bravery, should be revived on this occasion. Such an example would almost animate the ladies, nay, even the beaux, to take up arms in defence of their country.

And what are the objections which our antimusical enemies make to this entertainment?

First, I apprehend it hath been said, that the softness of Italian music is calculated to enervate the mind. This hath been obviated already: but admitting the objection true, where is its validity, when we consider of what persons the audiences will be composed? for not only the common soldiers, but all inferior officers, are excluded by the price. Indeed the audience at an opera consists chiefly of fine gentlemen, fine ladies and their servants, and except a few general officers, whose courage we ought to imagine superior to the power of a languishing air, scarce a person is ever present, who is likely to see a camp, or handle a musquet; unless the opera, by being regulated as above, should inspire a martial spirit into them.

Secondly,

Secondly, it is said, that the immoderate expence of this diversion, at a season when poverty spreads its black banner over the whole nation, and when much the greater part are reduced to the most miserable degrees of want and necessity, is an argument of most abandoned extravagance, and indecent profligacy, scarce to be equalled by any example in history.

This, I conceive, is the objection on which our adversaries principally rely. I shall apply myself, therefore, in a very particular manner, to answer it.

And here I must premise, that this objection proceeds on a tacit admission of what is by no means true, *viz.* That the sums expended on an opera subscription would otherwise be employed in the public service of the nation, or at least in private charity to some of the numberless objects of it.

But this would certainly not be the case: for the person who could think of promoting such a diversion, in the midst of so much calamity, must have neither heart nor head good enough to feel the distresses of a fellow-creature, much less to relieve them; and surely it cannot be supposed, that these people will advance any thing in defence of his majesty, when they fly in his sacred face, by attempting an opera, though he hath himself, (or I am grossly misinformed) been pleased to declare, it is not now a time for operas.

We must therefore conclude, that this money, if not exhausted for the present good purpose, would either remain dormant in the purse of its owner, or would otherwise be sacrificed at cards, or lavished on some less innocent article of luxury or wantonness.

The expence then of this entertainment, however great it should be, will not injure the public. On the contrary, such will be its political utility that I question whether this opera may not preserve the nation.

For, in the first place, can any thing tend more to raise the public credit abroad, or so effectually to refute the slanders of those enemies, who have endeavoured

deavoured to represent us in a bankrupt condition, than this very undertaking. It hath been esteemed a master stroke of Roman policy, as well as greatness, that in their highest distress, they endeavoured by all kinds of art, to insinuate their great strength, and assert their independency; for which purpose was that ever-memorable puff, with which they refused the presents of king Hiero, after the battle of Thrasimene.

I cannot help regarding our sending for a troop of Italian singers, in this time of distress, as a state puff of the same kind. Indeed I am convinced it was done with this design: for are not the very persons who are the forwardest in promoting this diversion, courtiers, and consequently friends to the present establishment? Are they not people of fortune, and therefore highly interested in the preservation of national credit? Nor can I help observing, as a proof of the policy of this measure, another piece of state craft, tending to shew our great inward strength and security; for while we sent for this troop of singers into England, we left several troops of our soldiers abroad. And in what part of Europe could this policy be played off with such advantage as in Italy, where our principal enemies reside, and where the scheme of our destruction is supposed to have been laid? The success with which this scheme hath been attended, must have answered our expectation, since it is apparent, by the arrival of these singers, that they are *fairly taken in*, and imposed upon to believe we have still as much money as ever.

In this light then the opera and those who encourage it will deserve our highest encomiums, and the subscription to it may be ranked with the other public subscriptions at this season. And in this light we ought to see the intention of those who have promoted it, for the reasons above-mentioned; to which I will add the humane maxim, of always assigning the best motive possible to the actions of every one.

But, on the contrary, should we be so cruel to deny any such good purpose to be at the bottom; nay,

nay, should we derive this desire of an opera at present from the most depraved levity of mind, an utter insensibility of public good or evil, yet we may still draw advantages from our opera, though I must own I could be scarce sanguine enough to derive them from design. For could it be imagined of any nation, at such a season of danger and distress, (which I decline painting at length, as the picture is disagreeable, and already sufficiently known) that considerable numbers of the inhabitants, instead of contributing all the assistance in their several capacities to the public, should employ their time and their money in endeavouring to promote an expensive foreign diversion, composed of all the ingredients of softness and luxury, such a nation would not be worth invading. No powerful prince could look on such a people with any eyes of fear or jealousy, nor no wise one would send his subjects among them, for fear of enervating their minds, and debauching their morals.

Such a nation could inspire no other ideas into its neighbours, than those of contempt and ridicule. We ought to be considered as the silly swan, whose last breath goes out in a cantata. And as nothing but wanton cruelty could move any power to attack us, so would the conquest of us be no less infamous than barbarous; and we should from the same reason, be as safe in the neighbourhood of France, as the little commonwealth of Lucca was in that of her great sister of Rome.

For all these reasons I am for an opera: but I must then insist on it, that we strike up immediately, otherwise I must desire that ghost of an advertisement, calling for latter payment from the subscribers which hath haunted the public papers this month, without having (as it seems) been spoken to by any one, to disappear immediately: for I would by no means have all Europe imagine, that *we want nothing to establish our opera at present, but money.*

No 10. TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1746.

Tu, Jupiter, quem statorem hujus urbis atque imperii vere nominamus: HUNC et HUIUS socios a tuis aris ceterisque templis, a tectis urbis ac mœnibus, a vita fortunisque civium omnium arcebis: et omnes bonorum inimicos, hostes patriæ, latrones Italiæ, scelerum facere inter se ac nefaria societate conjunctos æternis suppliciis, vivos mortuosque mactabis.

Cic. in L. Catil.

To the TRUE PATRIOT.

Dear Sir,

Dec. 14. 1735.

THOUGH I live on a small fortune, in great obscurity, yet I cannot but be interested in our present troubles. My thoughts sometimes lead me to meditate, what we are likely to expect, should success attend the present ravagers of our country: Nay, I have even gone so far as to suppose them actual victors, and have in this light framed an imaginary journal of events, with which I here present you, as with a waking dream.

The person of my drama, or journalist, I suppose to be an honest tradesman, living in the busy part of the city.

January 1, 1746.

THIS day the supposed conqueror was proclaimed at Stocks Market, amidst the loud acclamations of Highlanders and friars. I was enabled, from my own windows, to view this ceremony; Walbrook church, the Mansion-house, and several others adjoining, having been burnt and razed in the massacre of last week. Father O-Blaze, an Irish dominican, read upon the occasion a speech out of a paper, which he stiled an extempore address. Melancholy as I was, I could not help smiling at one

of his expressions, when speaking of the new year, he talked of *Janus's* faces, each of which look'd both backward and forward.

Jan. 2. A proclamation issued for a free parliament (according to the declaration) to meet the 20th instant. The twelve judges removed, and twelve new ones appointed, some of whom had scarce ever been in Westminster-hall before.

Jan. 3. Queen Anne's statue in St. Paul's-church-yard taken away, and a large crucifix erected in its room.

Jan. 4, 5, 6. The cash, transfer-books, &c. removed to the Tower, from the Bank, South-sea, and India-houses, which ('tis reported) are to be turned into convents.

Jan. 10. Three anabaptists committed to Newgate, for pulling down the crucifix in St. Paul's-church-yard.

Jan. 12. Being the first sunday after epiphany, father Mac-dagger, the royal confessor, preached at St. James's—sworn afterwards of the privy-council—arrived the French ambassador with a numerous retinue.

Jan. 20. The free parliament opened—the speech and addressees filled with sentiments of civil and religious liberty.—An act of grace proposed from the crown, to pardon all treasons committed under pretext of any office, civil or military, before the first declaration's being promulgated, which was in the isle of Mull, about 19 months ago. The judges consulted, whether all persons throughout Great-Britain were intended to be bound by this promulgation, as being privy to it. 'Twas held they were, because *Ignorantia legis non excusat*.

Jan. 22. Three members, to wit, Mr. D—n, Mr. P—t, and Mr. L—n, were seized in their houses, and sent to the tower, by a warrant from a secretary of state. The same day I heard another great man was dismissed from his place, but his name I could neither learn nor guess.

Jan.

Jan. 23. His highness sends a message to the house, that he would make no further removals, till he saw better reason.

Jan. 24. A great court at St. James's, at which were present * and * and * and * and *, and all kissed hands.

Jan. 24. The three anabaptists above-mentioned tried for their offence, and sentenced to be hang'd. Executed the same day, attended by Mr. Mac-henly the ordinary. Their teacher Mr. Obadiah Washum, the currier, was refused access from their first commitment.

Jan. 26. This day the Gazette informs us, that Portsmouth, Berwick, and Plymouth, were delivered into the hands of French commissaries, as cautionary towns; and also twenty ships of the line, with their guns and rigging, pursuant to treaty.

Jan. 27. Tom Blatch, the old small-coal man, committed to the Compter, for a violent assault on father Mac-dagger and three young friars. 'Twas the talk about town, that they had attempted the chastity of his daughter Kate.

Jan. 28. A bill brought into the commons, and twice read the same day, to repeal the act of habeas corpus, and that by which the writ *de Hæretico comburendo* was abolished. A mutiny the same day among the Highland soldiers—quelled by doubling their pay.

Jan. 31. The above bill passed, and the royal assent given. A motion made about the restoration of abbey lands,—rejected by the lords, seven English Roman Catholic peers being in the majority.

February 1. All peerages declared void since the revolution, and 24 new peers created, without a foot of land in the island. A second mutiny among the soldiery.

Feb. 2. Long-Acre and Covent-Garden allotted out in portions to the Highland guards. Two watermen and a porter committed to the Lollard's tower at Lambeth, for heresy.

Feb. 3. Father Poignardini, an Italian jesuit, made privy-seal. A bill proposed against the liberty of the press, and to place the nomination of jurors, exempt from challenge, in the crown. Several catholic lords and gentlemen, being English, quit the court and retire into the country. More heretics sent to Lambeth.

Feb. 5. A promotion of 18 general officers, three only of which were English. Lord John Drummond made colonel of the first regiment of foot guards, the duke of Perth of the second, and Lord George Murray of the third.

Feb. 6. Various grants passed the privy-seal of lands in various counties to generals, ecclesiastics, and other favourites, all foreigners.

Feb. 9. A petition from various persons, sufferers by the said grants, setting forth their fidelity to the government, and that particularly in the late troubles, though they had never enter'd into any schemes in favour of his present Highness, yet they had constantly declined all subscriptions, associations, &c. to his prejudice. Father Mac-dagger brought them for answer, that the associators and subscribers had at least shewn their attachment to some government, but that an indifference to all government deserved favour from none, and that therefore their petition was rejected.

Feb. 13. Four heretics burnt in Smithfield—Mr. Mac-henly attended them, assisted on this extraordinary occasion by father O-Blaze, the dominican.

Feb. 19. Rumours of a plot. More heretics committed. The judges declare the power of the crown to suspend laws. Father Mac-dagger made president of Magdalen college in Oxford.

Feb. 21. Four lords and two commoners taken into custody for the plot, all English, and two of them Roman catholics. The deanry of Christ Church given to father Poignardini, and the bishoprics of Winchester and Ely, to the general of the jesuits order, resident in Italy.

Feb. 28. Six more heretics burnt in Smithfield. A fresh motion made to restore the abbey lands—
carried

carried in the lord's house, but rejected by the commons. Several members of the lower house sent to the tower by a secretary of state's warrant, and the next day expelled, and fined by the privy council 1000*l.* each.

March 1. The French ambassador made a duke, with precedence. The motion for restoring abbey lands carried, and an address of both houses prepared upon the occasion. Cape Breton given back to the French, and Gibraltar and Portmahon to the Spaniards.

March 2. Seven more heretics burnt. A message from the crown, desiring the advice of the free parliament touching the funds. An humble address immediately voted by way of answer, praying that his Highness would take such methods, as they might be effectually and speedily annihilated.

March 4. An eminent physician fined 200 marks in the King's-bench, for an innuendo at Batson's, that Bath water was preferable to holy water. Three hundred Highlanders, of the opposite party, with their wives and children, massacred in Scotland. The Pope's nuncio arrived this evening at Greenwich.

March 7. The Pope's nuncio makes his public entry—met at the Royal-Exchange by my lord mayor (a Frenchman) with the Aldermen, who have all the honour to kiss his toe—proceeds to Paul's-church-yard—met there by father O-Blaze, who invites him, in the name of the new vicar-general and his doctors, to a *combustio hæreticorum*, just then going to be celebrated. His eminence accepts the offer kindly, and attends them to Smithfield, where the ordinary is introduced and well received—The nuncio proceeds thence to St. James's, where he had been expected for five hours—the nobility and great officers of state all admitted to kiss his toe—A grand office opened the same night in Drury-lane for the sale of pardons and indulgencies.

March 9. My little boy Jacky taken ill of the itch. He had been on the parade with his godfather

the day before, to see the life-guards, and had just touched one of their plaids.

March 12. His Highness sends a message to the commons, acquainting them with his design of equipping a large fleet for the assistance of his good brother of France, and for that purpose demanding two millions, to be immediately raised by a capitation. A warm debate thereon. His Highness goes to the house of commons at 12 at night, places himself in the speaker's chair, and introduces the French ambassador. His excellency makes a long speech, setting forth the many services which his master had done this nation, and the great good-will he had always borne towards them, and concluding with many haughty menaces, in case they should prove ungrateful for all his favours. He is seconded by the laird of Keppoch, chancellor of the exchequer. The speaker stands up, and utters the word privilege, upon which he is sent to the tower. Then Mr. Chancellor of the exchequer moved, that the members against the motion might have leave to withdraw; and several having left the house, the question was put, and carried in the affirmative, *nemine contradicente*.

March 16. Lord C. J. W—les, and admiral V—n, hang'd at Tyburn. Several others were reprieved on the merit of having been enemies to those two great men, and were only ordered to be whipt at the cart's tail.

March 17. Fresh rumours of a plot—a riot in the city—a rising in the north—a descent in the west—confusions, uproars, commitments, hangings, burnings, &c. &c.

— *verbum non amplius addam.*

N^o II. TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1746.

Τὰ χρηματ' ἀνθρώποισιν τιμιώτατα
 Δύναμίν τε πλείστην τῶν ἐν' ἀνθρώποις ἔχει.
 EURIP. IN PHÆNIOS.

To the TRUE PATRIOT.

S I R,

I Am a citizen, a haberdasher by trade, and one of those persons to whom the world allow the epithets of wise and prudent. And I enjoy this character the more, as I can fairly assure myself I deserve it; nor am indebted, on this account, to any thing but my own regular conduct, unless to the good instructions with which my father launched me into the world, and upon which I formed this grand principle, "That there is no real value in any thing but money,"

The truth of this proposition may be argued from hence, that it is the only thing in the value of which mankind are agreed: for, as to all other matters, while they are held in high estimation by some, they are disregarded and looked on as cheap and worthless by others. Nay, I believe it is difficult to find any two persons, who place an equal valuation on any virtue, good or great quality whatever.

Now having once established this great rule, I have, by reference to it, been enabled to set a certain value on every thing else; in which I have governed myself by two cautions, 1st. Never to purchase too dear; and 2^{dly}, (which is a more uncommon degree of wisdom) never to over-value what I am to sell; by which latter misconduct I have observed many persons guilty of great imprudence.

It is not my purpose to trouble you with exemplifications of the foregoing rule, in my ordinary call-

ing: I shall proceed to acquaint you with my conduct concerning those things which some silly people call invaluable, such as reputation, virtue, sense, beauty, &c. all which I have reduced to a certain standard: For, as your friend Mr. Adams says, in his letter on the late fast, I imagine every man, woman and thing to have their price. His astonishment at which truth made me smile, as I dare swear it did you; it is, indeed, agreeable enough to the simplicity of his character.

But to proceed—In my youth I fell violently in love with a very pretty woman. She had a good fortune; but it was 500*l.* less than I could with justice demand, (I was heartily in love with her, that's the truth on it) I therefore took my pen and ink (for I do nothing without them) and set down the particulars in the following manner:

Mrs. Amey Fairface debtor to Stephen Grub.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
For fortune, as <i>per</i> marriage	5000	00	00
<i>Per contra</i> creditor.			
<i>Imprimis</i> , To cash	4500	00	00
<i>Item</i> , To beauty (for she had a great deal, and I had a great value for it)	100	00	00
<i>Item</i> , To wit, as <i>per</i> conversation	12	10	00
<i>Item</i> , To her affection for me	30	00	00
<i>Item</i> , To good housewifery, a sober chaste education, and being a good workwoman at her needle, in all	50	00	00
<i>Item</i> , To her skill in music	10	00	00
<i>Item</i> , To dancing	00	00	00
	<hr/>		
	4683	10	00
	<hr/>		
Mrs. Amey debtor	5000	00	00
<i>Per contra</i> creditor	4683	10	00
	<hr/>		
Due to balance	316	90	00

Your some good friend

You see, Sir, I strained as hard as possible, and placed a higher value (perhaps) on her several perfections, than others would have done; but the balance still remained against her, and I was reduced to the necessary alternative of sacrificing that sum for ever, or of quitting my mistress. You may easily guess on which a prudent man would determine. Indeed, I had sufficient reason to be afterwards pleased with my prudence, as she proved to be a less valuable woman than I imagined: for, two years afterwards, having had a considerable loss in trade, by which the balance above was satisfied, I renewed my addresses, but the false-hearted creature (forsooth) refused to see me.

A second occasion which I had for my pen and ink, in this way, was, when the situation of my affairs, after some losses, was such, that I could clearly have put 1500*l.* in my pocket by breaking. The account then stood thus:

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Stephen Grub, debtor to cash —	1500	00	00
<i>Per contra creditor:</i>			
	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
To danger to soul as <i>per</i> perjury	105	00	00
To danger to body as <i>per</i> felony	1000	00	00
To loss of reputation —	500	00	00
To conscience as <i>per</i> injuring others	0	02	06
To incidental charges, trouble, &c.	100	00	00

I am convinced you are so good a master of figures, that I need not cast up the balance, which must so visibly have determined me to preserve the character of an honest man.

Not to trouble you with more instances of a life, of which you may easily guess the whole by this specimen; for it hath been entirely transacted by my golden rule; I shall hasten to apply this rule, by which I suppose many other persons in this city conduct themselves, to the present times.

And here, Sir, have we not reason to suppose, that some good men, for want of duly considering

the danger of their property, &c. from the present rebellion, and low state of public credit, have been too tenacious of their money on the present occasion: for, if we admit that the whole is in danger, surely it is the office of prudence to be generous of the lesser part, in order to secure the greater.

Let us see how this stands on paper; for thus only we can argue with certainty.

Suppose, then, the given sum of your property be 20,000*l*.

The value of securing this will be more, or less in proportion to the danger; for the truth of which I need only appeal to the common practice of insurance.

If the chance then be twenty to one, it follows that the value of insurance is at an average with 1000*l*.

And proportionally more or less, as the danger is greater or less.

There are, besides, two other articles, which I had like to have forgot, to which every man almost affixes some value. These are religion and liberty. Suppose therefore we set down

			<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Religion at	—	—	00	15	00
And liberty at	—	—	00	02	06

And I think none but a profligate fellow can value them at a lower rate; it follows, that to secure them from the same proportion of danger as above, is worth 10½*d*.

Now this last sum may be undoubtedly saved, as it would not be missed or called for, if men would only seriously consider the preservation of what is so infinitely more valuable, their property; and advance their money in its defence, in due proportion to the degree of its danger. And as there is nothing so pleasant as clear gain, it must give some satisfaction to every thinking man, that while he risks his money for the preservation of his property, his religion and liberty are tossed him into the bargain.

You

You see, Sir, I have fairly balanced between those hot-headed zealots, who set these conveniencies above the value of money, and those profligate wicked people, who treat them as matters of no concern or moment.

I have therefore been a little surprized at the backwardness of some very prudent men on this occasion: for it would be really doing them an injury to suspect they do not set a just value on money, while every action of their lives demonstrate the contrary. I can therefore impute this conduct only to a firm persuasion that there will be foolish people enough found, who, from loyalty to their king, zeal for their country, or some other ridiculous principle, will subscribe sufficient sums for the defence of the public; and so they might save their own money, which will still increase in value, in proportion to the distress and poverty of the nation.

This would be certainly a wise and right way of reasoning; and such a conduct must be highly commendable, if the fact supposed was true; for as nothing is so truly great as to turn the penny while the world suspects your ruin; so to convert the misfortunes of a whole community to your own emolument must be a thing highly eligible by every good man, *i. e.* every Plumb. But I am afraid this rule will reach only private persons at most, and cannot extend to those whose examples, while they keep their own purses shut, lock up the purses of all their neighbours.

A fallacy of the same kind I am afraid we fall into, when we refuse to lend our money to the government at a moderate interest, in hopes of extorting more from the public purse; with which thought a very good sort of man, a plumb, seemed yesterday to hug himself in a conversation which we had upon this subject: but upon the nearest computation I could make with my pen, which I handled the moment he left me, I find that this very person who proposed to gain 1 *per Cent* in 20,000*l.* would, by the consequential effect on the public credit, be a clear loser of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$.

In short, I am afraid certain persons may at this time run the hazard of a fate which too often attends very wise men, who have not on all occasions a recourse to figures, and may incur the censure of an old proverb 'By being penny wise and pound foolish.' And since I may be involved, against my will, in the calamity, I shall be obliged to you if you will publish these cautions, from,

S I R,

Your humble servant,

STEPHEN GRUB.

N. B. As your paper supplies the place of three evening posts, I save $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ per week by it; for which pray accept my acknowledgment.

N^o. 13. TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1746.

Qui non recte instituunt atque erudiunt liberos, non solum liberis sed et reipublicæ faciunt injuriam. CICERO.

MR. Adams having favoured me with a second letter, I shall give it the public without any apology. If any thing in it should at first a little shock those readers who know the world better, I hope they will make allowances for the ignorance and simplicity of the writer.

To the TRUE PATRIOT.

My Worthy Friend,

I Am concerned to find, by all our public accounts, that the rebels still continue in the land. In my last I evidently proved, that their successes were owing to a judgment denounced against our sins, and concluded with some exhortations for averting the

divine anger, by the only methods which suggested themselves to my mind. These exhortations, by the event, I perceive have not had that regard paid to them I had reason to expect. Indeed I am the more confirmed in this conjecture, by a lad whom I lately met at a neighbouring baronet's, where I sojourn'd the two last days of the year, with my good friend Mr. Wilson.

This lad, whom I imagined to have been come from school to visit his friends for the holidays, (for though he is perhaps of sufficient age, I found, on examination, he was not yet qualified for the university) is, it seems, a man *sui juris*; and is, as I gather from the young damsels Sir John's daughters, a member of the society of Bowes. I know not whether I spell the word right? for I am not ashamed to say, I neither understand its Etymology nor true import, as it hath never once occurred in any lexicon or dictionary which I have yet perused.

—Whatever this society may be, either the lad with whom I communed is an unworthy member, or it would become the government to put it down by authority; for he utter'd many things during our discourse, for which I would have well scourged any of the youth under my care.

He had not long entered the chamber before he acquainted the damsels, that he and his companions had carried the opera, in opposition to the puts; by which I afterwards learnt, he meant all sober and discreet persons. And fags! says he, (I am afraid though he made use of a worse word) we expected the bishops would have interfered; but if they had, we should have silenced them. I then thought to myself, stripping, if I had you well-horsed on the back of another lad, I would teach you more reverence to their lordships.

This opera, I am informed, is a diversion in which a prodigious sum of money, more than is to be collected out of twenty parishes, is lavish'd away on foreign eunuchs and papists, very scandalous to be suffered at any time, especially at a season when both war and famine hang over our heads.

During the whole time of our repast at dinner, the young gentleman entertained us with an account of several drums and routs, at which he had been present. These are, it seems, large congregations of men and women, who, instead of assembling together to hear something that is good; nay, or to divert themselves with gambols, which might be allowed now and then in holiday times, meet for no other purpose but that of gaming, for a whole guinea and much more at a stake. At this married women sit up all night, nay sometimes till one or two in the morning, neglect their families, lose their money, and some, Mr. Wilson says, have been suspected of doing even worse than that. Yet this is suffered in a christian kingdom; nay, (*quod prorsus incredibile est*) the holy sabbath is, it seems, prostituted to these wicked revellings; and card-playing goes on as publickly then, as on any other day; nor is this only among the young lads and damsels, who might be supposed to know no better, but men advanced in years, and grave matrons, are not ashamed of being caught at the same pastime. *O Tempora! O Mores!*

When grace was said after meat, and the damsels departed, the lad began to grow more wicked. Sir John, who is an honest Englishman, hath no other wine but that of Portugal. This our Bowe could not drink; and when Sir John very nobly declared he scorned to indulge his palate with rarities, for which he must furnish the foe with money to carry on a war with the nation, the stripping replied, *Rat the nation* (God forgive me for repeating such words) I had rather live under French government, than be debarred from French wine. Oho, my youth! if I had you horsed, thinks I again.—But indeed, Sir John well scourged him with his tongue for that expression, and I should have hoped he had made him ashamed, had not his subsequent behaviour shewn him totally void of grace. For when Sir John asked him for a toast, which you know is another word for drinking the health of one's friend or wife, or some person of public eminence, he named

the health of a married woman, filled out a bumper of wine, swore he would drink her health in Vinegar, and at last openly profess he would commit adultery with her if he could. *Proh Pudor!* Nay, and if such a sin might admit of any aggravation, she is, it seems a Lady of very high degree, *et quidem*, the wife of a lord.

Et dies et charta deficerent si omnia vellem percurrere, multa quidem impura et impudica quæ memorare nefas, recitavit. Nor is this youth, it seems, a monster or prodigy in the age he lives; on the contrary, I am told he is an exemplar only of all the rest.

But I now proceed to what must surprize you. After he had spent an hour in rehearsing all the vices to which youth have been ever too much addicted, and shewn us that he was possessed of them all. *Ut qui impudicus, adulter, Ganeæ, Aleæ, manu, ventre pene, bona Patria laceraverat,* he began to enter upon politics:

O Proceres, cenfore opus an haruspice nobis.

This stripling, this bowe, this rake, discovered likewise all the wickedness peculiar to age, and that he had not with those vices which proceed from the warmth of youth, one of the virtues which we should naturally expect from the same sanguine disposition. He shewed us, that grey hairs could add nothing but hypocrisy to him; for he avowed public prostitution; laughed at all honour, public spirit and patriotizm, and gave convincing proofs that the most phlegmatic old miser upon earth could not be sooner tempted with gold to perpetrate the most horrid iniquities than himself.

Whether this youth be (*quod vix credo*) concerned himself in the public weal, or whether he have his information from others, I hope he greatly exceeded the truth in what he delivered on this subject: For was he to be believed, the conclusion we must draw would be, that the only concern of our great men, even at this time, was for places and pensions; that instead of applying themselves to renovate and restore

our

our sick and drooping common weal, they were struggling to get closest to her heart, and, like leeches, to suck her last drop of vital blood.

I hope, however, better things, and that this lad deserves a good rod as well for lying as for all his other iniquity; and if his parents do not take care to have it well laid on, I can assure them they have much to answer for.

Mr. Wilson now found me grow very uneasy, as indeed I had been from the beginning, nor could any thing but respect to the company have prevented me from correcting the boy long before; he therefore endeavoured to turn the discourse, and asked our spark, when he left London? To which he answered the Wednesday before. How, Sir, said I, travel on Christmas-day? Was it so, says he, fags! that's more than I knew; but why not travel on Christmas-day as well as any other? Why not, said I, lifting my voice; for I had lost all patience. Was you not brought up in the christian religion? Did you never learn your catechism? He then burst out into an unmannerly laugh, and so provoked me, that I should certainly have smote him, had I not laid my crabstick down in the window, and had not Mr. Wilson been fortunately placed between us. Odsso, Mr. Parson, says he, are you there? I wonder I had not smoked you before. Smoke me! answered I, and at the same time leap'd from my chair, my wrath being highly kindled. At which instant a jackanapes, who sat on my left hand, whipt my peruke from my head, which I no sooner perceived than I porrected him a remembrance over the face, which laid him sprawling on the floor. I was afterwards concerned at the blow, tho' the consequence was only a bloody nose, and the lad who was a companion of the others, and had uttered many wicked things, which I pretermitted in my narrative, very well deserved correction.

A bustle now arose, not worth recounting, which ended in my departure with Mr. Wilson, tho' we had proposed to tarry there that night.

In our way home, we both lamented the peculiar hardiness of this country, which seems bent on its own destruction, nor will take warning by any visitation, till the utmost wrath of divine vengeance overtakes it.

In discoursing upon this subject, we imputed much of the present profligacy to the notorious want of care in parents in the education of youth, who, as my friend informs me, with very little school learning, and not at all instructed (*ne minime quidem imbuti*) in any principles of religion, virtue and morality, are brought to the great city, or sent to travel to other great cities abroad, before they are twenty years of age, where they become their own masters, and enervate both their bodies and minds with all sorts of diseases and vices, before they are adult.

I shall conclude with a passage in Aristotle's Politics, Lib. VIII. Cap. 1. *Ὅτι μὲν ἐν τῷ νομοθετῆ μαλιστα πρᾶγμα λευτέον ὡς περὶ τὴν νέων παιδείαν, ἢ δὲ εἰς ἀν ἀμφοισθητησείη. καὶ γὰρ ἐν ταῖς πόλεσιν ἐ γιγνόμενον τῆτο, βλάπτει τὰς πολιτείας.* Which for the sake of women, and those few gentlemen who do not understand Greek, I have render'd somewhat paraphrastically in the vernacular. 'No man can doubt but that the education of youth ought to be the principal care of every legislator; by the neglect of which, great mischief accrues to the civil polity in every city.'

I am, while you write like an honest man, and a good christian,

Your hearty friend and well-wisher,

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

 N^o 23. TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1746.

— *Insanus paucis videatur eo quod
Maxima pars hominum morbo jaclatur eodem.* HOR.

I Have heard of a man who believed there was no real existence in the world but himself; and that whatever he saw without him was mere phantom and illusion.

This philosopher, I imagine, hath not had many followers in theory; and yet if we were to derive the principles of mankind from their practice, we should be almost persuaded that somewhat like this madness had possessed not only particular men, but their several orders and professions. For though they do not absolutely deny all existence to other persons and things, yet it is certain they hold them of no consequence, and little worth their consideration, unless they trench somewhat towards their own order or calling.

As an instance of this, let us observe three or four members of any profession met together in a general company, though it be never so large, they make no scruple of engrossing the whole conversation, and turning it to their own profession, without the least consideration of all the other persons present.

Another example of the same temper may be seen in the monopolizing particular words, and confining their meaning to their own purposes, as if the rest of the world had in reality no right to their application. A signal instance of which is in the adjective good. A word which of all others mankind would least wish to be debarred from the use of, or from appropriating to themselves and their friends.

Now when the divine, the free-thinker, the citizen, the whig, the tory, &c. pronounce such an individual to be a good man, it is plain that they have all so
many

many different meanings ; and he may be a very good man in the opinion of one in the company, who would be a very bad one in that of all the others.

I remember to have supped last winter, at a surgeon's, where were present some others of the faculty. The gentleman of the house declared he had a very good subject above in the garret. As the gentleman who said this was, I knew, himself as good a subject as any in the kingdom, I could not avoid surprize at his chusing to confine such a person in a cold night, in such a place : but I soon found my mistake, and that this good subject had been hanged the day before for a most heinous felony.

An error of the same kind once happened to me amongst some gentlemen of the army, who all agreed that one Mr. Thunderson was the best man in England. I own I was somewhat staggered when I heard he was a corporal of grenadiers : but how much more was I astonished when I found that he had half a dozen wives, and was the wickedest fellow in the whole regiment.

I cannot quit this head without remarking, that much inconvenience may arise from these mistakes ; and one indeed happened in the last mentioned instance ; for a grave wealthy widow, of above forty, in the town where the regiment was quartered, having doubtless heard the same character of this man from his officers, and misunderstanding them, as I myself had done before their explanation, fell in love with his goodness and married him. A third example may be drawn from the attention of the readers of books, or the spectators at plays. I have somewhere heard of a Geographer who received no other pleasure from the *Æneid* of Virgil, than by tracing out the Voyage of *Æneas* in the map. To which I may add a certain coachmaker, who having sufficient latin to read the story of Phaeton in the *Metamorphosis*, shook his head that so fine a genius for making chariots as Ovid had, was thrown away on making poems.

This selfish attention (if I may so call it) in the spectators at our theatres must be evident to all who have

have ever frequented them. Every Joke on a courtier's not paying his debts, is sure to receive a thundering applause from the pit and galleries. This debt is, however paid by the boxes, on the first facetious allusion to horns, or any other symbol of cuckoldom. Indeed the whole house are seldom unanimous in their claps, unless when the ridicule is against the ministry, the law, or the clergy; whence, I suppose, that as government, law, and religion, are looked upon as the great grievances of the nation, the whole audience think themselves alike interested in their demolition.

I knew a gentleman, who had great delight in observing the humours of the vulgar, and for that purpose used frequently to mount into the upper gallery. Here, as he told me, he once seated himself between two persons, one of whom he soon discovered to be a broken Taylor; and the other, a servant in a country family, just arrived in town. The play was Henry the Eighth, with that august representation of the coronation. The former of these, instead of admiring the great magnificence exhibited in that ceremony, observed with a sigh, 'That he believed very few of these cloaths were paid for.' And the latter being ask'd how he liked the play, (being the first he had ever seen) answered, 'It was all very fine; but nothing came up, in his opinion, to the ingenuity of snuffing the candles.'

I cannot omit the following story, which I think a very strong example of the temper I have above remarked. I remember to have been present at a certain religious assembly of the people called Methodists, where the preacher named the following text: It is reported that fornication is among you. The whole congregation, as well as myself expected, I believe, a wholesome dissertation on all criminal converse between the sexes; and some, who laboured under suspicions of that kind, began to express much apprehension and uneasiness in their countenances: but to our great surprize, the sermon was entirely confin'd to the former part of the text, and we were only instructed in the nature and various kinds of reports.

This

This gave me some curiosity to enquire into the character of so extraordinary a preacher; and I found, to my perfect satisfaction, that he had got his living many years by collecting articles of news for one of the publick papers.

If we reflect seriously on this disposition of mankind, so universally exerted in private life, it will lead us to account for the behaviour of men and parties in public; and we shall lose much of that surprize, which might otherwise naturally enough affect us, from observing the rigid adherence which men of no dishonest characters preserve to their own party and their own schemes. Hence it is, that men become more the subjects of our consideration than measures; and hence it hath sometimes happened, that men (and those not the worst of men neither) have been more intent on advancing their own schemes, than on advancing the good of the public, and would have risked the preservation of the latter, rather than have given up the pursuit of the former. I have said it; I have invented it; I have writ upon it; are as substantial arguments with some politicians, as they are with the doctor in *Gil Blas*, who had writ on the virtues of hot water, and therefore refused to agree with those who prescribe cold. To say the truth, this partiality to ourselves, our own opinions, and our own party, hath introduced many dangerous evils into commonwealths. It is this humour which keeps up the name of Jacobitism in this kingdom; and it is this humour only, from which his present Majesty or his administration can derive a single enemy within it. The *OPPOSITION* (if a handful of men, and those for the most part totally insignificant, as well in fortune as abilities, are worthy that name) would I believe be puzzled to give any better reason for their conduct than the aforesaid doctor, or than parson Adams hath done for them, who says, that *Opposition* is derived from the verb *oppone*, and that the English of the verb *oppone* is to oppose.

 N° 24. TUESDAY APRIL 15, 1746.

—*Medici mediam pertundite venam.* JUV.

I Have heard it often objected to the friends of the government, when they have expressed their apprehensions of a Jacobite party in this kingdom, that these fears were counterfeited in order to form an argument for the support of a standing army, or to excuse some other ministerial schemes; for that, in reality, the very seeds of Jacobitism were destroyed, and rooted out from the minds of every Protestant British subject.

I am not ashamed to own myself to have been one of the many who were imposed on by these suggestions; I am much more concerned to see that this was an imposition, and that experience should at last have convinced every man, that there are still some persons, (an inconsiderable party indeed, when compared to the number of loyal subjects) who profess the protestant religion, while they wish well to the designs of a popish pretender.

The principal motive which induced me to hold my former opinion, was the reasonableness of it. I disbelieved the existence of protestant jacobitism, from the same principles which inspire me to deny our assent to many of these strange relations which certain voyage writers recount to us. I looked upon such an animal as a greater monster, than the most romantic of these writers have ever described, and was therefore easily persuaded to credit those who very solemnly assured us, there was no such to be found in the land.

I have hitherto avoided any contest with these sort of gentlemen, not from the contempt of so poor a victory; for I should think my labours well bestowed, in bringing the weakest of them over to the cause of truth;

truth ; but in plain fact, they are the last persons with whom I would willingly enter the lists of disputation, from absolute despair of success ; for what is so difficult to answer as nothing, or what more impossible to be evinced, than the light of the sun to him who hath not eyes to discern it. I have therefore greatly admired the patriotism of those heroes, who have formerly wasted much of their time to prove, that millions were not intended by an all-good being, for the use and wanton disposition of one man ; that a protestant church was not absolutely secure under the protection of a prince who looks on himself as bound by his religion, and that on pain of damnation, to destroy it ; that a magistrate attempting to destroy those laws and constitutions which he was sworn and obliged to defend, forfeited that power which he so entirely perverted, with numberless other propositions equally plain and demonstrable, or rather indeed self-evident. So that if the absurdity of their tenets was not of itself sufficiently apparent, and did not glare them in the face, it hath been so irrefragably proved by the labours of those good men, who have undertaken the defence of the revolution, that the Jacobites of this age have no other excuse left, but that of not being able to read.

This is an excuse which I am sensible may be fairly pleaded by many, and those none the least considerable pillars of the party. There have been, however, some who have not only read, but have endeavoured to answer these writers ; and have very modestly attempted to oppose the common sense of mankind, in a point wherein their highest interest is concerned.

As such performances are seldom long-lived, few of them have reached our days : but the following letter, which I look upon as a very curious piece, and which was written, in the reign of the late King William, contains, I believe, the sum of all those arguments which have been ever used on the behalf of Jacobitism ; I shall therefore give it the reader, after having premised, that it was written by a nonjuror to his son at Oxford.

DEAR

DEAR SON,

I Received yours of the 4th past, and am so well satisfied with your conduct on the birth-day of that old rump rogue with an orange, that I have sent you a draught on your tutor, according to your desires. As long as my son preserves his principles sound, I shall not be angry at any frolicks of youth. Provided therefore you never get drunk but on holidays, (as the government are pleased to call them) and in toasting the damnation of the rump, and confusion to the day, &c. you may confess yourself freely, without fear of incurring my displeasure. I approve the company you keep much. Be sure not to herd with the sons of courtiers; for there is no conscience nor honesty in them; nor will the nation ever thrive till the king enjoys his own again; a health which I never fail to drink every day of my life in a bumper, and I hope you do the like. I shall never think I can remind you often enough of these matters; for I had rather see you hanged for your true king, than enjoy a place under this orange rascal, who has undone the nation. Our family have always, I thank God, been of the same kidney, and I hope will remain so to all posterity. It is the true old cause, and we will live and die by it, boy. Damn the rump: that is my motto. Old England will never see any good days, till it is thoroughly roasted. Your godfather, Sir John, dined with me yesterday, he asked kindly after you. We drank 9 bottles a-piece of stum, and talked over all matters. We scarce uttered a word for which the rascally whigs would not have hanged us; but I desire no better from fellows who would pull down the church, if they had it in their power. I fear not, however, that it will be able to stand in spite of all their malice, and that I shall drink church and king as long as I live. You know what king I mean. God remove him from that side of the water on which he now is. Let every man have his own, I say, and I am sure that is the sentiment of an honest man; and of one who abhors these

per-

' persecuting rascals, who make men pay for their
 ' consciences. But do thou, my boy, rather submit
 ' to their power than court their favour; for right
 ' is right; and tho' might may overcome it, it can
 ' never be abolished. If kings derive their power
 ' from heaven, men can have no just pretence to
 ' deprive them of it. Orange hath no such right.
 ' We know he was made by men, and consequently
 ' his title cannot be deduced from heaven. Your
 ' tutor informs me you have been in great apprehen-
 ' sion for the church at Oxford, and we in the
 ' country agree it is in danger: But let her enemies,
 ' do what they can, honest hearts will continue to
 ' drink to her preservation; and while the whigs
 ' see the unalterable determination of our party,
 ' they will always be afraid of executing their wicked
 ' purposes. As to taxes, we must expect them,
 ' while the government is in such hands, and the true
 ' king in banishment. A whig justice of peace at
 ' the sessions the other day, had the impudence to
 ' tell me they were imposed by parliament: but how
 ' can that be a parliament which wants one part in
 ' three of its constituents; nay, and that the head.
 ' Is not the head superior to the body? And conse-
 ' quently, hath not the king a better right to impose
 ' taxes, than lords and commons without a king?
 ' Let right take place, say I, and then we will pay
 ' without grumbling; but to be taxed by a rump, a
 ' set of whigs and presbyterians, and fellows with
 ' an orange in their mouths; I will drink confusion
 ' to them as long as I can stand. However, I hope
 ' soon to see better times, and that we may change
 ' our healths, and drink to our friends openly; for
 ' we are assured here by some Roman Catholic priests,
 ' who are honest fellows than whigs, and may be
 ' brought over to go to church in time, that the
 ' French King will do his utmost to restore us again
 ' to our liberties and properties: for which reason
 ' we always drink his health and success, immedi-
 ' ately after church and king, and confusion to the
 ' rump. I hope you will do the same at your club
 ' at Oxford; for take it from me as I have it from
 ' others,

‘ others, that all the hopes this nation have of being
‘ preserved is from that quarter. Indeed there wants
‘ no other reason for our drinking him, than that the
‘ whigs are his enemies ; for nothing can ever be
‘ good for this nation which those rascals wish well
‘ to. I am sure no one ever suspected me of wishing
‘ well to the Pope, and yet I would drink his health
‘ sooner than I would that of a presbyterian. I hope
‘ you will never converse with any such, but when
‘ you can’t find true church-of England-men, rather
‘ chuse papists ; for they are less enemies to our
‘ church ; and that they wou’d destroy it must be a
‘ lie because the whigs say it : But confusion to them !
‘ and may the king enjoy his own again, will always
‘ be the toast of, &c.’

THE

T H E
J A C O B I T E ' S J O U R N A L .

By JOHN TROTT-PLAID, Esq;

N^o 15. SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1748.

To the Writer of the JACOBITE JOURNAL.

S I R,

YOU have here a translation of a Latin poem, intituled, *De Arte Jacobitica*, in three books. I have sent you the English version of the first book, because I have been told that Jacobites are no scholars, and understand no Latin. If you like this, you may hereafter receive the translation of the second book. Mean time, I remain yours, &c.

M. O. A. J.

HORACE wrote the art of poetry, Ovid the art of love, and I write the art of ja-cobitism.—Come, Tisiphone, from hell, bring with thee ill-judging zeal, and obstinate bigotry, and inspire me with all thy furies, while I teach the black art of jacobitism. 'Twas thou that didst instruct the holy Inquisitors, and those miscreants that belyed the sacred name of Jesus, to embrue their hands in christian blood: Nor hast thou been unmindful of the English nation: we too can boast our Lauds, our Sacheverels, our ***ok* *ippen** [Here several proper names were doubtless in the original, but the rats or moths have devoured them.]

VOL. IX.

Q

First

First of all learn the art of lying, and misrepresenting. Fling dirt enough, and some will certainly stick. You may venture to abuse the king himself; but do this with caution, for the sake of your ears and head. But spare not his ministers; give a wrong turn to their most plausible actions. If they prosecute the war with vigour, swear they are neglectful; if they desire a peace, call them cowards; if war, call them blood-thirsty, and seekers after the ruin of their country. 'Twas by such arts as these that the brave Marlborough, and the just Godolphin, fell a victim to the intrigues of Harley and ***. You may add perjury to your lies. Jupiter, 'tis said, laughs at the perjury of lovers; he has many a time forsworn himself to Juno. You have Jupiter for your example: what can a pagan, like yourself, desire more?

The next thing you are to remember, is to feign a love to your country and religion: the less you have of both, the better you can feign both. O liberty, O virtue, O my country! Remember to have such expressions as these constantly in your mouth. Words do wonders with silly people: but don't too openly discover your design of ruining your country by changing the religion of it, and introducing arbitrary power and a popish king. Don't be caught in your own trap. Remember the end of Perillus, who was burnt in his own bull; and you may be ruined yourself before you bring about the ruin of your country. Keep therefore to general terms, and never descend to particulars: you may wish things went better.— You can't tell, but surely 'twas better in good Queen Anna's days—or in the bacchanalian times of Charles—or, in the holy martyr's reign. At the mentioning the martyr, you may drop a tear; and if you are sure of your silly company, you may swear the present ministry cut off his head. An achronism in politicks, is no more faulty than an achronism in poetry. If you are among good and orthodox churchmen, you may swear the church of England is in danger under a church of England king, and cannot be secure unless the popish pretender is restored. Paradoxes in conversation are to be supported with confidence and sophistry.

fopistry. Remember likewise, that you frequently inculcate the divine right of kings to do wrong; and that they are accountable to God only for being devils upon earth.

Various people are to be taken by various methods; and a wise Proteus will turn himself into all shapes. This Proteus, the fables say, was an Egyptian conjuror, and transformed himself into what monstrous appearance he pleased: he roar'd a lion, he grinn'd a wolf, he flash'd a fire, he flow'd a river. This Proteus be thou; roar, grin, flash, and flow. Spread thy nets, and catch the various fry with various baits. Consider a little the dispositions of mankind; the young are open and honest, the old are cautious and wary. Old birds are not to be caught with chaff; and an old hare will be sure to double.

But you will ask perhaps where the proper persons are to be found, to make profelytes of to jacobitism. This is an enquiry worthy a sportsman: for he is a bad huntsman who would beat about the Royal-Exchange, for a hare or a fox; and not a much better gunner or fisherman, who goes a shooting in Somerset-Gardens, or attempts to angle in the magnificent bason there. As those all know the places where their game resort, so must you. You have no occasion to go with parson Whitfield to Georgia after a young jacobite; but you may go with parson Whitfield to Kennington Common, or Bagshot-Heath, or Hounslow, in quest of one; for want has made many a man a jacobite, revenge more, and ignorance thousands. Want and penury bid you hope for change. Revenge works stronger in the human heart than even penury. Who can bear to see a rival prevail? Hence the affected patriotism of *** and ** and *. [Here likewise are many proper names lost, never to be retrieved but by conjecture.] Ignorance is the mother of jacobitism. Hence the rural sportsmen and fox-hunters will fall an easy prey; and the country will afford sufficient plenty of younger brothers, whose eyes their good mothers have kept sometimes from poring on Greek and Latin authors; those Greek and Latin authors, which have been the bane

of the jacobite cause, and inspired men with the love of Athenian liberty and old Rome, and taught them to hate tyrants and arbitrary governments. London too has all sorts of game for the net. Whores and rogues abound there; many are ruined, and most in a fair way of being so. How many disappointed out-of-place poor rogues do we every day meet? And what universal ignorance, attended with complicated impudence? In short, the variety is so great, that it will even distract your choice.

But above all, in times of public calamities, then remember your lesson; say God himself is turn'd our enemy. And if, by chance, our monarch should mediate new triumphs, and resolve on the punishment of France; then, when William, the avenger is abroad, do thou raise commotions and tumults at home. Whilst he, all gold, shines in the gallick plains, carrying in his hand his father's thunder; do thou, all lies, walk the dirty streets of London: and remember, I repeat it again, fling dirt enough; blacken, lie, and defame. Perhaps some Jack Cade may arise in the glorious cause of jacobitism, and shake the throne itself; while swarms of locusts and caterpillars come from the north, and devour the fruits of England.

Part of our undertaking still remains, and part is finish'd; here then let us cast anchor and moor the ship.

N^o 34. SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1748.

— *Talem se lata ferebat*
Per medios, instans operi, regnisque futuris. VIRG.

To the Author of the JACOBITE JOURNAL,

SIR,

THE serious truths contained in this letter, will, I hope, make an apology unnecessary. You are to know, that I am of that high order of beings, which

which the world calls a married man ; that to render my state of life happy, as well as honourable, I have, in every thing, submitted to the will of my wife : and this, I can truly say, not more from a conviction of the great duty of obedience, than to avoid contention, and to promote family peace, and good-humour in my house. It is now eleven years since the kindest and the loveliest of her sex honoured me with the possession of her sweetness : In all which time, 'till within a little more than a twelvemonth, she has condescended to make my servitude my delight, abridging me only where my wishes were strongest, and consequently leading to excess ; and indulging me in every thing indifferent in my own opinion, or desirable in hers. This uniformity of conduct had rendered us the admiration and envy of all our acquaintance ; there was hardly a married woman who visited us, but proposed me as an example to her husband, and treasured up the maxims of my wife, as so many lessons for her own conduct. We were, in short, a couple who left not happiness to chance ; one plann'd what the other executed, and both enjoyed the fruits of our care. Alas ! Mr. Trott-Plaid, I wish the business of this letter was only to tell you of my happiness ; but that (however well secured as you may think) has known its period, and I am at present the most miserable of all beings.

It is now about a year since a grave clergyman from Oxford came to board with us. To this gentleman (though no seducer of what my wife calls her virtue) I owe all my misfortunes. He had not been a month in the family, before I observed that my wife's head had taken a political turn ; the affairs of her family began to be neglected ; and notwithstanding we owed our entire support to a genteel post I enjoyed under the government, I was compelled every day at table to hear that government abused. At every glass after dinner, a laugh and a whisper'd toast between my wife and her friend, gave me fresh cause of uneasiness. My eldest boy made his appearance in a plaid waistcoat, and my girl's petticoat and doll were of the same stuff. I was pleased indeed, at first,

to hear the child checked by her mamma, for drinking the King over the water; but was as much displeas'd at the reason of that check, which was, that James was a plain name, and would save the trouble of such unnecessary distinctions.

Upon this occasion it was, that I took upon me, for the first time, to make a remonstrance, in private to my wife: Which though I did with all the submission of a husband, I found to my cost, that I had done wrong. Instead of the compliance I in some measure expected, I was upbraided by her as a mean-spirited wretch; one who was willing to subsist by shame, and to acknowledge favours from a set of men whose friendship was a disgrace to me; and that if I expected the continuance of her regard, I must think of some other means of supporting my family, than by an infamous place, given me by those, who deriv'd their power of bestowing it from one who wanted right to confer that power. You will judge of my concern, Mr. Trott-Plaid, at these words.— I was sorry to differ in opinion from my wife, and yet was almost apt to imagine that opinion a little unreasonable. To think of giving up my post was an impracticable thing, and to live under the displeasure of my wife, an impossible one. I intreated her to proceed with the utmost caution in this affair; and telling her I would ask her friend's advice in it, I left her to consult him.

I had the pleasure of finding this honest clergyman of a contrary opinion. He saw no objection, he said, to my holding a place under the worst of governments, provided I endeavoured, as much as in me lay, to act in opposition to those who had oblig'd me. That neither religion nor conscience required me to refuse favours from the hands of those whom it was my duty to detest. That an opposition of this kind was the more meritorious, as it was the more disinterested; and the hazard of property would be the best proof I could give of the sincerity of my zeal. That all men were under an obligation to provide for their families, in the best manner they were able; but thot necessity compelled me to eat the bread of shame, yet
conscience

conscience forbid me to live a life of it. It was no sin he said in war, to plunder the enemy that we have first killed: And, by a similitude of reasoning, he conceived it was as innocent to plunder the friend we intended afterwards to kill. That measures, more than men, wanted a change; and that power was the surest means to ruin those who raised us to it. That for his own part, he had hopes of preferment himself from the government, which he intended to accept of without scruple, as it might furnish him with the means of doing good, and of keeping weaker men from power, whose mistaken gratitude for obligations might tempt them to make unsuitable returns. For these reasons, he said, he begged leave to differ from the good lady of the house, and advised me to continue in my post, as it served me in a double capacity, both for private support, and national advantage.

I cannot conceal the satisfaction of my mind at the reasoning of this worthy gentleman. I submitted entirely to his opinion; my wife who is the best of women, was easily brought over by her friend, and domestick harmony was again restored. The groans of our bleeding country indeed were too often in our ears, and somewhat disturbed the tranquillity of our minds; but the hope that every one would have his own at last, set all things right, and we lived in expectation of the happy change.

It was about this time that my wife, who had very much improv'd her spelling under the tuition of her friend, commenced writer in the cause. A pamphlet, called, *The State of the Nation, and Three Letters to the Whigs*, are the product of her invention. In these she so well succeeded, that many were of opinion they wanted nothing but truth to be finished performances. Indeed that noble and free spirit of scandal, which is the characteristic of those pamphlets, is sufficient evidence that their author could be no other than a woman.

We had the pleasure soon after this, to learn from the clergyman, that a friend of his in the administration had presented him to a considerable benefice in the country. The good man received our congratulations

lations upon the occasion with tears; and taking a most affectionate leave, he retired to his living. The satisfaction we received in our friend's promotion would hardly have made us amends for the pains of parting with him, if an unfortunate accident, and some information that followed it, had not opened our eyes to see that worthy gentleman in his proper character.

My wife was busied in her political studies one day, with her Bailey's dictionary before her, when I received a message from above, that my employment was taken from me — I enquired into the meaning of such procedure, and I was answered, that I was an infamous, ungrateful fellow; one that deserved hanging; and if I did not mend my manners and my wife, the government might possibly take a severer notice of me. With these words the messenger left me; and I retired to my wife's apartment for comfort and advice. That heroic woman, instead of calling my dismissal a misfortune, gloried in the occasion. — It was now, she said, she would apply to the people for that emolument the enemies of their country had dispossessed me of. That she had long been solicited by the proprietors of certain news-papers to lend her abilities. That she had desired time to consider of their proposals, but was now determined; that she had indeed, for some weeks past, administered helps to Old-England, and the London Evening Post, and had occasionally furnished a few papers upon naval affairs in the Fool; but that the writers of those papers were so incorrigibly dull, that her bare intervention was of little use; she therefore declared, as the ministry had provoked her to plan their utter ruin, she would hesitate no longer to undertake the sole direction of them. That the advantages arising from such papers would treble those of the post I had lost; and that I ought to look upon myself as the happiest of men, in having a head to my family, who knew how to secure the emoluments of a husband by the very means that must save her dearer country from destruction.

My

My heart was overflowing with comfort at these assurances, when the visit of a friend interrupted the discourse.—He condoled with me in the kindest manner for the loss of my place; but, how, Mr. Trott-Plaid, shall I express my astonishment, when he assured me, upon his own knowledge, that my friend the clergyman, that friend I so dearly loved, was the person to whom I was indebted for this obligation! He told me, that the business of this viper, during the time of his stay with us, was to pay his court to the administration, in which he so well succeeded as to obtain a promise of preferment. That to perfect this promise, and to remove any suspicions they might possibly entertain of his principles, he had made a voluntary sacrifice of my wife and me; concluding, that I was an avowed jacobite, and my wife the writer of every scurrilous pamphlet that had infested the public. I own to you, Mr. Trott-Plaid, upon this discovery I began to be ashamed of the part I had acted.—It occurred to me that the principles of this man might possibly be as false as his friendship; but my wife conceived a different opinion.—Bad practices, she said, were no proof of bad principles; hers she knew were right; and however ill her friend might have treated her, his name and memory deserved respect, as by his means she was become a pillar of support to a falling nation.

I will not tire you, Mr. Trott-Plaid, with my wife's arguments, or my own submissions.—The new's-papers abovementioned have been ever since under her direction; but, whether from a want of taste in the public, or from a knowledge that they are the writings of a woman, the proposed advantages have fallen short, even of common subsistence.—It is impossible to represent to you the distresses we have struggled with; but what is the worst of all, I have the concern to see my children taught treason as soon as they can speak; and my little boy, just eight years old, the hopes of my family, is turn'd poet, and writes the yarfes, as he calls them, in the London Evening Post: he has just sent some lines on the
eclipse

eclipse * to the press. Dear Sir, advise me what to do; for tho' my wife hates you, and has often abused you in print, I am

Your affectionate Friend,
and most humble Servant,

SIMON SUPPLE.

* Note, these were printed in the London Evening Post of Saturday last, and are well enough for such a child.

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

